# The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] "LIGHT FOR ALL." [Editor & Proprietor.

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## TERMS.

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## POETRY.

### SYMPATHY.

O smile to those that smile on thee;
For there is nought on earth so sweet
As when the heart is full of glee,
A look of kindred glee to meet:
The evening star, that shines alone,
Can scarcely through the shades be known;
But when her sisters all arise,
How brilliant are the midnight skies!

O weep for those that weep for thee;
For there is nought on earth below
Like mingling tears of sympathy,
For drooping hearts of care and wo:
The flowers of pleasure rise again,
Like blossoms wet with summer rain;
And hope returns to light the eye,
Like sunshine when the cloude go by.

### FORGET-ME-NOT.

FROM THE GERMAN: BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

There is a flower, a lovely flower,
Tinged deep with Faith's unchanging hue;
Pure as the ether in its hour
Of loveliest and serenest blue.
The streamlet's gentle side it seeks,
The silent fount, the shaded grot,
And sweetly to the heart it speaks,
Forget-me-not, forget-me-not.

Mild as the azure of thine eyes,
Soft as the halo-beam above,
In tender whispers still it sighs,
Forget me not, my life, my love!
There where thy last steps turned away,
Wet eyes shall watch the sacred spot,
And this sweet flower be heard to say,
Forget! ah, no! forget-me not!

Yet deep its azure leaves within
Is seen the blighting hue of care;
And what that secret grief hath been,
The drooping stem may well declare.
The dew drops on its leaves are tears,
That ask, 'Am I so soon forgot?'
Repeating still, amidst their fears,
My life, my love! forget me not!

*Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.*

PRAIRIE HOME, Edgar Co., Ill., July 1, 1843.

### THE GRAND PRAIRIE.

The prairies at this snason afford the finest view imaginable, they resemble vast lakes, with headland and peninsulas on the right hand and on the left, jutting out into a sea of grass and flowers; while in the distance, in various directions are seen groves of timber, like small islands imbedded in an ocean of green. The bays and covers formed by the projecting headlands are being converted into cultivated farms.

There is a constant succession of flowers from early May till the frosts of October. In the spring pink and white prevail; during summer, scarlet and crimson; and towards autumn, yellow predominates, interspersed with other colors. At this time, strawberries of large size and fine flavor abound. All we have to do in order to enjoy them in perfection is, an hour before tea time to send two or three *bairns*, from twenty to fifty rods from the house, and they will return with from three to six and eight quarts of as fine fruit as one could desire. There is a sllght drawback, however, even in picking strawberries in the prairies, you occasionally meet with an ugly customer in the form of a Rattlesnake. I killed one this season in a bed of strawberries; he was kind enough to give me warning in time, as they usually do, yet I was ungrateful enough to kill him. One of our neighbors and his wife went out a few days since into this immense strawberry garden, for fruit, when a Rattlesnake struck at the lady, and hooked its fangs in the bottom of her dress, and, being unable to extricate itself, was killed in that situation. These snakes differ in size and appearance from the large or timber snake as much as the prairie wolf does from the large ones. They are equally vicious, indeed are more apt to bite, and are thought to be equally venemous, though being much smaller, they inject into the wound a smaller volume of poison. I have never heard of their bite proving fatal to any person, though several colts have been killed by them in this vicinity; and I have a large dog that has been lame more than a month, and a part of the time quite helpless, from having been bitted in the leg by one. Two feet in length is a large size. They are peculiar to the prairie, never being seen in the timber.

