L. D. Teackle

The Cambridge Chronicle.

"UNCOMPROMISING HOSTILITY TO THE RE-ELECTION OF MARTIN VAN BUREN."

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TERMS.

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☞ *All letters addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.*

COMMUNICATED.

Agreeably to previous arrangement, the electors met this day, the 14th inst, at Buck Town! when on motion of Henry Wilcox, Robert Rauleigh sener. Esq. was called to the chair and John Thompson appointed Secretary.

On motion of Levin H. Wall Esq., it was

RESOLVED, That the electors from each election district be called in regular order, beginning at No 1, and that the absentees be ascertained.

The electors from the Several districts having been called, severally answered to their names, except the seven marked thus*, who, from satisfactory reasons could not attend.

DISTRICT No 1.

William Douglass, Algernon Wheatley,
George M. Wheatley, *Edward Wright.
Asbury Dean,

DISTRICT No 2.

Kendall M. Jacobs, Thomas Sherman,
Nat. E. Greene, Robert Rauleigh,
William M. Price,

DISTRICT No 3.

John Thompson, John F. H. Vincent,
Jacob Willey, Henry Willcox,
William Howeth,

DISTRICT No 4.

Levin Richardson, *Samuel Travers Jr.
Hugh Maguire, Levin W. Tall,
*James Smith,

DISTRICT No 5.

Henry L. McNamara, *William W. Windsor,
Henry Bibby, Asbury McNamara,
Joseph Wallace,

DISTRICT No 6.

Samuel Dunnock, John R. Dunnock,
Henry Travers, Ammon Porter,
Wesley Woodland,

DISTRICT No 7.

Benjamin Woodard, Levin H. Wall,
Thomas Wingate, Thomas Barnett,
*Willham D. Barrow,

DISTRICT No 8.

John Keene, Aaron Mitchel,
John Muir, Charles B. Frazier,
*Charles Seward,

On motion of Thomas Barnett Esq., it was

RESOLVED, that the names of all willing to become Candidates to represent this county in the next General Assembly of Maryland, and for county commissioners, be handed to the chairman, and by the secretary read to the Convention, and each name afterwards presented separately to their consideration, and that the four persons receiving the highest number of votes, shall be nominated and recommended by this Convention to the Whigs of Dorchester, as suitable persons to represent the interests of this county in the next legislature; and the seven candidates for county commissioners, receiving the highest number of votes, shall be nominated and recommended by this Convention to the *Whig* party of this County, as suitable persons to discharge the duties of county commissioners.

After ballotting for each person it was ascertained that the following persons received the highest number of votes, as candidates to represent this county in the next legislature of Maryland, to wit: Doct. FRANCIS P. PHELPS, JACOB WILLSON, WILLIAM FRAZIER, and REUBEN TALL, and that *James Carroll, James Higgins, John Newton, John Muir, William K. Travers, Arthur Prichett* and *Samuel J. Meekins*, received the highest number of votes, as candidates for county commissioners.

Thomas Barnett Esq. then offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:—

Be it Resolved, That all just and free governments are derived from the consent of the people, and instituted for their good, and in all cases of mal-administration, it is the indisputable right of the people to hold conventions or primary assemblies, in which their *political grievances* may be considered, and in which the *constitutional* means of redress may be adopted.

Resolved, That frequent recurrence to the fundamental principles of a republican government is essential to the preservation of liberty. This maxim is engrafted in our bill of rights, and is fortified by history and experience.

Resolved, That in a republic, it is essential to the liberty, safety and happiness of the citizens, that the government and its officers should receive their rule of action from the people; that when this vital principle ceases to operate, when the convenience of the many is disregarded, or made subservient to political ambition, and self interest, it becomes a public duty to bring the administration back to first principles, to guard against future encroachments, and by cherishing the spirit of liberty, and curbing that of licentiousness, to secure at once the stability of the government, and the prosperity of the people.

Resolved, That the past history of our country strikingly illustrates the truth of the declarations of Washington "that the foundations of our national policy ought to be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality." That there is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists in the economy and course of nature, an indissoluble connexion between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy, and the solid rewards of public prosperity.

