The Cambridge Chronicle.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES JONES.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT: LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMS'T AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

TERMS $2 50 PER ANNUM, OR $2, IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 10. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER, 5, 1846. NUMBER 10.

TERMS.

I. The "CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE," is published every Saturday morning, at *Two Dollars* per annum, payable in advance; or *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents*, payable at the expiration of six months. The paper will be sent to any address six months for One Dollar, payable in advance, or, One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents if not paid until the expiration of six months.

II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the publishers.—A failure to notify a discontinuance will be always considered a new engagement, and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be inserted *three* times for one dollar, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion—longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. Advertisements sent to this Office, not marked for a given number of times, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

V. Communications &c., sent by mail, must be post paid, otherwise they may not meet with attention.

VI. No postage on this paper 30 miles from the office.

Poetry

The following beautiful picture, which cannot but be admired, was drawn some years ago, we believe, by our old friend, Charles G. Eastman, of Montpelier, Vermont. It is, indeed,

"——a gem of purest ray serene"

What a quiet, lovely homeishness is there in the last verses, and how true are all its shades!—Ex. PAPER.

THE FARMER.

The Farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was c'earing the dinner away.
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandpa's knee was catching flies.

The old man placed his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face,
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat on the self-same place.
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry."

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the sun after noon used to steal,
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel—
And the old brass clock on the mantle tree,
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the head so fair
Of his sweet grand-child were pressed!
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay—
Fast asleep they were both on that summer day!

Miscellaneous.

Young Ladies—Home Education.

We are not a bachelor, but have attained to the state of *double* blessedness; and not only so but the honors of this respectable position have been since advanced biennially, in regular geometrical progression. We may, therefore, presume upon a right to speak of the Home Education of young ladies. Now, it is our deliberate belief that the course of female education, at the present day, is radically defective; the great end being, not to make intelligent, useful and agreeable members of society, but fine ladies. From the time the child leaves its nurse's arms, 'till it blossoms into womanhood, all efforts are directed to this result. The cultivation of the affections, the discipline of the mind, and its preparation for actual duties, are esteemed of secondary importance, compared with the external graces which are to make a figure in society. And weak, fond mothers never feel so gratified, as when their daughters are able to exhibit the airs, and to flaunt in the plumage of fashionable fine ladies. If the world in which young ladies are afterwards to move were an ideal world, as many of them seem to imagine; if womanhood brought with it no cares; if friends were always to smile, and flatter and caress, and life had no stern realities, *then* all this might be well enough. But it is not so. And to many a one, the spell, which at this blissful period, promised but golden blessings in the future, has been abruptly broken, only to reveal to them, in the bitterness of grief, how poorly their *ideal* qualified them to endure the *actual*.

The silliest of all notions that ever entered the minds of young ladies and of their mamas, is, that it is disreputable to be acquainted with any habits of useful industry. In this country, at least, where few parents can bequeath to their daughters large fortunes, and where few husbands can support them in idleness, this, of all others, is the most ridiculous phantasy. There is certainly no reason, in the nature of things, why young ladies should not be trained to industrious habits, in such duties as are fittingly theirs, more than there is that young men should not. Yet many mothers, who are fully aware of the absurdity of bringing up their sons in idleness, wear out their own lives in willing slavery, that their daughters may have the fashionable accomplishment of not knowing any useful employment!

This is short-sighted and mistaken tenderness. If their daughters are left without supporters, will this tender nurturing avail to feed, and clothe, and protect them? Or, in a more fortunate event, will it give the foresight, the prudence, the skill, which the duties of maturer life demand? Depend upon it, fair readers, however much mere accomplishments may commend you to the admiration of idle flatterers, yet few sensible men want wives merely as ornaments to their household establishments; but as companions and help-mates, in the duties and cares which inevitably devolve upon them. There is a deal of good sense in the homely old couplet—

"Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women, for dress, left spinning and knitting."

