The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] "LIGHT FOR ALL." [Editor & Proprietor.

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

From the West Chester Jeffersonian.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

At morn, in the forest's dim arcades,
The fawn with timid eye,
As he woke from his sleep in the thicket's shades,
Shook the sparkling drops from the dewy blades,
And bounded lightly by,
And the lark poured forth his matin hymn,
As away from his home in the forest dim,
He soared in the morning sky.

The red light shone o'er the distant hill,
Like the lamps in the festive hall,
But the aisles of the green-wood were lone and still
Save the murmur'd chant of the hidden rill,
Or the cascade's distant fall.
The glad rays beamed on the dewy bowers,
As if they would woo the shrinking flowers—
Lovely and bright was all.

But a sound rang out through the forest's heart.—
'Twas a host in war's array;
From his covert away did the wild deer start,
When the clarion peal'd and the flashing dart
Gleamed through the narrow way.
Slowly they wound through the rocky dell,
And the stirring tones of the war drum fell
On the startled ear of Day.

But hark! to the fearful sound that broke,
Like the crash of a thunder-peal;
Then rose, 'mid the clouds of wreathing smoke,
A sound that each slumb'ring echo woke—
And the clash of contending steel;
Yet the foe, unseen, in their ambush lay,
For the vine wreathed rocks, in that rugged way,
Did their dusky forms conceal.

Heaped in that dell were the gory dead,
Rider and horse were low,
The crimsoned sod was their dying bed,
No sorrowing tears were o'er them shed,
But the wild yell of the foe
Rose o'er the field when the fight was o'er—
And tho' none for them might the sad dirge pour
Nature seem'd hushed in wo.

Eyes, lit with joy as the morning's beam,
Looked on the world their last,
Hearts that were free as the mountain stream,
Were still'd ere the glow of their young life's dream
Had faded in sorrow's blast;
Yet their fate shall live on the storied page,
'Mid the legends old of a stormy age,
From earth forever past.

Evening closed o'er the forest-scene;
At morn, it was calm and fair—
But dimmed, at eve, was the bright rill's sheen,
And the dead steed lay where the lawn had been
Roused up from his shady lair—
The wolf's wild howl was heard afar,
And sadly down looked the evening star,
On the dead who slumbered there

West Chester, Jan 21, 1843. J. B. T.

The public have long been looking for a tribute from "Amelia" to the memory of the gifted and lamented "Viola." Here it is at last. And is it not beautiful!

VIOLA.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

She hath passed like a bird from the minstrel throng
She has gone to the land where the lovely belong!
Her place is hushed by her lover's side,
Yet his heart is full of his fair young bride;
The hopes of his spirit are crushed and bowed,
As he thinks of his love in her long white shroud;
For the fragrant sighs of her perfumed breath
Were kiss'd from her lips by his rival—Death.

Cold is her bosom, her thin white arms
All mutely crossed o'er its icy charms,
As she lies, like a statue of Grecian art,
With a marbled brow and a cold hushed heart.
Her locks were bright, but their gloss is hid,
Her eye is sunk 'neath its waxen lid.
And thus she lies in her narrow hall—
Our fair young minstrel—he loved of all.

Light as a bird's were her springing feet,
Her heart as joyous—her song as sweet.
Yet never again shall that heart be stirr'd
With its wild songs like a singing bird.
Never again shall the strains be sung
That in sweetness dropped from her silver tongue;
The music is over, and Death's cold dart
Hath broke the spell of that free glad heart.

Often at eve when the breeze is still,
And the moon floats up by the distant hill,
As I wander alone 'mid the summer bowers,
And wreathe my locks with the sweet wild flowers,
I will think of the time when she lingered there
With her mild blue eyes, and her long, fair hair;
I will treasure her name in my bosom core—
But my heart is sad—I can sing no more.

THE ARROGANCE OF LIFE.

BY DR. CHANNING.

