THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

JAMES M. 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."

TERMS $2 50 PER ANNUM
OR $2, IF PAID IN ADVANCE

New Series—Volume 11. Cambridge, Md., Saturday Morning, May 6, 1848. Number 30.

LAWS OF MARYLAND.

Passed by the General Assembly of Maryland. at their session which commenced on the last Monday of December, 1848.

No. 262.

A SUPPLEMENT to the act, entitled an act imposing duties on Promissory Notes, Bills of Exchange, Specialties and other instruments of writing, to aid in paying the debts of the State."

Section 1. *Be it enacted, by the General Assembly of Maryland,* That the Commissioner of Loans, or other officers appointed under the provisions of the act to which this is a supplement, shall account with and pay over to the Treasurer on the first days of March, June, Septembar and December, in every year, all sums of money received under said act, under the penalties provided by the fifth section of said act.

Sec. 2. *And be it enacted,* That the Commissioner of Loans be, and he hereby is authorized, to employ a clerk, at a salary not exceeding five hundred dollars per annum, to be paid out of the moneys received from stamps.

Sec. 3. *And be it enacted,* That this act shall be in full force, from and after the passage of this act.

D. CLAUDE, Treasurer.

April 22, 1848. 3w.

LAWS OF MARYLAND.

No. 244.

Passed by the General Assembly of Maryland, at their session which commenced on the last Monday of December, 1848.

A FURTHER SUPPLEMENT to the act entitled an act to regulate sales by public auction.

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That no duties shall be chargeable upon my goods, wares, merchandise or other property, sold by any auctioneer at private sale on the days of his public auction, unless the same be sold at the place of his public auction, or unless the same be part of what was offered for sale at said public auction, or was advertised to be sold at said public auction.

D. CLAUDE, Treasurer.

April 22, 1848. 3w.

Shew's Daguerrian Rooms,

No. 117 Baltimore Street,
(Corner of South.)

Mr. Shew would respectfully call the attention of the public to his *not to be excelled* Daguerreotype Miniatures. He has recently enlarged his Rooms and refurnished them in a style which cannot fail to make them at least comfortable and pleasant to all who may be pleased to call and examine his large collection of unequalled specimens.

Opinions of the Press.—By a late improvement, Mr. Shew has been enabled to obtain the correct expression, thereby producing pictures of a life-like character rarely attained.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

Beauiiful Pictures.—Admirers of fine pictures can scarcely fail of being pleased with the beautiful tone and finish of those now taken by Mr. Shew.—*American.*

The Daguerreotypes taken by Mr. Shew far surpass any that we have previously seen —*Pat.*

The Daguerreotypes produced by Mr. Shew are bright gems of art, and justly merit the attention they have received.—*Balt. Sun.*

Maich 25. 1848 3m

JAMES C. SELLMAN & SON

Wholesale Grocers & Commission Merchants, *No.* 29, *Cheapside near Pratt Street Wharf,* Baltimore,

OFFER for sale 1000 bags Rio, Laguayra and Java Coffee
100 hhds Porto Rico, Cuba and N. Orleans Sugar
200 hhds and bbls N. Orleans and West India Molasses
250 half chests Gunpowder, Imperial and Young Hyson Tea
500 barrels No. 1, 2 and 3 Mackerel
1000 bbls No. 1 Herrings
50.000 pounds new Bacon
200 barrels Cincinnatti and Pennsylvania Whiskey
100 bbls Old Rye Whiskey
20.000 bushels Salt
200 barrels Tar
100 boxes Soap
100 boxes mould and dipt Candles

Together with an extensive and well selected assortment of Groceries, Wines and Liquors, which they will sell at the lowest market rates, and they would respectfully invite country merchants and dealers to examine their stock previous to purchasing. March 4, 1848.—1y

JOHN M. OREM & Co.

MERCHANT TAILORS

and Wholesale dealers in Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings and Tailors' Trimmings.

No. 230 *Baltimore Street, North West Corner of Charles,* Baltimore.

A large assortment of Ready-Made Clothing of Superior Quality. *ONE PRICE ONLY.*

Nov. 13, 1847.—1y

ORDERED, that the sale made and reported by James P. Donoho, acting Executor of James Donoho late of Dorchester county deceased, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shewn on or before the 11th day of July next—provided a copy of this order be inserted once in each of three successive weeks in some paper published in Dorchester county before the 1st of July 1848. The Report states the amount of sale to be $1800.00.

Test, THOS. H. HICKS,

April 15, 1848—3w Reg. W. D. C.

