Cambridge Chronicle.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1830. VOL. IV. NO. 29....337.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT

THE WIND.

There is a grandeur in the reckless upheavings of the ocean, when the tempest arouses its billows from their secret depths—there is a terror in the convulsive throes of the giant earthquake, when its mysterious energies combine to shake the foundations of the vast globe—and a beauty in the calm sunshine, when it sheds its rich and mantling glory over field and mountain, lake and river,—that lifts the soul aloft with enthusiasm, depresses it with fear, or animates it with pure and elevated emotions, as their different and various phenomena prevail; but there is another of the great and living intelligences of nature, that claims a more extended domination, and awakens a separate and untaught feeling. It is the viewless, yet mighty WIND—whether breathing in the soft and grateful air of summer, or swelling in the terrific strivings of the winter storm—whether it gently stirs the leaf on the green bough of the forest, or tears the oak from its ancient and rooted bed—alike it tells of majesty and power, and stands forth amid the wonders of creation, endowed with a spirit that mingles with the elements and moves them at its will. We feel it in the faint hues of twilight, fanning the cheek with its airy wings, and soothing the anguish of the troubled bosom: and when the big tornado comes bounding over the mountains, crashing the tall trees, and bringing desolation upon the beautiful and peaceful valley, we pause to contemplate the devastation of its awful footsteps, and raise our thoughts to the Being who "rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm." It urges the gentle gale that wafts the mariner towards his destined haven, while the smoothly undulating sea sparkles in the sunbeams and dances beneath his prow; and when the wrathful hurricane booms along the surface of the waters and bows the gallant ship before the sweeping of its stormy pinions, it enters into and rules the wide commotion. And who is insensible to the discourse of its strong and emphatic language? who can listen to its tones when he stands upon the mountain top and hear them as they wail around him, and not to receive the impress of the saddened feeling they seem to so articulately express; or when the light breeze freshens, and springs up like a warrior armed for battle—when its rushings resemble the boundings of the war-horse as it comes careering past him, who does not catch the stirring impulse and respond to the thrilling of patriotic ardour!

When the poet wanders forth to mark the beauties of nature and feed his fancy with her glowing images, he welcomes the zephyr that sports around his path, laden with fragrance from the "sunny south;" for he feels that the sweetest inspiration of his lyre springs from the memoirs that gush up from their silent fount at the magic whisperings of its voice, and he woes its influence: he acknowledges poetry to be an inherent principle in the harmonies of the visible world, and catches its softer beauties from the mild and playful breeze, while the deep and rushing gale gives birth to its wildest intonations. Even in the crowded city, where the structures of human pride and human necessity encumber the fair surface of creation, the wind-god cheers the "peopled desert,' when he comes like a guardian angel to visit the cheeks of its pent-up inmates, and chase away the dense and noxious vapours that hover above its domes and spires, obscuring the splendour of the meridian sun. There the poet leans over the casement of his solitary chamber, as he bares his pale forehead in the shades of evening, when the tired wind comes in from the great deep and lingers as it passes along the hot walls of the "thronged and busy mart," ere it roams beside the winding river up to the solitudes of the green forest,—and indulges in his fanciful and lonely musings, or pours forth his willing tribute to the Eolian deity, in numbers like to these:—

"Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

"Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fullness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Lovelier, at coming of the wind at night;
And languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight:
Go forth into the gathering shade—go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

"Go rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest—
Summoning from the innumerable boughs,
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

"The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shall kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit grateful to his burning brow."

Rochester Craftsman.

From the New York American.

THE FIRST SHOT—An Historical Fact.

