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JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON.]

"LIGHT FOR ALL."

[Editor & Proprietor

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POETRY.

From the Phila. Saturday Courier.

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS LIFE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ARION.

William's College.

THE WIDOWER TO HIS CHILDREN.

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

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

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

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

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

"Will you come to the boatswain
said to the crew, at the heaving of the anchor.
"Let us drop the subject," as the body-snatchers said
when they were pursued.

From the Irish Citizen.

THE AUCTION—A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JAMES REES.

Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excuse.—POPE.

And much more honest, to be hired and stand
With auctioneering hammer in thy hand,
Provoking to give more, and knocking twice
For the old household stuff, or picture's price.
DAVID'S JOURNAL.

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

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

"To-morrow," observed Mr. Sunderland, "is the anni-
versary of the melancholy death of our dear Henry—
to-morrow will be ten years since the vessel in which
he sailed, was lost, and all on board perished—all, all!"
"Alas," exclaimed his wife, as the tears coursed their
way down her cheeks, "to-morrow will be a melancholy
day."

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

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

"Not my child, unless with what little money a friend
has generously loaned me, I can secure a few articles,
Ellen, my dear, take your pencil and put them down;
first, the sideboard, two beds, sofa, chairs, and kitchen
things. The sideboard, it is true, will be to us now a
superfluous piece of furniture, but it belonged to my
mother, and I cannot—will not part with it."

"But my Piano, Pa—must it go?"

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

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

"It is indeed a fearful night," observed Mrs. Sunder-
land, "and we have behaved rude to this man."
"Mother, I made a fire in the room where he is, but

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

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

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

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

"Now, gentlemen," cried the auctioneer, "we will sell
this sideboard, in regard to which I am requested by the
creditor to say that it is an old family piece, and it is
the wish of the owner to retain it if possible. I merely
mention this, as it is known to you under what peculiar
circumstances the things are sold." This had the de-

sired effect—no one seemed willing to bid against the
unfortunate man, who started it at ten dollars. Twenty
was bid by Mr. Clifford; twenty-five from Mr. Sun-
derland; fifty from Mr. Clifford silenced the anxious
parent, and the family piece of furniture was knocked
down to the new owner of the house. A gentleman
who stood by remarked that the act was a cold, heart-
less one. "Was it," sarcastically asked Mr. Clifford,
"then, sir, why did you not buy it for him?"

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

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

"And pay, Sir, what may that be?"
"To purchase every thing in it, and by heaven I'll
do it, though I pay double price."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I cannot take it, Sir."

"Obdurate—ungrateful man!"

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

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

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

"I am here, Sir—the key of my trunk is lost, and I
am fastening it with a rope."
"Stop, my girl—but methinks I purchased that trunk?"
coolly observed the stranger.

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

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

"Indeed she has—a kind, noble one."

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

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

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

"Sir, is this not a cruel jest?"

"Is it possible?"—exclaimed mother and daugh-
ter.

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

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

"Intruder, Sir? Oh, say not that—I will not tell you
what a relief this knowledge is to me—but I am yet to
learn how I am to repay you all this, and what could
have induced you, a total stranger, thus to step forward,
Ah! a thought strikes me—gracious heavens! Can it
be look on Mr. Clifford—may start not?" The stran-
ger actually recoiled from the glance of Sunderland's
eye—"look on me, Sir—has that girl—that innocent
girl—who stands trembling there any interest in this

generous act of yours?—speak, Sir, and let me know at
once, that I may spurn your offer and resent the in-
sult."

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

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

"Say not so, Miss—"

"Sir—I—Indeed Father, I—"

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

"Brother—"

"Gracious heaven—Henry—my boy!

"Is here—I am your long lost son!"

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

THE QUIZZER QUIZZED.

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

"Why, I'm a liar."

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

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

"Quite curable, also," added the doctor: "But I must
make my preparations. Come again after dinner, and
I will be ready for you: but pay down five shil-
lings."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Chapter on Boots by a Cordwainer.—Every man
that has a sole generally wears boots, and some boots
last longer than others. This is a fact which *no* man
will admit. A tight boot is apt to create a shoeing pain in
the foot, and has never been known to produce a *stitch*
in the side. The skin has sometimes been bruised, and
these difficulties have been removed by applying the
healing remedies. It is always best to have an *under-*
standing with the cobbler, and the man who has the
reputation of being *light*, would not be considered a *fit*
person to buy of. Should you choose to come across
one of this description, and he should *pump* you, it
would do no good to *bristle* up to him; but merely *tap*
him on the shoulder in the friendly way, and he will
not be apt to *rip* out. A good customer is always able
to *tie* the mark, and he who is willing to *foot* his
boots. If I am *right* in the above remarks, there is no-
thing left but to *say* *see*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well what shall we call you?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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