THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES M. JONES.

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

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TERMS

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POETRY.

[*From the Baltimore Sun.*]

TO THE "SUN PONIES."

Welcome! thrice welcome! ye steeds of the Sun,
Ye bring us the tidings of victories won!
With nostril distended and foam-covered mouth,
Ye come with the glorious news from the South!
Ye stand ever ready, equipp'd for your flight;
Impatient ye wait till ye hear of the fight;
Then, leaving the din of the triumph afar,
Ye speed to the "Sun" with the tidings of war!

When Taylor was lost, with his brave little band,
Surrounded by foes on the far Rio Grande,
And the hearts of his countrymen trembled with fears,
Lest his fate should dissolve a whole nation in tears,
How heard we at last of that glorious fray,
Where *that Chieftain* and *Ringgold* and *Ridgely* and *May*,
With each soldier, as firm as a rock, at his post,
Encounter'd and scatter'd proud Mexico's host?
The news of these soul-stirring deeds that were done,
Was brought us by *you*, gallant steeds of the Sun!

Exulting, ye brought us the glorious news
Of the fall of San Juan and proud Vera Cruz;
And lastly, altho' most important of all,
Ye have brought the glad tidings of Mexico's fall.
Yet many a bosom with anguish is wrung
With the news that ye bring, O ye steeds of the Sun!
For entwined with the Laurel the Cypress appears,
And Victory's flowers are watered with tears!

Noble steeds of the Sun! when this warfare is o'er,
And peace shall revisit our country once more,
We'll crown you, brave coursers, with ever-green bays,
And leave you, in pasters perennial, to graze.

Cambridge, Md. A. G. M.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Where, where are the birds that sung
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon.
Where, oh! where, are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, and the lover's sighs,
That were, so long ago?

Who peopled all the city's streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sister frail
The plot that worked
Another's hurt.
Where, oh! where, are plots, and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears
That were so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who, whilst living, oft-times wept
A hundred years ago?
By other men
That knew not them,
Their lands are tilled,
Their homes are filled,
Yet Nature then was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago!

THE POOR BOY'S COLLEGE.—"The printing office," says the N. Orleans Globe, "has indeed proved a better colege to many a poor boy—has graduated more useful and conspicuous members of society—has brought more intellect, and turned it into practical, useful channels—awakened more mind, generated more active and elevated thought, than many of the literary colleges of the country. How many a drone has passed through one of these colleges, with no tangible proof of his fitnes to graduate, other than his inanimate piece of parchment, himself if possible more inanimate than his leathern diploma! There is something in the very atmesphere in a pridting office, calculated to awaken the mind and inspire a thirst for knowledge. A boy commences in such a school will have his talents and ideas brought out; if he has no mind to be drawn out, the boy himself will be driven out."

MISS BEFORE TEENS.

BY GILES M'QUIGGIN.

"Mama, will you please to spread
A little sugar on my bread,
And mama, dearest, if you please,
To cut a little bit of cheese,
Just a very little bit;
I'm grown too large now to be carried,
To-morrow, ma, mayn't I be married?"

'Come Helen,' said Mrs. Henderson, to her daughter, aged *eleven*, 'put up your beads and trinkets, and prepare for bed—it's almost eight o'clock.'

'Indeed, ma, I cannot afford to do any such thing as to go to bed so soon,' replied the young lady, 'I'm entirely too old to be talked to in such childish language, and besides, Mr. Kingston is to be here at half past eight; there's his card in the rack now.'

Mrs. Henderson was dumb in astonishment for a few moments after her womanish daughter had done speaking, and prompted by curiosity, she examined the card rack, and sure enough the "compliments of Mr. George Kingston" were there in old English letters on a beautiful embossed card. Mr. George Kingston had just turned his 13th year; he wore a stock and flourished a silver-headed cane. Mrs. Henderson amused herself a short time with the little emblem of the children's precocity, when replacing it in the rack and seating herself near Miss Helen, she resumed the conversation by saying:

'And so George Kingston is to be here at half past eight, is he.'

'Yes, ma, when he sent his card up this morning, the message accompanying it was that he would be here at that hour.'

'And for what purpose?'

'Why ma, to talk about everything, like other people do.'

'What sort of everything?'

