The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

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POETRY.

For the Chronicle.

STANZAS.

TO *. *. *. *.

'Tis wearisome to linger here, and find no kindred one
Life's pauseless pilgrimage to cheer, or mourn when we are gone;
That we must bow, like doomed things, to an unchosen lot—
To wake—toil—suffer,—dream and die—*unloved* and be forgot?

And 'tis a dark, unwelcome thought, that when we low are laid,—
When grief's few "decent tears" are dried—earth's formal rights are said;
That still the world will move as gay and heedlessly along
As we in life were with them yet—a masquer 'mid the throng?

Oh, I have thought, were life but o'er,—Death's calm peace-angel come
To bear me heavenward, star by star, or to a dreamless tomb,—
Oh, I have thought I'd *gladly* go, could but the *voice of Fame*
Whisper to those I leave behind, *in after hours*, my name!

Yet why such dreams! for me, alas, they idle are and vain!
And "Hope's young star" will never smile to light my path again;
And I must bear, unshrinkingly, my destiny accurst—
And bind, as with an iron nerve, my heart to brave the worst.

There *was* a time—alas how soon and dreamily that pass'd!—
When I had deemed there yet was *one* whose love unchanged would last;
Whose every word or kindly look is pictured on my brain,
As 'twere with sunlight pencill'd there,—a rainbow 'mid life's pain!

And when *despair* with sullen storms, had shadowed o'er my path,
And *slander* with her venomed breath, had stricken me in wrath;
Oh, I had hoped that thou would'st not that chill miasma heed,
Nor coldly turn from me away, in that my "hour of need!"

And even now I cannot feel that thou art all estranged,
For oft the heart is warm and true when most the brow is changed;
And when on thy calm face I gaze, with throbbing pulse and heart,
I think but of the friend thou *wast*, and heed not what thou *art*.

"LEISURE HOURS."

"HAPPY AT HOME."

BY MRS. F. OSGOOD.

Let the gay and the idle go forth where they will,
In search of soft pleasure, that syren of ill;
Let them seek her in Fashion's illumined saloon,
Where Melody mocks at the heart out of tune;
Where the laugh gushes light from the lips of the maiden,
While her spirit, perchance, is with sorrow o'er-laden;
And where, mid the garlands Joy only should braid,
Is Slander, the snake, *by its rattle* betray'd.
Ah! no! let the idle for happiness roam,
For me—I but ask to be "happy at home!

At home! oh, how thrillingly sweet is that word
And by it what visions of beauty are stirr'd!
I ask not that Luxury curtain my room
With damask from India's exquisite loom;
The sunlight of heaven is precious to me,
And muslin will veil it if blazing too free;
The elegant trifles of Fashion and Wealth
I need not—I ask but for comfort and health!
With these and my dear ones I care not to roam,
For, oh! I am happy, most "happy at home!"

One bright little room where the children may play,
Unfearful of spoiling the costly array;
Where he, too—our dearest of all on the earth,
May find the sweet welcome he loves at his hearth;
The fire blazing warmly—the sofa drawn nigh;
And the star lamp alight on the table close by;
A few sunny pictures in simple frames shrined,
A few precious volumes—the wealth of the mind;
And here and there treasured some rare gems of art,
To kindle the fancy or soften the heart;
Thus richly surrounded, why, why should I roam?
Oh! am I not happy—most "happy at home?"

The little ones weary of books and of play,
Nestle down on our bosoms—our Ellen and May!
And softly the simply affectionate prayer,
Ascends in the gladness of innocence there;
And now ere they leave us, sweet kisses and light
They lavish, repeating their merry "good night!"
While I with my needle, my book, or my pen,
Or in converse with *him*, am contented again.
And cry—"Can I ever be tempted to roam,
While blessings like these make me happy at home?"

THE BIBLE LEGEND OF THE WISSAHIKON.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD

It was here in these wilds of the Wissahikon, on the day of the battle, as the noonday sun came shining through the thickly clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly combat. They grappled in deadly conflict near a rock that rose, like the huge wreck of some primeval world, at least one hundred feet above the dark waters of the Wissahikon.

That man with the dark brow, and the darker grey eye, flashed with deadly light—with the muscular form, clad in the blue hunting frock of the revolution is a continental named Warner. His brother was murdered the other night at the massacre of Paoli.—That other man with long black hair drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half military costume of a tory refugee. That is the murderer of Paoli named Dabney.

