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CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

"THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE."

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—TERMS—

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POETRY

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE SAILOR BOY'S FAREWELL.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Adieu! to ye, mother, the waves of the sea,
Henceforth must the home of your sailor boy be,
The vessel's broad deck is the couch for his form,
And his lullaby song is the voice of the storm.

One blessing brave father, the waves may ride high,
But that blessing shall rise, through their roar to the sky;
And our Father, who sitteth aloft will look down,
With a rainbow like glance, thro' the tempest's dark frown.

Adieu! bright-eyed sister, wherever I roam,
Thos eyes like a magnet, shall draw me to home,
My light thro' the lonely night's watch upon deck,
My guardians of safety, 'mid peril and wreck.

Nay cheer up, young brother, faint hearted and week,
'Tis a shame to thy manhood, that tear on thy cheek.
Brush back the pale drop, it were childish to weep,
For one who was born on the bright swelling deep.

Adieu! ye beloved ones, the ocean's proud wave
Was my babyhood's cradle—it may be my grave:
But my heart, like a child's to its early love true,
Still sighs for the boundless, the beautiful blue.

'Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye? jist tell me that, for its myself that's had to maintain ye iver since father O'Flannagan sent me home to yer house.'—'Swate jewel,' replied Pat, not relishing the charge, 'and it's meself that hopes to live to see the day when ye're a widow, waping over the cauld sod that covers me; then by St. Patrick, I'll see how ye'll get along widout me, honey dear.'

A Western Hunter's idea of Love.

'I say Earthquake, were you ever in love?' 'Ah! Rolfe, there you are too hard for me. I hardly know what to say about that. I have sometimes felt queer. When I've seen some of your Kentucky gals, I've felt quite funny—felt as if somebody was drawing a briar over me. Now, if you call that love, I've been in love.'

'Well I think you have. Do you know any body that you would marry?' 'I marry?—What for? To be always toting a wife through the woods, or across the swamps, to keep some red skin from taking her hair off? Fool, whoo! She'll be all sorts of a gal who catches me,' said Earthquake; 'a wife is a queer one getting one is like taking a varmint out of a hollow; you don't know until you've got it in your hand, what sort of a thing it is.'

EDITORIAL COMFORT.

The Editor of the New Orleans Merchant describes himself as 'sitting in the small corner of a small room, in the third story of a big house, with a hot atmosphere around him, the hum of a thousand mosquitoes in his ears, and no cool drink any where within reach—thirteen of the said musquitoes aud five gallinippers being all the time hard at work on his left arm, and the compositors waiting for copy.'

LETTER from Joshua Cornish, to Maj. Newton, Dorchester County Md.

CAPE PALMAS, Western Africa.

Dear Major Newton:—I take pleasure in informing you we all arrived safe in Africa, after 42 days sail from Baltimore, without any particular occurrence on the passage. I am happy to inform you that I am perfectly well satisfied; and am in good health; my wife has had no sickness since she left Baltiomre, nor any of the children, and we are perfectly well pleased with the country, and I hope you will inform my children, Harrison and Eliza, that I wish to see them out here the very first opportunity; and Caroline also, tell them they need not believe the many false reports concerning Africa.

I never was treated better in all my life than I was by the agent of the society and captain of the vessel, and we were all comfortable on the passage.—There was eighty five in number which left Baltimore, but an increase of two by birth. If the children should make up their minds to come out please to send me a pair of geese and a pair of turkeys. Please to give my love to your children, and I should like to hear from them; you must excuse me for not writing more at this time, as the vessel sails tomorrow and I have not time at present. I remain your humble servant,

JOSHUA CORNISH.

From the German of Frederick Baron de la Motte Foque.

THE VOW.

A NORTHERN TALE.

In the ancient heathen times of the Saxons, there happened once a great war with the Danes. Adalbero, duke of Saxony, who had counselled it, now, in the hour of earnest conflict, stood at the head of his people. There flew the arrows and the javelins; there glanced many valiant blades on both sides; and there shone many bright gold shields through the dark fight. But the Saxons. at every attack, were repulsed, and were already so far driven back, that only the storming of a steep height could deliver the army and the country, disperse the enemy, and change a ruinous and destructive flight into a decisive victory.

