THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

JAMES M. 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.

TAYLOR SONG.

TUNE—"With a helmet on his brow."

With the laurel on his brow, my boys,
And Fillmore by his side,
Old Zack Taylor will show you how
To Washington he'll ride.
To Washing he'll ride, my boys,
Before him all will yield,
As fled the foe before him on
Red Buena Vista's field.

Then wave aloft the starry flag,
Above the chieftain's head,
It followed him o'er tower and crag,
And waved above the dead.
And as it waved at Monterey,
Above his fallen foes,
Again, on next election day,
His triumph we'll disclose.

Sound, sound your watchword high my boys,
And let its echoes play,
And cheer the million swelling hearts
With joy for that great day.
When Zack upon his old white horse,
To Washington shall ride,
So clear the track, old Zack is up,
And Fillmore by his side.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, my boys,
They're off, away, away,
We'll see them all come back, my boys,
On next election day.
On next election day, my boys,
The people's voice will tell,
The ballot boxes then will show
Who 'tis we love so well.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

LINES.

Where shall we make her grave?
Oh! where the wild flowers wave,
In the free air!
Where shower and singing bird
'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there.

Harsh was the world to her!
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill.
Look on sweet nature's breast,
Let the meek heart find rest,
Deep, deep and still!

Murmur glad waters by!
Faint gales with happy sigh
Come wandering o'er
A green and mossy bed,
Where, on a gentle head,
Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring rain,
Plays the soft wind?
Yet still from where she lies,
Should blessed breathings rise,
Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew
Thence in the heart renew
Life's vernal glow!
And o'er that holy earth
Scents of the violet's birth,
Still come and go.

Oh! then where the wild flowers wave,
Make ye her mossy grave,
In the free air!
Where shower and singing bird
'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

SAND. It was the remark of a sage, 'do not despise small things.' How true is this expression when used in reference to the dust beneath our feet. Liebig has placed glass as one of the revolutionaries of the world—a great agent in the cause of civilization. Glass cannot be made without sand, and even the mettles could not be reduced from some of their ores without sand as a flux. In copper smelting, glass is formed to dissolve the iron which is formed in the copper ore so as to leave pure copper—hence to sand we owe the possession of the metals. The blacksmith uses sand to effect the welding of his pieces of malleable iron; and in the reduction of some iron ores sand is indispensable.

From Messrs. J. S. Skinner and Son's excellent Agricultural periodical, "The Plough, the Loom and the Anvil," for the present month, we copy the following article on the subject of

FARMING IN MARYLAND.

We do not doubt that in Maryland there is vastly more of intellectual investigation applied to agriculture than there was thirty years ago.—We of course remember when there was no such thing thought of as an agricultural paper; whereupon we determined, as far as we could command the means, to supply a defect so discreditable, as we considered it, to those concerned in the great occupation which lies at the foundation of all others.

