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THE CHRONICLE

B. G. TUBMAN, Editor and Proprietor

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 14, 1855

POETRY.

SPRING HAS COME AGAIN.

Balmy Spring has come again,
Welcome to its dawn!
Sleeping buds will wake to life,
Grass creep o'er the lawn:
Now a soft and gentle breeze—
Wild, fierce winds are o'er,
Leaves again will deck the trees,
Birds will sing once more.

Flow'rs will ope their starry eyes
In the warm sun-light,
Glist'ning 'neath the morning skies
With the dew-drops bright—
Violets blue o'er hill and dale
Peep from mossy beds,
And Epigæas* low and pale
Raise their tiny heads.

Now the sound of brook and stream
Gliding through the vale,
Lake and river silv'ry gleam
In the moon-light pale—
And the buzz of humming bee,
All the sunny hours,
Seeking from each shrub and tree
For the sweetest flow'rs.

Now the forest, long so dear,
Dons new robes and gay—
Carols sweet and soft we hear,
Wood-lark's merry lay—
And the plow-boy, blithe and free,
Up at early sun,
Mingles in their joyous glee
'Till his task is done.

Joyfully we greet thee, Spring,
Wreathing garlands fair,
Zephyrs wafting on their wing
Fragrance in the air—
Wearied eyes will beam more bright
Nature's smiles to see,
Hearts will bound with warm delight,
All will welcome thee.

*Trailing Arbutus.

ORIGINAL TALE.

Written for the "Chronicle."

CORNEY DELANEY'S

Travels on a Western Steamer.

BY THE IRISH ROOSTER.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

POOR CORNEY'S race was ran!—many were the remarks, and observations that were made on the departed man of Galway.

The Bar-room at this period was dense to suffocation with persons of all classes; and a buzz like the distant ocean, prevented my hearing anything; a lull, a momentary one, was interrupted by the shuffling and hard breathing of a new visiter, in the shape of one Darby Fallon, crushing his passage through the crowd; (now, it is the undoubted maxim with the Irish to travel in pairs, or in flocks, much in the fashion of *Wild Geese*; Corney Delany and Darby Fallon preferred the *pairing* to the *flocking*, in as much as saving of food was concerned;) on he went like an enraged Camatche, and resembled him in face, but unfortunately for the semblance, his nose had an upward tendency; by flinging his arms manfully, he at last reached Corney's head. Great was his lamentations!—some of his listeners thought he threw *Jerimiah* into the shade; and really excited much pity from two or three more tender hearted than the rest.

I looked around, and rich was the picture—a few hard "old salts" were grinning considerably; others with their mouths wide open, gazing at the *corpse*; in fact so perfect a specimen of the ludicrus, mixed with the sublimity of Death, could not often be met with.

Darby commenced his *address* over the body of this *Irish Cæsar* in the following manner:—

"*Gentlemen*: The *man* ye's see here, stretched before ye, as stiff as a *proker*; has been *slaughtered* from head to *fut* in cowld bloom!—some bloody and ungrateful *villian* to his country, has damaged both *church* and State, by poking his long bowey-knife against the Attorney *General*, and the law!—to which I may add, without fear or offince, the Grand Jury; and his *Riverence*, the Coroner and his most learned, and body-sitting Jurymen; and moreover (which makes the thing worse) has let out the *man's* life, through that miserable and bloody hole, in the back of his neck!—and in my mind, he never will agin work Kassel or Railrode, as long as he lives in future! The spalpeen that preformed such a piece of disgrace to my bussom friend and countrymon, Consalus Delany, from the parish of *Much* and town of Kilimer, in the Barony of Longford, and county of Galway, to wit:—must be a baste of a man, and cannot to feel proud of himself!—

Where is there a man in this crowd (barn myself) who will take care of his owld grandmother?

Where is he in this crowd, I say, that ought 'nt to say it, (barn myself) who will take care of his poor six *sisters*?

Who in this crowd will *attend* to his poor owld mother that owns him? And who of ye's all, will take *charge* of his little bud-oye of a brither; little Sha-mosh-a-caoka.

