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.

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!!

Our country calls once more to arms,
To save your work-shops and your farms,
"Old Rough and Ready" makes the call,
The invitation's to you all.
Let Palo Alto be our cry,
And on the breeze Resaca fly,
'Till Buena Vista's deeds repay
The conqueror of Monterey.

The Empire State with noble pride,
Has placed her Fillmore side by side,
To run the people's race with Zack,
So Cass and Butler clear the track.
Let Palo Alto, &c.

A sound more welcome than the rest,
Lights up the prairies of the West;
'Tis Ashland's thunder bursts away
The well known voice of Henry Clay!
Let Palo Alto, &c.

Now "in the dark and troubled night,"
A star is seen on Bunker's height;
To guide the old whig army home,
The tribes of Dan united come.
Let Palo Alto, &c.

Our gallant Scott brings up the rear,
His BURNING SOUP the Locos fear;
Their old reserve can ne'er escape
The deadly aim of Taylor's grape.
Let Palo Alto, &c.

Our Harbor boys will wheel about,
And help to clear the CASS-CADE out;
"Chicago's letter" they will read,
And SNAG him in the hour of need.
Let Palo Alto, &c.

The people say Cass has been dull
Since he surrendered under Hull,
And with that sword, he broke in two,
A mexican BRAVE PILLOW slew.
Let Palo Alto, &c.

When starving Ireland cried for food,
Cass like his native granite stood;
He dreamed the day was far remote,
E're he would want the Irish vote.
Let Palo Alto, &c.

Cass rides a FOOLE by donkeys led
Polk has a PILLOW for his head;
And should his Buckeye Bashaw fail,
He has a CUSHING for his tail.
Let Palo Alto, &c.

The sov'reign people will it so,
Old Zack must to the White House go;
For that high station he was made,
He never wore the black cockade.
Let Palo Alto be our cry,
And on the breeze Resaca fly,
'Till Buena Vista's deeds repay,
The conqueror of Monterey.

BE SOMETHING.

There is a moral grandeur in the thought, "I have made myself." The world may wag their heads and you may be denounced, but if you are conscious that integrity of purpose has always characterized you, and that you now stand on an eminence, placed there by your own rectitude of heart, you have nothing to fear. You had not the influence of wealth, nor the 'God speed you' of powerful friends; but you had more—a heart fixed and determined, and this has made you what you are. Go on—add virtue to virtue—look steady at the goal before you, and at last your most treacherous and artful companions will acknowledge your superiority, and feel proud of being among the number of your friends. The man who is resolved to be something in the world, should have nothing to fear; and when he little dreams of it, honors are gathering about his head and an influence goes out from him, which is exerted silently but surely, for the good of thousands.

ETCETERA.—'Sambo, what is the meanin' of etcetera?'

'Well, Pete, dat's a question I can't make come out I tink it's good to eat, ain't it?'

'No, you uncomprehendin' nigger, you is disemqualified to brack a boot. De meanin is dis ting, dat ting and ebery oder ting fotched into one piccaninny ting; dat's it, remember the next time I axes yo.'

ADDRESS OF MR. WINTHROP,

ON THE OCCASION OF LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

We copy the concluding part of the eloquent oration of the Hon. R. C. Winthrop delivered at Washington on the 4th inst. After giving an interesting and brilliant sketch of the character and example of Washington, the orator continues:

It is thus that in contemplating the character of Washington, the offices which he held, the acts which he performed, his successes as a soldier, almost fade from our sight. It is not the Washington of the Delaware, or the Brandywine, or Germantown, or of Monmouth; it is not Washington, the President of the Convention, or the President of the Republic, which we admire. We cast our eyes over his life, not to be dazzled by the meteoric lustre of particular passages, but to behold its whole pathway radiant, radiant every where with the true glory of a just, conscientious, consumate man! Of him we feel it be no exaggeration to say that

"all the ends he aimed at
Were his Country's, his God's and Truth's."

