The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

THE MECHANIC'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Now wife and children let's be gay;
My work is done, and here's the pay—
'Twas hard to earn, but never mind it;
Hope rear'd the sheaf, and peace shall bind it.

Six days I've toil'd, and now we meet
To share the welcome weekly treat,
Of toast and tea, of rest and joy,
Which, gained by labor, cannot cloy.

Come ye, who from my dear fireside—
My care my comfort, and my pride;
Come now, let us close the night,
In harmless talk, and found delight.

To morrow's dawn brings blessing, peace,
And each domestic joys increase
To him who honestly maintains
That course of Life which heaven ordains.

For this and every blessing, given,
Thankful, we'll bow the knee to heaven;
In God's own house, our voices raise,
With grateful notes of prayer and praise.

Sweet's the tranquility of heart,
Which public worship doth impart,
And sweet's the field, and sweet's the road
To him whose conscience bears no load.

Thus shall the day, as God design,
Promote my health, improve my mind;
On Monday morning, free from pain,
Cheerful I'll go to work again.

Our life is but a long hened week,
Through which with toil for rest we seek;
And he whose labor well is past,
A joyful Sabbath finds at last.

From Arthur's Ladies' Magazine.

THE FADING LEAVES.

BY MARY HEMPLE.

A young child stood in a shadowy wood,
And her eyes were dim with tears,
And a shade was resting sadly there,
Too deep for her tender years:
Yet she knew not why—she knew not why,
For heart like a happy bird,
Came quickly—joyously leaping up,
Whenever the boughs were stir'd.

The sky was clear, but the leaves were sere,
And the young child watched them fall,
And she saw how the tallest, proudest trees,
were stripped the first of all:
Then with lips apart, to her own pure heart,
She said what their fading taught,
For even the leaves in the silent woods,
Are all with lessons fraught.

"I am fair and young—I am gay and strong,
But so was this noble tree,
Yet the breath of winter has withered that,
And winter may come to me:
But my father who gave to this tree its bloom,
And covers the dasied sod;
Will bring back spring—for them—for me,
If I love and worship God."

Oh! even a child may read aright
The pages opened there;
For the spirit of love—that dwells in light,
Is reigning everywhere.

From Arthur's Ladies' Magazine.

THE WOODS.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

The woods, the woods—the dark green woods
How beautiful they stand!
Waving their leafy banners high,
The glory of our land,—
Home of the feathered minstrels sweet,
Whose songs, at morn and even,
Thrill thro' the dark iles all unseen,
Like angel notes from heaven—
Majestic as an army brave,
They stand in Phalanx deep,
Embattled for the coming storm,
Their stately watch they keep.
The woods, the woods—the stately woods
In gloomy grandeur, proud,
They lift their towering heads, and speak
Defiance to the cloud!
The woods, the woods—the noble woods,
Those temples reared by God,
Their rich, cathedral columns, rise
Majestic from the sod—
The woods, the woods—the solemn woods,
For contemplation made,
Oh, when the burning sun is high,
How grateful is their shade!
And when bright Autum's fingers touch
Their changing garments fair,
Ye could imagine fairy hands
Had wrought such wonders there!
They shame the robes of mighty kings—
All gorgeous hues are here,
Lovely, in death, the forests stand
And, their rich banners rear;
An emblem they of mortal man,
When the last pang is past,
We shall come forth, in light array'd
Immortal at the last!
The woods, the tall and living woods,
I love at evening hour,
To watch the blessed stars shine through,
Like eyes of Magic power.
The woods, the woods—the mighty woods—
The bulwarks of our land,
When armed with lightning, forth they ride
At liberty's command—
Bearing our starry flag on high,
To many a foreign shore,
Startling old ocean's solitude
With the dread cannon's roar.
The woods, the woods—the useful woods
By science taught they rise,
In many a pleasant home they stand,
A shelter from the skies.
The glosy of our homes they are,
The growth of ages past,
And ever may their stately sons,
Still battle with the blast!

For the Chronicle.

Gossipings Gay and Grave.

BY NESTOR.

