L. D. Peackle

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."

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2. *CAMBRIDGE, Md.—Saturday Morning, January* 19, 1839. NUMBER 17.

THE CAMBRIDGE WEEKLY CHRONICLE, AND FARMER'S REGISTER,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
E. RICHARDSON HOOPER.

TERMS:—The CAMBRIDGE WEEKLY CHRONICLE AND FARMER'S REGISTER 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 publisher; and the failure to order a discontinuance previously to the expiration of the time already subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

Single papers can be had at this Office, for six and a quarter cents, each.

☞ *Advertisements not, exceeding Fourteen Lines* 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.

☞ *All letters addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.*

POETRY.

SONG OF THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warrior's wreath is in our hand,
Our lips breathe out her story.
Her lofty hills and valleys green
Are smiling but before us,
And like a rainbow sign is seen,
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips
For those who meet her foemen.
For Glory's star knows no eclipse
When smiled upon by woman.
For those who brave the mighty deep,
And scorn the threat of danger,
We've smiles to cheer—and tears to weep
For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her freedom;
Our prayers are for the gallant band
Who strike where honor'll lead'em.
We love the taintless air we breathe,
'Tis Freedom's endless dower;
We'll twine for him a fadeless wreath
Who scorn's a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties rare,
Of Italy's proud daughters;
Of Scotland's lassies—England's fair,
And nymphs of Shannon's waters.
We heed not all their boasted charms,
Though lords around them hover;
Our glory lies in Freedom's arms—
A freeman for a lover!

I. H. HEWIT.

For the Chronicle.

AN UNLUCKY VISIT.

The night was dark, yet still he heeded not
The black and lowring aspect of the heav'ns;
But bent his way through realms of mud,
And the night's almost impenetrable gloom;
Seeking the haven where his lov'd one dwelt.
The haven gain'd, he took his welcome seat,
And gaz'd abstracted on the sparkling fire.
The echo of her footstep—soft and mute
As the new snow-flake—broke upon his ear,
Another step! 'Twas her by heavens!
She entered—the very Paragon of symmetry.
How throbb'd his pulse! his flutt'ring heart,
Did wildly beat against its tenement—
Like some poor bird that long confined,
Seeks to burst the shackles of its bondage.
At length he calmer grew, and doubts and fears
Were fading fast away, when fate put forth
Its ruthless hand, and blight'd all his hopes.
Whene'er he moved his hand toward the tongs,
With seeming life they tumbl'd 'gainst the shovel;
And their rude fall made noise sufficient,
To start dull midnight from its drowsy slumber.
Perplexed, confus'd, he sought his hat and cane,
And bowing low, bade the fair maid "good night."
But even on his wandering journey home,
The same relentless demon followed him.
Ere he had measur'd half an hundred steps,
From the bright domicil of his lady love;
Such dismal gloom o'erspread the face of nature,
By accident he wander'd from the path,
And ere he could think or see or feel,
His head came outright 'gainst a cruel fence.
Straight once more he got, and plodded on
His dark and desolate and dreary road,
Musing in silence on th' eventful night.
At last arrived at home, he took an oath,
That he again would never pay a visit,
Unless the moon shone out in all her splendour,
To light him safely on his wayward path.

Cambridge, Md. IBID.

ORIGINAL.

For the Chronicle.

Love.

"Good Shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Shakespeare."

Gentle reader have you ever been in love? Have you experienced the cares, vexations, anxieties, and throes incident to that gentle passion? How often, have all the imaginary pleasures, created by thy heated brain, vanished into nothingness? How often have you left the home of the object of your love, with high hopes and bright anticipations, to be crushed and annihilated by some trivial circumstance, which caused the blood to chill and curdle in its bounding course—which caused the heart to palpitate with undefinable sensations of wrong and misery, and which produced a degree of melancholly approximating to insanity.? Oh woman! thou canst form but an imperfect idea, of the sincerity the fervour and wildness of man's love!

Behold yon emaciated form! His lonely habits, his unsteady gait, the vacant stare, the wildness and irregularity of his dress, the involuntary gesture, reveal the awful truth, reason is dethroned.—Approach, and inquire the history of his situation—the response is—he was deceived—she whose tender smiles had wrought up his brain to frenzy, deserted him.

Approach you trembling, sorrow-stricken husband; and learn the cause of his grief. She whose smile, had lighted up his pathway, whose voice to him was sweeter far than the melody of words,, has become a tenant of the charnel house. A blight has fallen upon his manhood—left like some solitary oak in the midst of a fallen forrest, the lone monument of departed beauty—affections fondest links are shattered; she whose hand had soothed the unquiet throbbing of his troubled brain, slumbers in the tomb. He lives lingering in grief—his life-strings are fretting slowly away, and before another revolution of the seasons he will sleep that dreamless slumber that knows no wakening here.