Essays appeared occasionally in the newspapers of the country, and were read with avidity by all men eager for that most covetable of all things—knowledge; but no one thought of a regular organ, or channel for conveying information as to the practice, much less the rights of agriculture. In behalf of the latter, even now, most of our journals are as dumb as so many fish. Among the papers that made a stir throughout the agricultural community in the South, and evinced an honorable eagerness to learn what the best experience had taught to be best, were the papers of Arator, from the pen of Col. John Taylor, of Carolina, published originally in a Georgetown (D. C.) paper. It is believed there was then no paper published at Washington. Since that time hundreds of pens, and thousands of heads, have been employed in agricultural discussions, until a knowledge of what is most safe and profitable in the mere processes and implements of agriculture, is widely diffused—and what, as we have elsewhere said the cultivator of the soil now most needs to know, and therefore what he should most especially study to find out is, how shall labor be made to do well in other pursuits, to create a demand for every variety of produce to which agricultural and horticultural labor can be applied? and how shall the market, to be thus created, be established in the nearest vicinity to the plough, and be made most reliable? These are the real and true questions now for the practical farmer and planter, and hence do we endeavor to manifest our sense of duty by endeavoring to show, not merely how the heaviest crops can be made with the least cost—but how much the profit of American husbandry must depend on the prosperity of American labor. We want to find, and we want our readers to learn how concentration is to be made to take the place of dispersion. When a state of things exists that children are seen to settle around their parents—that the son of one neighbor marries the daughter of another, and the son of that other marries his brother-in-law's sister, and grand children, and great grand children are dandled on the knees of the old people, then may we be sure there is something wholesome and prosperous in the social and political condition—but when sons, as fast as they grow up, are seen to move off to Wisconsin and Iowa, to Arkansas and Missouri, or to seek clerkships at Washington; and the old tenements are getting full of old maiden daughters, we may be sure there is something unnatural; 'something rotten in the State of Denmark.' It is only where population concentrates and thickens, that the lands are progressively improving. All the premiums that can be offered will never improve the face of a country generally, where churches and meeting-houses are filled with old maids. But to return to our starting point, the progress of improvement in Maryland has been, it is apprehended, rather in patches and on particular estates, than universal and resulting from well rooted and widely extending influences. Thus while the whole Eastern Shore of Maryland has been stationary for forty years in population, while the marriages are few, and the children not increasing, there are instances of individual intelligence and energy and improved knowledge of agriculture, under the influence of which farms have been made to more than double their former produce, proving the effect as well of the judicious application of capital and labor, as of superior management generally. Take Talbot county for example: with an easy navigation almost to every man's door, her population in 1820 was 14,387; in 1840 it had sunk to 12,090—loss in twenty years, 2,319. At that rate how long would it take to extinguish the whole seed, breed and generation? and that in a county which every one knows, who knows any thing of its inhabitants, is not excelled in the Union for general intelligence, and especially for intelligence in the prosecution of their chief pursuit—grain growing.—Does not this show that something else besides the knowledge of ploughing and hoeing, and sowing and reaping is necessary to prevent dispersion? to give life and cheerfulness, animation and hope—to keep the sons at home and get husbands for the daughters? What is that something? Does not the farmer know that if a mistaken policy forces us to go abroad for manufactures fabricated by people who eat the produce of other countries, that all those of our own country, who ought to be employed at home in driving the loom and working at the anvil near to his plough, and all foreigners coming to our country, with their capital and their trades, will be forced to throw up the shuttle, and to throw down the hammer, and travel out to the cheap land provided for them by the old States, on railroads and canals built by the old States to carry them there at the least possible expense.

Col. Lloyd for example—and there need be no better example as a man or a farmer—makes this year probably, on his portion of his father's estate, double as much wheat as the governor made on his 14,000 acres, yet it will probably not bring him as much money. The Colonel is among the last who need to be told that the native and the foreigner are growing wheat against him on cheap lands in the west, at a rate as cheap as to require him to make three to one to keep way with them. How then must it be with those who grow wheat in the old States, subject to fifty and one hundred miles of land transportation? Is it not obvious that whatever shuts up the coal-mine, and puts out the fire in the furnace, and stops the loom, and stills the sound of the hammer on the anvil, drives those who are delving in the mines, and working in the foundres, and throwing the shuttle, and lifting the hammer, to go where they can get land for nothing, and make a bare subsistence with the least amount of capital and labor, thus not only ceasing to eat the farmer's wheat and his corn, his bacon and his mutton, but producing all these in superabundance for themselves? Who then is his greatest friend—who tells him what he knows already, that is how to make poor land rich, or he who endeavors to bring about such a state of things as will reward him for enriching his land, and afford him a good and steady market of consumers close at hand?

