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.

From the Phila. Saturday Courier.

THE OUTWARD BOUND.

BY MRS. C. H. ESLING.

Farewell, farewell—a moment since
And thou wert at my side,
And now I see thy little boat
Cleave swiftly thro' the tide;
I hear the sturdy oarsman's strokes,
And shudder at the sound,
Until their echoes die away
Beside the Outward Bound.

I see thee near thy vessel's side,
I see thee on the deck,
(God shield thee in the time of storm
From tempest—and from wreck;)
I may not tread the trackless waste
That compasses thee round,
But my heart's prayer of hope, and love,
Follows the Outward Bound.

And now upon the lonely shore,
I watch thy less'ning barque
Fade dimly from my aching view,
Upon the waters dark;
The sails are set—each swelling sheet
By fav'ring breezes crown'd,
Spreads forth to hope its snowy wings,—
Heaven shield the Outward Bound!

Farewell! farewell—her lofty masts
Are passing from my sight,
And now her wide-spread flowing sails
Are little specks of white.
'Tis gone—no more to fill my gaze
That speeding barque is found;
In God—and thee, I put my trust,
Oh! shield the Outward Bound!

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Come, join the Sons of Temperance,
Off with the slavish chain,
That long has bound your freedom down
And fetter'd you in pain.
Tell to the world that you'll be free,
And join this noble band
Of Brothers, Sons of Temperance,
And with them take your stand.

See, how the clouds that long have been
Thrown o'er our Temperance sun,
Are passing now that glorious orb,
The rich resplendent one!
Then come and live where its pure rays,
Make peace and virtue grow,
And where the cup of happiness
Is full to overflow.

Come, join the "Sons of Temperance!"
They have a heart and hand.
That everywhere will welcome you
In their fraternal band!
Should sickness, sorrows, or distress,
Befall you on life's way,
Their smiles shall be in that dark hour
The sunshine of your day!

A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.

A certain man went down to a Dervish, and propounded three questions. First, "Why do they say that God is omnipresent? I do not see him in any place, show me where he is. Second, Why is a man punished for crimes, since whatever he does proceeds from God? Man has no free will, for he cannot do anything contrary to the will of God; and if he had power he would do everything for his own good? Third, How can God punish Satan in hell-fire, since he is formed of that element; and what impression can fire make on itself?" The Dervish took up a clod of earth, and struck him on the head with it.—The man went to the Cadi and said: "I proposed three questions to such a Dervish, who flung a clod of earth at my head which made my head ache." The Cadi having sent for the Dervish, asked: "Why did you throw a clod of earth at his head, inatead of answering his questions?" The Dervish replied: "The clod of earth was an answer to his speech. He says he has a pain in his head, let him show it to me, and I will make God visible to him. And why does he exhibit a complaint against me? Whatever I did was the act of God, and I did not strike him without the will of God; and what power do I possess? And as he is compounded of earth how can he suffer from that element?" The man was confounded, and the Cadi highly pleased with the Dervish's answer.

TREATING A CASE ACTIVELY,
A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

BY JOHN JONES, M. D.

I was once sent for, in great haste, to attend a gentleman of great respectability, whose wife, a lady of intelligence and refinement, had discovered him in his room lying senseless upon the floor.

On arriving at the house, I found Mrs. H.—— in great distress of mind.

"What is the matter with Mr.——?" I asked on meeting his lady, who was in tears and looking the picture of distress.

"I'm afraid it is apopelxy," she replied. I found him lying upon the floor, where he had, to all appearance fallen suddenly from his chair. His face is purple, and though he breathes, it is with great difficulty."

I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor and was now lying upon the bed. Sure enough his face was purple, and his breathing labored, but some how the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his head and face was tinged, and he lay perfectly stupid, but still I saw no clear indications of an actual or approaching congestion of the brain.

"Hadn't he better be bled, Doctor?" asked the anxious wife.

"I don't know that it is necessary," I replied. "I think if we let him alone it will pass off in the course of a few hours."

"A few hours! He may die in half an hour."

"I don't think the case is so dangerous, madam."

"Apoplexy not dangerous!"

"I hardly think it apoplexy," I replied.

"Pray what do you think it is, Doctor?"

Mrs. H—— looked anxiously into my face.

I delicately hinted that he might possibly have been drinking too much brandy; but to this she positively, and almost indignantly objected.

