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.

Written for Godey's Lady's Dollar Newspaper.

THE ORIGIN OF DEW DROPS.

When Eve forsook her favorite bowers,
The sigh'd, and her tears fell fast on the flowers,
Whose leaves, in the sunshine, the following morn,
Appeared with new lustre, thus sadly born.

From a new born star in the limitless zone
Which encircles Jehovah's glorious throne,
A bevy of Angels, at the dawn of the day,
At Eden arrived, on their homeward bound way.

Surprised at a sight, the rarest on earth,
Which sadly disturb'd the visiters mirth,
They gather'd the flowers, all studded with gems,
And wore them, entwined, as choice diadems.

Thus gayly adorn'd, returning to heaven,
The angels petitioned—God's fiat was given;
And so ever since, at the same early hour,
The crystaline gems are seen on the flower.

Whilst deck'd with the dew-drop the flowrets appear,
And a radiant smile is chasing a tear,
The sunshine—the joy, diffusing the smile—
To loveliness add an exquisite wile.

O, not then in vain wept penitent Eve,
Since a gift of such beauty the flowerets receive;
Their queen, the sweet Rose, the emblem of love,
Bears witness Eve's tears found favor above.

LECTURE FROM MRS. BROWN.

AH! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A PAPER, BROWN?

Why don't you take a paper, Brown?
I'm shure it is a shame,
That we can't get the news from town
Before it's old and tame!
There's Deacon Jones across the way,
Who gets one every week,
And he can beat you all they say,
When called upon to speak.

The reason sir is plain you know,
For when he reads it through,
His words like milk and honey flow,
And all he tells is new.
So he is taken by the hand,
For what he can impart:
While old and young around him stand,
And say the Deacon's smart!

Oh! is it not a shame, I say,
To hug your purse so tight,
When a mere bit of yellow clay
Would set the matter right?
What good is gold now can you tell,
To any of our kind,
Unless it keeps the body well
And benefits the mind?

Why don't you take the paper, Brown?
I'm sure it is a shame,
That we can't get the news from town
Before it's old and tame!
Now let us quit this simple way,
And take a worthy start,
And ere a year our friends will say,
'The Brown's are getting smart!'

AGRICULTURE.

Andrew Stephenson, once speaker of the house of Representatives, & afterwards minister to England, in an address on agriculture in Virginia, says:

"What occupation more full of dignity, duties more full of joy, than those which distinguish the husbandman! When was it that man ever rose from a state of servitude and dependence to proprietorship of land and its cultivation, that he did not learn selfrespect and become more elevated in his own esteem? Then it is that an entire change takes place. Then it is, that breathing no low or abject spirit, he reaps from the soil a harvest of virtues. Then sobriety of the father—the economy of the mother—the devoted labour of the son—the virtue of the daughter—these, these are the fruits of glorious agriculture. And this is my answer to all who decry it. I pity those who know nothing, or are incapable of enjoying that soothing, cheering, and unsurpassing influence which agriculture sheds over the mind and heart of man.

Sad Alternative.—Of two evils choose the least, nuptial ties, or bachelor's buttons.

From the Western Continent.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH;

OR,

HOW THE SCHOOLMASTER MARRIED A FORTUNE.

BY MAJOR JONES, OF PINEVILLE.

It's about ten years ago sense the incident what I'm gwine to tell tuck place. It caused a great sensation in Pineville at the time, and had the effect to make fellers monstrous careful how they runaway with other people's daughters without ther consent ever sense.

Mr. Ebenezer Doolittle was the bominablest man after rich galls that ever was. He hadn't been keepin school in Pineville more'n 6 months, before he had found out every gall in the settlement whose father had twenty niggers, and had courted all of 'em within a day's ride. He was rather old to be poplar with the galls, and somehow they didn't like his ways, and the way they did bluff him off was enough to discourage anybody but a Yankee schoolmaster what wanted to git married, and had'nt many years of grace left. But it didn't seem to make no sort of difference to him. He undertook 'em by the job. He was bound to have a rich wife out of some of 'em, and if he failed in one case, it only made him more perseverin in the next. His motto was—"never say die!"

Betty Darling, as they used to call her—old Mr. Darling's daughter, what used to live out on the Runs—was about the torn downest mischief of a gall in all Georgia. Betty was rich and handsome and smart, and had more admirers than she could shake a stick at, but she was sich a tormentin little coquet that the boys was all afraid to court her in down right earnest. When Mr. Doolittle found her out, he went rite at her like a house a-fire. She was jest the gall for him, and he was termined to have her at the risk of his life.