Take Queen Ann's county in the same State, for another instance. There, too, the population in 1820, was 14 952, and in 1840 it had sunk to 12 633. Does any one believe this retrogade movement is the result of any want of intelligence? Here too we understand that a son of our lamented friend. Col. Emory, has very greatly increased the crops on that part of the paternal estate which has fallen under his management.—Blakeford, the beautiful estate of the late Governor Wright, (another true friend in days long gone by) presents another example of great value, as it proves that capital will tell when used with sagacity and fearlessness, in agriculture, as it has under the same mind in commerce. The crop of wheat, which under former owners, perhaps never reached an average exceeding fifteen bushels, went this year up to, and perhaps something above twenty five to the acre, which sold for $1 12 per bushel, more than $28 to the acre, or yielding from that part of the farm the interest on more than $400 to the acre.—The corn crop will be as large and as much in proportion. Hence it is not by lessons in practical agriculture, let us repeat that such neighborhoods need to be informed so much as they require to be told how those who take our money for their manufactures can be forced to come and manufacture so near our ploughs as that it shall be their interest to take pay in the wheat and the corn of us, who buy their slops and haberdasheries, and coal, and earthen, and glass, and hardware, and cultlery, and iron and leather, and linen manufactures, and plate, and salt, and tin, and pewter, and silk, and woollen, and small wares, all of which should be made in our own country.

We have referred to farmers and to which we have heard by accident and that occur to us at the moment, We know enough personally to say that if we wanted practical knowledge of agriculture generally, especially in the production of the cereal crops, there is no place to which we should repair with more confidence than to the very countrys whose population, with all their natural advantages has been thus diminishing. There can be no want of either enterprise or intelligence where such men as the Goldsboroughs, the Martins, the Stevens, the Hambletons, the Lloyds, or the Carmichaels, Chambers, and Emory reside.—Still there stand the 'fixed facts' staring us in the face—young men moving away, while young women remain single, though so charming that no change could improve them, except—change of name.

CALIFORNIA.

The subjoined extracts from Edwin Bryant's work on California, will be read with interest at this time, since this rich and beautiful domain has become a part of the territory of the United States.

The author accompanied Col. Frement in his adventurous expedition across the continent, traversing the great desert, as sterile and almost, as extensive as the deserts crossed by Arabian and African caravans, visited various ports on the coast of the Pacific, filled for several months a judicial station at San Francisco, and made himself acquainted in various ways with the country and its inhabitants. His narrative of his personal adventures is extremely interesting, part of it has all the attraction of romance, and his notices of the country, authentic as they are, and the fruit of extensive observation, are highly valuable.

The following account of one of the most fertile portions of the province may be interesting to our readers:

"The Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, have each a course of from 300 to 400 miles, the first flowing from the south, and emptying into the Bay of San Francisco at the same point.

They water the fine, large, and fertile valley lying between the Sierra Nevada and the coast range of mountains. I subjoin a description of the valley and San Joaquin from the pen of a gentlemen (Dr. March) who explored the river from its mouth.

"This noble valley is the first undoubtedly in California, and one of the most magnificent in the world. It is about 500 miles long, with an average breadth of about fifty miles. It is bounded on the east by the great snowy mountains, and on the west by the low range, which in many places dwindle into insignificant hills, and has its northern terminus at the strait of, Carquines, on the Bay of San Francisco, and its southern near the Colorado river:

"The river of San Joaquin flows through the middle of the valley for about half its extent, and thence diverges towards the easter mountain, in which it has its source. About sixty miles further south is the norther end of the Buena Vista Lake, which is about one hundred miles long, and from ten to twenty wide. Still further south, and near the western side of the valley, is another and much smaller lake.

The great lake receives about a dozen tributaries on its eastern side which all rise in the great range of the Snowy Mountains. Some of these streams flow through broad fertile vallies within the mountain's range, and from thence emerging, irrigate the plains of the great valley for the distance of twenty or thirty miles. The largest of those rivers is called by the Spanish inhabitants the River Reys, and falls into the lake near its northern end: it is a well timbered stream, and flows through a country of great fertility and beauty. The tributaries of the San Joaquin are all on the east side.

