The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] "LIGHT FOR ALL." [Editor & Proprietor.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 5. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 23, 1842. NUMBER 31.

TERMS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

At TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS per annum payable half yearly in advance. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, and where the number of insertions is not limited, they will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

THE MUSES' BOWER.

From the Baltimore Clipper.

Extract from a poem written upon, and suggested by, hearing a discourse on "The Thoughts of God, delivered in the Fayette street Church, by the Rev. B. H. Dadal: in the course of which he made the following remark: "The poetry of God is written upon the bland sheet of infinite space; every line of which is a sun, and every word a star!"

THE POETRY OF GOD!

The thoughts, "the poetry of God,"
  Are gleaming out on high;
In brilliant characters they're writ,
  Upon the vaulted sky!
Sublime and beautiful and grand,
  The glorious numbers are;
Each flowing line, "a splendid sun,
  And every word a star!"

"The thoughts of God," shall feeble man
  Presume his thoughts to weigh;
Upon their mighty import dwell,
  Or half their depth survey?
O'erwhelm'd with such a lofty theme,
  Bewilder'd by its power,
Amaz'd, confounded, lo! he bows,
  To wonder and adore!

And yet how precious are the thoughts
  Of God to mortal man;
For though his finite mind doth fail,
  Their vast extent to scan.
He sees them all o'er Nature's face,
  In flaming language glow;
The star-gem'd heavens, the woods, the fields,
  The streams that wildly flow!

The rivers all, the roaring seas,
  And e'en Niagara's flood;
Display in gleamings legible
  The poetry of God!
He hears its gentle minstrelsy,
  In every zephyr mild;
In thunder's roar, in ocean's surge,
  Is heard its accents wild.

The Eternal Bard his muse awoke,
  When dense chaotic night,
Before his mighty fiat fled,
  Of "let there now be light?"
'Twas heard, when rapt'rous songs did all
  The morning stars employ;
When all the youthful sons of God
  Shouted aloud for joy!

'Twas writ, all beautiful and bright,
  On Eden's smiling face!
Its numbers were composed of all,
  That's beauty, love, and grace:
It sweetly o'er Eden's bowers,
  When gloom had over spread;
Proclaiming that the "woman's seed,
  Should bruise the serpent's head."

'Twas seen on Sinai's awful mount,
  'Mid's cloud and vapour sealed;
When God, in thunder-tones to man,
  His great commands reveal'd!
'Twas writ upon the Eastern sky,
  Before the remnant world;
When first the glorious bow of peace,
  Its infant wings unfurl'd!

'Twas heard, when o'er Judea's plains,
  Angelic anthems ran;
Proclaiming "peace to all the earth,
  Good will to fallen man!"
'Twas sung by shepherds on the plain,
  By wise men it was seen;
  When on the east, the brilliant star,
  Unveiled its lustrous sheen!

And when the lowly lamb of God,
  Sojourned on earth with men,
In all its pure celestial light,
  'Twas written brightly then,
It blazed around the sacred cross,
  On which the saviour bled;
In glory's clustered rays it gleam'd,
  About his holy head!

'Twas scribed on Calvary's rugged height,
  In characters of blood;
When it is finished cried aloud,
  The dying sons of God!

And when athwart the burning sun,
  A darken'd pall was spread;
When forth from many a dusty grave,
  Uprose the quicken'd dead.

Upon the temple's riven veil,
  In living light it gleam'd,
The Holiest through its sunder'd folds,
  On mortal vision beam'd!
O! 'twas displayed in glorious lines
  When from the tomb's dark night,
The Saviour of the world arose,
  In majesty and might!

By hundreds near to Bethany,
  'Twas read in matchless light;
When from the wond'ring multitude,
  The risen Lord took flight!
'Twas writ when "everlasting doors,"
  Lifted their portals high;
To welcome to the heavenly world,
  The lord of earth and sky!

