The Cambridge Chronicle.

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

NEW SERIES—VOL. 7. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 17, 1844. NUMBER 21

TERMS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

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.

POETRY.

From the Phila. Saturday Courier.

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS LIFE.

How sweet, how sweet to live,
To breathe the freshened air—to greet the sun,
As he bounds onward joyously to give
Life to the fainting one;
Earth hails his coming, through her wide domain—
With swelling music, or with silent strain.

'Tis sweet to live; for life
Itself is beautiful! The song of birds—
The murmur of the rill—the tempest's strife,
Have language—but its words
Wing their significance to him alone,
Who feels their *living* power, and feels to own.

How sweet to live! To trace
In each green tree—in cloud, and star, and sun,
The radiant features of His smiling face,
Who "spake and it was done."
Who swung the planets in the trackless air,
And made the world so beautiful and fair.

Yes, it is sweet to feel
Life's quickened pulses in this heart of mine.
To walk in Nature's temple, and to kneel
And worship at her shrine—
To hear her spirit voices, as they tell
Of a far better land, where angels dwell.

'The Spirit's voice is borne
Upon the zephyr's wing, and seems to give
New charms to life; it whispers, "Peace, and learn
How truly sweet to live;"
Life's purest, noblest pleasures have their birth,
In spreading joy's bright mantle o'er the earth.

Bind up the broken heart,
Call back the hopes that fondly lingered here,
Pluck from the memory the poisoned dart,
Dry up the mourner's tear;
Bring forth on the pale cheek the rose's bloom,
Brighten that lowly pathway to the tomb.

Go, spread salvation far
O'er the broad realms where darkness holds her sway,
And let the peaceful beam of Bethlehem's star
Turn darkness into day.
Live for a world with sin and sorrow rife,
And thou shalt *know* how beautiful is life.

ARION.

William's College.

THE WIDOWER TO HIS CHILDREN.

"Come gather closely to my side,
My little smitten flock;
And I will tell of him who brought
Pure water from the rock:
Who boldly led God's people forth
From Egypt's wrath and guile;
And once a cradled Babe did float
All helpless on the Nile.

You're weary, precious ones, your eyes
Are wandering far and wide;
Think ye of her, who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide:
Who could to wisdom's sacred lore
Your fix'd attention claim?
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your Evening Hymn,
My youngest infant dove,
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love:—
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng,—
Cling, as you used to cling to her,
Who sings the Angels' song.

Begin, sweet birds, th' accustomed strain,
Come, warble loud and clear;
Alas! alas! you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear.
Good night!—so gay the Prayer she taught
Beside your little bed;
The lips that used to bless you there,
Are silent with the dead.

A Father's hand your course may guide,
Amid the thorns of life;
His care protect those shrinking plants,
That dread the storms of strife.
But who, upon your infant hearts,
Shall like that mother write?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul?
Dear, smitten flock!—Good night!"

"Will you come to the *bower?*" as the boatswain said to the crew, at the heaving of the anchor.

"Let us drop the *subject*," as the body-snatchers said when they were pursued.

From the Irish Citizen.

THE AUCTION—A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JAMES REES.

Ask you why Phrynne the *whole Auction* buys?
Phrynne foresees a general excise.—POPE.

And much more honest, to be hired and stand
With auctioneering hammer in thy hand;
Provoking to give more, and knocking thrice
For the *old household* stuff, or picture's price.
DRYDEN'S JUVENAL.

It was a tempestuous night, the winds whistled fearfully, and hail-stones whose size threatened to demolish the windows of the houses, rattled against them with a determined pertinacity as if to test their strength. In the parlor of a fine old-fashioned house, beside rather a comfortless fire on such a night, were seated the family of Mr. Sunderland, consisting of himself, wife, daughter, and a faithful maid servant. A heavy gloom, more of sorrow than of anger, rested on each brow, not even excepting that of the maid servant alluded to, from whose eager glances, ever and anon cast toward the family group, the close observer would have noted the deep interest she took in the cause of their grief.

