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C. F. GOLDSBOROUGH, Editor & Proprietor.

POETRY.

Written for the Chronicle.

RECALL OF THE LEAF.

Come forth—come forth,—ye are freed once more,
The winter is past, and your bondage o'er,
Come screen the lawn where the school-boy plays,
And the grove where, at eve, the maiden strays,
Come clothe the tree, that is hanging o'er
Where the mother sits, at her cottage door;
For the vernal sun makes all too free
With the infant slumbering on her knee.

The wind from the South hath passed along,
He hath scattered his treasures of light and song;
He hath broken the chains of the captive lake,
And the stream that sports with the tangled brake,
He hath breathed on the sod where the hare-bell grows,
He hath kissed the lid of the sleeping rose,
And the crocus is showing its golden dye,
And the Iris hath opened its starry eye.

Come forth—come forth,—for the teemful earth
Is boisterous again with its joyous mirth;
The blackbirds' chorus is filling the oak,
And the frog is hoarse with his "croak," "croak," "croak;"
And the sparrow is twittering from tree to tree,
And the sunbeam is crossed by the humming bee;
The welkin is tuneful with mingled sound,
And forest, and valley, and hill resound.

Come forth—come forth,—for the evening breeze
Sounds mournful now through the leafless trees;
It tells us that Boreas is winding still
His fitful blast, on the upland hill
But come,—for the Spring is upon us now,
With her fragrant breath and her sunny brow,
She hath vanquished her foe of the chilly north,
The winter is gone,—come forth,—come forth.

* * *

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Inquisitive Yankee.

A gentleman riding in an eastern railroad car, which was rather sparely supplied with passengers, observed in the seat before him a lean slab-sided Yankee, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question; and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a most "inquiring mind." Before him, occupying the entire seat, sat a lady, dressed in deep black: and after shifting his position several times, and manœuvring to get an opportunity to look in her face, he at length "caught her eye." He nodded familiarly to her, and asked, with a nasal twang utterly incapable of imitation.

"In affliction?"

Yes, sir," replied the lady.

"Parents?—father or mother?"

"No, sir," said the lady.

"Child, perhaps?—a boy or gal?"

"No, sir, not a child," was the response, "I have no children."

"Husband, then, 'xpect?"

"Yes," was the curt answer.

"Hum—cholery?—a tradin' man, mebbe?"

"My husband was a sea faring man—the captain of a vessel—he did'nt die of cholera—he was drowned."

'Oh, drowned, eh!" pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant—"save his chest?" he asked.

"Yes, the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects," said the widow.

"Was they?" asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up.

"Pious man?" he continued.

"He was: a member of the Methodist church."

The next question was a little delayed, but it came:

"Don't yeou think you got gre-a-a-t cause to be thankful that he was a pious man, and saved his chist?"

"I do," said the widow, abruptly, and turning her head to look out of the car window. The indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the widow by his "glittering eye" once more, and propounded one more query, in a little lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward over the back of the seat.

"Was you cal'latin to git married agin?"

"Sir!" said the widow, indignantly, "you are impertinent!" And she left her seat and took another on the other side of the car.

"'Pears to be a little huffy!" said the inefffable bore, turning to our narrator, behind him.

"She need'nt be mad—I didn't want to hurt her feelins. What did they make you pay for that umberel you got in your hand? It's a real pootyone!" *Knickerbocker.*

☞Wood is the thing after all, as the man with a pine leg said when the mad dog bit it.

Remarkable Coincidences.

Kossuth in the speech before the legislature of Ohio, said:—

"Sir there are two remarkable coincidences. *The State of Ohio and myself have the same age.* The very year that your Constitution was framed I was born. *My breast has always heaved with intense interest* at the name of Ohio. It was as if something of supreme importance lay hidden for me in that name, to which my future was bound, by the very year of my nativity. This day my anticipations are realized.

