The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] " LIGHT FOR ALL. " [Editor & Proprietor.

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TERMS.

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THE MUSES' BOWER.

EPITAPH ON A CANDLE.

A *wicked* one lies buried here,
Who died in a *decline*;
He never rose in rank I fear,
Tho' he was born to *shine*

He once was *fat* but now, indeed,
He's thin as any griever;
He died—the Doctors all agreed;
Of a most *burning* fever.

One thing of him is said with truth,
With which I'm much amused,
It is—that when he stood, forsooth,
A *stick* he always used.

Now *winding-sheets* he sometimes made,
But this was not enough,
For finding it a poorish trade,
He also dealt in *snuff*.

If e'er you said "*Go out*, I pray,"
He much ill nature show'd;
On such occasions he would say,
"Vy, if I do, *I'm blow'd*."

In this his friends do all agree,
Although you'll think I'm joking,
When *going out* 'tis said that he
Was very fond of *smoking*.

Since all religion he despised,
Let these few words suffice,
Before he ever was baptized
They *dipp'd* him once or twice.

THE CHURCHES OF OUR LAND.

BY MISS MARY ANNE BROWNE.

[The following beautiful verses, were written for a Ladies Fair in Liverpool.]

They lie in vallies buried deep,
They stud the barren hills,
They're mirror'd where proud rivers sweep,
And by the humbler rills;
A blessing on each holy fane,
Wherever they may stand,
With open door, for rich and poor,
The Churches of our Land!

Ye boast of England's palaces,
Her cities and and her towers:
O, mansions where her sons at ease
Dwell midst her greenwood bowers;
But a deeper sense of reverence
God's temples should command,
While knee shall bend, and prayer ascend,
In the Churches of our Land.

Old pleasant are the pealing bells,
Heard at the Sabbath time,
Calling to prayer from hills and dells,
With their melodious chime;
And glorious is the sacred song,
Swell'd by a fervent band,
When the organ's note doth proudly float
Through the Churches of our Land.

Talk not of England's "wooden walls,"
Her better strength is here;
Here trust around the spirit falls,
Subduing doubt and fear;
Here her brave sons have gather'd power,
Nerving each heart and hand—
Most fearless prove those who best love
The Churches of our Land.

They stand, the guardians of the faith
For which our fathers died;
God keep those temples still from scathe,
Our blessings and our pride;
Our energies, our deeds, our prayers,
All these should they command,
That never foe may lay them low,
The Churches of our Land.

A Poetical Correspondence.—A letter passed through our Post Office a few days since, with the following direction:—

"To Potts Town, P. O. I am bound, Uncle Sam;
Let me ride in your mail bag, I'll go as I am.
When you are there, don't let me lay in the P. O. Cupboard,
But hand me straightway to Robert H. Hobart.
One cent you shall have, for all this trouble,
As that is the price, for one not double."

"Cuffy. go to the meadow and catch my horse High Olympus." "Yes, massa—don't know so much bout de *hio*, but he's limpus nuff, dat's sartin."

The New York Mechanic says, a Yankee druggist has invented a plaster so strong that it draws landscape views; cider from a barrel; prizes in lotteries; a wagon to church, &c., and is talked of for a drawbridge.

For the Chronicle.

Gossipings, Gay and Grave.

BY NESTOR.

Reader, did you ever attend what is known in fashionable parlance as a "general party;" when the old and the young, the beautiful and the homely, the gay and the grave and the gifted and the ignorant, mingle together in one indiscriminate melee? And, if you ever did, have you not sought some quiet position from which you could reconnoitre the whole, and contemplate the various passions, tastes and feelings educed by the events of the hour? It is an interesting page in the book of human nature, which a close observer may derive more valuable information of that mysterious thing than is afforded by the costliest octavos. I once attended an assemblage of this sort with the view of applying my observations to test the truth of Phrenology, and the result was highly satisfactory.