The vassalage of fashion, which is a part of rank prevents, continually, the free expansion of men's powers. Let us have the greatest diversity of occupations. But this does not imply that there is a need of splitting society into casts or ranks, or that a certain number should arrogate superiority, and stand apart from the rest of men as a separate race. Men may work in different departments in life and yet recognize their brotherly relation and honor one another and hold friendly communion with another. Undoubtedly men will prefer as friends and common associates those with whom they sympathise most. But this is not to form a rank or caste. For example, the intellectual seek out the intelligent; the pious those who reverence God. But suppose the intellectual and religious to cut themselves off by some broad visible distinction, from the rest of society, to form a clan of their own, to refuse admission into their houses people of inferior knowledge and virtue, and to diminish as far as possible the occasions of intercourse with them. would not society rise up as one man against this arrogant exclusiveness?—And if intelligence and piety may not be formations of caste, on what shall they, who have no distinction but wealth, superior costume, richer equipages, finer houses, draw lines around themselves, and constitute themselves a higher class?—That some should be richer than others is natural and is necessary, and could only be prevented by gross violations of right.

Leave men to the free use of their powers and some will accumulate more than their neighbors. But to be prosperous is not to be superior, and should from no barrier between men. Wealth ought not to secure to the prosperous the slightest consideration. The only distinction which should be recognized are those of the soul, it strong principle, of incorruptible integrity, of usefulness, of cultivated intellect, of fidelity, of seeking for truth. A man, in proportion as he has these claims should be honored and welcomed every where. I see not why such a man, however coarsely, it neatly dressed, should not be a respected guest in the most splendid mansions, and at the most brilliant meetings. A man is worth infinitely more than saloons, and the costumes and the shows of the universe. He was made to tread all those beneath his feet. What an insult to humanity is the present deference to dress and upholstery, as if silk worms and looms, scissors and needles could produce something nobler than a man. Every good man should protest against a caste founded on outward prosperity, because it exalts the outward above the inward, the material above the spiritual; because it springs from and cherishes a contemptible pride in superficial and transitory distinctions; because it alienates man from his brother, breaks the tie of common humanity, and breeds jealousy, scorn and mutual ill will.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM FOREIGN NEWS BY THE ACADIA.

BRITISH PARLIAMENT.—Friday night, Feb. 3. The business in the British Parliament, up to a late hour on Friday night, was unimportant.

Mr. Roebuck gave notice that he would, on an early day, move an address to her Majesty, praying that a free pardon might be extended to all persons who had been transported from Upper and Lower Canada for political offences.

Mr. Villiers gave notice that he would on an early day, move for an inquiry into the present Corn Laws, with a view to their total and immediate repeal.—[Hear, hear.]

SIR CHARLES METCALF.—The new Governor General of Canada, Sir Charles Metcalf, and suite, will leave Liverpool in the steamboat Columbia, which sails from this port on the 4th of March next.

Mr. Drummond, Sir Robert Peal's Secretary, was shot in open day near the Horse Guard, on the 20th ult.

RIGHT OF SEARCH.

On Thursday Sir Robert Peel made a speech in the House of Commons, in which the following passage occurs.—

"Perhaps I may do right to confirm what the honorable gentleman has said, that there is nothing more distinct than the right of visit is from the right of search. Search is a belligerent right, and not to be exercised in time of peace, except when it has been conceded by treaty. The right of search extends not only to the vessel, but to the cargo also. The right of visit is quite distinct from this, though the two are often confounded. The right of search, with respect to American vessels, we entirely and utterly disclaim, nay, more, if we knew that an American vessel were furnished with all the materials requisite for the slave trade—if we knew that the decks were prepared to receive hundreds of human beings, within a space in which life is almost impossible, still we should be bound to let that American vessel pass on. But the right we claim, is to know whether a vessel pretending to be American, and hoisting the American flag, be bona fide American. (Hear, hear.) We claim the right to know whether a grievous wrong has not been effected to the American flag; to know for instance, whether a Portugese or Brazilian schooner, sailing under the American flag, be really what she seems to be. With such a principle recognized, neither the revenue nor commerce of the United States could be safe for an instant. But I know that the United States do liberally exercise this right in the seas adjacent to their own coast; I know that if a Mexican vessel were to hoist the British flag under suspicious circumstances, the United States would not hesitate to exercise the right of exposing the fraud, and, knowing this, I am the more surprised at the claim now set up by the President of the United States. Therefore, sir, it will be my duty, in the face of the public, expressing deep regret that there should appear to be any difference of opinion on this topic, explicitly to declare that we have not waived one of the principles contended for by my noble friend (the Earl of Aberdeen) in his despatch of December, 1841, and it is further my duty to declare that that despatch has remained to the present hour unanswered by the government of the United States. I know, I think, too well, what is the ability and what the keenness of a Secretary of State of the United States, to believe that if doctrines so important as those advanced in the despatch could be questioned, it would have been permitted to remain fourteen months unanswered and unacknowledged, had it been thought wise to contest those principles."

