The Cambridge Chronicle.

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

For Arthur's Magazine

HEAVENLY MUSIC.

"If the music of earth is so sweet, what must be the music of heaven, when all the heavenly hosts unite their voices—ten thousand upon ten thousand."

From the lowly flower to the house of prayer
The voice of music is every where;
'Tis felt in the breath of the waken'd rose,—
'Tis heard where the deep blue water flows,—
In the breeze-struck tones of the leafy tree,
In the thronging waves of the swelling sea,—
'Tis heard in the grove where the wild birds throng,
The heart is fill'd with the power of song!

It has made the cell like a forest bower,
And the bed of death has felt its power;
The human voice hath bid it bless
And the heart responds to its holiness,
Let music speak, and our pride relents,
At the sound of its voice like instruments;
And passion is stilled as it floats along,—
The heart is filled with the power of song!

O then, if such music to earth be given,
How sweet to the soul must be that of heaven;
Where the angels join in countless throng,
To praise the Glory of God in song!
My soul! how long will this prison clay
Confine thy lodgings for flight away,
To tune thy voice in praise with them,
And bathe in the light of His Diadem?

MARY.

AN ELOQUENT PREACHER.

There is scarcely an intelligent reader who has not heard of the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, of this city, He is pastor of the Independent Methodist Church North 11th street. His name has been, to-day, called to our mind, in consequence of reading a just tribute to his exalted abilities, as a pulpit orator, from the pen of the Cincinnati Herald. Its editor, when lately in Philadelphia, heard him, on the great subject of "Christ's Ascension"—and he thinks it one of the finest specimens of pulpit oratory he ever listened to.—In his finest passages of spiritual soaring, he held a dense auditory in breathless silence. He spoke, as he advanced, of "the expectant array of saints and angels, the charriots and horses of fire, the cloud, dark beneath, but reflecting above the glories of Heaven, the pause of the Saviour, when the cloud had received him, while the celestial hosts stood silent, as he gazed once more on familiar scenes—Nazareth, his birth place, the temple in which he had taught, the desert where five thousand had been fed, the mountain of prayer, the grave of Lazarus, Gethsemane, and Calvary. Then began the ascent, the throng following, passing worlds upon worlds in their upward flight, far above all principalities and powers, and thrones and dominions, till the gates of the Eternal City were reached, when, with electric power, he introduced the sublime colloquy in the Psalm, 'Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the King of Glory in!' He seemed to gather power as he rose into the Heaven of Heavens. His tall, slendor form, stretched to its utmost height; his eyes flashed as with the splendours of eternity. Every stroke of the pencil brought out a new feature—added a richer glow; every tone became more and more rapturous, till the ascent was completed, and the gates closed upon the burning throng. I drew a long breath and felt as if I should be glad to descend. But no!—the preacher paused for a moment, as if gathering strength for a still bolder flight, and then called his auditors to go with him to witness the glories of the coronation. I will not attempt to give even an idea of this crowning effort! One would almost imagine that Milton had risen from the dead, and in his lofty diction was revealing the mysteries of the Inner Sanctuary.—Without doubt, Stockton surpasses all men I ever heard, in a rich, bold, and well-proportioned imagination. For, were it not for its exact proportions, it would seem, beyond measure, extravagant. But, in his highest soaring, he moves with such ease, poises himself so dexterously, that the circle of the Heavens seems to be his natural element.!'

Mr. Stockton is, we should think, about forty years of age. He was originally a journeyman printer. Possessing great natural powers, perseverance took him onward and upward. He has been Chaplain to Congress, and now labors most industrtously in his present high calling as a Pastor—is Editor of "The Christian World"—and, but for infirm health, could, without much time in their composition, pronounce more public discourses, to hold in breathless awe immense auditories, than, perhaps, any other clergyman of his time.

Chinese Proverbs.—Whoever borrows to build, builds to sell-

Love is all eyes without one good one.

We never laugh so loud or long as when we would hide our grief.

