D. T. Tackle

The Cambridge Chronicle.

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

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 31, 1839. NUMBER 47.

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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,
*William D. Barlow,

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 moralty." 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 and 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.

From the New York American.

Glances at Men and Things.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

O! Saratoga, Lebanon, Niagara, and Ballston!
The heart that does not paint for you this weather, must be all stone.
The pavements are all hissing hot, the sky above is brazen.
And every head as good as dead, the sun can set his rays on.
The lean, like walking skeletons, go stalking pale and gloomy.
The fat, like red-hot warming pans, send hotter fancies through me.
I walk for dreams of polar ice, on which I've been a slider,
Like fishes dreaming of the sea, and walking in the spider. *Yankee Ballad.*

Every visitor has an "inalienable right" to describe the Springs in his own way. I shall leave the old beaten track to politicians and sentimentalists, and cut my path right through the woods. You have heard of the *cut direct* of Mr. Van Buren, and the coronation of Mr. Clay. I leave these, and

"————all meaner things,
To low ambition and the pride of things,"

while I give you a sketch containing perhaps more of rhyme than reason; certainly more of truth than poetry.

I met four classes of visitors at the Springs. I will glance at each.

First, the real invalids, who fly to Saratoga in the vain pursuit of health. If they would chase their shadows thither, ON FOOT, they might grow better. This class may be known by their gloomy airs and cadaverous cheeks. Every morning, at sun-rise, as regular as though their salvation depended upon it, they march with solemn gait, to "Congress Spring," and swallow ten tumblers of water. At 9 o'clock, they inspect their tongues before a looking glass, and shake their heads dubiously. At 10, feel their pulse, and note down the number of throbs per minute, in their diary. At 12 six tumblers of water from the "Iodine Spring." From 1 to 3, nap it, Aroused by the preparation bell, they gird themselves, and rush to the dining hall, assaulting roast pig, boiled bass, lobster, water melon, and ice cream, with a fury known only to the dyspeptic. Then roll one hour on the sofa. Head ache and heart burn till 5. Fainting at 6, with camphor and hartshorn, abd chafing of the temples. Two tumblers of "tonic water." At 7, five cups of green tea, "rather strong, if you please." Cramps and sighs till 10. Then four tumblers of "Congress," and hie toped. Their nerves dance a hornpipe till 1. Then doze, and dream of Mazeppa, and wake with the night mare, Groan till day-light, and now for the spring and ten tumblers. This is THEIR bill of fare.

The second class is the FASHIONABLES—those who go to Saratoga to kill time, and make a wake in the water—the beaux, to show their mustachas and their gallantry—and the belles, their pretty form, red cheeks, and glossy locks—and all to whirl around in this great Maelstroom of beauty and booty, wit and folly. In the evening you'll see them spinning like a painted top in the giddy waltz at Congress Hall, or floating like golden fishes down the stream of gaiety, and flash at the brilliant saloon of the United States. The elderly ladies, arrayed in proud attire, preside over the gala, while the younger talk sentimentally of Lake George and Lord Byron, Marry at and millinery.

"All is motion—rings and plumes and pearls
Are shining every where; some younger girls
Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds,
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads."

"What lady is that yonder," (said a New England friend to me, who had just arrived,) "with such a noble countenance, and an air that would dignify a Queen?"

"The widow of De Witt Clinton."

"Indeed! And that's the lady that turned her heel on Van Buren?"

"Yes. He shuffled, and she cut."

"Well—She was right."

"That's a debatable question."

"Yes—I know—you're more than half a Loco Foco."

"Only in the abstract."

"What tall gentleman is that, so majestic in mien, and who converses so gracefully with that bevy of beauty around him?"

"General Scott."

"General Scott! Gallant fellow! Why don't the Whigs nominate him for President! He is the most popular man in the nation."

"They hav'nt tact nor courage for it. Besides, they owe a debt to Clay, and this is their last opportunity of discharging it.'.

"Well—if they pay him off with the Harrisburg nomination, he'll find himself a bankrupt in 1840."

"No doubt of it."

"Rely upon it, many of Webster's friends in New England feel very cool towards Clay, and will put on his harness with great reluctance.—And the whole party will feel that they are fighting a hopeless battle, But Scott! by Mars! who would not fight to the hilt under such a leader?—Could he carry New York?"

"Yes—by 15,000; whereas Clay would lose it by 10,000."

But our dialogue was broken off by the entrance of the countess of *Westmoreland*, leaning on the arm of the President. He is all adulation—bowing, and simpering, and smirking, as when he passed old Tammany on the day of THE GRAND ENTREE. As the crowd rushed upon them, said my friend: "These republicans are all on tiptoe to see a live Gountess. And Van plays the courtier admirably for a leveller." "Bless my stars," said an ancient dame from the East, whose wan visage marked her for an invalid, "What a pesky thing that ere female Countess has got on her head. Did you ever see the like on't!"

