VOL. XI

CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

"THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE."

NEW SERIES--VOL. 3. NO. 746

CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, November 3, 1838. NUMBER 6

The N. York Express,

The New-York Express is a Daily and Semi-weekly Newspaper, lately established in the City of New-York, by JAMES BROOKS of Portland, Maine, and ROBERT HUDSON, of Hudson's News Rooms. The price of the daily is ten dollars, and of the Semi-weekly, four dollars in advance, and five if not paid within the year.

Subscribers not known to the proprietors are expected to give references in New York, unless the money accompanies their order. The proprietors know full well that in the management of a daily newspaper in New-York, the editors must neither sleep nor slumber upon their posts, and while thousands of their fellow citizens are in their beds, that is the time for them to be at their desk, but they are prepared for this exertion. They have the health, spirits and the age for such an encounter and are ready for it knowing full as they do, the activity of some of their contemporaries and their indefatigable exertions never to be outdone.—But nevertheless, they think there is room for them. New York is increasing with a rapidity that defies calculation and mocks at prophecy—marching onwards even with strides that threaten a close approximation to the empire city of the commericial world over the sea: and sure in all this vigorous and marvellous growth, a new Journal *may* succeed, where others have, when New-York was, as it were, but in her swathing clothes, and not the giant she now is—with her thousand arms stretching over both the old world and new. In such a great city then; the heart of our vast land, and the link between that land and Europe—where no taxes upon paper, no stamps, no restrictions upon the Press, encumber and overload the business of Journalizing, there is ample scope and range enough for us and all our contemporaries too.

The great and primary object of the proprietors is to create a commercial Newspaper, but it is just as impossible to live in this hot political world of ours without mingling in politics, as to go into the fire without being burnt. True, when the Whigs aver that two and two make four, and the friends of Mr. Van Buren aver that two and two make three and a half, they could take the ground of neutrality, aver as loudly as either, that two and two make three & three fourths, but there is a right and a wrong side on every question, and one must in a country like this be on one side or other.—As to this right political side, we are quite sure that it is that of the Whigs, but were it otherwise, we should be puzzled enough to publish a Commercial Journal, when Commerce and Whig principles are identified, one with another. Already we have in connexion with "Hudson's News Room," the basis of a newspaper establishment, a Price Current, Shipping List, and excellent arrangements for all news, Foreign and American: but not satisfied with this we shall immediately push our arragements to the furtherest point for the procuring of news.—One of the Messrs. Hudsons is about to sail for Liverpool, and go from thence to London, Havre and Paris, for the purpose of devising the most expeditious and surest means of receiving commercial intelligence from abroad. The rapid arrangements that we have been compelled to make for the publication of the "Express," have of course put it out of our power to have a new Press, we have ordered one of the first quality, a double cylinder, which will be done by the middle of September, and then the 'Express' will be the *largest Daily Newspaper in the World.*

The arrangements of our office, though not wholly completed, are rapidly advancing. We have established, at a great expense, a Correspondence with every important section of our country, and as soon as possible we intend to do the same with every interesting part of the world. Our subscription list has increased and is still increasing beyond the highest expectations. We feel sure of ultimate success and it will therefore be our pride to deserve it. With such arrangements as these, we hope to have a fair share of public patronage, to deserve which, we shall assuredly do all that is in our power.

BROOKS & HUDSON,
N. York City, corner of Wall & Water-sts
June 10, 1837

MARYLAND:

Dorchester County Orphans Court, 8th day of Oct. 1838.

ON application of Marcellus D. Keene administrator of Isaac Dawson late of Dorchester county, deceased—it is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week, for the space of three successive weeks, in the Cambridge Chronicle, a paper selected by him

In testimony That the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester County Orphans' Court, I have hereunto set my name, and the seal of my office affixed, this 8th day of Oct'r. in the year of our Lord, 1838.

L. S.

THOMAS H. HICKS.
Register of Wills, Dorchester Co.

In compliance with the above order, This is to give Notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Dorchester County, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Isaac Dawson late of Dorchester Co., deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 8th day of April, 1839, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 8th day of Oct'r 1838.

MARCELLUS D. KEENE, adm'r
Oct. 12 3w.

GOELICKE'S
Matchless Sanative,
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE
Is edited and published every Saturday morning
BY
JACKSON & HOOPER.

—TERMS—

The CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published every *Saturday morning*, at TWO DOLLARS & 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 publishers; 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 inserted three times for one dollar; and twenty-five cents for every 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.

POETRY

For the Chronicle.

TWILIGHT HOUR.

At twilight hour, I love to steal
Unseen, unheard, where none are near,
To muse the pensive pair I feel,
And shed alone, fond memory's tear.

At that loved hour sad thoughts arise
Of friends by absence made more dear,
Fond cherished hopes, long sever'd ties
And blighted feelings, cold and sear.

