VOL. XI

CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

NO. 740

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

NEW SERIES--VOL. 2.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, September 22, 1838.

NUMBER 52

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 publishers; 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 inserted 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.

CLOCK AND WATCH MAKER.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform the citizens of Cambridge and its vicinity, that he intends carrying on the above business in the office attached to Mrs. Donovan's dwelling, and next door to Mr. Francis Corkran's hat shop, where he can be found at all times, to execute all orders in his line in a neat and durable manner and with despatch. He flatters himself from his experience in the business to give general satisfaction to those who may favor him with their custom, and hopes by strict and personal attention to business to share a part of the public patronage,

The public's ob't serv't
June 4 tf WILLIAM COX.

N. B. Persons having clocks to clean in the country can be waited upon at their residence at a moments warning; charges reasonable. W. C.

Notice.

THE subscriber having moved back to that well known Tavern, the
UNION HOTEL,
would be glad to entertain his old friends and the Public generally. His Table, Bar, and Stables shall be well furnished at all times, and his charges shall be moderate. Board can be had by the year, month, week or day, as low and as good as any Boarding House in town. Private Parties can be furnished with good Rooms at any time. Terrapins and Oysters will be constantly kept and served up in the neatest manner when in season.

The publics obedient servent.
JOHN T. WILSON.
Augst 21 1837. tf

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 surrounded 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 operation or from a neglect of its mechanical construction. The vertical and horizontal bearings are supplied with oil by nutrition and capillary which is a great saving of oil, and prevents them from becoming dry and injuring 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 common 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 it is superior to any thing of the kind they have yet seen.

References 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.; 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.—Corn shellers 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.

Agent for Dorchester county, Md., James Dixon, Esq. Cambridge.
June 4, 1838 4t*

GOELICKE'S Matchless Sanative,
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Chancery Sale.

PURSUANT to authority received from the Honorable Chancellor of Maryland, I will sell to the highest and best bidder on Monday the 10th day of September next at the court house door in Cambridge, between the hours of 11 and 12 M. all that real estate devised by Barzilla Street, deceased, to his two daughters Acsha Emmons Street, and Amanda Street, in fee in equal parts, after the death of his wife Betsey Street. The property was purchased by Barzilia Street in his life time from the heirs of Philip S. Yates and consists of the following tracts and parts of tracts to wit:

Providence 76 1-4 acres,
Norwick 120 1-2 acres,
Middle Ground 2 acres,

being the same lands where said Streets lived and died the district of Vienna.

The terms of sale as prescribed by the decree are one fourth cash on the day of sale, the balance in six and twelve months from the day of sale, with interest, well secured by bond and security approved by the trustee.

H. PAGE, Trustee.
Aug. 11, 1838. 45—tds

NOTICE.

AT a meeting of the School Commissioners of Lakes Election District, having adopted rules & regulations for the government of each school, they agreed to appoint the following gentlemen to act as a board of visiters to aid and assist in the benevolent intention of the late Supplementary School Law—whose duty it shall be to visit their respective schools as often as convenient, at least once a month, to see that the rules and regulations which are or may subsequently be adopted by the Commissioners are strictly attended to, whose duty it shall be also to attend to the furnishing and repairing those school Houses which are not in comfortable condition,

District No. 1
Levin L. Keene,
John B. Robinson,
Barzillai Slacum,
Anthony R. Wallace,
Joseph Wallace.

District No. 2
William. W. Lake,
Henry Bibby,
David W. Tyler,
Alexander Langrell,
William Mister.

District No. 3
William Andrews.
Thomas Creighton.
John Hooper,
Arthur H. Pritchett,
Levin Ansley.

District No. 4
George Hart,
Hixon Wingate,
Asbury McNamara,
Jacob Jones,
William Coursey.

District No. 5
Samuel Mowbray,
Solomon Foxwell,
Marcellus Insley,
Joseph Insley,
Severn Jones.

District No. 6
William Robinson,
Hervey Louis,
William W. Henderson,
Cain Insley,
Caleb Jones.

District No. 7
James Gray,
Job T. Langrell,
Job Parks,
Samuel Elliot,
Andrew McCready.

Resolved, That the above named Gentlemen be informed of their appointment and be requested to attend to the duties connected therewith at as early a day as convenient, & report to the Commissioners at their next meeting on the 25th inst. The board then adjourned to meet on the above day at 9 o'clock, at John Staplefort's store.

