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The Cambridge Chronicle.

[JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

NEW SERIES—VOL. 9. CAMBRIDGE, MD—SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1845. NUMBER

POETRY.

THE HAPPY HOME.

BY JESSE E. DOW.

I love the hearth where evening brings
Her loved ones from their daily tasks,
Where virtue spreads her spotless wings,
And vice's fell serpent never basks,
Where sweetly rings upon the ear,
The blooming daughter's gentle song,
Like heavenly music whispered near,
While thrilling hearts the notes prolong:
For there the father sits in joy,
And there the cheerful mother smiles,
And there the laughter-loving boy
With sportive tricks the eve beguiles;
And love, beyond what angels know,
Like sunlight on the purest foam;
Descends, and with its cheering glow,
Lights up the Christian's happy home.

Contentment spreads her holy calm
Around a resting place so bright,
And gloomy sorrow finds a balm
In gazing at the pleasing sight,
The world's cold selfishness departs,
And discord rears her front no more;
There pity's pearly tear drop starts,
And mercy watches at the door;
No scandal, whispered first in hell,
Grates on the ear, or scalds the tongue,
But there remembrance loves to dwell,
And there the song of love is sung;
While human nature soars on high,
To where the heavenly spirits roam,
And vice, as it stalks rudely by,
Admires the Christian's happy home.

Oft have I joined the lovely ones,
Around that bright and cheerful hearth—
Yes, father, mother, daughters, sons,
The brightest jewels of the earth;
And while the world grew dark around,
And fashion called her senseless throng,
I've fancied it was holy ground,
And that fair girl's seraph song;
And swift as circles fade away,
Upon the bosom of the deep,
When pebbles, tost by boys at play,
Disturb its still and glassy sleep;
The hours have sped in pure delight,
And wandering feet forgot to roam,
While waved the banners of the night,
Above the Christian's happy home.

The rose that blooms in Sharon's vale,
And scents the purple morning's breath,
May in the shades of evening fail,
And bend its crimson head in death;
And fairer ones amid the tomb,
May like the blushing rose decay,
But still the mind—the mind shall bloom,
When time and nature fade away;
And then amid a holier sphere,
Where seraph's bow in deepest awe,
Where sits in majesty severe,
The author of Eternal law;
The ransomed of the earth with joy,
Shall in their robes of beauty come,
And find a rest without alloy,
Amid the Christian's happy home.

From Arthur's Ladies' Magazine.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The death of a child, to those in no way connected with it either by relationship or daily intercourse, is a thing of little moment—a circumstance scarce noted; but how different is such an event to those who have grown familiar with the little prattler; to those who have begun to listen, even in memory, to the music of its happy voice.

In the family where I once resided, was a dear child who had won his way into every heart. Ten of us there were—but of these, six only claimed relationship—the rest of us were strangers and sojourners. But words cannot tell how dear to us was that sweet child.—He was our playmate when in the house, and claimed many of our most pleasant thoughts when we were away. The father and mother were very happy in the possession of such a treasure, and though sensible persons, found it almost impossible to restrain even tiresome expressions of fondness for, and interest in, their little one.

He was just three years old, when he was suddenly taken with symptoms of that terrible disease, the *croup*.—In the silent midnight his parents were startled from their sleep by his loud and difficult breathing. A hot bath was immediately prepared, and antimonial wine administered, but to no good purpose; and, ere dawn, an experienced physician had been summoned to the house. No relief could be obtained, however, for many hours, and that relief was but a slight abatement of the alarming symptoms. But little was eaten by any at the breakfast table next morning. Concern and anxiety were upon every face. How was all changed since the day before! Then we were happy with our little playmate—now we spoke low and ominous words together, and stole about softly, as if we feared to wake a sleeper.

When we again assembled at the dinner hour, hope had not yet dawned upon the hearts of the anxious parents. One by one we gathered in the sick chamber to look upon our pleasant companion, now struggling with pain, and subdued by sickness. For a moment his eye would brighten as each familiar face bent over him, but it would soon settle into an appealing look, as if he asked our aid in his extremity.

How ardently did we long to bestow that aid, and how humbled in spirit were we, as we turned away from his bed side, feeling as though his rebuke went with us for not rescuing him from the hands of his tormentor.

The day wore on heavily with each one of us who was absent on business, and at last the evening came

"How is little Willie?" I asked, eagerly, of his mother, who was the first that met me as I entered. She looked at me a moment before she spoke, evidently struggling to keep down her feelings, and then said, mournfully, and with wet eyes:—

"He is no better."

