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."

TERMS $2 50 PER ANNUM OR $2, IF PAID IN ADVANCE

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TERMS

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POETRY.

SPIRIT OF THE IRISH PRESS.

The following from the Dublin Nation, though femenine by signature, has the rough ring of Irish "Felony" about it:

DOWN BRITANNIA.—BY EVA.

Down Britannia!—brigand down!
No more to rule with sceptred hand;
Truth raises o'er thy throne at last
Her exercising wand.
I see "the fingers on the wall"—
The proud, the thrice accursed shall fall—
Down Britannia, down!

Jubilate!—rings the cry
Exultingly from pole to pole,
With bended knee and glistening eye,
Glad shouts of triumph roll.
Io pæan—raise the song!
From sea to shore it sweeps along—
Down Britannia, down!

For cold deceit through long, long years,
For iron rule with blood-stained sword,
For brave man's life and woman's tears,
For basely broken word,
There comes a loud terrific voice,
Bidding the long oppressed rejoice—
Down Britannia, down!

The golden sands of Idian clime—
The China towers of old Pekin,
Have seen the desolating print
Of thy dark hoof of sin;
And, ground and plundered to the death,
Their children cry, with latest breath,
Down Britannia, down!

Yes! down—if Heaven will aid the brave;
If life and strength have but *this* aim,
Accounting blood and toil as nought,
So trampled be thy name.
God grant to us the final blow,
Unto the dust to strike thee low.
Down Britannia, down!

For this have heroes fought and bled;
For this have pined in exile lone;
For this the gallows bore its fruit,
And yet it has not won;
But, oh! 'tis worth a struggle yet,
Though every hearth with blood were wet!
Down Britannia, down!

When *banded* are the good and true,
We know at last *the word* is said;
We march along the glorious way,
By heavenly teaching led.
Oh! 'tis at last the holy hour
For all to cry, with prophet power
Down Britannia, down!

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

Despise not the day of small things. This sentence contains wisdom and philosophy, as well as scripture. It is very easy and natural to sneer at small beginnings and humble means, but it is not always wise to do so. It is better to commence on an humble scale, and come out in good style at last, than se suffer a severe collapse after an extensive and ridiculous flourish. Some men will do better with a six-pence, than they would if half the fortune of Astor had been given them to commence with. We have heard it told of a man worth his millions, that he commenced by by selling fruit at a street stall. We have seen boys at school roll a handful of snow upon the ground, till by its accumulated matter, it became so bulky, that a dozen could scarcely move it. Sands make the mountain, moments make the year, drops make the ocean; and so, lettle endeavors, earnestly, unceasingly, and honestly put forth, make the great men in the world's history.

We say, then, don't despise the day of small things. If you have an undertaking to accomplish, or a good thing to bring about, begin according to your means, and never be discouraged because you cannot make so magnificent a commencement as you would wish. Old King John the Frenchman, five hundred years ago, took it into his head to found a library: and he began with—what do you suppose?—*ten volumes*. But he knew what he was about; for that library—the Royal Library of Paris—is now the most magnificent public library in the world, and contains 700,000 volumes.

A whale one day came frolicking in the harbor of Nantucket, a short time after the first settlement of that island, and as for many hours it continued there, the enterprising inhabitants were induced to contrive and prepare a large barbed iron with a strong cord attached, with which they finally succeeded in securing this monster. A small matter, truly; but it was the commencement of a business which has added millions to the wealth of the people—the incipient introduction to an enterprise which nearly three quarters of a century ago extorted a noble tribute of admiration from Edmund Burke, on the floor of the British Parliament.

Two fishermen in Holland once had a dispute in a tavern, whether the fish takes the hook, or the hook takes the fish. From this trivial circumstance arose two opposing parties, the "Hooks," and "Cobble Joints," who for two centuries divided the nation and maintained the contest nót unlike that between the red and white roses of England.

There is a traditionary counterpart to this in our own history. We allude to the story of the pig, whose stupid obstinacy, we are gravely told, involved us in a war with Great Britain, in 1812. There is nothing incredible about it, however, and, as most of our readers are too young to recollect the anecdote, we will venture to repeat it.