BENJAMIN G. KEENE, Pres't
H. L. McNAMARA, Sec'y.
August 4th 1838. (tf)

DR. TURNER, having caused some time ago, an advertisement to be set up, the object of which was to decline the practice of medicine in order to prepare a removal for the west, thinks it proper to inform the people of Tobacco stick and the public generally, that he has at present declined that notion, and that he again respectfully renews to them the offer of his professional services; he, also having laid in a complete assortment of *Medicines*, is prepared to sell at the lowest apothecary prices, to physicians and others who may choose to call on him. July 14tf

FOR SALE,

ABOUT 10,000 feet of 1 3-4 inch pine plank with a quantity of oak timber suitable fos ship building, and also about 300 cords of oak ond pine wood now at the landing—apply to

BENJ. G. KEENE.
Aug. 11. 1838. 3w

From the New York American

THE WASTE WORN.

BY G. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.

The climate of Florida is of a nature so debilitating, that it is next to impossible for an invalid soldier to convalesence while exposed to its enervating influence. If not transported to a more congenial atmosphere, he is but too apt to die, more from the effects of exhaustation than from actual disease.

Weary and weak, and pale,
He sank on the lengthened route,
And they paused awhile in the lowly vale,
Where his feve'rd frame gave out.

No gentle hand strewed flowers,
Along his rude made bier,
The death-stained leaves from the oak's old bowers,
They scatter'd with pike and spear.

And not an eye grew dim,
Beside his pulseless clay;
Tho' grief had treasured depths for him,
But its fount was far away—

Deep buried in the breast
Of *one*, from crowds apart
Watching with brow of troubl'd rest,
For the partner of her heart.

When—when will he return,—
Fond thoughts his course may track;
Heart throb and bosom burn;
But when will he come back.

Beneath a Southern sky,
Without hymn or prayer,
They made a grave 'mid the palm trees high
And alone they laid him there.

No, no, but not alone,
For the drum gave out its roll;
And the woods chim'd deep, in an under tone,
A knell for the loosen'd soul.

And the twilight drew around,
With its pale and sickly smile;
And the stream discours'd in its rushing round,
And the mock bird sang the while.

Sweet bird of memory dear,
Thy melody is vain;
He heareth not—he cannot hear,—
When will he wake again.

For the Chronicle.

MIDNIGHT SCENE—A SKETCH.

The moon streamed broadly across my chamber, and the night air came in soft and balmy, as I lay upon my couch wrapt in meditation. An indescribable fit of melancholy had seized me, which precluded the possibility of sleep. I determined to take a solitary walk and having dressed myself, issued from my chamber into the open air.

It was midnight—the stars had risen one by one, like vessels on the convex bosom of the deep, and shed upon the sombre land, that light which is better than the brilliancy of the moon,—hushed were the hums of the living, and naught but a view, which from its melodious tone seemed not of earth, broke on my ear. I gazed upon the stars—revelled in their contemplation—my eyes were turned with a wild and winkless stare upon one bright orb that shone to me as if it smiled.

Walking carlessly along I approached the grave yard. I entered and wound my way to my mother's grave. 'Twas here my thoughts reverted to the happy days of childhood—when I mingled in the jocund glee of my playfellows, when the shout and the glad hallow rang over the hills whose every haunt was familiar to my feet;—again to wander on the Sylvan torrent's bank and crop the wild plants that fringed its mossy sides, to weave their garland for that fair young brow on which scarce ten summers had shed their beauty, and proudly lead my happy, flower-crowned queen amid the youthful throng: Beautiful and innocent childhood! how I love to read the thoughts that fling their evanescent traces over thy brow, like summer clouds hurrying across the sky; to hear thy young lips lisp the question that springs from a mind not yet stored with the artificial knowledge that ambitious man has made necessary to be learned.

Next in the gathering train come the thoughts, feelings and events of riper years; when confident in our own strength, and relying upon our own resources, we madly spurn the props and stays that have been given to life. In those years when our first energies have won success; when the love of renown has but been increased by the scanty draught we have already gained; how eagerly does the soul pant after other enterprises, and long for repeated draughts of the same cup! From those busy years, as they come past, how much may we learn of the strength,—of the weakness of human nature? Then crush not the magic glass of memory, but let the procession pass on. Let remembrance bring back the hour when first the dammed up torrent of affection, bursting the barrier, poured its flood at the feet of that one for whom we had lived;—let it bring back the moment when first we felt there was one being on whom the soul could rely, to whose faithful heart we could commit our spirit's treasure, and to whom we could extend the support derived from mutual love.

It was thus I was musing beside my mother's grave, when I was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps. I wondered who, but myself, could be stirring at the lone hour of midnight, and in a grave yard. I watched the form as it approached me, and discovered it was a female clad in a flowing robe of spotless white, and bearing something in her right hand. I was almost induced to believe she was an inhabitant of the upper climes, and had left the mansions of eternal bliss to pour out her spirit in grief over the remains of some dearly loved one. Finding I was not discovered by her I gently eased myself down beside a tomb, and determined to watch her motions. She approached a new made grave within a few feet of where I was sitting, and pointing towards it exclaimed, there lies one who was dearer to me than all the world beside—there are my hopes forever buried,—"there, there, is all that yet remains of him; that one small spot is all the earth to me."

