VOL. IX.

Cambridge Chronicle.

NO. 16.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1835.

WHOLE NO. 586.

TERMS.

The CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published every Saturday morning, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half yearly, in advance. Subscriptions will not be taken for less than six months: No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid unless at the option of the editor; and the failure to order a discontinuance previously to the expiration of the time already subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

☞ Advertisements not exceeding a square will be published three times for one dollar; and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion.

In cases where the number of insertions is not limited, advertisements will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

MR. & MRS. HAMILTON'S

BOARDING SCHOOL

For Young Ladies,

CORNER OF SARATOGA AND COURTLAND-STS.,

BALTIMORE,

WILL be re-opened on the first day in September next.

Mr. & Mrs. H. have provided their school with every apparatus necessary to illustrate their instructions. Their Philosophical Apparatus is equal to *any that can be found* in private seminaries in this country, and their Chemical is sufficiently extensive to illustrate any subject treated upon in the text books of the school. Their Cabinet of Minerals, though small, contains upwards of 700 specimens. Their seminary is also furnished with an Armillary Sphere, Cary's, Wilson's and Gardner's Globes, several Pianos and a Harp. The instruments they possess are the best they could procure in this country or in England. The Library contains upwards of 2000 volumes connected with the studies pursued in the school, to which the young ladies have access. In all the departments the most competent teachers are engaged, whose instructions are given under the immediate eye of the principals. The course of instruction is carried on in a regular system of academic studies, embracing *all* the scientific and ornamental branches.

Parents and guardians who wish for more particular information, can obtain a prospectus of the seminary by writing (post paid) to the principals.

Baltimore, Aug. 22 8w

Coach, Gig & Harness

MAKING.

THE subscribers, having removed to Cambridge, Dorchester county, Md., beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have taken the stand on Race street, which was formerly Kennard's, where they are prepared to execute work in the *COACH, GIG AND HARNESS* making business in all its various branches, with neatness and despatch. Being well acquainted with the business themselves, and intending to keep good

MATERIALS

always on hand, and first rate workmen employed, they flatter themselves that they will be able to finish all kinds of new work in as neat and durable a manner as can be done on the peninsula, and at as moderate prices. All repairs done in the best manner, and at the shortest notice. Those who see proper to patronize them may depend upon having their work faithfully executed, and at moderate charges.

The public's obedient servants,

PURNELL B. CAREY,
GEO. H. SCHLEIGH.

Cambridge, July 18 tf

N. B.—All orders thankfully received and promptly attended to, and all *new work* warranted 12 months. P. B. C., G. H. S.

NEW COMMISSION WAREHOUSE,

NO. 82, SOUTH WHARVES,

PHILADELPHIA.

THE undersigned, formerly of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, having associated themselves in the

COMMISSION BUSINESS,

under the firm of *W. & N. MITCHELL,* and taken the above commodious Warehouse, are now prepared to receive and sell, on the usual commissions,

Flour, Wheat, Rye, Oats, Bacon, Lard, Peas, Beans, Potatoes, Clover Seed, Flax Seed, Cotton, Tobacco, Bark, Staves, &c.

GOODS OF ALL KINDS WILL BE THANKFULLY RECEIVED, EITHER ON SALE OR STORAGE.

They pledge themselves to attend with fidelity to the business of their employers, and to render every satisfaction in their power.

The patronage of their friends and the public is respectfully solicited.

WILLIAM MITCHELL,
NATHANIEL MITCHELL.

Philadelphia, July 18th, 1835 2m

REFERENCES.

John W. Mitchell, } Castle Haven Neck,
Michael Mitchell, } Md.
Shadrach Mitchell, Cambridge, Md.
John Rumble, Caroline county, Md.
Henry F. Rodney, Esq., Lewistown, Del.
David Hazzard, Esq., Milton, Del.
William Welsh, South Wharves, Philad.

The papers at Snow Hill and Princess Anne are requested to copy the above from the Cambridge Chronicle, for two months, and send bills and papers to Philadelphia—Also, the Caroline Advocate, at Denton.

