The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

NEW SERIES—VOL. 8. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1845. NUMBER 43

Dorchester County Orphan's Court, 30th June 1845.

ON application of Benjamin G. Keene and Arthur H. Pritchett Administrators of Matthew Wallace late of Dorchester County, dec'd. it is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the deceased's estate and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks, in the Cambridge Chronicle, a paper selected by him.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester County Orphans' Court I have hereunto set my name and seal of my office affixed, this 30th day of June in the year of our Lord, 1845. L.S.

THOMAS H. HICKS,
Register of Wills, Dorchester co.

In compliance with the above order. This is to give Notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Dorchester county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Matthew Wallace late of Dorchester county deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers on or before the 30th day of December next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand and seal this 30th day of June 1845.

BENJAMIN G. KEENE &
ARTHUR H. PRITCHETT,
Admr's. of Matthew Wallace, dec'd.

July 5 1845. 3w

Dorchester County Orphan's Court, 30th June 1845.

ON application of Anthony R. Wallace Administrator of John M. Howard late of Dorchester County, dec'd. it is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the deceased's estate and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks, in the Cambridge Chronicle, a paper selected by him.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester County Orphanst court I have hereunto set my name and seal of my office affixed, this 30th day of June in the year of our Lord, 1845. L.S.

THOMAS H. HICKS.
Register of Wills, Dorchester co.

In compliance with the above order. This is to give Notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester County, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Dorchester County, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of John W. Howard late of Dorchester County deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers, thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 30th day of December next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand and seal this 30th day of June 1845.

ANTHONY R. WALLACE,
adm'r. of John M. Howard, dec'd.

July 5 1845. 3w

Dorchester County Orphan's court, 30th June 1845.

ON application of James Wallace adm'r. W. A. of Aaron Cook late of Dorchester county, dec'd. it is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the deceased's estate and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks, in the Cambridge Chronicle, a paper selected by him.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester county Orphan's court I have hereunto set my name and seal of my office affixed, this 30th day of June in the year of our Lord, 1845. L.S.

THOS. H. HICKS,
Register of Wills, Dorchester co.

In compliance with the above order. This is to give Notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester county, hath obtained from the Orphan's court of Dorchester county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate W. A. of Aaron Cook late of Dorchester county deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 30th day of December next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand and seal this 30th day of June 1845.

JAMES WALLACE adm'r.
W. A. of Aaron Cook dec'd.

July 5 1845. 3w

MEDICAL STAND.

THE subscriber will rent for the ensuing year or for a term of years, that well known Medical Stand lately occupied by Doct'r G. A. Tubman, who has, in consequence of the death of his father, declined the practice of medicine altogether, and has turned his attention to farming at the late residence of his father.—As a country location it is one of the best medical stands in the State of Maryland. It has a very convenient two story house, with large additions at each end. There is a large garden containing a quantity of choice fruit; the ground is laid off in four lots. As to the advantages from the water, they are equal to any in the State—all kinds of fish and splendid oysters & terrapins at your door. Those desiring a situation can examine for themselves, or address

ROBERT F. TUBMAN.
Near Cambridge, Md.

July 12, 1845 3t

The Baltimore American, Easton Gazette, and Delaware Gazette, Wilmington, will please insert the above three times, weekly and charge this office.

TERMS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

At two Dollars and Fifty cents per annum, payable half yearly in advance. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, and where the number of insertions is not limited, they will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

POETRY.

THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. RALPH HOYT.

Bible! —Blessed Bible! Treasure of the heart!
What sweet consolation doth thy page impart;
In the fiercest trial, in the deepest grief,
Strength, and hope, and comfort, in each holy leaf.

Bible—let me clasp thee—anchor of the soul!
When the storm is raging, when the waters roll;
When the frowning heavens darken every star,
And no hopeful beacon glimmereth afar;
Be my refuge, Bible! Then be thou my stay;
Guide me on life's billow—light the dreary way.

Tell me of the morrow, when a sun shall rise,
That shall glow forever in unclouded skies—
Tell me of that heaven in the climes above,
Where the bark rides safely in a sea of love.