What is there in habits of industry that need necessarily, affect unfavorably the accomplishments of a young lady? Anything that should make them think meanly, or act unworthily? Anything that should produce rudeness of conversation or awkwardness of manners? Anything that should, in any degree, blunt their perceptions of what is correct in taste, or becoming in conduct? No, nothing—assuredly nothing. Let them, then, learn to knit and sew, to bake and wash, to cook dinners and darn stockings, and all other arts of accomplished housewifery. It will impart to them a vigor of constitution, an elasticity and grace of movement, and a bloom of health, that are a thousand times more endearing than the soft & sickly delicacy which is nurtured in luxurious idleness.

———o———

WIT AND HUMOR.

Many persons have endeavored to define the distinction between Wit and Humor. Leigh Hunt, has in his new work made *his* endeavor and gives it in the following words:—

"It takes many forms; and the word indeed means many things, some of them very grave and important: but in the popular and prevailing sense of the term (an ascendency which it has usurped, by the help of fashion, over that of the intelectual faculty, or perception itself,) wit may be defined to be the arbitrary juxtaposition of dissimilar ideas, for some lively purpose of assimilation or contrasts, generally both. It is fancy in its most wilful, and strictly speaking, its least poetical state, that is to say, wit does not contemplate its ideas for their own sakes in any light part from their ordinary prosaical one, but solely for the purpose of producing an effect by their combination.—Poetry may make up the combination and improve it, but it then divests it of its arbitrary character, and converts it into something better.

"Wit is the clash and reconcilement of incongruities, the meeting of extremes round a corner; the flashing of an artificial light from one object to another, disclosing some unexpected resemblance or connection. It is the detection of likeness in unlikeness, of sympathy in antipathy, or of the extreme point of antipathies themselves, made friends by the very merriment of their introduction. The mode or form is comparatively of no consequence, provided it give no trouble to the apprehension; and you may bring as many ideas together as can pleasantly assemble. But a single one is nothing. Two ideas are necessary to wit, as couples are to marriages; and the union in proportion to the agreeableness of the offspring. So Butler speaking of marriage itself:—

" '—What security's too strong
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to pass
Itself away, and all it has,
And like an anchorite gives over
This world for the heav'n of a lover."
Hudibras, part iii. Canto 1.

"This is wit, and something more. It becomes poetry by the feeling; but the ideas, or images, are as different as can be, and their juxtaposition as arbitrary.

"Humor, considered as the object treated of by the humorous writer, and not as the power of treating it, derives its name from the prevailing quantity of moisture in the bodily temperament; and is a tendency of the mind to run in particular directions of thought or feeling more amusing than accountable; at least in the opinion of society. It is therefore, either in reality or appearance, a thing inconsistent. It deals in incongruities of character and circumstance, as wit does in those of arbitrary ideas. The more the incongruities the better, provided they are all in nature; but two at any rate, are necessary to humor as the two ideas are to wit; and the more strikingly they differ yet harmonize, the more amusing the result. Such is the melting together of the propensities to love and war in the person of exquisite Uncle Toby; of the gullible and the manly in Parson Adams; of the professional and the individual, of the accidental and the permanent, in the Canterbury Pilgrims; of the objectionable and agreeable, the fat and the sharpwitted, in Falstaff; of honesty and knavery in Gil Blas; of pretension and non-performance in the bullies of the dramatic poets; of folly and wisdom in Don Quixotte; of shrewdness and dotishness in Sancho Panza; and it may be added, in the discordant yet harmonious co-operation of Don Quixotte and his attendant, considered as a pair, for those two characters, by representing themselves to the mind in combination, insensible conspire to give us one compound idea of the whole abstract human being; divided indeed by its extreme contradictions of body and soul; but at the same time made one and indivisible by community of error and the necessities of companionship. Sancho is the flesh, looking after its homely deeds; his master, who is also his dupe, is the spirit, starving on sentiment. Sancho himself, being a compound of sense and absurdity, thus heaps quality on quality, contradiction and the inimitable associates contrast and reflect one other.

"The reason, Sancho," said his master, 'why thou feelest that pain all down thy back, is that the stick which gave it thee was of a length to that extent.'

"God's my life!' exclaimed Sancho impatiently, 'as if I could not guess that, of my own head! The question is, how am I to get rid of it?"