[That convenient soldier of fortune Mr. Featherstonhaugh, (late Geologist for the United States!) seems yet to be busy in England, creating difficulties, in which the necessity of using his knowledge of American affairs, may create a necessity for employing himself.

M. F. has issued a pamphlet in England, in which he has called particular attention to the Franklin Map of the N. Eastern Boundary furnished by Mr. Sparks which Mr. Rives brought to light in his speech in the Senate, advocating the adoption of the Treaty.

This publication has created a violent sensation in England, and is a perfect god send to Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, who seem to expect to destroy the tory minister upon it.—*N. Y. Express.*]

Lord Palmerston has re-appeared in the editorial articles of the Morning Chronicle against the Treaty with great animosity, and there is now no doubt that he and Lord John Russell will follow up the opposition in Parliament.

A writer in the London Times says:

The effect produced upon the Senate by the production of this map was what was intended, the refractory senators, though not admitting it as conclusive against their claim, decided that it would not be advisable to submit the question to another arbitration with such a document against them; and they passed a vote to ratify the treaty.

With this map it appears that Mr. Webster was provided during the whole of his late negotiation, and we feel sure that the British public will hardly credit that he had this map before his eyes at the time that he solemnly protested to Lord Ashburton his belief, not only in the justice of the whole of the American claim, but his conviction of the *intention* of the framers of the treaty of 1783 to carry the line to the north of the River St. John. It is a disgraceful piece of trickery that we did not even expect from an American.

We knew them to be dishonest, and swindlers in their money transactions, but we did not expect to find such thimble rigging among their statesmen. It is the most discreditable in this instance, from the contrast it affords to the frank and open manner of negotiation of the Plenipotentiary with whom they had to deal, for it must be confessed, and we do so with the pride of Englishmen, that if there was a fault in the late negotiation on the part of our negotiator, it was in the nobleness of his character, in putting too much confidence in the honour and integrity of the party with whom he was engaged.

We trust, however, that this lesson will not be thrown away upon our country; let us henceforth put no confidence in American protestations, or in Webster vows; let us not negotiate with a people devoid of the commonest principles of honour, we must act, and before we have any tricks played us in the Oregon, let us send a fleet of heavy armed and well manned steamboats to protect our rights in the fertile and valuable valley of the Columbia river.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.

IMPORTANCE OF DEEP SUB SOIL PLOUGHING.

The importance of this operation has added one more to the principles connected with agriculture, which the late spirit of improvement has presented to the consideration of the farmer. It is an operation drawn from the nature of sub soils and manures, which will admit of general application.—The tendency of many of the salts and other constituent parts of manures, applied, we know is downward: and especially in light and gravelly land; and can never be brought within the reach of vegetation, but by this process. The ingredients of a good soil, no doubt, extend much deeper into the earth, than is generally supposed, and must have been deposited by some deluvial or other process, or have descended from the surface. We remember, in digging a well about 8 feet through strata of coarse gravel, a crop of rank weeds consisting of stramonium, sprang up the first summer after the excavation, without any application of manure or tillage whatever. We noticed it a very extraordinary production in a soil, if such it can be called, composed of very coarse gravel and cobble stones. The practice of deep and sub soil is calculated to reach and appropriate this hidden treasure, whatever it may be, to the purposes of vegetation, for which it is so well adapted. The ignorance of this truth has kept the Dutch farmers on the deluvial flats of the Mohawk valley, skimming the surface to the depth of a few inches, which their forefathers guaged for them more than a century ago;—until they have in some places, nearly exhausted its fertilizing qualities; while the sub-stratum, is a rich vegetable mould, several feet in thickness. Though sub-soil ploughing has been scarcely known hitherto in this country it is has been practised to a very great advantage in England for many years. In the counties of Huntingdon, Lincolnshire, and Cambridgeshire, large tracts hitherto barren, have been changed by it from sterility to fertility, and afford practical evidence of its importance, so that wheat is no longer a luxury confined to the rich, but is there "the staff of the poor man's life also." The quaking morass and arid moor now wave with golden grain, and the acre which once gave back only four times the seed, now returns from eight to ten fold. Instead too, of winter being the season of starvation to cattle, it is now essentially the season of fat and plenty.

