the tenacious subsoil, or of such a depth as to reach the bed of water meant to be carried off; and when this depth is obtained, which is easily discerned, fill up the pit with big stones, and if the water rises, carry it off by a stout drain to some adjoining ditch or mouth.

CHRONICLE.

CAMBRIDGE, MD.

SATURDAY MORNING, Dec'r. 8, 1838.

The Orphans' court of this county will sit on Tuesday the 11th inst.

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

Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

The annual message of the President was delivered to both houses of Congress on Tuesday last. *We* shall endeavor to lay the whole of it before our readers in our next paper.

A CONVENTION. The reader is referred to an able communication in to-day's paper, upon the propriety of calling a convention for the purpose of re-moddelling and revising the Constitution of Maryland. When that article appeared in the 'Aurora,' we intended to notice it, but a multitude of engagements prevented us from replying to it at the time, and it had entirely escaped our recollection, until reminded of it by our correspondent "Hamilton."

It seems to us, that there is not the the slightest grounds for calling a convention at this time. *We* enjoy equal rights—our lives and property are carefully protected by our present organic law. Such amendmants and revisions as have beeen deemed expedient, by the collected wisdom of our Legislatures have been made. The demands of the ultra reformers have ben gratified. But the Editor of the Aurora thinks that 'Legislative amendments of the Constitution, must in their very nature, be faulty and imperfect, because the members have other duties to perform.' By the same process of reasoning he might contend that every enactment of the Legislature 'is faulty and imperfect.' The natural consequence would be, (if his argument were true) that a convention must be called annually to revise and correct the enactments of the Legislature.

The 'Aurora' complains of the unseemliness of the constitution,—pronounces it 'an incongruous mass"—unintelligible in its arrangement &c., without pointing out one single defective feature, or naming a solitary article which involves a doubt in the construction of its powers. Before any action is had upon a subject of such momentous consequence, it should require more proof than the asseveration of a solitary Editor.—This proposition is started not merely to amend and revise the Constitution.—There's something behind the veil, which we could pierce and discover were it necessary. Among other things some of the Van Buren Editors think our present judiciary system "the most cumbrous and expensive in the Union." this is the secret at last. Burning with an uncontrollable lust for office they wish to annihilate the whole judiciary system, hoping thereby to save some of the spoils in the general confusion. They wish the Judges elected by the people. Who does not shudder at the thought. Whoever shall have the audacity to propose a measure of this kind will justly merit the indignation of a free people. A man so much lost to every feeling of patriotism and virtue is better fitted for the service of an eastern harem than any other we can imagine.

TILGHMAN JOHNSON, Esq. has been commissioned by the Executive as Sheriff of Caroline County, vice Joseph W. P. Richardson, deceased.

CANADA PATRIOTS.—The wanton and unjustifiable interference of some of our countrymen with the rebellion in Canada threatens to render the situation of our country rather alarming. It seems that our countrymen residing near the scene of action, have so long been blessed with smiling peace, they cannot resist the effect of the patriotic fever, and have joined the rebels to allay that fever by plunder. *We* hope however that the President's proclamation will have the tendency to cure them. We advise the [illegible] of that document—we think [illegible] a manly effort to preserve the neutrality and integrity of the U States. But vain are all the efforts of Government if the people do not co-operate each in his several station in its support. They have every blessing to preserve by it, and every danger to dread from supineness or indiference—may they be sensible in time of the crisis which requires their exertions' and by that manliness, virtue, and integrity, which have so often saved their country when on the verge of ruin, extricate it with equal honor and success from its present difficulties!

A slight fall of snow on Sunday night last, reminded us of the approach of hoary winter.

1838.—The present year is fast drawing to a close. It has been one of no ordinary interest to the American Patriot. During the course of this year he has had sufficient cause to tremble for the safety of his country. For a long time we were wrapt in fearful doubt and uncertainty in regard to tho fate of the "Sub-treasury" bill. *We* beheld with distrust, the fierce struggles of the party in power for an augmentation of executive patronage. Thrice was that monster buried and thrice was it dragged from the grave to threaten the perpetuity of our government. The future historian of our republic will dwell with regret upon the successive efforts of our Chief Magistrate to obtain possession of the Treasury of our republic,—will name with anguish, the blight and desolation caused by the wild schemes and reckless experiments of his predecessor. Let us here draw a veil over this gloomy picture, and dwell upon things more congenial to the feelings.

