DORCHESTER COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

NEW SERIES—VOL. 9. CAMBRIDGE, MD—SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 18, 1845. NUMBER 4

POETRY.

THE HAPPY FARMER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Saw ye the Farmer at the plough,
As you were riding by?
Or wearied 'neath his noon day toil,
When summer suns were high?
And thought you that his lot was hard?
And did you thank your God,
That you and yours, were not condemn'd
Thus like a slave to plod?

Come, see him at his harvest home,
When garden, field, and tree,
Conspire with flowing stores to fill
His barn and granery.
His health'ful children gaily sport,
Amid the new morn hay,
O proud'y aid with vigrous arm,
His task as best they may.

The dog partakes his master's joy,
And guards the loaded wain,
The feathery people clap their wings,
And lead their goungling train.
Perchance the hoary grandsire's eye,
The glowing scene surveys,
And breathes a blessing on his race,
Or guides their evening praise.

The Harvest Giver is their friend,
The maker of the soil,
And earth, the Mother, gives the bread
And cheers their patient toil.
Come, join them round their wint'ry hearth,
Their heart-felt pleasures see,
And you can better judge how blest
The Farmer's life may be.

THERE IS BEAUTY EVERY WHERE.

BY JAMES A. BEVERIDGE.

There's beauty in the dashing wave,
When the storm is raging high—
There's beauty in the quiet stream
As it gently glideth by.
There's beauty in the cloud'ess night
When stars are shining clear,
Or darkness shuts them from the sight—
There's beauty every where.

There's beauty when the morning dawns
And gives to earth her light,
And when the fading sun proclaims
The slow approach of night.
There's beauty in the verdant lawn
When buds their blushes wear,
And when the ice-king holds his court,
There's beauty every where.
There's beauty when the Christian kneels
In humble prayer to Heaven—
When o'er his soul hope sweetly steals,
And tells of sins forgiven.
There's beauty in the merry sounds
That float upon the air,
When music breathes a happy strain—
There's beauty every where.

THE CHILD'S TEAR; or, the Miser reformed.

Imagine yourself, good reader, to be present at one of the crowded green rooms of the city of Paris.—Many persons are there assembled—actors, actresses, managers, dramatists, and dramatic critics. Jest and story are passing in abundance, and all seem to be animated and merry. Yet a grave story sometimes flows from the lips of those who are there met together, and it would be injustice to say that it did not meet with sympathy from, or was unappreciated by, the talkative party to which it was addressed. One such story we shall relate, as it was told in that temple of merriment.

A new performer was complaining of inability to present herself before the public without the most distressing agitation. Some of those present encouraged the poor beginner; but the majority expressed an opinion of a different kind. 'Such tremors are incurable,' said the latter class, 'nature has made us originally either bold or timid.' 'Yes,' said others who concurred in the sentiment expressed, 'just as she has made us, cold or ardent, grave or gay. We remain what we were first made. Show us an aspiring man cured of his ambition, or a miser converted.'

Some of those who listened to these observations exclaimed against them as having a tendency to make men materialists or fatalists. One individual, however, gave the last remark a more decided answer. 'You ask for a converted miser,' said he, 'I can show you one. There is such a being among us now; it is myself!' The person who said this was a popular dramatist, noted for his generosity of feeling. 'What!—you a miser?' said one of those who heard him; 'nonsense!—it is impossible.' 'Not so,' answered he calmly; 'I speak the truth, I was a miser, though now thoroughly cured, I hope, of the failing.'—'And what, pray, operated a cure upon you?' returned one of the auditors. 'Listen, and I will tell you,' answered he; 'it was an *infant's tear*.' All present crowded round immediately, and heard from his lips the following story:

'The incidents which I am about to relate,' said the dramatist, 'occurred in 1834. I had just then given to the theatre of the Porte Saint Martin one of my pieces—that which brought me the greatest share of fame and emolument. Two letters were sent to me at that period. One was from the manager of the Marseilles Theatre, informing me that he was anxious to bring out my new piece there, but that on a rehearsal, such difficulties had been met with as to render it desirable that I should be present myself, previous to the production of the drama. The remuneration for my trouble was to be left to my own decision. The second letter was also from Marseilles. It ran in these terms: 'Sir, the wife and daughter of your brother are dying of want. Some hundreds of francs would save them, and I doubt not that you will judge it proper to visit connections so near to you, and make arrangements for their preservation and future comfort.' This letter was signed by Dr. Lambert, of Marseilles.

