The Cambridge Chronicle.

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

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TERMS.

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UTILITY OF GEESE AND ASSES TO FARMERS.—It has been long remarked, that cattle of all kinds are never unhealthy where greese are kept in any quanity; and the reason assigned is simply this that geese consume with impunny certain noxious weeds and grasses which taint more or less, according to their abundance, the finest paddocks depastured by horses, bullocks, and sheep. Most farmers are awsre of this, and in many places where the beeves appear sickly, change is tried and the soil which the cacklers tread is converted for the time being into a sort of infirmary? The pasturing of two or three asses with sickly cattle has also been found productive of the best effects, from a similar reason.—Eng. paper.

NEWSPAPERS.—Travelling one day in the country, we fell in company with a man whom we soon ascertained to be a well to live in the world.—In the course of conversation upon various subjects principally agricultural we found that he was just returning from our town, where he had that day contracted for the sale of 500 bushels of wheat, at 75 cents per bushel. From this our conversation passed to that of newspapers; and upon ascertaining that he was not a subscriber to any paper, we offered him ours. But the man had "so many ways for his money," he could not afford it. We then asked him if he would become a subscriber in case we would convince him that if he had taken the paper he would have saved, in one bargain alone, five times the cost of it in one year. He agreed to this, and we took from our pocket one of our latest papers, in which was an advertisement, offering to contract for any quantity of wheat at 81 cents per bushel. This we illustrated to our farmer friend, that if he had been a reader of our paper, he might have saved 6 cents on each of his 500 bushels of wheat; making a total of $30—sufficient to pay for the paper 15 years. He paid us two dollars and left us, growling at himself for having been so negligent of his true interest.—*Erie Observer.*

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ALLEGORY.—A humming bird once met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

'I cannot think of it' was the reply, 'as you once spurned me, and called me a drawling dolt.'

'Impossible,' exclaimed the humming bird,—'I always entetained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you.'

'Perhaps you do now,' said the other, 'but when you insulted me, I was a caterpiller. So let me give you this piece of advice. Never insult the humble, as they may one day become your superiors.'

SUNRISE.—The following pretty description is by Grace Harkaway.

The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning, the silent song the flower's breath—the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause—these swelling out the sweetest of creation's matins seem to pour some glad and merry tale into delight's ear, as if the world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled over the telling of it!

PERSIMMONS.—A tall yahoo whose proportions exibited a mighty amount of the bone and sinew of our country, stopped at a fruit store on Cycamore street yesterday, and taking a ripe persimmon from a pint mug in which they were ready measured, inquired of the dealer,—'What on earth is these here things?' He began eating the fruit rapidly, and after demolishing a bit's worth, was walking off without payment with the remark: 'I'll come along arter dinner, and finish the rest of them things.' 'Stop said the fruiterer—'I want you to taste of a different sort.' The fellow thought this was civil, and walked into the shop. The dealer brought him a dish filled with unripe fruit, and the countryman threw a handful into his jaws.

The contortions of his face became alarming—his mouth was drawn until it resembled the neck of an inflated bladder—and struggling for utterance; he exclaimed—'By the Holy—if I dont take the rest of these to our SAL SYKES—her mouth's so big the boundry line on it has never been settled, and if these here things dont bring corners of her mouth within kissing distance, why, it op'rates different on some folks—that's all.'—Cincinatti Sun.

Gen. Jackson was born on the 15th of March 1767, and is, consequently, 77 years of age on Thursday next. Mr. Clay was born on the 12th of april 1777 and will be 67 years of age on the 12th of next month.

THE MOTHER AND THE DAUGHTER.

In a small cottage at Richmond, commanding a delightful view of the Thames lived Madame La Roche and her only child, Adeline.

At an early age the parents of Madame La Roche had taken her from her native country, England, to France, in order that her education might be completed. Here a certain Monsier La Roche, a man much older but also much richer than herself, had solicited her hand. In obedience to the commands of her parents, and in spite of her strongly expressed aversion, the match was concluded, and the elderly husband and the young wife took up their abode in paris. Three years afterward Monsieur La Roche died, leaving one child, a daughter. Since that event Madame La Roche has resided in Switzerland first, and subsequently in Germany. At length, tired of the Continent, she returned to England, where she had now lived two years, and where she firmly intended to spend the remainder of her days.

As woman is placed in our present social system, perhaps the most independent and life-enjoying of the sex is a young and attractive widow. Madam La Roche was both young and attractive—and sensible, too, or she would have been envious of her daughter, Adeline. As it was, she treated her with the warmth of a mother, and the confidence of an elder sister.

