THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

JAMES M. JONES
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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TERMS

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POETRY.

For the Chronicle.

INFANCY.

Tender form of gentle clay,
In the dawn of life's young day—
Little sprite! enchanting creature!
Joy is thine in every feature;
Like the sunlight beams thine eye,
O'er thy lips and forehead high,
Smiles like wavelets on a lake,
Follow faster than they break.

Lo! how every sense expands!
Shout and clap thy tiny hands!
Speed thy little limbs to-night,
Fleeter than the northern light!
Shine again—no purer joy,
E'e[illegible] thrill the cherub-boy—
'[illegible] the morning of thy day,
Noon and night are far away.

Why the change? How mildly meek—
How subdued the pallid cheek—
And the eye is bright no more,
And the infant-shout is o'er;
Shadows cluster o'er that brow,
Bathed in floods of light but now—
Racking pain and fever wild
Are thy portion, sinless child!

Death is on thee! Light is there
'Mid thy locks of clustering hair!
And thy little hands are prest
On a chill and pulseless breast;
And the deep-lash'd eyelids close
In a calm and cold repose;
Weep not—'tis a sunbeam fled
To the glory overhead!

ION.

Easton, Md. Oct. 21, 1847.

FORGET THEE!

Oh! tell me not I shall forget
And cease of thee to dream;
This world would be all loneliness,
Nor life as life would seem.

Forget thee! When the ocean wave
Shall wake from sleep no more,
Nor speed before the fleeting winds
To beat the rock-bound shore.

Forget thee! When the opening bud,
Forgets the fragrant shower,
Or when the roving bee deserts
The honey laden flower.

Forget thee! Thoughts of thee by day,
And visions sweet by night,
Make life seem all a glorious dream,
And thou its gladdening light:

Visions sweet of a form of grace,
A form of airy lightness,
Visions sweet of an angels face,
Excelling all in brightness.

Oh! say not then I shall forget,
Or a change can ever know;
When fades this glorious dream of thee
Life's stream shall cease to flow.

* * *

ENEMIES.

Have you any enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies, is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked, that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air. They keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark:—"They are sparks, which, if you do not blow will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling, while you endeavor to live down the scandal of those who are bitterest against you. If you stop to dispute you but do as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk—there will be a reaction, if you perform your duty; and hundreds who were once alienated from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their errors.

"I am afraid that I shall come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman.

"I have come to want already" was the reply, "I want your daughter?"

The old lady opened her eyes.

LAFAYETTE.
HIS LAST VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

Again, in his old age, Lafayette determined to look on the young Republic that had escaped the disasters which had overwhelmed France. When his plans were made known, our government offered to place a national vessel at his disposal; but he declined accepting it, and embarked at Havre in a merchantman, and arrived at N. York, August 15, 1824. He was at this time sixty-seven years old.

His reception in this country, and triumphal march through it, is one of the most remarkable events in the history of the world. Such gratitude and unbounded affection were never before received by a man from a foreign nation. As he passed from Staten Island to New York, the bay was covered with gay barges decorated with streamers; and when the beautiful fleet shoved away, the bands struck up, "*On peut-on etre mieux, qu'an seiu de sa famille!*" Where can one better be than in the bosom of his family? Never did this favorite French air seem so appropriate—not even when the shattered old Guard closed sternly around its emperor, and sang it amid the fire of the enemy's guns—as when a free people thus chanted it around the venerable Lafayette. As he touched the shore, the thunder of cannon shook the city—old soldiers rushed weeping into his arms; and "Welcome Lafayette" waved from every banner, rung from every trumpet, and was caught up by every voice, till "*welcome, welcome!*" rose and fell in deafening shouts from the assembled thousands. During the four days he remained in the city, it was one constant jubilee; and when he left for Boston, all along his route, the people rose to welcome him. He travelled every night till 12 o'clock, and watchfires were kept burning on the hills along his line of progress.—Blazing through the darkness, they outshone the torches that heralded him; while in the distance the pealing of bells from every church spire, announcing his coming. The same enthusiastic joy received him at Boston; and when he returned to New York, the city was wilder than ever with excitement. In Castle Garden there was a splendid illumination in honor of him—the bridge landing to it was surmounted by a pyramid sixty feet high, with a blazing star at the top, from the centre of which flashed the name of Lafayette.—The plank covered with carpets, and trees and flowers innumerable lined the passage. Over the entrance was a triumphal arch of flowers—huge columns arose from the area, supporting arches of flowers, and statues. As he entered the wilderness of beauty, the bands struck up, "See the conquering hero comes," and shouts shook the edifice to its foundations. He had scarcely taken his seat in a splendid marquee, prepared for his reception, when the curtain before the gallery, in front of him lifted—and there was a beautiful transparency, representing La Grange, with its grounds and towers, and beneath it, "This is his home." Nothing could be more touching and affectionate than this device; and as Lafayette's eye fell upon it, a tear was seen to gather there and his lip to quiver with feeling.