'Why the balls, and the theatre, Hannington's Dioramas and the Ravels, and———'

'Poh, child, hush, and bustle off to bed—you are a pretty minx to talk of entertaining a beau with balls and nonsense; come, off with you.'

'Minx, ma, what do you mean by that? Do you remember that I have been to a boarding school?'

'Yes, child, I remember that you've been to a dancing school; there's where you met Mr. George Kingston, I suppose.'

'Yes, ma, you know there's always a few moments' leisure between the setts, and then the ladies and gentlemen promenade and talk about the weather and a thousand pretty things.'

'And what sort of pretty things do you and George Kingston talk about?'

'George Kingston! Ma, it's Mr. Kingston; he has as much right to be called Mr. as any body. He rattaned Henry Cuthbert for slighting me in the waltz, and I don't like to hear him spoken of disrespectfully.'

'Highty tighty, Miss Henderson! and so I suppose we may expect courtship soon!'

'Courtship, indeed! we are not so foolish as to waste time in courtship, I can tell you, madam—and if you must know it, we have been engaged these two months.'

This was a secret worth knowing, and Mrs. Henderson, as soon as she received the information, prompted by curiosity, determined to await the arrival of Mr. George Kingston, to see how these youthful lovers would demean themselves in her presence. In due time the little hero was announced, and after a few handsome flourishes of his silver topped cane, he seated himself and began to play the man.

'How do you like the manner in which Miss Fustion behaved the other evening, Miss Helen?' asked the infant wooer.

"At the ball—O horrible, she's the most ill-behaved young lady in the world, and she's to be married in four weeks; did you know it, Mr. Kingston?"

"I heard it at the theatre last night—you should have been there, Miss Helen—the play was excellent, and Miss Eustice fainted. You cannot conceive how interesting she looked."

"Fainted! O my gracions! What made her faint, Mr. Kingston?"

"She was so affected at Virginia's being stabbed by her father Miss Helen."

"Well, I don't wonder at it, anything at the theatre looks so natural, and she's a chickenhearted creature. Did you ever see one so frightened as she was at the diorama?"

"She was very much frightened, Miss Helen, and tore some of the buttons off Mr. Wise's coat in clinging to him for support. She is to be married to Mr. Wise in the spring."

"To be married in the spring, and so young Mr. Kingston? Why, ma says I shan't these four years."

"She's a fortune, they say, Miss Helen, and Henry Howell's mother says he must strike when the iron is hot."

"The young lady was courted years ago, Mr. Kingston, and her first lover died—she's been melancholy ever since, and some say she's in a decline; I wonder if it is true?"

"Don't know, indeed—but the Ravels, the Ravels, Miss Helen, they're going away next week, and we must see them before they leave us; when can you go?"

"I can't tell exactly, Mr. Kingston, may'be Monday night; I'll ask ma; may'be she'll go with us—it will be so fine to have ma go with us.—Will you go with us, ma?"

'What are you talking about, child!" asked the mother, lifting her eyes from a book which she was pretending to read, though in truth she had been a listener to all that had been said, and a trial it was to preserve her gravity during the very animated and interesting discussion?"

"Why," said Mr. George Kingston, "I have invited Miss Helen to go and see the Ravels, and she requests that you will accompany us, madam—will you be so kind?"

"O yes, ma, do, it will be so fine; you on one side of Mr. Kingston, and I on the other; I guess Miss Fustion and Miss St. Eustace would feel very flat; both their mothers forbid their beaus coming to their house any more, and the are obliged to meet away from home—do ma, go with us, will you?"

Mrs. Henderson had been exceedingly amused at their chit chat, and she could scarcely suppress a smile when she remembered that "they had been engaged these two months;" truly thought she they will make a lovely coupel, he thirteen, and she eleven, and they too conversing with as much interest and freedom as if they were twenty; she laid her books aside for a moment, and soberly exclaimed—"Well I wonder what this world is coming to?"

The little lovers were completely thrown off the track of their *tete-a-tete* for it was evident that the surprise of Helen's mother had arisen from their conversation, and her movement had too much meaning in it for them to be mistaken. Miss Helen looked at her mother with a fearful frown, and Mr. George Kingston shrugged up his shoulders and looked towards hts hat, Discretion on his part was doubtless the better part of valor:

"For he that loves and runs away,
May live to love another day."

And after having flourished his silver mounted cane and pulled his watch from his pocket, and adjusted his stock and collar. he arose to take his departure.

