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.

"HARRY CLAY."

BY LAUSUS.

When the last hope for freedom hath departed,
And sinks the flame bright spirit of the free;
When all the stars that into light have started
And kindled on our banner cease to be;
When fails the firmness of the fervent hearted—
Then, Harry, we shall cease to strike for thee.

Glorious Harry; in the time when faltered
The stoutest hearts, and shook the strongest hand;
When craven spirits with their honor faltered
And crouched before the tempest, thou didst stand
With glance as fearless and with brow unaltered,
As when the gentlest breeze swept o'er the land.

An oak tree, breasting all the whirlwind's power;
A stout ship, riding o'er the roughest wave;
An eagle, dashing on through sun and shower;
A good man, coming to the wished-for grave,
Are not more grandly calm than, in that hour,
Thy spirit was, thou bravest of the brave.

And far beyond this land's wide territory,
O'er the great sea thy full voiced fame hath gone:
To Greece, the home of ancient song and story,
And lands that bloom beneath a Southern sun—
There still shall beam the lustre of thy glory,
Bright as a morn-break when the night is done.

And when detraction did, for years, pursue thee,
And slander shower down her darts amain,
How spirit stirring was it then to view thee,
Meeting the hatred with a deep disdain!
Thy heart knew well the honor that was due thee,
And thou didst bide thy time, and not in vain.

Oh, not in vain! The highest, proudest token
Of a great Nation's love will soon be thine!
The fiat of the people will be spoken,
And round thy brow. their greenest wreath will twine.
Yes; by the faith which thou hast never broken,
The Nation loves thee with a love like mine.

Great, glorious Harry; when this land has taken
Its last sad parting with fair Liberty;
When our firm mountains from their base are shaken,
And our bright streams have ceased to wander free,—
Thy name, thy fame, thy precepts all forsaken—
Then will we cease to love and honor thee.

THEY ARE STILL WITH US.

We love to connect together the living and the dead, and to hold them still as one family, and feel that loved ones, removed from our sight, are still in our hearts. We love to sit down in twilight's silent hour, and call up the loved forms of the early departed, and retrace with them the paths we once trod together. We then leave the present, and live again in the past. Old familiar faces flit before the eye—old loved voices fall on the ear, and warm greetings of hand and lip bless us, as in happier days. We are again amid old scenes, and all seems unchanged. In such hours our sisters come around us, even the grave keeps them not back. They come to brighten the golden chain of early affection, to deepen the impression of words and influences, which have controlled us from our boyish days. How kindly they whisper in those sweet tones, which we can never forget. How lovingly they look upon us, in that soft expression of eye and face, which we love to cherish till the tear bedews our check, and the heart melts within us. We bless God for the victory over the grave; that death, when he seals the lip and chills the form, cannot hush that sweeter voice, nor blight that brighter vision, which lingers within the heart.—For dark would be our way, could we not gather round us all the beloved ones, and hold them in our affections, and feel that they all live into God, all live unto us. And did their influence die with them, how much would be lost of sweet sympathy and gentle restraint, which spirits, as wayward as ours, could not allow to be broken.

Read and Profit.—Life is shortened by indulgence in anger, ill-will, anxiety, grief, sorrow, and excessive care. The vital powers are wasted by excessive bodily exercise in some cases, and want of a due proportion in others.

☞The terrors even of death are no terrors to the good: he that committeth no evil hath nothing to fear.

MARY WELDEN'S PARTY,

A DREAM OF REAL LIFE.

"The course of true love never did run smooth.'

Dear reader, did you ever hear of Mary Welden's first party? Presuming on your ignorance, I will proceed to tell you all about it, or at least that portion of it that came under my own immediate notice. It came off a few weeks since, and created an intense excitement in that portion of the fashionable world in which our heroine moved. Every lady of note was invited, nothing was talked of or thought of but Miss Mary Welden and her first party. Those who had been fortunate enough to receive invitations, looked upon themselves as the most favored of mortals. While those who had enjoyed the privilege of a bare nod, or a tip of the beaver in passing the lady in question, entertained hopes even to the last day, that they would not be forgotten. Dress makers were at a premium, hair-dressers were in requisition, in short, everything "gave dreadful note of preparation." Who is Miss Welden? methinks I hear my unsophisticated reader exclaim; in pity for your ignorance, my friend, I will proceed to enlighten you. Mary Welden was one of the sweetest syrens that ever set a toil, or broke a heart; she was just turned of seventeen, and beautiful as an Houri. She had lately returned from school, after having received every accomplishment in the power of her teachers to bestow; but her acquired graces were but a tithe of her attractions. She possessed natural witchery enough to set half the blades in town by the ears: but she had still another attraction sufficient to counterbalance all the others, and throw them far in the shade. Had she been as beautiful as Venus when she first emerged from the mists of old Ocean to create a disturbance among the residents of Olympus; or a veritable "blue" for wit; all would have sunk into insignificance in comparison with the attraction of which I have spoken. In one word, gentle reader, she was an *heiress*. She was the only daughter of a rich old merchant,

"Whose constant care was to increase his store,
And keep his only child at home."

