L. D. Geeckle

CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

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

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—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 expiratton 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.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

A NEW AND IMPROVED
PORTABLE HORSE POWER AND THRESHING MACHINE.

Having obtained Letters Patent, bearing date Feb. 6th, 1838, for an improvement on a *PORTABLE HORSE POWER*, for propelling Threshing Machines, Clover Mills, Small Grist Mills, &c.

The subscriber takes this method of informing the public, that he will be prepared to supply all orders at the shortest notice. The superiority over other machines, consists in ease of operation, durability and simplicity. Being constructed principally of iron, both Horse Power and Thresher, the bearings being surrounded with oil cups, which retain oil sufficient for one day, without replenishing, supercedes the necessity of hourly application of oil, which renders other machinery so liable to injury from neglect, and hazardous to those who may superintend them, consequently produced by applying oil during the operation or from a neglect of its mechanical construction. The vertical and horizontal bearings are supplied with oil by nutrition and capillary which is a great saving of oil, and prevents them from becoming dry and injuring the machine, which is so detrimental to other machinery. The Horse Power occupies the space of 3 feet by 3 feet 6 inches, which contains the moving machinery. This machine will thresh all kinds of grain, it also answers the purpose of cleaning clover seed, and with my late improvement is far superior to my former machines.

This machine can be transported in a common cart or wagon, without any inconvenience. A further description is deemed unnecessary, as those who would wish to purchase will call and examine for themselves. The subscriber has constantly on hand the above described machines, at his manufactory, north of Brandywine village, Del., where orders will be received and the machines sent to any part of the neighboring States. Hundreds of certificates can be produced that it is superior to any thing of the kind they have yet seen.

References to the superiority of this machine may be had in the surrounding counties of Philadelphia, Montgomery, Delaware, Chester and Lancaster, Pa.; New Castle, Kent and Sussex, Del.; Cecil, Kent and Harford, Md; Salem, Cumberland, Gloucester, and Burlington, N. J., where these machines have been justly celebrated and given entire satisfaction. JESSE URMY.

P. S.—Corn shellers made to order of the latest improvement Also, repairing Horse Power, will be attended to with fidelity and despatch, at his manufactory, north side of the Brandywine, near Wilmington.

Agent for Dorchester county, Md., James Dixon, Esq. Cambridge.

June 4, 1838 4t*

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.

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 Lanative,
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

WE are authorized to announce ARTHUR PRITCHETT, Esq. of E. as a candidate for the next Sheriffalty of Dorchester County.

Oct. 20 tf

George H. Staplefort

WILL be supported for the next sheriffalty of Dorchester County, by MANY VOTERS.

Oct. 1, 1837. 1year

NOTICE.

The subscribers wish to purchase about ONE HUNERED SLAVES, of both sexes, from Ten to Twenty-five years of age.—Good titles will invariably be expected, and CASH will be invariably paid. Persons having such property to dispose of, will do well to call on

OVERLY & SANDERS.
Sept 15 3m

POETRY.

O! TEMPT ME NOT.

Oh! tempt me not, I will not quaff
The red insidious tide,
Within I hear a demon's laugh,
Oh! turn the bowl aside!

There's death beneath the chalice brim,
And pain in every glow,
'Twill nature's brightest radiance dim
With misery and wo.

A moment's fancied joys may crowd,
The mind in frantic dream;—
But ages wrapt in virtue's shroud,
Within the goblet team.

Then tempt me not, no friend thou art,
Who thus would poison fill;
A felon he who stabs the heart,
Yet thou the SOUL woulds't kill.

Gaze thou within the sparkling cup—
Ah! start's thou at the sight?
Why freeze thy heart's best currents up
With dark and withering blight?

No magic union meets thine eye
But things of sterner truth
A wife and childrens' frantic cry,
Of misery and ruth.

A father's silvery head is bowed
In bitterness and tears,
The cup hath deeper furrows ploughed,
Than weight of wintry years,

Behold! a brother's manly face,
Is crimsoned o'er with shame,
He seeks his home with stealthy pace,
For blight is on his name.

A sister calls for help in vain,
A weak and fragile reed,
For wine her earthly hope has slain,
In hour of of direst need.

Then tempt me not, I will not quaff
The dark insidious tide;
Within I hear a demon's laugh,
Oh! turn the bowl aside!

PHILADELPHIA. A. M.

From the New-Yorker.

AUTUMNAL LEAVES.

A chapter on the imagery of Life.

"Thou hast a rich world 'round thee:
Mighty shades
Weaving their georgeous tracery o'er thine head,
With the light melting through their high arcades
As through a pillared cloister's; but the dead
Sleep not beneath, nor doth the sunbeam pass
To marble shrines through rainbow-tinted glass;
Yet thou—by fount and forest murmur led
To worship—thou art blessed! to thee is shown
Earth in her holy pomp decked for her God alone."

