The Cambridge Chronicle.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JAMES M. JONES.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT; LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMS'T AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

TERMS $2 50 PER ANNUM
OR $2, IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 10. CAMBRIDGE, Md.—SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 26, 1847. NUMBER 25.

Farm for Sale.

The subscriber will offer at public sale, on a reasonable credit at the Court House door in Cambridge, on *Monday the 22nd. March, inst.* if not previously dispose of, the Farm in Transquakin, between the lands of Dr. William H. Muse, and Dr. Phelps, containing 345 acres —230 of which, is in cultivation, and 85 in valuable timber.

This Farm, from its variety of soil—possessing a clayey loam, and a silicious loam, and intermediate grades, is adapted to a variety of crops; and the infallible prospect of a future growing, and permanent demand for our Breadstuffs—especially, Indian Corn, in foreign markets, offers a strong incentive to agricultural energy and enterprise, which, for many years have been parallyzed. Endless resources of manure are presented on this Farm to make it a rich investment, by a moderate share of skill and attention. It has a neat small and nearly new dwelling house, two rooms on each floor; also two corn houses, one of them lately built and in the best manner, and will hold 3000 bushels;—the other 2000.

A well of pure, soft water is directly at the door and many fine springs, elsewhere on the land. JOSEPH E. MUSE.

March 6, 1847.—tds

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of two writs of Venditioni Exponas issued by Robert Bell Esq. a Justice of the Peace in and for Dorchester county and to the sheriff directed, one at the suit of Perry Flowers against Henry D. Lucas and Ryley Tylor, one at the suit of Thomas Griffith administrator of William *R.* Perry against Riley Tylor, I have seized and taken into execution the following property of Riley Tylor to wit:—all that piece or parcel of land lying and being in District No. 2, of Dorchester county called and known by the name of the "New Landing" containing ten acres; and I hereby give notice that on

Friday the 26th Instant

between the hours of 10 & 2 o'clock at Daniel Cannons store, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash all said Tylor's right, title and claim of, in and to the above named property, so seized and taken into execution to satisfy said writs and costs due and to become due, also for county charges and State tax &c.

JAMES E. DOUGLASS,
March 6, 1847.—tds.

LATE SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas, issued out of Dorchester County Court and to me directed at the suit of William Rea adm'r. of Henry Page against the lands and tenements of William and Joseph Stanley, I have heretofore seized and taken into execution the following property to wit:—a piece or parcel of land called "Lady Day," containing 50 acres more or less, and I hereby give notice that on

Monday the 29th Instant

at the Court House door in Cambridge, between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock, I will offer at public auction to the highest bidder for cash all the said Stanleys' right, title and claim at law and in equity, to the property so seized and taken into execution to satisfy the said writ of venditioni exponas and cost due and to become due, and also for officers fees.

WILLIAM. B. DAIL,
March 6, 1847 —tds Late Shff. & Col.

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, 21st February 1847.

On application of Thomas J. Bell Executor of Arthur Bell late of Dorchester County deceased—it is ordered that he give notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each of three successive weeks in the Cambridge Chronicle a paper selected by him.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester county Orphans' Court I have hereunto set my name and the seal of my office affixed this 21st day of February in the year of our Lord. 1847.

L.S.

THOMAS H. HICKS,
Register of Wills Dor. Co.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice that the subscriber of Dorchester county hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Dorchester county in Md. letters Testamentary on the personal estate of Arthur Bell late of Dorchester County dec'd.—All persons having claims against the said dec'd are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of Aug. next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said dec'd's estate.

Given under my hand and seal this 21st day of February 1847.

THOMAS I. DAIL, Executor
March 6, 1847.—3w of Arthur Bell, dec'd

TEACHER WANTED—To take charge of the Primary School in Backwater. To one who can come well recommended for steady habits, attention to busines, and a knowledge of the higher branches of English education; a liberal salary will be given. Apply to LEVIN MOWBRAY,
Feb. 27. tf near Cambridge

Poetical.

GOOD BYE.

