L. D. Teackle

VOL. XI

CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

NO. 744

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

NEW SERIES--VOL. 3. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, October 20, 1838. NUMBER 4

THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE
Is edited and published every Saturday morning
BY
JACKSON & HOOPER.

—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.

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*

Maryland:

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, 27th day of Aug. 1838.

ON application of Wm. I. Ford acting administrator w a of Nicholas Parker late of Dorchester County, deceased—It is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week, for the space of three successive weeks, in the Cambridge Chronicle, a paper selected by him.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester county Orphans' court, L. S. I have hereunto set my name, and the seal of my office affixed, this 27th of Aug., in the year of our Lord, 1838

THO. H. HICKS, Reg. of Wills, Dorchester Co.

In compliance with the above order, This is to give notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Dorchester County, in Maryland, letters of ADMINISTRATION on the personal estate of Nicholas Parker late of Dorchester county, deceased.—All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of February next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 27th day of August, 1838.

WM. I. FORD act'g adm'r w a of Nicholas Parker.

Sept. 1 3w

BOARDING:

THE subscriber can accommodate six or eight single gentlemen, or boys, with board and lodging by the month or year, on accommodating terms.

Apply to
ANNE E. STEWART.
October 12th, 1838 3w

Miniature Painting.

MR. HODGES, Artist, of Baltimore respectfully begs leave to inform the citizens of Cambridge and its vicinity that he will remain a few weeks here for the purpose of practising his profession

Prices of miniatures from $5 to $15;
of Profiles in colors $4;
of Full face in Mezotinte $2;
of Profiles in bronze $1.

Mr. H. will also give private lessons in several beautiful styles of Drawing and Painting, viz:

Landscapes, Fruit, Flowers, &c.—Also the Human figure and Miniature painting.—TERMS—Ten dollars for 24 lessons.

☞Rooms at Mr. Bradshaw's Hote where specimens of his painting may be seen.

VALUABLE LANDS
"FOR SALE"

Part of the Estate of the late Thomas Hayward. Esq. is offered for sale.

THIS land is beautifully situated on Tread Haven Creek, abot six miles from Easton, and within half a mile of the Steam boat as she passes to and from Baltimore.

It possesses every advantage to be derived from the salt waters in an abundance of fine fish, crabs, oysters, terrapins and wild fowl. The shores are firm and clean, and have ever been remarkably healthy. The land is fertile, with an inexhaustible bed of the best shell marl on the Eastern Shore, and plentiful resources of other kinds of manure; & the quantity intended to be sold is from four hundred to four hundred and fifty acres, one hundred of which are well covered with White Oak and Pine Timber. The buildings are an Overseer's House, Quarter, and Granary, all in good repair.

A proportion of this land, (which has been marled over) will be prepared for a crop of Wheat, if not sold before the 8th of October, next the whole on that day will be offered on the premises at public sale. The land will be sold in the whole or divided into two farms to suit purchasers. An indisputable title will be given; as the subscriber will sell under the authority of the last Will and Testament of the late Thomas Hayward Esq. The terms will be made known on application to

THOMAS S. HAYWARD, Ex'r. of Thomas Hayward, dec'd.

Aug. 25 1838 4w

$1 REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber living at Tobacco-stick, on Monday night the 13th inst., a negro man named John, about thirty years of age, dark complected about 5 feet 10 inches high, had on when he left my schooner a pair russia duck pantaloons, white cotton shirt and straw hat. I hired said negro of Mr. Hugh Lecompte, and it is presumed he is lurking in the neighborhood of Church Creek or Cambridge.—All persons are forewarned against harboring said boy, as the law will enforced against all such as violate this notice.

PHIL. SKINNER.

Aug. 25 1828 tf

WANTED.

THE subscriber wishes to purchase for his own, and brother-in-laws use, thirty likely young negroes, to take to the State of Georgia. They must be clear of fault, and unquestionable titles will be required, in *every instance*, for which he will pay the highest cash prices.

During his absence from Cambridge, he refers to Mr. Wm. H. Yates, for further particulars.

U. J. BULLOCK.

Au. 11. 1838 tf

Commissioners Sale.

BY virtue of an order issued by Dorchester county court, for the sale of a part of the real estate of Levin Woolford, late of Dorchester County deceased, we the subscribers, commissioners, will sell at public sale, to the highest bidder, on Monday the 1st day of Oct'r. next, between the hour of ten and 5 o'clock, at the store of Levi D. Traverse, on Taylor's Island and all that tract or part of a tract of land lying and being in the county aforesaid, and on Taylor's Island, called *Harris'* beginning, containing

100 ACRES

more or less, being the late residence of Risdon Harris, deceased. The purchaser or purchasers to give bond with approved security to the several heirs and representatives of the said Levin Woolford, deceased; payable within twelve months, with interest from the day of sale.