Of him we feel it to be no exaggeration to say, that he stands upon the page of history the great modern illustrated and example of that exquisite and Divine precept, which fell from the lips of the dying Monarch of Israel—

"He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God;

"And he shall be as the light in the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds!"

And now, fellow-citizens, it is this incomparable and transcendent character, which America, on this occasion, holds up afresh to the admiration of mankind. Believing it to be the only character which could have carried us safely through our own Revolutionary struggles, we present it, especially, this day, to the wiseful gaze of convulsed and distracted Europe. May we not hope that there may be kindred spirits over the sea, upon whom the example may impress itself, till they shall be inflamed with a noblo rage to follow it? Shall we not call upon them to turn from a vain reliance upon their old idols, and to behold here, in the mingled moderation and courage, in the combined piety and patriotism, in the blended virtue, principle, wisdom, valor, self-devotion of our Washington, the express image of the man, the only man, for their occasion?

Daphi, quid antiquos signorum suspicis ortus,
Ecce Dionæi processit Cœsaris astrum!

Let us rejoice that our call is anticipated.—Washington is no new name to Europe. His star has been seen in every sky, and wise men every where have done it homage. To what other merely human being, indeed, has such homage ever before or since been rendered?

"I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men," wrote Erskine to Washington himself, "but you are the only being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence."

"Illustrious man!" said Fox of him, in the British House of Commons in 1794, "deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation than from the dignity of his mind; before whom all barrowed greatness sinks into insignificance, and all the potentates of Europe become little and contemptible."

"Washington is dead!" proclaimed Napoleon, on hearing of the event. "This great man fought against tyranny; he established the liberty of his country. His memory will be always dear to the French people, as it will be to all free men of the two worlds."

"It will be the duty of the historian and the sage in all ages" says Lord Brougham, "to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

"One thing is certain," says Guizot—"one thing is certain: that which Washington did—the founding of a free Government, by order and peace, at the close of the Revolution—no other policy than his could have accomplished."

And later, better still: "Efface henceforth the name of Machiavel," said Lamartine, within a few weeks past, in his reply to the Italian association—"efface henceforth the name of Machiavel from your titles of Washington: that is the one which should now be proclaimed; that is the name of moderan liberty. It is no longer the name of a politician or a conqueror that of a man, the most disinterested, the most devoted to the people. This is the man required by liberty. The want of the age is a European Washington!"

And who shall supply that want but he who so vividly realizes it? Enthusiastic, eloquent, admirable Lamartine! Though the magic wires may even now be trembling with the tidings of his downfall, we will not yet quite despair of him. Go on in the high career to which you have been called! Fall in it, if it must be so; but fall not, falter not, from it! Imitate the character you have so nobly appreciated! Fulfil the pledges you have so gloriously given! Plead still against the banner of blood! Strive still against the reign of terror! Aim still

"By wining words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear!"

May a gallant and generous people second you, and the Power which preserved Washington sustain you, until you have secured peace, order, freedom to your country!

"Si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris."

But, fellow-citizens, while we thus commend the character and example of Washington to others, let us not forget to imitate it ourselves.—I have spoken of the precise period which we have reached in our own history, as in that of the world at large, as giving someting of peculiar interest to the proceedings in which we are engaged. I may not disturb the harmony of the scene before me by the slightest allusion of a party character. The circumstances of the occasion forbid it; the associations of the day forbid it; the character of him in whose honor we are assembled forbids it; my own feelings revolt from it.—But I may say, I must say, and every one within the sound of my voice will sustain me in saying, that there has been no moment since Washington himself was among us when it was more important than at this moment that the two great leading principles of his policy should be remembered and cherished.

Those principles were, first, the most complete cordial and dissoluble Union of the States; and second, the most entire separation and disentanglement of our own country from all other countries. Perfect union among ourselves, perfect nuetrality towards others, and peace, peace, domestic peace and foreign peace, as the result; this was the chosen and consummate policy of the Father of his Country.

