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The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

NEW SERIES—VOL. 7. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1844. NUMBER 43

TERMS.

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POETRY.

From the Clay Tribune.

TENTH WARD CLAY BANNER ODE.

BY C. D. STUART.

Our banners, unfurling, we fling to the gale,
Defying the storm of the battle to rend it,
And swiftly we gather from hill-top and vale—
The sire and the son by our hearts to defend it!
With arms lifted high,
To the contest we fly,
Our trumpet note pealing afar to the sky;
And free to the breeze shall our banner-folds play,
Till we conquer our foes—till we triumph with CLAY!

PROTECTION is stamped on each fold as it flies—
The Farmers' broad fields shall grow greener beneath it!
Hark! Labor's glad anthem ascends to the skies,
And millions of hearts bring their laurel to wreathe it,
While Freedom's proud bird,
From his eyrie, is heard
Screaming wild, as those folds by the breezes are stired,
And the flash of his plumes, like a star o'er our way,
Leads on to the field, bids us triumph with CLAY.

Ha! Liberty smiles as that banner is spread,
A signal of hope, o'er the land and the ocean,
And bends her fair brow to the Chief at our head,
Whose genius has kindled our hearts to devotion!
The Sailor-boy sings,
As his vessel's white wings
Bends fresh to the gale, while our banner upsprings,
And millions oppressed fling their fetters away,
And rush to the battle to triumph with CLAY!

With valor's strong arm, and with beauty's bright smile,
We'll stand by our flag, like true brother's defending,
Till Tyranny's stain shall no longer defile,
And the shout of our conquest is proudly ascending!
We strike to no foe,
And we spare not a blow,
Till the last of oppressors is smitten and low,
And our Eagle soars high o'er the field of our fray,
Bearing up on his wings, *"We have triumphed with Clay!*

LETTER FROM S. S. PRENTISS.

To the Editor of the Vicksburg Whig—

DEAR SIR: I have heard with surprise, and with mortification seen it reported in several public prints, that I had withdrawn from the support of Mr. Clay, on account of his course in relation to the annexation of Texas. It is not with a view of obtruding my humble opinion upon the public, nor for the fashionable purpose of defining my position on the Texas question, that I ask the favor of a very small space in your columns, but for the purpose of relieving myself from the obloquy of the report alluded to, and of asserting that it is unfounded and untrue in every particular.

I look upon the Whig cause as far more important than the Texas question, and would rather see that cause triumphant, and Mr. Clay elected, than to witness the annexation to the United States of all the territory between here and Patagonia. I believe the question of annexation, as now presented, to be a mere party question, brought forward expressly to operate upon the Presidential election, and that it ought not to have the slightest influence upon the course or action of any member of the Whig party. Indeed the ground taken upon it in this quarter, that those who support Mr. Clay are unfavorable to the Southern institutions and opposed to Southern interests, is as insulting as it is false, and should arouse an honest indignation in the breast of every true *Whig*.

I am proud of the *Whig* party and its noble leader, they are worthy of each other, and of the glorious triumph that awaits them both. I would rather vote for Henry Clay for the Presidency than any man now living, and most assuredly shall do so in November next, unless in the meantime he turns Locofoco, and but for the pressure of my private business, I would not hesitate to devote the time between now and the election in persuading others to do likewise. I have not deserted the Whig cause in the times of its adversity, and certainly shall not do so upon the eve of victory.

In conclusion, I will say if ever I join the Mormons, I shall attach myself to Joe Smith, the founder of the sect, and not to one of his rival disciples. And should I ever turn Locofoco on the question *of the immediate annexation* of Texas, I will support John Tyler, and not James K. Polk.

S. S. PRENTISS.

A Western writer thus gives vent to his indignation in Shakespearean style:

"He who steals my purse steals trash;
But he who borrows my *umberell* & don't return it,
drat him!"

TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND.

No. IV.

ESTIMATES AND EXPENDITURES CONTINUED.