Reuben Tall,
Travers B. Tolly, } *Comm'rs.*
Sam'l Lecompte.

Sept. 1 3w

POETRY

From the Knickerbocker for April.

TO MY WIFE.

Afar from thee! The morning breaks,
But morning brings no joy to me;
Alas! my spirit only wakes
To know I am afar from thee,
In dreams I saw thy blessed face,
And thou wert nestled on my breast;
In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,
And to mine own thy heart was prest.

Afar from thee! 'Tis solitude,
Though smiling crouds around me be,
The kind, the beautiful, the good—
For I can only think of thee;
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
My earliest and my only one:
Without thee, I am all unblest,
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee! The words of praise
My listless ear unheeded greet;
What sweetest seemed in better days,
Without thee seems no longer sweet;
The dearest joy fame can bestow,
Is in thy moistened eye to see,
And in thy cheeks's unusal glow,
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! The night is come,
But slumbers from my pillow flee;
I cannot rest so far from home,
And my heart's home is, love, with thee;
I kneel before the throne of prayer,
And then I know that thou art nigh;
For God who seeth every where,
Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together in his loved embrace,
No distance can our hearts divide;
Forgotten quite the mediate space,
I keel thy kneeling form beside:
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,
But soars the spirit far and free;
O welcome be night's slumbers deep,
For then, dear love! I am with thee.

THE *DEATH* WARRANT.

The mist of the morning still hung heavily on the mountain top, above the village of Redcliff, but the roads which led towards it were crowded with the varied population of the surrounding country from far and near. At Alesbury the shops were closed, the hammer of the blacksmith was laid upon its anvil—not a wagon of any description was to be seen in the street, and even the bar of the tavern was locked, and the key gone with its proprietor toward the cliff, as a token of an important era which was without a paralell in the annals of the place. And save here and there a solitary head looking through a broken pane in some closed up house, with an air of sad disappointment, or the cries of a little nursling was heard, betoking that in the general flight, it had been left in unskilful hands, or mayhap here and there a solitary, ragged, and ill-natured dog, either seeming but half appeased by the privilege of a holiday, granted on condition of staying at home, the whole village presented a picture of desertion and silence, that had been forever unknown before.

But in proportion as you draw near the ponderous cliffs, in the midst of which the little town of Redcliff was situated, you mingled again in the thick bustle and motion of the world, of men, and women, and boys, and horses, and dogs, and all living, moving and creeping things, that inhabit the wild districts of Pennsylvania.

The village was crowded to overflowing, long before the sun had gained a sufficient altitude to throw its rays upon the deep valey in which it lay. There the bar of the inn was crowded, and the fumes of tobacco and whiskey, the jingling of small change and the perpetual clamor of the throng, was sufficient to rack the brain of common flexibility.—In the streets there was the greeting of old and long parted acquaintances: the bartering of horses; the settling of old accounts; the buffoonery of half intoxicated men; the clatter of women; the crying and hallooing of children and boys, and the barking and quarrelling of stranger dogs. To look upon the scene to mingle with the crowd, to listen to the conversation, or to survey the countenances of the assembled multitude would lead to satisfactory solution of the cause for which this mass of heterogeneous matter was congregated.

Within the walls of the old stone jail, at the foot of the mountain, a different scene had been that morning witnessed. There chained to a stake in the miserable dungeon, damp, and scarcely illuminated by one ray of light, now lay the emaciated form of one whose final doom seemed near at hand. A few hours before, his wife and little daughter had travelled a hundred miles to meet him on the threshhold of the grave—they met and from that gloomy vault the song of praise ascended with the ascending sun, and the jailor as he listened to the melodious voices of three persons whom he looked upon as the most desolate and lost in the wide world, blended sweetly together and chaunting the beautiful hymn:

"*It* is the lord should I distrust
Or contradict his will?"

almost doubted the evidence of his senses, and stood fixed in astonishment at the massy door. Could these be the voices of a murderer, and a murderer's wife and child.

The brief and to be final enterview had passed however—those unfortunate ones had loudly commended each other to the keeping of their heavenly parent, and parted—he, to face the assembled multitude on the scaffold, and they as they said to return by journeys to their sorrowful home; the convict worn out with sickness and watching now slept. His name was John Creel, his place of residence said to be in Virginia. He had been taken up while travelling from the northward to his home and tried and convicted at the county town some miles distant, for the murder of a fellow traveller, who had borne his company from the lakes who was ascertained to have a large sum of money with him, and who was found in the room in which he slept, at a country inn near Redcliff, with his throat cut. Creel had always protested his innocence, declaring that the deed was perpetrated by some one while he was asleep, but the circumstances were against him, and though the money was not found on him he was sentenced to be hung, and was removed to the old stone jail at Redcliffe for security. the county prison being deemed unsafe.—This was the day the execution was to take place—the scaffold was already erected—the crowd pressed round the building, and frequent cries of bring out the murderer, were heard.

