CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

VOL. XI — NO. 748

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

NEW SERIES--VOL. 3. — CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, November 17, 1838. — NUMBER 6

The N. York Express'

The New-York Express is a Daily and Semi-weekly Newspaper, lately established in the City of New-York, by JAMES BROOKS of Portland, Maine, and ROBERT HUDSON, of Hudson's News Rooms. The price of the daily is ten dollars, and of the Semi-weekly, four dollars in advance, and five if not paid within the year.

Subscribers not known to the proprietors are expected to give references in New York, unless the money accompanies their order. The proprietors know full well that in the management of a daily newspaper in New-York, the editors must neither sleep nor slumber upon their posts, and while thousands of their fellow citizens are in their beds, that is the time for them to be at their desk, but they are prepared for this exertion. They have the health, spirits and the age for such an encounter and are ready for it knowing full as they do, the activity of some of their contemporaries and their indefatigable exertions never to be outdone.—But nevertheless, they think there is room for them. New York is increasing with a rapidity that defies calculation and mocks at prophecy—marching onwards even with strides that threaten a close approximation to the empire city of the commericial world over the sea: and sure in all this vigorous and marvellous growth, a new Journal *may* succeed, where others have, when New-York was, as it were, but in her swathing clothes, and not the giant she now is—with her thousand arms stretching over both the old world and new. In such a great city then; the heart of our vast land, and the link between that land and Europe—where no taxes upon paper, no stamps, no restrictions upon the Press, encumber and overload the business of Journalizing, there is ample scope and range enough for us and all our contemporaries too.

The great and primary object of the proprietors is to create a commercial Newspaper, but it is just as impossible to live in this hot political world of ours without mingling in politics, as to go into the fire without being burnt. True, when the Whigs aver that two and two make four, and the friends of Mr. Van Buren aver that two and two make three and a half, they could take the ground of neutrality, aver as loudly as either, that two and two make three & three fourths, but there is a right and a wrong side on every question, and one must in a country like this be on one side or other.—As to this right political side, we are quite sure that it is that of the Whigs, but were it otherwise, we should be puzzled enough to publish a Commercial Journal, when Commerce and Whig principles are identified, one with another. Already we have in connexion with "Hudson's News Room," the basis of a newspaper establishment, a Price Current, Shipping List, and excellent arrangements for all news, Foreign and American; but not satisfied with this we shall immediately push our arragements to the furtherest point for the procuring of news.—One of the Messrs. Hudsons is about to sail for Liverpool, and go from thence to London, Havre and Paris, for the purpose of devising the most expeditious and surest means of receiving commercial intelligence from abroad. The rapid arrangements that we have been compelled to make for the publication of the "Express," have of course put it out of our power to have a new Press, we have ordered one of the first quality, a double cylinder, which will be done by the middle of September, and then the 'Express' will be the *largest Daily Newspaper in the World.*

The arrangements of our office, though not wholly completed, are rapidly advancing. We have established, at a great expense, a Correspondence with every important section of our country, and as soon as possible we intend to do the same with every interesting part of the world. Our subscription list has increased and is still increasing beyond the highest expectations We feel sure of ultimate success and it will therefore be our pride to deserve it. With such arrangements as these, we hope to have a fair share of public patronage, to deserve which, we shall assuredly do all that is in our power.

BROOKS & HUDSON,
N. York City, corner of *Wall* & *Water*-sts
June 10, 1837

MARYLAND:
Dorchester County Orphans Court, 8th day of Oct. 1838.

ON application of *Marcellus D.* Keene administrator of Isaac Dawson 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 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, I have hereunto set my name, and the seal of my office affixed, this 8th day of Oct'r. in the year of our Lord, 1838.

(L. S.)

THOMAS H. HICKS.
Register 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 adminstration on the personal estate of Isaac Dawson late of Dorchester Co., 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 8th day of April, 1839, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 8th day of Oct'r 1838.

MARCELLUS D. KEENE, adm'r
Oct. 12 3w.

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

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 hazard 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*

BANK OF SALISBURY,
October 19, 1838

NOTICE is hereby given, that Books of Subscription for the augmented capital stock of this institution, will be opened at the Banking House in Salisbury, on Monday, the 29th October instant, and continue open from day to day until the whole of said stock shall be disposed of.

The aforesaid stock, being divided into share of twenty-five dollars each, every subscriber is required to pay at the time of subscribing for the same, the sum of five dollars on each share, and the remaining twenty dollars, in instalments of five dollars each at equi-distant periods of ninety days.

By order
WM. H. RIDER, Cashier.
Oct 27 1838 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

VENDUE.