Softly I entered the chamber, the stillness of which was broken only by the loud, quick, labored breathing of the child. How changed was our little friend! The rose of health had faded from his cheek—the gladness from his young bright eye. Nor was he suffering from the violence of the disease alone. Powerful medicines had prostrated his system, without expelling the malady, and a large blister had burnt the skin from his breast without moving the spoiler from his vigorous hold. I whispered his name as I bent over him, but he heard me not—I spoke in a louder tone, but he heeded not my voice. Even to his mother's earnest call of—"Willie! *dear* Willie!" he answered not by look, word, or motion.

The night passed heavily. The first sound that greeted my ears in the morning, as I left my room, was the hoarse, suffocating breathing of the child. It sounded through the house, fearfully distinct, from the half opened door of the chamber.

Another day passed, and another night, and then we were called to see him die. How my heart beats with a troubled, unequal motion, even now, while I recal that scene. His throat had become so swollen, that to breath was almost impossible. He lay panting and gasping before us, and we could not even smooth his passage to the grave. The mother supported the head of her darling, and the father stood looking on apparently unmoved, but there was a tempest of feeling subdued, not stilled in his bosom. The former had ceased to weep. Her sorrow was too profound to allow of a tearful relief.

The breathing of the little sufferer grew quicker and fainter, but he still labored fearfully. Each respiration convulsed his frame and distorted his features. Even to the last gasp, the struggle was painful. But when the spirit disengaged itself from the body, how calm, how still, how lovely was he in death! It was like a Sabbath rest after a week of toil and pain.

Bowed down in spirit we stole away from the chamber of death. What had we done that our delight was taken away, and our hearts stricken with sorrow!—How can I attempt to describe the agony of a mother's heart! It cannot be told. It was known only to Him who sustained her in her affliction, and in a voice of indescribable sweetness, whispering even from the inner temple of her spirit, said, "He is not dead, but sleepeth." Far more touching is the silent, subdued, resigned grief of a Christian mother, than the transports of one whose sorrow looks not out from self.—Never shall I forget when Mrs. H——— bent over the coffin of her dear little Willie and kissed his cold forehead, lips and cheek for the last time. Large drops were falling upon the pale insensible face, but no sound passed the mother's lips. Ah, how many dear hopes did that coffin lid enclose, when it passed over the face of her loved and lovely one forever!

Days, weeks, months did not take away the loneliness from that house. I never passed its threshhold, that I did not miss something. My ear listened for a well known voice, but the sound never more fell sweetly upon it. Feeling thus myself, how often did I pity the bereaved parents; but they bore their loss with Christian patience, looking beyond the veil of death, and seeing, by an eye of faith, their little one in the company of celestial angels."

COUSIN NANCY;

OR, THE VIRGIN OF SEVENTY.

"I will lay you a dozen of wine, Tom, that I go and make love to cousin Nancy," said the gay and fashionable Frank Dewese to his associate in frolic, as they stood one evening in a piazza looking through the window into a room where sat the lady in question, busily engaged in extracting the sweets of the last novel.

"Done for a dozen," replied the laughing Tom, "it were worth a dozen of best to see you rouge-gathering on the furrowed cheeks and skinny lips of that walking anatomy—that splendid example of the eternal sisterhood.

Cousin Nancy had toiled through life for three score years, enjoying all the platonic pleasures of single blessedness. In all respects but two, she was, to say the least, sufferable; but her affectation was as provoking as her amatory disposition was vexatious. The first never allowed her to keep a calendar beyond her thirty-first year—made her ape the dress, manners and habits of a girl—use rouge without bounds—wear gaudy dresses—attend juvenile assemblies of amusement—and take lessons in music daily. The second was ever hurrying her into low adventures; making her the bone of all the beaux; sending her heart on one wild goose chase after another until she could scarcely swear to it as her own; and leading her to imagine that she was making conquests wherever she went.—Reader, can you not see her now before you, large as life, her grey locks saucily giving the lie to her raven papillote, her congratulated phiz smeared with paste rouge until it looks like a mine of red chalk; her sinewy neck and withered bosom forming a deep yellow ground to display the lace above it, and exposed with a generosity which fifty years ago would have been irresistible, her dress flashed with rainbow ribons and her fidgety movements betraying the restless activity of the soul, fretting and chafing within its venerable tabernacle?

You can now appreciate the motives of the young men for engaging in their mischievous plot—if you cannot, we pity you.

Cousin Nancy was on a visit to Frank's paternal residence, but she had remained so provokingly long that Frank was out of patience with her, and could so far forget hospitality, as to hoax her occasionally for fun's sake.

