L. D. Teackle

CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

VOL. XI. NO. 704

"THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE."

NEW SERIES--VOL. 2. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, January 13, 1838. NUMBER X6

THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE
Is edited and published every Saturday morning,
BY
ECCLESTON & JACKSON.
—TERMS.—

The CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published every *Saturday Morning*, at TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable half yearly, *in advance*. Subscriptions will not be taken for less than six months. No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher; and the failure to order a discontinuance previously to the expiration of the time already subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

☞Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be published three times for one dollar; and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion.

In cases where the number of insertions is not limited, advertisements will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

POETRY

Written for the Casket.

SONNET.

To gaze upon a lovely face,
The mirror of a lovelier mind,
Where shines revealed with every grace,
Virtue exalted and refined;
Gives to my sight
More pure delight,
Than India's boasted, sparkling gem,
Or brilliant star,
That beams afar,
In sable nights bright diadem.

Such beauty, find it where you will,
'Mid wintry snows or torrid heat,
Must every heart with rapture fill,
That hath with rapture learned to beat:
The mind adorned,
By virtue formed,
What features e'er so rich, so rare,
The sweetest flower,
That decks the bower,
Is not more lovelier or more fair.

Mere form alone, without such charms,
Were but a cold, a senseless sight;
But joined with these, it all disarms,
And moves the very anchorite.
What heart is proof—
Who stands aloof—
When grace and soul combined are seen?
All must obey
Their matchles sway,
But one as ice-berg cold, I ween.

O! woman, sent by heaven to be,
With man, the partner of life's cares,
'Tis then thou'rt loveliest, when in thee
The mind, in lustre bright, appears—
With magic art,
Around the heart,
'Tis then thou twin'st love's golden chain.
A bondage sweet,
From thee we meet,
And captives to thy power remain.

D. F. N.

LETTERS FROM HENRY CLAY.—On the 20th of July last, a committee of the friends of Mr. Clay, in New York, addressed to him a letter expressive of their admiration for his character and services, & to rebut, as far as was proper, the idea, that a recent movement of the friends of another distinguished gentleman iu that city, was to be taken as conclusive of the opinions of the Whigs of New York. To this communication Mr. Clay made the following eloquent and patriotic response:

ASHLAND, 8th Aug. 1837.

Gentlemen—I duly received the letter which you did me the honor to address to me on the 20th ult. transmitting a copy of the proceedings adopted at preliminary meetings held by some of my friends in the city of New York, in relation to the next Presidential election. And I have read them, as well as your letter, with respectful attention and interest. I now beg leave to communicate to you the impression I entertain of the matters of which they treat.

On the question of the propriety of agitating the public at this time, by a discussion of the fitness of candidates for the Presidency, I entirely concur in the opinion expressed by you that it would be altogether premature. Six months have not elapsed since the official termination of the last election, and more than three years and a half of the term remain which was then filled. The country is moreover suffering under a great calamity. All minds are absorbed by considerations in respect to measures of immediate relief. At such a moment, to divert or distract the public attention by introducing another exciting but remote panic, seems to be unwise. In expressing this sentiment, it is far from my purpose to convey any reproach or censure towards those who have taken a different view. They may have supposed, and it is quite likely that they were right in supposing that the only adequate remedy which can be found for existing evils will be a change of those rulers, by whose agency they have been produced or continued. But the necessity of some earlier relief is so great, and the expediency of bringing to the consideration of it a spirit of moderation, forbearance and conciliation, is so obvious, that I think we should first direct our united exertions exclu sively to this single object.—We shall soon ascertain how far the administration will cooperate with the country in the restoration of a sound state of things.

To guard against misconception, I ought to add that too much delay as well as too much precipitation should alike be avoided, in arrangements connected with the next election of a Chief Magistrate. Precipitation would expose the disinterestedness of our patriotism to animadversion; protracted delay to the danger of division and defeat.

I agree with you Gentlemen, entirely in thinking, in regard to a candidate for the Presidency, that some mode should be adopted for collecting the general sense of those who believe that the purity of our institutions, and the preservation of our liberties require a change in the Executive, and none better appears to me to have been suggested than that of a National Convention.