The third class of visitors—great favoritestwith the bar-keepers—I will designate as 'the purses." They are keen blades from the cities, who come out here not merely to kill time, but themselves also. They may be known by their long hair and short frocks, little canes and big whiskers, white hats and dare-devil air. They rise at half past nine, and take a glass of Cognac to clear away the remaining togs of the last night's storm. They rid themselves for the forenoon by smoking and lounging. As the dinner hour approaches, they gird themselves for the onslaughts. Seated at table, they summon every energy for the mortal struggle, and set their life upon the cast. The waiters leap—the corks fly—the dishes rattle—and the viands rapidly disappear before them. "The cloth being removed," they sing songs, tell stories, smash tumblers, curse the servants, and shiver the bottles. Two hours passed, they reel from the hall, light their segars, tumble into a carriage, and surrender themselves up to Jehu, who dashes them through the streets, at a break-neck pace. At 6, four bottles of wine. Supper at 9. At 10, mint-julaps, a stroll through the streets, and a quarrel with a loafer. At 11, cards and cock-tails till 1. Then, "Jim Crow," with variations, filling the halls with the din. At 2, they stumble up to bed, and dream of champagne and purgatory, and wake at 9, their cheeks flushed with a fever, and their heads snapping with pain. This is their bill of fare.

The fourth class is the politicians—the brokers in partizan stock, who can't trust the people to transact their own business in their own way, but kindly volunteer to "manage" for them. This year there is a large supply, "in lots to suit purchasers.'

P. S.—I had written thus far and went out to pay my bill, &c. While absent, my chum, who sometimes perpetrates rhymes, had glanced at my prose, and thrown it into verses, as follows.—When I tell you that he is an unsuccessful old bachelor, you will attach due weight to his ungallant sneer at "old maids."

SARATOGA.

Sand banks and swamps, and dwarf pine trees,
And streets with dust be clouded,—
A score of shingle palaces
With squalid splendor crowded!—
Old Connoiseurs of ball and route
The young with envy eyeing,
Old gouramands crippled with the gout,
Their latest measure trying.

Grey Politicians at their tricks
Of bargain, Satan-aided:
The Tattersals of Politics,
Where men for mules are traded.
Old maids at loggerheads with Time,
Their girlhood wiles essaying:
And dandy amateurs of rhyme,
Their album gifts displaying.

A daily draught of water, such
As that of ancient Marah,
Which the parch'd Arab would not touch
Upon his hot Sahara
Wild Rob Roy's rule at dinner-hour,
Around the crowded table,—
That he shall TAKE who has the power,
And he shall KEEP who's able!

Yet here Disease, with trembling limb,
And cheek without its roses,
And faded lip and eye grown dim,
A mournful tale discloses.
Woe for these stricken ones of earth!
Why come they here to borrow,
From giddy crowds and heartless mirth,
An added weight of sorrow!

Oh! sadly to the failing eye
The merry dance is moving,
Young forms of beauty floating by—
The loved ones and the loving!
On bearded lip, and fair young face,
The astral's light is glowing,
O'er manly form and maiden grace
A softened lusture throwing.

Light—music—dances! mirth and song
Through bower and hall are waking;
Yet midst the gay and glittering throng!
How many hearts are aching!
Fair brows, with gems and roses set,
Would best beseem the willow;
And eyes now bright with smiles, will wet
With tears a sleepless pillow.

And this is Saratoga! Well,—
Give me, instead, the glory
Of Nature's rock, and stream, and dell.
And, beeting promontory,—
Her dance of waves on Ocean's shore,
The breeze-harp of her mountains,—
The oaken shadows falling o'er
Her fresh and UNDRUGGED fountains!

Yours &c. RAMBLER.

The Forsaken Boy.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

A solitary lodge stood on the banks of a remote lake. It was near the hour of sunset. Silence reigned within and without. Not a sound was heard but the low breathing of the dying inmate, and head of this poor family. His wife and three children surrounded his bed. Two of the latter were almost grown up; the other was a mere child. All their simple skill in medicine had been exhausted to no effect. They moved about the lodge in whispers, and were waiting the departure of the spirit. As one of the last acts of kindness, the skin door of the lodge had been thrown back to admit the fresh air. The poor man felt a momentary return of strength, and, raising himself a little, addressed his family.

"I leave you in a world of care, in which it has required all my strength and skill to supply you with food, and protect you from the storms and cold of a severe climate. For you, my partner in life, I have less sorrow in parting, because I am persuaded you will not long remain behind me, and will, therefore, find the period of your sufferings shortened. But you, my children! my poor and forsaken children, who have just commenced the career of life, who will protect you from its evils? Listen to my words!—Unkindness, ingratitude, and every wickedness is in the scene before you. It is for this cause that, years ago, I withdrew from my kindred and my tribe, to spend my days in this lonely spot. I have contented myself with the company of your mother and yourselves during seasons of very frequent scarcity and want, while your kindred, feasting in a scene where food is plenty, have caused the forests to echo with the shouts of successful war. I gave up these things for the enjoyment of peace. I wished to shield you from the bad examples you would inevitably have followed. I have seen you, thus far, grown up in innocence. If we have sometimes suffered bodily want, we have escaped pain of mind. We have been kept from scenes of rioting and bloodshed.