## THE FOURTH IN CAMBRIDGE.

On the Saturday preceeding the "Fourth," innumerable were the inquirers putting the ominous question, "how will you stand it if Tuesday is as hot as to day?" This question was invested with the greater terror as one would cast his eye up and down street and behold the hardiest of our population shrinking from the scorching rays of the sun, whilst no white face scarcely dared to venture abroad without the panoply of an umbrella. As for ourselves, we endeavoured to answer it as we conceived became the man and the soldier—with a sort of assumed indifference to any state of the weather: but our feelings at the moment were any thing but indifferent. The thermometer ranged in shade and sunshine between 95 and 130, and how capable soever we might have believed ourselves of enduring such a heat, there were some to be exposed on that day to whom the deadliest of the country's foes would have been less terrible and perhaps less fatal. Sunday came with manifestations not a whit abated; if any thing, increased. For nearly the live-long day animal existence seemed to be suspended. The birds sought the deep recesses of the foliage. The brute forsook his browsing and implored the protecting arm of some kindly tree, and there panted the day away in hunger rather than encounter the sunbeam. Men kept themselves quiet, lest the slightest effort should contribute to the sufferings they were doomed to endure. But things at length came to a crisis. His majesty Sol had overdone himself. Grateful vapours had been ascending during the two days under the influence of his rays; and as the evening approached they were gathered into dark and dense masses in the western horizon, giving the joyful assurance of a coming tempest, with all the attributes of lightning, wind and rain. Joyful indeed is such an assurance at such a moment.—Either of said attributes is an agent in the abstraction of atmospheric heat, or in neutralizing that of the sun, and when combined they are powerful ministers to our animal comforts during the solsticial period of our year. The rain fell in torrents from the rolling masses over our heads for the greater part of the night, and when we ventured forth on the morning of the third to ascertain the state of the weather, we were greeted with a sky which had been cleared by a brisk northwester, a delightful and refreshing temperature, and a landscape decked in its richest guise.—The dust too, knee deep in the streets and roads the day before, and by which we must have been literally buried had it continued, was trainsformed into solid earth. How delightful the prospect! How changed! And so the Ruler Supreme of all things willed it.—Who has ever heard of an unpleasant "Fourth of July?" As for ourselves we do not recollect one.—That "Divine Providence" to whom our sires appealed when they swore upon the altar of their "lives, fortunes and honour" they would be free, would seem to take this day under his special care, and in aiding the fulfilment of their oath promised to those who would do justice to their memories on the day consecrated by that oath, the boon of his most benignant smiles forever.

Monday was a day of lively interest with us. Preparations were being made at an early hour for the contemplated celebration. The "Point Lawn" was the theatre of busy mechanical operations in the construction of a rostrum and seats for our patriot orators and auditory. At noon we could see the military flitting about from place to place, clad in their martial habiliments and wearing happy faces in evident expectation of some unusual pleasure. The grim symbols of war were dragged from their hiding places, and with a frown of death moved sulkily towards the River's brink. Crowds speedily followed to witness the coming feat. The muzzles of the cannon were turned towards the water, and a goodly quantity of the statutes of the State rammed home upon powder sufficient to blow them all into "dead letter." How grave they looked, yet what a joyful voice they were to utter! They really might have been understood to be in sober earnest, and instead of welcoming strangers to our dear little village, were mounted there to deal in the traffic of Death. Presently was seen the *great Deity* of the Nile, like a *little sylph*, or a shoe with a segar stuck upright in the middle, dancing upon the blue ripple of our lordly river. She thundered and splashed and smoked away with all her streamers fluttering in the breeze, with the plain intention of telling us that she knew what we wanted and that she was able to gratify us. As she rounded to the wharf, the thunder of a six pounder, charged with the labours of at least one session of our legislature, went booming over the bank and reverberated against her side. The warlike sound of the fife and drum was given in response, and in a moment more the wharf was glittering with the arms and armour of our friends. Then came the welcome, then followed the acknowledgement, all in military etiquet—rough tho' it was, yet from the heart and genuine. Then an escort to the place of encampment through the streets, with a delighted population, and the best hearted population upon earth, though we say it ourselves who should not, looking on. A beautiful scene next ensued. The camp of the strangers was pitched in military style under the supervision of their accomplished captain. In a trice a little town seemed to be brought into existence by a kind of potent fiat of his own invention. Within the lapse of half an hour an open lot that had never before been sheltered by any canopy more hospitable than that bedecked with Orion, Aldebaran and the Pleiades, was spread with martial canvass, and the theatre of an animated interchange of civilities and courtesy. It was something of the wilderness in miniature converted, as if by magic, into the garden, and a little desert suddenly blossoming with the rose. Its distinguished and munificent proprietor would not be willing to admit, perhaps, that it was either a wilderness or a desert, but he will be obliged to confess that it was very pleasant to see his grass lot so quickly assuming all the aspects of gayety and fashion, and alive with the very extremes of civilization—the smiles of woman and the engines of war; rosy lips and bristling bayonets; eyes and knapsacks, both black and bright.

