THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

JAMES H. 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 Model American Courier.

THE STORMS AND STARS OF MARCH.

Harsh is the voice, and loud the war
Of storms in that ungenial time,
When, leaving southern lands afar,
The Sun wakes up our northern clime:
The long white surges of the deep
Then break on every wailing shore,
And foaming down each rocky steep,
The mountain torrents rage and roar.

Like rapiers driven with vengeful thrust,
On breast and brow the cold winds beat,
And the fierce hail or troubled dust,
Sweeps the rough road and echoing street:
The groaning woods are bleak and bare,
The violet slumbers yet unseen,
And the wide fields and pastures wear
No welcome tint of early green.

But GOD, with all a Father's love,
When Earth thus reft of beauty lies,
Reveals in blazing pomp above
The wonders of His radiant skies;
Look thou on Night's refulgent arch
When that rude hour thy gladness mars,
And thou shalt find in raging March,
The month at once of storms and stars.

For lo! the great Orion burns,
Descending in the cloudless west,
And red Arcturus now returns,
Beaming at eve, a sacred guest:
Far up, in circles broad and bright,
The Bear and Lion move and shine,
While Sirius hits his orb of light,
And fills our hearts with thoughts divine.

Thus, ever thus, when storms arise,
And all is dark and joyless here,
HE sets before our longing eyes
The glories of that lofty sphere:—
When sorely tried we grieve alone,
Or sink beneath Oppression's rod,
HE whispers, from his starry throne,
"Look up, O man! and trust in God."

TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE LOVE, &c.

If doughty-deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed,
And strong his arm and firm his seat
That bears from me the meed.
I'll wear thy colors in my hat,
Thy picture on my heart;
And he who bends not to thy eyes,
Shall rue it till he smart:
Then tell me how to woo thee love,
Oh! tell me how to woo,
For thy dear sake, all care I'll take,
Then tell me how to woo.

If gay attire attract thine eye,
I'll deck me in array,
I'll tend thy door with care by night,
And Squire the all the day.
If sweatest sounds delight thine ear.
Those sounds I'll strive to catch;
I'll steal thy voice to woo thyself,
That voice which none can match;
Then tell me how to woo the love, &c.

But if fond love thy heart can move.
I never broke a vow,
My knightly vows are pledged to thee,
I never loved but you—
For thee alone I ride the ring,
For thee I wear the blue,
For thee alone I strive to sing,
Then tell me how to woo, &c.

A TRUE CHRISTIAN.—We do not think much of that man's religion who takes particular pains to show it. It appears to us that his heart is out of tune. If a man is really good, the temper of his mind will soon enough be discovered by his own neighbors, without hanging the label on his own breast—"I am a true christian"—or without his fastening on his front door—on his counter, or on his hat, passages of Scripture. If he is, indeed, a true disciple, his daily walk and conversation will manifest it. His whole life will be a living epistle—a beautiful expression that—we love to repeat it—a "living epistle" of his faith and practice. An humble christian is always retiring and conceals one half of his good deeds from the world, and is never severe and dogmatical. His daily walk is a volume which all may read with pleasure and profit.

From the New York Times.

RATTLESNAKE ON A STEAMBOAT.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A LOUISIANA SWAMP DOCTOR.

Shortly before the usual time for wending my way north to the medical lectures, an opportunity was offered me by an ingenious negro, who had caught the reptile asleep, of exchanging a well-worn blanket coat and two dimes, principally in cash, for as fine a specimen of the Rattlesnake as ever delighted the eye or ear of a naturalist—nine inches across the small of the back, six feet seven eighths of an inch in length, eyes like globular lightning, colors as gaudy as an Arkansas girl's apron, twenty-three rattles, and a great propensity to make them heard, were the strong points of my purchase.

Designing him as a propitiatory offering to one of the professors, my next care was to furnish him with a fitting habitation. Nothing better presenting itself, I made him one out of a pine box, originally designed for shoes, by nailing thin slats transversely, so as neither to exclude air nor vision, but sufficiently close, I thought, to prevent him from escaping. The day for my departure arrived, and I had his snakeship carried on board the boat destined to bear me to Vicksburg, where I would take an Ohio steamer.