"No, Doctor. I ought to know about that," she said. "Depend upon it, the disease is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled. Won't you bleed him, Doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may give him life to the now stagnant circulation of the blood in his veins."

Thus urged, I, after some reflection, ordered a bowl and bandage, and opening a vein, from which the blood flowed freely, relieved him of about eight ounces of his circulating medium.—But, he still lay as insensible as before, much to the distress of his poor wife.

"Something else must be done, Doctor," she urged, seeing that bleeding had accomplished nothing. "If my husband is not quickly relieved, he must die."

By this time, several friends and relatives who had been sent for, arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some more active means for restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed musturd plasters all over his body; another a blister on his head; another his immersion in hot water. I suggested that it might be well to use a stomach pump.

"Why, Doctor?" asked one of the friends.

"Perhaps he has taken some drug," I replied.

"Impossible, Doctor, said the wife. He has not been from home to-day, and there is no drug of any kind in the house."

"No, Doctor! No spirits of any kind, nor even wine in the house," returned Mrs. H——, in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called in to meet the alarming emergency, because my office happened to be nearest to the dwelling of Mr. H——. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician had better be called.

"But the delay, Doctor," urged the friends.

"No harm will result from it be assured," I replied.

But my words did not assure them. However, as I was firm in my resolution not to do anything more patient until Doctor S—— came, they had to submit. I wished to make a call of importance in the neighborhood, and proposed going, to be back by the time Doctor S—— arrived; but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room.

When Doctor S. came, we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my views of the case, and stated what I had done, and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bedside of our patient. There were still no signs of approaching consciousness.

"Don't you think his head ought to be shaved and blistered!" asked the wife, anxiously.

Doctor S. thought a moment, and then said—

"Yes, by all means. Send for a barber; and also for a fresh blister, four inches by nine."

I looked into the face of Doctor S. with surprise. It was perfectly grave and earnest I hinted to him my doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do. But he spoke confidently of the result, and said that it would not only cure the disease, but he believed, take away the predisposition thereto with which Mr. H. was affected in a high degree.

The barber came. The head of Mr. H. was shaved; and Doctor S applied the blister with his own hands, which completely covered the scalp from forehead to occiput.

"Let it remain on for two hours, and them make use of the ordinary dressing," said Dr. S. "If he should not recover during the action of the blister, don't feel uneasy. Sensibility will be restored soon after."

I did not call again, but I heard from Doctor S the result.

After we left the friends stood anxiously around the bed upon which the sick man lay; but though the blister began to draw, no signs of returning consciousness showed themselves, further than an occasional low moan, or an uneasy tossing of the arms. For full two hours the burning plaster parched the tender skin of H.'s shorn head, and was then removed. It had done good service.—Dressings were then applied; repeated and repeated again; but still the sick man lay in deep stupor.

"It has done no good. Hadn't we better send for the Doctor?" suggested the wife.

Just then the eyes of H. opened, and he looked with half stupid surprise from face to face of the anxious group that surrounded the bed.

"What in the mischief's the matter?" he at length said. At the same time feeling a strange sensation about his head, he placed his hand rather heavily thereon.

"Heavens and earth!" He was now fully in his senses. "Heavens and earth! what ails my head?'

"For mercy's sake keep quiet, said the wife, the glad tears gushing over her face. "You have been very ill. There, there, now!" And she spoke soothingly. "Don't say a word, but lie very still!"

"But my head! What's the matter with my head. It feels as if scalded. Where's my hair? Heavens and earth, Sarah! I don't understand this. And my arm? What's my arm tied up in this way for?"

"Be quiet, my dear husband, and I'll explain it all. Oh, be very quiet. Your life depends upon it!"

Mr. H. sunk back upon the pillow from which he had arisen, and closed his eyes to think. He put his hand to his head, and felt it tenderly, all over, from temple to temple, and from nape to forehead!

"Is it a blister?" he at length asked.

"Yes, dear. You have been very ill. We fear for your life," said Mrs. H——, affectionately.—"There have been two physicians in attendance."

H——closed his eyes again. His lips moved. Those nearest were not much edified by the whispered words that issued therefrom. They would have sounded very strangely in church or to ears polite and refined. After this he lay for some time quiet.

"Threatened with apoplexy, I suppose?" he then said, interrogatively.

