THE CAMBRIDGE WEEKLY CHRONICLE,

AND FARMER'S REGISTER.

"THE MAIN END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE, AND THE DIFFUSION OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS."

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THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE

BY

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—TERMS—

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POETRY.

For the Chronicle.

A DREAM.

"Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality."
BYRON.

I looked;
The sun had set, and with her sable curtain,
Night, had overspread the face of nature.
The moon was riding high the ethereal arch,
Surrounded by a million twinkling stars.
Which seem'd to light her on her airy march,
Athwart the vaulted dome!

Again I look'd;
The Moon stood still, and glittering stars
Were shooting to and fro the Universe.
Suddenly there burst upon my searching gaze,
A sight most awful—terrible—sublime!
As by some mystic charm, the sky had lost
Its wonted brightness, and the stars
Were blotted from its page, and yet the Moon stood still.
Protentious clouds obscured the face of Heaven!
The deep-mouth'd thunders mutter'd long and loud,
The terrible warning of the Omnipotent.
The quiv'ring lightnings flash'd in frightful visions,
And clouds were rent in fragments. The trembling birds
Forsook their nests and dashed into the gloom.
The screaming eagle scar'd from his snowy home,
Pois'd high in air—with wild and searching eye,
He scann'd the awful scene, and bent his pinions
For the deeper sky.

I looked again;
"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream"
The moon shone forth again in dazzling splendour,
The blushing stars hung out their twinkling lamps,
The lowering clouds sunk slowly into rest,
And nature resum'd the ev'n tenor of her way.

S. J. W. H,

Cambridge, Md.

For the Chronicle.

LINES.

Ah! why is the mind so addicted to ponder
On life's gloomy scenes, and its pleasures forget?
And why is the fancy so oft prone to wonder
O'er the hills of despair, and the vales of regret.
For each hour of our lives has with mercy been blended,
And joy's brilliant sun oft illumines our way;
Though the pleasures we sigh for may long be suspended,
Yet why should the heart be to sorrow a prey?

Tis infinite goodness presides o'er our being
And wisdom eternal our fortune directs?
Its ends are all known to the eye that's All-seeing,
Whose power, unbounded from danger protects.
Sure our hearts should be filled with a kinder emotion,
With gratitude pure for the blessings we share;
Discontent should be banish'd by fervent devotion,
And the voice of repining be silenc'd by prayer.

And what are those joys which our fancy has painted,
With rapture so glowing, in colors so bright!
Are they not with the breath of mortality tainted?
And though in possession, will soon take their flight.
If the pleasures of earth are so fragile and fleeting,
Why should we with ardour these phantoms pursue,
Though from our approach they are ever retreating,
Still hope's lucid visions our efforts renew.

ELORA.

Cambridge Md.

ORIGINAL.

For the Chronicle.

SKETCH OF A COURTSHIP.

"Courtship is a ticklish thing."

During the summer of 18—while travelling in one of the counties of the Eastern shore, I spent a week with a worthy old friend of mine by the name of Primrose. He at that time held the office of 'squire, and of course thought himself no ordinary personage. Whenever he passed one of the good people of the town of Peaceville, he was sure to be honored by a "tip of their beaver." Presuming that my readers would like a description of this personage, I will attempt to draw a correct delineation of his appearance, while setting in his magisterial chair.

He was not the handsomest man I ever saw, although he was *far* from being homely. His cranium was about the size of an egg-plant, and very bald. his face was as red as an alderman's—his eyes were small and had that quizzical appearance so common to the magisterial gentry. His mouth was rather well formed, and his nose turned up with a graceful curve, like the horn of a rhinoceros. He usually wore a snuff colored coat, "all buttoned down before—and his pantaloons were of a greyish color, made tight and buckled at the knee. A pair of fair-top boots constituted the *tout ensemble* of this extraordinary personage. But this old man had a beautiful daughter. Patience Primrose was as pretty creature as ever promenaded the streets of a village.—Her raven hair fell in glossy ringlets over a beautiful shoulder,—her bright blue eye sparkled with wit and vivacity, and whenever she smiled she showed a row as beautiful teeth as nature ever formed. Innocence was stamped upon her countenance—being raised in a small village she was an entire stranger to the wiles and artifices of city belles. Her footsteps was buoyant and light, in consonance with her delicate mould.—Half an hours conversation would connce any one, that her exterior was not her only charms, for her mind, naturally strong, was stored with delightful fruits of education. Such was Patience Primrose the pride of her native village.