From that time fourth, Miss Helen was forced to retire to bed at eight o'clock.

THE DEPTH OF JACOB'S WELL.—The Rev'd. Dr. WILSON, of England,—who has recently travelled through the Holy Land and published the results of his travel under the title of "Land of the Bible visited and described,"—presents the following relation of his visit to Jacob's Well:

At Shechem Dr. Wilson found a remnant of the Samaritans still, and had some interesting conversation with one of their priests. In the immediate neighborhood is Jacob's Well, where our Lord encountered the woman of Samaria, and with simplest images instructed her in the sublime mysteries of spiritual truth. The well is situated amid the ruins of a church which once surrounded it. The mouth was covered with two large stones. Rolling away these, the travellers, with their attendants, swung themselves down to a kind of platform, where they kindled a light, and commenced preparations for ascertaining *the depth of Jacob's well.* "It was now time to disclose our plan of operations to our native attendants. 'Jacob,' said we, 'a friend of ours, an English traveller, and minister, (the Rev. Andrew Bonar, of Collace,) dropped the five books of Moses and the other inspired records into this well, about three years ago, and if you will descend and bring them up we shall give you a handsome *bakshish.*' 'Bakshish?' said the Arabs, kindling at the sound; 'if there is to be a bakshish in the case, we must have it, for we are the lords of the land.' 'Well, down you go,' said we, throwing the rope over their shoulders, 'and you shall have the bakshish.' 'Nay, verily,' said they, 'you mean to hang us; let Jacob do what he pleases.' Jacob was ready at our command; and, when he had tied the rope round his body below his shoulders, he received our parting instructions. We asked him to call out to us the moment that he might arrive at the surface of the water, and told him that we should so hold the rope as to prevent him from sinking, if there was any considerable depth of the element. We told him also to pull out one of the candles with which he had stored his breast, and to ignite it when he might get below. As he looked into the fearful pit on the brink of which he stood, terror took hold of him; and he betook himself to prayer in the Hebrew tongue. We, of course, gave him no interruption in his solemn exercise, as, in the circumstances of the case, we could not but admire the spirit of devotion which he evinced. On a signal given, we let him go. The Arabs held with us the rope, and we took care that he should descend as gently as possible.

When our material was nearly exhausted, he called out 'I have reached the bottom; and it is at present scarcely covered with water.' Forthwith he kindled his light; and, that he might have every advantage, we threw him down a quantity of dry sticks, with which he made a blaze, which distinctly showed us the whole of the well, from the top to the bottom.

We saw the end of the rope at its lower part; and we put a knot upon it at the margin above, that we might have the exact measurement when Jacob might come up. After searching for about five minutes for the Bible among the stones and mud at the bottom, our friend joyfully cried out—"It is found! it is found! it is fonnd!" We were not slow, it may be supposed in giving him our congratulations. The prize he carefully put into his breast; and then he declared his readiness with our aid to make the ascent. * * * We found it no easy matter to get him pulled up, as we had to keep the rope from the edge of the well lest it should snap asunder. When he came into our hands, he was unable to speak, and we laid him on the margin of the well, that he might collect his breath. "Where is the bakshish?" were the first words which he uttered, on regaining his faculty of speech. It was immediately forthcoming, to the extent of about a sovereign, and to his fullest satisfaction. A similar sum we divided among our Arab assistants. The book from having been so leng steeped in the water and mud below, was, with the exception of the boards, reduced to a mass of pulp. In our effort to recover it, we had ascertained the depth of the well, which is exactly seventy-five feet. Its diameter is about nine feet. It is entirely hewn out of a solid rock, and is a work of great labor. It bears marks about it of great antiqnity. 'The well is deep,' was the description given of it by the woman of Samaria to our Lord. It still, as now noticep, has the same character, although to an extent it is perhaps filled with the stones which are thrown into it, to sound it by travellers and pilgrims.

"The adventure which I have now noticed being over, we emerged from the well, and, sitting down at its mouth, we could not but think of the scenes and events of other days. We were near to the very 'parcel of ground that Jacob gave Joeeph.' Jacob's Well was here! Here Jesus, the Saviour, sat, wearied with his journey, suffering from the infirmaties of that lowly human nature he had assumed, when he came from heaven to accomplish the work of our redemption, which his Father had given him to do. Here he spake with immitable simplicity and majesty, as never man spake, setting himself forth as the Source and Giver of the copious and satisfying waters of Eternal Life."

