THE CAMBRIDGE WEEKLY CHRONICLE,
AND FARMER'S REGISTER.

"THE MAIN END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE, AND THE DIFFUSION OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS."

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THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE

BY

E. R. 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 that 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.

MARYLAND:

Dorchester county Orphans court, } 21st day of *December*, 1838 }

ON application of James Moore, executor of SARAH GRIFFIN, late of Dorchester County deceased. —it is ordered that they give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the said decd's estate, and that they cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three weeks, in the Cambridge Chronicle a paper selected by them.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes and proceedings of Dorchester County Orphans Court, I have hereunto set my name, and the seal of my office affixed, this 21st day of Dec. 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 subscribers of Dorchester County, have obtained from the Orphans Court of Dorchester co in *M*aryland, letters Testamentary on the personal estate of Sarah Griffin late of Dorchester County deceased. All persons having claims against the dec'd. are warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 21st day of June next they may otherwise by law be excluded from any benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 21st of Decr 1838.

JAMES MOORE, admr.
of Sarah Griffin.

Dec. 29 1838. 3w

DORCHESTER COUNTY,
TO WIT:

ON applicattion to me the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Orphans, Court of Dorchester County, by Samuel Collins of the said county, stating that he is in confinement of debts which he is unable to pay, and praying to be relieved therefrom a greeably to the act of Assembly for the relief of Insolvent debtors, a schedule of his property and a istt of his creditors and debtors, on oath so far as he can ascertain the same, being annexed to his petition, and the said Samuel Collins being in actual confinement, and I being satisfied that the said Samuel Collins has resided for two years last past in the State of Maryland, and he having taken the oath prescribed by the Act of 1805, and given bond with sufficient security for his appearance before the Judges of *D*orchester County Court, to be held in Cambridge, in the said county, on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in April next, and at such other time or times as the said Court may direct, to answer the allegations of his creditors, and having complied with the requisitions of the act of December session, 1825, and the several supplements thereto, by executing a deed of all his property, real persoal or mixed, to Silas Collins appointed by me Trustee to the said Samuel Collins and the said Trustee having given bond with approved security for the performance of the trust, and certified in writing to ma that he is in possession of the estate of the said Samnel Collins mentioned in his schedule—I do therefore, order and direct that the said Samuel Collins be discharged from his imprisonment, and that he be and appear before the Judges of *D*orchester County court on the day above mentioned; the same time is appointed for his creditors to attend and show cause if any they have, why the said Samuel Collins should not obtain the benefit of the said Insolvent Laws—And I do further order and direct, that the said Samuel Collins give notice to his creditors by causing a copy of this publication to be inserted in a newspapar published in Cambridge, three mants before the said day, and to be continued in such newspaper once a week for four successive weeks, and also a like copy to be set up at the Court House door three months before said day.

Witness, my hand, the 1st day of December, 1838.

JAMES DIXON.

True copy test E. Richardson, clk.

POETRY.

From Alexander's *W*eekly Messenger

TO EMMA.

BY C. H. WATERMAN.

Oh! thy voice is ringing in mine ear
With its clear sweet music flow,
And its thrilling echoes linger near,
As loth from its charm to go.

For the burst of its free soft minstrely,
Is fresh as the wild bird's song.
When his wingis spread for heaven, and he
Goes singing the skies along.

And as glad as a dashing waterfall,
That gushes in brightness out,
When the woodlands hear its silver call,
As its playful wavelets shout.

Thy voice should be in the wooden dell,
When the moon hangs o'er the deep,
And the stars look in the lake, whose swell
Is lull'd by their beams to sleep.

Oh! tis then, and there, thy tones should rise
On the balmy evening breeze,
When a thousand tuneful harmonies
Are heard 'mong the clustering trees.

For thy bird-like notes were made to be
Pour'd out on the summer air,
With the same rich flow of Minstrely,
That the feathered warblers share.

BY MRS. FELECIA HEMANS.

THE BRIGAND LEADER AND HIS WIFE.

Hark chieftain of the heath and height!
Wild feaster on the hills by night!
Seest thou the stormy sunset's glow,
Flung back by glancing spears below!
Now for one strife of stern despair!
The foe hath track'd thee to thy lair.

Thou, against whom the voice of blood
Hath risen from the rock and lonely wood,
And in whose dreams a moan should be,
Not of the water nor the tree;
Haply thine own last hour is nigh,
Yet thou shalt not forsaken die.

There's one; that pale beside thee stands,
More true than all the mountain bands!
That will not shrink in doubt and dread,
When the balls whistle round thy head;
Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye,
No longer may to her's reply.

Ah! many a soft and quiet grace
Hath faded from her soul and face;
And many a thought, a fitting guest
Of woman's meek, religious breast,
Hath perished, in her wanderings wide,
Through the deep forests, by thy side.

