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 12. | Cambridge, Md., Saturday Morning, February 24, 1849. | Number 18.

Poetry

THE SONG OF THE AXE!

BY C. L. WHELER.

Let the poet-lord bepraise the sword
That gleams on Conquest's track;
Be't mine to prolong a humbler song—
The song of the woodman's axe!
Tis meet to sing of th' lowliest thing
That graces the reign of peace,
And add our praise, in hearty lays,
Or prayers for bright increase.

In the ruddy flood of battle's blood
Its splendor ne'er was dimmed,
For a gentler fame awaits its name
Than e'er the soldier hymned.
Like a pioneer, with voice of cheer,
It breaks the forest gloom,
And maketh the earth give joyous birth,
And like a garden bloom!

And the palace dome, or peasant's home,
It rears with brave command;
For no towering oak its lusty stroke
Could ever yet withstand.
Ho! the axe is king of the wildwood ring,
And of the lordly trees,
For before his blow they bow them low
That laugh at the mountain breeze.

And his trophies bright are truth and light,
And plenty's golden store;
For no drop of teen e'er dims the sheen
That flashed in days of yore!
Then praise to the king of the woodland ring,
The woodman's shining axe;
For a gentler fame awaits its name
Than the sword or Conquest's tracks.

Miscellany.

From the New York Spirit of the Times.

A HOT DOSE.

Dear Spirit:—You remember JACK O' FLAHERTY, the man who said "you would'nt take him for an Irisman to hear him *spake!*"

Well this same Jack has afforded such a fund of amusement to several choice spirits on L—— wharf, in Boston, that your humble servant, Bob deems it exepedient to chronicle a few of the richest jokes wherein Jack has been the sufferer.

Jack was passionately fond of smoking, and was always in the habit of asking an individual whom he saw enjoying the weed "if he had any more of the same sort left?" On one occasion in answer to this question he received a reply of "certeinly, Jack there's one on the desk that you're welcome to." Jack seized the delicious twist, (a huge regalia, which had been heavily charged with powder, for his special benefit,) "A light tf you please," said he to the donor. "Don't bother me," was the reply: "there's a man who will accommodate you," pointing to a full blown Emeralder who stood on the pier with both arms leaning comfortably over a huge post and enjoying the rays of the sun and a short black pipe at the same time. Jack stepped briskly over, and the Emeralder acceded to his request with a nod; and without removing the pipe from his mouth Jack inserted the end of his cigar into the bowl of the pipe (bringing the *noses* of the two smokers almost in contact,) and began to draw vigorously to ensure the desired result. Scarce had he commenced, ere an explosion took place, which sent the pipe in one direction and the cigar in another, filling the olfactory organs and eyes of the two worthies with any quantity of gunpowder, smoke and fragments of tobacco. When the smoke blew aside we beheld Jack and the accommodating Hiberian engaged in a regular set-to, each thinking the other the aggressor. The roars of laughter, however undeceived Jack, who stepped over with a bloody nose and savage demeanor to where we were standing; his eloquence was soon hushed, however, by an individual known as "the Doctor," from the fact of his having some "*stuff*" in the back part of his store, which he sometimes served out on "particular occasions," to his "particular friends," in "small doses."

"Step in here with me, Jack," said the Doctor with a mysterious wink, "step in here and make it up with a glass of old brandy."—Jack nothing loth, accepted the invitation and followed the Doctor; arrived at the place of deposit, the Doctor poured out half a tumbler full of the ruby liquid, and under pretence of adding a "little sugar," he slily slipped nearly half a handful of cayenne pepper from a box near by into the tumbler. "Drink quick, Jack, before the others come back here," said the Doctor, stirring the firery mixture and handing it to Jack, who quaffed it off without taking breath. Scarce had he taken his lips from the tumbler, ere his countenance began to undergo the most ludicrous contortions. "*Wather*, for the sake o' mercy! wather!" gasped he, his mouth raw with the burning draught. Just at this moment one of the Doctor's friends happening accidentally to walk near the two and seeing the bottle from which the liquor had been poured standing on a barrel in front of Jack, he exclaimed with an anxious look.—"Why, Doctor, you dind't let the man drink from that bottle?"

