GETABLE PILLS.
OF ALL MEDICINES has
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Pills have been taken ac
which accompany each
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r, each proving a cure of
s, and which might here
ce permit, but it is hoped
ficient to place beyond
irtue:
REED, of Virginia.
Norfolk, June 12, 1844
Since I last wrote you,
s who have been using
ls and in every case they
worthy the name they
the name of John For
away in a seated con
s, and by using the Ex
eeks, his cough, pains,
d he is now so well as
business. Indeed sir,
sales, the value of your
ned. I am entirely out,
and wish you would for
possible. Yours, &c.
THOS. S. REED.
Massachusetts.]
ster June 17, 1844.
ughter, who had a distres
at quantity of phelegm,
palpitation of the heart,
Vegetable Extract Pills,
Others bear testimony to
nts respectfully,
JOHN STRIKER, Jr.
nsylvania.]
EASTON, July 1, 1844
considerable matter to tell
Pills, where they have
se who have bought them
their effects. There is a
nd to her domestic con
e she commenced taking
umber, and prostrated on
ore when I see you; please
enclosed twenty dollars,
another gross of pills.
GEO. S. SMITH
necticut.]
Haven, June 27, 1844
getable Extract Pills have
veral cases in this town; I
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R. W. SMALLEY,
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SSION."
onfess that I have been afflic
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nd was almost blind of an
with an immense quantity of
vaf as red as scaylet, and I
condition, so much so that
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ury, mixture or pills, inven-
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persons recommended the
louse, 16 South FREDER-
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pledged himself to cure me
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nish completely cured me.—
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and I believe from my very
oath) that his exquisite geni-
d well appropriated reme-
emed.
HENRY BRUMMER.
Milton, Oct. 30, 1845.
OR COPAIVA
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than it ever was in
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1.25
AS STEPHISON.
46. tf

The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 9. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 15, 1846. NUMBER 46.

TERMS.

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Poetry

THE SOUL.

"For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Kingdoms, grandeur, what are they;
In the last great trying day?
What is wealth, or what is fame?
What earth's honorable name?
When ye cease on earth to be,
What are all earth's things to thee?

In the last great trying hour,
When ye feel the TYRANT'S power—
When thy soul is called away
From its tenement of clay,
EARTH, what is it in thine eyes,
Compared with treasures in the skies?

There is good without alloy—
Treasures, nothing can destroy—
Seats of honor and of bliss,
In THAT world of happiness;
Names engraven which will stand,
In the book at God's right hand.

There ARE pearls encased in love,
In the cabinet above.
Which ye may secure below,
Yours in weal and yours in woe;
Yours in life, and when it flies,
Seek the pearl of greatest price.

What would ye, when earth is riven,
Given for the pearl of heaven?
For the robe which Christ has wrought?
For the ransom he has bought?
For a mansion high above?
For a smile of Jesus' love?

O, thou great Source of truth and light,
Clothe me in righteous robes; and white;
Give me a mansion high above—
A diamond set in pearls of love;
My name away from every strife,
O, write it in the BOOK OF LIFE.

Select Miscellany.

THE JARS OF GOLD.

BY WASHINGTON IRVIN.

There was once upon a time a poor mason, or bricklayer in Grenada, who kept all the saint's days and holydays, and Saint Monday into the bargain, and yet, with all his devotion he grew poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was roused from his first sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened it and beheld before him a tall meagre, cadaverous looking priest.

"Hark ye" honest friend!" said the stranger, "I have observed that you are a good Christian and can be trusted; will you undertake a job this very night?"

"With all my heart, Senor Padre, on condition that I am paid accordingly."

"That you shall be; but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded."

To this the mason made no objection; so being hoodwinked, he was led by the priest through various lanes and winding passages, until rhey stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then supplied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what sounded like a ponderous door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor, and spacious hall, to an interior part of the building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a patio, or court, dimly lighted by a single lamp. In the centre was the dye basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest requested him to form a small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night, without finishing the job. Just before day break the priest put a piece of gold in his hand, and having again blindfolded him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

"Are you willing," said he, "to return and complete your work?"