"The second coincidence is that tidings of the present day will just reach Washington when the Senators of the United States sit down in judgment about the question of international law, and pronounce upon your country's foreign policy. Ohio has given its vote, by the resolutions I had the honour to hear; *and Ohio is one of the brightest stars of the Union,* Ohio's vote is the vote of two millions. It will have its constitutional weight in the council's where the delegates of the people's sovereignty find their glory in doing the people's will."

We pass the soft sawder of the above, (says the Richmond *Republican*. But the "*remarkable coincidences*" border on the supernatural.—We never heard of any thing to compare with them except those which are recorded of Mr. Peter Magnus in the veritable chronicles of Pickwick The reader will perhaps recollect that Mr. Pickwick, on one occasion, was about entering a stage coach, when a red-haired stranger, with an exquisite nose and blue spectacles, who had unpacked himself from a cab at the same moment as Mr, Pickwick inquired:

"Going to Ipswich, sir?"

"I am," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Remarkable coincidence. So am I."

Mr. Pickwick bowed.

"Going outside?" Said the red-haired man.

Mr. Pickwick bowed.

Bless my soul, how remarkable—I am going on the outside too," said the red haired man.—"We are positively going together." And the red-haired man smiled as if he had made one of the strangest discoveries that ever fell to the lot of human wisdom.

Arrived at the "White Horse" at Ipswich, Mr. Magnus inquired of Mr. Pickwick:

"Do you stop here, sir?"

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Dear me," said Mr. Magnus, "I never knew any thing like these extraordinary coincidences Why, I stop here, too."

Mr. Webster's Speeches.

We take the following from the Louisville Journal:

An edition of Mr. Webster's speeches and orations, comprised in six octavo volumes, is now in course of circulation. The work is to be preceded by a sketch of the author's life from the pen of Edward Everett, than whom there is not a more competent person for the task in the country. Mr. Webster's speeches are, beyond all question, better calculated for preservation than those of any other American statesman. No man has appeared in our government who is, in all the qualities of the mind, the equal of Mr. Webster. Others have had more genius, but no one has equaled him in general breadth and capacity, scholarship and acquirements, and the power of grasping with the grip of a giant all the relations of a great subject, and of uttering vast thoughts in a style both massive and manly. He is the best speaker of genuine Saxon English in the world.—Dr. Johnson advises students who desired to write English with clearness and elegance to give their days and nights to Addison; but if a student wishes to become acquainted with all the resources of the English tongue, let him study Webster instead of Addison. We regard the speeches of Mr. Webster as superior to those of Burke or any other statesman that England or America has produced. They are well worth publishing, and they are destined to live and to enjoy imperishable renown, while they illustrate and enrich what will hereafter be considered the early history of American statesmanship. The reply to Hayne is the best speech ever delivered. There is not one of the speeches of Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, or any other orator, of ancient or modern times, that will compare with that celebrated effort. It is

"Beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame."

A Dog's Imagination.—A dog, which refused dry bread, and was in the habit of receiving from his master little morsels dipped in the gravy of the meat remaining in the plate, snapped eagerly after dry bread if he saw it rubbed round the plate, and as, by way of experiment, this was repeatedly done till its hunger was satisfied, it was evident that the indignation of the animal conquered for the time its faculties of smell and taste.

The following is now being debated before the Tilletudlem Lyceum: "Which causes a girl the most pleasure—to hear herself praised or another gal run down." We shall issue the decision in an extra.

Lord Palmerston on the Slave Trade.

In the very comprehensive and able speech made in defence of his public course, by the Ex-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, in the House of Commons, on the 2d of February, we find the following just and encouraging passage:

"I now come to Brazil. With Brazil we are now co-operating with the great object of the suppression of the slave trade. That object has been attained with such success, that whereas in former years the number of slaves imported into Brazil had been 10,000, 16,000, and 17,000; the number of slaves brought during the last year was less than 3,000, of which a certain number were seized by the Government for the purpose of emancipation. And, sir, if the measures now in co-operation between England and Brazil, and the measures now being taken upon the coast of Africa, are well and systematically followed out, the people of this country will, in a short time, have the satisfaction of accomplishing the great and noble object which for so great a length of time has been the aim at which they have directed their efforts. I do not think the people of England desire the suppression of the slave trade because they believe they will gain thereby in reputation or renown; because it is not to gain reputation and renown that these sacrifices have been made, and these exertions been continued. They have desired the extinction of the slave traffic, not for fame, but for virtue's better end; and the people of this country will look for their reward, not to the tongues of men, but to the dispensing award of a just and retributive Providence."

