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.

INVOCATION TO MOTHER EARTH.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Oh, Earth! thy face hath not the grace
That smiling Heaven did bless,
When thou wert "good," and blushing stood
In thy young loveliness:
And Mother, dear, the smile and tear,
In thee are strangely met;
Thy joy and woe together flow—
But ah, we love thee yet!

Thou still art fair, when morn's fresh air
Thrills with the lark's sweet song;
When Nature seems to wake from dreams,
And laugh and dance along:
Thou'rt fair at day, when clouds all grey
Fade into glorious blue;
When sunny hours fly o'er the flowers,
And kiss away the dew.

Thou'rt fair at eve, when skies receive
The last smiles of the sun;
When through the shades that twilight spreads,
The stars peep, one by one;
Thou'rt fair at night, when full starlight
Streams down upon the sod;
When moonlight pale, on hill and dale
Rests like the smile of God.

And thou art grand, where lakes expand,
And mighty rivers roll;
Where Ocean proud, with threat'nings loud,
Mocketh at man's control;
And grand thou art, when lightnings dart,
And gleam athwart thy sky;
When thunders peal, and forests reel,
And storms go sweeping by!

We bless thee now, for gifts that thou
Hast freely on us shed;
For dew and showers, and beauteous flowers,
And blue skies overhead;
For morn's perfume, and mid-day's bloom,
And evening's hour of mirth:
For glorious night, for all things bright,
We bless thee, Mother Earth!

But when long years of care and tears
Have come and passed away,
The time may be, when sadly we
Shall turn to thee, and say—
We are worn with life, its toils and strife,
We long, we pine for rest;
We come, we come, all wearied home,—
Room, Mother, in thy breast!

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

Night kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. And stars shone, and pure drops hung upon its blushing bosom, and watched its pure slumbers. Morning came with her dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence.

Then came the ardent sun-god sweeping from the east, and he smote the young rose with his golden shaft, and it fainted. Deserted and almost heart-broken, it dropped to the dust in its loveliness and despair.

Now the gentle breeze, who had been gambolling over the sea, pushing on the light bark, sweeping over hill and dale—by the neat cottage and still brook—fanning the fevered brow of disease, and tossing the curl of innocent childhood—came tripping along on the errands of mercy and love; and when she hastened to kiss it, and fondly bathed its forehead in cool, refreshing showers, the young rose revived, looked up and smiled, flung its ruddy arms as if in gratitude to embrace the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away when her generous task was performed—yet not without reward, for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured on her wings by the grateful rose, and the kind breeze was glad in her heart, and went away singing through the trees.

Thus charity, like the breeze which gathers a fragrance from the humble flowers it refreshes, unconsciously reaps a reward in performance of its offices of kindness and love, which steals thro' the heart like a rich perfume to bless and to cheer.

To gat rid of Flies.—Set several plates or parcels of Lime in different parts of the store or house. In a day or two you will find yourself rid of these troublesome insects almost altogether It ought to be set constantly, and renewed when the lime loses its strength.

From the New Orleans Delta.

"CHILDREN HALF PRICE."

One of the most difficult questions that bothered our boyhood, and, we suppose, a majority of our readers were similarly embarrassed, was as to the exact meaning and limitation of the phrase, "Children Half Price." When our boyish fancy was inflamed to a fever heat, by a glance at the attractive Circus bill, filled with delightful exciting pictures of intrepid equestrians, standing on the big toe of one foot, on the apex of the hind quarter of a milk white or beautifully spotted courser, or of broad-mouthed clowns hitching up their heels into double-bow knots, or of ground and lofty tumblers making rings of themselves, turning double summersets and reversing the order of nature by walking on their hands—when all these delightful and attractive pictures used to catch our young eyes, and inflame our curiosity and imagination, we were destined to experience a melancholy collapse, by reading at the bottom of these showy placards those cabalistic and ambiguous but momentous words—"*Children Half Price.*" What was the meaning of those words? This was a puzzling and perplexing question.—Did they refer to the size or the age, the dress or the bearing of applicants for admission—was the word "children" in its generic sense, so as to denote all who were possessed of childish qualities, or in its specific sense, denoting those members of the human family whose *years* were few, not those whose *ears* were long? Did it include those who, though children in years, were men in spirit, and *vice versa*? These have proved puzzling questions to all youths.

