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

POETRY.

"The reigning eagle of Parnassian skies,
Now soaring 'midst the tracks of light and air
And now the monarch of the woods and lair."

For the Chronicle.

MODESTY.

A rose that was wet with the morning dew,
Its crescent proudly raised;
It look'd at its neighbour the violet blue,
And seem'd wondrously amaz'ed.

It raised its leaves in pride and scorn,
And frown'd on the innocent flower;
And asked why a thing so lowly born,
Had dar'd to enter the bower?

The sweet little violent answer'd not,
But its modest colours display'd;
And smil'd in silent contempt at what
The rose had tauntingly said.

The rose swell'd up like the frog of old,
And bloated itself with pride;
To think the violet had been so bold,
Its dignity to deride.

It thus continu'd to fret and pout,
'Ill Sol was in heaven high;
His dazzling rays its lamp put out,
And it died without a si h.

When gaudy pride that spurns the earth,
Hath found an early tomb,
Contented with thy lowly birth,
Fair modesty thy gentle worth,
Shall like the violent bloom.

* * *

Cambridge, Md.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

ADVICE OF A FATHER TO

His Only Daughter.

Written immediately after her Marriage.

BY PATRICK HENRY.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER.—You have just entered into that state which is replete with happiness or misery. The issue depends upon that prudent, amiable uniform conduct, which wisdom and virtue so strongly recommend, on the one hand, or on that imprudence which a want of reflection or passion may prompt on the other.

You are allied to a man of honor, of talents, and of an open, generous disposition. You have therefore in your power, all the essential ingredients of domestic happiness: it cannot be marred, if you now reflect upon that system of conduct which you ought invariably to pursue—if you now see clearly, the path from which you will resolve never to deviate. Our conduct is often the result of whim or caprice, often such as will give us many a pang, unless we see, before hand what is always most praiseworthy, and the most essential to happiness.

The first maxim you should follow, is. never to attempt to control your husband by opposition, by displeasure, or any other mark of anger. A man of sense, of prudence, of warm feelings, cannot, and will not, bear an opposition of any kind, which is attended with an angry look or expression. The current of his affections is suddenly stopped; his attachment is weakened; he begins to feel a mortification the most pungent; he is belittled even in his own eye: and be assured, the wife who once excites those sentiments in the breast of a husband, will never regain the high ground which she might and ought to have retained. When he marries her, if he be a good man, he expects to find in her one who is not to control him—not to take from him the freedom of acting as his own judgment shall direct, but one who will place such confidence in him, as to belive that his prudence is his best guide. Little things, what in reality are mere trifles in themselves, often produce bickerings, and even quarrels. Never permit them to be a subject of dispute; yield them with pleasure, with a smile of affection. Be assured that one difference outweighs them all a thousand or ten thousand times.—A difference with your husband ought to be considered as the greatest calamity—as one that is to be most studiously guarded against; it is a demon which must never be permitted to enter a habitation where all should be peace, unimpaired confidence, and heartfelt affection. Besides, what can a woman gain by her opposition of indifference? Nothing. But she loses every thing; she loses her husband's respect for her virtues, she loses his love, and with that, all prospect of future happiness. She creates her own misery, and then utters idle and silly complaints, but utters them in vain. The love of a husband can be retained only by the high opinion which he entertains of his wife's goodness of heart, of her amiable disposition, of the sweetness of her temper, of her prudence, of her devotion to him. Let nothing upon any occasion ever lessen that opinion. On the contrary, it should augment every day: he should have much more reason to admire her for those excellent qualities which will cast a lustre over a virtuous woman when her personal attractions are no more.

