The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE LILY, THE EAGLE, AND THE DOVE.

A Beautiful Legend of the Kennebec.

By Mrs. Harriet M. Ward.

There is a bright and lovely spot, far in the wilds of Maine,
That boasts a legend of the past—of sorrow and of pain;
Before oppression's cruel hand had driven the red man forth,
An alien from the hunting grounds that gave his fathers birth.
I love to dwell upon the theme, unlinking memory's chain,
Recalling pleasures of the past, that ne'er can come again.
The murmuring stream, the simple cot, with honeysuckle twined,
Are early reminiscences, dear to the wanderer's mind.
For 'twas my home, my dear old home, that cottage in the vale;
It seemed an earthly Paradise, that peaceful sunny dale.
I love each old familiar haunt—each crag and valley wild;
Would I could bring them back again, and be again a child.
There is a tale about this spot, of sad, unhappy love;
Of sorrow borne and ended now, when thro' the tangled grove
The Indian wild, with agile form, and light and feathery spear,
With fearless step and untaught grace pursued the panting deer.
And there was one—an Indian maid—a graceful, airy sprite,
Whose glossy tresses seemed to shame the ebon brow of night;
And eyes that from their brilliant depths a mine of love could bring,
Were sparkling like the morning dew upon the raven's wing;
The silver brook that rippled by was not more pure or wild,
Than was the heart that beat within the bosom of this child;
The live long day around the hills her plantive notes would ring;
Or, planting on her mother's grave the earliest buds of Spring,
She'd prattle to the senseless mound, in moonlit evening hours,
And was herself the sweetest bud among those fay'rite flowers.
She seemed with them—her breathless friends—with heart so free from strife,
A sweet Memosa, springing forth, with animated life.
Yet not alone the forest-flowers that deck'd the maiden's hair,
And not alone the gentle birds Magantha's love might share;
For, circled with her holiest thoughts, and of herself a part,
A brother's form was shrin'd amid the wild-flow'rs of her heart.
Brother, I said—and yet, in truth, the ardent blood that dyed
The forest-maiden's cheek, might find on earth no kindred tide.
Adopted by her father's love, a youthful chief had grown
Beside her, from her childhood's days, and him she loved alone.
Yet, ah! while with her gentle lips she spoke a brother's name.
She loved him, though she knew it not, with woman's heart of flame.
Years had flown round; her ancient sire was slumbering in the dust,
And still upon Magantha's brow beam'd youthful hope and trust.
She cherish'd still the lovely flowers that in the valley grew,
And lov'd them better, for they smil'd upon her brother too.
When rising with the morning sun, to join the fearless chase,
Her hand prepared his simple food with unaffected grace;
Then stealing to the rocky cliff, she'd view the hunting train,
Then waited patiently for night to bring him back again
Thus strengthened with her early years a pure devoted love,
And neighboring tribes had cherished them, the Eagle and the Dove.
But in her calm and peaceful sky anon there came a cloud,
Which burst in all its anger, and her noble spirit bow'd.
And fearful was the hurricane which scatter'd ruin wild,
And blasted in its furious rage this gentle forest child.
A pale fac'd stranger, with her sire, had settled near the wood,
Where they hop'd to pass their future life in peace and quietude;
Oft when returning from the field, this chieftain linger'd there,
With friendly winning grace he'd try to cheer the lovely pair;
Till his eyes had lost their brilliant light, and need we tell the tale,
His heart was in the keeping of the Lily of the vale!
Magantha long had watch'd with pain the clouds obscure his day,
And strove with many watching wiles to chase the gloom away.
She saw the flashing of his eye when came the maiden pale,
To dip the crystal from the brook that murmur,d thro' the vale.
Then came a thrill of agony—alas! 'tis woman's lot,
The fiend of jealousy was there, and yet she knew it not!
And when the truth dawn'd on her heart, 'twas lik some dreadful dream,
That lingers on the waking mind—so wildering did it seem.
Her faith in him—her trusting heart—the fairy wreaths she'd wove—
Too late for peace, she found that hers was not a sister's love.
Alone, o'er crags and mountains wild, with weary heart she stray'd,
Or kneeling by her mother's grave, thus in her anguish pray'd:
"Oh, thou! whose mighty voice is heard when thunders cleave the sky!