Notwithstanding the threatning clouds which hang over the skies of our political horizon, how much happiness do we enjoy. Look at our National Legislature as yet unawed by power, uncorrupted by gold—patriotism still triumphs there—public good finds in most of them ready and willing advocates:—They have enacted none but wise laws—they have imposed none but necessary burdens—they have guarded the sacred palladium of liberty with a jealous vigilance. Some there are indeed who would basely enslave their country: disappointed in their ambitious hopes—bankrupted in their fortunes—guided by the false light of passion or prejudice, they are prepared to uproot our mild and well poised Government and throw us back again into a sea of uncertainty and a dreadful chaos of confusion; but their efforts have thus far been vain; our guardian genius has defeated their parricidal views—the counsels of integrity and wisdom have prevailed, and we have reason to rejoice that under the dominion of equal laws, we enjoy a degree of liberty and ease that no nation on earth can boast of.—let us now turn our view to the judiciary authority. Again our bosoms dilate with joy to find the seats of justice filled with dignified talents—unsullied honor—indefatigable industry, and mercy heaven descended, mingling her earnest entreaties with the stern dictates of a necessary severity. Meantime we possess in its fullest latitude, that liberty of conscience, to secure which our brave ancestors feared not to encounter the dangers of an unexplored ocean, and the numberless horrors of a wilderness, inhabited by beasts of prey or men more cruel and merciless than they. Thus secure in our religous and political rights what abundant reason have we to bless that benignant Providence that has thus heaped blessings in full and overflowing measures upon us. This short and imperfect sketch, contrasted with the picture of wretchedness that Europe presents, should teach us this this useful lesson—to prefer the *certain* good we have, to the uncertain promises of visionary theorists, which end in crimes and misery without measure or end.

Communications.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

Within a few days past I have noticed under the editorial head in the "Dorchester Aurora" of the 12th of November last, an article on the subject of "*Further Reform*" —'*A Convention.*' The editor remarks that the "*reformers by their noble perseverance and untiring zeal, have effected some very material and wholesome alterations in the Constitution of Maryland*" and that they "have seen the good growing out of these amendments to our fundamental law"—But he is not satisfied with such reform as this—notwithstanding he admits "*the best results*" have been produced by it—he goes for further reform—he wants the constitution "*entirely re-moddelled*".—He complains that the Constitution is not "*intelligible to all*," and he supposes he means by this that [illegible] expect to see one [illegible] less it opens a door to his speedy elevation to a good fat office. Now we are heartily and sincerely tired of this unmeaning, senseless, never-ending out-cry and clamor of the merest demagogues for "*Reform, Reform.*" It is wrong on many accounts. It is well calculated to make the honest and well meaning part of the people dissatisfied with the form of government under which they live. They must and will esteem it lightly when there is such a constant outcry about its defects. They will cease to respect it for its paternity or its antiquity—and look upon it as a mere act of assembly to be forever changing and varying and never understood. The Constitution of Maryland was framed by wise heads and honest sound hearts. It has been thought by persons possessing almost as much wisdom and patriotism as the editor of the Aurora, to be a monument of wisdom, republican and wholesome. The people of Maryland have grown to be a great, wise and happy community, under the operation of the old derided and now to be discarded Constitution. All discerning men must see and admit this. Then, we seriously ask, what is it that so imperiously calls for reforming? The editor proposes nothing specific to be altered or reformed—without this how can he expect the good, the wise, the unsuspecting people to submit their vital interests, their lives, their liberties, their property, their all to a Convention merely in obedience to the delusive sound of the vague, unmeaning word "*Reform,*" uttered forth by restless, uneasy, office-seeking politicans. The reflectig part of the people, think it incumbent on those who propose changes or alterations in the organic law of the State, to show that real, substantial, plain, palpable and undeniable defects and imperfections exist in it, before they ask for or propose to change it. When they show and prove beyond cavil or doubt that such defects or imperfections do exist, they have only advanced one step. They have next to show and prove beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the alterations they propose to make, will with certainty remedy and finally cure the defects and imperfections of which they complain—Nothing of this sort has been done. We have lived almost as long under the old Constitution as both the editors ostensible and covert of the Aurora, and really we should be sorry to pronounce it "*unseemly.*" We have been anxious and attentive observers of the workings and operations of the Constitution as now reformed, and we are free to confess that we can see none of those great and "*good results*" so much vaunted by the Aurora. *We* think it will require all the eyes of an Argus added to all the eyes of the editor of the Aurora to see these "*good results.*" We own that we should be much delighted to see these "*good results,*" and to know the happy souls that enjoy them. We ask in all soberness and serious truth, who it is amongst us that is so highly favored? Who is it that gets more to eat, drink or wear, for less than before? Who lies down with more satisfaction, or sleeps sounder or rises up more refreshed under the reformed Constitution, than they did under the old? Who sells his produce for more than formerly—or buys the necessaries of life for less? Who is is it that feels his life, his liberty, or his property more secure now than heretofore? We are compelled to believe that no one does,—Then where are we to look for the vaunted "*good results!*" We have heard it hinted by some and seen it published by others of the Loco Foco Reformers, that the whole Judiciary system of the State was to be reformed—and a reform judiciary established in its place. We have no doubt that this is the intention and wish of the loco foco levellers and reformers—that is they mean to reform by legislating the present Judges, &c., out of their seats, and filling their places by their own partizans.—Freemen of Maryland, mark the end of it. Be not deceived by the word reform, any longer.—You have seen what reform meant in the general government—and if you listen to the loco foco, levelling reformers, you will soon see and feel, what it means in your state government. Heed them not and trust them never.

