THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

JAMES W. 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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New Series—Volume 11. Cambridge, Md., Saturday Morning, February 26, 1848. Number 20.

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Feb. 19, 1848.—3w

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With every variety of NUTS, PICKLES and PRESERVES.
CANDIES, at the lowest market prices.
Country merchants would do well to call.
Feb 19, 3w

TERM

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:

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

POETRY.

THE BIBLE TELLS US GOD IS LOVE.

They tell me of a distant land,
Where God has not been known,
And there the people bow the knee
To worship wood and stone.

But here we have that blessed Book,
Which tells of God and Heaven;
And here we have the Sabbath day—
The holiest of the seven.

The Bible tells us we must pray
To him who reigns above;
And he will bless us day by day
With his redeeming love.

It tells us, too, that Jesus died,
To save us from all sin;
And on the cross was crucified—
Oh, may we look to Him.

That precious Book, oh may I keep
It ever near my heart—
That I may walk in wisdom's ways,
And never from it part.

It tells us of a dreadful hell,
Which we must strive to shun—
That we may dwell with Jesus dwell,
When earth's career is run.

Oh! may that blessed Book be sent
Far, far o'er land and sea;
That heathen bondage may be rent,
And be in Christ made free.

And may that blessed Gospel, too,
Be preached both far and wide—
That all the world to God may look,
And his commands abide.

And when on life's tempestuous sea,
By winds and waves we're driven;
Oh, may our barque be anchored safe
Within the port of Heaven. ANNA.

From the "Spirit of the Times.

A YANKEE IN A SHOWER BATH.

Kind reader did you ever take a shower bath? I mean a right cold one, and in cool weather? If you have, you will know how to appreciate the feeling of my friend, Tom C——, upon the momentous occasion of his first shower bath, in the city of Boston, and month of March, 181—.

Tom C—— hails from a long way "down east," or, as he used himself to say, he "was *brought up* as near to sunrise as he could get without burning, and where the woods were so thick the moon couldn't rise without help." He stands six feet two natural, and six feet six when he stretches. His breadth is not quite in proportion, although his bones were gotten up for a giant. Had they been fairly covered with flesh, he would have been invaluable to "Barnum." The truth is, Tom was very lean indeed, and this leanness annoyed him exceedingly. His clothes would be open at the elbows and knees in half the time of those of his fatter fellows, and Tom vowed to get fat, if only for the sake of economy.

Some kind friend recommended the *Symnasium* as likely to be beneficial, and Tom forthwith enrolled himself at Sheridan's. It was there first I met him, and a right good fellow, with plenty of fun and wit in him, he proved to be in spite of his unpromising exterior.

Among the gymnasts, Dr. —— was conspicuous, not only for his skill in athletic feats, but also for his beautiful compact form, and superabundant muscle. When he "peeled," his arms and chest looked smooth as a woman's, and yet as muscular as those of a "pocket Hercules."

How our friend Tom envied the Doctor! Many questions did he put to him about regimen, exercise, &c., and their effects in producing flesh upon the human frame. The Doctor attributed his redundancy to plenty of exercise, plenty to eat, and above all, the daily use of a *shower bath*.

"Waal," said Tom, one day, with his inimitable drawl, "I'am sure I've shinned up and down these ladders and ropes long enuff to fatten such an alfired skeleton as mine. I wished I may be darned if I don't try that shower bath you tell me so much about."

As Tom and I were as thick as two such thin men could be, I volunteered to show him where he could get one in short order. We accordingly started for the United States Hotel then called Texas. In the basement story of this house were a large number of bathing rooms, fitted up with hot and cold shower baths. The latter were temporary wooden boxes standing on end, with doors bolting on the inside, and a very capacious showering apparatus in the top.

I went in to take a warm bath, while Tom made ready for his cold one in the next room. As the partitions were very thin, I overheard him soliloquising something after this fashion—

"Waal, now, thet upright coffin with holes in the bottom, and a sieve in the top, may pass for a shower bath here, but I guess if we had it down east, 'twuldn't be long before we had it sot for eels! Blast the thing! Wonder hew it works. Here you Susan, Sally, wha's your name?" calling to the servant gir, "gu-t come here, and show me how the critter works. I don't see no shower."

"Oh, my!" cried the girl: "don't you know how? Why, 'tis easy enough! You pull this 'ere string, and I guess you'll see a shower, and feel it too."