Well, he laid siege to old Mr. Darling's house day and night, and when he couldn't leave his school to go and see her, he rit letters to her that was enuff to throw any other gall but Betty Darling into a fit of the hipstericks to read them.—Jest as evrybody expected, after encouragin him jest enuff to make the feller believe he had the thing ded, she kicked him flat. But, shaw! he was perfectly used to that, and he was too much of a filosofer to be discouraged by sich a rebuff, when the game was worth pursuin.

He didn't lose a minnit's time, but jest brushed up and went rite at her agin. Evrybody was perfectly surprised to see him gwine back to old Mr. Darling's, after the way he had been treated by Betty; but they was a good deal more surprised, and the boys was terribly alarmed in about a mouth, at the headway he seemed to be makin in his suit. All at once, Miss Betty's conduct seemed to change towards him, and though her father and mother was terribly opposed to the match, anybody could see that she was beginnin to like the schoolmaster very well.

Things went on in this way for a while, til bimeby old Mr. Darling begun to git so uneasy about it, that he told Mr. Doolittle one day, that he mustn't come to his house no more; and that if he ketcht him sendin any more love letters and kiss verses to his daughter by his nigger galls, he'd make one of his boys give him a allired cowhidin.

But Mr. Doolittle didn't care for that neither. He could see Miss Betty when she come a shopin in the town, and ther was more'n one way to git a letter to her. What did he care for old Darling? His daughter was hed and hart in love with him, and was jest the gall to run away with him too, if she was opposed by her parents. And as for the property, he was certain to git that when once he married the gall.

One Saturday, when ther was no school, Mr. Doolittle went to old Squire Rogers, and told him he must be reddy to marry a couple that night, at exactly ten o'clock.

"Mum," ses he, "you mustn't say a word to nobody, Squire. The license is all ready, and the party wants to be very private."

Squire Rogers was one of the most accommodating old fellers in the world on sich occasions. Mrs. Rogers was a monstrous cranky, cross old lady, and nothing done the old Squire so much good as to marry other people, it didn't make no odds who they was. Besides, Mr. Doolittle was a injured man and a great scholar, in his opinion, and belonged to his church.

Mr. Doolittle had arranged the whole bisness in first rate order. Miss Betty was to meet him at the cend of her father's lane, disguised in a ridin dress borrowed for the occasion, when he was to take her in a close one horse barouche and "fly with her on the wings of love," as he sed he would, to the Squires' office, whar they was to be united in the bands of wedlock before anybody in the village know'd anything about it. He had made arrangements at the Hotel for a room, which he seed fixed up himself for the auspicious occasion, and he had writ a letter to a friend of his down in Augusty to be thar the next week, to take charge of his school, as he thought it mought be necessary for him to keep out of the way of old Darling for a few weeks, till the old feller could have time to come to.

All day Mr. Doolittle was buslin about as if he wasn't certain which end he stood on, while the sunshine of his heart beamed from his taller colored face in a way to let every body know something extroadinary was gwine to happen.

Jest after dark he mought been seen drivin out by himself in a barouche towards old Mr. Darling's. Evrybody 'spected something, and all hands was on the look out. It was plain too see Squire Rogers' importance was swelled up considerably with something, but nobody couldn't git a word out of him.

Mr. Doolittle didn't spare the lash after he got out of sight of town, and with strainin eyes and palpitatin hart, he soon reached the place appointed to meet the object of his consumin affections.

Was she thar? No! Yes! Is it? Yes, thar she is!—the dear creater. The skirt of her nankeen ridin dress, what sets close to her angelic form, flutterin in the breeze. She stands timidly crouchin in the corner of the fence holdin her vale close over her lovely face, tremblin in every jint for fear she mought be discovered and tore away from the arms of her devoted Ebenezer!

"Dearest angel!" ses he, in a low voice.

"Oh, Ebenezer!" and she kind o' fell in his arms.

"Compose yourself, my love."

"Oh, if father should——."

"Don't fear, dearest creature. My arm shall protect you agin the world.'

And then he was jest gwine to pull away her vale to kiss her.——

"Oh!" ses she, "didn't I hear somebody comin?"

"Eh?" ses he, lookin round. "Let's git in, my dear."