Och! *widda*-delish!—who in this assimbly (barn myself) will send home to the untire of them, to Kilimer—six Dollars *every mouth for the last four years*;—money got by hard sweat, to kape them in *an* out of poverty?

I say, who is there here that will do this?

I wait for a reply—no! bad luck to the one!"

A voice from the crowd said "the Irishman was a *leetle* mistaken," that he would at the next landing, hand Darby a sufficient sum so as to enable the Delany family to push on for some time.

"Who ever you are (said Darby) you will meet your reward in Paradise. I see you now!—may a shower of angels tears power over your snow white head—more power to yer elbow, *astora*! for taking part with the murthered mon's children and widder—and may years be heaped on your owld white head; so as to see yea family grow up as tender as summer cabbages. I will wait on yer honor at the nixt landing."

The man with the white head, "wished to impress on the gentlemen present, that he never had any family, nor was it *probable* he ever should!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISCELLANEOUS'

A Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

CLACKING WOMEN.

TEXT:

O! steep my feet in boiling oil,
Or put me on the rack;
But save me, while I tarry here,
From yonder woman's clack!

MY HEARERS: Perhaps we male mortals ought not, generally speaking, to brag MUCH about our faculties for restraining that "unruly member" called the tongue; but I do think, that women have no good reason to say ANYTHING—for, if we are incompetent, in a certain degree, women most certainly are, in a very uncertain degree. Their tongues are reeds shaken by the wind—splinters upon a chesnut rail, that keep up a buzzing and a jarring so long as there is breath to move them. The least breeze of passion that springs up in their bosoms, sets their mill-clacks in operation; and, as for stopping them, you might as well fire a pop-gun against thunder, or blow a hand-bellows against a hurricane. They will talk, like a poll-parrot merely for the sake of the noise, and, (giving them credit for no evil intention,) they persevere in jabbering, without once reflecting that, what is music to them may be murder to others. Oh! woman, woman! wherefore art thou gifted with such gigantic powers of gab! Thou wouldst have been an angel, hadst thou an angel's whisper.

My hearers: I have been speaking of women as a whole. As regards their noisy loquaciousness, there are many beautiful exceptions. I know some whose words have fine fur, instead of dog-hair, upon them—whose tones are as soft and musical as the mild breathings of the Æolian harp—to whom it is soothing to listen, and whose society is as sunshine to a storm beaten flower. But, oh! make my bed under a tinned roof during a night of incessant hail; place forty tomcats at my window, all in 'full feather' (fur, I should have said) for a row, bid me deliver an impressive discourse in a grist-mill; soak my corns in a boiling solution of potash; bore my ears with a two inch auger, or a congressional speech upon the tariff; compel me to endure the inflection of a fashionable opera; grate loaf sugar by my side while I am preparing a sermon on Sunday, put me on the rack, if you choose—do anything you like, if you will only save me from the everlasting clack of that woman, whose MILDEST tones are enough to harrow up a man's soul, [Shakspere] freeze his warm blood, and make each particular hair—whiskers, moustaches, and imperial included—to stand on 'end' like bristles upon the back of a pup-worried boar-pig!

My hearers: I am afraid that if I say much more about the GENTLER sex, my soul, next week, will be as full of regrets as an old cot is of bedbugs in August; nevertheless, I am bound to preach the truth to-day, although the devil may tell me to-morrow that I ought to be ashamed of myself for so doing. But, when you see my nose projecting from this old pulpit, know ye that I care *not* for the fear of man, the favor of women, nor the scoffs of Satan.—I let out the truth, link by link, and, if I am thought to libel my brother man or my sister woman, let heaven be my judge—the twelve apostles, now above, constitute a jury—and I'll accept of anything for counsel other than a New York lawyer—I can't go that. In sooth, there is no use in trying to lessen the noise of a talkative woman's tongue by applying the oil of praise; for, the more you grease it by flattery, the faster and louder it runs. Say not a word, put putty in your ears, and it may tire itself out.

