THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

JAMES H. JONES
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT: LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMS'T AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

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TERMS

THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE, is published every Saturday morning, at *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* per annum, payable during the year, or *Two Dollars* per annum, payable in advance. The paper will be sent to any address six months for One Dollar, payable in advance, or One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents if not paid until the expiration of six months.

No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the publisher.—A failure to notify a discontinuance will be always considered a new engagement, and the paper forwarded accordingly.—Single copies 6 cents.

☞The "Chronicle" has, probably, a more extensive circulation than any paper on the shore, and is therefore the most advantageous Journal for the publication of Advertisements, which will be inserted on the following terms:

Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion—longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements sent to this Office, not marked for a given number of times, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

Communications &c., sent by mail, must be post paid, otherwise they may not meet with attention.

Chancery Sale.

BY virtue of a Decree of the High Court of Chancery, the subscriber will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, in the village of Federalsburg, on

SATURDAY, the 26th of FEBRUARY,

between the hours of 9 & 2 o'clock, all that valuable Real Estate, which formerly belonged to the late Mr. Ecclestion Brown, consisting of the following tracts or parcels of land, to wit:—One tract, comprising "Hacket's Adventure' and 'Conclusion," containing 260 acres, more or less.—This land is all heavily timbered, (and chiefly of the best pine) except about 80 acres of tolerably well improved arable land, with a frame dwelling and out houses, and situated in the Fork District of Dorchester county, within two miles of navigable water and about the same distance from Crotcher's Ferry.

One tract, composed of the following parcels, to wit: "Winsor' 359 acres—"Sandy Hill" 120 acres—"Addition to Moore's Meadows" 21 acres—"Tailors Outlet" 135 1-2 acres—'Federalsburg' 9 3-4 acres, in all 636 1-4 acres, of which there are about 350 acres of cleared land and the balance in oak timber—a portion of this land is laid off in a Farm, with a new frame Dwelling thereon, and some out houses. The balance of the cleared land may be laid off in lots, from one acre and upwards to suit the views of purchasers. The arable land is naturally of good quality and capable of high improvement and well adapted to the growth of corn, wheat, rye, oats, grass, &c. The most distant portion of the timbered land is not more than one mile from navigable water and immediately adjoining Federalsburg.

One tract, called "Brown's Landing," containing 5 3-4 acres and 22 perches of cleared land, with a frame Dwelling thereon, situated on the East side of the Northwest prong of the Nanticoke river, and within 1 1-4 miles of Federalsburg.

One tract, called "Addition to Rawley," containing 50 acres. This tract has erected thereon a good Saw Mill, with an excellent supply of water, and located very convenently for obtaining raft timber, being within one hundred yards of the Northwest prong of the Nanticoke river, and so situated that timber may be floated up to the Mill by tide water and within 1 1-4 miles of Federalsburg.

One tract, comprised of two tracts, called "Small Profit," 47 1-2 acres, and "Polk's Adventure," precise amount of acres not now known. This tract is also a Mill seat, with a tolerably good dam, but no mill. The stream and location would do very well for either a Grist or Saw Mill, being within one mile of Federalsburg, in the county of Caroline.

There is also a small ground rent of six dollars per annum, for ninety-nine years and renewable forever, to Mrs. Neal. All of the above lands are located in Dorchester County, except the fifth above described parcel. The foregoing mentioned lands, and particularly those about the town of Federalsburg, will be sold in small lots if desired, to suit purchasers, for building or other purposes. A further description of the property is unnecessary.

Persons desirous of making examination of the property, or wishing lots to be particularly laid off, will call on Mr. Sylvester H. Smith, or the Messrs. Browns, who will render every facility for their inspection. They are all sold for the purpose of fair and equitable division amongst the parties entitled thereto, and subject to Mrs. Brown's, widow of the late Mr. Eccleston Brown, third part, during her life.

Such a body of the most profitable lands for speculators, has rarely been offered for sale in this County, and general attention is invited thereto.

