THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

J. M. FRAZIER
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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POETRY.

From Graham's Magazine.

MY SPIRIT.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Spirit, my own proud spirit!
We may not sleep in dust,
There is a path marked out for us
Of a high and holy trust;
Spirit, tried spirit, we were not born,
To die as cravans die,
With no proud niche for the wreathed urn,
No record on the sky.

We came up life together,
We have lived but a few short years.
We have tasted well at the fountain head
Of human hopes and fears;
Yet life is young, shall we not be so?
Shall we not drink and sing
Of the many glorious hopes that flow?
From many a hidden spring?

Ay, and the streams shall gather
In a broad and open sea,
The laving of whose crystal tide
Is immortality;

There shall be a time when we shall rest,
Some gentle summer even,
With a calm content, upon its breast,
And an opening view of heaven.

Storms will be wild around us
Before that time shall come,
And the thunder of blame will fill the air,
And the voice of praise be dumb;
Yet as we draw from the glorious stars
Beauty and light and love,
Hope's wing shall gild the closing closing bars
That shut us from above.

Spirit, my own proud spirit,
Thou wilt not fail me now,
Thy lands shall wreathe the chaplet well
And place it on my brow;
Spirit, tried spirit, we were not born
To die as cravens die,
With no proud niche for the wreathed urn,
No record on the sky.

From Graham's Magazine.

TWO HOURS OF DOOM.

BY MRS. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

HOUR I.—*A Betrothal.*

The princes of the night came, one by one. into the halls of Heaven and each, from his refulgent throne, sped far and wide through space his beams of glory. The earth saw the regal train and rejoiced, saying, "I am their sister;" then the shadows passed away from her bosom. and she stood in raniance amid her starry compeers, sending back ray for ray.

"My Lillian, let us look upon the night," cried Kenneth—and he led her forth beneath the stars. They smiled upon the maid, and crowned her forehead with their beams, and her beauty grew as lofty and mysterious as their own.

The pair walked in silence, for each bosom throbbed heavily, with its burden of unspoken love; they walked in silence, for youth was in flushing, and they heeded not the speeding hours.

First Kenneth spoke, for man must *act* while woman muses ,and the spells of night oppressed him.

"Look Lillian, on the shining orbs above us, circling their mysterious round! Knowest thou the starry firmament is a vast prophecy of things to be? Yon burning record of the decrees of fate rolls its stupendous riddles in mighty round, and mock our earnest inquiry. The learning of the Magi, the "Persians starry wit," may catch but faint and far-off glimpses of the truths they blazon yet conceal. The boasted lore of the Chaldean, reads but imperfectly their dim revealings, while the Gheber, wiser in his ignorance than either, bows in worship to the celestial mysteries he presumeth not to compass or comprehend."

There was a majesty and gloom in the boy's conceptions that charmed and oppressed fair Lillian; and, as woman is prone to do, she turned from all the rolling worlds of which he spoke to the deep, silent, and no less enigmatical world of her own heart.

He looked again upon the heavens on which was written, as he believed, the fate of nations, while her meek eyes followed his, striving to read from the jeweled scroll, her own doom.

"Kenneth," she cried, abruptly, and in awe, "I feel that I am approaching a crisis in my fate!"

"Thy fate, sweet one, is also written in letters of light above us. I am not deeply versed in heavenly lore, but from thy presentiment and mine, I read a crisis is at hand. Seest thou yon pale orb," he continued, raising his hand aloft, "my father told me once it shone upon thy birth, and from this hour it has been the object of my vigil and study; so pale, so pure it seemeth like thy fair face set in heaven. Of late me thought it shone with sadder beam, and wandered from its track. See!" he cried with a shout, "it journeys the skies, side by side, with yon red-eyed planet."

Lillian raised her soft eyes, and met the lurid glare of the blood-red star.

'What orb is that?' she inquired, with a shudder, clinging closer to Kenneth's side.

'*The Star of my nativity!*"

. . . . . .

"Lillian! my Lillian! tremble not, beloved! hath not kind Heaven given thee to me?" He wound his arms around her frail form, and laid her to his heart.