Many hard things having been said against the Canal Company in regard to their estimates of the cost of their work, it occurred to me that perhaps something might be gained for the cause of truth, by looking into the estimates of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. I had no wish to carry the war into Africa.—My view was simply this—that if discrepancies were found to exist between Railroad estimates and expenditures, then it would be admitted that such discrepancies *could be* no proof of intentional deception, occur when and where they might

Now, in a pamphlet containing the proceedings of a public meeting held in Baltimore on the 12th of February, 1827, I found among other calculations and details, all apparently taken from the most authentic sources, the *distance* of a Railroad from Baltimore to Wheeling, or some other suitable point on the Ohio river, stated to be 250 miles, and the cost of making the road put down at the sum of $20,000 per mile, or $5,000,000 for the whole distance. This meeting, it will be observed, was held on the 12th day of February, 1827, and the charter of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company was passed on the 28th day of the same month, just sixteen days after the meeting. The distance, upon accurate survey, turned out to be 400 miles. This is a slight discrepancy—a mistake of only 150 miles. It is true that the company *explained* this whole matter, in their report to the Legislature of January 31st, 1831, and it is something to know, therefore, that explanations in such cases are admissible.

But the cost of the work all the way to Ohio was estimated at $5,000,000—that is to say, $20,000 per mile assuming the distance to be 250 miles. And this estimate of $20,000 per mile for a road with *a double set of tracks*, was adhered to and reiterated by the company, after their theory had been amply tested by their experience. In their report to the executive, of the 20th of December, 1831, the assurance is given, that the work will be made at or nearly within the original estimate. Again, in their report to the executive of the 27th of December, 1832, they have no hesitation "in reiterating the assurance of their full and unequivocal opinion," that the completion of the work to the Ohio river, *with a double track of rails*, is perfectly practicable, within the original estimate of $20,000 per mile, excluding in that average the greater outlay upon the first division of the road, near the city of Baltimore.—At the date of this last communication, the road had reached the Point of Rocks.

We have now got the estimates and the reiterated assurance of their full and unequivocal opinion, of what the cost of their work was to be. Now the actual cost of their road to the Point of Rocks, all expenses included, (see statement D of their report to the House of Delegates of the Feb. 7, 1833)

was	2,564,915
Add the estimated cost of a double track rail road thence to Cumberland, 108 miles, at $20,000 per mile, is	2,160,000
The whole cost to Cumberland ought to be	$4,724,915

We had a right to expect, therefore, to see the road made to Cumberland, with a double set of tracks all the way, for the sum of $4,724,915. Was the road completed for that sum? Let us see. In the annual report of the Company of the 6th of Oct. 1843, will be found a statement marked A, and in that statement the actual expenditures are thus given, viz:

Cost of the road to Harper's Ferry,	3,465,018
Cost of the road West of Harper's Ferry, that is, to Cumberland,	3,554,403
But from H. Ferry to Cumberland, one track only has been laid, we must add therefore the cost of a second track,	1,000,000
Cost of a double track road to Cumberland,	$8,019,451
Excess of actual over estimated cost,	$3,294,536

Here is another slight discrepancy. But I have a word to say about the Washington Branch Road.—Among the Documents of Dec. ses. 1830, is a communication from Wm. Howard, U. States Civil Eng., and Wm. Gibbs McNeill, Capt. Top. Eng., containing an estimate of *a double track* rail road from Baltimore to Washington, and the total amount of construction is put down in that communication, at $576,182. The estimate has the appearance of having been made with great care, and a strong opinion is expressed, that the actual cost will not exceed the amount estimated. The date of this report, it will be noted, is the 22d day of January, 1831; and on the 22d day of February, just one month thereafter, the bill providing for the construction of the rail road from Baltimore to Washington, passed the Legislature. The Washington Branch therefore, with a double track, ought to have been completed for $576,182. Was it completed for that sum? It seems that it was thought prudent to make further surveys and estimates, and in a letter from the President of that Company to the Legislature, of the 21st Feb. 1832, the cost *for a double track* is shown to be $1,555,529,—which is just about the cost of the road, if I have been correctly informed, *with a single track*.

