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The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

NEW SERIES—VOL. 9. CAMBRIDGE, MD—SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 14, 1846. NUMBER 20

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POETRY.

From the Licking Valley Register.

The Miser's Death.

BY G. W. CUTTER.

An old man sat by a fireless hearth,
Tho' the night was dark and chill,
And mournfully o'er the frozen earth
The wind sobbed lone and shrill.
His locks were grey, and his eyes were grey
And dim, but not with tears,
And his skeleton form was wasted away
With penury more than years.

A rushlight was casting its fitful glare
O'er the damp and dingy walls,
Where the lizard had made his slimy lair,
And the venomous spider crawls,
But the meanest thing in this loathsome room,
Was that miser, all worn and bear;
Where he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb,
On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window and barr'd the door,
And every nook he had scanned,
And felt their fastenings o'er and o'er,
With his cold and skinny hand;
And yet he sat gazing intently around,
And trembled with silent fear,
And started and shuddered at every sound
That fell on his coward ear.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the miser; "I'm safe at last
From this night so cold and drear;
From the drenching rain and the driving blast,
With my gold and my treasure here.
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,
And my health is bad, 'tis true;
Yet if I should light that fire again,
It would cost me a cent or two.

"But I'll take a sip of this precious wine,
It will banish my cold and fears;
It was given long since by a friend of mine—
I have kept it for many years."
So he drew a flask from a mouldy nook,
And drank of its ruby tide;
And his eye grew dim with each draught he took
And his bosom swell'd with pride.

"Let me see—let me see," said the miser then,
"'Tis some sixty years or more,
Since the happy hour when I began
To heap up my glittering store;
And well have I sped in my anxious toil,
As my crowded chests will show,
I have more than would ransom a kingdom's spoil,
Or an emperor could bestow.

"From the orient realms I have rubies brought,
And gold from the famed Peru;
I've diamonds would shame the stars of night,
And pearls like the morning dew;
And more I'll have ere the morrow's sun
His rays from the west shall fling;
That widow. to free her prison'd son,
Shall bring me her bridal ring."

He turn'd to an old worm-eaten chest,
And cautiously raised the lid,
And then it shone like the clouds of the west,
With the sun in their splendor hid;
And gem after gem of its precious store
He raised with exulting smile,
And counted and counted them o'er and o'er,
In many a glittering pile.

Why comes that flush to his pallid brow,
While his eyes like his diamonds shine?
Why writhes he thus in such torture now?
What was there in the wine?
His lonely seat he strove to regain—
To crawl to his nest he tried,
But finding those efforts were all in vain,
He clasped his gold and died.

Good or Bad Fortune.—When Louis Phillipe was in this country obtaining a scanty living teaching school he fell in love with a lady in Philadelphia who was favorably disposed, but her parents could not consent to her marrying a schoolmaster, however illustrious his origan. She supposes at this day that she missed a crown. She is mistaken. When these royal scions marry an honest American lady, they never elevate her to the throne, if even they can reach it. She is considered of too mean origin, and is divorced, to prepare for a Queen of royal blood. It is birth. not merit. When Jerome Bonaparte visited this country the poorest of his race, he married a Baltimore lady of great respectability, but when made King of Westphalia, she was not permitted to share his elevation, but was divorced, and sent home. Our women should always remember that they marry the only legitimate *sovereigns* when giving their hands to American citizens.—*N. Y. Sun.*

From the Saturday American.

THE LAST DOLLAR.

BY T. MAYNE REID.

"Francis, you still drink,—it is a dangerous practice."

"Oh, merely a dash now and then—nothing more."

"I say it is in these little dashes and julips that the danger lies—they pass the bitter poison over the palate that would else remain untainted."

"But, D'Anville, I have taken a glass so and so these ten years and where's the evil, I can never become a drunkard."

"I tell you, Francis, you do not know the hold it has taken upon you."

"How?"

"I observed, Francis, while the boat was taking in my cotton, how often you went to the bar."

"But they were old acquaintances—the clerk and the captain—I have not seen them for several months."

"Ah, Francis, do not deceive me; there was that in your manner that reminded me of my own downward career."

I had known my friend for about five years—had made his acquaintance under peculiar circumstances in the city of New Orleans, where he was represented to me as one of the most wealthy and enterprising planters on the river, and when I always knew him as a strictly temperate man—and what he could have meant by his downward career, I could not guess; for five years at least it had been an upward one. He was now worth half a million; I had heard moreover that this was the plantation upon which he was born, and in fact he came into the world the proprietor of $150,000.

"Step forward to the front of the piazza," said D'Anville, apparently without heeding any surprise.

We sat in the verandah of a beautiful mansion. I arose, as desired, and walked forward to the bamboo railing of the high piazza.

"Well"

"Cast your eyes over the plantation."

I looked abroad over the tops of the orange trees.—To the right, as far as the eye could take in, fields of sugar cane were waving their golden plumes in the sun; on the other side, broad flats of rice, in full blooming, heaved to and fro under a light summer wind, and glistened like a sea of silver. In the rear, fields of cotton and green maize, and patches of yams and melons stretched away smiling and sunny, until in the distant background, at least three miles from the village, rose the dark outlines of the cyphress woods, grand and gloomy and resembling some vast mountain sierra. It was a scene rich and radiant with pleasure and prosperity; and bore evidence of princely wealth on the part of the proprietor.

I could count at least three hundred [illegible] in the fields dressed in their broad palmetto hats and sky-blue jackets while nearly an equal number of women and children were seen at work among their huts, or seated under the shade of the dark date trees that grew around. The waters of the Mississippi rolled past within a couple of hundred yards from where I stood, offering a highroad for all this superfluous luxuriance to the markets of the world. It was a glowing scene, and gratified the sense as well as the soul with peculiar beauty.

I gazed for several minutes over the fair landscape, which operating as a narcotic, almost put my senses to sleep. Presently the voice of my friend broke upon my waking dream.

"You see my plantation,—is it not a fine one?"

"The finest I ever saw."

"I was born upon it,—it was my fathers."

"So I have understood."

"Ten years ago that plantation was pledged."

"Pledged! How?"

"Pledged to the devil that I would now warn you against—drink! and its owner was left, soul and body, within one dollar of damnation."

"I have never heard—"

"No—you never heard. You have not mixed with my former associates in New Orleans—nor have I since then. But you shall hear, listen?"

D'Anville removed his broad leaf Panama from as noble a forehead as Nature ever chiselled—waved it several times across his face by way of fanning himself and proceeded:

"I am now thirty-five. Fifteen years ago I had completed my education in Paris, and returned home to see the remainder of my last relative, my father deposited beneath yonder willow, and to find myself the uncontrolled possessor of an estate worth nearly two hundred thousand dollars. Five miles up the river, on the same side, was the estate and chateau of Lasalle. He had originally emigrated from France along with my father, and become rich by the same honest means. He had an only daughter—Marie Louise. We had been playmates previous to my departure for Europe. While we were both children, and before leaving Louisiana for the first time, the face of the beautiful child had burned its image on my heart. Six years of gay dissipation in the Precincts of the Palais Royal did not efface that image; and often as I lay upon a sleepless couch, did I think of my own little Creole in the fair South-west—of our last parting by her father's orangery; of the gentle pressure, the full eye, the flushed cheek, and the pouting lip, that I would have given the world to have kissed; and of the thousand things that flitted like sunbeams over the sea of memory. I thought of these and I longed to return.

"With such a disposition during my absence, you will easily believe that after my return I was not long in visiting the plantation of Pierre Lasalle. I rushed through the parterre—the old man was on the piazza. He shook me warmly by the hand. "Where," shouted I, "where is my little Marie?" "Little Marie!" repeated he, laughing and entering the house; he returned, not with the pretty child of ten years that I was wont to gaze upon with boyish emotion, but a lovely girl approaching the full developments of womanhood; still it was Marie Louise. I had never before looked on such loveliness. She was perfect! In stature a goddess—an angel in feature, with an eye that created love wherever its glances fell. I need not tell you of the strange emotions then experienced. I loved, doubted and feared; for until this moment it had never occurred to me that Marie might, in my absence, have been wooed and won by another—and another was present. A certain Count D'Orville, a Frenchman, was introduced to me. He seemed to be a great favorite with Marie's maiden aunt.

"But a few days passed before I found an opportunity of conversing with Marie Louise alone, for I visited the house of Pierre Lasalle daily. It was as I had wished and expected. She loved me. I heard the thrilling confession in her sighs; I saw it in her looks and blushes. Mark me, Francis, I do not mean to say that we had as yet made a formal avowal of our loves, but I doemed that she showed me a plain partiality, and the time was not distant when I should require the confession from her lips.

"Time, like a sweet stream fringed with lovely flowers, glided smoothly past, and I was no longer jealous even of the nobleman, who still continued to visit the mansion of Lasalle.

"During my stay in Paris, among other evil practices, I had acquired the habit of indulging in drink.—It was a college acquaintance that first led me into this evil, and it had grown upon me. The sweetened liquors and fancy drinks that the restorateurs of the French capital know so well how to prepare, had created an appetite for other stimulants, and I had acquired the habit of brandy drinking, although only in small quantities as you drink now, Pierre Lasalle, above all other things on earth, dreaded a drinker. His father had died from the effects of drink.

"Returning from Iberville one evening, I stopped at his house. I had never passed it since my return without stopping, and I could not on this occasion. I had met a number of my early companions in Iberville, and during the day we had drank much wine around the billiard table. I was somewhat intoxicated, but not so much as not to perceive that the old man received me rather uncourteously. Stung with harsh treatment I did not visit his house for several days and then under the influence of brandy. My desire to see Louise overcame my prudence, and my nice sense of honor blunted by intoxication. I can hardly tell what passed on the occasion. My conduct, however, was gross. I demanded in angry words, an explanation of his former treatment, and I endeavored (monster as I was) to seize Louise in my arms, but was prevented by the interference of the French nobleman, who at the time received a blow from me that felled him to the earth. A duel was the consequence. The Frenchman was wounded, but a far deeper wound was given to me by the contents of a note which I received from Louise. I need not tell you all this note contained; it forbade me any further acquaintance. From that moment I became regardless of every thing, and the report that Marie Louise was to be married to the Count, heightened my misery and hastened the events I am about to relate. It was too late to apologise—to promote reformation. I flung myself on board a passing boat, and in a few hours was in the city of New Orleans.—New Orleans was at this time wealthy and wicked, and presented almost as gay a field of dissipation as Paris itself.

"I was not long in finding a drain for my resources. Night after night saw me sleeping upon a drunkard's couch. I plunged into gambling with a perfect recklessness, and the excitement of this for a time pleased me. I was not the only one, by hundreds, of the young planters, who was then spending his thousands nightly upon faro roulette. The city seemed to be one huge gambling house. I had seen no such high gaming in the 'hell'hells' of Paris. In one night alone I lost upwards of twenty thousand dollars—upon another more than half that amount. Sometimes I won largely, but the sharks taking advantage of my recklessness and frequent intoxication, robbed me—sometimes by false dice, and often, as I found, by abstracting money from my pocket.

"On one occasion, a fare dealer, thinking me intoxicated, attempted, though in a most slovenly manner to cheat me out of a thousand dollar bet. I was not too drunk to perceive his trick, but enough so to make me regardless of what I did, and drewing my stilletto I pinned his hand to the table. I shall never forget the uproar that followed. I was much abused, and in the event was compelled to pay a large sum of money to stop a prosecution that had been entered against me.—In this way my fortune soon melted, until finally I obtained fifteen thousand dollars by a mortgage on my plantation. This went like the rest, and in less than one year I found myself baggared and without credit; for I had even exhausted this, and what was worse than all, I had become a drunkard!

"You may think it strange, my young friend, that I could have fallen in the course of one year; but as New Orleans than was, many a victim was made in even less time. You may think it stranger still, when I relate to you the simple incident that brought me at last to my senses. I was sitting one morning in a cafe in the Rue Royale; the last dollar was in my hand—it was the last of a small sum that I had taken it from my pocket to spend it for drink; some circumstances that I cannot now recall, made me more sober and reflective than usual. As I held the silver dollar in my hand, my eyes inadvertantly fell upon the figure of the Goddess of Liberty. Quick as thought the object suggested to my mind her whos image was still graven on my heart, so deeply that all the drink in the world could not wash it out. I fell in a train of reflections. I thought of the change that had come over me; the hight from which I had fallen; the degraded situation in which I then was! But above all I thought of her, and the question crossed my mind, whether I might not win her, having heard that she refused the French nobleman.—It seemed to my then paralyzed mind a desperate resolve. But it is only when we fear drowning that we strive desperately. As long as an object is within our reach we take small pains to keep it there, let us but lose it, then comes the regret—the desire to win it back again, ask those who have spent a fortune. Such ambition has made the great ones of the world, and such ambition took posession of me, rendered acute by the very difficulty of the deed to be done. The dollar, to be sure had little to do with the reformation that followed, though it certainly suggested the resolution that led to this reformation. I thrust it back in to my pocket and rushed from the cafe. I have never entered one since.

"Francis, I have little more to tell you. The means by which I recovered my property were perfectly simple. I was employed in one week from the time, as clerk in a cotton broker's office, at a salary of $3000 a year. The broker had been a friend of my father. I recovered the amount of a debt of $10,000 that an English merchant had been owing to my father's estate, and I shortly became partner in the firm of my employer. At this time, cotton speculators' fortunes were often made in a few months and I was not very long in retrieving my lost property, and what was of more consequence, my reputation

"By a strange concidence, my partner happened to be the agent of Pierre Lasalle, and circumstances once more brought me in contact with the old man. As I understood afterwarda, he had long watched my conduct, and in due time he invited me to visit him at his hotel. You may imagine my shame at finding myself once more in the presence of his daughter, but you cannot tell the deep and thrilling joy I felt at discovering that I was forgiven—nay more, that she still loved me? Heaven once more seemed to smile upon me, and I was happy? This is the dollar."

D' Anville drew a silver dollar from his pocket, ane held it forth. A small white hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a soft, liquid voice pronounced "Henri!" Turning, we beheld Marie Louise!

Love, or the Force of Gravity in Moral World.

In the material uniuverse, there is one grand royal law upon which hang all the laws that govern matter or motion. That law, the union and source of all the laws known to the physical world, the law of *Gravitation*. In its object, operation, and effect, it is to the material world just what the royal law of love is to the moral. To every atom of matter in the universe, it is the command, and the command obeyed: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself;" thou shalt attach thyself to his eternal throne with all thy capacity of adhesion, and draw with thee thy fellow atom toward the same centre. Since the world was made, not a grain of sand, nor a drop of rain or dew, nor a vesicle of air, has ever broken that law; and there has been peace, perfect peace, through all the peopled amplitudes of space. Prevading the whole universe with its socialising influence, it attracts particle to particle, planet to planet, sun to sun, system to system; mooring all the creations of God around his throne, the common centre of matter and of mind. And there, firm and peaceful, that royal law holds them, while they make music with the harmony of their notions, singing as they revolve in the orbits which it prescribed them, when eternity was young, and which will remain unaltered by a hair, when eternity shall be old. Upon the almighty and omnipresent force of that law, depends the destiny of worlds which geometry never measured, the condition of beings outreaching the arithmetic of angels. Should it release its hold upon a single atom of matter floating along the sunless disk of non-existence, trembling would run through all those innumerable creations, "and signs of woe unutterable that all was lost."—Suppose, now, that some human government should undertake to suspend the operation of existence of this royal law of the physical world. And suppose that its puny arm could palsy that all prevading, concentrating force; what mind could conceive the awful catastrophe that would ensue throughout the material universe? Millions of millions of suns would be quenched simultaneously in everlasting night. All the worlds they lighted and led, would crumble in their orbits into the minutest divisions of matter, filling the whole immensity of space with hostile atoms, each at war with its fellow, repelling its society, and dashing on in its centrifugal madness, to "make confusion worse confounded." All the beings that peopled those decomposed worlds would float promiscuous and dismembered over the black surges of the boundless chaos: and not a throb of life nor a ray of light would beat or shine amid the ruins of the universe. Does any one doubt for a moment, that all this, and more than we can conceive of ruin, would be the instantaneous consequence of destroying the great law of gravitation? But what is all this; what to God and his moral universe is all this dire disaster, this wreck of matter and crush of worlds; what this disruption of every vein of life and form of beauty: what is all this to that other and more dreadful catastrophe which War would produce, when it reaches up and essays to paralyze, with its iron hand, the great law of Love, the law of *Gravitation* in the moral world, which attracts and centres around the heart of God, all the hearts that beat with spiritual existence! Amid the decomposition of the material universe, every undying spirit would be safe from the general ruin, nor jverge a hair from its moral orbit, nor be jostled from its centripetal tendency towards its great Source and Centre.—But in that other act of immeasurable iniquity, man would consign the moral world to a chaos infinitely more appalling than that which would involve the material universe should he strike from existence the law of gravity. He would sever every ligament of attraction that attached heart to heart, spirit to spirit, angel to angel, and all created beings to God. He would set the universe on fire with malignant passions, on whose red billows, contending spirits, once blessed, now damned, would thrust at each other's existence, and curse themselves and God. That act would put a sword into every angel's hand, and every harp in heaven, with horrid discord, would summon the frenzied and battling seraphs to mutual but deathless slaughter. It would blast the foliage of life's fair tree, turn the crystal river into burning pitch, and line its banks with fighting fiends. Hate, malignant and quenchless, would burn in every heart, and no two spirits in the universe would unite, even in a common malevolence.

BONAPARTE'S OPINION OF CHRIST.

Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemange, and myself, subdued kingdoms and founded empires. But on what foundation did we rest the creations of our genius?—Upon *force*. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon *love*; and at this hour millions of men would die for him.

It was not a day or a battle, that achieved the triumph of the Christian Religion in the world. No, it was a long war, a contest for three centuries, begun by the Apostles, then continued by the flood of Christian generations. In this war, all the kings and potentates of the earth were on one side; on the other I see no army, but a mysterious force, some men scattered here and there in all parts of the world, and who have no other rallying [illegible] than a common faith in the mysteries of th[illegible]

How True.—A very eminent writer has said, that although we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end.—The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honor; then to retire. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated, that lies between the present moment and the next quarter day; the politician would be content to lose three years of his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will occupy after such a revolution of time; and the lover would be glad to strike out of existence, all the moments that are to pass away before the next meeting.

The Right.—Always pursue what you have reason to think is the right course, without regard to ease on the one hand and interest on the other. Go straight forward, determined to breast the floods of iniquity, or perish in the effort. Never stay with the multitude through fear or worldly policy, and never listen to the advice of those who, rotten at heart, move on with the popular current. Feel that you have something to do in the world, and go about it forthwith—taking Truth for your guide, and Virtue for your companion. Then you will have nothing to fear.

NEVER DESPAIR.

From the Christian Citizen.

A want of faith in their own abilities to do something and to be something, has been the ruin of thousands.—It is the rock upon which the hopes of many a prosperous voyage of life have been wrecked. With the first blast of adversity, we are too willing to yield, and we suffer ourselves to be driven before it, until having lost sight of every star of Hope, we calmly resign ourselves to despair, and spend our life time in miserable inaction; repining over our hard fate and making all around us unhappy by our wailings of bitter discontent.

Never despair! What though your bark may be rudely tossed upon Fortune's billows and the clouds obscure the light which has guided you on your way, what though calamity, wave after wave, beats upon you and the stormy vicisitudes of life threaten to overwhelm; nevey despair! High up in the heavens, above clouds and storms, above the werring elements, the bright sun shineth still without a cloud to mar the brightness of his rays, and the moon and the stars glitter in the peaceful heavens. The clouds reach but a little way of that vast space that divides earth from heaven; we have but to surmount these and then our path is bright before us—"Never say die,"—never despair—onward, onward! Whatever man has done he may again achieve, and many things he has never yet achieved, are yet to be accomplished. He wants the iron will, the determination strong, and those endowments he has received from his Creator will carry him to the highest and sublimest highest of human happiness.

Nothing can be accomplished by the listless folding of the hands or by yielding to the losses and crosses of life. Remember the fable of the wagoner in the mire, and if thou art a man, put thy shoulder to the wheel, and in right good earnest, and the ponderous load of thy cares and trials will be lightened as by the influence of magic power, and you can go on your way rejoicing in your strength, and in the power which you have gained over yourself through the influence of these simple words—never despair.

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