There was pomp and revelry at ——. A gay & brilliant throng crowded the spacious halls, decked in the glittering attire of wealth and fashion. Music, with its voluptious swell floated through the stately pile, and woman's rich, bird-like voice mingled in its cadences. All were happy—the old gazed upon the young until age was forgot—youth enjoyed the passing hour, and dreamed only of a bright future. A fond lover was breathing a tale of tenderness and affection into his Dulcinea's ear—another was wrapt in listless attention at the recital of some love adventure, whose happy *denouement* he fain hoped might be his own fate. A jewell-clad belle flashed through the hall, and many were the lingering glances that followed her retiring figure. A love-sick maiden languished upon a sofa, her brilliant eyes "half hid in dim obscurity" by her sleepy, elongated eye-lids—A rich heiress whose parents esteem education a fashionable folly, now glided through the crowd, seemingly anxious to display her slight graceful figure and *distingue* air to admiring gazers; and

"How each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel and so rich a prize!"

Around "a bright particular star" were clustered many smiling faces, delighted with her sparkling wit and racy humor. A damsel on the "shady side of thirty," sat "solitary and alone" in a distant corner of the hall, her thoughts on matrimony intent, and calculating the prospect of making a conquest among the crowd, by her dignified silence and tranquil demeanor. Yonder stands Miss N—, her dazzling form, her fair and open brow, her pale cheek slightly tinged as with the pink of the sea shell, her chiselled bust that would shame the purest snow-flake in whiteness. But, alas! her head is an empty casket, or only filled with a few set phrases that enable her to relieve herself from the charge of obmutescence.—She can "hum thrice and buzz as often," and the effort brings on such a degree of lassitude that, for the rest of the evening, she deems herself

"Unable to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought."

In a far corner of the room, with folded arms, stood a grave and austere gentleman, his brow dark and lowering, and gazing upon the scene with mingled scorn and haughty *nonchalence*. A stranger might have regarded the studious *negligee* of his dress as indicative of talent or erudition; but such illusion would be entirely dissipated by an hall hour's conversation with this stern looking personage. A casual observer would be led to suppose that his mind was ever on a serious stretch of thought, and constantly indulged in *sombre pensierosos* of human existence; but his acquaintance are aware that his individuality consists in a methodical management of his domestic concerns, and "a snapping up of unconsidered trifles." When he first makes his entree upon such occasions as I am attempting to describe, his colloquial laxity is as unrestrainable of the motions of a wounded eel—but his budget of trifles is so on exhausted and he then wrap himself up in a pseudo dignity, and is as unapproachable as a sullen bear.

Just to the left of this gloomy man, sat another of lymphatic temperament, his round face and jolly countenance denoting great placidity of temper.

"Like a carved pumpkin was his classic jole,
Flesh had the solo of his chin encored,
Puffed were his cheeks, his mouth a little hole,
Just in the centre of his visage bored."

He seemed to possess little or no control over his cachinnatory nerves, and nothing less than a dose of tartar emetic could have discomposed his diaphragm. Accidentally I was a witness to the preliminary toilette of this gentleman, (Mr. Ozias Polyglot) and for the soul of me I could not help maintaining my position even at the risk of being discovered. I inferred from the conversation between him and Mrs. Polyglot, that Mr. P. was rather "short of linen," and was obliged to have that washed which he wore before he could go to the party. He had been lying for more than an hour in a shirtless condition, between blankets, when he cried out in a rather impatient tone,

"Come duck make haste and dry the shirt,
Or else I shant get there in time at all."

Mrs. Polyglot vowed it was impossible; Mr. Polyglot retorts that he *will* get into it as it is, but

"Says Mrs. Polyglot, 'Good Lord!
You're mad, Ozias, vy, its wringing wet!"

I could stand it no longer, and hastily retreated in order to give full play to my risible faculties.

At his side sat his daughter—a girl just bursting into womanhood—attired as fantastically as an Indian squaw on her bridal eve. Bedaubed with paint and hung with ornaments, a beggar of the alms of public gaze,

"She was convinced
That God had made her greatly out of taste,
And took much pains to make herself anew."

There she sat, displaying her tiny foot, and no inconsiderable portion of the handle, for really the longitude of her dress was terribly *unique*. When I first discovered her, she was earnestly engaged in Conversation with a rich widower—however, in a few moments the conversation flagged, and I availed myself of the opportunity to pay my devoirs to Miss Polyglot; but immagine my surprise after the first salutations had passed, at discovering the unpleasant effect his attention on my part produced upon the widower. His brows contracted, the color fled from his cheeks, and from his eyes darted livid lighting.—Such bellicose manifestations somewhat surprised and alarmed me, and I remained no longer than was necessary to take an observation of his Phrenological developments. His facial angle fell about two degrees below the average of monkies, and when he endeavored to frown at me, I was forcibly struck with the *vraisemblance* of his countenance to that of a monkey, when his features are distorted by an effort to swallow a whole apple.

