CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

VOL. X "THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE." NO. 684.

NEW SERIES--VOL. I. CAMBRIDGE, Md.--Saturday Morning, August 12, 1837. NUMBER 46

MARYLAND:

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, 10th day of July, 1837.

ON application of Robert Spedden, administrator of John Spedden, late of Dorchester County, deceased—It is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the said 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 the seal of my office affixed, this 10th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1837

L. S.

WM. W. ECCLESTON, Reg. 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 John Spedden C. P. 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 20th of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 10th day of July, 1837.

ROBERT SPEDDEN, adm'r. of John Spedden, dec'd.

July 15, 3w

RUNAWAY.

Was committed to Talbot Co. Goal, on the 22d day of June Inst by William H. Hayward, Esq. a negro boy, who calls himself Jacob Ennalls, aged about thirteen or fourteen years—says he was born free in Dorchester county, Md. and the son of Biney Ennalls free negro Woman, who died at Church Creek in said Dorchester County, on Monday the 5th day of June Inst. his father he says was called and known by the name of Samuel Ennalls and is now at sea, and has been there for three years past—That his mother Biney Ennalls, before her death requested him (Jacob Ennalls) to go to Easton, to her sister Mary, and live with her, that he was induced by the request of said mother, to look for his aunt Mary, and came to Easton.—He says he knows Messrs. John Newton and William Rea of Cambridge, in Dorchester county, and that they know him to be free born

Said Jacob is about four feet and a half or five inches high, of black complexion, has scars on both legs from burns and on his left hand and wrist, has a great impediment in his replies when interrogated, and has on an old cordaroy trowsers, old muslin shirt and old grass hat

The owner of negro Boy Jacob (if any) is hereby requested to come forward prove property, pay all legal costs and charges and take him away. Otherwise he will be discharged according to law

JOHN HARRINGTON, Sheriff of Talbot County Md.

July 1, 3t.

Creditors & Debtors!

LAST NOTICE.

ALL persons having clams against the estate of the late Charles W. Pitt, or against him as administrator of John R. Pitt, are hereby informed that an official dividend will be made on said estate on the 18th September next. Those who neglect to file their claims with the Register of wills before that day, can be legally deprived of a share of said dividend. *Those indebted to me as administrator of said estate are requested without delay to make payment, as longer indulgence cannot be given.*

THOMAS J. H. ECCLESTON, Adm'r of C. W. PITT.

July 15 1837. 3w

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

PERSONS wishing to purchase one of the most valuable Tracts of land in Dorchester County, now have the opportunity of doing so.

The said tract of land is the property of Dr. Charles H. Steele, and is situated in one of the most healthy sections of the county, on the Chicknecomaco River, three miles from Vienna. It is occupied at present by Mr. James Phillips. The said tract contains

364-34 ACRES

more or less, and consists of several small tracts or parcels, viz: "Daniel's Helicon," 169 3-4 acres; "Bacon Quarter," 23 acres; "Taylor's Neglect," 595 acres; "Exchange 25 acres, and "Fishwick's Adventure," 52 acres. A large portion of this valuable body of Land is well set in the finest timber. A further description of the above property is deemed unnecessary, as those who may wish to purchase, will of course go and examine the premises for themselves. The above property will be sold at private sale.

JOHN F. HENRY, Attorney, for Chas. H. Steele.

Cambridge, July 8th 1837. tf

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—TERMS.—

The CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published every *Saturday Morning*, at two DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable half yearly, *in advance*. Subscriptions will not be taken for less than six months. No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher; and the failure to order a discontinuance previously to the expiration of the time already subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

☞Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be published three times for one dollar; and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion.

In cases where the number of insertions is not limited, advertisements will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

POETRY.

From the Literary Souvenir.

MEET ME AT SUNSET.

BY, ALARIC A. WATTS,

Meet me at sunset—the hour we love best,
Ere the days last crimson blushes have died in the west,—
When the shadowless ether is blue as thine eye,
And the breeze is as balmy and soft as thy sigh;
When the giant like forms lengthen fast o'er the ground
From the motionless mill and the linden trees round;
When the stillness below—the mild radiance above,
Softly sink on the heart and attune it to love.

Meet me at sunset—oh, meet me once more,
Neath the wide spreading thorn where you met me of yore.
When our hearts were as calm as the broad summer sea
That lay gleaming before us, bright, boundless, and free,
And with hand clasped in hand, we sat trancebound, and deemed
That life would be ever the thing it then seemed
The trea we then planted, green record! lives on,
But the hopes that grew with it are faded and gone.