'I have already said to you that I was a miser, in the worst sense of the word, and it is an avowal which my latter conduct barely enables me to make without shame. The letter of the physician did not move my pity, but it renewed certain angry feelings which had formerly existed towards my sister in-law in my mind.—Some few years before this time my brother, an honest sailor who fell a prey to the elements he loved so well, had written to me announcing his intention to marry the daughter of a fisherman, a girl who had brought him the dowry of an excellent heart, two pretty eyes, and a total want of money. I was both proud and miserly, and I answered him saying that, 'since he chose to marry a girl without a shilling, he might be happy, if he could, but that he was doing a very foolish and degrading action.' I had the brutality even to advise him to break with the girl, if he yet had it in his power. He, like a true hearted and worthy man, wedded the girl he loved according to his promise. My sister-in law was a Breton, proud and honest. She never forgot my letter, and despised the sender.

"When she lost her husband, and was thrown into poverty and distress, it was long ere she could bring her mind to listen to the thought of her petitioning for aid from one of such a disposition as I had evinced.—But the sight of her girl, her only girl, wasting away from sheer want, and the reflection that the poor thing must otherwise be cast helpless upon the world, made her disclose her connection with me to the benevolent medical man who attended her. The result was the letter I have alluded to.

'The prospect of emolument being very great it may be imagined that I was not disinclined to visit the Marseilles theatre. I answered the managers letter immediately, and followed it in person without delay.—When I arrived at Marseilles, the first person whom I saw was the surgeon who had written to me. He was in waiting for me at the principal hotel there. As I had not answered [illegible] man had said in his simplicity, "he will be here in person," and day after day he had looked for me.—The words with which he saluted me were these: "You have lost no time, sir. Doubtless you thought, and justly, that death might come in the way, if delay took place. Ah! I am glad to see you; it is a proof of your unwearying kindness to your relatives." What could I do? My purpose had been to visit Marseilles for the theatre only; but there was a degree of touching simplicity in the physician's manner, which had more effect in preventing me from disclosing the truth than would have been produced by an attack upon me for negligence. I felt it impossible to avow to such a man the real and sole purpose of my visit to Marseilles, and accordingly, instead of going straight to the theatre, as I intended, I walked away with the doctor to my sister-in law's.

"I found her in a most wretched hovel, scarcely penetrated by a single ray of the sun. Near the bed of the poor sufferer stood an object which drew my first attention. This was her little girl, with large black eyes, beautiful curling locks, and a countenance finely formed and intelligent, while marked at the same time by a degree of grave resignation, the result of the previous habitude of suffering. How interesting that creature seemed to me! I felt at first as if I could have taken her fondly to my arms; but sordid avarice interposed suddenly and struck me with the thought that, if I allowed myself to be moved, I must assuredly burden myself with new and heavy duties, which might press upon me for life. I involuntarily shrunk back at this base suggestion of the demon within me. The physician saw the movement, and, good man, he ascribed it to pity. 'The sight of this misery touches you sir,' said he; 'but the physician must look closely into the ills which he would cure. It is you who must be the physician here. Come nigh your poor relative."

"When my sister-in-law noticed my approach, she made an effort to raise herself. There was upon her wan and faded countenance a mixture of pride and sadness, which told me plainly that it cost her much to apply to me. She descended to no crouching entreaty, but raising her finger which trembled with weakness and emotion, she pointed to her little girl, and said, 'See that sweet angel, that gift of Heaven!—She will soon have no mother.'

"Equally true and disgraceful it is, that this appeal did not contract or wipe away the miserly fears which had beset me. I answered even in cold tones. 'Why entertain such fears? You are young; you have a good physician; you despair unnecessarily.' Any man would have added: 'You have a brother-in law too, who will give every comfort in his power.' I added no such words. My only thought was how to escape in the easiest manner. Meanwhile the little girl had been gazing on me with eyes which seemed to indicate that even she felt the want of cordiality in that relative who had come to her mother's side. At length while I stood in my uneasy uncertainty, she came close to me and said, 'sit down on the bed, for you are too tall to let me kiss you if you stand.' I sat down and the child climbed upon my knee. The Breton closed her eyes, and uplifted her hands, as if praying in aid of the child's possible influence.

