THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

JAMES H. JONES
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"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.

"I would not live always."—JOB, vii, 16.

Oh! who would wish for aye to dwell
In this world of sin and sorrow
Where those whom friends to-day we call
May be our foes to-morrow?

How seldom find we one true heart,
By selfishness untarnish'd;
While friendship comes but to depart,
And proves but hatred varnish'd.

Oh! who would wish for aye to live,
For the sake of joys so cheating,
Where nought can solid pleasure give,
Where all is false and fleeting?

I loathe them all: I would not stay
Forever in a world like this;
I long to rise and soar away
To a brighter world of bliss.

They say there is a home on high,
Where Zion's pilgrims rest—
Where the bosom heaves not with a sigh;
Oh! then, that world how blest!

They tell me there the Saviour reigns;
And sin and sorrow never
Throw their dark shade across those plains,
But joy abounds forever.

I would not, then, live always here—
I'd see that blissful dwelling,
And hear the saints, and join them there,
My Saviour's praises telling.

From the American Courier.

STANZAS.

When love for earth would tempt thy heart
To bide where sin has driven;
Oh, bid the slavish theme depart,
And sometimes think of Heaven.
When sorrow seems to teach thy soul,
That thou art unforgiven;
O, heed thee not its dark control,
For all is bright in Heaven.

And still if evil passions lurk,
To move which thou hast striven;
O, set again thy soul to work,
And let the theme be Heaven.
It matters not how sad the ill
That o'er thy soul has riven;
For *Virtue* has a Gilead still,
Whene'er thou turn'st to Heaven.

The security of Believers.—When the last great plague raged in London, Lord Craven lived in that part of the city called Craven Buildings; and to avoid the danger of this epidemic, his lordship resolved to retire to his seat in the country. Accordingly, his coach-and-six were at the door, the baggage put up, and all things in readiness for the journey. As he was walking through his hall with his hat on, his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves in order to step into his carriage, he overheard his negro (who served him as a postillion) "I suppose, by my lord's leaving London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country, and not in the town." The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing in a plurality of gods. The remark, however, struck Lord Craven very seasonably, and made him pause. "My God (thought he) lives every where, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country: I will stay where I am. The ignorance of the negro has preached a useful sermon to me. Lord, pardon that unbelief, and that distrust of Thy providence which made me think of running away from Thy hand.'

He immediately ordered the horses to be taken from the coach, and the luggage to be brought in. He continued in London, was remarkably useful among his sick neighbors, and never caught the infection.

PSA. xci. 2–10.—I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust.—Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee. Because thou hast hast made the Lord, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

From the N. Orleans Delta.

SPEECH OF S. S. PRENTISS,

OF NEW ORLEANS.

Fellow Whigs—I came here to-night as a private citizen, to exercise my rights and perform my duty as a good Whig, desirous of promoting the harmony and united action of our great and glorious cause. Though I have mingled deeply in the political contests and fought many of the party battles in a neighboring State, yet since my residence in this city, private duties and interests have withdrawn me in a great measure from political affairs, and it is only now as one who has no aspirations beyond the position of a mere private in the ranks that I appear among you to-night.—I am still a warm, devoted, enthusiastic Whig, such as I have ever been since I learned to distinguish between right and wrong, and such as I expect to be when the grave shall demand my mortal frame. I understand the object of this meeting to be, to secure harmony and union in our party,—to secure a representation in the National Convention, which is to determine to whom the great Whig banner shall be confided in the coming contest. We must sink all personal preferences and predilections in the great good of our party. We come together to offer up the affections and partialities of our hearts upon the altar of Whig harmony. As a staunch veteran Whig, who has never deserted his standard, never swerved from his duty and devotion, or turned his back upon the enemy, I come to give my counsel, humble as it may be, in furtherance of the purpose of this meeting. Whatever opinions we may heretofore have held about the expediency of Conventions, and I have been among the strongest of their opponents, we must all be now convinced that their action is indispensable to the union and harmony of the party. What is mere personal individual action in great political contests, but the folly of the soldier who at Buena Vista would have shouldered his musket and proceeded alone against the bristling bayonets and serried ranks of the Mexican host! It is only by keeping together,—by, in military phrase, preserving the touch of the elbow, that success is achieved in military operations; and so it is in party contests, which are mere civil battles between large masses. We must act, then, together. We must throw all our personal preferences into the crucible of a Convention, so that we may draw forth the pure gold and present it to the people for their admiration and enrichment. This can only be done by counselling together—by meeting our brethren of other States in Convention—by examining well the chart of the whole Union, calculating the prospects and arriving at just and satisfactory conclusions. If the State of Louisiana could elect the President, I acknowledge there would be no necessity for such consultation; but our sister States have something to say in this matter, and their will and counsel must be heard—their might and influence acknowledged. We must not expect to force our individual preferences on others. Had I the choice of a President,—did it rest with me to indicate the successor of the present occupant of the Chief Magistracy, I should not be much puzzled to select—I should cling to my first love—I should shout aloud the name of that veteran statesman, who has attained the very highest eminence on the pedestal of fame,—under whose banner I have so often been proud to fight—whose white plume I have so often followed in battle, when, like that of the gallant Harry V., it tossed to and fro in the conflict, but never bowed to power nor was stained by cowardice; I should give my choice, my vote for ——— (but ere the name passed Mr. P.'s lips, there was a tremendous outburst from the crowd which shook the building and made the name of *Clay* reverberate through the immense room in tones of thunder.)

