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.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

BY REV. J. G. LYONS, LL. D.

Along the smooth and slender wires,
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun;
No peals or flashes heard or seen
Their wondrous flight betray,
And yet their words are quickly felt
In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat, nor winter's hail,
Can check their rapid course;
They meet unmov'd the fierce wind's rage,
The rough wave's sweeping force:
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush, with news of weal or wo,
To thousands far away.

But, faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord,—
Of him who, taught in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here on Earth
With bright worlds far away.

Ay! though nor outward wish is breath'd,
Nor outward answer given,
The sighing of that humble heart
Is known and felt in Heaven:
Those long frail wires may bend and break,
Those viewless heralds stray,
But Faith's least word shall reach the throne
Of God, though far away.

SPORTING WITH FEMALE AFFECTIONS.

"Man cannot act a more perfidious part,
Than use his utmost efforts to obtain
A confidence in order to deceive."

Honor and integrity ought to be the leading principles of every transaction in life. These are virtues highly requisite, notwithstanding they are too frequently disregarded. Whatever pursuits individuals are in quest of, sincerity in profession, steadfastness in pursuit, and punctuality in discharging engagements, are indispensably incumbent. A man of honest integrity, and uprightness in his dealings with his fellow creatures, is sure to gain the confidence and applause of all good men; whilst he who acts from dishonest or designing principles, obtains deserved contempt. Dishonest proceedings in word or deed, are very offensive to, and unjustifiable in the sight of God and man, even in trivial, but much more so in consequential affairs. The most perfect uprightness is highly requisite between man and man, though it is too often disregarded, and is much more so between the sexes. Every profession of regard should be without dissembling, every promise preserved inviolate, and every engagement faithfully discharged. No one ought to make any offer or pretensions to a lady, before he is, in a great measure, certain that her person, her temper, and qualifications suit his circumstances, and agree perfectly with his own temper and way of thinking. For a similarity of mind and manners is very necessary to render the bonds of love permanent, and those of marriage happy.

"Marriage the happiest state of life should be,
If hands were only joined where hearts agree."

The man of uprightness and integrity of heart, will not only observe the beauties of the mind, the goodness of the heart, the dignity of sentiment and the delicacy of wit, but will strive to fix his affections on such permanent endowments before he pledges his faith to any lady.

Curiosity Satisfied.—Lady Jekyll asked William Whiston of be-rhymed name and eccentrick memory, one day to resolve a difficulty which occurred to her, in the Mosaic account of the creation. "Since it pleased God, Sir," said she, "to create the woman out of the man, why did he form it out of the rib rather than any other part?" Whiston scratched his head, and answered, "Indeed, madam, I do not know, unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body." "There!" said her husband, "you have it now: I hope you are satisfied."—*Southey's Doctor.*

NEW YORK AS IT IS—MATRIMONIAL AFFIARS.

In a great city like this, where so many thousands of people of both sexes are brought together, under an infinite variety of circumstances, it must of necessity happen that matrimonial connexions of the most singular character should occasionally be formed, and that cases of curious felicity or infelicity should exist, the details of which would be stranger than fiction itself.—There are thousands of yound and marriageable men, living in hotels and boarding houses, who are rarely, if ever, brought into contact with intelligent woman of their own class, in that kind of society most favorable for the formation of a matrimonial connexion, to wit, the domestic circle—and thousands of young women, who should be well mated, to fulfil the purposes of their existence, but who have no opportunity for obtaining introductions to many persons of the other sex who need them. Hence have sprung up a variety of customs, which, in a community less numerous, would be considered a most extroardinary character. We allude, for instance, to the practice of gentlemen advertising for wives, in the newspapers, and ladies advertising for husbands: That some of the advertisements are inserted merely for sport, and without any sincerity on the part of the advertisers, we are well aware. But some of them we also know to be perfectly genuine, and honest in all their statements. So far, indeed, has this rage for advertising for wives and husbands extended, that it has been found to be an object to establish a sort of matrimonial intelligence office, or lovers' brokerage for the negotiation of matrimonial engagements; and an establishment of this kind has really been in operation in this city for nearly a year, and has done a thriving business. Despairing swains may here desposite a description of the kind of partner they would desire, and in due course of time be introduced to the maiden, or widow, who might be disposed to accept such a mate, and with whom of course, all trouble about "popping the question" would be entirely removed, and the subjeot might be discussed, at once, without those distressing preliminaries which sometimes stand in the way of bashful lovers. To a "man of few words" this arrangement must certainly be a delightful one—robbing the subject of courtship of that fearful idea, which hangs like the dreaded chill of a shower bath, over the hope of marriage.