Hemans.

The imagery of Life! The beautiful phantasies which exist ever bright and golden in the penetralia in the heart, or like birds of enchanting plumage are continually alighting at its magical threshhold, to sooth their weary pinions so often dipped in the sea of Memory, how beautiful—how enchanting! They roam through the remembered sky of Youth, and bring back to us the beauty and the song of that happy time, when Hope awoke us at the red breaking of the morning, and every object of Nature reflected upon the glowing retina of the heart, some image of joy and splendor. They bear back the olive branch of peace from the distant shore of Infancy They come to us with mild visiting of the morn and evening breeze, and descending into the fine chambers of the heart, there form for us a bower of happiness.

"Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathings."

Happy then is he who in the crowded palaces of Commerce can hear the din of the great world and the hum of the passing multitudes with the delightful consciousness that in the heart there exists beautiful denizens who will certainly, when his toil is ended, awake from their quiet slumber, and fetch from him the choicest blooms of Remembrance.—Happy! thrice happy he! who can return to the sweet shades of his household trees, and feel the stronger at heart for his encounter with the haughty world. For him the green leaves have an eloquence, and the evening birds, and the azure sky, and the beautiful stars of night. He is in possession of a treasure which can never be filched from him. His eye is the telescope of a well-regulated imagination, and his heart a beautiful empire, in which a train of lively imagery holds undisputed dwelling. Approach, ye unto whose cadaverous cheeks and heated flag-stones of the dusty mart have given the sallow and the searing tinge—come with me to his dwelling! We need not look for it in the narrow lane where, amid magnificent piles of brick, the plodding and gain-living shut themselves out from the beautiful world—you will not find it there, for he is fond of a pure and quiet atmosphere. While the wrinkled millionare of the city turns his unquiet head upon the pillow as the hoarse curse of the gambler floats out into the holy hush of night, he is lulled to refreshing slumber by the music of his household elms. There amid their tall ranks we shall find his home, just far enough remote from the city to render the hum of its busy thousands dreamy and sea-like. He is one of those who find true happiness in the poetry of Life. Knowing both how to appreciate its excellence and profit by its influence, his heart is in perpetual harmony with the green world around him, and the azure sky above him. The falling leaf. the burning star, and the eloquent wind—these are the ministers from whom he draws instruction more persuasive than a thousand homilies from the pulpit. Cast your eye into a basket of the medicant who passes his gate. It is ever empty? Do the seeds of selfishness germinate in his bosom?—Nay; the sun light which ripens and the winds which wave his golden harvests—the summer rains which brings freshness to the earth and gladness to the dark green forests— these in their own parcular language have taught him benevolence; and deeply in the generous climate of his heart it wells, a perpetual fountain reflecting it its bosom the glory and the quietude of heaven, and diffusing in the atmosphere of the world the world the balm and the melody of Paradise.

Pass not we into the religious gloom of yonder forest. It is a part of his home stead, and if we may but find there the lovely imagery which has been found by him before us, we may be assured that its viewless influence will be present with us at least a little season, and that it will render us, as it is wont to render him, wiser and happier, and better fitted to meet the numberless shocks of life. We shall find the round-eyed squirrel there at play in the green sunshine, and the falling of the autumnal leaves will be like the descent of a fairy minister. There is the ci-devant solitude of Nature—in the cloistral glooms of her holy temples, we may trace, at a glance, the objects which won the attention of his boyish eye, and stored his heart with those bright and beautiful images, whose loveliness is incarnated with his highest and purest affections. He sees a divinity in the stirring leaf; he hears the undertone of a spirit in every breeze. Each stream is ready with its familiar tune: the forest lifts its pomp in the beautiful sunshine, and all the sounds from the roar of the distant torrent to the dropping of the beechen nut, are instinct with an eloquence which he alone can understand who has an eye to see and a heart to feel the inborn beauty of Nature. The narrow-minded and voluptuous denizen of the city cannot comprehend this mystery. He prefers the roof of the theatre to the starry canopy of heaven, and the alluring music of the opera to the symphonies of the tall pines and the running streams. You will find, if you examine into his history that the excesses of dissipation have swallowed up the nobler part of his soul, and that, as a consequence, he is ill at ease when surrounded by those objects which present before the multiplying mirror of the heart of imagery of those innocent daps which, once past can never return. That which was once a pleasure has now become a curse; for the light of hope having gone out in a darkness of his own creation, the fine images which once reigned the tuterly divinities of his heart, have been eclipsed by appalling spectres whose sovereignty is stern and terrible. The fumes of wine, and the atmosphere of the play-house, and the companionship of the libertine, can alone minister to his diseased appetite. To him the shadows of the old forests wear an oppressive gloom; his eye discovers no beauty in the green earth, nor in the bright blue sky! he loves not the carrolling of the birds nor the voice of waters. Seldom is it that you will find him where the autumnal woods variegate the waters with their many dyes. Remembrance is to him a hell; and therefore it suits him best to be where the innocent air of the forest will never reach him. In the dark and dusty lanes of the crowded city—in the low hall of the gambler—there you will find him!—He was slow to believe that vice was the sure concomitant of misery; he has sown the wind and must reap the whirlwind!

