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TERMS.

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At two Dollars and Fifty cents per annum, payable half yearly in advance. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, and where the number of insertions is not limited, they will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

ORDERED.

THAT no cart, waggon, carriage or other vehicle shall hereafter be allowed to stand in any of the streets of the town of Cambridge, without a team thereto attached (except it be in front of the work shops) and in that event but one shall be allowed at a time, and that one undergoing repair; in every case where carts waggons carriages, Hearse or other vehicle shall be allowed so to remain for a longer time than three consecutive Hours, after being notified by the Bailiff the owner of such cart, waggon, carriage, Hearse or other vehicle so standing shall be subject to, and pay a fine of one dollar for every Violation of this ordinance to be collected as other fines are now collected.

Ordered, that from and after this date no lumber, wood or other obstruction shall be allowed to remain in the streets of the town of Cambridge, for a longer space of time, than one day at a time except in case of actual building and repairing of Houses and every or any person—violating this ordinance shall be subject to a fine of not less than one dollar for each day that such lumber, bricks &c., SHALL BE allowed to remain after being notified by the Bailiff.

Ordered; That the Bailiff cause the within ordinances to be published in the Cambridge Chronicle.

WM. REA. C. C. D.

Aug. 23 1845. 3w Bailiff.

NEW FALL GOODS.

WE invite the public to call at our Old Stand, and examine the beautiful selection of Fall goods just received from New York. They are of the best importations, and newest Fashion, and will be sold low for cash. THOMAS HAYWARD & Son.

Aug 23, 1845. 4t

STRAW BONNET REPO.T

French Fancy and Staple Dry Goods Store, No 221 *Baltimore Street, 4 doors east of Charles street Baltimore.*

SALMON & SMALL,

MANUFACTURERS and DEALERS in Straw Goods, having greatly enlarged and extended their establishment, so as to offer superior facilities for the transaction of an increased business, respectfully inform their friends and customers, that they are now daily receiving supplies of FRESH SPRING GOODS, particularly in the

Straw Bonnet and Millinery

DEPARTMENT,—as

Devon Straw Bonnets, Village Hoods,
Florence Braid do. very large assortment,
Transparent & lace Neapolitan Bonnets,
English Satin Straw, Dunstable & Ruttland,
Modena, and every other description of White and Fancy Straw Bonnets,
Infant's Hats of Leghorn, Florence Braid, Albertan Ruttland,
Gimp and Hair Edgings, Satin and Wrapped *Wire* Foundations, crowns,
Crowns, Leno, Willow, Straw Cord, Glue, with every article in the Millinery line.

POETRY.

SLANDER.—BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

A whisper broke the air—
A soft light tone and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe:
Now, might it only perish there!
Nor farther go.

Ah me! a quick and eager ear,
Caught up the little meaning sound!
Another voice has breathed it clear,
And so it wanders round,
From ear to lip—from lip to ear—
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And *that—it broke.*

It was the *only* heart it found,
The only heart 'twas meant to find,
When first its accents wound,—
It reached that tender heart at last,
And *that—it broke.*

Low as it seemed to *others* ears,
It came—a thunder crash to hers,—
That fragile girl so fair and gay,—
That guileless girl so pure and true!

'Tis said a lovely humming bird,
That in a fragrant lily lay,
And dreamed the summer morn away,
Was killed by the gun's *report,*
Some idle boy had fired in sport!
The very SOUND—a death-blow came!

And thus her happy heart, that beat
With love and hope, so fast and sweet,
(Shrined in *its Lily* too
For who the maid that knew
But owned the delicate, flower-like grace
Of her young form and face?)
When first that word
Her light heart heard,
It fluttered like the frightened bird,
Then shut its wings and sighed,
And, with a silent shudder,—*died!*

From Sketches of Irish Character.

THE WISE THOUGHT.