"On ascending the stream we first meet with the Stanislaus, a clear rapid mountain stream. some forty or fifty yards wide, with a considerable depth of water it its lower portion. The Mormons have commenced a settlement, called, New Hope and built some two or three houses near the mouth.

"There are considerable bodies of fertile land along the river, and the higher plains afford good pasturage.

"Ten miles further up is the river of Tawalomes; it is about the size of the Stanislus, which it greatly resembles, expect that the soil is somewhat better, and that it particular abounds with salmon.

"Some thirty miles further comes in Merced much the largest of the tributaries of the San Joaquin. The lands along and between the tributaries of the San Joaquin and the lake of Buena Vista form a fine pastoral region, with a good proportion of arable land, and a very inviting field for emigration. The whole of this region has been but imperfectly explored, enough however is known to make it certain that it is one of the most desirable regions on the continent.

'In the valleys of the rivers which come down from the great Snowy Mountains, are vast bodies of pine and red wood or cedar timber, and the streams afford water power to any desirable amount.

"The whole country east of the San Joaqin and the water communication which connects it with the lake, is considered by the best judges, to be particularly shaped for the culture of the vine, which must necessarily become one of the principal agricultural resources of California."

The productiveness of this region, and the slight and rude agriculture which alone is necessary to call forth its harvests, are manifest from the facts stated in the following passages:

"The soil of that portion of California between the Sierra Nevada and the Pacific, will compare in point of fertility, with any I have seen elsewhere. As I have already described such portions of it as have come under my observation, and it is unnecessary for me here to descend to particulars. Wheat, barley, and other small grains, with hemp, flax, and tobacco, can be produced in all the valleys without irrigation. To produce maize, potatoes, and other garden vegetables, irrigation is necessary. Oats and mustard grow spontaneously and with such rankness as to be considered nuisances to the soil. I have forced my way through thousands of acres of these, higher than my head when mounted on a horse. The oats grow to the summits of the hills, but they are not here so tall and rank as in the valleys.

"The varieties of grasses are greater than on the Atlantic side of the continent and far more nutritious. I have seen seven different kinds of clover, several of them in a dry state, depositing a seed upon the ground so abundant as to cover it, which is lapped up by the cattle and horses and other animals, as corn or oats, when threshed is with us. All the grasses, and they cover the entire country, are heavily seeded and when ripe, are as fattening to stock as the grains which are fed to our beef. horses, and hogs. Hence it is unnecessary to the sustainance or fattening of stock, to raise corn for their consumption.

"Agriculture is in its rudest state. The farming implements which have boen used by the Californians, with few exceptions, are the same as were used three hundred years ago, when Mexico was conquered by Cortez. A description of then would be tedious. The plough, however, which merely scratches the ground, is the fork of a small tree. It is the same pattern as the Roman plough, two thousand years ago. Other agricultural implements are of the same description. The Americans and other foreigners, are, however, introducing the American plough, and other American farming tools, the consequence of which has already been, to some extent, to produce a revolution in agriculture. The crops of wheat and barley, which I saw about the first of June, while passing through the country on my journey to the United States, exceeded in promise any which I have seen in the United States. It was reported to me that Captain Sutter's crop of wheat, for 1847, would amount to 75,000 bushels.

Sheridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots; these attracting the notice of some of his friends, 'now guess,' said he, 'how I came by these boots.' Many probable guesses took place—'No,' said Sheridan, 'no, you've not hit it nor never will. I bought and paid for them.'

☞A Paris journal, which stated that a prisoner under sentence of death had attempted suicide first by poison and then by knife, added, 'medical assistance being promptly administered, he is now out of danger, and will to morrow undergo the sentence of the law.'

COMING THE DELICATE.

We saw a couple of yellow darkies on Sunday, a stout boy and his sweet heart, and the way they tortured the Queen's English would have given Dr. Johnson the hystericks. They were returning from church, and as we passed them the 'fair nigger,' who was resting languishing up on Sambo's arm, exclaimed—

Dar! look—dat's de berry ossif whar de gentleman distracted one of my teeth.