Then thought reverts to other days,
Sweet tones are heard, loved forms appear.
And memory tells of other lays
Breathed to fond friendship's listening ear.

To clasp the hand, in thought I fly,
Which never coldly met with mine;
And read the greeting of that eye,
Oh! fancy 'twas a dream of thine.

Yet do I love the twilight hour,
For thought a soothing balm can bring,
And fancy's sweet and soothing power,
Blunts kindly, memory's poignant sting.

Cambridge Md. Sarah.

From the Christian Statesman.

THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, THERE IS NO GOD."—Psalm 14th.

"No God! No God! " The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound:
"No God!"— astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the atheist lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Almighty to proclaim,
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave his name,
High swells the deep and vengeful sea,
Along the billowy track,
And red Vesuvius opes his mouth,
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm tree with its princely crest,
The cocoa's leafy shade,
The bread-fruit, bending to its lord,
In yon fair island glade;
The winged seeds that borne by winds,
The roving sparrows feed,
The melon on the desert sands,
Confute the scorner's creed.

"No God!" With indignation high
The fervent sun is stir'd,
And the pale Moon turns paler still,
At such an impious word;
And from their burning thrones, the Stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal Majesty. L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn., July 4, 1838.

NOBILITY OF LABOR.

BY ORNILLE DEWY.

So material do I deem this policy—the true nobility of labor, I mean, that I would dwell on it a moment longer, and in a larger view. Why, then, in the great scale of things is labor ordained for us? Easily, had it so pleased the Great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for productions of all that man wants.

The motion of the globe upon its axis might have been going forward without man's aid, and houses might have been like an exhaltation,

"With the sound
Of dullest symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple;"

gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft coaches and luxurious banquets spread by hands unseen; and man clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, rather than imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in those Elysian palaces. "Fair scene!" I imagine you are saying: "Fortunate for us had it been the scene ordained for human life!" But where, then, tell me, had been human energy, perseverance, practice, virtue, heroism?

Cut off with one blow from the world; and mankind had sunk to a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries. No, it had not been fortunate. Better than the earth be given to man as a dark mass, whereupon to labor. Better that rude and unsightly materials provided in the ore-bed and in the forest for him to fashion to splendor and beauty. Better I say, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act creating them is better than the things themselves because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy than the idler.

I call upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down.

What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down—for ages. Let it then be built up again; here, if any where, on these shores of a new world—of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil, but they too generally do it because they must.

Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it by spirit. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should hasten as a chosen coveted field of improvement.

But so he is impelled to do under the teachings of our imperfect civilization.—On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in idleness.—This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust, feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away.

Ashamed to toil art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy worship, and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war, of thy soiled and weather stained garments, on which mother nature has embroidered, mist, sun and rain, mist, fire, and stream her own herladict honors? Ashamed of those tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature, it is impiety to Heaven; it is breaking heavens great ordinance. Toil, I repeat, toil, either of the brain, of the heart or of hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility?

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

Female influence is deeply felt on all our religious and social charities. On these subjects female susceptibilities are most lively. Many men, involved in business, leave these things to their wives. They are willing to give, but cannot spend the time nor attention to inquire out the proper objects of charity or canvass their claims. They trust this in the hands of their wives. The poor, therefore, look up to female charity for the bread of life, to hearts that are formed to feel. The charities which lay a claim to our contributors are two kinds, systematical and occasional. Systematic charities, for the relief of the extreme poor, are provided by law, and every man under the arrangement, willingly pays his assessment to the collector. But, besides these, there are objects of want in every community, whose claims cannot be innocently resisted by those who have the Lord's gold and silver in stewardship. There are many industrious poor, who are to virtuous too steal, who respect themselves too much to resort to public charity, and who are too modest to beg. They are sometimes sick and in distress, when the hand of charity would be an excellent oil in their wounds But they must be sought out. And if those, who are formed by nature for sympathy, do not go after them, by whom will they be found? To find out and supply these occasional wants, is commonly the honored care of female activity and sympathy.—There are also systematic charities for the supply of spiritual wants. Neglected by legislators, christians, under the command of God, have instituted systematic charities for those who are perishing for lack of vision. There charities, however, are, as they ought to be, entirely voluntarily; and it is here the pious female is able to do much, by her activity and influence.—On these subjects, men of business, unless religious, are apt to be careless.—But the pious and contemplative wife often presents them to his attention, in a manner which may call forth his liberal contributions, if it does not control the current of his affections. She may do much for her partner in life, for her family for society, for the world if she does what she can, she shall have the favor and approbation of God, the highest rewards of the best deeds. She shall receive the blessings of her posterity, and the many ready to perish.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Farmer & Gardener.

FARMER'S WORK FOR OCTOBER, ON THE FARM.