But not alone to get people into the marriage state, are ingenious contrivances provided, in this great city—but also, after they are in, a systematic arrangement for getting the poor creatures out again! There are two great classes of people in the matrimonial market—one who wish to get married, and one, scarcely less numerous, who wish to get *un*-married! To accomplish the last of these objects, is perhaps rather more difficult than the first; but still, we presume, not beyond the ingenuity of man, under the favorable laws of this and other States. We therefore find, in the newspaper, advertisements addressed to "unhappy wives and husbands," in which the advertiser, some limb of the law informs the unfortunate speculator in matrimonial stock, that having had great experience in divorce cases, he tenders his services to those who wish to be released from the ties of matrimony, or to be again rendered eligible, after any ill luck in these matters, for another trial of its dangerous delights. These gentlemen speak highly of their skill and efficiency, in unloosing "the silken tie," and do not hesitate to hint that when too firmly knotted to yield to ordinary means, they know how to dissolve it, without the usual formalities. This is a queer old world, truely, and "New York as it is" presents to the observing eye some of the queerest of its features.—*N. Y. Express.*

DEAN SWIFT AND THE TAILOR.

A tailor in Dublin, near the residence of the Dean, took it into the "nin-h part" of his head that he was specially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies, and especially the book of revelations. Quitting the shop-board, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet, until his customers had left his shop, and his family were likely to famish. His monomania was well known to the Dean, who benevolently watched for an opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts. One night, the tailor, as he fancied, got an especial revelation to go and convert Dean Swift, and the next morning took up the line of march for the Deanery. The Dean, whose study was furnished with a glass door, saw the tailor approach and instantly surmised the nature of his errand. Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity and thoughtfulness, with the Bible open before him, and his eyes fixed on the 10th chapter of Revelations, he waited his approach. The door opened, and the tailor was announced, in an unearthly voice—

'Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty to announce to you.'

'Come my friend,' said the Dean, 'I am in great trouble, and no doubt the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty.'

This unexpected welcome inspired the tailor, and strengthaned his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the discourse.

'My friend,' said the Dean, 'I have just been reading the 10th chapter of Revelations, and am greatly distressed at a difficulty I have met with; and you are the very man sent to help me out.—Here is an account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he placed one foot upon the earth, and the other upon the sea, and lifted up his hands to heaven. Now my knowledge of mathematics,' continued the Dean, 'has enabled me to calculate exactly the size and form of this angel; but I am in great difficulty, for I wish to ascertain how much cloth it will take to make him a pair of breeches, and as that is in your line of business, I have no doubt that the Lord has sent you to show me.'

This exposition came like an electric shock to the poor tailor! he rushed from the house, ran to his shop and a sudden revulsion of thought and feeling came over him. Making breeches was exactly in his line of business. He returned to his occupation thoroughly cured of his prophetical revelation by the wit of the Dean.

THE FATAL VALENTINE.

BY CHAS. LANMAN.

Mary Marlowe was a beautiful girl and the only child of devoted parents. Her father was a merchant in moderate circumstances, and resided in one of the more secluded streets of the great emporium of our land. The society to which they belonged was of the highest respectability, but the life led by each member of the family was distinguished for its peacefulness.

All the young men who were acquainted with the only daughter were charmed by her accomplished mind, personal beauty, and the sweetness of her voice. But among those who aspired to her hand and heart, was one who has been received as an accepted lover. The parties were worthy of each other, and the love which was daily uniting them into one being, was eminently refined and pure. Charming beyond comparison were the scenes which the lover was constantly picturing to his mind, but the smiles of his lady constituted the sunlight of every scene; and she, too, cherished many a vision of unalloyed happiness, and the thought never entered her mind that the world contained a single cloud that could possibly cast a shadow over her heart.—Like a young and vigorous tree of the forest, the young man stood among his fellows; and like a flower in a remote dell dwelt the heroine of our story, her quiet home.

