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CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

VOL. XI

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

NO. 751

NEW SERIES--VOL 3.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, December 8, 1838.

NUMBER 11

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.

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 hazard us 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 (L. S.) 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.

GOBLICK'S
atchless 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. 1 year

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.

From the Columbia Spy.

WILL YE REMEMBER ME.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Will ye remember me
Mine old familiar friends when shall be hush'd
The once glad voice, and the bruised spirit free
That hath so long been crussh'd?

Will ye at evening hour,
When father'd round the old domestic hearth
Think of her love, who like a broken flower
Sleeps in the cold cold earth!

And when we bend the ear
To some old melody that floats along,
Will ye not shed one sad, one silent tear,
Waked by its plaintive song?

It may be some soft strain
We've sung together by the fire-side seat,
Till Echo's airy tongue gave back again
Its numbers low and sweet.

Oh! if it such should be,
As its low murmurs linger loath to die,
Think that amid its parting minstrelsy,
It breathed my farewell sigh.

Well do you know my friends,
How I have loved sweet music's magic spells,
E'en as the Swan, whose very being ends
In its melodious swells.

Yes, ye will think of me,
When the long buried things we used to prize,
Before the waking spells of memory,
Once more shall dimly rise.

Perchance the lone night wind
When whispering dirge-like music thro' the leaves,
Shall seem with old remembrance entwin'd,
Which fancy fondly weaves.

I've been with ye so oft,
Have follow'ed the same footsteps, sad or gay,
Have watched with ye the dawn, and the calm soft
Decline of Summer's day.

And in the angry storm
We've track'd a pathway thro' the Winter snow,
Together bent o'er many a flowret's form
Crush'd where it used to blow.

Noted the earthly breath
Of the first Spring wind which softly crept
To young blossom's bed, and when in death
Upon the blast is swept.

Will ye not think of me,
When gathering round the hearth in prayer,
Will not one sigh be breath'd on bended knee,
For her, who is not there?

Philadelphia.

Pretty Good.—A western editor declares that some of the young women who pass his village in the arks, on the river, as perfect divinities. He means says a northern paper, that they are *ark-angels*.

LIFE'S MUTATION.

"Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering stone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
All grey and death-like old."

Gertrude of Wyoming.

To fancy one's self standing on some immense rock in the midst of time's ocean, watching the long smooth waves, and the rough heaving billows as they sweep alternately about its base, creeping softly and slowly like the song of the flatterer around the feelings of the credulous, or dashing with angry and frightful violence like the bitter invectives of the furious declaimer upon the heart of the timid, is the fitful contemplation of the feverish existence of man. Scenes and circumstances varying as the winds that blow over the earth, mark his history with a continual succession of change. At times, the smooth sea's quiet roll invites him onward; mirrored in the deep wave of the future are ten thousand beauties, hung like beacon lights before the gaze of the anxious watcher; allured by the brightness and brilliancy of the prospect he rushes to their enjoyment, reckless of the dark clouds that drapery the horizon behind them; one by one he grasps his fancied pleasure and finds them bubbles, that were bursting while he was pursuing them. Scattered around him are the fragments of his former hopes, and he sees them not; his reducing mirror is still before him, and the certainties of the present are left neglected and unattended to, that his imagination may feast upon the expectation of future bliss, again and again he is disappointed, and again he pursues the fleeting phantom. The teachings of experience like the warning voice of a careful monitor, arrest him for a moment, but with the reality, passes away the lesson and he remains as vulnerable as ever "he resolves and re resolves, then dies the same;" his dreams are too gay, too pleasant to be driven from his mind, and he hugs them as closely to his heart, as if his being's end and aim depended on their coming.—Frailty is stamped upon the very nature of man and most exalted works must crumble into nothingness. Philosopher and fool must mingle in one common wreck.—The man whose genius was like adamant, with the multitude who were of low understanding, has passed away; alike they have slumbered in the idiotcy of death, and their wasting mortality proclaims to all the living, the equality to which they shall be reduced in the grave—