"By Jove," cried little Jules, one bright morning in July, "if I only had a gun,"—and he pushed away with indignation the chesnut ringlets that clustered round the youthful forehead, struck the table with his clenched fist, his young blood boiling in his veins, at the sight of friends and brothers murdered in cold blood: then he approached the window, and leaning his smooth and burning cheeks against its panes, which shook with the firing of the royal troops, his eyes filled with tears of grief and indignation as he beheld the terrible massacre in the street, and gazed on the results of a monarch's stupidity and a court's corruption. Mamma, mamma!" he exclaimed, "only look; there are some poor fellows carried off on a litter; they must be dead or dying." "Oh my God! Jules, come from the window."—"And look, there are some who have just fallen, bruised and wounded. By Jove, if I only had a gun." His mother alarmed at Jules' extreme agitation, drew him from the window, and endeavored to divert his mind; but he escaped from her kind solicitude, ran up the stairs, four steps at a time, up into the garret, where, among other antiquities, he found an old, and rather rusty, musket, and little Jules clapped his hands in extacy and exclaimed, "By Jove, I have got a gun at last." It was rather heavy for so youthful and inexperienced an arm—but what is impossible to a generous and intrepid heart, though it beat in the bosom of a boy of twelve? Little Jules raised the musket which just suited him, stepped down stairs with his precious burden, "paede suspenso," for fear of alarming his anxious and watchful mother. But when Jules got into the street he found his rusty and heavy musket not loaded.—Luckily, as he thought, a grocer's store stood next to his mother's house; and he ran into the shop and exclaimed, "Do not be alarmed, I am your friend Jules; load my gun, good fellow, and make haste; by Jove, I will give it to them yet." "What!" cried the astonished grocer, "you too?" "Load it, load it, and don't talk to me," replied Jules. "But you are too young to fight," remonstrated the friendly grocer; "they will kill you, Jules: do you not hear the cannons, and the dreadful firing? just listen." But Jules stamped his foot and answered only, "By Jove old man, do not chatter so, but load my gun;" and the grocer finding all entreaties vain, did as he was commanded, and loaded the gun. Jules, after casting one lingering and affectionate glance at the windows of his mother's house, rushed into the street, already strewed with dead bodies. "Oh my God!" he murmured to himself; though even at this dreadful sight the courage of the boy failed him but for a moment. Just in front of him was a regiment of the king's household troops. An officer in glittering uniform, with a drawn sword, and threatening gestures, was leading them on to a new and ruthless charge. Jules gazed for a moment at the terrific scowl, and imperious voice, with which the officer encouraged the massacre, and murmured once more to himself, "By Jove, I have got a gun!" He posted himself behind a low wall, rested his musket on the top of it, took a long and deliberate aim, and fired. The officer in brilliant uniform fell from his horse, shot directly through the heart. Jules rushed into the house, ran to his mother's room and told her in triumph how he had killed "his country's foe." And the trembling mother pressed him in silence to her beating heart; and had engraved on the old musket these few but expressive words: "*Paris, July* 28, 1830."

POOR DEVILS.

We can scarcely conceive of a more miserable being,—one who has so powerful a temptation to hang or "drown himself," as a gentleman of leisure, in a community of working men. The very fortune that has placed him above the necessity of labor, has imposed upon him a greater curse than if he had been doomed to the galleys. He works harder to get rid of himself, than he would to force an anchor. Companions he has none, for the industrious hold no fellowship with the idle. He roams from pillar to post, from parlor to counting room, from friend to acquaintance, from Change and Insurance Offices to the Athenæum and Reading Rooms, finding no rest for the soles of his feet nor vertebra of his back, his soul is disquieted within him; he would fain be merry, but mirth without companionship is questionable joyance, and his gaiety is suppressed and subdued by lack of sympathisers, until the poor ennuieux is driven to melancholy madness. Such a man has our honest commiseration, for we pity his imbecility and dependance. The honest but needy laborer, whose daily task must be daily completed, before he can look forward to cessation from toil, is happier in his sinewy strength and cheerful industry, than it ever entered into the imagination of the independent idler to suppose or conceive.

There is another class of men who deserve neither our commiseration, sympathy nor pity, who are miserable by choice, and of no value in society. We allude to those who have lived a life of penurious celibacy, until the property amassed by niggardly savings and self mortifying deprivations, hovers over them by day and by night in visions of distrust, disquietude and fear. These are they who never listen to the petition of the widow nor the cry of the orphan, whose charities end where they began,—at home,—if he may be said to have a home, who has no feelings in community with the world nor its families.—*Boston Transcript.*

SIMONIANS—A NEW SECT.

The London Chronicle contains an article signed by "BAYARD ENFANTIN, *Chief of the St. Simonian Religion,*" setting forth the professions of faith and practice of a society in Paris, called after its founder, 'St. Simon.' The following paragraps are extracted from this article.

The St. Simonians profess, on the future state of property, and on the future state of women, ideas that are peculiar to them, and which are connected with views likewise quite peculiar and new on religion, politics, power, liberty, and, finally, on all the grand problems which at this time are discussed in Europe in so violent and irregular a manner.

