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The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor.

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TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, and where the number of insertions is not limited, they will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, 10th June, 1845.

ON application of Jacob Wilson Executor of William H. Akers, late of Dorchester County, dec'd.—it is ordered, that he give the 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 week for the space 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 seal of my office affixed this 10th day of June in the year of our Lord 1845.

L.S.

THOMAS H. HICKS,
Register of Wills, Dorchester 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 Marylang, letters Testamentary on the personal estate of William H. Akers late of Dorchester County deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers on or before the 10th day of December next, they may otherwize by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate

Given under my hand and seal this 10th day of June 1845.

JACOB WILSON, Exct'r.
of William H. Akers, dec'd.

June 14, 1845. 3w

Dorchester County Orphan's Court, 10th June 1845.

ON application of Jacob Wilson Administrator of Algernon Wheatley late of Dorchester County, dec'd. it is ordered, that he give the 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 week for the space 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 seal of my office affiixed, this 10th day of June in the year of our Lord, 1845.

L.S.

THOMAS H. HICKS,
Register of Wills, Dorchester 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 Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Algernon Wheatley late of Dorchester County deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 10th day of December next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand and seal this 10th day of June 1845. JACOB WILSON, adm'r.
of Algernon Wheatley, dec'd.

June 14 1845. 3w

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, 10th June 1845.

ON application of James P. Russell Administrator of Daniel Layton, late of Dorchester County, dec'd., it is ordered, that he give the 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 week for the space 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 Orphan's Court I have hereunto set my name and seal of my office affixed, this 10th day of June in the

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THOMAS H. HICKS,
Register of Wills, Dorchester 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 Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Daniel Layton late of Dorchester County deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 10th day of December next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand and seal this 10th day of June 1845. JAMES P. RUSSELL, adm'r.
of Daniel Layton dec'd.

June 14 1945. 3w

IN CHANCERY, 29th May 1845.

ORDERED that the sale of the property in the cause of John R. Scott and others against Arthur Rich and others made and reported by the Trustee, James A. Stewart, be ratified and confirmed unless cause be shewn to the contrary on or before the 9th day of August next, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper in Dorchester county once in each of three successive weeks before the 9th day of July next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $1176,00.

True copy.

Test, LOUIS GASSAWAY,
June 14, 1845. 3sw Reg. Cur. Can.

IN CHANCERY
MAY 29th 1845.

ORDERED, that the sale of the property in the cause of Henry Page against William I. Davis and others, made and reported by the Trustee James A. Stewart, be ratified and confirmed unless cause be shewn to the contrary, on or before the 9th day of August next, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper in Dorchester County once in each of three successive weeks before the 9th day of July next.

The Report States the amount of sales to be $751,00.

True copy Test,
LOUIS GASSAWAY, Reg. Cur. Can.
June 14 '45. 3w

JOVINIAN.

THE PROUD EMPEROR.

☞The following Story is from Tales of the "Gesta Romanorum,"—the Tenth volume of Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. It is very celebrated both for its truthfulness, and permanent beauty.

In the days of old, when the empire of the world, was in the hands of the lord of Rome, Jovinian was Emperor. Oft as he lay on his couch, and mused upon his power and his wealth, his heart was elated beyond measure, and he said within himself, "Verily, there is no other god than me."

It happened one morning after he had thus said unto himself, that the Emperor arose, and summoning his huntsmen and his friends, hastened to chase the wild deer of the forest. The chase was long and swift, and the sun was high in the Heavens, when Jovinian reined up his horse on the bank of a clear bright stream that ran through the fertile country on which his palace stood. Allured by the refreshing appearance of the stream, he bade his attendants abide still, whilst he sought a secluded pool beneath some willows where he might bathe unseen.

The Emperor hastened to the pool, cast off his garments, and reveled in the refreshing coolness of the waters. But whilst he thus bathed, a person like to him in form in feature and in voice, approached the river's bank, arrayed himself unperceived in the imperial garments, and then sprang on Jovinian's horse, and rode to meet the huntsmen, who, deceived by the likeness and the dress, obeyed his commands, and followed their new Emperor to the palace-gates,

Jovinian at length quitted the water, and sought in every direction for his apparel and his horse, but could not find them. He called aloud upon his attendants, but they heard him not, being already in attendance on the false Emperor. And Jovinian regarded his nakedness and said, "Miserable man that I am? to what a state am I reduced! Whither shall I go? Who will receive me in this plight? I bethink me there is a knight hereabout whom I have advanced to great honor; I will seek him, and with his assistance regain my palace, and punish the person who has done me this wrong."