Love! thou heavenly spirit! angelic breath! thou shouldst inspire to its highest glow, the theme of every lyre! High principle of heaven! Give me the joy thy charming presence yields! Be thou my robe, my spirit's life, my highest element, while sighing through the thorny mazes of this transitory life. Unite my soul to her who feeds my life; and round the happy union, wreathe the sweetest ties of earth; and o'er her head wave thy sunny bands!

Gentle reader! In the selection of a partner, remember that a reciprocity of love is the true and only happiness. Should your affections be riveted upon one, I care not however humble and lowly may be her situation, let no unhallowed passion sunder the tie.

"How blest is he, for whom the sigh
Of gentle woman oft is breathed;
On whom is turned her wistful eye,
Around whose heart, her hopes are wreath'd."

Cambridge, Md. COMO.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

We plead guilty to have read the following tale from the Hempstead Enquirer, with a tearful eye and we transfer it to our columns for the benefit of the moral. Oh! that the children of pride and vanity would spare some useful superfluity, and practice that charity which is twice blessed on earth and so pleasing in the eye of the Almighty. —N. Y. Sunday Morning News.

THE YOUNG BRIDE.

Emma had wheeled the sofa in front of the fire, and as Charles seated himself beside her, he was a happy fellow. Alas! he had only drank the bubbles of the cup. Emma looked lovely, for the glow of the warm coal fire had given a bloom to her usually pale cheek, which heightened the lustre of her dark eyes. But there came a shade of thought over Emma's brow and her husband instantly remarked it. It is strange how a husband sees clouds over his liege lady's brow. It was the first Charles ever saw there, and it excited his tenderest inquiry. Was she unwell? Did she wish any thing? Emma hesitated; she blushed and looked down. Charles pressed to know what had cast such a shadow upon her spirits.

"I fear you will think me very silly—but Mary French has been sitting with me this afternoon."

"Not that, certainly," said Charles smiling.

"Oh, no; but you may recollect we began to keep house at nearly the same time, only they sent by Brent to New York for carpetting. Mary would make me walk down to Brent's store this evening with her, he has bought two—they are such loves." Charles bit his lips. "Mary, she continued, said you were doing first rate business, and she was sure you would never let that odious Wilton lay in the parlor, if you once saw that splendid Brussels; so rich and so cheap; only seventy-five dollars."

Now the "odious Wilton', had been selected by Charles' mother and presented to them; and the color deepened on his cheek, as his animated bride continued, "Suppose we walk down to Brent's and look at it; there are only two, and it seems a pity not to secure it."

Emma," said Charles gravely, "you are mistaken if you suppose my business will justify extravagance. It will be useless to look at the carpet, as we have one that will answer very well, and is perfectly new."

Emma's vivacity fled and she sat awkwardly picking her nails. Charles felt embarrassed—he drew out his watch and put it back—whistled—and finally spying a periodical on Emma's table, began to read aloud some beautiful verses. His voice was well formed, and he soon entered into the spirit of the writer and forgot his embarrassment: when looking into Emma's eyes how was he surprised, instead of the glow of sympathetic feeling he expected to meet, to see her head bent into her hands, evident displeasure on her brow. and a tear trickling slowly down her pale cheek.

Charles was a sensible young man—I wish there were more of them—and he reflected a moment before he said, "Emma, my love, get your bonnet and your cloak on and walk with me, if you please." Emma looked as if she would like to pout a little longer, but Charles said "come," with such serious gravity on his countenance, that Emma thought proper to accede; and nothing doubting that it was to purchase a carpet' look his arm with a smile of triumph. They crossed several streets in the direction to Brent,s until they at last stood before the door of a miserable tenement in a back street.

"Where in the world are you taking me?" inquired Emma, shrinking back. Charles quietly led her forward, and lifting a latch they stood in a little room, around the grate of which three small children were hovering closer & closer as the cold wind swept through the crevices in the decayed walls, An emaciated being, whose shrunk features, sparkling eye and flushed cheek, spoke a deadly consumption, lay on a wretched low bed, the slight covering of which barely kept her from freezing; while a spectral babe, whose black eyes looked unnaturally large from its extreme thinness was endeavoring to draw sustenance from its dying mother.

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Wright?" quietly enquired Charles.

The woman feebly raised herself on her arm.

"Is that you Mr. West, oh, how glad I am you are come—but your mother?"

"Has not been at home for a month; and the lady who promised her to look after you in her absence, only informed me to-day of your increased illness."

"I have been very ill," she replied sinking back on her straw bed.

Emma drew near; she arranged the pillow and the bed clothes over the feeble sufferer, but her heart was too full to speak.