"Yes I did," was the reply.

"Then you're a dead man!" said the other, turning to Jack, "for I prepared that bottle of POISON to kill bed bugs with."

Jack turned ghastly pale; he gasped for breath. "O murther! I'm dead! run for the Doctor! O I'll be dead afore you comes back!—Holy mother of Moses, why did I tase the dirty brandy! O the pison burns the inside of me! For the love o' heaven fetch a Doctor! I'm dyin'! Lord have mercy on my soul!" and like exclamations did Jack pour fourth with astonishing rapidity.

"What's to be done for the poor man!" said the Doctor. "I'll run and get him a dose of Tincture Hokeepokee," said his friend; "it is the only thing that'll save his life!" and away he went and shortly returned with Tincture Hokeepokee, as he called it, which was nothnig more or less than a Rochelle powder.

Almost every one knows, that a Rochelle powder is put up in two papers, one blue and one white, and in taking it, the contents of the blue paper are dissolved in about a gill of pure water in one tumbler, and that of the white paper in another; the two are then poured together, when a lively effervescence takes place, making a foaming and sparkling drink.

Well two tumblers were arranged, the Rochelle powder dissolved in them, and Jack was told to drink first one, and the other immediately after it. He followed these directions implicitly, and the result was that the two doses met midway in his throat; the effervescence took place, and for a moment or two he was a perfect living fountain; he literally *foamed at the mouth.*

The bystanders could keep silent no longer, but gave vent to their feelings in a laugh, long, loud and hearty. Jack started off from his persecutors without his hat, his hands clasped over over his abdominal regions, and his hair streaming in the wind.

The next day one of Jack's friends seeing him, inquired respecting the occurence. "O bad luck to that scamp, the Doctor," said Jack, "he gave me such red hot brandy it set my insides afire, and when I drank cowld wather it boiled over!"

BOB LIVELY.

From the Maryland Republican.

A MOTHER'S LOVE AND THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

"I heard the voice of prayer—a mother's prayer,
A dying mother for her only son,
Young was his brow and fair
Her hand was on his head,
Her words of love were said,
Her work was done."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

That man who posesses one sincere and constant friend, may deem himself pre-eminently blest. Often do we meet those who pretend to be friends; who while prosperity beams around our path and gold is our in coffers, are ready to bend the knee and pay high homage to our pomp and circumstances. But let the tide of fortune set against us, and they turn away with cold indifference leaving us to buffet the stream alone. Rarely in our pilgrimage through life do we find a friend in whom we can implicitly confide—a friend who will stand by us in every peril, who has the courage to tell us when we do wrong and on whose judgement and advice we can with certainty rely. Of all who gather round us now—who stretch forth the hand of friendship and are loud in protestations of fidelity and love, who is he that will stand unwavering when the ruthless storms of adversity come over us?—who is he among them all that will tell us when we err and guide—

"'Mid countless danger
To the destined port unerringly secure."