According the nature of things, it must be expected that Patience had a great many admirers. Among them there was Charles Fenton. He was a beardless youth of seventeen but no doubt he thought that there was wisdom beneath his silken locks which would even make the aged tremble. He was a son of a respectable merchant in the village of Peaceville and had conceived a strong passion for Miss Primrose.—One evening during my stay at the house of Mr. Primrose, Charles paid us a visit. according to custom, he together with myself were invited in the "hall"

Suspecting however, that my company was not very desirable to Charles at least, I withdrew and determined to listen to the burthen of his song', knowing that some day I should be tempted to woo some blushing maiden. The first language that attracted my attention, was a request by Charles that Miss Patience "would inform what were really the feelings of a person in love?" She replied that "she never was in love, and therefore was ignorant of the effcet it had upon the system; but she had heard people say that when they were in love their heads were turned 'topsy turvey,'' and they could neither eat, sleep, drink, sit, nor stand." "Are they the *only* symptoms," inquired he, anxiously.—"They are all I am aware of" she replied. "Indeed Miss Patience" he exclaimed," I then, am most assuredly in love." "And pray with whom," she eagerly enquired. "Well—now—now—I—I—oh, no, I cannot tell you."—"But sir, I really insist that you must tell." If you must know, then, I am in love with—with——you." "With *me* indeed" she exclaimed, she exclaimed, starting from her chair, "why child you must be deranged." "If love is derangement, then indeed Miss I am deranged" he replied quickly. "Indeed Charley" she eberved in a pathetic tone, "I am very sorry that one so young should have fallen in love" "Tell me Miss "may I not *hope* to win your favour. Will you doom me to wretchedness and misery—will you remain indifferent to the affection of one who now solicits your hand with all the fondness of first love?" "Ah Charley," she answered, "you will outgrow your first love—it is time now to retire, the clock has struck nine, aud I am sure your father is uneasy about your being absent at this late hour of the evening." "Torments and death!" he exclaimed, "she not only despises my love, but absolutely ridicules me. I'll commit suicide, welcome death, for life is no longer sweet." "Dont be uneasy Master Charles, I am aware you are fearful of ghosts, but I will send a servant home with you." As she stepped out of the room to call a servant, Charles rushed out of the house, and it is reasonable to suppose his shadow never darkened its door afterwards.

Thus began and ended this eventful courtship. I have never heard whether the tender swain is still among the living things, or whether, he severed the brittle cord of life, and winged his way to the celestial sphere, where love and devotion is more respected than on this terraqueous globe. A few months after, Patience was married to a respectable young farmer. The old man still fills the justice's chair but as he is a disciple of the whig school I am fearful that he will be obliged to relinquish his situation under the new order of things, and end his days in blissfull retirement. May heaven smile on him and his lovely daughter.

A. M. H.

For the Chronicle.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

The political priviliges, the physical resources, and the local advantages of the confederated states of North America, may justly be said to give to the American people a decided pre-eminence among the nations of the earth. In turning our view from our own soil, and surveying the countries and nations of mankind, we behold millions of the human race in political fetters; groaning beneath the iron sceptre of despotism, with the liberty of speech and enquiry confined within the narrow presciptions of religious fanaticism, superstition and folly; while other millions, destitute of the light of science and civilization, are doomed to traverse their arid hills and uncultured plains, and recieve their scanty support from the spontaneous productions of nature. But as our view returns to our country how different the scene!—What interesting objects are placed with the boundaries of our land! Here we are presented with a system of government organized with the precepts of reason, and calculated to guard and defend the rights of man. Here truth and philosophy are left free to combat error and delusion; and no political nor ecclesiastical impositions obstruct the researches of the human mind. While we are favored with every political, civil, and religious enjoyment, plenty is scattered through our country by the hand of industry, opulence smiles in our cities, and commerce glides from our shores to traverse the bosom of every ocean.

During a succession of years that form an eventful era in the history of mankind, The American republic has been looked upon with jealousy and suspicion by the oppressors of Europe; and with partiality and esteem by many of the oppressed. The former, dreading the diffusion of politics among the latter, and jealous of our rising power have held out the most liberal encouragement to those of their adherents who were willing to engage in the business of abusing and calumniating the American character. With talents for falsehood and aspersion, the hireling advocates of monarchy have exhausted their ingenuity in traducing every thing connected with the government, people, and country of the United States. Many of them have traversed our continent, explored our resources, beheld our rising power, witnessed the genius and enterprize of our citizens, and experienced our hospitality. But our progress in power and improvement only increased their malignity. They have represented the inhabitants of the United States as a base and degenerated race of mortals, when compared with those of Europe.—They have represented us as destitute of patriotism, genius, enterprize, and political knowledge. And many of the worshipers of imperial and monarchial governments, the dupes of hereditary oppression, placed the fullest confidence in the productions of those vile calumniators of America; and continued tenacious of their belief until the thunder of American cannon upon their own shores, convinced them of their delusion, and taught them to admire the valor and intrepidity of the sons of the American republic. They believed us destitute of genius, until the inventions and discoveries of the Americans were introduced into every quarter of the the globe, and admired for their utility. They believed us deficient in political knowledge, and incapable of Legislation and government nntil the diffusion of politics from our republic caused the sceptres to tremble in the hands of European monarchs, and convinced them that men can be subservient to the legal authorities of Government, and yet be free.