Yet mournfully surviving all,
A flower upon a ruin's wall
A friendless thing whose lot is cast,
Of lovely ones to be the last;
Sad but unchanged through good and ill,
Thine is her lone devotion still.

And oh! not wholly lost to the heart,
Where that undying love hath part;
Not worthless all, though far and long
From home estranged, and guided wrong:
Yet may its depths by heaven be stirred,
Its prayer for thee be pour'd and heard.

ORIGINAL.

For the Chronicle.

MORALS.

"Swift from their barrier to the goal,
The rapid moments pass."

Of the inhabitants of this nether world. man alone is capacitated to reflect on the past, and to explore the future, in order to the correction of his opinions, and the regulations of his conduct. Consideration is the most effectual remedy for our moral disorders. Yet we commonly pass along the journey of life with little reflection or forethought: solely intent on our present accomodation or indulgence. It is one cause of this inattention, that we seldom or never appropriate distinct portions of serious reflection. No time is more adapted to this rational and salutary employment, than the begining of another year. By indulging the train of reflections suited to this season, we may be impressed with useful truths and incited to good resolutions.

The completion of another year calls to mind the transitory condition of human life. We read this lesson in all the ordinary revolutions of nature.—The morning dawn is quickly succeeded by the evening twilight. The seasons follow each other with hasty steps. The blossoms of spring are scarcely seen ere they change into the fruits of summer; and the harvests of autumn are soon followed by the desolations of winter. Feeble infancy imperceptibly glides into vigorous youth; youth into active manhood; manhood insensibly sinks into old age; when death interposes, and closes the last scene in the drama of human life.

The lapse of the year just finished is suited to bring home to our thoughts, the shortness and frailty of our lives. The months have stolen away with unpercieved swiftness: and before we are aware, we find a year gone—few of the plans accomplished, or improvements gained, or pleasures partaken, with which we amused our imaginations at its commencement.

The annual ravages of death among our fellow men give a like admonition. Thousands who beheld the splendor of the last new year's sun, have paid the great debt of nature. Neither health and youth, nor prosperity and riches; neither power and talents; nor fame, beauty and friends, could avert the stroke. How many are mingled with their mother dust, who had fairer prospects of continuing in life, than most of their survivors.

Since our condition is so uncertain and transitory, let us attend to the views and feelings, the resolution and conduct which it dictates. Let us deeply regret the misapplication or waste of much of the year, we have completed; and resolve to correct our past errors and follies. Let us determine with respect to that on which we have entered, to make the utmost of our opportunities of knowledge and virtue; and to resist the enticements of indolence and vice. Let no moments of a life so short and so important be trifled away: still less employed to unworthy purposes: but let some virtuous action of some new acquirement mark every hour. Are we sensible of a proneness to any vicious and destructive habits; let us begin this year with reforming them. We have no shadow of pretence for delay. Time will render us mor unwilling and unable to amend; since every act of indulgence adds to the difficulty of self command, and to the importunity of appetite. By a habit of vice, the moral discernment is impaired; the sense of shame is lessened; the hope of amendment is at length resigned and the offender made incorrigible but by a miracle. But if a future time could be made favorable to our correction of evil propensities, as the present; would it not be foolish presumption to trust to that which is so uncertain.

"Then stay the present instant—
'Tis of more worth than Kingdoms, far more precious
Than all the crimson treasure of life's fountain."

STUDIO.

Cambridge, Md.

From the Baltimore Sun.

FALSE FRIENDSHIP.

What is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade, that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep.--Goldsmith.

True friendship is the noblest quality of the immortal mind, the purest coin that circulates in the human family. Based upon love, a darling attribute of the God of Heaven, it forms the connecting link between the creature and the creator; and is the grand cement of social order and happiness. It is the golden chain that reaches from earth to heaven, its origin is divine, its designs magnanimous, and its effects felicitous. We are conscious that it is a fair quality; many have doubted its existence, unalloyed with self, and have been led to exclaim, "There's nothing true but Heaven." In the same ratio that true friendship is estimable, its counterfeit is detestable.—*D*eception is a propensity deeply rooted in human nature, and the hobby-horse on which some ride through life. Judas betrayed his Lord with a kiss, and his vile example has been imitated by millions.—Property, reputation and life, have been sacrificed by a Judas kiss.—The most ripened experience, the most thorough knowledge of human nature the keenest discernment and the most acute judgment cannot always guard against the deceitful charms of a Judas's kiss. The intricate recesses of the heart cannot be fathomed, Phrenology and Physiognomy to the contrary notwithstanding. But few men know themselves much less can others know them.—To guard against false friendship we must analyze, with the skill of an experienced chemist, the cause and ostensible objects that cause others to cultivate an intimacy with us. There are certain classes of bipeds, whose professions are to be received with great caution, and whose approach should excite suspicion. One class is made up of shunshine friends.—Those who are in the enjoyment of wealth, power, or fame, are constantly in danger from this detestable part of the community. Like insects in embryo, they burst forth in myriads the moment the genial rays of your prosperity warms them, but the instant the chilling winds of adversity sweep over you. they flee like rats from a falling barn. This kind of friendship originates in itself, and ends in desertion, the moment the sap of maintenance is exhausted. This part of the masked gentry are a migrating tribe.—Like the catterpillar, they feed on one tree until they consume evey leaf, and then creep to another of vigorous foliage.