But, my dear friends, we ought not to be to severe upon the sisterhood. Heaven has made them as they are. Their imperfection is no fault of theirs, but an unwardable misfortune.

Nature made man the strongest,
But woman's tongue the longest.

And now, in conclusion, my dear brethren, if you will but count up your errors, and add to the sum total all your actual faults, you will find that the account is to be given to the credit of the femenine gender. Bear and forbear—overlook trifles—forgive all errors on the part of the last and the loveliest of God's works—and so say as I do: 'Woman with all thy faults, I love the still!' So mote it be!

How Much this Country Owes.

It is a favorite boast of the Americans, that their government is almost the only one in the civilized world, which is not deeply plunged in debt. So far as this boast relates to the United States, in its federal capacity, it is well founded. But so far as it relates to the thirty-one Commonweaths, of which the nation is composed, it is an absolute absurdity, since the majority of these latter are deeply, if not inextricably in debt. We hear this bit of braggadocia so frequently, that it is worth while to devote a few moments to show its folly.

In England, France, Austria and all other consolidated nations, there is but one exchequer to meet every want of Government. There is consequently, but one national debt. When we say that Great Britain owes nearly eight hundred millions of pounds or four thousand millions of dollars the whole story is told. But if we should assert that the entire debt of the United States was less than sixty millions, we should be apt to mislead the reader. For the federal government, which is what is technically meant by the term United States, having only circumscribed powers, is not, and never can be, made liable for the principal share of the expenses of maintaining order and dispensing law among the people at large, most of this burden falling on the seperate members of the confederacy. To give a correct idea of the real indebtedness of the nation, therefore we must include the debts of the several States

Now, the total indebtedness of the various Commonwealths is about two hundred and twenty-one millions of dollars, divided among twenty-seven States, four being so fortunate as to owe nothing, viz: New Hampshire, Vermont, Delaware, and Florida. Of these twenty-seven, the debts of seven are under a million a-piece. Maryland, Texas, Illinois, Ohio, Virginia, New York and Pennsylvania are the States most deeply in debt. The largest absolute debt is that of our own State, which is over forty millions; the smallest is that of New Jersey, which is seventy-one thousand.

The heaviest debt, in proportion to that of the population, is the debt of Maryland, which exceeds fifteen millions, in a population of five hundred and eighty-two thousand, bound and free. The debt of Virginia though but little greater numerically than that of New York—the one being twenty-six millions and the other twenty-four,—is more than twice as great relatively, the population being less than half, while the general resources of the State are greatly inferior. The entire debt of the nation, estimating the federal debt as well as that of the States, exceeds two hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars.

But this still fails to give an accurate idea of the total indebtedness of our country. In Europe, we except England, most public works are constructed by the Government, so that the national debt include the cost of the principal railroads, canal roads, canals and turnpikes. But in the United States, with the exception of Pennsylvania State Works and those of a few other commonwealths, all such improvements are owned by private corporations Now the aggregate principal of these works is computed to be one thousand million of dollars, of which six hundred millions alone are invested in railroads. Consequently, if we would arrive at the indebtedness of these United States, we must add the amount of this description of securities to the amount of state and federal ones. Twelve hundred millions of dollars are, therefore, about what we owe—a very respectable sum, it must be acknowledged, especially for a nation but eighty years old.—*Phila. Saturday Post.*

☞ One of the best things to resist fatigue with, is music. Girls who could not walk a mile to save their lives, will dance with a knock-kneed clarionet and superannuated fiddle, from tea-time to sunrise, while a soldier grown weary with quietness, will no sooner hear a bugle give a flourish than he will give one himself. Whether men can march twenty or forty miles a day, depends altogether on who blows the bass drum.

☞ Years are the sum of hours. Vain is it at wide intervals to say, 'I'll save this year,' if at each narrow interval you do not say, 'I'll save this hour.

A Love Epistle.

A love sick lassie, writes to her adored, in the following strain of deep feeling love.

