The Cambridge Chronicle.

E. RICHARDSON HOOPER.] "UNCOMPROMISING HOSTILITY TO THE RE-ELECTION OF MARTIN VAN BUREN." [Editor and Proprietor.

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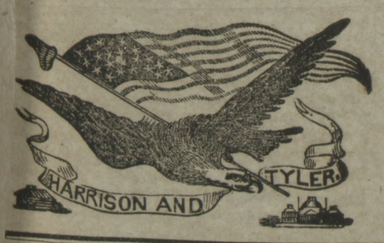

THE CHRONICLE.

"The union of the Whigs—for the sake of the Union."

CAMBRIDGE—MD.

SATURDAY MORNING, November 21, 1840.

To the Readers of the "Chronicle."

The connextion of the undersigned with this paper ceases with the No. before you. My escape from the strifeful arena of politics to that retirement and quietude which an impaired constitution so sternly demands, would be unalloyed by a single bitter pang, and I should hail it as a happy deliverance from the cares and turmoils of public life, were it not for the pain I feel at seperating myself from those kind friends, with whom my intercourse has been productive of nought but harmony and gratification. The recollection of their many kindnesses is deeply graven upon my heart, and, in after years, memory, fond memory, will often revert to the many happy hours we have spent together, as the bright, green spots which checker the desert of the heart. Association with its magic power will bring to the mind's-eye the many scenes through which we've passed—joy will again dance before the imagination, to be dispelled by the first waking to reality, as the light gossamer, that stretches its bright, shining thread across our path, snaps at the first touch.

In conducting the "Chronicle" I have endeavored to discharge my duty, unawed, unseduced and unterrified—if I have wandered from the path of duty, it was an error of the head, and not the heart—however, be it as it may, I have the approbation of my own conscience. and to no other power am I responsible. My efforts to advance the highest interests of the Whig party have never slackened—to serve my party faithfully and honorably has been my only aim. It is not for me to say these efforts have never been appreciated; but, certain it is, that smiles have been my only reward, where something more substantial was more needed. There are many who admire the tone, style and subjects of editorial articles, and praise an Editor's efforts, yet such flattery is too often indulged over a borrowed newspaper.

To my successor I can say but few words of encouragement—I hope, however, his path may be less thorny than has been mine, and that his efforts will bring in more substantial returns. He has undertaken a task fraught with no little difficulty—that of pleasing the public—a task which my own sanguine temperament impelled me to consider as easy to be accomplished, but which fell experience has taught me is beyond the power of frail mortals.

To such of my cotemporaries as my position has enabled me to become acquainted with, either personally or by reputation, I return my heartfelt thanks for the many flattering testimonials I have received of their favor and approbation, and wish them a bright career of usefulness and prosperity.

To my political opponents, against whom I have carried on a warfare, as fierce as I considered just, I say in all candor, that as the cause for strife has ceased, I hope the effect will also cease. An honest difference of opinion should not beget a lasting enmity between individuals—In times of high political excitement the members of one party will naturally be reserved in their deportment towards those of an opposite party; but when the excitement subsides, it is meet and proper that we should forget our differences, and only remember that we are citizens of one country—one people—all having in view the welfare and happiness of the whole.

I have already extended this article beyond the limits I first intended—the emotions it excites are strangers to my bosom, and the theme is fruitful—and to the readers of the "Chronicle," whom it has been my delight and pride to please, I now bid a last, long heartfelt adieu.

E. R. H.

ELECTION RETURNS.

Ohio.—The precise majority for Harrison is 23,361 votes.

Illinois.—As far as heard from Harrison's majority is 1138—The counties to be heard from gave loco foco majority in August of 1169. The result is doubtful.

Mississippi.—The returns received promise the redemption of the State. The Whig gain in 26 counties is 2818.

Louisiana.—The Harrison majority in this state is 2,671.

North Carolina.—The Whig gain in 9 counties is 648 votes, and the majority is 2116. The majority in the State will exceed 10,000.

Alabama.—The Harrison gain in four counties is 762. The returns are favorable, yet we cannot hope to carry the state.

Maine.—The majority for Harrison is about 800.

Tennessee. The Whig majority is 11,979, and the gain 13,407 in 57 counties heard from.