The Terms of sale are one fourth cash on the day of sale—the residue on a credit of 6, 12, 18 and 24 months, with interest from the day of sale, to be secured by bond, with sureties, to be approved by the Trustee.

When the entire purchase money is paid, the Trustee will by a sufficient Deed, at the expense of the purchaser, convey the property sold, clear of all claims of the parties in the cause or any one claiming by, from or under them.

JAMES A. STEWART,
Feb. 1st, 1848. Trustee.

STREET SCENE.—"Ma'am your shawl's dragging in the mud."

"Well suppose it is? Isn't it fashionable?'

POETRY.

WHEN SHALL IT BE?

BY T. HEMPSTED.

Shall it be mine to die
Where friends and kindred bend around my bed,
Where gentle hands are nigh to lift my head,
And close my faded eye?

Or to my dreamless rest
Shall I depart, when no kind voice is near
To whisper peace into my dying ear—
By mother's prayer unblest?

Or shall it be when all
In earth or sky—breeze, grove, song, leaf, are still,
And thick on forest, city, ocean, hill,
Night's phantom shadows fall?

Shall it be at the hour,
When birds and balmy airs 'midst branches green
Fill with sweet sounds and scents each woodland scene
Where bends the lily flowers?

Or shall the invissible wings
Of the sad Autumn wind waft up my soul
Through morning's golden halls, from earths control,
And from life's poisoned springs?

And above all shall hope
Stand by to charm the terrors of the hour,
Impart her smile, and give my spirit power
To drink the fearful cup?

Father in Heaven, to Thee,
To Thee I bow; thine is the hand to save,
To guard the flower, to tame the headlong wave,
And chain the frantic sea.

[From the Union Magazine.]

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

BY CATHERINE SEDGWICK.

I dreamed I was sitting on an eminence where the whole scene of life was before me; seas, plains, cities, and country—the world and its actors. An old man, with the noble head and serene countenance that befits wisdom, stood beside me, and I turned a perplexed gaze on this multitudinous human family, to ask him "Who is it that so many seem confidently expecting, and so many others to be blindly pursuing?"

"She is an immortal," he replied, "whose home is not in this world. In truth, she rarely visits it. Her companionship is reserved for those, who, in the ladguage of Scripture, "shall see God as he is, for they shall be like him"—her name is Happiness. She is never found of those who seek her for her own sake."

"Why, then, are so many pursuing her?" I asked, "why do they not learn from the experience of others?"

"The desire of her presence," he replied, "is born with them; the child cries for her; some are ignorant of the means of attaining her; some delude themselves, and others are deluded as to the mode of winning her; few are willing to pay the price of her friendship, and fewer still will receive the truth that she does not abide on earth even with those most worthy of her presence. To them her visits are rare and brief, but they are content to dwell among her kindred, Submission, Tranquility, Contentment, and Patience. Take this, he said, giving me a curious eye-glass, 'it will enable you to see the distant, to penetrate every secret path, and to discern untold thoughts."

I took the glass: it fulfilled his promise. I now beheld the whole world in pursuit of this enchanting being. Some were crossing the wide sea, some treading the wilderness, masses were crowding into cities, and others flying to the country, in quest of her. They looked for her where she was never heard of; and what at first was inexplicable to me, those that most eagerly sought her, and sought nothing else, never, by any chance, found her.

Tired of my general observation, I finally confined my attention to two young persons who began the course of life together. One was a beautiful girl called Brillanta, whom I saw in a French boarding-school, with teachers in all the arts and various branches of learning.

"Why do they confine me here?" she exclaimed, pettishly, 'they tell me I was born for Happiness, and I have not so much as heard the rustling of her wings in this tiresome place. Well, I must worry it though; but when school days are over, and I am out, and surrounded by friends, and followed by lovers, and go at will to operas and balls, then Happiness will be my constant companion!"