The picture was a melancholy one, for virtue in distress has no light shade to relieve it; all around and about it, is dark and sombre. The sensitive artist would have thrown aside his pencil, if the subject had been presented to his view, as we have described it, and his heart would have received an impression, which could not have been transferred to the canvass.

'To-morrow,' observed Mr. Sunderland, 'is the anniversary of the melancholy death of our dear Henry—to-morrow will be ten years since the vessel in which he sailed, was lost, and all on board perished—all, all.'

'Alas,' exclaimed his wife, as the tears coursed their way down her cheeks, 'to-morrow will be a melancholy day.'

'Indeed it will, for to-morrow this house which belonged to my father—the furniture which time has made, as it were, a part of ourselves, and associated with many a pleasing event in our lives, is to be sold—torn from us by the unrelenting hands of creditors; but thank Providence, misfortune, not crime, has reduced us to this stage of poverty.'

'Will they sell everything, Pa—can we secure nothing?' asked the daughter.

'No! my child, unless with what little money a friend has generously loaned me, I can secure a few articles, Ellen, my dear, take your pencil and put them down; first, the sideboard, two beds, sofa, chairs, and kitchen things. The sideboard, it is true, will be to us now a superfluous piece of furniture, but it belonged to my mother, and I cannot—will not part with it.'

'But my Piano, Pa!—must it go?'

The wife sighed, the father cast his eyes towards the flickering fire, and the daughter was silent. The fate of the Piano was decided upon. A melancholy pause in the conversation plainly told how severe was the alternative—for the law never studies the feelings of its victims when exacting the penalty of a bond.

'Go, Mary,' said Mr. Sunderland, addressing the servant, 'go and request the Sheriff's officer, who is watching the property, to walk into the parlor; he is only doing his duty—no doubt it is painful to him, as it is distressing to us. Let hm have a seat at our fire, and a glass of wine, for it is a severe night.'

'It is indeed a fearful night,' observed Mrs. Sunderland, 'and we have behaved rude to this man.'

'Mother, I made a fire in the room where he is, but——'

'Speak out, child—it was with the last stick.'

'Father, it was—'

Mary returned with the officer, a polite, gentlemanly man, for such should be the character of men who have to perform a part in the drama of life, not unlike that of the inquisitors of old, whose province it was to torture by the rack, with this difference, however:—theirs was a physical torture—ours a mental one, administered with all the nicety and precision of legal justice! The officer politely accepted the invitation—tasted the wine, and endeavored to cheer his victims, by enumerating many cases of a similar kind, equally poignant and distressing. Thus the evening passed heavily and cheerlessly away.

On the morning of the contemplated sale, there was to be seen a crowd of people flocking to the house of Mr. Sunderland. Some out of sheer, heartless curiosity, *friends* of the family, who came with mockery on their lips—and empty purses. Others with an intent to purchase, but no one among the crowd showed the least desire to aid, assist, or sympathise with the distress of the family. This is the world; we laugh at the misfortunes of our fellow creatures, and even mock their distresses, by witnessing in silence their sufferings. The Auctioneer was now making his arrangements, by flourishing his hammer, rolling his eyes, and using his tongue. The motely crowd gathered around him. The house was put up first, it was accurately described—free of all incumbrances, and subject to but a very small ground rent. It was started at five thousand dollars. There were several bidders, all of whom seemed anxious to purchase it. Seven thousand five hundred dollars was last bid, upon which the Auctioneer dwelt for a moment. Mr. Sunderland compressed his lips together, and muttered to himself, 'it cost my father fifteen thousand dollars.' Seven thousand five hundred dollars, going—once—twice—three times—for the last time going—eight thousand—thank you, sir—going at eight thousand—once—eight thousand twice—eight thousand three times—going—gone—what name? 'Clifford,' was the response, and all eyes rested on a tall, noble looking man, who had remained silent during the rapid bidding of the spectators—and who, as the whisper went round, was a total stranger.

