THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES H. JONES.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT: LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMS'T AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

TERMS $2 50 PER ANNUM OR $2, IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

New Series—Volume 10. Cambridge, Md., July 3, 1847. Number 40.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it,
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there are that find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charms so dear,
As Home and Friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
While flowers as sweet, bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them;
For things afar still sweetest are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us:
But soon we're taught that earth hath nought
Like Home and Friends around us.

The Friends that speed in time of need,
When Home's last reed is shaken,
To show us still, let come what will,
We are not quite forsaken:
Though all were night—if but the light
From Friendship's altar crown'd us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our Home and Friends around us.

From the Phila. Sat. Courier.

CHEER UP.

Cheer up, for grief belong to night,
But morning, with its rosy light,
Should break the cloud of sorrow;
If shadowy doubts obscure the day,
Remember they will flee away—
The sky may smile to-morrow.

What though the past be thickly strown
With faded flowers—thy path o'ergrown
With thorns of woe and sadness?
Yet sigh not always—murmur not—
There's promise in thy future lot
That speaks of hope and gladness.

True, life is but a vale of tears,
And hope is often linked with fears,
Yet why be *ever* weeping?
There's many a bright spot on the earth,
And many a joy of noble birth
The future hath in keeping.

A cloud upon thy brow will throw
New shadows on thy brother's woe,
And make life's path-way dreary;
A smile, in holy calmness given,
Will light thy brother's way to Heaven,
And cheer the pilgrim weary.

Cheer up, then, for our guide-star here
Will soon disclose a holier sphere,
Where care assails us never;
Man hath a hope beyond the tomb,
In Heaven's congenial air to bloom,
That hope shall live forever.

NEW SPECIES OF ELECTIONEERING.

An eminent engraver of Paris, (author of the celebrated "Confessions of St. Jerome" after Dominichino, and the "Court of Arundel" after Vandyck) had long been a candidate for the honor of Acadamician. He had in the meantime grown old, but, by the reaching backward to a young wife, he had bridged the widening chasm of the past, and still dated from the age of hope and promise. His wife was pretty, who had talent too,—but it lay in diplomacy. It entered her head to see whether she could bring about her husband's election to a chair in the academy which had become suddenly vacant. She took a list of all the members. and called on the first.

"My husband is an old man!" was her remark, as she rose from her modest curtesy.

"You resemble him very little, madam!" was the reply of the booked immortal.

"He has labored much and waited long for academic membership. There is a seat vacant."

"Ah, my dear madam, but I have already promised.

"I neither wish to interfere with your engagements, nor to dispossess a more worthy candidate; but, my husband is old—spare him the dishonor of not having one vote, since present himself he must. Let him have one vote, and let that be yours!"

Never were words sped with a better artillery of tones, eyes, and supplicating smiles! The immortal member had somewhere about him a softness still human—he yielded—the lovely applicant curtised out with grateful murmurs.

The next academician on the list was assailed with precisely the same irresistible artillery, and with precisely the same result. And the next—and the next. At her husband's late dinner of that day, she sat down with a secret in her heart that made her serve the soup with mystic amiability—every member having given the promise that this one ineffectual vote should shield young beauty's old husband from life's closing climax of mortification.

The day of election arrived. The members were a little mysterious as to the name upon their ballot. The almost certain candidate was Mons. F——, but, each academican knew this, and thought that his own vote for another would not affect the result, and at the same time would gratify a lovely woman and do charity to an old man. The ballot-box was turned, and the vote recorded. The old engraver was pronounced chosen with unprecedented unanimity. It has not transpired that any two of the old members came subsequently to any explanation which accounted for the new member's unexpected advent to their fellowship of immortality.—*Home Journal.*

'Sam, why is de dandies in Broadway like Mexican soldiers?'

'Oh, I gins dat up, Joe, without winken.'

'Well den its bekase day run from the sight ob a tailor.'

"*Taylor*, Ha, ha, Joe, dat mortalize you!"

☞The returning volunteers are arriving in great numbers at New Orleans.

Mr. Prentiss' Speech

In New Orleans, on the 10th inst., at the reception of the Volunteers.

BRAVE VOLUNTEERS.—The people of N. Orleans, filled with admiration for the patriotic and heroic achievements of our citizen soldiers, are desirous of expressing the sentiments of joy, pride and affection, with which they hail their return to the arms of a grateful country. I am their honored organ on the occasion, and most warmly do I sympathise with their feelings, and participate in their wishes.