But above all and before all in the heart of Washington was the union of the States; and no opportunity was ever omitted by him, to impress upon his fellow-citizens the profound sense which he entertained of its vital importance at once to their prosperity and their liberty.

In that incomparable address in which he bade farewell to his countrymen at the close of his Presidential service, he touched upon many other topics with the earnestness of a sincere conviction He called upon them, in solemn terms, to "cherish public credit;" to "observe good faith and justice towards all nations;" avoiding both "inveterate antipathies and passionate attachments" towards any, to mitigate and assuage the unquenchable fire of party spirit, "lest, instead of warming, it should consume;" to abstain from "characterizing parties by geographical distinctions;" "to promote institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge;" to respect and uphold "religion and morality; these great pillars of human happiness, those firmest props of the duties of men and of citizens."

But what can exceed, what can equal the accumulated intensity of thought and of expression with which he calls upon them to cling to the union of the States. "It is of infinite moment," says he, in language which we ought never to be weary of hearing or of repeating, "that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual. immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenacing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, *in any event* be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

The Union, *the Union in any event*, was thus the sentiment of Washington. The Union *the Union in any event*, let it be our sentiment this day!

Yes, to-day, fellow-citizens, at the very moment when the extension of our boundaries and the multiplication of our territories are producing directly and indirectly, among the different members of our political system, so many marked and mourned centrifugal tendencies, let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognise in our common title to the name and the fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever!—Let the column which we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union? Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun—till that sun shall set to rise no more draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the Republic!

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled! Lay the cornerstone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American People to the illustrious Father of his Country! Build it to the skies; you cannot ortreach the loftiness of his principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you cannot make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peeless Parian marble, you cannot make it purer than his life!—Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character!

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves.—Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. *Stimilitudine decoremus.* He has built his own monument. We and those who come after us in successive generations are its appointed, its privileged guardians. This wide-spread Republic is the true monument to Washtngton. Maintain its Independence. Uphold its Constitution. Preserves its Union. Defend its Liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world; and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly testify our veneration for him; this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

Nor does he need even this. The Republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone by stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten, but aslong as human hearts shall any where pant or human tongues shall any where plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame of GEORGE WASHINGTON!

EXPANDING THE CHEST.

Those in easy circumstances, or who pursue sedentary employments within doors, generally use their lungs but very little—breathe very little air into the chest—and thus, independently of bad positions, contract a wretchedly narrow, small chest, and lay the foundation for the loss of all health and beauty. All this can be perfectly obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect that the lungs are like a bladder in their structure, and can be stretched to double their ordinary size, with perfect safety. giving a noble chest and perfect immunity from consumption. The agent, and all the agent required, is the common air we breath; supposing, however, that no obstacle exist, external to the chest, such lacing or tying it round with stays or tight dresses, or having the shoulders lay upon it.

On rising from bed in the morning, place yourself in an erect posture, your chest thrown back; now inhale or suck in all you can, so that no more air can be got in; now hold your breath and throw your arms off behind, holding in your breath as long as you can; again fill your chest and walk about, holding, in your breath as long as possible. Repeat these long breaths as many times as you please. Done in a cold room is much better, because the air is heavier and denser, and will act much more powerfully in expanding the chest. Exercising the chest in this manner, it will become very flexible and expansible and will enlarge the capacity and size of the lungs.

While forming a fine chest, and after it is formed, great care is requisite to establish perfect and correct positions, so that the chest shall not be contradicted, and all your efforts counteracted by bad positions. If your positions are habitually bad, in spite of all you can otherwise do, the chest will be more or less contracted. The rule with such should be, and the rule of health is, to keep the bottom of the chest, the ends of the short ribs and the lower end of the breast bone, as far out from the back bone as possible. To effect this the breast must be perfectly straight, and thrown a little backward from the waist at all times.