Unfortunately for the quietude of my pet, on the Yazoo boat was a young Cockney lady, who, hearing that there was a live rattlesnak on board, allowed her curiosity to overcome her maiden diffidence sufficiently to prefer a request, that the young doctor "would make the hanimal oller!"—a process which the proverbial abstemiousness when in confinement, of the "hanimal," was accomplishing rapidly, without any intervention on my part. Politeness wouldn't allow me to refuse; and, as it was considerable of a novelty to the passengers, his snakeship was kept constantly stirred up, and his rattles had very little rest that trip.

The steamer at length swung alongside of the wharf-boat at V———, and, transferring my baggage, I lounged about until the arrival of a boat would give me an opportunity of proceeding.—The contents of the box were quickly discovered, and the snake had to undergo the same indignities as the day previous, until, thoroughly vexed, I made them desist, and resolved thenceforth I would conceal his presence, and allow him to travel as common baggage.

"The shades of night were falling fast," as the steamer Congress came booming along, and, after a stay of a few minutes for passengers, proceeded on her way—obtaining none, however but myself. The snake-box was placed with the other baggage on the cabin deck, in front of the "social hall," jam up, as luck would have it, against one of the chimneys, making the location unpleasantly warm.

It was a bright, luminous night in the autumn. The clear croupy cough of the steamer was echoed back in prolonged asthmatic strains from the dark woods lining the river, like an army of cowled gigantic monks, come from their cells to see a steamboat. Supper was over, and the beauty of the night had enticed the majority of the passengers from the cabin to the open decks.

A goodly number, myself among the rest, were seated in front of the social hall, smoking our cigars, and swapping yarns of all climes, sizes, nations, and colors.

Sitting a few yards from me, the most prominent personage of the group, smoking his regalia, and regaling the crowd with the manner in which he choked a 'cobra de Capella" to death, that crawled into his hammock in India, was an old English sailor, who, from his own account, had sailed over all the world, and through some parts of it.

Weighing the words down with a heavy ballast of oaths, he said he wasn't afraid of anything in the snake line, from the sea serpent down to the original snake that tempted Eve. I asked him if he had ever met with the rattlesnake since he had been in America, thinking I would put his courage to the test on the morrow.

"Seen a rattlesnake! Yes, enough to sink a seventy-four! Went to Georgia on purpose to kill them! Pshaw! To think a man that had killed a boa constrictor in a fair fight, should be afraid of a little noisy flirt of a snake, that never grew biggar round than a marlinspike!"

At this moment, the boat was running a bend near in shore, and the glare of a huge fire at a wood yard was thrown directly under the chair of the braggart, when, to my utter amazement, I saw there, snugly coiled up, the huge proportions of my snake!

I was so horrified and astonished, I could neither speak nor move. I had left him securely fastened in his cage—and yet, there he was at liberty, in his deadly coil, his eyes gleaming like living coals. The light was intercepted, and the foot of the sailor moving closer to the reptile, it commenced its warning rattle, but slowly and arregularly, showing it was not fully aroused.

"What is that?" exclaimed a dozen voices.

The foot being withdrawn, the rattling ceased before its nature or source could be clearly traced.

"'Twas the steam escaping," said one.

"A goose hissin," said another.

"The wind."

"A trick to scare the sailor," thought a good many; but *I knew it was a rattlesnake in his deadly coil.*

The horror of that moment I shall not attempt to describe; every second I expected to hear the shriek of the sailor, as the deadly fangs would penetrate his flesh; and I knew, if a vein were stricken, no power on earth could avail him, and I was powerless to warn him of his danger.

'It sounded monstrous like a rattlesnake!" observed a passenger; "but there is no doctors or fool students on board, and nobody but cusses like these would be taking snakes about. I was gwine up the Mississippi wunst, when a rattlesnake, belonging to a medical student on board, got out and bit one of the passengers. The poor critter didn't live ten minutes, and the sawbone's 'prentice not much longer, I reckon."

My hair stood on end, for there was an earnestness about the man that told me he was not jesting.

"You didn't kill him, surely?" asked some one.

"Oh, no! we didn't zactly kill him, sich as cuttin' his throat, or puttin' lead in his holler cimblin, for that would have been takin the law inter our own hands; but we guv him five hundred lashes, treated him to a coat of tar and feathers, made a clean crop of one ear, and a swaller-fork s'it under-bit and half crop of the other, and put him out on a little island, up to his mouth in water, and the river risin' a slam foot an hour!"