Resolved, That the course of the administration which has so deeply and suddenly affected the financial condition of the nation, and placed the general government in an attitude of open hostility to the institutions of the States, and the business interests of the people, and which is now coupled with an effort to unite in effect the sword and the purse, evinces the existence and predominating influence, in our national councils, of a spirit which has greatly endangered, and threatens to subvert our republican form of government, our social institutions, and individual happiness.

Resolved, That the scheme of destroying all State institutions, which has been deliberately formed, and which is now distinctly and boldly avowed as an "ulterior object," which is so systematically and perseveringly followed, in dispite of popular suffrage, will, if successful, virtually annihilate the state sovereignties—cast the whole power over the institutions and business of the country, INTO THE HANDS OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT, and accomplish the ultra-federal design of consolidation, thereby practically establishing an absolute tyranny over these States.

Resolved, That the Sub-Treasury scheme is an important feature in the accomplishment of these "ulterior objects;" that we have seen no reason to dissent from the declaration of the "Globe" in 1834, stigmatizing it as a measure "disorganizing and revolutionary, subversive of the principles of our government, and of its entire practice from 1789 to this day; and which will incalculably enlarge the powers of the executive, and expose the public treasure to be plundered by an hundred hands, where one cannot now reach it."

Resolved, That the various experiments made during the last few years, to improve our currency, and enlarge our specie circulation, have ended in the derangement of the one, and the almost total disappearance of the other. That the present sufferings of the people demand the application of practical sense, and the lessons of experience to our financial legislation, and the retraction of steps hastily taken, or which experience has shown to have been unwisely adopted.

Resolved, That we are in favor of the credit system because it is friendly to the laborer and producer, and scatters its blessings upon the poor man as well as the rich.

Resolved, That we oppose the Sub-Treasury Scheme, because it would make large and princely fortunes for the near wealthy, and degrade the middle and labouring citizens to the condition of their Slaves.

Resolved, That we are in favor of the credit System because by it the poor farmer is enabled to obtain his lands and implements of husbandry, the poor mechanic his instruments of art, and stock in trade; and every man who bears a good character, coupled with industry, has a certain means of bettering his condition.

Resolved, That we support the credit System because it has been the great lever of our advancment as individuals, and as a nation in wealth and prosperity; and in the short space of half a century elevated our youthful nation to an equal station with the kingdoms of ages in the old world.

Resolved, That as the most effective means, resident in us, enforcing the laws, of preserving the constitution, and of recovering the violated rights of the people, the power of the *Whig* party in this county be directed with UNITY OF ACTION in the exercise of the elective franchise.

Resolved, That it is expedient aud necessary that this convention should nominate and recommend to the ardent support of the whig party of this county, the following persons: JACOB WILLSON Dr. FRANCIS P. PHELPS, WILLIAM FRAZIER. and REUBEN TALL as suitable persons to represent this county in the next legislature of this State.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this convention that the above named persons will zealously co-operate in support of the cause of CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY, and will honestly and fearlessly discharged the trust delegated to them, and that the members of this convention will exert all honorable means to obtain for them triumphant Success.

Resolved, That this convention nominate and recommend to the unqualified support of the whigs of Dorchester the following persons: *James Higgins, James Carroll, John Muir, John Newton, William K. Travees, Samuel J. Meekins and Arthur Pritckett* as candidates for county commissioners, and whose knowledge of business eminently qualify them to discharge the duties incident to that station.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this convention be signed by the chairman and secretary & published in the Cambridge Chronicle.

Resolved, That the thanks of this convention be returned to the chairman and secretary, for their prompt attention, and the ability with which they have discharged their duty.

ROBERT RAULEIGH Senr.,
Chairman.

JOHN THOMPSON
Secretary.

Aug. 17th, 1839. 3w

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE WIFE.

"I have been with thee in thy hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through this."

MRS. HEMANS.

She was a beautiful girl when I first saw her. She was standing up by the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflection of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her delicate hand within his own, gazed on her for a moment with unmingled admiration, and the warm and eloquent blood played upon his cheek, shadowing at intervals his manly forehead and "melting into beauty on his lip."

"He stood in the pride of his youth—a fair form,
With his feelings yet noble, his spirit yet warm,
An eagle to shelter the dove with his wing,
An elm where the light twining tendrils might cling."