Naked and ashamed, Jovinian sought the gate of the knight's castle, and knocked loudly at the wicket.

"Who art thou, and what dost thou seek?', asked the porter, without unclosing the gate.

"Open, open, sirrah!" replied the Emperor, with redoubled knocks on the wicket.

"In the name of wonder, friend, who art thou?" said the old porter as he opened the gate, and saw the strange figure of the Emperor before the threshold.

"Who am I, askest thou, sirrah? I am thy Emperor. Go tell thy master, Jovinian is at his gate, and bid him bring forth a horse and some garments, to supply those that I have been deprived of."

"Rascal," rejoined the porter—"thou the Emperor! Why the Emperor but just now rode up to the castle, with all his attendants, and honored my master by sitting with him at meat in the great hall. Thou the Emperor! a very pretty Emperor indeed; faugh, I'll tell my master what you say, and he will soon find out whether you are mad, drunk, or a thief."

The porter, greatly enraged, went and told his lord how that a naked fellow stood at the gate, calling himself the Emperor, and demanding clothes and a good steed.

"Bring the fellow in," said the knight.

"So they brought in Jovinian, and he stood before the lord of the castle, and again declared himself to be the Emperor Jovinian. Loud laughed the knight to the emperor.

"What, thou my lord the Emperor? art mad, good fellow? Come, give him my old cloak, it will keep him from the flies."

"Yes, sir knight," replied Jovinian, "I am the Emperor, who advanced thee to great honor and wealth, and will shortly punish thee for thy present conduct."

"Scoundrel!" said the knight, now enraged beyond all bounds, "traitor! thou the Emperor; ay, of beggars and fools. Why did not my lord but lately sit with me in my hall; and taste of my poor cheer? and did he not bid me ride with him to his palace gate, whence I am now returned? Fool, I pitied thee before, now I see thy villainy. Go, turn the fellow out, and flog him from the castle ditch to the river-side."

And the people did as the knight commanded them. So when they ceased from flogging the Emperor, he set himself down on the grass and covered him with the tattered robe, and communed on his own wretchedness.

"Oh, my God!" said Jovinian,—for he now thought of other gods but himself,—"is it possible that I have come to such a state of misery, and that through the ingratitude of one whom I have raised so high!"—And as he thus spoke, he thought not of his own ingratitude to his God, through whom alone all princes reign and live. And now he brooded over vengeance—"Ay," said he, as he felt the sore welts on his back from the scourging: "ay, I will be avenged. When he next sees me, he shall know that he who gives can also take away. Come, I will seek the good duke, my ablest counsellor; he will know his good sovereign, and gladly aid him in his calamity." And with these thoughts he wrapped his cloak round him, and sought the house of the good duke.

Jovinian knocked at the gate of the duke's palace, and the porter opened the wicket, and seeing a half-naked man, asked him why he knocked, and who he was.

"Friend," replied the Emperor, "I am Jovinian.—I have been robbed of my clothes whilst bathing, and am now with no apparel, save this ragged cloak, and no horse; so tell the duke the Emperor is here."

The porter, more and more astonished at the Emperor's words, sought his master, and delivered Jovinian's message to him.

"Bring in the poor man," said the duke; "peradventure he is mad."

So they brought Jovinian into the duke's great hall, and the duke looked on him, but knew him not. And when Jovinian reiterated his story, and spoke angrily unto the Duke, he pitied him. "Poor mad fellow," said the Duke, "I have just now returned from the palace, where I left the very Emperor thou assumest to be. Take him to the guard-house, perhaps a few days' close confinement on bread and water may cool his heated brain. Go, poor fellow; I pity thee!"

So the servants did as their lord commanded, and they fed Jovinian on bread and water, and after a time turned him out of the castle; for he still said he was the Emperor.

Sorely and bitterly did the Emperor weep and bewail his miserable fate, when the servants drove him from the castle gate. "Alas, alas!" he exclaimed in his misery, "what shall I do, and whither shall I resort? Even the good Duke knew me not, but regarded me as a poor madman. Come, I will seek my own palace, and discover my self to my wife. Surely she will know me at least."

"Who art thou, poor man?" asked the King's porter of him when he stood before the palace gate, and would have entered in.