AN IRISH STORY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

She was sitting under the shadow of a fragrant lime tree that overhung a very ancient well, and as the water fell into her pitcher, she was mingling with its music the tones of her "Jew's harp," the only instrument upon which Norah Clary had learned to play.—She was a merry maiden of "sweet seventeeen;" a rustic belle, as well as a rustic beauty, and a terrible coquette;" and as she had what in Scotland they call a "tocher," in England a "dowry," and in Ireland a "pretty penny o' money," it is scarcely necessary to state, in addition, that she had—a bachelor. Whether the tune—which was cartainly given *in alto*—was or was not designed as a summons to her lover, I cannot take upon myself to say; but her lips and fingers had not long been occupied, before her lover was at her side.

"We may as well give it up, Morris Donovan," she said, somewhat abruptly; "look, 'twould be as easy to twist the top of the great hill of Howth, as make father and mother agree about any one thing. They've been play the rule of contrary these twenty years, and it's not likely the'll take a turn now."

"It's mighty hard, so it is," replied handsome Morris, "that married people can't draw together. Norah, darlint! that would'nt be the way with us. Its *one* we'd be in heart and sowl, and an example of love and——"

"Folly," interrupted the maiden, laughing. "Morris, Morris, we've quarrelled a score o' times already; and a bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter.—Shall I talk about the merry jig I danced with Phil Kennedy, or repeat what Mark Doolan said of me to Mary Grey? eh, Morris?"

"Leave joking now, Norry; God only knows how I love you," he said, in a voice broken by emotion: "I'm yer equal as far as money goes; and no young farmer in the country can tell a better stock to his share than mine; yet, I don't pretend to deserve *you* for all that; only I can't help saying that, when we love each other (now dont't go to contradict me, Norry, because ye've as good as owned it over and over again,) and yer father agreeable. and all, to think that yer mother, just for *divelment*, should be putting betwixt us for no reason upon earth, only to 'spite' her lawful husband, is what sets me mad entirely, and shows her to be a good for ——"

"Stop, Mister Morris," exclaimed Norah, laying her hand upon his mouth, so as effectually to prevent a sound escaping; "its my mother ye're talking of, and it would be ill blood, as well as ill-bred, to hear a word said against an own parent. Is that the pattern of yer manners, sir; or did ye ever hear me turn my tongue against one belonging to you?"

"I ask your pardon, my own Norah," he replied, meekly, as in duty bound; "for the sake of the lamb, we spare the sheep. Why not? and I'm not going to gainsay, but yer mother ——"

"The least said's the soonest!" again interrupted the impatient girl. "Good even, Morris, and God bless you; they'll be after missing me within, and its little mother thinks where I am."

"Norah, above all the girls at wake or pattern I've been true to you. We have grown together, and since we were the heighth of a rose-bush, ye have been dearer to me than any thing else on earth. Do, Norah, for the sake of your young heart's love, do think if there's no way to win yer mother over. If ye'd take me without her leave, sure it's nothing I'd care for the loss of thousands, let alone what ye've got. Dearest Norah, think; since you'll do nothing without her consent, do think—for once be serious, and don't laugh."

"I'm not going to laugh, Morris," replied the little maid at last, after a very long pause—"I've got a wise thought in my head for once. His reverence, your uncle, you say, spoke to father—to speak to mother about it? I wonder (and he a priest) that he hadn't more sense! Sure, mother was the man; but I've got a wise thought. Goodnight, dear Morris—good night."

The last sprang lightly over the fence into her own garden, leaving her lover *perdu* at the other side, without possessing an idea of what her "wise thought" might be. When she entered the kitchen, matters were going on as usual—her mother bustling in style, and as cross "as a bag of weasels."

"Jack Clary," said she, addressing herself to her husband, who sat quietly in the chimney corner, smoking his *doodeen*, "it's well ye've got a wife who knows what's what! God help me! I've little good of a husband, *barring* the name! Are ye sure Black Nell's in the stable?" The spouse nodded. "The cow and the calf, had they fresh straw?" Another nod. "Badness to ye, can't ye use yer tongue, and answer a civil question?"- continued the lady.