"Thus the people received the people's friend." From New York he went to Albany and Troy, and one long shout of welcome rolled the length of the Hudson, as he floated up the noble stream.—Returning, he went to Philadelphia; and passing through the same scenes that had been enacted in every city he had visited, continued his route to Mount Vernon, to visit the tomb of Washington. The thundering of cannon announced his arrival at the consecrated ground, calling to his mind the time when he had seen that, now lifeless chieftain, move through the tumult of battle. Wishing no one to witness his emotion, as he stood beside the ashes of his friend, he descended alone into the vault, With trembling steps, and uncovered head, he passed down to the tomb.—The secrets of that meeting of the living with the dead, no one knows; but when the aged veteran came forth again, his face was covered with tears. He then took his son and secretary by the hand, and led them into the vault. He could not speak; his bursting heart was too full for utterance, and he mutely pointed to the coffin of Washington.—They knelt reverently beside it, kissed it, then rising, threw themselves into Lafayette's arms, and burst into tears. It was a touching scene, there in the silent vault, and worthy the noble sleeper.

From thence he went to Yorktown, when a magnficent reception was given him. Proceding South, he passed through all the principal cities, to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi, to Cincinnati, and across to Pittsburg, and finally to western New York, through which he hastened rapidly to Boston, to be present at the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker-Hill monument.

Previously to his southern trip, however, he had visited Congress, and had been received by that body with distinguished honor. A few days after, a bill was passed, giving him a hundred and forty thousand dollars, as payment, in part, for the money he expended in our behalf. He had clothed and fed our naked, starving solders at his own cost—expended money for the State; fought our battles; endured, suffered, and toiled for our welfare; yet he never asked and never expected compensation. It had been entirely a freewill offering—his youth, his wealth, his life, all, an unselfish, noble sacrifice to a weak, but brave people struggling to be free.

This generous, and yet only just remuneration took Lafayette by surprise, and affected him deeply. Indeed, to a heart like his, the open arms and overflowing affection of the people were a sufficient reward. The entire nation had risen to do him homage.

"Honor to Lafayette," "Welcome to Lafayette; the nation's guest," and such like exclamations, had met him at evary step. Flowers were strewed along his pathway—his carriage detached from the horses, and dragged by the enthusiastic crowd, along ranks of grateful freemen, who rent the heavens with their acclamations. From the heads of government down to the lowest menial, all had united in pouring blessing on his venerable head. Melted to tears by these demonstrations of love, he had moved like a father amid his children, scattering blessings wherever he went.

One of the last acts in this country, was to lay the corner-stone of the Bunker-Hill monument. He had placed the stone over Baron De Kalb's grave in South Carolina, and now it was fit that he, the last survivor of the major-generals of the American Revolution, should consecrate the first block in the grand structure. Amid the silent attention of fifty thousand spectators, this aged veteran, and friend of Washington, with uncovered head, performed the imposing ceremonies, and "Long live Lafayette," swelled up from the top of Bunker-Hill.

