CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

VOL. XI. "THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE." NO. 730

NEW SERIES--VOL. 2. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, Julv 14, 1838. NUMBER 41

THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE
Is edited and published every Saturda 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 s rceived, and charged accordingly.

Boarding and day ACADEMY

FOR

YOUNG LADIES,

S. W. corner of Arch and 11th Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

Principals
MISSES BARNARD.

Branches and Terms—Penmanship, Arithmetic, Book Keeping, English Gram mar, ancient and modern Georgraphy, illustrated by the use of Globes and drawing aps, ancient and modern History Elocution, Composition, Natural and Mental Philosophy, Drawing, Painting, French, Vocal Music and Ornamental Needlework, $50 pr quarter payable in advance, no extra charges. The above exclusive of French, Painting and Embroidery, $40. Instrumental Music extra. For further particulars address as above.

Philadelphia, March 17th, 1838. 4t.

ACARD.—GABRIEL D. CLARK, Watch Maker, having enlarged his establishment, still continues to carry on the above business ih all its brancess, at the old stand, No. 1 Water street, head of Cheapside, Baltimore where he intends keeping a general assortment of Gold and Silver Lever and Plain WATCHES, with all other articles in his line. He respectfully invites his city and country to give him a call.—Persons having work done at this store may depend upon its being done in the best manner.

N. B.—Fine Watches of every description repaired and properly regulated by
G. D. CLARKE.
April 21 1838. 3w

THE business heretofore conducted under the firm of Foxcroft & Clark, Watchmakers, was disolve1 on t1e 1st of April, by mutual consent. All persons having claims against the said fi m will be paid on demand, by presenting them to Gabriel D. Clark, who is authorized to settle the business of the concern.
April 21 4w

Communicated
FOR THE CHRONICLE.

We beg leave to recommend to the Whig voters of Dorchester County, *Thomas I. H. Eccleston*, Esq.; as a gentleman eminently qualified to represent them in the next Senate of Maryland, to be elected by the people on the first Wednesday of October next.

The well known character of Mr. Eccleston, his intelligence, his firmness, his inflexible integrity, his experience in political affairs, his well-tried and inviolable adherence to Whig principles, at once point to him as the man who should be selected by the people of Dorchester, to fill that high, important, and responsible office. Such a representative would do honour to his constituents, and their interests intrusted to his hands, would be vindicated with faithfulness and with ability.

MANY WHIGS.

DR. WM. R. HAYWARD, offers his professional services to the public.—Office opposite Mr. John T. Willon's Hotel.
April 14. 1838. tf.

TO RENT,

FOR the ensuing year, a Farm in Black Water, at present occupied by Mr. J. Troth. This farm contains two fields of one hundred and twenty thousand cornhills each. The dwelling and out houses, comprising smoke house, barn, stables, carriage house, and corn house, are in good repair. There is also a well of fine water on the premises.

ALSO,

For the balance of this and the ensuing year, a housed, situate directly on the county road near the Big Mills. This house is suitable for a dwelling or shoe store. For terms apply to
WHEATLY BECKWITH.
June 2, 1838

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

A NEW AND IMPROVED PORTABLE
HORSE POWER AND THRESHING
MACHINE.

Having obtained Letters Patent, bearing date Feb. 6th 1838, for an improvement on a PORTABLE HORSE POWER, for propelling Threshing Machines, Clover Mills, Small Grist Mills, &c.

The subscriber takes this method of informing the public, that he will be prepared to supply all orders at the shortest notice. The superiority over other machines, consists in ease of operation, durability and simplicity. Being constructed principally of iron, both Horse Power and Thresher, the bearings being surrounced with oil cups, which retain oil sufficient for one day, without replenishing, supercedes the necessity of hourly application of oil, which renders other machinery so liable to injury from neglect, and hazardous to those who may superintend them, consequently produced by applying oil during the opperation or from neglect of its mechanical construction. The vertical and horizontal bearings are supplied with oil by nutrition and cappillary which is a great saving of oil, and prevents them from becoming dry and iujuring the machine, which is so detrimental to other machinery. The Horse Power occupies the space of 3 feet by 3 feet 6 inches, which contains the moving machinery. This machine will thresh all kinds of grain, it also answers the purpose of cleaning clover seed, and with my late improvement is far superior to my former machines.

This machine can be transported in a commcn cart or wagon, without any inconvenience. A further description is deemed unnecessary, as those who would wish to purchase, will call and examine for themselves. The subscriber has constantly on hand the above described machines, at his manufactory, north of Brandywine village, Del. where orders will be received and the machines sent to any part of the neighboring states. Hundreds of certificates can be produced that ii is superior to any thing of the kind they have yet seen.