Thou Spirit King, from whose bright glance the vivid lightnings fly!
With pitying hand, oh gently deign to check this stream of wo!
Or pluck from out my erring heart the love that pains it so!
Dear mother, in the Lond of Draams methinks I see the now,
With sparkling coronet of gems upon the shining brow!
The great Meneto hush'd thy voice, then came a joyous band,
And bore thee, in their magic ear, to dwell in fairy land!
Oh, mother! in that happy clime are there no passions wild,
Like these, which burst with frantic rage upon thy helpless child
Are there no whirlwinds of the heart? strong, resistless power,
That like the scorching mid day sun, withers the tender flow'r?
Alas! they've borne her from my sight, she cannot hear my moan;
Her home is now among the blest—and I am all alone!"
Like an old friend, the evening star lit up with cheering ray,
The grass grown mound, where in her grief she'd knelt the live long day;
A cooling breeze play'd on her brow, and with her glossy hair,
As if in loving sympathy 'twould try to soothe her care.
She felt its gentle influence, and rising from the spot,
She wandered aimlessly along, oppress'd with gloomy thought,
'Till verging on a favorite dell—a lovely natural power
Where in her days of happiness she'd pass'd full many an hour;
She paus'd—but why that flashing eye—that quick convulsive start—
And wherefore clasp that fatal knife so closely to her heart?
And creeping stealthily along, her head bent near the ground,
Suppress'd her breath, as if she fear'd to lose the slightest sound.
Within the shady nook she saw a noble, manly form,
The pale fac'd maiden's slender waist was circled with his arm;
Upon his breast repos'd her head, as seated by her side,
He sought and won her from her home, to be the Red Man's bride.
And as their gentle words of love came murmuring on her ear.
She press'd her heart, as if to crush some gnawing demon there.
'Twas vain! She crept within the bower, and with a sudden start,
Ere he could speak, her gleaming knife was buried in his heart!
'He's mine! Ye dare not love him now—his blood the price has paid!"
And from his breast, with savage joy, she drew the reeking blade.
"Thou daughter of a stranger band! E'en now thy milky face
Is blanch'd with fear! And thou would'st match the warriors of our race!
What in the nature of thy tribe can ever be akin,
To passions wild which have their home beneath our swarthy skin!
Not e'en the great Maneto's voice could make the Eagle quail,
Whilst every passing zephyr bends the Lily of the Vale.
With pearly brow and dmpled smiles, a rose leaf on thy cheek,
Thou cam'st with poison on thy lips, altho'thou seem'dst so meek.
Thou little deem'd Magantha's eye was on thee all the while;
And now, instead of bridal flow'rs, thou'lt see a funeral pile!
Nay, do not fear; I would not touch or harm *thee* if I could—
The Indian maiden'sknife would scorn to drink the Lily's blood
No, no! I would not have thee die, for with thy magic charms,
Thou'dst find him in the land of dreams, and wile him from my arms!"
Then kneeling by Wanandah's side, she press'd a burning kiss
Upon his clay cold lips, and deem'd twas pledge of future bliss!
"I come to meet thee now," she cried, "upon that peaceful shore
Where lurking thorns that wound us here, are felt and fear'd no more!
No more shall anguish wring my heart—my eyes be drown'd with tears!
A land where roses ever bloom, now to my sight appears!
I see thy spirit in the air—it seems to chide my stay!
I hear thee whispering on the breeze, dear sister come away!
I've heard the music of thy voice! I've seen thy sparkling eye!
I come! I come! Wanandah dear! Think's thou I fear to die?"
Then burying in her breast the knife still reeking with his gore,
Her drooping head sank on his breast—Magantha was no more!
Years have flown past, and on that spot a single grassy mound
Is left to tell the wand'rer where they slumber in the ground.
And when a child, full many a night I've listen'd to the tale,
And wept to think how sad the fate of the Lily of the Vale.
'Twas said she linger'd till the sun of Summer dried the stream
Then pass'd away with Autumn leaves! but not a parting gleam
Of reason ever lit her brow, since from the fatal hour
She saw her lover cold in death, within the woodland bower.
They buried her beside the mound, near her first and only love.
There rest in peace the Lily fair, the Eagle, and the Dove.
A lovely weeping willow waves its branches o'er their head,
And wintry winds moan through its leaves, *a requiem for the dead!*

