L. D. Tackle

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, July* 13, 1839. NUMBER 40.

THE CAMBRIDGE WEEKLY CHRONICLE, AND FARMER'S REGISTER,
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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.*

TAILORING.

THE Subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public that he has taken the shop on Race street, Cambridge, one door above the Odd Fellows Lodge, and nearly opposite White & Anderson's store, where he intends carrying on the above business in all its various branches, and he flatters himself that he will be able to give general satisfaction to all those who favor him with their custom.—He will warrant all garments made by him to fit, if not he will return similar materials or money at the customers discretion. He also flatters himself from his knowledge of the business that his work will be done in a manner not to be surpassed by any one. He will receive the

CITY FASHIONS

regularly, and he will venture to say that he will not promise that which he will not perform, but will be punctual to all those who favor him with their custom, and he hopes that the public will extend to him a liberal share of their patronage.

The public's obd't. serv't.
WILLIAM KIRBY.

Cambridge, April 20, 1839. tf

N. B. I return my sincere thanks to the inhabitants of Church Creek and its vicinity for their liberal encouragement. W. K.

IMPROVEMENTS.

IN DENTAL SURGERY.

[illegible] in mastication, and so that they cannot be distinguished from the most beautiful natural living Teeth by the most scrutinizing observer.

He also performs all the various operations in Dental Surgery, according to the late scientific improvements in the art.

—

The following testimonials from gentlemen whose respectability needs no encomium, are respectfully submitted to the public.

From N. R. Smith, Professor of Surgery in the University of Maryland.

Baltimore, Oct. 28, 1836.

I have examined specimens of incorruptible Composition Teeth, manufactured by Dr. F. H. Knapp, an ingenious Dentist of this city.

In their form, color, etc., they admirably imitate the natural Teeth. Being completely incorruptible by the agents which affect the Teeth, and also apparently very strong, they must be peculiarly fitted for the purpose for which they are designed.

NATHAN R. SMITH.

From Professor Ducatel.

Having examined some Artificial Teeth prepared by Dr. F. H. Knapp, and learned from him what are the principal ingredients that enter into their composition, and the nature of the materials by which they are colored, I am inclined to think that they will prove, as he represents them to be, incorruptible.—Dr. Knapp having moreover acquired the art of varying the colours of the enamel which covers his Artificial Teeth, is thereby enabled to impart to them a more natural appearance than such Teeth are usually found to possess; a circumstance that will doubtless render them more acceptable to the public.

J. T. DUCATEL, M. D.
Prof. of Chemistry in the University of Md.

From S. K. Jennings, Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, &c. in the Washington Medical College of Maryland.

Having been favored with an inspection of a considerable number of Incorruptible Artificial Teeth, which were manufactured by Dr. F. H Knapp, I cheerfully concur in the opinion expressed in respect to them by Professors N. R. Smith and J. T. Ducatel.

SAML. K. JENNINGS.

He has also received the most flattering testimonials in favor of his improved Teeth from Prof. Thomas P. Jones, author of Conversations on Chemistry; Prof. F May, Prof. H. Lindslay, Prof. J. C. Hall, and Prof. Thomas Sewell, Washington D. C. and very many other gentlemen of the first standing in this country.

He offers these Teeth for sale to Dentists on the most favorable terms. Teeth, Gold Foil, &c. &c. sent per mail when ordered.

F. H. KNAPP, Surgeon Dentist,
N. W. corner Charles and Fayette st. Baltimore.
June 8th 1839. 6m

BLANKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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."

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

MEDITATION.

When midnight darkness shrouds the hill,
And wearied nature sinks to rest,
When wrapt in sleep the scene is still,
And care forsakes my placid breast—

O! then I love sweet solitude,
And gladly watch the lonely night
Where earth's vain troubles ne'er intrude,
Nor scenes of care disgust my sight.

I love the night from bustle free,
I ask no mirth the gloom to cheer;
The banquet has no joys for me,
It cannot dry one starting tear.

Ye morning beams! I covet not,
The light that o'er the Heavens glide;
Far more I love this lonely spot,
Than all the world can give beside.

The listless mortals, wrapt in sleep!
I envy not your deep repose;
I'd rather here my vigil keep,
Where fresh and sweet the zephyr blows.

Oh! may the chilly night of death
Be blest with calmness such as this,
And snatch away my fleeting breath
To ope' the day of endless bliss.

JUVENIS.

Philadelphia, April 9, 1839.

SCRAPS OF NEWS.