Tom, who stood outside, caught hold of the string, and before the girl could interfere, gave it a tremendous pull, when down came a deluge of water, spattering them, and swimming the carpet.

"There, now you see!" said the girl indignantly.

"Yes, I see now," replied Tom very coolly.

All this amused me considerably, but I had a presentment that the fun was not finished.

Tom adjourned to the room on the other side of mine, and the girl to wiping up the carpet.—Before Tom had gotten ready to enter his bath, I was out of mine and nearly dressed. All had been still in his room for several minutes, except an occasional muttering of disconnected sentences, such as—

"Wonder what there is about this to fatten a man. Never heard Noah was very fat, and he took one for forty days. Mighty small place to stuff my carcass into. Guess there isn't much danger of the water's coming up high enuff to drown me. Wonder if 'twill fall anything as that blasted shower did down to Bath, last summer," &c.

I heard him, after stepping into his closet, shut the door, which he carefully bolted; and the next minute there came a crashing "*slam bang*" on the floor, that made the house shake, followed by the most terrific screams and shouts of "Oh! Oh! Oh! Lord! Oh! Oh! Thunder and lightning! Murder! Fire! Water! Let me out! I'm drowning! For God's sake, help!" and ended by calling on me most vociferously.

In an instant, not only I, but every servant and all others within hearing, male and female, were in the room. Although he had not ceased shouting, nothing was to be seen of Tom; but in the centre of the floor laid the shower-bath, door downwards, and the whole affair absolutely *jumping* from Tom's superhuman efforts to relieve himself. We rolled it over, the door flew open, and out tumbled the most astonishing mass of *arms, legs*, and body, ever presented to the astonished gaze of human eyes.

One moment was given to astonishment, the women scampered, and then mortal risibles could stand it no longer.

We rolled on the floor in little short of convulsions. Tom raised himself up, too happy in his fancied escape to be very angry at us, but still evidently trying to assume some dignity. *Dignity* from such a *figure*, in such a *plight!* We roared louder than ever, and Tom, finding it was of no use, joined in the chorus, until we were compelled to stop from sheer exhaustion.

He then—having busted on a part of his garments—answered our repeated inquiries of 'How it happened?'

"Why, you see, when I got in that infernal man-trap there, I bolted the door, and then it took me some time to screw up my courage. I knew it was *all-fired* cold, and so I thought I would bring the shower a little at a time. Waal, you see, I pulled the string—consarn it—kinder softly, about an inch to once. I had my shoulders drawn up, my head down, my eyes and teeth shut, and gave it another little pull, when *kerchouse!* came a hull ocean of ice-water, right slap on my head, taking away my breath, and fairly *quwckling* me. I made one jump for the door, but the plaguy thing was bolted, and over went the hull machine *kerslap* on the floor! Then I got frightened, and thought I was drowning sure enuff. May be I didn't sign out, and try to strike out, but twarn't no use. I filled the machine so full I couldn't stir enuff only to knock all the skin off my knees and elbows. Just then you came in and let me out, and you know all the rest. Plaguecation take the shower-bath! I wouldn't take another if 'twas to make me as fat as Daddy Lambert."

Nor has poor Tom to this day, but remains a perfect Calvin Edson on a mammoth scale.

CHEVAL.

ONE OF THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

The other day, in one of our principal hotels, a party of gents were at table, put under the care of a boy fresh from the green sod, who was a little awkward, but "dreadful" willing, and all agree that before the dinner had been discussed the new servant showed them a few extra touches not set down in the bill of fare. He had evidently been drilled in the movement of "taking off the covers," and considering this the most important evolution performed at table, and one in which he could show off his dexerity to advantage, he was always keeping his eye on any motion which resembled a signal to raise these tin helmets. A gentleman called to him to bring some water.

"Certainly, sir," says he "but hould on a minnit till the tin caps are taken off these dishes"

"Come along, sir, with some water," said the impatient guest.

"Of coorse," says he, "ye can have the wather, but don't git cranky about it; shure its my first time here, and I'd like to get the fling of things in a peaceable way—hould your tumbler."

He commenced pouring out when a "*hint*" at the upper end of the table drew off his attention—he thought it was the signal, and watching to as certain, he poured half of the contents of the pitcher into, and over the tumbler, table, &c.

"There, bad luck to me, see what I'm doin'—Why did'nt you tell me to hould up? Och, but its mighty little exertion any of ye would make to privint accidents."