This will not supersede the previous employment of all proper means to produce union, harmony and concentration. A resort to such means is recommended by their tendency to prevent those unpleasant collisions in the choice of delegates to the Convention, which might leave among the friends of the respective persons thought of as Candidates, a state of irritated feeling, unfavorable to that hearty co-operation in the final struggle, so essential to success.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon our friends that the question of the selection of the particular individual to accomplish those patriotic purposes which we have in view, although not unimportant is of subordinate consequence. It should never be allowed to become the paramount object, nor to divide more than is absolutely unavoidable, those who agree in the general principle.

Having said this much upon the general subject, suffer me now to add a few words in relation to myself personally. You are pleased to honor me with your confidence and attachment, to appreciate highly my public serviees, and to desire to place me in the highest station of the government. I am profoundly grateful to you and to all other friends who cheerish towards me similar feelings and sentiments. For several years I have not looked to the event of my being placed in the office of the Chief Magistrate, as probable, my feelings and inclination have taken a different direction. Whilst I am not insensible of the exalted honor of filling the highest office in the gift of this great people, I have desired and sought retirement from the cares of public life and although I have not been able fully to gratify this disposition, I am in the enjoyment of comparative repose, and looking anxiously forward to more. I should be extremely unwilling, without the strongest reasons, to hazzard this tranquility, and to be thrown into the turmoil of a Presidential canvass. Above all, I am most desirous not to seem as in truth I am not, importunate for any public office, whatever; nevertheless, if I were persuaded, that a majority of my fellow citizens wished to assign me to their highest executive office, that sense of duty by which I have ever been guided would prompt obedience to their will; candour, however obliges me to say that I have not seen sufficient evidence of such a wish.

Entertaining these feelings and sentiments, and having resolved to occupy a position of perfect passiveness, I think it best to adhere to that resolution. Should a National Convention of the friends of reform nominate any other person, he shall have my hearty wishes for his success, and my cordial support; and before the assembling of such Convention, if one should be agreed upon there may be such demonstrations of the popular will as clearly to trace the line of duty towards our Cnmmon Country. Requesting, gentlemen, you and all who participate in the proceedings of the meetings forwerded to me, to accept my respectful and grateful acknowledgements.

I am faithfully your friend and obedient servant.

HENRY CLAY.

Messers. Noah Cook, William A. Lawrence, A. R. Wyckoff, Willis Hall, Danl. Ulman, Dudley Selden, Adontran Chandler, M. L. Davis and Gulian C. Verplanck.

Immediately after the late extraordinary political revolution in New York, the same gentleman addressed another communication to Mr. Clay, congaatuting him on the most auspicious event. To this Mr Clay replied in the following terms:

WASHINGTON, 8th Dec. 1837.

Gentlemen—The delay for acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 16th ultimo, has arisen from the fact that it reached Kentucky after my departure for this city, where it followed, & was received by me.

I cordially reciprocate the congratulations with which you have honored me, on the glorious triumph of principle and the people, achieved at the recent election in New York. There were many brilliant affairs which preceded it, beginning in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Indiana, in August, and including those of Maine. Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Massachusetts, in the Autumn, but there was still one signal and decisive victory wanting to close the campaign, and put an end to the contest.—That has been nobly won, in the State in which Burgoyne and his army surrendered to the Whigs of the Revolution.—The battle of Yorktown, of Leipsic and of Waterloo; did not more effectually conclude the respective wars out of which they sprung, than the great event in New York has settled onr political controversy. I rejoice heartily with you and the enlightened world and posterity will rejoice with us.