But the welcome tendered by our *ladies* was not in empty professions alone. Our guests were barely snug in their frail habitations when a perfect influx of buckets filled to the brim with refreshments, gave them assurance that foraging would not form a part of their camp exercises whilst they remained with us. A continued train of presents was kept up until long after sunset, when a cessation of that kind of *warfare* took place, not for the want of *amunition* or the spirit to use it, but because those against whom it was directed were utterly routed, and proposed in consequence an armistice. To our eye this was unquestionably the most interesting of the events of the two days our friends were with us. The spontaneous burst of kindness manifested in so substantial a form, on the part of the ladies of Cambridge to stranger soldiers, not only exhibits the sweet sympathies of woman in their most favourable light, but it shows that she regards the rough exterior of the man of battle as the panoply of her own protection and defence.

July 4th in the morning. Just as the sun lifted his disc above the tree tops, those who stood somewhere in the vicinity of Capt. Millikin's markee could and did hear that most thrilling of all martial words—READY. In a moment a sparke of fire was heard to whiz through the air, and the thunder which followed went rumbling and waking echos over plains and through forests, to let the nations know that some at least remembered the struggles, the perils and the glory of their fathers. But this beginning of a day's rejoicing had well nigh stopped all joy, and made it a season of gloom and mourning. It appears that soldiers, as well as ladies, "make toilets"—how delicate the phrase—and just at the moment the old noisy sixpounder was touched off, a certain grave officer a little afflicted with "bad" appetite, corporeal meagerness, and consequent nervousness, belonging to the captain's mess, and being unconscious of the dangerous proximity of the cannon, had applied his razor to precisely that part of his person which suicides usually believe most vulnerable to that instrument,—not to inflict a wound in good earnest worthy reader, though you would suppose from the said officer's dejected visage he would do something of the kind some day or other—but merely to do that which all good razors were made to do legitimately. The sudden concussion within twenty yards of him caused an involuntary contraction of the muscles of the arm, when lo and behold a gash was the consequence! It was a blessing however that the cuticle was drawn loosely over his thin flesh, and not being quite as tender as a virgin's of sixteen, the accident was by no means fatal. Differently circumstanced was another officer of the same mess. The shock started him from his lodgings, and the first we saw of him was in the door of his tent, in a half bent attitude, ejaculating as if in the agony of a mortal wound, 'oh! it struck me just here," having his hands folded meantime on that particular part of his person, about which it would be uncivil to talk, but which in spite its vulgarity, will always be prominent to the eye. These catastrophies over we proceeded with our national salute, until each of our Twenty-six Republics had received its compliment. And thus the morning ended.

At nine our guests' camp was all alive. The drum was summoning to arms. men were ranging themselves into ranks, officers were directing and superintending their movements and half our population were spectators of the beautiful pageant.—We ourselves had other fish to fry and accordingly we went off to fry them. The military consisting of our Troop and the two sets of Guards—the stranger Guards and the native Guards, all met on a suburban lot to undergo a review by General Tilghman. We were drawn up in line when the General arrived with his staff and after handsomely reviewing us, took command of the whole line and marshaled us in as pretty a military procession as it has been the lot of our good folks ever to witness. This procession terminated at the ground selected for the oral ceremonies of the occasion. Lovely was that spot! Magnificent the occasion! Bright were the arms that glittered and brighter far the smiles that bloomed upon it and gave it interest. On the rostrum erected for the ceremonies were seated all the commissioned officers connected with the procession with our General at their head and front, just where Generals ought to be. The U. S. N. too was there in the splendid guise of that arm of our defence. The U. S. Senate was there. The U. S. H. R. was there.—Happy were we to have such guests on such an occasion. The M. H. D. was there, and we would have been more happy if on occasions like this the M. Senate could have been found. The civil arm was represented in the person of our accomplished judge, and many were the citizens that we were proud to place in his train,—the patres conscripti of the community—several of them the venerated and revered fathers of the young soldier orators of the day. What a day it must have been for them!—to witness an immense auditory chained to their seats by the fervid eloquence of their cherished sons breathing sentiments of that patriotism virtue and honour which they themselves had inculcated in the nursery.—Our emotions overwhelm us as we write. The scene, as we dwell upon it, is too touching for our sensibilities. What could have been the feelings of the fathers and brothers and kindred of these noble fellows as they, each in his turn, so richly entertained the multitude with the overflowings of virtue and flashes of intellect!