They had met there in the woods by accident; and now they fought, not with sword or rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knives, that flash in the light as they go turning and twining and twisting over the greensward.

At last the tory down!—down on the greensward, with the knee of the continental upon his breast—that dark eye flashing death into his face!

"Quarter—I yield!" gasped the tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast—"Spare me—I yield!"

"My brother," said the patriot soldier, in that low tone of deadly hate—"My brother cried for quarter on the night of Paoli, and, even as he clung to your knees you struck that knife into his heart. Oh, I will give you the quarter of Paoli!"

And his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched in deadly hate. He paused for a moment, and then pinioned the tory's arms, and with one rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the tory, turning back and ashy by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife—a child! spare me!"

Then the continental with his muscular strength, gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissing this bitter sneer between his teeth—

"My brother had a wife and two children The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow—those children were orphans!—Would'nt you like to go and beg your life of that widow and children?"

The proposal made by the continental in the mere mockery of hate, was taken in serious earnest by the horror stricken tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, to have the pitiful privilege of begging his life. After a moment's serious thought the patriot soldier consented. He bound the tory's arms yet tighter, placed him on the rock again, and then led him up the woods. A quiet cottage, embosomed among trees, broke on their eyes.

They entered that cottage. There, beside the desolate, hearth-stone, sat the widow and her children.—She sat there, a matronly woman of about thirty years, with a face faded by care, a deep dark eye, and long black hair hanging in dishevelled flakes about her shoulders.

On one side was a dark haired boy, of some six years; on the other, a little girl one year younger, with light hair and blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open on that mother's knee.

And then that pale faced tory flung himself on his knees, confessed that he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, but begged his life at her hands!

"Spare me, for the sake of my wife—my child!"

He had expected that his pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart; but not one relenting gleam softened her pale face.

"The Lord shall judge between us!" she said in a cold, icy tone that froze the murderer's heart. "Look! The Bible lays open on my knee. I will close that volume, and then this boy shall open it, and place his finger at random upon a line, and by that line you shall live or die!"

This was a strange proposal, made in full faith of a wild and dark superstition of the olden time. For a moment the tory kneeling there, livid as ashes, was wrapt in thought. Then, in a faltering voice, he signified his consent.

Raising her dark eyes to heaven, the mother prayed the Great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book—she handed it to that boy, whose young cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer. He took the Bible—opened its holy pages at random, and placed his finger upon a verse,

Then there was a silence.

Then that continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood there with dilating eyes and parted lips.

Then the culprit, kneeling on the floor, with a face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap to his throat.

Then, in a clear bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament. It was short, yet terrible:

"That man shall die!"

Look! The brother springs forward to plunge a knife into the murderer's heart; but the tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl—that child of five years, with golden hair and laughing eyes.

The widow consents. There is an awful pause.—with a smile in her eye, without knowing what she does, the little girl opens the Bible as it lays on her mother's knee—she turns her laughing face away—she places her fingers upon them.

That awful silence grows deeper. The deep drawn breath of the brother, and the broken gasps of the murderer, alone disturb the stillness. The widow and dark-eyed boy are breathless. The little girl, unconscious as she was, caught a feeling of awe from the countenances around her, and stood breathless, her face turned aside, and her tiny fingers resting on that line of life or death.

At last, gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes to the paper and read. It was a line from the New Testament:

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."

Ah, that moment was sublime!

Oh, awful book of God! in whose dread pages we see Job talking face to face with Jehovah, or Jesus waiting by Samaria's well, or wandering by the waves of dark Galilee; Oh, awful Book! shining to-night, as I speak, the light of that widow's home—the glory of the mechanic's shop—shining where the world comes not, to look on the last night of the convict in his cell, lightening the way to God, even over that dread gibbet! Oh, Book of terrible majesty and child-like love—of sublimity that crushed the soul into awe—of beauty that melts the soul with rapture! you never shone more strangely beautiful than there in the lonely cot of the Wissahikon, when you saved the murderer's life!

For—need I tell you?—that murderer's life was saved. That widow recognized the finger of God, and even the stern brother was awed into silence.

The murderer went his way.