But the difficulty is still greater when the term is applied to young ladies. So it appeared in a case which was lately tried before Justice Bright, of this city. A lady keeping a boarding house had included in the advertisement of her terms, this common but enigmatical phrase, 'Children Half Price." A gay widower who having his eye on a "second wentur," was desirous of keeping up by every device in his power the pleasant delusion of "middle-agedness," had a daughter not far from 'sweet sixteen,' whom he placed at the boarding house where "children were entertained at "half price," After the young lady had been at the boarding house for some time, the widower asked for his bill, when lo, and behold! imagine his surples to find his little duck, his mere little tiddy-biddy of a daughter, put down at the full price of adult boarders. He was shocked, horrified, indignent and stupified at this extraordinary proceeding. Going immediately to his looking-glass, and seizing his brush and arranging his hair and whiskers, he apostrophized himself thus: 'Me the father of a young lady—of a grown-up female—of a marriageable, full-sized, full-appetited, firsttabled, full-bustled juvenile woman! It is preposterous! an imposition! I'll stand a suit before I'll pay it!"

The ambitious widower was as good as his word. He stood a suit, denying *in toto* the plaintiff's claim. Learned lawyers were employed on both sides, and the question came up before Justice Bright, a magistrate noted for his strong, practical views of matters. What constructed a young lady?—and what was the meaning of the phrase, "children half price?" were the points of issue.

To determine the first question, a gallant and accomplished young friend of ours, a relation of one of the most exalted characters in our nation, was called on to give his testimony, and a most searching examination did he stand with inflexible composure. The following were some of the questions put to him, and his answers:

Do you know the defendant's daughter, Miss Angelina Ann?

Ans.—I have that honor.

What is she?

Ans.—A young lady.

What do you mean by a young lady?

Ans.—A respectable youthful female.

Do you consider her a child? No.

The plaintiff here very complacently closed his case: and the defendant commenced his cross-examination:

What do you mean by a child?

Ans.—A young female human being.

What constitutes a young female human being?

Ans.—Why, a young female human being wears pinafores, long frocks, check aprons, eats large quantities of bread and butter, giggles at boys, hugs wax dolls, and plays "puss in the corner" and" "chickemy, chickemy, craney-crow"—whilst a young lady carries her hair done up behind, reads Byron and Bulwar, wears balzarines from Madame Voizin's, eschews pantalettes, casts her eyes down at the sight of young gentlemen, has a small appetite, chiefly confined to salads and sweemeats, and generally, when there's room enough, sits at the first table.

This answer was objected to—the witness having assumed to determine a strict question of law, which belonged to the Judge to decide. It was contented, however, that, as a matter or technical opinion, like the opinion of men of science in matters relating to his profession, the evidence was admissible.

"But," impatiently asked the defendant, "I wish to know of you, as a man of honor, if you consider my daughter Angelina Ann a young lady?

Ans.—As a *man of gallantry* I am bound to say yes.

The Judge here rebuked the witness by informing him that it was a naked question of fact presented to him, and he must answer according to his judgement and knowledge, and not according to honor or gallantry.

"Well," replied the witness, "I think Miss Angelina Ann *is* a young lady."

"Why, my daughter?" remarked the complacent and youthful widower, "she is a mere child."

Ans.—That is because you look upon her through such youthful eyes.

What then is your reason for saying that she is a young lady?

Ans.—Well, if you will have it, I'll tell you: Miss Angeline Ann and I have taken sundry moon-light strolls, (at this announcement the defendant lifted his eyes and hands in astonishment and horror,) when if she had been a child she should have been at home in her juvenile couch; and during those walks she frequently quoted from Moore's Melodies, Byron's Childe Harold, and sung out very sweetly too, "Oft in the stilly night," "Come reign in his bosom," and "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,"

"Is that all the proof you have of her being a young lady?" exclaimed defendant.

"No," replied the witness, "I have more. She sat at the same table with me. I observed that a nice dish of boiled cabbage and onions was placed opposite to her every day, & I could not persuaded her to touch them. It is a fixed opinion of mine, that any individual of the fieminine gender who will not touch onions stewed in butter, and nice *boiled cabbage*, is an indubitable, unquestionable, indisputable, downright young lady."

The defendant here gave up his case in despair, the Judge looked satisfied, and the plaintiff's attorney, gathering up his books and papers, retired with a quiet smile of exultation on his parchment countenance. Thus have our courts established a complete test and standard by which there will not in future be any doubt, so far as females are concerned of the true meaning of the phrase —"*Children Half Price.*"

HERCULEAN INDUSTRY.