The small of the back is made flexible, but the hip joints are the points from which to stoop either backward or forward. The joints are ball-and-socket joints, like a swivel in some degree. The trunk of the body bend forward as much as you please, for all useful purposes, and the chest, and the whole spine & neck be kept perfectly straight. Hence no lady should ever make a table of her lap, either for sewing, reading, or writing, or any occupation whatever. Let all these, and all the work you do, be arranged on a table before you, and that table be raised to the armpits, or as high as possible, so as to keep the chest straight.

A little practice will make this infinitely more agreeable than to stoop, whilst little or no fatigue will be experienced at your occupations, compared to what is experienced whilst stooping, or from habitual stooping. The weight of the shoulders will thus be kept off the chest, which is one of the grand causes of fatigue from manuel labor. You will thus entirely prevent the mark of servitude being impressed upon your person, in a pair of round, stooping shoulders, and flat contracted chest.—*Fitch's Lectures.*

From the Detroit Daily Advertiser.

A WONDERFUL PHENOMENON.

A singular phenomenon was brought to light a week ago, in the township of Greenfield, about eight miles from this city. The facts are very nearly as follows: The Messrs Grangers in boring to find water to supply their saw mill, sunk a four inch hole to the depth of 70 feet, when they struck a vein, or cavity. As they withdrew the augur from the hole, to their great surprise, it was followed by a violent current of air, that thew up stones as large as hen's eggs, ten or fifteen feet high.

For a few moments, when the hole was first opened, the air was accompanied by a stream of water, which was thrown ten or twelve feet high. The water, however, soon ceased coming, and the air gushed out with such force that the roar could be distinctly heard fifty or sixty rods distant. On touching fire to the air, it caught, and the flames flashed twenty feet high, and came near burning the building covering the machinery in which it is located.

They finally succeeded with considerable difficulty in stopping it, by forcing down blankets, and driving a spike into the hole, which was their only means of stopping the air or gas, and extinguishing the flames. For Several moments after the hole was stopped, the earth trembled and shook for some distance around as though an eruption was about to take place. The people, who by this time had gathered to the number of about a hundred, were greatly alarmed at these symptoms and scattered with all possible rapidity, supposing that "Millerism" was about coming to a focus, or that they were about to be blown up sky high by an earthquake. From the time it was opened till it was thus closed, was about six hours, and the air gushed out all the time with unabated violence.

It has been opened several times since with the same effect. The power and force of the air does not seem to diminish in the least. The Messrs. Grangers are proposing to secure it with apparatus so as to shut it off and let it out at leisure, and test its real qualities. The people in that vicinity are all confident now that it can be conveyed here in pipes and successfully used for lighting the city with gas, from this great natural, underground Gasometer. We learn that several scientific gentlemen of this city intend visiting it soon.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

There is a kind of warning voice by which ever and anon we are summoned to reflect upon the brevity and uncertainty of human existence.—Scenes witnessed from time to time awaken thoughts of our mortality, and evince that in life we are in the midst of death—that unperceived by us the entrance to its vale may lie near our door. Yet unconscious frequently of our near approach to that bourne from which none ever return, mingling with the busy throg, we pass along merrily in the journey of life. In the "day spring of our being," when the heart beats high with hope, and fancy pictures years of coming pleasure. How often illusory! How changing and uncertain is human life; even as the tender flower that springs up by the pathway which the wind passing o'er perchance may cause to wither and die.

It was but yesterday that one in manhood's prime, lived, who talked much of venerable old age, and ever thought his journey would be long, nor even dreamed his end so near, but to-day he is no more. Trembling under the weight of years, the aged man verges near the tomb; yet many a blooming youth, whose plans for maturer years were laid, and whose hopes of future life were bright, enters before him. They whom we least expect are perhaps the first compelled to yield to death's mandate.