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.

POETRY.

THE DYING FATHER.

Beside his lonely couch she stands,
A dying father's kiss to share;
And wildly wrings her little hands,
While from her heart goes fourth a prayer.

How sad her lot—before her lies
The only friend, whose bosom warms
With love for her, and when he dies,
Who then will shield her from life's storms.

When he in death's cold arms shall sleep
Who for the orphan child will care?
Who will protect—Ah! who will keep,
Or snatch her from the tempest snare.

Well may she mourn her father's flight
And weep alas! to bid adieu,
For human sympathy is slight
And friends in this cold world are few.

How many thus in life are left,
To wander through the world alone;
Of fortune, friends, and all bereft,
To live and die unlov'd unknown,

God grant that she, who thus was made,
An orphan in her earlier years;
May be exempt from trust betra'd,
From woe, from want, from sorrow's tears.

MIL.FORD BARD.

Washington University, Baltimore.

GENTLE CHIDINGS.

Soft as snow upon the ground
Should our chidings fall around;
Kindly, gently should we speak;
Human nature is but weak—
Frail as flowers that frosts destroy,
And the winter-winds alloy;
But the soft snows cherishing,
Saveth such from perishing.

Howsoever bright and fair
Summer's sunny pinions are,
They will surely pass away;
Then will come the brighter day.
Winter days are many here;
Bright young hearts grow old and sere:
Hearts that erst with hope were throbbing,
Harsh words take not long in chilling.

Many, strong and full of life,
Sink beneath the cold world's strife.
Is it wonder? Any wrong
Quick is told by every tongue;
But a few, with fingers bright,
Point to noble acts, and right.
Forgotten oft the bly's spring,
Marked with scorn its withering.

Why not prop the weak flower up?
Fill with dew the drooping cup?
And what frost hath rent in twain,
Cover o'er with snow again.
Not neglect when rough winds blow—
Flowers would die if treated so.
Gently chide—while chiding, cherish:
Human hearts, like flowers, may perish.

A Yankee Bargain.—Old Squire Hopkins was the perfect picture of meekness and simpleness, and his stuttering seemed the effect of bashfulness, rather than the inherent physical defect.—One day a neighbor came to buy a yoke of oxen of him. The price was named, and the animals made a very satisfactory appearance,

'Are they *breachy!*' asked the buyer.

'N-n-n-ever tr-tr-trouole me,' was the reply.

The other paid the price and took the yoke.

In a day or two he came back, in a towering passion.

'Confound these critters, Sqar—there aint no fence will keep 'em.—They'd break thro' a stun-wall, or jump over the moon. What the dickens made you tell me they wasn't breachy!'

'I-I-didn't say n-n-no-s-such a thing.'

'Yes you did—you said they never troubled you.'

'Oh, w-well, neighbor.' said the Squire, 'I d-d-dont let s-such th-things as-as that 'ere trouble me.'

The buyer sloped. Squire Hopkins was a nice man.—*Yankee Blade.*

Admiration and Love!—There is a wide difference between admiration and love. The sublime which is the cause of the former, always dwells on great objects, and terrible: the latter on small ones, and pleasing. We submit to what we admire, but we love what submits to us; in one case we are forced, in the other we are flattered into compliance.

[From the Newburgh Gazette.]

SUBLIMITY OF NATURE.

What matchless wisdom, power and skill, is in this world combined,
Each object has its proper place, its proper use assigned.
What endless themes of love and praise, its varying scenes afford,
Showing how eminently great, is their Creator, God.

In beholding the beauties which every where adorn the face of nature, we may daily meet with some new subject of wonder and admiration. Our Supreme Ruler seems ever to manifest his unchanging love, administering to our necessities, granting us ample means of enjoyment, and continually shielding us from danger. Think how desolate this earth would appear if divested of its abundant verdure. or of the beautiful trees and flowers, affording food, shelter, and happiness for both man and beast. The laborer of India must soon relinquish his employment, were no shelter provided from its scorching sun; while the lofty trees, with their spreading branches, and luxuriant foliage, seem kindly to invite his approach.—The mariner too, as he glides over the tranquil waters, fears no evil; but when darkness overshadows him, and the raging billows threaten to engulf him, when no human power can avail, then is he eager to call upon him who maketh the storm a calm, at whose command the angry tempest is stilled, and becomes as the silent breeze.