"My career is now at its close. I will shut my eyes in peace, if you, my children, will promise me to cherish each other. Let not your mother suffer during the few days that are left to her; and I charge you, on no account, to forsake your youngest brother. Of him I give you both my dying charge to take a tender care." He sank exhausted on his pallet.—The family waited a moment, as if expecting to hear something farther; but, when they came to his side, the spirit had taken its flight.

The mother and daughter gave vent to their feelings in lamentations. The elder son witnessed the scene in silence. He soon exerted himself to supply, with the bow and net, his father's place. Time, however, wore away heavily. Five moons had filled and waned, and the sixth was near its full, when the mother also died. In her last moments she pressed the fulfilment of their promise to their father, which the children readily renewed, because they were yet free from selfish motives.

The winter passed; and the spring, with its enlivening effects in a northern hemisphere, cheered the drooping spirits of the bereft little family. The girl, being the eldest, dictated to her brothers, and seemed to feel a tender and sisterly affection for the youngest, who was rather sickly and delicate. The other boy soon showed symptoms of restlessness and ambition, and addressed the sister as follows: "My sister, are we always to live as if there was no other human beings in the world? Must I deprive myself of the pleasures of association with my own kind? I have determined this question for myself. I shall seek the villages of men, and you cannot prevent me."

The sister replied: "I do not say no, my brother, to what you desire. We are not prohibited the society of our fellow mortals; but we are told to cherish each other, and to do nothing independent of each other. Neither pleasure nor pain ought, therefore, to separate us, especially from our youngest brother, who, being but a child, and weakly withal, is entitled to a double share of our affection. If we follow our separate gratifications, it will surely make us neglect him, whom we are bound by vows, both to our father and mother, to support." The young man received this address in silence. He appeared daily to grow more restive and moody, and one day, taking his bow and arrows, left the lodge, and never returned.

Affection nerved the sister's arm. She was not so ignorant of the forest arts as to let her brother want. For a long time she administered to his necessities, and supplied a mother's cares. At length, however, she began to be weary of solitude and of her charge. No one came to be a witness of her assiduity, or to let fall a single word in her native language. Years, which added to her strength and capability of directing the affairs of the household, brought with them the irrepressible desire of society, and made solitude irksome. At this point, selfishness gained the ascendancy of her heart; for, in meditating a change in her mode of life, she lost sight of her younger brother, and left him to be provided for by contingencies.

One day, after collecting all the provisions she had been able to save for emergencies, after bringing a quantity of wood to the door, she said to her little brother: "My brother, you must not stray from the lodge. I am going to seek our elder brother. I shall be back soon." Then, taking her bundle she set off in search of habitations. She soon found them, and was so much taken up with the pleasures and amusements of social life, that the thought of her brother was almost entirely obliterated. She accepted proposals of marriage; and, after that, thought still less of her hapless and abandoned relative.

Meantime, her elder brother had also married, and lived on the shores of the same lake whose ample circuit contained the abandoned lodge of his father and his forsaken brother. The latter was soon brought to the pinching turn of his fate. As soon as he had eaten all the food left by his sister, he was obliged to pick berries and dig up roots. These were finally covered by the snow. Winter came on with all its rigors. He was obliged to quit the lodge in search of other food. Sometimes he passed the nights in the clefts of old trees or cavern, and ate the refuse meals of the wolves. The latter, at last, became his only resource: and he became so fearless of these animals, that he would sit close by them while they devoured their prey. The wolves, on the other hand, became so familiar with his face and form, that they were undisturbed by his approach; and, appearing to sympathise with him in his outcast condition, would always have something for his repast. In this way he lived till spring. As soon as the lake was free from ice, he followed his new-found friends to the shore. It happened, the same day, that his elder brother was fishing in his canoe, a considerable distance out in the lake, when he thought he heard the cries of a child on the shore, and wondered how any could exist on so bleak and barren a part of the coast. He listened again attentively, and distinctly heard the cry repeated. He made for shore as quick as possible, and, as he approached land, discovered and recognized his little brother, and heard him singing, in a plaintive voice—

Listen, brother—elder brother!
Now my fate is near its close;
Soon my state shall be another,
Soon shall cease my day of woes.

Left by friends I loved the dearest,
All who knew and loved me most;
Woes the darkest and severest,
Bide me on this barren coast.

Pity! ah, that manly feeling,
Fled feom hearts where once it grew,
Now in wolfish forms revealing,
Glows more warmly than in you.

Stony hearts! that saw me languish,