"I *come* to seek one that is cold and low:
Am I then hast'ning to my lover's arms?
O God! I am but hast'ning to his grave!
——That laurel garland which they laid
Upon his bier was twined for both of us!
What is this life without the light of love?
I cast it from me, since its worth is gone.
Yes, when we found and loved each other, life
Was something! Glittering lay before me
The golden morn: I had two hours of Heaven."

When she had finished the above beautiful quotation, from the immortal Schiller's tragedy of Wallenstein; she drew a glittering poinard from beneath the folds of her robe, and drove the shining steele deep into her bosom, exclaiming,

"This is thy sheath; there rest, and let me die."

A cold shuddering came over me at the sight of an act so revolting to humanity, and with hurried and confused steps, I sought my dwelling. When I reached my chamber the clock had struck two, I had been absent two hours but they passed away

"—— more swift
Than meditation or the thoughts of love."

* * * * * * * *

A. B. C.

Cambridge, Md.

From the Baltimore Whig.

JUDAS PULASKI *HOPAROUND*.

A Tale of the day.

Judas Pulaski *Hoparound* was the hopeful son of respectable parents in the small republic of Standfast, he received an excellent education, and was called a boy of bright parts by all the grannies in the neighborhood, but he had one failing that he never could get rid of, that was, a disposition to belong to every thing and any thing, more properly expressed in the phrase of carrying water on both shoulders. This was said to be owing to his watching the large weather-cock on his father's barn. Whether this was true or not we cannot say, but it appeared to be about as good a reason as could be found, as his after life proved. By the by he had another failing, but as Byron had the same we will pass it by.

About the time Judas arrived at maturity, the hostile troops of a neighboring government gave many provocations to the republic of Standfast, and the people determined to resent it, and when he saw the determination of the people to "ask nothing but what was clearly right, and to submit to nothing that was wrong," his heart began to fail him, for he knew that if men were called out to battle for their country, he would be among the number, a thing which he stood as much in fear of now, as he did of old nick when a boy: so he joined a party of men like himself, who got up a newspaper advocating unconditional submission.

The paper was established but a little while when the war broke out, and the new editors forgeting the imprudence of uttering treason at such a time, continued their opposition to the war to such lengths that people goaded to madness, met in crowds, destroyed the concern, and strewed the materials through the streets, the editors and those with them barely escaped with their lives. Judas made good his retreat and saved his bacon.

The weathercock did not learn wisdom as many did by experience, but some time after when a Gen. Blowhard was nominated to rule over the united republics, Judas as was characteristic of him, finding that he would get more blows than honors on the opposite side, advocated the election of Blowhard with heart and hand, but was disappointed after the success of that party at receiving no office or pay for his services, there being more applicants than offices, and he must wait. This sat heavy on the heart of our friend, and he hung back until finding the measures of the old hero was pushed with much rashness, and without any consideration, and that the country was struggling like a strong man in a morass, and the people were in the greatest confusion, he cut loose from them when they most needed him. The trouble however passed off, and Blowhard was again successful: this was a great mortification to Judas, who had put the boot on the wrong leg again. But he made the most of his situation, and by the aid of his friends and extraordinary exertion on his part, he received the nomination of constable for the upper district. Judas was now the peoples dearest friend, he shook hands with Tom, spoke to Dick, touched his hat to Harry, and inquired particularly of Bill how his wife and family were. more, he went to the market houses where he harrangued the people, who received his speeches with tremendous appluse, and by way of reciprocating his interest for them they pelted him with rotten apples, potatoes &c., which he bore like an oft-beaten dog, and with unheard of fortitude *pursued the uneven tenor of his way*. Judas was elected, however, and to tell his rapture would be impossible.

The time having arrived for him to take his seat in the Court-house; he belabored his former friends with as much violence, as he did his old friends in by gone times. Nothing occurred this heat to put him out of countenance, and he returned home with all his 'blushing honors upon him.' The election again came round, and marvelous to relate, Judas was on the *same* side, the reason of which was, that his late friends had elected him when no others could. Sufficient, however, for me to say, he was again a candidate, and 'he came, he saw, and ——the way he was used up was a caution.'

Judas, as many great men before him, now retired from hearty disgust, and was not heard or spoken of for a great length of time, until a circumstance took place which threw him again before the public: he went out in a boat of pleasure, and after being out a long time was wrecked, and saved only by clinging to a spar, and was picked up by a fishing smack and brought safe to land. After a great flourish of trumpets, he paraded his "hair breadth 'scapes" by flood, and his extraordinary presence of mind and energy his story went the rounds of the village papers, and he was once more a great man.