Whoo! you doesn't say so, Miss Rosetta.

Yes, but I does though.

Poor ting—didn't de oberation gib you uncommon scruciation?

Not berry. I only fainted three times, and de doctor gib me camfire and fotch me to. You eber had any ob yur teef scificed Sambo?

Yes dear seberal.

And didn't you swoon like me did!

Neber de fuss time.

Dat's bekos you belongs to de hard sec. If you was soft like I is, you'd a fainted shua.

Oh! Miss Rosetta, I believes you speaks de truf. When I comes to distract your soft tenderness wid my hard dissabilities, den I make srtavagant spressions. But if you'll allow me de solicious pleasure ob presenting dis bockay to you, we'll block de painful subjic on which we's bin talkin for a more lably teem.

WHAT IS LIFE.

Not the length of our years, not the number of our deeds. Life is the soul's probationary state; the season for developing, disciplining and expanding its powers. To be, is not the great purpose of existence, but to *do*.

Act! for in action are wisdom and glory,
Fame, immortality, these are its crown;
Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of story,
Build on achievements the doom of renown.

A forcible writer remarks:—To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace around in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our bookkeeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship that forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being.

Receipt for Making Friendship.—In Pliny's Natural History we find a very curious receipt for making Roman friendship, the principal ingredients of which were union of hearts, a flower that grew in several parts of the empire—sincerity, frankness, disinterestedness, pity, and tenderness, of each an equal quantity. These were all made up together, with two rich oils, which they called perpetual kind wishes, and serenity of temper, and the whole was strongly perfumed with the desire of pleasing, which gave it a most grateful smell, and was a sure restorative against vapors of all sorts. The cordial, thus prepared, was of so durable a nature, that no length of time could waste it; but what is more remarkable, says our author, it increased in its weight and value the longer you kept it.

Industry Rewarded.—A proud Welsh 'squire took it into his head to be very angry with a poor curate, who employed his leisure hours in mending clocks and watches, and actually applied to Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, with a formal complaint against him, for impiously carrying on a trade. His lordship having heard the complaint told the 'squire he might depend upon it that the strictest justice should be done in the case; accordingly, the mechanic-divine was sent for a few days after, when the Bishop asked him—"How he dared to disgrace his diocese, by becoming a mender of clocks and watches?" The other with humility answered, "To satisfy the wants of a wife and ten children!" "That won't do with me," rejoined the prelate; "I'll inflict such a punishment on you as shall make you leave off your pitiful trade, I promise you;" and immediately calling in his secretary, ordered him to make out a presentation for the astonished curate to a living of at least £150 per annum.

Genius.—He is not the greatest man, who, with a giant intellect, can startle the multitude as with sudden thunder. The impression left behind is not agreeable and lasting. He would stir up the soul, must have a calm, sympathising heart. It is this which vibrates through the human heart, leaps in the warm pulses, and urges us to deeds of mercy. The man whose smypathies are with common humanity—whose heart is moved by pure benevolence—breathes thoughts that will never die. Like the silent dews, they decend in the bosom to cheer, to bless and to save. The breath of true life is thus felt in the heart. Such a writer blends genius with humanity, and is destined to sway the multitude and urge them on to deeds of mercy and unending glory.

A Grammatical Pupil.—A country schoolmaster in the neighborhood of Cuckney, the other day, after giving one of his pupils a sound drubbing for speaking *bad grammer*, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, and at the same time promising to *repeat the dose* if he spoke to him *ungrammatically*—the youngster being quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact, and thus addressed his fellow pupil:—"There is a *common substantive*, of the *masculine gender, singular number, nominative case*, and in an *angry mood*, that sits perched upon the eminence at the other end of the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the *present tense*."

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son 'that if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the coat of his stomach out.'—'Then, old woman,' replied the youth, 'let it work in its *shirt sleeves*.'