The Cambridge Chronicle.

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"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT: LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMS'T AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

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Poetical.

OLD FRIENDS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Old friends! old friends! the dear old friends
That time has swept away!
Ah! who can make the heart amends
For the friends of life's young day?
Oh! they were the fixed stars of love
That never left their sphere,
The becon light that shone above,
Our life's dark path to cheer,
Old Friends! Old Friends!

Old friends! old friends! can we forget,
Those days of golden prime,
When round our fathers hearth we met,
And our merry voices' chime
Made the hall ring to the roof with joy.
As we sung the song of yore,
Or danced to the strains of the harper boy,
On the bright old oaken floor!
Old Friends! Old Friends!

Old friends! old friends! as time rolls on,
We miss them more and more;
Those halls are dark where once they shone
And closed the friendly door;
While colder seems the stranger's eye,
And we pass on earth's dull way,
And think, with mem'ry's tender sigh,
Of the friends of life's young day,
Old Friends! Old Friends!

TO A STEPCHILD.

Thou art not mine—the golden locks that cluster
Round thy broad brow—
Thy blue eyes with their soft and liquid lustre,
And cheek of snow—
E'en the strange sadness on thine infant features
Blending with love—
And hers whose mournful eyes seem sadly bending
On her lost dove.

Thou art not mine—upon thy sweet lip lingers
Thy mother's smile—
And while I press thy soft and baby fingers
In mine the while—
In the deep eyes so trustfully upraising
Their light to mine—
I deem the spirit of thy mother gazing
To my soul's shrine.

They ask me with their meek and soft beseeching
A mother's care—
They ask a mother's kind and patient teaching—
A mother's prayer.
Not mine—yet dear to me—fair fragrant blossom
Of a fair tree—
Gushed to the earth in life's first glorious summer—
Thou'rt dear to me.
Child of the lost, the buried, and the sainted,
I call thee mine—
Till fairer still with tears and sin untainted—
Her home be thine.

Miscellaneous.

For the Chronicle.

LUCY MASON;
OR, BLIGHTED HOPES.

BY ELAM.

In the village of C——, in the year 18— lived Esquire Mason, a wealthy merchant, who had acquired a large fortune in the city of New York, after which he removed to the village above alluded to, with his family, composed of a tender and affectionate wife and two charming daughters, highly accomplished and interesting. The youngest, Lucy, was a girl of uncommon frankness of disposition, and was beloved by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. In the heart of Lucy Mason, her young associates always found a confidant worthy of their trust. Though raised in affluence, and unused to scenes of penury and distress, she keenly felt for the necessities of the poor, and often rendered assistance to the needy. Through the kindness of her heart she soon became the favorite of C——, and her company was sought by all classes of society; by the poor, for her benevolence and sweet words of consolation; by the intelligent, for her bland and impressive conversation upon subjects calculated to call forth their admiration and applause.

Several years passed away,—all was happiness in the family of Mr. Mason, and when he thought that all was well, as regarded his worldly prospects, the heart-rending intelligence of the utter bankruptcy of his nephew, Francis Underhill, for whom he had endorsed to a very large amount, was proclaimed, and Mr. Mason was a ruined man.

Lucy felt sorely the situation of her family, more on account of her aged father than for herself; and though destitute of a knowledge of any kind of physical labor, she determined at once, to open a school for the instruction of young ladies, having full confidence, that by perseverance, she might be enabled, measurably, to smooth the declining years of her father, whose health had become feeble, and whose mind was shattered by the recent reverse of fortune to which he had been subjected.

By Lucy's perseverance things went on pleasantly for two years, when there came to C—— a man bearing the appellation of Col. Wilson, who was generally thought to be of the higher order of talents, of gentlemanly deportment, and withal, a handsome income.—But beneath a winning and pleasant exterior were embosomed the licentious principles of a fiend. He sought an acquaintance with Lucy, which having obtained, he was devoted in his attentions, and many were the bright eyes and smitten hearts that envied her. But alas, in an evil hour, he robbed her of that holy principle so resplendently beautiful in her sex; and what was once the beautiful and interesting Lucy Mason, was now the emaciated and heart-broken victim of the seducer.

Her father, unable to bear this shock, in the shame and everlasting disgrace of her, in whom he foresaw the pleasure of his old age, sunk under the weight of his sorrows, and his remains were soon borne to their mother earth. Her mother, too, upon whose cheek the hectic flush had long foretold that soon she must pass away, gave up to despondency and grief, her mind dethroned, and all her hopes crushed to earth, bereft of the staff of her life, followed him to her long resting place.

But let us return to Lucy. In the village churchyard might be seen her slender form bending over the slumbering place of her parents, and in warm aspirations to heaven, watered their graves with the bitter tears of repentance. She had fondly hoped, she had confidingly loved; but hope that cheering angel had taken its flight, her love was illrequited.

She looked around her and saw on the lips of those who once took pleasure in her society, the curl of scorn and contempt. 'Twas more than she could bear, reason left her throne, and she was a wardering, but harmless maniac.

Years passed away, and the once lovely Lucy Mason, the pride of C— —, daily wandered through the streets of the village. The impress of her former beauty was still visible, but ah, how sad the change!

Wilson had long since left C——, and of his whereabouts none of the people of that village knew. But justice, ever watchful for her right, overtook the wretch, and the intelligence was received, that having sown the seeds of sorrow in the family of the Rev. Mr. F., of A——, by blasting the hopes of an only daughter, her brother, though too late to redress the wrong sustained by his family in the rescue of his sister from shame and disgrace, followed him to the city of P., and having met with him, sent the fatal dagger to his heart.

The officers of the law laid violent hands upon him, but the whole populace being enraged at the vile conduct of Wilson, he was assured that no evil would befal him for having rid the world of so unprincipled a wretch. He was released to appear before the court of the city, to be held the following month. At the appointed time, Edward F. appeared. His whole demeanor wore a confidence of success. The counsel for the State ingensously argued the attrocity of his crime, but the evidence of Wilson's former conduct, and the favor with which Edward F. was held by the community at large, he was acquitted, amid the cheers and plaudit of all present.

Lucy's sister, Gertrude, though not so beautiful, was married to a gentleman of rank, of generous and sympathizing feeling. Around his hearthstone, when the autumnal fire burned brightly, could be seen, mingling in playful innocence with her cousins, the little Lucy, whose every feature bore the impress of her mother's; and as the vacant eye of her who was once lovely to behold, rested on her innocent offspring, a gloom would cross her brow and conscious sorrow seemed to pervade her mind.

Disease had fastened upon the vitals of poor Lucy, her feeble frame gave way and she sunk into the grave.

The little Lucy was raised in the family of her aunt, unconscious of the sorrows of her mother. Time passed on—she bloomed into womanhood, a fac similie of the beauty and loveliness of the ill-fated Lucy. She possessed a mind of rare genius, and many were the gallant hearts offered at the shrine of her affection. She married a Mr. W., a man of affluence and great personal popularity, which soon exalted him to a high place in the councils of the nation. The little motherless Lucy is now happy in the love of a kind husband, and joy and prosperity are the companions of her life.

———o———

From the Baltimore Clipper,

THE DEATH OF MAJOR RINGGOLD.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

Written on the reception of the news of his death.

Reader, have you ever stood beside a stream, whose murmuring wave gave no notice of its existence, save in its own purling music; and as you gazed upon its mirror surface, and beheld the droppings of natural gems, which studded the velveted flowers on its margin, and the delicately formed leaves, which were reflected from its bosom, in their pale, green beauty—have you felt the sweet influenee of the scence steal almost imperceptibly over your senses; and then have you beheld the fair sheet of water suddenly precipitated over some miniature cataract, which impeded its way, and for a moment, awakened from its strange unconsciousness, until its impetus is again lost, and it is left to pursue its slow, meandering course? If so, can you better appreciate the meaning of the poet, when he says,

"There is a change in the affairs of men."

There are sometimes periods in our history, when the dull monotony of life is broken, when the spell of the enchanter is drawn aside, and we momentarily see things as they are. When we are suddenly awakened from the dreamy apathy, in which we had so long indulged, by some event of a startling nature. Truly, ours is a chequered path—evil seems to brood over us in every form—the messenger of death rides in every cloud—directs his darts from every lightning flash, and delivers his commands in every thunder peal—lives, moves, and has his being in the very atmosphere we breathe. "In the midst of life we are in death," once said he, upon whom the spirit of inspiration breathed. With the ever-heaving, hurrying tide of active life around, how often are our thoughts directed to the silent, the eloquently silent, habitations of the dead!

Who would have thought, when twelve months ago, we gazed on the dancing plume and noble form of the gallant Ringgold, as he rode conspicuous among the multitude of brave and stately ones, who crowded to do honor to the fallen hero and statesman of our country; and who would have thought, that before the anniversary of that day should have again commemmorated the glory of the departed, he would have found a soldier's grave in a strange land; that the tribute of brave hearts would have offered to his ashes, and (*he would have lain him down*) 'neath the resplendent stars and stripes of his country, he would have laid him down ripe with honor near the field which his valor helped to win. And yet, 'tis so: the same messenger which brought tidings of the glorious triumph of the American arms, poisoned the cup of joy; which had so nearly saluted our lips, by the sad tidings of the death of the gifted and honored son of Maryland, "Major Ringgold!" Ah! when did victory e'er twine the laurel round a beloved standard, without staining it with the life-blood of some of its noblest supporters? How often have the brave left the shore of which they loved to call "home," and ne'er again beheld the green field of their nativity? Well do I remember the day when the gallant, but ill-fated Ringgold, bade adieu to Baltimore—'twas as fair a morn as e'er the sun shone upon. The deep, blue waters of the Patapsco danced merrily on in the bright sun-beam, now and then catching a slant ray as it fell upon the surface, and reflecting it to the downy clouds above, in colors so brilliant, it seemed to partake more of the heavenly regions, whithe. it was sent, than the earth-born elements, whence it came; the emerald crowed hills of Hamstead, seemed in the distance, to meet the sky above—while, far off, the dim outline of the fort rose before me, surmounted by the standard of our country; and never had the stars and stripes been more proudly unfurled—never had they waved more gaily in the breeze, than on that day, little heeding that some should no longer repose 'neath their folds—that they no longer should wave over many a noble form; and more than all, over him who claimed a proud pre eminence among them. Sadly and ominously was the vessel watched, as it dropped slowly down with the tide. The spell of the enchanter is upon me, and in imagination, I gaze upon the martial form of Ringgold, as it turns to take a last, long, lingering look, upon scenes, loved perhaps, all too dearly.

"Ah" look well and fondly hapless chief upon the verdure capped hills, and noble monuments of thy city, the place where fate hath linked with thee, many bright associations, where ties of friendship have bound thee in cords too holy to be broken, too sacred to be severed, and upon that military home where thy days have been spent; for the lightning of thine eye will be quenched in death, and thy voice will have lost its thrilling tones, ere again thy mailed companions tread our streets!

They are gone. And never more shall eye of man rest proudly upon the brave leader of that gallant band; for he has found a grave in the green savannahs of the South, he has offered up his valued life one of the first victims at his country's shrine, he has disappeared from among us, but his name is still green in the memory of the American heart; he has by his heroic deeds gained for himself a proud immortality, and needs not monuments of brass and marble to perpetuate his fame. For though his ashes sleep in a strange land his living form as he appeared in the day of his pride and power, will live in the hearts of all who knew him, and his name will be associated with the Washingtons, the Lincolns, the Greenes, the Marrions, and Jacksons of other times, earlier in the history of our Republic but not earlier in deeds of heroic valor, as his fall, covered with laurels, is abundant evidence.

A soldier's fate—'tis brilliant—yet melancholy; it is hard to any in the full vigor of life, to feel the chords severing one by one which bind them to earth, and how much more so to the soldier, who in his aspirations for military renown, rushes into the thickest of the fight heedless of danger, and intent only upon the one grand object of his thoughts—fame! Of such it may be said, as of Charles XII, "the roaring of cannon and the din of war is the only music which finds an echo in their souls;" and with what intensity of feeling do they realize that the sun of their life is descending 'mid dark and lowering clouds, that their glowing hopes and bright dreams are crushed in the bud, and they will leave that glory to others with which they would fain have enwreathed their own brows.

And yet the death of a hero, such as we lament, is glorious. He is indeed, deserving the memory of a grateful people, who in his last hours displays that nobility of soul which alone discovers the patriot and freeman. The last words of our lamented chieftain, "Tarry not here; there is yet work for you to do?" addressed to one who would fain have smoothed his passage to the grave by the gentle words of friendship, will like the celebrated signal of the famous Nelson, be the motto of the American soldiery, teaching them to forego all personal gratifications when their country requires their aid. His end was a bright one, to fall 'mid the shoutings of victory, to hear the thunder tones of rejoicing which rent the air, and die with the triumphant standard of his country waving over him, is indeed a proud fate.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
With all their country's wishes blest,
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck then hallowed mould,
But there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet, have ever trod.

———o———

DUTY OF LADIES.

The sceptre of empire is not the sceptre that best benefits the hand of woman; nor is the field of carnage her field of glory. Home, sweet home is her theatre of action, her pedestal of beauty, and throne of power. Or if seen abroad, she is seen to the best advantage when on an errand of love, and wearing the robe of mercy.

It was not woman who slept during the agonies of Gethsemane; it was not woman who denied her Lord at the palace of Caiaphas; it was not woman who deserted his cross on the hill of of Calvary. But it was woman that dared to testify her respect for his course, that procured spices for embalming it, and that was found last at night, and first in the morning, at the sepulchre. Time has neither impaired her kindness, shaken her constancy, or changed her character. Now as formerly, it is her office, and well it has been sustained, to stay the fainting head, wipe from the dim eye the tear of anguish, and from the cold forehead the dew of death.

This is not unmerited praise. I have too much respect for the character of woman, to use, even elsewhere, the language of adulation and too much self-respect to use such language here. I would not, if I could, persuade those of the sex who hear me, to become the public clamorous advocates, of even temperance. It is the influence of their declared approbation; or their open, willing, visible example, enforced by that soft, persuasive, colloquial eloquence, which in some hallowed retirement, and chosen moments, exerts such controlling influence over the hard, cold heart of man; especially over a husband's, a son's, or a brother's heart; it is this influence which we need; which is chiefly known by the gradual, kindly transformation of character it produces, and which in its benign influence, may be compared to the noiseless, balmy influence of Spring, shedding, as it silently advances, renovation over every hill, and dale, and glen, and islet, and changing throughout the whole region of animated nature, winters rugged and unsightly forms, into the forms of vernal loveliness and beauty.—Dr. Nott.

———o———

PRESERVED FISH.—The story that Preserved Fish had been picked up, when a child, on the ocean's shore, is a mere fiction. Its origin has been traced to the following laughable incident: While on one of his trading voyages, Captain Fish was hailed by a Revenue Cutter with the question—"What's the name of that brig?" "Flying Fish, sir!" What's your cargo?" "Pickled Fish, sir!" "Who's your captain?" "Preserved Fish!" The revenue officer became quite angry, and immediately boarded the brig, to revenge himself for the insult. When he found, however, that only the truth had been spoken, he enjoyed the joke, and vowed that he would preserve the memory of Preserved Fish as an ocean wonder.—Hunt's Magazine.

———o———

A HEROIC WOMAN.—The Charleston News of December 13th furnishes an interesting letter from Tampico, from which we make the following extract:

The honor and glory of hoisting the American flag at this place belongs to *woman*, and a Mexican woman too; she is the wife of Mr. Chase, a Yankee, who is Consul here. While her husband was on board the Princeton, this brave and noble lady planted the American Standard on the house top with her own hands, and though threatened by the Mexicans who shot at her repeatedly, she stood firm and undaunted by the symbol of our Union, and proud and erect she pointed to it as it floated in the breeze. She indeed deserves something from her adopted country.

———o———

TALENT.—What we want in natural abilities may generally and easily be made up in industry—as a dwarf may keep pace with a giant, if he but move his legs little faster. 'Mother,' said the Spartan youth, going to battle, 'my sword is too short.' 'Add a step to it,' was the reply.

Agricultural.

CURING HAMS.—As the season for slaughtering our cattle and hogs, and putting them in the cellar for family use, is at hand, the mode of curing beef, pork, and hams, is important to every housekeeper. I take it for granted every one knows that in curing pork, the main point is to put in a great abundance of good salt. There need be no fear of applying too much. If not required in curing the meat, it will remain in the cask, and is as good as ever to be applied again. In curing beef, salt should be used more sparingly. Six pounds of fine salt, four ounces of saltpetre, one pound and a quarter of brown sugar, make a good proportion of ingredients for 100 pounds of beef. In twenty-four hours a pickle that will bear an egg endwise should be applied. Drying beef should remain in the pickle about ten days. To cure hams thoroughly. so as to have them sufficiently salt to keep, and yet not too salt, and to give them the real Jersey flavor, is a more delicate operation, and requires a nice hand. The following receipe is a good one, and may be relied on for making a first-rate ham: To 80 lbs. of hams take 4 ounces of brown sugar, 3 ounces of saltpetre, and 1 pint of fine salt; pulverize and mix them thoroughly; rub the hams well all over, particularly on the flesh side, and lay them on boards for 36 or 40 hours, then pack them in casks, adding two quarts of fine salt to every 80 lbs. of hams.—In fifteen or eighteen days they may be hung up to smoke.—*Farmers' Cabinet.*

WHEAT, BARLEY, OATS.—One hundred parts of the stalks of wheat yield 155 parts of ashes. The same quantity of barley, 8.54; and oats only 4.32 parts. Thus; as the demands of each of these plants for the alkaline elements of their growth is different, one may be raised on ground which has ceased to produce the others; and this is what is daily witnessed—land, refusing to yield wheat, and yet affording excellent crops of oats, the proportion of alkali required by which is so comparatively small compared with the demands of the wheat crop. How readily, then, may a good soil from oats be rendered productive in wheat by the simple addition of some alkaline dressing, all the other requisites of fertility having been before present.—Cuthbert W. Johnson.

MANAGEMENT OF POULTRY—By Sarah Dakin.—*Hens.*—1. Provide a warm dry shelter for winter.

2. Feed with oats, soaked for 12 hours in warm water before feeding.

3. Burn clam shells and pound them fine, let them have as many as they can eat, and you may have eggs from January to December.

From thirty hens I have gathered this year 3,522 eggs by the 10th of September, and raised 200 chickens.

I manage my chickens by feeding oats and rye ground, two bushels of oats to one of rye. Keep them in a warm shelter at night.

N. B. To prevent the pip or gaps, change the male every year, and your chickens will be healthy.

Management of Turkeys.—1. Feed the same as hens, and let them hatch their young ones any time after the 20th of May.

2. Feed the young ones with oats and rye ground, wet with milk curd, and occasionally sprinkle a little powdered clam shell lime with the feed; if cold and wet weather, sprinkle a little black pepper with their food.

3. Make warm and dry shelters for them to brood in nights, and keep them from the wet and dew until the sun shines warm.

4. Feed but little the first twenty-four hours after they are hatched; by this management I can raise nine out of ten.

Be sure and change the tom turkey every year.

Raising Goslings.—1. Have them hatch as early as the first of May if possible. Make dry, warm places for their nests.

2. Feed the young goslings with corn meal, put one teaspoonful of salt in a pint of meal, wet the feed with milk.

3. Let them have access to water in pleasant weather.

4. Keep them at night in a warm dry shelter.

By this management I can raise 49 out of 50.

Ducks.—Feed ducks the same as goslings. In this way I have raised fifty-two young ones from two old ducks in one year.—Poughkeepsie Telegraph.

STABLES.—To prevent loss from the evaporation of the ammonia, all stables should be strewn with plaster. By this means, the carbonate of ammonia will be converted into a sulphate, and thus deprived of its volatility.—Besides the saving to be effected in the prevention of the escape of a valuable manure, the health of the animals would be greatly promoted and their eyes saved from many affections which now originate from the too pungent nature of the ammonia, which is continuously thrown off from the urine in its various stages of decomposition.—American Farmer.

ANTIDOTE FOR ARSENIC.—The Literary Gazette says that experiments have been made in France, by giving dogs nine grains of arsenic and then pouring down them nine ounces of fresh calf's blood. It was found that the blood neutralized the arsenic and rendered it harmless.