"Alas! feeling that my danger increased, I but hardened my heart the more, and clung more closely to the idol whom I worshipped. My brow even contracted a frown, and there was a drop of perspiration upon it, as I gazed upon the child. She, however, was not deterred from kissing me. 'Will you be my pa?' said she; 'I shall love you well. How like you are to my dead papa! He was good, good; are you good also!' The touching grace of this infantile appeal was indescribable; I felt its influence, and it moved me—to what? to untwine the arms of the child rudely from my neck, and sit her down upon the floor.—The effect of this repulse upon her was striking and instantaneous. She cast upon me a glance, in which surprise, disappointment, and fear were mingled, and a tear, gathering in her beautiful eye, rolled slowly down her cheek. Her silent sorrow did what her endearments had utterly failed to do. A sudden revolution took place in my feelings. As by an enchanter's wand, the utter brutality of my avaricious self-love was laid before my eyes in all its nakedness. I shuddered at the spectacle, and yielding instantaneously to the better feeling awakened, I hastily took up the child, and exclaimed, laying my hand upon her head: 'Before Heaven and thy mother, I promise to be a father to thee.' And never have I repented me of that promise. The hard heart of a miser was melted by the tear of a child—his nature was changed, and I trust his whole character reformed."

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

"We have seen Jesus at the bar of Pilate. We shall see Pilate at the bar of Jesus."

Every man has a case pending in the court of eternal judgment, in which property is concerned, even his right to the tree of life and his title to the inheritance that fadeth not away; and liberty is involved, the freedom of the soul from the most cruel tyranny that ever oppressed and degraded man; and life is at stake, not this life only, which, if it be not violently cut off, soon terminates of itself, but a life to which this is not as the minutest dew-drop to the showerless and unfathomable ocean. If this case be decided against you, you forfeit that right and title to heaven, you lose the freedom of the soul, and you can entail upon your immortality a curse, which causes it to have all the evils of death, and to be called death, while it has none of its immunities. And the day of trial is approaching. You have already been summoned to be in readiness, for you know not the hour when you will be called to trial. Are you prepared for trial? Have you secured the advocacy of Him who alone can successfully manage your cause?

How intensely interesting and awful a day will that of the judgment be! It would seem as if Christ was always thinking of it.—How frequently he speaks of it, and he [illegible]

It is the judgment seat of CHRIST before which we are to appear. "The Father judgeth no man, but has committed all judgment to his Son." Christian, what a subject thou hast here for thy heart's most fond meditation—thy Saviour thine arbiter—thine advocate and thy judge the same. What client would not be willing that his own counsel should decide his case! Dost thou tremble at the thought of going to judgment?—Why, it is but to go to Christ—to him who has already taken thy burden and given thee rest. Once He has already accepted thee. Will he change his mind and reject thee? Will He not honor his own righteousness, which he put on thee? Shall not his pleadings for thee prevail, when he pleads, as it were, with himself—and his intercessions on thy behalf are made to his own heart, that sorrowed for thee and to his own bosom that bled for thee?—"Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." Impossible! And, yet if he does not condemn, who can, since He is the judge?—This argument, by which the sinner's Saviour is his judge, constitutes one among the many surpassing beauties of Christianity. I wonder that the mere man of taste is not struck with it. Child of God, follower of the Lamb, press the thought to thy heart, cherish it among the richest recollections. So shalt thou 'have boldness in the day of judgment."

THE HUSBANDMAN.

"I am a true labourer. I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my farm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and lambs suck."

Such is the picture of a husbandman's life drawn by the unerring pencil of Shakspeare, and such the sentiment we would endeavor to instil into the minds of our readers. In the structure of our animal economy, a wise provision has been made for its healthy action, by giving employment to body and mind as necessary to procure the comforts of life, without "eating the bread of idleness," and thus deteriorating in muscular strength, and in capacity or taste, for the enjoyment of all that is rich, rare, and beautiful in the garden of Nature. Let us for an instant transport the eye to yonder field! See the strong arm guiding the plough and delving the earth for treasures whose riches shall be revealed to him at harvest time! See him gazing with admiration upon the waving corn—the bleating flocks—the clustering trees—the neat cottage, and a thousand other things to fill his soul with gratitude and praise! That man is the envy of king's with a landed title securer than the throne on which they sit, and happier far than he who wears the diadem. He 'earns that he eats,' and his food thus becomes sweeter to his taste from the fact that he has labored for it.