In Prescott's History of Peru he thus notices the evidences that the ancient Peruvians emulated the Egyptians in their stupendous architecture, and surpassed them in directing their labors to a better purpose:

Those who may distrust the account of Peruvian industry, may find their doubts removed on a visit to that country. The traveller still meets, especially in the central regions of the table land, with memorials of the past, remains of temples, palaces, fortresses, teraced mountains, great military roads, aqueducts, and other public works, which, whatever degree of science they may display in their execution, astonish him by their number, the massive characters of the materials, and the grandeur of their design. Among them, perhaps, the most remarkable are the great roads, the broken remains of which are still in sufficient preservation to attest their former magnificence. There were many of these roads traversing different parts of the kingdom; but the most considerable were the two extended from Quito to Cuzco, and again diverging from the capital, continued in a souther direction toward Chili. One of these roads over the grand plateau, and the other along the lowlands on the borders of the ocean. The former was much the more difficult achievement, from the character of the country. It was conducted over pathless sierras buried in snow; galleries were cut for leagues through living rock; rivers were crossed by means of bridges that swung suspended in the air; precipices were scaled by stairways hewn out of the native bed; ravines of hideous depths were filled up with solid masonry; in short, all the difficulties that beset a wild and mountainous region, and which might appal the most courageous engineer of modern times, were encountered and successfully overcome. The length of the road, is variously estimated from fifteen hundred to two thousand mile; and stone pillars, in the manner of European mile stones, were erected at stated intervals of somewhat more than a league all along the route. Its breadth scarcely exceded twenty feet. It was built of heavy flags of free-stone, and in some parts, at least, covered with a bituminous cement which time has made harder than the stone itself. In come places, where the ravines have been filled up with masonry, the mountain torrents, wearing on it for ages, have gradually eaten a way through the base, and left the superincumbent mass—such is the cohesion of the materials—still spanning the valley like an arch!

TO BE—NOT SEEM TO BE.

"To be, rather than seem," is an old, but nevertheless an excellent mixim—and one which every person, young or old, would do well to follow.—In a world like ours, where brass often makes more display than gold, and words have more effect than actions, it is difficult to make people believe in, and strive to possess the rarer virtues of the heart. Men love to be praised, and therefore strive to appear outwardly what they are not in reality. They pass for double what they are really worth. A modest, virtuous man—one who does not obtrude himself upon the public in any way, is seldom consulted; although for real knowledge, true wisdom and superior judgment, he may not be surpassed by any of his cotemporaries. But find a man who jumps up with a "Mr. President" on his lips, at every public assembly—who cares for nobody, and loves to hear the rattling of his endless tongue—and you will see him consulted on all occasions, placed on committees, and hear him spoken of by the crowd as though he was really a worthy man. While ostentation and impudence are thus set up and respected by the public, we admit there is poor encouragement for the honest, upright and modest individual. Nevertheless, he feels strong in his own mind, and knows his own power. He would rather pass for less than he is really worth, than for more. Such a man may not be respected so much by the crowd, while he lives, but he exerts a far better influence and is more lamented when he passes off the stage. Washington, Franklin and Sherman were not thought more of, than scores who lived in their day; but while the memories of thousands have perished, theirs will never die.—They were never too forward—seldom spoke in public; but they acted—acted for God and their country, and left behind them rich legacies of thought and virtue to bless all future ages. Like them, young men, be modest and unassuming, and though the garlands of praise may not hang about your heads, your graves will be kept forever green by the tears of coming generations.

Enormous Bird.—Mr. Henderson has discovered in New Siberia, the claws of a bird, measuring each a yard in length; and the Yakuts assured him they had frequently, in their hunting excursions, met with skeletons, and even feathers of this bird, the quills of which were large enough to admit a man's arm.

This is certainly an 'enormous bird,' or an enormous *lie*,

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF SENIOR AND SENORA SANTA ANNA.

We find the following in a late letter from Mexico:

I must confess myself greatly but agreeably disappointed in the personal appearance of Santa Anna. In every action he is the essence of dignity and politeness—all that can be expected of a perfect gentleman, and the first impression, to one who knew not the history of man, would be a favorable and lasting one. A finer face I never saw, and his eye is as keen and expressive as ever man possessed. His height is about five feet eleven inches, with a well proportioned body and limbs, though a little inclined to corpulency. His hair, originally jet black, is fast turning gray, and his countenance, although a care-worn expression is perceptible, is a picture of cheerfulness, combined with resignation to misfortune. He walked about the room with a cane, but still with some difficulty, and when he seated himself, it was not without some pain in his crippled leg I must acknowledge that I visited the man with the strongest prejudices against him, but at the same time could not but feel an admiration for one who had accomplished so much with so little foundation to go upon. He possesses the reputation of a great general without having won victories. He has raised armies without means, and fed them without money; he has instilled into his countrymen an enthusiasm and affection for him which man never accomplished before with so few resources; and the cause of all is a mighty mind. No one has ever traced his career and read the masterly productions of his pen, who will judge him impartially, but will acknowledge him to be really a great man; yet his faults have been so many, his excesses so numerous, and his outrages on the first principles of honor so glaring, that no living being can judge of his actions without condemnation.