HAMILTON.

Cambridge, Dec'r. 1838.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

HENRY CLAY.

The nomination of Gen. HARRISON, by the Anti-Masonic Convention, and the evident attempt of some of the presses in Pennsylvania to forestall the public judgment by assuming him as the opposition candidate for the Presidency, would seem to leave those who prefer other candidates no other alternative than to give it to be distinctly understood that they do not and will not recognize, as binding upon them, the action of any other convention than that to which the Whigs have, by common consent agreed to refer the decison of the question.—we have somewhere encountered an argument unfavorable to the claims of the distinguished Statesman whose name is at the head of this article drawn from the disastrous results of the elections in Ohio and in Maine. Upon that point in agreement with the sagacious editor of the Louisville Journal, we think that Mr Clay has been most unjustly assailed at Boston and elsewhere. We will not say [illegible] concert in fact; and yet truth compels us to say that about the same time his want of popularity was alleged as the occasion of the loss of the election in Maine and the loss of the election in Ohio. But if he wanted the qualification, and Mr. Webster possessed it, why did he not save Maine? Why did not Gen. Harrison save Ohio? Why is Mr. Clay amenable for the loss and defeat more than the other two gentlemen? Neither of them can be alleged to have been more passive than Mr. Clay. This gentleman has declared that he had prescribed to himself a course of perfect passiveness, and who will say that he has departed from the rule? If our information is correct, he has not left, since his return from Washington his Ashland but on a single visit to Louisville, and perhaps to attend the court at Frankfort. Neither of them more than another was a candidate for the Presidency of the Whig party; for all agreed and referred that question to the decision of a National convention, not first proposed by the friends of Mr. Clay, but proposed and proposed again by the friends of Gen. Harrison.

We ask again, what has Mr. Clay or any of his friends done to occasion the loss of any state—much less the loss of Maine and Ohio? We agree that, more than any other suggested candidate, he has been the object of favor, attraction, and recommendation by the Whigs throughout the Union. That was not his but THEIR fault, if it be any. In this view, the objection to him would seem to be not that he is not sufficiently popular, but too popular; that he is too popular, every where in the Union, out of Ohio, for the candidate proposed by Ohio;—and that the whole Union must yield to the wishes of Ohio where, whatever may be the extent of the popularity of its local candidate, it has not been sufficient to carry the State for the Whigs! This, it may be alleged, is owing to the apprehension that Mr. Clay and not Gen. Harrison might be the candidate of the Whigs. The views of the subject has been well argued by a cotemporary and associate in the Whig cause, the Lynchburg Virginian, whose article we lately copied. The supposition that any opponents of the present Administration have thrown their votes for it, from the apprehension that any other than Gen. Harrison would be the candidate of the Whig party, is, we hope as incredible as it must be unjust. Have any of Mr. Clay's friends ever done such a thing?

Does any one pretend that Mr. Clay's name injured the Whig party in New York? If we are not misinformed he is the favorite there, and especially of Mr. Seward, the Governor elect. We will not pretend that HIS name has caused the State to go for the Whigs. No, no. The Whig CAUSE caused it. But if it be right to ascribe to him the loss of Ohio, it would be equally right to claim for him the gain of New York.

From the U. States Gazette.

CLAY, WEBSTER & ARISTOCRACY.

The Boston Atlas, in its zealous advocacy of General Harrison, the Anti-masonic candidate for the Presidency, speaks of Mr. Clay as the candidate of the *aristocracy.* In order to shew cause for some remarks which we have to make this morning, we copy the following paragraph from the Atlas of last Tuesday:

"That Mr. Clay is the chosen candidate of the aristocracy of the Whig party, is unquestionable; and it is equally unquestionable that very earnest and zealous efforts will be made to impose him upon the Whigs as their candidate. It is also certain that Mr. Clay *is not the choice* of the democracy of the Whig party. Apart from other sufficient reasons, therefore, which we shall give hereafter, the very fact that Mr. Clay is the darling of the aristocratic Whigs, or rather the very causes which make him so, operate in the nature of things, to prejudice him in the eyes of the democratic Whigs, and to lead them to fix their choice upon some other candidate; and under the actual circumstances of the case, that candidate is General Harrison."