There are many who seem disconted with the endearments of a rural life, and sigh for the pent-up atmosphere of a crowded city. To such we would say, shake off the delusion! The gilded drapery of fashion the pride and pomp of gloated wealth may, for a moment dazzle the eye, but when we look around us for the comforts and quietude of our own peaceful cottage, we will soon perceive, that these trappings cannot give ease to an aching breast, or slumber to a troubled conscience. We love the country—the green, open country—and would rather go forth to the field, with spade in hand; and 'earn that we eat' than chew the food of idleness, or bask in the smiles of fashion. Our theatre is there—our home is the heavens—our curtain the dark blue sky—the sweet scented honeysuckle and the green grass are the carpet on which we tread—roses are strewed before us—the tinkling bell awakes us, and the rising sun points to our work. Action, that great propeller of the human heart nerves us for our labors—and the scene is disclosed, our senses are saluted with sweeter songs and views, than we ever witnessed by the votaries of jewelled halls with their most enrapturing songs. Who would not live in such a country?—Valley Farmer.

The Value of Observation to the Farmer.

Perhaps to no man or class of men is the value of observation so great as to the farmer. His business is principally with natural objects. His occupation leads him in many things to imitate or follow nature. But the laws of nature are learned only by watching the secret processes and the silent operations which are going on, and thus ascertaining the causes which produce the effects which we see taking place around us. The man who watches closest—who suffers no change to take place without looking into the cause—who, in fine, observes the most, and treasures up the most in his memory, becomes most acquainted with the laws before spoken of and by consequence is the best farmer. Although the observations which have been made and recorded by others, have become a large fund of valuable information, there is yet a vast deal more to learn. Facts are yet in the dark which can only be elicited by observation.

It would be interesting to have a history of many of the useful improvements that have been made from slight observations, which first gave the hint to set the experiment on foot. Mrs. Child gives a pleasing statement of the value of observation in one instance. A farmer not fifty miles from Boston, says she, is quite famous for the improvement he has made in the wild grape. He found a vine in the woods which dozens of his neighbors passed every week, as well as he; but he *observed* that where the oxen fed upon the vine the grapes were largest and sweetest. He took the hint. The vine was transplanted and closely pruned. This produced the same effect as browsing had done; the nourishment, that in a wild state supported a great weight of vines and tendrils, went entirely to the body of the grape. *His* neighbors would have known this as well as he, if they had thought about it; but they did not *observe*. It is by thus observing that we are enabled to gather experience, and experience guides to future success.—*Me. Far.*

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

The St. Louis Reveille—a capital paper it is too, waking up sleepy people with its rub-a-dub—has the following, which deserves to be writ in letters of gold, where we may all see it every day:—

"The parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go in the way that he would train up the child."

Ay—an ounce of example is worth whole tons of precept; and there would be a great saving of scoldings and whippings, if the people could learn to govern themselves before they undertake to govern others.—Be a living lesson in your own proper individuality; and there is a little fear but that those who look up to you, will follow in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessor; but if you undertake to bully or to thump juveniles into the practice of virtues, which with you are mere matters of theory, the success of the experiment is doubtful, to say the least of it. They are much more apt to do as you say; and you will often find them a mirror in which your own faults are reflected, it may be with exaggeration. Go, therefore, in the way in which you would train up a child—leading the van, with all due consideration for the weaknesses and inexperiences of the feeble ones who are thus called upon to follow,—not expecting too much from untried limbs, or rebuking too harshly the missteps and stumbling of those who are weaker than yourself.—*Neal's Gazette.*

DON'T YOU DO IT.

When a petulent individual politely observes to you, 'You had better eat me up, had n't you!' Dont you do it.

When you have any business to transact with a modern financier, and he asks you to go and dine with him, don't you do it.

If on an odd occasion your wife should exclaim to you, 'now tumble over the cradle and break your neck, do!'—don't you do it.

Should you happen to catch yourself whistling in a printing office, and the compositors tell you to whistle louder—don't you do it.

When you are shining very expeditiously round town, in search of somebody with something over, who can assist you with a loan, and you are suddenly anticipated by somebody who wants to borrow from you—don't you do it.

When you are offered a great bargain the value of which you know nothing about, but which you are to get at half price, 'being as it's you'—don't you do it.

When a messenger from your next door neighbor comes, requesting the loan of your morning paper, just as you have set down to read it—do it by all means.—Always lend your newspaper.

When a young lady catches you alone, and lays violent *eyes* upon you, expressing '*pop*' in every glance—don't you do it.

If our collector should chance to call upon you, requesting the payment of a little advertising bill, or asking half a dozen of your friends' names as subscribers—do it—do it!

From the Pennsylvanian.

AN INDIAN REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS.