Farewell! Farewell! has a lonely sound,
It always brings a sigh;
But give to me, when loved ones part,
That sweet old word—GOOD BYE.

Farewell—farewell—may do for the gay,
When fashion's throng is nigh;
But give to me that better word,
Which comes from the heart—good-bye.

Farewell—farewell—'tis often heard
With a tear and perhaps with a sigh;
But the heart feels most when the lips move not,
And the eyes speak the gentle good-bye.

Farewell—farewell—'tis' seldom heard
When the tear's in the mother's eye;
Adieu—adieu—she speak's it not—
But, my child—good-bye—good-bye.

"Oh! that a little Cot were Mine!"

BY ROBERT F. GREELY.

Oh! that a little cot were mine,
Far down some gentle vale,
Where golden sunbeams ever shine,
And softly blows the gale.
No idle strife should break the spell
About us presences thrown—
But peace and love should ever dwell
Within its shades, alone!

A streamlet should meander by
My humble cottage door,
Whose snow-white walls with many a vine
And shrub should be run o'er;
And there should be a little grot,
Half hidden from the view
By clust'ring leaves, and fragrant shrubs,
And flowers of every hue!

And, when the sun too brightly shone,
I'd seek its quiet shade,
To listen to the birds blithe song—
The music of the glade
Or when, at eve, the crystal moon
Streamed down o'er bed and bower,
I'd take my lute, and with a song
Beguile the passing hour.

With one beloved and cherished form
To share my heart's deep bliss,
I'd dwell contentedly, nor long
For greater happiness;
And when "Old Father Death" should come,
To summon us away,
Together we would droop, and die—
Like flowers at close of day!

Miscellaneous.

THE WIFE'S DESPERATION.

Permit me to give your readers a brief chapter of unwritten history, which will no doubt prove interesting to them, and for the truth of which you are at liberty to vouch in my behalf.

I became acquainted, some ten years back, with a young gentleman of superior talents and most prepossessing manners, who had resided for a number years in Washington City, as a clerk in one of the public departments. He was unfortunately, a wine drinker; and had on two or three occasions, well nigh sacrificed his office to his appetite for the poisoned cup. He had a lovely wife and two beautiful children; but the demon of intemperance had chilled with its mildew breath, the kind affections of his nature, and those, too, he was willing to offer up to his accursed idol.

Day after day did this suffering wife implore him to renounce the destroyer of her domestic happiness, reminding him of his poor suffering children, of his own reputation, of the happy home and friend she had forsaken for him; but all to no purpose. He would leave her in the morning in and return at midnight to find her cold and shivering at the door, watching for a drunken husband.—Often have I accompanied that stricken wife through the streets of Washington, at 12 o'clock at night searching from den to den, for the father of her helpless babes.

Despair at length seized upon her. Her children were fatherless, for their father was a drunkard! Her friends were far, far away, and knew nothing of her wo. Her early joys and pleasures, and even her happy hours with an adored husband—her first, her only love—all came bright and vivid to her mind, but to complete her present agony. Hope fled; but woman's nature still remained. She would make one effort more, and if that failed, then welcome the grave.

It was a cold morning in December. The mother sprang from her couch, upon which the drunkard had rolled about two hours before. She approached the bed on which reposed the only objects that bound here to life, and gently bending over their sleeping forms, she bestowed on each a mother's kiss. She then left the room, and in a few minutes returned, with a cup in her hand filled with a dark colored fluid. Approaching the bed where the drunkard was sleeping off the fumes of the last night' debauch, she gently touched him with her hand, and perceiving that he was awake she mildly asked him to get up and dress himself. He muttered forth some inherent curses, but observing in his wife's countenance an unusual expression of determined resolve, he compelled with her request.

"Henry," said she, "for seven years you have been a drunkard—I have loved you with all the fervor of a woman's devotion—I have suffered and hoped—but hope has fled, and my sufferings must end. This hour shall terminate them, and with them my unhappy existence. Will you take the Bible and before high Heaven swear you will never taste liquor from this moment! If not, this cup will make you wifeless—those innocent babes motherless!"