And they gave themselves to one another, in he presence of Heaven; and every heart blessed them; as they went on their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and again I saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of a summer sunset stole through the half closed and crimson curtains, lending a richer tint to the delicate carpeting, and exquisite embellishments of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance.—The girlish buoyancy of the young wife had indeed given place to the grace of perfected womanhood, and her lip was somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was barely perceptible upon her beautiful brow. Her husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his years might warrant—anxiety, ambition and pride had gone over it, and left their traces upon it—a silver hue was mingling with the darkness of his hair, which had become thinned around his temples almost to baldness. He was reclining on a splendid ottoman, with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

"Edward, you are ill to-night," said his wife, in a low, sweet and half inquiring voice, as she laid his hand upon her own.

The husband roused himself from his attitude slowly, and a slight frown knit his brow. "I am NOT ill," he said somewhat abruptly, and he folded his arms upon his bosom, as if he wished no interruption to his evidently bitter thoughts.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of cheerfulness had glared down upon us with a cold, dim, and forbidding glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal—dreadful to watch the convulsive features and the gloomy brow—the indefinable shadows of hidden emotions—the involuntary signs of a sorrow which we are forbidden to participate, and whose character we cannot know.

The wife essayed once more, "Edward," she said, slowly, mildly and affectionately, "the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one, who has never, I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why, then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled, and yet you refuse to tell me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold serverity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed Ambition as his god, and failed in his high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed; he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirits of his land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge, He had drawn his sword against his country—he had fanned rebellion to a flame, which had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen—miserably fallen—and had been doomed to die the death of a traitor.

It was his last night of life. The morrow was the day appointed for his execution. He saw the sun sink behind the green hills of the west, as he sat by the dim grate of his dungeon, with a feeling of unalterable horror. He felt that it was the last sun that would set on him. It would cast its next level and sunset rays upon his grave—upon the grave of a dishonored traitor.

The door of his dungeon opened, and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms.—The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

"Edward—my dear Edward," she said, "I have come to save you. I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God that my purpose is nearly accomplished."

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood; and as the husband pressed the pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eyelash. "I have not deserved this kindness," he murmured, in the choked tones of convulsive agony.

"Edward," said his wife, in an earnest but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments, you will be enabled to pass out unnoticed. *Haste*, or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me; I am a woman, and they will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband who is dearer than life itself."

"But, Margaret," said the husband, "you look sadly ill; you cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell."

"Oh, speak not of me, my dearest Edward," said the devoted woman. "I can endure every thing for your sake. Haste, Edward—haste, and all will be well;" and she aided with a trembling hand to disguise the proud form of her husband in a female garb.

"Farewell, my love, my preserver," whispered the husband in the ear of his disguised wife, as the officer sternly remined the supposed lady that the time allotted for her visit had expired.—"Farewell—we shall meet again," responded his wife; and the husband passed out unsuspected, and escaped the enemies of his life.

They DID meet again—that wife and husband; but only as the dead may meet—in the awful communions of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit, until the last great purpose of her exertions was accomplished in the safety of her husband; and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards found wrapped in the habiliments of their destined victim the pale but still beautiful corpse of the devoted WIFE.

NEWS MAKING.

Can any thing, dead or alive, more pitiably unhappy be conceived, than a jaded scribbler for the public press—sitting down to his task at the last moment with an aching head and an empty stomach—or VICE VERSA, which is exactly the same in effect! Imagine the forlorn drudge's sensation, as he doggedly lifts the quill stump and moves it instinctively towards that foundation of good and evil, the inkpot, surcharged with both the gall of bitterness and the honey of adulation.—He is destitute of a topic—his over-wrought brain has exhausted its stock of images, and he can fancy nothing but the ghost of ideas already hackneyed through all the changes of the alphabet—no subject that has not been hacked to death by the hungry scissors of borrowers and imitators.—Yet must he continue to feed the iron jaws of the press! There is no release from the undertaking. He is in for it, and sterile or fertile, feasting or starving, his imagination must be wrung daily, yea hourly, for wherewithal to meet the merciless demands of the demon at his elbow!

