L. D. Teackle

The Cambridge Chronicle.

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

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E. RICHARDSON HOOPER.

TERMS.

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Single papers can be had at this Office, for six and a quarter cents, each.

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LOOK AT THIS DISTANT ADVENTURERS! Grand rich and brilliant Lottery. Orders from all parts of the union respectfully solicited. A splendid Capital Prize may be secured—It is a well known fact that Emory & Co., during the last year have sold more Capital Prizes than any other venders in the union, having sold one Capital of $40,000, and 6 of $30,000 each; 4 of $20,000; besides various other times selling the 3 first drawn numbers which was Capital Prizes of $10,000, 6 thousand dollars, &c. &c. We now truly believe we shall sell this enormous capital of one hundred thousand dollars, and respectfully solicit your orders without delay—you all know delays are dangerous, therefore, please address the ever fortunate venders of prizes, and the old and long established office, No. 2, Calvert st., Baltimore.

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CAPITAL HRIZE

100,000! Dollars!!

Lottery authorized by the State of Maryland to erect a Town Hall, & other Public Buildings in the City of Baltimore.

By an Act of the Legislature passed at the December Session, 1838.

Class Number ONE for 1839.

To be positively drawn in the city of Baltimore, on WNDNESBAY, September 25, 1839. at 4 o'clock, P. M; under ihe superintendonce of Commissioners.

Brilliant Scheme.

1	Grand prize of	$100,000	$100,000
1	Splendid prize of	25,000	25,000
1	Prize of	10,000	10.000
1	"	8,000	8,000
1	"	6,095	6,095
1	"	6,000	6,000
1	"	5,000	5,000
1	"	4,000	4,000
10	Prizes of	2.000	30,000
20	"	2,000	40,000
20	"	1,500	30,000
50	"	1,000	50,,000
50	"	500	25,000
62	"	400	24,800
63	"	200	12,600
63	"	150	9,450
63	"	140	8,820
63	"	120	7,660
126	"	100	12,600
126	"	80	10,080
3,654	"	40	146,160
23,436	"	20	468,720

27,814 Prizes from the ternary combination of seventy-five numbers, and the drawing of twelve ballots, making **Over 1,000,000 Dolls.**

TICKETS $20—Halves $10—Quarters $5—EIGHTHS $250 CENTS.

The cost of a package of 25 Whole Tickets, (which contains all the numbers in the Lottery) is $500—and at the worst possible luck, they draw back $204,—being the risk on a package of Wholes $276—we will therefore issue Certificates of packages at the following rates:—Wholes $276—Halves $138—Quarters $79—eighths $31.50. Being old and experienced in the business we can safely recommend our friends to purchase packages, as the most likly mode of their getting large and handsome returns, as packages contain all the numbers placed in the wheel, it may draw the four highest prizes—and the chances are favorable for three numbers.

We are always desirous of accommodating our customers with a good supply of the "solid food," and to obtain it they should give this grand Lottery a fair trial. In all cases we advise the adventurer to risk a package, the present opportunity for obtaining agreeable returns, is the best that has ever been offered.

We would respectfully suggest the adoption of Clubs in reference to this Lottery, by a few individuals Clubing, the risk for a certificate of a package, would be comparatively nothing, say not over $5 or $10 each; for this very small risk, they will have an interest in 25 tickets, our patrons will at once perceive the advantages to be derived from the mode of purchasing that we have suggested, our friends will bear in mind, the day of drawing is not far distant and as the supply of tickets will be limited there will most certainly be a great demand for them, therefore no time should be lost in forwarding orders.

☞ Remember to address EMORY & Co., No. 2 Calvert street, Baltimore.

LOOK HERE.

THE subscriber has just returned from Baltimore with a large and superior stock of MATERIALS, and is now prepared to execute all kinds of work in the latest fashions, and in the best manner, at his old stand on Race Street, two doors above the "DORCHESTER HOUSE."

He returns his thanks to his customers and the public generally, for the very liberal patronage he has received at their hands, and hopes by diligent attention to business, and faithful wormanship to merit its continuance.

The public's ob't. ser'vt.

J. D. DUNCAN.

August 24th, 1839.

CHANCERY SALE.

PURSUANT to authority derived from the Honorable Chancellor of Maryland, I will sell to the highest and best bidder, on

Monday the 16th of September next,

ALL THE

REAL ESTATE

of wich Ezekiel Keen died seized and possessed.—This property is known by the name of "NO. 3, OF EZEKIEL KEEN'S LAND" divided by the Commissioners in 1800. as by reference to the records in the clerks office will appear, and lies near Buck Town, in Dorchester County, and Contains about

200 Acres of Land,

nearly all WOOD and the FINEST TIMBER.—To wood dealers this property is very valuable, both for cord wood, staves, timber, &c. The sale will take place at the Court House door in Cambridge, on the day aforesaid, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, A. M.