"Yes. dear," replied his wife. "I found you lying insensible upon the floor on happening to come into your room. It was most Providential that I discovered you when I did, or you would certainly have died."

H——shut his eyes and mutterd something with an air of impatience. But its meaning was not understood.

Finding him out of danger, friends and relatives retired, and the sick man was left alone with his family.

"Sarah!" he said, "why in Heaven's name, did you permit the Doctors to butcher me in this way? I'm laid up for a week or two, and all for nothing."

"It was to save your life, dear."

"Save the——!"

"H-u-s-h! There! Do for Heaven's sake! be quiet. Every thing depends upon it."

With a gesture of impatience,H——shut his eyes, teeth and hands, and lay perfectly still for some minutes. Then he turned his face to the wall muttering in a low, petulant voice,

"Too bad! Too bad! Too bad!"

I had not erred in my first and last impression of H——'s disease, neither had Doctor S——, although he used a very extroadinary mode of treatment. The facts of the case were there.

H——had a weakness. He coudn't taste wine nor strong drink without being tempted into excess Both himself and friends were mortified and grieved at this, and they, by admonition, and he, by good resolutions, tried to bring about a reform.—But to see was to taste, to taste was to fall.—At last his friends urged him to shut himself up at home for a certain time, and see if total abstinece would not give him strength. He got on pretty well for a few days, particularly so as his coachman kept a well-filled bottle for him in the carriagehouse, to which he not unfrequently resorted; but a too ardent devotion to this bottle, brought on the supposed apoplexy.

Doctor S——was right in his mode of treating the disease after all, and did not err in supposing that it would reach the predisposition. The cure was affectual. H——kept quiet on the subject, and bore his shaved head, upon his shoulders, with as much philosophy as he could muster.—A wig, after the sores created by the blister had disappeared, the barber's work until his own hair grew again. He never ventured upon wine or brandy again for fear of apoplexy.

When the truth leaked out, as leak out such things always will, the friends of H——had many a hearty laugh; but they wisely concealed from the object of their merriment the fact that they knew anything more than appeared of the cause of his supposed illness.

THE YANKEE WHO NEVER SAW AN ORGAN.

Some time since, a large mouthed, lantern-jawed Yankee, most beautifully verdant, and just hailing from three miles below Bangor, Me., took a walk into one of our magnificent *haut ton* churches. Our hero was superbly clad in salt or pepper breeches, thrust into enormous cow-hide boots, iron-grey coat and beverteen cap, speckled. His long red hands were adorned with solid brass rings and numerous seedy warts, as large as shellbarks.—In he stalked, and strolling up one of the asiles took a seat immediately in front of the pulpit just as the organ commenced playing. Attracted by the sound of the music, he jumped up quickly from his seat and *leaning* over into a pew, nudged one of the inmates rudely, accosting him with:

'I say, that's mighty nice music—what mougn't it come out of?'

'Husn! don't make so much noise! That's an Organ.'

'A what?'

'An Organ.'

'Wall. I cal-*cu*-late, it makes great music, don't it?'

'Hnsh! don't talk so loud!'

'Wall, I reckon I'll go up and take a look at the thing.'

'Very well,' replied the gentleman, glad to get rid of so rough a looking customer.

The yankee required no further explanation, when giving the pew door a loud slam, back he started up the aisle, making a tremendous clatter with his cowhide boots. Passing by the hearer in the floor, a puff of the hot air arose, which coming directly into his face caused him to give a sudden jump that started the whole congregation.

'By thunder! where does that hot wind come from?' he exclaimed, advancing cautiously to the heater and feeling with his hand. 'Mustard-paster me if I didn't think I was a gorner when I felt that blast.'

Here a tall thin personage, in black coat, and white cravat, stepped up to our friend, and tapping him gently on the shoulder requested him to be silent, as he was annoying the congregation.

'Certainly, certainly sir,' replied the Yankee, 'I don't wish to disturb the meetin,' but I didn't make half so much noise as that darn thing up there,' (pointing to the organ.)

'You must take a seat sir—We don't allow persons to stand in the asile.

'Don't you? and off he started again. Going up stairs he opened the door of the gallery, walked in and without taking off his hat, sat down beside a lovely young lady, the principal female singer of the choir. The lady, with the usual modesty of her sex, was preparing to resign her seat, when Johnathan puckering up his mouth in true down-east style, said "Don't be afraid of me Miss, I only come up to look at the orgin.'