The true way of enriching ourselves is by cutting off our wants.

There are no faults truly fatal but those which we neither acknowledge nor repair.

It is better to fill our barns than our chests.

What is a fool who has made his fortune? A pig which is embarrassed by his fat.—*Boston Post.*

PERFECT DESPERATION.

In the laughable tale of 'Desperation,' one of the richest of the rich articles which are so abundant in the 'Literary Remains' of the late Willis Gaylord Clark, we find the following passage. The hero, it may be necessary to remark, is a young Philadelphia student, who, after a stolen fortnight amid the gaieties of a Washington winter season finds himself, through the remissness of a college chum, as far as Baltimore on his way home, and without the 'first red cent' in his pocket. He 'puts up' at a fashionable hotel, notwithstanding his poverty, where, after sojourning a day or two, he finally, at the heel of a grand dinner, '*omnes solus*' in his private apartments, his various eatables flanked with abundant Campagne, Burgundy, and other choice wines—thus ostentatiously situated, we say, he finally resolves upon disclosing all to his landlord. Summoning a servant, he with much promposity addressed him with:

'Ask the landlord to step up to my room and bring his bill.

He clatters down stairs giggling, and shortly thereafter his master appeared. He entered with a generous smile, that made me hope for the best his house afforded, and that, just then, was credit.

'How much do I owe you?' said I. He handed me the bill with all the grace of private expectancy.

'Let me see—seventeen dollars. How very reasonable! But, my dear sir, the most disagreeable part of the matter is now to be disclosed. I grieve to inform you that at present I am out of money, but I know by your philanthropic looks that you will be satisfied when I tell you that if I had it I would give it to you with unqualified pleasure. But you see my not having the change by me is the reason I cannot do it, and I am sure you will let the matter stand and say no more about it. I am a stranger to you, that's a fact but in the place where I came from all my acquaintances know me, as easy as can be.'

The landlord turned all colors. 'Where do you live, any how?'

In Washing——, I should say, in Philadelphia.'

His eyes flashed with angry disappointment. 'I see how it is mister, my opinion is that you are a blackleg. You don't know where your home is—you begin with Washington, and then drop it for Philadelphia.—You must pay the bill.'

'But I can't.'

'Then I'll take your clothes; if I don't blow me tight.'

'Scoundrel!' said I, rising bolt upright, 'do it if you dare! Do it! and leave the rest to me.'

There were no more words. He arose deliberately seized my hat and my only inexpressibles, and walked down stairs.

Physicians say that two excitements cant exist at the same time within one system. External circumstances drove away, almost immediately, the confusion of my brain

I arose and looked out of the window. The snow was descending as I drummed on the pane. What was I to do? An unhappy 'sans culottes' in a strange city, no money, and slightly inebriated. A thought struck me.

I had a large full cloak, which, with all my other appointments, save those he took, the landlord had spared, I dressed immediately; drew on my boots over my fair drawers, not unlike small cloths, put on my cravat, vest and coat, laid a travelling cap from my trunk jauntingly over my forehead, and flinging my fine long mantle gracefully about me, made my way through the hall into the street.

Attracted by shining lamps in the portico of a new hotel, a few squres from my first ledgings, I entered, recorded some name on the books, and bespoke a bed. Everything was fresh and neat, every servant attentive; all argued well; I ordered a cigar, and retired to bed to mature my plot.

* * * * * *

'Waiter, just brush my clothes well, my fine fellow,' said I in the morning, as he entered my room, 'Mind the pantaloons; don't spill anything from the pockets; there is money in both.'

'I don't see no pantaloons.'

'The devil you don't! Where are they?'

'Can't tell, I'm sure; I don't know, s'elp me God.'

'Go down. sir, and tell your master to come up here immediately.'

