The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

NEW SERIES—VOL. 9. CAMBRIDGE, MD—SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 1, 1845. NUMBER 6

DENTISTRY.

A. H. BRISCOE, *Dentist*, would respectfully inform the citizens of Cambridge and Dorchester county, that he will be in Cambridge on, or about the 20th instant. He may be found at Mr. Bradshaw's Hotel, where he will be happy to see all who may require his professional services. Thankful for patronage received, he hopes, by faithfully discharging his duty, to merit and receive its continuance.

Oct. 1 1845

☞500 *Pages for Fifty Cents!!!*

PROSPECTUS OF THE CONGRESSIONAL JOURNAL.

The editors of the *United States Journal* propose to commence, with the next session of Congress, a weekly publication under the above title, to continue through the whole session, at the unprecedented low price of

FIFTY CENTS.

to each subscriber for a volume of *five hundred pages!* It will contain a faithful and impartial record of both Houses of Congress, the gist of all the important speeches which may be delivered, &c. &c. The most competent reporters will be employed and nothing shall prevent it being made worthy of the patronage of the public generally. The Journal will endeavor, in its records, to do justice so both parties will feel allowed to patronize its publication. It being the long session, as it is called, the volume will contain at least 500 pages; each number will contain sixteen pages of solid matter, which will enable the publishers to give all the proceedings worthy of being preserved in book form, for binding and future reference. The exceedingly low terms will place it within the reach of all; the publishers hope that their friends will use their exertions in obtaining subscribers.

☞Those who forward Five Dollars shall receive Eleven copies—Ten dollars, Twenty-three copies—Twenty dollars, FIFTY copies—reducing the price to forty cents, for a volume of 500 pages.

☞A title page and complete Index will be added at the end of the volume, to make it more convenient for future reference.

THEOPHILUS FISK,
JESSE E. DOW.

Washington, August 12, 1845.

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, 22nd day of September, 1845.

ON application of Henry Bibby administrator of William Graham 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 deceased's estate and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks, in the Cambridge Chronicle, a paper selected by him.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester County Orphan's Court I have hereunto set my name and seal of my office affixed, this 22nd day of September in the year of our Lord, 1845.

L.S.

THOMAS H. HICKS,
Register of wills, Dorchester co.

In compliance with the above order. This is to give Notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Dorchester County, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of William Graham, 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 22nd day of March next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand and seal this 22nd day of September 1845.

HENRY BIBBY, adm'r.
of William Graham, dec'd.

Sept. 27, 1845.

Dorchester County Orphan's Court, 22nd September 1845.

ON application of John R. Martin Ex'r. of *Henry* L. McNamara late of Dorchester County, dec'd. it is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the deceased's estate and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks, in the Cambridge Caronicle, a paper selected by him.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester County Orphans' Court I have hereunto set my name and seal of my office affixed, this 22nd day of September in the year of our Lord, 1845.

L.S.

THOMAS *H. HICKS*,
Register of Wills, Dorchester co.

In compliance with the above order. This is to give Notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Dorchester county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of *Henry* L. McNamara 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 22nd day of March next they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand and seal this 22nd day of September 1845. JOHN R. MARTIN Ex'r.
of *Henry* L. *McNamara*, dec'd.

Sept. 27 1845.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

A teacher to take charge of the Primary School at Federalsburg. Testimonials as to competency, character, &c. will be required.

JACOB CHARLES.

Oct. 18 1845 3w

TO BE LEASED,

FOR the ensuing year, three rooms on the upper floor, above Mr. Rudenstein's Drug store, and one on the lower floor, on Market st. Cambridge, with a kitchen and other out houses, and a garden attached.

FOR SALE.—Three handsome young HORSES, three and four years old.

JOSEPH E. MUSE.