Meet me at sunset, beloved! as of old,—
When the boughs of the chesnut are waving in gold;
When the starry clematis bends down with its bloom,
And the jasmine exhales a more witching perfume.
That sweet hour shall atone for the anguish of years,
And though fortune still frown bid us smile through our tears:
Though the storms of the future shall soothe and sustain;
Then, meet me at sunset—oh, meet me again!

LINES

Suggested on seeing a poor horse whom some heartless owner had turned forth in the last stage of disease, to perish when and where his strength failed him.

Poor animal! Is this the sole reward
That crowns thy weary life of slavish toil?
Could not the wretch who used thy strength afford
To let thee breathe thy last upon his soil?
But he must cast the forth alone to die!
Thou, who perchance didst drag his infant weight,
And bare his boyish pranks in days gone by,
To meet from him at last, this bitter fate,
Yes! when disease had settled on thy heart
And gnawed thy vitals with a slow decay
When griping meanness, with ingenious art,
Had wrung thy lalest labor, day by day.
The miscreant sends his faithful servant forth
To die, a spectacle to idle boys?
Oh! gratitude, how much we feel thy worth,
When sights like these, throw shadows oe'r our joys,
Poor sufferer, can he who wronged the so
Put up with humble heart the prayer to Heaven,
"Father, that mercy I to others show,
That mercy to thy suppliant be given?"
Yet thou art one of many, whom the world
Hath meanly cherished till their strength was gone,
Then forth, without a home, remorseless hurled,
Like thee to perish, friendless and alone.

SCRAPS FROM THE EGLANTINE.—Bass once met a man pretty well overdone by the two freqent use of stimulating beverage. As he came up street, our joker asked him what was the matter. "The rheumatiz," responded the other. "Yes, I see;" said Bass, "the *rum it is.*"

'Sir, do you mean to say I lie," said a person to a French gentleman. "No sare. I say not dat you lie; but sare; I say dat you walk round about the truth!"

THE EMPIRE OF WOMAN.—In the education of females, you plant the oak, round which the ivy twines and aspires; that is, the example which irresistably attracts, nay commands, in the great cause of virtue and religion. The women are susceptible of stronger and more lasting impressions than men, we see, by the almost invariably constancy and fidelity of their attachments. Even the slight tincture of the serious which their fashionable education imparts, is seldom obliterated, by all the hurry and confusion of a life of gaiety and pleasure.—You will rarely, perhaps never, see a woman, to whom any idea of religion has been communicated, entirely abandon a compliance with any of its external duties, or insult its principles by the language of profanes and contempt. There is a fervour in the soil of a a female heart which never misses sending up what it receives, be the culture ever so scanty; when abundant, the return is glorious.—We have numberless examples of women in the holy writings, and in every period of Christianity that fills us with astonishment, at the sacred sublimity and heroism of their characters—and the history of the Pagan world, particularly the austere and virtuous days of the Grecian and Roman commonwealths, afford likewise the most illustrious proofs that the *sex* when properly directed, can be *more* than the rival of man; in every action, every sacrifice that goes to dignify and exalt the human name. From the very appearance of female depravity we recoil, as from something shocking and unnatural; while men the most immoral and abandoned are always overtawed, and not unfrequently reformed, by the contemplation of female excellence. Even the most profligate libertines approach it with secret reverence which they cannot account for, and are equally unable to repress. Wonderful, that a creature naturally so defenceless, so weak in her conformation, so timid in her ways unaspiring in her pursuits; so humble in her destination; born I may say to serve; should yet, under circumstances, possess an empire that nothing can resist, that renders her very silence eloquence, her entreaties law, nay her presence alone superior to the most awful considerations, in the control of licentiousness and vice.—Yet so it is, such has universal experience declared to be the ascendency of virtue and religion in woman.

COCKROACHES VS. SHIN PLASTERS.

How much have I to pay for my breakfast? said a gentleman yesterday morning to the keeper of a French Restaurat below canal street.

Seven bit, sare.

There take your change out of that said the gentleman, throwing down a *pledge* of the second Municipality, which looked like an old tattered and pasted Continentaller, although only two days out of Mr Doanes hands.

Sacre! I no want such dam rottaine stuff as dat, I take no more sare.

Yes sare he pass too dam current for my use, I lock up twelve dollar and twenty cent last night in my drawer, and de dam cockroach he take him all, and he leave me nottin but fragment. He eat up Monsieur Nye, he eat up Monsieur Doane. He eat de second Municipality, he eat up all my profit, dam he eat me up next.

But, dear sir, can you give me any reason why these 'dam cockroach' as you call them should eat up these notes in preference to any other?