The St. Simonians reject the equal division of property, which in their opinion would constitute a greater violence, a more revolting injustice than the unequal division of property which in former times was effected by force of arms and by conquest.

For they believe in the *natural inequality* of men, and look upon this inequality as the basis of society—as the indispensable condition of social order.

They reject the system of a community of property, for this community of property would be a manifest violation of the first of all moral laws, which they are sent to teach, and which requires that in future *every one shall be placed according to his capacity, and rewarded according to his works.*

But in virtue of this law they demand the abolition of all privileges of birth, without exception, and consequently the abolition of inheritance;—the greatest of all those privileges, that which comprises them all now, and the effect of which is, to leave to chance the distribution of the social advantages among the small number of those who can lay claim to them, and to condemn the more numerous class to depravity, ignorance and misery.

They desire that all instruments of work, the lands and capitals which now form the divided stock of private property, be united into one common stock, and that this stock be managed by a society, hierarchally, so that the task of every one may be the expression of his capacity, and his riches the measures of his works.

The St. Simonians only attack the constitution of property inasmuch as it consecrates for some, the impious privilege of idleness—that is to say, the privilege of living by the work of others, and inasmuch as it leaves to the chance of birth the social classification of individuals.

Christianity has drawn women out of slavery, but it still condemns them to a subaltern state, and in all Christian Europe we see them still under a religious, political and civil interdict.

The St. Simonians come to announce their definitive affranchisement, their complete emancipation, but without pretending to abolish the holy law of marriage, proclaimed by Christianity. On the contrary, they come to accomplish this law, to give it a new sanction, to add strength to the force and inviolability of the union which it consecrates.

They demand, as Christians, that one man be united to one woman; but they teach that the wife shall become equal to the husband; and that, according to the peculiar grace which God has conferred upon her sex, she shall be united to him in the exercise of the threefold function of the Church, the state and family, so that the *social individual* who has hitherto been *man* only, shall in future be both *man and woman.*

The religion of St. Simon only comes to put an end to that shameful traffic, to that legal prostitution which, under the name of marriage, so frequently consecrates the monstrous union of devotedness with egotism, of intelligence with ignorance, of youth with old age.

These are the general notions of the St. Simonians in the changes they call for in the constitution of property, and in the social condition of women.

In addition to the foregoing, we find the following curious particulars relating to this new sect, in the Philadelphia U. States' Gazette.

The Government of the St. Simonites is a *Theocracy*—the great principles of which, are *Love, Intelligence* and *Power.* Of these, *Love* or charity is considered the greatest; and "he who possesses in the highest degree, love and sympathy for his fellow-beings, is placed at the summit of the social ladder, and receives the title of *Social Priest.*" The election of social priest is made by a college of priests selected from the community without distinction. At the right, and below the social priest, is the *priest of science;* at the left is the *priest of industry.* Each of the priests is of course selected in consequence of pre-eminence in qualifications of the division to which he belongs—his election being the natural result of his qualifications.—The account before us is rather *spirituelle,* metaphysical and smacks rather of a warm imagination than a cool judgment. But we are to deal with facts.

The same decision takes place among the women, that is noticed above, as belonging to tha men, and the union of the social priest and social priestess constitutes the *Pope,* the supreme priest of the hierarchy.

Man, it is said, is by the natural constitution of his mind, led to contemplate the past, and thus to gather wisdom from the inexperience of his predecessors—while woman possesses apparently a certain degree of prophetic instinct, and the art of divination: she is gifted also with superior faculties of sense.—Consequently, in cases that will require tact, art, penetration, habit of detail and extreme delicacy of sense, the woman will decide, and her opinions will be considered as marked with the divine imprint of revelation. She will receive from the *martial* gravity a light constraint to moderate the ardor of her speculative labors, and thus the equilibrium of regulation will be preserved.

The *Pope,* in its double existence, will represent with a finished perfection, the emblem of the different attributes of man and woman. The *social priest,* ever contemplating the past, will interrogate the dust of distant ages, by invoking the experience of other generations and turning the leaves of history. The *social priestess,* on the contrary, plunging with a prophetic eye into the depth of futurity, will divine the progress of humanity, and will read its unattained destiny. Thus the double sexed Janus, the pope, will be the image of the present, and that singular personification will keep constantly before the society, the errors of their ancestors and the hopes of their children. We ought to mention here that Madame Malibran, the Signorina Garcia, is spoken of as a candidate for a high office in the order.