But, (resumed Mr. Prentiss, when silence was restored) it is not for me to choose for the whole party. I hold that the Whig party is laboring for something else besides the elevation of an individual. Fortunately we have many noble leaders among us, adorned with all those high virtues and capacities which fit men for the exalted office of Presidency over this free people. Our country is scarcely less prolific of great mental excellence than those of physical growth. We have many profound statesmen who would bear the Whig banner with honor and success,—have generals who would marshal our forces to glorious victories, but they are all of inferior consideration to the great interests of the party. The Whig party, as I understand it, is contending for certain fixed and definite principles. It is the party that has always existed in this country, and must ever so exist. So, too, there must be a Democratic party. This party is made of two branches. The one extreme includes the wild radicals, who devotion to liberty runs into licentiousness—who are so fearful of despotism that they would relax all law and political order. The other extreme consists of those selfish demagogues who are looking to their own interests, and only use the mass to help them to power. Between these two, in the golden mean, rests the great Whig conservative party, by its position and power preserving the harmony and security of our political frame, and saving our constitution from the wild excesses of reckless radicals, or from the cold selfishness of calculating demagogues and placemen.

There must ever be such parties in this country. We shall rue the day when the no-party idea is carried out—when we shall have no political issues or contests to fight. Then the people will lie down like a great giant, to sleep in peace and quiet, whilst demagogues will carry on their nefarious purposes with impunity and success.—God save us from no-partyism! God save the Whig party from the disgrace of deserting its standard at the present important epoch of affairs. The conquest of a vast empire,—the immense additions which have been made to our great territory, and the necessity of governing our new acquisition through proconsuls or other agents, will throw into the hands of this Government a power and corruption which will require all the vigor, union and strength of the Whigs to resist, to prevent the shipwreck of our Constitution and the downfall of our Union.