The publican was with me in a moment. I had arisen and worked my face before the glass into a fiendish look of passion. 'Landlord.' exclaimed I with a fierce gesture, 'I have been robbed in your house—robbed, sir, robbed! My pantaloons and a purse containing three fifty dollar notes are gone. This is a pretty hotel. Is this the way you fulfil the injunctions of scripture? I am a stranger, and find myself taken with a vengeance. I will expose you at once, if I am not recompensed.'

'Pray keep your temper,' said the agitated publican. 'I have just opened this house, and it is getting a good run; would you ruin its reputation for an accident? I will find out the villan who has robbed you, and I will send for a tailor to measure you for your missing garment. Your money shall be refunded. Do you not see that your anger is useless?'

'My dear sir,' I replied, 'I thank you for your kindness. I did not mean to reproach you. If those trowers can be done to-day I shall be satisfied, for time is more precious than money. You may keep the others if you find them; and in exchange for the one hundred and forty dollars which you will give me, their contents are yours.'

The next evening, with new inexpressibles, and one hundred and forty dollars in my purse, I called on my guardian in Philadelphia for sixty dollars. He gave it with a lecture on collegiate dissipation that I shall not soon forget. I enclosed the money back to my honorable landlord, by the first post, settled my other bill at old Crusty's the first publican, and got my trunk by mail.

From Arthur's Magazine.

SELFISHNESS.

BY AN UTILITARIAN.

SELFISHNESS is the great bar to human excellence—the great impediment in the road of civiltzation. The glorious principle which teaches to "do unto others as" we "would that they should do unto" us, is the only available weapon wherewith to contend successfully against this unhappy bias of our nature.

Selfishness displays itself in different ways. It is one of our most insidous foes—it gradually gains possessions of all the outworks, and is ever alert to install itself in the citidel, in the very stronghold of our minds. It is Protean shaped, and comes upon us, in every variety of form—appeals to all our foibles—flatters all our vanities. and is one of the most powerful and persevering enemies that poor frail humanity has to contend against. Few, very few there be, who have made any approach in victory over it. Selfishness so throughly boodwinks us—makes us so perfectly blind—that the same facts appear different when applied to ourselves or others, To which in ourselves seems perfectly right, shocks our morality if coming from another. We expect concession and consideration, but do not deem it necessary to offer either. In fact, we expect that every one will act towards us as we would have him; but we do not think that it is equally necessary for us to treat others as we would be treated. In all our relations in life we exact too much, and yield too little. We have two pair of eyes, one to what effects ourselves, the other to note that which appertains to our neighbors—two standards of rectitude. The justice enthroned upon our minds is not blindfolded, she is troubled with obliquity of vision.—Unfortunately, tho few who have partially conquered this demon of our nature, are mere victims to their more selfish brethren. A man whose moral vision is sufficiently clear to see equally the mote and the beam, must either be a martyr, or, in self-defence, relapse into selfishness. He is imposed upon in every direction—his better qualities tempt the vicious to do him wrong.

It will be objected, that self love is not injurious when under proper control; that it produces in man a desire to aggrandize and ennoble himself, that from such a desire spring all great actions, all scientific discoveries, all public benefits. Even granting that such results sometimes flow from such a source—how small how few, how insignificant they are, compared with the huge mass of misery that is hourily endured through the operation of selfishness. It is to be doubted even whether such an objection is tangible—it is questionable whether any of the great scientific luminaries—any of the benefactors of their species, have thought of their own aggrandizement. Washington, to whom we are so deeply indebted, clearly did not.—Sir Isaac Newton was directed in his search after knowledge by a perfect love for it,—Wilberforce struggled to ameliorate the lot of his fellow cratures from pure benevolence, and we cannot but think that all truly great men ever have had, and ever will have, a very considerable disregard of public opinion. They must have a standard of excellence at which they seek to arrive—a good which they desire to accomplish, to tally apart and freed from any personal consideration.—Selfishness in its worst degree is the invariable accompainment of narrowed intellect, while the most enlighened and cultivated minds are ever the most free from wordly mindedness.