"*Hist!*" went the signal at the end of the table, and setting his pitcher on the floor behind him, the fresh boy hopped with a slight yelp of exultation, and seized the handle of the cover.

"Faix, now I'll show 'em a twist," says he.—"I could wanst twirl a stick just as supple as any boy in the whole townland of Rallybrakon."

"*Hist!*" went the signal again, and he gave it a flirt—"*hist*" again, and drew it towards him; but here he forgot what was next to be done with it, and while gapping to watch how the other servants bestowed theirs, he clapped the cover on a gentleman's head. The boarder rebuked him for his awkwardness, and while retreating with the cover, and making all sorts of apoliges, he fell over the pitcher! The poor fellow's cup of misfortune was now full.

"Bad 'cess to his head," he muttered; "I was gettin' through it beautifully, whin he stuck his dirty *poltoag* of a skull in the way."

"Bring me some *turkey*," said another gent, as soon as Pat had gained his feet.

"Turkey! yes sir; would you have anything on it?" inquired he.

"What do you mean?" inquired the gent, in turn.

"I mane, don't you wan't some fat on it—something like a drop of gravy to make it slide down aisy?" said he.

"Begone, sir, and ask me no more questions," replied the boarder, very pompously.

Off started the victim, and soon he returned bearing upon the plate a piece of *veal*.

"I told you to get *turkey*," said the boarder.

"And sure, there it is, accordin' to your order," replied the servant.

"What, *turkey!*" inquired the gent.

"Yes, *turkey*," says Pat.

"This is *not turkey* sir," says the boarder.

"I say it *is*, and be jabers I ought to know, for I wint after it," persisted the servant.

"Do you mean to tell me sir," inquired the gentleman in a tone of severity, "that I don't know *turkey* from *veal?*"

"No, faith," says Pat, "I shan't tell ye anything of the kind, for maybe you've been raised to the *butcherin'* business, and ought to know, but I'll take my oath that I got the *vale*, if vale it is, off the *turkey plate!*"—*St. Louis Reville.*

THE SUBTERANEOUS PALACE.

A BEAUTIFUL APOLOGUE.—There was an image in the city of Rhome which stretched forth its right hand on the middle finger of which was written *Strike here*. For a long time none could understand the meaning of this mysterious inscription. At length, a certain subtle clerk, who came to see this famous image, observed, as the sun shone against it the shadow of the inscribed finger at some distance on the ground. He immediately took a spade, and began to dig exactly on that spot. He came at length to a flight of steps, which descended far under ground, and led him to a stately palace. Here he entered a hall, where he saw a king and queen, sitting at a table with their nobles, and a multitude of people all clothed in rich garments. But no person spake a word. He looked towards one corner, where he saw a polished carbuncle, which illuminated the room. In the opposite corner he perceived the figure of a man standing, having a bended bow with an arrow in his hand, as preparing to shoot. On his forehead was written, "I am, who am. Nothing can escape my stroke, not even yonder carbuncle which shines so bright.

The clerk beheld all with amazement; and entering a chamber, saw the most beautiful ladies working at looms in purple. But all was silence. He then entered a stable full of most excellent horses; he touched some of them and they were instantly turned into stone. He next surveyed all the apartments of the palace which abounded with whatever his wishes could desire. He again visited the hall, and now began to reflect how he should return; "but" says he, "my report of all these wonders will not be believed, unless I carry something with me." He therefore took from the principal table a golden cup and knife and placed them in his bosom. The man who stood in the corner with his bow, immediately shot at the carbuncle, which he shattered into a thousand pieces. At that moment the hall became dark as night. In this darkness, not being able to find his way, he continued in the subteraneous palace, and soon died a miserable death.

In the moralization of this fable, the steps by which the clerk decended into the earth are supposed to be the Passions—the Palace, so richly stored, the World with its vanities and temptations—the Figure with the bow bent, is Death—and the Carbuncle is human Life. He suffers for his avarice in covering and seizing what is not his own; and no sooner has he taken the golden cup and knife, that is, enriched himself with the goods of this world, than he is delivered up to the gloom and horrors of the grave.

EVIL COMPANY.

The following beautiful allegory, was translated from the German:

Sophronious, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine we would be exposed to any danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter, "It will not burn you my child, take it."

Eulilia did so, and beheld her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it changed her white dress also.

"We cannot be to careful in handing coals," said Eulilia, in vexation.

"Yes, truely," said her father—"you see my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the victous."

HEALTHY MILK.