At length after having passed through the entire Union, in the space of a few months, he embarked the 8th of September for his native land. The Brandywine was sent out by government to convey him home; and when it reached Havre, the officers wishing to express their admiration of him, deputed their first Lieutenant, Gregory, to convey their sentiments. The young officer overcome by his feelings was unable to utter a word; but in a spirit of true heroism ran to the stern of the vessel, and snatching the flag waved there handed it to him, saying: "We cannot confide it to more glorious keeping." He then made a short address, to which Lafayette replied saying: "I hope, that displayed from the most prominent part of my house, La Grange, it will always testify to all who may see it, the kindness of the American nation towards its adopted and devoted son."

From the People's Journal.

THE HOLY LAND.

BY MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU.

JERUSALEM—THE MORNING'S WALK.

There is little pleasure in visiting the places within the walls of Jerusalem which are reported by the monks to be the scenes of the acts and sufferings of Christ. There is no certainty about these; and the spots regarding which there can be no mistake, are so interesting, that the mind and heart of the traveller turn away from such as may be fabulous. About the site of the temple there is no doubt; and beyond the walls one meets at every turn assurance of being where Christ walked and taught, and where the great events of Jewish history took place. Let us go over what I found in one ramble; and then my reader will see what it must be to take walks in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

Leaving the city by the Bethlehem gate, we descended into the valley of Hinnom, or Gehenna. Here there are many tombs cut in the rock, with entrances like door-ways. When I speak of Bethany, I shall have occasion to describe the tombs of the Jews. It was in this valley, and close by the fountain of Siloam, that, in the days of Jewish idolatry, children passed through the fire, in honor of Moloch. This is the place called Tophet in Scripture, fit to be spoken of as it was, as in image of hell. Here, in this place of corruption and cruelty, where fires hovered about living bodies, and worms preyed on the dead—here was the imagery of terror—"the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched." The scene is very different now. The slopes are terraced, that the winter rains may not wash away the soil; and these terraces were to-day green with springing wheat; and the spreading olives and fig trees cast their shadows on the rich, though stony soil. Streams were led from the pool of Siloam among the fields and gardens—and all looked cool and fresh in the once hellish spot. On the top of the opposite hill was the Field of Blood—the field bought as a burial place for strangers, by the priests to whom Judas returned his bribe. For the burial of strangers, it was used in subsequent ages; for pilgrims who died at the Holy City were laid there. It is now no longer enclosed; but a charnal-house marks the spot.

The pools all round Jerusalem are beautiful; the cool arching rock roof of some, the weed-tufted sides and clear waters of all, are delicious. The pool of Siloam is still pretty—though less so, no doubt, than when the blind man, sent to wash there, opened his eyes on its sacred stream. The fountain of Siloam is more beautiful than the pool. It lies deep in a cave, and must be reached by broad steps which wind down in the shadow. A woman sat to-day, in the dim light of reflected sunshine, washing linen in the pool.—Here it was that in days of old the priests came down with his golden pitcher, to draw water for the temple service; and hither it was that the thought of Milton came, when he sang of—

"Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God."

We were now in the valley of Jehoshaphat; and we crossed the bottom of it, where the brook Kedron must run when it runs at all; but it seems to be now merely a winter torrent, and never to have been a constant stream. When we had ascended the opposite side of the valley, we were on the Mount of Olives. The ascent was steep—now among tombs and now past fields of waving barley, flecked with the shade of olive trees. As we ascended, the opposite hill seemed to rise, and the city to spread. Two horsemen in the valley below, and a woman with a burden on her head, mounting to the city by a path on Moriah, looked so surprisingly small as to prove the grandeur of the scenery. Hereabouts it was, as it is said, and may reasonably be believed, that Jesus mourned over Jerusalem, and told his followers what would become of the noble city which here rose upon their view, crowning the sacred mount, and shining clear against the cloudless sky. Dwellers in our climate cannot conceive of such a sight as Jerusalem, seen from the summit of the Mount of Olives. The Moab mountains, over towards the Dead Sea, are dressed in the softest hues of purple, lilac, and grey. The hill country to the north is almost gaudy with its contrasts of color; its white and grey stones, red soil, and crops of vivid green. But the city is the glory—aloft on the steep—its long lines of wall clearly defining it to the sight, and every minaret and cupola, and almost every stone marked out by the brilliant sunshine against the deep blue sky. In the spaces unbuilt on within the walls, are tufts of verdure; and cypresses spring here and there from some convent garden. The green lawns of the Mosque of Omar are spread out small before the eye, with their groups of tiny gay moving people. If it is now so glorious a place to the eye, what must it have been in the days of its pride! Yet in that day, when every one looked for the exulting blessing, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces!" there came instead, the lamentation over Jerusalem, that killed the prophets and stoned the messengers of Jehovah, and whose house must be therefore left desolate.