To preserve the wonted power of the Whig party, we must, I repeat, send our delegates to the National Convention, not as Taylor nor as Clay men, but as whigs devoted to the success and triumph of our party and our principals, rather than to the interest of any individual. If Gen. Taylor should be the choice of that convention, I consider his election beyond all doubt I for one, whatever may have been and may now be my personal preference, should be proud to fight under the banner of that gallant old chief, the prestige of whose victories over a foreign enemy would give him irresitible strength before the people in a civil contest. I speak of Gen. Taylor as a whig, a good whig, whose principals and views are those of the great whig party. I have no confidence in the independent no-partyism, which has lately exploded in this city. I trust not to the gifts of the enemy. Gen. Taylor, though for forty years engaged in the duties of the soldier—though devoted to the life and profession which are said to unfit men for civil office, has given such striking proofs of fitness for civil duties that I for one should fear not to trust him with the delicate and responsible duties of the Presidency. He would call around him a cabinet of the first whigs—the soundest, wisest, and safest counsellors of the union—such a cabinet as has not been seen since the days of Washington, (loud cheers.) But should the choice of the party fall upon another distinguished whig—should it once more unfurl that battlestained standard under which we have fought so many gallant fights, (immense applause, and cries of *Clay, Clay, Old Harry,*) should Henry Clay be the candidate, I should again, scarred and worn soldier as I am, seize my crutch and go forth to battle. Whenever the decision of the Convention is known, and whoever may be the choice, we will all burnish up our armour, organize our forces, select our brigadies, colonels and captains, and be ready for the contest. The whig party does not rest with one individual alone.—Persons are mortal, but whig principles are eternal. The bank, the tariff, and other temporary issues do not involve the whig party—they may be changed, overthrown or extinguished, and yet whig principles remain in all their vigor and strength. I am not ready to abandon that party and their principles for the chimera of independent no-partyism. I don't believe that we have yet reached a political millenium—that the lion will lie down with the lamb, and the little child may play with the asp. We have already seen the ardor of this independent no-partyism cool off in two weeks. Some of our friends were too quick on the trigger, but they have seen their error and are rapidly retracing their steps. When General Taylor was first named for the Presidency, it was thought that it would be acquiesced in by the Whigs all over the Union, but it turned out differently: hence the necessity of a National Convention. Let that Convention act, and we will all unite in support of its decision, though it may clash with our general preferrence. The whig party is not identified with a single individual.—In our firmament there are many stars. You may strike out a few, and yet not leave us in gloom or darkness—there will be more left, shinning not less brightly than those that have fallen. The whig party is certain of one victory in every four or five chances. The democrats will beat us at least three out of four times in the Presidential contest; but they are pretty sure to get things all wrong, and to require whig wisdom to set them right again. They will mismanage the engine, get the screws loose, and perchanse pocket a few of them; but then, when things are so bad that they can't be made worse, good whig engineers will come in, and soon restore order and efficiency, and set the machine agoing again.

In conclusion, then, let us go into the choice of our candidate in the best and most harmonious spirit. The roll of our party abounds in brilliant and noble names, that would do honor to the Presidency. We are like the fair lady who looks into her box of jewels, and is sorely puzzled to determine which brillinat stone or glittering diamond shall glitter on her lovely brow. Let us not be guilty of the folly of quarrelling about individuals, when we have great principals to guard—to contend, to fight for.

Let the Convention select old Zack—who will withhold his support—his warm and cordial support—of one who has done so much for the national fame and character—one who has borne the Stars and Strips thousands of miles into the centre of a hostile land, and has planted them where no civilized foot has ever trod before—whose exploits cast into the shade, the fabulous achievements of the adventurious Cortez—who has, with a few scant regiments, conquered a vast Empire, and laid it at the feet of the people of this Union—one, whose great deed and gentle virtues—whose firm character and calm courage—have marked him as the Man of the Age?—(Cheers.) But, should the choice fall upon the great Statesman, whose civic and political laurels yield not in brilliancy to the brightest chaplets that ever bloomed upon a Warrior's brow, what Whig will falter or hesitate in his support? Since the days of Washington, what name has exerted so potent an influence upon the whig party as that of Clay? When has his clarion voice been heard that it did not kindle an ardor and zeal among all true Whigs greater than that aroused in warrior's breats by the tones of the trumpet, the deep rolling of the drum, or the loud booming of cannon? (Loud cheers, and cries of "Clay! Clay! Hurra for Clay!"—which were so vigorous and so often repeated, that the Reporter lost much of Mr. Prentiss' very eloquent allusions to Mr. Clay—which, by-the-by, were very perceptible more earnest and impassioned than his references to Gen. Taylor.

Mr. Prentiss concluded his long and eloquent speech by urging upon the Whigs harmony and union, and a due subservience to the National Convention. His voice, however, began to fail him, and grew so indistinct that we could not catch the point of his concluding remarks: they were however, very warmly applauded.

A Philosopher.—A man being asked how old he was, replied, 'I am in health,' and being asked how rich he was, said, 'I am not in debt.'

THE ESSENTIALS TO PRODUCTIVE FARMING.

The following sixteen essentials for productive farming are from the pen of the editor of the American Farmer, which is, we believe, the oldest agricultural paper in the United States:—

1. Good implements of husbandry and plenty of them, which should always be kept in perfect order.

2. *Deep Ploughing*, and *thorough pulverization* of the soil, by the free use of the harrow, drag, and roller.

3. An application of *limes, marl, or ashes*, where calcareous matter or potash may not be present in the soil.

4. A systematic husbanding of every substance on a farm capable of being converted into manure, as systematic a protection of such substances from loss by evaporation or waste of any kinds and a careful application of the same to the lands in culture.

5. The draining of all wet lands, so as to relieve the roots of the plants from the ill effects of a superabundance of water, a condition equally pernicious as drought, to their healthful growth and profitable fructification.