Charles observed it and felt satisfied.

"Is this beautiful girl your bride? I heard you were married.

"Yes, and in my mother's absence she will see you do not suffer."

"Bless you, Charles West; bless you for a good son of a good mother; may your wife deserve you —and that is wishing a good deal for her. You are very good to think of me," she said looking at Emma, "and you are just married!"

Charles saw that Emma could not speak, and he hurried her home, promising to send the woman some wood that night.—The moment Emma reached home she burst into tears.

"My dear Emma," said Charles soothingly, I hope I have not given you too severe a shock. It is sometimes salutary to look on the miseries of others, that we may properly appreciate our own happiness. Here is a purse containing seventy-five dollars; you may spend it as you please"

It is unnecessary to add that the odious Wilton kept its place; but the shivering children were taught to bless the name of Emma West, which formed the last articulate murmur on the lips of the dying sufferer,

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I have seen an infant sinking down, like a stricken flower, to the grave—the strong man breathing out his soul upon the field of battle—the miserable convict standing upon the scaffold, with a deep curse quivering upon his lips. I have viewed death in all his forms of darkness and vengeance with a tearless eye—but I never could look on woman, young and lovely woman, fading away from earth, in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountain of life turned to tears and dust, Death is always terrible—but when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of the sleepers, the heart feels that something lovely is ceasing from existence and broods, in a sense of utter desolation, over the lonely thoughts, that come up like spectres from the grave, to haunt our midnight musings.

Two years ago I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her pure hearts purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like a wing of death upon her brow. I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was indeed a creature to be worshiped—her brow was garlaned by the young year's sweetest flowers—her yellow locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom—and she moved through the crowd with such a floating unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her fade into the air, like the creation of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful and even gay, yet I saw that her gaiety was but a mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told, that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear—and her eye lids, at times closed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting upon her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity' and gone out beneath the quiet stars, laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal foundation of purity.

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence, and I became to her as a brother. The smile upon her lips was faint, the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible, and the cadences of her voice became daily more weak & tremulous. On a quiet evening of June I wandered out with her in the open air. It was then that she first told me the tale of her passion, and of the blight that had come down like mildew upon her life. Love had been a portion of her existence. Its tendril had been twined around her heart in its earliest years—and when they were rent away, they left a wound which flowed till all the springs of her heart were blighted. "I am passing away', said she, "and it should be so. The winds have gone over my life, the bright buds of hope the sweet blossom of passion are scattered down, and withering in the dust. And yet I cannot go down among the tombs without a tear. It is hard to take leave of friends who love me; it is very hard to bid farewell to those scenes with which I have communion from my childhood, and which, from day to day, have caught the color of my life, and sympathized with its joys and sorrows. That little grave where I have strayed with my buried love, and where at all times, and even now, the sweet tones of his voice seem to come stealing around me till the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody; that pensive star which my fancy can still picture his form looking down upon me and beckoning me on to his own bright home—every flower, and tree, and rivulet on which early love has set his undying seal, have have become dear to me: and I cannot, without a sigh, close my eyes upon them forever."

I have lately heard that the beautiful girl of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream—gentle as the sinking of the breeze that lingers for a time round a bed of withered roses and then dies as it 'twere from very sweetness.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of Eternity to float a moment upon the wave and then sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that the aspirations which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied!—Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over us with a beauty that is not on earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness! Why is it that the stars which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set so far above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory!—And, finally, why is it that the bright form of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in a cold deathlike torrents upon our hearts! We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never 'fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like visions will stay in our presence. Bright creature of my dreams, in that realm I shall see you again. Even now thy lost image is sometimes with me.—In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars that image comes floating upon the beam that lingers around my pillow, and stands before me in its pale dim loveliness, till its own quiet spirit like a spell from heaven upon my thoughts, and the grief of years is turned to dreams of blessedness.

THE AGRICULTURALIST.

PEAT EARTH, AND PEAT ASHES,

IMPORTANT SOURCES OF FERTILITY TO THE FARM.

We assume it as a well established truth, that every vegetable substance is capable of becoming food for farm crops, whenever it is rendered soluble, that is, when it becomes dissolved and blended with the liquids of the soil. Putrefaction, in a great measure, renders vegetable matters soluble, and consequently fits them for the food of plants. Combustion produces in a measure like effects, though in most cases with a considerable loss in fertilizing matters. Peat earth, or swamp muck, though differing essentially in quality, is considered as an inert mass of half-corrupted vegetable matter, requiring to be brought in contact with fermenting matters, or with fire, to render them soluble. Fire, to be sure, would seem to destroy the vegetable matter, and consequently the power of peat earth to impart fertility; but it will be seen from the analysis of peat in our last, that in them it rather concentrates the elements of fertility—in the form of salts, which are readily dissolved by the humidity of the earth, and become highly enriching the soil. Combustion renders the mass lighter, and of course more portable. Beat earth differs greatly from green vegetables, and from yard dung—not so much in its elementary matters, as in its tendency to putrefaction. The first putrify spontaneously, in a summer temperature, under the influence of air and moisture; the latter do not putrify spontaneously under the like agents. And hence the importance of directing the farmers attention to this subject.

