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
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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.

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

☞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. Yearly advertisements to be paid for in six months from date.

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

A Card.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has recently purchased the stock of goods of Robert Wallace Esq., and has just returned from Baltimore and is now opening at Mr. Wallace's old stand, a new, cheap and desirable assortment of *DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES*. His stock has been selected with great care, and purchased upon the best terms, and comprises SUGARS, brown and loaf, COFFEE, MOLASSES, FLOUR, and all necessary Family Groceries. He has also on hand a large and splendid stock of liquors and wines, of common and superior qualities—all of which, together with every article in his line he will dispose of on cheap terms for cash or country produce, or on short credit to punctual dealers. Persons in want of such articles will please give me a call, as I feel assured that both my goods and prices will suit them. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

The public's obd't. serv't.
WILLIAM H. JORDAN.

Cambridge, July 29, 1848 1y

To Travellers.

THE subscriber, returning his thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that his House has recently undergone repair, and had an addition built to it which renders it as comfortable and commodious as any public house on the Eastern Shore. As money is scarce, he has determined to accommodate the public on *terms* to suit the times, and will take boarders by the year, month, or week at charges of which they cannot complain. He has always on hand Horses and Carriages to hire, or sell, or to carry travellers to any part of the Shore, with safety and despatch. Horses will also be taken at livery and receive careful attention, upon liberal term.

The public's ob't. serv't.
JOSEPH BRADSHAW.

May 13, 1848.—tf

BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS.

JAMES FLUHARTY & Co., would respectfully inform the citizens of Cambridge and Dorchester County, that they have just commenced the above business and have now on hand, at their new shop, one door below Mr. Noah Abbott's Cabinet shop, a well selected assortment of BOOTS & SHOES manufactured in Baltimore city, suitable for both Ladies and Gentlemen—also a supply of Imported work. As they expect to keep good workmen, they feel safe in promising that all work manufactured by them shall not be surpassed, either for neatness or durability, in the town. Pledging that their prices shall be reasonable and no pains spared to please, they respectfully solicit a share of the public's patronage. Nov. 18, 1848—tf.

TAILORING.

THE subscribers would hereby inform the friends and the public generally, that they have taken a shop in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Benjamin, three doors above the Hotel of Mr. John Bradshaw, where they propose to carry on the above named business in all its various branches. All work made by them is warranted to fit, and to be made up in a manner not to be excelled by any Taylor on the Eastern Shore at least. They hope therefore by giving strict attention to business and punctuality, to secure a liberal share of the people's patronage. The public's ob't. servt's.

JAMES B. MILLS.
JOHN B. SPEDDEN.

Oct. 7, 1848.—1y Cambridge, Md.

STRENGTH OF SIN.

BY MISS PHŒBE CAREY.

How lately and this beautiful earth
Was shut by darkness from my sight,
And all the mighty arch of blue
Was sparkling with its worlds of light.

Waning and waning, one by one
They vanished as the day-star rose,
Till, lo! along the distant hills
The fire of sunrise burns and glows.

And turning from the hosts of heaven
To the calm beauty of the earth
I feel what goodness must be His,
Who spoke its glories into birth.

More than our hearts can comprehend,
Or our weak, blinded eyes can see,
The wisdom and the love of God,
How mighty and how vast they be!

Too fair for us to hate or leave
This world His hand has placed us in,
But for the presence and the power
Of that most fiery serpent, sin—

That first in Ede's peaceful shade
Uncoiled its bright and deadly folds,
And living still, and unsubdued,
Sends its dark poison through our souls.

But from its creatures, blind and lost,
God never wholly turned aside,
As power to save us from the curse
Was sent us when the Saviour died.

All that is left us under heaven,
Hope of the lost and sin enslaved,
The only name on earth that's given,
Whereby the souls of men are saved.

Thanks unto God, that He was sent,
A sacred warfare to begin,
That in the end shall surely-crush
And blind the infernal strength of sin!

That by Him it shall be at last
Out from this fair creation hurled.
Who gave its death-blow when the cross
Was darkly planted in the world.

And thanks to Him, that when the soul
In agony for mercy calls,
Right in the shadow of that cross
The sunlight of His pardon falls.

THE DREARY EARTH.

I've seen the bride turn pale,
Beneath the wreaths she wore
The mother weep and wail
Above the boy she bore;
I've seen the bud decay
Before it bloomed to birth—
And such is aye the way
In all this dreary earth!

And all the flowers that ope
Before the noont.de die,
And every syren hope
Will sing young Love a lie;
And every smiling spring
Will die away in death,
For death is tyrant king
Of all this dreary earth!

And glory!—'tis deceit—
The high-born spirit's curse!
And beauty is a cheat—
The lovlier the worse!
And Heaven, the only sight
That gilds our meaner birth—
'Tis God's unchanging light
Must cheer this dreary earth!