The terms of sale, as prescribed by the decree, are one fourth cash on the day of sale, the balance in six and twelve months from the day of sale, all secured by bond and security approved by the Trustee, bearing interest from the day of sale.

H. PAGE, Trustee.

August 17th, 1839. 5w

CHANCERY SALE.

PURSUANT to authority derived from the Honorable Chancellor of Maryland, I will sell to the highest and best bidder on

Monday the 16th of September next,

at the Court House door in Cambridge, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, A. M., all the REAL ESTATE of which Thomas H. Meekins died seized and possessed, for the payment of his debts, consisting of

BULL POINT,

containing TWELVE & ONE HALF ACRES;

BUTTON'S RAKE,

purchased from Thomas Creighton, and containing **39 ACRES**, and part of Mark Meekin's Land,

containing 109 acres.

The terms of sale, as prescribed by the decree, are one fourth cash on the day of sale, the balance in six and twelve months from the day of sale, with interest from the day of sale till paid, all secured by bond and security approved by the trustee.

The creditors of the said Thomas H. Meekins are hereby notified to file their claims in the Chancery Office at Annapolis, within six months from the day of sale, with the vouchers thereof, otherwise they may be deprived of all benefit arising from the proceeds of this sale.

H. PAGE, Trustee.

August 17th, 1839. 5w

CHANCERY SALE.

PERSUANT to authority derived from the Honorable Chancellor of Maryland, I will sell to the highest and best bidder, on

Monday the 16th of September next,

all the real estate of which Jacob J. Mowbray died seized, for the payment of his debts, consisting of the following property to wit.

HOLLY RIDGE,

containing EIGHTY acres; and all other of which the said Jacob J. Mowbray died seized and possessed.—The sale will take place at the Court House door in Cambridge, between the hours of 11 & 12 o'clock, A. M.

The terms of sale, as prescribed by the decree, are one fourth cash on the day of sale, the balance in six and twelve months from the day of sale, with interest from date, all secured by bond and security approved by the trustee.

The creditors of the said Jacob J. Mowbray are hereby notified to file their claims in the Chancery Office at Annapolis, within six months from the day of sale; they may otherwise be deprived of all benefit of the proceeds of this sale.

H. PAGE, Trustee.

August 10th, 1839. tds

CHANCERY SALE.

PERSUANT to authority derived from the Honorable Chancellor of Maryland, I will sell to the highest and best bidder, on

Monday the 16th of September next,

at the Court House door in Cambridge, between the hours of 11 & 12 o'clock, A. M., all the real estate of which Levin Pearson died seized, for the payment of his debts, consisting of the following tracts or parcels of land to wit:

Piney Point & Robson's Pasture,

containing SIXTY FOUR acres more or less; and

Richard's Beginning,

containing ONE HUNDRED & NINETY FIVE and one hal acres. The terms of sale, as prescribed by the decree, are one fourth cash on the day of sale, the balance in six and twelve months from the day of sale, all secured by bond and security approved by the trustee, with interest from date till paid.

The creditors of the said Levin Pearson are hereby notified to file their claims in the Chancery office at Annapolis, with the proper vouchers thereof, within six months from the day of sale, otherwise they may be deprived of any benefit arising from the proceeds of this sale.

H PAGE, Trustee.

August 10th, 1839. tds

Blanks for Sale at this office,

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

Jottings Down in London,

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I think Lady Stepney had more talent and distinction crowded into her pretty rooms, last night than I ever before saw in such small compass. It is a bijou of a house, full of gems of statuary and painting, but all its capacity for company lies in a small drawing-room, a smaller reception room, and a very small, but very exquisite boudoir—yet to tell you who were there would read like Colburn's list of authors, added to aparagraph of noble diners out from the Morning Post.

The largest lion of the evenening certainly was the new Persian Ambassador, a man six feet in his slippers; a height which, with his peaked calpack, of a foot and a half superadded, keeps him very much among the chandeliers. The principal article of his dress does not diminish the effect of his eminence—a long white shawl worn like a cloak, and completely enveloping him from beard to toe. From the twisted shawl around his waist glitters a dagger's hilt, tipped with diamonds.—and diamonds, in most dazzling profusion, almost cover his breast. I never saw so many together except in a cabinet of regalia.—Close behind this steeple of shawl and gems, keeps, like a short shadow when the sun is high, his Excellency's Secretary, a dwarfishly small man, dressed also in cashmere and calpack, and of a most ill-favored and bowstringish countenance and mien. The master and man seem chosen for contrast, the countenance of the Ambassador expressing nothing but serene good nature. The Ambassador talks too, and the Secretary is dumb.