And with that he helped her into the barouche, and contented himself with imprintin a burnin kiss that almost signed the kid glove on her dear little hand, as he closed the door. Then jumpin on the front seat, he drove as fast as he could to town, encouragin her all the way, and swarin to her how he would love her and make her happy, and tellin her how her father and mother would forgive her and think jest as much of her as ever.

Pore gall! she was so terribly agitated that she couldn't do nothin but sob and cry, which made Mr. Doolittle love her more and sware the harder.

When they got to the Squire's office, and the boys that was on the watch seed him help her out of the barouche, evrybody know'd her at once, in spite of her disguise, and sich another excitement was never seen in Pineville. Sum of the fellers was half out of ther senses, and it was necessary to hurry the ceremony over as quick as possible for fear of bem interrupted by the row "Be quick, Squire," ses Doolittle, handin out the license, and shakin like he had a ager, "for Miss Darling is very much agitated."

The Squire hardly waited to wipe his spectacles, and didn't take time to enjoy himself in readin the ceremony slow, and puttin the dimi-semiquivers in his voice like he always did. The noise was gettin louder and louder out of doors, and sumbody was knockin to get in.

"Oh!" ses Betty, leanin on Mr. Doolittle's arm for support.

"Go on," ses Doolittle, pressin her to his side, his eyes on the Squire, and his face as white as a sheet.

"Open the door, Rogers," ses a hoarse voice outside.

But the Squire didn't hear notnin til he pronounced the last words of the ceremony, and Ebenezer Doolittle and Elizabeth Darling was pronounced man and wife.

Jest then the door opened. In rushed old Mr. Darlin; and Bill, and Sam Darling, followed by a whole heap of fellers.

The bride screamed and fell in the arms of the triumphant Doolittle.

"Take hold of her!" ses old Darling, flourishin his cane over his hed. "Take hold of the huzzy!"

"Stand off!" ses Doolittle, throwin himself in a real stage attitude, and supportin his faintin bride on one arm. "Stand off, old man! She is my lawful wife, and I claim the protection of the law."

"Knock him down!—take hold of him!" ses half a dozen; and Bill Darling grabbed the bridegroom by the neck, while Squire Rogers jumped up on the table and hollered out:

'I command the peace! I command the peace in the name of the State of Georgia!"

"She's my wife!—my lawful wife!" shouted Doolittle. "I call upon the law!"

Jest then, the bride got over her faintin fit and raised her droopin hed,—the vale fell off, and—oh, cruel fate! Mr. Ebenezer Doolittle stood petrified with horror, holding in his arms not Miss Betty but Miss Betty's waitin-maid, one of the blackest niggers in Georgia, who, at that interestin crisis, rolled her eyes upon him like two peeled onions, and throwin her arms around his neck, exclaimed—

"Dis is my dear husband what Miss Betty gin me her own self!"

Sich a shout as did foller!

"Go to the devil, you black——" ses Doolittle, tryin to pull away from her.

"Stick to him, Silla," ses the fellers, "he's yours accordin to law."

Old Squire Rodgers looked like he'd married his last couple, pore old man, and hadn't a word to say for himself. The boys and the young Darlings like to laughed themselves to deth, while old Darling, who was mad as hornet, was gwine to have Doolittle arrested for nigger stealing, right off.

Pore Doolittle! He made out, at last, to git lose from his wife, and to find the back door.—He haint never been heard of in Pineville, from that day to this.

CAMPBELL AND BRYANT.

[The following anecdote is from the pen of an English artist, who passed some months in this country, a few years ago.]

"I do not know whether you are acquainted with an anecdote of Campbell, which I have peculiar pleasure in recalling, as it is an honorable to the English as to the trains-Atlantic poet.—Before I left New York, my esteemed friend, General M——, presented me with a copy of Bryant's Poems, which, after enjoying myself, I lent to a friend. By a singular accident, I had just recovered the volume, and had it in my greatcoat pocket as I repaired to a dinner party at the house of Dr. Beauttie, the biographer of the great poet, whom I had then the honor of meeting. After dinner, and while the wine was circulating, the conversation, accidentally fell upon American poetry; and Campbell remarked that there was a poem of Bryant's with which he had been much struck, the name of which had escaped him. Upon this, I brought in the book and handed it to him. "Ay," said he, "here it is," and selected the "Thanapois," read it entirely through with the same admirable feeling and expression (I have heard his voice tremble and seen the tear start into his eye) with which I have, on other occasions, known him to quote favorite passages from Burns and Thompson—especially that description of the Enchanted Valley, in the "Castle of Indolence," which Dr. Johnson, in his life of the latter poet—so well described as "filling the imagination." The reading over, with characteristic emphasis, he dashed the book upon the table, to the imminent peril of cut glass and crockery, exclaiming, "By heaven! if that is not true poetry—why, then I know nothing about the matter!"