In the creation of the animal world also, we may discover unparalleled wisdom and goodness: their powers of instinct, their affection for one another, and appreciation of acts of kindness, often excite our admiration. Behold that ship of the desert, the Arabian camel, traversing from day to day those trackless wastes of burning sand, subsisting mainly upon a few stunted and prickly shrubs; see with what meekness he kneels to receive the burdens entrusted to his care, with what patience he pursues his toilsome journey.

But the starry heavens with their innumerable hosts, do none the less demand our attention.—He who can behold without admiration that expansive arch of ethereal blue, enlivened by luminous myriads, must be indeed unworthy the appellation of man. From the beginning of creation our "glorious luminary of day" has pursued its unwearied course, the planets revolved with the same precision, the changes of day and night, summer and winter, been observed with the same regularity, and will so continue until the end of time. How admirable the words of the Psalmist, "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work."

Yet however wonderful these things may appear, there is still another class of created beings by which they are far surpassed. Made after the image of God, endowed with faculties of the highest nature, man has ever held an eminent station in the order of the Universe. His noble powers of mind are almost daily evinced by some new discovery or invention. He has fathomed the depths of the sea; numbered the stars of Heaven; traversed the globe from pole to pole, everywhere descrying some hidden beauty, some striking token of the power of God. His active genius also, is ever employed in devising some skillful project, or in the solution of some wonderful mystery.—He is ever striving to attain that acme of perfection in the eye of the world, which would secure him a place in the annals of Fame, or record his name among the most illustrious of the age.

Methinks, surrounded as we are by such abundant blessings, and possessing talents of so refined a nature, our gratitude should be unbounded: but man, ungrateful man, is never satisfied. The spirit of discontent and envy too often lurks in his bosom, rendering his life a burden, and depriving him of that happiness. which, alas! but few enjoy,—an unsullied conscience. It is true that while the sun of prosperity enlightens our path, and the stream of life flows on in unmixed enjoyment, expressions of thankfulness frequently escape our lips; but, when adversity threatens, or cherished hopes are suddenly blasted, when the hand of affliction is laid upon us, our seeming gratitude, is too often turned to murmuring, and our proud, deceitful hearts, rise in rebellion against the dispensations of an All-wise Providence.

But it might be well to turn aside awhile from the cares and anxieties of life, and reflect upon the instruction to be drawn from the great volume of Nature. The very flowers filling the air with rich perfume, the little birds enchanting the ear with their melodious accents, the meandering streamlet, the rushing torrent, and the lofty mountain, all seem designed to impart some useful lesson. Who but the most degraded can look upon such beauties, and not exclaim, how wonderful are the works of God!

THE VOW.—A PASSAGE FROM THE LIFE OF A STUDENT.

BY KATE VERMERE.

Dependent as I am now upon my exertions for life, and its necessaries, the time was when my father owned broad lands, and I was looked upon as heir to his large estate. Yet no strange calamity deprived me of my rightful inheritance—a foe deadly but subtile, crept to our herth-stone, and wrested hope and happiness from our family circle gathered there.

My father—I, his son, blush to tell it—became a drunkard, and as year after year confirmed the fatal habit, his wealth fled, faster than it had been accumulated.

Disaster followed disaster. He attempted to retrieve his fortune by speculation, and in one day we were reduced to poverty. My mother died of grief. A year passed away, and my only sister slept by her side. Another year passed away, and my father was laid in a drunkard's grave. I was but ten years old at the time, yet I remember the day he died. He was conscious of his degradation, and at times, wept bitterly over his ruined hopes.

Ere he breathed his last, he summoned me to his bed side. It was a bright afternoon in September, the sun poured his soft rays through the branches of the bending elms, and lighted up the golden harvest fields with his quiet smile. The light wind curled the bright waters of the broad river, and bore the notes of the songster to my ear. I almost wondered that he could die when all around was so calm, so lovely and so heavens like. I left my play-things where I was under the elms that bordered the broad avenue in front of the old mansion, and stole noiselessly into his chamber. I shall never forget the scene! The last rays of the setting sun came in through the window, and lighted up his careworn and emaciated face. The balmy breeze played among his silver hair, and fitted his white locks from the snowy pillow. As I entered the room he raised himself in bed, took my hand in his, and for several moments looked mournfully into my face.—Several times he essayed to speak, but in vain.—At last his voice returned, full and firm as it had been in better days, and he said: "I have called you to my bedside for the last time, Edward! I am dying now. I shall soon sleep with my fathers in the quiet grave. You well know the history of my life. You know what has brought me down thus early to my grave. Many a time I have sought to break the fatal spell, but alas! I could not! Death has overtaken me, and I shall soon cease to suffer. But I cannot go and leave you to live as I have lived—to die as I shall disappear, miserable and despised. Kneel down then, and swear before God that you will never taste a drop of anything that will intoxicate."