"Dark youth, I fear thee!" she shrieked, and bursting from his embrace, fled into the night. Suddenly she paused, and covering her face with her hands, crushed the big tears that were gushing from their fountains," "ay!" she murmured, "but I love thee also!"

"Thou dost, my fawn!" said Kenneth, as he regained her side, "swear, then, to be mine."

The maiden hesitated, for the angel whose ward she was, whispered a warning.

"Swear not, for his brow is dark and his heart fierce—his path lieth through blood, and endeth in blackness!"

Then love lifted up his voice, crying, "What grief so great as parting from thy beloved! What wo so heavy as a disappointed heart!"

And the maiden said, 'I swear! Whether for good or evil, for blessing or for blight, my doomed is sealed, and I am thine."

"The crisis is past, beloved," whispered the wooer—" where is now thy fear?"

The maiden abode in the halls of her sires, while the youth rode forth intent on valiant deeds, for t'was in the days when a hero's laurels were his bridal gift. But his heart was not strong in hope—neither was it girt with patience—neither was it seasoned with denial; and temptations beset him by the way and endurance failed, and when he returned, his knightly spurs were dimmed, and tarnished his knightly honor.

"Oh, spurn me not, beloved!" he cried, in agonized abasement.

And the lady answered, 'Through glory and shame I will be true to thee."

Then was Kenneth comforted by her tenderness, and strengthened by her counsels—and he went forth with hope to retrieve the errors of the past.

But the glory of his youth had departed, and the fear of God dwelt no more in his bosom; and his heart was curdled by thy scorn of men, and hardened against his kind; and his right hand became a hand of power, but it was red with wrath—and injustice, and oppression, and cruelty, and wrong, and rapine and murder, stalked in his train. Then he returned to his lady, and stood before her with a sullen brow, saying,

'By my valor have I won my bride!"

'Ah, Kenneth!" she faltered, "thou hast despised my counsels, thou hast mocked at my love; thy path hath been a path of blood, and thy crimes rise moun-tain-high between thee and thy afflicted! Oh, why hast thou done this?"

The scales fell from his eyes in that pure presence, and looking back over the guilt of years, he felt appalled by his own sins.

"The stars, in their courses, fought against me,"* he answered gloomily—"it was my destiny."

"Oh, abandon that fearful error, and cease to burden Fate with thy misdeeds. Thy destiny hath been of thy own choosing. Didst thou not turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of all good angels? Didst thou not yield an easy prey to the devices of thine own heart? For the sake of the future, look back upon the past, and tell me if thou canst not recall the hour when two paths were spread before thee, and thou didst choose thy lot; tell me no more of destiny!"

"My lady hath forgotten her meekness as well as her love."

"Kenneth, reproach me not! I have wasted my youth in vigils for thee; I have watched, and wept, and waited, now in hope, and anon in hopelessness, until sorrow shadowed my fathers halls, and mildew settled down on my heart. Now in the depths of my despair I love thee still, but I dare not wed thee! Go in peace; if man may ever meddle with his fate, mine shall be of my own moulding."

"Fashion it as thou wilt," he answered freely,

'*I will come to claim thee in the appointed hour!*'

. . . . . .

Fair Lillian sitteth in her husband's home, but a great shadow lieth athwart the hearth;'tis the memory of an earlier, wilder, fonder love; and the fierce fame of her warrior, teacheth her ever, terrible as the roar of distant battle.

HOUR II.—*The Consummation.*

The princes of the night mounted their flaming steeds and coursed through heaven. Lillian sat in widow's weeds, and watched them from her great round tower. Suddenly the clang of a mailed heel rung on the winding stair, and her cheek paled—for those halls no longer echoed with martial sounds since Lord Ulric had been gathered home. Near and more near, loud and more loud, and a warrior strode into the apartment, and folded the lady in his embrace!"

"*I have come!*"

Those old familiar, long beloved tones, how they broke upon the loneliness, thrilling to its centre her sorrow-stricken heart. What marvel if she wept unresistingly on his broad breast in her agony of surprise.

"I have come to claim my bride!"

Then was the spell broken, and her soul awoke to a sense of its stern resolves. She freed herself from that passionate embrace, saying,

"I may not wed thee, Kenneth."