Adalbero conducted the attack. But in vain he forced his fiery charger before the squadron; in vain he shouted through the field, the sacred words, 'freedom and fatherland!' in vain streamed his warm blood, and the blood of the foe, over his resplendent armor. The ponderous mass gave way; and the enemy secure on the height, rejoiced in their decided victory. Again rushed Adalbero on with a few gallant warriors; again the faint-hearted fell behind; and again the enemy rejoiced.

'It is yet time,' said Adalbero; and again he shouted, 'forward! and if we conquer, I vow to the gods, to set fire to the four corners of my castle, and it shall blaze forth one bright funeral pile, in honor of our victory and of our deliverance.'

Again was the attack renewed, but again the Saxons fled, and the enemy sent forth shouts of joy.

Then cried Adalbero before the whole army, 'if we return victorious from this charge, ye gods, I devote myself to you as a solemn sacrifice!'

Shuddering, the warriors hastened after him—but fortune was still against them; the boldest fell—the bravest fled. Then Adalbero, in deep affliction, rallied the scattered band, and all that remained of the great nobles collected around him, and spoke thus:

'Thou art our ruin; for thou hast counselled this war.'

Adalbero replied 'my castle and myself I have devoted to the gods for victory and what can I do more?'

The sad multitude called only the more to him, 'thou art our ruin; for thou hast counselled this war.'

Then Adalbero tore open his bosom, and implored the Almighty God of thunder to pierce it with a thunder bolt, or to give the victory to his army. But there came no bolt from heaven, and the squadron stood timid, and followed not the call.

In boundless despair, Adalbero at last said, 'there remains only that which is most dear to me. Wife and child I offer to thee, thou God of armies, for victory. My beautiful blooming wife—my only heart-loved child,—they belong to thee, great ruler in Asgard; with my own had will I sacrifice them to thee; but I implore thee give me the victory!'

Scarcely were these words uttered, when fearful thunderings rolled over the field of battle, and clouds gathered around the combatants; and the Saxons, with fearful cries shouted as with one voice, 'the gods are with us!' With invincible courage forward rushed the host; the height was carried by storm, and Adalbero, with sudden shudder, saw the enemy flying through the field.

The conqueror returned home in triumph and in all parts of delivered Saxony, came wives and children forth, and, with outstretched arms, greeted their husbands and fathers. But Adalbero knew what awaited him; and every smile of an affectionate wife, pierced, as with a poisoned dart, his anguished heart. At last they came before his magnificent castle. He was not able to look up, as the beautiful Similde met him at the gate, with her daughter in her hand, while the little one always leaped and cried, 'father, father! beloved father!'

Adalbero looked round on his people in order to strengthen himself; even there he met quivering eyelids and bitter tears; for his warriors remembered his horrible vow. He dismissed them to their families, feeling what happy men, he, the most unhappy men was sending to their homes; then rode into the castle, and sending away the domestics under various pretences, sprung from his horse, closed the gates with a thundering sound, secured them carefully, and pressed his beloved wife and child to his heart, shedding over them a torrent of tears.

'What is the matter husband?' said the astonished Similde.

'Why do you weep, father?' exclaimed the little one.

'We will first prepare an offering to the gods,' replied Adalbero; 'and then I shall relate every thing to you. Come to me soon. to the hearth.'

'I will kindle the flame, and fetch in the mean time the implements for sacrifice,' said sweet Similde! and the little one cried out, clapping her hands:

'I also will help; I also will be there;' and skipped away with her mother.

These words, 'I also will help, I also will be there,' the hero repeated as dissolved in grief, he stood by the flaming pile with his drawn sword in his trembling hand. He lamented aloud over the joyful innocent child, and the graceful obedient wife, who brought the bowl and pitcher, perfuming pan and taper, used in sacrifices. Then it passed through his mind that his vow could not be valid; for such sorrow could not find a place in the heart of man. But the answer was given in dreadful peals of thunder down from the heavens.

'I know,' said he sighing heavily, 'your thunder has assisted us, and now your thunder calls on your devoted believer for the performance of his vow.'

Similde began to tremble as the frightful truth burst upon her; and with soft tears, she said, 'Ah hast thou made a vow? Ah! husband, I see no victim!—shall human blood——'

Adalbero covered his eyes with his hands, and sobbed so terribly that it echoed thro' the hall, and the little one, terrified shrunk toward her mother.