The same writer thus speaks of the lady of Santa Anna:

I cannot describe her with any degree of justice. She is rather small, but by far the most beautiful and interesting woman I have ever seen in Mexico. Her form is perfect; her countenance open and intelligent, and in a word, she is just such a person as a novelist would select for his heroine. I have heard many Mexicans say that Santa Anna does not possess her heart, but long devotion to him, and her participation in his hardships and dangers has proved otherwise to the world. She is now about twenty years of age, but does not appear more than seventeen. Santa Anna is accompanied by his brother-in-law and a daughter by his first wife, about fourteen years old, who is the very reverse of her stepmother in beauty and every other respect.

SELLING DRY GOODS

People generally think it is a very easy matter to stand behind a counter and sell dry goods; but a week's experience in the business would convince the cleverest man that it is more difficult and laborous than the task of turning a grindstone twelve hours per diem. The office of salesman embodies in its duties necessity for the screwdness of a politition, the persuasion of a lover, the politeness of a Chesterfield, the patience of Job, and the imprudence of a pickpocket. There is a salesman, who is in a store in Chatham-street, who was not long since was called to show a very fastidious and fashionable lady, who droppod in while going to Stewart's some rich cloaking.—Every article of the kind was exposed to her view—the whole store was ransacked—nothing suited. The costliest material was stigmatized as 'trash' everything was common and unfit for a lady. She "guessed she would go to Stewart's." The salesman pretended to be indignant.

"Madam" said he in a tone of injured innocense, "I have a very beautiful and rare piece of goods—a case which I divided with Mr. Stewart, who is my brother-in-law: but it would be useless to show it to you. It is the only piece left in the city.

"Oh! allow me to see it," she asked in an anxious tone, and continued, "I had no intention of annoying you, or of disparaging the merits of your wares."

The salesman, who was now watched in breathless silence by his fellow clerks, proceeded as if with reluctance and with expressions of fear that it would be injured by getting tumbled, to display an ancient piece of vesting which had been lying in the store five years, and was considered to be unsaileable. The lady examined and liked it.—How much was it a yard?

"Twenty-two shillings."

"Oh! that is very high."

"There," exclaimed he, beginning to fold it up, "I knew you would say that."

"Stay! stay! don't be in so great a hurry!" she cried—"I'll give you twenty shillings."

"Madam, you insult me again.'

"Cut me off————yards, and you can make the deduction on some velvet which I require for trimmings," entreated the fair shopper.

The salesman after much persuasion sold the vesting for which they had in vain sought to get five shillings per yard, at the price above indicated The profets of the sale, on vesting and velvet, amounted to $33, out of which the clerks were permitted to pay for a supper of oysters.—The lady had her cloak made and one or two of her friends, delighted with it bought the rest of the vesting at the same price.

There is moral in this anecdote, which we leave to be discovered by the ingenuity of all our lady readers who occasionaly go shopping.—*Island City.*

Another Patriot gone.—The members of the "Association of the Defenders of Baltimore," last week followed to the grave the mortal remains of Col. John H. Schuchtz, a patriot of the Revolution, and one of that gallant band who so nobly defended Baltimore against the assaults of the British in 1814. The deceased had lived to the good old age of 96 years.—*Balt. Clipper.*

A Chaplain at one of our State prisons, was asked by a friend how his parishoners were. "All under *conviction*"—was the answer.

THE MOURNER.

"It is very lonely, mother," murmured a fair haired, lovely girl, as she rested upon a sofa one evening, "it is very lonely now, and the night seemed very long. Shall I never see papa any more?"

"Yes, my love, you shall see me him in a brighter world than this."

"But this is a fair world," said the little girl.—"I love to run and play in the warm sunshine and pick the water cresses from the brook, and when the weather is a little warmer I shall go and gather the blue-eyed voilet, that pa said was like me."

