The Cambridge Chronicle.

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

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TERMS.

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THE MUSES' BOWER.

A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

BY SIR HENRY WOTTON.

"Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles!
Farewell, ye honored rags, ye glorious bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo—gold, pure clay—
Honor, the darling but of one short day—
Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damask'd skin—
State, but a golden prison to live in
And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins,
And blood allied to greatness is alone
Inherited, nor purchased, nor our own.
Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

'I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill,
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder stroke;
I would be rich, but see men too unkind
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind,
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected whilst the ass goes free;
I would be fair. but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud;
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorned, if poor;
Great, feared; fair, tempted; high, still envied more:
I have wished all but now I wish for neither,
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair; poor I'll be rather.

"Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauty's queen entitle me the fair,
Fame speak me fortune's minion; could I vie
Angels* with India, with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bowed knees, strike justice dumb
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs; be called 'great master'
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives,
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign
Than ever fortune would have made them mine;
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure!

"Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves!
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves!
Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A prayer-book, now, shall be my looking glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears,
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn to affect a holy melancholy:
And if contentment be a stranger then
I'll ne'er look for it, but in Heaven again."

*An angel is a piece of coin, value ten shillings.—The words, to 'vie angels,' are a metonomy, and signify, to compare wealth.

[Shakspeare perpetrates one of his bad puns from the name of this coin, when he makes Sir John give, as a reason for admiring Mrs. Ford:

"FAL.—Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.'—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

From the Knickerbocker.

NIGHT.

The night, robed in a glow of beauty, comes
From the dim west, sprinkling th' effulgent stars
Upon the face of heaven. The noisy hum
Of labor dieth into silence, and the wind,
Fresh from its home of clouds, thro' the fair grove
Speaks with a spirit voice!

The light winged bird
Hath poured its last sweet carol to the day,
Its song is heard no more! The wavy hills
And forests, and the plains, sleep in a glow
Of silvery brightness, while the toiling herd
Rest in their fitful slumber; and o'er man
Falls like a spirit-robe a calm repose;
And hut and palace, with their rags and gold,
The beggar and the lordling, are alike
Wrapped in a deep forgetfulness, while come
To each, unlike the blessing of the day,
Fair hopes in fairy visions, and instil
Their glowings words of promise, but with tongues
As noiseless as bright moonbeams wandering o'er
The fragments of old halls and temples, till
The sadness of reality hath changed to joy,
And sorrow is a pleasure!

Then, too, upon
The restless come the rushing spirit-bands
Of long gone days, and from the cloudy past
Flies shooting upward the pale weeping star
Of a lost hope; until a life intense
With beings from the trinity of worlds—
The past, the present, and the future—fills
The soul with an unearthly sadness!

Dark mother of the universe! Thou wert
Ere the round world and all the starry hosts
Burst smiling into loveliness and light,
And fill'd the boundless heavens with harmony;
And shall be yet again, when chaos strikes
With a strong arm the glory and the fame
Of time into a shivering wreck! To thee
I cry! Here in the silence of thy noon,
I pour my heart to thee! The calms, and storms,
And whirlwinds of my life are thine, and they
Claim kindred with thee, for like thee they are
Eternal, and do shun the sickening glare
Of light, and hum and press of men

O life!
In infancy; spring bashfully to being
Thy tender flowers, which like rose bushes, bend
Beneath a weight of sweetness; and they shoot
On high with buds of promise richly laden,
And grow into our hearts. A little while,
And come the storms and whirlwinds fierce,
And wring the blossoms from the naked stem,
And bear them on to darkness!

Such is man's fate,
And such, alas! is mine.

Curious Ancient Coin, or Medal.—Captain Peter Vandenstine, of the fourth district city watch, has shown us a curious ancient coin, or rather, most probably, medal, recently ploughed up by a friend of his in the neighborhood of Hackensack. On one side is represented an effigy of a royal personage, robed, and wearing a crown, with the Hebrew name of the Deity above, holding a sword in one hand, and a crucifix in the other. The figure stands in front of a shield, quartered in one quarter of which are a key and sceptre, crossed. The other characters are too much effaced to be made out. The inscription encircling the figures is "*Carolis IX. D. G. Svecor Gother Vandalor—Rex.*" On the reverse is a figure of the Saviour, holding a globe in the left hand, surmounted with a crucifix, while the right hand is pointing to the skies. The inscription around this figure is this: "*Salatium meum Jehovah, Saltivator mundi Salva Nos.*" The date is 1610. The rim of the coin is twisted. It is apparently Swedish; and it was probably brought hither by one of the early Swedish settlers of Pennsylvania or New Jersey—one of those against whom the valliant Peter Stuyvesant did glorious war in behalf of the rights of New Amsterdam.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

From the U. S. Saturday Post.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

The Temperance meeting announced in this paper last week to take place at the Chinese Museum, for the benefit of the poor of North Mulberry Ward, was a crowded one; as the reader will judge, when we tell him that the nett receipts, after deducting expenses, exceeded $150. The price of admission was only ten cents. We trust the other wards will follow the example, and thus at the same time assist the poor, and aid in removing one great cause of poverty.