COMMUNICATED.

As the heavenly syren of our Creators infinite Love is known to be anthemed vociferously by the *votary* of *Absolute* Universalism as a refuge from the many emphatic declarations of the scriptures dispensing with all formality of introduction, your attention, kind Reader, is called to the consoling and beautifying assurance that

"GOD IS LOVE."

It is a most delightful and instructive method of surveying the works of nature—regardless of any distinction in their internal or external structure, contemplating the uniformity and variety of the colour, size, dimension or delicate foilage of some tiny leaf that may quiver at the voice of the gentle zephyrs of heaven, or the nicety of graduation, regularity of velocity, accuracy of movement and perfection of the law which controles the existence of some individual body of the solar system as it wheels its complicated circuits in perfect harmony with the mysterious transits and self-sustained revolutions of the innumerable myriads of its sister spheres: contemplating the intuition of some frail insect performing its wonted office of necessity or of pleasure on some barren isle, or man, "wonderful beyond all wondrous measure" in the power of his intellect or the wisdom of his body,—all conveying of the vast and stupendous in divine power, wisdom and love, to us but imperfectedly conceived—ever to be impressed and make application of the above truth. Are you appalled with solemn sensations of Almighty power when gazing upon the sublimity and magnitude of some sky-wooing mountain as it tosses its woody crests amidst the terror of the whirlwind,—the ravages of the hurrican, or when following in imagination the infathomable depths of the ocean? are you lost in wonder at the display of divine power in the infinitely minute of creation? Whatever it may be in the wide compass of the universe which fixes your attention proclaiming God is power, remember and rejoice, dear reader, in the conviction that the love of your Creator, tho' not always ostensible, is as vast and glorious as the display of Omnipotence stretched out before you. To find illustrations of divine love, but gaze upon the vault of Heaven as it glitters with its starry lights—the moon walking in brightness and all the glories resplendent on high, and you cannot avoid exclaiming with the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the majestic love of God and the firmament showeth his handy works?" The most illiterate of his creatures can but say, how great, and therefore how good, is God! but add to this contemplation, the *knowledge* which is given us of the prodigious magnitude of those bodies which roll above your heads, their vast distances from us and from each other and the conviction of our minds, that creation is boundless, presenting no other idea than that of world upon world, system upon system, without limn and without end; and words are inadequate to represent the overwhelming sensation of the divine power which assails the mind. All terms expressive of greatness and infinity seem wholly unworthy the subject, and we sink back into a solemn silence which can only be interrupted by inspired language "such knowledge is too wonderful for man I cannot attain into it."—Your attention, kind reader, is here requested that you may endeavor to form conceptions as vast of divine love as this topic gives you of divine power, for remember there can be no disproportion in the attributes of the Deity.—He cannot possess power which fills creation's vastness—the universe with wonder, whilst his love is limitable And forget not, indulgent reader, that these stupendous globes and awful distances, teach you, in association, not only that "God is love," but also that He is love to fallen man. This truth is loudly proclaimed by the conspicuous fact that everything has been created for the service and happiness of man. Fix you cannot your vision upon any object that is not mediately or immediately fulfilling that intention. The design of a multitude of things are obvious, and are so absolutely essential to the very existence of man, that if only one of them were withdrawn, that existence would cease. Forbid the sun to shine, or the rains to descend, or the air to circulate, or a thousand supposable accidents to impede the original constitution of the world, and immediate demonstration would be given, how multiplied the services which are rendered to man by the objects around him. Nay, 'tis probable, that if a single thing in the world appears useless, it is only our ignorance, and not fact, which gives it that appearance. Well, then charitable reader, it can require no depth of discernment to infer inestimably must that creature be loved. on whom the Creator has lavished such a boundless store of conveniences and comforts! The innumerable evidences of design of which the world is full, do not more assuredly demonstrate the existence of one first cause who framed them, than they establish his love to that creature for whom he designed them. Look within yourself reader, and reason, not only of your physical frame, tho' even your terrestial being is no trifling specimen of your Creator's regard, but ponder your intellectual nature. Think of that mental capacity, mysterious as it is, which is invisibly attached to you, and which at once establishes you lord of this world and for whom alone

"Time's ceaseless march proceeds."