Now look ye, how wonderful are the ways of Heaven! That very night, as the widow sat by her lonely hearth, her orphans by her side—sat there with a crushed heart and hot eye balls, thinking of her husband, who now lay mouldering on the blood drenched soil of Paoli—there was a tap at the door. She opened it, and—that husband, living, though covered with wounds, was in her arms! He had fallen at Paoli, but not in death. He was alive—his wife lay panting on his breast.

That night there was a prayer in the wood-embowered cot of the Wissahikon.

[From "The Young People's Magazine" edited by Seba Smith, the original Jack Downing.]

The Little Hunch-Backed Girl.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

"Oh, mother," said little Ellen, bursting into tears, and throwing her head into her mother's lap, "how happy I am, that there is a *Heaven*; and I wish I could go to it now; *now*, dear mother."

Mrs. G—— took the child in her arms, hardly able to speak for tears. She well knew the many trials to which her unoffending daughter was subjected, and she felt for her, as none but mothers similarly situated can feel.

"What has happened to disturb my dear? Who has spoken harshly to you?"

"No one—no one, mother. And I never mind it much when the little girls do call me names; they don't mean any harm. But, oh, mother, how I might be loved, were I as beautiful as cousin Mary. Aunt says I am a better child, more gentle and kind, but every body loves cousin Mary the moment they see her; and they smile upon her and often kiss her. This morning, Mary and I were playing together, and a lady passed by with a sweet, pleasant face. I loved her as soon as I saw her. She stopped and praised Mary's pretty ringlets and bright eyes, and kissed her rosy cheeks. And then she looked pitifully at me, and said, 'Poor child.' Then, mother, I could not keep from weeping. And—and—she gave me some *money*.—She *couldn't* love me, and so she gave me *money!*"

"Ellen—Ellen," said the widow, in the bitterness of feeling, "you will break my heart."

"Mother, will you take the money, and buy some clothes for little John, who comes to the door to beg? I shall never bear to think of it. And now, mother, I will read, and not feel unhappy any more."

"I am afraid it troubled Mary to see you so much grieved; had you not better go and speak to her, my dear?"

"Not now, mother; I am afraid she don't love me so much as I do her. When I turned to come away, she said, 'What a fool you are to feel so, Ellen; the lady might, in welcome, have given you the kisses, had she given me the money; I shouldn't mind having a hunch-back, if people would give *me* money."

"Poor Mary, I am afraid her beauty will be her ruin. Would you not rather be as you are, dear Ellen, than feel as Mary does?"

"Yes, indeed, mother. But I have tried to feel and think what you say is true, that the *good* are always loved: but, mother, you are mistaken, *beauty* is loved: people hardly ever think of goodness."

"My dear, people cannot tell how you think; they regard you as a mere child. I love you because you are a good and dutiful child. When you are older, others will love you because you will be amiable, useful, and pious. And remember, my dear, that our Father above can see within you a soul, far more beautiful than the body of your cousin Mary. And, in a few years, this covering of the body will be dropped, and we shall all see each other, not the bodies, but that part which is truly, really ourselves. And then, my dear, goodness will be beauty. Cannot my daughter wait patiently for that time?"

"Yes, mother, yes, so long as I have *you* to love.—But I cannot stay long, to be loved by none but you, and pitied by all beside."

"My love, you will think less of the opinion of the world as you live longer. You will feel that we are placed here to do good to our fellow creatures, and be prepared for a better world."

"But, mother, can I ever stay to be as old as you are? I love the little birds, and the green tress, and pretty flowers, but still the world looks cold and dark, and I want to be away."

"My dear, we must wait our Father's time. Though your body is homely and deformed, God has made your spirit perfect, and that, you know, will never die, while the most beautiful body will soon crumble to dust. Think, my dear, of the great blessings you have received, and do not repine for those that are withholden."

"I will, mother, and be grateful to God for giving me such a mother, who has taught me to be patient and contented under my trials. I might have been ill-natured, and envied dear cousin Mary for her beauty, had God given me a different mother."

The widow pressed her closer and closer to her heart, and the child and mother wept long and bitterly.

"Ellen, many and many have been the tears I have shed over you in your infancy, for I well knew if your life was spared, all these trials awaited you. But my prayers, that you might be blessed with a spirit to bear them, have been answered. Your good aunt, with her beautiful Mary, is a less happy mother than yours, Ellen."