"Gladly Senor Padre—provided I am so well paid."

"Well then to-morrow at midnight I will call again."

He did so—and the vault was completed.

"Now," said the priest, "you must help me to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried in the vault."

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words; he followed the priest with trembling steps into a chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death, but was relieved on perceiving three or four portly jars standing in one corner. They were evidently full of money, and it was with great effort that he and the priest carried them forth and consigned them to their tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work obliterated. The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a route diffeent from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time, through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand.

"Wait here" said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you." So saying, he departed.

The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand and clinking them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rang its matin peal, he uncovered his eyes, and found himself on the banks of the Zenil, from whence he made the best of his way home, and revelled with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two nights' work; after which he was as poor as ever.

He continued to work a little and pray a good deal, and keep Saints' day and holidays from year to year, while his family grew up as guant and ragged as a crew of gypsies. As he was seated one evening at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old curmudgeon, who was noted for owning many houses and being a griping landlord. The man of money eyed him for a moment from beneath a pair of anxious shagged eyebrows.

"I am told my friend that you are very poor.

"There is no denying of the fact, Senor—it speaks for itself."

"I presume that you would be glad of a job, and will work cheap.

"As cheap, my master, as any mason in Granada."

"That's what I want. I have an old house fallen into decay, that cost me more than it is worth to keep it in repair for nobody will live in it; so I must contrive to patch it up at as small expense as possible."

The mason was accordingly conducted to a large deserted house that seemed going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court, where his eye was caught by an old Moorish fountain.—He paused for a moment for a dreaming recollection of the place distinctly came over him.

"Pray," said he "who occupied this house formerly?"

"A pest upon him!" cried the landlord, "it was an old miserable priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich, and, having no relations, it was thought he would leave all his treasures to the church. He died suddenly, and the priests and friars thronged to take possession of his wealth but nothing could they find but a few ducats in a leather purse. The worst luck has fallen on me, for since his death, the old fellow continues to occupy my house without paying rent, and there's no taking the law on a dead man. The people pretend to hear the clinking of gold all night in the chamber where the old priest slept, as if he was counting over his money, and sometimes a groaning and moaning about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name on my house, and not a tenant will remain in it."

"Enough," said the mason sturdily: "let me live in your house rent free until some better tenant present, and I will engage to put it in repair, and to quiet the troubled spirit that disturbs it. I am a good Christian and a poor man, and am not to be daunted by the devil himself, even though he should come in the shape of a big bag of money!"

"The offer of the honest mason was gladly accepted; he moved with his family into the house and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state; the clinking of gold was heard no more at night in the chamber of the deceased priest, but began to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason. In a word he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbors, and became one of the richest men in Granada: he gave large sums to the church, by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience, and never revealed the secret of the vault, until on his death bed to his son and heir.

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THE AVAILABLE SKILLET.

A SKETCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

In the winter of 182—, business led me to journey in north western Missouri, then a very sparely settled frontier country. Taverns, there were none and their substitutes, "stands," in the phrase of the country, poor and far between. I urged my weary horse forward, over the broad prairie; covered with mud and snow, during several tedious hours heading toward a distant grove and musing all the time. The timber once reached, I may find a lodging place for the night, thought I. I soon did reach the grove, and in it found a single log cabin, surrounded by a low fence of rails wormlaid. The cabin was tenanted by a young married woman and her two children. Her husband was away from home.

As I rode up to the door, the woman came unhesitatingly forward, and to my inquiry, "Can I be accomodated with entertainment for the night?" answered, "I reckon so. We never turned any body away, whether, friends or foes; they are all made comfortable at our house. The strange traveller would find cold lodging on this road, if we didn't keep him—it's so far between stands. *He* is gone forty miles to mill, but will be home to-morrow. I will do my best, so you may as well come in." I thanked the kind hearted lady, and accepted her invatation.

