THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

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." TERMS $2 50 PER ANNUM OR $2. IF PAID IN ADVANCE

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TERMS

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POETRY.

MOONLIGHT ON THE GRAVE.

It shineth on the quiet grave
Where weary ones have gone;
It watcheth with an eye of gaze
Where the dead are left alone;
And not a sound of busy life
To the still grave-yard comes,
But peacefully the sleepers lie
Down in their silent homes.

All silently and solemnly
It throweth shadows round,
And every grave-stone hath a trace
In darkness on the ground.
It looketh on the tiny mound
Where a little child is laid,
And lighteth up the noble pile
Which human pride hath made,

It falleth with unaltered ray,
On the simple and the stern,
And showeth with a solemn light
The sorrows we must learn,
It teacheth of divided ties
On which its beams have shone;
It whispereth of heavy hearts,
Which "brokenly live on."

It gleameth where devoted ones
Are sleeping side by side;
It falleth where the maiden rests,
Who in her beauty died.
There is no grave in all the earth
That moonlight has not seen;
It gazeth cold and passionless
Where agony hath been.

Yet it is well! that changeless ray
A deeper thought should throw,
When mortal love pours forth the tide
Of unavailing woe.
It teacheth us no shade of grief
Can touch the starry sky;
That all our sorrow dieth here—
The glory is on high.

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

"The three sweetest words in the English language are Mother, Home, Heaven."

MOTHER—

The first fond words our hearts express,
In childhood's rosy hours;
When life seems full of happiness,
As nature is of flowers;
A word that manhood loves to speak,
When time has placed upon his cheek,
And written on his brow,
Stern lessons of the world's untruth,
Unheeded in his thoughtless youth,
But sadly pondered now;
As time brings back, 'mid vanished years,
A mother's fondest hopes and fears.

HOME,

The only Eden left untouch'd,
Free from the tempter's snare;
A Paradise where kindred hearts
May live without a care.
A wife's glad smile is imaged here,
An eyes that never knew a tear,
Save those of happiness,
Beam on the hearts that wander back
From off the long and beaten track
Of sordid worldliness,
To ask those purer joys that come
Like angels round the hearth at Home.

HEAVEN—

The end of all a mother's prayers—
The Home of all her dreams;
The guiding star to light our path
With hope's encheering beams—
The haven for our storm tossed bark,
From out a world where wild and dark
The tempests often rise—
But still in every darksome hour
This hope will rise with holy power
And point us to the skies,
Where Mother, Home and Heaven are seen,
Without a cloud to intervene.

Some will do any thing rather than own a fault, though every thing depends upon owning it.—Seneca's wife, to conceal her own blindness, asserted that the world was in darkness.

Life is a soap-bubble that cries out of the abyss of nothing; flutters a moment upon the margin of the gulf, and perishes before the breath of death.

WAKING UP THE WRONG PASSENGER.

A HIGH-WAY STORY OF A HIGH SHERIFF.

The inexcusable penchant some people have, for poking their nasal protuberance into the affairs of others, not unfrequently costs considerably more, upon a fair average, than it comes to, as the following facts would seemingly illustrate.

The high sheriff of an almighty small settlement in Indiana, who had arose to that tall niche in official duty, from the mere fees of pettifogging, knowing the law, and feeling his oats, determined to do his duty up to the handle: and under the circumstances, he lit upon all transgressors of the statues of his country, with the "dead set" of a possom on a June bug. Fate and an old sorrel horse, with a Yankee wagon stowed with notions, brought an adventurous son of New England out upon the aforesaid high sheriff's beat and as the sheriff was particular pandemonium on hawkers and pedlars without license, he no sooner espied a pedlar's wagon, or a Dutchman with a pack, than he would "drop all," and board such craft plump! For the sake of abbreviation, we shall call the high sheriff Nickem. Nickem one morning, sees an old sorrel hitched to a "yaller" wagon, coming up the road; so out he sallies, and soon overhauls the wagon and contents.

'Fine mornin',' said Nickem, reining up his nag in front of the pedlar's wagon.

'Tis pooty fine, I guess, fur yeour wooden country,' said the pedlar.

'What you got to sell,—any thing?' said the sheriff.