She spoke with firmness. Her tones faltered not and the drunkard became alarmed.

"Speak quick," said she, "else my children will witness their mothers death struggle."

The drunkard felt that no time was to be lost.—He answered—perhaps he was sincere, pernaps he wished to gain time—yet, he answered.

"I will; bring me the Bible."

The poor wife in frantic joy, sprng from his side, and almost flinging the cup to the table left the room. In an instant she returned with the holy book; but that instant was long enough for the husband to fly to the cup, dash its contents in the fire-place; and refill it with coffee, which her affectionate care had placed within his reach on the previous night. She found him standing at the table, with the cup in his hand.

"Ellen," said he, "you say you will drink this cup of laudanum if I refuse to swear. I will take no such childish oath; but I will save you the trouble of drinking this, for I shall take it myself." As he finished the sentence he swallowed the contents of the cup.

A shriek followed, and Ellen, the distracted wife, the agonised mother, fell speechles and cold on the floor. Now it was that the wretched man realised his unhappy condition. Now, for the first time in seven long years, did he fell that he had a wife. But alas! reflection came too late—his wife was streched before him, and apparently lifeless, and the thought occurred to him that he was her murderer! He rushed forth from the horrible scene, and instinct rather than reason directed him to the nearest physician. Aid was soon at hand—the poor victim of his vice and folly was laid upon her couch, and, in a few days, was able to hear the grateful intelligence that her husband was living and had resolved to be a reformed man

Years have since rolled by. Henry and Ellen moved to a western state, where they now live, surrounded by happiness, contentment and affluence. Never, from that morning has the poison passed his lips. His talents and deportment have raised him to an eminent distinction in the legal profession, and his undying hate towards the demon that clouded the morning of his life has placed him in the Worthy Patriarch's chair of the Sons of Temperance.

BATTLE,
BETWEEN THE TEXAN RANGERS AND CAMANCHES.

On one of those extensive Prairies, lying west of the San Anton river, about noon, on one of those hot, and sultry days, so peculiar to that portion of the South West, a company of Rangers, fifteen in number, under the command of one who was already distinguished for his coolness and courage in the most trying moments, were riding slowly along. Both horses and riders showed symptoms of fatigue.

From an early hour that day, they had been traversing that wide expanse of fertile soil, covered with the rich sweet musket grass, on which droves of Deer and Mustangs were feeding under the burning rays of the sun, that must be felt there to be appreciated.

Wearied and worn, and almost choked with thirst, this little troop urged their weary horses onward to the strip of timber that was just seen looming in the distance ahead, and which experience told them skirted some stream of water where they could rest and refresh themselves in the shade.

For the past hour scarcely a word had been spoken; all had ridden on in silence, following the trial of their leader.

As they rode onward no signs of human life met their sight, but all seemed still and tranquil as the first day the sun ever shown on that land.

As the company neared the timber, the quick and eager glances their leader cast around him, would have shown to an experienced eye, that, notwithstanding his apparent indifference and carelessness, he was not neglecting the precautions necessary to be used in approaching a place that might, and so often did in that country conceal an enemy.

The troop had advanced to within half a mile of the spot toward which they were riding without meeting with any thing to arouse them from their dull and listless apathy, or seeing any thing to relieve the monotony of the scene around them, when the captain suddenly rising in his stirups and curbing in his horse, shouted, Halt! boys, halt.

In an instant every form straightened up, and every eye shone with animation at the sound of that voice which had so suddenly broken the general stillness.

After another long and piercing gaze, their leader turned to the troop that had closed around him, and said, "boys look out, there are Indian about!" And even as he spoke a body of dark horsemen rode out of the timber and formed themselves in line for battle—the body of Indians, which at first was small, received accessions to its number until fifty Camanche warriors appeared armed and painted for the fight; after they had collected together, Hays, (for it was indeed he) turned to his men and as he noted the flashing eyes and quick heavings of the manly breasts around him, he inquired, "boys shall we fight or run?" "Fight!" burst forth simultaneously from every lip. A proud smile lit up countenance, and 'look to your arms for we shall have hot work,' was the only reply he made.