The materials that form the great temple of American liberty are the productions of our own country, modelled by the hand of genius, and cemented by the patriotism of a people who often differ in their sentiments respecting the policy of those who act in our legislature councils; but sufficient proofs have been offered to the world of their unanimity in guarding and defending the political structure.

From the love and devotedness to country, so conspicuous in the American people during their struggle for liberty and independence, when powerful fleets and armies were engaged in the works of carnage and devastation along their shores, and hosts of barbarians, with indiscriminate massacre, desolating their frontiers, we may naturally infer that they will continue to guard their political privileges from foreign powers and domestic usurpation. But events of a more recent date that those of the revolution, in which American patriotism shone every where with peculiar brilliancy, lead us to a belief ihat a political system will be guarded as a sacred monumeut, and that posterity will never disgrace the ashes of ancestors, by yielding up their national inheritance to the intrigues of ambition.

In the eastern part of the Union we see arts, science and literature diffusing their blessings through an industrious and enterprising people; while thousands of the inhabitants of that portion of our country, are accumulating wealth from the ocean, and spreading their canvass over every sea.

In the middle division of the commonwealth, we see every improvement advancing with facility; agriculture is profusely displaying the luxuriant productions of the soil; and great cities and thronged with inhabitants, rapidly progressing in beauty, elegance, and commercial importance.

In the southern part of the republic, opulence, hospitality, and social enjoyments appear conspicuous with the inhabitants, who exhibit an unusal spirit of enterprise in the improvement of their country, in opening their channels for navigation and commerce.

In our western states and territories, we behold a brave, hardy, and industrious people transforming a wilderness into grandeur, orchards, and luxuriant fields. We there see towns and villages emerging from the forest, and temples, to be devoted to the Deity, rising upon the rude monuments of aboriginal antiquity. A tide of imagination is flowing into the wilderness; and new stars are rising from the western horizon, to give additional brilliancy to our political constellation. Depraved would be the heart that would seek to sap the foundations of a government conferring upon its citizens such high and glorious privileges.

Cambridge, Md.

K. H. B.

For the Chronicle.

AVOID EXTREMES.

"These violent delight have violent ends,
And in their triumphs die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet consume."
Shakspeare.

It is an observation sanctioned by popular opinion, that one extreme generally leads to its opposite. Excessive joy is often succeeded by grief in an equal degree; and the tempest of passions, followed by the most calm and rational reflections.—How often do we see some men, at one hour capering like a *merry andrew*, while perhaps the next is appropriated to gravity and seriousness. Various as the weather; which is alternately pleasant and unpleasant. This sudden transition of the mind is frequently productive of evil consequences; we ought, therefore; to keep a constant sentinel over it, nor suffer it to be too much elated or depressed. There is a certain class of men, who appear to be never exempt from this misfortune. I mean those, who are subject to a disorder, commonly called the *hippo*, a disorder which extinguishes every rational faculty, and puts the soul at odds with itself. *Peter Mentor*, is periodically attacked with this complaint; and, when under its influence, acts more like a monomaniac, than a reasonable being. Though surrounded with friends, he esteems himself forlorn; and though possessed of every blessing, which can make life desirable, he insists upon his poverty, and emphasises upon the decline of his pecuniary circumstances. He thinks every one his enemy, and believes friendship to be merely nominal—full of ostentation, without any of those intrinsic virtues to which it lays clain. Such a disease is truly unenviable. It crowds the imagination with gloomy forebodings, and spreads over the mind the veil of sadness. Reason is banished, and folly reigns in her stead with absolute sway. The extreme of dejection often hurries its object into imprudencies, and sometimes makes him adopt fatal determinations. What idea can be more shocking than that of suicide? And yet it may be reasonably suspected a consequence of melancholy. A friend of mine once told me that, when actuated by the impulse of phrensy, he was in the act of presenting a pistol to his head, but was instantly compelled, by a check of conscience, to forbear his horrid, and almost accomplished purpose. He could not account for the wretchedness which he suffered, or deduce it from any origin. His station in life was agreeable, and his circumstances prosperous.—Yet he was apt to suffer his mind thus to be deluded with imaginary evils, while he had every reason to feel grateful for the superiority of his situation. Being a slave to whim and caprice, he was ever under the command of some powerful passion; indulging the extreme, of either joy or sorrow; the former being but a prelude to the latter, which would infallibly succeed it, and to which it always proved introductory.