It is vain we look around us for such a friend. The history of the world hath but few examples of this kind. Its pages are filled with man's inhumanity to man. Are we then so constituted that we must pass through life without one guide or counsellor on whom we can rely. Is there no one in the wide world that will plainly show us our misconduct and teach us what can make us truly blest. God has not left us thus destitute. He has given us one faithful openhearted and unchangible friend, and a friend whose language cannot be mistaken whose admonitions never can deceive. What though all other friends forsake and leave us to regret that human love is but a mockery—what though the fairest earthly hopes are blighted and the cold realities of life come upon us that friend will never desert us—that friend is "the mother," her love unchanged, unchangeable. The following chaste and beautiful sentiments from Washington Irving fell impressively upon our hearts. "There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, that softens the heart and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished even in advanced life, in sickness and dispondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a distant land; but has thought on the mother that looked on his childhood, that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness. Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all the other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness or daunted by danger nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience, she will snrrender every pleasure to his enjoyment, she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity—and if adversity overtake him he will be dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon him, and if all the world cast him off, she will be all the world to him." Men generally appear to think that the uses of adversity are any thing but sweet and this seems a natural conclusion. Prosperity it is supposed ennobles and warms up the feelings and developes the better attributes of humanity while adversity chills the sensibilities and indurates the heart. With this very general sentiment, we are inclined somewhat to disagree. When we speak of adversity we have no reference to those unusual instances of misfortune which are sometimes witnessed in which a protracted series of miseries one after the other has for years continued to descend upon the victim as if he were doomed untill his very nature is changed and in despair he becomes a misanthrope and a cynic. We refer to those ordinary ills of humanity which soon or late, and more or less heavily come upon us all. The influence of such adversity when rightly regarded is we think favorable in the feelings and character of man. How holy and purifying upon the hearts is the effect of the bereavement? How the thoughts and affections are led away from the scenes and events of the present existence to that better world, whither we would fain believe our departed friend has gone. How tenderly do we realize that one more tie that wedded us to earth is loosed and with his reflection how vividly does the true and insignificant character of life and its pursuits come up before us—and sickness—how does the prostration of the frail physical frame lay low the haughtiness of the heart? How does it call back the simple and child-like feelings—long departed of our earlier years and cleanse the bosom of that seffishness and worldliness, which in our intercourse with men, and in the feverish strife of ordinary life, had well nigh possessed it! How startingly does it remind us of our relation to the dust—of the frail character of that tenure, by which we retain life, and those attributes which can alone render life tolerable. And it tells us too of a power dread and incomprehensible to whose sovereignty and omnipotence, we are subject in mind and spirit and body—which places upon us its finger, and we sink beneath it, and our struggles are impotent and vain. There is nothing which crushes out the pride of the human heart—nothing which teaches dependence and humbleness of spirit, more faithfully than an unlooked for prostration of the mental or physical energies. Those powers which we had fondly believed our own, all our own—and of which whatever else might be taken from us, we could never be deprived, we find fast ebbing away, until we are left imbecile and powerless in every thing, save a will which by its restless aspirations, only reminds us the more painfully of our weakness. There is something in an event like this more humiliating to the mind than can well be described. And then in the Catalogue of human ills comes the ruin of earthly hopes—the prostration of worldly fortunes. When the blow first falls the victim generally stands for a time in despair—stunned and stupefied by its heaviness. But when this paralysis of mind and body is over—when he considers that the worst has come—when he meditates upon the past and the present, upon what he was and what he is, it appears to us that that the natural reflection, which will arise in his mind—unless he indulges in childless and useless repinings—will be the utter folly of making an object so unstable as wealth, the end of existence—of entering the earthly happiness upon that against which every element of nature is arrayed and which has been fitly said, to take to itself wings and fly away. The direct tendency of a reflection like this would be to elevate the mind above the vicissitudes of fortune, and if the individual became not by reason of his adversity, a better man he would certainly become a wiser one. H.

Bright Seat, A. A. County.
February, 1849.

THE LESSONS OF MORTALITY.

BY MISS HARRIET SHAW.

Amid the varied scenes of eartly changes how beautiful, how cheering the thought, there is a land that knows no change, a Heaven of pure felicity, a place where the soul after passing through this "vale of tears," will rest forever in peaceful tranquility. All have found that the place in which we now live is truly a land full of changes—life and death present themselves at every turn, all nature shows the effects of the "effacing finger of decay." The delicate bud is nipped in its infancy—the flower that blooms to-day, is to-morrow cut down. The noble trees of the forest grow up, are clothed in the garments of freshness, but they continue only for a season.

Where is the spot in this beautiful yet delusive world that fills the heart with more sad forbodings than the mournful chamber of Death—there solemns lessons are taught us—admonitions at which the proud and lofty ones of earth bow in humility and tears, as they see the noblest and loveliest works of the Divine Creator, struggling with the fell destroyer; but "all that lives must die," all must be conquered by this mighty conqueror—none can resist the mandate when it has once gone forth.

