ed to his adoration—the one was rich in charms, sunny and with hair like gold that had been used for sunlight—an eye whose blue was like the heavens, in which the pupil glowed and glittered like a star,—her voice came, and died upon the ear, as do those sounds that meet us amid the desert, and fills us with strange and unaccountable ideas. He stood before the perfection of his youthful dream—he stood until he loved and the divinity adored the devotee, *and they both loved.*

The eve upon which he won her he sought his chamber, and sang the song of his theory's triumph—years rolled by, and still he was content—strange that for such a time the fabric of our body could be comfortable, but the spirit that swayed the dream changed, but not entirely—the mythology of the heart was multiplying its goddesses,—again he loved; this was a being all feeling, pulse and sentiment. Her dark eye flashed along the path that led to her the pilgrim's step. Dark as the darkest minute of the centre night was the hair that hung at times disheveled over her alabaster neck, or that was bound up by her tasteful fingers in the style of Greece. She was a thing of glory. Musing upon the contrast between his two treasures, he yielded up the wasting but wasteless garner of his affection, even unto this consummation of all loveliness. Day's passed on, and then he was like the coffin of Mahomet hanging a useless and lifeless thing, between earth and heaven,—he had drunk at the fountain of beauty until his soul was steeped in the great ocean of inactivity.—How curious and complicated is our nature and its affinities until we have gained the object of our pursuit—be it what it may we run onward, with hopes fresh and spirits buoyant, until we imagine that we have accomplished the object of our search—then comes the moment for doubt, difficulty and dissatisfaction. It was so with this optimus seeker.

In the midst of his realities, in the centre of love, he stood and paused, and questioned—doubt in philosophy is either death to the theory, or the birth of new strength to unravel its mystery—he doubted and he trembled—the fabric of bright thought and joyous hope, which he had erected within his bosom, was about to crumble and like an avalanche; mar and dam up every tributary that could bring consolation to his ruined world. He shook off the enchantment that enfolded him, and sprung with a wreckless magic circle in which he had been circumscribed. He travelled from his paternal home, amid the blue mountains and the pure springs—the wild scenery and the glorious skies of Bath, that rendezvous of weakness, of the dying, and the bright soul'd, he renewed that search which had become to him a necessity, a pleasure and a pain. The place seemed holy—an inspiration dwelt among the primeval rocks and the deep valleys, and beauty seemed to have been implanted by the immortal hand upon every feature of nature. A new spirit entered within his heart, and once more he trod the ball room, the mountain and the glen, following his old guest.

It was night—the sun had sunk like a divinity upon his throne of shade—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 voice, which from its melodious tone seemed not of earth, broke on the ear o one who had left the haunt of the herd, to ponder among the hills. He gazed upon the stars—he revelled in their contemplation—he grew to the spot upon which he stood—his eyes were turned with a wild and winkless stare upon one bright orb, that shone to him as it smiled—he gazed until the millions of constellations were as darkness—the earth was a void, a blank—the star that alone bore with such fascination his eye seemed to come nearer—strange and delicious sensations pervaded every limb, every fibre of his system both mental and physical; the star came with a swift, but a steady light towards the earth, it grew upon his viston—he could not tremble—the prevailing sense was joy without frenzy,—the star came nearer—the student of beauty, strove no longer before it—he fell upon his face—and when his eyes were lifted from the earth, he gazed upon a female, and there she stood amid the glories of nature. She, the star that had won him in his walks, who had been his reverie, his wish. The stars were once more bright, the music of a thousand hidden things swelled on his ear. Love lends voice to silence, indeed silence is the language of the heart. The spirit of the dream changed, but not the spirit of the enthusiast; he knew that he knew that a bright creature had linked her destiny with his—that they had stood upon the margin of the great gulph of life, and with conjoined hands had walked into the same vessel, to brave the shipwreck of their hopes, or to enjoy the beauties of love upon the sunlit sea—they parted—tears stood upon the cheek of the man, the woman's eye glittered with that tribute which the Almigthy loves. He wended his way unto his old and familiar home—he gazed upon the statutes that he had once thought beautiful, and as one who having gazed upon the grand paintings of the masters of Rome strays into the groves of Italy, and meets beauty in the grotto of Egina. He turned from his former worship and thought upon the star that had beamed on him amid the mountains—once more the seeker will return to the worship of that being—and then the stars will add more lustre to the light, and earth will be an Eden.

McGregor.

CHRONICLE.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.

SATURDAY MORNING, Nov'r. 24, 1838.

The Orphans' court of this county will sit on Monday the 3rd of *December.*

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES
HENRY CLAY,
OF KENTUCKY.

Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

The Whig Festival.—We publish in to-day's paper, the proceedings of the Whig Festival, held on Wednesday last, at Firm Creek Bridge, in Lake's District We were present, and it afforded us unmeasured gratification to witness the harmony and patriotic feeling which pervaded the meeting. About three or four hundred good and true Whigs were present. What a glorious sight, to behold such a concourse of patriots, who stood by their State in the hour of trial. Although our opponents speak in harsh terms of the Whigs of Lake's district, for our part, when among them, we feel that we are among honest and hospitable citizens, whose principles are pure, and as fixed and determined as the foundation of the universe. Nothing can swerve them. The magic of Gen. Jackson's name, never fettered them, and surely that of his successor never can.—Around their brows, liberty has wreathed her fairest flowers, and from thence the rude hand of Loco Focoism can never pluck them. No, as long as the sun shines upon the freemen of Lake's District, so long will they remain true to their principles. May the dews of heaven shed their genial influence upon their happy homes, and may no ruthless hand be extended to destroy the contentment of their humble but cheerful firesides.

The Prospect.—The unfavourable termination of the election in Maryland followed in close succession by that of Ohio, for a while threw a gloom over the prospects of the Whig party. We were dismayed and panick struck at the melancholly intelligence, and had almost lost all hope of ever ridding the country of its present tyrannical ruler. But another morn has dawned. Victory has again perched upon our standard—we now behold the Whig star in the ascendant. New York has spoken—her voice has penetrated the home of the usurper, and he trembles at the consequences. In the result of the N York election he reads his own downfall. Nineteen states have enrolled themselves under the Whig banner which floats upon the centre wall; upon which, like the fiery symbol which broke upon the astonished gaze of the hesitating Constantine, we read in blazing capitals the prophetic words "sub hoc signo vinces." Yes! the Whig party will triumph; prepare Mr. Van Buren to surrender the sceptre to hands more worthy to wield it.

Enough is known to settle the fate of the darling "Sub-Treasury." The freemen of the United States have chosen delegates who will crush the hydra-headed monster. We are vain enough to believe that the time is not far distant when we shall again be blessed with a national Bank. The voice of the nation demands it—the cries of expiring liberty—the salvation of the country—the glory, honor and welfare of our people call loudly for its charter. What power can thwart their wishes? This may be delusive, but we are glad to grasp at any phanton that flits across the solitude of our country's desolation.

Iowa has elected a Whig delegate to Congress and no mistake. The Iowa Gazette says the Governor has given Chapman the certificate of election. His majority over Eagle (V B) is 44 votes.

Sometime since, upon the representation of a subscriber, we adverted to the conduct of the postmaster at Barren Creek Springs. Since that time we have been satisfied that no blame can be attached to his official conduct, and in justice to him we retract the charge alledged against him. While upon this subject we would remark that we have received complaints from some of our subscribers residing in the county, of the irregularity with which they receive their papers. Some have suspected that the Chronicle is destroyed and its circulation thereby prevented. We remark to whoever may be guilty of such conduct, that if they are deterred, their names will be held up to the scorn of an enlightened and high minded community. Let the guilty beware.

Somerset Herald.—We assure the editor of this Journal that we have not stricken his name from our exchange list, on the contrary we have sent him the 'Chronicle' regularly. Why he does not receive it, we wont pretend to say. Will he inform us whether his neighbour of the "Spy" is still among the things that be."

A fire broke out on Thursday night last, which, had the wind been high, would have probably destroyed a large portion of our village. It originated in the smoke house belonging to Mr. George W. Parrott, by placing a box of ashes therein about 1 o'clock on that day. The smoke house was entirely consumed with its contents. The practice of putting away ashes on plank floors too frequently occurs, and should for the future be a lesson to those who are so negligent as to suffer it to be done.

We have received a copy of the Pocket Annual, for 1839, from Jeremiah Hughes, Esqr. for which he will accept our thanks. The annual is designed for a book of reference, and is much sought for. If the publisher would send a few copies to Cambridge they would be speedily disposed of.

We noticed in the last "Aurora" an article over the signature of "An Observer" addressed "to the junior Editor of the Cambridge Chronicle." Who, and what the motive of the author is, we know not and care less, but as it breathes a spirit of *friendship* we shall respond to it in a calm and friendly manner. We agree perfectly with the Writer that we need much study, and that the heat of controversy seldom advances any cause,' but we cannot consent to allow this gentlemen to be the judge of the propriety of our editorial remarks. When we assumed the editorial department of the "Chronicle," we stated in explicit terms the path we intended to pursue; if we have strayed from that path, we must confess that we are entirely ignorant of the aberration. So far we have received the unqualified approbation of the Whig party, and so long as our efforts meet their approbation, we shall never repent our course and if, at any time, we may wander from the path of propriety, we believe they have sufficient liberality to attribute it to youthful zeal and inexperience. Perhaps a little of the philosophy of "an observer" would benefit some *other* members of the editorial corps.—For his kindness we tender him our warmest thanks, and as friends advise him not to be too liberal in proffering his advice, as some may not recieve it in the same spirit with which he gives it.