Oct 11 1845

POETRY.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,—
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of Summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief
No wild and cheerless vision of despair,
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearless eyes, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
In all the realms of ceaseless prayer and song!
Its billows break away and melt in foam
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng:

The storm's black wing
Is neaver spread athwart celestial skies!
Its wailings blend not with the voice of Spring,
As some too tender flower fades and dies!

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there? The light which fills
That land of glory from its Maker came!

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep!
No bed of death enduring love attends
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread!
The song of peace Creation's morning heard
Is sung wherever angel mustrels tread!

Let us depart
If home like this await the weary soul!
Look up thou stricken one! Thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day!

[From the St. Louis Reville.]

THE OCEAN WAVE.

BY PHAZMA.

Tho' pleasures and palaces garnish the shore,
Yet give me the charms of the wild ocean's roar,
Where the sky and the waters, so boundless and grand,
Are a triumph—a glory ne'er met with on land.

Ah! never on land have I felt the delight
I have known on the sea in the storm of the night;
With the clouds from the sky, and the winds from their sleep,
And the waves rolling high, and my bark plunging deep.

Oh, when the sun springs from his couch in the sea,
He gives his first smile to the ocean and me;
And when the noon ray falleth far o'er the deep,
In the foretop I lay to be cradled to sleep.

I have seen the bright stars in the blue of the night
Reflected beneath me as faultless and bright;
And a wish hath disturbed my quick heart from its rest,
To dive in the deep for a star for my breast!

I have clung to the mast when the storm was on high,
And the lightning came down from its cloud in the sky;
And down as we rolled in the gap of the sea,
The foam bells above me have rung with my glee.

O, the wild ocean wave is the war-horse for me;
See him shake his white mane as he courses the sea:
O, never, on land, give me coffin or grave,
But a rest deep and still 'neath the blue ocean wave!

From the Christian Citizen.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

BY REV. R. S. RUST.

No word in our language is capable of exciting so many soul-thrilling and elevating emotions as the endeared name of mother. The most hallowed associations of earth cluster around that precious name and its fragrance is far more exhilerating than the spices of Arabia. The heart may be closed against all ordinary motive; but it cannot resist the powerful influence of maternal affection. At the sweet sound of mother, the heart of adamant gushes with tenderness; the icy bosom glows with love; and the future prospect of the wayward youth gleams with rays of cheering promise. When the world spurns and disappointments triumph over the fondest hopes that we have dared to cherish, and all the bright anticipations of youth are clad in gloom, then, how precious and consoling is the sympathy of an affectionate mother! How many hearts bursting with grief, have been assuaged by a mother's love! If the foul breath of calumny tarnish our reputation with its pestiferous influence, who feels the injury with more poignant anguish, than a mother? If the youthful mind cherish desires of lofty attainment and high purpose, who cultivates these noble aspirations with more fidelity, than a mother? Maternal affection has lit up many a sunny spot, amid the deepening gloom of this dreary world. Human existence is checkered with an occasional bright spot, which presents in bold relief, the surrounding darkness.—Sighs and sorrows are our constant companions in our earthly pilgrimage. Without a mother's influence, invigorated and purified by the pure principles of religion, this earth would be one vast cemetery of cherished prospects and golden hopes. The loss of an affectionate mother, is one of the keenest afflictions that a dutiful child is called to experience. How distressing to behold the final conflict, of a beloved mother, with the king of terrors! Then, how sad and dreary the world appears! How the heart *aches* as it dwells upon the solemn thought! But a mother's influence stops not here. How swift thoughts of neglected counsel flit through the mind. Oh to hear, once more those mellow strains of maternal love! But it is too late, that bosom, upon which I so oft pillowed my weary head is now cold in death. Hereafter, I must breast the chilling influence of this cold world, without a mother's approving smile. But joy sparkles in the tear of sorrow, hope is not quite extinct.—Angels whisper in the mourner's ear, "Lo I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Years roll on, but recollections of a fond mother rush upon the mind, with accumulated intensity. When the lightning plays around the bark of the wayward sailor boy, tossed upon the tumbling billows of the deep, then a mother's exhortations and prayers flash upon the mind, and almost overwhelm him with grief, on account of his wicked career. Amid scenes of midnight revelry and dissipation, how often conscience lashes its victim, with a mother's dying prayer! Under all circumstances, conscience thunders out, and will be heard. Other influences may be obliterated by the wasting hand of time, other objects lie forgotten beneath the green turf, but maternal influence runs parallel with our existence. It is vastly important, that mothers wreathe a holy influence, lest they tarnish God's image in their little ones, and ruin them both for time and eternity. We speak not the language of hyperbole, when we say, that maternal influence aided by Heaven, will rescue this sin ruined world from the power of the Prince of darkness, and bring it under subjection to the glorious principles of the gospel of Christ.