Bible—let me clasp thee! Chronicle divine,
Of a world's redemption, of a Saviour, mine!
Wisdom for the simple, riches for the poor,
Hope for the desponding; for the sick, a cure;
Rest for all the weary, ransom for the slave,
Courage for the fearful—life beyond the grave!

Bible!—Blessed Bible! Treasure of the heart;
What sweet consolation doth thy page impart;
In the fiercest trial, in the deepest grief,
Strength, and hope, and comfort, in each holy leaf.

THE MOSQUITO SERENADE.

AIR:—*'Tis my delight of a shiny night.*

In a summer's night I take my flight
To where the maidens repose,
And while they're slumbering sweet and sound,
I bites 'em on the nose.
The warm red blood that tints their cheeks
To me is precious dear,
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite
In the season of the year.

When I get my fill, I wipe my bill,
And sound my tiny horn;
And off I fly to the mountain high
Ere breaks the golden morn;
But at eve I sally forth again
To tickle the sleepless ear;
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite
At the season of the year.

On the chamber wall about I crawl,
Till the landlord goes to bed;
Then my bugle I blow, and down I go
To light upon his head;
O, I love to see the fellow slap,
And I laugh to hear him swear;
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite
At the season of the year.

THE LAWYER AND HIS CLIENT.

And old lawyer of the city of New York tells good joke about one of his clients:

A fellow had been arraigned before the police for stealing a set of silver spoons. The stolen articles were found upon the culprit, and there was no use in attempting to deny the charge.

Lawyer G——— was applied to by the prisoner as counsel, and seeing no escape for his client, except on the plea of insanity or idiocy, he instructed the fellow to put on as silly a look as possible, and when any question was put to him, to utter in a drawling manner, with an idiotic expression, the word "spoons!" If successful, the fee was to be $20

The Court proceeded to business, the charge was read, and the question put to the prisoner—"Guilty or not Guilty?"

"Spoons!" ejaculated the culprit,

The Court put several questions to him—but—

"Spoons," "spoons!" was all the answer it could elicit.

"The fellow is a fool!" said the judge—"let him go about his business."

The prisoner left the room, and the lawyer followed close in his wake, and when they had got into the hall, the counseller tapt his client on the shoulder, saying—

"Now my good fellow, *that* twenty dollars."

The rogue, looking the lawyer full in the face, and putting on a grotesque and silly expression, a winking with one eye, exclaimed—

"Spoons!" and then made tracks.

Girls, beware of transient young men.—Never suffer the addresses of a stranger. Recollect that one good farmer's boy, or industrious mechanic, is worth more than all the floating trash in the world. The allurements of a dandy Jack, with a gold chain about his neck, a walking stick in his paw, a three penny cigar in his mouth, some honest tailor's coat on his back, and a brainless though fancy skull, never can make up the loss of a good father's home.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

We take the following strange and romantic story from the Clarksville Chronicle of Tuesday last:

The following article is published, not to gratify any inordinate thirst for the novel and exciting, but rather to vindicate the name and protect the feelings of a respectable family. Reports, alike prejudical and unfounded, have probably gone out, which may be best contradicted by an authentic statement of facts as they transpired.—*Eds. C. C.*

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

The human mind in some of its milder moods exhibits at times mysteries more curious than all the phenomena of the physical world. Strange adventures, wild and fantastic fancies, plans and purposes mysterious, and motives known only to the heart that conceives them. Wo unto those, who without the helm of reason are drifted upon the surges of human actions as prey for romance, speculation, and novelty.

On Thursday, 20th ult., a mild and interesting personage in the garb of a man, alighted from the stage in this place, and in ten minutes was seeking work among the tailors. The feminine appearance, soft sweet voice, and extremely delicate features of this individual led every one to suppose that it was a female. A tidy frock coat, always buttoned, a chapeau gracefully worn, and tidy boots and trowsers adorned the person of this mysterious visitor. Dark flowing locks, lustrous and languid black eyes, and sunny smiles dimpling upon the cheek, marked his personage as a very handsome and interesting young gentleman, though the knowing ones said he was a GIRL, as in fact she was. She reported herself as having come from Norfolk, Virginia. When conversed by those familiar with Virginia she showed a perfect familiarity with the geography and scenes of that state. Every village, every hamlet, every thing remarkable in the different roads she remembered and detailed.