Frankford, Pa., 1846.

REMARKABLE RECOVERY OF A LOST CHILD.

We copy the following remarkable and affecting narrative from the Southern Christian Advocate, to which journal it was communicated by the father of the child, the Rev. Samuel Leard, pastor of the Cumberland (Methodist Episcopal) Church, in Charleston, S. C.:

On Thursday, 12th of February, my litlte daughter, Susan M. Leard, aged three years, was playing in the yard, near the house of her grandfather, and as it was no unusual thing for her to play about the premises in open weather her temporory absence from within the enclosure occasioned no alarm. Within twenty minutes of the time when last seen by one of her aunts, she was called by some member of the family, and to their great dismay was not to be found. Immediate search was made around the yard and lot, but all to no purpose.—A little colored girl, of near the same age with herself, was also missing, and was seen in company with little Susan, about thirty yards from the fence, when they were last observed by the family.

Whether the children wandered off voluntarily, or were taken away by some malicious person, is shrouded in the most profound mystery. The grandfather mounted his horse, and made immediate search in the surrounding woods for some hours, but without success.—Evening was now approaching, and the family, agonised at the prospect of the children continuing in the woods through the darkness and inclemency of the night, summoned the neighbors to their assistance. The country was scoured for some distance around, fires lighted up in the different directions, and every possible effort made to attract the children's attention but they were neither heard nor seen.—The night rolled heavily onward, and the morning light only brought the sad intelligence to the heart-broken grand-parents, that the children were not found.

It will be remembered that the night of the 13th inst. was among the most inclement of the season: the rain poured down in torrents, and the wind was blowing almost a gale. Where the poor little creatures foued shelter, what shrubbery protected, or what stone pillowed their little heads, or how they were sustained under the merciless peltings of the ruthless storm, God, their heavenly father, only knows. We may be allowed to believe that "The angel of the Lord," which "encampeth round about them that fear him," delivered them.—How much they suffered in their exposed situation must be left for the day of eternity to reveal. During the following day (Saturday) unceasing search was made, and about dark the body of the little negress was found *lifeless*, but not stiff. She had apparently just died.

This quickened the energies of the friends and neighbors, and a diligent search was made during that night in the neighborhood of the little negro, but though every bay was penetrated, and almost every log turned over, still they discovered no signs of little Susan.—Sabbath morning now dawned, but not with its wonted peace and tranquility; all was gloom and melancholy. Between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, as a young man, William Tobias, was searching near a bay, around which the undergrowth had formed an almost impenetrable thicket, he observed something move near the water's edge, and going closer to examine, he heard a little voice addressing him thus—"Please take me out of the water. I want to go to grandpa's. I want some tea." It was the form and voice of my dear little Susan, which he saw and heard.

She was lying prostrate on the leaves and moss, one foot in the water; her bonnet thrown back, and her clothing completely drenched with the rain. The young man thinks it probable, that had she not spoken to him, he would have passed without discovering her, so thick and matted was the shrubbery around her.—The news that she was found was quickly communicated to the company, and they bore her off in triumph to the afflicted family. The scene that followed upon their seeing her alive, after an absence of *seventy-two hours*, without food or shelter, and the endurance of three days and nights anxious suspense and solicitude on their part, we will leave to the reader's heart to describe. The distance to which she had wandered from home was about two miles.