THE subscriber will offer at public sale on Tuesday the 13th day of November next, if fair, if not the next fair day, all his household and kitchen furniture, farming utensils, horses cattle and hogs, and a quantity of provender, also other articles too tedious to enumerate. Sale to take place at my residence between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock—terms made known on the day of sale.

SAMUEL COOK.
Oct 27 1838 tds

DR. KNAPP, of the firm of KNAPP & COMGYS, DENTAL SURGEONS of BALTIMORE, will remain in Cambridge until *Wednesday next.*
Aug. 25. 1838

LOOK HERE.

ALL persons are respectfully forewarned against gunning, hunting, or in any way destroying game on my farm. The havoc heretofore made among the partridges impel me to this general prohibition.

W. B. LECOMPTE.

NOTICE.

The subscribers wish to purchase about ONE HUNERED SLAVES, of both sexes, from Ten to Twenty-five years of age.—Good titles will invariably be expected, and CASH will be invariably paid. Persons having such property to dispose of, will do well to call on

OVERLY & SANDERS.
Sept 15 3m

WE are authorized to announce ARTHUR PRITCHETT, Esq. of E. as a candidate for the next Sheriffalty of Dorchester County.
Oct. 20 tf

George H. Staplefort

WILL be supported for the next sheriffalty of Dorchester County, by

MANY VOTERS.
Oct. 1, 1837, 1 year

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.

POETRY

From the Saturday News.

OCEAN.

At last I do behold thee, my fond eyes
Take in thy wondrous beauty, and mine ears
List to thy hollow murmurs. Hail, Ocean, hail!
Often in boyhood's dreams, I've paced thy shores
With a proud heart that scorned all sense of danger;
Then did the thunders roar, while lightning flashes
Have shown thy waves lashed into tenor fury,
By the fierce wind that onward swept our bark
To the white glancing breakers.
Then came a change—
Calmly we floated on thy placid bosom—
No breath of air to stir the sails that hung
In heavy folds above the glass like sea.
Above us rolled the sun, unclouded, bright,
And pouring down unmitigated flame;
Slow passed the hours, till welcome night came on,
And all the gentle lights of heaven peeped out,
Their glories mirrored in the silent deep;
Usurping now, with soft and murmuring tone,
A gentle breeze comes sighing—the idle sails
Are filled once more, and strongly o'er the deep,
Our gallant vessel seeks her distant port.

These were "the coinage of the brain," but now
I stand upon thy sands—I look around
Upon thy waste of waters. The round moon
Is slowly climbing to the upper skies,
And the stars beam above thee, beautiful!
How calm, how placid, all things sleep around,
All is at rest save thee—emblem of strength—
Thou rollest forever on. Upon thy breast are borne
Man's floated fleets—the playthings of thy power.
We look upon thee, but we may not know
The mysteries thou concealest, nor may our eyes behold
The gems that wave within thy secret caves.
Man's proudest works grow old, totter, and fall,
A mass of crumbled ruins to the plain,
Whereon he fondly hoped eternity would know them.
Nature, herself, bends to the power of time,
Mountains are rent, and scatter'd o'er the earth in fragments,
Or swallowed up, in elemental, fierce convulsions.
But thou—changing yet still unchanged—
Sweep'st on in pristine glory, unconquered,
And unconquerable. Time has no power o'er thee.

W. A.

HOW TO MAKE A NEWSPAPER POPULAR.—A few years after the commencement of the Columbian Sentinel in Boston, Mr. Russell, its editor and publisher finding that the profits arising therefrom were not deficient to defray his expenses, applied to Mr. Barrel (one of the most popular merchants of his time) for advice as to the course he had best pursue in the in the very unpleasant dilemma in which he was placed. He informed Mr B. of the particulars of his situation in his usual plain honest manner, saying that his expenses were so much on the increase, and his profits were so small, that he thought he should be obliged to give up his paper and seek for his fortune elsewhere. Mr. Barrell immediately remarked that his Mr. R's case was not so desperate as he imagined it to be and recommended him to lash some of the most popular characters of the day in the most severe terms in his colums, which course he felt sure would not only bring his paper into more notice than it then was, but would greatly add to his subscription list, and increase the patronage of advertisers. Mr Russell replied, that such a course would be repugnant to his feelings, but as he had always considered Mr. Barrell as a very warm friend, and a man of superior judgment, he would take his advice into serious consideration.