THE EXTENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—The present confederacy of the United States of North America, contains e larger area of cultivated land and hospitable climate than any country that has previously existed. Ancient and modern Empires sink into insignificance when compared with it. The United States of America contain 2,300,000 square miles, over half a million more than all of Europe, if we except Russia. Their greatest united length is 3,000 miles; their greatest breadth 1,700 miles.

They have a frontier line of 10,000 miles, a seacoast of 3600 miles and an inland lake-coast of 1200 miles.

The rivers of the United States are the largest in the world. The Missouri is 3600 miles in length, or more than twice as long as the Danube. The Ohio is 600 miles longer than the Rhine. The Hudson, entirely within a single state is navigable 120 miles above its mouth farther than the Thames.

The State of Virginia has an area of 70,000 square miles, and is about one-third larger than England. The State of Ohio, 40,000 squre miles, or 8,000 more than the whole of Scotland.

The harbor of the city of New York, is the Atlantic outlet of a river, canal and lake navigation of about 2000 miles, or the distance from Europe to America.

From Augusta, in the State of Maine, to New Orleans in the State of Louisiana, the distance is 1800 miles; or two hundred more than from London to Constantinople. To go from London to Gonstantinople you cross the entire Continent of Europe, and through most of its principal kingdoms.

The great proportion of the whole extent of the territory of the United States is uncultivated. The population of the country, as rapidly as it increases, would not occupy all the public domain in a cycle of five hundred years, and yet, in spite of this startling fact and the evident Providence that dictates that the American people are destined to occupy this whole continent, there are among us men who claim to be statesmen, who wish to anticipate the future, and to occupy by conquest, at the expense of blood and treasure, that which is as certain to fall into our possession by the natural course of events, as that the sun rising marks the beginning of day. So vast indeed is the territory of the United States already, that it takes no ordinary mind to comprehend its extent, and few indeed can calculate its resources; and the most comprehensive intellect cannot, when warmed by a high whought imagination, give a faint glimmering of the future wealth and power that is to be accorded to the American people—not by force of arms, but simply by the pursuit of the arts of peace—*New Orleans National.*

PREPARED GUANO.—We find the following remarks in relation to this article, in the American Artisan:—

"Whatever will enable us to grow two blades of grass, or two ears of corn, where but one could be made to grow before, and that too without impoverishing the soil, is highly deserving of notice, and greatly worth knowing. Agriculture is more important to the comfort, well-being and happiness of the human race, than all other occupations, and yet it is a science which has, most unaccountably, been more neglected than all other sciences whatever, until of late years. All that we possess in the shape of food, clothing, residences, and luxury in almost every particular, comes directly or indirectly from the soil, and yet we have studied its nature and capabilities less than any other object we are interested in. Had this science been properly attended to, nothing in the shape of famine, sweeping myriads into premature graves, would even have been heard of; but we have foolishly gone on, from generation to generation, exhausting our mother Earth, without reflecting that, unless we keep up her strength, she must shortly become weak and languid, and incapable of furnishing the snstenance we never fail to demand. This folly has at length awakened us to the dictates of common sense, and we now see that even Europe is sending its numerous vessels to Africa, Chili, Peru, and almost every where in search of proper sustenance for its soil. In those countries it has been accumulating for thousands of years, and yet human intelligence has been so bounded, on this very important matter, that those mountains of fertility have been suffered to remain useless and unnoticed.

Those mounds of abundance, however, are not in a condition to be used in their crude state, as manure. The crystalized ammonia forms in bunches, and is therefore much too strong, in this condition, for many kind of vegetation, and indeed if it be so employed, it soon evaporates and leaves the remains of the guano weak and worthiess, as an amendment. Here the aid of chemestry is appropriately introdueed, not only to retain and preserve the ammonia in the soil; but to moderate its excessively fertalizing effects. The principles of guano itself are limited, being chiefly Carbonate and Phosphate of Lime and Ammonia; but when this is finally pulverized and chemically combined with proper absorbants, and other fertilizing substances, as we are aware is the case in the "PREPARED GUANO," now offered for sale, then as a manure or amendment, it becomes equally fertalizing to every description of vegetation. without weakening the soil. In the preparation every principal that vegetation requires, it seems, is added to it and therefore it supplies every plant with that specific nutriment which it incividually needs; whilst the absorbants again re-absorb from the atmosphere what they thus give out and by this means, the "PREPARED GUANO," as a manure, remains almost exhaustable. For these reasons, and from the recommendations or those who have used it, we recommend it to the particular attention of our readers, in any way connected with Agriculture, Horticulture, or Froriculture.