'Give you reason? by gar sir, I give six, seven eight reason! De bill he is so ragged, so what you call him rottaine, dat dey paste him all ovare: De cockroach he like paste he eat him and he eat de bill too, and I make all de loss and lose all de profit. I take no more second Municipality—Sacre! de more me take de poorer me get off

The gentleman finding the Frenchman determined in his opposition planked his Mexican casting, received his bit change and traveled on.— New Orleans Picayune

PLEASURE.—Society is not, and ought not to be exclusively devoted to serious concerns. The beneficient Creator of the Universe would not have adapted human beings to the enjoyment of his gifts, unless he intended that they should be enjoyed. With the law which enjoins industry comes the law of fruition. Why has the capacity to make instruments capable of emitting sweet sounds been given, if such sounds are not to be heard? Why should the human structure be capable of the sweetest melody, and of graceful action, and of the delightful expression, beaming from innocent and heavenly countenances, if pleasure for such sources were forbidden us? Why does the grape ripen, the silk worm toil, the annual fleece return, the diamond sparkle, the marble yield to the chissel, and the canvass catch and preserve the the inspiration of genius, but to awake human desire, animate industry, and reward with fruition? It is the excess and the abuse that is forbidden.

TALL WALKING.—"Did you runaway from Texas," said a man to his friend who returned from that country in something of a hurry, shortly after Fannin's massacree.

"No—oh no. I did not run away exactly, but I gave some of 'em a specimen of almighty tall walking!"—N. O. Picayune.

BANKS.

We have taken some pains to collect accurate details upon the subject of banking institutions. We have already stated the number of banks in the country. We now give below some further views, in a tabular form, from Secretary Woodbury's report, to wit, the number of banks, and the amount of banking capital, at certain periods of our history:

Year.	Banks.	Capital.
1782	11	$8,935,000
1801	32	22,550,000
1805	75	40,493,000
1811	88	42,610,000
1815	208	82,259,590
1816	246	89,822,422
1820	307	102,210,611
1830	329	111,192,268
☞1834	506	170,123,788
☞1835	678	193,584,361
☞1836	689	316,875,295
☞1837	823	378,421,168

The four first periods (1792, 1801, 1805, and 1811) cover the whole duration of the *first* United States Bank. The charter of that institution expired in 1811; and there were then 88 State banks.—The *second* United States Bank was chartered under Mr Madison, in 1816. In the *five* years that intervened, between the expiration of the *first* bank and the chartering of the *second*, the State banks had increased from 88 to 246, being 152.

From 1816, the date of the second United States Bank, to 1830, when General Jackson had commenced his rigorous attacks upon it—being a period of fourteen years—the State Banks increased only from 246 to 329, being 83—an average of *six* a year. From 1830 to the present time—*seven* years—the State banks have increased 494 (from 329 to 823) being an annual average of more than *seventy*.

Take another view. From the Revotionary war to the year 1830, the number of State banks created was 329; from 1830 to 1836, the number created was 491. In other words, the policy of General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren has given to the country more State banks than existed in the whole preceding period of our history; yes, more by 165.

We beg the reader to examine the foregoing official table, furnished by the government, leisurely, and to draw his own conclusions. Let him notice the the fact, that in 1830 there was but 329 banks, and there are now 823, and then let him wonder, if he can, at the condition which the country is now in.—*Bos. Cou.*

At Jamaica, aged upwards of 80, lives a man of strange and original character.—He is wealthy and childless; his wife and six attached negro followers, not slaves, sit with him at the same table. He is shrewd in his dealings, and prospers; he recognizes no "currency," but coin—will receive and pay nothing else. The last land sale at Jamaica, was made by him—nine acres, at $1000 the acre, one half down, on delivering the deed. He required it to be paid in specie, which, as had always done, he lent on mortgage at *five* per cent. He never takes more, declaring that to be all that the use of money is worth. He refuses more. He has now 50,000 or 60,000 lent on mortgage at that rate. A few months ago he bought a cow of a neighbor, for $27,50 A week or two afterwards, he came to the seller and said that the animal was better than she was represented to be; that it was his way to do, as to require justice in all his dealings; and he tendered the seller $2,50 more. It was refused of course, but the man left the money among the children. These are but specimens of countless tales related of him. His frame bends under the weight of 84 years, but his health is unbroken and his spirits are good, he totters under a green old age, down the hill of life, and if conscientious observance of his rules of right, can soften the pillow or ensure calm slumbers, that old man must have serene nights. What will our money lenders think of a man who *refuses* more than five per cent!—*N. Y. Times.*

PRENTICEANA.

"The government, amid all the existing embarrassments, will keep cool." [Trenton Emporium.