Welcome, then, gallant volunteers! ye war-worn soldiers, welcome home! The heart of Louisiana warms towards you. Welcome, thrice welcome from your glorious battlefields! In the name of the citizens of New Orleans, I greet and embrace you all.

No longer do you tread upon a hostile shore, nor gaze upon foreign skies. Useless now are your sharp swords and unerring rifles. No lurking foe waylays you in the impenetrable chaparral, or among the gloomy gorges of the mountain. Henceforth your path will be ambushed only by friends. You will find them more difficult than the enemy to quell. They will pour upon you volleys of grape as you pass—not the grape whose iron clusters grew so luxuriantly on the hill-sides of Monterey, and along the ravines of Buena Vista, whose juice was the red blood—but the grape which comes from the battery of the banquet!

A year has not elapsed since I saw most of you bivouacked on the old battle-field below the city, drawing inspiration from its mighty memories, and dreaming, perchance, of those great achievements which you were soon to accomplish. Since then you have passed through all the vicissitudes of a soldier's life—the camp, the march, the battle and the victory. You have played your parts nobly. You have gone far beyond your own promises or the country's expectations. You have borne, without a murmur, the ordinary hardships of military life—hunger, fatigue and exposure. You blenched not when death came in the sad shape of disease, and struck down your comrades around you; you submitted cheerfully to discipline, and converted the raw material of individual bravery into the terrible, irresistible power of combined courage. But it was upon legitimate battlefields you gathered those unfading laurels upon which your countrymen will ever gaze, as they do now, with grateful pride.

Our little army of regulars, as they well deserve to do, had already plucked the first fruits of the war. On the victorious fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma they sustained their own high character, and nobly illustrated American skill and valor. They scourged the enemy from the Rio Grande; and then, reinforced by the volunteers, who flocked to their country's standard, their great captain meditated the conquast of the stronghold of Monterey. There, like an eagle on his eyrie, stood the mountain king. Thither the eyes of the nation turned in eager expectation.—All hearts palpitated for the result. Now was our national powess to be tested—now we were to ascertain whether we could cast back into the teeth of European generals and European diplomatists the taunts which they had heaped upon our citizen soldiers. They had told us that our Republic was weak, notwithstanding its great population and unbounded resources. They said we had no military strength; that our army and navy, though skillful and brave, were but a cypher compared with the mighty armaments of the Old World; and that our unpracticed citizens could never make efficient soldiers. Soon came the ever-glorious storming of the mountain fastness, and the problem was solved. The nation's heart beat free; and joy for the present, confidence in the future, pervaded the land. Indeed it was a great and glorious achievement, and in its moral effect, both at home and abroad, perhaps the most important of the war. It gave the country complete confidence in the volunteers—the volunteers full reliance upon themselves. From that day forth they became veterans. Time will not permit me to recite the vivid and heart-stirring incidents of that memorable and wonderful conflict. On one side of the city the regulars fought, as they always do, with skill, with bravery and success: they did all that was expected of them—their previous reputation rendered it impossible to do more. On the other side the volunteers drew their maden swords. Never before had they experienced a grasp stronger than that of friendship; now they stretched forth their hands and grapple with death. On, on pressed these unfledged warriors—these men of civil life, these citizen soldiers; their bright blades flashed before them like tongues of flame. Up the hill side, through the streets swept by the raking cannon, over barricade and battery, their advancing banners, streaming like thunder-clouds against the wind, rustled in the battle breeze like the pinions of an eagle pouncing on his quarry. All know the glorious result. The enemy, though he fought bravely for his firesides and his altars, and in the midst of his supposed impregnable defences, shrunk from such fiery valor. The day was ours, and the Republic acknowledges its debt of gratitude to the gallant volunteers.

Welcome, then, thrice welcome, victors of Monterey.

But the fortune of the war determined that your conduct and valor should be tested upon a yet bloodier field. At Buena Vista you met, face to face, the genius of the battle, even as he appeared to the Warrior Bard—

Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun.
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon—
Restless it rolls—now fixed,—and now anon
Flashing afar; and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done.