TOO MANY STOCKINGS.—Widow Quiggles looked over her fence into Mrs. Straggle's yard, and discovered five pair of stockings hanging on the line—"Du tell," says she, "where on airth did that *other* pair of stockings cum from?—and I vow they are like the rest on 'em. Thair ain't but four in the family, no heow, and where that ither odd tew cum from een'a most puzzles me. I did'nt see no one go in, I knows on—heow on airth could they git it 'thout me seein' on 'em?—They couldn't have bought it, 'cause the hull lot on 'em is poor as pison. Got 'em gin tew 'em, mabe, but that ain't possible nither, for they ain't got no rich relations. Well, I du wish one of the gals 'ud come eout, I'd ask her. Ah! there is Sally. Sally, *dear*, I see you hev been a increasing your wardrobe." "How so, Mrs. Quiggles?" inquired Sally. "Why you hev got a addition of stockings on your line, dear," answered Mrs. Quiggles. "O, yes," says Sally, "I have been knittin a pair for the *Parson*, ma'am!" "*Indeed!*" said Mrs. Quiggles, turning away in high dudgeon; "the pesked, nasty, good-fur, nuthin' chit thinks tu begin at the parson's feet and knit upards tu his affections, but I reckon I'll spile that; I'll gin him a hull suit of woolen tu kiver his *reverence.* I know'd them stockings hed no good purpose—I know'd it!"—*St. Luis Reveille.*

THE FIRESIDE.—Is there to be found a gift of Heaven more prscioes, more worthy of our ardent gratitude, than that of possessing a family, a home where virtues, kindness, and enjoyments are every day guests; where the heart and eyes sun themselves in a world of love, where thoughts are lively and enlightened, where friends not only by words, but by action, say to each other; "Thy joy, thy sorrow, thy hope, thy prayers, are mine!"

GREEDY.—The young Dutchess of Montpensier is getting more the rage at Paris than ever. She astonishes the court by the frankness and boldness of her repartees. The other evening the body of ministers were supping at Vincennes. As the desert was served up piece of confectionary, consisting of a map of the world in sugar, with the names of the different kingdoms marked on it. One of the ministers asked the Duchess what part she choose.

"Let me have France, Sir," she replied; "I might as well eat it up as any one else."

Paying Journeymen Printers.—"Bose I want twenty-five cents!"

"Twenty-five cents. How soon do you want it Joe?"

"Neqt Sabbath."

"As soon as that? You can't have it! I have told you often, that when you was in want of so large a sum you should always give me at least four weeks notice."

PARTRIDGE, *the Weather Prophet.*—An English paper tells a pleasant anecdote of Partridge, the celebrated almanac maker, about one hundred years since. In travelling on horseback into the country, he stopped for his dinner at an inn, and afterwards called for his horse, that he might reach the next town, where he intended to sleep.

"If you will take my advice, sir," said the ostler, as he was about to mount to his horse, "you will stay where you are for the night, as you will surely be overtaken by a pelting raid."

"Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed the almanac makor, "there is a sixpence for you, my honest fellow, and good afternoon to you."

He proceeded on his journey, and sure enough he was well drenched in a heavy shower. Patridge was struck by the man's prediction, and being always intent on the interest of his almanac, he rode back on the instant, and was received by the ostler with a broad grin.

"Well, sir, you see I was right after all."

"Yes, my lad, you have been so, and here is a crown for you, but I give it you on condition that you tell me how you knew of this rain."

"To be sure, sir," replied the man; "why, the truth is, we have an almanac at our house called 'Partridge's Almanac,' and the fellow is such a notorious liar, that whenever he promises us a fine day we always know that it will be the direct contrary. Now, your honor, this day, the 21st of June, is put down in our almanac in-doors as 'settled fine weather; no rain.' I looked at that before I brought your honor's horse out, and so was enabled to put you on your guard."

Earth is eaten as bread in several parts of the world. Near Moscow, a hill furnisees earth of this description, which will ferment when mixed with flour.