Similde knew well such vows, in ancient times. She looked intreatingly to her lord, and said 'remove the child.'

'Both, both!—I must!' murmured Adalbero—then Similde, with a violent effort forcing back her tears, said to the little one, 'Quick child, and bind this handkerchief on thine eyes; thy father has brought a present for thee and will now give it to thee.'

'My father looks not as if he would give me a present' sighed the child.

'Thou shalt see; thou shalt see presently' said Similde hurriedly; and as she placed the bandage over the eyes of the child, she could no longer restrain her tears, but they fell so softly, that the little one knew it not.

The affectionate mother now tore the drapery from her snow-white bosom, and kneeling before her sacrificer, beckoned that she might be the first victim.

'Quick only quick,' whispered she softly to the lingerer; else will the poor child be so terrified!'

Adalbero raised the dreadful steel, then roared the thunder, and flashed the lightning through the building. Speechless sank the three to the earth.

As the evening breeze rushed through the broken windows, the little one raised her head from whence the bandage had fallen, and said 'Mother what present has my father brought me?'

The sweet voice awakened both the parents. All lived, and nothing was destroyed but Adalbero's sword, which was melted by the avenging flash of Heaven.

'The Gods have spoken,' cried the pardoned father, and with a gush of unutterable love the three delivered ones wept in each other's arms.

Far distant, over the southern mountains roared the tempest, where many years afterwards St. Boniface converted unbelievers to the true faith.

The following tale published in the New-York Constellation a few years ago, illustrates the absurdity of the practice of starving jurors to make them agree on a verdict:

A HUNGRY JURY;

OR THE DOUBTFUL CASE OF

DAVID DUBIOUS.

Rogues must hang that jurymen may dine.
Pope.

The public have doubtless heard of the fate of poor David Dubious, whose case was decided by a hungry jury. But it may not be uninteresting to some of our readers to state a few of the particular circumstances attending that decision.

It was a case of life and death; but one doubtful and difficult to decide. The evidence was entirely circumstantial, and in many respects, contradictory. The prisoner, unfortunately bore a very bad character; and many people did not hesitate to say, that if he had not committed murder, he was none too good to do it. But what made his condition still more unfortunate was the condition of the stomachs of the jury. They had been kept out all night; and it was now near the hour of dinner!

Consider then the perilous condition of the poor prisoner, his life depending on such untoward circumstances—presumptive evidence, a doubtful character, a hungry jury! He might have got over the two first; but woe to him whose life depends on the last. A comfortably filled stomach is one of the best guarantees for acts of justice, kindness and charity. Trust a hungry jury with one's life! Never. Hunger renders a man savage; and he who has a stomach to let, has seldom any bowels of compassion.

In the case of David Dubious, seven of the jury were for hanging, and five for acquittal. Thus they had continued for some time, without any prospect of ever thinking alike. Both sides were conscientious; both felt bound in honesty and by their oath to adhere to what they conceived to be the true state of the case. Said those in favor of hanging—

'The man is evidently guilty, and we could answer neither to our God nor our country, should we consent to his acquittal.'

While those on the other side said—'We have serious doubts of his guilt; the evidence is entirely circumstantial, and exceedingly contradictory; and we could not answer it either to God or our consciences to take the poor fellows life.'

'Gentlemen' said the constable for the fiftieth time, 'have you agreed upon your verdict?'

'No' said the foreman, 'and what is worse, we are not likely to agree—wherefore we once more beg that you will conduct us into court.'

'There's no use in it,' said he of the tall staff—'the judge will send you back.'

'At all events,' said one of the jury, 'let us have something to eat, and not keep us shut up here starving.'

'The more you starve, the sooner you will be likely to agree,' returned the constable. 'Besides you know, it is strictly against the law to allow you anything to eat until your verdict is made up.'

The jury again took up the subject and endeavored with all their might to agree; but with no better result than before. The case was a stubborn one and would not yield to the unanimous desire for agreement.

The jury were at length permitted to return into court, where, on stating to the judge, that it was utterly impossible for them to make up a verdict, his honor gave them a severe reprimand for their inability to think alike and preemptorily sent them out again—declaring, with an awful shake of his wig, that they should neither eat nor drink until the case of the prisoner was decided.