That is, at least, till he found a suitable match for her. The old gentleman was very fond and indulgent, but on one point he was decided—he was determined his daughter should never wed a man who was not pretty well off for worldly goods. He loved his daughter better than any thing else on earth, and next to her he loved money.

I had been fortunate enough to form an intimate acquaintance with the bright star that was shedding such a brilliant lustre; but I was unfortunate enough to be so badly off for the needful that I could never indulge the thought that the old gentlemen would suffer me to entertain a hope of winning the fair one, when the whole of my assets—if I except a pretty good stock of impudence—scarcely exceeded five hundred a year.—I had met her at Cape May, where everybody seems for the time being on a level. We waltzed together, we rode together, we danced together, and we promenaded together. Oh, dear! those sweet moonlight walks on the beach, where every thing, from the sighing of the fresh breeze and the tumbling of the breakers, to the cunning little hoods with which the ladies surmount their rosy faces, conspire to soften one's heart, and fit it for tender impressions. On such occasions we would extend our excursions to the run, within a short distance of the light-house, and rather beyond the usual limits of an evening promenade. Nobody, not the most modest and retiring youth in existence, could have asked for a more favorable opportunity for pressing his suit. For my own part, I felt most desperately in love, and having the opportunity for declaring my passion, did not hesitate to embrace it. I quoted Childe Harold's apostrophe to the Ocean, and she sung "Rockaway"—I wished "the desert were my dwelling place, with one fair spirit for my minister," and she agreed that it would be delightful. In short, we both, to all appearances, felt most elegantly in for it. I say "to all appearances,"—for my own part, I was sincere, as the fluttering of my poor heart at the bare mention of her name could testify; but as to her sincerity I cannot speak with equal confidence; that remains to be proved by the sequel.

After our return from the Capes, we met frequently, not altogether by accident, either. We again had our long walks, and we did not neglect to renew our old promises of constancy. The reader will bear in mind that this was without the knowledge or consent of Papa; he would never have tolerated the idea of his daughter being thrown away upon one so far inferior to her as he would doubtless have considered me.

All things must have an end; and our pleasant meetings did not prove an exception to the general rule. One morning I had met her as usual before business hours, and we had extended our walk to the outskirts of the city; she had been unusually reserved, and I had been pressing her to make me a partner in her trouble. I had dismal forebodings of some impending calamity, but could not guess its exact nature; she at length gave utterance to what I then considered my sentence to eternal misery.

'Dear Charles,' she said, 'I am afraid this must be our last meeting.'

I was thunderstruck.

'And why?' I interrogated.

'Oh you know how strict Pa is: I would not, upon any consideration, have him discover our clandestine meetings. I think he already suspects there is something wrong; in fact, he has more than once questioned me closely on the subject of my early walks.'

I used every argument I could bring to bear, to try and induce her to alter her determination. but all in vain; she was inflexible, and I was compelled to submit with the best grace I could. We did not part, however, without the most solemn pledges of faithfulness.

'Twas not long after this interview that the party that had created so great an excitement came upon the carpet. I dreaded her formal advent into society, and I knew that this party had been gotten up for the special purpose of 'bringing her out.' I looked upon it as the death blow to all my hopes, for,

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair."

The next thing that occupied my attention was the probability of my receiving an invitation. I felt confident that if Mary was left to the exercise of her own judgment I would not be left in the back ground; but there was the question. I had good reason to believe that her list would undergo a strict supervision by her father, and I felt confident, too, that the poor and obscure name of Charles Hardy, would stand a fair chance of being expunged from that respectable document.