This golden future became Brillanta's present. I saw her wreathed with flowers and sparkling with jewels; admired and flattered, and hurrying from one scene of gaiety to another: but instead of the companion she presumptuously expected, there were only Pleasure and Excitement, and at their heels Satiety and Weariness.

"Alas!" exclaimed Brillanta, "Happiness is not yet with me, but she will come to my wedding—with the bridal gifts and festivities—she will take up her abode in my luxurious home!" But True Love was not required at the marriage, so Happiness refused to be there. Vanity and Pride were among the guests, and were soon followed by the fiend, Disappointment. Happiness could not breathe the air they infected.

A few years passed. "Happiness had never been, never will be here!" exclaimed Brillanta.—My husband is so tiresome! my children teasing! my servants tormenting! I will go to foreign lands, I will explore other countries—surely where so many rush to seek Happiness, she must be found." And away went Brillanta, but the chase was vain; she never got so much as a glimpse of Happiness, though she went on pursuing till death overtook her. A mist that had been gathering round her settled into darkness, and saw her no more.

She whom I had seen start in the career of life with Brillanta was named Serena. She came forth daily from a home where all sweet contentments ware, from God-loving and God-fearing parents, to her schooltasks. She had an earnest and sweet countenance, but what chiefly struck me about her was her unlikeliness to the rest of the world. She was not pursuing happiness.—She was too modest to claim her presence, too humble to expect. She was so occupied with her tasks and duties that she had no time to think of herself, but she was eager enough to obtain the acquaintance of happiness for others. What disinterestedness, what self-forgetfulness she practised to achieve this! and strange to say, when she asked and sought this eluding being, and when clouds gathered heavenly around Serena, so that Happiness could not come, (for her nature requires bright skies;) she sent her helpful handmaid Patience, and Serena was content and grateful. "How many unexpected, undeserved meetings I have with my heavenly friend!" Serena would exclaim. And, as I saw, Happiness daily saluted her in the lovely aspect of nature, in household loves, in the prayer of faith, and the peace of acquitting conscience. To Serena, in due time also came the wedding-day, and with the illimitable hope and right confidence that belongs to that period of a woman's life, she said, "Happiness, you will of course preside at this festival?" "Of course, replied Happines, "for where my best friends gather on the wedding-day—Love, Fidelity and Moderation—am I ever absent? But remember, dear Serena, my stay cannot be long; Care, Trial, Sorrow, must come to you; I cannot consort with them, but they will prepare you for my constant society hereafter, and make you relish it more keenly. Care, Trial, Sorrow, stern sisters, who come to all, did come to Serena, but they were not always present, and when they were present, their terrors were converted to a precious ministry by the unfailing presence of Serena's best friend, Religion.

My eyes followed the whole course of this "traveller between life and death," and I saw that she met Happiness on many an elevation in her life, at many a bright spot or sudden turn; and finally, when the gates of death opened arms, awaiting her, to abide with her for ever and for over.

A LOVER LOST BY A KISS.

An Austrain nobleman, one of the handsomest and most accomplished young men in Vienna, was passionately in love with a girl of almost peerless beauty. She was the daughter of a man of great rank and influence at court, and on these considerations, as well as in regard to her charms, she was followed by a multitude of suitors. She was lovely and amiable, and treated them with an affability which still kept them in her train, although it was generally known that she had avowed a predilection for the Count, and that preparations were making for their nuptials. The Count was of a refined mind and delicate sensibility; he loved her for herself alone—for the virtues which he believed dwelt in a beautiful form. Like a lover of such perfections he never approached her without timidity, and when he touched her a fire shot through his veins, that warned him not to invade the sanctuary of her lips. Such were his feelings, when one night at the house of his intended father-in-law, a party of young people were met to celebrate a certain festival.—Several of the young lady's rejected suitors were present. Forfeits were one of the pastimes, and all went on with the greatest merriment, till the Count was commanded by some witty young lady to redeem his glove, by saluting the cheek of his intended bride. The Count blushed—trembled—advanced to his mistress—retreted—advanced again—and at last, with a tremor that shook every fibre of his frame, with a modest grace he put to his lips the soft ringlet that played upon her cheek, and in evident confusion retired to demand his redeemed pledge. His mistress gayly smiled, and the game went on. One of her rejected suitors, who was of a merry, unthinking disposition, was adjudged by the same indiscreet crier of the forfeits, "AS HIS LAST TREAT BEFORE HE HANGED HIMSELF," to snatch a kiss from the lips of the object of his recent vows. A lively contest ensued between the lady and the gentleman,—it lasted for a minute, when the lady yielded, though in the midst of a convulsive laugh, and the Count had the mortification, the agony, to see the lips, which his delicate love would not allow him to touch, kissed with roughness and repetition by another man, and one whom he despised. Without a word he rose from his chair—left the room, and the house,—and by that GOOD-NATURED KISS the fair boast of Vienna lost her husband and her lover. The Count never saw her more.