From these proceedings and documents it appears that the estimated length of the main stem, at the time of obtaining the charter, was 250 instead of 400 miles, being a miscalculation in distance of 150 miles. It appears also that the estimated cost of the entire line of road to the Ohio river, was $5,000,000. And if the correct distance, as afterwards ascertained, had been then given, the whole cost at $20,000 per mile, would have been $8,000,000. But the actual cost to Cumberland, say half way, has overrun the estimated cost of the whole line, and fully half of the line to Cumberland, is but a single track road. This thing of dropping down to a single track, when a double one has been bargained for, is an advantage which the Canal Company does not possess.

But I need not prolong this examination. Every man's common sense will inform him, that to name beforehand what the cost of a great improvement, which is to remain in hand ten, or it may be twenty years, is a power not given to human intelligence.—Cost depends upon prices, and prices vary with the vicissitudes of times and seasons. If a rise take place in the prices of labor and provisions, after contracts are made and before they are executed, either the contractors break and throw up their sections, or the company are compelled to enhance the contract rate in proportion to the rise. But if, instead of a rise, there be a fall in prices, the contractor reaps the benefit, and the company are held to their contract rates. So that the company have every thing to lose and nothing to gain by these fluctuations in prices.*

Take for illustration the case of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, which was in hand forty-six years, being begun in 1770, and finished in 1816. Could any human sagacity venture to foretell the cost of such an enterprize? Why our own work, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, was begun in September, 1828, more than fifteen years ago; and in that period the whole state of the world has changed, and it might be said, nearly changed back again. Not only have prices varied, through all the shades, from maxium to minimum, and inversely from minimum to maximum, but changes have occurred in the medium to which all prices are referable—in the value of money—the most disastrous and distressing of all changes, and in a degree greater than that in prices. Now to make an estimate which should, through a period of fifteen years, accommodate itself to all changes in the representative of value, and come out right at last, could be done by the Omnipotent Mind, but is far beyond the reach of human sagacity.

There is perhaps no species of structure so often repeated, and in regard to the cost of which, experience ought to be so safe a guide, as in the building of houses for the habitation and comfort of man. And yet who builds a house within the estimate of its cost? Who can attempt such a thing without disappointment? I am not aware, however, that any college philosophers have as yet made the discovery, that because the exact cost of a house cannot be foretold, the world ought, therefore, to stop building houses. WM. PRICE.

CUMBERLAND, June 12th, 1844.

*Since writing this article, the following details have fallen under my eye. [See Civ. Eng. and Archit. Jour. for 1841, p. 397, 398.] The Caledonian Canal was estimated by an Engineer of no less note than Mr. Talford, at £350,000 sterling. This estimate was subsequently increased to £474,500. The actual cost up to May 1839 was £1,023,628, exclusive of a debt to the Bank of Scotland of £39,146. The work though in use, is still unfinished. A Committee of the House of Commons in May 1839, recommended a further advance of £200,000 to complete the work. The great difference between the estimate and the real cost, *arose from a serious rise in the prices of labor, provisions and timber* after the estimate was made.

Note.—An error occurred in the caption at the head of the last number. It was intended to be "works in which expenditures have exceeded the *estimates*"—it is printed "interests."

TIMES OF TAKING FOOD.

Nature has fixed no particular hours for eating.—When no mode of life is uniform, it is of great importance to adopt fixed hours; when it is irregular, we ought to be guided by the real wants of the system as dictated by appetite.

A strong laboring man, engaged in hard work, will require food oftener and in larger quantities than an indolent or sedentary man.

As a general rule, about five hours should elapse between one meal and another—longer if the mode of life be indolent, shorter if it be very active.

When dinner is delayed seven or eight hours after breakfast, some slight refreshment should be taken between.

Young persons, when growing fast, require more food and at shorter intervals, than those do who have attained maturity.

Childen under seven years of age, usually need food nearly every three hours; a piece of bread will be a wholesome lunch, and a child seldom eats bread to excess.

During the first months of infancy there can be no set times of giving nourishment. The best rule is to satisfy the real wants of the child but never tempt it to take food to still its crying from pain when it is not hungry.