"But listen to my pleadings, my long lost one; canst thou not divinely forgive the past, and be my guardian angel for the future? Hast thou ceased to love, or hast thou learned to fear me?'

"Kenneth, thou art accursed of God, and abhorred of men, and yet I fear thee not. Thou wert the lover of my youth, ever fond, ever tender; and thy name, so dread in the land thou hast scourged, is to me but a talisman of gentle memories. I fear thee not. But I have walked through life with a strong hand on my heart, curbing its warm impulses, crushing its fond love. It hath plead passionately for thee, but I hearkened not, and by this bitter schooling have I learned to resist even thee."

"And I, have I not, 'mid sin and sorrow, 'mid wreck of hopes and ruin of soul, preserved undimmed my one bright dream of thee? Have I not forborne to tear thee hence, because I would not offer violence to thee or thine? And now wilt thou reject the love which youth hath sanctified, and manhood ripened?"

"Oh, why hast thou not wedded and forgotten me," she cried in angnish.

"Because the hope of thy pale waning beauty was dearer to my heart than all the daughters of bloom. Because I would be ever ready for the hour when fate should say, 'arise, make ready thy bower for thy promised bride;' that hour has come! Mark the heavens where 'tis written thou art mine. Once, long ago, we looked upon the night with all its circling stars; thou seest them now, as then, treading their solemn round, unchanged unchangeable. Not one of all the starry hosts may wander from its appointed pathway; and canst thou, child of destiny, escape thy fate? The hand that guides *them*, governs thee, and thee decrees of the Omnipitent have been from all eternity, and are immutable."

'Oh, tell me no more of thy stern, unpitying faith! thou hast imbued my mind with thy belief until, like the scorpion girt with fire, I have almost turned on myself despairing. I would fain believe that the struggles and strivings of humanity are not without their fruits; that the fervent prayer, the earnest effort are heard, and heeded; that man may wrestle all night with his Maker, and when the morning breaks, prevail."*

Very touching was the fierce man's tenderness, but the lady was strong in her matydrom. Then he turned away, saying,

'Thou hast destroyed the hope of a lifetime, and my father's love hath failed me. How could I thus misread the stars!"

From the battlement he looked on heaven thus questioning, and the stars grew dim beneath his gaze.

The orb that beamed upon his lady's birth, sent down its calm cold ray; his own more fiery planet blazed in lurid light, while an ocean of space rolled between.

"Lost to me!" he murmured.

As he spoke, the red planet shot madly from its sphere, careering athwart the concave like a sword of fire, it rushed from being, and deeper darkness brooded o'er the expanse.

Again his eye sought the milder light of the star he worshiped, when lo! it had been swept from the face of heaven.

"Be it so, lost Pleiad!" cried the lover, and folding in his arms the pallid lady, leaped from the turret, into the abyss below.

*Exodus, chapter xxxii.

CHANGES OF LIFE.

The life of man is subject to perpetual seasons of change. The gay and beautiful prospect of to day, is to-morrow shrouded in gloom. The fair and lovely aspect of one moment, is perhaps, the very next, clouded in dismal obscurity. With passing events, how often is it the case that the very age of happiness and luxurious aptitude, hinges upon the mighty barrier of misery and degradation! That the recesses of wealth and fortune are bounded by the caverns of indigence and poverty, into which man, with all his abundance and earthly stores, is often involuntarily precipitated! and thus exchanges his flowery path, for a haunted retreat of habitual disappointment. As storms succeed calms, so the ills and cares of life succeed the youthful and sportive seasons of our natural existence! The life of man might well be said to be a sea, interspersed with islands, over which he steers his frail bark.—Calms and storms continually mark his progress, as ocean waves propel him onward, he anxiously spans the billowing seas of life, and as huge rocks and deceitful shoals beset his course, he still continues manfully to buffet the waves of adversity, ever eager to enter that port, surrounded by sunny and flowery paths, and enjoy the beautiful and halcyon season of life. As rugged difficulties hand around, as obscure atmostpheres pend, from which his lonely star emerges, he beholds himself, as it were, at once in a seventh heaven of joy! Even the very clouds of disappointment tend, on their removal, to enhance the pleasures of life and success is known, though despondency. None can so well appreciate the sweets of contentment and prosperity, as those who have formerly tasted the bitterness of adversity. When we thus consider the natural course of passing events, reflection respond, that for everything under the sun, there is a season and a time—that change after change, crowd upon each other, from the first to last as vast as incomprehensible.—*Boston Cultivator.*

The public debt of France is rapidly increasing. It is already fifteen hundred millions of dollars. That of England is four thousand millions of dollars.