On the morning of the next publication of the Centinel, when Mr. Barrell went into State street, he observed almost every one with eyes and mouths wide open, as if he was a monster in human shape; and could not solve the mystery of their looks until a gentleman asked him why Mr Russell had lashed him unmercifully in his paper of that day? Mr. B. at once stepped into an insurance office—read the paper— and as he progressed in the article about himself he waxed warmer and warmer, till at length, in a high dudgeon, he found his way to the Centinel Office, when he demanded of the editor in round set terms, why he had treated him so infamously? Mr. Russel replied, that as Mr. B. was agitated, he had better be seated until he became cool and collected, and then he would satisfy him to his hearts content. After looking at the affairs of the office, Mr. Russell appeared before Mr. Barrell with a low bow, and offered the following explanation;

"Sir, you well know that I have ever esteemed you to be my most valued friend, and in whose good judgment I have ever had the most implicit confidence— for, in my utmost need, I applied to you for advice, which you cheerfully gave to me.—At that time it is true that the course you marked out for me was repugnant to my feelings, but after mature deliberation I was satisfied that it would have the desired effect, and derired effect, and determined to pursue it. Then I had to select a subject; after looking around among our townsmen, I could not find one whose unexceptionable character, exhalted standing, and extensive usefulness, were equal to your own.—I therefore, selected you as the first person of attack. If a man cannot take a liberty with a friend, with whom the devil can he.

THE WRIGHTS OF WOMEN.

It has been settled in high ton, as we understand, that no gentleman who meets a lady in Broadway, shall be allowed to touch his beaver, or make any signs of recognition unless the lady gives liberty by first nodding her pretty head, and that after a recognition has thus passed, the gentleman shall not be at liberty to extend his hand unless the lady first extends hers.—N. Y. Jour. of Com.

Obey, and tremble! This is a special edict! Take heed ye corner loungers, and you, the lazaroni of fashion, who saunter, ducking and bobbling along Market-street. Should you violate this ukase of the supreme arbiter of *ton*, you would be deprived of your caste, and what would you be out fashion? Birds without feathers, musquitoes in a frost.—And the ladies, too, it beheoves them to regard the law, as far as their especial benefit it has been decreed. When they meet a simpering fop; who has had the honor of an introduction to them, they can, under the shelter of this regulation, treat him as he deserves, without a sign of recognition. The blustering bully, whose acquaintance is no credit, may be treated with chilling coldness, and the brazen faced fortune hunter must receive the cut direct *Women* can now restrict their acquaintance to such men as deserve it, and, no longer bound by a supposed necessity of receiving the salutations of every fopling, bully or blackguard, they can bestow their smiles as a reward for true merit. Fashion has generally behaved like a fool, but in this instance she has shown a gleam of common sense, and her votaries, if they have any of that commodity left, will show it by obeying her.—Vive la bagatelle.—Balt. Sun.

Dr. H. was one of the most able, talented and excentric surgeons of the last century. His practice embraced a large circuit, and his fame extended to every part of the state. The Doctor was one morning sitting in his office pouring over some medical work fresh from the mother country, via Boston, when a loud rap at the door aroused him.—'Come in,' said the Doctor, as an old lady hobbled in the apartment, who seemed the very embodiment of dirt and negligence.

'Dr. I've got a desp'rate sore foot—can you help it?'

'I will try—let me see it.'

The old crone proceeded to divest her *understanding* of the apology for a hose with which it was covered, and displaying to the astonished *Doctor* a foot—and such a foot!

'My G—d!' exclaimed the Dr. throwing up both hands in amazement—'what a dirty foot!'

'*La!* Doctor—ye need'nt be in such a wonderment about it—there's dirtier feet than that in the world, I'se warrant—aye and a dirtier foot than that in your house as proud as the young ladies, your daughters, are—for all that'—and the old hag cackled forth her pleasure at the Doctor's astonishment.

'Woman! if you can find a dirtier foot than that in my house, I will give you a guinea and cure you for nothing.'

'Pon honor?' said the beldame.

'Pon honor,' cried the Doctor.

The old woman stript off the other stocking, and displayed a foot that beggared all description, while she grinned in the face of the astounded Doctor, exclaiming, 'Gie' me the guinea! Gie' me the guinea! I know'd it! I wash'd 'tother' fore I come here!'

A SULKY WOMAN.

Sulkiness if you be not blind to perceive it, is a temper to be avoided by all means. A sulky man is bad enough; what then, must be a sulky woman, and that woman a wife; a constant inmate, a companion day and night. Only think of the delight of sitting at the same table and sleeping in the same bed for a week, and not exchange a word all the while!—Very bad to be scolding for such a length of time, but this is far better than sulks. If you have your eyes, and look sharp, you will discover symptoms of this if it unhappily exist. She will at some time or other, show it towards one or other of the family, or perhaps towards yourself; and you may be quite sure that in this respect marriage will not mend. Sulkiness arises from capricious displeasure not founded in reason. The party takes offence unjustifiably; is unable to frame a complaint, and therefore expresses displeasure by silence. The remedy for sulkiness is to take its full swing; but it is better not to have the disease in your house; and to be married to it is little short of madness.—Cobbett.