On a certain summer day, Adeline La Roche was seated in a room opening on a lawn which sloped to the river. By her side, was a man youthful and handsome. He held one of her hands clasped in his, and was looking with a most impassioned air into her face. Her eyes were cast down, and the slightest suspicion of a blush was upon her cheek. The blush would have been deeper, but it was a situation she was somewhat used to. They loved each other.

'And you fear, George, that mamma would never consent?' said Adeline, continuing a colloque that had been preceding, heaven knows how long; for in such cases (I'm told) hours are like minutes.

'I fear it much,' said George Trevor. 'What pretensions have I? A man of wealth and consideration like Mr. Crofton may hope—but I can hope for nothing.'

'Ha! ha! you are jealous,' said Adeline, looking up and smiling archly. 'Do you distrust me then.'

'No, dear Adeline, indeed,' replied George. 'I do believe that your heart is mine, and mine only; but say if I have not a cause for suspecting that Mr. Crofton is my rival, and that your mamma favors him?'

'Now you mention it,' said Adeline, 'I will confess to you that I am very miserable on this account. Ever since we first met Mr. Crofton at that horrid ball, he has been eternally at the house. He *must* perceive how coldly I receive him.'

'And how does Madame La Roche receive him?' said Trevor.

'Ah, too well!' replied Adeline. 'I often see them sitting together in a corner talking in a low tone, and every now and then looking towards me, as if I were the subject of conversation. He is trying to gain mamma over to his interest, I know. It will be of no use if he does. I would sooner die than marry him!'

'So having experienced the misery of a forced match herself, she would doom you to the same fate?' said George Trevor, with vehemence.

'I hardly know what to think,' said Adeline, gently. 'When I remember how affectionately she always treats me, it seems impossible; but when I see her encourage so evidently the advances of Mr. Crofton, I am compelled to dread everything.'

'We may be mistaken after all, Adeline,' said Trevor. 'These visits are probably intended for Madame La Roche. Remember, Mademoiselle, you are not the only young and pretty inhabitant of Vine Cottage.'

'Oh I am sure that it is not the case,' said Adeline. 'Mamma has told me, often and often, that nothing should induce her to marry again, and that all her care now was to see me happily settled. Mr. Crofton and mamma are now viewing the conservatory together.—George, I feel a strange presentiment that he will propose formally for me this morning, and that I shall be called upon to give him an answer at once.'

'You will reject him, then, dear Adeline?' said Trevor anxiously.

'Can you ask me?' exclaimed Adeline. 'I will never bestow my heart. *That*, George, is yours—past praying for!'

'Ten thousand thanks for this one more proof of constancy,' said Trevor. 'To doubt your truth now would indeed be to think you unworthy of love. But I hear footsteps approaching; they are returning from the conservatory. Adieu, dear Adeline, for a time. I will not meet Mr. Crofton—but I am not jealous mind!'

Scarcely had George Trevor left the apartment when Madame La Roche and Mr. Crofton entered from the lawn. Mr. Crofton rather precipitately took his leave, and Madame La Roche and Adeline were alone.

'Sit down, Adeline,' said her mother. 'I have something very particular to say to you.'

Adeline obeyed with the air of a martyr. Her presentment had evidently been but too true.

'My dear child,' continued Madame La Roche, 'you are now of an age when you should begin to think of being settled in life. Nature has given you beauty and talents; I have, to the utmost of my ability given you a good education, and I may say, without flattery, that you are capable of making any man happy. Why, then, remain single if you meet with one for whom you can feel an affection?'

Adeline offered no observation, and Madame La Roche continued:

'There is a gentleman who, I am certain, loves you. I have seen enough of him to be as certain that he deserves your love in return, and it will give me pleasure if you tell me that he possesses it.'

'My dear mamma,' said Adeline, with firmness, 'it is better to be candid at once. I know who you mean, and all you are going to say; but it is in vain. I do not love him—I never shall love him—and I cannot marry him.'

'Adeline, Adeline!' cried her mother laughing, 'you are too quick by far for me. Do you not love—and cannot you marry—George Trevor'

'George Trevor!' exclaimed Adeline, her breath nearly taken away by astonishment.

'Ay, George Trevor!' said her mother. 'So you blush now; and I was not mistaken, I find, in supposing that you loved each other. I am glad of it, dear child, and give my most willing consent to your union.'

'I feared you would not listin to him, or I would have confided in you,' said Adeline, half-laughing and half-crying at this sudden and unexpected realization of hopes she scarcely dared entertain.