"Two neighbors, both of the old federal school of politics, who had lived in the city of Providence chanced to quarrel. And it so happened, one was the owner of a pig, who had an irresistible inclination to perambulate in the garden of the next neighbor. The owner of the garden complained of the pig-sty being insufficient to restrain the pig, and the neighbor replied, it was all because he kept his fence in such bad repair. The pig was taking his morning walk when he was surprised in the act of rooting up some very valuable bulbous roots; this was the last "feather:" the owner of the garden put a pitchfork into his tender sides, and killed him outright. At the coming election, the owner of the garden was a candidate for the Legislature, and failed by one vote, the vote of his incensed neighbor, who voted against him. At the election of Senator the Democratic candidate was elected by one vote—and when the question of war with England was before the Senate, it was declared by a majority of one vote—so that but for this pig we should have been probably saved from this war."

It is related of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that when a boy, he was one day observed by a gentleman in the neighborhood of Sheffield, very earnestly engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing; and with great simplicity the boy replied, "I am cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this the gentleman asking to see what he had done, and pronouncing it to be an excellent likeness, presented the youth with a sixpence. This may be reckoned as the first money Chantrey ever received for the production of his art; and from such a beginning it was that arose this greatest of modern artists.

Again we say, despise not small beginnings, nor look with supercilious contempt upon every thing which appears insignificant and trifling.—Trifles are not so plenty in this world as many of us imagine. A philosopher has observed that wars, involving mischief to great nations, have arisen from a mystical dispatch being written in a fit of indigestion! When Alexander Pope received his present of Turkey figs, he little thought that a twig from the basket was to be the means of introducing the weeping willow into England and America. So is this world made up and governed by trifles, at first too small to attract notice; and the wise man will not only cultivate sharp eyes, but attentive habits, making the most and best of everything, and despiseth nothing small, but small SOULS.

REFUSED MEN.

I think a woman has never such a chance to make a friend. Treated with delicacy and his secret kept, a refused lover, if he is a man of sense, will always feel a most tender interest in the woman he has once made up his mind to give his life to, and (more valuable result, still,) his feelings towards her will be of a deferential and half-reproachful character, which will give his future attentions that subdued respectfulness which the world interprets as the involuntary tribute to goodness. A superior woman usually has occasion—for some reason that does not affect his capabilities as a friend—to refuse at least one man whom she could all but love; and this is the secret of that devoted friendship without intimacy, which often exists wholly unsuspected by those around, and, in the viewless link of which, between herself and a man whom she perhaps seldom sees, a noble woman, often through her whole life, takes a thoughtful pleasure, brightening it with an understood smile or word, whenever chance gives her the opportunity. There are secrets all around us, "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa," and none who have been lovely are too good to have at least one, such as I speak of.

From the St. Louis Reveille.

THE HULKS OF BERMUDA.

It may be interesting to some of your readers to know something about the place where the Irish Patriot Mitchell, is condemned to linger out his days in confinement on board of a prison ship. They are truely named "Hulks" and I would add loatshome hulks, too. I was once a prisoner of war and confined on board of them, and have a most vivid recollection of these floating castles.

The Bermudas or Somers' Islands are a small group, situated about half way between Nova Scotia and the Antilles, and about 600 from the American coast, or from Cape Hatteras. During the war of 1812, it was the head quarters of the British army and navy on the American station. It was from the Bermudas that the army under Gen. Ross sailed for the Chesapeake, and for the attack on Baltimore. It was also from the Bermudas that one division of the army destined for the attack on New Orleans, departed, under the command of Gen. Keene—the divisions under Gen. Gibbs, for the same destination sailed from Jamaica. These Islands are about 30 miles in length and about 20 broad, and are divided into about 40 islands, the sea running through them in every direction, forming bays and inlets on almost every side. One of the "hulks" the "Goree," an old African ship, is situated at the head of St. George's harber, and is used as a receiving ship. The 'Ardent' 64, was situated in the bay, about 4 miles from the navy yard at Hamilton, and 3 miles from the tanks, at the head of a long and dangerous reef of rocks which extends from the eastern end of the Islands for about 39 miles in a kind of semicircle, running all round the western side of the Island. Inside of this reef, and near the head of it, lies the "Thames," a large dismantled ship, her lower masts only standing, looking like three stumps sticking up, and a bowsprit sticking out, looking like a dog's tail cut off. This is the place where the patriot Mitchell is incarcerated. This hulk, the "Thames has taken the place of the "Ardent," which has been hauled into the docks at Hamilton.