'It is gone,' whispered Mr. Sunderland to his wife, as he pressed her hand in silent grief. 'We have no home now.'

'Now, gentlemen,' cried the auctioneer, 'we will sell this sideboard, in regard to which I am requested by the creditor to say that it is an old family piece, and it is the wish of the owner to retain it if possible. I merely mention this, as it is known to you under what peculiar circumstances the things are sold.' This had the desired effect—no one seemed willing to bid against the unfortunate man, who started it at ten dollars. Twenty was bid by Mr. Clifford; twenty-five from Mr. Sunderland; fifty from Mr. Clifford silenced the anxious parent, and the family piece of furniture was knocked down to the new owner of the house. A gentleman who stood by remarked that the act was a cold, heartless one. 'Was it,' sarcastically asked Mr. Clifford, 'then, sir, why did you not buy it for him?'

Mr. Sunderland was much affected at this little incident. "He little knows how much he has lacerated this heart. But I will purchase the piano for my child. He stepped up to Mr. Clifford, and told him the desire he had to purchase the piano for his daughter, and hoped he would not bid against him.

"Sir," said the stranger, "I will not deceive you, as much as I respect your feelings, and the sympathy of the good company; I cannot, nay, will not, alter the determination made when I first entered this house."

"And pray, Sir, what may that be?"

"To purchase every thing in it, and by heaven I'll do it, though I pay double price."

"Strange," muttered Mr. Sunderland, as he found his family in another part of the room.

The stranger fulfilled his promise, and actually bought every thing from the house itself down to the very axe in the cellar!

After the sale was over, and the company had retired, Mr. Clifford requested the Auctioneer to walk with him into an adjoining room. After the lapse of a few moments they both returned to the parlor where the family still remained. The Auctioneer looked around, gave a knowing smile—wished them all a good day, and as he eft the room was heard to say—"I never heard of such a thing—a perfect romance—ha! ha! ha!"

You are now," observed Mr. Sunderland to Mr. Clifford, "the owner of this house and furniture—they were once mine—let that pass."

"I am, Sir, and for the time being your landlord."

"I understand you, Sir, but will not long remain your tenant; I was going to observe however, that there are two or three articles which I am anxious to purchase—that sideboard, for instance—it is a family relic—I will give you the fifty dollars the price you paid and I feel assured under the circumstances, you wil not refuse me this favor?"

"I cannot take it, Sir."

"Obdurate—ungrateful man!"

"Will you not let Pa buy my piano, Sir?" humbly asked Ellen. "He will give you the price at which it was sold."

"It is painful for me, young lady, to refuse even this—I will sell nothing—not even the wood saw in the cellar."

"Then, Mr. Clifford," exclaimed Mr. Sunderland, "*we* have no further business here; come, my dear—Ellen, get your bonnet—that's your band box—let us quit this house, we are not even free from insult.—Where is Mary?"

"I am here, Sir—the key of my trunk is lost, and I am fastening it with a rope."

"Stop, my girl—but methinks I purchased that trunk?" cooly observed the stranger.

"Mr. Clifford—I am not so old, but that I can resent an insult—nay, will, if you carry this arrogant, and to me, strange conduct much further; that poor girl has been to me and mine the best, and I may say the only friend; she has remained with us in poverty, assisted us in our distresses, not only with her purse but her hands; she is to me not as a servant, but one of my family—for there is—thank heaven, no such base distinctions in poverty, that exists in a state of bloated wealth. Here—here—with nothing but what we have upon our backs—the master and the servant are equal. She is part of my family, and I will protect her from insult. That trunk is hers, and who dare take it from her? Not you, Sir!"

Mr. Clifford cast his eyes upon Mary, who at that moment arose from the floor—for a moment they gazed upon each other in silence—"And she, you say, has been to you a friend?"