Under that hot gaze, in the fierce conflict where desperate courage was put to its utmost proof, all fame unites in saying that you covered yourselves with immortal honor. In a pitched battle against brave and veteran troops, outnumbering you four to one, during two days you made successful contest—you stood a living dyke, and again and again poured upon you in vain the fiery torrent. "'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life" to have witnessed you repulsing the audacious squadrons of the enemy, as, with pennons flying and serried lances, they came thundering upon your unflinching ranks. Often in the changing currents of the bloody fight, when the fortune of the day, rent from our standard, fluttered like torn canvass in the gale, you seized and fastened it back in its proper place. But we should do injustice did we not remember on this occasion those glorious comrades without whose co-operation your valor would have proved in vain—I mean the artillery, those true sons of thunder, who on that day seemed to scorn to use Jove's counterfeits, and hurled his genuine bolts! Never were cannon served with greater coolness or more fatal precision. At each discharge whole columns were cut down—

"Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
When his work is done on the level plain."

Honor, then, to your brave comrades! We wish they were here to share your welcomd, heroes of Buena Vista.

But you have still another claim upon our regard—the love and confidence of your general. To have your names associated with his is itself renown. He has achived a world-wide fame.—The whole nation looks upon him with admiration and affection, and twenty millions of people love and confide in him, and right well does the brave old man deserve these great honors. A true patriot, he has never obtruded himself upon the country; when his services were needed, then he rendered them. The nation knew not the treasure it possessed until the emergencies of the last year developed it. Now we know we have that gift of a century—a general cool, sagacious, prudent, brave and humane; capacious in resources, simple in habits, modest in manners, and, above all, possessed of the rare capacity of infusing into those around him his own indomitable courage and determination. These are the qualities which have rendered Gen. Taylor and his armies invincible. They are of the true old Roman sort—such as might have belonged to a consul in the best days of the Ancient Republic. It is no small honor to have fought under the eye and received the commendation of such a soldier. Welcome, then, thrice welcome! companions of the great captain in those wonderful engagements whose rapiaity and brilliancy have astonished the world. Gentlemen, you have before you a proud and happy destiny. Yours have been no mercenary services. Prompted by patriotism alone you went forth to fight the battles of our country. You now voluntarily return to the pursuits of civil life. Presently you will be engaged in your ancient occupations. But you will not be without the meet reward of patriotic service. Your neighbors will regard you with respect and affection. Your children will feel proud whenever they hear mention made of Monterey and Buena Vista, and a grateful nation has already inscribed your names upon its annals. Indeed it is a noble sight, worthy of the genius of this great Republic, to behold at the call of the country whole armies leap forth in battle array; and then, when their services are no longer needed, fall quietly back and commingle again with the communities from whence they came. Thus the dark thunder-cloud, at nature's summons, marshals its black battalions and lowers in the horizon; but at length, its lightnings spent, its dread artillery silenced, its mission finished, disbanding its frowning ranks, it melts away into the blue ether, and the next morning you will find it glittering in the dew-drops among the flowers, or assisting with its kinly moisture the growth of the young and tender plants.

Great and happy country, where every citizen can be at once turned into an effective soldier; every soldier converted, forthwith, into a peaceful citizen.

Our regular troops are unsurpassed for skill and courage. Led by their gallant and accomplished officers, they are invincible. All that science and valor can do, they have achieved. At Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo they have plucked new laurels worthy to be entwined among those gathered on the fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

But it is their business to be brave; it is their profession to fight. We honor the army; but we look upon our citizen soldiers with a different and peculiar pride. They are part and parcel of ourselves. They have taught us the secret of our vast strength. We now know the mighty nerve and muscle of the Republic. We evoke armies as if by magic, rapidly as they came forth from the sowing of the dragon's teeth; at a nod they disappear as though the earth had swallowed them up. But they are not gone. You will find them in the forest, in the field, in the workshop, in the chambers of the sick, at the bar, in the councils of the country. They have returned to their old professions and pursuits. Let but the trumpet sound and again they spring up, a crop of armed men. Proudly do we tell the world that we have, whenever occasion calls, two millions of warriors like those who stormed at Monterey and conquered at Buena Vista. Welcome then citizen soldiers! Welcome soldier citizens!