Confinement in one of these hulks, is bad enough for sailors, who are accustomed to a wet jacket and hard fare, but for a landsman who has been bred in scenes of refinement, it is adsolutely unendurable. His fare is the condemned provisions of the British navy, and that which is *not* condemned, an American dog would turn up his nose at; the *scenery* is the constant dash of the ocean against the rocks, laving it into white foam; shut in on the south by high hills, on the west open to the broad Atlantic, but locked in by that impassable reef which no vessel dare venture near.

During the war of 1812 to 1815, I was captured by the Lacedemonian frigate, and was carried into Bermuda, where I remained a prisoner of war eighteen months, and was for a time confined to the "Hulks." I know them well and when I was first crowded down into the gun deck of that loathsome craft, I thought my days were numbered. There are very few persons that can form the slightest idea of an entrance on board of a prison ship. I had been partly initiated before, having once been picked up at sea by the Melpomene frigate, and once before captured on the coast of France, and set on board the hulks at Portsmouth.—On entering the gangway, your mess is called out, and if they are not near at hand for your protection, you are pretty sure to lose your "kit."

The bulk at the head of St. Georges harbor may be compared to a wart on a handsome woman's face. The bay which forms the harbor is a beautiful sheet of water. On the left are lofty hills, with plateaux of cedar groves along up their sides, dotted with the white vilias of the citizens, and in a valley and gradually rising to the hills, is the town of St. Georges, with its white stone houses and flat roofs, and stretching far down the bay, and on the hills below, are the Barracks and Fort Somers. On the south are some low islands, beyond which the sea rolls on in interminable swells; sometimes dashing against the rock bound shore, until the white foam looks like a lady's frill, gracefully fitted to her neck.

As soon as I was through with my examination at the court of Vice-Admiralty, I was marched to the dock-boat, and when I approached the huge black hulk, swarms of heads could be seen peeping through the port holes. My blood ran cold as I was ushered on board of this floating pest house. A few marines were pacing fore-and-aft, and under a large awning, on the quarter deck, my name was registered by an officer, and my mess numbered. Fortunately for me, my mess was near the gangway, and I got but one black eye before I was surrounded by my mess.—My clothes bag was gone, and I had the satisfaction of seeing one of my shirts. The Goree was a general receiving ship, where the pirate, the privateersman, the sailor, and the landsman were all thrown together. Afterwards, the American prisoners were transferred to the Ardent sixty-four, in the upper bay, where the Thames now lies. After a few day's confinement on board of the Goree, I was transferred to the Ardent.

Nothing but strategem can ever relieve the unfortunate Mitchell from his position. In the passage up, inside of the Reef, at least four hundred guns could be brought to bear upon any vessels that should venture in, and those at a high elevation. The reef is a perfect barrier to any approach direct from sea. There is no passage through the Islands any other way, except for small boats, and they would have to pass through the harbor of St. George in order to reach the upper bay.

After remaining on board at the "Hulk's" for some time, I was fortunate enough to get my parole, and lived on the Island of St. George until after peace was declared. The inhabitants of the Bermudas are a very pleasent agreeable people, and the women are beautiful. The air is pure and wholesome, and the fogs from the banks of Newfoundland bleach their delicate white skins, until they are so clear that the blue veins can be seen through them. Like the West India Islands, sea-bathing is a constant custom with both males and females, and bays and places protected by the jutting rocks are allotted to the females, where it would be a sacrilege for a male to enter. There are many handsome cedar groves, which are considerable, and in fact, they are the only thing valuable raised on the Islands, expect for home consumption.

Bermuda is a famous place for fishing—whales sport around the Islands at certain seasons of the year; and as for fish for the table, there is no place in the world, in the same latitude, that equals it. The great boast of the Island is the *grouper* which are caught with hook and line on he coast, and the water is so clear that you can see them take in the bait, in five fathoms. I cannot illustrate on paper or portray the excitement it creates, in watching the motions of the fish, when all their movements are distinctly seen with the eye. Fish ponds and traps are frequent, and some of them are very large, and contain large, quantities of fish, which are always on hand to supply the market, when the heavy gales, which last sometimes many days, prevent the fishermen from taking the usual supply.