References as to the superiority of this machine may be had in the surrounding counties of Philadelphia, Montgomery, Delaware Chester and Lancaster, Pa.; New Castle, Kent and Sussex, Del.: and Cecil, Kent and Harford, Md.; Salem, Cumberland, Gloucester and Burlington, N. J., where these machines have been justly celebrated and given entire satisfaction.

JESSE URMY.

P. S. Cornshellers made to order of the latest improvement. Also repairing Horse Power, will be attended to with fidelity and despatch, at his manufactory, north side of the Brandywine, near Wilmington.

N. B.—For further particulars apply to James Dixon, Esq. general agent for this county. J. U.
June, 2, 1838. (4w)

George H. Stapfelort

WILL be supported for the next sheriffalty of Dorchester County, by
MANY VOTERS.
Oct. 1, 1837. 1 year

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON, Attorney at Law, has removed his office to the room formerly occupied by George W. Callahan, & and below the printing establishment of the Cambridge Chronicle.
December 16. tf

MESSRS. EDITORS—We beg leave to recommend to the whigs of Dorchester county, our late Senator, William T, Golds borough as a suitable person to represent this county in the next Senate of Maryland. Mr. G. sustained himself with much ability as a member of the late *Senate*. The election of the Senate by an electorial college having been objected to as a very obnoxious feature in the old Contution, Mr. G. with the other members of the late Senate, legislated himself out of office, in order to give immediate effect to the new Constitution, and by so doing, has evidenced a perfect willingnes to submit his claims to office to the direct decision of his fellow citizens. Should the Convention to whom the selection of a candidate will be submitted, decide in favor of Mr, Goldsborough, we have no doubt his nomination will be approved of by a large majority of the citizens of his native county.

MANY VOTERS.

NOTICE:

BY order of the Orphans' court of Dorchester county, will positively be sold at the Court house door, on Monday the 9th day of July next, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock, a likely negro man, a slave for life. THO H: HICKS, Guardian
to W C Huffington.
June 30, 1838.

POETRY

THE DESERTED WIFE.

He comes not!—I have watch'd the moon go down,
But yet he comes not—Once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come and chide, and I shall weep;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile which cheers
My heart, tho' sunk in sorrow, fix'd and deep.
I had a husband once, who loved me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion upon a wanton's lip,
As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip;
But yet I cannot hate—O! there were hours,
When I could hang forever on his eye,
And time who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strewd as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then, he loved me too! My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile
The memory of our lives will ne'er depart;
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Venom'd and barb'd, and waste upon the vile
Caresses which his babe and mine should share—
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness—and should sickness come and lay
Its paralizing hand upon him, then
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep and say,
How injured, and how faithful I had been.

THE BRIDEMAID.

The bridal is over, the guests are all gone,
The bride's only sister sits weeping alone;
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the bridemaid is desolate now.

With smiles and caresses she deck'd the fair bride,
And then led her forth with affectionate pride;
She knew that together no more they should dwell,
Yet she smiled when she kiss'd her and whisper'd farewell.

She would not embitter a festival day,
Nor send her sweet sister in sadness away;
She hears the bells ringing, she sees her depart,
She cannot veil longer the grief of her heart.

She thinks of each pleasure, each pain that endears,
The gentle companion of happier years;
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the bridemaid is desolate now.

Joannie Baillie.

JONATHAN'S VISIT TO A WEDDING.

Did you ever go to a wedding?
What a darn'd sight of bussing it takes;
Then your mouth is as hot as a pudding,
They put so much spice in their cakes.

Such playing and running I never!
The girls all as neat as new pins;
I'd fairly wear out my old leather,
To catch 'em and kiss them by jings.

I wonde,r by goll, what's the matter,
I can't get a sweet heart—I've tried—
But I sniggers, I never could flatter,
But the galls would all tell me I lied.

So; rot 'em, I always am cheated,
By gosh! I will twig them I vum;
If I cant be more handsomer treated,
I won't go a courtin' by gum.

Then I guess they will come to their reason
If what granny says be all true—
If you'll let 'em alone with your teazin,
The gals will come flockin' to you.

From the Hesperian.

THE DOOMED WYANDOTT.

BY OTWAY CURREY.

In the evening of the first day of June in the year 1810, there came six Wyandott warriors to the house of Mr. Benjamin Sells, on the Sciota River, about twelve miles above the spot where now stands the city of Columbus. They were equipped in the most warlike manner, and exhibited, during their stay, an unusual degree of agitation. Having ascertatned that an old Wyandott chief for whom they had been making diligent enquiry, was then encamped at a distance of about two miles farther up the west bank of the river, they expressed a determination to put him to death, and immediately went off, in the direction of his lodge.

