The Cambridge Chronicle.

"UNCOMPROMISING HOSTILITY TO THE RE-ELECTION OF MARTIN VAN BUREN."

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

"The reigning eagle of Parnassian skies,
Now soaring 'midst the tracks of light and air
And now the monarch of the woods and lair."

From the London Keepsake for 1840.

THE RUINS OF HEROD'S PALACE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The traveller sat upon a stone,
A broken column's pride,
And o'er his head a fig tree spread
Its grateful umbrage wide,
While round him fruitful valleys smiled,
And crystal streams ran by,
And the far mountain's forehead hoar
Rose up tween earth and sky.

But on a ruin'd pile he gazed,
Beneath whose mouldering gloom
The roving fox a shelter found,
And noisome bats a tomb.
"Ho, Arab!"—for a ploughman wrought
The greassy sward among
With marble fragments richly strew'd,
And terraced olives hung;

"Ho! canst thou tell what ancient dome
In darkness here declines,
And strangely lifts its spectral form
Among the matted vines?"
He stayed his simple plough, that traced
Its crooked furrough nigh,
And while his oxen cropp'd the turf.
Look'd up, with vacant eye—

"It was some satrap's palace, sure,
In old time, far away,
Or else of some past Christian prince,
I've heard my father say,"
"Arab! it was king Herod's dome,
'Twas there he feasted free,
His captains, and the chief estates,
And lords of Galilee.

'Twas there the impious dancer's heel,
Lured his rash soul astray—"
But ere the earnest tale was told
The ploughman turn'd away.
Oh, ruthless king!—thy vaunted pomp,
And power avail thee not,
Who here beside thy palace gates
Art by the serf forgot.

But he, whose blood in prison cell
By thy decree was spilt,
Whose head upon the charger brought,
Appeased revengeful guilt,
His name amid a deathless page
Gleams forth like living gem,
Touch'd with those glorious rays that gild
The Star of Bethlehim.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

The Widow.

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

In so large a family as that of Mr. T—, there was a good deal of sewing to do, and out of charity the work was taken from a seamstress who had sewed f r the family sometime, and given to a poor widow woman with several small children. Ostensibly only was this charity. Really, it was to save a few more pennies. How could this be? some one will ask.—Let me sketch a little scene; premising that this poor woman's husband was just dead, and she left helpless and friendless, with no apparent means of support. Besides she was in feeble health. By accident, Mr. T—— had heard of the distressed situation, and at the suggestion of the individual who named her case to him, told his wife that he thought it would be charity to give her some sewing.

'I think it would indeed,' says Mrs. T——.

'Our sewing costs us a great deal' responds the careful husband, 'and in this thing we may benefit ourselves as well as do a deed of charity. No doubt this woman is rather an indifferent sewer, in comparison to Miss R——, and therefore her work will not of course be worth as much. And will no doubt think one half the price Miss R—— gets a good one.'

'No doubt,' chimes in the frugal partner.

Mrs. —— was sent for. And she is seated, the following conversation ensues.

'Can you do plain sewing?'

'Yes ma'am, as well as most persons.'

'What is your price for fine shirts?'

'I hav'nt set any price yet, but I will work as low as any one.'

'But you know that to get work you will have to do it a little lower than ordinary.—People don't like to change.'

'Well ma'am, I am in want, and I will work at almost any price for my children.'

'I suppose you will make fine shirts for a quarter.'

'Yes ma'am.'

'And calico dresses for the same?'

'Yes ma'am.'

'Well that's reasonable. Boy's common shirts you will not charge over eleven pence for?'

'No ma'am.'

'That's reasonable, and I'll do all I can for you—It gives me pleasure to help the poor. Come down to morrow, and I'll have some work ready for you'—The widow departed.

'Well, wife,' says Mr. T——, bustling in when he saw the widow depart, at what price will she work.'

'At just half what Miss R—— charges.'

'Well, that's something like. It gives me pleasure to befriend any one who is willing to work at a reasonable price. Why this will save us almost a dollar a week the year round!'

'Yes, it will so, and if I keep her at it, or some one else, at the same price for a year, you'll let me have a fifty dollar shawl, won't you?

'Yes, if you want it.'

'Well, I'll do my best. Its shameful what some of these seamstresses do charge.'

It is often well to reverse a picture. Suppose we look at the other side of this.