Such is but a poor description of the scene on which I gazed to satiety, and having gratified my purpose, I determined to mingle among the various groups. The first I encountered was a girl "blessed with more cents than brains," and remarkable for her levity and contemptuous disregard of the rules of etiquette. Beside her stood Mr. Sapling, like Cato's daughter Marcia, "towering above his sex," to whom she was speaking in as loud a tone as if

"Vulcan, who had hammered her together,
Sighed to her from his lungs of bellow's leather."

Her companion had mixed his liquor somewhat too "tall," and its intoxicating effects acting upon a temperament rendered inflammable by love, caused him to cut various shines, such as making gyrations with his fingers, which accomplishment is performed by placing the thumb upon the nose, and describing various segments with the fingers. He was also engaged in tosting up bonnets, hats, chairs, &c., which reminded me of a young Titan throwing brickbats at Jupiter; and when he stooped to catch the music of Miss M—'s trombone voice, he brought his body to an angle of forty five degrees. Passing on I saluted Miss A—, and soon found myself engaged in an interesting conversation with her upon the abstract propriety of balls, parties, &c. I was gratified to find she entertained similar ideas with myself upon the subject, and that she possessed a refined and cultivated intellect. Our conversation took a comprehensive range, and upon every topic she discoursed with an ease and familiarity that would have charmed an anchorite. I mentally asked myself why this lady was entirely deserted by the young "lords of creation" for the society of less intellectual ladies? It is a subject of general complaint with young men that they can only entertain ladies with gossip and small talk," and that they fail in securing their attention when they venture on grave or philosophical subjects. So far as my experience dictates, they do the ladies gross injustice by such imputations. The difficulty resides with the male sex. Nine times out of ten, the ladies prefer to converse upon subjects of substantial interest, but the gentlemen being looked to for the subject, *they* select the easiest and consequently the most trifling one, because upon one of a different character they would soon get beyond their depth.

Another step brought me before the heiress I have before mentioned. I bowed obsequiously and remarked that her brow shone less serenely than its wont this evening, and that I feared she was impairing her health by intense reading. She blushed slightly and replied, "No sir, I never reads any thing. I have enough to plague me without perplexing my mind with reading, and them people that does read never seem so happy as them that does not." The answer came like a burst of thunder from a cloudless sky, and with the single remark "that I agreed with her, "if ignorance was bliss, 'twas folly to be wise," I left her to enjoy her own reflections Inadvertently I intruded upon a "knight of the clouded cane." who was aspirating some tender accents to his lady-love. He had evidently been reading old Sir Thomas Wyatt's poems, as I distinctly heard him feelingly pronounce these lines to his enamorata:

"Forget not yet, thine own approved
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved,
Forget not this."

At this moment cotillions were announced, and I took a favorable position to survey the dancers.

What stately lady is that, moving like one of earths regal queens amid the mazes of the dance,

"Graceful as the swan
Oaring its way athwart a summer lake?"

She is the daughter of a wealthy farmer, distinguished for his hospitality and kindness. Apelles would have been proud to place such a face upon his glowing canvass, and Aspasia might have died broken-hearted if Pericles had caught a glimpse of her. She is a being to worship, and many have knelt in admiration at her shrine, and offered up incense there; but she is still free as the zephyr that waits upon her footstep.

Near her is a gay and beauteous being just bursting on the wing of eighteen. She is an old acquaintance of mine, and is lovely beyond her sex in the accomplishments of her mind.

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Bright as a star, where only one
Is shining in the sky!"

The next lady with such bright black eyes and hair darker than raven's wing, was but yesterday, seemingly, a school girl, and is just passing into womanhood. a fair flower whose leaves are just unfolding their beauty to the light. The grace of her mein the beauty of her ærial form and the loveliness of her countenance have brought many a willing captive to her feet.

Her *vis a vis* is her cousin, and the gayest, blithest, happiest creature on earth. Melancholy hides her head whenever she approaches, and flies from her presence as the storm cloud disappears before the rainbow. She casts a radiance, warm, joyous, and extatic, over a large circle of friends, and is an honor and an ornament to her sex. Gay, witty, and graced with every accomplishment that can render her irresistible she moves in society, beloved and admired by all who are so happy as to be blessed with her acquaintance.