It is true gentlemen as suggested by you that I have lived in an age of revolution and great events, at home and abroad, deeply effecting large portions of the human race. Those in our own country have naturally most interested us. We have been acting not for ourselves and posterity only, but all mankind are concerned in the successful issue of the great experiment of self-government confided to our care. I have watched therefore, with intense anxiety, the progress and the developement of our system. When I beheld, nine years ago, the people of this country, impelled by enthusiastic gratitude, placing their executive government in hands which had only been accustomed to wield the sword, I trembled for the fate of our free institutions. My worst fears were realized by the administration which ensued. Blow after blow fell upon the constitution, experiment upon the business and prosperity of the People, and violence and intimidation, abuses and corruption became the order of the day. I stood amazed at the lawless acts of the Executive.

Taking courage from the impunity which attended its career, and proclaiming the falacious doctrine that the successful issue of every election was a popular approval of all previous measures and previous opinions of the Executive, there seemed to be no ends or bounds to its encroachments. The expressed will of the representatives of the people and of the States was openly contemned; an important proceeding, of vital influence on the constitution and the public welfare, was adopted near the commencement of a session of Congress, with the known purpose of preventing its legislative counteraction; and bills which had passed both Houses with remarkable con currence, have been withheld, there is too much reason to believe with the motive of preventing the exercise of the salutary restriction in the constitution upon the power of the veto. Amidst all these arbitrary acts and proceedings, a few faithful Senators, annually diminished, lifted up their warning but unheeded voices. I dic not intend despair; but I must confess I felt greatly discouraged. It seemed as if all the cautious checks of the constitution were subverted, and that the Republic was almost drawing to a close

Another administration came. Justice and liberty required that it should be judged by its acts and measures; but as if resolved to cut off all hopes from the people, the new President soon announced his purpose to be to follow in the footsteps of his immediate predecessor, and he has faithfully trodden in them! His eye and ear seem to be directed more towards the Hermitage than turned to the People and their sufferings.

But our deliverance, thank God, is at hand. The People—the abused, the decieved People—have risen in their majesty, and by demonstrations which cannot be misunderstood or perverted, have pronounced, in a voice of thunder, the doom of Experiments and Experimenters. They have again signally vindicated their capacity for self government, and marked the limit beyond which madness and folly dare not proceed.

Gratitude and thanks to the People!—Most of all, gratitude and thanks to the People of New York! They have shown themselves worthy of the prominent position which they hold in the American confederacy

Hence forward it should be our constant care to maintain and strengthen the ground which has been so gloriously won. Prudence and moderation should characterize our councils, and we should extend the hand of friendship & confidence to all who have co-opereted with us.—Actuated by a high sense of duty to our common country, they have shown that they love Rome more than Cæsar. We should not even forget thot the vanquished themselves are not enemies, but misguided bretheren, who will sooner or later unite with us in rescuing our government and institutions from the corruption and ruin to which they were rapidly tending.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,
With high respect,
Your friend and obt. servt.
H. CLAY.

Messrs. G. C, Verplanck, Alexr. R. Wykoff, Noah Cook, Daniel Ullman, Willis Hall, Dudley Selden, Wm. A. Lawrence, M. L. Davis, A. Chandler.

By order of the Committee.
ROBERT SWARTWOUT, Chairman.
C. C. Wright. } Secretaries.
M. M. Jackson, }

DIVORCES.—The first proceedings in the House of Delegates in every session, upon a divorce case, is always looked to with considerable interest by those who are observant of the influence of divorces upon society, because it generally indicates the sentiments of the house to some extent upon that subject.

Dr. Risteau, Chairman of the Committee on Divorces, reported unfavourably upon two or three cases, and favourably upon the application of Mr. Samuel Keplinger, Jr. for a divorce from his wife Mary. Upon the motion to give this bill a second reading by special order, as well as on a motion to lay the bill upon the table, a spirited debate arose, in which Messrs. Alexander, Frazier, Causin, Gallagher, Risteau and others, partook. The case developed, was a very strong one, and all attempts to arrest the progress of the bill were unavailing. On its final passage there were very few negative voices.

The bill passed the Senate yesterday.

Yesterday the consideration of the general subject of divorces was resumed upon considering a proposition offered by Mr. Giles, which will be found in the columns of proceedings going to restrict grants of divorce hereafter to cases in which the applying party shall have given specified and timely notice to the other party, of a design to apply for such divorce &c.