The extracts and criticisms in the body of the work relates to Chaucer, Shakspeare, Ben Johnson, Dryden, Pope, Suckling, Fletcher, Marvel, Butler, and others of less note. As to the nature of the criticisms, we take the following on Butler as a specimen:

"Butler is the wittiest of English poets, and at the same time is one of the most learned, & what is more, one of the wisest. His *Hudibras*, though naturally the most popular of his works from its size, subject, and witty excess, was an accident of birth and party compared with miscellaneous poems, yet both abound in thought as great and deep as the surface is sparkling; and his genius altogether, having the additional recommendation of verse, might have given him a fame greater than Rabelias, had his animal spirits been equal to the rest of his qualifications for a universalist. At the same time, though not abounding in poetic sensibility, he was not without it.

"Butler has little humor. His two heroes, Hudibras and Ralph, are not so much humorists as pedants. They are as little like their prototypes, Don Quixotte and Sancho, as two dreary puppets are unlike excesses of humanity. They are not even consistant with their other prototypes, the puritans, or with themselves, for they are dull fellows unaccountably gifted with the author's wit. In this respect, and as narrative, the poem is a failure. Nobody ever thinks of the story, except to wonder at its inefficiency; or of Hudibras himself, except as described at his outset. He is nothing but a ludicrous figure. But considered as a banter issued from the author's own lips, on the wrong side of Puritanism, and indeed on all the pedantic and hypocritical abuses of human reason, the whole production is a marvellous compound of wit, learning, and felicitous execution. The wit is pure and incessant; the learning is quaint and out of the way as the subject; the very rhymes are echoing scourges, made of the peremptory and the incongruous. This is one of the reasons why the rhymes have been so much admired. They are laughable, not merely in themselves, but from the masterly will and violence with which they are made to correspond to the absurdities they lash. The most extraordinary license is assumed as a matter of course; the accentuation jerked out of its place with all the indifference and effrontery of a reason sufficing unto itself.' The poem is peculiar in this respect, the laughing delight of the reader so well founded, and the passages so sure to be accompanied with a full measure of wit and knowledge, that I have retained its best rhymes throughout, and thus brought them together for the first time.'

———o———

LONG EVENINGS.—Among the changes which autumn brings with it, there is one which we always hail with delight—the return of *long evenings*. In summer, there seems scarcely to be an interval between day and mid-night; and though a summer evening, what there is of it, is very fine for a short stroll over the dewy fields of the country, or a city promenade in the regions of soda and ice cream, it can hardly be held of great value for any other purpose.—Give us the good long evenings of November, no matter how cold and stormy—and if we can have a blazing fire, a supply of choice books and papers, and the company of friends and kindred spirits, we envy not the happiness of any man. Home, always prized, now seems doubly dear, and all the cares and toils of the day are amply rewarded by the joys of the evening fireside. Happy the man who has a home at this season of the year; thrice happy he who *loves* it.

"Let others seek for empty joys,
At ball, or concert, rout, or play;
Whilst far from fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes, and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away—
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide;
And marvel how I e'er could stay
From thee—my own fireside!'

Young men, take care of your evenings.—Learn to value your leisure hours too highly to squander them in the streets, or to waste them in the pursuit of mere amusements. They may be worth to you more than gold or silver, if properly improved. Now is the season to commence a course of useful reading or study; and an hour or two each evening thus devoted to mental improvement, continued for a year to come, will effect a result which you now hardly anticipate. But you say you are not a 'genius'—you have no common talent. No matter for that. Geniuses are as scarce as the fabled phœnix—but one visits the earth at a time; and as to extraordinary talent, there is not half so much of it in the world as many imagine. If you have common sense, that is enough; go ahead and increase your mental furniture, and make yourself a well informed man. Every man ought to aspire to this; and this is all we ask.

WEAR A SMILE.—Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make every body around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face—a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words and a fretful disposition, you can make scores and hundreds wretched almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance—let joy beam in your eye and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed—and you may feel it at night, when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day, when about your daily business.

"A smile—who will refuse a smile,
The sorrowing heart to cheer!
And turn to love the heart of guile,
And check the falling tear?
A pleasant smile for every face,
O 'tis a blessed thing!
It will the lines of care erase,
And spots of beauty bring"—Port. Tribune.