G. W.

From the Patriarch.

THE POSITION OF THE WIFE.

There is something enigmatical in the relative position of the wife, and yet the lines of office and duty are distinctly drawn in nature. It perhaps, may be said with truth, that she is the equal of her husband in nothing. In all things, she is either his superior or inferior. In physical strength, inferior, in symmetry and beauty, superior. In intellect, she has more imagination, vivacity, and brilliancy; less power of reasoning and acuteness in argument. In moral sensibility she is greatly the superior; in power or persuasion, if not argument, she holds a controlling influence.—She can most readily find the way to the heart and easily subdues it. But when she leaves the moral and gentle means of exercising control, and assumes to command, she must always expect to find a master. By courtesy, every thing she asks will be granted, her wants will be anticipated.—But when she assumes to be a man, or to take the place of a man, she transcends her sphere, and resembles a star thrown from its obit, its laws of motion subverted, and its position doubtful.—Let her, in the retired position assigned her by the Gospel, be satisfied with her legitimate and proper influence, and she may appear the superior in everything praiseworthy, without exciting jealousy, and without dispute.

"The man is the head of the woman," and she is required to be in 'subjection to her husband,' & yet she rules him. "Submission" is unquestionably her duty, where he choses to command, and he has power to enforce it. Yet from her very weakness, from her purity and tenderness, from her greater freedom from the causes of irritation, he learns to respect her decisions in morals, religion, and his conscience comes in aid of the influence she seeks to exert over him. He rules as her natural lord, she influences him as an angel of light and love. He may, in the pride of his heart, hate the Gospel, and despise the cause of the poor, but he will go to church with *her* and freely put his hand in his pocket to supply her charities.

She is the weaker vessel, and yet she is strongest. He may rage in giant strength, against the object of his hatred, and yet, let her interpose, and she holds his arm of a chid. While she is gentle, kind, affectionate, devoted, true, the mother of his children, and their guardean angel, she holds him by a silken cord, which is stonger than a cable, stronger than the chains of the slave, because it entwins his heart, it binds the affections, which are the seat and motive power of the will. While, therefore, in the pride of his power, he opposes force by force, towards her he is all kindness and condescension.—But let her assume the tone of a dictator, and of masculine command, let her prate of "woman's rights," and write a code of laws to define them any where but in the heart, the common law of the soul, and she appears shorn of her locks, which are "her ornament," she adjures her womanhood, she has cut out her breast to rest the javelin there, she affects the man and must contend with men.

No—the proper sphere of woman is home.—Her great office in the social system is to make that home a happy one to her husband, that his affections may centre there—that he may have no temptations to wander, and may always hasten to return it. Let her train her children so that they may be the pride of their father, so that he may love to own them, and be not ashamed to show them as the jewels of his country.—Let her always stand ready to receive him with complacency after his conflicts with the world, when his brow is knit with care, when his heart has been rudely convulsed by contact with treachery, dishonesty, or abuse, and his passions are striving for mastery; then from her still and quiet retreat, from her communion with the innocent spirits of her nursery, from her closet of prayer, which opens to heaven, let her meet him like a ministering angel, and he will lie at her feet like a lion tamed, he will imbibe from her something of her own spirit, and his spirit, will be chastened under such a ministry.

Here lies the great strength of the wife. Here is her high, honorable and honoied sphere of action—where men are made, moulded, controlled—not where they contend, and cheerish the angry passions. Does she seek for honor? It lies in the honor she renders to her husband, "calling him lord;" in her children, educated, and led to paths of usefulness and heaven; in the domestic arrangements, the admiration of all. Does she seek for happiness? Where can she find it but in a peaceful home? The wife was appointed to make a home for man, to form a centre for his affections, and bind them there: to act constantly as oil upon the troubled waters of life. If a man quarrels with me, I let him go home before I press the issue. If he has a home, an honored wife, a family, I am sure to see him in the morning with a subdued spirit, and more ready to render justice. I honor above all the wife who does her office, who administers from the sanctuary of home to the troubled spirits of men, to soothe their sorrows and allay their passions—to subdue them by gentleness and truth, and to send them all out every morning with the law of kindness imprinted on their hearts by a new lesson of love.