Crops never were more flourishing in the west than they now are. And thus early we caution our farmers against prairie fires. Thousands of dollars were lost by them last year, and in the most careless manner too.—[Chicago Democrat.

EXECUTION.—Morgan, the negro, convicted of the murder of his brother-in-law, was executed on Tuesday, near New Castle, Delaware. He made full confession. Two clergymen accompanied him to the scaffold.

A SCOUNDRAL.—A man named Hallenbake caused the death of a child of Mr. Barnum, of Albany, by giving it to drink near a pint of raw brandy, at a grocery store, on Friday, 12th inst.

A young sailor of the Lakes fell from the mast head to the deck of the schooner Huron at Buffalo, and died immediately. The scene was rendered more afflicting by the presence of his wife and mother.

ACCIDENT.—A lad by the name of M'Laughlin was run over by the Long Island railroad cars and instantly killed. He was attempting to get on the cars.

FIRE IN RANDOLPH.—The boot manufacturing shop of Col. David Blanchard, in Randolph, Mass. was entirely destory by fire on Wednesday night last with its contents. The loss ten thousand dollars—insurance on the building only.

A passenger in the steamboat Hartford, from New York for New Heaven, Wednesday, discovered on the next morning the loss of his pocket book containing $20,000 of certificates of stock. He has returned to prevent the thief realising his plunder.

INTERESTING MARRIAGE.—A man named Samuel Wilson, was married to a Miss Eliza Bowers, in the Portsmouth, (New Hampshire) jail, on the 12th ult. and in three days thereafter, Samuel took residence in the State prison at Concord. He is to remain there two years.

The person whose arm was broken, and who was otherwise injured, on the Worcester railroad, recovered $3000 damages from the proprietors.

Kentucky can boast of more fine stock than any state in the Union. At the late usual display at Lexington, during the County Court Session, the Jacks, Horses, and Bulls, were the admiration of every one.

It is said that nearly a thousand Saxons lately arrived at New Orleans bound for Iowa or Missouri, with upward of one hundred thousand pounds sterling in gold and silver. Such a company would be very welcome to the rich openings of Michigan.

A son of Mr. McFarlin, in Crawford county, (Ohio) left home with a rope, for the purpose of bringing home a sheep. The next morning he was found suspended to a sapling.

Two counterfeiters in Illinois, are said to have recently had their ears cropped for passing spurious money.

Moderate Lynching.—Mr. Merriman, who appeared as a witness against a person at Boston for violating the license law, had the gate of his house tarred and feathered.

It is said there is sufficient fine, hard, dark granite in Medford to build twenty cities like Boston. It is in great demand.

James Stone, of Farmingham, Mass. a veteran pensioner who fought at Lexington, is still in excellent health at the age of 82. *His* grandfather was shot from his horse in the same glorious action.

The city authorities of New Orleans have directed that on and after to first of June, "poisoned sausages" shall be thrown to the dogs, in order to rid the city of those which are permitted to run at large.

Judge Canonge, of New Orleans, has been burnt in effigy by the citizens of Lafyettee, for some decisions which were not palatable to them.

DREADFUL.—Amos Johnson accidentally killed his wife, in North Carolina, on the 18th ult. by discharging his gun into the garden, without knowing Mrs. J. was there.

A coachmaker remarking upon fashionable carriages, said that "a sociable was all the ton during the honey-moon, and a sulky after."

SHOCKING AFFAIR.—Mr. T. B. Smith, forwarding merchant at New Orleans, having denounced in the Bulletin Captain Correll of the steamer William Wallace, a swindler, was attacked by Correl on the 13th, and stabbed in the neck. Smith recovered and knocked Correl down. The latter fled, and fearing that he had killed Smith, jumped into the river to swim across and was drowned.

A Spanish fruiterer at New Orleans was saved from drowning by an American sailor named Brown, who jumped into the river and held the sinking man up till assistance came.

ROBBERY.—Col. G. W. Kendall, of Grenada, Miss. was robbed of near seven thousand dollars at Lexington in that State on the night of the 7th. Col. K. was on his way to Vicksburg in the stage. The money was all river bank paper, principally payable on demand.

SALE OF BACHELORS.—It is rumored that the legislature of Tennessee has passed a law making it the duty of the Sheriff of each county annually to make out a list of the bachelors in his county and notify all of said bachelors who are in a healthy condition, that the law requires them to get married within two months from the time of their notification, and at the expiration of this time, all of said bachelors who have failed to comply with the requisitions of this law, shall be set up and sold at public auction by said Sheriff to the highest bidder, and that no person shall be allowed to bid but old maids. It is furthermore rumored that a sale was recently had at Jonesborough, under this law, at which 40 old bachelors were sold.