Other men may eat, drink and sleep; may live, move and have a being like decent creatures; the merchant may relax in time of sickness, or retire at seasons of enjoyment; the mechanic may forego a job when he breaks a limb, or chooses to go a fishing; the farmer may work, or let it alone; and the mariner has frequent intermissions amidst the toils and storms of his career; and the world wags without confusion nevertheless—they only comparatively feel the consequences. Not so with the slave of types. For him there shines no holiday. No repose, no retreat awaits his fired powers. When he skulks, the world comes to an end, and chaos riots!

Nor is it merely indispensable that he shall labor at brief and stated intervals—the most irksome sort of employment, from its very constancy, and regularity, and unceasing recurrence he must also put forth his efforts at something new. The reading public has become a spoiled child, with a depraved appetite, perpetually hankering after novelties, monstrosities, and impossibilities. In the fabrication of these crudities for quidnuncs, a renewal of intellect, once a year at least, should be provided for. There is an end, even to "the spider's most attenuated thread;" and what maker of long yarns can be required, in reason, not only to spin out a like the substance of his body, but that of his brain also! Truly, this is a cruel world; and the man that meddles witn paragraphs, is a miserable piece of carneous machinery.—[S. H. Jenks.

From the New York Literary Gazette.

The Rival Lovers.

A TALE OF NAPLES.

In the fifteenth century, there lived in Naples, one Signor Phelix Ambrose, a man of great learning and wealth, whose favorite study was botany. He had collected in his garden an infinite variety of rare and beautiful plants, which he kept under his own charge,—assigning, however, to his daughter Caterina, the care of those which needed the most constant attendance. The charm of Caterina, not less than the beauty and odor of the flowers, frequently attracted to the garden of Ambrose two gentlemen of Naples—the one named Caracciola, and the other Andrea. Both became enamored of the fair botanist, but Andrea, though poor, was her favorite. On learning this, Caracciola (who was very wealthy) conceived the most bitter hatred which jealousy could engender for his rival, and longed for nothing so much as a favorable opportunity to put him out of the way.

Signor Ambrose loved his daughter, yet did not fail to urge incessantly the suit of Caracciola. The gentle Caterina would not, for a time, listen to her father's unwelcome importunities, yet, at last, yielding an unwilling consent, on condition that the marriage should be deferred to a distant period.

When Andrea heard of this resolution, he abandoned himself to despair, and determined to seek, among new scenes and new acquaintances, to obliterate from his memory one whom he felt that he could not now continue to address without dishonor. This determination he kept a secret, even from Caterina. He lingered in Naples several weeks, enjoying, whenever opportunity offered, a stolen interview, and resolving that each one should be the last. Of these, Caracciola became informed, and his hatred for Andrea increased to such a height, that in a moment of desperation he bribed two ruffians—such as can always be procured in Naples, for a small sum, to commit any crime—to assassinate him. The murderers watching in the dark by a corner where they supposed Andrea would pass, silently waited his approach. Now, it so happened, that Andrea, knowing of this, on that very night departed secretly, and in disguise, for Palermo. The assassins had not waited long, ere a man passed whom they supposed to be Andrea,—and they falling upon him, despatched him with their knives, and threw his body into the sea.

In the morning, Andrea's absence gave great alarm to his friends,—and hearing no tidings of him for two days, they offered a large reward to any person respecting him. Tempted by the reward, one of the murderers being assured that he should be permitted to make his escape, divulged the whole transaction: his fellow murderer and Caracciola were arrested, tried, and convicted; the former hung, and the latter sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Andrea, now on his way to Palermo, knew nothing of this; and his friends supposing him dead, went into mourning for him. Caterina was inconsolable in her grief, and would have retired to a convent and spent her days there, but that her father, old and infirm, claimed her filial care and attention.

When Andrea arrived at Palermo, he entered the service of a merchant, and led a sad and solitary life; making few acquaintances, but winning from those he did make their warmest affection and esteem. He remained in Sicily for five years without hearing a word from his friends in Naples, and without informing them whither he had fled,—supposing all the while that Caterina was the wife of Caracciola. Although he endeavored to forget the idol of his heart, it was in remembrance of her, perhaps, that he found his chief pleasure. Wandering alone one evening in a melancholy mood, his attention was arrested by the voice of a gallant, who was singing a serenade under the balcony of a magnificent dwelling; and drawing nearer, he found the song to be one which himself had composed, the burthen of which was his love for Caterina. The slightest events are not unfrequently productive of the most important effects in life; that song awakened a thousand delightful recollections, & brought back into his heart his early love, and with it, a resolution to set out for Naples, in the hope of at least seeing once more her, whom he found it was in vain to endeavor to forget.