A tightning of girth and a fresh priming of rifles and postols that had never yet failed the hands that held them in the hour of need, was the only preparation that was necessary.

After this order had been attended to, and all were again mounted. Hays putting himself at their head, and uttering the words 'come on boys," the troop was once more in motion.

The Indians, confident in their superior numbers, with lances in rest, and bent bows, awaited the onsent.

In a slow trot the Rangers came on, not an eyelid trimbled, nor a nerve quivered in that gallant band; well they knew that conquer they must or death awaited them; no help was nigh, and upon each one's own good arm, depended the blows that was to decide the fate of that day.

The soft rich grass deadened the sound of the horses hoofs, and not a word or murmur was heard but with compressed lip and kindling eye, each Ranger bestrode his horse like a Knight of old; thus they rode until they came within a hundred yards of the enemy.

Then it was the voice of Hays, clear and trumpet toned, sounded the charge "on them boys." Right well and nobly was that charge made; throwing aside their rifles, pistol in hand they put spurs to their horses, and with shout and whoop, and wild hurrah, they came like a whirlwind in its wrath: they swept on and over and through the Indian line the crash of horse, the savage war whoop, and the sharp ringing report of the pistol for the moment drowned all other sounds.

Wheeling again as best they could, again they charged upon the discomfitted foe.—Then came the tug of war, hand to hand, and foot to foot, they fought, the quick glancing of knives as they flashed and glittered in the sunbeams; and the writhing of the combatants as they struggled, showed how deadly was the strife; and as the hot blood gushed forth from some bleeding victim, the shout of the victor, and the groan of the vanquished mingled together.

Where the fight raged hottest, there Hays was always seen, and his manly voice urged his men to greater strife, "boys strike home, no time for second blows," was the only order he gave in that wild melee.

The indomitable courage and superior weapons of the Rangers at length succeeded, and the remnant of that broken band of warriors, sought safety in flight, leaving upwards of thirty of their number on the field of strife—nor did the brave Texans escape unscathed, not a man among them but was bleeding from his many wounds, and two of their number was already stiffening in death.

The remainder of the gallant band, have since then distinguished themselves in many a well fought field, and even yet, Hays, Walker, McCullough, Gillespie, Cook and Gray, are known and spoken of with dread by the Camanches, as the men in the Prairie fight of the San Anton, defeated their best and bravest warriors.

A LOVELY BRIDE.

I was spending an hour, not long since, in turning the pages of a pleasant miscellany, in the course of which my eye fell upon the following rare, but beautiful and touching incident, in the history of one who that day was to become a bride.

A party of lively and interested cousins and friends had early assembled at the bridal mansion for the purpose of decorating the bridal room, where the marriage ceremony was to be performed. At length this pleasant duty being accomplished, they retired, happy in contributing to the joy of an occasion which, while it would take from them one whom they loved, would unite that one to the object of her highest regard. The room was beautifully decorated with rich and variegated bouquet, and on a centre table lay the gaily adorned bride's loaf, an object of great importance.

I said all had retired from the lovely spot; but there was one of the cousins, who, a short time after, stole gently back to look once more at the varied beauty of the scene, and to indulge by herself the hopes and anticipations of an affectionate heart, for the future happiness of her friend. She gently opened the door, and was about entering, when she noticed the sofa was wheeled round to the precise spot where, that evening, the happy pair were to rise and exchange their solemn vows; and there the lovely bride was kneeling, so absorbed in her own thoughts the intrusion of her friend was unnoticed. That friend stood for a moment, gazing in holy admiration at the scene; she longed gently to approach and kneel by her side, but the occasion was too sacred to admit of social union, and she retired.