"The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

Kingdoms empires and cities have been raised, they have flourished for a season and where are they? Kingdoms have been destroyed, empires have been prostrated, and cities levelled in the dust. The works and opinions of men have undulated, are undulating still, and during life's mutation will continue to shift and change and beat about, until bounded by the far off shores of the eternal world. Learning has stalked through the earth, supported by the rocky wall of power, and talent has sometimes swayed the sceptre of untrammelled domination. Architecture has almost pierced her head to the clouds and science has winged her widening way, and filled the world with theory and speculation; but moral earthquakes have scattered desolation around, and wrapped in ruin the proudest and most boasted works of human wisdom. The mighty efforts of the mighty have buried in the tomb of ages, and after years have dug them up from their long resting, and given them with increased light and beauty to their successors; like the immense hecatombs of ancient times, they darkened the earth with the smoke of their prostration; and have only lain for awhile buried in the rubbish of years, to gather strength and be resuscitated in dazzling splendour. Talent, like the Phoenix, has arisen from the fires that consumed her and with learning at her heels, has rolled onward, like the flood of many waters, breaking down every thing that opposes and triumphing over every opposition. Architecture, aided by the light of science, has re-lit her waning fires—she has lifted up her fallen piles, and boasts that her cap-stone will erelong be brought forth with shouting; but what she will be time must write—once her prospects were buoyant at the hopes, of youth, and she fell, and her pride may again be humbled.—Time mutilates the loftiest works of human skill, and the pride of man has perished amid its storms, or wasted like crumbling lance away in its sluggish calms; its worn sea-tide rests not a moment, it bears along with equal force the giddy and the gay, the weary and the disconsolate, and ever and anon hides them with all their hopes and fears, in the depth of its boundless and ever rolling billow. Man is perishable, and like himself is all his works; eternity is not his gift, and the operations of his arm, though they may be beautiful while they last; like the summer-cloud must melt away. He steps upon the stage of action, the proud lord of all created nature, he erects his pillars of brass and marble statutes, that go down for ages, and seem to bid defiance to the ravages of the destroyer; he rears up the towering monument to perpetuate his greatness, and tells the tempest and storm to beat it down if they be able; he sinks amid his glory, and his sons and successors with tearful eyes view the wasting away of all his works.—In the full fire of his zeal he builds a church and dedicates it to the living God; "now," says he, "with the armies of heaven upon my side, my labor shall last forever;" and, as though he had entered the dwelling place of a Diety, and by his *good works* bribed him to sustain him, he exultingly cries out to the *destroyer*. "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther, here at this temple's base shall thy proud waves be stayed." But time! triumphant time!! he comes either in the still small voice, or like an Avalanche from the eternal hills, and the proud effort together with the prince that planned it, are buried in one unceremonious waste. But more than these; he has erected the temple of fame, and upon its heaven wary arch he has inscribed the burning letters of immortality; he has blown up the enduring flame of his own renown, and after ages have been illumed by its light; he has climed the slippery steep of literature, and from her wide spread arena has looked abroad unto all the world; he has counted and named the stars; scanned the orbits of a thousand planets, and marked the revolutions of the solar system, like a blazing beacon whose flame is gathering from the four quarters of the earth; his deeds are held out to the gaze of the universe and the admiration of celestial intelligence; but to expire amidst the halo of his hard earned glory is the consumation of his highest hopes and the end of his fondest expectations; he cannot rescue from ruin, one single performance or bring back the faintest breath of life; all his days have been spent in forming and fashioning anew, the wonderful works of an all powerful Creator and the best operation he ever accomplished was nothing more than the transformation of the material placed into his hands; one jot or one title has not been added since the Almighty spoke from chaos this mundane fabric, perfect then in all its parts, forming a wondrous whole; so it has remained and through the changes of six thousand years, and the decomposition over and over again, of the flowers and herbs and fruits and animals, that lived and glowed and died upon its surface, the rolling away of the tides, and the bursting of volcanoes, the evaporation of fluids and melting of clouds, it has continued the same in quantity; and the untiring efforts of man though repeated and continued through every hour since its creation, has mutilated its surface, comparatively but little deeper than his own grave shall be; but the conclusion of the whole matter is, the worm shall feed upon man's mortality and then turn itself to the dust from whence man was taken. Where then is the boast of human greatness? the pride and power of the arm that wrought such stupendous operations? the worm has it all, and banquets upon the brain that conceived, and the hand that executed the astonishing design. And where are to be found all these mighty efforts of human skill? Alas for them, history's page is all that tells that ever they had been. Shall we search among the desolations of Thebes for her hundred gates of brass, of iron, and of wood; where are her chariots, her horsemen, and her million warriors? Where are the Babel worshipers with their high and haughty determinations? they whose resolve it was to raise a temple to the skies, whose summit should peer into some planetary world, to bring down to earth the tidings of the doings of the celestial spheres, where are they now? they who dared to defy the very Deity himself, and attempted to measure powers with the lord of hosts.—Where are Rome and Greece, and Babylon and Tyre and Syria and Sidon and Persia? Where is Jerusalem with her costly temple and brazen gates? Alas! time the destroyer has laid his hand and his scythe upon them all, and the echo of the question has reverberated through ages of the past—where are they? and future years will only roll on the sound—where are they?