I see at a little distance one who long wasted by disease, was apparently near the grave.—Friends in the vigor of youth and blooming with health stood beside the loved one, and as they gazed upon the pale and emaciated form, I heard them say, "She will not live beyond the falling of the leaf." But strange to tell, the hand of the destroyer was staid; and the sick one hoped of recovering again. Soon the arrows of death were pointed at there youthful hearts, and in all their beauty they become its victims. Years passed away. Though they long since have mouldered back to dust, she, animated with hope, lingers, and tells the mournful tale of their departure.—How mysterious is the mission of Death!

"The youth is life's green spring, and he who is
In the strength of years, matron and maid,
The bow'd with age, and infant in its smiles,
Shall, one by one, be gathered to the tomb.
So live, and when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
That thou, sustain'd & sooth'd, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

LATE HOEING OF CORN INGURIOUS.—In the cultivation of this important and valuable crop, it should ever be born in mind that late hoeing is an injury rather than a benefit. The practice adopted, however, by most farmers of this day, and which from the powerful support it derives from physiological science, deserves to be universal, is throughly to eradicate all spurious vegetation before that period in the advancement of the crop, when the small, fibrous roots having assumed a position near the surface of the soil, are necessarily exposed to, and consequently lacerated by the hoe. It is, indeed, rarely the case in this country, that more than two hoeings are strictly necessary, if properly performed, in the cultivation of corn. The latter being, as a general thing, accomplished by the time the plants are ready to spindle, leaves the crop in its most vigorous and healthy state, not only uninifested by weeds, but at liberty to pursue its growth, and perfect the beautiful system of lateral rootlets, in a soil perfectly light and permeably, and with all the important adjuncts emanating from the free and unrestricted access of those prime elements of vegetable nutrition—moisture, heat and air.

It has often been to me a matter of surprise, on passing the enclosures of some who call themselves farmers, to see large conical hills erected, similar to those formed by some tillers around their potatoes; though as I conceive, without any passible advantage to that crop, more than to corn. Under all circumstances, I find a perfectly flat surface the best for the corn plant. Where hills are made, the rain, falling in a dry time, is conveyed from the hills, rather than to them.

A PRACTICAL FARMER

CHEERFULNESS.

Above all things, ladies, be cheerful. You will not only live longer, but happier and better. There is nothing more conducive to physical health and mental strength. Troubles of course you have more or less; vexations you cannot wholly avoid; some disappointments will lie along your pathway in spite of every thing. But, be cheerful. Every despondent day, every gloomy hour, each complaining moment, only doubles all the force of your misfortunes. Be cheerful; sing at sorrow, dance at grief, snap your fingers at perplexities, laugh at all the "ills that flesh is heir to," if you please; at any rate be cheerful.—Say you of the fail sex, this is impossible? Not exactly. You may have sickness, pain, crosses, trials, afflictions. Well, this is the way of earth; still you may be cheerful. What doth it profit to wail, lament; be cast down, mumble, grumble, mutter and spluter at evils, be they little or great? Verily nothing at all. We say then be cheerful. So far from mending any bad matter, such a course invariably makes it worse; so be cheerful.

A cheerful wife, a merry companion, a joyous hearted-partner, a light hearted sweet heart—how they sound of happiness; how like something to be desired! Ladies cultivate cheerfulness as you would a precious flower. It will not only make you more blessed in yourselves but enable you to diffuse more blessings around you. It is the great requisite in making home happy." It will do more than almost any thing else, to win you the love of "creation's lords," and also help you amazingly to keep it after it is won.

POUTING.

Pouting again? What in the world are you thinging about? You have been slighted? That is no reason why you should contract your brows, muzzle your tongue and hang your lip. Have you not the manliness to bear a slight? Will you be a calf as long as you live? We are plain with you, but you deserve it. So long as you take every trifle to heart, so long will you be miserable. Let a friend speak against you, if he will—let your sweetheart turn you the cold shoulder—be a man, and show yourself such, we pray you.—now, wipe your eyes, shut your mouth and smile away the cloud from your brow, and let this be the last time that you will prove yourself a simpering chicken. When there is any thing worth shedding tears for, we'll help you weep; but hang us, if we can put up with such folly.