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Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Cape Island, N. J., July 14, 1851.

Mr. EDITOR: When I left home I did not intend visiting this place; but when you get into Philadelphia atmosphere you are carried almost irresistibly to Cape May; whether in the pursuit of health or recreation, the tide of popular feeling, there, tends strongly, I may say overwhelmingly, toward the cool sea breeze and the invigorating surf. They appear to take it for granted that the chief design in the formation of the ocean, was to fix a great bathing establishment at Cape May. If a man is crossed in love, makes a bad speculation, or takes the gout, he is off to the Island. Its virtues are as potential in the cure of heart-aches as toe-aches. If a woman takes a fit of hysterics (which they tell me is not a rare thing about the watering season,) though the husband may have resisted all former entreaties, he knocks right under, and the next boat for the Cape finds him and his suffering dulcinea on board. A speedy cure, though not a speedy return is generally the result. To me the Cape May fever in Philadelphia was really a matter of astonishment. The young, the old, the gay, the grave, the sick, the well, the rich, the poor, and even the maimed, the halt, and the blind, all turning their faces toward the ocean, as though it were a modern Bethesda which need but be entered to drive away all the aches and sorrows that our poor fallen humanity is heir to. Alas, how many are doomed to disappointment! The reduced fare from Philadelphia, now only one dollar, carriage hire included, has done much to swell the number of visitors.

This reduction of fare is a matter of great annoyance to the aristocracy. I heard one saying that it was much more pleasant here when fare was high. They could then monopolize to themselves the healthful influences of this favored resort. They talk as though the presence of mechanics polluted the air. I pity such creatures, and am greatly mistaken if their species is not doomed to come to an end in America ere our children become old. Perhaps no one thing tends more rapidly to the breaking up of these foolish distinctions in society than the cheapness and facility of travel. The railroad car, and the steamboat, are doing more in one year towards equalizing society, than all the preachers of socialism combined could bring about in a century. I trust the day is not far distant when men will be esteemed for what they *are*, and not, as now, for what they *have*. A fool may be rich, but intelligence and purity of character, are not so often the result of accident, and should therefore, entitle their possessors to esteem, and to rank in proportion to the strength and brilliancy of these higher and nobler graces of our natures. Cape May is a living example of the progress of the times, and of society. An old gentleman from Philadelphia is here spending his 42d season. When he first came here it took from four to six days to reach the place. The same distance is now traveled in five hours. Formerly at a cost of from $15 to $20; now the fare is one dollar. A half dozen of wealthy Philadelphia families composed the company. Now you see thousands, of every condition in life, bathing in the cooling surf at once. Shoemakers, tinkers, boat-builders, doctors, lawyers, and the rest of mankind, are all represented here to the number of thousands. Where a few rude shanties inhabited by wreckers once stood, you now see quite a respectable looking town, containing five churches, and some twenty-five hotels, many of them sufficiently large to accommodate 300 to 400 guests. The accommodations are still considered insufficient to meet the wants of the crowds that annually flock here; and measures are now under way to build another monster hotel, large enough to room and board from 1800 to 2000 persons. Buildings here are large, but not elegant; paint can not be used for outside work, the air being so strongly impregnated with salt as to destroy lead and oil in a very short time. White wash is substituted for paint, and at a distance gives the town a handsome appearance.

There is here very little clear, bright sun shine, such as we have in the interior. The air is almost constantly filled with mist, which penetrates everything. Snuff boxes, galleries, ball alleys, social hops, magnificent balls, indeed everything for the entertainment of the grave, the gay, the thoughtful, the giddy, the wise, and the foolish, are here in abundance. In matters of dress, it is the custom for gentlemen to dress very common, many bordering upon the slovenly. But the ladies, poor creatures, fashion rules them here, as elswhere, with a rod of iron. You will see the same ladies in four and five different dresses on the same day, going up a regular grade from fine to rich, richer, richest. This constant, senseless change, employs much of the time that should be spent in rational, heathful exercise of body and mind. The Bloomers have not made their appearance yet on the Island, but they are expected every day. Indeed if I were a lady, I should prefer showing my uncle in the Bloomer style, to showing so much of the upper end of the body as the present French fashion discloses. But enough of that.

I promised you a description of the Ocean. To this end I have been endeavoring to contemplate it; in other words to run my mind out upon its rolling surface, and down into its deep caverns. But the more I have thought, and gazed, the more lost have I become amid the vastness, the grandeur, the majesty and sublimity of its mighty waters. Language tame and common place, such as I am master of, is too dumb and palsied to give utterance to the overwhelming awe inspired by its thunder tones.