DEAR READER:—With the advent of a new year I make my appearance before you, to congratulate you upon your continued good health and happiness, and fervently hope that the close of 1846 may find you all still enjoying the blessings which an all-wise and bounteous Providence so profusely showers upon his erring creatures. When we last communed together the verdant spring, decked in her brightest gems, and arrayed in her most gorgeous vesture, had driven hoary winter to his icy caverns, and led forth her sportive train to kindle a smile upon the face of nature.—The blushing rose—the *Mary* of flowers—had expanded beneath the genial rays of the resplendent god of day, and scented with its fragrance the vernal zephyrs which stooped to kiss it as they passed. Voluptuous summer, with all its display of golden loveliness and glory has faded before the withering breath of the Autumn blast, and its blooming apparel has long since assumed that variegated and gorgeous hue, which, like the hectic flush which fitfully crimsons the pallid cheek of consumption's victim, only indicates the accelerated progress of decay. In cold and gloomy grandeur have the frowning heralds of winter advanced.—Every vestige of vernal beauty has faded from their presence. Even the tears which sympathising heaven sheds upon the bosom of the earth, have become congealed and frozen beneath his blighting influence.—The flowers have faded—their leaves fallen—their fragrance scattered. Those delicate and beautiful things have been covered with a mantle of snow, and literally crushed to death in its icy folds. They offered no resistance—they knew their fate—and these dear emblems of innocence and purity and humility, that had smiled so sweetly in the sunshine, folded their petals and died. Beautiful flowers, farewell! Though ye be faded and gone, the moral ye teach is not forgotten, and will be cherished by them who loved ye while living. Ah, how vividly I remember the *last* that were presented to me. Under the fostering care of their guardian angel they had survived the summer's parching drought, and came to me on the last evening in August,—a simple gift with the heart's pure prayer. They are still preserved, dried and withered though they be, as the last sad memento of "hours that were." Yes, the glory of the summer is gone by—the beautiful greenness has become withered and dead. Were this all—were there no associations of moral desolation—of faded hopes—of hearts withering in the bosom of the living—connected with the decaying scenery around us, we would not indulge in a moment's melancholy. The season of flowers will come again—the streams will flow gracefully and lightly as before—the trees will again toss their cumbrous load of greenness to the sunlight—and, by mossy stone and winding rivulet, the young blossoms will start up, as at the bidding of their fairy guardians. But the human heart has no change like that of nature. It has no second spring-time. Once blighted in its hour of freshness, it wears forever the mark of the spoiler.—The dews of affection may fall, and the gentle rain of sympathy be lavished upon it—but the sore root of blighted feeling will never again waken into life—nor the crushed flowers of hope blossom with their wonted beauty.

Pardon us, gentle reader, for this very prolix and melancholy prelude, and with your consent we will now introduce you to gayer scenes. Although I cannot as yet claim to belong to that class of society known as the "*solids*," yet I confess that scenes of revelry and youthful amusement seem unsuited to one who though comparatively young in years, is old in sorrow; and I sometimes turn away with a sickened heart from those exhibitions of free unsaddened feeling, which, alas, I ne'er can know again. But who is there that does not attempt, however feebly, to arrest his progress towards old age, and who does not linger amid the scenes that drive the cares of life from his mind, and call up before the mirror of memory those happy times when the frosty ingratitude of the world had not seared his bosom—when the envenomed shaft of slander had not rankled in his heart, and he dreamed of no future that was not colored with the rosy tints of love. Returning, then, from this digression, let us direct your attention to that brilliantly lighted hall, where the old and the young, the gay and the grave, are mingled together to witness the union of two loving hearts. Surrounded by their friends and relatives they stand ready to consummate the hopes and wishes of long years of tried and devoted affection. Over the features of the groom as he stands in all the pride of manhood, the solemnity of the event has cast a slight shade of melancholy, while his beautiful bride, leaning in maiden trustfulness upon that rock against which life's future storms shall dash in vain, displays that beautiful union of female timidity and female confidence, so faithfully mirrored by her countenance, at one moment pale and white as Parian marble, and at the next covered with the most delicate blushes. Cold and unfeeling, indeed, must have been the heart that could have looked upon that scene and not breathe a prayer for their happiness and welfare. Well, the Gordian knot has been tied, the congratulations are over, and with your consent, gentle reader, we will glance at some of the other members of that "gay companie." Direct your attention to that lady seated by the side of the mirror, and see with what modest ease and grace she sustains herself in the conversation going on between her and the two gentlemen before her. Her features are of the finest classical cast—her brow the fit emblem of thought's high chosen throne, while the quick flashings of her bright blue eye diffuse an almost spiritual light over her features, and indicate the existence of no common genius within. She is dressed with studied simplicity, and there is in the economy of her person a neatness that must strike every observer with admiration. And what tends still farther to heighten her beauty, there sits upon those regular and classical features an expression of mild benignity that could be reflected by no other than a pure and gentle soul. No affected scorn, or haughty reserve ever curls that beautifully chisselled lip. She possesses a generous and noble heart—is tenderly careful of the feelings and comforts of others, nor do I believe that any thing could persuade her to give one moment's unnecessary pain to the humblest of God's creatures. I trust she may find life all sunshine and flowers—but I must own that I cannot divest myself of the apprehension that she is fated to more than ordinary trials—the fierce struggles between a just pride and woman's deep, unconquerable affection.