Theodore Hook stood bolt upright against a mirror door looking like two Theodore Hooks trying to see which was taller. The one with his face to me looked like the incarnation of the John Bull newspaper, (of which he is editor,) for which expression he was indebted to a very red face, and a very round subject for a buttoned up coat; while the Hook with his back to-ward me, looked like an author, for which he was indebted to an exclusive view of his cranium. I dare say Mr. Hook would agree with me that he was seen, on the whole, at a most enviable advantage. It is so seldom we look, beyond the man, at the author.

I have rarely seen a greater contrast in person and expression than between Hook and Bulwer, who stood near him. Both were talking to ladies—one bald, burly, upright, and with a face of immovable gravity; the other slight, with a profusion of curling hair, restless in his movements, and of a countenance which lights up with a sudden inward illumination.—*Hook's partner in the* conversation looked into his face with a ready prepared smile for what he was going to say—Bulwer's listened with an interest complete, but without effort. *Hook* was suffering from what I think is the common course of a reputation for wit; the expectation of the listener had outrun the performance.

Henry Bulwer, whose diplomatic promotion goes on much faster than can be pleasing to "Lady Cheveley," has just received his appointment to Paris—the object of his first wishes. He stood near his brother, talking to a very beautiful and celebrated woman, and I thought, spite of her Ladyship's description, I had seldom seen a more intellectual face, or a more gentlemanly exterior.

Hayward, the translator, sat talking to a Dowager Dutchess; Fonblanque stood with his sombre against the wall, while his beautiful wife sang to the tall Persian; Morier, author of Hajji Baba, glided about with his fine, shining head, and mirth-loving countenance, and diplomatists and authors, dandies, dames, and demoiselles, all people "of mark," circulated to and fro, listening to the music a little, and looked up at the Ambassador a great deal.

Late in the evening came in his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and I wondered, as I had done many times before, when in company with one of these Royal brothers, at the uncomfortable etiquete so religiously observed towards them. Wherever he moved in the crowded rooms, everybody rose and stood silant, and by giving way much more than for any one else, left a perpetual circular space around him, in which of course his conversation had the effect of a lecture to a listening audience. A more embarrassed manner and a more hesitating mode of speech than the Duke's, I cannot conceive. There was great curiosity to know whether the Duke woud think it etiquette to speak to the Persian, as in consequence of the difference between the Shah and the British envoy the tall minister is not received at the court of St. James. Lady Stepney introduced them, however and then the Duke again must have felt his rank nothing less than a nuisance.

It is awkward enough, at any time, to converse with a foreigner who has not forty English words in his vocabulary, but what with the Duke's hesitating and difficult utterence, the silence and attention of the listening guests, and the Persian's deference and complete inability to comprehend a syllable, the scene was quite painful.

There was one of the most exquisite amateur singing I ever heard, after the company thinned off a little; and the fashionable song of the day was sung by a most beautiful woman, in a way to move half the company to tears. It is called "Ruth," and is a kind of recitative of the passage of Scripture, "Where thou goest I will go," etc. You will probably find it in the last importation of music.

Lover sang some of his delicious songs in his own delightful manner, and, by the way, he is talking of going to the United States to try there his profession of miniature painter. He is clever at every thing, and will be no small acquisition both in the arts in that difficult line, and to society.

Mrs. Hill's beautiful "Flower Waltzes," of which I brought over a few copies, have excited some wonder as American compositions. They are played now, with admiration, by some of the fairest fingers of May Fair, and I think, stand in good chance of ruling the hour. In my account of Almack's I did not mention a new quadrille, called the Queen's favorite, which is sung by the band to castanets. It flies into one's heels like mercury.

From the New York Star.