But turn we to the objects around us, for from them, if we follow a true example, we may derive much pleasure and instruction. The maxims which you may learn here are such as cannot be conned from books—the beautiful creed which pervades these leafy temples must remain unwritten. So, then, fling off the fetter from your heart, and sit with me under the gorgeous maple. See what artisan Autumn has done for its covering: each leaf is striving to out-blush its sister. A strange fellow, this Autumn! If you permit your eye to traverse the skirt of this vast forest, you may see the mementoes of his flirtations the hectic hue which is creeping over the beautiful trees. Come here in the night season! Then is that you may hear these graceful daughters of the forest make dreary moan as the sympathising wind sweeps through their boughs; and this will bring into your heart a train of imagery that shall make you a sadder and a wiser man If

'It is the gift of sorrow to be pure,'

visit this spot in the hour of sadness. The phantasies which may throng around you here will descend a purifying influence into your heart: it is not too much to suppose that they will exercise an abiding influence on your conduct. When the summer time is ended, and the autumn season of Life sets in, it will be well with you, if, the dearth of all things which you once deemed beautiful, the blooms of Immortality shall remain unchanged and glorious in the bower of the heart. But oh! to feel the sultry breath of Desolation—to know that there is a winter coming upon the soul which shall be chill and sunless—to see the hopes of life withering around you—to hear a tone of reproach and remorse in the autumnal gale which shakes the casements of your death chamber—this will be terrible! So live then that the autumn of your life shall come, your spirit shall delight in the hope of that better land which it is so shortly to hail as its appointed country; for as you journey down the dark Valley of the Shadow of Death, you shall behold, by the discerning eye of Faith, its beautiful eternal sunshine. Not unwelcome then to your ear will be the music of the midnight gale! The recollections of a life well spent will give unto its voice a soothing poetry—a viewless eloquence; and if your death-day come in the autumn of the year, not unsightly to your eye will be the pomp of the colored forests.

Leaves on the water! sore and heart stricken, they will wave no more on the long stems which held them up in the summer time to the cool gales and the blessed sunshine and the reviving rain. The wind which is now playing in the variegated tree-tops, scatter them ever and anon to the earth in a golden shower. some have fallen in the running water! Mark how deliriously they skim its surface, as the sad wind touches them. Oh, what a picture! If you would be a good man—if you would draw instruction from a pure and unpolluted fountain, make it the business of your life to spend some portion of it in the autumnal woods. The lessons which you may there learn will come over your mind with a holy feeling; the imagery which will there incorporate itself into your heart, will beget within you a pious awe. Come to this forest sanctuary when the magnificence of summer is past and the haze of Autumn lies along the edges of the primeval forests, Trust me—if you love the Poetry of Life; thrill-thronging phantasies will descend with every falling leaf, and the breeze that plays upon your brow will seem like a fairy minister. Surely, then may you feel that "we all do fade as a leaf." A little time ago, and these sered mementoes of man's decay were waving joyously upon their native trees. The wood-birds sang and nestled amid them, the summer wind lifted their shining edges to the bright sunshine, and the passing shower headed them with diamonds; but the touch of Autumn has been to them, what the touch of Death must be to us. Like them, we shall soon sicken and fade and descend into the sepulchre. Verily, man groweth up like a flower, and is cut down—he withereth, and abideth not. As the leaf is decomposed and incorporated into the huge Earth so shall we after a little season become immortal atoms in the endless hereafter. Remember this, when the dust of the populous mart shall again settle upon your sandal! Not, then, in the bustle and the din of the multitude will you have the heart or the opportunity to fling off the fetter from your soul. The leaves of the autumn time will redden and fall in vain; the dreamy mist which is wont to hang along the old forest will teem with imagery, but its abiding influence will be unfelt by you. Here, beautiful and mournful phantasies are embodied in all sights and sounds. They come to you on the unfettered pinion of the wind, and the sad singing of the birds who by two and threes are flying towards the South, for the flowers of summer perished long ago, and the leaves which screened their nests from the keen sunshine have fallen to the earth, and why should they remain?

GANYMEDE.

Utica, October, 1838.

"To us there is nothing appalling in it."