No doubt of it. It appears to be keeping cool by realizing the fancies of the corpulent man, who dreamed, one intense sultry night, that, for the sake of refrigerating himself, he got out of his flesh, and sat in his skeleton, suffering the wind to blow through his ribs.—Louisville Journal.

"The Cincinnati Loco-focos complain that, Mr. Webster, when in their city, made a violent attack upon their doctrines, and then departed immediately without giving them time to reply. They remind us of the Salt River Roarer, who flew into a passion because a cowardly thunderbolt, after hitting him on the head, disappeared without allowing him to return the blow.—Ib.

"Our friend of the Louisville Journal is too severe upon the Van Buren Editors.—Why does he not tickle them with the feather end of his quill, instead of running them through and through?"—Ver. Statesman.

We can give as good a reason as the sailor gave for having stabbed with his sword a surly and troublesome mastiff, that had attempted to bite him. 'Why did you not strike him with the *hilt* of your sword?" enquired the owner of the mastiff. "I would,' said the sailor, "if the beast had run at me with his tail.'—Ib.

The experiment has nearly broken up the people.—Nat. Gaz.

The people will have their revenge by breaking up the "experiment."—Louisville Jour.

From the Merchant.

AMOS KENDALL'S GRATITUDE.

We have a few facts for the original Jackson men, which we think should make them stop to enquire into the character and motives of the men who now administer the government; and as Mr. Kendall is the head—the controlling influence which regulates the movement and the principles of the party—we beg leave to begin with him; and first let us give his own account of himself, as detailed in his examinaton before the Senate of Kentucky on oath:

Mr. Pope asked what made witness glad that Mr. Clay took the printing from him?

Witness replied, that he came to Kentucky early in the year 1814, while Mr. Clay was in Europe; that it so happened that Mrs. Clay employed him to live in her family one year and teach her children; that he remained there about a year, and then settled in Georgetown; that shortly afterwards he went to Lexington on business, and was taken sick in a boarding house; that Mrs. Clay hearing of it, sent her carriage for him, and as soon as he could be removed, had him carried to her house, where she nursed him with the utmost kindness until he was able to return to Georgetown; that Mr. Clay had not yet come home, and witness had never seen him; that this kindness of Mrs. Clay laid him under a weight of obligation to her, which he always felt& acknowledged; that when Mr. Clay came home, he received a very cordial letter from him, thanking him for his service in his family, &c. &c.; that an acquaintance was formed shortly after, which was kept up with the most friendly feelings until since the late presidential election; that he has been stimulated in his exertions to promote Mr. Clay's views by his obligation to Mrs. Clay; that to Mr. Clay himself he owes no obligations, and never did; that he had laboured greatly, and spent much of his time and some of his money in his effort to advance Mr. Clay, without asking for recompence or remuneration, until the advances made by Mr. Clay himself; that in taking the printing from witness, Mr. Clay on his part exhibited a personal hostility towards him, which relieved him from the restraint his feelings were under, and left him to take that course which he thought duty pointed out, perfectly unrestrained.

The army.—An estimable and, gallant man, lately attached to the Army, writes to the Alexandria Gazette as follows:

A word for the Army, for, although no longer a member of it I feel much interested in its welfare.

I wish through the medium of your paper, you would call the public opinion to the true cause of so many resignations &c. If I had time I would send you a statement of its (the army's) Grievances but, as every moment of my time is taken up by my duties, I cannot do so.

The true cause, of the very numerous resignations within the last two years, may be found by referring to the course by the Government, *in the formation of the two dragoon corps*; also, the appointments recently made in the infantry and artillery, of citizens, whose principal recommendation was their being either *partizans themselves* or the *friends of such* and these were appointed *over the heads* of officers who had been many years in service, and many of whom had previously received honorable acknowledgment from the Government for valuable services rendered; their claims to promotion have been uniformly rejected, to make room for political friends. These are a few of the many grievances for which the Army is indebted to the present administration; and, taken together with the very scanty pittance given as their salaries, compel the officers to seek employment in civil life."

PAPER CURRENCY NO GO.—The editor of the Newark Eagle, with the two or three thousand dollars due him, says he can not purchase paper enough to scribble his paragraphs upon. He must sell his "Eagles" at a premium.

Climax.—I stood in the deserted halls of my father—I gazed round on the bare walls and down the hollow sounding corridors—cried aloud—"The friends of my early youth—where are they? where and echo answered—*really I dont know.*—*Plain Truth.*

THE BROKEN MINATURE.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Two young officers belonging to the same regiment aspired to the hand of the same young lady. We will conceal their real names under those of Albert and Horace. Two youths more noble never saw the untarnished colors of their country wave over their heads, or took more undaunted hearts into the field, or purer forms or a more polished address in the drawing room.