PLASTER.

Speaking of plaster, a correspondent of the British American Cultivator says:—"A great deal has been written by scientific men, intending to show the chemical agency of plaster, but without controverting any of those ingenious theories, there are certain practical facts which afford amusing criteria, and in which any one may in the proper season satisfy himself by going over a field in the morning or evening, which has been partly plastered and partly not; when vegetation is in full vigor, he may observe large dew drops in the grass or grain, where plaster has been sown, but the grain or grass on other parts of the field will be quite destitute of dew or moisture. This fact seems to be a convincing proof that affinity for moisture is one cause of its fertilizing power. I find that repeated dressings of plaster will have the effect of destroying the wood sorrel. *Oxalis acotosa.*"

Cultivation of the Cranberry.—We have had several inquiries in relation to the cultivation of this fruit, the demand for which is rapidly increasing in our markets. Few things are more easily grown than the cranberry, and the cultivation is very simple. Nothing more seems necessary to success than bog or peat earth; if the bogs are sandy so much the better, but too much wet is fatal to the hopes of an abundant crop. On the sandy coasts of Massachusetts. where wet bogs or meadows abound, the cranberry is increasing, and pieces of ground hitherto of no value, now yield handsome incomes. It is found they grow well on these sandy bogs after draining, and the following is stated to be the method pursued by Mr. Hall of Barnstable, who has for some time produced them in large quantities:

"If the bogs are covered with brush, it is removed, but it is not necessary to remove the rushes as the strong roots of the cranberry soon overpower them. It would be well, if previous to planting the ground could be plowed; but Capt. Hall usually spreds on beach sand and digs holes four feet asunder each way, the same as for corn; the holes are however, deeper. Into these holes sods of cranberry roots are planted, and in the space of three years the whole ground is covered." Mr. Kenrick remarks, that "although a moist soil is best suited to the plant, yet with a suitable mixture of bog earth, it will flourish, producing abundant crops, even in any dry soil."

London asserts that Sir J. Banks, who obtained this plant from America raised in 1831, on a square of 18 feet each way. 3 1-2 bushels, equal to 400 bushels per acre. Any man who has a log swamp may raise cranberries by draining it so that the surface at least shall be dry, either inverting the surface if hard enough, with a plow or covering it with sand, & planting as above directed. When well set, the yield of an acre will not be much, if any. short of 200 bushels.

Albany cultivator.

PROFITABLE COWS.—One of the cows at the Massachusetts Lunatic Asylum, at Worchester, has given this year, one thousand and thirteen gallons of milk. The account has been kept by the farmer of the establishment, Capt. Chaffin. One other cow is estimated to have done as well, and a third has fallen but little short of the other two. The cows are of common breeds, purchased of farmers in that town. The milk of the one cow at four cents a quart would be worth $162 08.—The keeping costs about $75.

BEECH TREES.—The Louisville Journal says:—Hundreds of persons in Kentucky can contradict the story now going the rounds of the papers, that lightning never strikes the beech tree. Four persons were killed under a beech tree last summer near Mount Washington. Therefore let no one trust to a beech tree for protection from the electric fluid.

WHITE CARROTS.—This, says the Farmer's Cabinet, is a new species of that valuable root, and from its uncommon productiveness must be an important acquisition in field root culture. For milch cows, and any other stock it is a cheap and rich food. From our own experience we are enabled to say, its growth excels the common orange carrot in its yield. Unlike others, it projects several inches out of the ground, like the sugar beet, or long turnip. In rich soil with deep tilth, the production is enormous. Twenty-two tons are said, by the American Agriculturist, to have been raised per acre this year in Massachusetts.

ASHES AND SALT.—The Main Cultivator highly recommends a mixture of two parts of ashes to seven of salt for cattle. It is said that its effects upon animals fed on roots and grain are highly beneficial. A regular supply of it tends not only to preserve a healthy tone of the stomach, but it also renders them "hearty" and unfastidious as to the quality of their food. It should be supplied as often as once a week during winter, and from two or three times a week during the spring and summer.