We do not wish to be understood as acknowledging the right of every observer, to lecture us. The writer in the "Aurora" is so extremely modest and unassuming, we treat his remarks with respect, but cannot consent to be annoyed by every observer who may choose to demonstrate his *friendship* in this manner. The life of an editor is attended with too many difficulties to have such insects continually buzzing about his ears. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

THE WHIG FESTIVAL AT FIRM CREEK.

At an early hour a vast concourse of freemen had assembled to celebrate the glorious victory achieved by the *Whigs* of old Dorchester. The entertainment had been prepared in a fine yard, where tables for the accomodation of five hundred persons had been spread. After each had partaken of the sumptuous repast, the meeting was organized by appointing Doct. Robert F. Tubman, President, and James B. Lake, and Levin H. Wall Esqr's. vice Presidents. The President then announced the following patriotic toasts, which were responded to with loud and continued cheering.

1st The Whigs of the Union—may they still be animated by the same spirit which moved their ancestors in 76—

2nd The Whigs of Maryland, they have learned by the recent election, that success is not to be expected from the *weakness* of their opponents but from their own *undivided* exertions—

3rd Henry Clay—the statesman, the patriot and philanthropist well worthy to be raised to the chief Magistracy of our great Republic—

4th The State of N. York—the birth place of Martin Van Buren she has recently instructed the nation, that her *son* is no longer to be trusted—3 cheers.

5th Liberty and Union now and forever one and inseparable—

6th The Navy of the United States—

7th The Sub-Treasury—the odious scheme of a tyrant, may it recoil upon his own head—

8th The Elective Franchise—the preservation of this sacred right, the only safe-guard to our liberties—

9th General Washington—first in war friend in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, may his brilliant example ever prove a salutary lesson to all posterity—

10th A National Bank, the sole guarantee of a sound currency—

11th The constitution *esto perpetua*—

12th The revolutionary heroes—

13th The fair sex, though they be silent in government, yet they reign in our hearts—

After the regular toasts had been drank John F. Henry, Esq was loudly called for by the company. He responded to the call, by a speech replete with sound reasoning and cogent argument. In the most glowing terms he complimented the voters of Lake's and Hooper's Island districts upon their steadfast adherence to their principles, and with burning eloquence he lashed the mad and corrupt principles of the present Chief Magistrate. He concluded, amid the plaudits of his fellow citizens, by offering the following sentiment:

The voters of Maryland—may they never forget the proud example set them, by the free and patriotic citizens of Lake's district.

Thomas H. Hicks, Esq. then rose, and proceeded for half an hour swaying the feelings of the audience, convincing their judgments and enlightning their minds in an address of extraordinary power and eloquence. He was several times interrupted by the most enthusiastic applause, and after offering the following sentiment, took his seat amidst the hearty cheers of the meeting.

By Thos. H. Hicks, Esqr.—The voters of Lake's and Hooper's Island districts—The sheet-anchor of the Whigs of Dorchester County.

Among others the following volunteer toasts were then drank.

By the President—The Whigs of Maryland,—May the termination of the late election convince them that without harmony defeat inevitably awaits them.

By Levin H. Wall, Esqr,—The Whigs of Dorchester, let the Whigs of other counties profit by their bright example.

By James B. Lake—The people—at once the legitimate source and reservoir of power; ever mindful what their liberties cost, they will properly appreciate them.

By H. L. Mc Namara, Esq. The Union of the States—cemented by the highest interests, and the noblest sympathies of man, a rock of adamant, equally invulnerable to the assaults of foreign enemies and domestic factions.

By T. R. Hooper. The Hon. John N. Steele—defeated by means which every honest man must deprecate, we look upon him as a Marius 'mid the ruins still.

By Arthur Pritchett, Esq. The State Authorities—tenacious of their own unassuming as to Federal rights.

By John F. Eccleston Esq. The Cambridge Chronicle the able exponent of Whig principles.

By John H. Hodson, Esq. The Congress of the United States may the wisdom of its measures, the independence of its course, and purity of the body continue to correspond with the dignity and importance of the trust.