Michigan.—The Whig majority in this State is about 1900: both branches of the legislature are Whig.

Virginia—has gone for Van Buren by about 1,000.

Gen. Harrison has now 234 Electoral votes.

VERMONT.

THE STAR THAT NEVER SETS.

The noble Green Mountain Boys are doing nobly. There is a net Whig gain in nearly every town, and the majority bids fair to reach fifteen thousand. If so, Vermont is the banner State.

GEORGIA.

The Federal Union of Tuesday says—"From returns received at the Executive Office from 79 counties, it appears that the Harrison ticket is upwards of 8000 votes ahead of the Van Buren ticket in this State."

The Journal makes a majority of 8,320 in 80 counties heard from.

It is stated, (says the Norfolk Herald,) that Messrs. Colquit, Cooper and Black, the three Calhoun Van Buren members of Congress from Georgia, will resign their seats, considering the result of the late election in that State as a disapproval of their course.

Complimentary Dinner.—The Citizens of Annapolis, "desirous of testifying their personal respect for the Harrison Electors of Maryland, and their sense of obligation for the arduous and valuable services rendered by them during the campaign just so gloriously terminated," have invited them to partake of a public dinner at Swan & Iglehart's Hotel at Annapolis on Tuesday the 1st day of December.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Result, as far as heard from, of the Election in the States for ELECTORS of President and Vice President.

	Harrison.	Van Buren.
Maine,	10	
New Hampshire,		7
Vermont,	7	
Massachusetts,	14	
Rhode Island,	4	
Connecticut,	8	
New York,	42	
New Jersey,	8	
Pennsylvania,	30	
Delaware,	3	
Maryland,	10	
Georgia,	11	
Louisiana,	5	
Ohio,	21	
Kentucky,	15	
Indiana,	9	
Tennessee,	15	
Michigan,	3	
Mississippi,	4	
Virginia,		23
North Carolina,	15	
Missouri,		4
	234	34

Whole number of Electoral votes, 294—*Necessary to a choice,* 148 *votes.*

The Popular Voice.

The following table exhibits the popular vote, in the several States, as far as the official returns have been received:

	Harrison.	Van Buren.
Maryland,	33,529	28,754
Pennsylvania,	144,918	143,675
Rhode Island,	5,213	3,263
New Hampshire,	25,483	31,919
Connecticut,	31,212	24,888
Ohio,	148,141	124,780
	387,596	357,279
	357,279	
Harrison maj.	30,317 in 6 States.	

The following is from the New York Commercial Advertiser. It is pleasing to note the prevalence of such sentiments in the whig party:

Rejoicing for Victory.—We have received a communcation on this subject, with the sentiments which our own are much in unison.—The writer objects to any extravagant, noisy and expensive celebration, as at once useless, wasteful, unbecoming and in bad taste. We think so too. The contest in which we have been engaged was not a strife of passion, but of principle. Its result we believe to be vastly important to the people and the institutions of the country; and that result imposes on the successful party duties of high responsibility. To meet and fulfil those duties, it becomes them to exert all their abilities and display all the best attributes of human nature. The first good work to which attention should be given is that of conciliation. Although the people of the country have been so many years standing in opposition to each other, they are yet one people; and so far as is possible they should be brought to act together as one people for the common good. We believe that without any violence to principle and opinion the two parties may be induced to approach each other, in ministering to the public weal, much more closely than would be inferred from the past, and that foundation may be laid for the determination of future political contests with less divergence of effort, less excitement and much less of personal ill-feeling. To accomplish this desirable object should now be our study and our care; and as one means towards an end so beneficial, we would counsel great moderation in the display of feeling. We have gained a great victory; the best way to rejoice over it is, to improve it. We can gain nothing by creating mortification and ill will in the bosoms of our friends and fellow-citizens who have differed from us in opinion; by convincing them that we were right we can gain much; and we all know to insult prejudices is not the way to overcome them.

Our friendly correspondent suggests, as a suitable method of rejoicing, the commencement of a public and general subscription for the relief of such wants and sufferings as are likely to exist during the approaching winter. We recognize the benevolence of this suggestion, but doubt its expediency. Politics and charity cannot well be brought to work in unison. Means for the relief of the destitute are generally best devised and carried out by individual effort; and even if a considerable sum were likely to be raised by such a subscription as our friend proposes, we apprehend that disadvantages would follow, more than sufficient to counterbalance all the good.