'Guess I hev,—a few notions one sort or urther What'd yeou like to hev. Got some rale slick raze-surs, and some prime strops, an article I guess you want, Squire by look o'yer beard.—And here's some rale genoo-wine paste blackin' —make them old ceow-hide beoots o' yourn shine like a dollar.'

'Thank you,' said Nickem, 'I don't use blackin'; grease is better, we allow, out this way. But what's that stuff in the bottles thar—is it good to take?' continued he, pointing to a lot of labelled bottles.

'Well I guess, Squire, it is sort o' good; it's balm o' Columby; good for the 'har,' and cures the collywabbles; all nation fine stuff for assistin' 'poor human natur,' as the poet says, in the affairs of life. And such stuff for expandin' the ideas, and causin' 'em to flow spontaneaciously! Knew a feller once who took a bottle on the 4th July, and scissors! didn't he make a speech! Daniel Webster and Henry Clay got ashamed of themselves, and went clear hum! Fact, by golly!'

'What d'ye ask for it?' inquired Nickem.

'A dollar a bottle's the price. Squire, but see'n its you, guess I'll let you hev it fur se-ven-ty-five cents. Cheap as dirt, ain't it?'

"Well, I reckon I'll take a bottle; thar's the change" sick Nickem.

"And there's the balm of Colamby.—Haint nothin' else in my line; to-day, Squire?" said the composed and vivacious Yankee.

"B'lieve, not, oh! yes, now I think of it, stranger, have you got a license for pedling in this State?" said Nickem, coming to business.

"Guess I hev, Squire; may be yeou'd like to see it?"

"Well, stranger, see'in as I'm the high Sheriff of this county, I reckon I shall trouble you to show your license."

"Oh! certain, Squire, yeou kin seet it; there it is, all fixed up black and white, nice as wax ain't it?"

"It's all right, perfectly right," said Nickem, folding up the document and handing it back to the pedlar; and he added 'I don't know, now that I have bought this stuff that I keer anything about it.—I reckon I may as well sell it to you a gain: what'll you give for it?"

"O! I deon't know that the darn'd stuff's any use to me, but seein' it's you, Sheriff, guess I'll give yeou about thirty-seven-and-a half cents for it," quietly responded the trator. The high Sheriff handed over the bottle, and received the change when the pedlar observed—

"I say' yeou, guess I've a quesstion to ask just neow; *hev you got a pedlar's license about yeour trowsers?*"

"Me? No, havn't no use for the article, myself," said Nickem.

"Haint, eh? Well, I guess we'll see about that, pooty darn'd soon. Ef I understand the law, neow, it's a clear case, that yeou've been a tradin' with me; hawkin' and pedlin' Balm o' Columby, on the highway, and I shall inform on yeou—I'll be darn'd ef I don't!"

Reaching the town, the Yankee pedlar was as good as his word, and the high Sheriff was *nicked* and fined, *for pedling without a license!* The Sheriff was heard to *say*, you might as well try to hold a greased eel, as a live Yankee.—*Yan. Blade.*

Creative Wisdom Displayed in the Human Eye.—Before the eye can behold a landscape, and be charmed with its beauties, it was requisite that three humours should be formed of different sizes, different densities and different refractive powers—three coats, or delicate membranes, with some parts opake and some transparent, some black and some white, some of them formed of radial and some with circular fibres, composed of threads finer than those of the spider's web. The crystaline humor required to be composed of two thousand very thin spherical lamina, or scales, lying one upon another, every one of these scales made up of one single fibre, or finest thread, wound, in a most stupendous manner, this way and that way so as to run several courses, and to meet in as many centres.

The curious and delicate piece of organization required to be compressed into the size of a ball only half an inch in diameter, and a socket composed of a number of small bones, to be hollowed out and exactly fitted for its reception. A bed of loose fat for this ball to rest upon, a lid or curtain to secure it from danger, a variety of muscles to enable it to move upwards and downwards, to the right and to the left, and a numerous assemblage of minute veins, arteries, nerves, lympathies, glands and other delicate pieces of animal machinery, of which we have no distinct conception, were still requisite to complete this admirable organ. Even in this state it would be of no use for the purpose of vision, unless it were connected with the brain by the optic nerve, through the medium of which the impressions of visible objects are conveyed to the soul.