"My dear," he replied, "sure one like you has enough for ten."

This very just observation was, like most truths, so disagreeable, that a severe storm would have followed, had not Norah stepped up to her father and whispered in his ear, "I don't think the stable door is fastened." Mrs. Clary caught the sound, and in no gentle terms ordered her husband to attend to the comforts of Black Nell.

"I'll go with father myself and see," said Norah.

"That's like my own child, always careful," observed the mother, as the father and daughter closed the door.

"Dear father," began Norah, "it isn't altogether about the stable I wanted ye, but—but—but the priest said something to you to day about—Morris Donovan."

"Yes, darling, and about yerself, my sweet Norry."

"Did ye speak to mother about it?"

"No, darling, she's been so cross all day. Sure I go through a dale of peace and quietness. If I was like other men, and got drunk and wasted, it might be in rason; but ——. As to Morris, she was very fond of the boy till she turned like sour milk all in a minute. I'm afraid even the priest 'll get no good of her."

"Father, dear father," said Norah, "suppose ye were to say nothing about it, good or bad, and just pretend to take a sudden dislike to Morris, and let the priest speak to her himself, she'd come round."

"Out opposition to me, eh?"

"Yes."

"And let her gain the day then?—that would be cowardly," replied the farmer, drawing himself up. "No, I won't."

"Father, dear, you don't understand," said the cunning lass; "sure ye're for Morris; and when we are—that is, if—I mean—suppose—father, you know what I mean," she continued, and luckily the twilight concealed her blushes—"if that took place, it's *you* that would have yer own way."

"True for ye, Norry, my girl, true for ye; I never thought of that before!" and, pleased with the idea of tricking his wife, the old man fairly capered for joy. "But stay a while—stay; aisy, aisy!" he recommenced, "how am I to manage? Sure the priest himself will be here to-morrow morning early; and he's out upon a station now, so there's no speaking with him; he's no way quick, either; we'll be bothered entirely if he comes in a *suddent.*"

"Leave it to me, dear father—leave it all to me!" exclaimed the animated girl; "only pluck up a spirit, and whenever Morris' name is mentioned, abuse him—but not with all yer *heart*, father—only from the teeth out."

When they re-entered, the fresh boiled potatoes sent a warm curling steam to the very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they were poured out into a large wicker dish, and on the top of the pile rested a pale of course white salt; noggins of buttermilk were filled on the dresser; and on a small round table a cloth was spread, and some delf plates awaiting the more delicate repast which the farmer's wife was herself preparing.

"What's for supper, mother?" inquired Norah as she drew her wheel towards her, and employed her fairy foot in whirling it round.

Plaguy *snipeens*. she replied, bits o'bog chickens, that you've always such a fancy for; Barney Leary kilt them himself.

"So I did," said Barney, grinning; "and that stick with a hook of Morris Donovan's, is the finest thing in the world for knocking 'em down."

"If Morris Donovan's stick touched them, they shan't come here, said the farmer," striking the poor little table such a blow with his clenched hand as to make not only it, but Mrs. Clary jump.

"And why so, pray?" asked the dame.

"Because nothing of Morris', let alone Morris himself, shall come into this house, replied Clary; he's not to my liking any there is no good in his bothering here after what he won't get."

"*Excellent!*" thought Norah.

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs. Clary, as she placed the grilled snipes on the table, "what's come to the man!" Without heeding his resolution, she was proceeding to distribute the savoury birdeens, when to her astonishment, her usually tame husband threw the dish and its contents into the flames: the good woman absolutely stood for a moment aghast.—The calm, was not of long duration. She soon rallied, and commenced hostilities. "How dare you, ye spalpeen, throw away any of God's mate ofter that fashion, and I to the fore? What do you mane, I say."