The day preceding the eventful evening at length arrived; but no invitation arrived with it. I had hoped till then, but then, alas! hope gave way to despair. The day wore on, and I was in a complete fever, inwardly cursing all aristocrats, hardhearted fathers, etc. I was glad when the business of the day was over, that I might undisturbed give vent to the feelings of indignation that had all day long been pent up within my breast. I drew my chair close to the grate and setting myself comfortably back in it, determined to enjoy to its fullest extent mankind's grand privilege of grumbling, until the hour should arrive for closing the counting-house. I had scarcely got myself in a train, drawing parallels between the merchant princes of our own country, and the princes royal of Europe; repeating to myself the "self-evident truth" that all men were created equal, and was just about proceeding to demonstrate to myself, by good and sufficient argument that the liberties of our country could not by any possible means exist another century, unless the spirit of aristocracy was crushed; when a thundering rap at the door ended my reverie and caused me to start involuntarily, as I cried out in no very pleasant tones "come in." I did not deign to look round at the intruder until he broke silence by asking, "Is you Massa Hardy?" I answered in the affirmative, and demanded his business.

"Here is a note from Miss Mary Welden, she tell me be sure to gib it to Massa Hardy hisself, and to no other gemman, no how." I sprang from my chair, and snatching the note from the sable Mercury, dismissed him with a quarter. It is needless to say I tore it open. Here is a copy verbatim:

"Miss Mary Welden's compliments to Mr. Chas. Hardy, requesting the pleasure of his company this evening. Mr. Hardy will excuse the lateness of the invitation; circumstances beyond the control of Miss Welden, prevented her sending it an earlier period."

What was to be done? My pride was piqued, but as I now felt confident that Mary had no part in the slight, I was not long in making up my mind. I will go, I muttered to myself, and I did go. To submit my head to the hands of a barber, fit myself with a pair of unexceptionable white kids, and order a cab for nine precisely, was the work of a very short time. Without detaining my reader with a description of the various devices to which I resorted for the purpose of setting myself off to the best advantage, I will only say, that after considerable wrangling with cabmen, and running several imminent risks of soiling my patent leather boots, I was finally admitted into the house of the great man, and ushered into the gentlemen's dresssing-room; fortunately for me, as I thought at the time, I was pretty late. Consequently the dressing-room was deserted, and I was left adjust my hair, cravat, collar, &c., without exciting any remarks. When I first entered the parlor Mary advanced to meet me, and proffered her hand with the most bewitching grace.—I never saw her look so beautiful. She was attired in a suit of simple white, and entirely free from any extraneous ornament, if I except a single whith rose that nestled in her hair, fit emblem of spotless innocence. Had I never seen her before, that one glance had been enough to fill my mind with her image forever.

After the sweet girl had taken me the rounds of the room, and introduced me to the most of her young friends, she escorted me to the family quarter in the back parlor, and introduced me to her father as Mr. Hardy." I was astonished and embarrassed, but Mr. Welden soon relieved me from my awkward predicament by shaking me heartily by the hand, and seating me by his side. I soon recovered confidence, and the old gentleman displayed a great deal of tact by the manner in which he drew me into a *tete-a-tete* on the crops, stocks, shipping interests, politics, &c. I now felt myself perfectly at home. Fortunately for me we were both of the same way of thinking, and we chimed together most harmoniously.—While we were thus engaged Miss Mary came up and said, "Come, pa, we can't let you monopolize Mr. Hardy, we want him for the next cotillion." I, of course, accepted her offered hand, and together we took the lead in the quadrille about being formed. After the quadrille was over the band struck up a march, and Miss Welden proposed a promenade. We led off, and the company joined it. I now found that the attentions I had received from, and paid to our fair hostness, had caused considerable dissatisfaction, and as a consequence, had given risen to some black looks among some of the young gentry.—I cared but little for that. I felt that I was high in favor where I most desired to be, and that was all I cared for. During our promenade, I took advantage of the favorable opportunity to remind her vows, and to repeat my own. She replied, that she "had neither forgotton nor broken them." I asked her for a pledge, and begged her to promise me her hand should circumstances warrant me in demanding it. She said she would reply in a moment, and setting down at the piano, sang with profound feeling, and most consumate skill,

"'Tis vain to tell thee all I feel."

I was delighted, in fact almost intoxicated with rapture. I now felt that she was wholly my own, and the thought made me wild with delight. I staggered into a chair to avoid notice, for I felt that my cheeks were suffused with blushes, and my eyes filled with tears of joy and happiness.—Her singing had attracted a crowd of listeners! aftey they were scattered, I looked in vain for my enchantress—she had left the room. Some ten or fifteen minutes had probably elapsed, and I in a great degree recovered my composure, when I received a message by a servant informing me that Mr. Welden wished to speak to me, and designated the room in which I would find him.—I immediately obeyed the summons, and found him alone with his beautiful daughter.