This imaterial essence which can advance its thoughts into infinite space and infinite eternity, and contemplate an infinite God! can muse on the awfulness of being deprived of the favour of Heaven, and exult in the glorious idea of his love; can shudder at the thought of eternal pain, and aspire to an immortality of enjoyment. Of the objects that appear calculated to avert from divine love, at *present*, we have nothing to do with. The general fact of the incarnation of the Son of our Creator is perhaps the most striking evidence which the past or the present can afford that your Creator is Love, and the particulars of the history of his love must amply illustrate that truth. But consider, patient reader, the poverty and humiliation of circumstances to which he submitted—his constant relief of the distressed—his magnanimity in forgiving those who had betrayed and forsaken him—his love which the bitter enmity that tortured him, crowned him with thorns, and besmeared him with his own precious blood, could not quench;—ah! reader, this was love unspeakable, love ineffable, and to us oh! how unappreciable. We know nothing to which can be compared to the extent of divine love displayed on Calvary, but the extent of divine power made visible in the immeasurable glories of Creation. Love and power are with Him identical. The results of both proclaim the same infinite Being. Only He who could light up the innumerable suns and systems which scatter the darkness of infinite space, could die as an atoning victim on Calvary! only He who could so infinitely love his creatures that he would not spare his only Son—He alone could display that correspondent power which spake creation to the boundless universe. Can you, kind reader, refuse to love Him who has so loved you? Can he demand or exact too much of you when he implores you to renounce all sin of act, of word, and of thought, and in obedience to his will to subjugate your evil propensities and fly from the sins of the world the flesh and the devil? Remember, "God is Love."

H.

A CHAPTER FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS.

FROM THE EPISCOPAL REGISTER.

Walking, the other day, with a valuable friend who had been confined a week or two by sickness to his room, he remarked that a husband might learn a good lesson by being occasionally confined to his house, by having in this way an opportunity of witnessing the cares and never-ending toils of his wife, whose burden and duties, and patient endurance he might never have understood. There is a great deal in this thought, perhaps enough for an "editorial." Men, especially young men, are called by their business during the day mostly away from home, returning only at the hours of meals, and as they then see nearly the same routine of duty, begin to think it is their own lot to perform all the drudgery, and to be exercised with the weight of care and responsibility. But such a man has got a very wrong view of the case; he needs opportunity for more extended observation, and it is perhaps for this very reason that a kind Providence arrests him by sickness, that he may learn in pain, what, he would fail to observe in health.

We have seen recently a good many things said in the papers to wives, especially to young wives, exposing their faults, perhaps magnifying them, and expounding to them, in none of the kindest terms, their duties and the offices pertaining to woman's sphere. Now, we believe that wives, as a whole, are really better than they are admitted to be. We doubt if there can be found a great number of wives who are disagreeable and negligent, without some palpatable coldness or short-coming on the part of their husbands. So far as we have had an opportunity for observation, they are far more devoted and faithful than those who style themselves their lords, and who, by the customs of society, have other and generally more pleasant and varied duties to perform.—We protest then against these lectures so often and so obtrusively addressed to the ladies, and insist upon it that they must—most of them—have been written by some fusty bachelor who knows no better, or by some inconsiderate husband who deserve to have been old bachelors to the end of their lives.

But is there nothing to be said on the other side? Are husbands so generally the perfect, amiable, injured beings they so often represented. Men sometimes declare that their wive's extravagance have picked their pockets—that their never ceasing tongues have robbed them of their peace, and their general disagreeableness has driven them to the tavern and gaming table, but this is generally the wicked excuse for a most wicked lie on their own part. The fact is, men often lose their interest in their homes by their own neglect to make their homes interesting and pleasant. It should never be forgotten that the wife has her rights—as sacred after marriage as before—and a good husband's devotion to the wife after marriage will concede to her quite as much as he gallantly did while a lover. It is otherwise, he is most generally at fault.

Take a few examples. Before marriage a young man would feel some delicacy about accepting an invitation to spend an evening in company where his lady-love had not been invited. After marriage is he always as particular? During the days of courtship his gallantry would demand that he should make himself agreeable to her; after marriage it often happens that he thinks more of being agreeable to himself. How often it happens that married men, after having been away from home the livelong day, during which the wife has toiled at her duties, go at evening to some place of amusement, and leave her to toil on alone, uncheered and unhappy. How often it happens that her kindest offices pass unobserved, and unrewarded even by a smile, and her best efforts are condemed by the faultfinding husband.

How often it happens, even when the evening is spent at home, that it is employed in silent reading, or some other way that does not recognize the wife's right to share in the enjoyment even of the fireside.

Look, ye husbands, a moment, and remember what your wife was when you took her, not from compulsion, but from your own choice; a choice, based, probably, on what you considered her superiority to all others. She was young—perhaps the idol of a happy home; she was gay and blithe as the lark, and the brothers and sisters at her father's fire-side cherished her as an object of endearment. Yet she left all to join her destiny with yours; to make your home happy, and do all that woman's love could prompt; and woman's ingenuity devise, to meet your wishes, and to lighten the burdens which might press upon you in your pilgrimage. She, of course, had her expectations too. She could not entertain feelings which promised so much without forming some idea of reciprocation on your part, and she did expect you would, after marriage, perform those kind offices of which you were so lavish during your bethronment.