Mrs. —— had always been delicate. When a girl she could never sew long at a time without getting a pain in her side. She married a hard working industrious mechanic, whose trade was not very lucrative, yielding barely enough for support. Her health after the marriage was but little improved, and when with several small children, she was left a widow, she yielded in her first keen anguish of bereavement to despair.—But a mother cannot long sit in idleness when her dear babes are about her. She could think of no way of getting a living for them but by her needle, and, as she was a neat sewer, she hoped to get work, and earn food and scant clothing at least.—But she could get no work. No person knew her who wanted sewing done. She applied to several, and was still without the means of earning a dollar when her last one was spent. Just at this moment, the fact of her destitution becoming more known, Mrs. T—— sent for her.

As she carried home her work the day after the interview, she was glad at heart that now there was a way of escape at least from starvation. But little more her yearning heart could promise her—Boys' shirts at twelve and a half cents, were her first piece of work. Two of these by hard work she managed to get done in a day. Had they been made plain, she could have finished them early, and had time to give many necessary attentions to her children. But the last words of Mrs. T—— had robbed her of that chance. 'You can stich the collars of these, any how—you can afford to do it, I suppose, and they iron better when that is done.' The simple and touching 'Yes ma'am,' but in a sadder tone than usual, was the only response.

Next morning she was up early, though her head ached badly, and she was faint and weak from having sat so steadily through the whole of the preceding day. Her children were all taken up, washed and dressed. Her rooms cleaned, and a scanty meal of mush and milk prepared for the little ones, and a cup of tea for herself. Her own stomach refused the food of which her children partook with keen appetites, and she could only swallow a few mouthfuls of dry stale bread.

It was nearly ten o'clock when she got fairly down to work, her head still aching and almost blinding her. Some how or other she could not get on at all fast, and it was long past the usual dinner hour before she had finished the first garment. The children were impatient for their dinner, and she had to make great haste in preparing it, as well for their satisfaction as to gain time.

'Mother, we are getting tired of mush and milk,' said one of the little ones. 'You don't have all the good things now you used to. No pies nor pudding, nor meat.'

'Never mind, dear, we'll have some nice corn cakes for supper.'

'You'll have some soon, won't you, mother?' said another coaxingly, her thoughts busy with the nice corn cakes.

'And shan't we have molasses on them,' said another, pushing away her bowl of mush and milk.

'No, dear; not to-night, but to morrow we'll have some.'

'Why not to-night, mother, I want some to-night'

'Mother aint got any money to buy it with to-night, but to-morrow she will have some,' said the mother soothingly.

'O, we'll have lasses to-morrow for our cakes,' cried a little girl who could just speak, clapping her hands in great glee.

After dinner Mrs. —— worked hard, and in much bodily pain and misery, to finish the other shirt in which the last stitch was taken at nine o'clock at night.

Soon after breakfast, the next day, she took the four shirts home to Mrs. T —— her thoughts mostly occupied with the comfortable food she was to buy her children, with the half dollar she had earned. For it was a sad truth she had laid out her last dollar for the meal with which she was making mush for her little ones.

After examining every seam, every hem, and every line of stitching. Mrs. T—— expressed approbation of the work, and handed the poor woman a couple of fine shirts to make for Mr. T——, and a calico dress for herself. She did not offer to pay her for the work she had done: after lingering a few moments, Mrs. —— ventured to hint that she would like to have a part of what she had earned.

'O dear! I never pay seamstresses until their bills amount to five dollars. It is so troublesome to keep account of small sums. When you have made five dollars I will pay you.

Mrs. —— returned, but with a heart that seemed like lead in her bosom. 'When shall I earn five dollars?—not for a whole month at this rate,' were the words that formed themselves in her thoughts.

'We shall have the molasses now, mother shan't we,' said two or three little voices, as she entered her home.

For a few moments she knew not what answer to make. Then gathering them all about her, she explained to them, as well as she could make them understand, that the lady for whom she had done the work did not pay her, and she was afraid it would be a good while before she would and that until she was paid she could not get them any thing better than what they had.

The little things all stole silently and without a murmur away, and the mother again sat down to her work. A tear would often gather in her eye as she looked up from the bright needle glistening in her fingers, and noted the sadness and disappointment pictured in their young faces. From this style of gloomy feeling she was roused by a knock at the door, and a pleasant looking lady, somewhat gaily dressed come in with a small bundle in her hand.