But alas! the joy of our greeting is mingled with sorrow. We gaze upon your thinned ranks and seek in vain for many beloved and familiar faces. Why come they not from the battle-field? Why meet they not the embraces of their loving friends? A year ago I saw them march forth beneath their country's banner, full of lusty life, of buoyant hearts and noble emulation. Where are they now? Where is brave McKee, impetuous Yell, intrepid Hardin. chivalrous Clay, and gallant Watson, with hundreds of their noble comrades, whom we meet not here? Ah! I see it all—your laurel wreaths are thickly entwined with cypress—the dead cannot come to the banquet! Alas! alas, for the noble dead. If we cannot welcome, we will weep for them. Our tears fall fast and free, but they flow rather for the living than the dead, for the nation that has lost such noble sons; for the desolate firesides, bereaved of their cherished and loved ones; for the bowed father, the heart-broken mother, the sobbing sister, the frantic wife and the wondering children. For them we weep, but not for the noble dead. We envy their fate. Gloriously did they die, those who rendered up their souls in battle. They fell upon stricken fields which their own valor had already half won. The earthquake voice of victory was in their ears, and their dying gaze was turned proudly upon the triumphant stars and stripes. Honor—eternal honor to the brave who baptised their patriotism in their blood.

But there are others who equally claim a place in our sad remembrance. I mean those who died from disease; whose fiery hearts were extinguished in the dull camp or on the gloomy march. It is easy to die in battle. The spirit is stirred to a courageous madness by the rushing squadrons, the roaring cannon and the clashing steel. All the fierce instincts of our nature are aroused, and the soldier seeks for death as the bridegroom seeks his bride. Besides

"Fame is there to tell who bleeds,
And honor's eye on daring deeds."

But to waste away with sickness; to be crushed by the blows of an unseen enemy, with whom you cannot grapple; to know death is approaching slowly but surely; to feel that your name will occupy no place on the bright scroll of fame—thus without any of the pride and rapture of the strife, to meet bravely the inevitable tyrant. is the highest proof of the patriot's devotion. Honor, then—immortal honor, to the brave who fell, not on the battle field, but before the shafts of disease.

Gallant gentlemen, you will soon leave us for your respective homes. Every where fond and grateful hearts await you. You will have to run the gauntlet of friendship and affection. The bondfires are already kindling upon the hills. In every grove and pleasant arbor the feast is spread. Thousands of sparkling eyes are watching eagerly for your return. Tears will fill them when they seek in vain among your thinned ranks for many a loved and familiar face; but through those tears will shine the smiles of joy and welcome, even as the rays of the morning sun glitter through the dew-drops which the sad night hath wept.

GOOD SOCIETY.—The following article, from the Portland Tribune and Bulletin, is well worthy the perusal of every young man:—

It should be the aim of young men to go into good society. We mean not the rich, the proud and fashionable, but the wise, the intelligent and the good. Where you find men that know more than you do, and from whose conversation you can gather information, it is always safe to be found. It has broken down many a man, by associating with the low where the ribald song was inculcated—and the indecent story to excite laughter and influence bad passion. Lord Clarendon attributed his success and happiness in life to association with persons more learned and virtuous than himself. If any wish to be wise and respected—if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and good. Strive for moral excellence and strict integrity, and you never will be found in the sinks of pollusion or on the benches of retailers and gamblers. Once habituate yourselves to a virtuous course; once secure a love of good society, and no punishment is greater than by accident to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

An acquaintance of ours tells a story about an eccentric friend, who went to the city and was invited to stop at his residence, instead of going to a hotel. He accordingly came with his baggage, and the carman was just leaving when he inquired:

"What place is that opposite?"
"A porter house."
"Who lives this side of you."
"An apothecary,"
"And who the other."
"An undertaker."
"Stop, stop, carman? take this trunk back again. A grog shop in front, an apothecary on one side and an undertaker on the other, I rather think there must be a grave yard in the rear by way of symmetry! Good bye neighbour." He disappeared in a jiffy.

A lawyer retained in a case of assault and battery, was cross-examining a witness in relation to the force of the blow struck. 'What kind of a blow was given?' asked the lawyer. 'A blow of the common kind.' 'Describe the blow.' 'I am not good at description.' 'Show me what kind of a blow it was.' 'I cannot.' 'You must.' 'I won't.' The lawyer appealed to the Court. The Court told the witness that if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of a blow it was he must do so. 'Do you insist upon it?' asked the witness.' 'I do.' 'Well, then since you compel me to show you, it was this kind of a blow!' at the same time suiting the action to the word, and knocking over the astonished disciple of Coke upon Littleton.

FLOWERS.—How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays: while the Indian child of the far west clasps his hands with glee, as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange buds are the bridal crowns with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and they hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine. All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.—*Mrs. Child.*

A BACKWOODS JURY.