Truth prompts me to say, that, notwithstanding the settlers were then generally very poor, and very illiterate and possessed of only a few comforts or even conveniences, a more open-hearted, generously disposed, and less suspecting people, I never found. To me, Yankee educated, such welcome to the firesides of private families, as was every where given to a perfect stranger was unaccountable.

This woman, to the eye, was rather attractive for the country, and, by her mien, showed that she was, or felt herself to be, one of the "upper ten thousand"—a fact I soon found corroborated. Her husband was a candidate for Sheriff.

The rude, log pen, was the whole house, parlor, bedroom, kitchen, pantry, all in one.—Having asked for supper, I took my seat at a respectful distance from the fire, with nothing to divert my attention from the cooking operations, and very curious to see how a place of so little promise, "could make me comfortable."

The first motion towards my supper, was the lady's bringing forth a *skillet*, which was good enough of its kind. Into this skillet a handful of coffee was put: and the parching, browning and smoking operation was commenced. The skillet being placed in the blaze of the fire, the process was soon over; and, if the coffee failed in being well porched, the deficiency was made up—it was well smoked. The vessel was now duly cleansed, filled with water, and placed over the fire to boil while my hostess briskly ground the coffee.—Soon the boiling water from the skillet was poured upon the floured coffee; and the skillet set to boil upon the coals. By this time my curiosity had become excited by the double and single use of the skillet;—and I watched with increased interest. Next the skillet was turned into an oven and the bullet shaped dodgers (loaves) of corn meal set a baking. My hostess then took a seat to entertain me by her conversation. On my remarking upon her few conveniences, she answered:

"Yes, stranger, that's all truth; but we now do so much better than when we first came here—it seems, really, quite like living. Then we pounded our corn in a hollow stump, and backed our bread on a chip; but some folks like johnnycake the best; but when *he* brought me this ere new skillet from Ft. Osage, I felt my fortune was made; because I could now have such good bread, and could almost use the skillet for a thousand other things besides baking. Yes, stranger you may think it queer, but when he got me this skillet, I was gladder than if he had brought me the best black silk gown in St. Louis—and I told him so, for it does me more good than fifty dresses could."

I assented to all my hostess said; but, after all, it was a tedious hour, this waiting for the bread to bake, while all other supper operations were suspended. My hostess, after giving the dodgers three successive thumpings pronounced them baked, to my very great satisfaction, as the boiling coffee sending off its fumes, was cause sufficient for a hungry traveller to be somewhat impatient. But, as all things must come to an end, so the baking did; and my hopes revived as I saw the skillet receiving a thorough fresh ablution. Large slices of bacon were now placed in the skillet, and the frying process commenced in good earnest; which, over a hot fire, was soon ended, and my supper pronounced ready by the lady.

Never did hungry Spartan come to his dish of soup with a keener relish. Fatigue and waiting had given me the true Spartan reasoning; and I gave good evidence of the skill of the cook; if partaking largely of each of the three component parts of my supper (coffee, bread and bacon,) could prove it; each was good of its kind. My hostess entertained me while eating, with panther stories, tales of the Indians, and with instances of western female heroism; none of which I will repeat on this occasion.

Again seated by the fire after supper, the skillet, already become notorious, continued to attract my attention. Water was heated, and the dishes were washed in it. And again water was warmed and the children washed in it—face, hands and feet. Water was again warmed, and my hostess throughly washed her own feet in the same vessel; and all without any apology! Next morning, as you may well imagine, I rode away *before* breakfast

W. C.

———o———

AN HONEST PRAYER.

The following is said to be a verbatim copy of a prayer found among the papers of an English miser, John Ward, of Hackney, M. P.