I have but one more circumstance to note in this biography; our hero at the canvass succeeding his escape from the briny flood, again came before the public under the following circumstances.

I was passing one of the avenues which led from the city, when a company of Blowhards came down the road with a large dog wood tree—the emblem of their party, and who did I behold but Judas. perched upon the tree. I immediately hailed him, and asked him what *he* was doing there? Oh replied he, with all the sangfroid imaginable, "I'm turn'd again."

What became of him afterwards deponent sayeth not, but it was currently reported that he was harranguing a party of Blowhards in the street, in the following manner.

'Illustrious fellow citizens, I come before you saved, specially saved by Providence, to save the Blowhard family from ruin, and place it on the same height and stand of glory that it occupied so lately. It is true I have made many political somersets in my life, but I cannot claim for myself the first place on the list of turncoats, for the person who will succeed me, and address you, has turned as many as I have, and in a much shorter time than I could have possibly done them in, and he has got that popular and much admired song of "WHEEL ABOUT, &c." so completely by heart, and has practised so close to the text, that I can liken him to nothing but the weathercock which I used to gaze upon, envying its power of shifting with every successful puff of wind.

'The opposition no doubt will accuse me of being faithless, but what boots it to you, here I am ready to peril all I have in your cause, and who is more capable than I am to lead you on to victory and the remaining spoils. Only put me in some good fat office and I will do my best for you: this is all I have to say to you of importance, and I would say more, but I see you are impatient toget your liquor, and my friend is anxious to let off his speech, by way of letting you know how far he goes against the opposition, with whom he was once joined, when finding they would give him no office he wisely turned his back upon them. I will now conclude by offering you this for a toast, which I hope you will all drink.—'D————n to Democracy.'

If I have occasion and time to finish this biography I sincerely hope I shall not be compelled to wind it up by saying "*And Judas went out and hanged himself.*"

VERE.

THE TRUE ISSUE.

There are but two parties, and but two sides to the question, which now agitates the people of this Union. There may be, and indeed there are, in various sections of the country, various questions of a secondary character, in which the people feel more or less interest. But the main question—the great question—the important and overshadowing question of the day, is that in which the issue is made up between Conservatism on the one side, a Loco-focoism, on the other. This is the abstract question. But the President Martin Van Buren, being confessedly at the head of the Loco Foco party, and the public acts of public men being necessarily the exponents of the abstract principle, it results, of necessity, that the friends of sound government, administered upon healthful and conservative principles, by whatever name they are called, must oppose Mr. Van Buren and the political party of which he is the acknowledged head. In this there would seem to be no choice—for, to support Van Buren candidates for office, and yet affect to hold conservative principles, would be a contradiction in terms. Van Burenism is virtually loco-focoism. How then can a conservative, or other friend of stable government, based upon really equal rights, support Van Burenism or Van Buren candidates for office? The question now dividing the country, we repeat, has but two sides. And as, for the friends of stable government, there is no choice, so in the existing political contest there can be no neutrals. It is a Van Buren or Anti Van Buren, Sub-Treasury or anti-sub-Treasury, Loco Foco or Conservative.—This is the great issue—and it is not possible, during the present campaign, to get up any other. Let the people—the bone and sinew of the land—those in fact who are really and deeply interested in the preservation of our free institutions, and of all the existing safeguards of our rights of person and property, choose between them!—Baltimore Patriot.

A correspondent of the Herald, dated at Frederick says, "we think all depends on Baltimore, if we carry the city, we carry the state."

Then we think it is all over with the Van Buren party. They cannot carry the city, and they will not carry the State.

Through disappointment how you'll grieve
And fret, and growl and pout,
You cannot get Bill Grason in
Nor oust our party out.—Balt. Whig.

EXPENDITURES OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

in answer to a resolution of the House of Representatives at a late Session of Congress, the Speaker laid before that body a letter from the secretary of the Treasury, showing the amount of expenditure, exclusive of the public debt, for each year from 1824 to 1837.

In 1824, the last year of Mr. Monroe's admistration, the expenditures were

$15,330,144 71.

During the four years of Mr. Adams' administration, the whole amount was $49 726,311 26, or an average of

$12,000,000

per annum. Under Gen. Jacksons's administration the amount was increased to

$18,000,000

per annum, or $145,792,737 30, for the whole eight years. For the first year of Mr. Van Buren's administration we find the enormous amount of

$33,554,337,

after deducting the trust fund and indemnities.

A game of billiards has been played at Paris, for a wager, on horseback.