On arriving in his native city, he took lodgings at the Hotel di Belvidere, under the assumed name of Baritola; and making casual enquiries of his family, he accidentally heard of the extraordinary and tragical drama performed after his leaving Naples, together with every thing connected with it. Bethinking for many hours how he should act, he determined in the first place, to go to the prison in disguise, and see Caracciola. According, he went and obtained permission to visit the wretched man's cell.

"I come to you as a friend," said Andrea, "to converse on affairs of importance."

"Stranger," replied Caracciola, "then your discourse must be of the future state, for to me the affairs of this world are of the least possible importance."

"Nay, hear me," said Andrea; "I come on an errand of mercy, to promote your happiness in this world, trusting that you will secure your happiness in that which is to come yourself. I think I have it in my power to release you from this confinement."—Caracciola looked wildly upon his visitor, and replied with a sigh of despair. Andrea continued: "you had a rival once, named Andrea, whom you supposed dead, but he is *living*, for I, *myself*, have seen him within these three days past."

"Do not mock me," said Caracciola.

"Will you, on condition that I obtain your release," said Andrea, "renounce all claim upon Caterina, all enmity toward Andrea, and depart from Naples, never to return."

"On any conditions, would I regain my liberty—but do not aggravate my sufferings by raising hopes which can never be realized."

Then Andrea explained to him the whole of the mystery, and left Caracciola buried in tears.

Andrea returned to his hotel, musing as he went, upon what course he should next pursue, when he bethought him of this expedient. Hearing that Signor Ambrose and his daughter were living in great seclusion, he wrote a letter purporting to come from a great botanist in Geneva, introducing one Baritola (himself) to Signor Ambrose; this letter he delivered—still preserving the disguise of his person—and was received with great clivity by Ambrose, who, pleading the infirmities of age as an excuse for not showing his plants himself, directed Caterina to conduct the stranger to the garden.

Little dreaming who accompanied her, Caterina walked with Andrea in the garden pointing out to him the rarest flowers, and discoursing, pleasantly, upon their peculiar natures. The conversation soon became free and more general, and Andrea remarked, in a casual manner, that by accident he had lately seen in Palermo, a person named Andrea, with whom she was very well acquainted, and for whom he had a great regard.

"'Tis impossible, sir," said Caterina, with a sigh, "he whom I once knew by that name, died long since. This is a beautiful flower: do you have such in Geneva?—like the *Calista*, it blooms during the day, but when night comes, it closes and becomes a bud again."

Andrea desired no stronger proof of her continued love for him, than the manner in which she spoke that short sentence; and, asking the privilege of seeing her again, he returned to his hotel, and sent for his brother, who was overjoyed to see him. When all that had happened had been explained, they went to the proper authorities, who, being convinced that Andrea was the man they had supposed murdered, immediately ordered Caracciola to be released. He was accordingly set at liberty, and departed immediately from Naples.

Andrea again visited the house of Signor Ambroes, and was again conducted to the garden by the fair Caterina, who knew not what had transpired relative to Caracciola. Andrea observing a guitar laying in an arbor in the garden, took it up, saying, "fair lady, if it please you I will sing a song I learned in Palermo, from the friend of whom I spoke yesterday." Caterina expressed a desire to hear it, and Andrea sang the following, which he had sung to her an hundred times before:

The moon is up, upon the wave
A living glory lies!
And bright the stars in beauty shine,
Along the cloudless skies.
Wake, wake, lady, wake,
And shame them with thine eyes.

The song and the voice completely bewildered Caternia—and Andrea, disclosing himself to her, unravelled the thread of our story. Thus, in one and the same day, he had the pleasure of winning her whom he best loved, and of forgiving and releasing an enemy.

HINT.—As well might a mill-stone go without wind, water, or steam, as a Press without money.