NEPTUNE.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

PHILADELPHIA, July 14, 1851.

There is nothing going on here at present—no murders—no interesting, killing fights—no nothing. People are going to Cape May as fast as steam can carry them. How would you like to join in plunging into the boiling surf—(not exactly "boiling," either :)—delightful, is n't it? but I am not one of those, just now being compelled to stay here all summer, and signing myself

Yours with a headache, CARL.

Oh for the Souls of Olden Time!

Oh for the Souls of olden time!
And for the men who bore them,
When, clad in peace, they stood sublime,
Long taught by Christ before them—
Nor gold nor jewels had they, then,
To hamper and enslave them,
But wealth of honest, free-born men....
The wealth that goodness gave them.

Oh for the Hands so strong in Right!
That, like strange magic near them,
When battling in the fiercest fight,
Caused cruel Wrong to fear them;
Theirs was a fight of moral strength,
For man's just elevation
From tyrants' feet, and placed at length
Upon his birth-right station.

Oh for the Joys of olden time!
And for the hours that crowned them,
When Truth and Justice stood sublime
Dispensing blessings 'round them;
When bright in peaceful glory shone
The rich and poor alike then,
When each in Virtue's cause alone
Begirt themselves to strike then. CARL.

From Chambers' Journal.

The Child Commodore.

After a long continental ramble, I was glad to have the prospect of getting home again; but an embargo was laid upon me at Boulogne. It blew great guns from the opposite side of the Channel. The genius of Albion was not just then in the mood for receiving visits, or welcoming the return of absentees; and so the steam-packet lay fretting in the harbor, and rubbing her sides peevishly against the pier; while her intended passengers were distributed among the hotels and boarding houses, venting their discontent on the good things of the table *d'hote*, and mounting every now and then to the garret to throw a scowling look to windward.

For my part I had been tossed about the world too long, and bumped too hard against its rocks and snags, to think much of a little compulsory tranquillity. On the second day I rather liked it. It was amusing to watch the characters of my companions stealing out from beneath the veil of conventionalism; and it was better than amusing to become actually acquainted with one or two of them, as if we were indeed men and women, and not the mere automata of society. Taking them in the mass, however, a good deal of the distinction observable among them depend on the mere circumstance of age. We old gentlemen sat coolly sipping our wine after dinner, rarely alluding in conversation to our pleasant dilemma; while the green hands, after a whirl 'round the billiard-table, drank their glasses of brandy and water with vehemence, and passed a unanimous vote of censure on the Captain for his breach of faith and unsailor like timidity.

"This is pleasant!" said I, smiling at one of these outbreaks, which occurred late at night, "one always meets something out of the way in traveling."

"I never do," replied the gentleman I had addressed: "I find the human character everywhere the same. You may witness the same kind of absurdity among raw lads like these every day at home; and it is only your own imagination that flings upon it here a different color. I wish I could see something strange."

"Perhaps, my dear sir," said I, blandly, "you never look! For my part I never fail to meet with something strange, if I have only the opportunity of examining. Come, let us go out into the street, and I shall undertake to prove it. Let us peep under the first veil or the first slouched hat we meet, and I pledge myself that, on due inquiry, we shall light upon a tale as odd or as wild as fancy ever framed. A bottle of wine upon it?"

"Done!"

"Done, then; but hold, what's that?"

"Le paquebot va partira minuit!"

"Hurra!" cried the young man. "The storm is not down a single breath, and it is pitch dark! The captain's a trump after all!"

Then there were hurrying steps, and slamming doors, the flitting lights through the whole house; then hasty reckonings, and jingling coins, and bows, and shrugs, and fights with the sleeves of greatcoats; and, finally, stiff moving figures mummied in broadcloth; and grim faces, half-visible between the cravat and cap; and slender forms, bonneted, yet shapeless, clinging to stout arms, as we all floated out into the night.

"The diet is deserted," said my friend, "pro loco et tempore."

"Only the venue changed to shipboard," gasped I against the wind. "Remember the first man, woman, or child that attract our attention on deck." And so we parted, losing one another, and ourselves lost in the unsteady crowd.