Let us struggle, then, to conquer this enemy to our peace. The selfish man is never happy; he is everlastingly in trouble, continually thinking that he has been injured, or is in danger of being imposed upon. Let us turn this meddling disturber of our happiness out of our homes—out from our minds. Let us not only endeavor to free our own minds from the monster, but strive likewise to remove it from that of others, especially in all those who look up to us for guidance and direction, and who profit from, or suffer by our example. In affecting an object, no individual is so humble as not to have the means of aiding it in his own sphere,—each individual has a circle in which his or her example, will produce good or evil. Females—mothers more espacially so. Let them lend their aid to the good object of chastening our selfishness,—let them bear in mind the important fact, that the germs of a child's disposnion are formed under their care, that it is in their power to weed the infant garden under their charge, to eradicate the weeds, and tend and cultivate the flowers—to destroy the tares, and nourish the wheat under their fostering care, until it ripen and spread blessings wherever it is had. Our characters are formed in our infancy—one of the greatest living philosophers has asserted that a child learns more between the age of two and five than all the rest of its life. During that period, the child is entirely under the control of its mother, and it is an acknowledged fact, that all eminent men have had matertal relatives of no ordinary character and ability.

We must bear in mind one important fact, that in order to check selfishnesss in others, it is necessary to crush it in ourselves. Like loadstones, our feelings call into existence similar ones in others—anger excites anger—selfishness calls out selfishness—and our benevolence cannot fail to call into existence benevolent feelings in those around us. Let us then cultivate benevolence, aided by the cheering thought that every bad feeling crushed, and every good one nourished, not only tends to enoble our own minds, but will ultimately benefit mankind; and advance the progress of universal cultivation.

ADVICE TO MAIDENS.

BY M. M. NOAH.

That classical song which commences with "O, take your time, Miss Lucy," has proved very disastrous to young ladies who have been controlled by it. Every thing is done in a hurry in this world, therefore get married as quickly as possible. Husbands are like birds, if you don't bring them down at once they are off.

Love is an idea; beef is a reality. The idea you can get along without; the beef you must have. Do not then allow any refined sentimentalism to interfere with what judicious and calculating parents call an advantageous settlement.

Young girls will have twinges of the heartstrings we know, but these are like other complaints incidental to youth, they go away suddenly without any bad effects. Dyspepsia often produces melancholly, which is attributed to disappointment affection, but brain bread and apple sauce will speedily remove this complaint.

Some girls have imaginations so tender that they believe themselves in love with every man who says a civil word to them. These unfortunate creatures should take the shower-bath every morning, and take frequent exercise on horseback.

Romance should be confined to circulating libraries and boarding schools; it is well enough in these places, but out of them it is sadly out of the way. It is very apt to take bread and butter out of one's mouth, and it is a curious fact in "physics," that though love causes the heart to swell, it never fills an empty stomach.

If a man falls in love with you, instead of ascertaining the color of his eyes, find out the length of his purse, instead of asking his age, get a list of his affects. If these make a goodly appearance, never mind his looks, but conclude the bargain at once. You will learn to love him when you feel the necessity of such a passion. In the meantime endure him.

There used to be many Alonzos and Malissas in the world, and there was much misery in consequence.—Now a days, people are more sensible. They have an eye to the real; they are matter of-fact, and see more substantial comfort in a well-furnished home than a dozen sonnets, more beauty in a bountifully supplied table than a score of love-letters. All this contains a good deal of sound sense which maidens would do well to profit by.

HENRY CLAY'S REPLY TO THE ADDRESS OF THE KENTUCKY ELECTORS.