From time immemorial, even unto the present, the milk of cows, where this animal can be kept, has been used for food, especially for the younger part of community. The ingredients of this nutricious fluid, when in a healthy condition, are admirably adapted to the growing system or bodies of children and young animals. It is important, therefore, that it should be pure. But to have it pure it is necessary that the cow should not only be in a healthy condition, but should also be fed with suitable food. Milk is secreted from the blood of the animal, by the udder.—Whatever the animal eats, after oeing digested, is contained more or less in the blood, and is sure to become a part and parcel of the milk of a milch cow. If you doubt this give your cow a feed of onions, and in a short time, if your milk is not as oderiferous as an onion bin, we will acknowledge that we are mistaken.

The milk will always partake, more or less, of the qualities of the food given to the cow or animal that is milked. Hence the milk from those cows kept in distillery yards and fed upon the grains and slops that are there made, must lack a portion of the best parts of good milk, because the grains upon which they are fed have been deprived of the best parts of their nutritive matter, and the milk is made up of such materials, only, as are digested by the cow.

The last number of the Genessee Farmer contains a communication from a correspondence, over the signature of 'N. R. Y.' who relates an amusing account of his cows which he thought gave bloody milk. 'Two years ago,' says he, 'I had four very fine milch cows. To keep them in good heart late in the fall, I fed them for several days on the loose cabbage from the garden.—They soon commenced giving bloody milk, so bad the whole was given to the pigs. I used various medicines, and anointed their bags with garget ointment, but with no benefit; and thus they went on, to my great alarm, until all my great alarm, until all my cabbage was fed out.—And what, Mr. Editor, do you think was the cause of this appearance of their milk? Why sir, it was as simple 'as the road to our parish church,' when ounce found out. Among my cabbage was a considerable quantity of the red variety, which had headed badly, as they usually do, and this was the sole and only cause of my bloody milk—to my great discomfiture, and joy of the pigs. It is a well ascertained fact that the cattle that eat the madder root have their entire horns dyed a bright red, so perfectly that they retain their color after being worked into toys, &c. We have also been told that the horns of cattle will be tinged red if the madder root be put into their food for a considerable length of time.

Cows that are fed on carrots give milk and cream of a much more yellow color, and we presume that if anato, or otter, as some call it, be put into provender and fed to cows, the milk will partake of the color. Hence we see that while it is important to have pure milk, it is necessary to feed the cows with pure food.—*Me. Far.*

Working Men.—Dr. Channing urges upon working men to study politics—to look into the affairs of state—and to understand every thing connected with public affairs. This is excellent advice; and it is particularly desirable in a country where working men have to participate in the election of those who are to make the laws by which the nation is to be governed.

"The time," says he, "thrown away by the mass of the people on rumors of the day, might, if better spent, give them a good acquaintance with the constitution, laws, history and interests of their country, and thus establish them on those great principles by which particular measures are to be determined. In proportion as the people thus inform themselves, they will cease to be the tools of designing politicians." The theory of our government is, that all power is derived from the people; but practically power is conferred by the leaders of parties, who, in the distribution of offices, always take care of themselves first. This is the natural result of working men neglecting to investigate for themselves, and being content to follow the dictation of demagogues. Every man should make himself acquainted with "the constitution, laws, history and interests of his country," and thus be enabled to exercise his own judgment on the public affairs, and to act and vote independently. If such were the case, parties would act with more circumspection, and the country would be better governed.

☞General Lamoriciere's account of the Moorish warrior, Abd-el-Kader, will take its rank in the "Picturesque of History." The dark night, the driving rain, the rushing wind, the silent gathering of troops, crowding in lowering masses, the wandering hither and thither in the drear tumult of the battle night, alone in all the loneliness of a desert and defeat, though surrounded on all sides by wandering masses of enemies, grouping their way in search of him, yet terrified lest they should come by surprise upon the lion they were hunting. Abd-el-Kader stands out on the picture of this night a hero to the last—the very last act of his power having been the performance of a solemn engagement to his friends to see them without the French territory. Since the appearance of Caractacus at Rome, there will have been no such spectacle of great barbarian as that of Abd-el-Kader at Paris.

A Neutical Sermon.—When Whitfield preached before the seamen of New York, he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon:

"Well, my boys' we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the horizon? Hark! Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering!—Every man to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship; The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends. What next?"

It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struch by magic, arose, and with united voices and minds, exclaimed,—"*Take to the longboat!*"—*Ex. Paper.*