When applied directly to soils, peat earth and moory soil are so extremely slow in decomposing, that they do not impart but little fertility, although the dressing be abundant; yet they nevertheless mechanically improve stiff soils, by rendering them more porous. But spread in the cattle yard for a season, they become intimately blended with stimulating substances, and fitted to develope all their fertalizing powers. Lord Meadowbanks gave to the subject a scientific investigation, and after various experiments, left directions for the preparation of peat earth in composts, with dung, &c. of which we extract the following summary from British Husbandry.

COMPOSTS OF PEAT EARTH.

The peat of which the compost is to be partly formed, should be thrown out of the pit some weeks, or even months, previously, in order to deprive it of its redundant moisture. By this means it is made lighter and less compact when made up with fresh dung for fermentation; and accordingly less dung is required for the purpose than if the preparation be made with peat recently dug from the pit. It should be taken to a dry spot, convenient to the field which is to be manured, and placed in a row intended for the midden. When ready to be made up into compost, half the quantity of dung must be carted out, and laid in a parallel row at such a distance as will allow the workman to throw the rows together by the spade; the compost may thus be laid in the centre, and will form the area of the future heap.

"Let the workman make a layer or bottom of peat about six inches deep, and extending further than the base of the proposed midden. (which is but another term for dunghill) which is to be thrown up in alternate layers: first, ten inches of dung over the peat, six inches, dung four inches—thus diminishing each layer of dung until the heap rises to a height not exceeding three or four feet, when the whole should be covered—top, ends and sides—with the remains of the peat; the whole to be put loosely together, and made quite smoth.

In mild weather seven cart loads of common farm yard dung, tolerably fresh made is sufficient or 21 cart loads of peat moss; but in cold weather, a larger portion of dung is desirable. The dung to be used, should either have been recently made, or kept fresh by the compression of cattle or carts passing over it; and as some sorts of dung, even when fresh, are much more advanced into decomposition than others, it is necessary to attend to this; for a much less proportion of dung than is less advanced will serve the purpose.

After the compost is made up, it gets into a general heat, sooner or later, according to the weather and the condition of the dung: in summer, in ten days or sooner; in winter, not perhaps for so many weeks, if the cold is severe. It always, however, has been found to come on at last; and in summer it sometimes rises so high as to be mischievous by becoming fire fanged.—Sticks should therefore be kept thrust into different parts, as by drawing them out occasionally the progress of the fermentation may be ascertained; and if so rapid as to approach to blood heat. it should be either watered or turned over, and a little moss be aded. The heat subsides after a time, and with variety proportioned to the season and the perfection of the compost; but, when cool, it may be allowed to remain untouched till within about three weeks of being wanted: it should then be turned over, upside down and outside in, and all the lumps broken; after which, it comes into a second heat, but soon cools, and may be taken out for use. In this state the whole appears a black mass like garden mould, and, it is said, may be used, weight for weight, like farm yard manure with which it will fully stand a comparison throughout a course of cropping.*—Sixteen single horse cart loads per acre are, indeed, said to have produced comparatively as good a crop as twelve of farm yard dung.†"

EXPERIMENTS.

"The following experiments upon composts of peat combined with various substances, communicated to sir John Sinclair by Mr. Arbutnot, of Peterhead will tend to show the power of fermentation in occasioning its decomposition, and its consequent probable effect upon the land:—

1. Peat moss was mixed, in the month of November, with rotten sea-ware in the proportion of 300 cart loads of the former, to 50 of the latter.—In January. the midden, having attained the heat of 90° Fahrenheit, was turned; in March, the operation was repeated; and in the latter end of April, the compost was spread upon 18 acres of land, and immediately plouged in. On the 15th of May, the field was sown in barley, which produced one-third more than any similar crop from the same land, when manured with dung.

2. Another field was manured in the same proportion of composition, with equal parts of cow-dung and sea-ware; the ground was planted with potatoes, and the produce was large and of excelent quality. Turnips, mangold wurtzel, and cabbages, were tried with the same manure, and the crops were all luxuriant.

3. The foundation of a midden was laid on the 1st of May, with 800 cart loads of peat moss, and 150 of cow-dung. the cattle had been littered with green rushes; which, although they had lain in the dung pits for more than nine months,