W. & N. MITCHELL.

TO RENT,

FOR THE ENSUING YEAR,

The House and Lot at the Cross Roads, now in the occupancy of Mr. Thomas Somers. For terms, apply to

Sept. 12 *THOMAS WINGATE.*

WOOL CARDING.

THE subscriber returns his acknowledgments for the liberal patronage received last year, and informs the public that he intends to continue the

WOOL CARDING

business, at the Mill formerly owned by Wm. Dines, near Ennalls' Camp Ground, which, though lately broke, is now in thorough order.

The CARDING MACHINES attached to the Mill are in excellent repair and fine condition for carding. He hopes, by strict and personal attention to his business, to merit a share of public patronage, and doubts not that all who favor him with their custom will be fully satisfied with his work. The rates are, for once through, 6 cents per pound—twice through, 8 cents. Persons are requested to pick and grease their wool well before sending it to the Mill.

The public's obedient servant,

HENRY D. WRIGHT.

Dorchester county, Sept. 12 3w

N. B.—The MILL, also, is in good order, and makes as fine flour and meal as any establishment in the county.

A Vessel for Sale.

THE subscribers desire to sell one of their two vessels. One of them is 4 years old, 35 tons burden and will carry 1200 bushels of grain—the other is about 18 months old, will carry 1500 bushels, and is 45 tons burden. They are flat built, have just been caulked, painted, and thoroughly repaired, and their sails are in good order. A reasonable credit will be allowed on the whole of the purchase money, if desired, the purchaser giving bond with approved security for the payment of the principal and interest. *WM. T. STAPLEFORT, GEO. H. STAPLEFORT.*

Sept. 12 3w

Edmund C. Robinson,

SURGEON DENTIST,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Cambridge and its vicinity, that he expects shortly to be in that town, where he will remain a few days, and be happy to render his professional services to all who may require them.

July 4th.

An additional supplement to the act concerning Crimes and Punishment.

WHEREAS, it has been represented to this General Assembly, that the irregular construction of the work shops of the Maryland Penitentiary, which were originally planned only in reference to ordinary manufacturing purposes; their scattered location and division into numerous apartments, render the necessary constant supervision of the convict, during the hours of labor, impracticable; And whereas, it is the disposition of the State to furnish the Penitentiary with the further and final means necessary to complete the improvements and carry out the disciplinary objects contemplated in the act to which this is a supplement;—Therefore,

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,* That there be erected, within the walls of the Maryland Penitentiary, under the direction and management of the Directors, a sufficient extent of work shops, adapted for manufacturing purposes, in common with the object designed by the improved prison discipline, known under the denomination of the Auburn System; and the directors are hereby authorized to contract for all materials necessary for the said work shops, and to proceed to the erection of the same without delay; *Provided,* that the said directors shall, before they contract for any of the said materials, issue proposals for the supply of the same, and insert the same twice a week for four successive weeks in two of the newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, and the different proposals made to them shall be preserved by the clerk of the directors, and laid before the next General Assembly, if required.

Sec. 2. *And be it enacted,* That the directors shall cause the said work shops and their appurtenances to be constructed on the same principles as those of the best prisons governed by the regulations of the said Auburn System.

Sec. 3. *And be it enacted,* That for the purpose of defraying the expense of the said work shops, the Treasurer of the Western Shore is hereby authorised, on or before the first day of June next, to borrow, on the credit of the State, at a rate not exceeding five per cent. a sum of money not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, on the best terms on which the same can be obtained, either from any of the chartered Banks of this State, or from individuals, which loan shall be redeemable after the expiration of twenty years; *Provided,* that the Treasurer shall advertise in such newspapers as he shall think expedient for proposals for said loan, at least thirty days previous to contracting for the same.

Sec. 4. *And be it enacted,* That the directors shall use the materials of the present shops, and employ the convicts as far as practicable, in the preparation of the materials, and in the erection of the workshops aforesaid; and for any payments on account of the contracts for said materials, the Board of Directors are authorised to draw on the Treasurer of the Western Shore, who is required to pay said drafts out of any money in the treasury, arising from the loan hereinbefore authorised.