We have not space to give a detailed account of the very interesting exercises, but must give one portion. To do this, it is necessary to go back a little. The Ledger recently gave an account of an incident which occurred a few weeks ago, at a meeting of the Delavan Temperance Society.—"While Mr. Chambers was speaking, a man who had been occupying a seat in a distant part of the room, arose with a little boy in his arms, scarce six years old, and came forward to the speaker's stand; all gave way for him. He placed his child on the stand. and while the tears were running fast down his cheeks, with his trembling accents addressed the speakers. 'My little boy said to me, 'Father, don't drink any more!' Gentlemen, I have taken my last drink!' The effect produced upon the audience beggars all description." This paragraph fell under the eye of a gentleman in Washington, who wrote for the Intelligencer the following simple and touching verses, as suggested by the incident:

Dear Father! 'drink no more,' I pray,
It makes you look so sad;
Come home and 'drink no more,' I say,
'Twill make dear mother *glad.*

Dear Father! think how sick you've been,
What aches and pains you've had!
Oh 'drink no more,' unless you mean
To drive dear mother mad.

Dear Father! think me not unkind
When I entreat you so;
Oh 'drink no more,' and then you'll find
A home where'er you go.

Dear Father! think of mother's tears,
How oft and sad they flow!
Oh! 'drink no more,' then will her fears
No longer rack her so.

Dear Father! think what would become
Of *me*, were you to die;
Without a father, friend, or home,
Oh! what to do should I?

Dear Father! do not turn away,
Nor from me think to roam,
Oh! 'drink no more,' by night or day;
Now come—let us go home.

Dear Father! 'drink no more,' I pray,
It makes you look so sad;
Come home, and 'drink no more,' I say,
'Twill make that home so *glad!*

Thus spake in tenderness the child—
The drunkard's heart was moved;
He signed the pledge! he wept! he smiled!
And kiss'd the boy he loved!

That father—bearing the aspect of a man redeemed and disenthralled—and that son, the modest but joyous looking instrument of his father's reformation and the happiness at home, were upon the platform. They were introduced to the audience by the Rev. Mr. Chambers, and Mr. Rutherford then sung the verses with fine effect. We need not say that this was one of the most delightful incidents of the evening.

THE BEECH TREE has always escaped the effects of atmosphere electricity.—This fact, says a writer in the Cultivator, has been noticed for more than a hundred years, both in Europe and this country, and improvement might and ought to be made of it by planting and rearing beeches near and around the dwelling houses and barns of our farmers for the immunity of cattle as well as human beings from the violence of lightning. Let a *beech* grove, as easy to rear as a plantation of *butternuts* accompany every inhabited spot, and let solitary beech trees arise here and there over every farm and plantation. How often do we read of some flock of sheep, some two or three horses or cattle, or men being killed by lightning, who had taken shelter under some oak, maple or hickory tree! And yet few farmers suffer a beech tree to stand, notwithstanding it is as shady and ornamental as the maple. "Woodman spare that tree."

"LOOK AT HOME."—This appropriate admonition we quote from a Sermon recently delivered at a Friends' Meeting in Washington city, by a female member of the Society—an interesting sketch of which will be found in another part of our paper, furnished by our correspondent 'Thaddeus.'

'Look at Home!' How full of meaning are these three words; and what a wonderful change would they effect in society if properly regarded. They may be usefully applied either to national or to domestic affairs. In national concerns, to 'look at home' is indispensible, if we would promote the natoinal prosperity and advance individual welfare. It is our first duty to adopt such measures as will give to labor its just reward, and render the country truly independent of others. But we are too apt to forget this duty, and to look abroad for that which could be more advantageously obtained at home. Do those 'look at home' who wish to make our country dependent upon foreign manufactures, and to drive our mechanics and manufacturers from their workshops into the fields? No—their feelings and affections are abroad, and their eyes take the direction of their hearts.