Her name was Aaron Brown. 'That,' said her landlord to her 'is the name of our candidate for Governor.' 'Well, she replied, 'I don't know but I may be a candidate too, some day.' She claimed to be a tailor, and on Saturday Mr. L—— gave her employment in his shop. She would not pull off her coat, as she was subject to rheumatism—she would not sit on the tailors bench, it was so uncomfortable; she could not sew on tailors work at all, but when something thin and light was given to her she proved herself at home; she could make shirts very well, and made the one she wore. Her mother had taught it to him. She was discovered to blush at each uncouth expression uttered in her presence, and shrunk from every familiar approach.

Curiosity was on the alert, gossip was on tip-toe; and HE or SHE, as this interesting visitor was promiscuously styled, became quite a *hero* or *heroine*.

On Saturday morning an old gentleman with sad and care-worn features, alighted at the Native American Hotel. He was her father, and happened, as guided by some invisible friend, to put up where his daughter was staying. She paused at a gentleman's gate, stepped in, and politely asked for the kind favor of a pen and ink, to write a note. In a few minutes her distressed old father received the following brief billet:—

"I am in this place; I have seen you; but despair of finding ME! I will delude you.

"Farewell, forever! YOUR DAUGHTER."

Her father was recognized to be a highly respectable old gentleman residing near Nashville, Every one was touched with sympathy at his apparent suffering and distress, and all were anxious to assist him in reclaiming his wayward daughter.

After a various and unsuccessful search on sunday evening, it was at length ascertained where she was concealed, and a few gentlemen repaired to the house, but the person who was concealing the object of their search, resisted their entrance and refused to give her up. They returned, and having obtained a process of law, repaired again to the house. It seems that this new friend and his wife had heard her story, and became interested in behalf of the poor unfortunate wanderer thus pursued. A short struggle ensued which fortunately resulted in injury to no one, and she was taken captive, but not until she had attempted to draw a bowie knife with which she had been provided for defence. In a moment she was in her fathers arms and fell upon his neck weeping bitterly, but declared that she would not go home. He then promised her that she would not go home, but would take her to a place he had selected, (we suppose it to be the Lunatic Asylum,) and she consented to go with him. It only remained to provide a more suitable dress, and these unhappy visitors who had excited such an interest departed on their journey at the dead hour of night.

The father of this unfortunate female evinced for her the deepest and most tender feeling—why should he not? She was, and ever had been a darling child. He could not, he said, believe her conduct criminal, nor did any one else. She had been from childhood, affectionate and dutiful, and exemplary in conduct.—He had discovered for many days before she left home, a certain degree of melancholy upon her. She had long been passionately fond of reading novels, and the passion had grown upon her until she deserted every other employment. Some vision of romance had flitted before the eyes of this unhappy girl, and alas! she pursued it until she had nearly ruined herself, and broken the hearts of a doating family.

PRESERVING EGGS.—Place a layer of saw-dust in a keg, then pack the eggs closely to each other, with the small end down, to prevent the yelk passing through the white of the egg; over this place another layer of saw-dust, packing closely to and between the eggs, where they do not touch each other, and so on to filling the keg; then head it tight, and change end for end every twenty-four hours. In this manner eggs will keep a year, and be as fresh as the day they were laid.

THE TOLL-MAN'S FAMILY.

A TRUE STORY.

In the town of Dessau, in Germany, there was a long, wide bridge over the Elbe. The ends of the bridge were much lower than the middle. The toll-man's house was placed upon the highest part of it, in the centre. In the spring of the year, when the ice was breaking up, there arose a great storm, and the river, with the broken pieces of ice, came roaring down so violently, that the ends of the bridge were soon carried away, and nothing was left but the middle arch of the bridge, with the toll-man's house upon it; which looked as if it were upon a little island, in the middle of the river. The force of the river was so great that it was impossible that this arch should stand long, and the poor toll man feared that his house would soon be carried away by the waves, and his wife and children all drowned. There was a great many people on the banks, pitying the poor man's fate, and he and his wife and his children screamed to them for help; but the storm was heavy and the ice made it dangerous, and they were all too cowardly to go out in a boat to try to save the poor family from drowning. Among them was a rich count, who held up a large purse of gold, and offered it to any one who would go and save the toll-man and his wife and children; but no one would risk his life for the money.