Not knowing but a similar fate might soon be mine, in agony, with the cold sweat streaming over me, I listened to this infernal recital of an instance of the summary punishment termed "Lynch Law," which the unavailability of the proper law so often drove the early settlers to, and which unfortunately is not entirely abolished.

The sailor must again have moved his foot closer to the snake than agreeable, for the infernal rattling again recommenced—and *this time*, clear, loud, and continuous, to the tutored ear indicating great danger, the prelude to a fatal spring.

I shook off my lethargy, and shrieked out, "Don't move, for your life! For God's sake, bring a light! Quick! Quick!"

No one moved—thinking I was jesting. "Mister," spoke the sailor, "if it is a trick to scare us, you'll miss the figure with your child's rattles: jest bring one of your real rattlesnakes along, and I'll show you whether he can frighten an English sailor or not."

Hearing me calling so loudly for a light, the mate, a stalwart Irishman, came running up with a large torch; but hardly had he reached the deck, when he discovered the monster, his head drawn back ready for striking.

"Snake! Snake!" yelled he; punching at him with his glaring torch.

"Whereabouts, you lubber?" still suspecting a trick, the light blinding us all.

"Under your feet!"

The sailor looked down, and beheld the hideous reptile, right under his chair! With a loud yell, he made but one spring over the guards into the river.

"Rattlesnake! Man overboard! Stop her! Out with the yawl! Fire! Snake! She's sinking! Shoot him! Snake! Whose is it! Lynch him!—Kill the rascal!" swelled on the air mingled with the crashing of broken doors and chairs; the oaths and rushing of terrified men, and the screaming of still more terrified women, who knew not what to fear, while clear and distinct, above the internal melee, arose the piercing rattle of the snake who, writing his huge proportions about, and stringing at everything near him, seemed to glory in the confusion he had created.

A shot was heard, and then the coil collapsed, and the rattling slowly ceased. The snake was dead.

"Who brought him on board?"

"Let's lynch the scoundrel!"

"Are there any more of them?"

"Here's the box he got out of."

My name was on it, in large capitals!

"Throw it overboard!"

"Throw it overboard!" I yelled out, "it may have more in it! Throw it overboard!"

No sooner said than done, and as the only evidence of participation floated away over the wave, no one was louder in his denunciation of the rascal that brought it on board than myself.

COURTESY IN THE STREET.—In cities, trading villiages and the like, where we are constantly meeting people of both sexes and of all ages, each perhaps intent on some special business, it is not expected that we shall notice, in any manner the presence of others, except in the instance of meeting personal friends. Among such, even in the crowded streets of the city, courtesty requires, and generally secures some token of recognition and respect.

In more quiet scenes, we are pleased to see a more general observance of this practice. It incommodes no one, and impresses upon strangers the conviction that they are among friends, with whom their person and their interest are safe.—It compensates them in some measure, for the absence of the endearments of home. Besides, every such act of courtesty, however trivial in itself improves the heart, and thus makes one a better man, in all his relations and associations.

The bow from the country school boy always pleases us, and we always return it. It excites in us a degree of esteem, for one who thus regards the feelings of a stranger. We are confident that we are right in saying that boy who does his habitually will never be found a "bad boy," as the phrase goes, in the school room or in the family.

These tokens of respect should always be returned. The boy bows, not because he is your inferior, but because he would be polite. And shall he excel you in this respect? A very accomplished captain of the Navy, with whom we had the honor of an acquaintance, was once met on the side walk by a shabby negro who made a humble obeisance. The captain returned the bow. A friend who was with him remarked that this seemed unnecessary and inexpedient.—"Why," said the captain, "would you have me show less politeness than that poor negro?"—The captain was right. The bow did hurt him, and may have been one of a few bright spots, in a life of pain and hardships, which the poor fellow will ever recall with pleasure. And, after all, in the eye of heaven, the negro might have been the better man.

VIRTUE.—Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. Whether science, business or public life be your aim, virtue still enters for a principal ingredient into all these departments of society. It is connected with eminence in every liberal art; with reputation in every branch of fair and useful business; and with distinction in every public station. The vigor which it imparts to the mind, the weight which it adds to the character, the general sentiment which it breathes, the fortitude which it inspires, the diligence which it quickens are the sure foundation of all that is great and valuable in life.

JOHN Q. ADAMS.