At some future time I may give you some of my own adventurers in these Islands, with an anecdote of the natives; but I don't choose to ring in my own vagaries while describing the situation and condition of the unfortunate Mitchell, who, I imagine, I can now see picking the worms out of his coarse brown bread, on the gun-deck of the "Thames" hulk.

M. E,

YANKEE WIT.

A Yankee, travelling in the Southern States stopped at an inn for the night. He saw his horse well lodged in a barn, and entered the house, where he found a party of Southern gentlemen on their return from a horse race. The Yankee during the evening amused the company with jokes.

In the morning on preparing to mount his horse to resume his journey, he found him too lame to proceed any further. In this dilemma, the Southerners met him in the yard where they were preparing to mount some of their racers.—Says one of the Southerners to the Yankee, 'My friend we have heard much of Yankee wits and tricks—do show us a trick before you leave us.'

The Yankee attempted to assure them that he was not witty, nor had any tricks to exhibit, out in vain.

Whereupon he says, 'Well gentlemen if you insist upon it, I will show you a trick. Let any of you start as he pleases, and I will bet you a five spot, that I will run and jump up behind.'

'Done," cried several voices at once.

One rider immediately set forward at speed,—He found no Yankee on the cropper behind him. He stopped to claim the bet—but then discovered that the Yankee had run after him—on his starting—for a few rods and afterwards continued jumping up in the air—he was 'jumping up behind.' It was decided that the Yankee had won the bet.

'Who could not do that?' exclaimed the Southerner, as he forked over the money.

'You can't,' said the Yankee.

'I'll bet you my horse of that my lad," here mount him. There, start a head.'

The Yankee mounted the horse, and set forward at a steady pace. But just as the Southerner had run forward some rods, and was about to jump up behind,' to his infinite chargin he saw the Yankee face about, riding with his back to the horse's head! The Southerner looked fire brands and daggers—and continued to look, until the Yankee and his horse were out of sight.—And he has never seen either of them since.

From the Nashville Whig

HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS.

These Springs are one among the wonders of creation. They are worth a travel of many hundred miles, merely to look at. Located in Hot Spring country, 55 miles west of Little Rock, on a creek, which empties into the Washita river, 6 miles distant, in latitude 34 1-2. The creek, which rises in the mountains some 4 miles above, winds its way between two hills, running north and south, with a valley between, which is in some places fifty, and in some one hundred yards wide. On the side of one of the hills, which is very precipitous, and rises to the height of 400 feet, the Hot Springs break out in various positions, from the margin of the creek to the summit of the hill. The number of Springs is said to be about 75 or 80, within a space of 500 yards but the number is not uniform, new springs breaking out and old ones filling up. There are numerous cold water springs within a few yards of the hot ones. The heat of the water is sufficient to scald a hog or fowl, to boil eggs or wash clothes, without the aid of fire.

The creek is so much heated by the springs that horses and cattle will not drink of it for a mile below. The United States claim the Hot Springs as a reservation; individuals claim under pre-emption. The consequence is, that only temporary improvements are made, or will be made until the title is confirmed. These Springs are designed to attract great attention for their invaluable healing properties, as well as natural curiosity. In the same vicinity is the Magnetic Cave, a large bed of magnetic rock, and the Chrystal Mountain, where beautiful chrystals of various forms are found. In several of the mountains are found the best quarries of whet stone know in the United States,

The most approved mode of using the waters, is said to bathe from one to two months at a time and then to suspend operations for a time. Almost any disease to which the human family is subject—with the exception of consumption and dropsy—is either cured or very much relieved by the proper use of the waters. To purify the system from calomel, they are considered infallible; and nearly so in cutaneous and rheumatic affections. It is a very great misfortune to the suffering portion of the community, that the Hot Springs of Arkansas are not more generally known and appreciated.

E.

[From the Union.]

THE AMERICAN EAGLE A PRESENT TO FRANCE.

Washington, D. C., July 4, 1848.