"I will be patient and happy, dear mother, that I may grieve you no more," said little Ellen, throwing her arms about her mother's neck. Poor Ellen was scarcely eight years old. She had been subjected, from infancy, to the thoughtless taunts of her young companions, and even when they forbore their unkind and inconsiderate remarks, they unconsciously wounded her sensitive nature, and helped to break her young and gentle spirit. She was indeed sorely stricken; her body was stunned and deformed, and her face, with the exception of a very sweet and intelligent expression, was remarkably plain. She became thoughtful, affectionate and contemplative, and dwelt so much on the holiness and happiness of Heaven, that she longed to lie down and die. The widow felt that the desire of the child would be gratified. She saw her little frame wasting away, and a bright, unnatural fire gathering in her eye, while her countenance sometimes wore an expression almost of beauty. Her young spirit seemed already disenthralled from every earthly passion and feeling, and glowed with an intensity of love, a stretch of intellect, and depth of thought, that seemed almost supernatural. Her sufferings were so slight she was able almost to the last, to go about the house, and busy herself with her books and flowers. A few moments before her death, she laid herself upon the sofa, saying—"Mother, I am weary, and will sleep."

The mother felt it was her last sleep. She kissed her cheek. Ellen opened her eyes, and looked up.

"Mother, you will be all alone when I am gone, but I shall be so happy you won't wish me back, dear mother. How very good our Father in Heaven is to let me go up so soon!"

She half raised her little arms, as if to embrace her mother—they fell back—little Ellen had left the body. Mrs. G—— felt she was indeed a widowed and childless woman, but she scarcely wept. She lived many years like one who felt she was a "stranger and a pilgrim" here, administering to the sick and relieving the wretched, and was at length buried by the side of her beloved husband and Ellen.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

LOOKING GLASS FOR LADIES.

The Rev. Mr. Hawes, of Hartfort, Coun., delivered, recently, a sermon on female education, which gave so much satisfaction to his hearers, as to cause a demand for its publication. Extracts are given from it in the journals of the East. "She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms," was the good man's text, and judging from what we have seen of the sermon, we should say that he had spoken well and truly to women.—We quote one portion of it. It contains suggestions certainly worthy the attention of our females: for they do neglect most stadly the hardening and strengthening of the body. If one should talk to a woman of being in *robust* health, ten to one if she would not feel offended; the word is vulgar, and the suggestion not refined; and she would be thought of and spoken to, and treated as a delicate flower which the rude winds of heaven may not visit too roughly.

'Tis a false notion, and injurious as false. The body—the temple of the soul—was given to her to be strong—and duty, as well as true refinement, requires her to impart to it firm health, the strength to meet the vicissitudes of the season, and to endure the labors of life—and the poor sickly creature, who, for want of exercise and out door action, dares not venture out when the cold winds blow, or who keeps shut up like a hot house plant, when the sky is clouded or winter comes, neither knows the happiness which belongs to animal vigor, nor can perform the moral and spiritual obligations which rest upon her. A sound mind requires a sound body. The worship of the spirit cannot be attuned in pure and holy accord if the temple be rent, or torn, or left a thing of shreds and patches, without the cement of beauty, order, and strength. Mr. Haws says.

"First, it is said of a virtuous woman, that she girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. A due attention to health is here indicated, and if this be not in itself a virtue, it is very essential to the cultivation of all the virtues A feeble, sickly, delicate body is but a poor tenement to be occupied by an immortal mind, and when it is doomed to inhabit such a body, its noblest energies are depressed, and the highest graces of a virtuous character, unable to develope themselves, are crushed in the bud.

How the virtous woman strengtheneth her loins and her arms, or how she acquired and maintained firm and vigorous health, we can be at no loss to know after reading what is said of her occupations and habits. Though evidently of a high rank in society, she did not think it beneath her station, nor inconsistent with her views of delicacy and refinement, to occupy herself in domestic affairs. From the whole description given of her, we are warranted to say that she was what is sometimes called a stirring body; one who had always something to do, and was always doing it—not wasting her time and strength in ease, in indolence, and inefficiency, but busy, active, industrious; rising early, and seeing that all the concerns of the household were attended to at the right time and in the right manner; and not unwilling, when there was need, to put a helping hand to whatever work demanded to be done. This secured her health, kept her from *ennui*, and the dismal train of ills included in nervous affections—made her strong, vigorous and cheerful, and qualified her to fill, with usefulness and honor, the station assigned her by Providence.