Our readers will recollect an amusing description of an Arkansas court scene, where a certain pig stealer was summoned to answer for coveting a neighbor's hogs. This reminds another correspondent of a case described to him by a legal gentleman, as having occurred in the same State, and which will give the reader a highly lucid idea of a backwoods jury.

It appears that a character in those parts, notorious not for the most enviable and rigid system of morals, was indicted, imprisoned and about to be tried for stealing certain smoked hog—better known as bacon. Judge P——, an eminent lawyer—since a Senator in Congress—happened at the time to have business in the same court, and at the urgent request of the unfortunate victim of the law, he was induced to visit him in jail.

After a short dialogue the Judge was requested to act as his counsel—a fee of fifty dollars, at the same time being proffered. Judge ———, upon questioning the man, found; 1st, That he had stolen the Bacon; 2d, That several witnesses had seen him in the act, and were summoned to give their testimony against him, and 3d, That a portion of the Bacon was found in his actual possession. Under these circumstances Judge P—declined taking the fee, saying that he could do nothing for him, and that his conviction was certain.

"It would do no good my man," replied Judge B, "the testimony cannot fail to convict you. I cannot conscientiously take your money."

"That's my look out, Judge!" returned the prisoner. "All I want of you is to get up and talk to 'em."

The Judge being thus pressed, told the man that he would undertake the defence, but that it would be entirely futile.

The case came on the next day. The witnesses swore point blank to the identity of the prisoner, his stealing and possession of the bacon, Judge B, according to promise, got up and addressed the jury, talking to them in a way, anything rather than to the purpose, for about fifteen minutes, and the case went to the jury. What was his astonishment when they, without leaving the box, rendered a verdict of 'not guilty!' The prisoner was of course immediately liberated.

Judge B, taking him aside said—

"Well, my man, what could have induced the jury to bring in such a verdict is beyond my comprehension; how, with such testimony, they could bring you in "not guilty," is utterly unaccountable."

"Judge," said the released culprit, with a knowing wink, "*eight on 'em had some of the bacon!*"

The rascal knew perfectly well that the eminence of the counsel would shelter the jury in bringing in a verdict for the party for whom he might plead.

PASS IT ROUND.—Every "merciful man" who works a horse during the hot months, can promote its comfort by the use of the following simple shield against the teasing of flies:—Take two or three handfulls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle, and boil for a quarter of an hour; when cold it is fit for use. Moisten a sponge with it, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritable, be smeared over with the liquor.

Talk after Church.—'Well, Laura, give me a short sketch of the sermon. Where was the text?'

'Oh, I don't know, I've forgotten—but would you believe it! Mrs. V. wore that horrid bonnet of her's. I couldn't keep my eyes off it all meeting time; and Miss T. wore a new shawl that must have cost fifty dollars. I wonder her folks don't see the folly of such extravagance—and there was Miss S. with her pelisse—it's astounding what a want of taste some folks exhibit.'

'Well, if you have forgotten the sermon, you have not the audience, but which preacher do you prefer, this one or Mr. A?'

'Oh, Mr. A.; he's so handsome and so graceful, what an eye and what a set of teeth he has?'

MARRYING.—"Young women! I need not tell you to look out for your husbands, for I know that you are fixing contrivances to catch one, and are as naturally on the watch as a cat is for a mouse. Don't bait your hook with an artificial fly of beauty; if you do, the chances are ten to one that you will catch a gudgeon—some silly fool of a fish that isn't worth his weight in sawdust.—Array the inner lady with the beautiful garments of virtue, modesty, wisdom, truth, morality, and unsophisticated love, and you will dispose of yourself quicker, and to much better advantage than you would if you displayed all the gewgaws, flipperings, folde-rols, and fiddlededees in the universe. Remember that it is an awful thing to die a self-manufactured old maid."—*Dow, Jr.*

AN INDIAN IDEA.—The following is an Indian's idea of the Trinity. He had been listening to a missionary:

"Then I went home," said he, "I thought and studied long upon what my white brother told me. I was dark! very dark! I could not understand how one should be three and three should be one. At last, I looked around me; I saw water, ice, snow. I called the Father, water, the Son, ice; and the Holy Ghost, snow. There I could see three in one—all, water yet distinctly three. I then understood the speech of my white brother and the great Spirit he worshipped."