The bet was ratified with a mutual grasp and into the worthy lady's room marched Mr. Frank, assuming an air of awkward mystery that was calculated to rouse the suspicion of his venerable cousin. Closing and bolting the door behind, he drew the curtain, taking care to have a peeping hole for his accomplice, who surveyed the preparations with infinite glee; he then seated himself by the side of his wonder struck cousin, and seizing her unresisting hand, began to whisper soft things in her ear. She was amazed with joy; wriggling in her chair, tried to blush, in short she acted like a fool. Frank now proceeded still farther; fell on his knees, and poured forth a torrent of unmeaning rhapsody; called her goddess—angel—idol of his soul—besought her to declare his fate—anything; even the killing no were no better than suspense. "Speak, my adored cousin; pronounce my sentence, and oh, let it not be that which will drive me to despair or suicide."

"Why—my dear Frank—you must know—how can I—that is—it is so unexpected—time to decide."—"Dearest of women must I remain in agony till morning? Well I will strive to live till then—then you must give me my answer." He caught her in his arms, and she made no opposition, she sighed deeply—"my dear, dear Frank." His lips wandered freely over her face and neck, trailing the moveable complexion after them, and daubing his chin, cheeks and nose most elegantly in its sanguine hues, he tore himself from her—tumbled purposely over a chair, mistook by a singular accident the closet door for the entrance of the passage, and finally joined his almost smothered friend who was bursting with compressed laughter.

"Bravo! Frank, bravissimo! the wine is yours; by all the powers of farce and comedy, it is richly earned. Ha! ha! ha! wipe off the red lead from your lips, 'twill poison the Burgundy."

The next morning Frank came down very late, and languid in the breakfast room, scarcely noticing the members of the family; but seemed to be entirely busied with yawning, sipping his coffee and tumbling the morning papers. His friends were surprised at his conduct—almost as much as they had been by the georgious display of the person of cousin Nancy, who had made an early appearance in the character of Aurora, clothed in all the tints, hues and colors imaginable. Streamers of red, yellow and blue, fluttered from head, waist and ancle; lace contended with muslin, and silk strove with satin, to add charms to the fair virgin of sixty, while all the mysteries of the cosmetic art had been poured out to gratify the various senses to which the young and beautiful address themselves.

Frank and his cousin outset them all at the table.—He had just finished his roll, and was about rising from the table apparently unconscious of her presence.—"Francis! dear Frank," sighed his cousin. "What will you, fair cousin?" "I am ready to answer your question of last evening." Question! what question, cousin!" "Nay, dear Frank, spare my blushes, your proposal, it was unexpected, it is accepted;" and she was just falling into his arms when he stepped back with a look of astonishment. "A proposal, cousin! in God's name what do you mean? You alarm me!"

"Perfidious man! deceiver! did you not, on your hands and knees, offer me your heart and hand?"

"My heart! Oh, heavens! My hand! Ha! ha! drunk drunk, I must have been, ha! ha!"

In two hours cousin Nancy, two trunks, six bandboxes, a squirrel and two canaries were packed in a stage, and driven off to Washington. They never returned.

From the N. O. Picayune.

AN UNEASY PREDICAMENT.

We were the witnesses of a ludicrous incident, which occurred in this city a few days since, for relating which we crave the indulgence of the gentlemen directly concerned—deeming it too good a joke to be lost.

While sitting at our desk and laboring assidious ly with pen, scissors and paste, to make out a readable paper for our patrons, we were suddenly "frightened from our propriety" by the hasty entrance of a gentleman, exclaiming, "For God's sake, help me to see what's the matter! I've got some dreadful thing—scorpion or tarantulus—in the leg of my pantaloons! Quick—quick—help me!"

We instantly rose from our chair, half-frightened ourselves. Our friend had broken in so suddenly and unexpectedly upon us, and was so wonderfully agitated, that we knew not whether he was indeed in his senses or not. We looked at him with a sort of suspicion mixed with dread, and hardly knew whether to speak with, or seize and confine him for a madman. The latter we came near attempting. There he stood quivering and pale, with one hand tightly grasped upon a part of his pantaloons just in the hollow of the knee.

"What's the matter?" at last we asked.

"The matter!" he exclaimed, "oh, help me! I've got something here which just ran up my leg! Some infernal scorpion or lizard, I expect! Oh, I can't let go; I must hold it. Ah, there!" he shrieked, "I felt it move just then! Oh, these pants without straps! I'll never wear another pair open at the bottom as long as I live. Ah! I feel it again!"

"Feel what?" we inquired, standing at the same time at a respectful distance from the gentleman; for we had just been reading our Corpus Christi correspondent's letter about snakes, lizards and tarantulas, and began to imagine some deadly insect or reptile in the leg of our friend's "unmentionables," as they are sometimes called.