The following are the symptoms exhibited to the physician, who saw her within half an hour of her arrival at home. I give his own language from a written statement now in my possession: February 15th. "Susan Leard presents the following symptoms:—Extreme exhaustion, loss of all voluntary action, pulse imperceptible, nervous excitement extreme, wild and frantic expression of countenance, slight delirium; when any food was brought in view, appeared phrenzied and voracious.—Treatment, wine whey, gruel, &c., in small quantities for several hours, gentle anodyne, and on the 16th, a small dose of oil, with the happiest effect. Case recovered rapidly.

This case may throw some light upon the comparative ability of the two races, (white and colored,) to endure exposure and starvation, and may furnish an interesting fact to the physiologist. The following is a synopsis of the particulars, from which any one may draw his own conclusion.

Age. Susan, three years old on the 14th inst., the day before she was found; Lizzy, two years and eight months old.

Clothing. Susan, clad in calico, with cotton and flannel under clothes; Lizzy, clad in two coats of woollen mixed.

Constitution. Susan, healthy, short, and inclined to corpulency, active and sprightly, in her temperament, fair skin, blue eyes, auburn hair, seldom sick; Lizzy, healthy and strong as other little negroes are.

Time of exposure. Susan, seventy-two hours or three days and nights, and the doctor gives it as his opinion that she would probably have lived twenty-four hours longer; Lizzy, fifty-eight hours, found dead.

Through the kind interposition of Divine Providence my child has been restored to perfect health, and what is remarkable, she seems not to have taken the slightest cold, her feet and hands are not frost bitten, nor her limbs and joints stiffened by exposure. When I left home she was apparently as well as ever I saw her.

THE SIN AND FOLLY OF SCOLDING.

"Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil."
Psalms xxxvii. 2.

1. It is a sin against God. It is an evil and only evil, and that continually. David understood both human nature and the law of God. He says "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil." That is, never fret or scold, for it is always a sin. If you cannot speak without fretting and scolding, keep silence.

2. *It destroys affection.*—No one ever did, ever can, or ever will love an habitual fretter, fault-finder or scolder. Husbands, wives, children, relatives, or domestics, have no affection for peevish, fretful fault-finders. Few tears are shed over the graves of such. Persons of high moral principle may tolerate them may bear with them. But they cannot love them more than the sting of nettles or the noise of musquitoes. Many a man has been driven to the tavern, and to dissipation by a peevish, fretful wife. Many a wife has been made miserably by a peevish, fretful husband.

3. *It is the bane of domestic happiness.*—A fretful, peevish, complaining, fault-finder in a family is like the continual chaffing of an inflamed sore. Woe to the man, woman or child, who is exposed to the influence of such a temper in another. Nine tenths of all domestic trials and unhappiness spring from this source. Mrs. D. is of this temperament. She wonders her husband is not more found of her company. That her children give her so much trouble. That domestics do not like to work for her. That she cannot secure the good will of young people. That truth is, peevish and fretful. Children fear her, but do not love her. She never yet gained the affections of a young person, nor never will, till she leaves off fretting.

4. *It defeats the end of Family Government.* Good family government is the blending authority with affection, so as to secure respect and love. Indeed this is the great secret of managing young people. Now your fetters may inspire fear, but they always make two faults where they correct one. Scolding at a child, fretting at a child sneering at a child taunting a child, treating the child as though it had no feelings, inspires dread and dislike and foster those very dispositions, from which many of the faults of childhood proceed. Mr. G. and Mrs. F. are of this class. Their children are made to mind; but how? Mrs. F. frets and scolds her children. She is severe enough upon their faults. She seems to watch them in order to find fault. She sneers at them. Treat them as though they had no feelings.—She seldom gives a command without a threat and a long-running fault-finding commentary. When she chides, it is not done in a dignified manner. She raises her voice, puts on a cross look, threatens, strikes them, pinches their ears, slaps their heads, &c. The children cry, pout, sulk, and poor Mrs. F. has to do her work over pretty often. Then she will find fault with her husband because he does not fall in with her ways, or chime with her as chorus.