She became your wife! left her own home for yours—burst asunder, as it were, the bands of love which had bound her to the father's fireside, and sought no other home than your affections; left, it may be the care and delicacy of indulgence and now, what must be her feelings, if she gradually awakens to the consciousness that you love her less than before; that your evenings are spent abroad; that you only come home at all to satisfy the demands of your hunger, and to find a resting place for your head when weary, or a nurse for your sick chamber when diseased?

Why did she leave the bright hearth of her youthful days? Why did you ask her to give up the enjoyment of a happy home? Was it simply to darn your stockings, mend your clothes take care of your children, and watch over your sick bed! Was it simply to conduce to your own comfort? Or was there some understanding that she was to be made happy in her connexion with the man she dared to love?

Nor is it a sufficient answer that you reply that you give her a home; that you feed and clothe her. You do this for your health; you would do it for an indifferent housekeeper.—She is your wife, and unless you attend to her wants, and in some way answer the reasonable expectation you raised by your attention before marriage, you need not wonder if she dejected and her heart sink into insensibility; but if this be so, think well who is the cause of it. We repeat it, very few women make indifferent wives, whose feelings have not met some outward shock, by the indifferences and thoughtlessness of their husbands. It is our candid opinion, that in a large majority of the instances of domestic misery, the man is the aggressor.

INCREASING INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

Mr. Herbert, one of the most spirited of American authors, thus happily hits off the leviathan power which the Press already weilds; and yet its influence is even now just developing. It must from the nature of our institutions, grow and augment as education is extended, and the sources of information are enlarged:

"The theme would furnish an essay of itself, were we to attempt an estimate of how much of the fragmentary power of the Church has passed to the Press throughout modern Christendom. Look at it now in connexion with another power which men are more accustomed to acknowledge as the great influence of the present era, Capital. All the millions of the Rothschields, with all the individual influence attending their possessions, does not give the positions of command filled at some seasons of modern politics by the London Times! That journal might not have saved Sir John Moore, and may not have made the Duke of Wellington, as some have asserted, but suppose the capital invested in it, or take the round sum of a million of money embarked in a new journal in this country, with a full corps of reporters and sub-editors of every description; there shall be writers of spirit and skill engaged upon it, whose only business shall be to put into the most effectual language the *briefs* which are daily prepared for them by assiduous men of careful detail, while one mind of callbre the master spirit which owns and directs the whole machine, shall breathe into it a master-spirit's own energetic continuity of purpose—could mental vigor, united to the possessions of capital, grasp at the One Man Power through any more effectual channel in these days? Talk of the bank of the United States rivalling the central government in influence! Why it is *nothing* to a monster Press in the hands of a Joint Stock Company, with a proper President at the head of it—for every bank in the Union would cower before such a tremendous agency."

THE ORPHAN.

Nothing is more calculated to arouse our sympathies, and awaken the most tender emotions of our hearts, than the situation of those who have been deprived of the dearest, the best of earthly friends—who know not the sacredness of those ties that bound them to a mother's heart, and twined around them the chain of a father's love. How piteous their condition?—Are they in prosperity? No father's voice is there to warn and counsel them, or teach them to avoid the snares that everywhere beset them. Are the waves of advisity rolling over them?—No mother's hand is there to bind up the broken heart, and to pour into the wounded spirit the balm of consolation. Though they may possess friends—though there may be those that love them—no earthly friend is so true, no heart so loving, as a Mother's, and none so ready to provide as he whom they called in sweetest accents "Father." And when such are taken away, where must they look? To what source shall they flee for support and assistance? Who shall discharge a father's duties, or act a mother's part with promptitude and willingness?—Ah! we ask in vain. Explore the earth's most distant bounds, and the search will be fruitless.

But are there none to confide in? Ah! yes, there is One above, who knows their griefs, and pities all their woes—who will not refuse a listening ear to their complaints, but will assuage their sorrows and give them peace and joy in the midst of affliction. Let those who have experienced the sorrows of an Orphan look to Him, who has promised to be a "Father to the fatherless."

HAPPINESS IN THE MARRIAGE STATE.

This (says Alton) can only be obtained from the most complete congeniality of disposition and exact similarity of habits and pursuits. No two persons can be entirely of the same mind and disposition, habits and pursuits, unless after the most intimate and early association. It is in youth only that the mind receives the complexion we would give it. It is then only that our habits are moulded or our pursuits directed as we please. As we advance in our life our habits and pursuits govern us. Is it not therefore better to marry young.

Trunk knit with trunk, and branch with branch entwined,
Advancing still, more closely they are joined;
At length, full grown, no difference we see,
But, stead of two, behold! a single tree.