"Indeed she has—a kind, noble one."

"Mr. Sunderland, stay—one moment, my good girl, put down that trunk—take a seat, Madam; permit me, Miss, to hand you a chair; Mr. Sunderland, will you be seated?—I have yet something more to say.—When you requested me to yield up the wish I had to purchase this side board, I told you that it was my determination to buy it, and I tell you now, that I will not sell it."

"This, Mr. Clifford, needs no repetition."

"Aye, but it does, and when that young lady made the same request for her piano my answer was the same. Stop, Sir—hear me out—no man would act so without a motive; no one, particularly a stranger, would court the displeasure of a crowded room, and bear up against the frowns of the many without an object. Now I had an object—and that was—be seated sir—Madam, your attention—that object was, to buy this house and furniture for the sole purpose of restoring them to you and yours again!"

"Sir, is this not a cruel jest?"

"Is it possible?"—exclaimed mother and daughter.

Amazement took posession of Mary, and her trunk fell to the floor with a crash, causing her small stock of clothing to roll out, which she eagerly gathered up, and thrust back, without any regard to the manner with which it was done.

"The auctioneer," continued Mr. Clifford, "has my instructions to have the matter arranged by to-morrow. In the meantime, you are at home; Mr. Sunderland, you are in your own house—and I, the intruder."

"Intruder, Sir? Oh, say not that—I will not tell you what a relief this knowledge is to me—but I am yet to learn how I am to repay you all this, and what could have induced you, a total stranger, thus to step forward. Ah! a thought strikes me—gracious heavens! Can it be? look on Mr. Clifford—nay start not." The stranger actually recoiled from the glance of Sonderland's eye—"look on me, Sir—has that girl—that innocent girl—who stands trembling there any interest in this generous act of yours?—speak, Sir, and let me know at once, that I may spurn your offer and resent the insult."

"I will not deny, Sir, but that she has."

"Me, Father, dear Father! I never before saw the gentleman's face."

"Say not so, Miss—"

"Sir—I—I—Indeed Father, I—"

"Remember, ten years back—call to mind a light haired boy, whow you called—,

"Brother—!

"Gracious heaven—Henry—my boy!

"Is here—I am your long lost son!!"

"Need we add more? Our readers can readily imagine that a more cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth, and that Mary, the faithful servant, was not forgotten in the general joy which prevailed on this occasion.

THE QUIZZER QUIZZED.

On a recent occasion of a medical professor delivering practical lectures to the public, a gawky lumbering clodhopper thought he had devised a mode of turning the laugh against the doctor. He mounted the stage, and on being questioned as to his disorder, said, very gravely—

'Why, I'm a liar.'

'Sad disorder, sir, but perfectly curable,' said the doctor.

'Well,' said the man, 'but I've a worser nor that I've lost my memory.'

'Quite curable, also,' added the doctor: 'But I must make my preperations. Come again after dinner, and I will be ready for you: but pay down five shillings.'

The man, who had intended to have his fun gratis, resisted, but the doctor declared he never let any one down from the stage till he had paid something.

'Besides,' said the doctor, 'how can I trust you?—You say you are a liar, and have no memory: so you will either break your promise or forget all about it.'

A loud laugh from the crowd expressed their acquiescence in the justice of the claim, and the poor fool, *nolens volens*, was compelled to lay down the cash.—No one supposed he would come again, but he still hoped that he might turn the tables, and presented himself at the appointed hour. The doctor received him with great gravity, and, addressing the audience, said—

'Gentlemen may think it a joke, but I assure them on the honor of a gentleman, that it is a very serious affair; and I hereby engage to return the money, if the bystanders do not acknowledge the cure, and that I am fairly entitled to the reward.'