FIDELITY OF THE DOG.—One of the most remarkable instance of the fidelity of the dog, that we remember, is recorded in the Shrewsbury (Eng.) Chronicle. A gentleman by the name of Roberts, of Montgomeryshire, returning from an excursion on horseback, attempted to ford a river which was swollen, and in doing so was drowned. His dog followed the body as it sank, and seizing the collar of the coat in his teeth, with great labor, brought the body to the side of the stream, and raising its head above the water, held it there firmly during the whole of an inclement night in March; and when discovered in the morning, the faithful animal was half immersed in the water, and shivering with cold, yet still holding the head of his old master above the stream, unconscious that life had long departed from him to whom the poor animal was so much attached.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

The Consumptive.

BY PROFESSOR BARBER.

The elegant author of the "Sketch Book," has compared the heart of woman suffering under the effects of blighted affection, to a fortress that has been captured and sacked, and abandoned and left desolate.

The comparison is beautiful, thought I, as I stopped at the mansion of Mr. C. on New Year's day, to pay my respects to his lovely and accomplished daughter; nor was I ungrateful to the descendants of Diedrich Knickerbocker, who had transmitted this pleasing observance of the new year's first morning, as an heirloom to their posterity.

On inquiring for the object of my visit of the domestic who opened the door, I was informed she was indisposed. Expressing my regret at the circumstance, I was about to take my leave, when a faint and feeble voice, which I recognised as that of Miss L.'s, suddenly exclaimed, "is it you? oh, come in; I am always ready to see my friends; they are too few and too valuable to be rejected for every trifling indisposition, and I am only nursing myself, perhaps too carefully, for a malady which will run its course."

As I entered the room, the interesting invalid was reclining on a sofa, loosely and elegantly attired; her auburn hair hanging in clusters over a bust white as the Parian marble. She had just been perusing Irving's "Broken Heart," and I perceived, as she turned her fine blue, yet expressive eyes, upon me, that the tear of sensibility had but lately suffused their surfaces.

"That is a beautiful, yet melancholy story," said she, opening the book where she had been reading; "the test of genius is the influence which it exerts upon our feelings, the sympathies which it excites.

"Who can peruse this pathetic tale without mourning over the brave and unfortunate Emmet—possessing all the attributes which would have reflected honor on his age and country, chivalrously engaging in defence of what he considered her violated liberties, and terminating his life, like a common felon, by the hands of the public executioner.

"Yet, what were his pangs," she continued, "to those which rent the bosom of the lovely daughter of Curran—the betrothed, the widowed mourner, the alien from the paternal dwelling—forced by circumstances into the assemblies of gaiety and fashion, while her heart was in the grave of Emmet.

"To find oneself in the midst of the dance and song—amid the revelries of fashionable life and the allurements with which wealth decorates her offspring, while the heart is wasting under silent yet corroding sorrows, constitutes the climax of human suffering; it is the mockery of wo; eloquence has no pathos, language no power to express it."

The hectic flush, which had been gradually extending itself, at the conclusion of this address light up the countenance of the sufferer with a brilliancy which bids defiance to description; it was the spirit of intellect triumphing over the wreck of mortality!

I immediately suspected there was some similarity between her own condition and that which she had so eloquently depicted, and I determined, by a series of indirect questions, to ascertain if my suspicion was well founded.

"Are you an admirer of Byron?" said I. "I once heard the poet Montgomery, in a moment of enthusiasm, exclaim, that he should be happy to touch the hem of his garment as it winged its flight before him to heaven!"

"That was saying too much," replied Miss L. "yet we must acknowledge Byron to be a true poet."

"Do you think he was a misanthrope?" continued I.

"I have no doubt," replied the unsuspecting girl "that Byron set out in life with the ardent feelings of a sanguine and generous nature; that he became the dupe and subsequently the victim of these feelings, that his attachment to mankind, in relation to its earlier and later manifestations, was like the beautiful simile drawn by his biographer Moore, between love diverted from its course by anger, and the

———'stream
Which left the mountain's brow,
As tho' its waters ne'er would sever;
Yet, ere it reached the plains below,
Burnt into floods that part forever.'"

"So far," said I "we agree; but does not Byron often describe his own feelings to portraying the passions and emotions of others?"