The sun at last told the hour of eleven, and there could be no more delay—the convicts cell was entered by the officers in attendance, who roused him with the information that all was ready without, and bid him hasten to his execution—they laid hands upon him and pinioned him tight, while he looked up toward heaven in astonishment, as one new born and said, "the dream, the dream."—"And what of the dream Mr. Jason?" said the sheriff. "You would do me a great kindness if you would dream yourself and me out of this cursed scrape."—"I dreamed," replied the convict, "that while you read the death warrant to me on the scaffold, a man came through the crowd, and stood before us in a grey dress, with a white hat and whiskers, and that a bird fluttered over him and sung distinctly—this is Lewis, the murderer of the traveller.

The officers and jailor held a short consultation, which ended in a determination to look sharp after the man in grey with the white hat—accompanied with many hints of resignation of the prisoner, and the possibility of his innocence being asserted by a supernatural agency—the prison doors were cleared, and Creel pale, and feeble, with a hymn book in his hand, and a mein of all meekness and humility was seen totering from the prison to the scaffold. He had no sooner ascended it than, his eyes began to wander over the vast concourse of people around him with a scrutiny that seemed like faith in dreams—and while the sheriff read the warrant, the convict's anxiety appeared to increase—he looked and looked again, then raised his eyes and hands a moment towards the sky, as if breathing a last ejaculation, when lo! as he resumed his first position, the very person he described, stood within six feet of the ladder! The prisoners eye caught the sight, and flashed with fire while he called out, "there is Lewis the murderer of the traveller," and the jailor at the same moment seized the stranger by the collar. At first he attempted to escape but being secured, and taken before the Magistrates, he confessed the deed, detailed all the particulars, delivered up part of the money, informed where another part was hidden, and was fully committed for trial—while Creel was turned loose, and hastened like a man out of his senses from the scaffold.

Three days had elapsed—Creel had vanished immediately after his liberation, when the pretended Lewis astonished & confounded the magistrates by declaring Creel to be her husband—that she had assumed the desguise, and performed the whole part by his direction; that he had given her the money which he had till then successfully concealed about his person; and that the whole from the prison to the scaffold scene, was a contrivance to effect his escape, which having effected, she was regardless of consequences. Nothing could be done with her, she was again set at liberty and neither her nor her husband was heard of again.

FANON'S MARE.

From the Southern Citizen.

The exploits of Fannon, the famous tory partisan of Randolph, would make a body of facts more interestiug than any tale of fiction. He was a reckless fellow—bloody minded as the hounds of Hayti. He sometimes slew the helpless and innocent in cold blood--the coward! But he had that instinctive tone and bearing of authority that keeps his people within the metes and bounds of his own despotic will. He and his party were one day resting themselves by a spring, lounging here and there on the green grass in the shade of the trees. One of his subordinates a big strong man had got mad with him. His rage had been boiling in him for several days; and some fresh affront at the spring caused his anger to become ungovernable—he drew his sword and was resting with his elbow on the ground and his hand under his head. His devoted followers were around him, and he heard the click of their locks, as they cocked their rifles. "Let him alone!" cried Fannon, in his quick sharp tone.—He laid still; calm and self-possessed, with his keen dark eyes, fixed on the raging lieutenant, as he made a tremendous plunge at his breast. But when the stroke came, its object swerved away like a snake, and the baffled man plunged his sword into the ground. Quick as lightning Fannon's sharp blade passed through his gigantic frame—"*Thus* and *thus*, I punish those who disregard my authority!"—and his eyes glowed and sparkled like a serpent's. The man sank to the earth forever.

But Fannon's mare is written at the top of this sheet; and she is the heroine of the present writing. Achilles had his Xanthus and Balius, and Podargae; Alexander had his Bucephalus; McDonald had his Selim. Fannon was a man of blood like them, he and like them he had his favorite and trusty charger; and Fannon's mare was worthy of her owner or "even a better man." He called her the Red *Doe*, from her resemblance in color to a deer. She was a rare animal—fleet, powerful, intelligent, docile, as a lamb—and her owner valued her, I dare say, above king or country, or the life of his fellow man. She bore him proudly and fearlessly in the bloody skirmish or the quick retreat. When he stood in the noisy council of his partisans, or in the silent ambush the faithful brute was by his side, ever ready to bear him whithersoever he would. But Fannon lost his mare.