J. N. M.

From St Augustine.

We are indebted to a gentleman who arrived in this city yesterday afternoon from St Augustine via Savannah, for the following intelligence.

Office of the Herald, } St Augustine, Nov. 16. }

A letter from an officer of the army of recent date, states that the Indians there were acting in a suspicious manner, and did not seem disposed to treat. He expressed the opinion that General Taylor had been deceived by their fair words.

It is rumored at Black Creek, that the Indians who assembled to hold a talk with General Taylor, which was to have taken place on the 7th inst. had all [illegible] gone "to the bush," on the 5th inst. This we are informed is but rumor, but we have no counter rumor. The number of Indians is said to be about 350 Tallahassees.

Decisive information was expected on Wednesday of this talk, but the regular express from Tampa brought nothing.

We are informed that the Indians at Tampa received the news of the murder of the crew of the brig Olnay several days before it was known to the whites.

Colonel Cross, Assistant Quarter Master General is expected to arrive here daily.—Col C is on a tour of inspection.

Office of the News. } St Augustine, Nov 17. }

Extract of a letter dated,

"Musquetoe Beach, Nov 17.

Dear Sir—I must inform you of the loss of the steamboat John McLain. We arrived of the bar about sunset, and went ashore on the breakers; the vessel and cargo a total wreck. I have succeeded in landing all my men, and have saved a part of my muskets and a little ammunition. I am in hopes to be able to resume my command.

Yours, respectfully,
HARVY BROWN.

To Captain Wait, commanding at St Augustine.

Immediately on the receipt of the above information, pack mules were despatched to their assistance, with provisions, under an escort of the 2d dragoons.

Hoosier Poetry.—A writer in the Logansport (Ind.) Telegraph concludes a 'fatal battle' thus—

"She kicked my shins with her pretty foot,
And she likewise bunged my eye,
And she tore my hair by the handfull out,
And I thought it was time to die."

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE—*Extra.*

FOR SALT RIVER.

☞ The "long, low black ship" *Sub Treasury*, C. C. Cambreleng, master, will sail from New York, for *Salt River*. For freight or passage, (having very extensive accommodations,) apply on board, or to Wm. L. Marcy, Albany; Martin Van Buren, Washington; or James Buchanan, Lancaster, Pa.

New York, Nov. 9, 1838.

AGRICULTURAL.

DRAINING.

The operation of draining is performed to free land from an excess of water. Where such excess is allowed to remain, ploughing can only be imperfectly performed, and few of the cultivated crops can be grown with profit. Superfluous water is hurtful in the soil, and also in the subsoil, if it lies within the range of the roots of farm crops, by excluding air and heat, the vivyfying influence of which, in the soil, is essential to healthy growth, and to the decomposition of vegetable food. If this water comes from springs, its temperature is too cold for cultivated plants; and if it settles from the surface, it stagnates, and during the heat of summer becomes deleterious alike to the health of plants and animals. Draining, therefore, is of primary importance upon most of our cultivated farms. And when the season has arrived when this operation is best performed, and when the laborers upon a farm have most leisure, we propose to make it the subjects of a few remarks.