The Electoral Vote for President.

The Louisville Courier gives the following electoral votes for President in 1852 and 1848:

States.	Vote in 1852.	Vote in 1848.
Maine,	8	9
New Hampshire,	5	6
Vermont,	5	6
Massachusetts,	13	13
Rhode Island,	4	4
Connecticut,	6	6
New York,	36	35
New Jersey,	7	7
Pennsylvania,	27	26
Delaware,	3	3
Maryland,	8	8
Virginia,	15	17
North Carolina,	10	11
South Carolina,	7	9
Georgia,	10	10
Florida,	3	3
Ohio,	23	25
Indiana,	13	12
Illinois,	11	9
Iowa,	4	4
Wisconsin,	5	4
Michigan,	6	5
Kentucky,	12	12
Missouri,	9	7
Alabama,	9	9
Louisiana,	6	6
Tennessee,	12	12
Missippi,	7	6
Arkansas,	4	3
Texas,	4	4
California,	4	9

Whole number votes 295
Necessary to a choice 158

Gen. Gorgey and his Wife.—The following singular tribute to the usual rightmindedness of women, occurs in the account of Gorgey's Surrender, extracted from the forthcoming "*Kossuth and his Generals,*" now in press: "When body after body of the Hungarian troops, at Vilagos, drew up before the Russians, and silently laid down their arms without any surmise of the treachery, Gorgey noticed at his side young Remenyi, scarcely eighteen years old, and a virtuosos on the violin. This youth had always been at the head-quarters of Gorgey, and often on the eve of battle, or on the morn after the combat, had enlivened with his sweet melodies the hearts of many an officer, and, as a new David, dispelled the gloomy thoughts of the Hungarian chief. Gorgey now hailed him, and inquired what he was going to do, and whether he was provided with money? Remenyi replied, with the carelessness of a youth, "that with his violin he could fight his way through the world, but as to money he had none."—Gorgey emptied his pocket, gave all his gold to Remenyi, united some golden toys, which were hanging on the chain of his watch, and said:—"Take this, my boy, in remembrance of me!"—As Remenyi noticed among these trifling jewels a small silver key, he returned it to the General, with the observation: "But this key you got from your wife; I cannot take it; my lady would be displeased if you gave away what you received from her as a keepsake." "Take it," said Gorgey, "for after what I have done to-day, my wife will never smile any more upon me."

☞The editor of the Gospel Banner gives an interesting account of a recent visit to Conrad Hyer, of Waldoboro, who if he lives till April next, will be 163 years old!

He was in the revolutionary service three years, and draws a pension of eight dollars per month.

He has nine children living, the *baby* being nearly three-score years old. His wife died ten years ago, after having lived with him 65 years. He is of German origin, being the first person born in Waldoboro, and knows no language but the German. His German Bible is his constant companion, which he reads daily.

A Great Polar Ocean.—Lieut. Osborne a member of one of the British Arctic Expeditions, read an interesting paper before a recent meeting of the Lond. Geographical Soc'ty, in which he contended for the existence of a great Polar Ocean. He said that in Wellington Channel he had observed immense numbers of whales running out from under the ice, a proof that they had been to water and come to water, for every one knew must have room to blow. He further said that there were almost constant flight of ducks and geese from the northward, another proof of water in that direction, since these birds found their food only in such water. He added, that it was his deliberate opinion from observations made on the spot, that whales passed up Wellington Channel into a northern sea. In reference to the abundance of animal life in the latitude of this supposed Polar Sea, he remarked that while on the southern side of Lancaster Sound he never saw game enough to keep his dog. Melville Island, one hundred and fifty miles to the northward, abounded in deer and musk oxen. It was thus clear, he continued, that animal life did not depend on latitude, but increased, if anything, after passing the seventieth degree. Moreover, while in Baffin's Bay the tide made for the southward, coming from the Atlantic, in Barrow's Straits it made for the northward, which could only be explained on the hypothesis of a sea in that direction.