"I don't know what it is," answered the gentleman; help me to discover what it is. I was just passing that pile of old rubbish there, in front of your office, and felt it dart up my leg as quick as lightning, and it stopped just here, where I have my hand;" and he clenched his fist still more tightly. If it had been the neck of an anaconda we believe he would have squeezed it to a jelly.

By this time two or three of the newsboys had come in; the clerks and packing-boys, hearing the outcry, stopped working, and editors and all hands stood around the sufferer with looks of mingled sympathy and alarm.

"Bring a chair, Fitz," "and let the gentlemen be seated."

"Oh, I can't sit!" said the gentleman, "I can't bend my knee!—if I do, it will bite or sting me; no I can't sit!"

"Certainly you can sit," said we, "keep your leg straight out, and we'll see what it is you've got."

"Well, let me give it one more hard squeeze; I'll crush it to death," said he, and again he put the force of an iron vice upon the thing. If it had any life by this time, this last effort must have killed it. He then cautiously seated himself, holding out his leg as straight as a poker.—A sharp knife was procured; the pants were cut open carefully, making a hole large enough to admit a hand; the gentleman put on a thick glove and slowly inserted his hand, but he discovered nothing. We were all looking on in almost breathless silence to see the monstrous thing—whatever it might be; each ready to scamper out of harm's way should it be alive, when suddenly the gentleman, became if possible, more agitated than ever. "By heavens!" he exclaimed, "it's inside my drawers. It's alive too—I feel it!—Quick!—give me the knife again!" Another incision was made. In went the gentleman's gloved hand once more, and, lo! out came—*his wife's stocking*!

How the stocking ever got there *we* are unable to say; but there it certainly was; and such a laugh as followed, we hav'nt heard for many a day. Our friend, we know, has told the joke himself, and must pardon us for doing so. Though this is all about a *stocking*, we assure our readers it is no "*yarn*."

[From the New York Morning News.]

AGRICULTURE.—The United States owe their great principles of power and duration to that spirit of honest industry and that God reverencing feeling which filled and elevated their forefathers. They came from the old world to this new one (to plough, harrow; and hoe it,) looking to God alone for his blessing upon their endeavors to obey his great command, of earning their living by the sweat of their brows.

Spain sent out Cortez and Pizarro to gather the gold of Peru and Mexico. They did gather it. Spain dropped her spade, her plough, and her hoe. She revelled in the the pride which thirty millions of American dollars a year for a period did sustain. She lost the will, and of course the power, to continue that beautiful culture of the splendid peninsula in which her lot was cast. The hidalgo was too proud to work; Granada ceased to be what it once was—before the voyage of Columbus—a paradise in its gardens; Spain has for forty years past almost ceased to be heard of, except in her misfortunes. In that period of time, by the sweat of her brow, this Union has more than doubled the population of poor Spain, and grown so rich that the gold mines of Peru, gathered for twenty years, will not pay for the produce of our industry in one year, nor for that of England of last year for six months; to, by the Parliamentary returns, the product of British agriculture in 1844 was $5,000,000,000.

There is no lesson in all history like that of the great fountain of Roman power. Cato said, "Meet the arduous labor of the farm as you would the enemy of your country in battle. Summon all your forces, and the earth will reward you with all her gifts. Neglect her and you perish."

Such was the enthusiasm which gave that powerful people the first stand among the nations. When they became rich, built cities, herded in luxurious masses, crowded their amphitheatres, lounged about their magnificent baths, trying to alleviate the horrors of the demon of idleness! bawling at every corner of the streets to passers by, '*Quid Novarem! Quid Novarem!*' what's the news? what's the news? they fell a wretched prey before the Goth and the Vandal, who lived a hardy life.

The people of our country seem to us, more than all others, to have drank deeply of the precious instruction afforded by history.

It is hardly practicable to find between the Aroostook and the Rio Grande a sound man who idles his years away. All are impelled by a spirit of industry which old Cato would clap his hands to behold. Onward! onward! is the national heartfelt cry. Labor with invincible perseverance. No disappointment can check his progress. The axe prostrates the forests of ages; on comes the plough; and then the cradle which gathers in the glorious grain to feed all ours and half another nation besides, if necessary.

In the eagerness of cultivation, we have not yet had time to think of the necessary exhaustion of our vexed fields. Now in our older fields we begin to see that in our excessive haste we have overdrawn our bank. Science and care must now be consulted to restore that vegetable power which has been too profligately squeezed from the besom of the earth! The means are happily in our power. It is already settled to a certainty that science can be applied with absolute profit to agriculture. Recent experiments have demonstrated the vast value of an accurate analysis of soils, of plants, and the peculiar elements required by the various kinds of vegetable for their complete and perfect growth. But, however valuable this discovery is, the grand art remains where it was. It is tilling the soil. By deep and frequent ploughings, by harrowing and hoeing, the soil obtains from the inexhaustible resource of the atmosphere its elements, its dews and rains, the everlasting renewal of its fertility. No art will ever render this constant stirring of the soil unnecessary. Man's labor is bound to be forever mixed up in the products of agriculture. Bain says that agriculture is a manufacture—that the yield of the earth is almost without any preparation fit for consumption. This is true of almost every fruit. It is so true that to the best specimens of nature's own confectionary in the fruit line, man can scarcely do anything to alter it for the better.

The products of the farm are honest. Who can forge a bushel of wheat? an ox? a strawberry? Perfect from the hand of God, they cannot be forged by man. Their profit, Bain says is direct; for every seed you plant you have many in return.

What interest have you like that from one pound of turnip seed, giving you twelve hundred bushels of turnips?

We rejoice to see so great a number of the best men of our country earnestly engaged in the cause of agriculture. On such men and their well tilled farms: on such men of temperate and vigorous bodies on such men of calm, cool heads the vast fabric of this republic rests secure. They are the mighty pillars on which the great edifice proudly inclines its vast weight. God speed the plough!

BRITISH PAUPERISM.

According to a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, the number of paupers in Great Britain is 4,000,000 or one seventh part of the entire population of the empire. The proportion is as follows: In England 1, 500.000; in Ireland, 2,300,000; in Scotland 200,000. Since 1815, a period of only thirty years, there has been raised for the relief of the poor in England alone upwards of £200,000,000, or about one thousand millions of dollars. On the other hand, it has been demonstrated, by the returns of the income tax, that there are seventy thousand persons in the empire whose annual revenue is £200,000,000, or about £2,300 each. This monstrous inequality of human condition, remarks the Concord Freeman, in a country, the richest and most industrious the world has ever seen, is alarming to the last degree, and almost shakes one's faith in divine justice; for its greatest effect is seen in the prodigious increase of immorality and crime. During the last forty years, crime has increased at a tenfold greater rate than population. It is obvious that a state of things so radically wrong cannot long continue. A general overturn must come, and the world will experience even a greater shock than was felt at the outbreak of France a little more than fifty years ago. What is terrible in the picture is the contrast which it presents to the contemplative spectator. The foreground is filled with all that can please the eye and captivate the mind; but behind that is a destiny of evil, an accumulation of hideous objects, which absolutely appal the stoutest hearts that beat in human breasts. The wealth of England is no dream, but a real tangible matter; it is no exagerated thing, like the accounts which we have in eastern story of accumulations of coin and precious stones in the treasury of this or that ruler, but it is solid, substantial and an instrument of real power. On the other hand is the poverty of the masses, a poverty of so squalid a character, that even the mendicity of Southern Europe appears happiness by comparison with it. For to appreciate the entire evils of the case, it must be clearly remembered, that while the lazzaroni are practical philosophers, and almost literally produce nothing, the English poor are many of them the hardest workers on earth; and those who are idle would work could they find employment. England owes her wealth to them. They have dug it from her mines, they have created it in her factories and workshops, they have drawn it from the waters of every ocean "from Zembla to the Line," and in its accumulation have perilled every thing that is dear to life. Their reward for all this starvation to themselves and their children, or the bitter bread of forced charity, grudgingly provoked by the hearts as cold as polar ice, and dealt out by hands that would fain strangle the recipients of the churlish morsel.

It is sad to think upon. And it adds to the gloom which the contemplation of so black a picture excites, when we observe that we are treading in the same road which led the people of England into a vast quagmire, that we are following the identical *ignis fatu* which have led that people to the miry gulf, whose insatiable wants are stayed not by swallowing empires, the terrible Serbonian bog, in which it would seem are engulphed "the hopes of all men in every nation.

MODESTY.—In the character of a male or female there is nothing more lovely than modesty. She is the twin sister of virtue, and accompanies her through life. Talents may dazzle and beauty captivate, but modesty alone wins the heart.—Cherish her she is more valuable than gold. She will gain for you the esteem of the wise and good, and exalt you in whatever station you may occupy.

"A modest look I prize—
The sweetest gift of Heaven;
'Tis this with humble virtue vies,
When angel grace is given,
Till each so mingles as they meet,
Angelic beauty is complete."

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