Has your husband staid out longer than you expected? When he returns receive him as the partner of your heart. Has he disappointed you in something you expected, whether of ornament, or of furniture, or of any conveniency? Never evince discontent; receive his apology with cheerfulness. Does he, when you are house-keeper, invite company without informing you of it, or bring home with him a friend? Whatever may be your repast, however scanty it may be to add to it, receive them with a pleasing countenance, adorn your table with cheerfulness, give to your husband and to your company a hearty welcome; it will more than compensate for every other deficiency; it will evince love for your husband, good sense in yourself, and that politeness of manners, whith acts as the most powerful charm! It will give to the plainest fare a zest superior to all that luxury can boast. Never be discontented on any occasion of this nature.

In the next place, as your husband's success in his profession will depend upon his popularity, and as the manners of a wife have no little influence in extending or lessening the respect and esteem of others for her husband, you should take care to be affable and polite to the poorest as well as the richest. A reserved haughtiness is a sure indication of a weak mind and an unfeeling heart.

With respect to your servants, teach them to respect and love you, while you expect from them a reasonable discharge of their respective duties. Never tease yourself, or them, by scolding; it has no other effect than to render them discontented and impertinent. Admonish them with a calm firmness.

Cultivate your mind by the perusal of those books which instruct while they amuse. Do not devote much of your time to novels; there are a few which may be useful and improving in giving a higher tone to our moral sensibility; but they tend to vitiate the taste, and to produce a disrelish for substantial intellectual food. Most plays are of the same cast; they are not friendly to the delicacy which is one of the ornaments of the female character. History, geography, poetry, moral essays, biography, travels, sermons, and other well written religious productions, will not fail to enlarge your understanding, to render you a more agreeable companion, and to exalt your virtue. A woman devoid of rational ideas of religion, has no security for her virtue; it is sacrificed to her passions, whose voice, not that of God, is her only governing principle. Besides, in those hours of calamity to which families must be exposed, where will she find support, if it be not in her just reflections upon that all ruling Providence which governs the universe, whether inanimate or animate.

Mutual politeness between the most intimate friends is essential to that harmony which should never be once broken or interrupted. How important then is it between man and wife! The more warm the attachment, the less will either party bear to be slighted, or treated with the smallest degree of rudeness or inattention. This politeness, then, if it be not in itself a virtue, is at least the means of giving to real goodness a new lustre; it is the means of preventing discontent, and even quarrels; it is the oil of intercourse, it removes asperities, and gives to every thing a smooth, an even, and a pleasing movement.

I will only add, that matrimonial happiness does not depend upon wealth; no, it is not to be found in wealth; but in minds properly tempered and united to our respective situations. Competency is necessary; all beyond that point, ideal. Do not suppose, however, that I would not advise your husband to augment his property by all honest and commendable means. I would wish to see him actively engaged in such a pursuit, because engagement, a sedulous employment, in obtaining some laudable end, is essential to happiness. In the attainment of a fortune, by honorable means, a man derives satisfaction in self-applause, as well as from the increasing estimation in which he is held by those around him.

In the management of your domestic concerns, let prudence and wise economy prevail. Let neatness, order, and judgment be seen in all your different departments. Unite liberality with a just frugality; always reserve something for the hand of charity; and never let your door be closed to the voice of suffering humanity. Your servants, in particular, will have the strongest claim upon your charity; let them be well clothed, nursed in sickness, and never let them be unjustly treated.

THE BEREAVED SISTER.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

In the spring of 1824, I contracted an acquaintance in one of the cities of the South, with a gentleman, who had moved from England to this country, with two small children, the one a boy of ten, and the other a girl of nine years of age.—These children were the most lovely beings I ever saw. Their extreme beauty their deep and artless affection, and their frequent bursts of childish and innocent mirth, made them as dear to me as if I had been the companion of their infancy. They were happy in themselves, happy in each other, and in the whole world of life and nature around them I had known the family but a few months, when my friend was compelled to make a sudden and unexpected voyage to South America. His feelings were embittered by the thonght of leaving his motherless children behind him, and as I was on the point of embarking for Liverpool, I promised to take them to their relations.