At a seasonable hour the meeting quietly dispersed; every thing was conducted with the greatest order and decorum. No tones of anger vibrated upon the ear, each seemed inspired with friendly and patriotic feelings. The day was unusually fine, nature smiled upon the proceedings of the patriotic band. Old and young mingled in the festivities of the occasion. The hoary sire and the giddy youth, each, seemed to feel alike for their country's glory.

"In truth the old patriot was cheered,
As the morning arose to his eye;
The sky was so fair that all nature appeared
Mirror'd back from the dome of the sky."

AGRICULTURAL.

To the Editors of the Chronicle.

Gentlemen, I have been a subscriber to the Chronicle for a number of years, and have noticed the vicissitudes of its character. Recently it has put on a new garb, and its columns are now filled with matter both entertaining and interesting; as a country paper you act wisely in filling, heretofore waste places, with excellent extracts upon agricultural subjects—your subscribers are mostly in the country, and now that the *science* of agriculture is developing mines of hidden or neglected wealth—now that the farmer is taking his proper rank in society, when the improvement of the mind and the soil is advancing hand in hand; as one, I hope you will discard all light and frivolous tales, and fill your columns with accounts of the substantial improvements of the age—no publication is read with more avidity than a newspaper, and thousands of useful hints may be thrown out in the course of the year, striking with force upon the inert mind, rousing it to action, and directing it into a channel of thought, which, for the want of knowledge, had remained dried up under the influence of inveterate predjudice. Remember that a single intelligent idea practically carried out may benefit a whole neighborhood. Look around you and note the wonderful improvement in the lands of our county within a few years. This improvement has been made by the use of means which have always been within our reach, but for the want of knowledge were as impenetrable to farmers as the depths of learning to the eye of ignorance.

It is surely as easy to set to type an agricultural address as a tale of fiction. People in the country do not read newspapers as they are read in cities. They study them and make them a source of entertainment and instruction after the laborious efforts of the day. This idea alone should convince you of the responsibility of your engagement—and you ought ever to ask yourselves the question after publishing a paper, have we given to our patrons any information which may be permanently useful to them. If you think as I do, you will find it a source of real pleasure, to hear from time to time, your patrons canvassing the new lights of agricultural science. That they have improved their land, their stock, their implements of husbandry, their sources of manure; their appropriate application of manures to the capacity of their lands, to hear them confess that their ignorance has been subdued by the light of knowledge—all this you may do by a wise disposition of your paper—while you are caterers for the mental appetite, let your collection of food be of that class, which will rather increase our moral energies, than leave us in a state of fanciful inbecility. If these suggestions are agreeable to you, and I can hear from you that such is the case, you may hear again from

FRANKLIN.

Projected insurrection of Slaves.—We copy the following narative from the Evansville, Ia. Journal of last Wednesday. *We* have no reason to doubt a statement given with so much minuteness and through so respectable a medium; but it is not rather singular, that the scenes of all the projected servile insurrections in Kentucky for some years past have been laid in Henderson County.—Lou. Jour. Nov. 1.

Great excitement has prevailed for a week or two past, in Henderson county, Ky., in consequence of the discovery of a plan of insurrection of the slaves. Mr. Aikin, who lives on the opposite side of the river, a few miles from this place discovered, a week ago last Sunday, that his horses had been ridden during the night which, added to the fact that his slaves had of late been absent more frequently than usual, elicited his suspicions. He separated three of his negro men who had been absent and flogged each one into a confession of where they had been and what was their object.—The similarity of their confessions, separated as they were, placed the truth of them almost beyond a doubt.

They stated that they had been a number of times to a meeting, at Race Creek, a few miles from this place, on the Kentucky side, attending the preaching of a white man named Cummings, who told them they might gain their freedom, and that he would provide them with arms and umunition. The time for rising was to have been fixed upon last Saturday night; but the plot being discovered, and Cummings getting wind of it, cleared out. It is said that Col. McLain was to be the first victim There is but little doubt that this Cummings is one of a band of villians whose object is plunder. It is known that Col. McLain and a number of his neighbors generally keep considerable money by them.

A week ago last Saturday night the citizens being alarmed, patrolled the streets, and made a general examination of the town, when only one negro man out of two hundred, was to be found.—Report says that a gang of villians had divided a great portion of the State into districts and were planning a general and simultaneous insurrection of the slaves. Cummings is represented as a very thick set stout, athletic man.

MICHIGAN ELECTION.

We have received the Detroit Journal of thursday last, giving partial returns from the election in Michigan, for Members of Congress and for both branches of the State Legislature. They look favorable on the hole, yet they are but partial and hasty reports, and may not be sustained. Still we hope Hezekiah G. Wells, the Whig candidate is elected to Congress, ever Isaac E. Crary, Loco- Foco. The following are the reports:

Wayne County (Detroit) 1 majority for Wells. Last August, 494 for Crary! In November, 65 for Trowbridge, Whig Governor, on personal grounds, but most of the Loco Foco ticket was elected; doubtful now.