From the Mobile Advertiser.

Singular Courtship.—The loco focos in the South are paying their 'addresses' to the nullifiers. The Tuscaloosa Independent Monitor, very aptly remarks on this subject, "we know of no parallel to this, in the records of history or fiction, unless it be the courtship of Lady Anne by Richard the 3rd, the murderer of her husband and her husband's father while she was conducting the latter to the grave, and if the Van Buren party should be successful in this courtship they may well say, in imitation of the language of the triumphant Gloster:"

Was ever party in this humor woo'd?
Was ever party in this humor won?
We'll have them—but we will not keep them long.
What! we that sought to hang their Hayne, their Hamilton!
So take them in their hearts extremest hate;
With curses in their mouth, tears in their eyes;
And spirits vexed with Carolina's wrongs;
With God, their pride, and shouting Whigs against us,
And we no friends to back our suit with al,
And the plain devil, and dissembling words,
Had yet to win them—all the world is nothing!

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

More Reform —It was we believe, the United States Telegraph, in 1829, under the editorial care of Gen. Duff Green, that first announced to the public the line of policy which would be pursued by the administration then coming into power, and it was comprehended in these words—"Rewarding friends and punishing enemies." How faithfully and heartlessly this policy was carried out, there are thousands of suffering witnesses to tell. The Telegraph however, subsequently fell into disfavor, sickened for want of government patronage and died—but out of its ashes sprung another paper, which after several shifts and changes settled down as the Washington Chronicle. How it got into favor with the party again is for the biographer of the "Honest Nullifier" to explain. It is in favor again, though it gloried once in being the most violent and abusive of the opponents of Mr. Van Buren and all who support him. It has recently been turning its attention to its old hobby the government patronage, and demands that the policy of "punishing" should be further extended. When we heard that this demand had been made, we were sure it would be complied with, and, with some feeling of curiosity, cast around to see who was left for political sacrifice.—The victims by this time, we were sure could be but few, and they must have escaped rather from the obscurity and small pay of their office, than from any kindness on the part of the political headsman.

It seems that we were right, and that it was difficult to find victims. They were found, however, and the editor of the Washington Chronicle will be delighted to learn that old Capt. *Michael Brown* who held the office of watchman in the custom house, and Messrs *Walker* and *Williams*, boatmen employed in the Revenue service,—petty stations which they held as men and boys, for as many years as made up the time of that editors' life—have been dismissed! It was the smallest effort of contemptible party proscription, and was only worthy of those to propitiate whom it was done.—The day of retribution may come!

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.—An orator holding forth in favor of "woman, dear, divine woman,' concluded thus:—"Oh, my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors, "a bad husband does."

A SCENE IN COURT.—'I call upon you,' said the councellor, "to state distinctly upon what authority are you prepared to swear to the mare's age?" "Upon what authority?" said the other interrogatively. "You are to reply and not repeat the questions put to you." "I doesn't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's time to turn it in his mind." "Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question put. I again repeat it: Upon what authority do you swear to the animal's age?" "The best authority," responded the witness gruffy. "Then, why such evasion? Why not state it at once?" "Well, then, if you must and will have it," rejoined the ostler with impurturable gravity, "why, then, I had it myself from the mare's own mouth." A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the court. The judge on the bench could with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.

"Here you little rascal, walk up and account for yourself; where have you been?" "After the girls father." "Dont you know better than that? Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?"

A back woods Heroine.—A correspondent of the Louisvile Journal writing from Helena, Ark., under date of the 12th ult. says,

"Last week a Mrs. McBride of Monroe county, a widow lady, was informed by one of her children that that the dogs had treed a panther within a half mile of the house. Having no amunition she sent to a neighbor's and procured powder and lead moulded some bullets, loaded her gun; and proceeded to the place and brought down her game at the first fire. The report of the gun started up another panther near at hand, which ran up a tree within a half mile of the other. She again loaded her gun and killed the second also at the first fire, from the top of one of the tallest trees. What would your city ladies say to this?—I happened to be there the same day and received the same statement from herself."

Seasonable Influence,—In an advertisement for a young gentlemen who left his parents it is stated, "that if master Jackey will return to his disconsolate parents he shall no more be put upon by his sister, and shall be allowed to sweeten his own tea!"

Friendly kissing in Paris.—Ladies kiss and dont shake hands in Paris. Gentlemen kiss, too, but only on great occasions. I was kissed the other day by a man, for the first time. It was one of the most trying situations of my life. I felt like that personage who was strangled by Hercules. See the picture in Mythology.—American in Paris.