The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 10 CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 28, 1846. NUMBER 9.

THE CHRONICLE.

CAMBRIDGE—MD

SATURDAY MORNING, November 28, 1846.

☞Mr. V. B. PALMER is our authorized agent e receive supscriptions and advertisements for the "CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE," in the cities of Baltimor Philadelphia, New York and Boston,

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The Orphan's Court of Dorchester county will sit on the 30th Nov.

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☞We are compelled by sickness to present our readers with but half a sheet this week.

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☞The Washington Union calls loudly np on the *Democracy* in those States which have yet to elect members of the Thirtieth Congress, to come to the rescue, to save the Constitution from violation and the Republic from a dishonorable war and a dishonorable peace!" The editor begins to see that unless the ball which the people have set in motion, be speedily stopped, the rascalities of this Administration will be laid bare, hence his great anxiety to preserve to his party a majority, if possible, in the next House of Representatives.—If the people of the United States look only to such menials as surround the President to save the Constitution from violation, the honor of the country must be at a very low ebb. Not so, however—the people have no confidence in the President, nor the traitors and menials who surround him. They have been false to their professions, and have basely betrayed those who entrusted them with power. Mr. Ritchie will find that the people of the United States, unlike those of *aristocratic* Virginia, are not exactly placed in his sling, and that he cannot dictate to and impose upon them his monarchical and anti-republican heresies. Having long cursed Virginia with his abominable dogmas, he now presumes to impose upon the intelligence of the whole people, by rallying the evil spirits of Locofocoism to smother the will of outraged freemen. We take him at his word, when we say "now is the time when principles, honor and the great interests of the country" demand that every citizen should be faithful in the discharge of his duty, in order that the Government may be redeemed from the prostitution and disgrace into which Locofocoism has involved it.—W. Standard.

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DEPARTURE OF MAJOR GENERAL SCOTT FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.

Correspondence of the American.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.

General SCOTT and his staff are ordered to Mexico, to give additional spirit and direction to the Army. This new movement is the result of the recent communications and conferences of which I made mention in my letter of this morning, and have grown out of recent events in Mexico, and advices from the head quarters of the Army.

☞Gen. Scott was to leave in the mail boat this morning, and has probably gone.☜ His destination is Tampico, but with large additional powers to control his actions when upon the ground.

From both the Navy and War Departments, I learn that every preparation is making for an attack upon Tampico. The force commanded by Maj. Gen. PATTERSON will march from Matamoras down by the coast through Tamaulipas.

The Van Ness case is still progressing.—The Court to-day were engaged in hearing further testimony and cross-examinations. The jury not in the case were discharged until Tuesday next.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

From the New Orleans Picayune, Extra.

November 17, 12 o'clock, M.

BOMBARDMENT OF TOBASCO.

We have been furnished by an officer of the Navy, who arrived here this morning in the schooner Portia, Capt. Powers, six days from Point Lizardo, who was engaged in the affair of Tobasco, with the annexed snmmary and sketch of the proceedings of Com. Perry, with the detachment of vessels sent under him against Tabasco. The enterprise was altogether successful.

The object of the expedition was to cut out certain prizes anchored in the river. These were all taken. When the city was summoned to surrender, the people were all in favor of yielding at once. The Governor and soldiery opposed it. Time was given for all peaceable persons, women and children, to get out of harm's way; but the Governor would not allow any one to leave, so that it is feared most of those killed during the bombardment were not soldiers. Some of the regulars were killed. Had it not been that the execution was principally done upon inoffensive persons, the city would have been demolished, with the exception of the residences of foreign consuls and the hospitals.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I have seen the infant sinking down, like a stricken flower, to the grave—the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the battle field—the miserable convict standing upon the scaffold, with a deep curse quivering on his lips—I have viewed death in all his forms of darkness and vengeance with a tearless eye—but I never could look on woman young and lovely woman, fading away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life turned to tears and dust. Death is always terrible—but when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of sleepers, the heart feels that something lovely in the universe is ceasing from existence, and broods, with a sense of utter desolation, over the lonely thoughts, that come up like spectres from the grave to haunt our midnight musings.

Two years ago, I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her pure heart's purest affection, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death upon her brow. I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped—her brow was garlanded with the young year's sweetest flowers, her yellow locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom—and she moved through the crowd with such a floating and unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer almost looked to see her fade into the air like the creation of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful and even gay; yet I saw that her gaiety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told that its mournful beauty was but the bright recollection of a tear—and her eyelids, at times, closed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh, green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity.