A superabundance of water may arise from various causes, singly or combined, and various other methods of draining are practised for its removal.

Where there is a flat or slightly inclined surface, and a tenacious subsoil, of clay or hardpan, the rains are arrested in their descent by the latter, and produce a cold, wet uncongenial berth for healthy and vigorous vegetation. The best remedy in this case is underdraining—because it is believed the cheapest and most efficient mode, and causes no waste of land. When this tenacious subsoil is thin, and is underlaid by a porous stratum, the surplus water is often got rid of by boring or sinking pits through the tenacious layer. Pitts or wells for this purpose are filled with large stones, and serve as outlets to the drain.

A tenacious subsoil is sometimes disposed in a concave or hollow form, the exterior raised and the centre depressed so as to retain the water, and form ponds or marshes. These can only be drained by an outlet through their rims, sunk below the level of the basin, into which [illegible] made to empty, to the extent required.

A tenacious subsoil may overlay a porous one, which is filled with water; and if the strata incline on a horizontal position, as they generally do, the water from below will frequently burst through the subsoil and become prejudicial to tillage husbandry. The evil here is to be remedied by cutting underdrains thro' the tenacious subsoil, or by pits through it, by which the water may at once rise and be carried off by drains. A substantial drain across the upper border of a field, will often be sufficient in this way, to lay dry the grounds below.

When both the soil and subsoil are tenacious clay or hardpan, draining will effect but little benefit, except in preventing the approach of water from other grounds. Resort must be here had to ridging or underdrains repeated at intervals of twenty to twenty-five feet.

In many cases springs burst forth in marshy grounds, and spread their waters over a wide extent without being perceptible to the superficial observer.—These should be intercepted at or near the source, so that their waters do not spread and saturate the soil, by sufficient drains, which may be covered or blind drains, and should terminate in the main drain, or upon a lower surface.

The last cause of a superabundance of water which we shall notice, is that where, originating from springs, it descends from higher grounds, and saturates the slope and perhaps the level at its base, so as to render the grounds in a measure unproductive. A porus soil often conceals the water from observation, as it filters through it without coming to the surface, but it nevertheless renders the soil cold and unproductive. These waters should be arrested and carried off by horizontal drains across the slope, as near the source of the spring as practicable; perhaps at intervals below, and also at the base of the slope. These drains should be so deep, where it is practicable, as to afford an ample channel for the water in the hard subsoil as otherwise the water will continue to pass down upon the face of the subsoil, and under the drains. These should be covered drains also, as being more efficient in remedying the evil than open drains, and if well constructed requiring no repair.

There are some general rules in regard to draining which are to be regarded in all cases.

All drains should be as straight as possible; and this shortens the distance, and renders the sides less liable to be worn and the water less apt to be obstructed. They should be made with but a moderate fall; as where the inclination is great the bottom is liable to be worn by the water. They should penetrate the subsoil or hardpan, a sufficient depth to contain all the water which comes from above. Open drains should be so large as to contain and carry off all the water that may at any time be required to pass through them. The sides should be sloping, according to the nature of the soil; the more porus and spongy this, the greater slope is required. They should in no case, perhaps, be less than three feet broad at the surface. I never make them less than four. They should be comparatively narrow at the bottom, as, by concentrating the water, the current requires new force, and carries off the earth and other obstructions which would otherwise accumulate. The sides of all drains should be preserved firm and unbroken, and should be carefully cut with the spade, in the direction desired, and as the digging progresses. The sides of under drains may be perpendicular, and the breadth of the drain need be no greater than is required for the convenience of the workmen; but such drains should be filled as fast as they are dug out; because, if left open for any length of time, the earth is not only apt to fall in but the sides get into a broken irregular state, which cannot afterwards be well rectified. It also deserves attention, that in most under drains, a proper covering of straw or sod should be put upon the top of the materials, to keep the surface earth from mixing with them.

The pit method of draining, is often effectual, when properly executed, When it is sufficiently ascertained where the bed of water is deposited, which can easily be done by boring with a post auger, sink a pit into the place, of a size which will allow a man to work freely [illegible]