It was the evening of St. Valentine's Day, and Mary Marlowe was seated before a comfortable fire; now thoughtfully peering into the glowing grate, and enjoying some of the passages of long-fellw's Hyperion. Her father was absent from home on some charitable errand, while her mother and a country cousin who was making her a winter visit, were spending the evening with a neighboring family. And it so happened, too, that Mary's lover was absent from the city, so that beautiful damsel was entirely alone. Yes she was indeed alone, but far from being in a lonely mood, for her thoughts were with her lover and she amused herself by dwelling upon the treasures of her newly discovered ideal world.

But now the damsel is starled by the sudden ringing of the street door bell, and the servant presently makes his appearance in the parlor with a note addressed to Mary Marlowe. She recognises the hand writing—it is from her lover, and quickly does she fix herself comfortably in the old chair to enjoy the anticipated luxury. She opens the letter, and reads as follows:

"My dear Mary—You are indeed dear to me, but at the same time I think you are a cold hearted girl, and I fear that you possess a timid and bashful disposition, which would never be reconciled to my sterner nature. In view of this deeply-rooted belief, I have conceived the idea of bringing our intimacy of half a year to an immediate close. And what more appropriate season could be selected for our separation than the present, when as I doubt not, you are well-nigh overwhelmed with the missives of St. Valentine, and can, in a moment, select a worthy lover from the many who have sought your hand? And now that I may be in fashion, I subscribe myself.

YOUR FRIEND AND VALENTINE."

The cruel arrow has pierced the maiden's heart and by the calm despair now resting on her brow, we tremble for her fate. Tears come not to her relief—the crimson current in her veins has ceased to flow, and she falls into the hollow of her chair in a deep swoom. And now she is visited by a dream, and if we are to believe the story of her countenance, strange and fearful must be the character of that dream.

* * * * *

It is now ten o'clock; the family have all returned, and our Mary has recovered from her swoon. Laughingly does her mother talk to her about her housekeeping duties, for her drooping eyelids intimate the idea that she has enjoyed a comfortable nap. To this a pleasant reply is returned, accompanied with a kiss for all present, but none, save our poor Mary, can see the heavy cloud brooding upon the household. A few moments more and the family have all retired to their several apartments, and the house is shrouded in silence.

As usual, Mary and her cousin are to occupy the same bed, and the latter, being uncommonly drowsy, is soon lost in a sweet slumber. And now let us watch with care the movements of her companion, who, when last noticed by the sleeper was poring over the pages of her Bible. Noiselessly do her footsteps fall upon the carpet, as she goes to the closet for a small vial, which she examines, and then places upon her dressing case. Drawer after drawer is opened, and on one or two chairs are displayed the various articles which compose the dress of a bride. And now the lady retires to a bath, and then comes forth with a ruddy glow upon her cheek, her flowing hair is bound into its beautiful folds, and in a short time she stands before her mirror, decked in spotless white, as if for a virgin festival. What does all this mean? Alas! our Mary is "the queen of a fantastic realm."

But, lo! another change. The lamp has been extinguished, and our Mary is upon her knees at prayer, with her hands closely clasped, and her full liquid eye turned heavenward. The mellow moon's light steals sweetly through the open curtains, adding an unwonted brightness, as it were, to the figure of the praying girl. Not a sound is there to break the holy silence of the place—no sound save the almost inaudible words of this strange prayer:

"Father in heaven, I cannot understand the decree of thy Providence, but I submit to thy dispensation without a murmur. I knew that in my womanly idolatry, I was forgetting thee, and now I beseech thee, in thine infinite love, to have mercy upon me, and wash my soul from every transgression. Have mercy, also, O God, upon him who has broken my heart; comfort my parents in their declining years, and answer my prayer, thro' the merits of thy Son, the Redeemer of the world I come to dwell with thee, if thou wilt receive me to thy bosom. Amen and Amen."

* * * * * *

Morning dawned, and the pleasant sunshine was flooding the world with beauty. Our Mary's cousin was the first to awaken from slumber, when she encircled her bed-fellow with her arms, and imprinted an affectionate kiss upon her lips; one moment more, and she was petrified with horror—for Mary Marlowe was numbered with the dead.