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence, and I became to her as a brother. She was wasting away by disease. The smile upon her lip was fainter, the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible, and the cadences of her voice became daily more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening in the depth of June I wandered out with her a little in the open air. It was then that she first told me the tale of her passion, and of the blight that had come down like mildew upon her life. Love had been a portion of her existenge. Its tenderils had been twined around her heart in its earliest years; and when they were rent away, they left a wound which flowed till all the springs of her soul were blood. "I am passing away," said she, "and it should be so. The winds have gone over my life, and the bright buds of hope and the sweet blossoms of passion are scattered down, and lie withering in the dust or rotting away upon the chill waters of memory. And yet I cannot go down among the tombs without a tear. It is hard to take leave of the friends who love me—it is very hard to bid farewell to those dear scenes, with which I have held communion from childhood, and which, from day to day, have caught the color of my life and sympathized with its joys and sorrows. That little grove where I have so often strayed with my buried lover, and where, at times, even now, the sweet tones of his voice seem to come stealing around me till the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody—that pensive star, which we used to watch in its early rising, and on which my fancy can still picture his form looking down upon me, and beckoning me to his own bright home, every flower, and tree, and rivulet, on which the memory of our early love has set its undying seal, have become dear to me, and I cannot, without a sigh, close my eyes upon them forever."

I have lately heared, that the beautiful girl, of whom I have spoken, is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream—gentle as the sinking of the breeze, that lingers for a time around a bed of withered roses, and then dies "as it were from very sweetness."

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be, that our lives is a bubble cast up by the Ocean of Eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into a darkness and nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it, that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which "hold their festivals among the midnight throne," are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it, that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back into an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. That is a realm, where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the island that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings, which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever. Bright creature of my dreams—in that realm I shall see thee again. Even now thy lost image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are flowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes floating upon the beam that lingers around my pillow, and stands before me in its pale, dim loveliness, till its own spirit sinks like a spell from heaven upon my thoughts, and the grief of years is turned to dreams of blessidness and peace.

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[From the New York Spirit of the Times.]

APPLYING THE PRINCIPLE.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

A brace of legs, thrust considerably too far through a pair of mottled pants and attached to a couple of the largest sized feet, which were encased in twin cowhide brogans, formed the underpining to a long, slab-sided body, of otherwise generous proportions, the whole being surmounted by a head, which was covered with a gray "five year old" (at least) seal skin cap. This sum total—legs, pants, feet, shoes, body, and chapeau—was the property, by possession, of Mr. ZENAS HUMSPUN.

ZENAS had been on "a bat" during the night previous, and had squandered full half a dollar on himself, in white-eye and sweetning. But his returning senses made him feel philosophical and on the morning we speak of him, he stood, at an early hour, in —— Street gazing mechanically at the telegraphic wires—soliloquizing, thus wise:

"——'ic!—That's the *telergruff*—W——'c—well, I don't poorseive nuthin' per—'icculier 'bout *them* strings, on'y one's bigger 'en t'other—'ic."

"That's the lightnin' line, big 'un," said an urchin in the doorway near by.

"When does she—'ic start?"

"You'd better ax in thar."

"*Whar?*"

"In the office, up thar."

The loafer was shown to the door of the building, and "by hook or crook" found his way up three flights of stairs, into the Telegraphic office. The attendants enquired "what the gentleman had to forward?"

"For'ud?—'ic—who's *she?*"

"What vill you send?"

"Send whar?"

"This is the Telegraph office, Sir."

"Well—'ic—who'n thunder said it wusn't?"

"I supposed you had business, Sir."

"Nuthin'o' the sort—'ic, quite the re—'icverse o'the *contrairy.*"

"What will you have?"

"I want to make some 'ic—quiries."

The hour being early, and little doing, the clerks very charitably determined upon some fun with the fellow, with a view to sobering him. The opportunity for anything gratuitous escaped them, however—for as they commenced a consultation upon the best means to *benefit* the intruder, he stepped up to one of the batteries, which happened, fortunately, to be but lightly charged, and, concluding that the nobs were portable, he pulled his cap over his forehead and attempted to remove one of the balls; the next moment Zenas lay stretched upon the floor!

He arose as best he could, and turning to the clerk, with

"Look yere, Mister—'ic—wot's yure name? I kin lick as many sich like skunks as you, as could be druv into a forty aixer lot! Wot in ——did yer—'ic—nock an innersent man down that way fer? Eh?"

"Nobody touched you" said the clerk.

"The——they—'ic—didn't!"

"No, Sir. You took the"

"Took wot? Yere's yure contemtible copper"—and, proceeding to dash a loose penny towards the attendant, which lay upon the machine—his fingers came in contact with the battery, and away he went again, heels over head, across the floor!

"Look yere," continued the sufferer, who, by this time, was well nigh sobered—"'od blast yer infernal picture, wot in thunder are you 'baout?"

"You mustn't handle the tools"—observed the clerk, nearly bursting with laughter.