Before we again speak of them, let us look for another description of personage whom we wanted to see there. Where was the soldier of the revolution? Not a vestige of the mighty struggle was to be seen upon the ground. Where are they all? Has the grave closed on the last bosom that was bared to the bayonet of the Tyrant? Has time at length accomplished, in his quiet way what a Tyrant's power was enable to accomplish with the array and roar of his fleets and armies? How melancholy! Yet it is the destiny of us all, and proudly as we boast of our prowess and our millions, the lapse of half a century will place us all side by side with those who fought for liberty, and now, at least on earth, are nothing.

We institute no comparisons between the speeches. Were we so inclined we *could* not. They were all good—the very thing. The homage due to our ancestors was dilated upon. The moral influences under which we are to become a great people, or for the want of which we are to become nothing at all, were spoken of. Exhortations to individual virtue as the ground work of that of a nation were made. Corruption as a hidious beast or a loathsome reptile, and the work it was destined to perform was hinted at. All was right. We felt that these young soldiers were our brothers.—We were ready to clasp them to our arms. But we must here dismiss them lest our motives and our feelings be misunderstood. We speak in all the sincerity of a heart overflowing with the kindest sentiments for early developed genius let us see it where we may. We are prompted in this writing by the conviction that it is our duty to encourage the lispings of such genius and to urge it to unremitted effort. They have our hearty commendation for what it is worth. God bless them.

We feel bound, after saying thus much of our soldier orators. to confess our obligations to *him* who responded to the call upon the citizens.—Finely did the citizens come off with such a response. We knew him to be eloquent before.—A former occasion and a social intercourse had exhibited him in a most favourable light. But it seemed to us that now when chance prompted him to an expression of the most cherished emotions of his heart, he almost surpassed himself.—An ardent patriotism was breathed in every sentence he uttered. A glowing imagery delighted the fancy of his auditory. His round and flowing periods bespoke a rhetorical elegance and accuracy rare in one so young. The whole effusion was from a sensibility of the keenest kind, a temperament the most ardent, and a mind with proper cultivation capable of the highest achievements.

Such orators were selected for the occasion for two good and sufficient reasons. First that they might have an opportunity—rarely offered to young men—to show themselves. We like to see modesty and the talents most generally entrenched behind it, forced into open sunshine. We want to hear of no flowers that are born to blush unseen. Let us have them shedding their fragrance, not on a desert air, but in an atmosphere in which their sweetness can be caught and appreciated.—Secondly because patriotism is a matter of transmission from generation to generation. We take it for granted our ancestors have had enough of it. What it devolves upon us to do now is to inspire those who are to wield the destinies of the nation hereafter with all they can imbibe. Can there be any thing so well calculated to cultivate a lofty virtue with young men as the fact of making them its public champions? We would not care one straw to hear a learned dissertation upon the American revolution and its results upon the world from a head coexistent with the nation. Such a dissertation can do no good except as a thing of history. But let us see the budding talents of the land worshiping at the shrine of their country's liberty and their country's honour, and we have a prognostic of their country's destiny. We flatter them not, for we hate flattery. But we love the men and in telling them so, we pay court to the only attributes of character we do love—intelligence and worth,, political and moral.

We pass by the dismissal. Suffice it to say, we asked for something and we got more than we asked for, both in eloquence and matter. The result left us the debtors to an incalculable extent, and we are therefore unable to pay our dues except the simple acknowledgement of them be received as enough.