As the Atlas is so much in earnest in its charges, it may not be amiss to enquire into the causes which could operate to make the Senator of the west the candidate of the aristocracy.

Henry Clay is the son of a poor Baptist clergyman—his birth, therefore, was not aristocratic. He toiled with his own hands for means to improve and direct the energies of a great mind—his education is not, therefore, aristocratic. The people of Kentucky have delighted to confer office on him for the ability and industry with which he discharges its duties—Henry Clay is not, therefore, an aristocrat from office.

As a legislator, Mr. Clay stood prominent as the advocate, we may say the father, of a system of national protection to national labor which secured permanent employment and liberal pay to thousands and thousands of the working classes, who would otherwise have suffered for want of exercise of their habits of industry. Henry Clay is, therefore, no aristocrat in his legislation; and when the power of our nation to compete with foreign industry was established, and the south was driven almost to rebellion by a mistake of its operation, Henry Clay proposed and carried a plan for insuring to the manufactures nearly all their privileges, and removing the rock of offence which had been placed in the way of the south. *Did* this in Henry Clay seem aristocracy? Aristocracy should be made of sterner stuff.

And whatever the *south* may have to object to Mr. Clay, the east and Massachusetts especially, should remember the eloquent statesman, whose democratic principles gave employment to their surplus capital and profitable labor to their surplus population. The father of the *American system,* he who set *abroach* the hoarded wealth of the *aristocracy* of Massachusetts, and made it minister to public good, while it returned augmented to its possessor, should not have been thus assailed in the very capitol and among the very men that owe their wealth, and, what is more, their prosperity, to his liberal, his democratic legislation.

The Atlas, as we remember, *was* the zealous and, we are bound to say, the able advocate of Mr. *Webster* for a nomination as candidate of the Whig party. Wa may therefore, ask whether the *whigs* who sustained Daniel Webster were the *aristocracy?* Is Abbott Lawrence, a man of immense wealth indeed, but the possessor of no dollar that he did not earn—is he an aristocrat? Are the men, great and true, that constituted the nucleus of the Whig party in Massachusetts when Mr. Webster was in the field—are those aristocrats in the eyes of the Atlas? We think the editor will not willingly so denominate them.

We refer to the past position of Mr. Webster, because it is not posssible to shut our eyes to the fact that he is no longer to be considered a candidate for nomination.

The Atlas would not venture to talk of *aristocracy* with reference to Henry Clay, when Daniel Webster stood a competitor with him for a place on the Whig ticket, and arraign as aristocratic those who would have supported Webster.

It was our intention to abstain from the use of *names* while we urged upon the Whigs the assertion and defence of their principles; and we did not attempt a notice of the violent attack of the Atlas upon the friends of Mr. Clay, until we found the advocates of the candidate of *another party* making use of the argument of the Atlas to sustain themselves and assault the Whig party. We shall now continue to defend the position which we advise the Whigs to occupy; and while we carefully abstain from any unfriendly allusion to the candidate already nominated, we shall endeavor if called on so to do, to prevent the injury intended to Mr. Clay, viz: the killing off of that distinguished man *before* the meeting of the Whig national convention.

PICAYUNE WELLERISMS.

'Looks are nothing, behavior is all'—as the monkey said ven he vas dead drunk.

'Beauty is skin deep'—as the fish voman said ven she stripped the eel.

'Oh fly not yet'—as the mullet said to the fish hawk

'Hope I havn't hurt your feelings'—as the thistle said to the sick man.

'I can't bear him,'—as the snail said ven the horse stepped on her

'I'm not fond o' races'—as the terrapin said to the cripple at Ascot.

'Vat a troublesome vorld'—as the spider said ven she mended her veb arter the loafer vallied through it

'They did it in spite of my teeth'—as the jack ass said ven they physicked him.

'I never heard the like'—as the cat said ven three of her kittens crowed.

"It's family dinner'—as the hen said ven she swallowed a nest of ants.

'I'm chief mourner'—as the snake said ven they pulled out his teeth and cut off his rattles;

'He can't run far'—as the tavernkeeper said ven he shot a bed bug with a double barrelled gun.

A GOOD STORY.