VIRTUE ALONE IS BEAUTIFUL.

The following extract is from a Book entitled 'The Stranger in Lowell,' of which J. G. Whittier is the author:

'Handsome is that handsome does—hold up your heads, girls! was the language of Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters.—The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers, who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubufe's Eve, or that statue of the Venus 'which enchants the world,' could be persuaded to listen to her.—What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you, and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and plesant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart—But quite another picture is given on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace 'which passeth show,' rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

'Hold up your heads, girls!' I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelope yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels.—Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoked, stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the homesick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Sego, as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn.—O! talk as we may of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble or wrought on canvass: speculate as we may on its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind; looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

This was understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the virgin mother, the beauty wich melts and subdues the gazer is that of the soul and the affections—uniting the awe and the mystery of the mother's miraculous allotment with the inexpressible love, the unutterable tenderness of young maternity—Heaven's crowning miracle with nature's sweetest and holiest instinct. And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven, how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart. Do we feel that the real deformity is sin and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling place.

A Thrilling Scene.

CASE OF JAMES H. JUREY.

This is one of the most extraordinary cases which was ever brought to the consideration of a judicial tribunal in this city. The prisoner has been for two years, or thereabouts, a citizen of Richmond; and during that time, had conducted himself in such a manner as to command the esteem and respect of those who knew him. He was attentive to his business, regular in his f[illegible], and his neighbors all testify to his courteous and obliging disposition. Such, indeed, was the regard in which he was held, that his next door neighbor, engaged in a business similar to that he pursued, when interrogated by an officer in one of the banks in which Jurey's forgeries were detected, but immediately following that such detection had been made, [illegible] a high character as a merchant and a gen[illegible]

[illegible] ascertained that he has been for some time [illegible] money by notes with forged names; generally [illegible] of persons and firms at a distance, well known [illegible] bank; and that, with the money so obtained, he has mainly conducted his business as a grocer and commission merchant; with what prudence may be judged when it is stated by those having charge of his matters, that there will be a surplus after the payment of his bank debts through the forged checks and otherwise. He was first suspected, by his paying notes in bank before they were due to prevent the sending of notices to those in whose names they were drawn.—So much by way of introduction to the present state of his case.

Yesterday at his own instance, Jurey was brought before the mayor, and by his counsel, Robt. G. Scott, Esq., confessed his guilt, and threw himself upon the mercy of the tribunals of his country. Mr. S. did this in a speech which drew tears from those present.—We never saw a man who seemed to suffer from a deeper contrition than does Jurey. His case will now be carried with little delay, accompanied by his own confession, through the courts, until finally disposed of.—His bearing and confession must mitigate the censure visited upon him. Since the above was prepared we have the following substance of the remarks of Mr. Scott, furnished originally for the Star:

"When, on yesterday, for the prisoner, I asked you to postpone the investigation until to-day, I then gave assurance that I sought the indulgence for considerations which, if I were permitted to disclose, would be satisfactory to your judgment. You kindly and promptly granted what I asked; and I will now I hope show that it was under no ordinary circumstances that I requested the delay. Until Saturday last the prisoner was to me a stranger. On that day, and in the gloom and darkness of his short life, he solicited my professional services, and has held counsel with me in regard to this most serious prosecution. In a professional life of now more than thirty years, and some familiarity with scenes of distress and desolation in human affairs, in which every sympathy of the human heart would be aroused in pity and commiseration for the humbled sufferer and offender, I have never witnessed but one other which has made so deep an impression on my own heart as that of the unfortunate young man whose case is now to be investigated.—Early in my interviews with him, the first, the great, absorbing desire with him—one that seemed fastened on his conscience and his soul, which no human ingenuity, advice or reasoning could shake—was truthfully to make known his error, and promptly submit to such punishment as the offended laws of his country denounced against him. Firmly, yet calmly he was warned and admonished of the fearful consequences, which the execution of such a purpose would bring on him. Nothing could shake him. Neither the fear of punishment, nor the hope of escape from this prosecution, made him hesitate. I have been commanded by the prisoner to arrest this investigation. With a determination fixed and unalterable, yesterday morning he repeated to me this command; I could not even then obey. Such a professional responsibility I had never before encountered; such another, I pray Heaven, I may never have cause to meet. I asked one night's consideration; I asked it for myself, not for the unhappy young man. I am again commanded by the accused—possessed as he is, with a full knowledge of the awful import of the admission—to say to you, sir, that he confesses his guilt, and that no witnesses need be called to prove it; and bows in humble resignation to the punishment by law prescribed for his crime.

A pious Christian, with a fair character, many friends, and a prospect for the coming future, bright and cheering, he, in a moment of weakness, has fallen from the ways of honesty and of virtue. He will not be tempted, by any earthly hope, to consent to add to this his guilt, by falsely denying that guilt. While I thus speak by the command and under the authority of the prisoner, what terms can picture the condition of his young, accomplished, devoted, now virtually worse than widowed wife, and his, not fatherless, yet orphan child? With this theme I cannot trust myself.

"The scenes of woand distress, which no human tongue can describe, of yesterday, and of the Sabbath spring before me. The approving cry of that wife to her crushed and humbled husband yet sound in my ears. 'Yes, husband, tell all; conceal nothing; give up the last dollar to pay all you owe. God will forgive all to a repentant sinner."

"The united wishes, then, of the husband and wife I obey, when now, on his behalf, I submit his case, with the acknowledgment that he is guilty of the charge made in the warrant before you."

[Jurey will be finally tried before Judge Nicholas in November.]—*Richmond Times.*

PEWS.—One of the most costly items of domestic expenditure in these times is the purchase of pews in our splendid churches. Few men of moderate circumstances can compete with the rich in securing a pew in church to hear the gospel preached, alike as it should be to poor and rich, and the actual poor man can no more make his appearance in one of those splendid churches to hear an eloquent divine, than he can seat himself at the dinner table of the rich owners of the pews without an invitation. It is getting now to be a matter of business in the erection of magnificent churches. A very able and popular pastor wants a new church; a few clever, managing friends select three or four lots in a fashionable part of the city, and a magnificent structure is erected, which is so admired for its taste, its elegance, its position, that a rush is made to purchase pews, which are run up to so high a price that none but rich men can purchase, and religion therefore, in this case, becomes fashionable with our aristocracy. At the sale of pews in Dr. Potis' splendid new church in University Place, fifty pews alone brought $32,877, and if the remainder are sold at reduced prices, and also the gallery pews, it may run up to $60,000, which would nearly pay for the church.—In a short time the pews in the new and elegant Trinity church will be brought to the hammer, and a large sum added to the overgrown funds of that corporation. Grace church at the head of Broadway is nearly finished, when more pews will be offered for sale. The large and handsome Unitarian church in Broadway above Spring street is completed, and the pews will be eagerly purchased by the members of that congregation. The poor man who worships with a subdued and contrite heart, and considers God too great and glorious to be magnified by velvet cushions, rich oaken panels, splendid candelebras, and stained glass, is permitted only to look into those churches, and see how beautifully they are ornamented. He has neither sitting nor standing room, and he goes into his humble closet, or to churches that are free to all, or into the fields where nature is green and beautiful—where flowers scatter their perfume, and the birds of the air carol sweetly, and he puts up his orisons to the most high under the blue canopy of heaven, and no rude beadle can thrust him forth as a contamination. They manage these things differently in Europe. There they have magnificent cathedrals, erected at a cost of millions, but all are admitted alike, the king and the beggar, the rich banker and the poor mendicant, the lord and the vassal; there are no distinctions, and fictitious classifications.