A paragraph has lately been going the rounds of the newspapers, stating that the *Choctaw* Indians had elected PITCHLYN, one of the tribe, as their representative to Washington, as if this was a new and important movement. As early as 1778, by treaty with the Delawares, it was agreed that the tribe, united with others, might have a Representative in *Congress*. In the treaty of Hopewell, made with the Cherokees in 1785, it was also agreed that they shall have the right whenever they think fit, to send a Deputy of their choice to Congress. And in the treaty with the Choctaws in 1830, they requested the privilege of sending a Delegate to Congress. How far these treaty provisions were ever carried out we have not the means of knowing. In 1838, however, a bill was introduced into both branches of Congress, providing for the organization of a territorial government over various Indian tribes to the number of some thirty, and intended ultimately to include over one hundred and thirty thousand individuals, and embracing an extent of territory of two hundred miles in width and six hundred in length. This bill provided for the establishment of all the various departments of *an Indian Government*—to be composed of persons elected or appointed by the Indians themselves, and to have an agent at Washington. The bill was ably discussed in the Senate, and passed by a vote of 38 yeas to 6 nays, but was not taken up in the House, in consequence, it is believed, of an indisposition manifested by the Indians at that time to the contemplated government; nor has the question been agitated since.

What may be the consequence of the late movement of the Choctaws it is difficult to predict. The plan of forming the more civilized into an independent government, looking ultimately to its admission into the Union as a State, has many advocates in and out of Congress. Nor is this disposition confined to any one or more portions of the Union, but spreads itself over the whole country, as well in the south and west as in the middle and east, and perhaps in the former more than in the latter. An attempt was made, when the bill just alluded to was before the Senate, by a northern member, to create a feeling against the plan by uniting the Indian with the negro race, but the attempt was sternly rebuked by the southern members, and indignantly voted down; and since that period some of the Indian tribes within our borders have been, by unanimous acts of Congress, naturalized—made citizens, with all the privileges of the white race—one tribe as late as 1841-2 in Wisconsin. It will be seen therefore, that there is no great or insurmountable barrier is the formation of Indian States, or to have an Indian member of Congress or even President of the United States. We freely say that we think the scheme we have alluded to commends itself to the feeling of every philanthropic heart, and every patriotic judgment, as the most effective means of improving and elevating the race, and maintaining peace and quiet on our western borders. The decided vote of the United States Senate in its favor, in 1838, embracing as that vote did the names of many of the most eminent of both political parties, shows that it only wanted the consent of the Indians themselves to ensure its final success.

Several of the tribes embraced within the limits of the proposed territorial government are far advanced in civilization. As early as 1838, the Choctaws, Cherokees, Creeks, Weas, Shawnees, Delawares, Pottawatamies, Otoes, Ioways and Osages, had books printed in their own languages; and, if we are not mistaken, the Shawnees, Choctaws, and Cherokees, had established newspapers. PITCHLYN, or Major Pitchlyn, as he is usually called, the Choctaw delegate is well known at Washington, and not unknown in New York and Philadelphia, both of which cities he visited in 1841. It was our privilege to become acquainted with him at that time, and we are satisfied from that acquaintance that the interests of his tribe and race could not have been entrusted to safer or more capable hands. Pitchlyn though only a half breed, is all Indian—every pulse of his heart is with that race; and whenever speaking of them and their destiny his otherwise rather languid eyes always shone with the true Indian fire. His dress and appearance, when we saw him, was that of a plain gentleman—his manners and address easy and dignified. He spoke English fluently and correctly, and seemed as well informed upon all the subjects and matters of general interest to society, as other intelligent and well educated men. We wish him good speed in his new mission.

RECEIPT FOR CURING HAMS.—We have been handed the following receipe for curing hams by one of the most eminent practitioners in this city; the saleratus is at least new to us, and we therefore publish it, although it may not be a new ingredient in the receipe to others. In Cincinnati, where large quantities of hams are annually cured, pepper allspice, cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon, and other ingredients are usually added; but to the receipe.

Cover the bottom of the cask with coarse salt, lay on the hams with the smooth or skin side down, sprinkle over fine salt, then another layer of hams, and so continue until the cask is full.—This ought to be of the larger kind. A cask holding 61 gallons is small enough, & it would be better if it held 120 gallons. Make a brine in the following proportions: 6 gallons water, 9 lbs. salt, 4 lbs. brown sugar, 3 ounces saltpetre, 1 ounce salaratus. Scald and skim; and when cold, pour the brine into the cask until the hams are completely covered. The hams should remain in this pickle at least three months, and a little longer time would do them no harm.—American Agriculturist.

'Ma, do combs eat?' 'No child.' 'Well what do they have teeth for?'

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