"Look you! Mr. Wot's-your name—ain't to be fooled this yer way, fer nuthin'—I arnt'. By thunder I'm a inderpendant individooal, I am—and this yere nockin' people down, without notice of no kind, arn't the thing, by—— Ef you'll open that yere door, I'll go out of this, and no questions axed——"

"*That's* the door, sir"—

"That brass handle?"

"Yes."

I'm blowed of you do, though! This child don't meddle with no more hard ware in this trap, no how!"

The door was opened by the clerk, and the fellow sidled out. A surpressed laugh prevaded the countenance of the attendant, as Zenas departed, which, as the door closed, vented itself in a broad haw-haw.

"You're a smart young gentleman—you are!" bawled the loafer, through the key-hole, as he held the door fast with both hands—"you're a very smart young man may be!—You'd like to git out o'that, and go to yur breakfast, bimeby, may be! An' ef yer *do* git any grub afore noon, jest let a feller 'bout my size know it—will yer? I'll teach yer to knock people down; simultaneously for nothin'—I will"—and, from the preparations making on the outside, the prospect was that the "insiders" were to be made prisoners.

A thought struck the attendant. He disconnected the wire, and placing it in contact with the nob of the door upon the inside, his companion let on the battery!

The door flew open instantaneously, and our valiant stranger, with the seal skin cap, was discovered in the act of an antiangular descent down stairs, the side of his head scraping the paint from the edges of the steps, and his legs, mean time, performing an involuntary pirouette, which would have done infinite credit to a French dancing master!

It so chanced that Zenas had purchased a bunch of lucifer matches the night before, which had been deposited in his coat pocket. In his progress down, the matches had become ignited, and by the time he had reached the first flight he had partially recovered from his *first* effects of "the shock"—but the fluid tingled through his veins, his coat tails were on fire, and he was not "set forward" in his imagination any, by this last effort of his tormentors. He discovered the fire, and presuming it was part and parcel of the "cussid invention" he sprang to his feet, and with both hands briskly at work behind him, for the purpose of smothering the flame, which was roasting the seat of his inexpressibles—he 'put' for the street door at full gallop!

"Fire! Fire! Help! *yere! Ow!!!* murd—fire! help!" shouted the victim, as he darted into the street.

Away he dashed towards Baltimore, at a speed which the "lightnin' line" itself might have been proud of. Luckily, a square off, he discovered a servant with a hose attached to one of the hydrants, busily engaged in washing off the pavement. He rushed to the spot, and turning short before him—*a posteriori*—he begged him, at the top of his voice, "for God's sake" to "put him out!"

Perhaps his sable friend's eye didn't glisten, and may be his "ivory" didn't shine, as he charitably turned "the current of that stream" upon the unmentionable portion of the poor devil's netherments. "The fire was extinguished without serious damage," as the papers say—the loafer was thoroughly saturated—and having exchanged his "heavy inside wet" for a skin drenching, he departed, perfectly sober, amidst the jeers of the crowd who had witnessed the *finale*—most vociferously cursing all improvements in magnetism and combustibles! G. P. B.

Philadelphia, Oct. 5, 1846.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, the 19th inst., by the Rev. D. W. Bates, Mr. JOHN SMITH to Miss SARAH WATERS—both of Lake's District.

On Thursday evening the 26th inst., by the Rev. J. D. Onins, Mr. JAMES N. DAWSON, of Baltimore city, to Miss CATHARINE S. MEUIR, of this county.

DIED.

In this town, at one o'clock on Wednesday morning last, Mrs. ELIZA BRADSHAW, consort of John Bradshaw, in the 46th year of her age.

DEDICATION.

The new spacious Methodist Episcopal Church, now being erected at Church Creek, Dorchester County, will be dedicated to the worship of Almighty God on WEDNESDAY the 9th day of DECEMBER next. The ceremonies will be performed by Rev'd. A. Atwood, of Wilmington, Del., and other distinguished ministers of the Gospel. The public generally are invited to attend and witness the imposing ceremonies of the occasion.

E. J. WAY, Pastor.

Nov. 28, 1846.

TEACHER WANTED. The School Commissioners for district No. 2, wish to employ a suitable teacher to take charge of the Primary School in New Market, the ensuing year. Application may be made on or before the 26th December next.

H. W. HOUSTON, Cl'k.

New Market, Nov. 28, 1846.—3w

MRS. M. A. EUNICK'S FASHIONABLE MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT, ON MAIN STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

Mrs. E. has just returned from Baltimore, with a beautiful assortment of FALL and WINTER RIBBONS, FLOWERS, PLUMES, VELVETS, SILKS, &c. Also, the newest and most fashionable style of TRIMMINGS for BONNETTS.