PAST EVENTS.

The first white child born in North America, was Virginia, daughter of Annanias and Elenora Dare, and grand daughter of Gov. John White. She was born on the 18th of August, 1597, in Roanoake, in North Carolina. Her parents were of the expedition sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, in that year. There is no record of her history save that of her birth.

The first minister who preached the gospel in North America, was Robert Hunt, of the Church of England, an exemplary man, who came out in the same company with Capt. John Smith, in the year 1670. He was much esteemed as a man of peace, and was in many ways useful to the colony. There is no record of his death, or his return to England; he died at Jamestown. He had a good library which was burt with all his other property, in the burning of Jamestown, the next winter after he came out.

The first females who came to Virginia proper were Mrs. Forrest and her maid, Anne Burns, in the expedition of Newport, 1608.—The first marriage in Virginia was in the same year—John Laydon to Anne Burns. The ceremony was probably by the same 'good master Hunt.'

The first intermarriage between the whites and Indians was John Rolf to Pocahontas, in April 1613. Pocahontas was also the first of the Virginia Indians that embraced Christianity, and was baptized.

The first legislature assembly in Virginia, met in July, 1619, at the summons of Gov. Geo. Yeardly. One month later, negroes were first brought into the colony by a Dutch man-of-war.

The first periodical in North America was the Boston News Letter which made its appearance in August, 1705. The first in the Old Dominion was the Virginia Gazette, published at Williamsburg, by Wm. Parks, weekly, at seven shillings. It appeared in 1736, and was long the only paper published in the colony Slavery preceeded the periodical press 117 years.

The Blue Ridge was first crossed by whites in the year 1714.

The first Iron furnace erected in North America was by Gov. Spottswood, in 1730, in Spottsylvania county, Virginia.

Political Power of the West.—An interesting article is published in the Cincinnati Daily Atlas, in relation to the increase of the vote in the North-western States since 1840; shewing it to be as follows:

	1840	1848.
Ohio	273,439	382,500
Indiana	115,906	152,752
Illinois	93,017	125,121
Michigan	44,068	65,016
Wisconsin	6,363	39,166
Iowa		
Total	533,789	734,817

The population of the north-western States was 200,000 in 1840. The Atlas set it down at 4,500,000 in 1850, and adds:

"It is plain that ten years will not elapse before the vote of the North-western States (the electors) will be greater than the vote of all the Slaveholding States. Their vote is also equal to that of Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New York—comprising the oldest, most populous, most wealthy, and most commercial of the Northern States!"

Up to a recent period the slave-holding States of the Union have wielded the power of the nation; but it must be obvious to every one that the control will soon be transferred to the free States; so far, at least, as relates to the popular branch of the national legislature. If New Mexico and California be admitted as free States, (of which we have no doubt,) then the slave States will be in the minority in both branches. We have no apprehensions of danger from this transfer of power; for we believe that the people of the free States are willing and anxious to preserve the compromises of the Constitution, and to perpetuate the Union; notwithstanding the foolish and intemperate appeals of a few fanatical abolitionists, who seek to obtain notice by their violent denunciations of slavery. But, in view of existing circumstances, and of coming events, we consider all exhibition of passion and defiance on the part of the South ill-judged and inappropriate; and hence we condemn the idea of forming a Southern league, and all measures which are calculated to array one section of the Union against another.—The South should be calm and tranquil; relying for the protection of its rights upon the guarantees of the Constitution. They will be found to be sufficient. The statesmen from the South must continue to have their due share of influence in the National Government and Councils; and cannot fail to cause the rights of the South to be respected. Power will follow population; but let it be located in what section of the Union it may, we feel assured that it will not be abused to the injury of any, and much less to the dissolution of the Union. To be the great nation of which Providence seems to have destined us, we must remain a united people; and to this object all hearts and all hands should be directed.—*Balt. Clipper.*

GENTLENESS.