'Alas!' said one we must either agree upon a verdict or agree to starve.'

'The latter we can never can agree to,' said another—'self preservation is the first law of nature. What time of day is it neighbor?'

'It wants half an hour to dinner time.'

'Only a half an hour. We have but little time to spare. We must agree before dinner time by some means or other. It's almost twenty four hours since we have eaten a morsel, and to miss another meal would be absolute suicide.'

'Heigho! thats a fact,' said another, 'and suicide is an unpardonable sin. If a man commits murder he may have time to repent; but if he commits suicide, he must go to purgatory at once without benefit of clergy.'

Those who are in favor of hanging are usually more fixed in their opinions than those on the other side—thus exactly reversing the only charitable maxim of criminal jurisprudence—viz, that 'it is better twenty guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent one should suffer.' This was most unfortunately true in the case of poor David Dubious.

'It would be a thousand pities,' said one of his friends, 'to hang an innocent man.'

'That is very true,' replied one of the opposite side; 'but then you know it is better that twenty innocent persons should be hung than one guilty on should escape—so the *maxum* says.'

'Why, as to the maxum,' said Jonathan Standout, 'there may be something in that. But still I have been hitherto in favor of the acquittal of poor David, because I had my doubts about his being guilty. Howsomever all manner of doubts must yield to circumstances. So far as I can see, the evidence is by no means clear as to the fellows guilt, But then, on the other hand, who is he, that twelve respectable men should starve for his life? A fellow at best of doubtful reputation—a man, who, if he is not guilty of this or some other murder, may very well be spared from the world.'

'There's much truth in what you say,' said Ichabod Avery, 'but then consider! how shall we answer to God and our consciences for the verdict?'

'True,' said Joseph Judgment, 'there is the rub. I acknowledge the prisoner to be of little or no value to the community, and as likely to be guilty of murder as the best of us. But then we are bound to decide according to evidence.'

'And what,' said Obadiah Lankley, 'is to become of our stomachs in the meantime. I'm as conscientious as any other man, I dont care who he is—and I think I've proved it well too, in standing out so long as I have. But all things must yield to circumstances, as neighbor stand out says—and self preservation is the first law of nature, as another gentleman observed; wherefore, for one, I am for having some dinner.'

'And I too,' said Christopher Comeabout. 'I pity the poor wretch of a prisoner, and you all know, I have fought hard for his acquital. But to go the length of starving on his account—I could'nt possibly think of it.'

'But have you no mercy, no bowels of compassion?' said Ichabod Avery.

'Bowels of compassion! exclaimed Obadiah Lankley, pressing his hands sadly upon the gastric region—'how can a man have bowels of compassion when there is 'nt a morsel of anything in his stomach?—the idea is preposterous.'

'You are exactly of my mind,' said Jonathan Standout. 'Charity begins at home and it is our bounden duty to care for ourselves, whatever may become of other people. For my part, the evidence of David's guilt begins to look much more clearer than it did a short time ago. At any rate, considering all things, I think we cant do better than to hang him.'

'I can't agree with you there,' said Joseph Judgment; 'I must still adhere to the poor fellow; though I am starving. I can't get over my oath, my conscience and all that.'

'Your conscience,' exclaimed Christopher Comeabout, 'what sort of a conscience is that, which prefers the life of a poor wretch of doubtful reputation, to the comforts of a good dinner which no one among us is disposed to doubt. As to the prisoner, I,d stick to him tiff wits blue, if I was n't so infernal hungry. But I am not bound to commit murder on my own stomach.—Wherefore gentlemen, much as I regret the taking of an innocent man's life, I must in this place agree to a verdict of guilty.'

'Well, well,' said Joseph Judgment, looking at his watch—'it's a hard case—a monstrous hard case. It wants but a quarter of an hour of dinner time—and our landlord informed me he should cook those fine canvass backs. The prisoner as far as I can understand the evidence, is as likely to be innocent as guilty, I dont know what to think, indeed. One thing is certain however—I must have some dinner—I can't think of starving—my conscience wont let me. Gentlemen, I'll agree to anything that's reasonable.'

'I'm very glad sir,' said one of the original seven, who were in favor of hanging—'I'm very glad you have 'finally concluded to listen to reason. We are all agreed now except one, and I think he'll come in time to dine. What say you, friend Avery? shall we hang the prisoner and go to dinner, or no?'