SIR: Will you allow an humble tradesman to add to the rich treasures committed to your care by the government for the purpose of exchange, a token of the interest which he feels in the design of promoting feelings of peace and good will among the nations of the earth? As an Irishman, I cannot forget the sympothy of France for the sorrows and oppressien of my father-hood; as an American citizen, I remember with gratitude the name of Lafayette; and as a friend to my fellowmen, I cannot but rejoice in whatever tends to advance them in intelligence, freedom, & peace. Bound thus by a triple tie to your country, and feeling a deep interest in its struggles for liberty, let me beg leave to present to you the most precious of my collection of American birds—a living bald-headed eagle, the chosen emblem of our nation, and rendered doubly interesting by its own remarkable history. This bird, about forty years ago, alighted on the mast of a vessel on the Potomac between Alexandria and Mount Vernon and was taken by the crew to the former place. In 1824, it perched upon the triumphal arch under which Lafayette passed when receiving the homage of a grateful country. When the corner stone of the Washington monument, this day laid, was carried some weeks since in triumph thro' this city to its final destination, this venerable bird rested upon it; and he has to-day, from the summit of the triumphal arch, listened to the story of American liberty, and witnessed the founding of a national monument to the memory of Washington.

With such an experience, we cannot doubt that he is a republican at heart, and could never be false to his principles. I wish to send him across the water as a pledge of American republicanism, as the living emblem of those principles under which we live, and for which your countrymen are struggling.

May he find in your country a congenial air; may his brilliant eye, which has so often beheld the jubilees of freedom, never rest upon a scene which shall disturb the harmony of his associations, and mar his "pleasures of memory;" and may his life be prolonged, to witness, under auspices equally happy, the founding of a national monument to the future Washington of France.

I trust, sir, that it may be in accordance with the objects you have in view, to transmit this interesting bird through your exchange agency, and deposite him, in my name, in the Zoological Garden at Paris.

With great respect, I am, sir, your obedient humble servant, WM. FEENLY.

M. ALEXANDER VATTEMARE.

HIBERNIAN WIT.

One of our exchanges tells a pretty good story of a Paddy out West who, having just waded through Blackstone and Chitty, and obtained a license to practise at the bar, rose one day in Court to argue a very plain law question. Scarcely had he opened his lips before he was stopped peremptorily by the Judge, who told him that his opinion was made up on the other side, and that he would listen to no further argument.

Paddy laid his hand slowly upon the volume of Blackstone, and opening it where the leaf was carefully turned down, commenced reading the law directly in conflict with the court.

'Stop, sir,' said the Judge; 'I have decided the case, and my mind is no longer open to conviction, nor will I have any further argument in the case.'

'O,' said the lawyer, 'I did not intend to argue the point, or expect to convince your honor. I only wanted to show the court what *a turnal fool* Blackstone was!'

Such a shout of laughter as went up from every part of the court-house, was beyond the means of the sheriff or court to control for some minutes, when Paddy was fined a dollar for his slander of Blackstone, and than all adjourned to liquor.

Important Decision.—The Law Journal for July contains an eloquent opinion by Judge Lewis, delivered at the June Term of Common Pleas Court at Lancaster, on a case where a certain man devised to his widow all his property, "*provided* she remain a widow during her life; but in case she should marry again, my will is she shall leave the premises," &c. The widow having married again, suit was brought by other heirs of the husband to recover the property. Judge Lewis decided that "the condition in restraint of marriage is void, and the second marriage of the widow does not diverst her estate"—"the principles of morality—the policy of the nation—the doctrines of the common law—the law of nature and the law of God, unite in condemning as void the condition attempted to be imposed by this testator upon his widow."—*Miner's Journal.*

THE OVER TEEMING WEST.—Perhaps no better idea can be conveyed to the reader of the fertility and capacity of the great western praries, when under judicious cultivation, than the following extract of a letter published in the Toledo Blade. The letter is written from the Wabash Valley:—

"I viewed the 1,000 acre field of corn (on Wea Prairie,) of the Hon. H. L. Ellsworth, late Commissioner of Patents, where this year 60,000 bushels will be raised without hoeing, simply plowing the corn two or three times I may say, that I saw 5,000 acres, all adjoining."

Corn is raised by contract, for four to six cents per bushel, taking the field. Hogs are raised on clover, oats, and corn, and it is not unfrequent to find farms with 1,500 of these grunters. On the Grand Prarie, no less than 10,000 cattle, from one to four years, were feeding in different herds, for the Eastern market—one herdsman taking care of two to four hundred, for a compensation of two cents per head, per month.