I lately saw a scene for a painter, exemplifying most clearly the position of the wife. Two men had become violently enraged, and sought each other with deadly weapons. I trembled for the issue. But as they came near, their arms fell powerless, and their voices of anger softened. I pressed through the crowd, and saw a female figure, like the presence-angel, standing between them. She was the wife of the one and the sister of the other. She spake not—but she had power. She led her husband home, and in the morning he went with a brother's heart and sought a reconciliation.

Agricultural.

THE BADEN CORN.

We subjoin a letter from Mr. Thos. N. Baden, upon the qualities of his corn, as also upon his method of cultivating it. Mr. B. has been a successful corn-grower, and after years of patient devotion to the object, has so far improved an old variety of corn, as to entitle it to be considered a *new* one, and wear in honor the appellation of *"Baden corn."* This corn we have heretofore cultivated, known it to be very productive, and shall plant it again this year for a part of our crop, being introduced so to do from our convictions of its superiority. Mr. Baden recommends planting about the last of April, or during the first of May, but we think a much earlier period might be selected even in most parts of Maryland, in ordinary seasons; and south of us, in many places, it might be planted a month or more earlier in perfect safety. The crop we planted of it was got in on the 9th and 10th of May, too late by many days; but late as it was, the entire crop matured.—*Amer. Farmer.*

Near Nottingham, P. George's Co., Md. March 26th, 1842.

To the Editor of the American Farmer:

Sir—No doubt you have heard a great deal said about my Corn—some people say they raise double the quantity on their fields that they did before they got it—and others that it is light and weak. I have no intention of saying much upon the subject—but perhaps a few words may not be amiss, and may possibly be a good service to some persons. I am willing that every body should enjoy their own opinion, (you know they will do it.) A few days ago for further satisfaction I weighed a bushel, struck measure, of this seed, such as I sent you, and it weighed 57 lbs. which shows it cannot be light nor weak, as I believe 56 lbs. is the standard. There are some varieties of corn of which I dare say a single bushel will outweigh mine—but take a barrel of ears of each, & shell and weigh them, and I think mine would weigh considerably the most. There is another great advantage that mine has: it will produce more from the acre. On the 15th day of November, 1839, two of my respectable neighbors measured one acre of my corn, and carefully measured its product, which was 16 1-2 bbls. and I have their certificate on my book, (you know 10 bushels of ears is a Maryland barrel,) which if shelled would make 82 1-2 bushels—but it will over-run considerably in shelling—this yield was notwithstanding it had been laid level to the ground by a hail-storm, and was very much damaged, on the 8th day of August, at the critical time of its silking and forming the ears.

There is another and a greater misfortune than all that attends it—there has been a great deal of corn sold for the true seed, which has been so much adulterated, by being mixed with other varieties, that it had very little the appearance of the true kind; after crops had been raised from such seed, people finding it was very little if any better than the common corn, became much disappointed, and some of them wrote against the true seed, without knowing the fact that they had never had it. But, Mr. Editor, if your friends will be careful to get the *gennine* seed, and prepare their land well, and lay it off 5 feet apart each way, and plant it the three or four last days of April, or two or three first days of May, and leave two stalks in each hill—and if the land is rich, they may leave three stalks in each hill—and work it once in twelve days, or at most not let it exceed fifteen days, and keep up this rule until they lay by their crop, and pull off the suckers that put up from the roots when they get a foot or 19 inches high, and they will be certain of raising a good crop, agreeably to the strength of their land. Plough your corn three times after it comes up, and you may work it over the balance of the time as you please.