———o———

AN IMPROVED BOOT JACK.—A northern correspondent sends us the following, (says the Knickerbocker,) which was suggested by the "number twelve pegged boot" anecdote in our last gossipry:—An amazing pair of feet appeared in the bar-room of an ambitious village inn, late one evening, the owner of which inquired anxiously for the boot-black. The bell rang nervously, and in a moment a keen yankee illustrator of "Day & Martin's best" popped into the room.

"Bring me a jack!" exclaimed the man of great understanding."

The waiter involuntarily started forward, but chancing to catch a glimpse of the boots, he stopped short, and after another and closer examination said, with equal twang and emphasis—

"I say yeou, you aint agoin' to leave this world in a hurry; you've got too good a hold onto the ground. Want a boot-jack, eh? Why, bless your soul, there aint a boot-jack on airth big enough for them boots! I don't b'lieve that a hoss could get them off!"

"My stars! man!" cried our friend with the big feet, "what'd I do? I can't get my boots off without a jack!"

"I tell you what I should do," replied "Boots," "if they were mine; I should walk back to the *fork of the road*, and pull 'em off there. *That* will fetch 'em, I guess!"

———o———

LITERAL BLUNDERS.—"Betty," said a learned lady to her dingy Abigail "go for some spirit for the lamps, and tell Mr. Alixander that the last he sent was so very weak that it only served to make the darkness visible."

'Yes'm,' replied Betty, and away she ran with the message, which she delivered as follows:—

"Missis says, the last sperrits you sent wa'an't good for nothin'; and it only served to make the *darkies miserable*, it was so weak, it was.

———o———

BACHELORS.—As so many attempts are making to keep the Bachelors in a state of single wretchedness, it may be well for them to listen to what Bishop Taylor says of marriage—'Single life,' says he, 'is like a fly in the heart of an apple; he dwells in sweetness but lives alone, and is confined and dies in singularity. But marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and sends out colonies and feeds the world, and obeys kings and their order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of things to which God hath designed the present condition of the world."

———o———

PRETTY FAIR.—A bachelor up Penn street, Pittsburg, Pa., picked up a thimble. He stood awhile meditating on the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips saying, "Oh, that it were the fair cheek of the wearer!" just as he had finished a big wench looked out of an upper window, and said, "Boss, dis please to trow dat fimble of mine in the entry—I gist now dropt it." The man is said to have fainted.

———o———

THE BITTER MELON.—The famous oriental philospher, Lockman, while a slave, being presented by his master with a bitter melon, immediately ate it all.

"How was it possible," said his master, "for you to eat so nauseous a fruit?'

Lockman replied—

'I have received so many favors from you, that it is no wonder I should once in my life eat a bitter melon from your hand."

This generous answer of the slave struck the master to such a degree that he immediately gave him his liberty. With such sentiments should man receive his portion of sufferings at the hand of God.

———o———

A lad having got into the parlor with some of the neighbors children, and 'kicking up a dust' among the costly furniture, his father gave him a whipping, and then asked him how he relished his playing?

'I like the play very well,' said he, 'but the *looking-glass piece* was intolerable.'

———o———

More Curiosities.—The core of the apple that Adam ate.

The head of one of the dogs that barked at Richard the Third, when he halted by them.

One of the ears of corn that Pharoah saw in his dream.

The bucket that hung in the well that Joseph was thrown into.

A calico dress with "fast colors," warranted to wash

The opera-glass with which David ogled Uriah's wife.

An old sword which belonged to the ghost of Hamlet.

A piece of Joseph's coat tail, left in the hands of Mrs. Potipher.

The kiss (pickled) that Jacob gave Rachel when she slapped his face, together with a piece of Jacob's skin which came off of the wounded part.

Finger nail from the hand of a damaged timepiece.

The hammer with which Joe Miller cracked his jokes.

The several *autographs* of those venerable gentlemen, John Smith, John Jones, and John Brown.

Fragment of the patch work with which 'Charity *covers* a multitude of sins"—considerably decayed.

Candles made from the 'fat of the land'

The hem of a bad cough.

A drop which fell out when the moon was *full*.

The *breeches* of a fortification taken at Monterey.