On the third day after that of St. Valentine, the lover of the unhappy suicide returned to the city. He found not his beloved in the pleasant parlor of her father, but a sleeper in the voiceless and desolate tomb. The fatal valentine was found and submitted to his inspection. He avowed his utter ignorance of it, and having fallen into a settled melancholy, is now a raving maniac. As to the thoughtless and wicked man who wrote the foolish valentine, his name and purpose are alike unknown.

NOTE.—The prominent features of this incident actually occurred in the city of New York in Februry, 1847.

WHIG NOMINATIONS.

The Boston Atlas of Tuesday contains the following article in relation to the course pursued by two of the delegates from Massachusetts to the late Whig Convention in Philadelphia:

The assertion made in the National Whig convention, by the Hon. Charles Allen, a delegate from the Worcester District, that the nomination of Gen. Taylor "had dissolved the Whig party," meets with little response from the Whigs of Massachusetts; and he will find out, between this and November, that the Whig party has yet an existence, and that too in old Massachusetts.—Mr. Wilson, another delegate from this State, took substantially the same view of the question, and he added, that "so help him God, he would go home and do what he could to defeat the nomination." The Whig party, however, is not to be dissolved so easily, nor is it in the power of Mr. Wilson or any other man to defeat the nomination. He will find plenty of Whigs in the old Bay State, young men, like himself, who stand ready to meet him on the stump, and discuss the question before the people, whenever he or his colleague, or those who go with them, are ready for the discussion. We say this not in the spirit of idle bravado, but in sober earnestness. The people of Massachusetts are a reflecting and sensible people, who will listen to reason and argument; and if a case cannot be made out for the Philadelphia nominations, then we are willing that they be defeated.

From what we learn, an attempt, long since begun, but kept quiet, is now in progress of fulfilment, to get Whig voters to sign papers, pledging them not to sustain the nominations—a plan undoubtedly designed to entrap voters. We hope the Whigs will be on their guard, and not suffer themselves hastily to put their names on those papers. Take time to reflect and investigate the subject, weigh well the benefits to be gained, and the losses that will accrue by the election or defeat of General Taylor or Lewis Cass. Let it be borne in mind, that the leading men engaged in this work, including both Judge Allen and Mr. Wilson, were as active at the Springfield convention last fall, to defeat the nomination of Daniel Webster, as they are now to defeat the nominations of Taylor and Fillmore. May they meet with like success.

The Augusta, Georgia, Chronicle thus notices the Whig nominations:

It is with unaffected joy and confidence of success that we place the distinguished names Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore at the head of our columns this morning as candidates for President and Vice President of the United States.—In common with thousands of political friends, Mr. Clay was our first choice for the Chief Magistracy of the Union; but his nomination, on the mature consideration of the delegates from the whole country, having been regarded as not advisable, it becomes us and all true Whigs to yield to the worthy nominees of the National Convention a cordial and earnest support. This they will receive; for it is no part of the political creed of the great conservative party to which we belong to place the elevation of particular men above the success of principles. Gen. Taylor "is a Whig, but not an ultra one."

All partizan ultraism is what we especially dislike. In this dislike there are tens of thousands of voters in the Democratic ranks who concur with us in feeling. They honestly reprobate political ultraism; and on that account will refuse to support the most *ultra* politician, Lewis Cass.

They will vote for a moderate and sound man, although a Whig. The mass of electors of all parties are alike honest, patriotic, and intelligent, and they much prefer a man who has long and ably served his country, to one who has long, but not ably served his party. Gen. Cass did not ably serve the Democratic party, to say nothing of the country, when he persisted in urging Congress and the Administration to "take the whole of Oregon or none." His and Mr. Polk's unnecessary war with Mexico, has proved disastrous to the Democratic party; for it served to cut down its majority in the popular branch of the National Legislature of some fifty or sixty, to a minority, as was shown by the election of a Whig Speaker. Indeed, the ultraism of the leaders of the Democratic party has thrown it into a clear minority in the Nation, where it is likely to remain for many years to come.

From the Harrisburg Telegraph.