So exclaims the Globe, in announcing the results of the New York election.—The official editor is using the philosophy of Mr. Brown, as described by Bulwer in the novel of "The Disowned."—The worthy found himself one stormy night, flat on his back in a gutter, with the long-cherished umbrella of Lady Waddilove turned inside out by a sudden gust of wind— his hat blown off and making sundry pirouettes in mid air—the rain pouring down in torrents on his uncovered head. "Now," cried Mr Brown, with that bitter irony expressive of intense despair, "this is what I call *pleasant!*" There was nothing appalling in it!—Patriot.

WOMAN.

What can be more admirable than the tone of this subjoined note from Napoleon.

"I have received your letter, in which you blame me for speaking ungallantly of women. It is true that I hate intriguing women above all things. I have been accustomed to amiable gentle, and conciliating women those are the women I love. If they have spoiled me, it is not my fault but yours. You will see that I have been very kind to one who proved herself amiable and affectionate I mean Madam Hotzfield. When I shewed her her husband's letter, she wept and exclaimed with deep feeling and sympathy, "Ah it is indeed his writing." When she read it the tones of her voice went to my heart I was moved and I said to her. 'Well, Madam throw the letter into the fire, and I shall have no power to punish your husband.' She burned the letter and was happy.—Her husband is now safe, two hours later and he would have been shot. You see I love women who are gentle and unaffected, because they alone resemble you.

Adieu, my beloved Josephine. I am well. NAPOLEON.

In the case of a breach of promise, in which Miss E. C. F. Honey was the Plaintiff and Wm. Lamb the defendant, a verdict of $2,000 was rendered in favor of the former. A motion for a new trial was made by the defendant's counsel, and in consequence thereof the plaintiff relinquished $750 of the damages, the defendant was

AGRICULTURAL.

FARMERS EVENINGS.

In one respect the farmer has the advantage of almost all other classes of the community; his evenings he has to himself. While the mechanic has to labor from morning till nine o'clock in the evening, the farmer commences with the rising and closes with the setting sun. Although the industrious farmer finds many little jobs of work to which he very economically appropriates this evening leisure, yet the greater part of the long winter evenings he can appropriate to his amusement and instruction. In no place do we see more cheerful countenances than around the blazing firs upon the farmer's hearth. There, at the merry apple pearing, or at the neighbourhood collection, or even in the family circle alone do we find social happiness in its purest simplicity.—What farmer who improves these opportunities can but be intelligent? And what instruction so interesting as that which gives him a knowledg of his own employment? Here he would suggest the importance of every farmer having a supply of agricultural books and papers. It seems to us that no one can be insensible of their utility. If this should be a suggestion of self interest, which we do not deny, still we believe it coincides with the interest of the farmer. We will barely say, that we expect our subscribers to increase as the evenings lengthen.

From the Farmers Cabine't.

Communicated by the Philadelphia Agricultural Society.

PEACH TREES.

During the last century many fruit trees were hardy, and without special care lived and thrived through a long series of years, yielded abundance of fruit, while they are now subject to numerous diseases, which often destroy them before a single crop can be obtained. Those which suffer most are the morello cherry, plumb, apricot, and peach, the last fruit that in this country is perhaps the greatest luxury our soil and climate produce; at all events none of the rarer fruits contribute in so many ways to gratify the palate as the rich and yellow peach.

Shall we give up to the cancerous worm, or poisonous insect, this delicious fruit, and acknowledge the ingenuity and perseverance of man no longer available? I trust our efforts will not cease till some certain means be discovered to protect this valuable tree, at least so far that by frequent planting, we may have a succession of good and sound fruit.

A great deal has been said and written on the subject, but no defined and systematic course has been established within my knowledge, for the cultivation and protection of the peach tree, and I submit to the Agricultural Society whether it be not a subject worthy of their serious injury?—Probably, by careful and deliberate investigation, such a system or method may be recommended, as will enable the farmer of Pennsylvania to add to his apple and pear orchard, the peach and the apricot, greater delicacies, in my estimation, than tropical climates afford.

My own feeble efforts and short experience give more encouragement than I had anticipated. I have two peach trees about 12 years old, which by a moderate degree of care are yet very vigorous, and have this year produced four or five bushels of excellent fruit. One of them has been much injured by the weight of the fruit breaking down a large portion of the limbs.

The care which I have bestowed on them is to dig around the roots twice a year and clean the trunk well, cutting out all the worms that penetrated the bark, and rubbing tree from the forks to the ground with a solution of potash every spring. I also apply the siftings of anthricite coal & coal ashes annually. This spring one of them showed strong symptoms of decline, and the leaves turning yellow; and the other became very gummy near the ground.

I attacked these enemies by tarring both trees with coal tar about a foot from the ground to the roots, which completely stopped the gumminess; I also applied the t whereever any gum appeared. I mixed unslacked lime and flour of in water and applied it to the also scoured the trees from the down nearly to the ground, side.

My trees are recovered fine crop of fruit, and are healthy.

Whether all or a portion was salutary will require ment to determine. In the s