Sec. 5. *And be it enacted,* That any premium which the said treasurer may receive on said loan, shall be by him invested in the most profitable fund, and shall form a sinking fund for the redemption of said loan, and the said directors of the Penitentiary are hereby required to pay, out of the profits of the institution, to the treasurer of the Western Shore, quarterly, such sum of money as shall be equivalent to the quarterly interest of the stock to be created in virtue of this act, and annually, after their liquidation of the loan of eighteen hundred and twenty eight, or in any event, annually, after the month of January, one thousand eight hundred and forty two, the sum of fifteen hundred dollars out of the said profits, which last mentioned sum shall be added to the sinking fund aforesaid, and be invested, together with all interests accruing from said investments, and the whole amount thus invested and accumulated, shall remain specifically appropriated to the final redemption of the stock and debt aforesaid.

FROM THE BOSTON TRAVELLER.

POLITICS AS A TRADE.

At the late commencement of William's College, the oration before the Alumni was delivered by W. H. Dillingham, of Westchester, Pa. It was replete with sound sense and judicious counsel to those just entering the world, and we hope it may be published. Meanwhile that part of it which related to the pursuit, by young men, of politics as a trade, appeared to several gentlemen so important and apposite to the present time, that they requested Mr. Dillingham to permit a copy of it to be taken for publication.

But, of all the mistakes into which young men in this country are liable to fall, there is none more common and more dangerous, than to make politics a chief good. It is in the nature of our institutions to create a tendency to this error. Our ears are ever and anon assailed by the din of party strife, and the elements are always in commotion to advance some party leader. The great object of the world in which we live would seem to be politics—

Beware of this as a ruling passion—

Fix not your minds on this as your noble object—Its corrupting influence on the minds of youth, has been held by a distinguished observer of human nature, to be scarcely less than that of the gambling table, and still more odious vices. Each has within itself an inextricable vortex. Each will prove to its votaries, insatiable as the grave. I speak of politics as a trade—distinct from patriotism, that genuine love of country which glows in every generous and virtuous bosom. I speak of party politics; politics which prefer party to country—which begin and end in self, and whose only object is self advancement. Such politics are the bane of our youth, and threaten ruin to our country. I refer to no particular party, nor to one more than to another—all, all have the taint, deep and damning.

There is but too much ground for the retort of other nations, when reproached by us with the servile homage they pay to Kings, that our politicians, to succeed, must pay a still more servile homage—they must, forsooth, succumb to the passions and flatter the prejudices of the people. Is the whole theory, then, it may be asked, of a Republican Government, predicated upon a false conception of the dignity of human nature? Is the humiliating truth to be developed in our own experiment of a free government, that it contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and, like every thing human from the first moment of its existence, has been tending to decay? Forbid it, patriotism! Forbid it, Heaven! Put forth your strength, ye seminaries of learning—redouble your efforts, ye of the sacred desk—sound the alarm, ye sentinels of the Cross—cherish virtue, ye ingenuous youth, and wherever thou seest a patriot heart, "among the faithless, faithful," O haste to the rescue.

What is it that now stalks abroad in the land, in defiance of Law? What is it that dares to perpetrate the most atrocious crimes in the face of day? What is that which every where strikes at the vital principle of the social compact, makes the ministers of justice tremble on their seats, and laughs punishment to scorn? What wild fury is this which arrogates the right to remove all grievances and redress wrongs by fire and sword, and not confining itself to the lawless inhabitants of the border, or the crowded and corrupted population of our great cities, has brought upon New England even, the scandal, that it is no longer a Land of Law? Surely some mighty principle of evil has been let loose to teach us our danger, the madness of our prosperity, and the false dream of our security. Surely, surely, we have not properly acknowledged our obligations to that overruling Power from whom we derived our blessings, and whose sustaining grace alone can save us from ourselves. These remarks are made in no spirit of the cynic—these are no imaginary fears. Revelation teaches us, and all we see and hear and know, all we observe and all we experience, confirms the truth that man is by nature corrupt. It is an every day truth that men in general are more governed by selfish and sordid motives, than by virtue and patriotism.

