The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 9. CAMBRIDGE, MD—SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 1846. NUMBER 33.

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.

MOTHER WHAT IS DEATH?

"Mother, how still the baby lies!
I cannot hear his breath;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.

My little work I thought to bring,
And sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hushed me—he is dead.

They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now!
That God will bless him in the skies—
O, mother, tell me how!"

"Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here—
A withered worm you thought?

I told you that Almighty power
Could break that withered shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

Look at the chrysalis, my love—
An empty shell it lies—
Now raise your wondering glance above,
To where yon insect flies!"

"O, yes, mamma! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold!
And see! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold.

O, mother, now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
On golden wings to range—

How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give *him* wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things!"

INDUSTRY IN ONE'S CALLING.

Have a calling in which it is worth while to be busy. There are many callings in which it is lawful for the Christian to 'abide.' He may be a lawyer like Sir Matthew Hale, or a physician like Haller, Heberden, and Mason Goode. He may be a painter like West, or a sculptor like Bacon, or a poet like Milton, and Clopstock, and Cowper. He may be a trader like Thornton and the Hardcastles, or a philosopher like Boyle and Boerhaave. He may be a hard-working artisan like the Yorkshire Blacksmith and the Watchmaker of Geneva; or he may toil for his daily bread like the Happy Waterman, and the Wallsend Miner, and the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, and many a domestic servant of humble but pious memory. And the business of this ordinary calling, the disciple of Christ must discharge heartily, and with all his might. He must labor to be eminent and exemplary in his own profession. He should seek, for the sake of the gospel, to be *first-rate* in his own department. But over and above his ordinary calling as a member of society, the believer has his special calling as a member of the church. He has a direct work to do in his Saviour's service. Some who now hear me have so much of their time at their own disposal, that they might almost make their calling as members of Christ's church the business of their lives. And each, who is in this privileged situation, should consider what is the particular line of things for which his taste and talents most urgently predispose him, and for which his training and station best adapt him. The healthiest condition of the church is where there is a member for every office, and where every member fulfils his own office; where there are no defects and no transpositions, but each is allowed to ply to the utmost the work for which God has intended him; where Newton writes his letters, and Butler his analogy; where in the leisure of the olden ministry, Matthew Henry compiles his commentary, and where in the calm retreat of Olney, Cowper pours forth his devotional melodies; where Venn cultivates his corner of the vineyard, and Whitefield ranges over the field of the world; where President Edwards is looked up in his study, and Wilberforce is detained in his parlor; where the adventurous Carey goes down into the pit, and the sturdy arm of Fuller deals out the rope; where he who ministers waits on his ministering, and he that teacheth, on teaching, and he that exhorteth, on exhortation, and he who hath to give, gives liberally, and he who has method and good management, rules diligently, and he who can pay visits of mercy, pays them cheerfully. And if the Lord has given you an abundance of unoccupied leisure, he has along with it given you some talent or other, and says, "Occupy till I come." Find out what it is that you can best do, or what it is which, if you neglect it, it is likely to be left undone. And whether you select as your sphere of Christian usefulness, a Sabbath class or a ragged school, a local prayer-meeting, or a district for domiciliary visitation; whether you devote yourselves to the interests of some evangelistic society, or labor secretly from house to house; whatever line of things you select, make it your "business,"—

From the Saint Louis Reville.

SETTLEMENT FUN.
BILL SAPPER'S LETTERS TO HIS COUSIN.

BY SOLITAIRE.

LIBERTI MISS SURY,
Mai 18 *forty* 5.

Deer Cusin:—Thar hes ben a grate trial down at Pine Bottom sence I wrote you last, risin' out of a lie which Jess Norris told Mag-Nelson—he sed he'd marry her, and not keepin' his word Mag's daddy hauled Jess up to cort, to gin his reason why he wouldn't finish cortin' his darter. The lawyers called it an *aggravated* breach of promis.'—Well, I reckon he had *tied* right strong to Mag. 'cause she looked so. Tha hev no squire down in the bottom, so tha sent up fur old Squire Wilson to cum and hold the cort—he wanted 'em to cum up to town, but tha wouldn't do it, 'cause, tha sed, jestis couldn't be got fur bottom fellars in the settlement. Well, to please 'em, the Squire started down, and when he arriv thar, the hull collection of both families war gethered round the old log school house, whar tha'd fixed a table fur the Squire, and a bench fur the jury. Jess war among his kin outside, rippin' and swarin' he wouldn't marry Mag., no how on yearth, unless the lawr made him do it, and he war goin' to hev a trial fust anyhow. Some of the Nelson fellars told him he'd hed a trial and war already sentenced on good evidence.

"Jest perduce it, that's all," ses Jess, "and then I'll gin in."

Tha pinted at Mag. whar she war stanin'!

Squire Wilson tuck his seat and called the court to order, and then selected a jury of fellars present. He picked out old Nelson as one, but the Norris fellars objected agin him, 'cause he war prosecutor, so to make it even, tha put Jess's daddy on. The Squire sed the prosecutor ought to be on in sech a diffikult case, to explain the marter to the jury. Arter the case war opin'd, and the pints of law sot down, the Squire gin to take in evidence, and while it war goin' on, Mag. and some of the neighborin' wimin got Jess off by himself, and got a talkin' to him, and arter another spell the wimin left Jess and Mag. together, to talk the marter over. Any quantity of evidence war gin in, statin' that Jess hed ben continooally hanging arter the gal. One man sed tha hed ben courtin' ever sence he'd been a resident of the bottom, and ef Jess hadn't promis'd the gal, it war an eternal shame on his part.

Hevin' got through with the men, Squire Wilson ordered the Sheriff to clar the cort of all but the jury, and bring the wimin to gin in thar testimony. It war did, and the door shet. The chimley at one side of the house hed fallin' down, and left a hole a fellar could walk through; across this two of the jury hung thur coats. All bein' reddy now, the fust womin war called up, and the Squire sot to questionin' her; while he war percedin', all the men fellers war leanin' agin the outside of the house, with thur ears to the *chinks* atween the logs, listenin' to what war sayin'; and when she would say suthin' that pleased one side tha'd holler "good! by scissors;" and tother side 'ud say it war a cussed no sech thing. Some fellers 'ud rip and tarr agin the Squire, and others 'ud gin thunder to the jury.

"Did you ever see Miss Nelson," asked the squire of the witness, "sittin' in Jess Norris's lap, and he a hugging and kissin' on her."

"That's comin' to the *pint*," ses a fellar out side, who hed his ear stickin' through a chink.

"Yes," ses anuther, "let her spread herself on that pertickler view of the matter."

"Oh, yes," ses the witness, "offen!—I've seed her sot, and sot, jest as ef the gal hed ben pinned thar."

"That'll do!" ses the squire, "thar aint no use examinin' any further—I reckon the jury kin make out a case. The chief pint in this case, gentlemen," continued the squire, "is, of the gal gin Jess any incouragement, and then ef Jess war courtin' her for good, with the premeditated intention of marryin' at a futur' period: ef these two pints in the case is diskiver'd, thar aint no questi'n about the verdict, and you kin gin it in any way you may jest see fit. Hevin' now demonstrated the law to you, gentlemen, you kin leave and hunt fur the merits of your conclusion."

Thar war no chance for the jury's leavin' by the door, for the fellars war gathered in a crowd round it; so they retired by the chimley openin', and the sheriff tuck them down to a shady place behind the school house, whar tha sot tharselves in a ring on the grass, and the fellars in favor of both sides gethered round 'em. Arter takin' a starr at each other, old Nelson said thar warn't much use sittin' thar long, for the case war clear that Jess ought to marry Mag. One of the Norris fellars, slappin' his fist inter the middle of his tother hand, swoer it wouldn't be safe fur that jury to gin in any such decision. Then a Norris fellar on the jury perposed that the case be jest dismissed at onst. Dick Nelson, a cusin of Mag's war stanin' behind him when he sad this, and hulin' off he hit the Norris fellar under the ear, and knocked him inter the middle of the "jury ring." Most of the boys war in favor of a fight, but the old men got 'em to postpone it till arter the decision of the case, which the jury concluded to finish in the school room. In tha went agin, through the chimley, and sot therselvse on the bench—all but one. On countin' noses, it war found that old Nelson wur missin'. This squire right off sent the sheriff with a crowd to git him, dead or live; but, arter chasin him an hour, tha gin up tryin' to sarve the writ, and cumin' inter cort, reported that he warn't "*cum-at ibus.*" as the lawyers ses.

"Well, squire, what the thunder's to be done in sech a case?" inquired the foreman.

The squire had been readin' down a page of the stattys, and takin' off his specs and closin' he book, he sed:

"It hes ben laid down by the Legislatur as an ondeniable pint of lawr, that whar a jury can't *agree* a case ain't *decided*,'cept war the jury ain't a full jury. Now, thar bein' a nice pint of lawr stanin' here to decide, arter lookin' at the stattys I've concluded as how: Old Nelson havin' ben on that jury, in course belongs to it, and it can't be decided 'thout him—he's not thar in his place to decide it; tharfore, we fall back on his pint, that the jury not bein' able to agree for or agin the defendant why Jess ought to marry Mag., if he's agreed, and tharby settle the hull afarr 'thout any more litegation."

Jess war leanin' up agin the door post when the Squire decided, and one of the fellars holler'd out:

"What do you say, Jess, to the decision?"

"Well," ses Jess, lookin' round at Mag, who war hangin' on his arm, "I reckon I'm agreed I wouldn't sed nuthin' agin it at furst, only the Nelson's got so eternal mad—Mag. ses she ain't nuthin' agin me, and I ain't agin her, so I consent."

The fellars gin a regular cheer at this conclusion.

"Come in," ses the squire, "and get tied." And in tha went;—well, mabbe thar wur some corn juce a swimmin' about arter the decision and the hull crowd tuck a general mix on friendly footin' agin—all but the fellars that hit and got hit at the jury ring.

Yours cousin, BILL SAPPER.

From the N. Y. Sun.

A TRAVELER IN THE WEST.

A few years ago, towards the dusk of evening, a stranger in a travelling sulky was leisurely pursuing his way towards a little tavern situated near the foot of a mountain in one of the Western States.—A little in advance of him, a negro returning from the plough, was singing the favorite Ethiopian melody of—

'Gwien down shin-bone alley.
Long time ago.'

The stranger hailed with 'Hellow!—uncle! you! snow-ball!'

'Sah,' said blacky,, holding up his horses. 'Is that the half way house ahead yonder?'

'No, sah, dat Massa Billy Lemons Otell!'

'Hotell, eh!—Billy Lemon!'

'Yes, sah; you know Mass Billy? he used to lib at de mouth o' Cedar crick; him done move now do: keeps monsous nece tavern now, I tell you.'

'Indeed.'

Yes sah; you stop dar dis ebenin, I spec all spectable gemplemn put up dar. You shaw backah Massa.'

'Yes, Sambo, here's some real Cavandish for you.'

'Tankee, massa; tankee; sah. Quash my name.'

'Quash; eh.'

'Yes, sah at your service.' 'Och' grunted the delighted African, dis is niee; he better and green riber. Tankee, sah, tankee.'

'Well Quash, what kind of a gentleman is Mr. Lemon?'

'Oh, he nice man, sah, monsous nice man; empertain in de fuss style, and I take care ur de hauses. I 'longs to him and do I say it Massa Billy mighty cleber man; he funny too; tell heap o' stories about ghosses and spirrits, notwithstandin' he fraid on him heself do, my 'pinion.'

'Afraid of ghosts, ha,' said the traveller, musing, 'Well go ahead, Mr. Quash, as it is getting late I'll tarry with this Mr. Lemon tonight.'

'Yes, sah; gee up hou, Dobbin! go long lively!' and setting up a brisk trot, followed by the traveller, the musical Quash again broke out in—

'Gwien down shin-bone alley.

The burthen 'Long time ago,' was taken up by some one apparently in an adjacent corn field, which occasioned Quash to prick up his ears with some surprise; he continued, however, with

'Dah, I met ole Johnny gladen.'

and the same voice again responded from the field.

'Long time ago.'

'Who dat!' said the astonished negro checking suddenly his horse and looking around on every side for the cause of his surprise.

'Oh, never mind, drive ahead Snow Ball, it is one of your master's spirits I suppose.'

Quash, in a very thoughtful mood, led the way to the tavern without uttering another word. Halting before the door, the stranger was very soon waited upon by the obliging Mr. Lemon, a bustling, talkative, gentleman, who greeted his customer with—

'Light, sir, light—here Jo! Quash! never mind your umbrella, sir—here Quash, take off that rug—give me your whip, sir—take off that trunk—walk in, sir—John take off that chair-box—come sir; do you prefer him to stand on a dirt floor, sir.'

'If you please, sir; he is rather particular about his lodgings.'

'Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and tend to him well—I always like to see a horse well tended, and this is a noble critter, too,' continued the landlord, slapping him upon the back.

'Take care, will you,' said the horse.

'What, the d—l' exclaimed the landlord, starting back.

'None of your familiarity,' said the horse looking spitefully round at the astonished tavern keeper.

'Silence, Belzebub,' said the traveller, caressing the animal, and turning to the landlord he observed—you must excuse him, sir, he is rather an aristocratic horse, the effect of education.

'He's the d—l, sir.'

'Wo hou, Belzebub! loose the traces, Quash, what are you starting at, he wont eat you.'

'Come, landlord,' said Belzebub, 'I want my oats.'

Quash scattered—the landlord backed up into the porch—and the traveller was fain to jump into his vehicle and drive round in search of the stable himself.

The traveller was Kenworthy, and Ventriloquism the Belzebub employed.

He who attempts to cast discredit on the holy scriptures, is an enemy to the peace and happiness of his fellow men. He would tear open the wounds of affliction which had been healed by pious resignation, and humble trust that all things shall work together for good to those who love the Lord. He would again inflict the bitter pangs that christian hope had mitigated. He would recall the tears shed over the tomb of a departed friend, which had been checked by the prospect of reunion for eternity. But the christian faith is too well supported to be thus shaken. Its heavenly doctrines are too throughly sustained by the understandings, and too much in unison with the virtuous sensibilities, of the afflicted followers of Jesus, to allow them to be at all moved from the strong confidence which they repose on the comfortable words werewith it bids them not to sorrow, as those without hope, shows them mercy prevailing in the midst of every judgment, and gives unfaltering confidence that whom the Lord *loveth* He chasteneth. Casting off all doubt, and fear, and misgiving, they receive with meekness, confidence, and joy, the blessed revelations, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mothers! if you would train up your children to be useful members of society, keep them from running about the streets. The great school of vice is the street. There the urchin learns the vulgar oath or the putrid obscenity. For one lesson at the fireside, he has a dozen in the kennel.—Thus are scattered the seeds of falsehood, gambling, theft and violence. Mothers, as you love your own flesh and blood, make your children cling to the hearth-stone.—Love home yourself; sink the roots deep among your domestic treasures; set an example in this, as in all things, which your offspring may follow. It is a great error, that children may be left to run wild in every sort of street temptation for several years, and that it will then be time enough to break them in. This horrid mistake makes half our spend thrifts, gamblers, theives and drunkards. No man would raise a colt, or an ox, on such a principle; no man would suffer the weeds to grow in his garden for any length of time, saying he could eradicate them at any time.—Look at this matter parents! See, more especially, that your children are not out at night, loitering around some coffee house or theatre. Mothers! make your children love home, and by all means encourage them to love you better than all other human being—*Church Cron.*

A French traveller, who had not learned to manage the English language, went to dine with a gentleman, to whom he brought a letter of introduction. The first spoonful of soup burnt his mouth.

'*Ma foi!*' exclaimed he, 'in dis soup is too much summer!'

The next day he wished to order a chicken, for his dinner, but could not recollect the name. In his perplexity he turned towards the window and his eye caught a sight of a wheather-cock on a church

'Vot you call dat?' exclaimed he pointing.

'That is a church tower,' answered the master of the hotel.

'Den I wish you have the kindness to roast von church tower for my dinner.'

A young man wishing to compliment his lady love on the peculiar beauty of her eyes, exclaimed.—

"La Suckey, your eyes look for all the world like two huckle berries in a flour dumpling."

A GLANCE ALONG PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.—*J. Q. Adams, Calhoun, Benton, General Scott, Gen'l Jones and Gen'l Towson.* The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce furnishes the following description of a glance along Pennsylvania Avenue:

If a man would see some amusing varieties of human life and manners, let him walk deliberately along this national thoroughfare from the Capitol to the President's, and he will be likely to be gratified. If he descends Capitol Hill about 11 o'clock, after crossing the Tiber at its foot, he will see the morning train of cars from Baltimore discharging their crowd of passengers on the side walk, amid the cries and struggles of hackmen, eager for custom, and little caring how they *accommodate* passengers, if they can get their money; and not seldom imposing on those who are willing or unwilling to give whatever they choose to ask.—One of the first things a stranger thinks of, if he is so fortunate as to escape the clutches of these men, is, as he walks along the avenue, and sees all sorts of people hurrying along, which of these are great men? If he lets his fancies loose into the field of conjecture, he will probably commit some amusing mistakes. There comes a tall, well dressed man, who seems to possess a certain air of dignity—he must be one of the great men. "No," remarks a better informed friend, "that is a gambler, who gets his living by preying on his kind.—He is a worthless fellow." He has scarcely finished the sentence, when an old gentleman passes them vith a shuffling gait, taking no particular notice of any one, but frequently noticed by others as he hastens in the direction of the Capitol. That is John Q. Adams, who in all weathers walks the long distance from his house near the "Court End" of the town to his seat in the Representatives' Hall. The stranger, if he has never seen him before, is absorbed in the contemplation of one of whom he has so often heard. But his revery is soon interrupted by a whisper from his companion, who calls his attention to a man rather above the medium height, his spare form dressed in black, and discovering a slight stoop in his shoulders, which are crowned with a head of iron grey hair, and in that head a large, dark, bright, restless eye, that has already taken notice of yon. Not recognizing you, he passes on, his body see-sawing to the right and left, somewhat after the manner of a boat skulling across the stream. And it must be admitted, the gentleman has often been found, politically speaking, crossing the current. He has recently done it to some purpose. It is John C. Calhoun.

Now behold that dignified-looking gentleman walking slowly around the corner, where the Avenue joins 4th street. He has just come down from C street, where his family, to whom he is ardently attached, has long lived, and which is his *home*, though he is a Senator from a distant State. His person is broad and well proportioned—his height manly, if not the tallest, and he moves along with a measured, almost a martial pace; his countenance marked with firmness and decision. If he recognizes a friend, he bows to him with an air of polite respect, whatever be his rank in life, or his distinction in the political world. The sound of his voice is not to be mistaken. It is deep, almost sepulchral, but not unpleasant. He has gained his political eminence by long and industrious labor. And it may, perhaps, with truth be said, there is but one office which he has not, or might not have had in his power to refuse, the Presidency! I need scarcely name Colonel Benton, the oldest Senator in the Chambers.

If the visitor extends his walk to the vicinity of the War Department, he will be certain at a particular hour of the day, to see a tall and majestic from in the ordinary dress of a citizen, measuring the ground with an easy and semi-rapid movement, and an air that seems to compel you to say, this must be a man of distinction. You are right. It is Major General Winfield Scott. His very name has a martial sound. And he is as much distinguished for his high bred courtesy, as his deeds of gallant darting; for his kindness to a little child, as his noble bearing on the battle field. I have seen him in his golden epeaulettes and plumed hat in the midst of the court, bend down to speak gentle words to a little boy that attracted his attention. This is the man, who, taken up by a great party, would go into the Presidential chair with flying colors. There are words associated with his name, which would act like a charm on the American people, kindling a flame of enthusiasm that would consume all effectual opposition.

About the same time may be seen entering at a quick pace the east door of the War Department, a form less tall, but of a good military height, and light and graceful in its movements. If you can get a good view of his face, you will find it endowed with an amiable expression; and if you hear him talk, you will be surprised at the sweetness of his voice.—This is Roger Jones, the Adjutant General of the army, who is said to be unsurpassed for the elegance of his horsemanship, as he was distinguished for his gallantry in the last war.

There goes a stouter looking man, whose head time is painting with his favorite color, and who in this long and piping time of peace has forgotten that it is the duty of a soldier to stand up straight. An honest, kind, soldierly look he has—and it will never be altered while Gen. Towson moves among the living. Long may it be, before the roar of such cannon as his shall again contend with the thunders of Niagara. He is the Pay-master-General.

AN exchange paper says, the best snuff in the world is a *snuff* at the early air.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_64-0393.jpg