The Cambridge Chronicle.

OSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

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TERMS.

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LAW OF MARYLAND

[BY AUTHORITY.]

"An Act imposing a tax on Commissions allowed to Trustees and Receivers, to aid in paying the debts of the State."

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That in all cases in which commissions shall be allowed to Trustees or Receivers by the Court of Chancery, the county courts of the several counties of this State, or of Howard District, as courts of equity or otherwise; such commissions shall be subject to a tax for the benefit of this State of one-tenth part of the sum so allowed, to be taxed by the Auditor of the court, by which such commissions shall be allowed, in auditing the account or accounts of said Trustees or Receivers respectively.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Trustee or Receiver, as the case may be, to pay to the Register of Chancery, or to the Clerk of the court of the county, or of Howard District, as the case may be, the sum so taxed by the Auditor under the first section of this Act, within thirty days after the account reported by the said Auditor shall have been finally ratified and confirmed, and on the failure of the said Trustee or Receiver, as the case may be, to make such payment, within the time above specified, it shall be the duty of the said Register of Chancery, or the Clerk of the court of the county, or of Howard district, as the case may be, to give notice to the Deputy of the Attorney General of Anne Arundel county, where the said commissions have been allowed by the Cour of Chancery, or to the Deputy of the Attorney General of the county, or of Howard district, where the commissions have been allowed by the county court of a county or of said district, who shall thereupon put the bond of such Trustee or Receiver so failing to make the payment herein directed, in suit, for the use of this State, which bond shall be liable therefor, as for any other default of the principal obligor or obligors herein.

Sec. 3. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the said Register of Chancery, or the Clerk of the court of the county, or of Howard district, as the case may be, to whom such payments shall be made, on or before the first days of July, October, April and January in each and every year, from and after the passage of this act to pay to the Treasurer of this State, all sums of money paid to, or received by them under the provisions of this act, accompanied with a statement of the amount so received, under oath or affirmation, verifying the truth thereof, and on failure, their official bonds shall be put in suit, and a recovery had thereon for the use of this State, for the amount which they may so fail to pay with interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from the date of such default.

Sec. 4. And be it enacted, That upon the payment to the said Register of Chancery, or to the Clerks of the county courts, or of Howard district, as aforesaid, as the case may be, they shall give to the said Trustee or Receiver, as the case may be, so paying as aforesaid, duplicate receipts, one of which shall be forwarded by the said Trustee or Receiver, as the case may be, to the Treasurer of this State, to be by him preserved and copies whereof shall be evidence in suits upon the bonds of the said Register or Clerks as the same may be, signing the same.

Sec. 5. And be it enacted, That upon the exhibition and delivery of the copy of the said receipt ratained by the said Trustee or receiver, as the case may be, to the collector of the income tax of this State, when he shall call to receive payment of the income tax due by said Trustee or Receiver, the said collector shall credit the amount of said receipt or receipts, if the said Trustee or Receiver shall have more than one receipt, upon the bill for said income tax due by said Trustee or Receiver; Provided, that no such credit shall be given however, unless the said Trustee or Receiver shall pay to the said collector the balance, if any, of said bill so due by him as aforesaid.

Sec. 6. And be it enacted, That the said collector or collectors shall be credited on the production of the said receipts, with the amount thereof, as so much money collected by him or them and paid over.

Sec. 7. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from and after the first day of June next.

D. CLAUDE,

May 10, 1845. 3w Treasurer of Maryland.

The Leonard Town Herald; Port Tobacco Times the Upper Marlboro' Gazette; Maryland Republican; Rockville Journal; Carrolltonian, Westminster; Examiner, Frederick; Torch Light, Hagerstown; Civilian, Cumberland; Madisonian, Havre de Grace; Cecil Whig; Kent News; Centreville Times; Pearl, Denton, Gazette Easton; Cambridge Chronicle; Herald, Princess Ann, and German Correspondent, will insert the above once a week for three weeks, and the Baltimore Sun twice a week for the same time.

LAW OF MARYLAND—NO. 196.

[BY AUTHORITY.]

"A supplement to an Act to regulate the fees of Notaries Public, passed at December session 1841, chapter 280."

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Notaries Public shall hereafter be allowed to recieve as a fee for protesting any note draft, bill of exchange or check for non-acceptance or non-payment, the sum of two dollars, one dollar of which fee on any protest and no more, it shall and may be lawful for the said Notaries, to retain for their own use, and the residue, it is hereby made their duty semi-annually to pay over to the Treasurer of the Western Shore, and every Notary Public failing or neglecting to comply with the requirements of this section, shall forfeit in each case the sum of twenty dollars, to be collected and paid for the use of the State.