She introduced herself by saying that she had just seen some pretty shirts at Mrs. T——'s, and that she was so well pleased with the work, that she had inquired for the maker. 'And now, having found you,' said she, 'I want you to make fit this calico dress for me, if you do such work.'

'I shall be glad to do it for you,' said she, encouraged by the kind and feeling manner of the lady.

'And what will you charge?'

Mrs. —— hesitated a moment and then said, Mrs T—— gives me a quarter of a dollar.'

There was a bright spot for a moment on the cheek of the lady.'

'Then I will you three,' said she, with warmth.

Mrs, —— burst into tears, and she could not help it.

'Are you in need?' inquired the strange lady, hesitatingly, but with an air of feeling that could not be mistaken.

For a moment the widow paused, but the sight of her children conquered the rising emotion of her pride.

'I have nothing but a little corn meal in the house, and have no money.'

A tear glistened in the stranger's eye—her breast breathed with strong emotion.—Then again all was still.

'I will pay you for this dress before hand, then; & as I want it done very nice, I will pay you a dollar for making it. Can I have it day after to morrow?'

'Certainly, ma'am, to morrow evening, if you want it.'

The money was paid down, and the angel of mercy departed. More than one heart was made glad that morning.

The following lines were sent by a young lady to her lover, whose name was *Nott*, a few weeks before their marriage. The nuptial knot was tied immediately, upon the discerning lover's decyphering their import.

Why urge, dear Sir, a bashful maid
To change her single lot,
When well you know I've often said
In truth I love you, Nott.

For all your pains I do, Nott, care
And trust me on my life,
Though you had millions, I declare,
I would, Nott, be your wife.

LAZINESS.—One fiery day a farmer went into his mowing lot, where he had hired a half dozen men to cut down the grass. He came upon them suddenly, and found them all laying down under an apple tree. "Well," said the indignant farmer, "I'll give an extra half dollar to the laziest fellow among you." All jumped upon their feet to claim the reward but one man, who laid still. "Ah!" said the farmer, "that fellow has won the money." To which indolence replied, "Won't you put it in my pocket?"

A Yorkshire lad who had lately gone to service; having had salad served up for dinner every day for a week, ran away; and when asked why he had left his place, he replied: "They made me yeat grass i'th summer, and I wur afraid they'd make me eat hay i'to winter—and I could'nt stand that, so I wur off."

"Ah, Eliza!" said a puritan preacher to a young lady who had just been making her hair into beautiful ringlets. "An Eliza! had God intended your locks to be curled, he would have curled them for you." "When I was an infant," returned the damsel, "he did; but now I am grown up, he thinks I am able to do it myself."

WALTZING.

Our contemporary of the New York Express occasionally publishes some racy letters written in the genuine Yankee style of the real Jack Downing, and singned by "Jonathin Slick."—Jonathan attends a party in New York, and is much scandalized at the fashionable mode of waltzing, as will be seen by the following extract from his last letter:

"Jist then the music begun agin, and one of them tall hairy lipped fellers got up with a purty little gal that didn't look more than eighteen years old, and he put his white gloves on a little tighter, and then if he didn't begin to hug her right there afore all on us—he put one arm round her little waist jist above the bump on her back and then he took one of her hands in his'n, and then she looked up into his eyes and he looked down into hern as loving as two pussy cats, and then they begun to make cheeses on the carpet till you couldn't have told which was which. I never felt my blood bile so in all my life; it raly didn't seem decent, and if she had been a relation of mine I would have knocked that indecent varmint into a cocked hat in less than no time. I'd made him glad to eat himself up hair and all, nasty as it looked to have got out of my way. Oh but I was wrathy at the coot for a mint; and then, says I to myself, I don't know as the chap's so much to blame, arter all, its the gal's own fault, if she likes to be hugged and whirled round so afore the folks the feller must be an all fired fool not to like it as much as she does; but, thinks I, if the gal means to git married, her bread will be all dough agin, arter this, for no decent honest man would want to marry a gal arter he'd seen her tousled about afore fifty people, by such a shote as that chap is."