Mrs. E. returns her thanks to her customers and the Ladies generally for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors, which will be attended to with punctuality and neatness.

MOURNING BONNETTS made at the shortest notice.

Nov. 14th, 1846.—3w

A CARD.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to execute all kinds of HOUSE, SIGN and CHAIR PAINTING, upon modern e terms and at the shortest notice. He is determined to use his best exertions to please, and to give his strict and faithful attention to his business; and while he is deeply thankful for the patronage he has received, he hopes to merit and receive a continuance of the same. His price will be one dollar per day. The public's obt. serv't.

Nov. 14th, 1846.—tf. JOHN C. REED.

A Great Bargain Offered.

THE subscriber will sell on a considerable credit, and upon reasonable terms, the FARM, a part of North Yarmouth tract, in Transquakin, and adjoining the residence of Dr. Wm. H. Muse, containing 315 acres—230 of which, in cultivation, and 85 in valuable timber.

This Farm, from its variety of soil—possessing a clayey loam, and a siliceous loam, and intermediate grades, is adapted to a variety of crops; and the infallible prospect of a future growing, and permanent demand for our Breadstuffs—especially Indian Corn, in foreign markets, offers a strong incentive to agricultural energy and enterprise, which, for many years have been parallyzed. Endless sources of manure are presented on this Farm to make it a rich investment, by a moderate share of skill and attention. It has a neat small and nearly new dwelling house, two rooms on each floor; also two corn houses, one of them lately built and in the best manner, and vill hold 3000 bushels;—the other 2000.

A well of pure, soft water is directly at the door, and many fine springs, elsewhere on the land.

JOSEPH E. MUSE

Nov. 14, 1846.—tf

To Rent.

For the ensuing year, the House and garden at Peach Blossom near Cmabridge. For terms apply to

JOS. E MUSE Jr.

Nov. 21st 1846.—3w

SERVANTS WANTED.

THE subscriber wishes to hire by the year or purchase for a term, a capable and industrious Negro woman acquainted with cooking, washing and ironing as a house servant in my family. She must be sober, honest, well disposed, neat in her habits and industrious. Also wanted a girl of from 13 to 16 years old. To such as come well recommended good wages and good treatment may be depended on. As the subscriber lives in the country and three miles from the city, slaves will be free from the temptations of the city.

A line addressed to GEO. H. NEWMAN, Exchange Place, Baltimore, will meet prompt attention.

Baltimore, Nov. 14, 1846.—3w

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, 9th November 1846.

On application of SAMUEL HIGGINS Executor of Mary Ross late of Dorchester county deceased—it is ordered that he give 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 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 proceedin s of Dorchester county Orphans' Court I have hereunto set my name and the seal of my office affixed this 9th day of November in the year of our Lord. 1846.

L.S.

THOMAS H. HICKS, Register of Wills Dor. 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 Mary Ross late of Dorchester county deceased—All persons having claims against the said dec'd are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 9th day of November next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said dec'd's estate.

Given under my hand and seal this 9th day of November 1846.

SAMUEL HIGGINS Executor.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the late REBECCA RICHARDSON for negro hire are requested to make immediate payment to the Executor, as further indulgence cannot be granted. WM. A. SULIVANE, Executor.

Nov. 7, '46.

☞FASHIONABLE TAILORING.☜

THE subscriber having removed from the city of Baltimore, and permanently located himself in Cambridge, he is prepared to cut and make all garments in the latest and most fashionable style.—From his knowledge and attention to the business, he flatters himself that he can give general satisfaction; he solicits a share of the public patronage. His shop can be found at the back room of the building occupied by Mr. Thomas M. Flint, as a drug store.

WILLIAM C. LITTLETON.

Nov 7th 1846. 6m Cambridge,

In the District Court, Sitting in Bankruptcy.

ORDERED this 31st day of October 1846 that the sale of Land reported to this Court by the assignee of Peregine Spencer be ratified and confirmed on the 4th day of January next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in the Cambridge Chronicle and Dorchester Democrat once in each week for four successive weeks before the 10th day of December next.

U. S. HEATH, Dt. Judge.

True copy. THO. SPICER, Clk.

Nov. 7th, '46.—4t Dist. Ct.

Important Executor's and Trustee's Sale of Real & Personal Estate in Dorchester County, Maryland.

BY virtue and in pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of said county, I will sell at the late residence of STEPHEN HURST, deceased, within three miles of Cambridge on

Wednesday the 11th of November

(if fair, if not, the next fair day) commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., the entire personal estate of said deceased (except servant's unexpired terms, which will be sold at private sale to good masters at any time deliverable after sale.) The estate consists of effects necessary to farming interests generally such as cattle, horses, hogs, carriages, farming utensils, household