"Your countenance assures me," said Miss L. "that there is a latent meaning in that question; you think I am depicting my own sorrows in my remarks on the accomplished daughter of Curran."

"I feared so, yet hoped my surmise was erroneous," I replied.

"No," said the artless girl, "candor has ever been an element in my character, and why should it now desert me? I am, like Erin's mourning daughter, dying of a broken heart. I need not—I cannot explain the cause;—it is here," said she, lying her hand upon her heart. "My friends are ignorant of it; change of climate, sea voyages, St. Augustine, Madeira, and many other places, have been recommended to me; and I am now about to prepare for a voyage to France, journeying from thence to Italy, to recruit this shattered frame. How much more appropriate would it be, dear sir, to summon the pall bearers, and invite the mourners to the bier."

I expressed a hope that her forebodings might prove fallacious.

"It cannot last," she continued, "there is a maximum to every thing, even to human suffering; the spirit may be mighty to suffer, but the tenement is too frail to endure,"

"There is indeed, there is a chance for your recovery," said I. "New scenes and acquaintances will divert the melancholy channel of your thoughts."

"My dear sir," said the invalid, looking me steadily in the face, as the hectic flush became more vivid under the influence of momentary excitement, "have you heard my COUGH? it is the note of the sepulchre;—the raven that croaked o'er the fatal battlements of Macbeth was not more truly ominions of death. Do you believe the presentiments?"

"I know not how to answer you," said I, "if by presentiments, you mean a depressed state of mind previously to the taking place of some evil, I think I have felt it."

"That is partly my meaning," said the suffering girl; "but I believe more than that: I think the mind, when about to quit its earthly habitation, approximates more nearly to the source from whence it sprang, and discerns, with a clear sense of vision, beyond the dark vista of the shadow of death, the regions in which it is about to become an inhabitant. If my belief is correct, I shall never behold the shores of France or the vales of Italy. They tell me that the latter have many natural beauties;—that their skies are serene and cloudless; that the sun, as he salutes the western mountains of this garden of Europe sinks to repose amid the softened shadows of his own glories, reflected in an infinitude of hues. But I have seen a brighter sky than the sky of Italy, and soon shall become a more intimate observer of its splendor and purity, or my mental visions have deceived me. I will, however, prepare for the voyage! we have duties to fulfil to the last moment of our earthly pilgrimage; that of complying with the wish of an anxious and affectionate mother shall be among the last of mine."

I rose to take my leave. "Say a moment," said Miss L. "here is a letter; to your care I commit it; should and I have said in relation to my decease prove true, convey it to my mother, it will explain all to her. Farewell."

Three weeks subsequently to this interview.—I directed my steps to the abode of the invalid; her prophecy had been too fatally correct: the mourners were assembled—the hearse, with its sable trappings, was in waiting for the corpse—the coffin was placed within it.

With melancholy feelings I joined the procession; we reached the grave yard; the remains of all that was once lovely and intellectual was consigned to its parent earth.

As the unconscious grave digger threw the clods upon the coffin, I departed from the sad scene, which is still fresh in my memory.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

The Bridegroom's Star.

In nights calm and clear, 'mid the bright orbs I try
To trace her bright home in the beautiful sky;
And I gaze on some star, till in fancy I see
The far-shining Spirit still smiling on me.—*Anon.*

* * * * It is the fifth, and on the fifteenth I shall be the happiest of mortal men. Ten short days!—no, ten long, long days!—must fade into longer nights, before I can call my Marion mine. Ten days!—why, there are more than two hundred,—almost three hundred hours to be passed; but will not Hope lighten them, will not gentle Sleep enclose some of them within her forgetful curtains, and every moment of time bring me nearer and nearer to the goal of all my wishes and all my prayers? Yet I am wretched with the excess of Joy,—the excess of Joy, at whose approach Fear has grown into excess greater still. Ah! how like to far travel is the journey of life! While distant from its object and its home, the mind feels but languid longing for their attainment, shadowy & unabiding presentiments of possible evil; but as we near them, as the intervening space diminishes, as the thousand miles shorten into one, how beats the pulse as the blood rushes through every vein! how throbs the heart to bursting! how weary seems the way! how dreadfully arise the spectres of unheard-of change or fatal accident! The last brief tide is the voyage round the world,—the last few hours is the sum and history of human existence.