6. The free use of the plough, cultivator and hoe, with all *row-cultured crops*, so as to keep down, at all times, the growth of grass and weeds, those pests which prove so destructive to crops.

7. Seeding at the *proper time*, with *good seed*, and an equal attention as to *time*, with regard to the *period* of working crops.

8. Attention to the construction and repair of fences, so that what is made through the toils and anxious cares of the husbandman, may not be lost through his neglect to protect his crops from the depredations of stock.

9. Daily *personal superintendance*, on the part of the master, over all the operations of the farm, no matter how good a manager he may have, or however faithful his hands may be, as the *presence* of the head of a farm, and the use of his eyes, are worth several pair of hands.

10. Labor-saving machinery, so that one may render himself as independent as needful of neighborhood labor, as a sense of the comparative independence of the employer upon such labor, begets a disposition of obedience and faithfulness on the part of the employed.

11. Comfortable stabling and sheds, for the horses and stock, all necessary outbuildings, for the accommodation of the hands, and protection of the tools and implements, as well as for the the care of the poultry.

12. *Clover* and other grasses to form a part of the rotation of crops, and there to be at the proper periods ploughed in, to form pabulum for succeeding crops.

13. The *Clover* field to be either *plastered* or *ashed*, each succeeding spring,—one bushel of the former, and six of the latter, per acre.

14. To keep no more stock than can be *well kept, but to be sure to keep as many as the farm can keep in good* condition, as it is wise policy to feed as much as possible of the crops grown on the farm, and thus return to it that which has been abstracted from it.

15. To provide a good *orchard* and *garden*—the one to be filled with choice fruits, of all kinds the other with vegetables of different sorts, early and late, so that the table may, at all times, be well and seasonably supplied, and the surplus contribute to increase the wealth of the proprietor.

16. *The taking of one or more good agricultural papers.*

BOOK FARMING.

The following hints from a correspondent of the Genesee Farmer, are pertinent, and worthy of consideration. The prejudice against 'Book Farming,' as it has been called, is a very foolish one, and those who entertain and act upon the prejudice, do it their own injury:

'I am free to say that I am actually benefitted, in dollars and cents, more than fifty dollars this year from the information that has accrued from reading your useful paper. One of my neighbors tells me that he saved himself twenty dollars by a single suggestion. It seems to me that the cry of book farming is a mere cover for ignorance and idleness—a wilful determination against improvements, and a setting of perfectability.

Supposing that I were a person of common observation and industry, and that I spent twenty years of life in the cultivation of tobacco, or hemp, or quinces, or melons, or strawberries and tried all varieties, and manures, and methods, until I had arrived at almost the perfectibility of the art—and that I could give, intelligibly, the whole of my experience in one page of your paper—would it not be ridiculous if any one who wished to commence raising the same crop to say: 'Oh, it's book farming, I wont read it,' when five minutes' attention would save him twenty years' practice to arrive at the same conclusions I had.—How does the physician, the lawyer, the scholar procure his knowledge, except by that all powerful engine—Books?'

SHREWD MEN—now perceive the necessity of a prompt application of the intellectual power of the press to their several pursuits, proportioned in some degree to the increased population and vast expansion of the material affairs of business; and as the press is the only means of diffusing information among the people it must of course be restored to for advertising and making known business persuits of every kind. To depend upon the issue of a few cards or circulars, as was the custom of our grandfathers, will not answer, in these days.—*True Sun:*

Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith used to employ their genius in penning advertisements for booksellers and other tradesmen, judging from the neatness and style displayed in the advertisements of some of the great advertisers of the present day, men of genius are not above employing their pens in a similar manner now, Moses & son of London, like Day & Martin, and the proprietors of the "Matchless Macassar," have made a fortune by keeping a Poet in their employ to pen their advertisements.

COOLNESS—A TALE ABOUT A HEAD.

Jake was a little buck negro who belonged to Dr. Taliaferro; and was said to have in his little frame a heart as big as General Jackson's—to say nothing of Napoleon Bonaparte and Zack Taylor. He didn't fear even old Nick; and as for coolness—he was as cool as the tip-top of the North Pole.