Variety.

Valuable Medicine.—A recent writer gives the following admirable "take off."—"Who wants to live forever?" vociferated a quack doctor—advancing in the centre of a table that was fastened around him, and covered with phials and small boxes, "who wants to live forever? Let them buy my *specifico universale!* Nor does it stop there: it sharpens knives. and blunts misfortunes—makes servants honest and husbands faithful—softens the skin, and hardens the heart—teaches diplomacy to geese, & candor to foxes—makes cavaliers pious, and cardinals gallant—misers generous, and spendthrifts economical—old women young, in their own opinion, and young ones old, in the ways of the world—intoxicates water-drinkers, and makes wine-bibbers sober—closes the ears of inquisitors, while it opens the doors of the Inquisition—makes hearts light, and purses heavy—puts young souls into old bodies, and old heads upon young shoulders!—Such is only the millionth part of the merit of the *specifico universale!* Who'll buy—who'll buy?"

The "Art" of War.—The Portland Bulletin relates an old exploit of a Captain of a Military Company, at *Saccarappa*, as follows:

"On a certain occasion, while drilling this limb of the nation's bulwark in the art of 'grim-visaged war,' the citizen solders having got into an inextricable snarl, it was found necessary to stop the beating of the drum. Instead of the usual phrase 'halt,' our commander bawled out somewhat pettishly, "Stop that drumming!" Not understanding this order, the musician continued to perform his 'paddediddles' and 'flummemiddles' with as much vigor as ever. 'Stop that drumming!' shouted our hero a second time, but the unconscious drummer with head erect and foot on the move, still went on. The indignant captain could bear it no longer—marching directly up to the musician, he drew his 'battle blade' with a flourish, and plunging it through both heads of the instrument, exclaimed in a voice of thunder, 'There d—— you, now rub-a-dub if you can!'

ADVERTISING.—"We have seen two stores, side by side, one crowded with customers, the other vacant and deserted. What made the difference? One advertised and the other did not. We have seen two artists, equally skilful, one going on the flood-tide of fortune, the other lying neglected on the flats, forlorne and discouraged. The reason is obvious. One had enterprise and liberality enough to make himself known, the other did not. We know not less than a dozen examples of persons who have increased their business an hundred per cent, within a few weeks, by advertising. Hence we are not only prosperous ourselves, but the means of conferring prosperity on others.—Strange that any one will neglect such a glorous opportunity."

To Cure a Burn.—A Quakeress preacher in New York, was so successful in curing burns, that many of the lower class supposed her possessed of the power of working miracles. The following is the receipt for the medicine:* Take one ounce of beeswax, with four ounces of Burgundy pitch, simmered together in an earthen vessel, in as much sweet oil as will soften them into the consistency of salve when cool. Stir the liquid when taken from the fire till quite cool.—Keep it from the air in a light box or jar. When used, spread it thinly on a cloth and apply it to the part injured. Open the burn with a needle to let out the water till it heals.

IT IS A SOMEWHAT singular fact, that the property purchased by Gibbon, in Switzerland, with the profits of his history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, has fallen into the hands of a gentleman who expends a large sum annually in the promulgation of the very gospel which his predecessor insidiously endeavored to undermine; and that the press employed by Voltaire at Ferney for printing his blasphemies, is now used at Geneva for printing the Holy Scriptures.

ERRORS.—The little that I have seen of the world and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take a history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the brief pulsation of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the tears of regret; the feblenss of purpose; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world, that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary and threatning voices within; health gone; happiness gone; I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hands it came.

HAVING HIS HANDS FULL.—During the late disturbances in Ireland, the following was written by an officer of the army:—This town is all in an uproar, expecting the rebels every hour. I am in a great hurry. While I write you these few lines I hold a pistol in *each* hand, and a sword in the *other!*"

Bottom Falling Off.—The St. Louis Gazette of the 24th ul. says—"It is said that since *the late earthquake* the bottom of the river has fallen out in some places—for instance where the Gen. Pratt's hull was sunk, she lay very near the top of the water—and since the earthquake the bottom cannot be found with a line of 150 feet in length."

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