"Thou oughtest to know me," replied Jovinian, "seeing thou hast served me these fifteen years."

"Served you, you dirty fellow, rejoined the porter. "I serve the Emperor. Serve you, indeed!"

"I am the Emperor. Dost thou not know me?—Come, my good fellow, seek the Empress, and bid her, by the sign of the three moles on the Emperor's breast, send me hither the imperial robes, which some fellow stole whilst I was bathing."

"Ha ha! fellow; well, you are royally mad. Why the Emperor is at dinner with his wife. Well, well, I'll do thy bidding, if it be but to have the whipping of thee afterwards for an impudent madman. Three moles on the Emperor's breast! how royally thou shalt be beaten, my friend."

When the porter told the Empress what the poor madman at the gate had said, she held down her head, and said with a sorrowful voice unto her lord, "My good lord and king, here is a fellow at the palace-gate that hath sent unto me, and bids me, by those secret signs known only to thou and me, to send him the imperial robes, and welcome him as my husband and my sovereign."

When the fictitious Emperor heard this, he bade the attendants bring in Jovinian. And lo, as he entered the hall, the great wolf hound, that had slept at his feet for years, sprang from his lair, and would have pulled him down, had not the attendants prevented him; whilst the falcon, that had sat on his wrist in many a fair day's hawking, broke her jesses, and flew out of the hall: so changed was Jovinian the Emperor.

"Nobles and friends," said the new Emperor, "hear ye what I will ask of this man."

And the nobles bowed assent, whilst the Emperor asked of Jovinian his name, and his business with the Empress.

"Askest thou me who I am, and wherefore I am come?" rejoined Jovinian. "Am not I thy Emperor, and the lord of this house and this realm?"

"These our nobles shall decide," replied the King. "Tell me now, which of us twain is your Emperor?

And the nobles answered with one accord. "Thou dost trifle with us, sire. Can we doubt that thou art our Emperor, whom we have known from his child hood? As for this base fellow, we know not who he is."

And with one accord the people cried out against Jovinian that he should be punished.

On this the usurper turned to the Empress of Jovinian—"Tell me," said he, "on thy true faith, knowest thou this man who calls himself Emperor of this realm?"

And the Empress answered, "Good my lord, have not thirty years passed since I first knew thee, and became the mother of our children? Why askest thou me of this fellow! and yet it doth surprise me how he should know what none save you and I can know?"

Then the usurper turned to Jovinian, and with a harsh countenance rebuked his presumption, and ordered the executioners to drag him by the feet by horses until he died. This said he before all his court; but he sent his servant to the jailor, and commanded him to scourge Jovinian; and for this once to set him free.

The deposed Emperor desired death. Why, said he to himself, "should I now live? my friends, my dependents, yea, even the partner of my bed shuns me, and I am desolate among those whom my bounties have raised. Come, I will seek the good priest to whom I so often have laid open my most secret faults; of a surety, he will remember me."

Now, the good priest lived in a small cell, nigh to a chapel about a stone's cast from the palace-gate: and when Jovinian knocked, the priest being engaged in reading, answered from within—"Who is there? why troublest thou me?"

"I am the Emperor Jovinian; open the window, I would speak to thee," replied the fugitive.

Immediately the narrow window of the cell was opened, and the priest looking out, saw no one save the poor half-clothed Jovinian. "Depart from me, thou accursed thing," cried the priest; "thou art not our good Lord the Emperor, but the foul fiend himself, the great tempter."

"Alas, alas!" cried Jovinian, "to what fate am I reserved, that even my own good priest despises me! Ah, me, I bethink me—in the arrogance of my heart, I called myself a god; the weight of my sin is grievous unto me. Father, good father, hear the sins of a miserable penitent."

Gladly did the priest listen to Jovinian; and when he had told him all his sins, the good priest comforted the penitent, and assured him of God's mercy, if his repentance was sincere. And so it happened that on this a cloud seemed to fall from before the eyes of the priest; and when he again looked on Jovinian, he knew him to be the Emperor, and he pitied him, clothing him with such poor garments as he had, and went with him to the palace gate.

The porter stood in the gateway, and as Jovinian and the priest drew near, he made a lowly obeisance, and opened the gate for the Emperor. "Dost thou know me?" asked the Emperor.

"Very well my Lord," replied the servant; but I wish that you had not left the palace."