Some persons contend the cultivator is best, but I differ from them. Let them, however, for example, try a part of their field each way; then they will be better able to judge for themselves.—I will undertake to say, if they work their field entirely with the cultivator, if it should be a wet season, they will be pretty well overrun with grass; tho' I use the cultivator sometimes.

If you think, sir, this is worth a place in your useful and interesting paper, you are at liberty to put it in some spare corner.

I am truly yours,

Thos. N. Baden.

AGRICULTURE OF EUROUE, COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE UNITED STATES.

We have before us "McGregor's Statistics," which contains a curious table, compiled from one prepared by Baron Von Malchus, Minister of Finance in Wurtemburgh, in 1828. It exhibits the Agriculture and Live Stock of all the nations of Europe, in a manner similar to the statistics recently obtained by the United States.

The total amount of *grain* then raised in some of the most important nations were as follows. Grain here includes wheat, barley, oats and rye:

Great Britain,	262,500,000	bushels.
Prussia,	145,000,000	"
Denmark,	40,133,000	"
Austria,	366,000,000	"
France,	233,847,300	"
Spain,	68,000,000	"

If we divide the results by the number of inhabitants in each country, we get the number of bushels raised to each soul:

Great Britain, to each soul,	12	bushels.
Denmark, "	20	"
Prussia, "	12	"
Austria, "	14	"
France, "	7	"
Spain, "	5	"

It appears, then, that the northern part of Germany raises a much larger portion of grain than either England, France, or Spain.

In the United States, the amount of the same grain (wheat, barley, oats and rye) raised, is in the aggregate about 317,000,000 bushels—to each soul about 18 1-2 bushels. The United States, then, raise *more grain* than any country in Europe, except Denmark, and much more than the average produced in Europe.

Let us now compare the *Live Stock*:

Of Cattle, the following are raised in the above named countries:

Great Britain,	10,500,000
Prussia,	4,275,000
Denmark,	1,607,000
Austria,	9,912,000
France,	6,681,000
Spain,	2,500,000

These again divided by the population, give the following results:

England, to each soul,	1 2	of one
Prussia, "	1-3d	"
Denmark, "	4-5ths	"
Austria, "	3-11ths	"
France, "	1-5th	"
Spain,	1-5th	"

Denmark and England have much the largest portion of cattle, though Russia, not included in the above, has nearly as large a portion of cattle as England. In the United States, the number of Cattle is about 13,500,000—to each soul, 4-5ths.—The proportions, again, is nearly quite as high as that of Denmark, and higher than the average of Europe.—But if we examine particular States, we find some that have a larger number of cattle in proportion than any part of Europe. Thus, in Vermont and New York, there are more cattle than there are living souls.

Of Horses, the European proportion is thus:

Great Britain, to each soul,		1-11th
Prussia.	"	1-10th
Denmark	"	1-4th
Austria	"	1-16th
France	"	1-12th
Spain	"	1-8th

In the United States, of Horses there are about 3,500,000—which is to each soul, 1-5th. This also is a larger proportion than that of Europe. The comparison of Swine is interesting.

The proportion of Hogs to each soul is:

England,	1-4th
Prussia,	1-8th
Denmark,	1-6th
Austria,	1-6th
France,	1-7th
Spain,	1-13th

In the United States, the total number of Swine, is about 21,000,000—which is to each soul, 1 1-4; or very far greater than any country of Europe.

Thus the number of Hogs in the United States is greater than all in England, France, Prussia, Austria, Spain, Denmark, Bavaria and the Netherlands, making a population exceeding one hundred and twenty millions.

Of Sheep, the proportion in Europe, to each soul, is thus:

Great Britain,	2
Prussia,	3-4ths
Denmark,	2-3ds
Austria,	2-5ths
France,	1 1-10th
Spain,	1

In the United States, the number is 19,000,000—the proportion is 1 1-8th. In this article, England is in advance of the United States. In the State of New York however, the proportion of Sheep is as high as in England.