We would suggest, however, to all who may be disposed or invited to contribute money for a calebration, whether they might not better employ the sums they would be willing to give for such a purpose, in aiding the many benevolent institutions existing among us, or in ministering to the wants of those meretorious and needy fellow-creatures of whose necessites they have personal knowledge."

The New York Star says,

"We are pleased to observe the moderation which characterizes the great opposition party under the excitement of their recent victory.—It would be unwise and ungenerous to taunt the "rank and file" of our opponents with the vices of the selfish demagogues by whom they have been deluded."

From the Rochester Democrat.

Melancholly Death.

The locofocoism of this city died on Wednesday night of *delerium tremens.* It had been for a long time much addicted to intemperance, and during the three days of the election had been almost continually intoxicated, having swallowed in the time, immense quantities of "something harder than *hard cider.*" The excitement of the election and the *drink*, however, kept it up and about until the evening of the fatal night, some two or three hours after the close of the polls, when it was seized with paroxisms which soon passed into a well defined case of delerium tremens.

The sufferings of the wretched patient were intensely excrutiating. As usual in such cases, remorse for the past and despair for the future aggravated and gave poignancy to its agonies. Soon after being seized with the terrible malady, it took to the streets and trayersed them for a number of hours, raving and yelling, and howling like a demon, and gnashing his teeth and threatening violence upon every body and object that had ever excited its ire, and even making ferocious and fiendlike attacks upon individuals whom it considered its enemies, though now it is believed, entertained towards it on the occasion, any feelings save those of pity.

In the intervals of its more violent paroxims, it fell into hallucinations of a less painful kind; under the influence of which, it imagined that it had won a glorious victory over all its enemies, and that all the States of the Union were under its power and control; that instead of speedily going down into a dishonored grave, it was to take and hold possession of the high places of power, and govern the country for many years; and that instead of being "struck with death," it had renewed the energies of its existence, and taken a long lease of life. While these visions lasted, the patient sent forth most boisterous *hurrahs* and shoutings, with peals of frantic laughter, such as are sometimes heard from the cells of a madhouse.—But each of these visions of victory and long life and future greatness, was succeeded by the terrible agonies which have been described; and the paroxysms of these growing fiercer and fiercer to the last, terminated the patients sufferings and miserable and worthless existence at midnight.

MARTIN VAN BUREN is the only candidate for the Presidency in the United States who has been unable to obtain the vote of his own State. This is a fact worthy of record. Martin Van Buren claims to be the sole candidate of the democratic party of this country. New York is a strong democratic state; and yet Mr. Van Buren cannot obtain the vote of New York. There seems to be some mystery about this matter. How does it happen, let us enquire, that Martin Van Buren, who professes to follow in the footsteps of Jefferron and Madison, whose chief supporters are, if they are to be believed, true democrats of the Jeffersonian school, and all whose measures are directed to the grand to the grand object of relieving the suffering people of this country from the tyranny of the banks, and the monied aristocracy of Europe and America, how does it happen that, notwithstanding his unbounded love for the people as manifested over and over again, he has been rejected by that people, and by a larger majority than any candidate for the same office was ever rejected before? Are the people of this country become federalists, or do they sincerely believe that such veteran aristocrats as Harrison, Clay, Ewing, Rives, Tallmadge and Barbour, are better democrats and more honest men than Amos Kendall, Thos. H. Benton, Benj. F. Butler, Isaac Hill or Wm. M. Price. The result of the late Presidential election authorizes the inference that such is the case, and that the people are determined to consider Gen. Harrison and his friends as democrats, whether Mr. Van Buren (!) is willing or not. The Whig party is now the people's party as it was in '76, and the spurious democracy are about to be superceded by the real and genuine.—Troy Whig.