"I mane, that nothing touched by Morris Donovan shall come under this roof; and if I catch that girl of mine looking at the same side o' the road he walks on, I'll tear the eyes out of her head, and send her to a nunnery!"

"You will! And dare you say that to my face, to a child o' mine! You will, will ye?—we'll see, my boy! I'll tell ye what, if I like, Morris Donovan *shall* come into this house: and what's more, be master of this house: and that's what *you* never had the heart to be yet, ye poor ould snail!" So saying, Mrs. Clary endeavored to rescue from the fire the hissing remains of the burning snipes. Norah attempted to assist her mother; but Clary, lifting her up, somewhat after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with its claw, fairly put her out of the kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mrs. Clary stormed and stamped; and Mr. Clary persisted in abusing not only Morris, but Morris' uncle, Father Donovan, until at last the father's helpmate *swore*, ay, and roundly too, by cross and saint, that, before the next sunset Norah Clary should be Norah Donovan. I wish you could have seen Norry's eye, dancing with joy and exultation, as it peeped through the latch hole; it sparkled more brightly than the richest diamond in our monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning, before the sun wss fully up, he was throwing his early beams over the glowing cheeks of Norah Clary; for her wise thought had prospered, and she was hastening to the trysting tree, where, by chance, either morning or evening, she generally met Morris Donovan. I don't know how it is, but the moment the course of love runs smooth, it becomes very uninteresting, except to the parties concerned. So it is now left for me only to say, that the maiden, after a due and proper time consumed in teasing and tantalizing her intended, told him her saucy plan, and its result. And the lover hastened upon the wings of love (which I beg my readers clearly to understand are swifter and stronger in Ireland than in any other country,) to tell the priest the arrangement, well knowing that his reverence loved his nephew and niece that was to be (to say nothing of the wedding supper, and the profits arising therefrom) too well, not to aid their merry jest.

What bustle, what preparation, what feasting, what dancing gave the country folk enough to talk about during the happy Chrismas hollidays, I cannot describe. The bride of course looked lovely, and sheepish; and the bridegroom—but bridegrooms are always uninteresting. One fact, however, is worth recording.—When Father Donovan concluded the ceremony, before the bridal kiss had passed, Farmer Clary, without any reason that his wife could discover; most indecorously sprung up, seized a shillelah of stout oak, and whirling it rapidly over his head, shouted "Carry me out! by the powers she's beat! we've won the day!—ould Ireland forever! success, boys!—she's beat! she's beat!" The priest too seemed vastly to enjoy this extempoaneous effusion, and even the bride laughed out right. Whether the good wife discovered the plot or not, I never heard; but of this I am certain, that the joyous Norah never had reason to repent her wise thought.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

The difference between Courtship and Matrimony, was never more forcibly explained than in the following 'Charcoal Sketch.'

"What made you get married if you don't like it?"

"Why, I was deluded into it—fairly deluded. I had nothing to do of evenings, so I went courting.—Now courtin's fun enough—I hav'nt got a word to say agin courting. It's about as good a way of killing an evening as I know of. Wash your face, put on a clean dickey, and go and talk as sweet as sugar or molassess candy for an hour or two—to say nothing of a few kisses behind the door, as your sweetheart goes to the step with you.

"When I was a single man, the world wagged along well enough. It was just like an omnibus; I was a passenger, paid my levy, and had nothing more to do with it, but sit down and not care a button for any thing. S'posing the omnibus got upsot—well I walks off and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. But then I must take a wife, and be hanged to me, It's all very well for a while; but afterwards, its plaguy like owing an upsot omnibus."

"Nan," enquired Montezuma, "what's all that about omnibusses;"

"What did I get by it?" continued Gamahel, regard less of the interruption. "How much fun?—why a jawing old woman and three squallers. Mighty different from courting that is. What's the fun of buying things to eat and things to wear for them, and wasting good spreeing money on such nonsense for other people? And then as for doing as you like, there's no such thing. You can't clear out when people's owing you so much money, you can can't stay convenient No—the nabblers must have you. You can't go on a spree; for when you come home, missus kicks up the devil's delight. You can't teach her better manners, for constables are as thick as bladkberries. In short you can't do nothing.