The lady on her left, with bright flaxen curls—but what means all that stir and commotion? Ah, they are wending their way to a cold collation, and, as the hour is late and there is but little probability of seeing that company again under as favorable circumstances, we will, patient reader, with your permission drop the curtain over the remaining scenes of the evening, and introduce you to a scene equally dazzling and beautiful.

It was indeed a gala evening at ———. Never before had been collected a gayer assemblage in those spacious halls. Never before did the same fair creatures look so bewitchingly beautiful. We noted carefully those who hitherto had passed unscathed amid beauty's brightest smiles, and who boast of being proof against the glances shot from beauty's eye, and we smiled at the poorly disguised interest they seemed to take in gazing upon the dazzling spectacle. Not for one moment could they divert their gaze, and we detected not a few lingering side glances cast by them at some of the beauties as they glided through the crowd. There sits the sunny-haired girl we were about to describe before, but were prevented by her exit. Look for one moment on her transparent brow—so white and clear that you may almost read her thoughts—and tell me if you do not see the strongest indications of a superior mind. Separately considered her features cannot be said to be regular and beautiful, but taken as a whole there is an indescribable something about her face that renders her both beautiful and interesting.—She is still quite young, and with ordinary application will attain a reputation for intelligence that will secure for her a more lasting respect than mere personal beauty can ever win.

"Have you noticed that girl who is now dancing? Is she not divinely beautiful?" Such was the remark that reached my ears from a widower just at my right, and directing my attention towards him I discovered he was feasting his gaze on Miss H. And well he might exclaim "she is divinely beautiful." A brighter, lovelier, sweeter face no mortal ever gazed upon. With a form cast in nature's finest mould—full of grace and poetry—she seems to float through the dance, while others are pitching and swaying to and fro, "like lubberly vessels in a seaway." Look upon that clear pure brow—those bright blue eyes full of feminine softness combined with quick intelligence—that mouth of exquisite sweatness—those pearly teeth, and cheeks where the rose's blush blends sweetly with the lily's hue—and then regard the bright and glowing whole, and tell me, ye despisers of beauty, if it does not stir the blood in your cold hearts to gaze upon one of the fairest of all God's creation.—Ah, Mr. ——— you may as well repress the fluttering of your heart—she never can be yours. For a long time she will be "fancy free," but in a short time less than five years her choice will have been made—the preliminaries settled, and we shall behold her too surrounded by her friends, and registering a vow in Heaven to love, honor and obey (?) the object of his heart's first and only love. She will have many admirers—some she will find it hard to get rid of—but amid all their flattery and adulation her heart will remain untouched. He who is destined to awaken the first delicious sensations of love in her bosom she has never seen, and will not see for three years—but when they do meet she will have no difficulty in solving this riddle. She will find him every way worthy of her affections, and will not fail to discover the existence of those harmonies between them that afford the surest guaranty of conjugal felicity. And surely she deserves the very brightest lot upon this terraqueous globe.—Her soul is purity itself, nor do I believe that in her heart there ever rose an unkind or ungenerous feeling. Full of noble and generous impulses—buoyant with hope and joy, may that heart never feel the crushing weight of care, or be palsied by the blighting effects of hopeless, or misplaced affection.