'One seldom hears a good story now adays. The following is not bad. A year or two ago there came to the Lion at ———, a pleasant looking, bustling great-coated commercial travellor sort of body Well landlord, what have you got, he? oyster sance, eh? bottle of sherry, good, eh? send me up. Dinner was served, the wine despatched, and a glass of brandy and water comfortably settled the dinner.

'Waiter, said the traveller, coolly and dispassionately wiping his mouth with a napkin, 'waiter I am awkwardly situated.'

'Sir?' said the waiter, expecting a love letter.

'I cannot pay you'

'Sorry for that si, I must call master.'—(Enter landlord.)

'My good sir, you see this is rather awkward—good dinner! capital! famous wine! glorious grog—but no cash.

The landlord looked blank.

'Pay next time—often come this road—done nothing to day—good house yours, a great deal in the bill way.'

The landlord looked blue.

'No difference to you of course?—a pleasant house here—plenty business—happy to take your order—long credit—good bill.'

'There's my bill, sir—prompt payment—I pay as I go.'

'Ah, but I must go without paying. Let us see—bill 17s 9d; let us have a pint of sherry together—make it up a pound—that will square it.'

'Sir, I say you are a swindler, sir.—I will have my money!'

'Sir, I tell you I will call and pay you in three weeks from this time exactly for I shall have to pass this road again.'

'None of that sir,—it wont do with me, pay my money or I'll kick you out.'

The stranger remonstrated, the landlord kicked him out.

'You will repent this,' said the stranger. The landlord did repent it. Three weeks after that day, punctual to his word, the stranger entered the Lion Inn—the landlord looked very foolish—he smiled and held out his hand—I've come to pay you my score as I promised.'

The landlord made a thousand apologies for his rudeness. 'So many swindlers about, there is no knowing who to trust, Hoped the gentleman would pardon him.' 'Never mind landlord, but come let's have some dinner together, let us be friends. What have you got, eh? a couple of boiled fowls, eh? a little ham of your own curing? good!—greens from your own garden? famous! bottle of sherry & two bottles port; waiter this is excellent.'—Dinner passed over, the landlord hobbed and nobbed with the stanger, they passed a pleasant afternoon. The landlord went to attend to his avocations; the stranger finished his comforter of brandy and water and addressed the waiter;

'Waiter what is to pay?'

'Two pounds ten shillings and three pence, sir, including the former account.

'And half a crown for yourself?'

'Makes two pounds twelve shillings and ninepence, sir,' replied the waiter, rubbing his hands.

'Say two pound thirteen shillings!' said the stranger, 'and call in your master.'

(Enter landlord, smiling and hospitable.)

'Sorry you are going so soon sir.'

The stranger merely said with a fierce look, 'I owed you seventeen and six pence three weeks ago, and you kicked me out of your house for it.'

The landlord began to apologize.

'No words, sir, I owed you seventeen and you kicked me out of your house for it. I told you, you would be sorry for it, I now owe you two pounds thirteen shillings (and quittly turning aside his coatail) *you may pay yourself in a check on the same bank, for I have no money now.*—Bell's Weekly Messenger.

The following is the most graphic delineation of the miseries and effects of *intemperance* that we have ever seen. It is from the arguments advanced by certain citizens of Portage county, Ohio, in a memorial to the Legislature on the subject.—*Balt. Amer.*

And as yet its march of ruin is onward still! It reaches abroad to others—invades the family and social circles—and spreads woe and sorrow all around. It cuts down youth in its vigor—manhood in its strength—and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart—bereaves the doating mother—extinguishes natural affection—erases conjugal love—blots out filial attachment—blights parental hope—and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health;—death, not life. It makes wives widows—children orphans—fathers, fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It hails fevers—feeds rheumatisms—nurses gout—welcomes epidemics—invites cholera—imparts pestilence, and embraces consumptions. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails—supplies your alms houses—and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies—fosters quarrels—and cherishes riots. It contemns law—spurns order—and loves mobs. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds: It is the life-blood of the gambler; the aliment of the counterfeiter—the prop of the highwaman, and the support of the midnight incendiary.

It countenances the liar—respects the thief—and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation—reverences fraud—and honors infamy. It defames benevolence—hates loves scorns virtue—and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his offspring—helps the husband to massacre his wife—and aids the child to grind his parricidal axe. It burns up man—consumes woman—detests life—curses God—and despises Heaven.

It suborns witnesses—nurses perjury—defiles the jury box—and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters—corrupts elections—pollutes our institutions—and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen—and debases the legislator—dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And now, as with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, and *insatiate* with havoc, it poisons felicity—kills peace, ruins mortals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world, and laughs at its ruin.

The corn and other crops are said to be abundant throughout Ohio.