From the Phila. North American.

VENEZUELA—THE DEATH OF REPUBLICS.

It would appear, from the accounts from the scene of action itself, that our Puerto Cabello correspondent did not give a perfectly accurate representation of the bloody performances in the Caracas Congress, inasmuch as it represented President Monagas as the sole and immediate cause of the violence, in an attempt to reduce refractory legislators to submission by force of arms. It seems, after all, that the affair was a battle of factions—a *pronunciamento*, or revolutionary riot, of the true South American character, only a little more ferocious than usual,—a contest of one party to get the upper hand of another party, with the simple assistance of a little force and bloodshed,—in which the President was no farther implicated than as being a leading member of the one party that prevailed over the other party.

The whole history of Venezuelan politics might be written and shelved away in a nutshell. The business of the republic is a struggle of parties,—a party of *ins*, of course, and a party of *outs*,—both of them highly democratic, except that each calls the other hard names,—"aristocratic," "oligarchic," "British," &c. The President of the *ins* disgusted his party and its Congress, by appointments to office of unpopular men, apparently political enemies, bought up for his own purposes—an inexpiable offence, which Congress aimed to revenge by his impeachment and deposition. The President prepared against this, by courting the *outs* and making military preparations; in which latter particular Congress imitated him, by instituting a Congressional guard, to which the President naturally refused to furnish arms; and congress meditated the further expedient of a flight from Caracas to Puerto Cabello. Congress opened amidst intense political excitement, (which in the South American republics, mean the determination to go to blows); and accordingly, in the attempt of the Secretary of State to introduce the President's Message, or in the act of reading it, the war began, inside and outside,—a discussion of bullets and daggers,—bloody logic, butchering oratory,—"death to traitors!"—"God and Liberty!"—and all the other eloquent expedients and republican devices with which the Hispano-American freemen convince the world of their wisdom and patriotism. The President's militia and the President's mob, investing the Legislature, with the patriotic desire to prevent any unconstitutional legislation, fire a volley or two of muskets into the House, by way of proving their love of law and order; the President is very sorry for the misfortune, and protects all the members he can catch, by imprisoning them in the palace; and three or four Representatives being killed and as many wounded, the difficulty is removed: and the magnanimous Congress obeys the magnanimous President, by passing an act of amnesty dictated by him, and a decree authorizing him to raise ten thousand men and borrow a million of dollars. And thus the President's new party has achieved a great—and almost bloodless and peaceful—victory over its opponents, the President's old party.

That is the way they do things in Venezuela—Shall we ever do things thus in the United States? At this question, every American will laugh, and point to the sixty years the republic of the North has stood, under its present constitutional form, without a shock, without a trial of its capacity to resist a shock, proceeding from intestine feud; but; above all, he will point to that extroadinary moderation of the American character, (the best and noblest trait of the people of the United Sistes,) which, amid the perpetual, hot, and fierce conflicts, at every election, always secures the submission of the defeated, and the justice, if not the generosity, of the victorious faction But, still, there is dan-, even in America, from party rages. The good old bow, that has bent and unbent a thousand times, snaps, at last, in the hands of the archer. Human nature is, under all circumstances, a thing of infirmity; and passion is stronger than reason. If moderation in the day of trial be a quality which has never yet failed, we must remember, that another characteristic is, extreme excitability,—a passionate ardor and recklessness of spirit, under which we rush into contentions—into foreign war—into novel political issues and political organization—as if for the very pleasure of the tumult. We have an ultra love of party dogmas and even party abstractions; and an excessive proclivity, in some quarters at least, towards sectional bigotries. All of these are elements, if not omens, of evil,—the possible sources of future mischief. As we wax stronger as a people, the rewards of ambition become more splendid, and the temptations to wrong and violence more seducing. We have not shown that we can always remember the law or obey it; and the same indulged fury, which, in one case, makes a riot may, in another, produce a revolution.