In individual affairs, how few 'look at home?' We are all ready enough to discover and expose the errors of our neighbors; and to condemn acts in them which we every day perpetrate ourselves. If we pray at all, how seldom is it that we ask in sincerity for the forgiveness of our enemies? Do we not rather adopt the Pharasaical language, 'Lord, I thank thee that I am not like other men?' We are taught that charity is superior to all other virtues, and yet it is generally the least practised. Why is this? Simply because we do not 'look at home.' If, when about to condemn a neighbor either for his religious principles or for his conduct, we were to pause and 'look at home'—examine the motive for the censure about to be uttered, how often would our mouths be closed in silence? But we forbear to practice this self-examination, and take credit to ourselves for liberality at the moment that we are exhibiting the total want of it. This is more particularly the case in regard to differences in religious opinions. We adopt sentiments which we honestly believe, but will not tolerate like liberty in others. Our anger is excited because we cannot compel our neighbor to say his prayers after the formula which we have prescribed: and this we call Christianity, although it violates one of the fundamental principles of that religion—to 'judge not lest we be judged.' In political concerns the same spirit prevails. We adopt a political creed, which we endeavor to force upon others, or punish them for being refractory; and yet we violate it ourselves whenever the interests of party require it.—We are guilty of the inconsistency of claiming rights for ourselves which we deny to others—and thus political intolerance and persecution are introduced.—We should act differently were we in all cases to obey the injunction of the female preacher, and 'look at home.' It would teach us to ask of ourselves the important question, whether our conduct towards others is such as we would like them to practice towards ourselves? It would instruct us to search our hearts to see whether we are so guiltless as to be entitled to 'throw the first stone.'

But the preacher used the expression 'look at home' in reference to the efforts to convert the Heathen through the agency of missionaries—and even here we agree with her that it is our duty to 'look at home'—not that we would have the efforts of missionaries relaxed; but that we may be careful that, in extending our labors to Christianize the Heathen abroad, we are not neglectful of the means necessary to prevent our becoming Heathens at home. A wide field for exertion is certainly open in our midst.—Crime, immorality and vice, of every description, exist to a great extent in our own country, and call loudly for the reforming hand. We instruct the savage how to obtain a livelihood by honest labor, and raise our own offspring in principles which teach them to despise it. We teach the Indian to abandon the precarious chase as a means of support, but direct our children to rely on the still more hazardous chances of speculation. So far as their interests and our own happiness are concerned, we most wofully neglect to 'look at home' in these matters.

Ladies, above all others, should be careful to 'look at home,' for that is to be the scene of their happiness or discomfort. When we see a girl or married woman constantly parading the streets, we are inclined to ask if she had not better 'look at home.' In short, home is the centre around which our affections should be entwined—for those who perpetually 'look at home,' will have neither time nor inclination to cast their eyes abroad, to spy out the faults of others.

[*Baltimore Ocean.*

From the Baltimore Ocean.

STATE OF PARTIES.

The schism between the whig party and the president, it was supposed by many, would produce a thorough union between the latter and the democratic party. Every movement by the president and the presses in his interest shewed such to be the intention on their part, and all the removals and appointments had the same direction. It soon became evident to them that unless such union could be produced, Mr. Tyler would have no chance of being re-elected; and hence they claimed to be democrats *par excellence*, who should even take precedence of those of longer standing in the democratic party. In the recent elections this claim was not resisted, and the president and his friends flattered themselves that, having contributed by their votes and influence to the success of the party, they had been admitted into full communion and had gained their point; but to their surprise and mortification they now find that, although used, they have never been trusted. This is precisely the result which we long ago predicted, and which any man of common sense might have foreseen. We are glad that the event has justified what we said because it shews that some regard is still paid to mortality in politics. It will teach a wholesome lesson to those weather-cock politicians, who unite themselves to parties more from selfish motives than from principles, and betray those who trust them whenever it may subserve their interests.

It is now distinctly understood that the president cannot, under any circumstances, be received into the confidence of the democratic party—and, as a necessary consequence, his hopes of being re-nominated for the presidency are blighted. It may then be said, that there are three distinct political parties, viz: the democratic. whig and Tyler parties. In the coming conflict the latter may occupy the position of Parthians, and be ready to throw their influence on whichever side they can make the most profit. The New York Herald thinks that this party will hold the balance of power, and can thus determine the contest at pleasure. We hold no such opinion. In numerical strength it is too insignificant to be of much importance; and in moral and political influence it can exercise no control. The "high-blown hopes' of Mr. Tyler are doomed to disappointment, not only in the matter of re-election, but in carrying with him such a party will enable him to select his successor. The Globe has opened his eyes to his real condition, and left him destitute of the consolation of having rendered himself acceptable to the democratic party. The Globe has only given utterance to sentiments which were entertained, though not perhaps, openly expressed, by a large majority of the democratic party.

Although not partizans, we have deemed it not amiss to inform our readers of the true position of parties. And in doing this we have added the reiteration of opinions long since expressed.