Those persons who eat a late supper should not take breakfast till 1 or 2 hours after rising. Those who dine late and eat nothing afterwards, require beakfast soon after rising.

Persons of a delicate constitution should never exercise before breakfast.

If exposure of any kind is to be incurred in the morning, breakfast should always be taken previously.—The system is more susceptible of infection and of the influence of cold, miasma, &c., in the morning before eating than at any other time.

Those who walk early will find great benefit from taking a cracker or some little nourishment before going out.

Never go into a room of a morning, where a person is sick with a fever, before you have taken nourishment of some kind, a cup of coffee, at least.

In setting out early to travel, a light breakfast before starting should always be taken, it is a great protection against cold, fatigue and exhaustion.

In boarding schools for the young and growing, early breakfast is an indispensable condition to health.—Children should not be kept without food in the morning till they are faint and weary.

Never eat a hearty supper just before retiring to rest.

It is injurious to eat when greatly heated or fatigued. It would very much conduce to the health of laboring men if they could rest fifteen or twenty minutes before dinner.

WHIG ANTIDOTES
FOR POLK-ALGIA, OR LOCOFOCO-PHOBIA.

BY SCALPEL & CO.

Whilst we are willing to subscribe, to the fullest extent, all that has been said by the friends of Mr. Carroll, the locofoco candidate for Governor, as a *private* citizen—as a gentleman in his manners—as upright and just in his dealings, being eminently qualified thus to act by his ample means—as courteous and easy of access to those with whom he associates, as well as unobstrusive in his *private* walks, we must not, we dare not, without a dereliction of public duty, suffer his *public* character to escape the ordeal of a just and strict scrutiny.

Much as we should deprecate his elevation to the gubernatorial chair, if it required the unhallowed means used by his advocates, in prying into the recesses of his domicil and ferretting out domestic foibles, the possession of which is the lot of frail humanity; or, like the fierce bloodhounds of Locofocoism, to follow him into every nook and corner with slander and falsehood, the only weapons they use, coining new ones as the old are refuted or become threadbare, stale and useless, as has been, now is, and will continue to be the case against the Whig candidate, Col. PRATT, until the campaign closes—much as we should deprecate his election, sooner than to intimate those rabid partizan gladiators, who support Mr. Carroll, we should consent that the election should go in his favor by default.

But his character as a *public* man is a just subject of animadversion; because he has permitted himself to become an aspirant for the highest post of honor within the gift of the people of the good old State of Maryland: and this will be fearlessly examined and commented upon. It is the fate of all who seek public favor, and we have no objections to a similar course respecting our own candidate, Col. Pratt. All we ask is that the strictures and inferences shall be *just* and *true*, and the examination fair and honorable.

We have already stated that Mr. Carroll has no claim upon a single patriotic son of Maryland, because he was guilty of a gross dereliction of duty in a period of danger and gloom, when a hostile force appeared in our waters, approached the very entrance into our city, and threatened to sack and plunder our citizens and conflagrate their dwellings—nay more—to play the game of "beauty and booty" promised to the fiendish savages of their army at New Orleans which was defeated by Gen. Jackson and his heroic compatriots in arms.

A futile effort to screen Mr. C. has been made by denying "*that he deserted our army during the War.*" He never was charged with *desertion*.—The charge is that *he never joined the army, or performed an hour's service in defence of the city of Baltimore*, but retired some distance into the country, *not only out of the reach of danger to himself but beyond the piercing cries of the wounded and dying*, who were entitled at least to the kind offices of humanity, and to the alleviation of whose sufferings he might have contributed if he had remained, as did his more courageous and honorared father, who among others enrolled himself under the gallant Col. Howard, to guard the soldiers' homes and families, and provide for their comfort whilst they advanced to check the march of a hostile and brutal enemy.

We have been induced, thus early, again to revert to this topic in consequence of secret efforts which are making to place us in the wrong in the allegation against Mr. Carroll's patriotism. "Fair Play," a writer in the last "Marlboro' Gazette," after noticing the charge, says "that Mr. Carroll lived on his farm on West River, Anne Arundel county, until some time after peace was declared, and that this information he has from the most unquestionable source." If he lived there he changed his residence on the approach of danger.