My departure was delayed two weeks. During that period I lived under the same roof with the little ones that had been consigned to my charge For a few days they were pensive, and frequently inquiries for their absent father, but their sorrows were easily assuaged, and regret for his absence changed into a pleasant anticipation of his return. The ordinary sorrows of childhood are but dews upon the eagle's plumage, which vanish at the moment, when the proud bird springs upward into the air to woo the first beautiful flashes of the morning.

The day of our departure at last arrived and we set sail on a quiet afternoon of summer. It was a scene of beauty, and my heart fluttered as widely and as joyously as the wing of a young bird in spring time. It seemed in truth, as if "man's control had stopped with the shore" that was retreating behind us; and left the world of waters to give back the blue expanse of the upper skies as purely and as peacefully as at the first holy Sabbath of creation. The distant hills bent their pale blue tops to the waters, and as the great sun, the image of his creator, sunk in the crimson and purple, came floating o'er the waves, like barks from a fairy land. My young companions gazed on these scenes steadily, and silently, and, when the last tint of the dim shore was melting into shadow, they took each other's hands, and a few natural tears gushed forth as an adieu to the land they had loved.

Soon after sunset I persuaded them to look out again upon the ocean. In about half an hour, as I was standing musingly apart, I felt my hand gently pressed, and on turning round saw that the girl had stolen to my side. In a few moments the evening star began to twinkle from the edging of a violent cloud. At first it gleamed faintly and at intervals, but an on it came brightly out, and shone like a holy thing upon the brow of evening. The girl at my side gazed upon it, and hailed it with a tone which told that a thought of rapture was at heart. She inquired, with simplicity and eagerness, whether in the far land to which we were going that some bright star would be visible, and seemed to regard it as another friend that was to be with her in her long and lonely journey.

The first week of our voyage was unattended with any important incident. The sea was at times wild and stormy, but again it would sink to repose, and spread itself out in beauty on the distant horizon. On the eighth day the boy arose, pale and dejected, and complaining of indisposition. On the following morning he was confined by a fever to his bed, and much doubt was expressed as to his fate, by the physician of the vessel. I can never forget the visible agony, the look of utter wo, that appeared upon the face of the little girl, when the conviction of her brother's danger came slowly home upon her thoughts. She wept not—but, hour after hour, she sat by the young sufferer—an image of grief and beautiful affection. The boy became daily more feeble and emaciated. *He* could not return the long and burning kisses of her sister, and at last the faint heaving of his breast, and tender eloquence of his half closed eye, and a flush, at intervals, upon his wasted cheek, like the first violet tint of a morning cloud, were all that told that he had not passed "the first dark day of nothingness."

The twelfth evening of our absence from land was the most beautiful I had ever known, and I persuaded the girl to go for a short time upon deck, that her own fevered brow might be fanned by the twilight breeze. The sun had gone down in glory, and the traces of his blood red setting were still visible upon the western waters. Slowly, but brilliantly, the many stars were gathering themselves together above, and another sky swelled out in softened beauty beneath, and the foam upon the crests of the waves was lighted up like wreaths of snow. There was music in every wave, and its wild sweet tones came floating down from the fluttering pennon above us like the sound of a gentle wind amid a cypress grove. But neither music or beauty had a spell for the heart of my little friend. I talked to her of the glories of the sea and sky—I pointed out to her the star on which she had always loved to look—but her only answer was a sigh, and I returned with her to the bed-side of her brother. I perceived instantly that he was dying.—There was no visible struggle—but a film was creeping over his eye, and the hectic flush of his cheek was fast deepening into purple. I know not whether, at first, his sister perceived the change in his appearance. She took her seat at his side, and then as usual left her seat, her melancholy eye fixed upon his countenance. Suddenly his looks brightened for a moment, and he spoke his sister's name. She replied with a passionate caress and looked up into my face as if to implore my encouragement. I knew that her hopes was but mockery. A moment more and a convulsive quiver passed over the lips of the dying boy—a slight shudder ran through his frame—and all was still. The girl knew, as if intuitively, that her brother was dead. She sat in tearless silence—but I saw that the waters of bitterness were gathering fearfully at their fountain. At last she raised her hands with a sudden effort, and passing them upon her forehead, wept with the uncontrollable agony of despair.