"Oh Lord thou knowest that I have nine houses in the City of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in fee-simple, in the county of Essex; I beseech thee to preserve the city of London and the counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquakes; and as I have a mortgage in Hartfordshire, I beg of thee likewise to have an eye of compassion on that co.; as for the rest of the counties thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased! O Lord! enable the banks to answer all their bills, and make all my debtors good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid sloop because I have insured it; and as thou hast said the days of the wicked are but short, I trust that thou wilt not forget thy promise; as I have purchased an estate in reversion, which will be mine on the death of that most profligate young man, Sir J———L. Keep my friends from sinking and preserve me from thieves and housebreakers, and make all my servants so honest and faithful that they may attend to my interests and never cheat me out of my property night or day.

———o———

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

God is good as well as great. O yes, reader, he is infinitely good to you, to me, to all.—On this point I know not how to speak, where to begin or where to end. "The goodness of the Lord endureth forever." It shines in the sun, beams in the moon, sparkles in the stars, rolls in the thunder, streams in the lightning, sighs in the tempest, and comes down upon us in the gentle dews and plenteous showers, to water and bless the earth, and make the little hills rejoice on every side. The apple which mellows in the sun, the vine laden with the rich clusters of the grape, the bird that cuts the air, and the insect that floats upon the breeze, are only so many varied expressions of God's goodness.—Think of the air you breath; what a blessing this, inhaling life and vigor, beauty and health to every living thing, and yet so common, that you almost forget the gift and overlook the Giver! Should God withhold it but few moments, you and every living creature, would pant for breath, and soon languish and die. The stream, that leaps from the mountain's side and glides along through fields and forest, spreading fertility and beauty on every side, until its cheerful ripple is lost in the majestic roar of the ocean. is also another expression of God's infinite goodness. What blessings are light and heat! How rich, and free! These also are the products of divine goodness. Should God withhold them, what a dreary night would spread its mantle over this fair world, and convert it into one vast scene of lamentation, mourning and wo.—*The Happy Choice.*

———o———

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILIE.

We heard a minister in the pulpit, a short time ago, relate the following historical fact, and apply it to christian duty. There is an electric force—an unction arising from its contemplation, that ought to arouse, elevate, and quicken the feelings of every christian in contemplating the beauties of the parable. The minister remarked that historians said that the eagle, when the clouds blackened and lowered and the wind and storm arose to a fearful extent, would weigh with instinctive precision its ability to withstand its force without injury.—If the storm bid fair to rage with too great force, the eagle would spread its broad wings and soar above it; and from its proud attitude would look down with serenity and composure on the devastation below. The application to christians was to persuade them to imitate the noble eagle. When pickerings and strife arose in the church or society; and when hostilities were waxing hotter and hotter; when the storms of civil or religious discord were rising higher and higher—and the wrath of God was thundering in his providence into the ears of his provocators, then they should, on the pinions of their faith, rise above the world.—This needs no comment. Oh, that christians would learn to emulate the eagle, and proudly, through the influence of the Divine Spirit, trample the world beneath their feet.

———o———

THE WAY WE BEAT THEM.

An acquaintance says that while passing through the Bowery a week or two since, he overheard the following exposition of the recent settlement of the Oregon Question:

"I say Bill, I guess we've guv it to the English this time. We offered 'em 54,40 once for Oregon and they wouldn't take it, and now they've got to take 49."

———o———

A man of wit once said rightly enough—"He who finds a good son-in-law, gains a son—he who finds a bad one loses a daughter."

Arrival of the Great Western.

SIX DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Lord John Russell's New Sugar Measure—Honor to the Hon. Louis McLane—State of the Crops—The Potato Rot in Ireland again—Repeal Disputes—Consumption of Indian Corn—State of the Markets, &c.

The news she brings is but six days later than that received by the last steamer.

The elections seemed to engross the entire attention of the press and the people of France.

In Spain the Queen's marriage was the general topic of discussion, with the claims of the different candidates for her hand.

The ship Louise, Harvest, and Sophia, arrived at Bremen from Baltimore on the 12th and 13th of July. On the 20th of July the ship Powhatan sailed from Liverpool, and the Hermann from Deal, both for Baltimore.