The fair infant which we fain would clasp to our hearts, in all its guileless beauty, is often suddenly torn from the mother's fond embraces and we see the little cherub laid low in sadness and tears beneath the green turf. The bright and joyous youth, too, just as his promising talents are about to expand with lively hopes is not unfrequently called to experience the full force of that decree, which seems so terrible. The cheek that was once so fair, and glowed with all the beauty of health is now pallid and wan,—the eye that sparkled and beamed, speaking the true language of the soul, becomes dim and is closed forever. That noble mind which gave so many fair promises of becoming a bright and shining light, may be suddenly dimmed in darkness, worse than midnight. Still more clearly is the delusion of this world seen, when we notice the gradual decay of men eminent for virtue and talents, not perhaps to be surpassed—when those on whom we have been accustomed to rely for counsel and support are taken in the midst of the career of their usefulness and honor, we are struck and astounded. The world then seems all anguish and bitterness.

Those whose fame has been a nation's boast, whose genius was as a brilliant spark from the 'ethereal fire,' have passed away, and are no more among the things that are. Thus the mightiest works of man must become extinct, genius must be wasted, and nothing left but the sad lesson that all human works are imperfect and must fade.

Many are the associations connected with thoughts of Death, repulsive to our nature—to leave all that is attractive and bright—to give these bodies up to their mother earth, to moulder beneath the sod.

"It seems a dread and awful thing to die."

To think that the hand which is now pressed so fondly will soon be motionless; and those bright and beaming eyes will soon be fixed in death. Then too the final struggle, the farewell sigh, the last groan, the dying agony. It does indeed seem an awful thing to die—to launch our bark upon the boundless ocean of Eternity—*Eternity!* what is it? What mind can grasp it? How *easily* do we pronounce the word—but what does it mean? It is the past, the present, the future, it ever has been and ever will be past and to come. It is natural to view it thus, and yet when we look upon the brighter side we may exclaim

"Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die."

Death is not the end of man, though some may have thought it to be. Where is the mind so base and ignorant that does not when calling up the nobler feelings of its nature, pent for immortality, and long to be freed from the ills of the present life?

Death comes to the aged, and wiping away the tears that have paled and wrinkled the once blooming cheek, leads them gently to rest.—To those who love the Lord, and are obedient to his word, death comes as a kindly hand to unbind the fetters which have chained them so closely to earth, and to set the captive spirit free, that it may clap its wings and fly away to the bosom of its God.

"Who would not be willing to soar from world to world, from sun to sun, and to behold with ever varying delights, new displays of the Deity?" Who does not wish to enjoy glory, such as "eye hath not seen, ear hath hot heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive?" There to spend an eternity with us." To range the fields of bliss, and join and listen to the choirs, whose song of praise shall echo through all the wide expanse of Heaven!

Who does not with the poet exclaim amid emotions of gladness and a sincere heart,—

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from you Heaven, that blissful abode
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains;
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns!

Oh mortality! thy lessons are instructive and mighty! Vanity of vanities, all earthly good is transient, and fleeting is the burden of thy counsels; and "thou fool" is the proper appellation of those who heed them not.

A LETTER FROM ON BOARD THE SHIP XYLON.

The Hagerstown Torch Light contains a letter from on board the ship Xylon, which recently sailed from this port for California. It is from Mr. Bell, and is dated the 5th inst., off Point No-Point, previous to going to sea. As it may interest many of our readers we give the following portion of it:—