On the next day the corpse of the dead boy was to be committed to the ocean.—The little girl knew it must be so, but she strove to drive the thought away, as if it had been a terrible and unreal vision.—When the appointed hour was at hand, she came & begged me with a tone that seemed less like a human voice than the low cadence of a disembodied spirit to go & look upon her brother and see if he were indeed dead. I could not resist her entreaties, but went with her to gaze upon the sleeping dust to which all the tendrills of her life seemed bound. She paused by the bedside, and I almost deemed that her very existence would pass off in that long and fixed gaze. She moved not—spoke not—till the form she loved was taken away to be let down into the ocean. Then indeed, she rose and followed her lifeless brother, with a calmness that might have been from heaven. The body sank slowly and solemnly beneath the waves—a few long bright ringlets streamed upon the waters—a single white and beautiful glimpse came dimly up through the glancing billows: and all that had once been joy and beauty, vanished forever.

During the short residue of our voyage, the bereaved sister seemed fading away as calmly and beautifully as a cloud in the summer zenith. Her heart had lost its communion with nature, and she would look down into the sea and murmur incoherently of its cold and solitary depts, and call her brother's name, and then weep herself into calmness. Soon afterwards I left her with her friends. I know not whether she is still a blossom of the earth, or whether she has long since gone to be nurtured in a holier realm. But I love the memory of that beautiful and stricken one. Her loveliness, her innocence, and the deep and holy feelings, still come back to me in their glory and quietude, like a rainbow on a summer cloud, that has showered and passed off forever.—*Literary News-Letters.*

A new *Whig* paper of the largest size has been commenced at Syracuse, New York, edited by V. W. Smith. Mr. Smith was formerly the editor of a Jackson, Van Buren paper in the same county, and was considered a powerful auxiliary to the cause of the Administration, but from an honest conviction of the ruinous tendency of the principles and measures of the Van Buren party he has abandoned them. The following is an extract from his introductory address:—Del. State Journal.

"*H*aving satisfied ourselves that the policy and measures of the General Government, which became of course the policy and measures of the Republican party of this state, were neither to be relinquished or modified, we ascertained our own future course—a course of undisguised, conscientious, and decided opposition to the Administration of Martin Van Buren, and all who avowed themselves his adherents and supporters."

THE AGRICULTURALIST.

"Venerate the plough,
And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
Let Autumn spread its richest treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded."

Memorial of Charles L. Fleischmann, in Relation to the Manufacture of Beet Sugar.

Continued from our last.

To the honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

The memorial of Charles Lewis Fleischmann, a naturalized citizen of the United States.

RESPECTFULLY REPRESENTS:

But, in the year 1826, France imported only 75,120 tons of colonial sugar—a diminution of 15,630 tons in one year; a *quantum* too large not to alarm the proprietors of the sugar plantations in the French colonies, and particularly in Martinique, who looked, some years ago, with an ironical smile at the beet-sugar manufacturer. They, who have ridiculed and caricatured every improvement in this branch of industry, felt themselves forced to send, in 1835, Baron de Cools, with the following proposition to the French Government, viz: demanding—

1. Diminution of the duties upon French colonial sugar of 50 per cent., and a proportional reduction of duties upon the foreign colonial sugar.

2. The permission to export the colonial sugar direct to a foreign market.

3. A careful examination and investigation how the French colonial and beet-sugar manufactories can be equally taxed.

The latest news from France states that the Government came finally to the conclusion of an equal taxation upon the indigenous and colonial sugar, as may be seen from the following extract from a New York paper, (Morning Courier and New York Enquirer of December 18, 1838,) dated

[By the Ville de Lyons.]

"PARIS, October 30, 1838.