The vessel had cleared the harbor before I met with my friend in the darkness and confusion of the midnight deck; and when we were thrown together, it was with such emphasis that we both came down. We fell, however, upon a bundle of something comparatively soft—something that stirred and winced at the contact—something that gave a low cry in three several cadences, as if it had three voices. It gave us, in fact, some confused idea of a mass of heads, legs, arms, and other appurtenances of the human body, but the whole was shrouded in a sort of woolly covering, the nature of which the darkness of the night and the rolling of the ship rendered it impossible to ascertain. I thought to myself for a moment that this was just the thing for my boasted demonstration; but no philosophy could keep the deck under such circumstances; and when my friend and I had gathered ourselves up, we made the best of our way—and it was no easy task—to the cabin, and crept into our berths. As I lay there in comparative coziness, my thoughts reverted to that bundle of life, composed, in all probability, of deck passengers, exposed to the cold night-wind and the drenching spray; but I soon fell asleep, my sympathy merging as my faculties became more dim in a grateful sense of personal comfort.

As the morning advanced, the wind moderated, testifying to the weather-wisdom of our captain; and my friend and I getting up betimes, met once more upon the deck. The bundle of life was still there, just without the sacred line which deck and steerage passengers must not cross; and we saw that it was composed of human figures, huddled together without distinction, under coarse and tattered cloaks.

"These persons," said I, dictatorially, pointing to them with my cane, "have a story, and a strange one; and by and by we shall get at it."

"The common story of the poor," replied my friend; "a story of hardship, perhaps of hunger, but why don't they wake up?"

This question seemed to have occurred to some of the other passengers, and all looked with a sort of languid curiosity, as they passed, at the breathing bundle of rags. After a time, some motion was observed beneath the tattered cloaks, and at length a head emerged from their folds; a head that might have been either a woman's or a little girl's, so old as it was in expression, and so young in size and softness. It was a little girl's, as was proved by the shoulders that followed—thin, slight childish; but so intelligent was the look she cast around, so full of care and anxiety, that she seemed to have the burthen of a whole family on her back. After ascertaining by that look, as it seemed, what her present position was, and bestowing a slight, sweeping glance upon the bystanders, the ship, and the gloomy sky, she withdrew her thoughts from these extraneous matters, and with a gentle hand, and some whispered words, extracted from his bed of rags, a small, pale, little boy. The boy woke up in a sort of fright, but the moment his eyes rested on his sister's face, for she was his sister, that was clear—he was calm and satisfied. No smiles were exchanged, such as might have befitted their age; no remark on the novel circumstances of their situation. The boy looked at nothing but the girl; and the girl smoothed his hair with her fingers, arranged his threadbare dress, and breathing on his hands, polished them with her sleeve. This girl, though bearing the marks of premature age, could not in reality have been more than eleven, and the boy was probably four years younger.

A larger figure was still invisible, except in the indefinite outline of the cloak, and my friend and I indulged in some whispered speculations as to what it might turn out.

"The elder sister, doubtless," said he, with one of his cold smiles; "a pretty and disconsolate young woman, the heroine of your intended romance, and the winner of my bottle of wine!"

"Have patience," said I, "have patience;" but I had not much myself. I wished the young woman would awake, and I earnestly hoped—I confess the fact—that she might prove to be as pretty as I was sure she was disconsolate. You may suppose, therefore, that it was with some anxiety I at length saw the cloak stir, and with some surprise I beheld emerge from it one of the most ordinary and commonplace of all the daughters of Eve. She was obviously the mother of the two children, but although endowed with all her natural faculties, quite as helpless and dependent as the little boy. She held out her hand to the little girl, who kissed it affectionately in the dutiful morning fashion of Fatherland; and then dropping with that action the manner of the child, resumed, as if from habit, the authority and duties of the parent. She arranged her mother's hair and dress as she had done those of her brother, dictated to her the place and posture in which she was to sit, and passed a full half hour—I can not now tell how—in quiet but incessant activity.

Time passed on; the other passengers had all breakfasted; but no one had seen the solitary family eat. Two or three of us remarked the circumstance to each other, and suggested the propriety of our doing something. But what do was the question, for although poor, they were obviously not beggars. I at length venturred to offer a biscuit to the little boy. He looked at it, and then at his sister, but did not stir. The proceeding, apparently, was contrary to their notions of etiquette; and I presented the biscuit to the mother "for her little son." She took it mechanically—indifferently—as if it was a thing she had no concern in, and handed it to the girl. The little girl bowed gravely, muttered some words in German, apparently of thanks, and dividing the biscuit among them, in three unequal portions, of which she kept the smallest to herself, they all began to eat with some eagerness.