Behold that lady with tresses that would shame the raven's wing, eye-brows so beautifully arched, and eyes that reflect such deep, mysterious intelligence.—I love to gaze upon those full, lustrous eyes "in a fine phrensy rolling"—and to hear the low, silvery bird-like tones that escape from those beautiful lips. Her features are strongly defined and classical, and the predominance of the lily in her cheeks would justify us in believing that she not unfrequently trims the midnight lamp over her books. Her wit is as keen as a rapier, and many are the knights who have measured lances with her, and many are the victories emblazoned upon her shield. Such is Miss ———, every way qualified to shed a hallowed charm around the domestic circle, and worthy from her beauty, her intelligence, and the high toned principles which actuate her conduct to be the mate of the worthiest of the "sterner sex." She is sometimes accused of heartlessness and coquetry, but a closer acquaintance with her would convince those who prefer such accusations against her, that beneath the frigid exterior she sometimes assumes in self defence, there runs a current of deep, generous and ardent feeling. No one possessing her purity could be a coquette—her principles of action would never allow her to create expectations she intended to disappoint. It has ever seemed a mystery to me how any woman possessing the ordinary sensibilities of human nature could be a coquette. Possessing feelings far more refined than men—impulses of that tender and generous character that ever prompts them to take the lead in all charitable enterprises—to succor the distressed,—to sympathize with the unfortunate—to watch by the couch of sickness with an eye that never slumbers, and energies that never weary—how a being endowed with such noble and generous attributes can trifle with the soul's best affection, and calmly behold the iron pointed and envenomed with her coldness and disdain enter the soul of her victim, and hear unmoved the wail of agony wrenched from his stern heart by her unkindnesss, has always seemed strange and paradoxical to me. Woman, ye little know the power ye exercise over man, and I beseech you, in God's name, let it not be wielded to the destruction of his hopes and the embitterment of his happiness.

"Who is that dark eyed lady seated upon an ottoman who seems to be busy with her own thoughts, and whose countenance bears the traces of premature sorrow?" Such was the enquiry propounded to me by a foreigner at my side in reference to Miss *.*.*.*. "That lady," I replied," is the daughter of one of our wealthiest and most aristocratic citizens, and the unhappiness you observe so plainly stamped upon her countenance was caused by her own want of fidelity to the object of her heart's first and last affection.—She yielded to the impulses of an hereditary pride, and added falsehood to inconstancy in her effort to justify her fickleness. Her lover, a proud, sincere man, has abandoned her forever, and though he still loves her and will never love another, yet his pride will never allow him to compromise his independence by seeking a reconciliation." Yes, gentle reader, I have frequently conversed with him upon the subject, and I have almost wept at the recital of his sufferings.—Never can I forget his looks when I once advised him to forget her nor the reply he made—

"Can I forget the hand I took in mine,
Pale as pale violets; that eye, when mind
And matter met alike divine? Ah, no!
May God that moment judge me when I do!

Such was the fearful agony with which those words were uttered that I could never again oppose him in his determination to remain true to one who had wronged him so deeply. A short time since he gave me the subjoined verses addressed to the object of his affection, and as I am at liberty to use them, I think I cannot do better than to publish them for the benefit of those who have not yet proved by sad experience that

"The might and truth of hearts is never shown
But in loving those whom we ought not to love—
Or cannot have. The wrong, the suffering is
Its own reward."

LINES TO A LADY.

Lady—I love at eventide
When stars, as now, are on the wave,
To stray in loneliness, and muse
Upon the one dear form, that gave
Its sunlight to my boyhood. Oft
That same sweet look sinks still and soft
Upon my spirit—and appears
As lovely as in by-gone years.

Eve's low faint wind is breathing now
With deep and soul-like murmuring,
Through the far wood—and thy sweet words
Seem borne on its mysterious wing:—
And oft, mid musings sad and lone,
At night's deep noon, that thrilling tone
Swells in the wind, low, wild, and clear,
Like music in the dreaming ear.

It is a blessed picture, shrined
In memory's run. The wing of years
May dim it not—for there it glows
Unchanged by "weaknesses and tears."
Deep hidden in its still recess,
It beams with love and holiness,
O'er hours of being, dark and dull,
Till life seems almost beautiful.

The vision cannot fade away;—
'Tis in the stillness of my heart,
And o'er its brightness I have mused
In solitude. It is a part
Of my existence—a bright flower
Breathed on by heaven. Morn's earliest hour
That flower bedews—and its blue eye
At eve still rests upon the sky.

Lady—like thine my visions cling
To the dear shrine of buried years!
The past! the past! it is too bright,
Too beautiful for tears!—
We have been blest!—though life is made
A tear, a silence and a shade,
And years have left the vacant breast
To loneliness—we *have been* blest.

Those still, those soft, those summer eyes,—
When by our favorite stream we stood,
And watched our mingling shadows there,
Soft-pictured in the deep blue flood—
Seemed one enchantment!—oh we felt
As there at love's pure shrine we knelt,
That life was sweet, and all its hours
A glorious dream of love and flowers.

Those scenes yet live. Our hopes went by
Like sounds upon the unbroken sea,
Yet memory wins the spirit back
To deep undying melody:—
And still around her early shrine
Fresh flowers their dewy chaplets twine,
Young love his brightest garland wreathes
And Eden's richest incense breathes.