Agricultural.

LIME IN PRESERVING FENCE-POSTS.

BY WILLIAM WEBB.

Accident in some instances, has led to the discovery, that lime applied to wood preserves it from decay. The white-washing of fences is practised, more as a substitute for paint, and for appearance sake, than to prevent decay. Even this superficial mode of applying lime is of some use in preserving wood. Having full confidence in the efficacy of lime as a preservation of wood, to make fence-posts less subject to rot, I have this season, for the first time, used it as follows; I provided a number of narrow boards, about three feet long of various breadths, and one inch thick, with a hole in the end of each. When the hole in the ground was ready for the reception of the post, some lime was put into it; on this lime the post was placed: some of the narrow boards were then selected, and placed close to and around the post in the hole. The ground was then rammed into the hole, after the usual manner; and when filled, the boards were drawn out. This is done with great facility, by putting a stick into the hole, in the upper end of the board, by which it may be raised by a lever or prize, if too fast to draw out otherwise. The boards being all removed, fill the space they occupied with quick lime; if but partially, it is better than if totally slaked, because as it slakes it will expand and make the posts stand very firm. If altogether slaked, it also swells and makes the post quite secure. From three to five posts, with hewn or uniform butts, will require one bushel of lime. Boards to surround the post half an inch thick (and perhaps this thickness of lime would be sufficient,) would not take quite half that quantity. The lime is all the additional expense, except the extra labor, (which is very trifling,) to be incurred by setting a fence, with that part of the posts in the ground enveloped in lime

To prevent the ground from adhering to the posts at the surface, and occasioning their decay, this part being the one which generally first begins to rot, lime mortar is applied, plastering round the posts with an elevation adjoining to the wood. Into this mortar, gravel was pressed, to prevent the rains from washing it way. This mortar may be applied at any time most convenient after the fence is made.

———o———

BEES.—To stop bees from fighting and robbing one another, break the comb of the robbers so that the honey will run down among them, and they will go to work at home. I had two hives of bees destroyed this month by being robbed, and should have had another robbed, if I had not received the above information.—Albany Cultivator.

It connot be too generally known that a bit of charred stick boiled with beef or mutton tainted, will take away all taint or disagreeable taste. (A bit of charcoal will answer the same purpose.)

EXPERIMENT IN SEED CORN.—John S. Yeoman, of Columbia, Connecticut, gives an account of some experiments he has made in selecting seed corn. He sums up the conclusions to which he arrives as follows:

1. That there is a tendency in corn to degenerate—that a variety after having been planted for a series of years is not likely to ear well or to fill out on the ear, though the stock may be luxuriant.

2. That an early variety, taken from a higher latitude and cultivated here, will increase in the size of the ears, be more prolific in grain, with a less quantity of stalks.

Mr. Yeoman says his principal object in communication 'is to impress upon the minds of agriculturists, the importance of occasionally changing their seed corn.'

FATTENING TURKEYS.—In fattening turkeys for the table, various methods are resorted to. Some feed them on barley meal mixed with skim milk, and confine them in a hen coop during this time; others merely confine them in a house, while a third class allow them to run quite at liberty; which latter practice, from the experience of those on whose judgment we can most rely, is by far the best method. Care however should be taken to feed them abundantly before they are allowed to range about in the morning, and a meal should also be prepared for them at mid-day, to which they will generally repair homewards of their own accord. They should be fed at night, before roosting, with oat meal and skim milk and a day or two previous to their being killed, they should eat oats exclusively.

We have found from experience, that when turkeys are purchased for the table, and cooped up they will never increase in bulk, however plentifully they may be supplied with food and fresh water, but on the contrary, are very liable to lose flesh. When feeding them for use a change of food will also be found to be beneficial. Boiled carrots and Sweedish turnips, or potatoes mixed with a little barley or oat meal will be greedily taken up by them.—Farmer's Library.

PORK may be salted, particularly for Bacon, without barrels.—Nearly all the Western Pork is salted in bulks that is, piled up in one corner of a room, like a pile of brick, and sprinkled with dry salt. It is well to overhaul it once, to see that the salt touches all parts. I never eat better Bacon than that made in this way, without a drop of pickle.