"Mr. Hardy," commenced Mr. Welden, "I have noticed for some time past that my daughter has seemed exceedingly unhappy; I exerted myself to discover the cause, but not until very recently did I find out that her affections were engaged, and that for some real or imaginary cause, she concealed the fact and the object from me; until to-day I have been unable to discover who the individual is; I have now the secret, and have determined to act accordingly."

I now expected to hear my sentence of expulsion, and I verily believe I commenced trembling. Mr. Welden resumed:

"Mr. Hardy, I determined, long since, that my daughter should never wed without my consent, and was determined to withhold it until I found a man worthy for her; I had good and sufficient reasons for coming to such conclusions, and circumstances have since confirmed my resolution. I am not what I have been represented; I would never force my daughter into a marriage against her will, neither would I consent to her marrying a man whose only recommendation was the possession of wealth; far from it; I would prefer an honest, industrious and honorable man, even though he was poor, to one of the mere butterflies of fashion. My doctrine is, "Virtue makes the man; the want of it the fellow." I have been long in business, and Providence has smiled upon my efforts; I am desirous of getting a young man, in whom I can repose confidence, to take my place in the countinghouse, and in the management of my affairs, so as to enable me to enjoy the rest, age and increased infirmities seem to require.

"From the character I have heard of you, and from my own personal observation this evening. you are just the kind of a man I desire; if you like my terms you can come into my employ at once. I expect to withdraw from the concern on the first of next year; in that event, I know of no one better fitted to take my place, or better entitled to it, than Charles Hardy, my clerk and *son-in-law!*"

Mary and I both prostrated ourselves at the feet of the good old man; and gratitude and joy checked my utterance; when just at the moment I was beginning to stammer forth my thanks, a rude hand grasped me by the shoulder, and shaking me voilently, exclaimed:—

"What the dickens are you doing on the floor hugging up that chair, and cutting up such fandangoes? Why, it is eight o'clock, and the countinghouse door unfastened; get up, man and rouse yourself!"

I looked up—'twas Mr. Brown, my employer! Old Welden and his beautiful daughter disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. I had been *asleep and dreaming!* I sprang to my feet, most terribly chapfallen. It was too late to go home to tea and I adjourned to the nearest eating house. Nine o'clock—just the hour for which I had ordered the cab—saw me passing old Welden's house; a long line of private carriages and cabs stood before the door; pretty girls and dashing beaux were alighting from them. Sweet strains of music issued from the house, a bright light streamed from the halfclosed shutters. I looked up at the house, and muttering between my teeth something about pride and humbuggery, went home and to bed," and further deponent sayeth not."

EARTHLY REJOICINGS.

"Thou didst look
On thy creation and pronounce it good:
Its vallies, glorious with the summer green,
Praise thee in silent beauty, and its woods,
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn."

With a glad heart I look forth upon the green and beautiful earth. And while my feet wander o'er its lovely landscapes and my eyes are greeted with many a lovely prospect, I feel like rejoicing. Yea, I will gladly pour forth my song of joy like the sweet strains of the morning bird.—There is reason why we should rejoice, for earth is filled with rejoicings. Hark, "what delicious sounds fill the air! God has made all nature vocal with happy voices. The sea speaks his grandeur, while the forests breathe a plaintive tone.—The bird and the insect, the beast and every living thing speaks its grateful joy and the heart of man is made glad."

All around us the fair sunshine to cheer the earth; and there is the fountain, and there is the sparkling rivulet, whose waters echo with sweet and sott music as they glide. Among the leafy forest trees we hear the gently-pattering rain, the robin's note and the song of the whippoorwill.—How verdant are the woodlands; how balmy the soft zephyrs as they stir o'er the meadow or through the flowery dells! Here are the little moss cups, the meek eye of the voilet and a thousand lovely sights o'er the wide landscapes. For these, all these, O Father, we praise thee, for thou hast made them all!

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom has thou made them all." Praise is due to thy name. For "all thy works praise thee."

"O when to songs of sacred mirth
In heaven the thrilling harp we touch,
We'll praise thee for the fair green earth,
We loved in life's bright hours so much;
For, hill, and vale, and fair blue sky,
And stars and moon and glorious sun,
To cheer us while our course we run!"

Earth echoes with songs of gladness, and nature teems with objects of beauty, and is rich with sweet and joyous music. See the smiles of morn and the gentle dews of night; hear the songs of the feathered tribe among the green boughs of the wood; the trees themselves break forth into singing before the Lord, and the hills rejoice on every side. With delight the air is singing and notes of the vernal year, nature is pouring forth her harmonious lays.