"Hunger!" said my friend—"I told you; nothing else."

"We shall see;" but I could not think of any theory just then. The family it appeared, were starving; they had undertaken the little voyage without prepation of any kind in food, extra clothing, or money; and, under such circumstances, they sat calmly, quietly, without uttering a single complaint. In a few minutes a more substantial breakfast was before them; and it was amusing to see the coolness with which the little girl commodore accepted the providential windfall, as if it had been something she expected, although ignorant of the quarter whence it should come, and the business-like gravity with which she proceed to arrange it on their joint laps, and distribute the shares. Nothing escaped her; her sharp look was on every detail; if a fold of her mother's cloak was out of order, she stopped her till she had set it right; and when her brother coughed as he swallowed some tea, she raised his face, and patted him on the back. I admired that little creature with her wan face, and quick eyes, and thin fragile shoulders; but she had no attention to bestow on any one but the family committed to her charge.

"This is comical," said my friend; "I wonder what they are. But they have done breakfast; see how carefully the little girl puts away the fragments! Let us now ask them for what you call their 'story,' and get them to relate the romantic circumstances which have induced them to emigrate to London, to join some of their relatives in the business of selling matches or grinding organs!"

We first tried the mother, but she, in addition to being of a singularly taciturn, indifferent disposition, spoke nothing but German. The little boy answered only with a negative or affirmative. The commodore of the party, however, knew some words of French, and some of English, and we were able to understand what she told us with no more difficulty than arose from the oddity of the circumstances. The following is the dialogue that took place between us, with her polyglot part translated into common English.

"Where are you from, my little lass?"

"Is it me, sir? Oh, I am from New York."

"From New York! What were you doing there?"

"Keeping my father's room, sir; he is a journeyman."

"And what brings you to Europe?"

"My father sent me to bring over mother."

"Sent *you*!"

"Yes, sir; and because my brother could not be left in the room all day when my father was out at work, I took him with me."

"What! and you two little children crossed the ocean to fetch your mother?"

"Oh, that is nothing; the ship brought us—we did not come. It was worse when we landed in London; for there were so many people there, and so many houses, it was just as if we had to find our way, without a ship, through the waves of the sea."

"And what were you to do in London?"

"I was to go to a countryman of ours, who would find me a passage to France. But nobody we met in the street knew him, and nobody could understand what place it was I asked for; and if we had not met a little German boy with an organ, I do not know what we should have done. But somebody always comes in time—God sends him. Father told us that."

"And the little German boy took you to your countrymen?"

"Yes, and more than that! He bought some bread with a penny as he went along, and we all sat down on the step and ate it."

Here my friend suddenly used his handkerchief, and coughed vigorously; but the young girl went on without minding the interruption.

"Our countryman gave us a whole handful of copper money, and a paper to the captain of the ship. It was late before we got there, and we were so tired that I could hardly get my brother along. But the captain was so good as to let us sleep on the deck."

"Your mother was in Germany. How did you get to her?"

"Oh, we walked—but not always. Sometimes we got a cast in a wagon; and when we were very hungry, and would not lay out our money, we were always sure to get something given us to eat."

"Then you *had* money?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure!" and the little girl gave a cunning twinkle of her eye. "We could not get mother away, you know, without money—could we, mother?" patting her upon the back like one fondling a child.

Such was the story of the little commodore—a story which was listened to not only by my friend and myself, but by at least a score of other persons, some of whom will, no doubt, be pleased to see it here reproduced. A collection was made for the travelers, whose boasted funds had been exhausted at Boulogne; but what became of them afterwards I never knew. When we reached London, I saw them walk up the landing-place—wholly unencumbered with baggage, poor things!—the mother and the little boy clinging on either side to the commodore; and so, like the shadowy figures in the "Pilgrim's Progress," "they passed on their way, and I saw them no more."

For my own part, my theory had gone much further than I had thought of carrying it. My friend himself was not more surprised than I by the story of the little girl; and, like the Witch of Endor, when her pretended incantations were answered by the actual apparation of the prophet, I was stupified by my own success.

Just my Luck.

"James, you had better attend to the night wood," said Mrs. Forsyth to her son, who had become deeply interested in a book he was perusing.

"Wait a minute, mother, I want to finish this page, I am right in the middle of it now."