At last a poor man came along in his wagon, and as soon as he saw the danger the poor people were in, he set off in a little boat, and never minded the storm. He got safely to the toll-house, but he had to go three times before he brought away the whole family. Just as he was landing the last load the arch gave way, and the house was carried down the river. The poor father, and mother, and their children, were too happy to speak, when they found they were safe.

The count then offered the poor man who saved them, the purse of gold.

"No," he said, "my life was worth more than the money, and I do not wish to be paid for doing right."

The count urged him to take it; he still refused it for himself, but said to the count.

"I wish you would give it to the poor toll-man, who has lost all his clothes and furniture, and who has so many little children to feed."

A DREADFUL STORY.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Herald relates the following occurrence, but it seems too horrible to be believed—it is charitable to humanity to doubt the truth of so attrocious an act. It is said to have occurred near Oakland cottage, Mississippi:

"A slaveholder, a short time previous to his death, made provisions for the liberation of his slaves. Those who were entrusted with the execution of his designs failing or refusing to carry out his last will and testament concerning the slaves, the latter became restive and impatient to enjoy their long looked for boon.—At length, disappointed, expecting to be sold, and incensed at their oppressors, they set fire to the overseer's dwelling, and burnt it to the ground. A little child, which they were unable to rescue was consumed in the flames. The slaves, eight or nine in number, were taken, and two of them hung on the spot.—Two others were taken in an old log house and chained to the floor. The house was then set on fire and they were, by a slow fire, *burned to death* in this most shocking manner, while the air was rent with their unavailing shrieks and screams."

HOW TO COMMIT MATRIMONY.—In a work written some years ago by John Maylor of London, it is related that Horne Tooke, being in company with a young gentleman just on the point of fulfiling a matrimonial engagement, observed that he was once in eminent danger of matrimony, but was prevented from committing the rash act by an old friend to whom he looked with reverence for his wisdom and experience and who gave him the following advice:

'You must first, said he, consider the person of the lady, and endeavor to satisfy yourself that, if she has excited your admiration, she is likely to secure it.—You must deeply scrutinize her mind, reflect whether she possesses a rate of intellect that would be likely to render her an intelligent companion; if you are satisfied she does, you are to examine her temper, and if you find it amiable, and not likely to irritate your own on any occasion, you must proceed to obtain all the information you can procure respecting her parents and other relatives; and if you have no reason to object to their being your relatives and companions, you must then enquire who & what are her friends, for you must not expect her to sacrifice all her old connections when she becomes your wife; and if you find them agreeable people, and not likely to be burthensome or intrusive, and are quite satisfied with the prospect, you can then order your wedding clothes, and fix the day for marriage. When the bride is dressed suitable for the occasion, the friends at church, and the priest ready to begin, you should get upon your horse and *ride away from the place as fast as your horse can carry you!*

THE CLERK AND THE DEVIL.

A merchant's clerk came into a printing office a short time since, and seeing a pile of papers lying on the table, [it being publication day.] unceremoniously helped himself to a copy and uttered the following to the printer's devil:—"I 'spose you don't take any pay for just one paper?" "Not always," replied the devil. Shortly afterwards the devil entered the store where the clerk belonged, and called for a pound of raisins, which was quickly weighed out by the clerk. The devil took the raisins saying—"I 'spose you don't charge any thing when a fellow don't take but a pound?" "No," said the clerk, after seeing the disadvantage under which he was placed by his own stingy impudent liberalty towards the pennyless printer's devil; and looking daggers at the little imp. indignantly exclaimed—"*When I get any more newspapers from a printer, I'll pay for 'em!*"