This is a month, as every good farmer knows, in which all our energies should be put forth, for besides saving that which we have already made, much must be done to lay the ground work of next years' crops; and with a view of bringing its appropriate labors to the notice of our readers, we will endeavor briefly to detail them.

Fall Ploughing.

As opporunity presents itself, all stiff, clayey grounds, intended for spring culture, should be ploughed up this and the ensuing month. By ploughing seven inches deep and taking furrows nine inches wide, the furrows will be laid at an angle of about forty-five degrees, the best possible position at which ground can be laid to receive the greatest amount of benefit from the fertilizing effect of winter frosts and snows. Grounds thus treated are always infinitely better suited to the purposes of spring culture than if left untouched. But besides the advantages arising from the mellowing effects of the weather, much less work will have to be done in the spring when time is valuable.

Gathering Corn.

If your corn is sufficiently hardened, it should be got in the latter end of this month; by so doing you save much from the ravages of crows and those animals that prey upon the corn fields at a time before vegetation is destroyed, and thus by the time winter comes on, they are put in good condition to enter upon the rigors of that inclement and pinching season of the year, a thing that every husbandman should have an eye to; for if at the commencement of the foddering season they be in good plight the probability of their going well through that critical and trying period will be infinitely greater.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

Some three years ago a merchant in New York while emptying a box of tea, observed therein a few grains of corn.—Concluding that corn from China must be something new under *our sun*, he had them planted, so they grew and multiplied. Last spring I received from a worthy friend; a portion of said corn—it's a new variety—so *I* gave it the name of China's fall prolific, or tree corn; as it strikes off in two three and frequently four branches, in appearance like a small tree, and produces an ear at the head of each branch, whereas the common corn shoots out the ear from the side of each stalk; it grows from eight to ten feet high, produces an abundance of fodder, is a large white flint twelve row corn, and ears from ten to fourteen inches long. I counted six hundred and sixty grains on one ear. It was planted on the 10th of May and had ears fit to boil on the 10th of July. Its produce was much curtailed by the long drought, but notwithstanding I counted two thousand one hundred and twenty grains, the product of one stalk; being an increase of two thousand from one. The Dutton (which is an excellent corn) planted on the same day, on the same field, and receiving the same quantity of manure cross ploughing and hoeing, did not produce one half. The patch, about two hundred hills, was examined by many respectable farmers, who all pronounced it something new, and something superior.

The corn may be had of G. C. Thorburn, New York, and at the store of William Thorburn in Albany, price 25 cents per ear; the nett profits to be given to some of the charitable institutions in New York and Albany. Now if there is a farmer between Maine and the Rocky Mountains who would rather pay twenty-five cents for two gills of brandy, than to buy one ear of this corn, which will plant 100 hills—I say, if there is such a man, he ought to be fed on nothing but supaun and buttermilk as long as his little soul and big carcass will hang together. A stalk having the ears on to show the manner of growth may be seen at the above stores.

GRANT THORBURN.

Hallets'-Cove, Sept. 21, 1838.

CABBAGES.

Towards the latter end of this month put away you cabbages; be sure to do it before the frost injures them, and they will keep much better.—Farmer and Gardener.

Gathering and Preserving Potatoes.

As soon as your potatoes are fit for digging take them up, and be sure to put them *away with as little exposure to the sun as possible, and care should be taken to bruise them as little as possible.*

TURNIPS.

By stirring the earth around your turnips early this month, you will add much to their growth and increase their product.

BEETS, PARSNIPS, CARROTS.

These roots should be taken up and put away this month.

PUMPKINS.

As your pumpkins ripen, gather them and put them away in a dry warm room It is important that they be housed before being exposed to the frost of the field.

A VIVID SKETCH.

The following vivid sketch of the abuses and corruptions of our tory administrations, is contained in a letter of Judge Burnett, of Cincinnati, addressed to the committee of arrangements for celebrating the 4th of July at Massillon, Ohio, in answer to an invitation to attend that celebration:

"The history of our government, for the last eight or ten years, presents to the world a scene of fraud, speculation, and extravagance, and oppression unparalelled. The President and secretary of the treasury, in violation of a law of Congress, have seized upon the revenues of the nation, and disposed of it at pleasure, as spoils of victory belong to conquerers. The offices of government which heretofore were given to the faithful supporters of the constitution, are now avowedly granted as rewards for past, or bribes for future, devotion to men in power. Large sums of money are placed in the hands of partisan officers, without adequate security, or suffered to remain in the possession of receivers, denominated sub-treasurers, to be used for purposes of corruption, and virtually to be transferred to the schedule of bad debts. The patronage and power of the chief magistrate are brought in perpetual conflict with the freedom and purity of elections.