Gentleness is a resplendent virtue, the possessors of which are richly rewarded with moments of mental joy. We are told it exercises authority with moderation, administers reproof with tenderness, and confers favors with modesty and ease.

The secular and versatile add to the miseries of others, and even interrupt affection by neglecting to cultivate it.

It frequently captivates those who are or have been more impulsive than reflective, and makes a mortal look upon the world with feelings of humanity and benevolence, valuing each period of time a gift, whereby our existence may be made worthy of remembrance, when, like the flowers of the earth, we are withered and gone.

B.

Young ladies are like arrows; they can't be got off without a beau.

The editor of a paper in Wisconsin, in closing a long article, has the following advice:

'A word to married men. Remember to be polite to your own wives, for if you are not, *others will be*'

Old Maids.—Thoughtless young people delight in making fun of old maids. A little consideration would teach them better. Some of the kindest and truest and best of woman we have ever known were old maids. It is a pity—nay, it is even cruel to wound the feelings of any one—a generous heart will not stoop to it—more especially if that one be a woman.—Alas how little do we know of the trials and the sufferings of many who are sneeingly denomidated old maids? Perhaps the constancy of youthful affection—the pure and deep devotion of a first and only love, has kept many a woman single for life.

The following is said to be the rates of a dinner bill furnished a California pilgrim during a short stay at Rio Janeiro.—Six eggs, twelve dollars; one beefsteak, twelve dollars; radishes, six dollars; bread, twelve dollars; one bottle of wine, ten dollars; cigars, four dollars and eighty cents; coffee, one dollar; milk for coffee, two dollars. Total, fifty-two dollars and eighty cents.

'Was Mr. Brown a very popular man when he lived in your town?' inquired a busy body of his friend. 'I should think he was,' replied the gentleman, 'as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving; and several of them *including the sheriff, his deputy and several constables*, followed him for some distance.'

Pronunciation. The words Allopathy and and Homœpathy, with those derived from them, are in most instances erroneously pronounced. The following divisions show the true pronunciation, the emphasis being on the italicised syllable; Al-*lop*-a-thy, Homeœ-*op*-a-thy, and Hy-*drop*-a-thy. These words are now in common household use, and their correct pronunciation is therefore a matter of more than ordinary importance.

A Great Mistake.—"Have you made choice of a profession?" inquired a young lady of a gentleman, who was endeavoring to do the agreeable, "I," replied the gentleman, "am a journeyman shoemaker." "Good heavings!" exclaimed the lady, apparently much disgusted "*I thought you were a student!*" The gentlemen "left on suspicion."

The Shingles.—"Doctor," said a wag to his medical adviser, one day, "isn't there such a disease as the *shingles*!" "Yes, to be sure." replied Galen. "Then I have got it for certain," said the patient "for the *roof* of my mouth is broken out in a dozen places."

Selected for the Chronicle.

THOGHTS FOR THE OCCASION.

BY SAMUEL H. ELLIS.

"Father of light," a nation bows,
With one accord to Thee;
Sending their thoughts up to Thy throne,
In deep humanity.

We come not now in doubt or fear,
But full of hope and trust;
Relying on Thy promises;
While bowed down in the dust.

How oft we see Thy gracious care
Descending like the dew;
Refreshing many a drooping heart,
Reviving them anew.

We know there's not a star at eve,
Nor in the vale a flow'r,
But sound in accents sweet Thy name,
And glorious power.

Oh! list to hear our feeble voice,
And scatter with Thy breath,
Like mist the gloom that's shrouding us,
All pestilence and death.

Let health, clad in her snowy robes,
Re-visit every shore;
And mourning, in her sable weeds,
Be seen and heard no more.

Love's flowers too, that deck our homes,
Oh! keep them free from blight;
Pure, and as chaste as angel's thoughts,
And lovely in Thy sight.

Then from the altar of each heart,
Sweet orisons will rise,
On wings of joy, to where Thou art,
Far through the limpid skies.

And clustering the holy shrine,
O every prayer and call,
Shall flow in grateful strains to Thee,
As King, and Lord of all.