"My dear sweet Ichabod. How I want to see your big grey eyes. Oh, how horrorstricken I am at your long absence. I want to see you and feel your heart bump. Oh, sweet Ichabod, now do come out, and let us get married if you love me. God bless you, if you are not sufficiently blest in being so sweet. Oh, you marygold, you holly hoch, you tulip, you cabbage. Oh, you sweet owl, do come and comfort your dying, smitten Caroline. Oh, Ichabod, but how I do love your big red lips. Oh, you trim, tall fellow, full of manna of sweet love, how I do want to see you you model of perfection. You have been gone this two months, and to me it does seem like a hundred years. Your dear presence would be to me more than the cooling springs to the parched traveler of the desert; more than the pebbled pool to the wanton duck—yes more than a lump of sugar to a spoilt child. Why then, will you not come yes fly as swift as lightning to kiss the tear from the dimpled cheeks of your mad love Oh, bleak and wild is the house, the garden, the woods, and the world without the. Oh yes, bless the, my dumplin, my jewsharp, my rooster, my gentleman.

The Locofoco Party.

The Buffalo Express has daguerreotyped the annexed full length portrait of the Locofoco party. It is true to life, though not a flattering picture:

"The party has presented as many different fronts as there are popular local interests in the whole American Union, filibustering included. With the rapacious it goes for Cuba, with the South for the repeal of all compacts favorable to the North—in New York is clamorous for free soil, in South Carolina for unmitigated slavery—to commerce it promises free trade; to Pennsylvania and Louisiana protection to iron and sugar—to the penny-wise and pound-foolish it would hoard the surplus revennes; to the States of the West it would appropriate money to deepen harbors and rivers—to foreigners it is half Dutch with a sparkling of brogue, to Know Nothings a Native. To the old fashioned slow-going republicans it is a stickler for the letter of the constitution; with Young America on stilts, it strides over land and over water, would annex the Pacific Ocean with all its cannibal islands,—and sympathises, no doubt, with the man in the moon in his political solitude. It is therefore, a National party only in the sense being 'all things to all men' in the country. By such contemptible wriggling it has succeeded in reaching Washington, and coiling itself around the columns of the Capitol,

—"A monster of such hideous mein
That to be hated need but to be seen."

The All-Seeing Eye.

General Lafayette was a prisoner, and kept very closely confined in a cell in a fortress, where a guard was placed over him night and day. There was one thing that troubled him as much or more than anything else that happened to him while he was there. In the door of the cell a small hole was made, just large enough for one eye to look through, and a soldier was placed there to watch the prisoner. When one soldier was tired another was put in his place. All day long do what he would all night long, through the tedious time of his imprisonment, every motion he made, every step he took, there was one thing that gave him uneasiness. If he shut his eyes and turned away, still that could not get out of his mind. The picture of the door, and the little hole in it, was before his mind's eye Whenever he looked at that door, there was an eye watching him through that little hole. It must have been a severe trial to a noble and brave man to be thus constantly watched—but the lesson we may learn from it is as instructive as it is interesting.

What was true of the eye of the soldier in that small cell of a prison is true in a far greater sense than we can conceive, of the All Seeing Eye. 'For the eye of the Lord is in every place, beholding the evil and the good.' How blessed and happy would this world be were every one to act as though this thought were present with them, leading them to look up with the eye of faith to Him who sees and knows all things, that at last we may be made 'glorious in the eyes of the Lord.'

THE WORLD'S TRUE BENEFACTORS.—Chaning says, and with truth:—'The day laborer, who earns, with horny hand and the sweat of his brow, coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised by his generous motive, to true dignity; and, though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves absolved by wealth from serving others.' It is worthy of note, that the men and women who think most highly of themselves, and most meanly of others, are those who render back to society for the good things they enjoy, the smallest return of personal efforts. The world's true benefactors, and therefore its true noblemen, are they who serve it, humbly and earnestly, to the best of the ability God has given them All others are but counterfeits and pretenders.

☞ The lady who was in the habit of standing on her 'dignity,' came very near tumbling off the other day.

American Young Men.