One day, Dr. Taliaferro, upon occasion of the commencement of a Medical College, of which he held the chair of Anatomy, gave a dinner.—Among his guests was a well known ventriloquist Late in the evening, after the bottle had done its work, the conversation turned upon courage, and the Doctor boasted considerably of the lion-heart of his favorite man, Jake. He offered to bet that nothing could scare him: and this bet the ventriloquist took up, naming at the same time the test he wanted imposed. Jake was sent for and came.

"Jake," said the Doctor "I have bet a large sum of money on your head, and you must win it. Do you think you can?"

"Berry well, marster," replied Jake, "jest tell me what he's to do, an' he'll do it, shore."

"I want you to go to the dissecting room. You will find two dead bodies there. Cut off the head of one with a large knife which you will find there, and bring it to us. You must not take a light, however; and don't get frightened."

"Dat's all, is it?" inquired Jake. "Oh! berry well. I'll do dat shore for sartin; and as for being frighten, the debbil hesel aint a gwine to frighten me."

Jake accordingly set off, and reaching the dissecting room, groped about, until he found the knife and the bodies. He had just applied the former to the neck of one of the latter, when from the body he was about to decapitate, a hollow and sepulchral voice exclaimed—

"*Let my head alone!*"

"Yes, sah," replied Jake, "I aint 'ticlar; and tudder head 'll dojes as well."

He accordingly put the knife to the neck of the next corpse, when another voice, equally unearthly in its tone, shrieked out—

"*Let my head alone!*"

Jake was puzzled at first; but answered presently,

"Look a yah! Master Tolliver sed I must bring one ob de heads, an' you isn't a gwine to fool me, no how!" and Jake hacked away until he separated the head from the body. Thereupon half a dozen voices screamed out—

"*Bring it back! bring it back!*"

Jake had reached the door, but hearing this turned round, and said—

"Now—now, see yah! Jes you keep quiet, you dence ob a fool, an' don't wake up de women folk. Marster's only gwine to look at the bumps."

"*Bring back my head at once!*" cried the voice.

"Tend to you, right away, sah!" replied Jake, as he marched off with the head; and in the next minute deposited it before the Doctor.

"So you've got it, I see," said his master.

"Yes, sah," replied the unmoved Jake, "but please be done lookin' at him soon, *kase de gemplin told me to fotch him back right away.*"—[JOHN DONKEY.

From the Coinreville Times.

LYNCH LAW.—We know not with what feelings our readers will receive the announcement which we are about to make, nor will we attempt to depict our own on recently witnessing in this hitherto peaceable neighborhood, a transaction, which, in contradistinction with the legal and more desirable means of punishing crime, is denominated 'Lynch Law.' All of those who have ever travelled that portion of the Church Hill road which lies between the Three Bridge branch and the new Spaniard's Neck road, will have observed along the fence of the 'Sewell Farm,' a tall and majestic Oak whose ample branches spreading over and protecting its neighborhood alike from sunshine and storm, frequently gives protection and shelter from the inclemency or heat of the season. On one of these limbs, on Wednesday morning last a *black was hung!* without any interference of law, whatever may have been the enormity of his crime or the moral justice of his execution. We witnessed the fact, accidentally of course—and we cried to the perpetrators—composed of white and black persons, to cut him down—but our interfererce was unheeded, and whilst one portion of the assemblage held the rope, to one end of which was the dangling and struggling victim, another caught hold of his legs, and by pulling them—perhaps in mercy to his sufferings—soon ended the fatal and inhuman scene. He was accused, we have since learned of murder. The victim who was white, being young and tender in years, and of course incapable of molesting the unfortunate deceased. As yet, no means have been taken to arrest the authors of this affair—but whether it be that the act was not of a description to merit punishment, or that our legal authorities have not exercised proper exertions in the matter, we leave others to determine—our province being only to state the nature of particulars as they exhibited themselves to us.

P. S. To prevent our being misunderstood, it may be well enough to add that the black was a *dog*, and the victim a poor, inoffensive little *lamb!*

An Ingenious Maid.—May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. An editor says that a girl was asked not long since by her suitor to unite herself in the silken tie, who named May in his proposals. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month for marrying.

"Well," make it June, then," honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, cast down her eyes, and with a blush, said, "*Wouldn't April do as well!*"

The Board of Aderman of New York have passed resolutions expressing their sympathy with the French people in their present struggle, by an almost unanimous vote, there being but one dissenting voice.

Bennett says very truely, that General Taylor is the only man of the day who writes and fights with the same sublime simplicity in each line of business.