Let us not, in fact, while we pity and despise the wretched republicans of the South, flatter ourselves too romantically with the notion of our own strength and virtue. All that we prize of liberty depends, under Providence, upon ourselves,—not upon "destiny," or any blind, unalterable fate, but upon our good sense, and fidelity to the republican principles which no American really misunderstand, or can ever diregard without peril to the commonwealth. We ought always to cultivate that moderation of political feeling, unknown among the Spanish Americans, to which we have hitherto owed, and still owe, all the prosperity of the republic. The defeated party must always yield; the successful one should always rule with gentleness. Threats and violence should be equally unknow in our legislative halls and every where else. We may change parties as we wish, and alter laws and constitutions as we desire.—Let us never know such a thing as a revolution.

Written for the Phila. Saturday Courier.

GRAPE CULTURE IN THE U. STATES.

It has long been a matter of astonishment with those well acquainted with the subject, that so little has been done in the grape culture in this country. There are so many pursuits in our widely-extended country, that the grape culture seems to have been overlooked by the cultivators of the soil generally. Many persons have supposed there was some *great mystery* in the business, and particularly in making wine.

The grape is indigenous in every State and Territory in the Union—in Canada, Mexico and California. But in Europe, there is not a vine that is indigenous—all having been originally brought from Asia; yet so long ago as 1828, France had 4,465,000 acres of land in the grape culture, producing 901,000,000 gallons of wine, worth more than two hundred millions of dollars where it was made.

We have in this country all the latitudes, climates and soils of the best wine countries of Europe; and the experience of the last few years near Reading, Pa., and the vicinity of Cincinnati, shows what can be done in wine-making in this country.

While the annual average quantity to the acre in France is a trifle over two hundred gallons, the annual average in this country comes up to four hundred and seventy-five gallons per acre.—There is now in Philadelphia wine eight years old, made from the Isabella grape, that would readily command two dollars and fifty cents per gallon—and for the simple reason that it is pure grape juice wine, made without the addition of sugar, and only one gallon of brandy to a cask of twenty-eight gallons. Later experience has shown that not a particle of brandy, or other alcohol, is necessary. For some years past, wines resembling the best Hock wines of Europe have been made at Cincinnati from the Catawba grape,—while a superior article of red wine has been made from the 'Cape' grape, here called the 'Alexander,' or 'Schuylkill Muscadel,' and all made without sugar or alcohol.

Within the last five years, more or less Champaigne has been made at Cincinnati, and last season Mr. Longworth made from a small portion of his ninety acres of vines, six thousand bottles of Champaigne, considered by good judges equal to the best of that imported from France, and which commands twelve dollars per dozen.

The culture of the grape near Reading, Pa.,—the cost and method of starting vineyards, will form the subject of another article.

B. G. BOSWELL.

History of an English Minister.—The history and rise of Mr. Labouchere, now a member of the British Cabinet, is quite curious.

It appears that in 1822, Mr. Labouchere, a clerk in the banking-house of Hope, in Amsterdam, was sent by his employers to Lord Baring, the celebrated London banker, to negotiate a loan. He displayed great skill in the management of this business, and acquired the esteem of the English banker.

"Your daughter, my lord, is a very charming girl," said he one day, to Lord Baring; "you really must grant me her hand."

"Young man," replied the banker, "no joking upon this subject, I beg! I like you very much, but you must understand that Miss Baring cannot become the wife of a mere clerk."

"But," said Mr. Labouchere, "suppose that I were to become a partner of Mr. Hope?"

"Oh! in that case, it would be very different affair; the distance between you would be immensely diminished."

Returned to Amsterdam, Mr. Labouchere said to his employer: "you must make me a partner in your house."

"But, my friend, you do not consider; you have not fortune, and——"

"But suppose I were Lord Baring's son-in-law?"

"Oh! in that case, I promise you I would not refuse you."

On the strength of these two promises, Mr. Labouchere returned to England. Two months after, he obtained the hand of Lord Baring's daughter through the promise Mr. Hope had given him of making him a partner in his house, and he became a partner in the house of Hope, thanks to Lord Baring's promise to give him his daughter.

TAKE MY HAT.—Cist says:—One would have supposed, if there was any thing new under the sun, that this was an original phrase, and born in the West. But it is obviously taken from *Shakspeare*, and may be found in *Caroilanus*, act II, scene I, where Menrius on hearing that the noble Roman is coming home, exclaims, "*Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.*"