The dance being over a promenade was proposed, and I could not help smiling at the total want of *harmony* in the selection of the *compagnon de promenade!* Surely good taste forbids a Lilliputian gentleman and an Amazonian lady being thus associated; and so *e converso*. And, moreover, as the tall lady and the little gentleman cannot easily adapt the length of their respective paces to each other, some additional violence is done to harmony, which greatly mars the beauty of the scene. To my mind even such small matters enter into the constitution of a truly refined society, and yet how unfrequently are they attended to.—In selecting a partner for a promenade, a gentleman has no reference to a similiarity of feeling or sentiment which would ensure him an agreeable walk; but takes the first he meets without regard to either size or sentiment. Such was unfortunately the case with the gentleman next to myself in the promenade. He was the most diminutive in the whole assemblage. and his partner a widow "fat, fair and forty." She had plenty of loquacity to render her agreeable to a taciturn gentleman, and her *compagnon* talked away as if his life depended upon the number of words his lungs expectorated. His conversation was of the most versatile and discursive character imaginable. At one moment it was trite and uninteresting, and perhaps the next he was soaring mid-heaven; and taken a still higher flight would array himself in the terrors of the rainbow, and before the enchanted widow at his side had time to collect her scattered thoughts, he had fallen "over his daddy's wood-pile," and was relating some trifling occurrence of the day. Take the following as an example: "This is indeed a delicious evening—the southern breeze wafts by, freighted with the richest perfume—the moon is high careering 'mid the azure heavens—one by one the stars have risen, like vessels on the convex bosom of the deep—good heavens! what a night it would be for—*catching 'possums!*"

As I always do things *a la mode*, I sought a companion for the promenade in whose bosom my sentiments would find an answering echo. She generally keeps the "nice young men" at a respectable distance by her flashing wit and pointed satire, and some have intimated that she is destined to a life of celebacy on account of her cold and dignified manners. All admit that she is beautiful, and yet her beauty cannot be defined. It has that "strangeness" which Lord Bacon says no picture can express; but in spite of old Venelam's allegation, I shall attempt it, convinced nevertheless that nothing but the pen of an angel, dipped in the brightest hues of heaven. could do justice to the portrait. Sure never breathing creature was more fair. There is a grace and lightness in her sylph-like form that distinguishes it amongst a thousand, and her countenance combines all our ideas of the pleasing, the brilliant, and the majestic. That pale, high forehead so wondrous clear that you can almost see her "angel thought" sporting in that "glorious dome of genius," ere they spring forth into life and beauty: those dark brown tresses floating unconfined and beautiful upon it, save where they are bound by a sparkling jewel, like the midnight sky with a single star glittering from its far depths: that regular and delicate eye brow overreaching a bright hazel eye, which wanders from earth to heaven as if it wondered how it happened to drop from the skies; that cheek upon which the rose and the lilly seem contending for supremacy, and each in its turn triumphing: the nose so perfect in its Roman precision of outline, the well proportioned mouth so beautifully and sweetly formed, and so completely invested with the very soul of high and mighty witchery, no wonder it is worshipped as a fit portal for the "many winged" and bright thoughts that flow uninteruptedly from the fount of intellect; all these will give you but a faint idea, a mere inkling, of the surpassing loveliness of the accomplished Miss J——.

It is almost unnecessary to add that I was delighted with my companion. Without exception I think she has the best disciplined mind I ever knew to be possessed by a girl of sixteen. Her wit is keen as a rapier. Mr. E——. a *petit maitre*, who has a much better opinion of himself than any body else, and who takes occasion when an opportunity offers, of displaying his wit, remarked to her during our promenade, that she "looked sorter smiling this evening." "What did you say, sir," she inquired. He then repeated his observation, to which she replied that she "then understood the force of his remark, and admired the intensity of intellect that suggested it."

Her conversation, like the rising of an Italian sun, always enchanting, never the same, wrapt my listening ear, and when the promenade closed, I awoke as from a delicious dream. I have seen her seldom since, but her image is constantly before me, linked with a thousand memories that neither time nor distance can eradicate. She is destined to fill no ordinary part in the great drama of life, and may happiness and contentment ever attend her ray-strewn path.