THE BETTER LAND.

"The shaping of our heavens are the modifications of constitutions," said Charles Lamb, in his reply to Southly's attack upon him in the Quarterly Review.

He, who is infinite in love, as well as wisdom, has revealed to us the fact of a future life, and a fearfully important relation in which the present stands to it. The actual nature and condition of that life, He has hidden from us—no chart of the ocean of eternity is given us—no celestial guide-book or geography defines, localizes, and prepares us for the wonders of the spirited world.—Hence, immagination, has a wide field for its speculations which, so long as they do not positively contradict the revelations of the Scripture, cannot be disproved.

We naturally enough transfer to our idea of Heaven, whatever we love and reverence on earth. Thither the Catholic carries in his fancy the imposing rites and time honored solemnities of his worship. There the methodist sees his love-feats and camp-meeting, in the groves and by the still waters and green pastures of the blessed abodes. The Quaker, in the stillness of his self communing remembers that there was "silence in Heaven." The Churchman, listening to solemn chants of vocal music, or the deep tones of the organ, thinks of the song of the Elders, and the golden harps of the New Jerusalem.

The Heaven of the Northern nations of Europe was a gross and sensual reflection of the earthly life of a barbarous and brutal people.

The Indians of North America had a vague notion of a Sunset Land—a beautiful Paradise far in the West—mountains and forests filled with deer and buffalo—lake streams swarming with fishes—the happy hunting-ground of souls.

In a late letter from a devoted missionary among the Western Indians, (Paul Blohm, a converted Jew,) we have noticed a beautiful illustration of this belief. Near the Omahaw mission-house, on a high bluff, was a solitary Indian grove. "One evening," says the missionary, "having come home with some cattle which I had been seeking, I heard some one wailing, and looking in the direction from whence it proceeded, I found it to be from the grave near our house. In a moment after, the mourner got up from a kneeling posture, and turning to the setting sun, he stretched forth his arms in prayer and supplication, with an intensity and earnestness as though he would detain the splendid luminary from running his course. With his body leaning forward, and his arms stretched towards the sun, he presented a most striking figure of sorrow and petition. It was solemnly awful. He seemed to me to be one of the ancients, come forth to teach me how to pray."

A venerable and worthy New England clergyman, on his death-bed, just before the close of his life, declared, that he was only conscious of an awfully solemn and intense curiosity to know the great secrets of death and Eternity.

The excellent Dr. Nelson, of Missouri, was one who; while on earth, seemed to live another and higher life, in the contemplation of Infinite Purity and Happiness. A friend of ours once related an incident concerning him, which made a deep impression upon our minds. They had been travelling through a summer's forenoon, in the prarie, and had laid down to rest beneath a solitary tree. The doctor lay for a long, time silently looking upward through the openings of the boughs, into the still heavens, when he repeated the following lines in a low tone, as if communing with himself in view of the wonders he described:—

"Oh the joys that are there, mortal eyes hath not seen!
Oh! the songs they sing there, with hozannas between!
Oh, the thrice blessed song of the Lamb and of Moses!
Oh, brightness! on brightness! the pearl gate uncloses!
Oh, while whings of angels! Oh, the fields white with roses!
Oh, while tents of Peace, where the rapt soul reposes!
Oh, the waters so still, and the pastures so green!"