And I knelt down by my father's side, and bound myself by a solemn oath never to taste a drop of intoxicating liquor. As I arose from the floor, he smiled proudly on me, drew me nearer to his side, kissed me affectionately, and then sunk back in bed. I thought he had only fainted. I placed my hand under his head and raised it up. It had grown still forever! His spirit had gone to receive the reward of its earthly pilgrimage in another and "better land." He was dead!

Years have rolled on since then. Temptation has been around me on every side. In the ball-room, in the village tavern, in the hovels of the poor, and the dwellings of the rich, it has been offered to me. The gifted, and those whom I love best, have held the wine-cup to my lips.—But I have spurned every offer—my oath is still unbroken—and never while reason remains will I trifle with that which carries destruction, misery, ruin, and death wherever it goes.

RELIGION.

'Mid all the cares of life, springing around us at every step we take on our earthly pilgrimage—'mid the howling storms of adversity, beating upon us as we wander upon the rough shores of Time—'mid all the snares of man, thrown around us to impede our march in the path of rectitude and peace—'mid pain and disease, fastening upon our systems and sinking them into the arms of decay—there is yet a star, whose bright beams shed glory upon our lonely way, and send joy and gladness to our hearts. In the vale of poverty, and upon the mountain of despair—in the stream of anguish, and the stagnant pool of sorrow—still it shines forth upon our bewildered course, and paints—in colors how divine—the flowery fields which lie beyond. It is the Star of Religion—of hope and love—the Star that lights up the Christian's soul, that guides him on his pilgrimage through time, that disperses the gloomy shadows which hover around his grave, and conducts him safely to the presence of his God. Oh, bright star of promise! shine on in thy splendor! Drive the dark mist from the bewildered mind roll back the mighty waves of ignorance and superstition; and light up the channel for the passage of the pure waters of Virtue and Truth! Let thy beams penetrate the hardened heart, and burst in bright effulgence upon the contrite soul! Let them shine upon the widow's lonely path, and spread a smile of gladness upon the orphan's cheek!—Flame brightly round the walls of Zion, and illuminate the heart of those who stand sentinel upon the battlements of Truth! Pour thy rays on the celestial way, and cheer the hearts of those who swell the armies of God! *Star of happiness!*—of pure and heavenly joy—ever flame in triumph! Send thy beams from pole to pole! Reveal thy loveliness to the nations of the earth! Disperse the gathering clouds of sin, and let a world rejoice in thy life giving splendor.—*Chris. Index.*

"HOW DO YOU SPELL BOOTS?"

The N. Y. correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, tells an amusing story of a wealthy Wall street broker, who lives in great style in the fashionable quarter, and *ranks as one* of the "upper ten." It appears that he recently purchased a splendid fire-proof safe, in which to secure his valuables against the devouring elements, to which he had affixed that new invention for protection against thieves, called the "Combination lock." These beautiful pieces of mechanism are so extremely complicated that you may lock them, hand the key to the manufacturer even and the chances are as one to ten thousand, that he will not be able to open them. The wards and interior arrangements of these locks are alphabetically arranged, and you select a word in the language, take the letters, and lock the wards answering to these letters one by one. Thus, take the word Chair—you lock *c*, then *h*, then *a*, then *i*, then *r*. Now it must be unlocked in the same way, and unless you hit upon the exact word, you will never be able to unlock it. Well, the broker in question, locked his new safe according to the word "boots, but after working at it for an hour or more next morning, he could not unlock it, and gave it up in despair. As his funds were all locked up, (says the letter,) he had no money with which to pay his notes and carry on his business that day. but as his credit was good, he raised sufficient for the purpose by borrowing of the banks.

The next morning the manufacturer of the lock, according to request, called to ascertain the difficulty. He said he had no doubt he could unlock the safe, if the gentlemen would tell him the word to which he locked it. "Boots" was the word, and to work he set to unlock to "boots."—Well, he tried, sanguine of success but "boots" would not unlock the safe. He tried again and was no more successful. He tried an hour, two hours, and three hours, with no success. Finally, a happy thought struck him. He wiped the perspiration from his face, took a drink of water, examined the key again and looking at the broker straight in the eye, said—"Sir, allow me to ask you how you spell "boots?" said the broker; "why I spell it right—how do you spell it?"—"Oh, never mind," said the man of combination locks, "how do you spell it?"—"*B-u-t-s, to be sure," said the broker.*" "The d—l you do," said the lockman; "and if you spell boots *buts,* I will unlock the safe *buts,*" and he did unlock it in the twinkling of an eye.