Interesting to Farmers.—Messrs. John Gouliart ane George H. Buckley, have advertised the public that they have discovered means whereby as much compost for enriching poor, and renewing exhausted lands, can be made in the short space of twenty-five or thirty days, as any farmer may desire. They say their preparation is simple and easy, that every farmer adopting it is certain of success, and that the ingredients for decomposing the vegetable or other matter of which the compost is to be made, will cost only four dollars for every one thousand cart loads. Certificates from highly respectable gentlemen in Prince George's county, who were witnesses to experiments made there, completely establish the utility of the discovery. On the 6th day of June last, Mr. Goulart constructed on the farm of Mr. George B. Calvert, near Bladensburg, a pile composed of "small brush, briars, green and dry weeds, tobacco stalks, corn cobs, corn stalks, leaves from the woods, dry straw and saw dust," which was opened on the fourth day of July ensuing in the presence of eleven other gentlemen, who certify that they 'examined the same, and found the mass decomposed and converted into a manure of apparently a very strong and valuable kind.' The change from litter to compost, it will be seen, was effected in the brief space of 28 days.

The discovery is really an important one, and the man who will not improve his lands at the cheap rate the advertisers hold out, deserves to make short crops. Should any of our friends in this county try Messrs. Goliart and Buckley's "Method," we will be thankful if they will communicate their opinion of it to us. The inventors are at this time in Baltimore, and have formed a bank of materials at No. 20, Eutaw Street, where persons wishing information on the subject can obtain it.

SCANDALUM MAGNATUM.—There is a notable piece of gossip running through some of the English papers, which may or may not be true, but is worthy of notice at all events, as a specimen of the little shelter afforded even by the highest rank in England, against the prying impertinence or the reckless invectiveness of that press which Mr. Dickens considers so high-toned, so decorous and amiable, in comparison with that of our barbarous country.

The story is in brief that an English Prince and the daughter of an English Duke have loved, not wisely but too well; and that, as the consequences of their imprudent passion cannot much longer be concealed, the father of the lady has become urgent for a marriage, for which, however, the consent of the Queen is indispensible, the Prince being of Royal blood and in the possible line of succession to the throne. Her majesty, it is added, has an insuperable repugnance to the possibility of a female subject ever becoming Queen of England, and obstinately withholds her consent; whereby there is great tribulation among all the parties.

The Prince referred to must be Prince George of Cambridge, son of the Duke of that name and cousin to the Queen. To the lady's identification no other clue is given than the fact that the Duke her father claims consanguinity with the Royal family, by descent in the female line.

Now there are six English Dukes who can make this claim—Buckingham, Devonshire, Rutland, Sutherland, Northumberland and Portland—all of whom are descendants from Frances, Dutchess of Suffolk, who was the daughter of Princess Mary, daughter of Henry the Seventh. The Duke of Devonshire has no daughter—or no right to have any, having never married; the Duke of Rutland has but one unmarried daughter, and she is thirty-two years old; the Duke of Sutherland has four, the eldest of whom is eighteen and the youngest eight; the Duke of Northumberland has none; the Duke of Portland has two, the eldest of whom is forty four, and the youngest thirty two: the Duke of Buckingham has one, aged twenty two. We must leave our readers to guess which is *the* lady among these eight.—N. Y. Com.

A very good story is told in the Picayune, of a woman out west, who had suspected her husband for visiting a neighbor's wife. The absence of the husband one night induced her to suspect where he had gone; she doffed shawl and bonnet to reconnoitre, and placing herself at the window, had all her horrible fears realized by seeing, thro' an imperfect blind, her husband go to her hated rival's dormitory, having placed his clothes on a chair near the window. Her plan of revenge was soon formed. She managed to seize his wardrobe, and pushed for home, bearing gloriously the evidence of his disloyalty. Entering her own bed room, she locked the door, and in a sleepless bed waited her lord's return, who soon approached, and finding the door locked, demanded entrance. No answer was designed by the wronged and enraged wife. "D—n it," said he, "my wife is honest, she can't have any body here," and with a a kick of his foot opened a way to his wife's presence.

On the appearance of lights, what was her surprise to find him with all his clothes on!

What was his, to find a man's clothes on a chair in the room, and the window hoisted! * * * We don't know all that passed, we only hear that the clothes she had carried away belonged to the husband of her suspected rival; the whole truth of which being brought to light, reconciled man and wife. We say nothing about the wives.

An African's idea of the creation of Man.—King Yardoo, of the Gonlah country, during the recent palaver with one of the Liberia missionaries, gave him the following account of the manner in which God made man:

"First he came down in the morning, and worked all day long making white men in America, and gave them plenty of good sense. Then he came along in the dark, about midnight, and made we countryman all black, and because he wanted to get home before breakfast, he never waited to give us any sense at all, but told us to make war, raise rice and cassada, eat dumboy and pepper, and that is all.'

Very Funny.—It is said the ladies of an uncertain age in New Orleans are about to form a Mutual Benefit or Get-husband-if you-can Society. The Picayune styles it the Beautanical Society.

THE SLAVE LATIMER. This person, who has created so much excitement in Boston, has been discharged from custody—his friends, the abolitionists, having raised the sum of $800, which they paid to the claimant, Mr. Gray, who is satisfied, and Latimer is now at liberty.

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