A second class approaches you under the mask of *flattery*. Beware of the man who tells you of your superior beauty, talents, wealth influence, or power. Beware of the man whose oily tongue runs on diamonds, and whose bewitching smiles seem enchantment. The poison of asps may be in his heart, that will ultimately sting you to the very soul. Beware of a man who is all tongue and no ears; who is forward in relating to you his secrets, under solemn injunctions of silence. He may desire to obtain yours by reciprocity, and then betray them. Beware of men who are often in disputes, and who possess a passionate aud fretful disposition. To live on terms of uninterrupted friendship with sucn persons requires as much caution as to carry a fire brand through a powder mill. Beware of those who are known to be highly charged with envy and jealousy. Beware of the contentious and the tattler. Beware of the fickle and unstable, who are ever flattering in the mind, and are ever poising on the pivot of uncertainty and indecision.

Beware of those who despise the religion of the cross, which is the firmest basis on which friendship can be erected. Beware of the man who invites you to participate in amusements that may lead to the broad road of ruin. Beware of the man who despises the old fashioned customs of frugality and economy, and launches into the arena of high life. Follow not his wake trust him not with your confidence or money. Beware of the man who urges you to enter into hazardous speculations, where you are to make your fortune by a coup de main.—Among such men, you will find ninety-nine blanks to a prize. Beware of the man who offers you twenty per cent for money; do one can thrive under the iron hand of usury, Beware of the man who suddenly commences shaking hands and bowing to those below him in life, whom he had before treated with neglect. Rely upon it, he has an office in his eye, or has some object in view besides the peculiar benefit of those whose friendship he so warmly cultivates. Beware of the numerous class called black-legs, who are a greater scouge than the cholera. Their splendid suppers, sparkling champaign, and polished manners, are baits to a hook, whose poisoned barb has pierced the reputation and fortune of thousands to the vitals, and consigned them to the dreary caverns of ruin and despair.—Beware of forming sudden intimacies with strangers. We come in contact with many, who, like Cataline, conceal a sink of corruption beneath a fascinating exterior. Beware of those who greet you with long tales of woe and misery. There are many counterfeits in locomotive and genuine coin will bear all the tests of experimental criticism. Finally, beware of those whom you esteem as true and genuine friends. Disinterested friendship is like angels visits, few and far between. A celebrated writer on friendship has truly said, "If you have a thousand intimate acquaintances and one friend among them all, you are very fortunate." Remember that one false friend can injure you more than a thousand open enemies. He can make a fatal stab under the fifth rib, betray your most sacred trusts, and plunge you in the dark waters of destruction at an unsuspecting moment. Remember that caution is the parent of safety. discretion the helm of human action, and charity the bond of affection. Remember that sound common sense, correct moral principles, and uniform virtuous habits, are some of the grand perquisites, to render a man worthy of your esteem and love, without which, he cannot be safely received and cherished as a bosom friend and kindred companion.

Agricultural.

From the Farmer's Cabinet.

BAD TIMES.

Wrong practice has its origin wrong principles of action.