THE TREASURY FOUND AT LAST.—An individual walking on the beach at Coney Island, New York picked up a number of Mexican dollars, which had been buried there, and which the action of the water had uncovered. He immediately commenced digging, and succeeded in obtaining, it is said, near one thousand dollars. As this is the beach on which it is supposed that the pirates Gibbs and Wansley buried their money, the prospect of getting a rich prize has drawn together a number of persons, and the beach is now alive with them, digging away with the most persevering industry.

RECIPES.—Major Noah furnishes the following recipes for the rheumatism.

Spread raw cotton about one quarter of an inch thick on a piece of flannel sufficiently large to cover the part affected. Quilt the cotton to the flannel, to cause it to remain spread. When applied it will produce relief in a very short time. Toothache proceeding from decayed teeth, has been frequently cured by filling the cavities with cotton.

He adds.

Recent colds may be cured, by boiling together a half pint of milk, a teaspoonful of black pepper, and a small lump of butter; to be taken hot, on going to bed—to be prepared three or four nights. A pleasant beverage and certain cure.

PLAYING A TRICK
UPON AN OLD PLAYER.

While detained some day or two in the pleasant town of Montgomery, last summer, waiting for a stage, we heard the following anecdote told of an old actor there, which is worth relating.

Mr. C., the actor in question, has for some twenty years been continually before the public as a delineator of the faults and foibles, the virtues and the vices of other people. Age creeping upon him like hundreds of others he began to wax sick of the smell of the foot lights and the tinsel finery about him—he had seen enough of the world—the unreal had lost its charms and the only real comfort he could see through the vista of the future was in having a little patch of ground upon which he could draw for a sufficiency of poultry and potatoes, turnips and beans, for a subsistence.

His plan was carried into immediate execution. A little "place" was purchased, potatoes were planted, the earth was turned up to make room for turnips and although Mr. C. was not perfectly at home in his new character, still every thing went on marvelously well. He purchased some half dozen hens, and in order to increase his store, set them at work "a-setting," as Sam Slick says for an additional stock. He had a sufficiency of eggs for all his flock except one—to procure these was his next care.

Meeting with a neighbor one day, a wag of a fellow up to all kinds of tricks, he accosted him with "Mr. T. have you any eggs to spare? All my hens are setting except one, and I'm out of eggs. Can you do any thing for me?"

"Certainly," said the wag, who at once bethought him of a capital trick to play off upon his ignorant and unsuspecting friend. "I can help you out, Mr C. and will do it with pleasure. You have no Guinea fowls' eggs, have you?"

"No, mine are all the common chickens."

"Well, you must have a brood of them to a certainty. I'll send you a dozen or fifteen immediately."

"Thank you, much obliged to you, and I'll return the compliment," said Mr. C.

The eggs were procured by T., but before sending them to his friend the actor, he boiled them some half hour over the hottest kind of a fire.—The next day Mr. C's. old hen was comfortably installed upon a nest of hard boiled Guinea-hen's eggs.

Time flew along and in due season brood after brood of common barn-yard chickens were ushered into existence and went peeping and chirping about the yard of Mr. C. All were now hatched except the Guinea fowl's eggs, and the old hen to whom they were entrusted stuck to her task with a zeal and patience truly commendable and worthy of a better cause. In this way a month passed without any signs of an addition to Mr. C's stock of poultry, and he began to grow impatient.

Meeting T. he inquired "how long does it take those eggs of yours to hatch?"

"Oh; some time. You be patient."

"Well, I am patient, but then it takes them so long."

Another week passed, and still no chickens.—Again meeting T., the actor, with a rueful countenance, asked him "if he thought the eggs would really hatch."

"As a matter of course," said the wag.

"But how long does it generally take them," inquired the actor.

"Sometimes longer, sometimes shorter," retorted T. who could hardly keep his countenance all the while. "You give the old hen a fair chance, and she'll bring every thing out straight."

Ten days more elapsed and no more signs of young Guinea-fowls than ever. The old hen had stuck to her post until she had become so poor and light that her specific gravity would hardly keep her down, while the patience of the poor actor was entirely exhausted. Coriosity at length led him to brake one of the eggs. He saw in a moment, the cause of their not hatching, but did not suspect the agency his neighbor had in the affair. Meeting the actor shortly after, Mr. T. opened a conversation with him.

"Well, has that old hen hatched the eggs yet?"

"Hatched h—ll! No. *She's cooked 'em throughs!* You never saw harder done boiled eggs since you were born. *Hatched!* indeed! I'm much obliged to you for the eggs, but I don't think these common hens able to do any thing with such outlandish eggs in the way of hatching them out."