"An unrelenting proscription has been decreed against the whigs and the conservatives; and against all others, who will not give up the freedom of opinion; and right or wrong, support the measures of the administration. Threats: promises, and bribes are employed to improve the condition of the political press by rendering it subservient to the will of the party in power. The surplus millions which encumbered the treasury when Mr. Van Buren was raised to the presidency have been squandered, and a new national debt, amounting already to many millions has been created.—The array of office-holders—the Swiss guards of a corrupt executive—has greatly increased.

"The unfortunate Indians, once the undisputed owners of the entire country, under the pretext of an alledged treaty, have been commanded to abandon their homes—their altars—and the graves of their fathers, to satiate the avarice of unprincipled white men. As was natural; they hesitated to obey the tyranical mandate; because they had the courage to do so, they have been attacked, hunted like wolves, shot down in the swamps to which they repaired for shelter, seized in violation of the guaranty of our national flag, which even savages respect and sent into banishment, under a military escort. In carrying on this work of destruction, more than tweniy millions of public money have already been expended, and the undertaking is not half accomplished."

"By a series of wicked experiments, the best national currency ever enjoyed by any people, has been wantonly destroyed—specie banished from circulation—the regular business of the country broken up—the prices of agricultural and mechanical products; at the rate of exchanges rendered unstable—credit, the only capital of the enterprising poor man, has been taken from him, with a chilling reproof "that he who deals on borrowed capital ought to break,"—and when a suffering community have made their humble appeal to the president and to congress, they have been insultingly told, "there is no distress which any honest man ought to regret." The president has officially declared that the people rely too much on the government—that men of business must take care of their own concerns, and that government will take care of itself."

"This is but an imperfect epitome of the evils under which the people are laboring. The day of retribution seems to be at hand. The nation is waking up. The fire of 1776 is re-kindling in the bosoms of the people, who are preparing to rise in their strength, and scatter the tyrants, who have already so far undermined the temple of liberty, that it begins to totter to its fall."

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, of New York, is said to be worth the trifle of twenty five millions of dollars—more than twice the sum left by Stephen Girrard. This, at six per cent, would produce one million five hundred thousand dollars a year—one hundred and twenty five thousand a month; four thousand one hundred and thirty three dollars a day—one hundred and seventy three dollars an hour two dollars eighty-seven and a half cents a minute—and near five cents a second! He will be rich by and bye.

UNIVERSITY OF NATURE.—After Europe has changed its language ten times, the terms of the material revelation are unaltered. Does Africa jabber in a thousand ruleless languages? Does Asia forsake her venerable tongues? Is America the modern Babel, forming a new race of languages, from refuse of the old families. Nature changes not here; she owns no authority, she suffers no provincialism in her universal speech. The larks now carol the same song and in the same key as when Adam first tuned his enraptured ear to catch the moral. The owl first hooted in B flat, and it still loves the key, and screams through no other octaves. In the same key has ever ticked the death watch; while all the three noted chirps of the cricket have ever been in B, since Tubal Cain first heard them in his simithy, or the Israelites in their ash ovens. Never has the buzz of the great risen above the second A, nor that of the house fly's wing sunk below the first F. Sound had at first the same connection with color as it has now; and the right angle of life's incidence might as much produce a sound on the first turrets of Cain's city, as it is now said to do on one of the Pyramids. The tulip, in its first blossom in Noah's garden, emitted heat four and a half degrees above the atmosphere, as it does at the present day. The stormy petrel as much delighted to sport amongst the first billows which the Indian ocean ever raised as it does now. In the first migration of birds they passed from north to south, and fled over the narrowest parts of the seas, as they will this autumn. The cuckoo and the nightingale first began their song together, analogous to the beginning of our April, in the days of Joseph, as they will two thousand years hence, if the sun should not fall from his throne, or the earth not break her harness from the planetary car. The first bird that was caged oftener sung in adagio than its natural spirit.

Corals have ever growed edgeways to the ocean stream. 8,280,000 animalculæ could as well live in a drop of water in the days of Seth as in ours. All flying insects had on their conts of mail in the days of Japhet, over which have ever waved the plumes of more gaudy feathers than the peacock ever dropped. The bees that afforded Eve her first honey, made their combs hexagonal; and the first house fly produced 20,080,329 egs in one year, as she does at present. The first jump of the first flea was two hundred times its own length, as it was the last summer. The concubinal sinner, the ursine sloth, who scorns at all the anathemas against polygamy, kept ten or twelve wives before Moses was born, as he will when we are forgotten. There was iron enough in the blood of the first forty-two men to make a ploughshare, and there is to day, from whatever country or men you select. The lungs of Abel contained a coil of vital matter 150 feet square, as mine; and the first inspiration of Adam consumed 17 inches of air, as do those of every adult reader. The rat and the robin followed the footsteps of Noah as they do ours.—BAYLEY.