With the politician, the great object is success—to ensure success, he must address himself to the governing principle of our nature—to our master passions—the grand moving springs of action; whoever evinces the most tact in this, is the most certain of his object. It would seem to be only in some great crisis, like that of our revolution, that entire prevalence can be given to principles of exalted patriotism, and such, alas! are "few and far between." As it is with individuals, so with nations; prosperity is more dangerous than adversity, and it often requires some appalling accident, severe affliction, or overwhelming calamity, to bring us to our senses. When such things come, if we properly improve the occasion, we may still learn that it is sometimes "more noble to atone for a fault than not to have committed it." Hence, let no man say all this recklessly, in the spirit of reproach, or censure, or complaint, or repining. Let him the rather say it with deep self-humiliation, in humble confession, as a part of his own individual sin, to be repented of and atoned for—taking all condemnation to himself, and exercising all charity for his neighbors.—Thus, and thus only, can we hope to arrest the anger or supplicate the favor of Heaven, or hasten the approach of the millenial day.

To stimulate ourselves to this duty, let us turn our eyes for a moment to the causes of gratitude which every where present themselves. Looking out upon this fair land, what unexampled prosperity—what abounding wealth—what improvement in the arts—what development of resources—what victories over time and space—what trophies in literature and science—what distinguished success in all the learned professions—what stupendous efforts in the cause of Education, Religion, and good morals—what patriots and statesmen still vouchsafe to us a mighty host, who love their country—appreciate its danger, and stand ready to sacrifice themselves in the breach—and O, far better than all, what patient long suffering in the great Author of all good, that our Union has hitherto been preserved. While this blessed Union lasts, let us never despair of the Republic.

Eschewing all party politics, what is the ingenuous youth to do, who feels within himself the strivings of a noble spirit, that generous aspiration after fame, which must have been imparted to him for a wise and good purpose? I have in my eye the model of a character, great and good, which has steered clear of this evil, and achieved all that chastened ambition could desire. Would that I could present to you this model in that clear outline and graphic distinctness with which it is impressed upon my mind and heart. Imagine a young man graduating at one of the Colleges in New England, at the age of fifteen, with honor of a Greek oration, pursuing his professional studies with diligence and success under an eminent Jurist in an adjoining State, and admitted to practice before he was 21, locating himself, about the close of the administration of the elder Adams, in one of the largest cities in the Union, where talents find the most scope for action, the strongest incentives to exertion, and the best promise of reward—surrounded by a galaxy of distinguished men, pre occupying those proud heights of the profession which young ambition could hardly hope to reach. Checked in the outset, by the downfall of a man under whose patronage he had placed himself before venturing to try the strength of his own wing—rallying from the shock and throwing himself at once into the arena of professional conflict—passing through a probationary term, without patronage and with very limited practice—at length attracting public attention by his persevering industry, strict propriety of conduct, solid good sense and manly dignity—emerging into business, and pursuing a career of usefulness, honor and distinction, for more than thirty years onward and upward, until he has attained an elevation of fame and fortune upon which no mere politician in the country can look down, and to which all might refresh themselves by looking up. Such a man is now the father of the Philadelphia bar. No man ever owed less to chance or adventitious circumstances: no man ever more fairly earned wealth and fame: no man, within the same time, has performed more actual labor, done more good, or taken more pleasure in doing good, or challenged less of envy, or jealousy, or distrust, by a prosperous career. Could I tell you in a word how all this has been done, I would say, briefly, constant active energies, well disciplined—an all pervading benevolence—the most perfect command of temper—prudent forecast—practical wisdom—love of labor—an ever sustaining consciousness of rectitude. His high ambition has always been, to make himself useful, to do right, and to do good. He is neither carried away himself, nor carries away others, by the false glow of genius, so called—the display of an overheated imagination, or the excitement of thrilling passions: wherever known he inspires respect, confidence and affection—his presence is held by his friends as that of some good genius; his smile is ever their delight, his council their safety, his word their law.