Skill of a Juggler.—A curious instance of rare skill in a Hindoo juggler is related in connection with the famous English General, Charles Napier, The juggler, who was a sword player, boasted at a public festival where Napier was present, that he could at one blow cleave in two a lime laid on the palm of a man's hand without the least injury to the hand. Napier held out his right hand with the lime on it.—The juggler, awed by his rank, was reluctant to perform the experiment, but instead cut the fruit horizontally. Being urged to fulfil his boast, he examined the lines on the general's palm, and said it was not to be experimented upon with safety. Napier then held out his left hand, which was admitted to be suitable.—The juggler still hesitated, waved his keen, thin-edged blade two or three times as if about to strike, and each time withdrew it, declaring that he was uncertain of success. Finally, he was forced to make trial; and the lime fell open, clearly divided—the edge of the sword had just marked its passage over the skin without drawing a drop of blood!

It is difficult to say which is most remarkable in this feat—the skill of the Hindoo or the nerve of the Englishman.

A Reporting Machine.—Many and strange as are the uses to which machinery is being adapted now-a-days, we question if it ever entered into the head of any man to adapt it to such a description of work as reporting for the press. Yet this has actually been accomplished by our ingenious townsman, Dr. Dewar, who has invented a machine, at one end of which the reporter's short-hand notes are placed, and the other end of which—a few yards off—they are produced at the ordinary rate of speaking, in clear, bold, long hand, ready for being put into the hands of the printer. An experiment, made on Thursday night (including the speech of Mr. Arthur, slightly condensed in our report of the free Presbytery's meeting,) was quite successful. To give an idea of the advantages that may be secured by this machine, we may mention that four columns of the type used for reports by the Times may be produced comfortably in a couple of hours, by one reporter, whereas, under the present laborious and cumbrous plan, nearly eight hours would be consumed in the task by an ordinary reporter.—*Aberdeen Herald.*

☞It is asserted with confidence in some quarters that Santa Anna is arranging matters for another revolution in Mexico. A letter published in the *New York Times*, dated in Mexico, the 28th December last says:

"A house has been built there and furnished for him by one of his friends, and many things useful for a campaign are landing there daily.—The day I left I saw one hundred and fifty or two hundred camp kettles going into the warehouses of the leading Santanist there, and many bales of blankets and clothing. All the officials in that State (Guerre) are Santa Anna's friends. Gen. Alvarez, the Governor, is almost omnipotent, a firm friend of the great conspirator, and and a bitter enemy of President Arista. He has plenty of arms, and can call into the field 17,000 Indians at any moment.

Kentucky Statesman.

The New Mormon Capital.—A writer in the *National Intelligencer* states that Brigham Young and his associates, being well satisfied that, upon a fair representation of facts to Government by the returned Judges, the civil authority of the territory would be withdrawn from their control, they have, with their usual cunning, located the capitol in one of the most out-of-the-way, inconvenient and unsafe districts to be found within the limits of the Territory, with the view not only to expose the officers who might be sent there, to Indian hostilities, but to remove them so far from Salt Lake City as to prevent their taking cognizance of crimes and offences there, over which the Church claims to exercise exclusive jurisdiction. Recent letters from Salt Lake City announce these as the reason for the act.

FOR THE FARMER.

The Cambridge Chronicle will be sent, gratis, to any persons who will become regular contributors to this department

TO KILL VERMIN ON CATTLE.