The disciples, looking from hence upon the strength of the walls, the massiveness of the temple buildings, then springing 480 feet from the bed of the brook below, and the depth and ruggedness of the ravines surrounding the city on three sides, might well ask when those things should be, and how they should be accomplished. On the fourth side, the north, where there is no ravine, the Roman army was encamped. We could now see that rising ground, once covered with the Roman tents, but to-day with corn fields and olive grounds. The Romans encamped one legion on the Mount of Olives; but it could not do any harm to the city; and the only available point of attack—the north side—was guarded by a moat and three walls. The siege was long; so long that men's hearts failed them for fear, and at least one famished woman ate her own child: and at last the city was taken and nearly destroyed; and of the temple, not one stone was left upon another. Now we were in the midst of these scenes to-day! We stood where the doom was pronounced; below us was the camp of the single legion I have mentioned; opposite was the humbled city, with the site of the temple courts; and over to the north was the camp of the enemy.—Here was the whole scene of that "great tribulation, such as was not known from the beginning of the world."

From the summit of Olivet, we went down to the scene of that other tribulation—that anguish of mind which had perhaps never been surpassed from the beginning of the world. "When Jesus had spoken these words" (his words of cheer after the last supper,) "he went forth," we are told, "with his disciples, over the brook Kedron, where was a garden." This garden we entered to-day from the other direction, and left it by crossing the bed of the brook, It is a dreary place now, very unlike what it must have been when "Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with his diciples." It is a plot of ground on a slope above the brook, enclosed with fences of loose stones, and occupied by eight extremely old olive trees—the oldest, I should think, that we saw in all our travels. I do not mean that they could have been growing in the days of Christ. The is supposed to be impossible; though I never could learn what is the greatest age known to be attained by the olive tree. The roots of these were supported by little terraces of stones, that neither troes nor soil might be washed down the slope by the winter torrents. But little remains of these once fine trees but hollow trunks and a few straggling branches. It is with the mind's eye that we must see the filling up of this garden enclosure, when Jesus "oftimes resorted thither"—its orchard of fig, pomegranate and olive trees, and the grass o young springing corn under foot. From every part of it the approach of Judas and his party must have been visible. By their "lanters, and torches, and weapons," gleaming in the light. they must have been descending the hill from the city gate. The sleeping disciples may not have heeded the lights and footsteps of the multitude; but step by step as it wound down the steep, and then crossed the brook, and turned up to the garden, the victim knew that the hour of his fate drew on.

By the way the crowd came down, we now ascended towards the city, turning aside, however, to skirt the north wall, instead of returning home through the streets. Not to mention now other things that we saw, we noted much connected with the seige; the nature of the ground—favorable for the encampment of an army, and the shallow moat under the walls, where the Romans brought two great wooden towers on wheels, that the men in the towers might fight on a level with those on the walls, and throw misiles into the town. This scene of conflict is very quiet now. A crop of barley was ripening under the very walls; and an Arab, with a soft, mild countenance. was filling his water-skins at the pool, called the sheep-pool, near the Damascus gate. The proud Roman and despairing Jew were not more unlike each other than this Arab, with his pathetic face, was unlike them both. As he stooped under the dim arches of the rock, and his red cap came into contrast with the dark gray of the still water below, and the green of the dangling weeds over his head, our thoughts were recalled to our own day, and to a sence of the beauty we meet in every nook and corner of the Holy Land.