The following stanzas from a poem entitled "The Wants of Man," composed in 1840, and published in 1841, may be read with special interest now that the Patriot's cup of honor is full, and the nation mourns the talented author—now, when we reverently trust fruition has crowned the Christian's "last great want, absorbing all."

"I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command,
Chosen by the People's unbought grace,
To rule my native land—
Nor crown nor ceptre would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task,
Her cup of bliss to fill.

"I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind;
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind—
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

"These are the wants of mortal man,
I cannot want them long;
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call—
The *mercy of my God.*

"And oh! while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
Of Nature's transient cream;
My soul, in humble hope unear'd,
Forget not thou to pray,
That this thy *want* may be prepared
To meet the judgment day.

MISSIONARIES FOR CHINA.—The Southern Christian Advocate states that the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church is about to send out two new Missionaries to China:

The Rev. Charles Taylor, a graduate of the New York University, is just completing his medical studies in the Philadelphia College of Medicine, under the immediate instruction of Dr. James McClintock, whose special attentions to Mr. Taylor, one of the missionaries of the M. E. Church, south, have laid the Mission under great obligations. He will obtain his diploma in the course of a few weeks, and be ready to sail in April.—

Rev. Mr. Jenkins, his colleague, is one of the best linguists in the country. To a knowledge of Hebrew, Greek and Latin, he adds a familiar acquaintance with the French, German and Spanish. He is, besides, a practical printer, and will be able, on that account, to command respect, and enlarge materially his field of operations in the Celestial empire.

AMOY CHINA.—Rev. H. A. Brown writes, October 16, that the efforts of the missionaries at their station, to instruct the people in the truths of Christianity in the chapel and elsewhere, had been vigorously prosecuted.

He mentioned an incident which shows how the knowledge of the Gospel is carried to places which the missionaries themselves have never visited: "This morning we had a call from five intelligent men, visiters to the city from a district perhaps sixty miles distant. They manifested an intelligent interest in learning something about us, especially in reference to books, not only for themselves, but for their neighbors. We gave them an assortment, with some extra copies, as they desired. From the sober character and intelligence of these men, we feel strong confidence that the books will not be neglected."

THE MOUNTAIN ARABS, on the sides of Lebanon, though formerly regarded as among the most unpromising subjects of Christian civilization, have recently shown themselves capable of appreciating the efforts of American missionaries for their spiritual and temporal good. The labors of Rev. Messrs. Whiting, Smith and Calhoun, (brother of the Hon. Senator of Massachusetts,) with other associates, have resulted in the conversion of many these "Ishmaelites," to the Christian faith. "Many of them may now," (says Mr. Whiting, in a recent letter to the American Board,) "be seen going out among their less-favored countrymen, with *mule-loads* of Arabic books" real Christian Colporteours, circulating Bibles and religious books among the millions speaking their noble language, many of whom are already prepared to read it intelligently.

DUEL.—The St. Louis Union thus chronicles a romantic affair of honor in that vicinity.

For some time past a gentleman of this city has been paying his addresses to a young lady, also a resident of the city. A few nights since a friend of the parties called on the lady, and in the course of conversation made some observations at which the lady took offence and of which she told her admirer. He immediately challenged the offender; the challenge was accepted, and two o'clock yesterday (Sunday) was the hour appointed for the meeting. A spot of ground a short distance beyond the Prairie House, was named as a suitable place. The parties met—the ground was measured—pistols loaded—and the principals took their places. The dropping of a handkerchief was to be the signal for firing; but the anxiety of the challenger was so great, that instead of waiting for the signal, he fired as the second raised his hand to prepare for the dropping. The ball, however, did not take effect. While the seconds were reloading the pistols, the lady, on whose account the duel was about to be fought, was seen approaching with all the speed that love and horse flesh could exert. On her arrival, she clasped her arms round the neck of him she loved, weeping and almost frantic with fright. She implored him to desist and not to hazard his life in such a contest; but he was obstinate and demanded another fire. She told him if he fired again, it should be through her body. After much weeping and entreaty on the part of the lady, the combatants concluded to desist at least, for the present.

WONDERFUL FACTS.