The dinner was one of no very extraordinary character for the 4th of July except in two particulars. First, the place was one of the most beautifully appointed spots for an affair of the kind we have ever seen. We suffered nothing from the close heat and foul air of a tavern refectory—rendered more foul usually by exhalations in steam from forty varieties of animal and vegetable matter. We had no walls or ceiling around and over us to dispute the ingress of fresh air and the egress of that which our lungs and olfactories could no longer crave. On either side the landscape lay wide-spread for our gase—our beloved village dotting it on the one hand, and the straight blue line of the river terminating it on the other.—Above us was the umbrageous foliage of a dozen trees to protect us from the sun's rays, all the time rustling in a gentle breeze by way of entertaining our city friends with a mere sample of the wild melody of Nature. Beneath our feet was the verdant sward, as soft as the finest fabric of Turkey and a thousand times as rich. Over this was extended two tables, litterally creaking and groaning under their enormous burden, whereon was a representative from every department of creation.—Something rising of a hundred men took their seats, and it being a tolerably late hour after a morning of considerable excitement, a rapid discussion of the viands at once took place. But with all our voracity, we were unable to consume more than a third of what was prepared for us.—Another peculiarity of our dinner—certainly worthy of note for the 4th of July—was the absence, at table, of all alcoholic beverages. True, the monster did manifest himself in a small way at one time in a tidy little Demijon, and not a very trifling proportion of the company seemed inclined to pay him some respects; but he must have been smuggled into such society by some individual hand; and to do him justice, we must allow he was by no means obtrusive—most generally skulking under the table instead of impudently asserting the right which formerly he always maintained, of being on it. Among the incidents that occurred while at table to give us pleasure, we were more than happy to hear of the arrival of the thin gentleman, after a day of arduous attention to his official duties, who was the subject of the unfortunate accident in the morning, and likewise to have ocular proof that he suffered no great inconvenience, in playing the game of knife and fork, from mere skin wounds. Another agreeable incident was the arrival of a committee of three appointed by Mr. John Foble, Tobacconist, to wait on the respective captains, and to pay their regards through said captains to the companies.—Most faithfully did these three little fellows discharge the duties assigned them; for they were scarcely introduced to the acquaintance of the company before they freely unbosomed themselves and offered their richest treasures to the enjoyments of the day. Such kindness we could respond to but in one way: that was, to press them to our lips and indulge in such puffs and panegyric meantime as sent their glory and incense to the skies. The toasts of course came in proper succession. They were chaste and appropriate, having eminated from hands well skilled in such things. But cold water!!! Alas! Drunkards have destroyed toast drinking. Excesses with fools have produced another extreme with fanatics, and the moral character of all communities must be tainted with the dogmas of those who arrogate superior sanctity. We love temperance to our heart's core, and we admire those who would make personal sacrifices in order to build up such a moral control as to ensure that state of things which we all desire to see. But, plain, straightforward independence of thought, and an action based on common sense is what we most admire; and whilst we cannot see any thing incompatible with this in accompanying a patriotic sentiment with a glass of wine, we *can* see that the new-fangled system is to destroy the oldest as well as the richest social pleasure known to mankind.

The supper, on the evening of the same day, was materially different in character. It was the gratuitous tribute of one of the best men in the world to the hospitality due strangers. No sooner did he hear of the coming of our guests than his heart began to swell with its generous impulses. He immediately made arrangements for their entertainment Melancholy to say, domestic afflictions intervened which prevented his own personal attendence. But he countermanded no orders, and the entertainment was forced to come forth under the direction of our bountiful host of the Dorchester House. There was one to represent the munificent giver on the occasion, whose study it was to do him justice. Though that one earnestly condoled with him and felt himself allowed to be any thing but merry, yet he laboured to betray no sympathy calculated to mar the pleasures of the evening. We soon perceived after being seated at the festive board, that eating at such a time and in the sumptuous way our host had provided for us, was a work of supererogation. Our guests looked as if they were surfeited, and to tell the truth, we began to think that it would be not only polite but merciful to quit stuffing them. The evening passed off with quaffing a few goblets of the grape, some complimentary toasts, a speech or two, in which the orator for the citizens had again an opportunity of flourishing, some glees from the club led by their accomplished instructor, a merry ditty or so from as merry a looking son of Mars as ever belted himself with a cartrige-box or stepped out of time, and as orderly and quiet an adjournment as if we had been holding a quaker meeting.

But the farewell! Ah here comes the rub! Who has breathed away twenty years of a life time without having lived in the whirl of excitement, and excite-

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Three boxes of Segars.

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