* * * And well might Henry Sturmond thus dwell on the date of his appointed union; for if ever angel were embodied in an earthly form, it was in the idol of his devoted affections. Marion was the loveliest of the lovely, the sweetest of the sweet: so bright, and yet so soft; so wise, and yet so simple; so noble, and yet so tender; that whilst ardent passion bent in holy warmth before the blooming girl, a feeling allied to adoration hallowed the presence of the perfect woman. What a countenance was hers,—the model fixed, but the expression ever varying! On her ample brow sat Intolect enthroned; and round that throne what radiance of auburn gold. In her deep hazel eye now lighted the glance of spiritual essence, now swam the dewy moisture of pity, now rose and fell the indescribable meanings of love. On her rosy lips the smile of playful innocence was cradled; nor did the suckling leave its treasure bed unless exiled for a moment by the advent of sympathy for sorrow, or of sorrow for misery. Such was Marion Delmar in face, nor was she in person less admirable. Nature had set her seal upon the most precious casket that ever enshrined an immortal gem, the setting the proudest and most glorious production of earth, the brightness within an emanation of Heaven.

* * * And old Time wore on; worn on, as from the creation, regardless alike of the sighs of love, the pangs of disappointment, the delights of pleasure, the shrieks of pain, the shouts of mirth, the groans of woe, the revels of sport, the terrors of death.

* * * Of the ten days, eight were flown; and whither had they flown, laden with all these millions of blessings and curses? They had flown back in mystery while they seemed to hurry onward,—they had returned to that abyss of eternity from which they sprung, and darkness covered them.

* * * "To-morrow, Henry," said Marion, clasping his hand in hers, and looking with measureless confiding into his watchful eye, "*to-morrow I would be alone.*" To a glance that seemed of the kindest reproach, she replied, "Yes, my dearest Henry, on the next morn I will be yours for life and unto death. It is a solemn act—an act I will fulfil with a devotedness of heart and soul that would satisfy the mostavaricious miser of love; but let me have only this one day to prepare myself to be worthy of you, to seek that aid which alone can truly make our fate what every human promise tells us it will be,—a fate of lasting affection, and peace and joy. Indeed, my dearest Henry, *I would to-morrow be alone.*"

"Then give me now, for my consent, one more, one last eve of wandering bliss: let us visit together the spots sacred to our loves,—the grove ringing with the song of birds ere they seek their downy nests, the bank redolent of flowers, and the stream gurgling its music in requital for their odors, the romantic fall where first I breathed my vows of eternal truth, and the ruined abbey that o'ertops the scene where these vows were accepted and ratified by her to whom I owe life—more than life; all that can make life acceptable, what life can never repay."

* * * The dawn of morning! On a bed of sickness, of agony, lay Marion Delmar. Writhing in the torture of that fell disease before whose appalling might youth and strength were swept away as grass before the scythe of the mower. Alas, for Henry! the stern commands of skill forbade him even to approach that bed of infection and of death. Brief was its awful struggle. Distorted were the ghastly features of matchless loveliness, but last night beaming with intelligence and hope; the rosy tints of health were gone, and that pure color which had marked the streams of vital principle, like violets strewed among roses on a wreath of snow, no longer natural in motion, had usurped the livid corpse.

* * * The tenth day arrived. The village church was decked with boughs and blossoms; for the dismal tidings had not reached the aged sexton, and he was surveying his cheerful work with an approving glance, when, lo! the summons came to prepare an immediate grave. In that grave, within an hour, was deposited the remains of Marion Delmar, hardly attended to their final abode by the dread-stricken living, whom terror kept from the plague-spotted couch, and whom terror slew in their flight from the danger.

* * * Not even Henry Starmund was there to see laid in the cold clay, her whom at that very hour he was to have led to the bridal altar. But it was not fear that detained him; it was not despair. The blow had stunned him into utter insensibility; and to have embraced and kissed, and endeared the horrible wreck of all he loved, or to have witnessed it hurriedly shrouded and tossed into the foul ground, had been the same to him. Reason was dead.

* * * But not for ever. She gradually resumed her empire, and with her came images of Marion, full of life, and warmth, and perception, and thought, and grace, and love—of Marion struck with disease, tormented, dying, passive, dead,—dead even to his love. "To morrow is here," he exclaimed, *to-morrow* is here, and *she is alone!*"

* * * The shades of evening had descended upon the jocund grove, the enamelled bank, the murmuring river, the splashing fall, the mouldering ruin, and Henry trod the paths of yesterday, but *he trod them alone.*

"Oh, God! oh, God!" he cried aloud in his agony, "is there another and a better world?"

He flung himself upon the broken stones, once the