Sec. 2. Be it enacted, That the Notaries Public shall at the time of making payment of the proportion of the fees hereby required to be paid into the Treasury, accompany such payment by a statement under oath showing the number of protest made by him and the fees recieved therefor.

Sec. 3. Be it enacted, That all such parts of the act to which this is a supplement, as are inconsistent with the provision of this act, be and the same are hereby repealed.

D. CLAUDE,

May 10, 1845. Treasurer of Maryland.

POETRY.

THE ERRING.

BY JULIA A. FLETCHER.

Think gently of the erring!
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation come,
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggle, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came
And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring!
Oh do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same heritage!
Child of the self-same God!
He hath but stumbled in the path,
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring!
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate,
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring!
Thou yet mayst lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be,—
Deal gently with the erring one
As God hath dealt with thee!

From the Ohio Cultivator.

THE FARMER'S HOME.

If there's a place upon the earth,
Where want and sorrow seldom come,
Where discontentment ne'er had birth,
And peace ne'er leaves the social hearth,
It is the Farmer's home.

True independence is a prize
To those possessing it more dear,
By far more precious in their eyes,
Than any other 'neath the skies;
Alone we find it here.

Let those who foolishly suppose,
That in the city halls alone
Are always found the "smartest beaux;"
(And thus their ignorance expose,)
Visit the Farmer's home.

And there they're ever sure to find,
Within the evening's circle bright,
As "stately forms" with hearts and minds
Enriched with gems of choicest kinds,
Lit up with virtue's light.

And others, too, there do at night,
Around the social fire side come;
Whose cheeks are red, and eyes are bright,
Whose forms are fair, and steps are light,
Within the Farmer's home.

And yet another home is given
To us poor mortals here below;
And when from earthly homes we're riven
We'll find a better one in Heaven;
Endless joys to know.

M. B.

A WISE JUDGE.

A juror was once fined five dollars for not attending a special court. His excuse was that he took no newspaper, and was not aware of the time. The judge said that was an aggravation of the offence—every good citizen was morally bound to take a newspaper—and fined him ten dollars. A sensible judge that.

Its more prudent to pass by trivial offences, than to quarrel for them. By the last perhaps thou wilt not be even with thy adversary: but by the first thou art above him.

Exercise thyself in the expectation of evils: so while the mind pleaseth itself in thinking I am not thus yet, it prepareth itself against it may be so.

Know the secrets of thy estate; how much thou art able, and how much thou oughtest to spend. But live not at the utmost: save something for misfortunes.

A Fashionable Chapel.—The followfng extract from Punch administers some punches under the fifth rib to a certain class not confined to the latitude where the article was written:—*Sun.*

The growing desire of the vulgar poor to visit church may in the minds of some people, it is much to be feared go far to bring the true interests of religion into contempt. It is here proposed by certain zealous projectors, to build a chapel for the exclusive use of the rich and the very respectable. People in highlows and corduroys are never seen in the pit of the opera; and wherefore should they be suffered to elbow ladies and gentlemen in their fashionable devotions? For such people, are there not meeting houses, nay, even churches?

Keenly alive to the wants of the superior classes of the neighborhood of ———, the present projectors intend to build a proprietary chapel which shall in all its appointments, make religion, like venison, a luxury for the better orders. Every pew like an opera box, will bear so high a price, that it will be unattainable save by the wealthy; thus, every religionist will have the comfort of confessing himself once a week "a miserable sinner," only in the very best society. He is thereby spared the humiliation of such an avowal in the presence of the vulgar who too frequently presume upon such merely ceremonious confession. If a gentleman is "a miserable sinner," is there any necessity that he should condescend to own as much to the very riff raff? Certainly not.

The elegance and the costliness of the pews—they will be fited up under the tasteful direction of Mr. Bradwell, late of the Covent Garden theatre—insuring the most select subscribers, the sermons to be preached will, it is believed, be of corresponding beauty and superiority. Thus it may be confidently promised, that the minister engaged will never talk of "corruption," and "the grave," and "the worm that never dies," and such distressing subjects—well enough and indeed very proper for working people with nerves like whip-cord—but will so order his discourse that it shall not ruffle a single feather of the very downiest conscience. Hence the subscribers to the pews may take a tepid bath—for a soft and pleasurable sensation. Not even in the shape of one of his matches shall Lucifer be in any way permitted in the proposed edifice.