And what so solemn and absorbing was occupying the thoughts of this happy being?—Was it the anticipations of worldly felicity that had brought her there? Looking round upon the beauty and gayety of the room, where in a few hours she would give her hand to him whom she preferred to all others on earth, had she, in the wildness and excess of her own emotions, fallen into a reverie? Nothing of the kind. Delighted she might be, and justly was; but she had one duty to perform; a high the object of her early affections. There, in that spot where she would soon stand, and surrender her earthly all to her husband, she would first consecrate herself to the Lord.—The prior consecration was due to him. On that alter she wished to offer an earlier and holier incense; on that spot to make a record of the prior deed, which she had given of herself, to her superior Lord.

I know not of an earthly scene more lovely, or of an immortal being in similar circumstances, in an attitude more becoming. And I am sure, that if her intended husband had himself the love of God reighning in his heart, and could he have seen her there, whatever he might have thought of her before, his love would have said—not perhaps with perfect truth, for others, it is to be hoped, have done so before her—but he might be forgiven, if, in his ordour and admiration, he had exclaimed, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

What a beautiful example for the imitation of those who are about to be led to the hymeneal altar! Most beautiful, most becoming! I know not the subsequent history of that "lovely bride," but I am certain she never repented of that act of self-dedication to God. She may not, indeed, have escaped sorrow and affliction, but if they were her lot, I know that God would remember the kindness of her youth. He would not forsake her. She might hury her husband, children, friends; she might suffer sickness and poverty; but in no hour would her Heavenly Father forsake her; he would guide her by his counsel and afterwards receive her to glory. Youthful females! would you lay the foundation of future peace—provide against the reverses of fortune, would you have a friend and protector through this world of vicissitude, would you have consolation in the darkest night of adversity which may set in upon you; imitate the example of a "lovely bride."—*Magazine Gazette.*

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE

On writing this word, we feel our breast flutering beneath a clogging weight of fear, just as it did—we care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange and a beautiful thing, first innocent love. There is that in female beauty which it is pleasure merely to gaze upon, but beware of looking to long. The lustrous black pupil contrasting with the pearly white of the eye and the carnated skin—the clear, placid blue, into which you see down, down to the very soul—the deep hazel, dazzling as a sunlight stream, seen thro' an opening in its willow banks, all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety-nine times, but at the hundredth, you are a gone man.—On a sudden the eye strikes you as deeper and brighter than ever, or you fancy that a long look is stolen at you beneath a drooping eyelid, and that there is a slight flush on the cheek, and at once you are in love—Then you spend the mornings in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the door bell, your knees tremble, and your breast feels compressed, and when admitted you sit and say nothing, determined to tell your story the next time. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional daring of kissing a flower, with which she presents you, perhaps in the wild intoxication of love wafting it towards her; or, in an affectioeate of the Quixotic style, kneeling with mock heroic emphasis, to kiss her hand in pretended jest, and the next time you meet, both as reserved and stately as ever. Till, at last, on an unnoticeable day, when you, quite unawares find her hand in yours, a yielding shudder crosses her, and you know not how, she is in your arms, and you press upon her lips, delayed but not withheld—

"A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love,'

There was formerly at the corner of Broadway and Bleecker street N. Y., a house, the upper part of which was used as a church, and the lower part as a grog shop. Some wag wrote the following on the door.

'There's a spirit above
And a spirit below—
A spirit of joy
And a spirit of woe;
And the spirit above
Is a spirit divine,
But the spirit below
Is the spirit of wine.'

Convisart, a French physician of some celebrity, during the latter portion of the last century, was once lamenting the premature death of Dr. Baker, 'It was not at all for want of medical aid that he died,' said he, 'for in the last days of his illness, we, Halle, Porter and myself, did not quit him for an instant.' 'Alas!' interrupted the Abbe Seyes, 'what could he do against three of you?'

The promises of the Bible, like the beams of the sun, shine as freely in at the windows of the poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace.

'Bill, what brought you to prison?' 'A couple of constables, sir.' 'And had *liquor* anything to do with it?' 'Oh, yes—they were both awful drunk.'

'I never complained of my condition,' said the Persian poet Sadi, but once when my feet were bare, and I had not the money to buy the shoes; but I met a man without feet, and be-