We weighed anchor, on board the "Xylon," and sailed with a merry breeze and cheerful hearts, amid the plaudits of the assembled crowd, on Saturday, at noon, almost at the moment advertised. A favoring breeze carried us gaily down the bay, and after partaking of the cheerful fare which had been provided for us, we retired to rest, and slept most soundly until the next morning. At 2 o'clock in the night the wind had veered to the South, and we lay quietly at anchor. In this condition we remained until this morning, at 7 o'clock, when we again weighed and are now sailing, full in the wind, towards the South. Whilst we were quietly lying on the bosom of the heaving Chesapeake, we landsmen, had a full opportunity of surveying the ship—a little world within itself—and displaying our ignorance to the "jolly" tars—more jolly, I think, in imagination, than in reality. Around were many things to remind a Washington county man of rustic life, for if, in pacing the deck, he did not stumble over a pig—as fat as a Washington county "porker"—it certainly would not be the pig's fault—many of which roamed the deck without restraint, looking with contempt upon the chickens, and ducks, and geese, which were closely confined to their "state-rooms," without the hope of escape, until the moment arrived for taking their places "at table." To describe the decks of the Xylon would be a hopeless task. A more complete medley than the boxes, and barrels, and casks, and coops, presented, could not be conceived, whilst by way of adding to the picturesqueness of the view, sides of beef, and "whole hogs" and sheep were lashed high up the masts.

Whilst we were lying at anchor yesterday, the cabin passengers united in a becoming observance of the day. Hereafter, it is proposed to have service on the deck, in which all may join, regularly every Sunday, at 11 o'clock.

Among the passengers on board the Xylon, are Messrs. James Thompson and Samuel L. Detwiler formerly of our county, and Messrs. John Leeds and John Dall, at present among our fellow citizens. They are all well and in fine spirits. The passengers are generally, hardy, intelligent and enterprising men, thoroughly prepared for the expedition. The Physician of the vessel (Dr. Ayres of Baltimore) is one of the most benevolent men and accomplished gentlemen I have ever met with. In the Cabin, there is a company of nine gentlemen, thoroughly equipped for any enterprise. They are all highly intelligent gentlemen, whose acquaintance I have made with pleasure.

Before concluding, it will afford me pleasure to make a suggestion to those who may wish to visit California by the way of Baltimore and Cape Horn. It is to seek out the firm of John Henderson & Co., engaged in the shipping business. They will find their operations greatly facilitated by a connection with those gentlemen, whose business manners and accommodating spirit, are the admiration of all the passengers.

KIND WORDS.

They never blister the lips. And we have nevor heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter.

Though they do not cost much yet they accomplish much:

1st. They help one's good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely.

2d. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter; and wrathful words make them wrathful.

There is such a rush of all kinds of words in our days, that it is desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and boisterous words, and war-like words.

Kind words produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is.—They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in abundance, as they ought to be used.—*Pascal.*

DAUGHTERS.—When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectable.—I mean from principle as well as nature,—there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her in whatever condition she is placed. Of this I am so thoroughly persuaded, that were I to advise any friend of mine as to the choice of a wife, I know not whether my very first counsel would not be, "look out for one distinguished by her attention and sweetness to parents." The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behavior, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.—*Fordyce.*

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.—He stood on the field of blood! Ha! ha! Upon the field of blood stood he! The moon rose up—the big round moon—round as a Vermont cheese!—Ho! ho! He heard the Elephant roaring in the chapparal—the burly Elephant, with ivory tusks and formidable tail. Look at the man now! He is uplifting his right arm in the big round moon, and his face is terrible to see. He is a wonderful creature, that man with the big heart and little blue eyes. He heard the death watch ticking in the wall—his blood froze in his veins—his hair stood every which way. He was a perfect picture, as he uplifted his right arm in the light of the big round moon—Ha! ha!

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shaddows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dull reflection—itself a broader shade. We look forward into the coming night. The soul withdraws into itself. The stars arise, and the nigt is holy.

WOMAN.—The following scrap is taken from Henry's Commentary, in the Western Commentary, tn the Western Continent:

Woman was made of a *rib* out of the side of Adam, not made out of his head to top him—nor out of his feet to be trampled upon by him—but out of his side to be an equal with him—under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved.

ENEMIES.—Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for any thing—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a share in it. A sterling character—one who speaks what he thinks is always sure to have enemies. They are necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active.

"PUNCH" says one good thing, viz: that politeness is an air cushon—there may be nothing in it, but it eases jolts wonderfully.