The brief hints afforded us by the sacred writings concerning the Better Land; are inspiring and beautiful. Eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, neither hath it entered in the heart of man to conceive of the good in store for the righteous. Heaven is described as a quiet habitation; a rest remaining for the people of God. Tears shall be wiped away from all eyes; there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. To how many death beds have these words spoken peace? How many failing hearts have gathered strength from them to pass through the dark valley of shadows.

Yet we should not forget that "the kingdom of Heaven is within;" that it is the state of the affections of the soul; the answer of a good conscience; the sense of harmony with God; a condition of Time as well as of Eternity. What is really momentous and all important with us in the present, by which the future is shaped and colored. A mere change of locality cannot alter the actual and intrinsic qualities of the soul.—Guilt and Remorse would make the golden streets of Paradise intolerable as the burning marl of the internal bodies, while Purity and Innocence would transform Hell itself into Heaven.—*Withir.*

For the Modern Spectator.

THE AGE OF THE SOUL.

The Age is onward. We can look back now like one who, having gained the submit of a hill, retraces with his eye the toilsome leagues he has traversed. We can look back and behold the monuments, the mementoes, the dangers and disasters of the road, and while we note them all as warnings for our future progress, we yet sit not down to contemplate them, but casting a single look behind, press once more boldly onward.

For it is vain to look back. The attainable is only before us. The Past time is a ladder of sand. every round of which has crumbled beneath our feet, and should we pause, or turn to decend, the shades of uncertainty or ruin would encompass us. There is nought in the circle of being—nought in the range of matter, that is not an exemplar of the great principle of Progression, and a continued cycle of evergroving results.—Nought is ended, for nothing dies. Dissolution is antagonistic to all material or spiritual things, and retrogression, if nature in reality admits of such a thing, is but transient, and medient towards renewed and renovated Progress. A particle of *dust*, could we follow it through all the ramifications of its utility, would lead us into a very labyrinth of the mightiest works. From the sand whirl that bore it over the deserts to the column which held it as an integral of Palmyra's splendor—from the fallen and shivered column to the tomb of some desert Emir—from the tomb to the sands once more—from the sands to the glass that forms the very ink-stand in which I now dip my pen,—how simple the transition—the progression; for all is progression that is motion, since motion must effectionate results.

Be not then cast down, O little man, which art as a sand-grain in the whirlwind of motion—thou art integrally of the world's life, and strength, and beauty! Through the crucible must thou pass in thy day, but thy destiny ever preserves thee. Utility in the eye of nature is the keeping of her laws. Be thou, then, what thy nature impelleth thee, and thy symmetric life is found.—Thou shalt make harmony, if thou canst but touch the right string in the great harp of humanity—GRESSOR.

TERRIBLE DEATH.—*A Man Killed by a Bear!* The Yazoo, Miss., Whig, gives the following account of the shocking death of Dr. Isac Hamberlin, an old and respectable citizen of that county:

One day last week, Dr. Hamberlin together with two other gentlemen, left Sataria for the purpose of taking a bear hunt, and proceeded to Lake George where it forms a junction with the Sunflower river; a short time after they landed from their boat, the dogs entered the cane and immediately struck a trail and Dr. H followed them but a short distance when he came up with them and a very large bear in the thick cane, Dr. H. fired at him, the ball entering his head at the upper part of the nose, without doing much injury to him other than to infuriate him, he turned and made at Dr. H., the Doctor endeavoring to get out of the animal's way, but the cane being very thick he could run but slow, and had preceeded but a short distance when the bear overtook him and seized him by the thigh and jerked him to the ground, and completely stripped Dr. H's leg of flesh and muscles; by this time the dogs again seized the bear and got him off, Dr. H. then attempted to rise but he could not, he being so badly torn—he then got out his hunting knife; the bear then left the dogs and attacked Dr. H. the second time and tore him very much—this time Dr. H. succeedod in cutting one or two gashes in the throat of the bear, but not deep enough to do him any material injury; the dogs again diverted the attention of the bear from his victim and he left Dr. H. and engaged with the dogs, but in a few moments the bear came at him a third time, when Dr. H. made a stroke at him, but the bear seized the knife by the blade and wrenched it from Dr. H. and threw it some distance from him, and seized Dr. H's arm and completely mashed it into a jelly. By this time, the cries of Dr. H. brought one of his companions to his rescue, and he seeing the awful and distressing situation of his friend, fired and struck the bear in the neck, which caused the beast to leave his victim and take to flight; but another one of the company coming up in an opposite direction, encountered the bear and shot him.

Dr. Hamberlin had his wounds tied up and was then carried to the boat to be conveyed immediately to Satartia, but he expressed his unwillingness to return without having his formidable antagonist with him—this desire was gratified, and him and the bear taken to Satartia, where eminent medical aid was brought to his assistance, but he died on the fourth day after, suffering, during the time, the most excrutiating pain. The bear was very large; though poor, he weighed 340 pounds with his entrails out.

HASTE TO THE WEDDING.—*Leap Year.* Gentlemen be happy! During this entire year you are privileged to be flattered, wooed and won.—Happy bachelors—favored fellows! for you will bright eyes sparkle, for you will rosy lips be pouted, and the fond love of woman will anticipate each wish, and enhance each joy! Ladies! you insist upon your privilege! You have three hundred and sixty-six days allowed you, and it is your duty to go it whilst you're young. If any fascinating fellow, with Apololike form, graceful form, graceful as Antonius, and bewhiskered like Esau, has entrapped your virgin affections, if he has kindled a flame without ever sparking you—if you have let "concealment like a worm in the cut, prey upon your damask cheek," now is the time to let out your pent up agony. Perhaps the dear creature knew not of your preference. Hesitate not to tell him, least you lose the golden prize, and pine away in ancient maidenhood.—Talk up to him—"the law awards it, and the cout adjudges."

FEMALE SOCIETY.—Without female society, it has been justly said that the beginning of men's lives would be hopeless, the middle without pleasure, and the end without comfort. The celebrated D'Almert, makes a reflection that does honor to the female sex and to his own feelings:—"We are in a peculiar manner," says he, "in want of the society of a gentle and amiable woman when our passions have subsided, to participate in our cares, calm and alleviate our sufferings, and enable us to support our infirmities.—Happy is the man possessed of such a friend! and more happy still if he can preserve her, and escape the misfortunes of a survival."—*My Daughter's Boofl,*

HAZLITT'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.—Do not quarrel with the world too soon; for bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in—here; if railing would have made it better, it would have been reformed long ago; but as this is not to be hoped for at present, the best way to slide through it is as contentedly and innocently as we may. The worst fault it has, is want of charity, and calling knave or feel, at every turn, will not cure this failing. Consider as a matter of vanity, that if there were not so many knaves and fools as we find, the wise and honest would not be those rare and shining characters that they are allowed to be: and, (as a matter of philosophy,) that if the world be incorrigible in this respect, it is a reflection to make one sad and not angry. We may laugh or weep at the madness of all mankind—we have no right to vilify them for our own sake or theirs?—Misanthropy is not the disgust of the mind at human nature, but with itself, for it is laying its own exagerated vices as foul blots at the door of others.

☞At a Printer's Festival in Washington the following was a regular toast—"*Woman:* The fairest *work* of creation; seeing that the *edition* is extensive, let none be without a *copy.*"

☞It has wittily, but somewhat ungallantly been said that a woman is the reverse of her mirror—that one reflects without talking and the others talks without reflecting.