'Not listen to him! and that merely because at present he happens to be poor!' exclaimed Madame La Roche. 'Ah, my Adeline! it is love, not wealth that should be considered; and if George Trevor be poor are we not rich enough? But,' exclaimed she, holding down her head and speaking falteringly, 'now that I have wished you all happiness and consented to your marriage, will you, dear little friend, wish me the same—and consent to MY marriage?'

'You? marry again!' exclaimed Adeline.

'And have you been so blind as to suspect nothing?' said Madame La Roche, raising her head and smiling. 'I will conceal it from you no longer. You know that I was married at a very early age; but you do not know that before that I had given my heart in England to a youth whose only fault was poverty. My parents had forbidden him the house, and on hearing my engagement on the continent, he went out in despair to India. Some two months ago, you may remember, we were at a large ball. How can I describe to you my sensation when I saw there the man whom I had loved in my early youth—whom I still loved! I recognized him even before I heard his name.'

'And that name was Crofton,' said Adeline, much affected.

'It was,' replied Madame La Roche. 'He had remained single, though he had grown rich enough to buy, if he had so willed it, some poor girl—as I myself had been bought. Adeline, he has prevailed on me to change my resolution of never marrying again. Do you wish me joy?'

The mother and daughter fell into each other's arms and mingled their tears; but assuredly they were not tears of sorrow.

On the same morning the two weddings were celebrated; and opinions were divided whether the matronly or the youthful bride looked the more charming.

ADDRESS OF MR. WISE TO HIS CONSTITUENTS.

The Madisonian of Tuesday contains a lengthy address from the Hon. Henry A. Wise to his constituents, which is decidedly the most interesting document which has emanated from a politician for some time past. It is entirely free from politics, but abounds with good advice, not only to those to whom it is addressed, but to the whole American family, on the important subjects of education and old fashioned honesty. We regret that our limits will not allow us to give it entire to our readers, but we lay before them the annexed copious extracts, which will enable them to form some opinion of the merits of the whole address:—[*Balt. Sun.*

Fellow Citizens:—I have ceased to be your Representative. The President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, having appointed me, on the 8th inst., Minister of the U. States to Brazil, I notified the Governor of Virginia, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, on the 12th inst., of my resignation of the seat in Congress to which you, six times successively, elected me.

In approaching the painful task of saying a parting word to you before I leave the country for the foreign station to which I now belong, my heart swells with emotions which nor tongue nor pen can express.—You have done everything for me, and been every thing to me. At the earliest eligible period of life you took me up, a poor boy, without adequate merit, and you have ever since upheld me by your gracious confidence, though my faults and infirmities have been many and great. Your favor has been a never-failing source of pride and preferment. Your affection has been silent and still; but it was a deep and full tide, upon which the bark of my fortunes and destiny has floated in safety, as upon the smooth sea of a snug harbor, rage as the storm might without.—You never left me—never forsook me. Come what did—err as I might—let others revile as they would—though the rest of the world may have been in arms against me—return when I would—*you* were ever ready to receive me with open arms and to press me to your bosoms. You were to me as kind parents, guardians, and friends—as the best of sovereigns, the most gracious and liberal to bestow the highest honors and the most generous rewards. We never knew each other as "*Politician and Party*"—our relations were those solely and sweetly of "*Representative and Constituents.*" You were just to all my deserts, forgave all my aberations, excused all my infirmities, bore patiently with all my weaknesses, more than rewarded all my services, and resented and vindicated all my wrongs. Ah! what have I done, what can I do to repay all these benefits conferred—all these blessings showered by you upon me? I have no goods to bestow upon the poor—no ample fortunes with which to endow charities—and I can point back to no illustrious services rendered to you or to our country to make you bless the day you chose me for your Representative.—When I look back upon the little I have done, I am humbled in the dust; and when I look to my means of giving something to make up, if possible, for my short comings, I see only that I have been too long in public life to be rich in the good things of this world. No! it is time for myself and family that I should retire—my friends, you all advise it—and the only legacy I have to leave you on my retirement is that which the heart gives—*a last word of parting advice and counsel!* Would that I could make it precious and practical—that I could endear it to you as a keepsake, a memento of one who has tried, at least, his very best to signalize his devotion to your welfare, and who has the most earnest desire to serve you most essentially by this very last act. What shall that "last word" be? No selfishness shall deface it—no party topic shall desecrate this valedictory to you, my old constituents and friends. No! passionate it will be—piercing I would make it as "a two-edged sword"—in sentiment elevated as the mountains, and sublime as your own old ocean. I would have it startle your attention and strike every nerve and all your feelings—stern, severe, and plain I utter it—

"Tax yourselves!"