A clergyman has been engaged, at an enormous expense, who brings with him the highest and most delicate testimonials, viz. a silver warming pan, the tribute of one admiring fashionable flock, and two dozen lawn handkerchiefs, marked with the hair of the spinsters of another congregation.

Male and female vocalists, from the theatre, are engaged; and M. Jullien will occasionally preside at the organ.

The beadle already engaged has lived as butler with an Earl, and is, therefore, used to good society.

The pew openers have also waited on the upper classes, having in their youth employed themselves as family governesses.

No subscription returned.

THE STEAM ENGINE.

Years have rolled away, and the vision of the tea kettle is realized.

Talk of political revolutions, they are nothing to the revolutions of science. Amid the roar of the conflict which shook Europe, the ancient dynasty of France fell prostrate, crumbled with the ruins of its own Bastile. And now new bastiles are being created—new forts erected—the tools with which tyranny played its game of yore; the chains are again clanking on the people who once so nobly burst them. But there is no such reaction in the revolutions of science. The echo of the cheery hiss of the old tea kettle, when the boy, Watt, sat dreamingly listening to it, is to be heard in the loud roar of the steam pipe, rising often above the din of wind and waters, and proclaiming to both that a mighty power is battling with their fierceness.

Steam has made this old world of ours a new one. It makes ocean voyages, pleasure trips; it binds cities together, literally with iron bands; it brings kingdoms into as close contiguity as parishes. What does it not do for man!—Services the most mighty and the most trivial. It hurries him across the Atlantic in ten days, and grinds coffee in grocers' shops; it has power enough to pump up volumes of water from the bowels of the earth, and delicacy enough to drive a shuttle and weave fine linen. Mighty as is its strength the childhood of intellect can guide it. Up and down fly the huge beams and cylinders with a force that hundreds of horses would in vain crack sinew and muscle to control; and yet, let there be but the touch of a guiding lever—the stopping of a valve—demanding no more than a child's strength, and the vast moving fabric at once becomes motionless and passive—only so many tons of wrought and hammered metal.

There is to our thinking, something awfully grand in the contemplation of a vast steam engine. Stand amidst its ponderous beams and bars, wheels and cylinders, and watch their unceasing play; how regular and how powerful!—the machinery of a lady's Geneva watch is not more nicely adjusted—the rush of the avalanche is not more awful in its strength. Old Gothic cathedrals are solemn places, preaching solemn lessons, touching solemn things; but to him who thinks, an engine room may preach a more solemn lesson still. It will tell him of mind—mind wielding matter at its will—mind triumphing over physical difficulties—man asserting his great supremacy—intellect battling with the elements. And how exquisitely complete is every detail!—how subordinate every part towards the one great end!—how every little bar and screw fit and work together! Vast as is the machine, let a bolt be but the tenth part of an inch too long or too short and the whole fabric is disorganized. It is one complete piece of harmony—an iron essay upon unity of design and execution. There is deep poetry in the steam engine—more of the poetry of motion than in the bound of the antelope, more of the poetry of power than in the dash of a cataract. And ought it not to be a lesson to those who laugh at novelties, and put no faith in inventions, to consider that this complex fabric—this triumph of art and science—was once the laughing-stock of jeering thousands, and once only the waking phantasy of a boy's mind as he sat and in seeming idleness watched a little column of vapor rise from the spout of a Tea Kettle?

From the Public Ledger.

PHARISEEISM.

A writer in the Knickerbocker has some well-timed remarks on the Phariseeism of the age. This is a subject which most publications and most writers out of a pusillanimous fear of reigning interests, are afraid to handle, but it nevertheless is one for *men* to think and to speak of. "This Pharisaical heresy, this divorce of religion and morals," is much to be deplored in its effects on the morals and manners of the people who are under its influence. Pride, hardness of character, sourness of disposition, monkism out of doors, if we may so call it, are its effects. On this subject we have already observed an excellent article in the same magazine, entitled, "A few candid observations." Our liberal literary men would do well to dilate upon it.—We need now the just mean of a cheerful, human-religious feeling; a broad *catholic* sentiment connected with joy, gaiety, hilarity, and an appreciation of the beauties of nature, and particularly of art as exhibited in all its resources and developments.