AMERICAN history presents many remarkable instances of young men taking prominent and commanding stations at an age that would be thought very young in other countries. We subjoin a few striking examples, from the list of those who have passed off the stage of human action.

At the age of 29, Mr. Jefferson was an influential member of the Legislature of Virginia. At 30 he was a member of the Virginia Convention; at 32 a member of the Continental Congress; and at 33 he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Alexander Hamilton was only 20 years of age when he was appointed a Lieut. Colonel in the army of the Revolution, and Aid-de-Camp to Washington. At 25 he was a member of the Continental Congress; at 30 he was one of the ablest members of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; at 32 he was Secretary of the Treasury, and organized that branch of government upon so complete and comprehensive a plan that no great change or improvement has since been made upon it.

John Jay, at 29 years old, was a member of the Continental Congress, and wrote an address to the people of Great Britain, which was justly regarded as one of the most eloquent productions of the times. At 32 he prepared the Constitution of the State of New York, and in the same year was appointed Chief Justice of the State.

Washington was 27 years of age when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat; and the same year was honored by an appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces.

Joseph Warren was 29 years of age when he delivered the memorial address on the 5th of March, which aroused the spirit of patriotism and liberty in that section of the country; and at 34 gloriously fell in the cause of freedom on Bunker Hill.

Fisher Ames, at the age of 27, had excited public attention by the ability he displayed in the discussion of questions of public interest. At the age of 30, his masterly speeches in defence of the Constitution of the United States, had exerted very great influence, so that the youthful orator of 31 was elected to Congress from the Suffolk District over the revolutionary hero, Samuel Adams.

Joseph Story entered public life at the age of 23; he was elected to Congress from the Essex District, when he was 29; was Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives at 32, and the same year was appointed by President Madison a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

De Witt Clinton entercred public life at 28; Henry Clay, at 26. The most youthful signer of the Declaration of Independence was William Hooper of North Carolina, whose age was but 24. Of the other signers of the Declaration, Thomas Haywood, of South Carolina, was 30; Eldridge Gerry, Benjamin Rush, James Wilson and Matthew Thornton were 31; Arthur Middleton and Thomas Stone were 33.

It will be observed that we have confined our illustrations to persons under 35 years of age, and have only alluded to those with national reputations.

The Napoleon Dynasty—Chance for a Yankee.

The latest European papers mention a curious bit of gossip that is afloat in Paris—namely: that Napoleon who has no child by the Empress Eugenie, has been very strongly recommended, by certain confidential advisers, to get a divorce and marry again, that he has declined attempting this, saying that Napoleon 1. had no luck after repudiating Josephine; that Prince Napoleon (Jerome's son) having shown the white feather in the Crimea is to be out of the line of succession to the throne, and the Count de Morny, the illegitimate son of Queen Hortense, (Louis Lapoleon's mother) borne long after her seperation from her husband, is to be declared legitimate, named as own brother to Louis Lepoleon, raised to the rank of Imperial Highness, and declared heir to the Empire. Another rumor is that the grand child of Jerome and Mrs. Patterson, of Baltimore, Maryland is to be declared a Prince of the Empire, and heir presumptive to the throne.

CLERGYMEN.—Some people talk a great deal about ministers, and the cost of keeping them, paying their house rent, table expenses, and other items of salary. Did such croakers ever think that it costs thirty-five millions of dollars to pay the salaries of American lawyers; that twelve millions of dollars are paid out annually to keep our criminals, and ten millions of dollars annually to keep the dogs in the midst of us alive, while only six millions of dollars are spent annually to keep six thousand ministers in the United States?

These are facts, and statistics will show them to be facts. No one thing exerts such a mighty influence in keeping this mighty Republic from falling to pieces, as the Bible and its ministers.

☞ When a returned ambassador introduced to King James a Spanish noble of mean intellect, but covered with jewelry Jamie exclaimed:—Hoot, mon, and ye mind me of Solomon's importation—gold, peacocks and apes."

A Chapter of Curious Facts.

A lead wire, the thirteenth of an inch, sustains 281 pounds.

A tin wire, the thirteenth of an inch sustains 341 pounds.