Still, in addition to all these contrivances, a wonderful machinery requires to be in action, and an admirable effect produced, before a landscape can be contemplated. Ten thousand millions of rays compounded of a thousand different shades of colour, must fly off in every direction from the objects which compose the surrounding scene, and be compressed into the space of one-eighth of an inch in order to enter the eye, and must paint every object in its true color, form and proportion, on a space not exceeding half an inch in diameter. Were any one of the parts which compose this complicated machine either wanting or deranged; were even a single muscle to lose its capacity of acting, we might be forever deprived of all the enchanting prospects of the earth and heavens, and enveloped in the darkness of eternal night. Such is the skill and intelligence requisite for accomplishing, even in a single organ, the purposes of Divine benevolence. *Dick's Philosophy of Religion.*

THRILLING INCIDENT.

I passed up the natural avenue and came upon the green. My feelings were very poetical as I walked towards the village church. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting house was much crowded. Several persons were standing up, and I soon discovered that I must retain my perpendicular position, as every seat was crowded I, however, passed up the asile until I gained a position where I could have a view of nearly all present. Many of the Congregation looked curiously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every one appeared to be absorbed in the embassador of grace, and I also began to take a lively interest in the discourse. The speaker was fluent, and many of his flights were even sublime. The music of the woods and the fragrance of the heath seemed to respond to his eloquence.

Then it was no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the white-banded creatures around me, with their pouting lips and artless innocence were beings of a higher sphere. As my feelings were thus divided between the beauties and blessings of the two words, and wrapt in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected some glances at me of an animated character.

I need not describe the sensations experienced by a youth when the eyes of a beautiful woman rest for a length of time upon his countenance and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her. I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's discourse had inspired in my heart doubting not the fair damsel possessed kindred feelings with myself that we were drinking together at the fountain of inspiration. How could it be otherwise?

She had been born and nurtured amidst these wild romantic scenes, and was made up of romance, poetry, and tenderness; and then I thought of the purity of woman's love—her devotion, her truth, I only prayed that I might meet with her where we might enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment. Her glances continued several times our eyes met. My heart ached with rapture At length the benediction was pronounced. I lingered about the premises until I saw the dard eyed damsel set out for home alone and on foot.—Oh! that the customs of society would permit, for we are surely one in soul. Cruel formality! that throws up a barrier between each other!—Yet I followed her. She looked behind and I thought she evinced some emotion at recognizing me as the stranger of the day—I then quickened my pace! and she actually slackened hers as if to let me come up with her.

"Noble young creature!" thought I, "her artless and warm heart is superior to the bonds of custom!"

I reached within stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak and I took off my hat as if going to reverence an angel.

"Are you a pedlar?"

"No my dear girl, that is not my occupation."

"Well, I don't know, continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly—'I thought when I saw you in the meeting house, that you looked like the pedlar who passed off a pewter half a dollar on me three weeks ago, and so I determined to keep an eye on you. Brother John has got hom now, and says if he catch the feller he'll wring his neck for him, and I aint sure but you're the good nothing rascal after all!"

Reader! did you ever take a shower bath?"

None Liveth to Himself."—"God has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air, upon the breeze that rocks it upon its stem, upon the raindrop that refreshes the smallest spring of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in his light—upon all He has written, "None of us liveth to himself." Notwithstanding all that has thus been done to impress this important lesson upon our hearts, it is still one which most of us are slow to learn, especially so as to exemplify it in our lives. We seem too generally to feel and act as though we were wholly independent of everything around us, and under obligation to live for no one but ourselves. Many evils result from this state of things, both to ourselves and others. The path of true happiness is the path which God himself has marked out for us.—"None of us liveth to himself." Such is the intimate relation which we sustain to our fellow men, as beings formed for society, and to all the creatures of God, that none of us can live to ourselves. Our influence will be felt in some way upon all with whom we have to do, and if it does not tell upon the promotion of their interests, it will result to their injury. Whatever may be the character of our influence, however, for it we shall be held responsible. It is our interest, as well as for ourselves. We must seek the happiness of all with whom we have to do, and it is only when we are living under the influence of this principle, that we are living under the influence that we truely provide for our own interests.—"None of us liveth to himself."—*Weekly Messenger.*

OLD VIRGINIA VS. SUCKERDOM.—The Reveille tells the following excellent story:

An Illinois Sucker took a great dislike to a foolish young Virginian who, a few weeks since, was fellow passenger with him on one of our steamboats. The Virginian was continually combing his hair, brushing his coat or dusting his boots—to all of which movements the Sucker took exceptions, as being what he termed "a leetle too darned nice, by half." He finally drew up his chair beside the Virginian, and began—

"Whar might you be from, stranger?"