From this ramble, my readers may see something of what it is to take walks in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

ODD-FELLOWS FESTIVAL AT CORK, IRELAND.

A great festival of the Odd-Fellows of the city of Cork, was recently held, at which Commodore De Kay of the ship Macedonian, and Rev. Father Taylor, of Boston, were present. Father Taylor delivered a most eloquent address, on the occasion, in which among other good things, he gave utterance to the following pasionate sentiment of devotion to Odd-Fellowship:

"I am strictly imbued with religion, I am high for church principles, I am a religious devotee, yet I will tell the truth if the stars should fall; I have not known in my life the original apostolic Christianity in all its purity, such as I have found since I entered the Odd-Fellows' Lodge (hear, hear.) Recollect I am no sceptic, I believe in the Bible, I believe in the Gospel, but I would that the church had never departed from the old apostolic custom; but as they have, I am glad the Odd-Fellows have picked it up, and washed its face and held it up in the air, that the world might see brotherhood without partiality, and effection without distinction. I find the purest religion among the Odd-Fellows;—and as handmaid to the church of God, there is not a more useful institution in the world, (cheers.) I shall go home, my brethren, feeling well about the heart, for I have met my brethren with whom I wish to lay my life; and near whom stretch my form when I am gone—I have found the body with whom I hope to leave my darling idel, tender son—I would commit him to the bosom and fidelity of Odd-Fellows as soon as any body I know of, and from my knowledge and present connexion, I prefer them to be his tender guardians (cheers.)

Odd-Fellows—I am glad to find them in Ireland—the poor, I know, will not sufier while an Odd-Fellow can make two sixpences of a shilling. And lo, Mr. Chairman, they said at first the ladies were against us, but they found that their conduct was improved since they joined the Lodges, and up rose the Ladies' Odd-Fellows themselves; and it is their intention to establish a Grand Lodge, called the Maternal Lodge; this does not look like having the ladies against us. May the wives of Odd-Fellows never have to complain of the Order; may they be our advocates when modesty will close our mouths. Forgive me, Sir, for the time I have occupied; oh, if I have occupied; oh, if I were Joshua, I would make the sun come back, not one, but ten degrees. [cheers.]"

Economy in Living.—A small pamphlet has been published, entitled "The Economist, or Plain Directions about Food and Living." Its object is to benefit the poor—to teach them how they can live with comparative comfort on small means. Many of its suggestions are valuable, and though all may not be practicable, yet there are few persons who may not glean a lesson of economy from this little publication. We make room for the following:—

Is there a mechanic or laborer who finds it difficult to provide the necessaries of life for his family, and yet spends twelve-and-a-half cents a day for strong drink? Let him remember that this small sum will in one year amount to forty-five dollars sixty-two cents, and will purchase when the market are the cheapest, the following indispensable articles. viz:

3 tons of coal	$15 00
1 load of wood	1 62
3 barrels of flour	11 00
200 lbs. Indian meal	3 00
8 bushels of potatoes	4 00
200 lbs. of pork	11 00
	$45 72

Into a house thus supplied hunger and cold would not enter, And if to these articles is added what before he has felt able to purchase, abundance and comfort would be the inmates of his dwelling.

Beautieul Lines.—The following lines from Sir Humphrey Davy's Samonia:

——"I envy no quality of the mind, or intellect in others: be it genius, power, wit fancy—but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief, to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; breathes new hopes, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights, awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up to beauty and divinity; makes an insrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloomy, decay, annihilation and despair."

Rooks.—In the best books great men talk to us, and give us their most precious thoughts.—Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society and the presence of the best and greatest of our race.—No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If learned men and poets will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshhold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakspeare open to me the worlds of imagination, and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectua companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.—Channing.