Down on the east of little River the partisan and some four or five of his followers one day captured a man by the name of Hunter—a whig from the country about Salisbury. This was sufficient cause of death, and Fannon told the man he should hang him. Hunter was evidently a man of the times; but what could he do alone and defenceless with a dozen bitter enemies? It was a case of complete desperation. The rope was ready and a strong old oak threw out its convenient branches. Fannon told him he might pray for his time was come! The poor man kneeled down and seemed absorbed in his last petition to a throne of mercy. Fannon and his men stood by; and the trusty mare stood among them with the reins on her neck. They began to be impatient for their victim to close his devotional exercises. But they soon disvovered there was more of earth than Heaven in Hunter's thoughts; for he suddenly sprang on Fannon's mare, bowed his head down on her powerful neck, pressed his heels on her flanks and darted away like the wind!

The tory rifles were levelled in a moment—"Shoot high! shoot high!" cried Fannon "save my mare!" The slugs all whistled over Hunter's back, save one that told with uneering name, which tore and battered his shoulder dreadfully. He reeled on the saddle and felt sick at heart; but hope was before him, death behind—and he nerved himself for the race. On he sped, through woods, and ravines, and brambles did that powerful mare carry him, safely and swiftly. His enemies were in hot pursut.—They followed him by the trail of blood from his wounded shoulder. He came to Little River; there was no ford; the bank was high, and a deep place in the stream before him. But the foe came—he drew the rein and clapped his heels to her sides, and that gallant mare plunged recklessly into the stream. She snorted in the spray as she rose, pawed the yielding wave, arched her beautiful mane above the surface, and skimmed along like a wild swan.—Hunter turned her down stream in the hope of evading his pursuers; and she reared and dashed through the flashing waters of the shoal, like lightning in the storm cloud.

But Fannon was on the trail, and rushing down the bank with all the mad energy that the loss of his favorite could inspire. Hunter turned the mare to its opposite bank; it was steep—several feet of perpendicular rock—but she planted herself on the shore at a bound; and then away she flew over the interminable forest of pines, straight and swift as an arrow—that admirable mare!

On and on did the generous brute bear her masters's foeman, till the pursuers were left hopelessly behind. Late in the evening Hunter rode into Salisbury, had the slug extracted from his shoulder, and after lingering some time with the effects of his wound and excitement, finally got well.—And that gallant mare, that had done him such such good service, he kept and cherished till she died of old age. 76.

A DILEMMA.—"Squire, I have got sued here: de case is dis; I keeps a ciffil house and so as a man dont drinks his crog, and pehaves goot, den I vips him; and den he sues me for *salt and patrick*.

A person in Richmond advertises for a wife, and particularly mentions, that she must have no property whatever.—*He* must certainly be overburdened with wealth.

TASTE—The editor of the Cincinnati Daily News says, that *dancing* is nothing more nor less than *nonsense* reduced to a system—The editor must have grown too fat on *pork* to dance, or he never could dance at all. Which is it Mr. News.

The slimest and ugliest.—According to the New Orleans Picayune, there is in that city a young fop who laces so tight that it takes 2 ladies to see him, & then they can't without the aid of a telescope—and also so ugly that his own shadow won't follow him. Send the critter to Maryland Mr. Pic, we want such a thing to frighten crows out of our corn fields. Will he bite?

RETORT—A little lawyer appearing as evidence in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic councellor what profession he was of, having replied he was an attorney—"You a lawyer?" said Brief—"why I can put you in my pocket!" "Very likely you may," rejoined the other, "and if you do, you will have more law in your *pocket* than you ever had in your *head*.

A poor diminutive Frenchman being ordered by his sangrado, to drink a quart of pitsan daily, replied, with a heavy sigh—'Alas! doctor, that is impossible, since I only hold a pint.'

A PRETTY BLUNDER.—We gave to a *young* compositor for *copy*, a short account of a duel in Paris between two *grisettes*, which means shop girls—and the young man translated the word into *gazelles*. The mistake is perfectly natural, for a gazelle is the most beautiful creature on four legs, as a pretty girl is on two.—Phil. Ledger.

DON'T DIG YOUR POTATOES TOO EARLY.—An experienced agriculturist has requested us to advise the farmers not to dig their potatoes till compelled to do so by the cold weather, Potatoes will grow after the tops are dead; and after a warm season it improves their flavor to remain in the ground.

A singular Case—The Louisville Journal says:—A Mr. Edmund Keene Burke, of Mobile, a most unfilial young reprobate, was recently ridden on a rail by the citizens of that place for breaking two of his fathers ribs, and running away with the third—that is to say, he run away with his father's young wife, his own step-mother, and married her!"

LORD DURHAM—There seems to have been a rumor in Montreal that Lord Durham would not resign, but the Transcript of that city says that it has no reason to adopt it, and expresses the belief that he will on returning to England take a final leave of Canada. It adds, "we entertain small hopes of seeing his extensive plans of improvement carried into effect by his successor. We always hailed the Earl of Durham's appointment, as at once our *best* and our *last* hope."—Balt. Sun.