A correspondent from Ohio suggests, for Othello's information, to try one quarter of a pound of white arsenic with two pounds of soft soap, boiled together, in four gallons of water, until the arsenic is properly dissolved, when it must be well rubbed over the animal. This would, probably, answer the purpose; but I have a receipt which is so much more convenient, being attended with no danger from careless usage, as the above poison undoubtedly is, that I never resort to any other method. It is simply common lamp-oil—one quart of which is sufficient to drive all vermin from the largest ox that I have seen. Let a stream be poured along the back from head to tail; let another one encircle the body just back of the shoulders, and again fronting the hips, around the flanks; all of which should be well rubbed, so as to spread it over the animal as much as possible. Particular attention should be given to such parts as the creature cannot reach. I have seen both cattle and hogs cleansed in this manner, by two or three applications, when they have been so thickly covered as to be fairly alive with the vermin.—Such treatment is of especial advantage to many pigs in the spring of the year, whether infested with vermin or not, as the oil has a great tendency to remove the dry scurf with which the body is always covered in such cases, by closing the pores of the skin and obstructing that healthy though insensible perspiration so natural to all creatures.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

A Preparation for cleaning Tin covers.—Boil rotten-stone and a small quantity of prepared whitening in sweet oil for two hours, until it acquires the consistency of cream.

Glue paste.—Instead of pure water for mixing the flour, use glue water, to which add some alumn and resin to keep it from turning. It must be made very thick.

To take Iron Stains out of Marble.—Mix equal quantities of fresh oil of vitriol and lemon-juice in a bottle; shake it well; wet the spots, and in a few minutes rub them with a soft linen until they disappear.

To Purify Stagnant Water.—One part of chalk and two of alumn will speedily purify stagnant water; and four parts of animal carbon, and one of alum, are sufficient to purify a thousand parts of muddy river water.

Essence of Nutmeg.—This is made by dissolving one ounce of the oil in a pint of rectified spirits. It is an expensive, but an invaluable mode of flavoring in the arts of the cook or confectioner.

Essence of Ginger.—Let four ounces of Jamaica Ginger be well bruised, and put it into a dint of rectified spirits of wine. Let it remain a fortnight, then press and filter it. A little essence cayénne may be added; if wished.

Philadelphia Buns.—Take a pound of flour, the rinds of three lemons grated fine, half a pound of butter melted in a coffeecup of cream, a teaspoonful of yeast, and three eggs. Mix; add half a pound of finely-powdered white suga; work well, let it stand to rise well, and it will, make 39 buns.

Change of Seed.—Dr. A. L. Elwyn, of Philadelphia, has a strong article on the subject of the frequent changing of seed, and thinks that often the failure of the crops may be directly attributable to imperfect or unproductive seed.

"Seed," he says; designed for sowing or planting, "should be perfectly ripe or matured and then carefully preserved, so that it may not suffer the slightest deterioration, before being put in the ground. Imperfect or badly matured seed, unquestionably tends to disease." He thinks that were the rule always observed, of sowing and planting the best, "there would be less necessity for the frequent change of seed, which is now considered almost essential."

Sowing Grass as a Crop.—In Hamilton county, but in no other as we know of, some of the best farmers sow their timothy as they would a crop of grain. They prepare the ground thoroughly, by plowing, harrowing and rolling, till it is well tilled and smooth. The seed is then sown early in September and bushed in.—They put on about a peck on the acre. The results are very striking. They have a crop of hay the next haying—it is that kind they sow, and no mixture of native grass—it is free of weeds, and the meadow will endure about twice as long before it must be broken up.—*Western Agriculturist.*

Cultivating Fruit Trees.—The Prairrie Farmer in speaking of the injury to young orchards occasioned by the common practice of sowing them to grain and seeding to grass, makes this fair comparison. "Small grains in the orchard, are worse than pepper in Lemonade.—So we think." He might have added that they are about as nourishing to fruit trees, as ten penny nails would be to a horse, or a Scotch-snuff pudding to young children.

In what part of the Bible is the existence of the Centaur recognized?

Where the head of John the Baptist came in on a Charger.