These facts were communicated, early in the ensuing morning, to Mr. John Sells, who now resides in the village of Dublin, on the Scioto, about two miles from the place where the doomed Wyandott met his fate. Mr. Sells immediately proceeded up the river, on horseback, in quest of the Indians. He soon arrived at the lodge, which he found situated in a grove of sugar trees, close to the bank of the river. The six warriors were seated, in consulsation, at the distance of a few rods from the lodge.—The old chief was with them, evidently in the character of a prisoner.—His arms were confined by a small cord, but he sat with them, without any manifestations of uneasiness. A few of the neighboring whitemen were likewise there, and a gloomy looking Indian who had been the companion of the chief, but now kept entirely aloof, sitting sullenly in the camp. Mr. Sells approached the Indians and found them earnestly engaged in debate. A charge of 'witchcraft' had been made, at a former time, against the chief by some the captors, whose friends had been destroyed, as they believed, by means of his evil powers. This crime, according to the immemorial usuage of the tribe, involved a forfeiture of life. The chances of a hunter's life had brought the old man to his present location, and his pursuers had sought him out, in order that they might execute upon him the sentence of their law.

The council was of two or three hours duration. The accusing party spoke alternately, with much ceremony, but with evident bitterness of feeling. The prisoner, in his replies, was eloquent though dispassionate. Occasionally a smile of scorn would appear, for an instant, on his countenance. At the close of the consultation it was ascertained that they had re-affirmed the sentence of death which had before been passed upon the chief. Inquiry having been made, by some of the white men, with reference to their arrangements, the captain of the six warriors pointed to the sun, and signified to them that the execution would take place at one o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Sells went to the captain and asked him what the chief had done. "Very bad Indian," he replied, "make good Indian sick—make horse sick—make die—very bad chief." Mr. Sells then made an effort to persude his white friends to rescue the victim of superstition from his impending fate, but to no purpose. They were then in a frontier situation, entirely open to the incursions of the northern tribes, and were, consequently, unwilling to subject themselves to the displeasure of their savage visitors by any interference with their operations. He then proposed to release the chief by purchase—offering to the captain for that purpose, a fine horse, of the value of three hundred dollars.—"Let me see him," said the Indian. The horse was accordingly brought forward, and closely examined; and so much were they staggered by this proposition, that they again repaired to their place of consultation, and remained in council a considerable length of time before it was finally rejected.

The conference was again terminated, and five of the Indians began to amuse themselves with running, jumping, and other athletic exercises. The captain took no part with them. When we again inquired as to the time of execution, he pointed to the sun, as before, and indicated the hour of four. The prisoner then walked slowly to his camp—partook of a dinner of jerked venison—washed and arrayed himself in his best apparrel, and afterwards painted his face. His dress was very rich—his hair gray, and his whole appearance graceful and commanding.—At his request the whole company drew around him at the lodge. He had observed the exertions made by Mr. Sells in his behalf, and now presented to him a written paper. with a request that it might be read to the company. It was a recommendation, signed by Gov. Hull, and in compliance with the request of the prisoner it was fixed and left upon the side of a large tree, at a short distance from the wigwam.

The hour of execution being close at hand, the chief shook hands in silence with the surrounding spectarors. On coming to Mr. Sells he appeared much moved—grasped his hand warmly—spoke for a few minntes in the Wyandott language, and pointed to the heavens. He then turned from the wigwam, and with a voice of surprising strength and melody, commenced the chant of the death song. He was followed closely by the Wyandott warriors, all timing with their slow and measured march of the music of his wild and melancholy dirge. The white men were all likewise, silent followers in that strange procession. At the distance of seventy or eighty yards from the camp, they came to a shallow grave, which, unknown to the white men, had been previously prepared by the Indians. Here the old man knelt down, and in an elevated but solemn tone of voice, addressed his prayer to the Great Spirit. As soon as he had finished, the captain of the Indians knelt beside him, and prayed in a similar manner. Their prayers, of course, were spoken in the Wyandott tongue.—When they arose, the captain was again accosted by Mr. Sells, who insisted that if they were inflexible in the determination to shed blood, they should at least remove their victim beyond the limits of the white settlements. "No!" said he, very sternly, and with evident displeasure, "no good Indian fraid—he no go with this bad man—mouth give fire in the dark night—good Indian fraid—he no go!—my friend," he continued, "me tell you—white man bad man, white man kill him—Indian say nothing."