Most erudite reader! let one who has suffered from the consequences of imaginary evils, advise you to be contented with your situation in life. If you are endowed with a genius and spirit which aspires to distinction, remember that,

"'Tis hard to climb the steep,
Where fame's proud temple shines a far;"

And should obstacles present themselves in your way, do not relinquish the idea, but steadily presevere, and forgetting the past, look only to the future. The transition from obscurity to distinction cannot be rapid, but must be accomplished by untiring energy and industry. "Vaulting ambition often o'erleaps itself, and he who expects to obtain distinction and honour, without industry, will be ever harrassed and tormented by that self-created monster, *ennui*.

STUDIO.

Cambridge Md.

For the Chronicle,

WASHINGTON.

"A combination and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."
Shakespear.

Does the prostitute page of history glow with the enthusiastic eulogia on the characters of tyrants who have only revelled in a court, or of conquerors who have only slaughtered in the field? And shall even the impartial portraitist rest in apathetic torpidity, and slumber in criminal silence, while the memory of our American Fabius is green in the hearts of his countrymen?—Are the characters of a Sidney, of a Fox, and of a Pitt, consigned to immortality by the nervous eloquence of their zealous and partial countrymen, and shall not an humble tribute of respect and justice be rendered to the memory of our illustrious WASHINGTON, whose name is revered by the nations of the earth, and whose situation was envied even by the monarch himself; when seated superbly on his, throne of empire.

He was equally majestic in mein, dignified in merit, and exalted in fame. While the manly and august firmness of his deportment and manners, potently characterised the soldier and the hero, their graceful ease and elegance bespoke the man of fashion and consummate politeness. His openness and unaffected affability seemed to invite to an acquaintance, by rendering access easy, and intercourse delightful.

Though he darted not from his eye the vengeful fire, nor bore on his brow the haughty defiance of the inexorable Achilles, yet his countenance was marked with the calm intrepidity of the noble Hector, and the superior stability of the youthful Patroclus. But notwithstanding his whole aspect pronounced him the hero formed to rush fearless, yet terrible through the rude tempest of war, and to ride triumphant in the gilded car of conquest, yet did the mildness and benignity of his countenance declare him more supremely blest in the kindred sunshine of public harmony and peace. That this indeed was the true disposition of our patriot, no one can doubt; for the uniform terror of his public conduct proclaimed that his supreme delight was to cultivate with assiduity and care, the tender and precarious *olive*, rather than to step superb and terrible beneath the shadow of the laurels of glory.

Though the elegance of our hero neither electrizates by the divine fire of Demosthenes, nor captivates by the less flowing harmony of Cicero, yet does the style of his address rival that of the Grecian in precision and force, and that of the illustrations Roman in elegance and dignity.

Whatever was the subject of his investigation, he always deliberated with the most profound attention, and by the wisdom and rectitude of his decisions seldom failed to impress conviction, and beget confidence. The evident utility and happy results of his decisions on all matters relative to public policy, ever furnished the strongest and most unequivocal testimony of their truth and justice.

In his wife and happy choice of confidents, he gave to the world such a specimen of thorough knowledge of human nature, as no public character ever exhibited before: for in no instance did his friends ever forsake him, in no instance did his confidants betray him, either while a commander in the field, or a public officer in the cabinet.

In his investigation of subjects relative either to the interest and policy of his country, to the complicated rights of nations in general, he did not appear to gain the summit of truth by the slow and laborious steps of argumentative arrangement and logical deduction; but after taking a general view of the point immediately in question, suddenly bounded over every obstacle and difficulty, by the power and activity of an irresistible genius.

To the foregoing qualifications of our statesman and hero, we may add, that he was himself a model in point of morality, and a friendly pattern of religion and piety. Neither the loud calls of wild dissipation, nor the soft, assuasive accents of pleasure, were even able to seduce him from the paths of moral rectitude; and he was not ashamed to mingle with his fellow citizens, and devoutly join them in acts of public worship to the benificent source of the universe.

In the character of this amiable and august personage, we can discover a local concentaation of those truly invaluable and sublime characteristics which are particularly destined to constitute the aggregate worth and dignity of human nature; while on the other hand he was happily exempt from those weaknessess and irregularities so destructive to the happiness, and so humiliating to the pride of self-adoring man. His people beheld in him, the guardian of their liberties, the most consummate valor without precipitate rashness—the highest patience and fortitude without either apathy or indolence—the most dispassionate coolness without listless inactivity—the most unalterable firmness and determined perseverance, with blind and incorrigible obstinacy—the most exquisite judgment and acute penetration, with the supercilious pride of knowledge, and an unparalleled love of his fellow citizens, without an

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