"I am from Viginia, sir," politely answered the gent.

"From *old* Virginny, I 'spose?" says the Sucker.

"Yes, sir, *old* Virginia," was the reply.

"You air pooty high up in the pictures thar, I 'spose," continued the first.

"I don't know what you mean by that remark, sir," says the Virginian.

"Oh, nuthin," says the sucker, but that you are desp'rate rich, and hav been brought up right *nice.*"

"If the information will gratify you in any way," says the gent, patronizingly, smoothing down his hair, "I belong to one of the *first families.*"

"Oh! in course," answered the Sucker. 'Well stranger, bein as you belong to the furst, I'd jest give you two of the fattest *shoats* in all Illinois ef you'll ony find me a fellar that belongs to one of the *Second* Virginny families."

"You want to quarrel with me, sir," says the Virginian.

"No, stranger not an atom," answered the Sucker, 'but I never seed one of the *second* family, and I'd gin suthin to git a sight of one on 'em. I know you air one of the *furst*, 'cause you look jest like *John Randolph.*"

This mollified the Virginian—the hint of a resemblance to the statesman was flattering to his feelings, and he acknowledged relationship to the orator.

'He, you know,' continued the Sucker, 'was a descendant of the Ingin gal Pucahontas.'

'You are right, sir,' answered the other.

'Well, stranger,' said the Sucker, 'do you know thar is another queer thing allys puzzles me, and it's this—I never seed a Virginayin that didn't claim to be either descended from an Ingin, John Randolph or a *nigger!*

We need not add that the Sucker rolled off his chair—*suddenly.* They were separated, and kept apart until the Sucker got off at a landing near his home. As he stepped ashore, he caught sight of the Virginian on the upper deck, and hailed him at once with—

'I say, *old* Virginny, remember—two fat shoats for the first fellar you find that belongs to the *second Virginny family.*

HOMŒOPATHY.

To prepare a medicine Homeopathically, one drop of the extract or solution is put in a vial with ninety-nine drops of alcohol or water, and two shakes—no more—are given to the vial. This is the first dilution. One drop of this is mixed in like manner with ninety-nine drops of liquid, and the two shakes repeated, and this is the second dilution. Each successive dilution is prepared in the same manner, up to the thirtieth, which was the dilution, or "potency," generally employed by Hahneman. The reader will perceive that each dilution multiplies by 100, and that to reduce to the second dilution every drop of the first dilution, 10,000 drops of liquid would be required. The third dilution would require 1,000,000 of drops, the fourth 100,000,000, and so on. By extending the process; it is evident that the thirtieth dilution would require a decillion of drops, represented by a unit, followed by a string of sixty cyphers! Now, it is demonstrated that the Atlantic ocean does not contain a decillion of drops So far from it, if the entire Earth, and her sister planets, and the sun himself, were so many globes of water, their united volume would be much less than a decillion of drops. Accordingly, if a drop of Belladonna juice, or a grain of Opium, were diffused in a mass of water equal in bulk to the entire solar system, each drop of the immense mass would contain a greater quantity of the medicine than there is in a Homoepathic dose, of the thirtieth dilution.

The subject may be further illustrated thus:—If, from the creation of Adam to the present time, every, human inhabitant of the earth had taken a Homoepathic dose of medicine of the thirtieth dilution, opium for instance, every day and every hour, and every minute of his life, from his first to his last breath, the whole amount of medicine consumed in the 6000 years would be less than the millionth part of a drop of laudanum. Indeed, I might go much further and aver that if the earth the planets and all the heavenly bodies visible to the naked eye and by telescope, had each contained the same number of inhabitants as the creation of Adam as the earth now contains, and if every individual of the vast multitude had taken a dose of Homoepathic medicine diluted to the thirtieth degree, not merely every day, hour or minute, but every second of his existence, the quantity consumed during the 6000 years would have been immeasurable less than the millionth part of a drop of the original medicine. And yet, on these doses has the system been built up!—These are the doses that have performed the wonderful cures of Homoepathic! And these are the the doses now given by all true and honest Homoepathe practitioners! Let the reader who doubts, make the calculation for himself.—*Prof. Gibbons' Address.*

HANG UP A PICTURE IN YOUR ROOM.