Regarding this as the best government in the world—avowing that he would live under no other, and inculcating upon all, the duty to sustain it unimpaired—with every temptation to enter political life, he has steadily maintained that for him "the post of honor is a private station." The intimate friend and associate, throughout his whole career, of two of the most eminent statesmen of which the country can boast, he has always held an equal rank with them in the commanding influences of the profession, and enjoys an equal share of the rich harvest of its reward—still retaining all their friendship and all their intimacy, knowing well what their political trophies have cost them, and what they have availed them, after having

"——trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,"

their relative weight as men and as politicians, their comparative influence and usefulness in political and professional life, he must see abundant reason for self-congratulation; and were the question now put to them, great and magnanimous as they most truly are, my life on it, they would say to him, "yours has been the wiser part." Go to the gentleman, as the eventide of life approaches, and you will find the same frankness of feeling, vigor of intellect, activity of spirit, and pleasure in doing good, which ever characterized him. Enquire for his resources when he shall have withdrawn from the "heat and burthen of the day," and you will discover that he is never less alone than when alone. Ask him how he has managed all his life to make so many friends and so few enemies, and you will learn that he set out in life with the resolution to be "his own keeper." In such a character we recognize a descendant worthy of the pilgrim stock. The name of ancestors which he bears, is to be found among those of two different generations in the annals of our oldest University, once as its governing head. Such a character well illustrates the New England virtues.

Imitate his high example, and so shall the influence which you exert in the world, be as extensive as it is benign: stand by the principles which you have here imbibed, and cultivate that "powerful, habitual impulse of conviction which shall prompt you to the highest attainments of wisdom and excellence"—so shall your life be useful, your name honorable, your fame enduring, and your death happy. Eschew party politics as you would avoid the bitter pangs of disappointed ambition—cherish that affectionate gratitude to your teachers, and that high estimate of the value of education, which is your first birth right. So may we all, here, meet again in future years: and whatever may be the secret counsels of the great Eternal with regard to us, our purposes, our wishes, and our hopes let each endeavor so to live that when his "summons comes," he shall receive it

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

The Jews.—A journal from Berlin has observed, that the whole Jewish population, which in the times of Kings David and Solomon, amounted to four millions, does not at present consist of more than three millions two hundred thousand individuals, who are scattered about in various countries. The Jews are not tolerated in Spain or Portugal, and are not to be met with at all in Norway. In the Austrain states they enjoy very few privileges; and in England their situation is by no means satisfactory. The laws respecting them in Russia are very rigorous.—In the Confederated States, France, Holland, and Prussia, they enjoy all the rights of citizens, but fill no public employments.

From the Correspondent of the Portland Advertiser.

NO. III.

THINGS IN ENGLAND--SCENERY, &c.

JUNE, 1835.

Every heart beat quicker and louder, as we sailed along the channel, with Old England itself on one side, and the Isle of Wight on the other. This is England then! With what joy does an American visit the lands of his fathers, in whose glory, whose triumphs over man and matter he shares! Shakspeare is ours as well as theirs, and so is Milton, and that by-gone host of the mighty dead, who in aforetimes have consecrated every hill and glen that dots or marks the surface of Old England. An American, more than all other strangers, is just the man to feel and share in all the pride of England; and so is an Englishman, if he would but shake off his narrow political prejudices, the very man to love us and ours, as we are bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. A community of language and of literature, makes us thoroughly understand each other. But what adds more to the charm, is, that an American, wherever he goes, exchanges the new for the old, and the Englishman the old for the new. We step from the forest, the mighty river, and the terrific cataract, to a scenery as unlike ours as one can fancy—so soothing, so quiet, so cultivated, so deliciously beautiful that I would hardly exchange mere enjoyments of years for the one single day of unutterable delight that the eye alone had when I first put foot upon the English shore. I did not believe that I saw nature. I fancied that I was in a fairy land. It was so unlike for miles and miles, as I rode on an outer seat of the coach from Portsmouth to London, the scenery we have, that it did not seem to me possible that ever nature herself could cover the earth in such beauty.

The lawns were so verdant; the parks of the nobles and gentry so beautifully adorned with trees and walks and bridges; the cottages so tastefully inwreathed in flowers and ivy; all, and all nature in such a holiday attire, that moving as we did, more than ten miles an hour, over a road as perfectly made as Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, or the M'Adamised way in front of the old State House, (Boston)—in a stage coach with twelve persons outside and four in, that I could not persuade myself it was aught else than delusion, and even now I enjoy all over again in the mere narration. The very horses, as they galloped over the well watered road, (and here is a luxury for the traveller, and the roads are kept sprinkled for miles, on some lines 60 miles out of London, from wells filled with iron pumps by the way side,) the very horses (so superbly groomed!) as they shook the flowers that festooned their heads, did, indeed, in their light trappings, "share with their masters the pleasure and the pride." What could be fresher or more novel than all this to an American—and my delight was doubly increased by the contrast, for when I left New York a tardy spring had hardly warmed the earth or leafed the trees, and a long stretch of ocean had prepared me for the full enjoyment of a summer that burst upon me as if by magic. I could not have selected a happier time to enjoy such a contrast, for it was, as it were, awakening from the frosts of rough and surly winter to the sudden warmth of Lapland summer.