Thus ends our story of Mr C. and his operations in the poultry line. If we have *hatched* a readable story we have made out better than he did in *hatching* Guinea fowls.—[N. O. Pic.

From the Newburg Gazette.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

"Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis
Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus." *Hor.*

As chroniclers of passing events, it falls to our lot to inform the public of the appearance of a new work, detailing the whole life of Martin Van Buren, together with all his noble acts and eminent worth, as a public man and a private citizen, in about seven-eighths of a newspaper column, by an author who choses to remain incog. The work sets out deprecating in severe terms the ignorance prevalent in relation to Mr. Van Buren's public services, and states for the information of the public, that 'the Journals of our State and National Legislatures are filled with records of what he has done for the benefit of his country.' It is unfortunate for the author that Mr. Van Buren's public acts were of so general a character as to make it impossible to point out one prominent act, or to refer to any particular measure that may be designated as emphatically his own. Hence the remarkable lack of point that distinguishes the whole work, and a resort to general rather than a particular relation of events. Mr. Van Buren has played too much the non committal in relation to great questions of State, and has been too unfortunate in his committals to render an impartial relation of his acts & measures at all desirable to his friends. They are therefore compelled to speak of them in general, and to gloss over with "patch work" and "tinsel" all the particulars.

We are told that "he sprang from the people—his feelings and associations were democratic."—"Has exhibited a consistency of conduct, and a straightforwardness of course, amid the ebbs and flows of popular opinion, at once singular and surprising." But we are not told wherein he has done all this, the author probably referring to his joining *the federalists* in 1811—12, against Madison's administration, and the war, and after securing the nomination of Dewitt Clinton for president, his turning against him and aiding to defeat his election. This was an act of "singular and surprising consistency." He aided "the patriot Tompkins during a critical and dark hour in our country's history." How he rendered this aid we are not told: not in the field most certainly, but more likely by playing the non committal between federalism and republicanism, professing a little of either, just as the wind blew; now joining the democrats, and again colleaguing to secure the election of a *federalist* to the United States senate, playing boopeep with both parties, but identifying his 'influence' and hopes with neither.

"To his masterly energies and democratic views many who will peruse this article are indebted for the inestimable privilege of the elective franchise." This is more definite and tangible: we can look into our public journals and compare the record with this assertion. Is the poor man indebted to Van Buren for the privilege of voting? No! He said "the people were not prepared for universal suffrage!" "It would render our elections a curse, rather than a blessing," (meaning in New York.) It is a notorious fact that upon the question of "universal suffrage" Mr. Van Buren sided with the federalists, against Root and Tompkins and the leading republicans in the convention!

The assertion that Van Buren "was at his post devising means to extricate our commercial men from their embarrassments," is rather too glaring to obtain credit. In reference to commercial or monetary embarrassments he has shown himself cold, heartless, and indifferent, as not feeling the pulsation that throbbed through the community. His language was, "The people look to the government for too much." "Let them go to work, spend less, pay off their debts, be industrious, economical," &c.

"Mr. Van Buren submitted the independent treasury plan," and this is to cap the climax of all his other acts and services. *How?* BY LOWERING THE WAGES OF LABORING MEN—ENABLING THE MANUFACTURER TO OBTAIN LABOR AT REDUCED RATES—THE MERCHANT TO CALCULATE WITH CERTAINTY ON RUIN—THE FARMER & MECHANIC ON SPECIE RATES FOR THEIR PRODUCE AND LABOR, and every branch of enterprise will be placed where it was some fifty years ago. The people will enshrine Van Buren for this in a sarcophagus of "cabbage heads," and inscribe thereon "The reward of treason against the liberties and rights of his fellow citizens."

As for Mr. Van Buren's "private virtues," if they partake of the character of his public ones, it were unnecessary for us to speak. His conduct towards judge Van Ness would furnish rather a sad commentary upon his virtues, but we forbear.

We would respectfully recommend the work to the public at large, as by a careful perusal it will be seen how few qualifications and public acts a man may have possessed and performed, and yet be esteemed by some a great man.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Courier writes that the indemnity paid by the British Government to our Minister in London, for the wrecked American slaves set free some years ago in the Bahamas, averages about $500 for each.

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