'Does it please you sir,' coyly observed the lady, turning over the pages of a note-book.

'Whew! pesimmons, what's that—Greek?' roared Jonathan, looking over her shoulder at the music book, 'What's that for?'

'That is what we sing from.'

'Don't you sing in English?'

'Those are musical figures, sir,' replied the young lady a little confused at the yankee's rudeness.

'O-h, are they,' and jumping he approached the organ, leaving the young lady pretty considerably abashed. The gentlemen who was seated at it continued playing, and the 'stranger was wrapped in silent wonder.—At length the sound ceased, he scratched his head modestly, and addressed the player.

'Well you done that pretty well. considerin it's the first time I ever heerd it. How much does them things cost?'

Before the organist had time to reply, the pastor arose and commenced giving out a psalm.

'What's the preacher agoin' to do now?' again interrogated the yankee.

'He is giving out a psalm,'

'Sam who?'

'A psalm—a hymn—here is a hymn book, do you sing?' whispered the gentleman, handing him a handsomely bound book with gilt edges.'

The choisters commenced singing, and in the height of the 'sacred song' the impatient yankee bustled about among the stools and going up to the organ he passed his finger quickly over the keys, causeing a 'horrid sound' to steal therefrom.

The singers came to a dead halt, the parson looked perplexed, and the congregation stared up at the choir aghast with wonder. The yankee himself was so alarmed at the noise he had made, that giving a quick leap, he cleared chairs, stools and music books, landing with a heavy fall at the bottom of the stair case. The sexton and a number of benevolent looking individuals assisted the yankee on his feet, and as they led him to the door, he vented all sorts of eastern maledictions on city churches and new fashioned musical instruments.

THE NEW YEAR'S EVE NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

A young man dreamed a dream: An old man at the midnight that ushers in the New Year, stood at his window, and gazed with a long look of despair up at the unmovable, ever beautiful Heaven, and down upon the still, bright, snow-clad earth, on whose broad expanse was no one so joyless and sleepless as he. His grave, too, was near him, hid from his view only by the snow of age, and not by the green verdure of youth; and he brought out with him, from his whole life, enriched as it had been by the bounty of providence, naught else than errors, sins, and disease, a shattered body and a desolated soul—a breast full of poison, and an old age full of remorse. The glowing days of his youth hovered round him, like spectres, and carried him back to that charming morning, when his father first placed him where the highway of life forks in twain, whereof the one on the right, on the sun path of virtue, leads to a broad, quiet land, full of light and of harvests, and thronged with angels; but the one on the left leads down on the mole-track of vice, into a black cavern, from whose roof drops poison, and which is full of biting serpents & streams with thick black vapors.

Alas! the vipers were hanging clustered round his breast, and the poison drops were on his tongue, and he knew now where he was.

Bewildered and with unutterable grief, cried he aloud to Heaven, "Give me back my youth! place me again at the fork-road of life, that I may choose the other path!"

But his father and his youth were far enough gone from him then.

He saw some Will-o'-the Wisps dance over the surface of the marsh, and then vanish among the tombs of a churchyard, and he exclaimed, "Behold my days of folly!" He saw a star shoot from Heaven, glitter in its fall, and shiver to pieces as it struck the earth: "I am that star!" said his bleeding heart, and the serpent's tooth of remorse gnawed deeper into the wound.

His heated imagination carried him into an empty charnel house. A mask was lying there, and began by degrees to assume his own features!

While his mind was thus excited, suddenly there fell upon his ear strains of melody, welcoming the New Year, and sounding like the distant music of a choir. He became less agitatad. He looked out on the wide region aronnd him, and thought of the friends of his youth, who now, better and happier men than he, were law-givers of the earth, fathers of happy children, and blessed with all the blessings of Providence, and he cried out, "Ah! *I* could likewise this night have slumbered with my eyes as dry as yours, had I but *willed* to do so. Alas! my dear parents, I had been happy now had I fulfilled your New Year's wishes, and acted out your kind advice."

Amid these feverish recollections of his youth, it seemed as if the mask, still clothed with his own features, stood erect before him in the charnal-house, and (by means of that superstition, which on New Year's eve night perceives spirits and dives into the future,) at last it changed itself into a young man, full of life.

He could no longer behold the sight: he covered his eyes. A thousand hot tears streamed down, and buried themselves in the snow. He only sighed softly, sadly, and in despair, "Come back, days of my youth, come back, come back!"