I have said that Englishmen and Americans are the very men to feel in the highest degree the peculiarities of each other's homes. I have in part told you why;—as I now have seen England quite thoroughly, Ireland and Scotland some, I will tell you why. The horror, the utter detestation I have of much that is done here in manners and matters, no language can express. Of them I will speak anon; and I can very well see in what way a "well bred Englishman" must be shocked every step he takes in the United States.—But I am now going to speak only of the first impressions of scenery and associations—the delightful part of travelling which it is well only to think of, forgetting its afflictions as much as one can. I have said that an American, when he visits England, exchanges the New for the Old; but here antiquity has one charm for an American that no European can feel. The Old is not only old to us, but it is new also—something fresh, and for the first time seen and felt. We have a new sensation all at once—a new soul, as it were—and ideas that never before thronged the brain throng there now. We have not grown up among it as the European has, and lost the novelty of the sight by a constant gaze—but we have come from a far off land, whose cathedrals are the arched forests of a thousand years, with an antiquity beyond the stretch of history, the builder of whose temple has been God himself, working for ages in sublimity, and silence, and terror, amid the mountain, lake and river—and we exchange this magnificent luxuriance of Nature for what *was* history!—for the land where the Briton, the Saxon, the Roman and Norman dwelt—for the Gothic pile, the lofty battlement, overgrown with the yew and the elm, and the tower buried in ivy—for a scenery beautiful, soothing and quiet as I have said, but as far removed from the awful grandeur of ours, as the sun from the least twinkling star. I have laughed till it was painful at English waterfalls kept for show, (sights sold for six pence! over which it is fashionable to have spasmodic enthusiasms,) and I have been sad and cast down at the pitiful ambition of man, as I have wandered over ruined abbeys, and the broken open stone coffins of great men and kings, which the peasant now kicks from his pathway. Oh! what lessons for the young American!—how fruitful with moral instruction, and how solemnly impressing upon him the meanness of vulgar ambition!

The peculiar charm of English scenery in an American eye is its cultivation. What we dislike most, an Englishman loves most. The trees that we hew down with barbarian recklessness, he plants with assiduous care. Forests that are bores to us, are as mines of gold to him. With just as much avidity as we (of the north) seek to build on the road, he seeks to build from it. As we of the cities dislike country life, so he loves it. As we cluster together in villages, so he avoids them. As we seek the heart of a town, so he abhors it. These facts, and the possession of landed property in few and noble hands, lead to some remarkable differences in the two countries. Hence, though we may say in America, with a semblance of truth, that "God made the country, and man made the town," we cannot say it here with any truth at all. Man here has had as much to do in making the country as making the town. Wealth seeks it, and lavishes there its possessions. The chief ambition of almost every merchant is, to have his country seat; One is quite necessary to a nobleman's rank. Thus even the humblest farmer catches this most delightful taste. His cottage is often covered all over with flowers. The hedges are often beautifully trimmed about it. Fine walks are laid out. All that is unpleasant in farming life is concealed as much as possible from public view; and it would be a disgrace for a farmer here to have such front doors, and such public barn yards as two-thirds of our farmers have. By the way, this is important; and the farmer who will reform, will do great service to his neighbors—important, I say, for such a taste has more influence upon the character of a people than many suspect. Hence, too, there is a love for the country all over England; and with it there is taste for, and an appreciation of, cultivated scenery—of landscape that we have not.