"*A* branch of industry, (the offspring of necessity under the empire,) the production of sugar from beet-root, and engaged much attention in France, and has been carried on with success, and to a vast extent. The natural consequence has been, that sugar, the produce of the French colonies, which is burdened with a very large duty on importation into Frane, *was beaten out of the market.* Appeals were made by the *suffering colonists* to the Government, repeaedly, representing the distress into which they had fallen from this circumstance; the irredemiable ruin that would necessarily fall upon them if the present tariff were maintained, and soliciting relief. After a variety of expedients to evade a decision on the point, the Government has just come to the resolution of proposing to the Chambers, (which are to meet on the 24th *D*ecember,) to reduce the import duty on colonial sugar by 8 1-4 francs per cwt., which, with a precisely similar excise duty levied on the beet-root, or home-grown sugar, will, they say, suffice to reopen the market to the colonies."

Such is the state and result of the indigenous sugar manufacture in France.

*W*hat is the progress of this branch of industry in the other parts of Europe?

England, (the mother of colonies.) which was very much prejudiced against the manufacture of indigenous sugar, seems to see, in the adoption of it, the only means of improving the physical and moral condition of man in her colonies; and she has already overcome some of her prejudices and has begun to establish manufactories. The following article, taken from the London Mechanics' Magazine of 1836, (No. 169,) will show its progress:

"A refinery of sugar from the beet-root is being erected at Thames bank, Chelsea, which, it is expected, will be in operation in about six weeks. In the vicinity of the metropolis, during the past summer, a great many acres of land have been put into cultivation with the root at *W*andsworth and other places. The machinery will be principally on the plans of the vacuum-pans, and *a pure refined sugar* will be produced from the *juice* by the *first process of evaporation*, after it has simply undergone the process of discolorization. Another part of the premises is appropriated to the manufacture of coarse brown paper from the refuse, for which it is extensively used in France. In case the Government do not interfere, and, by rendering the product excisable, retard or prohibit its manufacture, several individuals have it in contemplation to establish refineries in different parts of the kingdom for purifying sugar, which may be produced in agricultural districts for domestic or foreign use. A refinery has lately been established at Belfast, in the vicinity of which town upwards of two hundred acres of land have been put in cultivation with the beet-root for the manufacture of sugar."

Russia, which adopts every useful improvement in manufacture, has, in the southern departments, large manufactories of beet sugar, by which she expects to furnish some of the Asiatic markets with this article. So have Bohemia, *H*ungary, Austria, and Switzerland large beet-sugar manufactories, in the most flourishing condition.

The Germans, though the discoverers of the crystallizable sugar in the beet-root, until 1836 made very little progress in its manufacture. This is to be ascribed as well to the continual war with France, which checked every improvement, as to the uncertainty of the business itself. The Germans, well aware and well informed of every improvement made abroad, never found it sufficiently lucrative to embark in it; but it seems that this nation, which has given the world so many great and important discoveries, was destined to bring its own discovery of the extraction of the sugar from the beet to perfection. This was accomplished by Mr. Schuetzenbach, of the Grand Duchy of Baden. Schnetzenbach re-examined carefully Markgraf's experiments, and found that the first experiment of this great chemist, made eighty-nine years ago, is the best method, when modified, to produce, with less labor and expense, eight pounds of white refined sugar out of one hundred pounds of the raw beet-root. This improvement it is which will, in a short space of time, excluded all the colonial sugar from the European market, as well as our own. This improvement, also, will change the condition of millions of men in the colonies.

(To be continued.)

Earthquake

AT MARTINIQUE.

The St. Vincents Chronicle of the 12th February, furnishes the following particular account of the late earthquake at Martinique.