"From valley and mountain, what melodies rise.
Woodland and fountain sends shouts to the skies!"

If then, all nature is glad, and earth with her ten-thousand harps. pours forth her joyous minstrelsies, let mortals catch the sound. Let the chorus of praise begin by human tongues and swell upon every breeze till it blends with the music of the skies. "Let there be music on earth as there will be eternal music and songs in heaven."

Around the fire-side let it awake. Home is the very orchestra of music. And let the laborers in the fields and the woodmen in the forest extend the grateful song, till field and forest echo with the liveliest strains of harmony and love. Let the husbandman hymn aloud his song of gladness, and the humble cottager chant his morning melodies.

Well may man rejoice. He is redeemed—redeemed with a price that is precious. Heaven now with all its immortal blessedness, on man's obedience, is promised as his eternal reward.—Streams of light, and consolation, and joy, now cheer our onward pathway to a glorious immortality! We live amid the superior illuminations of gospel day. "Our lines are fallen to us in pleasant places, we have a goodly heritage."—Our eyes behold a glorious sight—our ears hear heavenly sounds! Let the children of the most High rejoice and the sons of men be glad! Angels await to catch the echoing strains of earth and strike their harps in unison with man to tunes of wondrous melody! "O that the people would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name!"

"Praise the God of thy Salvation,
Praise his holy name my soul:
Let the warm and pure oblation
In a tide of rapture roll!
Praise him vale and sea and mountain,
Stars that still increasing roll;
Praise him every chrystal fountain,
Praise, O praise the Lord, my soul!"

Marriages.—A Western paper gives the following notice to "all whom it may concern":

"All notices of marriages where no *bride cake* is sent will be set up in small type and placed in some outlandish corner of the page. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, it will be placed conspicuously in LARGE LETTERS; but when gloves, or other bride favors are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. But when, however, the editor attends the ceremony in propia persona and *kisses* the bride, it will have *special notice*, very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be *begged*, borrowed, stolen, or coined from the brain editorial."

Charges of Marriage.—When the people talk of the expenses of a married establishment, they seem to forget the fact that there is no housekeeper equal to a wife. She is a man's best and most faithful steward; and unless she have expensive tastes, or habits of extravagance, will make a pound go further than five could do with a bachelor. I lately saw a case in point. A gentleman who from mistaken motives of prudence, declines to change his condition, made lately at my request, an abstract of his household expenditures for a year, and it exceeded considerably the outlay for the same period, of another friend who is married, and who in like manner furnished me the data I required. I may add, that both parties move in a manner becoming their condition.—Men are proverbially bad managers—and even admitting that their domestics are faithful, still the *motive* for economy is wanting, and without a motive nothing effectual can be accomplished in this or any other matter.

DILIGENCE.—Lazy folks are the drones of society, whether their position is high or low, their condition rich or poor. The industrious classes, the working; tugging, toiling, struggling, are the real salt of the earth. No person ever amounted to much in this world who idled away any considerable portion of his time. Every indivinal has a certain number of moments allotted to him. He can use or abuse, spend or misspend them, but he can never have a resupply. If he does not use them well, the ill will last forever. Many are born to wealth, live in indolence, roll in luxury and finally die of ennui. They are to be pitied rather than envied. Perhaps three-quarters of their life time is spent in vain endeavors to find something with which to please themselves.—They have every thing, but can enjoy nothing.—They live in a state of continual surfeit, every faculty is oppressed, every sense palled, every idea a conception of utter nothingness. They are wealthy in the ways of the world, but exceedingly poor in the better ways of nature and Providence.

Be True to Yourself.—The history of the world, as well as the biography of those who have played a prominent part in its concerns, is worthy of everlasting remembrance. It assures us that it matters but little what form of danger may assail a man, if he be true to himself.

Poverty may lay his chilly hand upon him, and freeze up the brightest fountain of his hope—disappointments may meet him at every step—affliction may strike down those who are nearest his heart—the foul breath of slander may attempt to sully his name, and tarnish his reputation—still let him be true to himself—let him maintain a stout heart and clear breast—and he will eventually outride the storm. Let those who are struggling with "low birth and iron fortune," remember this truth—and let them remember, that no man can be destroyed by others without fault and weakness in himself.

Native John Bullism.—The English Government have ordered every Frenchman found hereafter in England or Ireland to cut his moustaches or his stick. This is important to upholsterers, and will doubtless make a large bustle—or perhaps a great many of them—for the ladies.