So Jovinian passed on to the hall of his palace; and as he went, all the Nobles rose and bowed to the Emperor; for the Usurper was in another apartment and the Nobles knew again the face of Jovinian.

But a certain Knight passed into the presence of the false Emperor. "My Lord," said he, "there is one in the great hall to whom all men bow, for he so much resembleth you that we know not which is the Emperor."

Then said the Usurper to the Empress—"Go and see if you know this man."

"Oh! my good Lord," said the Empress when she returned from the hall, "whom can I believe? are there then two Jovinians?"

"I will myself go and determine," rejoined the Usurper, as he took the Empress by her hand, and, leading her into the great hall, placed her on the throne beside himself.

"Kinsfolk and Nobles," said the Usurper, "by the oaths ye have sworn, determine between me and this man."

And the Empress answered—"Let me, as in duty bound, speak first. Heaven be my witness, I know not which is my lord and husband."

And all the Nobles said the same.

Thereupon the feigned Jovinian rose and spake: "Nobles and friends, harken! that man is your Emperor and your master; hear ye him, know that he did exalt himself above that which was right, and making himself equal unto God. Verily he hath been rewarded; he hath suffered much indignity and wrong, and, of God's will, ye knew him not; he hath repented of his grievous sin, and the scourge is now removed; he has made such satisfaction as man can make. Hear ye him, know him, obey him."

As the feigned Emperor thus addressed the astonished Nobles, his features seemed illumined with a fair and spiritual light, his imperial robes fell from off him, and he stood confessed before the assembly an angel of God, clothed in white raiment. And as he ended his speech he bowed his head, and vanished from their sight.

Jovinian returned to his throne, and for three years reigned with so much mercy and justice, that his subjects had no cause to regret the change of their Emperor. And it came to pass, after the space of three years, the same angel appeared to him in a dream, and warned him of his death.—So Jevinian dictated his troublesome life to his Secretaries, that it might remain as a warning unto all men against worldly pride, and an incitement to the performance of our religious duties.—And when he had so done, he meekly resigned himself, and fell asleep in death.

REV. DR. BASCOM ON SLAVERY.

The Rev. Dr. Bascom, of the Methodist Episcopal church has recently published a pamphlet on the subject of slavery, and as his distinguished talents entitle his opinions to great weight, we give the following extracts from it. It will be seen that he boldly and eloquently defends the South from the attacks of the Northern fanatics:

"In their miserable freedom, so called, they have died at the rate of two to one, in a state of slavery.—Interest or humanity may abolish abstract slavery, but the interposition of Omnipotence seems necessary to relieve the negro from the weight of disabilities beneath which he is crushed. The declaration of his freedom is a fraud in every State of this Union. Both prejudice and law proclaim it impossible, in the existing state of things. The ordinary eligibilities of citizenship are no where his. The white man and the negro may not seperate, as to the "bounds of habitation," but they do not, cannot combine. They may be together, but to mingle is impossible. The distinction, for example, as it relates to color alone, appears so founded in an invincible law of nature, that in no instance, in the history of civilization, has it yielded to the influence of circumstances. This may be all and utterly wrong; our business is with the fact only. Kindred reasons and argument may be multiplied indifinitely. *Disproportionate, inadequate* compensation for labor, is assumed as a fundamental element—one of the chief disadvantages of slavery, and it is an argument principally relied upon by abolitionists, of every sect and color, and yet it is susceptible of the clearest demonstration, that the slave of the South, (in an annual estimate,) gets more than the free negro of the North; and, by the showing of the Northern argument, is less a slave. Every victim of injustice is a slave, and such is the negro every where in the North. Crushed by the indirect tyranny of law, and the intolerance of public opinion, he is the miserable victim of all kinds of injustice and hardship. And what must be the sober decision of history with regard to those who pity the negro until he becomes free, and then starve him to death? The mooted question of negro rights and worth, and his title to Northern sympathy and protection, are dropped the moment the negro becomes free, and appeals to the Northern *court of errors* for the promised boon of equal, social and political rights. Notwithstanding all the paraded humanity of the North on the subject, *no actual abolition of slavery has ever taken place in the United States.* The proclamation to this effect is an *imposition* upon the civilized world. The servitude of the negro, and the injustice and hardship of his lot have merely *changed* their form. The legal principle of slavery is abolished in the North, but all New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, &c., do not contain a single negro who is free, in the sense of the Declaration of American Indepence, not one. No where does the negro meet the white man—no where is he met by him upon terms of equality. There is no civil, social, domestic, or even religious intercommunity of enjoyment or suffering. They are deprived of the most important rights of mankind. Both by law and public opinion they are condemned to hereditary degradation and misery. Their liberty is a lie and a cheat. In what do they find themselves free, except to be neglected, scorned, and trodden under foot. Prejudice, manners and custom, turn aside and bear down the fruitless provisions of legislation. There is that constituently interwoven with the popular feeling of the American people, in relation to the unfortunate negro, which law can never efface. It is even true, that the *prejudice against the negro increases with the progress* of emancipation. Take any of the Northern States—that which nearest approaches the Utopia of modern abolitionism, and notwithstanding the affranchisement of the negro in law, if a white person marry a negro, *infamy* is the result. Free negroes, with a few exceptions dare not avail themselves of the right of suffrage, even where it is allowed. They are no where credible witnesses against white persons- (the attempt of the late General Conference to make them such, notwithstanding.)