Gun metal is 12 pounds of tin and 100 pounds of copper.

The emerald is ranked among the gems, but is now found only in Peru. It is green harder than quartz, and always in crystal. Oriental emerald is a green sapphire.

The European mountains consist of primitive and transition rocks.

The surface of the earth is 196,862,256 square miles; and its solidity is 250,926,935,315 cubic miles.

The sea is to the land, in round millions of square miles, as 190 to 40, or 4 to 1.

The narrowest part of the Atlantic is more than two miles deep. In other parts about one and a half miles.

Bullock describes a fossil lizard 150 feet long.

Rounded pebbles are broken fragments of rocks, rendered smooth by mutual attritions in a long time by water and tides.

The Amazon falls but a foot in fifty miles; the Rhine one foot in a quarter of a mile, the Loire a foot in one and a half miles.

Ninety species of bones of quadrupeds have been found, which are now unknown.

The waters of the Red Sea appear to be thirty-two feet higher than the Mediterranean, and the Gulf of Mexico is twenty-two feet higher than the Pacific.

About thirty fresh water springs are discovered under the sea, on the south of the Persian Gulf.

The Mediterranean makes a tide of only one or two feet.

The Caspian is 360 feet lower than the Baltic, and 345 lower than the Euxine.

No certain theory is formed of the cause of earthquakes; but the most general and rational ascribes them to steam and the force of gases formed by water and metalic oxydes.

Fourteen earthquakes, in different parts of the globe, were recorded in 1827, and perhaps this is an average number.

The Sandwich Islands are volcanic.

Owyhee is in the cone of a volcano higher than Mount Blanc.

RUSSIAN WILD HORSE.—In the steepes of Russia it is not rare to see a two-years old colt rush singly to attack a band of four or five wolves, kill one or two of them tame the rest, and spread the terror of his name throughout the country. The wild horse strikes with his fore feet, like the stag, and not with his hind legs as is popularly believed. He draws himself up to his full height against his enemy, pounds him beneath his murderous pestles, then seizes him between the shoulders with his formidable incisons, and tosses him to his mares to make sport for themselves and their offspring.—*Household Words.*

A NUTSHELL OF TRUTH.—Here is a brief paragraph into which a big heap of truth is squeezed:—"Did you ever scratch the end of a piece of timber slightly elevated, with a pin? Though scarcely heard at one end, it was distinctly heard at the other.—Just so it is with any merit, excellence, or good work. It will be sooner heard of, and applauded, and rewarded on the other side of the globe, than by your immediate acquaintances.'

A DOLLAR.—If you want to know precisely how much a dollar is worth, just try to borrow that amount from your most intimate friends. Perhaps you won't. If you have occasion to ask, you can easily obtain it; but if the world honestly believes you need a dollar to save you from actual starvation, you will stand a remarkable good chance for the potter's field before the dimes are forthcoming.

GEN. PIERCE REPUDIATED.—The following resolution was offered at a democratic meeting held recently in Newport, Sullivan County, N. H., Hon. Edmund Burke, and was passed by an overwhelming majority;

Resolved.—This meeting has no confidence in the competency and ability of General Pierce to conduct the Government of the United States with credit to himself and of benefit to the country.

☞ John P. Thompson, Esq., the founper and for a long time the editor of the Frederick Herald, died on Thursday last, in the 79th year of his age. He was for a long time the President of the Frederick County Bank.

☞ Liquor Laws sharpen the invention of those who traffic in intoxicating drinks, and various plans are adopted for evading the penalties of a violation of the law. A keeper of a larger beer establishment in New York evades the Sunday law by holding prevented religious services therein officiating himself as the leader of ceremonies. He takes the Bible, reads a chapter or two, serves each of his hearers with a glass of beer, and *takes up a collection!*

☞ The enormous quantity of forty seven million gallons of whiskey, rum and brandy, and thirty-five million gollons of strong bear, were made in the United States during the last year, being made in the United States during the last year, being more than three gallons a piece to every man, woman, child, sucking baby, black and white, in the country.