The harvest in the south of France is making some progress, but the result does not seem to be very satisfactory. The extraordinary heat of the temperature in June and July has caused a notable deficiency in the crops.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of Mr. James Flora, as Consul at Manchester for the United States of America.

It appears that the failure in the apple crop is likely to be general throughout Europe.

It is stated that the Russian government is in consternation at the apprehended total failure of the present harvest.

Private letters received at Paris give a detailed account of a horrible massacre of some Nrench and English at Madagascar.

The ship Matilda arrived at Liverpool, from Shang hae, had 40,000 Chinese bricks on board. A previous importation of 15,000 had taken place a few days before.

In 1843, the quantity of iron made weekly in North and South Staffordshire was 520 tons the make now amounts to 1530 tons.

The "learned blacksmith," Mr. Ellihu Burritt, continues to excite much attention in England. He has been lecturing successfully in Manchester.

The Psyche French frigate will leave Brest shortly for the Gulf of Mexico, to convey thither the new French Plenipotentiary.

The Chamber of Commerce at Liverpool had addressed a highly complimentary letter to Mr. McLane, for his exertions in bringing about a settlement of the difficulties between the United States and Great Britain on the Oregon territory. The letter from the Chamber says:

Although the consciousness of having labored to promote the welfare of mankind, is in itself a great reward, it cannot fail to afford you additional pleasure to learn that those who have anxiously watched the progress of the negotiations, now happily terminated, have duly appreciated the patience, ability and temper by which your conduct has been distinguished.—Whilst you have carefully maintained the honor of the United States, you have largely contributed to save both nations from the horrors of war. The highest renown belongs to such labors, and their true value will not be measured by the successful termination of the Oregon question alone.

Mr. McLane appeared greatly pleased with so gratifying a compliment emanating from that important body and expressing, as it did, the strong feelings of respect entertained for his character, and of the high sense of the efficient services rendered, both to America and England, in the peaceful settlement of this question, of which Lord Aberdeen had also previously, in the House of Lords, borne honorable testimony. To this address Mr. McLane made an excellent reply from which we extract the following:

"I agree with you, gentlemen, in thinking that the temper manifested by both nations in the settlement of the question ought to be an example to the world at large, and, may I not add, that it affords a sure guarantee of the cordial amity by which our future intercourse will be distinguished. It is gratifying to reflect that the terms upon which the question, at one time apparently so critical, has been adjusted, have been generally satisfactory to the governments and the people of both countries, leaving nothing behind to disturb the harmony of our future relations.

It is also worthy of congratulation, that by the convention recently concluded the only remaining question growing out of the treaty of 1783, has been finally settled, and that hereafter our people, though of seperate nations, acknowledging a common origin and history, speaking the same language, alike boasting constitutional liberty, regulated by law, and intimately associated in commerce and the arts, may start forward in a new career of international intercourse, without apprehension from any ancient cause of prejudice or ill will.—No one, I assure you, more fervently hopes that the future may remain as free from any fresh cause of disagreement."

The Potato Rot—We are sorry to say, says the European Times, the potato disease has made its appearance to an alarming extent in the sister kingdom. Mention is made in the journals, from nearly every district of ireland, that the potato rot has appeared in this year's crop, and many of them express the gloomy apprehensions of the result. The county of Cork would appear to be peculiary visited with this scourge. A correspondent of the Cork Reporter says:—

"The potato crop is entirely destroyed in Crookhaven, and around for miles. The people are in an absolute state of bewilderment. The blast has been nearly universal; and such is the effect, that the stalks and stems thus blasted break off quite rotten like, and the young potatoes, where found, are mostly black.

"All the change has taken place within the last fortnight; until then everything seemed promising." There are, we regret to say complaints of the appearance of the disease in England and the Continent, but we trust that an all-wise Providence may evert the further spread of such a dire disaster.

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