5. *Fretting and scolding make Hypocrites.*—As a fretter never receives confidence and affection, so no one likes to tell them any thing disagreeable, and thus procure for themselves a fretting. Now children conceal as much as they can from such persons. They cannot make up their minds to be frank and openhearted. So husbands conceal from their wives, and wives from their husbands. For a man may brave a lion, but he likes not to come in contact with nettles and musquitoes.

6. *It destroys one's peace of mind.*—The more one frets the more he may. A fretter will always have enough to fret at. Especially if he or she has the bump of order and neatness largely developed. Something will always be out of place. There will always be some dirt some where. Others will not eat right, look right, sit right, talk right; he will not do these things so as to please them. And fretters are generally so selfish as to have no regard for any one's comfort but their own.

7. *It is a mark of a vulgar disposition.*—Some persons have so much gall in their disposition, are so selfish that they have no regard to the feelings of others. All things must be done to please them. They make their husbands, wives. children, domestics, the conductors by which their spleen and ill-nature are discharged. Woe to the children who are exposed to such influences. It makes them callous and unfeeling, and when they grow up they pursue the same course with their own children or those entrusted to their management, and thus the race of fretters is perpetuated.—Any person who is in the habit of fretting or sneering, taunting their husbands, wives, children, or domestics, show either a bad disposition or else ill-breeding. For it is generally your ignorant, low-bred people that are guilty of such things.—*Congregational Jour.*

A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE SCHOOL,

Is very beautifully described by *S. S. Prentiss*, who was once monarch of a school himself, in his late address, delivered before the New England Society of New Orleans.

"See yonder simple building near the crossing of the village roads! It is small and of rude construction, bnt it stands in a pleasant and quiet spot.

A magnificent elm spreads its broad arms above; and seems to lean towards it as a strong man bends to shelter and protect a child. A brook runs through a meadow near, and hard by there is an orchard, but the trees have suffered much and bear no fruit, except upon the most remote branches. From within its walls comes a busy hum, such as you may hear in a disturbed beehive. Now peep through yonder window, and you will see a hundred children, with rosy cheeks, mischievous eyes and demure faces, all engaged or pretending to be so, in their little lessons. It is the public school, the free, the common school—provided by law; open to all; claimed from the community as a right, not accepted as a bounty. Here the children of the rich and poor, high and low, meet upon perfect equality, and commence under the same auspices, the race of life. Here the sustenance of the mind is served up to all alike, as the Spartans served their food upon the public table. Here young ambition climbs his little ladder, and boyish genius plumes his half-fledged wing. From among those laughing children will go forth the men who are to control the destinies of their age and country; the Statesman whose wisdom is to guide the Senate: the poet, who will take captive the hearts of the people, and bind them together with immortal song: the philosopher, who boldly seizing upon the elements themselves, will compel them to his wishes, and, through new combinations of their primal laws, by some great discovery revolutionise both art and science.

That common village school is New England's fairest boast—the brightest jewel that adorns her brow. The principle that society is bound to provide for its members' education, as well as protection, so that none need be ignorant except from choice, is the most important that belongs to modern philosophy. It is essential to a republican government. Universal education is not only the best and surest, but the only sure foundation for free institutions. True liberty is the child of knowledge: she pines and dies in the arms of ignorance.

Honor, then the early fathers of New England, from whom came the spirit which has built a schoolhous by every sparkling fountain, and bids all come as freely to the one as to the other."

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