Great Suspension Bridge at Niagara.

This day, the 13th March, 1848, will forever be remembered by all who witnessed the awful and sublime spectacle of the crossing of the first car, sustained by a wire cable. The car was capable of holding four persons. It was understood that Mrs. Ellet the lady of the distinguished Engineer who has undertaken the construction of the Bridge, had determined to accompany her husband, but in consequence of the cold, with some snow, she was prevailed on to stand among the interested spectators who had the high gratification to behold the grandest scene ever witnessed: when we take into consideration the position of the intended bridge, being in view of the Great Falls one side, and the Whirlpool on the other, while the elevation of the car was 250 feet above the awful rushing river. The wire cable was only one inch in diametor, so that it appeared but a thread in our eyes. A little after 11 o'clock, Mr. Ellett took his seat alone in the car; being among the spectators on the Canada side, I can say, in justice to the feelings of all present, a breathless anxiety filled every heart, and when he reached about half-way, our fears give way for its safety, and a shout of joy from all broke forth, which overpowered (in our ears) the thunder of the great Falls, and was re-echoed from the opposite side. On arrival at the stand, three warm hearted cheers (cold as the day was,) awaited the intrepid and enterprising gentleman; and, on his returning, three heartily cheers and one more for his lady, as her determination to accompany her husband was known.

Burning of Forty-Seven Women at the Funeral of an Indian Prince.—The infernal rites at the death of an Indian Prince are thus described in an extract of a letter from Tanquebar, in the East Indies, written by a Danish Missionary. They dug without the walls of the city, where that Prince, who died at the age of eighty, made his residence, a large pit, which they filled with wood, ranged and piled up as for a bonfire. The corpse of the deceased, richly hibited and adorned, was brought forth in great pomp, and laid on the pile; after which the Bramins (heathen priests) kindled the fire, abundance of superstitions ceremonies. The wives and concubines of the deceased, who, according, to the law or custom of the country, ought to die with him, appeared there at the same time, and walked several times round the funeral pile. They were in number forty-seven all finally decked with jewels, and adorned with flowers. The favored wife or concubine carried the poinard of the defunct prince, which she delivered up to his successor, and made a short speech, exhorting him to use it with moderation, so as never to let it light on any but the guilty. Then she boldly turned her face towards the pile, and after invoking her gods. leaped into the midst of the flames. The second was the sister of a prince named Tandaman, who was present at these horrid rights.—She gave him the jewels she wore, and the prince, in receiving them embrased her most tenderly, and poured out a flood of tears: but the princes without betraying the least concern, looked attentively, with a stady countenance on the pile and on the spectators, and crying with a loud voice "*Chiva Chiva!*" which is the name of one of their gods, she jumped as cheerfully into the flames as the first did.

The others followed her close; some of them appeared resolute enough, but others looked wild and dejected. There was one in particular, who being more dismayed than her companions, ran to embrace one of the spectators who was a christian, praying him to save her; but this it was not in his power to do, and the poor wretch was immediately tumbled headlong into the fire.

However intrepid most of these unhappy victims appeared before jumping into the pit, the note was vastly altered when in the midst of the flames. There they shrieked hideously, tumbling one over another, striving to reach the edge of the pit, and get out of it; but they were kept in by throwing heaps of billets and faggots upon them, as well to knock them on the head as to increase the fire. When they were consumed, the Bramins drew near the smoking pile, and performed abundance of ridiculous ceremonies over the ashes of the poor wretches. The next day they gathered up the bones, and having wrapped them up in fine linen, carried them to a place near the Isle of Ramesuren, where they cast them into the sea. After which, the pit was filled up, and a temple since erected on the spot, where sacrifices are offered up in honor of the prince and his wives, who from thenceforth are numbered among the saints or goddesses.

The following shows the known number of species of fish, insects, reptils, birds, and maniferous animals.

Fish,	2500
Insects,	44000
Reptils,	700
Birds,	4000
Maniferous animals,	5000
Total	56200

All fruit trees are much benefited by the phospha of lime, 1. e. bone dust,) but the pear especially. Where bone dust cannot be had, bones themselves may be dug in about the roots, and allowed to decompose gradually. Four-fifth of all the bones from the kitchen are thrown away in the country. If these were saved, and put at the bottom of the holes, when planting pear trees they would furnish a most enduring supply of phosphate to the roots.—*Horticulturist.*