Ay, bold as the word is in the mouth of a public man, to the ears of a suffering, bruised, broken People, harrassed by hard times; and though it is uttered with a bleeding heart and a brimful eye—harsh as it is, I repeat it—

"*Tax Yourselves!!*"

If I had an archangle's trump—the blast of which could startle the living of all the world—I would snatch it at this moment and sound it in the ears of all the People of the debtor States, and of the States which have a solitary poor, "unwashed and uncombed" child, untaught at a free school—

"TAX YOURSELVES!!"

For what?

1st. *To pay your public State debt.*

2d. *To educate your children—every child of them—at common primary free schools at State charge.*

This is my legacy of advice to you before I leave my country's shores, to return, perhaps, no more forever.

"*Economy and Taxation!*" should be the watchword and reply of the Government and People of every State in the Union. Nothing more is wanted to remedy the evils of Hard Times.

The most awful calamity of "hard times" is their depredation upon public morals. They afford knaves the pretext and force weak men to *dodge their debts.*—They destroy confidence among those men who are honest, and thus increase their own pressure. But men of stern integrity, high honor, and of brave nerve, meet the difficulties of the times, they look at debt and distress full in the face, prepare to grapple manfully with them, and like proud and heroic freemen, with brows erect, come off more than conquerors—more than if covered with the sweat and dust and blood of a thousand victory crowned battle-fields! A true, a brave, and an honest man rises with the crisis in his own affairs. He reduces expenditures, he sells every unnecessary possession, he parts with every luxury, he saves every mite, he watches close, he works hard, and bears every privation until he is free again, until his honor is safe. And as it is with a true, honest and brave man, so should it be with the State. In a Republic the *honor of the State* is more precious far than the individual honor of every man in it; and every true patriot in the State will be more jealous, more tender of the honor of his State than of his own. He who deserts the standard of State honor, is the worst of deserters, the basest of traitors. Bear taxation, then; lay it on heavy until every suver of the Commonwealth's debt is sunk, and every morsel of public credit is saved. Look upon every demagogue of whatever hue of party, who comes before you denouncing taxation for the public debt, no matter how or on what imposed, as the deadliest of foes to the State—denounce him as one who would tempt you to dishonor. The madness of party will forget not only State but individual honor; it will seek to make capital out of the want of wisdom in the mere mode of taxation. Punish, I beseech you, the culprits, whoever they may be, who would recklessly fix upon you indellible shame and disgrace, for the mere *form's* sake of taxation. Distrust all attempts to disturb the operations of a tax bill already passed. Disbelieve any set of men who come before you with false promises of freedom from taxation. Listen only to those sincere friends who will honestly tell you that you *must* be taxed, how much you ought to be taxed, and who will counsel freely and fully with you before hand as to the mode and subjects of taxation. In a word learn to *love taxation* as the only means of accomplishing such objects as those of paying the public debt, and of educating your children, rich and poor. See to it well that no revenue raised for legitimate purposes is wasted; see that it is all faithfully applied to the true ends of Government; but be sure to raise enough and amply enough for every end of State necessity, usefulness, and honor. There is no easy mode of taxation, no royal road to paying debts or to education. Industry, honesty, economy and education alone can make you a free and happy people.

Educate your children—all your children—every one of them! Ah! my friends, I have been often reviled, vilified and abused in public life, but you always stood by me, never left me, never forsook me. By and by, my enemies turned upon you. Their flattery could not turn you away from my support, and then they tried to put us in the same category of abuse. I felt no blows which were ever striken at me—never: but the blows which they struck at you, every one of them, reached home to my heart. There was one—the unkindest cut of all—which I felt the more deeply because there was too much truth in the reproach. They said—"Yes! they will always elect him, but then *many of them cannot read and write!*" I never blushed until then. What could I say? What could I do? Why, say only and do only that which any proud, honest and brave man can do when reproached with a truth—bow in sorrow at the fact, and *swear it shall not be so in the next, the rising generation.* We will see to it, and wipe out the reproach of the parents in the good teaching of the children.

[Here follows a table from the census of the district, which we omit for want of room, from which the following facts are shown:—]

1st. The fact appears that of the whole number of free white persons, nearly *one eighth* cannot read and write.

2d. That of the whole number of free white persons over twenty years of age, more than *one fourth* cannot read and write.

3d. That you have but seventeen academies and one hundred and one primary schools, making one hundred and eighteen in all, when you ought to maintain at least two hundred and fifty-nine, leaving a deficiency of one hundred and forty-one common schools.