The following is the speech of Mr. Clay, in reply to the address of the Presidential Electors of Kentucky, who waited on him at his house after giving to him the vote of that State. We give the address as it appears in the Lexington Observer of the 10th inst:—

I am greatly obliged, gentlemen, by the kindness towards me, which has prompted this visit from the Governor, the Presidential Electors of Kentucky and some of my fellow citizens, in private life. And I thank you, Sir, (Mr. Underwood) their organ, on this occasion, for the feeling and eloquent address which you have just done me the honor to deliver. I am under the greatest obligations to the People of Kentucky. During more than forty years of my life, they have demonstrated their confidence and affection towards me in every variety of form. This last and crowning evidence of their long and faithful attachment, exhibited in the vote which, in their behalf, you gave yesterday, at the seat of the Strte Government, es the Electoral College of Kentucky, fills me with overflowing gratitude. But I should fail to express the feelings of my heart, if I did not also offer my profound and grateful acknowledgments to the other States, which have united with Kentucky, in the endeavor to elect me to the Chief Magistracy of the Union, and to the million and a quarter of freemen, embracing so much virtue, intelligence and patriotism, who, wherever residing, have directed strenuous and enthusiastic exertions to the same object.

Their effort has been unavailing, and the issue of the election has not corresponded with their anxious hopes and confident expectations. You have, sir, assigned some of the causes which you suppose have occasioned the result. I will not trust myself to speak of them. My duty is that of perfect submission to an event, which is now irrevocable.

I will not affect indifference to the personal concern which I had in the political contest, just terminated: but, unless I am greatly self deceived, the principal attraction to me of the office of President of the United States, arose out of the cherished hope that I might be an humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to accomplish public good. I desired to see the former purity of the General Government restored, and to see dangers and evils, which I sincerely believed encompassed it, averted and remedied. I was anxious that the policy of the country, especially in the great department of its domestic labor and industry should be fixed and stable, that all might know how to regulate and accommodate their conduct. And, fully convinced of the wisdom of the public measures which you have enumerated, I hoped to live to witness, and to contribute to, their adoption and establishment.

So far as respects any official agency of mine, it has been otherwise decreed, and I bow respectfully to the decree. The future course of the government is altogether unknown, and wrapt in painful uncertainty.—I shall not do the new Administration the injustice of condemning it, in advance. On the contrary, I earnestly desire that, enlightened by its own reflections and by a deliberate review of all the great interests of the country, or prompted by public opinion, the benefit may be yet secured of the practical execution of those principles and measures for which we have honestly contended, that peace and honor may be preserved, and that this young but great nation may be rendered harmonious. prosperous and powerful.

We are not without consolations under the event which has happened. The Whig party has fully and airly exhibited to the country the principles and measures which it believed best adapted to secure our liberties and promote the common welfare. It has made in their support, constant and urgent appeals to the reason and judgment of the people. For myself, I have the high satisfaction to know that I have escaped a great and fearful responsibility; and that during the whole canvass, I have done nothing inconsistent with the dictates of the purest honor. No mortal man is authorised to say that I held out to him the promise of any office or appointment whatever.

What now is the duty of the Whig party? I venture to express my opinion with the greatest diffidence. The future is enveloped in a veil impenetrable by human eyes. I cannot contemplate it, without feelings of great discouragement. But I know of only one safe rule, in all the vicissitudes of human life, public and private, and that is conscientiously to satisfy ourselves of what is right, and firmly and undeviatingly to pursue it under all trials and circumstances, confiding in the great Ruler of the Universe for ultimate success.—The Whigs are deliberately convinced of the truth and wisdom of the principles and measures which they have espoused. It seems, therefore, to me that they should persevere in contending for them; and that, adhering to their separate and distinct organization, they should treat all who have the good of their country in view with respect and sympathy, and invite their cooperation in securing the patriotic objects which it has been their aim and purpose to accomplish.

I heartily thank you, sir, for your friendly wishes for my happiness, in the retirement, which henceforward best becomes me. Here I hope to enjoy peace and tranquility, seeking faithfully to perform, in the walks of private life, whatever duties may yet appertain to me. And I shall never cease, whilst life remains, to look, with lively interests and deep solicitude, upon the movements and operations of our free system of Government, and to hope that, under the smiles of an all-wise Providence, the Republic may be ever just, honorable, prosperous and great.

AGRICTLTURAL.