THE RESUMPTION.—The New York Express of Saturday, 2, P. M. says—"The Boston capitalists and banks have been called upon by the local Banks in the City of Philadelphia, for a loan of two and a half millions of dollars, in Post Notes, having twelve and eighteen months to run; and bearing an interest of 6 per cent. This loan they have accepted and have invited the New York Banks to participate in the loan, to the extent of a million of dollars.—The loan is to be made in Philadelphia Funds, and the Post Notes to be made payable in New York.—The Banks have already agreed to take their part.—The Bank of Commerce has taken more, viz, $250,000—the Merchants' and Mechanics' $100,000 each,—the Phœnix, State, and City all unite, so that the sum will be made up without the slightest difficulty, and the amount will not give any inconvenience, as the New York Banks have full a million of dollars in balances lying dead in Philadelphia, which they have not for a long time received any interest: and the Boston Banks have, no doubt, quite as large a sum lying dead. The arrangement is most desirable for both parties."

Harrison's majority in New York, 3 counties to be heard from, is 14,515. Seward's majority, 6,821.

A Boston editor states that of every thousand females who die of consumption, over three-fourths are sacrificed by the prevaling false ideas of beauty of form produced by the continued practice of tight lacing.

The Murder at the Virginia University.—The Richmond Whig says—

We learn from Charlottesville, that a student, by the name of Seemes, from Georgia, was arrested on suspicion of having fired the pistol, which produced the death of Professor Davis, and that after examination, he was committed for further trial.

The Student, who, it was stated in the letter from Charlottesville, published yesterday, had left the University, returned, and was the important witness at the trial—being the companion of the unfortunate young man, and an eye-witness of the whole affair.

INDIA RUBBER.—This most remarkable article, which only a few years ago was sent to this country as ballast, now sells in a fine state, as high as 10s. to 11s. per pound, when spun into thread. One firm spins as much India rubber thread every week, as would reach from London to Canton, the country it is imported from. There are twelve patents for this article, and these patents have cost more to defend in law than the amount paid for India rubber since the article has been known to us as of any value.—Experiments are now making in England and France to apply the article to the cure of consumption.

A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of maintaining all. "But you have sons big enough to earn something, and help you now," said a friend. "The difficulty is, they are too big to work," was the answer.

YANKEE TRICK.—During the revolutionary war, two brothers, from one of the eastern ports, were commanders of privateers; they cruised together and were eminently successful, doing great damage to the enemy, and making money for themselves. One evening, being in the latitude of the shoals of Nantucket, but many miles to the eastward of them, they espied a large British vessel, having the appearance of a merchantman, and made towards her; but, to their astonishment found her to be a frigate in disguise.—A very high breeze prevailing, they hauled off in different directions. One only could be pursued, and the frigate gained rapidly upon him. Finding he could not run away, the commanding officer had recourse to stratagem. On a sudden he hauled down every sail, and all hands were employed with setting poles, as if shoving his vessel off a bank. The people on board the frigate, amazed at the supposed danger they had run, and to save themselves from being grounded, immediately elawed off, and left the more knowing Yankee "to make himself scarce," as soon as night rendered it prudent for him to hoist sail, in a sea two hundred fathoms deep.

The Dying Hour.

If the experience of the dying hour could be faithfully written, the thoughts that then fill the brain, like the last inhabitants of a crumbling temple, and the feelings that then occupy the chilled heart, be revealed to the eye of sense, what a view would be displayed! The period of dissolution brings with it emotions of a peculiar character. There are at that time operations through which the soul never before passed.—Nothing appears in its old aspect. Like a splendid hall which has been hung in new drapery, each object wears a different dress. Opinions, that the strongest force of argument could not compel to withdraw from the mind, then hastily depart; prejudices that rooted themselves more and more deeply at every attack, then bend before the blast; cherished feelings, that the bosom had ever clung to, then are hated, and desires that had ever found a home beside affection's altar, then are banished. What fearful change is this, that then befalleth the spirit? Are the faculties then so weakened as to prevent it from thinking and feeling aright? No; it now sees things as they are. Falsehood has ceased to obscure its vision. Truth, long deprived of her authority, long forced to crouch like a slave, obtains her rightful station, and shows that the pretended nature of the word is very unlike its real character. O, what an hour is this! When the soul is aroused to the true relations of objects—when mistakes are seen, but alas, too late for correction—when eternity's importance and awe enter into the decisions, wishes, and feelings of the mind!