St. Simon, the founder of the sect, made four campaigns in America, under *Washington*—was an officer in the French revolution—and died in 1825.

The society, we are told, is very extensive in France and Germany, and includes men and women of all ranks and professions. There is nothing secret in the connexion; the doctrines of the order are preached openly by both sexes, and a periodical journal explains to the Neophytes the principles to which they must attain.

LO! THERE.

We mentioned nearly a year ago, the appearance of a person in the upper part of New York state, who was preaching a new religion, founded upon a new bible, given to him by an angel. The revelation was then engraved on metal plates. We thought that the matter would rest with the simple souls with whom it began, but we find that the new doctrine is gaining many believers; societies have been formed, and leaders established. We have not heard that any candidate for president has been nominated. We find the following account in the Painsville (Ohio) Gazette:

"About a couple of weeks since, three men, calling themselves Oliver Cowdry, David Whitmer and Martin Harris appeared in our village, laden with a new revelation which they claim to be a codicil to the New Testament. They preached in the evening in the methodist Chapel, and from certain indications, conceiving they might do more good otherwheres, departed for Kutland, where is a "common stock family," under the charge of Elder Rigdom, a Campbelite leader of some notoriety. The men claim to act under a "commission written by the finger of God"—they are very enthusiastic, tolerably resolute—but from what we can learn need that steadfast, determined resolution and popular talent which are necessary to ensure any considerable degree of success in a new project.

The account which they give is substantially as follows:—at a recent period an angel appeared to a poor, ignorant man residing in or near Palmyra, in Ontario county in the state of New York, directed him to open the earth at a place designated, where he would find the new revelation engraved on plates of metal. In obedience to the celestial messenger, Smith repaired to the spot, and on opening the ground discovered an oblong stone box lightly closed with cement. He opened the sacred depository and found enclosed a bundle of plates resembling gold, carefully united at one edge with three silver wires so that they opened like a book. The plates were about 7 inches long and 6 broad, and the whole pile was about 6 inches deep, each plate about the thickness of tin. They were engraved in a character unintelligible to the learned men of the United States, to many of whom it is said they have been presented.—The angel afterwards appeared to the three individuals and showed them the plates. To Smith was given to translate the character which he was enabled to do by looking through two semi transparent stones, but as he was ignorant of the art of writing, Cowdry and the others wrote as Smith interpreted. They say that part of the plates escaped from them in a supernatural manner and are to be again revealed when the events of time shall require them.

The three individuals above named, have subscribed their names to an article in the book, in which they solemnly declare that they saw the angel, and that he assured them that the book was a divine revelation. They say it was written by the prophets of God during the period embracing the time for 600 years before and several hundred years after the Christian era. It predicts, we understand, almost all events which have come to pass, such as the American Revolution, &c.

These men are believed by their followers to be prophets—And they say that the world is soon to come to an end—within 15 years at longest.

By the world coming to an end, they only mean, that the incorrigible will be cut off by a variety of means, leaving only the true believers. They have now gone west for a country they know not where, west of the Mississippi, where they say is a Holy Spot, and there they are to establish a New Jerusalem, into which will be gathered all the natives who they say are descendants of Manasseh. They are led by the spirit, and will know the ground when they place their feet on it.

Immediately after their arrival here Elder Rigdom embraced the new doctrine and was baptized for the third time—once as a regular Baptist—once as a Campbelite—and now as a disciple of the new revelation. He says he has hitherto ignorantly preached heresy. His flock we understand, have principally followed their shepherd, and for the second, and some for the third time, have gone down into the water. We are told that the number baptized into the new order, is rising of one hundred.

When we read of such delusions or follies in times past, we mourn over the ignorance and credulity of days when the march of science was slow and brief; but these are the productions of our own times, the vagaries of the 19th century. Let us, when we regard them and others that characterize the age, learn a little humility for ourselves, and exercise charity for our predecessors.—*Phil. U. S. Gazette.*

Fast Trotting Horse.—A Vermontese owned a very fine trotter whose extraordinary speed he illustrated by the following anecdote:—"I was driving him in a dearborn," said he, "and I overtook a stranger who was walking the same way; and I asked him to get in and ride with me; so he got in, and I just spoke to my horse, and he started off at a middling good trot. Presently the stranger asked what *grave yard* it was we were passing through: oh, said I, its nothing but *mile stones!*"