The church was established for all. As the grave levels all distinctions, so are all mankind equally regarded with favor and protection by a just and benignant Providence.—N. Y. Sun.

MACKENSIE'S BOOK.

As there are many persons at a distance from the place of publication of this celebrated book who will never know its contents except through the newspapers, and then imperfectly, it would be well (says the New York Express) for the press generally to state that, in connection with other works, it discloses the following facts:

1st. That for twenty-five years the State of New York has been under the control and in the hands of a body of men who have openly upheld and carried out measures producing, at times, great distress and general bankruptcy, destroying the property of the widow and the fatherless, when these very men were convinced, and admitted, privately that these measures were hostile to the interests of the country.

2d. That while they were originating and consummating the destruction of the U. States Bank and in the Legislature at Albany and in Congress at Washington, were declaring that that institution was unconstitutional, dangerous to the liberties of the people, and hostile to a Republican Government, they were concocting means to charter another bank of the same kind, to be established in the city of New York.

3rd. That, in their confidential intercourse with each other, they condemned the measures which they publickly approved as legislators and rulers.

4th. That they were in the habit of using their offices and political power to turn the elections, by means of betting on the result; and that one great end in view, in their whole political course, was to make money by gambling with the means with which their position furnished them.

5th. That while they were engaged in political hostility to banks, they were constantly increasing their numbers and charters; and one of them, who was, on account of this hostility, chosen by Mr. Van Buren as Subtreasurer of the city of New York, recommended the charter of a bank, the profits of which were in part to be devoted to political purposes, and in maintaining the ascendency of the Loco foco party.

6th. That they had the utmost contempt for the *People* of their own party, and considered them as mere dupes—instruments in their hands for the accomplishment of their own confessed purposes of selfishness and baseness.

7th. That at a time of almost unequalled pressure in the money market, when the Government at Washington had their drafts on the New York Custom House dishonored, these men had of the moneys of the United States nearly half a million of dollars, with which they were gambling, by raising and depressing stocks, upholding insolvent banks, and furnishing means to carry on elections; and that the Government lost nearly the whole of this money.

8th. That nearly all of the men named in Mackensie's book as prominent in these measures—that is, thirty out of forty—are now high in office and in the confidence of the party, and control the appointments at Washington.

The effect of these disclosures on the Whig party has not been to place these men in any more unfavorable light than previously, nor have the revelations created surprise generally. The effect on the Locofoco rank and file, at first, was chagrin at the discovery that they had been the mere dupes and in sincerely upholding and applauding men, as preachers in politics, when these preachers were admitting, behind the curtain, that they had no sincerity in what they preached, and were laughing at the ease with which they gulled their deluded followers. But they felt and feel far more anger towards Mackensie, as the instrument of their exposure in being thus duped, than towards the authors of the imposture.

As to the question of the morality of making the disclosures, and the dispute about private correspondence, that is a matter for the parties to settle with Mackensie. The public are not to be diverted from the disclosures themselves by a discussion on this point. The widows and orphans who in thousands were left homeless and penniless by the hypocrisy and knavery of the Albany Regency. will here find recorded the confessions of the authors of their sufferings, and the wickedness of their motives in producing them.