We may exhort such of our readers as have no pictures hanging in their rooms, to put one up immediately? We mean their principal setting room—in all their rooms is possible—but at all events in that one. No matter how costly, or the reverse, provided they see *something in it* and it gives them a profitable or pleasant thought.

Some may allege that they have no taste for pictures—for trees, for landscapes, for human beauty, for scenes of life; or if not for all these, yet surely for some of them—and it is highly useful for the human mind to give itself helps toward taking an interest in things apart from its immediate cares or desires. They serve to refresh us for their better conquest or endurance—to render sorrow unselfish—to remind us that we, ourselves, or our own personal wishes, are not the only objects in the world—to instruct and elevate us, and put us in a fairer way of realizing the good opinions which we would all fain entertain of ourselves.

Mr. Hazlitt has said somewhere, of a beautiful female with a noble countenance, that it seems as if an unhandsome action would be impossible in its presence.

The companionship of any thing greater or better than ourselves, must do us good, unless we are destitute of modesty or patience. And a picture is a companion, and the next thing to the presence of what it represents. We may live in the thick-settled city, for instance, and can seldom go but and "feed" ourselves

'With pleasures of the breeding fields,"

but we can put up a picture of the fields before us, and as we get used to it, we shall find it, the next thing to seeing the fields at a distance. For every picture is a kind of window, which supplies us with a fine sight, and many a thick unpierced wall thus lets us into the studies of the greatest men, and most beautiful scenes of nature.

By living with pictures we learn to read them to see into every nook and corner of a landscape and every feature of the mind, and it is impossible to be in the habit of those perusals, or even of being vaguely conscious of the good and beautiful, and considering them as belonging to us, of forming a part of our common-places, without being at the very least, less subject to the great disadvantages arising from having no such thought at all. Now, it so happens that the cheapest engravings though they cannot come up to the merits of the original, often contain no mean portion or shadow of them—and when we speak of putting up pictures in a room, we use the word "pictures" in the child's sense, meaning any kind of graphic representation, oil, water-color, copper-plate drawing or wood cut.—*Leigh Hunt.*

Drunkenness.—There is no vice so degrading—none that begets so much crime as drunkenness. In all its forms, under all circumstances it is hideous, for it never brings comfort to the poor, contentment to the rich, consolation to the afflicted, wealth to the indigent, prosperity to the unfortunate, nor wisdom to the ignorant. It has not one virtue to recommend it—but, on the contrary, a thousand vices to condemn it. It has no regard for propriety—none for decency; it wages war against man's best interest and the peace and well being of society; it corrupts virtue, destroys innocence, ruins health, degrades the mind, and turns man into a beast.

It has no conscience—no feeling of humanity—it sympathises with none, but seizes on the moment of misfortune to blind its victims and destroy them. It brings disease where health, peace and happiness reigned, and from its loathsome wings it drops the mildew of sin and the blight of death.

It murders, burns and ravages without mercy, it fills our almshouses with paupers, our penitentiaries with criminals, our work-houses with vagabonds, our streets with filth, misery and pollution, and the world with the bitter tears of sorrows. *What crime is there that it has not superinduced!*

Cheap Living. An individual, rather broken down by indulgences at the table, took it into his head to try how cheap he could live for six months. He made a purchase of corn in the year, shelled it himself, took it to mill on his back, then took the ground meal and with water made cakes, which he baked on a board before his fire. He was a student at College. He lived for six months on Indian cakes of his own baking, at the end of which time he found that the whole cost of his living had been three dollars and no more, for six months; and in addition to cheap board, he found his health perfectly restored. We would not recommended his example to be followed by all, but there are cases, and numerous cases, where the example might be beneficial if followed.

Simplicity.—An old lady being late at church, entered as the congregation were rising for prayer.—"La!" said she, courtesying, "don't rise on my account!"