His mother did wait, and although she said nothing, yet she was deeply grieved. When he had read that page through, he feared he would lose the force of it if he laid it aside *just then*. And what difference would it make if the wood was brought in five minutes later? Mrs. Forsyth allowed him to take his own time for it, so it was almost dark before he thought of leaving his book. Then he went at it in great hurry, and in splitting some kindling he scratched his hand very badly. And when he again entered the neat little sitting room where his mother was at work, he was crying and complaining bitterly.

"O dear! O dear! I was splitting some wood, and a great stick flew up and hurt my hand so. You know it's just my luck."

"Come and sit down by me, James, I want to talk with you. You think you are very unlucky, don't you?"

"Yes, I do, mother, I am always getting hurt, and it isn't my fault either."

"Was it not your fault to night, my son?"

"Why, no; how should I know the stick was going to hit me?"

"Yes, but if it had not been so dark and late, you would not have been in such a season to do it all by daylight, but I let you manage your own way to see what would be the result. I have noticed lately that whenever anything is given you to do, 'wait a minute' is your almost constant reply."

"Well, what difference does a minute make, any way?"

"What would your father say, if because I wished to finish anything I was doing, I should put off breakfast till dinner time, would he like it?"

"Why I suppose not."

"And besides, the excuse which is good for one minute is equally as good for the *next*, and for many more. And, as a consequence of procrastination is crowding the business of an hour into a moment's space, you hurry through with everything, only half doing it. So you are always complaining of ill luck. Now this very fault of yours is the cause. No doubt it seems hard to break off from a thing in the midst of it, but recollect if you do everything promptly and in its proper place, you will have more time to do with."

"I don't see but that is reasonable, mother," said James, looking earnestly and thoughtfully in her face, "and I will try and do better in the future."

"That is right, my son. You will find it far easier after a little while to do things in their order, than to leave all to a leisure moment. And then, you will not have so much ill luck to complain of hereafter."

And now, my dear young friends, I have only to say in conclusion, that James Forsyth *has* reformed, and is a much happier and much better boy. Go thou and do likewise.—*Zion's Herald.*

Follow your Nobler Impulses.

Hardly a day or an hour passes, in our free intercourse with the world, and in the diversified details of business, when we are not called upon to make some decision involving to a greater or less degree the feelings and interests of our fellow-men. The circumstances in which we make these decisions may be more or less trying to our virtue and generosity. Cases not unfrequently occur in every man's life when the temptation is strong to perform some mean act, under the influence of envy, jealousy, or wounded pride, at the same time that there is a voice within whispering that it would be better to take another course—to stand upon higher ground. And yet the heart is exceedingly apt to yield itself to the suggestion of the meaner motive. There is a strange delusion which often creeps over the mind in such circumstances, suggesting that in order to show one's self a person of spirit and character, he must do something which his conscience and better judgment will not approve. As we look around among men, we are struck with the different conduct of individuals, when placed in circumstances involving this kind of trial. There are certain men, who, when they find themselves situated in this way, will, almost to a certainty, attempt to free themselves by a mean course of action. Even when the temptation from without is slight, still they will almost surely fall under the dominion of the baser and more unworthy motive, and act accordingly. While there are other men, upon whom you can scarcely bring an amount of temptation which shall repress the higher, loftier impulses of their nature. They will rise out of every difficulty, every trial, purer and nobler men than before. This latter class have accustomed themselves to follow their nobler impulses, until it has become a luxury to them always to be high-minded and generous, while the others have so long yielded to their meaner tendencies, that the power to send forth volitions in the opposite direction seems to be practically dead. To the young especially, it is therefore of immense importance, that they should early give heed to the better and more generous impulses of their hearts, and follow them, even though it costs them a severe present struggle. When this habit is once formed, it is almost impossible to uproot this tendency to meanness.—*Congregationalist.*

FLATTERY.—There is a vast difference between the expression of a due and delicate appreciation of merit, and that false and exaggerated praise which is dictated by adulation. The former is always received with pleasure; but the latter wounds the susceptibility of those on whom it is lavished; to a mind rightly constituted there being nothing more painful than undeserved, or even excessive commendation.—*Home Journal.*

FIRST LOVE.—Scarce one person out of twenty marries his first love, and scarce one of twenty of the remainder has cause to rejoice at having done so. What we love in those early days is generally rather a fanciful creation of our own than a reality. We build statues of snow, and weep when they melt.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

☞ Hard drinking and hard swearing