Mr. Giles and Mr. Causin supported the motion, and it was opposed by Mr. Ely and Mr Maulsby. The debate was interrupted by the entrance of a deputation from the Senate, announcing that the Governor was in attendance, and requesting the attendance of the House to witness the ceremony of taking the oaths of office. The subject will no doubt be resumed this morning.

A SINCERE LOVER.

He courted not as others do;
He did not say his heart was mine;
He never praised my cheeks soft hue,
Or said without me he should pine?
Oh, no! oh, no! but still to me,
He always looked sincerity!

He never said my eyes were bright:
He never praised my jetty hair;—
But when he left my home at night,
He looked as if his heart was there!
'Twas this? 'was this first vanquished me;—
He looked so like sincerity!

We have heard of a person *so long* that he could'nt go to sleep all over at the same time.—Picayune.

It's the same fellow who put up at a country inn in the state of Ohio, when shewed to his bed room, he had to poke his legs through the window before he could straighten himself in bed.—Cambridge Chronicle.

In the days of the Blue Laws a *Shoemaker* was condemned to be hung for some crime, but on the day of execution it was discovered that he was the only person of that trade in the town and could not possibly be spared. A *weaver* was hung in his place, as they had plenty of them.

GOOD AGAIN.—A shop keeper in N. York, the other day stuck upon his door the following laconic advertisement—"A boy wanted!" On going to his shop the next morning, he beheld a smiling little urchin in a basket, with the following pithy label—"Here he is."

The following *native* love promise was recently made to a filiality given inamorata.

"I like you," sighed the girl to her suitor, "but I can't leave home. I am a widow's only darling. No *husband* can *equal* my parent in kindness."

"She is kind," pleaded the wooer—but be my wife—we will live all together, and see if I don't *beat your mother*.

The following grammatical transactions are from a western paper.

"The floating Theatre *are* at Vicksburg"—Natchez Free trader.

"*Are* the editor of the Free Trader in Natchez"—Southern Argus.

"He *am*."—Argus.

EPIGRAM.

"Harry, I cannot think," says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick?'
'You do not recollect,' says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry.'

The ladies of Linnfield have formed an "Anti-carrying-a-squalling-baby-to-church-Society." We think a branch in this city would be productive of very beneficial results.

In Augusta, Georgia, a man cannot advertise his wife without paying fifty dollars in advance to the printer.

The question whether colored people had a right to vote in Pennsylvania was tried before Judge Fox last week, who decided that a black man had no right to vote in Pennsylvania!

Two travellers being robbed in a wood and tied to trees, some distance from each other, one of them exclaimed in despair—'Oh I'm undone!' 'Are you said the other; then I wish you would come and undo me.'

From the Pickwick Papers.—There is no deception now, Mr. Weller.' 'Tears,' said Job, with a look of momentary slyness, "tears are not the only proofs of distress, nor the best ones." No they aint," replied Sam expressively. 'They may be put on, Mr. Weller," said Job.—"I know they may," said Sam: "some people, indeed, has 'em always ready laid on, and can pull out the plug venever they like."

From the Lady's Book.

CHARLES BRANDON,

"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

Do you remember Charles Brandon?" asked my friend: I was sitting at the window lost in reverie, and gazing listlessly at the eddying waves of a November fog, which had for hours been clinging to the bosom of our common mother, like remorse to the heart of a dying sinner. "Do you remember Charles Brandon?" My day dream was dispelled, and with that name unheard for years, came thronging to my heart bright visions of early days.

The green fields of childhood glowed around me, and 'mid the dear familiar faces of friends long departed, that seemed to smile once more in mine, flashed again with all its wonted fire, the soul-speaking eye of the ill-starred Brandon. I see him now just as he looked when with his young orphan sister he first bacame a resident of our village. His handsome features wore the high stamp of intellect, and his dark brown hair turned gracefully from a broad and polished forehead. His complexion was clear, though dark, and his keen hazel eye, shining at one moment with surprising and almost fearful brightness, then unexpectedly assuming an expression of alluring softness, won at once the unresisting heart.—His presence often inspired a kind of awe in others, for which they vainly endeavoured to account; and, ever and anon, a sarcastic smile played about his face, and when his path was crossed, the very essence of pride and scorn was visible in the contemptuous smile which wreathed his curling lip. As a successful lawyer his name spread far and wide, and each day graced his brow with some new laurel. Possessing great suavity of manners among his friends he held the rank of general favourite.