We hear often the opinion advanced by young farmers, and sometimes by others, that agriculture is a bad business no money is to be made by it; that the times that have passed by were much more propitious to the acquisition of property: and in fact that it is now ebb tide with us, the golden stream having ceased to irrigate our fields. These opinions give rise to despondency, which in some constitutions produce a high degree of indolence; in others it excites to unsettlement in business, and creates a desire to enter on some new and untried project which this supposed will produce a reflow of the golden streams, which it is taken for granted have for some years been dried up. This unsettlement in business, and disposition try new experiments has been the entire ruin of thousands of people in our country within a few years. Persons leave occupations they have been brought up to and understand something about, and embark in some new and untried concern that they are wholly ignorant of, in the fond hope of realising some golden dream, at the same time entirely forgetting that old and sound maxim, that there is no learning a new trade without paying an apprentice fee. I know many, who have paid every cent they were worth in the world as an apprentice fee for learning a new business, and were not successful in acquiring it at last; and were landed in insolvency and ruin in the bargain, and their noses kept hard pressed on the grindstone during the remainder of their lives as a punishment for their folly in deserting an honest and honorable calling which has always rewarded those who have pursued with industry, diligence; care and economy, with a comfortable and even luxurious subsistence moderate and wholesome acquisitions of property and often with as much wealth as was good either for its possessor or those to whom it descended by inheritance. Let us now examine how the present times will compare with the by-gone days in which the old folks got rich by farming, and see where the advantage lies. Does not grain of all kinds, butter, poultry, potatoes, fruit, and indeed all kinds of produce sold by a farmers command a much higher price now than it did fifty years ago? And is it not a fact that implements of agriculture, clothing and articles of household consumption generally are purchased for less money at present, than corresponding articles were bought for, half a centry since? Whence then, is farming a less money making business than it was in times that are gone by. We must search for the cause of this discrepancy, if it really exists, in some other direction than the one we have been examining. Perhaps there is on the whole, less industry, less economy, less good management, commingling with more extravagance, more unsettlement in families, and more travelling about in search of recreation and pleasure, instead of keeping a close lookout for these at home, forgetting the maxim that a farmer's pleasure ought to be where his business is. Some assistance may perhaps be furnished in solving the question of new-times vs. old-times by adverting to the history of a worthy old mechanic who became rich by following the busines of sadler and harness maker in the village of Germantown many years ago. He was prudent and industrious, and made up his mind to eat his brown bread first, that is in the beginning of his career, and the consequence was, that he became respectable and rich, and then he could eat his white bread at his leisure, and it was found in the end that he had accumulated a stock of it, so large that it was sufficient to supply another generation. This old gentleman in the latter part of his time when walking the street of his native village and seeing a saddler's shop, stepped in and inquired of the proprietor how he was getting along in his business The reply was "bad enough." Oh! Mr. J. we hav'nt such times now as you had when you followed the business—we have to pay high prices for our stock, and then we can't get such prices for our work as you did many years ago. This put the old man on the inquiry about the price paid for leather, which was soon discovered to be less than it was in his day, and so on through a long list of inquiries about the price of saddles, bridles, and other articles sold for; when it was found that the rates at which they were sold was considerably more than he had received for the same description of his business. This development led the old gentleman to point out to his young neighbor the cause which he apprehended produced the hard times complained of, and to give him some hints which were not altogether lost. He observed that hard times were generally of people's own making, that iodustry and economy, care and close attention to business were much more liberally rewarded at that time, than they ever had been within his recollection, and that if he had been favoured with such a golden harvest as then rewarded the mechanic, his property would have increased to more than twice the amount he was then worth. "Avoid extravagant expenses." said he, "be industrious, spend less than you earn, be careful in making investments, and if you are favored to live to an advanced age you will be rich; and nine chances to ten your children will be spoiled and injured by it, for this is the way things work in this country, every body almost wish to eat their white bread first, and then as a matter of course the brown has to be eaten last, bitter as it may be, and it don't relish near near so well as when taken t'tother end foremost."

J. J.

Importance of knowledge to the mechanic.—Let us imagine for a moment the condition of an individual, who has not advanced beyond the merest elements of knowledge, who understands nothing of the principles even of his own art, and inquire what chauge will be wrought in his feelings, his hopes and happiness, in all that make up the character, by the gradual inpouring of knowledge. He has now the capacity of thought, but it is a barren faculty, never nourished by the food of the mind, and never rising above the poor objects of sense. Labor and rest, the hope of animal enjoyment, or the fear of want, the care of providing covering and food, make up the whole sum of his existence. Such a man may be industrious, but he cannot love labor, for it is not relieved by the excitement of improving or changing the process of his art, nor cheered by the hope of a better condition. When released from labor, he does not rejoice, for mere idleness is not enjoyment, and he his no book no lesson of science, no play of the mind no interesting pursuit, to give zest to the hour of leisure. Home has few charms for him; he has little taste for the quiet, the social converse, and exchange of feeling and thought, the innocent enjoyments that ought to dwell there. Society has little to interest him, for he has no sympathy for the pleasures or pursuits, the cares or tronbles of others, to whom he cannot feel nor percieve his bonds of relationship. All of life is but a poor boon for such a man; and happy for himself and for mankind, and if the few ties that hold him to this negative existence be not broken. Happy for him if that best and surest friend of man that messenger of good news from Heaven to the poorest wretch on earth, Religion, bringing the fear of God, appear to save him. Without her to support, should temptation assail him, what an easy victim he would fall to vice or crime How little would be necessary to overturn his ill-balanced principles, and throw him grovelling in intemperance' or send him abroad on the ocean or the highway an enemy to himself and his kind!

But let the light of science fall upon that man; open to him the fountain of knowledge; a few principles of philosophy enter his mind, and awaken the dormant power of thought! he begins to look upon his art with an unaltered eye It ceases to be a dark mechanical process