Any language is incapable of doing justice to such a subject of absolute desolation; of prostrate porticos, dilapidated mansions, and piles of stone and mortar, eloquent in ruin. Every one felt as if traversing a "city of the dead;" nor could those emotions have been more vividly excited in pacing the disembowelled remains of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

All the public buildings are either totally destroyed or so rent or thrown down as to be useless. Of 1700 houses which composed the city, only 18 are saved: and singular to say, these are wooden edifices.—Whole lines of streets in the meaner suburbs were entombed with their inmates by the falling in of the loftier stone dwellings in their vicinity. But of all the remarkable spectacles in this accumulation of horrors, none can vie with that presented by the arched fragments of the convent—the tattered shreds of the old, and the site of what *was* the new hospital. This splendid building but recently completed, and which cost (as an intelligent merchant informed us) $100,000, is entirely razed to the earth. Not a stone remains upon another, and the soil of the open space or yard, in front is white from the dust into which it crumbled with its imprisoned patients, 46 in number, of whom 34 were military. An idea may be formed of the impetus of the earthquake in this quarter, when I mention that between ten and twelve feet in front of the base lie the iron railling which ran along it. Adjoining these masses of shattered planks and strewn fragments, is the cemetery or burying ground. Hither all the killed, after being gathered together from different points, and deposited in dead carts on la Place d'Armes, and that of des Quartres Nois, were huddled into two enormous ditches dug for the occasion, which were instantly filled up with quicklime. Some without arms or legs, others wanting an eye or a nose, women whose breasts had been torn off, were plunged in without distinction of age, rank, or sex; and (says a French writer,) as these hasty sepulches could not contain the mass of bodies which clogged them up, the assistants were compelled to squeeze, crowd, and stamp them as one packs herrings into a barrel! Well might he doubt the evidence of his senses.

We found it difficult to ascertain the exact mortality. It would appear that about 900 sufferers were dug out of the ruins, and in 500 of these, life was extinct. The others were carried to the artillery barraces, fitted up as a temporary hospital, and nothing can be better than the arrangements there perfected. Amputation was resorted to in numerous instances, but none survived the operation. Government tries to conceal the extent of the calamity, in order to re-inspire confidence in the colonists, but it admits a loss of 260 dead, and about an equal number wounded.

All are agreed that this awful visitation of Providence was tempered with mercy. If, instead of happening at 6 o'clock of the morning, it had taken place a few hours sooner, not a soul could have escaped, as the town was buried in sleep; but occurring when the laboring population had for the most part repaired to their wonted occupations, they whose houses first fell, owing to the superincumbent weight of larger mansions, avoided the fate which engulphed their reisdences. The greatest fatality occurred in the streets, which being narrow, and built with great strength, were choaked up by the falling of missiles, &c. Cases of individual calamity were related to us, pitiable in the extreme. One gentleman said that having gone early to the public promenade, he beheld the earth yawn before him, and shut again, whilst the trees at his side nodded like the waving of soldiers' plumes. He bethought him of his wife and family, and ran eagerly back into the town, but his progress was impeded by a thick cloud of lime and ashes. which nearly blinded him; he reached his domestic hearth at last, and found all alive; but an intimate friend had been wounded by fragments which broke both his legs and thighs, and he lingered inexpressible agony for days, during which he incessantly called upon him to terminate his sufferings. Entering a public bath to refresh ourselves, the poor owner burst into tears telling us she could not attend to us, as now she could only mourn for a son-in-law and grand children untimely snatched from her arms. A custom house officer explained how he had been twice overturned in the street, turned from side to side, and bruised in several places; but when he at length arose, the screams, groans, and cries for mercy, beggared description, and absolutely harrowed his feelings. "*I* thought," were his own words, "the day of judgment had arrived." The first to experience the shock, it is believed were the seamen of the fleet (recently from Mexico) lying in the roadstead. The vessels bounded as if they had struck on a reef. *W*hilst a frightful detonation reached their ears, and then a simultaneous shriek from the shore. Within the city, the earthquake is represented as composed of three shocks, and its duration to have extended to a period of from 40 to 60 seconds. The first two shocks were accompanied by a rumbling noise; then came a vibrating motion and opening of the earth; next an instantaneous thrill—and the work of destruction was completed The direction of the shocks seems to have been transverse. A rush