"Too like, I fear," said the mother, as the tear-drop trembled on dropping lid, "but my child, there is a fairer world than this, where the flowers never fade; where clouds never hide the light of the glorious sky, for the glory of him whose name is love, beams brightly and forever in those golden courts; the trees that grow on the bank of the river which waters that blessed place, never fade as they do in this world; and when friends meet there, they will be parted no more, but will sing hymns of phraise to God and the Lamb forever."

"And shall I go to that happy place when I die," said the child, "and will you go with me?"

"Yes said the mother, "we shall go in God's own time; when he calls us from this life, we shall dwell forever in his presence."

It was a little while and the mother bent over the grave of this little frail flower of intellect, withered by the untimely frosts of death; but she was alone, when in the twilight shades she sat upon the grassy mound where the deep and yearning hopes of that fond heart were gathered in oblivious silence. Oh no! The soft and silvery tones of buried love whispered in the breeze that lifted the drooping flowers overcharged with the dewy tears of night. The diamond stars, that one by one, came forth upon their shining watch, seemed beaming with the light of that deathless flame, which burned undimned, upon the inmost shrine of her heart, and she enjoyed in the holy hours of solitude, that communion of pure spirits which our exalted faith alone can bestow.

SCENE IN A FRENCH CLUB.

An orator (who had doubtless dined too well) mounted the tribune, and declared that to save the country he demanded 30,000 heads! Bursts of laughter and hootings rose on all sides. The crowd cried, "To the door with him," and the orator, plunging into the crowd, quickly disappeared.

Another took his place. "Messieurs," said the new comer, "I also, like my predecessor, demand 30,000 heads." The storm recommenced. The orator, gifted with a pacific countenance, indicated by an expressive pantomine, that he desired to explain. They consented to listen to him.

"You have not entirely seized my idea," said he. "If I have demanded 30,000 heads, it is not to make bad use of them, or to hurt one hair in them. Heaven keep me from it. You will appreciate my sentiments in knowing whom I am. I am a hatter. It is in view, then, of customers that I address to you my humble request. If you give me 30,000 heads, I will give them 30,000 hats—and my fortune is made."

Bursts of ubmingled laughter hailed the tradesman's advice, and profiting by the good humor he had excited, so opportunely, the facetious hatter drew from his pockets and launched from the tribune upon the crowd, handsful of cards, bearing his name, business and address.

Jo Sacabasin's Receipt.—Jo, one of our Penobscot Indians, was not long since sued for the sum of $5 by a white man, before Squire Johnson.—On the day of his trial, Jo made his appearance and tendered the requisite amount for debt and cost, and demanded a receipt in full.

'Why Jo, it is not usual—it is entirely unnecessary,' said the Squire.

'O yes, me want 'um receipt, sartin.'

'I tell you, Jo, a receipt will do you no good.'

'Sartin, Squire Johnson, I want 'um.'

'What do you want it for, Jo?'

'O, suppose me die and go to Heaven—then suppose they say, 'Well, Jo Sacabasin, you owe any man now?' Then me say no. 'Very well—did you pay 'um Ben Johnson? O yes, me pay 'um. 'Well then 'spose show 'um receipt.—Then me have to go way down—and run all over h——l to hunt 'um up squire Johnson.

Sharp.—A little boy, not over ten years of age, was seen the other day cramming his mouth full of "fine cut," when a gentleman standing by, somewhat amused at the spectacle, asked him what he chewed tobacco for. "What do I chew tobacco for?" replied the boy: "why, sir, I chew it to get the strength out of it, to be sure, what d'ye think I chew it for?"

A Disgusting Sight.—A few evenings ago, in Cincinnati, a female, her fingers covered with gold rings, and her body covered with a cloth cloak, was discovered sleeping in a stable, and so drunk that she was unable to stand, much less to walk. By her side was an empty whisky flask, she having doubtless swallowed the contents.

An exchange informs us that a man in the Detroit jail wishes he had the small pox, so that he could break out.

A negro passing along the street, was astonished at hearing a voice call out—"How dy'e do Snowball?" and on looking up observed it proceeded from a guilt cage. "Ah, massa Parrott," said blackee, "you very great man here, you live in gold house now but me know your fader very well, he lib in de bush."

It is said—by some Yankee of course—to be an excellent plan always to measure a man's length before you kick him, for it is better to bear an insult than to make an unsuccessful attempt at thrashing a fellow, and get your eye teeth knocked out.

Married.—Messrs. Epes Sergeant and Park Benjamin, well known in the world editorial, have within a few days been married.