And they *did* come back! The youth had been but dreaming a horrible dream. He was yet a young man; only the errors of his youth were stern realities. He thanked God, that while yet young, though in the dark road of vice, he could turn himself back, and enter upon the sunny path which leads to the Beautiful Land.

Turn back with him young reader, if thou be like him in the path of sin. This frightful dream will, in future, be thy warning; but if thou heedest it not, and when wretched shouldst cry, "Come back, bright days of my youth!" *then* they will never return.

WORK FOR THE SCHOOLMASTER.—The local papers of the present week report several instances of notable ignorance and superstition. The *Leeds Murcury* says: "In spite of the cautions from time to time given by the press of the tricks practised by so-called "fortune-tellers," cases still continue to occur, and more victims are added to the list of those previously cheated. A few days ago a woman between thirty and forty years of age, with a child in her arm, and appearing to be deaf and dumb, visited Otley for the purpose of "telling fortunes." A young girl anxious to ascertaine hers, consulted the sybil. In order to carry out the information given, a sovereign was to be sewn inside the young woman's stays; and the money was handed to the fortune-teller for that purpose. The work being finished, a strict injuction was given that the money should not be looked at for two days, when she would call again. Not appearing at the time appointed, her dupe searched for the sovereign, and found that a farther had been substituted. A quntity of wearing appearel was also obtained from the poor dupe. The fortune-teller has not since been seen." The *Cheltenham Free Press* gives another case. A married woman in good circumstances, living in Winchcomb, having a daughter, subject to fits, consulted a travelling woman, who pretented that she was able to cure her. A saucer containing some fine salt was placed on the table, and in the middle of the salt the mother deposited two shillings. The saucer having been covered with a hat, the old woman knelt down near it, and pretended to pray; she then left the house, giving strict orders against the removal of the hat for one hour. When the hat was removed the shillings had, of course; vanished. A third instance appears in the *Durham Chronicle*. In the course of last week a woman, respectably attired, apparently a farmer's wife, entered a poulterer's shop in Sunderland, and requested the shopkeeper, as a particular favor, to cut off the combs of some young cocks which were contained in a basket which she carried. The poulterer, with some surprise inquired the reason of this novel request; and was told by the applicant "she had a son who was bewitched, and she was sure if the combs were cut off he would be instantly cured." The request was complied with.—*London Sun.*

BURNING OF THE STEAMBOAT SEA BIRD—*Explosion of twelve hundred kegs of powder—Its effects.*—We recently mentioned the explosion of 1200 kegs of powder on board the steamer Sea Bird, at Cape Girardeau, Mo., and the total destruction of the boat by fire. The Cape Girardeau Eagle says:

The fire commenced in the ladies' cabin, and had made such headway that it was found impossible to arrest it. An attempt to scuttle her proved unsuccessful. Captain McMurtry and some of his hands started off to apprize the citizens in the vicinity of their danger, and secure their own safety. About an hour after the fire commenced, the powder exploded, causing the most tremendous and terrific noise that was ever heard in this section of the country.

The concussion caused an almost universal jarring of houses and crashing of windows, causing many who were unacquainted with the cause, to conclude that it was a terrible earthquake, and others supposed that the day of judgment had come, certain. The damage done to windows and doors of houses, in many instances, is immense. The College building, situated only about 150 yards distant, was much injured. The windows fronting the river were all destroyed; several of the doors were blown off and broken; much of the plastering thrown down, and the furniture much damaged: supposed to be $500' The fine new brick building of Mr. B. M. Horrell, situated near the river, is considerably injured.

The Baptist and Methodist Churches have lost nearly all their panes of glass, and a number of the sashes are broken; every house has been more or less injured, but we are pleased to state that no person is seriously hurt. Fragments of the boat, iron and wood, were scattered in almost every direction, but fortunately not one of them fell on any house. The large iron cable was blown into pieces, and a piece, containing many links, was found some 200 yards distant.

The tremendous shock would have prostrated several houses, we have no doubt, and done much greater injury, but it was broken by a bluff near which the boat lay. Capt. McMurtry supposed the fire was an accident, as there were two men on the watch at the time it was discovered. The boat was partly insured.

☞"Will you have me, Sarah?" said a young man to a shy young lady.

"No, John," said she; "but you may have me if you like!"