IL MALEDETTO.—It would be curious to enquire how many novels, romances, tragedies, comedies, melo-dramas and poems have been written, the scene of which has been laid in the "Sea Cybelen." Painters and engravers have made us familiar with 'every point of vantage,' from the fine old barbaric pomp of the Ducal Palace, to the last grace and perfection of Palladio. As to the Piazza di San Marco, the Rialto, and the Bridge of Sighs, they are familiar as Broadway; and as to gondolas and guitars, and the maskings of Carnival time, there is not a point concerning such like pleasant subjects, upon which a well informed home-dweller could not give, rather than receive information. So be it. Venice is the chosen home for romance and imagination, and under the hand of a master, the subject is so far from being exhausted, that there is yet room for much to be sung and told about this place of enchantment and mystery. The brilliant excursions of fancy—the rich and vehement dialogues—the picturesque display of scene and incident, and the grand and terrific passages with which "Il Maledetto" abounds, are sufficient evidence that the late accomplished authoress was possessed of all those finer feelings—that deep tone of moral sensibility,—the tact of picturing forth events with wonderful truth and force, and all the other elements which are the exclusive property of genius, and which are necessary to give a composition of this nature that original and unborrowed air, that alone can command success. "Il Maledetto" is full of the authoress's well known peculiarities; but it is rather the more than the less acceptable on that very account, to those who have often marvelled and sometimes wept at her bidding. We are not ashamed to confess that the drama under discussion caused us to do both. The truth is, that all great men are vulnerable in some point. Achilles was so in the heel—why then may not so lofty a personage as a theatrical critic own a little weakness in the eye? We have an eye (we speak collectively, because, in point of fact, we have two,) which can look on unmoved and unmoistened at what are called the deepest tragedies. The rude unbinding finger of the tragic muse may poke it out, but cannot so play upon our delicate organ as to produce the semblance of a tear—while in those dramas of a more domestic cast, a word, a look, a single act of generosity, a single sentiment of true benevolence, or honest affection, be it filial, paternal, or amatory, will in an instant cause us to bubble, if not to squeak.

Being somewhat beyond the usual time with this notice, we shall not enter into any lengthened detail of the plot, as an analysis has been given in several other papers, and the play is nightly becoming more known to the town. Suffice it to say that the authoress has exhibited throughout such force of nature, such knowledge of the human heart—and painted so vividly the light and shade of passion, that we know of no performance of native growth that can be named with it. The incident she had to imagine on which to raise the superstructure of this interesting drama, required her to triumph over serious difficulties; every sort of obstacle which can beset an dramatist was to be encountered, and bold indeed must she have been to have dared to grapple therewith—and yet, all that imagination, feeling, philosophy and poetry could bind together by a strength almost incredible, is here glowing from the hand of the authoress; and while we are rapt and almost carried off our feet by the whirlwind of passion of the scene, we find ourselves wondering at the marvellous ingenuity that could have accomplished so much.

Fiora, the Dodge's wife, is an exquisitely well drawn character; her impassioned love for "Il Maledetto," and her despair and anguish at his condemnation, place her among the few natural heroines of the latter days of the drama. From the moment she discovers her lover—whom she had previously sacrificed for rank and title, she feels no life, fears no death and hopes for no futurity but in and with him. Her very crimes assume a dignity bordering on the sublime—and there is something so awfully grand in her resentment that at the very time she meditates the murder of her husband, she almost carries the sympathies of the audience with her. Mrs. Shaw, as Fiora, is the most beautiful personification of a heroine we ever beheld! So vivid and intense is the operation of passion throughout every part of her frame, during this admirable performance, and so skillfully does she avail herself of the astonishingly varied power of her noble and unrivalled voice, that the very air about her seems to receive a stir and impulse from her acting, and, as it were, to ferment and boil. Her speechless indignation, on finding herself spurned, before the whole council of ten, by the husband whose honor she came there to defend, is almost agonizing to witness; and when entreated by "Bianca" to bear her sorrows with patience, the tumultuous rush of passion she pours fourth, in delivering the following lines, is among the most successful efforts of the art.—

"Patient! am I not patient? I have been
Taunted as a liar,—The brand of wanton
Is burning on my brow! The public day
Has seen my suit denied, myself reviled,
And yet I live and bear it! Patient! patient!"

Henceforth, her air, her gestures, her face, her voice, and the color and complexion of her enthusiastic mind, which shines through all these, mark her out as one chosen and privileged to do nature's loftiest biddings. She treads the stage as if she felt herself to be a denizen of some other sphere, and she seems to experience but two emotions, hatred and revenge. At least all others seem to be but modifications of these, and these two proceed from different movements of but one passion—that of love. She is indeed the chosen and devoted priestess of love's temple. She weeps or smiles in her eyes, plays or droops about her mouth, grieves or rejoices or triumphs in the tones of her voice, moves in every movement of her form. She seems unable to think, or feel, or exist, but by and through him; and those thoughts and feelings, and that existence, are eventually offered up as willing sacrifices at his shrine.