'Why indeed, gentlemen, I don't know what to say. I see no satisfactory proof of the man's being guilty.—It's a hard case—a confounded hard case. Our dinner must nearly be ready and something ought to be determined on soon. Really gentlemen, I think you had better agree to acquit him.'

'Oh, we can't do that positively,' said another of the original seven. 'A majority of us have been in favor of hanging from the first; and now all the others have come over except you—eleven against one.'

'It wants but ten minutes of the dinner hour' said Obadiah Lankley.

'Only ten minutes!' exclaimed Ichabod, 'I've done, gentlemen, I've done. Oh my stomach! Let the man be hung.'

'We are all agreed then' said the foreman. And a verdict of GUILTY was returned in *time for Dinner!*

A delicate mind in a frail body, is a drop of dew in a tender flower-cup, which the least thing can crush or exhaust, and which exhales away before the sun has reached its meridian.

DRINKING WHILE SPEAKING.—The United States Gazette contains the following communication:

Several of our excellent divines are now laid aside, by the bronchites or throat distemper. I have queried whether it is not owing in some measure to a custom, almost peculiar to them, of drinking water frequently while speaking. The old clergy of New England never thought of having a pitcher of water in their pulpit, more than a loaf of bread; yet they preached often two hours and prayed one, and never knew anything of this disease.

I have observed that Mr. Buckingham who lectures two hours, never drinks while speaking, o- after; and I am told that members of the British Parliament, who often speak five and six hours, are never allowed by the rules of the house, to drink anything at all while speaking. I have supposed the effect of drinking water frequently during the exercise, would have the same effect on the throat, that wetting the strings of the bow of a violin would have upon that instrument while it was in use. I would soon become hoarse.

Tropical Thunder Storm.—In tropica countries the phenomena of thunder storms are more dreadful and appalling than in our temperate climate. The thunder often continues for days and weeks in almost one incessant roar, the rains are poured down in torrents, and flashes of lightning follow each other in so rapid a succession, that the whole atmosphere and the surrounding hills seem to be in a blaze. In some instances the most dreadful effects have been produced by the bursting of an electrical cloud In 1772, a bright cloud was observed a midnight to cover a mountain in the Island of Java; it emitted globes of fire so luminous, that the night became as clear as day, Its effects were astonishing.—Every thing was destroyed for seven leagues around—houses and plantations were buried in the earth, and 2140 people lost their lives, besides 1500 head of cattle, and a vast number of horses and other animals.

MR. GRASON'S FEDERALISM.

The Easton Gazette, in the conclusion of a notice in reply to an article which is going the rounds of the Van Buren presses, denying that Mr. Grason was a federalist says,

"We knew him to be a consistent, active energetic member of the federal party up to the dissolution of the Federal and democratic parties—*we dont know the cause*—we only know the fact of his Federalism."

In addition to the testimony of the Editor of the Gazette, we would add an item of testimony from Mr, Grason himself. The following are his own sentiments expressed in his own language,

"Our democratic friends of Talbot wish me to say that I am a democrat of the school of '98. They wished thereby to avoid the inconsistency charged upon them by their opponents. But there is no inconsistency in their support if they are satisfied that I am acting faithfully with them in support of the same cause If I were to say I was a democrat of '98, the charge of deceit against me would be superadded to that of inconsistency against our party, I have never denied that *I* was a federalist as regarded old parties, though I always admitted that many of the opinions and measures of the federalists were wrong."

Now we again disavow any intention of urging as an argument against Mr. Grason, the abstract fact that he was a federalist. But we do urge as a good reason, why he and his party should not receive the support of an intelligent people, their attempts to blui the Whig party, by the application of such epithets as *Blue Lights, Hartford Conventionists* &c., while they put men forward and solicit for them the suffrages of the people, who are the very men whom they profess to abhor. They most disingeniously attempted to make it appear that Gen. Harrison was a federalist; by garbling an extract from a speech which he made in the Senate of the United States, although he had disclaimed it in the very strongest terms in the next paragraph. What has become of the aversion to Federalism which rendered them thus anxious to make it appear that Gen. Harrison had formerly been of that party? It requires no garbling of speeches to make