The gentleman seeks, for his house, a prospect as well as a foundation. The mountain and the little lake he always looks for when he can. A rivulet that we would think nothing of, I have often seen made every thing that was beautiful. The cliff that would be wild forever with us, is often adorned with walks, and flowers, and hedges. Even the little cascade is fashioned and shaped to make it prettier than it is. Wealth luxuriates in such a taste. The poor here are not driven as with us into the suburbs of towns, for wealth seeks the suburbs there to build its walks and its gardens—and the heart of the town is left for the poor. Let then the setting sun, or the mid day sun as softened and mellowed by the overhanging cloud of an English sky, fall upon a landscape thus ever kept verdant and thus richly cultivated—an American can hardly believe that he sees aught else than a mighty picture. Fancy struggles hard with fact. We enjoy such things more than any other people when we see them here, because our country is so new, and the contrast is so great. What an ecstacy of delight, then, an Englishman must feel, rocked and cradled in a scene so quiet, so soothing, so mild—when taken from his little rivulets and brooks that he calls rivers—his hills that he calls mountains, and fells and pipes, that he calls lakes and loches—his woods and parks that he calls forests, his cascades and bubbles that he misnames waterfalls—what depth of emotion he must have when going from home, he sees what is a river, a lake, a mountain, a fall of water. The Father of waters, or the roar of Niagara, are wonders to him which we can hardly share with him, born as we are within their influence. Some scenes in Western Virginia, which, by the way, I think the most impressive of all our American scenery, or many in Maine in her woods and fastnesses that I could mention—which by and by will be 'the Lakes George' of America, would be fortunes, immense fortunes as mere shows in England. By the bye, we differ as a people from the English, just as our scenery and our localities differ. A curious essay, I think, might be written upon this; but I am at what ought to be the end of a letter lost already in the mist of an Essay in doors, and a London coal smoke, if I go out. I will send you letters enough and to spare anon. B.

ON FERTILIZING LAND.

On passing by the site of an old dwelling house which was demolished many years ago, we were struck with the remarkably fine appearance of the wheat which grew on this spot. According to our estimate, it will produce seven times as much as any other equal space in the field: and the same extraordinary fertility is exhibited every year, whether it be in grass or in grain. This is not the only instance that we have seen of the kind; many such places may be found; and we think it would be well for cultivators to consider and to endeavor to discover the causes of such important results. Though the means of rendering a whole farm equally productive be not easily attainable, yet we are persuaded that much more may be profitably done on most farms than is now doing.

This house, which was built of logs, had been inhabited about ten years. It was then demolished; and if we may judge from the effects of log heaps on lands generally, it must be a matter of little consequence to inquire whether they were burnt or removed. About twenty years have now passed away, and there it is, the same green spot. Such durable effects do not generally proceed from a *burning*, or from *putrescent manures*, dropped round the door by the pigs, cattle or poultry. We must therefore inquire what other materials had been collected. There was *chip dirt* in no sparing quantity, and probably some *burnt clay*. To these we may add a liberal supply of *ashes*, mixed with a portion of *quick lime*, which had been used in making soap, besides pieces of *horns, hoofs, bones* and *old leather*. *Charcoal* had also accumulated.

Now, what is the inference to be drawn from these facts? We should say, let every farmer carefully collect all the chip dirt that he can from his wood pile; all the ashes and lime from his leach tubs; all the horns, hoofs, broken bones and old leather, more or less of which may be found every year, on every farm, and then have them all duly applied to his fields. If this be done, the consequences must be important. The principle of saving, of letting nothing go to waste, ought no more to be forgotten or overlooked on a farm than in a manufactory. The Scotch say, 'Many a little makes a mickle,' and this proverb is the dictate of experience and sound sense.

We hope that none of our readers will think that we are dealing too much in trifles. Those who throw refuse coal into the road or streets, instead of removing it into their fields or gardens; and those who mend the roads with manures from their stables or wood piles; or cart old lime or mortar into them for the same purpose—would doubtless carp at us were it not for one circumstance; we have never known such *economists* to take an agricultural paper.—*Gen. Farmer.*

It is a most interesting fact, that the Scotch peasant who sheltered Prince Charles after his defeat at Culloden, when the price of £30,000 was put upon his head, was afterwards hanged for stealing a cow.

Better late than never.—Married, in Wekumta, Mr. *John Leit,* to Miss *Julia S.*