PRODUCING MUCH ON LITTLE LAND.—Instead of seeking, as most farmers do, to add perpetually to the quantity or measure of their land, it would, in most cases, be much more expedient and profitable to make it their study, on how little land can I obtain the greatest quantity of produce, with all the labor and manure I can command? If, for example, he can, by a skillful course of culture, obtain 1000 bushels of wheat from twenty acres, 56 bushels per acre, how much better and more economical than to get the same quantity from 100 acres, or 10 bush. per acre? In this observation, it may be said there is nothing new, yet seeing how universally it is disregarded, in the practice and habits of the country, it cannot well be too often repeated and enforced by every mode of illustration. The 100 acre field in the first place requires, for seed, 100 bushels instead of twenty: but the loss of this 80 additional bushels of grain for seed in the commencement, is scarcely worthy of regard, in comparison with other losses involved in the cultivation of 100 acres as compared with 20, to obtain the same result—not the vast difference in the amount of labor. There are 80 acres to be *frequently* ploughed and harrowed, as all land should be, far more than is usual, for it is impossible that the roots of plants should extract from the soil, completely all the food it contains for them, unless, by being finely and infinitely separated and pulverized, it may be made, every particle of it, accessible to the roots. The Roman, who tilled his farm, as many did only four acres, was not satisfied with less than *nine times* ploughing and harrowing for wheat. Then have to calculate the additional labor which must be employed in cutting over 80 extra, acres hauling it, and threshing five times as much straw to get a given quantity of grain! We have said nothing about the additional fencing required, and taxes to be paid. Hence we repeat that the farmer should economise as to his labor and other resources, and not on how much, but how little land, they should be bestowed to ensure a given result.

The average product of Indian corn, for example, is probably not more than twenty or 25 bushels to the acre. In all the old States there are well authenticated accounts of more than 100 bushels from an acre.—It is, in fact, not easy to set limits to the capability of the earth under the most favorable circumstances.

HOW CORN SHOULD BE WORKED.—The cultivator is the best instrument for tilling corn, and no farmer should be without it. It goes deep enough to eradicate weeds, but not so deep as to turn up the manure which ought always to be applied to the corn crop.—It almost dispenses with the labor of the hoe. It should be passed through the corn three times in the season, the first time as soon as the corn is far enough advanced for a row to be plainly distinguished. Those not having a cultivator can use a small plough the first time, turning the furrows from the hills. The second time, use a harrow narrow enough to pass between the rows, furnished with handles. The reason for using the plough but once, is to prevent the cutting off of the roots of the corn which by the time of the second working have spread considerably. By any mode of culture, corn will pay well to be gone through three times. Leaving the ground clean for the succeeding crop is no small item. The ground should not be heaped up around the hills, but well stirred.—Apply ashes and plaster mixed at the first hoeing.

Having said how corn should be cultivated, it may not be amiss to mention how it ought not to be. You ought not to defer the first hoeing until the corn is up, (or from its age ought to be,) knee high, and looks as yellow as though it had the fever and ague. There is neither sport or profit in witnessing a struggle between your corn and the weeds—and you would be excusable if you did not stand by, and wait to see fair play? for corn is a tender plant, less hardy than its vagabond antagonists, and needs your help, which it will reward generously. You ought not to rest content with one hoeing, leaving the pigeon-grass and pig weed to ripen their seeds in your field. You ought not to rest satisfied with getting 15 bushels of shelled corn to the acre—no, nor 40. Make up your mind that one acre well manured, and well cultivated will bring more clear profit than ten managed in a slovenly way.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT AT ITHACA, N. YORK.—About ten o'clock on the morning of the 4th, says the Ithaca Journal, when the gunners were about to fire, General Boyd rode up and dismounted, and was standing leaning with his right arm upon the horse's shoulder, looking calmly on the scene, his horse being held by Mr. S. Benjamin, when a tremendous explosion was heard, and the young officer was launched into eternity, and his body was stretched, horribly mangled, across the body of his fallen steed, which had been stunned by a fragment of the gun. A piece weighing about thirty pounds struck him in the left breast and caused instant death. Mr. Benjamin escaped with a severe contusion in the abdomen. In another direction stood a collection of men, through the midst of whom another fragment sped, charged with death, and selected as its victims two valuable citizens, Prof. S. Quimby, and John Nix, Esq. Mr. N. was killed almost instantly, being struck in the groin, and laying his bowels entirely open. Prof. Q. was taken to the house of Mr. Davenport, when he fainted. He expired in great agony about 5 P. M. The gunners, and those spectators near the piece were uninjured. One piece of the gun was thrown to the roof of the Ithaca Falls Wollen Factory, slightly grazing the steeple of the African church in its course. One piece passed through the bee-house of E. