THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

JAMES M. JONES
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"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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TERMS

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POETRY.

THE MIND.

The body is of little worth,
And soon will moulder back to earth,
But who a dwelling place shall find
For the immortal, God-like MIND?
Earth cannot fill its vast desires,
It adds but fuel to its fires;
Grave cannot confine—Death cannot hold
That spirit prison'd in its fold.

Go to Golconda's noted mine,
Where jewels in their lustre shine,
Each bright as summer's evening star,
And let them with this gem compare;
Their lustre shall be dull as lead,
Each glistening star shall veil his head,
And all declare they cannot find
A gem like the immortal MIND.

I'LL COME AGAIN!

I'll come again when the bright birds come—
When the trees are green—the flowers in bloom:
And the balmy breath of gentle spring
Sheds life around on every thing;
When from her icy chains set free,
Fair Nature cometh smilingly:
And hills, which now are clad in snow,
Are blooming fresh in spring's full glow;
When the heart, with sweet emotions rife,
Abounds with joy, and hope, and life,
And friends that have been dear before,
We *dearer* deem, and love them more.

Oh, then I'll come, but will I find
That thou, fair friend, in heart and mind—
In looks—in words—in acts—in *name*—
In all that's good—*art still the same!*
Will I then meet thy smiling face—
Thy fervent kiss, and warm embrace—
Thy looks of love—from eyes so blue—
That speak devotion, warm and true?
Will I then hear thy own sweet voice
In gentle tones of love rejoice
And own, that tender heart of thine
Still beats responsive—*but to mine!* * * *

DEATH OF AN OLD MAN.

For many years past Padre's Island, extending from the Brazos to Corphus Christi, upwards of a hundred miles in extent, has been uninhabited, save by a single individual, familliary known as "Old Man Tilley." Here, in a little hut, in sight and hearing of the surf, dwelt this old man, upwards of twenty years, as undisputed a monarch as Alexander Selkirk on the island of Juan Fernandez. Fishing, hunting and gathering upon the beach the cargoes of wrecked vessels, formed his occupation. His wants being but few and simple, he seldom disposed of what he accumulated in this way, but after rescuing it from the mercy of the waves, left it to perish by the noiseless tooth of time. He seldom sought the society of men to destroy the monotony of his existence, and excepting when a solitary traveller, journeying across the Island, claimed the hospitality of his hut, his solitude was never disturbed by human sounds. He was kind and humane to all who approached him, and, if he cast himself beyond the pale of Society, and circumscribed his powers of being useful to his fellow men, he certainly did them no harm. Here, in this harmless and solitary mode, free from the tumult of a jarring world, lived and died this singular old man. He breathed his last on Friday, the 29th ult., and was buried on the ("my own," he called it) island. From a bleak sand hill the old man's grave overlooks the ocean, the ceaseless roar of which, occasionally intermingled with the howl of the wolf and the scream of the eagle chaunts the requiem of his departed spirit, and proclaims the eternal truth that the "grave is a great republic," which drags the proudest of the earth to a level with the most lowly.

In the hands of De Foe the life of the subject of this notice might be made the groundwork of a beautiful romance. The fact that Padre's Island was once the abiding place of the Croukaways, a tribe of cannibal Indians, and its jungles and fastnesses roamed over by almost every description of wild animals, would be seen to favor an undertaking of this kind, and furnish the woof to weave through a story.

How Big is It? A person advertices in one of the Detroit papers for a "helpmeet" for life.—He wants one who shall be "a companion of his heart, his hand and his lot." "How big is his *loti*" asks a candidate for the situation, in another paper.

From the Phila. Saturday Courier.

THE COUNTESS OF MOUNTFORT;
Or, Female Chivalry.

In perusing the history of the Middle Ages, we cannot avoid being betrayed into the highest admiration of those deeds of heroism and knightly prowess with which the pages teem; however this sensation may be condemned as fostering a warlike spirit in an age when peace should reign triumphant, still to most minds, it is enlarging and ennobling in its tendency. We cannot close the too short volume of Froissart, where every page is glowing with the fire of chivalry; we cannot trace the history of Scotland's mighty hero, from the time of his landing on his native shores, with only forty followers at his command, to that eventful day when he stood victorious upon the glorious field of Bannockburn, without our minds being raised, as it were, for the time, to a communion with those lofty spirits who, in their day, swayed the councils, and decided the fate of battle. The philosophers who treat of the mental powers, tell us that every impression received upon the mind, tends to its ultimate formation for good or evil; hence the benefit derived from our admiration of those generous acts of friendship, of devoted patriotism and of knightly valor and courtesy, the records of which may be said to compose the chronicles of the Middle Ages.

But it was not our design to attempt an essay the character of the dark ages, but to tell a tale of female devotion and heroism, that it might show the influence of the institutions of chivalry upon the character of woman, during the reign of the third Edward of England, when those institutions were at the zenith of their prosperity.

On the death of John III., Duke of Brittany, the succession to the duchy was disputed between two powerful noblemen, Charles of Blois, nephew to the King of France, and the Count of Mountfort. The former, with the assistance of an army, under the command of the Duke of Normandy, the son of the French king, succeeded in taking Mountfort prisoner, and conducting him to Paris. This event, it was supposed, would put an end to all dispute with regard to the ducal coronet of Brittany; but the event proved the contrary.

Jane of Flanders, the Countess of Mountfort, was, at the time of her husband's capture, residing with her infant son in the fortified town of Rennes. As soon as she heard of the misfortune of Mountfort, she ordered an assemblage of the citizens, and, presenting herself and child before them, conjured them in the strongest terms not to desert the cause of her captive husband, but to remain faithful to the blood of their ancient princes: she represented to them the surety of receiving assistance from England, their powerful ally, and deprecated in the strongest terms the influence of France, which would be surely felt if Charles of Blois proved victorious in the contest. Finally, she declared herself willing and ready to take her consort's place, and lead them to victory.

The inhabitants of Rennes, moved by the heroism and devoted conduct of the Countess, declared immediately in her favor. Many other towns followed their example, and such as were wavering hesitated not when the Countess visited them, to declare their allegiance to her. Having visited all those towns whose fealty was doubtful, and which she was desirous of securing, the Countess shut herself up with a strong garrison in the town of Hennebonne, to await the arrival of succours which had been promised by Edward III. of England.

Charles of Blois, was very desirous of making himself master of the important fortress of Hennebonne, and of the person of the Countess, who had constituted herself leader of the opposition to his authority; he, therefore, mustered a numerous army, and laid siege to the place: his attacks were powerful, and conducted with ability; but as often as he marched to the assault, so often was he repulsed with loss. The Countess conducted the defence: she was ever upon the battlements; and few soldiers there are, who would not conduct themselves with bravery in presence of such an example.

On one occasion, the heroic Countess, ever on the watch for an opportunity to take advantage of her enemy, perceived that Charles, occupied wholly in directing the attack, had neglected to provide for the defence of a distant part of his camp, or league, as the chroniclers teem it. The Countess, collecting a body of about two hundred cavalry, sallied forth from the castle, attacked the feebly defended quarter, dispersed all she found there, applied the torch to the tents, baggage, and magazines, and, having completed the work of destruction, set out on her return. The besiegers had, however, taken the alarm; and the Countess found a powerful force stationed between herself and the gates of the fortress; to resist, was to be captured; there was no time for deliberation. The Countess immediately ordered her followers to disperse, and seek their way, individually, to the town of Brest, at no great distance from Hennebonne, which was garrisoned by adherents.

The lady met her followers at Brest, and taking a reinforcement from that place, of five hundred men, returned rapidly to Hennebonne, fought her way through the lines of the besiegers, and entered the town triumphantly, amid the acclamations of the inhabitants.

This exploit is deserving of admiration, and displays as much personal bravery, and far more promptness and soldier-like activity than the defeat of the English by Joan d'Arc before Orleans; and if the consequences had been as important, it would have been dwelt upon as one of the brightest pages in history.

Shortly after the return of the Countess, the fortress was reduced to the necessity of treating for a surrender; but was again saved by the heroic Lady Mountfort, who, being on the summit of a high tower, gazing toward the sea, exclaimed—"No capitulation! Behold the English succours!"

The defence was continued. The English soon arrived, and the town was saved. Henceforward, the war was carried on between the French and English, and the Countess was thrown out of her assumed employment, of defending towns and fortresses. C. C. W.

A BALL IN SPAIN.

Of all lands for love, dancing, and assassination, Spain is pre-eminent. In that sunny part of the world, woman's existence is comprised in those two words—"Love and Religion."

A few years ago I was in Grenada. The world was all before me, where to choose. My purse was well filled and heavy, and heart empty and light. It was the beginning of the spring time of my existence. The governor of the city had the good taste and liberality to give a grand ball and entertainment at the palace of the Alhambra, to which I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation.

The splended halls of this world-renowned building—(at once a palace, and a tomb of king)—were brilliant with light—the walls covered with moresque paintings, the splendid courts surrounded with galleries, supported by beautiful columns of white marble, the air redolent of the most delicious perfumes, the sparkling fountains reflecting back the dazzling light of a thousand candelabra.

We have already said that the Spanish women live only for two objects—"Religion and Love." This is no place for the former, therefore the hearts of all these fair damsels and revellers are devoted wholly and solely to the passion—they are here to dance, to listen to the softly murmured vow of love, to pay back sigh for sigh, and glance for glance to the favored one, to outshine and eclipse the rival beauties—to guard from all others the heart of him to whom she is devoted.

The Spanish girl looks "I love" out of those windows of the soul, her eyes—she avows her passion, she is proud of it, she triumphs in her conquest of the gallant Caballero, who stands by her side whispering fond words. But wo to him who dares to rouse her jealousy—that deadly passion once awakened, she springs, tiger-like, upon her victim, and recklessly gluts her revenge.

During the evening of which I was speaking, I had observed a young and exquisitely handsome Signora, whose face was transcendantly beautiful, and whose form was rounded in the most voluptuous style of Southern beauty.

I had on several occasions met and admired her on the Plaza and Prado Her moresque features—her lustrous eye, black as night, and shaded by long silken lashes, dark as the raven's wing—her fine eye-brows, so clearly defined upon her high forehead which shone like polished marble—indeed all in her was noble and loving, and expressed the Spanish blood mixed with a tinge of the Arabian race. Her eyes were speaking, passionately speaking, and a single glance at them sufficed to prove that her heart was raving with jealousy.

I followed their direction, and found her glance was fixed, riveted like the eye of a rattlesnake, upon the young Don Carlos de B——, a young grandee of Spain, who had won her love and adoration, and was now, it seemed, likely to turn his attention to a rival. He was at this moment in conversation with a young and lovely Castellan on whom he bent an ardent gaze of passionate admiration. The bosom of the beauteous and now jealous Marquesa rose and fell like the sea's waves, and told of the tumultuous tempest raging within.

The music ceased, and the gay dancers fell into groups or strolled away in pairs, and in a moment I lost sight of the young Don Carlos. I turned my eyes to where his forsaken mistress had stood but a moment before, and she also had disappeared.

Again the halls resounded with music, and again the revellers swam through the voluptuous waltz, or glided through the gay and exciting Fandango. I had strolled away to a retired part of the palace and was turning towards the crowded ball-rooms, when I saw the Marquesa, who had seized the arm of Don Carlos, and was urging him rapidly toward the spot where I stood.—I retired a few paces, and in the obscure dimness of a recess, stood an unobserved witness of the scene that followed.

"Carlos," cried, or rather murmured the frenzied girl, for rage and jealousy almost choked her utterance. "Carlos, you swore to love me—love only me—love me alone forever."

"I did, my dearest, I did, and shall keep my oath," replied Carlos, gaily.

"You have already broken it—you love another,' shrieked the Marquesa, her eyes glaring like burning coals, and her, till now, lovely features becoming livid with rage.—"You love another—but here my misery and your treachery must end." Swift as lightning she drew a stilletto from the garter at her knee, and plunged it into the breast of Carlos.

Stunned by this sudden deed of blood, I almost fell to the earth. Recovering however in a moment, I followed the Marquesa, who walked calmly into the midst of the revellers and quietly addressing one of the monks who sat in a recess she said, Father your presence is required there, pointing in the direction where lay the bleeding body of her victim. Yonder lies a dying Christian, go and confess him.

The monk hastened to obey her—but poor Carlos, he was dead. The Marquesa was seen no more. She died in a convent.

Thus woman loves, and avenges a lover's infidelity in Spain.

THE DAUGHTER.

As the Daughter, woman's duty is unfailing kindness and reverence. It is not by great deeds of sacrifice or heroism that she will best prove her filial love and fidelity, but by the thousand little attentions which in a daughter so much minister to the sober happiness of the meridian and evening of life. No voice so gentle as hers, in the chamber of a sick mother. No ear so keenly open to the wants of the aged father—no step so light in his service. She is the link between his bright morning and his fading twilight. While the son on whom his pride reposes is abroad, breasting the surges of a selfish world, the daughter whom he loves, remains by his side, to bless and beautify his quiet home. She stays his tottering steps; she smooths his blanced and wasted locks; she adjusts his cushioned chair, and, in her leisure hours, amuses his wandering mind with books or papers, or her own version of some interesting topic. She bears his little humors without parading her pity for his weakness, and is untiring in her thousand offices of love.

Oh! what were age without WOMAN!—woman in her true sphere—the Home! Not woman abroad, engaged in labor or business—not woman engrossed in public affairs, canvassing elections, holding courts, making laws, or buying and selling goods on 'change or elsewhere—but woman, shut away from the clamor of the world, at the clean and social fireside—presiding over the well ordered household—cherishing, with pious care, the chilled and aged frame, with the solicitude of true affection, supplying the unuttered wants of her revered charge, and by her presence and gentle voice, pouring light and melody into the dull sense of age and decrepitude. These are holy privileges, and their very necessity is one of the most exalted schools of virtue, well adapted and designed to prepare the daughter for her vocation and duties as mother.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S PRAYER.

A poor widow called her four little children to her one morning, and said to them, "My dear children, this morning I can give you nothing to eat; there is no bread, nor meat, nor even a potato in the house. I have worked for you as hard as ever I could, I am now sick, and can do no more. You may pray to God, who has himself said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver you."

Little Johnny, who was scarcely six years old, being very hungry, was much troubled by what his mother had said. As he was on his way to school, he knelt down and prayed aloud:—"Oh, God; my Heavenly Father, and my dear Saviour, through whom I may come to thee, hear me, a little child, pray. Our mother has no bread, nor meat, nor even a potato—do give us something, that we, and our dear mother may not starve.—Help us, oh Lord! thou art rich and good, and can easily help us. And thou hast promised to hear the cry of the poor and needy, so help and hear us for thy dear son's sake."

This was Johnny's simple prayer. After saying it he hurried on to school. When he returned home in the middle of the day, what was his surprise and joy to see a great loaf of bread, a large dish of meat, and a basket full of potatoes upon the table.

"Now, God be thanked," said he, "for he has heard my prayer. Dear mother, did not an angel bring all these to you through the window?"

"No," said the mother, "but God heard when you were praying. A lady was near the place, where you could not see her, but she could both see and hear you; and so she sent all these things. She was the angel that God sent to help us in our need. And now, dear children, let us return thanks to God, and trust in him always."

A CITY SCENE.

It is a true saying that "one half of the world knows not how the other half lives. Yesterday, says the N. Y. Sun, about noon, as we were walking up Division street, we noticed apparently a middle aged woman, hurrying along as if a great deal depended on her reaching her destination as quickly as possible. She was not alone, however, for a little girl some nine years old came running along after her, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and her little feet upon the pavement already blistered from walking. The woman had something like a square upon her head covered with a white cloth, which the wind turned aside as she was crossing the street and we saw the end of a small coffin. We followed her home, to an old wooden rookery which stood alone in the rear of an alley and looked as if it had been abandoned by all the neighbors. We then learned the story of her sorrow. Her little daughter, twin sister of the girl before mentioned, had died the day previous, and being too poor to defray the expense of the burial, she had been obliged to apply to the city authorities for assistance. Her child was laid out on a deal table, and there seemed to be a sweet smile still lingering upon its lips. There was sorrow at the mother's heart, but as the tear drops started in her eyes, little Mary, for such was her name, clasped her tiny hands together, and said, "Do not cry, mother, sister's happy!" How simple, touching and beautiful was that sentence from the lips of that little girl, and yet how many young hearts like hers are reared in poverty and suffering, when wealth, aye wealth is thrown away upon those who do not deserve it.

A LOVE LETTER.

The following sweet morceau, which lately appeared in the New York Union, is reported to have been picked up in the Park. We insert it as a model for the imitation of the court-sick swain, whose situation may be such as to compel him to conduct courtship in writing:

"DEAR SWEET.—Oh my love of loves, clarified honey of oil of citrons, white loaf sugar of my hopes, and molasses of my expectations! you have been absent from me three whole days! The sun is dark at mid-day—the moon and stars are black when thou art absent. Thy step is the music of the spheres; and the wind of thy gown, when you pass by, is a zephyr from the garden of paradise in the time of early flowers. I kissed you when we last met, and my whole frame was filled with sweetness. One of your curls touched me on the nose and that organ was transmitted into loaf sugar. Oh, spice of spices, garden of delights, send a lock of your hair—send me anything that your finger has touched, and I will go raving mad with exstacy. One look from thy bright eye would transport me incontinently into the third heaven. Your lips are red roses gathered from Eden by the hand of Gabriel. Your words are molten pearl dropping from your mouth. My heart blazes at the thought of thee. My brain is an everlasting fire. The blood burns and scalds my veins and vitals as it passes through them. Oh come, most delightful of delights, and breathe upon me with thy seraphic breath. When you do come be sure and bring that two shillings that you borrowed of me as I want to buy some tobacco.

WATER FOR STOCK.

This (says the Boston Cultivator,) is a subject of great importance. In order that stock of all kinds may be comfortable and thrifty, that they should have constant access to pure water, and if possible they should be supplied with water in the barn yard, as much manure is wasted, besides animals being likely to accidents, in going at a distance for water. When it is near, animals will drink often, but when at a distance they often go without, and suffer in consequence, and to the disadvantage of the owner, too; for no animal can be profitable without the requisites to its growth, health, and productiveness. Even sheep, that some farmers think can use snow and ice as a substitute for water, will drink frequently when water is near.

When animals have constant access to water, they usually drink a little and drink often, but when not properly supplied they will often injure themselves by drinking to excess.

Some farmers have prepared water works so as to have a constant supply of good water in the barn yard, at an expense of some 25, 50, 75 or 100 dollars, and they would not be deprived of it for the interest, annually, on five times the cost.

OCCUPATION OF THE HUSBANDMAN.

Mr. Andrew Stevenson, once Speaker of the House of Representatives, and afterwards Minister to England, has been delivering an address on agriculture in Virginia, in which he says:—"What occupation more full of dignity, duties more full of joy, than those which distinguish the husbandman! When was it that man ever rose from a state of servitude and dependence to proprietorship of land and its cultivation, that he did not learn self-respect and become more elevated in his own esteem? Then it is that an entire change takes place. Then it is, that breathing no low or abject spirit, he reaps from the soil a harvest of virtues. The sobriety of the father—the economy of the mother—the devoted labor of the son—the chastity of the daughter—these, these are the fruits of glorious agriculture. And this is my answer to all who decry it. I pity those who know nothing, or are incapable of enjoying that soothing, cheering, and unsurpassing influence which agriculture sheds over the mind and heart of man."

PROGRESS OF AGRICULTURE IN SCOTLAND.

A British writer, in an able essay entitled "What can be done for English Agriculture?" thus briefly and beautifully describes the progress and final triumph of Agriculture in Scotland:—"There was a time when the agriculture of Scotland crept timidly along the banks of rivers and lochs, or sunned herself in the bottom of valleys and in sheltered glades and nooks, and reaped her scant and sickly crops beneath the protection of armed men; a more peaceful time came, and she still, for many generations, lingered out her unfruitful years by the sides of many streams, or wandered idly around the skits of wild moors and morasses; now we see her, 'with ample harvests crowned,' planting her firm footsteps on the quaking bog—boldly climbing the steep mountain sides—and exhibiting, on the tops of the highest hills, her countless flocks of sheep and her sheaves of golden corn, rejoicing in her industry."

LOOK OUT FOR THE COMET.—In the year 1264, a comet of great size and brilliancy appeared in Europe, with a tail extending more than halfway across the heavens, and of a surprising magnitude. Its track was noted, and a rough computation of the elements of its orbit made.—In 1556, another great comet appeared and attracted general attention. Paul Fabricius, an Austrian mathematician made observations upon it, from which Halley computed its orbit. On a comparison it was found that a great resemblance existed between the elements of the orbits of the two comets, and the opinion is entertained by some of the learned that they are one and the same body revolting round the sun once in 292 years. If this conclution is just, the return of this far wandering member of the star family cannot be far distant, as it ought to reach its perihilion, or nearest distance from the Sun, same time this year. Professor Maidler of Dorpat is of opinion that it may be looked for during this month and February.

This comet is computed to pass out from the Sun about twelve thousand millions of miles, ben more than double the distance of Neptune.—"Thus," adds Professor Mitchell, from whose interesting journal this account is derived, "these comets of long period seem to blind our own time, with the centuries that are passed more directly than any other means in nature. The year 1264, six centuries ago, seems separated from us by a vast period; but in gazing on a comet which has performed but two revolutions since 1264, the lapse of time sinks to two simple units, and the past is brought close to the present."

EDUCATION—Is not a power lodged in the head, as has often been supposed, but in the heart. On this account a child is often educated directly opposite to its teachings. A mother, for example, might teach her child humanity, and teach it correctly—yet, if she were prone herself, the child would be educated in pride, owing to the law of the sympathy of spirit.