'Tis done. The nomination is made. General Zachary Taylor, *is the next President of the United States.* We contended for a different result. Another standard bearer was our choice. The bullet-battered hero, who from Lundy's Lane to the gates of Mexico, has born our banner through storm and battle ever to victory, was the man whom our heart loved, and whom we verily believed a majority of the people of Pennsylvania desired for their leader in this campaign. But the Convention, in its wisdom, has decided differently. Be it so. We submit.

Four years from hence we shall expect to obtain our choice. In the meantime, we fling to the breeze the banner incribed with the names of Zachary Taylor, of the Union, and Millard Fillmore, of New York. We shall struggle for their election with all the energies which we possess. Preferring another, we adopt the nominee of the National Convention, in no grudging spirit, and shall give him no half way support. He is a whig. He is embued with whig principles. He is honest as he is fearless. He is capable, as he is modest. Brave as a lion, he is a man of peace. The General of armies, he is ever submissive to the People's will. The Victor of Battle-fields he was ever prompt at the calls of mercy and humanity. Such a man will adorn the Presidential office. He will bring back the golden age of the Fathers of the Republic. He is worthy to fill the chair of Washington. He will be elected by acclamation.

Of the election of General TAYLOR, we entertain not a doubt; nor of the soundness and popularity of his administration. He is emphatically one of nature's noblemen, who at once deserve and command the confidence of the popular heart. He is indebted to no party for his lofty position before the American people and the world. He did not stoop from his proud manliness to compass the Chief-Magistracy of this great Republic. "I shall engage," he says, "in no schemes, no combinations no intrigues. If the American people have not confidence in me they ought not to give me their suffrages." This noble self-reliance puts to shame the fifty-four forty clap-trap of such partizans as LEWIS CASS. The intelligent electors of thirty States will rejoice to choose a President who "has no private aims to accomplish—no party purposes to build up—no enemies to punish—nothing but his country serve." He believes that Whig policy is best calculated to promote the peace, good order and prosperity of the Nation, and keep it clear of all wars and entangled alliances with foreign powers. Like Washington, he is therefore a Whig.

OLD ZACK AND HIS MEN.—It is said, that the night before the battle of Monterey, a number of the regulars as well as volunteers, were trying to make themselves *scarce!* When Old Zack heard of this feeling among the men, he ordered an old man not scared at trifles, but who had been found crawling off under very suspicious circumstances, to be brought before him. "Why, Borden," said Old Zack, "I'm told you were trying to desert your colors; *you* certainly are not a man of that stripe?" "Well, Gineral," said the downeast soldier, "to tell you the God's truth, I was, and am sort of skeer'd a little, for they say old Santy's got 'bout fifty thousand the best troops in Mexico, has picked his ground and will give the boys here the hardest fight any of us ever did see!—So I thought ther'd be a mighty small chance for our crowd to-morrow, and the *best* chance for awhile would be to——," "Well, you go back to your mess, things look a *little* desperate to-night, but do your duty to-morrow, and if we *lose* the fight, come and find me, *and I'll desert with you.*

Printing Presses, Pulpits and Women.—These are the three great levers that govern the movements of the world. Without them, the bottom would fall out—society would become chaos again. The press makes people patriotic, the pulpit religious, but women answereth all things.—There would be no going to church if there were no girls there—neither would there be any going to war, were the soldiers to meet with no applause except from the masculines. Without the sunshine shed by woman, the rosebuds of affection would never blow, nor the flowers of eloquence germinate. In short, she is the steam engine of delight, and the great motive power of love, valor and civilization.

A Great Discovery.—Mr. David Ishman, a machinist of Hartford, Connecticut, it is stated, has recently invented a process by which cast iron can be converted almost instantly, and with but slight expense and labor, into steel. Twenty minutes only is necessary to convert a ton of iron into steel of the best quality, a process ordinarily requiring from six to ten days. The inventor has been offered $12,000 for the patent right for the State of Pennsylvania alone. Articles manufactured from steel thus prepared, have been proved and found equal to those manufactured from the best English steel. If this invention is really what it purports to be, it will destroy one great branch of English labor, add much to the wealth of this country.

The Dead Sea Expedition.—On the 23d April last, Lieut. W. F. Lynch, of the United States Navy, commanding the exploring expedition to the Dead Sea, was afloat on that sea, with his boats launched, the weather mild, and all his party safe and well.