"Instead of 'Yes, my duck,' and 'No, my dear,'—'As you please, honey,' and 'When you like, lovely,' like as it, was in courting times, its a darning and mending, and nothing darned or mended. If it wosn't that I'm partickerlarly sober,—I'd be inclined to drink, it's excuse enough. It's heart breaking, and it's all owing to that, I've such a pain in my gizzard of mornings. I'm so miserable I must stop and sit on the steps."

"What's the matter now?"

"I'm getting aggrawated. My wife's a savin critter—a sword of sharpness, she cuts the throat of my felicity, stabs my happiness, chops up my comforts, and snips up all my Sunday-go-to-meetings to make jackets for the boys—she gives all the wittles to the childeren, to make em jump about like a lamplighter—I can't stand it, my troubles is over-powering when I come to add 'em up."

"Oh, nonsense! behave nice—don't make a noise in the street—be a man."

"How can I be a man when I belong to somebody else! My hours ain't my own—my money ain't my own—I belong to four people besides myself—the old woman and them three children. I' a partnership concern, and so many has got their fingers in the till that I must bust up. I'll break, and sign the stock and trade to you."

THE PARTING OF LADIES.

The many last words spoken by young ladies as well as old, upon parting, probably has often attracted the notice of gentlemen fortunate enough to be their attendants. The extreme length to which this parting may be extended, is well described by a correspondent of the New York Commercial, writing from on board a North River steamer. An old lady is represented as landing, after a short trip up the River,—in the course of which she had become very intimate with the passengers; so much so, that she must shake hands and bid good bye to each of them separately and specially. Some of them were already gathered around the gangway, waiting to land. After a hearty grip and shake of the hand with each in the saloon, the captain several times singing out, "Now, Madam, we're waiting"—she ran the gaunt let of those on deck and reached the gangway plank.

"Now, madam, be kind enough to step ashore," said the captain.

"Don't be in such a hurry, captain: I aint," tartly replied the old gentlewoman, still talking with those to whom her heart had opened. "Did I bid good bye to you, my dear? Good bye, Miss, I shall never see you again."

"Come, madam, we *cannot* wait."

"Oh, be quiet, captain; I aint done yet—good-bye, dear; I shall never see you again," &c.

At length, she got upon the plank, and with well considered steps had reached about half way down it, and the captain turned away to conceal his mingled mirth and vexation, when she turned, and ascending the plank. called out,

"Captain, captain, I didn't bid *you* good-bye."

"Run, madam, run—the boat is off!"

But madam ran the wrong way, and was on board again in quick time.

"Good-bye, captain, dear, good-bye," siezing his hand—"I shall never see you again."

Meantime those on the wharf took up the cue, and when at length the old lady got on shore, such a shaking of hands you never did see—the old lady was engaged in the delectable employment so long as those on board could keep her in view.

THOMAS PAINE.

A gentleman in New York who personally knew Thomas Paine, and was repeatedly in his company during the last years of his life, gave the following account of a conversation which him respecting the Bible:

One evening I found Paine haranguing a company of his disciples, on the great mischief done to mankind by the production of the Bible and Christianity. When he paused I said—Mr. Paine, you have been in Scotland, you know there is not a more rigid set of people in the world than they are in their attachment to the Bible; is it not their school book? their churches are full of Bibles. When a young man leaves his father's house, his mother always in packing his chest, puts a Bible on the top of his clothes. He said it was true. I continued—You have been in Spain and Portugal, where they have no Bible, and there you can hire a man to kill another who never gave him any offence. He assented. You have seen districts in Europe, where not one man in fifty can read; and you have been in Ireland, where the majority never saw a Bible. Now you know it is an historical fact, that in one county in England or Ireland there are many more capital convictions in 6 months, than there are in the whole population of Scotland in twelve. Besides, this day there is not one Scotchman in the Almhouse, State Prison, Bridewell, nor Penitentiary of New York. Now then, if the Bible was so bad a book as you represent it to be, those who use it would be the worst members of society: but the contrary is the fact; for our prisons, almshouses and penitentiaries are filled with men and women, whose ignorance or unbelief prevents them from reading the Bible. It was now near 10 o'clock at night. Paine answered not a word, but taking a candle from the table, walked up stairs, leaving his friends and myself, staring at one another.

OPINION OF NIAGRA.—Rev. Parsons Cooke, in a recent letter in the N. E. Puritan, thus describes the falls:—'Here is a river of considerable size, not the largest in the world running down an inclined plane (not very plane, but much broken with rock) for a consiberable distance, say a mile or two, and then falling over a rock, perpendicularly, to a considerable depth, where it boils and foams, and sends up a spray, with not a little noise, (but nearer to a whisper than to thunder,) and then assuming, gradually, the noiseless course of a river again. This I believe to be a discription approximating to the truth, however destitute it may be of poetic merits.'

To this may perhaps be added the views of the Yankee, who, upon seeing the falls, wrote:—

'My thoughts are strange, *magnificent* and deep,
As I look on thee;
O, what a glorious place for *washing sheep!*
Niagara would be.'

FORGETFUL LAWYER.—A lawyer who was sometimes forgetful having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender began by saying:

'*I know the prisoner* of the bar, and he bears the character of being a consumate and impudent scoundrel'——

[Here some body whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately added:]

'But what great and good man ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his cotemporaries?'

A WESTERN MAN'S NOTION OF A PIANO.—A Tennessee paper talks of a chap at Holly Springs, who was so astonished at seeing a lady bringing music from her piano, that, after listening for a minute or two, he withdrew his head and hallooed after his companion, 'I say, Jim! just come back here; darnation seize me, if here aint a woman pulling music out of a chest!'

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A milkman in attempting to water his horse, went out and watered his milk. He discovered his error when his coustomers said there was no *cream* to his joke. So says a contemporary. We don't admire his milky way.'

Go and kick an ant's nest about, and you will see the little, laborious, courageous creatures instantly set to work to get it together again; and if you do the same ten times over, they will as many times do up their work again. Here is the sort of stuff that men must be made of to oppose with success; those who, by what ever means get possession of great and mischievous powers.—*Cobbett.*

THE LITTLE GAS FACTOR.—Put a little coal into the bowl of a comman tobacco pipe, stop the mouth of it with a little clay and place the bowl in the fire; as soon as the coal becomes heated, a small stream of gass will issue from the top of the pipe. If we put a candle to it, the gass will light and burn for some time.

An Independent Southern Representative.—Felix G McConnell, who ran against the regular Democratic candidate in the seventh Congressional district of Alabama, has been elected. McConnell is what is termed a "hard case," and his conduct was severely censured while in Congress by his friends, as well as his political opponents. It is said he told his late constituents that he was "a plain, flat-footed, venison-backed, unsophisticated loco foco"—and that "if they did not choose to re elect him, because he took his glass of grog like an independent citizen, they might go to ——, and he would go to making harness; and that he did'nt care a curse, only that he did'nt like to be cork-screwed out of Congress by the intriguing of your moccasin footed nominating convention." There is a prospect in the next Congress of some "rich scenes."

Not Guilty of "Proximity."—The Postmaster General lately abolished a small office in Virginia, and informed the Postmaster that it was done by reason of his proximity to another office. In his reply he complained bitterly of the discontinuance of his office not for the sake of the salary, for that was not more than 62 1 2 cents per quarter—but on account of the *cause* of the discontinuance—*proximity;* "for," said he "I never was guilty of proximity in my life."

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