The virtue—for such I must call it—here referred to is sadly neglected in the training of our daughters at the present day. At least, one would think so, from seeing the puny forms and feeble frames, and sickly faces of great numbers of our younger females, especially of the higher classes. Account for it as we may, the fact must be admitted, that the muscular vigor and strength of our fair country women have, for a long time past, been undergoing a melancholy change.—Our grandmothers, should they appear among us, would scarcely recognize many of their descendants as belonging to the same race with themselves, so diminished are they in size, vigor, and portly gait. But a small portion of our adult females enjoy complete health; and it has been said, that a full half of the wives of our missionaries have been found, on trial, not to have had sufficient health for the stations which they were called to occupy. The evil here complained of is, no doubt, to be traced chiefly to bad training in the nursery and in the family; to an ignorance or disregard of the laws of of our physical system in respect to health.

But the mischief, commencing here is often aggravated in schools and higher seminaries of learning, and receives its finish in the intercourse and habits of fashionable life. The mind, or brain, as the physiologist would say, is too severely tasked, is overworked in its tender age; and due attention is not paid to air and exercise; and in the eagerness to have the pupils compass the whole *curicculum* of knowledge in a given time, it is often forgotten by parents and teachers, how easily the health may be impaired by such a process, and so impaired that the mind, the heart, the whole character shall shrink and dwindle into feebleness and inefficiency, and the life become vapid, useless and miserable. The evil here suggested is an appalling one. It deserves the most serious attention of all who wish well to the rising generation. It acts not on the body alone, but on the mind, on the intellectual and moral character; not on the fair sex alone, but on the other sex also, and is raising up a race of feeble sickly beings, as unfit for the serious duties of life, as they are to enjoy the blessings of full and vigorous health.

The American Agricultural Association have determined to introduce the Peruvian sheep, or Alpaca, into the United States. This animal inhabits the slopes, table lands and mountains of Peru, Bolivia and Chili, enduring all the vicissitudes of climate. They are found 12,000 feet above the level of the sea—where they derive a subsistence from the moss, &c., growing upon the rocks, exposed to all the rigors of the elements and receiving neither food nor care from the hand of man. The shepherd only visits them occasionally; yet such are their gregarious habits, that the members of one flock seldom stray away and mix with another, being kept in discipline by the older ones who know their grounds, and become attached to the place of their nativity, to which they return at night, evincing an astonishing vigilance and sagacity in keeping the young ones together, and free from harm. In the formation of their stomach they resemble the camel, and can undergo extreme hunger and thirst. Their meat is tender, wholesome and savory, and is recommended by physicians to invalids in preference to fowls—for all declare that their meat is extremely wholesome, and as palatable as that of fat sheep in Castile.

The cost of importing three hundred will be $10,500, delivered in N. York. Of this sum $3000 have already been promised. For this movement the public are indebted to R. L. PELL, Esq of Ulster county.

Intrepid Jews.—On a late occasion the Emperor of Russia was reviewing his fleet, when two sailors particularly excited his attention, both by the precision with which they performed several difficult manœuvres, and by the agility and daring which they displayed. The Emperor was so much pleased that he immediately promoted one to be a captain; the other he appointed lieutenant on the spot. The men, however, were *Jews*, and there is an ukas forbidding Jews to wear an epaulette. The Admiral of the fleet, who stood by, knowing that they were Jews, stated the difficulty to his imperial Majesty. "Pshaw!" cried the Emperor, 'that does not signify in the least—they shall immediately embrace the Greek religion, of course." When this determination was communicated to the two young men, knowing that remonstrance or refusal would be in vain, they requested the Emperor's permission to exhibit still more of their manœuvres, as he had not seen all they could do. This being granted, they ascended the topmast, embraced, and locked in each other's arms, threw themselves into the sea and disappeared forever.—*English paper.*

It is stated that the bond holders of the Philadelphia & Wilmington Road have bought up nearly all the stock, and intend to put the Road in first rate order.

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