4th. That you have but two thousand six hundred and twenty-eight scholars in your primary schools, and but six hundred and ninety-five scholars in them at public charge; when you ought to have at least seven thousand four hundred and forty-eight children, at from seven to fifteen years of age, all at public charge in free schools, leaving four thousand one hundred and seventy-five children of that age unaccounted for.

5th. That this number of four thousand one hundred and seventy-five children of that age, presumed not sent to school, is nearly the precise number of adults, four thousand five hundred and fourteen, who in this generation have grown up ignorant of letters

6th. That this number of adults, four thousand five hundred and fourteen, who cannot read and write, exceeds even the number of voters, four thousand three hundred and seventy-nine, in the district.

7th. That, allowing twelve dollars to each scholar, you are now expending but $38,646 per annum for common schools, when you ought to expend the sum of $89,376, leaving a deficiency of funds amounting to $50,730 per annum.

8th. That this sum of $50,730 must be raised and expended in some way to make the rising generation more learned than their fathers.

A table from the last census is here inserted shewing the capital and income of the district, and the small tax that would be required on each item to raise the sum of $90,000 annually for the purpose of education. The plan of education proposed is sumed up as follows:

Everything will depend upon the organization of these schools to make them successful. Certain it is that the present school funds of Virginia are not expended to the best advantage, and though they do no little good, are in fact, a great blessing, yet they are wholly inadequate in amount, and are not applied in the best way to make *them* even do the good they might do if properly applied.

The first and greatest error of our present system is, *that it proceeds upon the principle of charity.* Common school education should not be a *State charity*, but it should be the chief element of the *freedom* of the State. The poor man pays taxes, readers military and civil service, is subject to fines, must obey the laws; and, in return, he should have the protection of the laws, the ordinary privileges of citizenship, such as the right of voting, and I say, *he should have his children educated as of right, free of charge. And in all these respects the rich and the poor should be placed on precisely the same equal footing.* There should be no distinction between the children of a republic. They are not in the school sense the children of their parents; but the State is Parens Patriæ, and they should all be regarded as the sons and daughters of Mother Commonwealth. The taxes, it is true, will have to be raised chiefly from the property of the rich; but at last the school revenue is distributed as the funds of the State, and when with her liberal and equal hand they are distributed impartially to all, there is no feeling of dependence in any. They all alike look up to the benign State Mother for the mental bounty, all praise her only and love her supremely for it, and thus is laid a foundation of amor patriæ ever during as the reminiscences of school boy days, and fervent as the fondest recollections of life and gratitude can ever be in the human heart. As our system now is, in schools mixed with children whose parents pay for schooling them, and of those who are sent by the Shool Commissioners of the State, the child of charity is humbled by the comparison of itself with those who pay. The school is not pleasant to this child, and the pride of parents so revolts at the dependence and inequality in the school, that they often refuse to allow their children to enter. Whilst the school is free of *charge*, still it is not *free*. The true course is to make it *free* to all, make it the shool of *the State* and let *all her children* come "without money and without price." Then no human pride will militate against education; but, on the contrary, every little "checked apron" will be "washed and ironed," and every little fly flap bonnet will be stiffened and streightened for the "school parade." Funds and the universal free school are all that are wanting to enlighten every child among us, and to array human pride on the side of the school

You need not, my friends, wait for the tardy action of our Legislature. If we wait for that, I fear we will wait forever. What then? Organize yourselves by counties and districts. All that you have need to ask of the Legislature is to pass an act for every county which will adopt a system for itself, incorporating for it a Board of Education with powers similar to those of the county courts for county levies and other purposes. Let this Board be elected biennially by the votes of all the male parents and guardians, having a member for every hundred voters, according to districts to be laid off by the Board.

Let this Board be required to levy taxes sufficient to educate every white child between the ages of 7 and 15 years, at common free schools, at the rate of $12 per annum for each child, and allowing 30 scholars to each teacher; and to pay expenses of assessment and superintendence. Let it lay off the county in districts of 30 scholars, and one teacher to each district.

Let it have power to appoint one assessor to take annual census of the persons and property to be taxed for the school fund; of one collector of the fund to give bond and security; and one superintendent to visit quaterly each school, to take regular account of the system of teaching, of the number of pupils, and of the qualifications and conduct of teachers, and to make report thereof to the Board; with reasonable compensation to each of those officers.

Let this Board have power to fine, and to collect fines of parents and guardians, rich or poor, who fail and refuse to send their children or wards to some schools of their own selection. And let it meet quaterly or as often as it chooses, with power to pass by-laws for its government.

All this you can commence for yourselves. But still you must look to the State for something more. For every county that will thus tax itself to educate itself, the State should, out of the literary fund, build all the

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