Calling in at Justice Bradford's Office on Thursday last, we found a sprightly old man, getting his pension papers arranged. From the account given by himself and his son, his name is John Stufflebean; he was born on the 15th of February, 1734, on the Hudson river, and is now in his *hundred and ninth* year. At the commencement of the Revolutionary War he enlisted in the regular service, and served throughout the Revolution—he has with him his third wife, now eighty years of age, and has raised fifteen children, the youngest of whom is now 36 years old. He has lived some time past near the Three Forks of the Kentucky river in this State; but when we saw him, was on his way to Illinois in company with his son, with whom it was his intention to spend the remainder of his days.—Lexington (Ky.) Gazette.

A Female Village.—The following account appears in the Augsbarg Gazette:—"The village of Manaña which is about sixty English miles from Rustchued, in Wallachia, offers, at the present moment a curious ethographical singularity, having been inhabited by women only, for the last thirty years, At one period, this female population amounted to 2,000. The ladies did not live as warriors, like the Amazons of old; but avoided all intercourse with men, & drove away from their territories, all who appeared with matrimonial intentions. The antisocial settlement is now supposed to be on the decline, at least, no more recruits are made from the disappointed or the love crossed, and the members of the population are rapidly decreasing. These women are nearly all Mahometans."

Horrid Tragedy—Murder of an Actor.—A most horrible and fatal tragedy was enacted at the Theatre last night.—After the curtain had dropped at the conclusion of the first piece, a quarrel ensued behind the scene between Mr. Ewing and Miss Hamblis, both attached to the Theatre, in which the latter plunged a dagger to the heart of Mr. Ewing, which caused almost immediate death. After the perpetration of the awful deed, Miss Hamblin made her escape by jumping out at the window, and at 12 o'clock last night had not been arrested. She left in her theatrical attire, dressed as a page.—Mobile Advertiser 25th ult.

A Wonderful Change in the West.—The onward progress of our western country, is indeed remarkable. A few facts will serve as a strong illustration. In 1839, St. Louis imported her bread stuffs from the Ohio River, or from the more eastern section of the Union; while in 1841, the same city exported 175,000 barrels of flour and more than 250,000 bushels of wheat, all grown west of St. Louis. Next year, it is probable, that her exports will amount to 500,000 bushels of wheat, and 400,000 barrels of flour. At our last accounts wheat was selling there at 85 cents a bushel, and flour at $4,87 per barrel. Indeed, the people of the West already begin to fear that the time is at hand when they will not be able to dispose of their abundant crops at any thing like remunerating prices.

Beautiful is the love of a sister; the kiss that hath no guile, and no passion; the touch is purity, and bringeth peace, satisfaction to the heart, and no fever to the pulse. Beautiful is the love of a sister; it is moonlight on our path—it has light, but no heat: it is of heaven, and sheds its peace upon the earth.

"I say, mister, do you belong to the church?" asked a passer-by of a rum looking customer, who had "brought up" against the meeting house.—"No, not exactly, but I am leaning that way," he hiccupped.

Not so far out.—'Father,' said a son to his sire, whom he found lying in the road, intoxicated, 'I am sorry to find you so much out of the way.'

'Out of the way!' stammerod the old man, 'I'm right *in* the way, and the deuce of it is, I can't get *out* of the way.'

'What is the reason my love that since you lost your teeth, you are forever talking?' asked an anxious husband of his adored wife, 'Because my dear there is so much room in my mouth my tongue cant keep still.

A negro minister once observed to his hearers at the close of his sermon as follows—My *obstinacious* bredern, I find it no more use to preach to you than a grass hopper to wear knee-buckles.

Hard Times.—The times are so hard in Halifax that the two editors of the Times newspapers are obliged to smoke one and the same cigar.

Why would the ancient sculptors have made eminent moderu bankers? Because they were first rate *chisellers*.

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