Sir Astley Cooper relates the case of a sailor, who was received in St. Thomas' Hospital, in a state of stupor, from an injury in the head, which had continued some months. After an operation, he suddenly recovered so far as to speak, but no one in the hospital understood his language.—But a Welsh milk-woman happening to come in the ward, answered him, for he spoke Welsh, which was his native language. He had, however been absent from Wales more than thirty years, and previous to the accident had entirely forgotten Welsh, although he now spoke it fluently, and recollected not a single word of any other tongue On his perfect recovery he again completely forgot his Welsh, and recovered his English.

An Italian gentleman, mentioned by Dr. Rush, in the beginning of an illness, spoke English; in the middle of it, French; but on the day of death, spoke only Italian.

A Lutheran clergyman, of Philadelphia, informed Dr. Rush, that Germans and Swedes, of whom he had a large number in his congregation, when near death, always prayed in their native languages, though some of them, he was confident, had not spoken them for fifty or sixty years.

An ignorant servant girl, mentioned by Coleridge, during the delirium of a fever, repeated with perfect correctness passages from a number of theological works, in Latin, Greek and Rabbinical Hebrew. It was at length discovered that she had been servant to a learned clergyman, who was in the habit of walking backward and forward along a passage by the kitchen, and there reading aloud his favorite authors.

Dr. Abercrombie relates the case of a child, four years ago, who underwent the operation of trepanning while in a state of profound stupor from a fracture of the skull. After his recovery he retained no recollection either of the operation or the accident; yet, at the age of fifteen, during the delirium of fever, he gave his mother an exact description of the operation, of the persons present, their dress, and many other minute particulars.

A LOVE MATCH.—A remarkable case of romance in love occurred lately in New York.—It is narrated as follows:—A gentleman residing in a Southern State, was a regular correspondent of a certain periodical in Gotham, which periodical was chiefly edited by the daughter of the proprietor. In process of time the gentleman and lady alluded to became pretty well acquainted with each other, and corresponded in a friendly manner. The former, to make a long story short, fell in love with the as yet unseen lady, and offered her his hand in marriage. After mature deliberation, the love was accepted. His next step was to visit New York where he kept himself out of the way of his intended wife, though both parties were making arrangements for their union. The day was fixed, also the hour, and the friends of the lady were assembled in her father's mansion, and she was ready to become a bride. At this stage of the proceedings a gentleman made his appearance, heralded by his card. He was recognised as the future son-in-law and husband, and was warmly welcomed by all present, the lady in the meanwhile standing among her friends completely veiled. The clergyman now stepped forward, and the marriage ceremony was performed; then it was that the husband first fixed his eyes upon the eyes and countenance of his wife.

CLAPPING.—An eccentric preacher in the West concluded an impressive charity sermon in the following language:

"My dear brethren, it has been the usual fashion for an audience to testify their approbation of that which has been said by the clapping of hands, but I beg to recommend for your adoption a new method of clapping, less tumultuous and much more pleasing:—When you leave this building, *clap* your hands into your breeches pockets, and drawing them out again, *clap* your money into the box which is at the door to receive it; and may the Lord give it his blessing!"

It is stated that the address had the desired effect—and the audience having done the needful, as requested, *clapped* their hats upon their heads, and started for their homes, much edified with the discourse.

WONDERS OF GEOLOGY.—More than nine thousand different animals have been changed into stone. The races or genera of more than half of these are now extinct, not being at present known in a living state upon the earth.—From the remains of some of these ancient animals, they must have been larger than any living animals now known upon the earth. The Megatherium (great beast) says Buckland, from a skeleton nearly perfect, now in the museum at Madrid, was perfectly colossal. With a head and neck like those of a sloth, its legs and feet exhibit the character of an armadillo and the ant-eater. Its fore feet were a yard in length, and more than twelve inches wide, terminated by gigantic claws. Its thigh-bone was nearly three times as thick as that of the elephant, and its tail (nearest the body) six feet in circumference. Its tusks were admirably adapted for cutting vegetable substances, and its general structure and strength were intended to fit it for digging in the ground for roots, on which it principally fed.

☞A prudent and well-disposed member of the "Society of Friends" once gave the following friendly advice:

"John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married."

"Yes,' replied John, "I am."

"Well," rejoined the man of drab "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never to marry a woman worth more than thou art.—When I married my wife, I was worth just fifty cents, and she was worth sixty-two cents; and whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown up the odd shilling."

TWO TOO MANY.—An Irish cook, hearing the lady of the house at dinner ask her husband to bring Dombey and Son with him when he came to tea, laid two extra plates on the supper-table for the supposed visitors.