And his sister—with what reverence of affection did she bow to this, the guardian spirit of her youth—acknowledging no law but his opinion, and seeking no higher reward than his approving smile. How careful should we be of the influence we exert on others, and doubly cautious should those be on whom God has bestowed a power of intellect to sway at will their fellow men.

Brandon was a sceptic, and the writings of Pain, Voltaire, and Rousseau, were too often the companions of his leasure hours.—His moral character, however, stood fair, and for acts of disinterested benevolence no one might win a brighter name. But what avails the semblance of purity, when the heart is corrupt; the veil soon falls, and the character appears in all its deformity.

'Twas midnight, and Caroline Brandon sat alone anxiously listening for the coming footsteps of her brother. The clock struck two, her heart already oppressed with strange forebodings, died within her.—She knew no cause for this delay, and his absence at such an hour, was a thing too unusual to leave it in her power to await the issue calmly. I was sad to mark the mental anguish which betrayed itself in the quick changes of that lovely countenance.—Why is it that the young heart must be thus torn with either the real or imaginary dangers of its friends? Why must the rosy cheek grow pale, and the sparkling lustre of the eye be dimmed, with so often watching the sinking star, which guides the destinies of those we love? But so it is, and although the next morning saw Charles Brandon at the side of his sister, apparently as gay as ever, still the half-suppressed sigh, the flushed brow, the absent thoughts, and the unbidden horror, which often convulsed him, soon revealed to the keen eye of affection, a mind but ill at ease. From that day a cloud rested on the spirit of Caroline Brandon, the subsequent burst of which was like the lightnings flash, that levels the pride of the forest. Fearful to her was the interval which now ensued. Anxiety, apprehension, and dread, shook her whole frame. To interrogate him she could not—she dare not.

At length the villlage court house was filled. Every countenance told that a cause of terrible interest was hastening on. The prisoner was announced, a thrill of anxiety ran from heart to heart throughout the crowded audience, and when Charles Brandon took his place at the bar, his mien, his dignified step, and the clear marbleness of his brow, which the gay breezes of Heaven had not fanned for months, with the saddened smile which lingered about his features, awakened in every heart a sympathy beyond expression, and inspired a hope next to assurance, that in his bosom guilt had no hiding place. Had that heart been unfolded to them as a page to read, they would have learned that at the very moment while he stood thus before them, remorse was busy there, and his soul was writhing under the horrors of guilt—the dread of inevitable disgrace—and hastening certainty of his doom. The trial proceeded with the usual forms, and after a laborious, patient and thrilling investigation, the counsil on either side poured forth a torrent of burning eloquence. The judge solemnly and feelingly discharged the jury. The assembly dispersed, and the jury retired, with the fate of a fellow mortal pending on their decision. As the sun that night went down in the west, methought his last beams shone sadly forth, as if conscious of the fatal verdict to be determined and pronounced, ere he again illuminated with his ascending rays, the cold realities of earth.

Twilight had scarcely disappeared, when the distant light of the court room but too plainly told that the die was cast, and the destiny of Charles Brandon irrevocably fixed. Again the prisoner was led forth, and again he appeared with the same proud air that marked his first entry. Calmness and sadness had alike fled from his features, and in their place sat firm determination and unqualified scorn. Yet those who knew him could not well read in that quick and restless eye, a tear of the agonizing suspense, which was then weighing down his heart, and thrilling wildly on his burning brain.

At that moment he would willingly have offered up his stained life a sacrifice on the alter of virtue and principle. But the decisions of justice could not be stayed. A death-like stillness reigned throughout the anxious multitude—not a creature moved—the verdict—the fatal and appalling verdict