Our hopes are flown—yet parted hours
Still in the depth of memory lie,
Like night-gems in the silent blue
Of summer's deep and brilliant sky;
And love's bright flashes sum again
To fall upon the glowing chain
Of our existence! Can it be
That all is but a mockery!

Lady adieu!—To other scenes
I go for joy, and hope, and thee,
A weed on time's dark waters thrown,
A wreck on life's wild heaving sea:—
I go—but oh!—the past!—the past!—
Its spell is o'er my being cast!
And still to love's remembered eves,
With all but hope my spirit cleaves!

The coming years—their shadows sweep
Like clouds o'er being's weltering flood,—
And life will be, as it has been,
A mingled cup of fire and blood!—
I cannot pause—I may not rest—
Chill is the life blood in my breast—
And beauty sheds its parting gleam
On desolation's lonely stream.

Lady adieu!—my farewell words
Are on my lyre—and their wild flow
Is faintly dying on the chords
Broken and tuneless. Be it so!
Thy name—oh! it may never swell
My strain again—yet long 'twill dwell
Shrined in my heart—unbreathed—unspoken,
A treasured word— a cherished token.

And here we conclude our gossip. I must ask your indulgence, kind reader, for these crude and desultory sketches. They have been written in conformity with a promise long since made to a lady—written amid the interruptions of business engagements, and in such haste and carelessness that the sheets have been sent to the printer without a second reading.

"Be to their faults a little blind,
Be to their virtues very kind."

Children under eight years of age should not usually be confined to the school room more than one hour at a time, nor more than four in a day.

These hours should afford considerable diversity of employments, so as to enable the child to change his posture frequently, and to be more or less upon his feet; and, also, to change the subject of thought, so that the mind shall not be occupied by one subject too long or too intensely.

Intensity should be carefully avoided; it leads directly to disease of the brain, which often probably *arises* from this cause. Precocity is generally the result of a morbid condition of his organ, either *functional* or *organic*; *the former* may generally be cured by timely attention; the *latter* exhibits itself in epilepsy' instanity, or an imbecility of mind, or proves fatal, by the occurence of inflamation or convulsions.

If a child exhibits any symptoms of brecocity, it should be taken immediately from books, and be permitted to ramble and play in the open air, or engaged in manual labor and such amusements as will give rest to the mind, and health and vigor to the body.

The recess at school, for children of eight years and under, should be long, the play active and even noisy, (for the lungs acquire strength by exercise, as well as the muscles;) every child should be required to unite in the sports of play-time.

Fifteen minutes are a short time for recess; half an hour is better, particularly in summer.

During the recess, the school room should be thrown open in warm weather, and the windows be propped a little way in cold weather so as throughly to ventilate the apartments. We have hardly learned yet that pure air is equally as important to health and life as good nourishment and pure water.

In school regulations, regard is usually had to mental and moral improvement only. We forget that we have bodies, the preservation and training of which are not less necessary to the young, than the acquisition of knowledge. Without health we can have little enjoyment. With it, we can learn all that is necessary, with ease, if we are not in too great haste. No limit is given to the age in which the rigorous and healthy may acquire useful knowledge.

It is of little use to make great acquirements, if, in doing so, we sow the seeds of disease which will destroy the happiness and usefulness of life—*Worcester, Mass.*

ANECDOTE OF ROYALTY.—*Wife, vs The Queen.*—Jalin, a writer for the Paris Journal des Debats, tells the following little story·

While her Majesty and the Prince were in Germany, one day they had a little skirmish—"born of excessive love and bad weather"—and the Prince shut himself in his own apartment. In half an hour afterwards the Queen went and tapped smartly at the door.

"Who is there?" inquired the Prince.

"The Queen," was the brief reply.

No answer from within. Shortly afterwards her Majesty gave rather a gentler tap at the door.

"Who is there?"

The Queen," was the reply, but in a softended tone.

No answer. A third, but a very gentle tap was given.

"Who is there?" in most musical and affectionate tones.

The reply given was, "It is Victoria—Albert!"

The door flew open, and the fond couple were locked in each other's arms instantaneously.

Height of Moonshine.—Sam Slick says that "to talk bout a person having the power to weep on all occasions, is the height of moonshine. I'd like to see a man undertake to cry, with a pretty girl beside him—pocket full of cash—no corns on his toes—and plenty of ice cream in his reach.

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