The hour of death! In this brief space the past is reviewed. How treacherous memory may have been on a thousand occasions, she now acquits herself with fidelity. Omits she now to unroll the record, which her hand had so often clasped? Is she like the trumpet, that bloweth an "uncertain sound?" Life's history her tongue now repeats—scenes, forgotten scenes are recalled, and buried events are brought up before the eye. Over the long path which we have made, she leads us; here she stops to meditate on some dark deed; there she shows another way into which passion hurried us. Have we injured friends? Have the true and fond bosoms on which we rested been pierced by the darts of unkindness? Memory presents it. Have we performed actions of generosity? Have the desolation of the widow been cheered, and the loneliness of the orphan been relieved by us? Has the path of one individual lost a thorn by our instrumentality, or the wreath of love had one rose added by our hands? Delighted with the occurrence, memory repeats it in strains of exultation. Crowded into this narrow period, the moments resemble the waves that now dance in the sunlight to the music of the breeze, and now flow on in solemn silence beneath the shade of overhanging boughs. But does the past alone employ the fugitive hour? That hour, imagination also makes her own. Whatever may have hindered its operation is now removed. Loftier and freer than ever soars its wing. Over the highest summit it easily rises, borrowing life from death itself.

The dying hour! It is then that Time and we are parted. Though he may have led us over a diversified way, we then forsake him; he continues to travel on in his own course, but we are ushered into a new condition. Cares cease to distress. The last tear falls from the eye, the last sigh escapes from the bosom.—Darkness gathers upon the earth, relieved only by that pure light which proceeding from heaven hath power to gild the closing scene. Mortality, shrink not from this hour! Pursue virtue—let religion be thy study, O man, and whenever and wherever this event occur it shall find thee happily prepared. Whether death meet thee at the door when midnight reigneth, or mid-day pour its tide of glory on the world; whether it meet thee amid the consolations of home, or the privations of a strangers country—whether it meet thee on the uprising billow or in the fruitful plain, its stern brow shall bear a soft and holy expression, and its angry voice shall speak no tones but those of peace and love.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, the 10th ult. by the Rev. D. F. Ewell, Mr. *Zackariah Langford,* to Miss *Delia Willey,* both of this county.

OBITUARY.

Died, at her residence, in Vienna, on Thursday morning of last week, (the 12th inst.) of Hermorrhage of the lungs, Mrs MARY, relict of Henry C. Hicks, aged 62 years. Eulogy on the life and death of the deceased would be but supererogation, for so deeply is her rectitude of life engraven on the hearts and minds of a large circle of mourning relatives and friends, as only to be effaced by the extinguisher of time. For the last thirty five years was the subject of this notice a devoted and exemplary member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and though often have the waves of trouble and affliction been suffered to reach her, yet never allowed by her Heavenly Father, (in whom she long trusted) to pass over her; and pursuing the even tenor of her way, for so many years, with her eye steadily fixed on her Heaven of rest, her deliverer came, not as a thief in the night, but a welcome messenger, to sign her release and take her from sorrow and affliction to joys substantial. To many the shafts of death are sped at an unexpected season, not so in this case; for months expecting and confidently speaking to her family and friends of the near approach of her dissolution, she as often expressed her perfect resignation to the decrees of her God, until in his own good time he has called her from labor to reward. Her afflicted children and numerous other relatives and friends "sorrow, but not as those without hope."

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, right blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

Died in this town on Monday evening last, Miss JANE BAIN, in the 31st year of her age, with the hope of a blissful immortality. For her, death had no sting—she welcomed the approach of the grim monster as a release from terrene cares and anxieties. The deceased was highly respected for her many kindlier qualities wherever she was known, and has left a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

In this town on Tuesday morning last, Capt. SAMUEL H. TROTH, aged 36 years. The deceased has been long and favorably known as the master of one of the packets plying between this town and Baltimore, and by his urbane manners, gentlemanly deportment, and inflexible integrity, had won the esteem of all who knew him. In the prime and vigor of life he has been cut down, forcibly reminding us of the truth of the scriptural maxim, that "in the midst of life we are in death."

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-winds breath,
But thou, oh, Death! hast all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own oh, Death!"

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