Washtenaw County gives over 300 whig majority—reported 350. Last August, it gave Wells 154. Last November Trowbridge, whig Governor, 29. The whole whig ticket elected for the first time—2 Senators, 6 Representatives. Huzza for Washtenaw!

St. Clair County is reported 82 majority for Wells—Last August 10 for Wells; in November 71 against Throwbridge. Whig Representatives chosen by 54.

Monroe county is reported 100 majority for Wells; and the whole whig ticket in but Senator! We are incredulous. The county never yet elected a whig, or came within a long way of it. Last August, 360 for Crary over Wells; last November, 342 for Mason over Trowbridge. Frenchtown always hitherto Van Buren, gives 23 whig majority.

Here are the reports which have reached us; we give them as we have received them. If they are true, the Ides of November have witnessed the emancipation of another State beside New York. The reported whig gain in these four Counties is greater than the whole loco foco majority last November. We await further returns with great interest.

Further: from a private letter dated

Ypsilanti. Nov. 7, 1838.

MICHIGAN IS SAFE FOR THE
Friend Horace— WHIGS!

You will see by my paper that Washtenaw county has done nobly. Last Congressional Election she gave 100 against us; this year over 300 for us; being a gain of 400 votes.

I have just heard from Jackson; she has given 300 for us. Wayne has elected some on both tickets; Wells, (W.) for congress, has a small majority; last year 500 against him. If this is true, then we save the State, for Wells was defeated by about 1100 votes, and those three counties have more than overcome that.

Th n shout ALL HAIL MICHIGAN!

Yours, J. W. W.

THE WAR IN CANADA.

The Albany evening Journal has the following letter, communicating the intelligence of an invading moment against the Canadian territory at Prescott.

Ogdensburg, Nov. 12th, 1838. 9 o'clock, P. M.

Friend Weed.—I snatch a few moments time, to give you notice of the proceedings in this place to-day. This morning our citizens were aroused by the news that two schoeners, loaded with Canadian Patriots were laying in the river opposite this place, with the intention of attacking Prescott, and also that another Band of about two hundred had taken possession of the steamer United States.

About nine o'clock the steamer left the wharf for the purpose of towing off the two schooners which had both run aground.—One however got off without assistance, and run on to the Canada side, and landed about 200 men about a mile below the Fort. The British steamboat Experiment put out after the States, and fired several shots at her only one of which struck the boat, and killed a very worthy young man of this place.

The British Steamer ranged alongside the other Schooner which was aground, and fired a broad side into her, without however doing any damage except to her rigging. The Schooner returned the fire, and killed six men. The last Schooner had just been got off, and is now preparing to go over. The people on board express themselves determined to take the fort before morning. Doubtful however, though there is a rumor in town that the Canadian people are flocking to the standard raised there in great numbers.

Our place is in great excitement, and no business has been done to-day. The mail closes soon, and I must close; if any thing important is done I will write to you further by to-morrows mail.

Yours in haste, A. B. JAMES.

The Ogdensburg Times of the 12th has the following additional items respecting this movement:

3 o'clock, P. M.—The rebel forces occupy a wind-mill about a mile below Prescott, and it is understood that there is another body above who have taken up a bridge, and stand prepared to defend themselves.

The afternoon was quiet so far.—Small boats are constantly crossing with men and arms.

we have a most favorable location for observing the movements, as our window affords a full view of Prescott and the river above and below, for two or three miles. Prescott is unusually quiet this afternoon. We have hardly seen a moving being in the streets or about it.

6 o'clock, P. M. Arms and ammunition appear to be abundant. The schooners have placed themselves near the wharf on which the wind-mill stands.—A body of royalists, reported 400, are on the march from Brockville, (12 miles above this) to meet them, and if the parties have an apetite for cold fighting, we may expect important events soon.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser, Nov. 17.

LOWER CANADA.

We have the Montreal papers of Wednesday, and the Quebec of Monday. The former confirm the impression we uttered yesterday, that the most hopeless and absurd of all possible attempts at revolution is already disposed of, and state that the public mind is resuming its wonted tranquility.

Sir John Colborne returned to Montreal on Monday. Ninety one prisoners, taken at Naperville, were brought in the same day, and twenty from Lachine.

From the Montreal Courier Nov. 13.

On Sunday evening, the whole of the back country above Laurarie presented the awful spectacle of one vast sheet of