Our impressions, independent of information derived from a source equally unquestionable, are of a different character. We *believe* Mr. Carroll was then a resident of Baltimore; but whether he was, or was not, is nothing to our present purpose. He did not, in either case, take up arms in defence of his country. If he resided upon his farm on West River, he left it because it was *not a place of safety*—and if he resided in Baltimore, he left the city, because that was not viewed by him *as a place of safety!*

Having thus informed our readers where *he was not*, we close the subject for the present by adding, that during the bombardment of our city and his fellow citizens' struggle with the British in September, 1814, at North Point, to save their and *his* property from a rapacious foe, flushed with victory, HE WAS ENJOYING—"*otium cum dignitate*"—DIGNIFIED RETIREMENT—SAFE FROM WAR'S ALARMS OR DANGERS, IN THE COOL, RETIRED, PLEASANT SHADES OF HAMPTON, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE LATE GEN. RIDGELY, IN BALTIMORE COUNTY.

This is coming to the point not to be misunderstood; and we dare Mr. Carroll to deny, under his own signiture, that he was not snugly housed and out of danger whilst his fellow citizens faced and repulsed the enemy, and saved his possessions from being plundered by the foe.

There is but one course now left in this affair, for the advocates of Mr. Carroll, & they may avail themselves of the plea, as many others have done aforetime—*place him upon the sick list*, where he will be located by the Whigs at the close of the pending *civil* campaign.—Every other effort to refute the allegation will be treated with scorn and contempt by an outraged community.

A DEFENDER.

Dressing a Goose.—In a case for stealing a goose, the counsellor for the prisoner, examining an irascible old lady, thus began—:

"Now, Mrs. Wiggins, remember the oath you have taken and its sacred obligations, upon the virtue of that oath, madam, I charge you to answer me without equivocation, whether the bird, alleged to have been stolen by my client, was a goose or a gander."

"Why sir, it is quite impossible for me to say; the goose was cooked—so it would be as hard for me to answer that, as to know whether you, dressed as you are, are an old man or an old woman."

Keeping an Eye.—"Will you keep an eye on my horse, my son, while I step in and get a drink?"

"Yes, sir."

[Stranger goes in, and gets his drink, comes, out and finds his horse missing.]

"Where's my horse, boy?"

"He's run'd away, sir."

"Didn't I tell you to take care of him, you young scamp,"

"No, sir, you tell'd me to keep my eye on him, and I did, till he got clean out of sight."

The parson and the Jockey.—A clergyman, who is in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country happened to be at an inn, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in an honest man, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The clergyman knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed—

"Parson, I had much rather hear you preach than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way."

"Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" inquired the jockey.

"In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.

Patriotic.—"Mother," said an urchin, one day in May, "how long is it before the 4th of July?" "Six weeks from to-morrow," was the reply.—"I'll be darn'd if I'll wait," says Bob; "give me my crackers and I'll fire 'em now."

The editor of the Buffalonian says he would as soon try to go to sea on a shingle, make a ladder of fog, chase a streak of lightning through a crab-apple orchard, swim the rapids of Niagara, or set Lake Erie on fire with Lucifer matches, as to think of stopping two poung people from getting married, when they take it into their heads to do so.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

A good daughter! There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than her, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which her heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's love for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupation and pleasure carry him abroad, and he resides more among temptations, which hardly permit affection that is following him, perhaps, over half the globe, to be mingled with anxiety, until the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house.

Her ideal is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which she reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm, as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending, but expressive proofs of his love. And then what a cheerful sharer she is, and what an able lightener of her mother's care! What an ever present delight and triumph to a mother's affection!

Ah! how little do these daughters know of the powers which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests upon them, bring a rapture to a parent's heart. A true love will almost certainly always greet their approaching footsteps, that they will not alienate. But their ambition should be, not to have it a love merely which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense and overflowing by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes most, in whom the perpetual appeals of paternal disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and fond echo of filial devotion.

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