From the Southern Planter.

SMALL FARMS AND THOROUGH CULTIVATION.

The anecdote of the boy carrying a stone in one end of his bag, to balance the corn in the opposite end, because his father had done so, shows in some degree the force of education and habit. This stone carrying system is of broader application than may be first imagined. To exemplify. A father has a field of one hundred acres of land which he cultivates because he has laborers and team to do so; perhaps fifty acres yield something like two bushels per acre, a little more than enough to feed the laborers and team whilst engaged in the cultivation; the son inherits it, and forsooth, because his father had done so, he continues the practice, until he finds it expedient to remove to some new country. To arrest a course like this, so destructive to lands and fortunes, I propose a few remarks. All who have noticed any thing about farming operations in Eastern Virginia; cannot fail to have observed thirst for extensive cultivation, irrespective of the quality of land and its productiveness, and those engaged in it have found at harvest time their crops mostly been gathered from a few patches of land in tolerable heart, whilst the greater portion of the field required oxen in pretty good keep to collect a load of ears more resembling awl handles than corn, In view of this fact and in view of the immense products of the small northern farms highly improved, and is passing strange the course should be presisted to. I suggest the following one to remedy this evil: say a man has a field of one hundred acres of land, half of which is nearly unproductive, which will require eight hands to cultivate it; let him take three of his hands from his field, and commence early in the year to haul from his woods, leaves, mould; swamp, mud, walls of ditches cut through his swamp land, and any vegitable matter he may have, and apply it to the unproductive part of his field so far as it will go; and I will venture to affirm that the product of the part of the field in cultivation, will far exceed the product of the whole field in any previous year, seasons and cultivation being alike. When these sources of improvement are exhausted, let the hands above employed in improvement, remove the ground works of fences that have been long standing for years, and take the soil from under them and apply it as manure, as it really is. and the product of this process will astonish any one who has not experimented in this way, and will leave your fences cleared of shrubs and briars, which yearly consume much time and labor in clearing, and so much injure fences by obstructing the wind and sun from them. This source of manure having been exhausted, if you have light or sandy land, take from your adhesive clay subsoil, clay to cover it, say about twenty-five or thirty loads to the acre, scatter the same as soon as it is deposited, so that it may have the frosts and breezes of the winter to pulverize it, and turn it under in the spring preparatory to planting corn.—This will give tenacity and fertility to this kind of soil, and one experiment of this kind will embolden you to a continuance of the practice. As respects manuring, from repeated experiments, I am fully persuaded a surface application is the most beneficial on sward or fallow. I prefer applying it on the sward in August for the ensuing year's crops of corn. When there is great scarcity of manure, a quart of stable manure, or a pint of ashes dropped on the corn crop that no one would anticipate who had not thus experimented, and I incline to the opinion that it will be the most speedy way to cover over a large surface, and make a good crop at the same time. It is true that this application at first is too limited for a small grain crop, nevertheless, you have applied the quantity of manure over double or treble the surface you would have done, if it had been applied broadcast; you will have obtained double the quantity of corn you would have made from broadcast application of the same, and I believe you will make as much small grain from this extended surface. On the second cultivation of a corn crop, with the beds reversed, and a like application of manure, it will have diffused itself more generally over the surface than could be imagined. All I ask of the skeptical on this subject is, to make one experiment.—I have frequently applied it in this way, and invariably have derived benefit from it, exceeding my expectation.

A few words in relation to the varieties of corn; in these I have experimented largely, and the result is decidedly in favor of the largest kind. Poor land will not bring large or small and rich will produce much more of the large than the small. Of one of the small varieties I once obtained eleven years well matured from one stalk. The appearance was very imposing, but lo! when I came to test the product of this variety with a larger one, I found one large ear to yield one eighth of a gill more than the eleven. When the gathering of the ten additional ears, the shucking and housing, and the deficiency in yield are taken in the estimate, I think no one will hesitate in awarding a preference to the largest kind.

REXFORD.

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