Yet there was a marked difference in their characters, and each wore his virtues so becomingly, and one of them, at least, concealed his vices so becomingly also, that the maiden who saw them both, was puzzled where to give the preference, and stood as it were, between two flowers, of very opposite colors and perfumes, and yet each of equal beauty.

Horace who was the superior officer, was more commanding in his figure than, but not so beautiful as Albert.

Horace was the more vivacious, but Albert spake with more eloquence upon all subjects. If Horace did not claim the praise of being sentimental, nor Albert the fame of being jovial, Horace laughed the most with less wit, and Albert was the most witty with less laughter. Horace was the most nobly born, yet Albert had the better fortune, the mind that could acquire, and the circumspection that could preserve one.

Whom of the two did Matilda prefer? Yes she had a secret, an undefined preference; yet did her inclinations walk sisterly hand in hand with her duties, that her spotless mind could not divide them from each other. She talked the more of Horace, yet thought she more of Albert. As yet, neither of the aspirants had declared themselves. Sir Oliver, Matilda's father, soon put the matter at rest. He had his private and family reasons for wishing Horace to be the favored lover; but as he by no means wished to lose to himself and his daughter the valued friendship of a man of probrity and honor, he took the delicate method of letting Albert understand that every thing he possessed, his grounds his house and all, belonged to him. He excepted only his daughter.

When the two soldiers called, and they were in the habit of making their visits together, Sir Oliver had always some improvement to show Albert, some dog for him to admire, or some horse for him to try; and even in wet weather, there was never wanting a manuscript to decipher, so that he was sure to take him out of the room or out of the house, and leave Horace alone with his daughter, uttering some disparaging remark, in a jocular tone, to the effect that Horace was fit only to dance attendance upon the ladies.

Albert understood all this, and submitted. He did not strive to violate the rights of hospitality, to seduce the affections of the daughter, and outrage the feelings of the father. He was not one of those who would enter the temple of beauty, and under pretence of worshipping the shrine, destroy it. A commonplace lover might have done this, but Albert had no common-place mind. But did he not suffer? O! that he suffered, and suffered acutely, his altered looks, in heroic silence, and at times his forced gaiety, too plainly testified.

He kept his flame in the inmost recesses of his heart like a lamp in a sepulchre, and which lighted up the ruins of his happiness alone.

To his daughter. Sir Oliver spoke more explicitly. Her affections had not been engaged; and the slight preference that she began to feel stealing into her heart for Aibert, had its nature changed at once. When she found that he could not approach her as a lover, she found to spring up for him in her bosom, a regard as sisterly and ardent as if the same cradle had rocked them both. She felt, and her father knew, that Albert was a character that must be loved, if not as a husband, as a brother.

The only point upon which Matilda differed from her father, was to the degree of encouragement that ought to be given to Horace.

"Let us, my dear father," she would entreatingly say," be free at least for one year. Let us for that period stand committed by no engagement; we are both young, myself extremely so- A peasant maiden would lay a longer probation upon her swain. Do but ask Albert if I am not in the right?"

The appeal that she made to Albert, which ought to have assured her father of the purity of her sentiments, frightened him into a suspicion of lurking affection having crept into her bosom.

Affairs were at this crisis when Napoleon returned from Elba, and burst like the demon of war from a thunder cloud, upon the plains of France; and all the warlike and the valorous arose and walled her in with their veteran breast. The returned hero lifted up his red right hand, and the united force of France rushed with him to battle.

The regument of our rivals was ordered to Belgium. After many entreaties from her father, Matilda at length consented to sit for a minature to an eminent artist; but upon the express stipulation, when it should be given to Horace, that they were still to hold themselves free. The minature was finished, the resemblance excellent, and the exultation and rapture of Horace complete. He looked upon the possession of it, notwithstanding Matilda's stipulation, as an earnest of his happiness. He had the picture set most ostentatiously, in the finest jewels, and constantly wore it on his person; and his enemies say that he showed it with more freedom than the delicacy of his situation, with regard to Matilda, should have warranted.

Albert made no compliant. He acknowledged the merits of his rival eagerly, the more eagerly as the rivalship was suspected. The scene must now change. The action at Quitra Aras has taken place. The principal body of the British troops are at Brussels, and the news of the rapid advance of the French is brought to Wellington; and the forces are, before break of day, moving forward. But where is Horace? The column of troops to which he belongs is on the line of march, but Albert and not Horace is at he head. The enemy are in sight,

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