Having devoted thus much of my time to the young, I concluded to pay a visit to the married portion of the assemblage, and accordingly repaired to that part of the hall occupied by the staid matrons. I unequivocally condemn the practice so prevalent among the young men of neglecting married ladies upon such occasions, as if they were there as mere spectators, entitled to none of the attentions, and to no share in the amusements of the evening. No where do I enjoy myself more than among them, and if their matronly dignity does operate as a check upon their freedom, they should recollect that ease may, by long usage, degenerate into vulgarity.

They were indeed a dignified assembly, and would have done honor to Rome in her proudest days. In the very centre of the group sat Mrs. B——, endeavoring to quiet her dear little darling, her two neighbors looking as sour as though they had supped on pickles. Yet she continued her assiduities to her little cherub, who was squealing all the notes of the gamut. "There, there, Billy, dont cry, my sugar, your mother loves you—ah, that she does. Old black man shant catch Billy, go away black man, you shant have Billy; he's a good boy, and wont cry any more. Is you afraid my darling—hush sweet, nothing shall hurt you, no, mother loves her Billy, and wont let any body hurt him." "Oh, Mrs. B. do send your child home," exclaimed Mrs. C—., who by this time was considerable out of temper. "I am glad I have none, for I think I should lose all love for such squalling brats." This unkind remark sorely mortified Mrs. B., and thinking the occasion an unfit one for me to witness I withdrew, and commenced musing over the remark which had escaped Mrs. C——.

"If she had a child she should cease to love it." Impossible, thought I. The tie which binds mother to child is too holy to be thus rudely severed, I never knew a mother's tender care, but it seems to me if there ever was a being on earth that deserved my respect, my esteem, my warmest love, it was my mother. A mother's whole soul is turned to the welfare of her children. For them she passes many a sleepless night, awaiting their return from their various pastimes and recreations, or waiting over them while languishing in sickness; for them she rises at the dawn, and endures the fatigues of the day without a murmur; for them she often is elated with the most joyful sensations, and anon for them she sinks in sorrow and gloomy care! Those very feelings of the mother which men call feminine weakness, act upon the incipient intellect like the volatile oils and the rainbow colors of the blossom on the embryo fruit distilling and refining the dews of heaven, and reflecting and softening the rays of light, until it swells into strength and vigor, to be matured by the redundant showers of summer, and ripened in the powerful beams of the sun. The stern philosophy of the father smiles at the sleepless vigilance and thrilling anxiety with which the mother watches the sleeping infant, and her distracted wildness when its tottering footsteps carry it beyond her sight; yet the actions of the mother under these circumstances make an impression on the infant mind never to be erased, by time, or change, or circumstances; and by an association of ideas, too mysterious to be explained, but two palpable to be denied, the moral lessons inculcated under these circumstances can neven be forgotten: and many a heartless rake has been reformed, and reckless renegade reclaimed by the recollection of a mother's precepts, after she had gone to her grave. No, a mother never forsakes her child. Dark and terrible as may have been his career, even though his hands have shed blood sufficient "the multidudinous seas to incarnadine," yet the mother clings to him to the last, supported by the hope that some of the lessons inculcated in his childhood, may yet reclaim him from guilt, and its death-distilling shade. This powerful influence is happily illustrated in one of those speeches of John Randolph, in which that eccentric orator was wont to wander over the whole universe. In denouncing a certain quality of atheists for the mischief they had done, "Once said he, "they had well nigh robbed me of my religion; but when the last spark was nearly extinguished, I remembered that when a child, my good old mother called me to her side, and taught me to say 'Our Father who art in heaven."

The party ended, the company separated to calm their thoughts in the "honey heavy dew of slumber," and dream of conquests gained and prospects blighted, while he who had mingled unseen in the multitude sought his garret to prepare this sketch. Some will say, "a fool for his pains" The widow would say he "had better have been wraft in the arms of *Murphy!*"

ALL EXPLAINED.—It has for sometime puzzled many old-fashion, straight-forward thinking folks, how it is that rogues in rags are visited with so much more severity than rogues in ruffles, but the Philadelphia Ledger thus explains the whole matter:—"We have at last ascertained the cause why it is that the crimes of the poor are visited with more rigor and severity than those of the rich and opulent. The poor fellow who steals but a pair of boots or a loaf of bread, must be taken care of for two or three years, otherwise he might bother the court again on similar charges; but the man who steals by thousands, steals enough to last him life, and will therefore never afterwards bother Justice—consequently he is let off leniently on account of his tact."

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