The man sat down—was furnished with a glass of water—the doctor produced a box of flattened black pills: and to show that they were perfectly innocent, affected to swallow three or four himself. He then gave one to the man, who, after many wry faces, bit into it—started up, spitting and sputtering, and exclaimed—

'Why, hang me, *if it isn't cobbler's wax!*'

"There,' said the doctor, lifting up both hands, 'did any body ever witness so sudden, so miraculous a recovery? He is evidently cured of lying, for he has told the truth instantly; and as to memory, my good fellow,' continued he, patting him on the back, 'if you ever forget this, call on me, and I'll return you the money.

A Chapter on Boots by a Cordwainer.—Every man that has a *sole* generally wears boots, and some boots *last* longer than others. This is a fact which *awl* will admit. A tight boot is apt to create a *shoe*-ting pain in the foot, and has never been known to produce a *stich* in the *side*. The *skin* has sometimes been bruised, and the *nails* have been made to grow into his flesh; but these difficulties have been removed by applying the *heeling* remedies. It is always best to have an *understanding* with the cobbler, and the man who has the reputation of being *light*, would not be considered a *fit* person to buy of. Should you chance to come across one of this description, and he should *pump* you, it would do no good to *bristle* up to him; but merely *tap* him on the shoulder in the friendly way, and he will not be apt to *rip* out. A good customer is always able to '*toe* the mark,' and he who is willing to *foot* his bills will find that the cobbler is not unwilling to *foot* his boots. If I am *right* in the above remarks, there is nothing *left* but to say *sew*.

CURE FOR FOUNDERED HORSES.—If your horse be foundered over night, in the morning take a pint of hogs's lard, put it in a vessel, and make it boiling hot; clean his hoofs well, and set his foot in the lard. Heat it for each foot boiling hot; take a spoon and put the fat over the hoofs as near the hair as possible, and if this be done early in the morning, he will be fit for use in three hours after. It is better to remove the horses shoes, but we have made several cures without. It has never failed.—Louisville Jour.

To Make Good Rolls and Biscuits.—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer says: Put two teaspoonful of cremor tartar into one quart of dry flour, and dissolve three-fourth of a teaspoonful of super carb soda in warm new milk, sufficient when mixed with the flower, to make paste of the ordinary consistence, for soft biscuit; then mix and bake in the form of biscuit or rolls for about 20 minutes.

These directions, if strictly followed, will render the bread extremely light and of superior whiteness and flavour, and is much more healthy than bread baked in the ordinary way.

CAMPBELL AND BURNS.—In a recent conversation, the poet Campbell remarked to a friend—"I was dining one day with Burns, who, like Dr. Johnson and other celebrities, had his Bozzy worshipper, a friend who was always in his company. I have forgotten his name. Burns left the room for a moment, and passing the bottle to his friend, I proposed to drink the health of *Mr.* Burns. He gave me a look of annihilation. 'Sir,' said he, '*you* will always be known as *Mr.* Campbell, but posterity will talk of Burns."

THE THUMB.—"If other proof were wanting," said Newton, "the thumb would convince me of the existence of God." The thumb represents will, energy, and rectitude. At Rome, they cut off the thumbs of cowards, *pollex truncatus*, whence comes the word "poltroon!" The Romans lifted the thumb to condemn the Gladiator to death. A small thumb indicates little genius for men—little virtue among women; a great thumb, a great thinker—a master of himself.

THINK OF IT.—Every hour that a man is in debt is a year spent in slavery. Your creditor is your master; it matters not whether a kind or a severe one, the sense of obligation you incur saps the feeling of manly independence, which is the first charm of youth.

CONFIDENCE IN GOODNESS.—There is something very winning and endearing in confidence. Who could take away the life of a bird which had fled to his bosom from the pounce of a hawk? Or who could take advantage of having him in his hand, to deprive the little trembler even of his liberty? Nothing is ever lost by trusting man, as ingenious and noble minded: they always feel a responsibility to repay the trust reposed in them. What then may we not expect from the God of all comfort?