The play of "Il Maledetto" has, of course, many faults; but they all belong to genius, and when we consider that it was written before the authoress had reached her nineteenth year, the wonder is not that she should occasionally have failed in judgment, as regards the harmonies of compositior, but that she should have possessed all that robust and passionate strength which seems needful to awaken the boxes and bring thunder from above. Take, for instance, the following specimens:—

Fiora. I was where
No sun—no light—no air might enter in,
And where the all of life was rottenness!
Destiny and Death were monarchs of the soil;
And o'er it reigned the empire of the grave.
Darkness and reeking blood—curses and groans
Commingled—made the hot atmosphere, while
Blasphemous howls and horrid laughter filled
The air with demon music. There the past
The present and the future were as one. Time
Was one universal tomb, o'er which the Fates
Sat smiling to behold all nature rushing.
There came the haughty ruler—*there* the warrior
Dropped his ensanguined sword. Beauty *there*
Pillowed her rosy cheek. Th' anointed king
There found a crown of dust. The good, the ill,
Tyrant and victim side by side were there.
Death was the mighty victor! Lord of all!

Alberto. Did'st not fear?

Fiora. Fear? *I was born in Switzerland!*
Yet I was awed, and would have turned away,
But as they passed, the phantoms whispered "come?"
Their stony eyes glared on me motionless;
And their blue, ghastly lips were fixed as death—
Yet they said 'Come Fiora?' I strove to fly,
But my feet followed them without my will:
And from the yawning charnel came a voice,
'Room for Fiora!' Oh God! 'twas horrible."

"Alberto" alias "Il Maledetto" is a compound of good and evil; but in the hour of trial the former prevails, and comes out in a grandeur equally natural & overpowering. Witness his stern rebuke to Fiora, when on the very eve of execution; she entreats him to take his safety from her hands:

"Take life from you, and have it deeply stain'd
With blood! my blood! the blood that gave me mine,
Shed in the hour of faith and love! Not if life
Could be immortal in its happiness!"

This character, however, to render it as effective as it is susceptible of being made, should have been personated by Mr. Hamblin; the present incumbent being altogether unsuited to the part, as his legitimate sphere is comedy. We trust the worthy and talented manager will take this friendly hint into consideration, because *Alberto* is a part which should not be trifled with; and as the piece must have a long run, Mr. Hamblin will have an opportunity of doing himself a service, and the public a great favor by supplying the deficiency as speedily as convenient. The Doge, a man of gravity and stricken in years, is represented with great judgment and propriety by Mr. Barry; and the remaining characters are all respectably filled, and leave but little to desire.

False Pride.

It has always been a matter of regret with me, that false pride could not be made, like theft; a criminal offence. It is the partner of about as many crimes as any other vice—for such I hold it to be—at least some descriptions of it. It is much to be pitied, and generally leads to impropriety. How many honest men have been made scoundrels by the false pride of a foolish wife, and extravagant family? It is a compound of ignorance, exception and envy, and the world is full of it. So long as it operates upon individuals alone, it is a matter of trifling consideration; but strange as it may appear, its influence strikes at the very root of a virtuous and flourishing community.

Does the successful merchant make his son a mechanic? Very seldom. Does the professional man make his son a mechanic?—More seldom still. But does not the more fortunate mechanic make his son the guardian of cloths and calicoes? Why is this? Is the yard stick more honorable than the jackplane?—the goose quill more dignified than the type? But unfortunately, the absurdity runs farther! Look back thirty or fifty years, and behold the barefooted adventurer at the present time rolling in wealth or spending his annual income of some three thousand dollars per annum in manufacturing ladies of his daughters!—Does he teach them the usual rudiments of housewifery?—Very rarely. Is it because the healthful exercise of domestic duties is disgraceful? Oh no! False pride says "it is ungenteel for ladies to work"—as it would tarnish the fair hands and fingers that bring such sweet sounds from the Piano, to dust the glorious instrument itself.

How extremely ridiculous is this illegitimate pride! Thousands of daughters, whose mothers have been raised in a kitchen, and their fathers in a horse stable, would feel insulted if asked if they had ever made a loaf of bread, or washed out a pocket handkerchief!—They would more likely prat about "good society," "mixed company," and the dignity of their ancestors! A few years more roll round, and the thrifty and imprudent parent dies, and then comes the scramble often to 12 divisions of his hard earned estate. How small does a large fortune appear when apportioned to numerous heirs. The daughters must marry gentlemen, for pride dictates it; and gentlemen, of course, must squander their patrimony, And what has the parent bequeathed to society and his country? Children raised in idleness, without the stimulant to add one iota to the general substantial prosperity of the community.

Can there be a doubt but honest labor is becoming more and more stigmatized? A grovelling imitation from the cellar to the garret a spirit of extravagance in all classes, to indulge in which the most unprincipled means are resorted to! Let it proceed with the same rapid march that it has commenced, and it will be a stigma to name your