Finding all interference futile, Mr. Sells was at length compelled reluctantly to abandon the old man to his fate.—After a few moments delay, he again sank down upon his knees and prayed, as he had done before. When he had ceased praying, he still continued in a kneeling position. All the rifles belonging to the party had been left at the wigwam. There was not a weapon of any kind to be seen at the place of execution, and the spectators were consequently, unable to form any conjecture as to the mode of procedure which the executioners had determined on for the fulfilment of their purpose. Suddenly one of the warriors drew from beneath the skirts of his capote, a keen bright tomahawk—walked rapidly up behind the chieftain brandished the weapon on high for a single moment, and then struck with his whole strength. The blow descended directly upon the crown of the head, and the victim fell prostrate. After he had lain awhile in the agonies of death the Indian captain directed the attention of the white men to the drops of sweat that were gathering upon his face and neck; remarking with much apparent exultation that it was conclusive proof of the sufferers guilt. Again the executioner advanced, and, with the same weapon, inflicted two or three additional and heavy blows.

As soon as life was entirely extinct, the body was hastily burried, with all its apparel and decorations; and the assemblage dispersed. The Wyandotts returned immediately to their hunting grounds, and the white men to their homes. The murdered chief was known among the whites by the name of Leatherlips. Around the spot where his bones repose, the towering forest has now given place to the grain field; and the soil above him has for years been furrowed and refurrowed by the ploughshare.

MR. CLAY AND MR. CALHOUN.

When more than a year ago, we ventured to intimate, that we thought we saw in Mr. Calhoun's conduct the evidences of a settled and malignant hostility to the Union, we did not escape the rebuke even of some of our own friends. We felt however, that we were right, and time is rapidly confirming our impressions. Some of Mr. Calhoun's friends in the south now openly justify his and their support of the sub-treasury scheme, by arguing, that as an early dissolution of the union is inevitable, it is necessary to disrupt at once and by a violent effort, the existing commercial relations between the north and the south. This language—which a few years ago would have been deemed but little short of blasphemy—is now freely used, and it is upon its fulfilment that Mr. Calhoun now builds his hopes of personal exaltation. His ambition is so selfish and impatient that he can no longer disguise his designs, which are every day becoming more apparent and more hideous.—Amongst the arts by which he seeks to ingratiate himself with the south, is the affectation of an extraordinary solicitude for the peculiar institutions of that region and a fierce and intolerant ascription of unfriendly feelings, upon the same point, to all who stand in his way. The other day in the midst of one of those paroxysms, he undertook to connect Mr. Clay and the abolitionists in the same sentence. Mr. Clay's retort was such a one as might have been expected from his chivalrous and patriotic spirit. He exhibited, in a few words, the difference between the statesman who consults the general good of his country, and him who gives his affections and his labors only to a particular section. Mr. Calhoun will find it a difficult task to induce any considerable portion of the American people to believe that Mr. Clay, upon the great Slave question, entertains notions incompatiable with the permanence or integrity of the Union.—Balt. Chron.

An aged woman, on crutches, stopped in front of Brandeth's office in this city to read the sign, and *presto change!* was immediately converted into "a blooming girl of sixteen."—Spirit of the Times.

The Times tells but half the story; as we are informed that the blooming damsel afterwards unwittingly purchased some of the counterfeit pills, and lamentable to relate, upon taking the first dose, was immediately metamorphosed 'back again," crutches and all.—Ledger.

An Invitation.—Say, nigga, cum and hab de pleasure ob a dinin wid your mos humble serbent, won't you, heh?"

"Wr, look here, Sam—I'se not particular in my sosiashuns—but I wish to know fuss before I vail myself ob yor perlite impimashun, whar you hab yor lodjins."

"No difference, nigger, whar I lodge. I don't ax you to sleep wid me—but only to eat dinner in a greenble sociumbility."

Interesting Colloquy.—"I say, Sambo, what you got dare?"

"A guinea sar."

"Whar you get dat, Sambo?"

"Massa gib it to me.'

"What he do dat for?"

"Cause I'se a Van Brusen man. Jist look troo de inkerstices, of my puss—does you see how him glitters?"

"O hush, nigger, you make me feel al over in spots "

"Spose we go and get something to drink Jim."

"I tank you sar, I don't care if I does. Sam."

Go it ye cripples.—The Boston Post says, "*one* of the Siamese twins had offered himself in marriage to Miss Alfoug May."—The N. Y. Mirror asks, "we wonder if his brother will *stand up* with him."

Those of our readers who have ever read or heard the story of cousin Sally Dilliard and Capt. Rice's "treat," will feel a particular interest in the following "moral" to the tale, from the same pen as the tale itself:

From the Carolina Watchman.

Wedding Extra!—Married, at Chalk Level, Pittsylvania county, Virginia, by Joseph Rice, Esq. commonly called Capt. Rice, Mr. Moses Harriss, commonly called our Moses, to Miss Sarah Dilliard, commonly called "Cousin Sally." In this we ding things were managed a little differen