The following passages from the Knickerbocker are significant:

"The Christian Religion is a great moral creed.—The second of those two great commands in which the Saviour of mankind condensed all the law and the prophets, is, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;' meaning, without doubt, that we should accord to all those with whom we sustain any social relations whatever, all those acts of justice, or of kindness and courtesy, we would in like circumstances wish them to accord to us. Now what is this but an injunction to the practice of good works? What boots it to love our neighbor unless we demonstrate it by deeds whenever occasion requires? What sort of reformers then are those who denounce all acts of justice and kindness, forgiveness and charity as filthy rags?' Nay, I have on more than one occasion heard those preachers of *practical* religion solemnly assure their hearers that the virtues and good deeds of an unregenerate man are an insult to his maker. Thus we are likely to have a religion consisting entirely of abstract principles of faith, and divested of all its regalia of Christian virtues; all its justice; all its benevolence; all its charity; all its morality. These are set adrift, denounced, proscribed, to give place to piety without substance, and bigotry without religion.

Religion is but another name for love. It is neither compounded of fear, hatred, pride, presumption, or persecution. It is all love. 'Thou shalt *love* the LORD thy GOD with all thy heart;' and 'Thou shalt *love* thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.' There is nothing to fear; nothing of sectarianism; nothing of bishops or presbyters; nothing of the real presence, or any of those outward forms and ceremonies, those metaphysical subtleties, which have no more to do with the fundamental *principles* of the Christian religion, than the color of a man's coat has with his opinions. All these are omitted by the Author of Christianity when condensing in two great comprehensive precepts the whole duty of man to GOD and his fellow-creatures; the entire sum and substance of that sublime system of morals which it was one great object of his divine mission to propound and to inculcate."

A FACT FOR THE MILLION.

Every man in difficulty, poverty or dispondency, should think when at the verge of utter despair, that there are others in the world, worse off than himself, who are happy and contented. A striking illustration of this fact occurred from an edification of a poor friend of ours a month since.

"I was," said he, "out of business, entirely. I had exhausted all method the exercise of which was likely to procure me employmnt. I was walking down Broadway with a solitary sixpence in my pocket, and hunger gnawing at my vitals, in that desperate mood which may be properly termed partial insanity, and in the fullness of my woe was absolutely contemplating suicide, when a collection of people, gathered about the door of a princely mansion diverted my attention. I beheld a decrepid old man, bent double with age, and so enfeebled that two burly domestics where with their united strength aiding his trembling and uncertain steps. He was nearly blind, quite deaf, and I was told, possessed to a limited extent only the facilities of taste and smell. He was taking his customary morning walk—a hobble from the door of his dwelling to the nearest corner.

The man alluded to is the famous millionaire about whom books have been written, and newspaper paragrephs innumerable concocted.

"I thought," said our friend, "that I with my single sixpence, was in a glorious situation compared with that of the individual before me, and I went my way with a beaming countenance and a lightened heart, thanking heaven for the health and strength I then enjoyed; but had despised. I have never despaired since."—*Noah's Messenger.*

SHOEMAKING.

Professor Ingraham thus graphically describes the town of Lynn, Massachusetts, the seat of shoemakers and the vast cordwainery of the whole Union:

"The very pleasant and thriving town of Lynn is the Paradise of shoemakers!

Its young men, early transferred from the cradle to the *last*, cut teeth and leather in the same time, and its pretty maidens learn to bind shoes with the induction of their *a, b, abs.* Lovers exchange hearts over a kind slipper and swear eternal fidelity over a lap stone. If they would get married, they ask old Dr. Wax end, the parson, if he will *stich* them together, and they will pay him in hides and shoe mending.—Whipping their children is called *tanning*, and the rod they use is a *cowhide.* The little boys swear by "hides and leather," and play at games which they call "high and low quarter, and toe." A child newly born is a *lap*-stone and the ages of their children are known by the *number* of the shoes they wear. Boys are called *rights*, and girls *lefts*—an old maid is an *old slipper*, and an old bachelor an *odd boot.* The street doors to their dwellings are "insteps," and a man in an overcoat is "foxed." The fields about the town are *patches*, and a fellow half seas over is *half soled.* They never see an oak tree but they directly calculate the number of pegs it will make, and when they behold bees at work they reflect that the only end of wax is waxed end. They look on all cattle and sheep as only leather growing, and believe hogs were only made to produce bristles. Its lap stones would pave Broadway, and lasts if piled together, would make a monument higher than that on Bunker's Hill."

THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN—THE WAR QUESTION.—If that poor, miserable, sterile territory of Oregon, one half of which is made up of mountains and volcanic rocks while the other half consists of sand plains that produce nothing but prickly pear, should cost the United States a war with Great Britain, the loss of fifty thousand lives, and a hundred millions of dollars, there are few, we think, who would not believe the country had paid too dear for such a whistle.

The complexion of the news which we published yesterday is decidedly warlike. The tone of the remarks in the British Parliament, the vociferous cheering which followed those remarks, and the comments of the leading English newspapers, all tend to show that the United States and Great Britain may very easily get into a war on account of their conflicting claims to that most valueless of all territories, that poorest of all the lands on which the sun looks down, Oregon.—We have all along wished that that most miserable tract of country were submerged a thousand fathoms down in the Pacific ocean, and we now wish it more ardently than ever. Not because we have any very particular love or fear for Great Britain, but because we look on war with that Government as a calamity of incalculable magnitude. Our trade with that country is of immense importance, and to sacrifice it would disorder and derange almost every one of the sources of our National prosperity. In a pecuniary sense, war with Britain would cost us as much money as would relieve all the States from embarrassment; and this kind of loss would be nothing when compared with the moral and spiritual loss, to say not a word about the tens of thousands of widows and the hundreds of thousands of orphans who would be made so by war.

Our country is not just at this time under circumstances auspicious to the success of a belligerent enterprise. Our blockhead Administration has precisely enough sense to get the country into a war, and is without the genius and tact to get us through it honorably. We should greatly fear that, under such unwise councils, our National honor would be sacrificed. Locofoco rulers have always shown themselves extremely able to get the country into difficulties, and always unable to redeem it from them. If there was ever a period when a first-rate man was needed in the chair of State, it is eminently the present.—We have difficulties with Mexico, Brazil, and Great Britain. The first and last countries are justly indignant at the insulting manner in which their rights have been treated by the United States, while we have been grossly insulted by Brazil. If we get all three of these States on our hands at once, we think it pretty clear that we shall have our hands full. And that such may be the result, no one conversant with the ticklish nature of our relations with those countries will for a moment doubt. If such should be the result, the country may thank the Locofoco party for it.

As a specimen of the eminent wisdom of the present Administration we shall refer only to one fact. The frigates Columbus and Vincennes are ordered to China to carry Mr. Everett, our new minister to the Celestials, to that country. If we are to have a fight with Great Britain it will be waged at sea. Her navy is many times larger than ours, and, of course, we should need every vessel we own to help us through. But the wise Mr. Polk, at this juncture of imminent peril, orders two of the best frigates in the navy to the other side of the globe to make a display which shall impress the Mandarins, Keying, and the Emperor of the Celestials with a proper respect for our National character.

The British ministers and writers insist that their claim to Oregon is stronger than ours, whereas our President, in his inaugural address, displayed his ignorance by asserting that our title is "clear and indisputable." Great Britain does dispute it, and, hence, Mr. Polk appears less omniscient than he supposed himself. But we do not at present intend to agitate the question as to the title to the worthless territory.—We only wish to say that Mr. Polk's silly, false, and ridiculous assertion that our title is "clear and indisputable" was the cause of the assertion of the claims of Great Britain with so much vehemence in the Parliament. Nobody on this side of the Atlantic cared a straw what folk thought about the title; but in England, it was supposed that his opinion was the common opinion in the United States. Were the English statesmen aware that James K. Polk is the mere instrument of a many-headed party, that he has no individuality, that his opinions are of no importance, they would not have been quite as indignant. They are very excusable, however, in supposing that a man who has been elected President must be a very considerable person, as they do not understand the history of the Baltimore convention very intimately.

We have but little doubt that our title to Oregon is much better than that of Great Britain, but we can see no reason why we should go to war about it. Suppose the two nations should go to war, fight a couple of years, murder a hundred thousand men, and spend hundreds of millions of dollars, would their respective titles be greatly clarified thereby? After inflicting all the injury on each other in their power, the question as to the title to Oregon would be left to be settled by negotiation. We humbly think the negotiation might as well precede as follow the war. We are very well satisfied that we can flog Great Britain, and there is no necessity for proving it. It is the policy of our Government to remain at peace, brag a great deal, and do no fighting.—*Louisville Jour.*