There is not a State in the Union where a negro is essentially an equal party in an action at law. Where is the negro admitted as equal peer and compatriot with the white man? Where as juror, judge or counsellor? Is there any office of trust or honor to which he is eligible? What school receives the two races together without being placed under the public ban?—Can the negro's money procure him a seat at the Theatre or Opera without some signal of his inferiority offered in atonement to those who wished it to be understood they but tolerate his presence. albeit they have *sworn him free and equal?* What hospital or poor house receives him, except *apart* from the privileged white sufferer, without, it may be half the sense or virtue of the negro? Even the Church assigns him a distant seat and different altar. The grave itself perpetuates the distinction, by disowning the fellowship of his dust. In life and death alike, he is proscribed and trodden under foot as an alien and outcast, and his degradation is thus made to accompany him to the very gates of Heaven. And all this true to a much greater extent in the North than South. The free negro of the North is used—allowed to live, if he can, and at any rate is at perfect *liberty to die*, but no where is he protected, encouraged; and rewarded, in all the liberty loving North. Paradoxical as it may seem there is nothing resembling sympathy and equality of moral relation between the races, except in the South, where the one, in the proportion of seven in ten, is enslaved to the other. Here, to a great extent, the children of the two races grow up together, and, as a general. cherish for each other, in greater or less degree, interest and attachment. Similar reasoning applies to the household circle, as it regards adults. There is a natural sense of obligation and kindness, on the one hand, and of dependance and gratitude on the other leading to many of the kinder offices of human intercourse, without which the heart must be utterly desolate. I do not claim for the South that this view of the subject applies to all slave holding individuals and families. There are but two many exceptions to the rule, and I shall not attempt to protect them from the execration they deserve, for neglect and cruelty in relation to their abused and suffering slaves. Nor do I intend to charge upon the North, or free States, that there are no individuals or families who treat the negro as he deserves. I speak only of the general rule, in both cases, and am anxious to give *full force to the exceptions*, and as it regards number and weight. Individuals and families in the South have, doubtless, acted infamously towards their slaves, and continue to do so, as individuals and families in the North have, and continue to act, toward their hired and apprenticed servants, and formerly towards their slaves also. Most cheerfully do we bear testimony, that individuals and associations in the North have, in many instances, acted nobly towards the negro; whether free or slave. What we ask is, that the exceptions in both cases may be fairly contrasted with the general rule.

There is no elevation of mind, no justice without moderation in principles and ideas, without a pervading spirit which inclines us rather to smile than fall into a passion with the events of this life. *Anger is never productive of any good,* except in the extremely rare case of being employed to humble the wicked, and to terrify them from pursuing the path of crime, as the usurers were driven from the temple.

Love—is often a solitary leaf, but neither storm nor blight can fade it. Like the perfume that a dead flower sends forth, it is sweet when all the gay sunshine has departed, when all its bloom is past, it has the fragrancy of memory; it is the last lingering beam that grows long after sun and star have set—a refuge from the tempestuous and bereaving storms of life.

The Revenue de Paris says:—'The rumour of the arrival of several crowned heads in Paris becomes every day more confirmed. Well informed persons assure us that this Congress of constitutional royalties will take place in Paris in the month of July. The illustrious personages destined to become the guests of the King of the French, are—the Queen of England, the young Queen of Spain, the King and Queen of Naples, and the King of Holland.

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