A STRIKE.—"I ain't going to be called a Printer's Devil any longer—no more I ain't," exclaimed our imp the other day, in a terrible pucker.

"Well what shall we call you?"

"Call me typographical spirit of evil, if you please—that's all."

SINGULAR WAY OF COURTING.—Deacon Marvin, of Connecticut, a large landholder, and an exemplary man, was exceedingly eccentric in some of his notions. His courtship is said to have been as follows: Having, one day, mounted his horse, with only a sheepskin for a saddle, he rode in front of the house where Betty Lee lived, and, without dismounting, requested Betty to come to him; on her coming he told her that the Lord had sent him there to marry her. Betty replied, "the Lord's will be done."

LIFE.—BY MISS BREMER.—"Illusions!" you cry over all joys, all faith, all love, in life. I shoot back with all my might over your own words, 'Illusions! illusions!' All depends upon what we fix our faith and our affections. Must the beauty of love and worth of life be at an end to woman when her first spring, her bloom of love, her moments of romance are past? No, do not believe that, Ida. Nothing in this world is such an allusion as this belief. Life is rich; its tree blossoms eternally, because it is nourished by immortal fountains. It bears dissimilar fruits various in color and glory, but all beautiful; undervalue none of them for all of them are capable of producing plants of eternal life.

"Youthful love—the beaming passion-flower of earth! who will belie its captivating beauty, who will not thank the Creator that he gave it to the children of earth? But, ah! I will exclaim to all those who must do without it; there are flowers which are as noble as this, and which are less in danger than it of being paled by the frosts of the earth—flowers from whose chalices also you may suck life from the life of the Eternal!

"Ah! if we only understood how near to us Providence has placed the foundation of our happiness—if we had only understood this from the days of our childhood upwards, acted upon it and profited by it, our lives would then seldom lead through a dry wilderness! Happy are those children whose eyes are early opened by parents and borne to the rich activity of life. They will then experience what sweetness, joy and peace can flow out of family relationship out of the heartfelt union between brothers and sisters, between parents and children; and they will experience how these relations, carefully cherished in youth, will become blessings for our maturer years."

LYNN.—Professor Ingraham, in his last new work, "The Young Genius," thus characterizes this town as the vast cordwainery of the Union."

"The very pleasant and thriving town of Lynn is the paradise of shoemakers!—Its young men, early transferred from the cradle to the *last*, cut teeth and leather at the same time; and its pretty maidens learn to bind shoes with the induction of their *a, b, abs!* Lovers exchange hearts over a kid slipper, and swear eternal fidelity upon a lap-stone. If they would get married they ask old Dr. Waxend, the Parson if he will *stitch* them together, and they will pay him in hides and shoe-mending. Whipping their children they call *tanning*, and the rod they use is a *cowhide*. The little boys swear 'by hides and leather;' and play at games which they call 'high and low quarters' and 'heel and toe.'—A child newly born is a *lap*-stone, and the age of children is known by the *number* of the shoe they wear.—Boys are called *rights* and girls *lefts*—an old maid is an 'odd shpper,' and a batchelor an 'odd boot.'

"The street doors to their dwellings are 'insteps, and a man in an overcoat is 'foxed.' The fields about the town are 'patches,' and a fellow half-seased over is 'half-soled.' They never see a maple tree but they directly calculate the number of pegs it will make, and when they behold bees at work they reflect that the only end of wax is a wax-end. They look on all cattle and sheep as only leather growing, and believe hogs were only made to produce bristles. Its lapstones would pave Broadway, and its lasts, if piled together, would make a monument higher than that on Bunker's Hill."

Let every farmer who has a son to educate, believe and remember, that science lays the foundation of every thing valuable in agriculture.

The mechanic who is ashamed of his apron or the farmer who is ashamed of his frock, is himself a shame to his profession.

A person asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings the wrong side out. "Bekase,' said he, 'there is a hole on 'tother side.

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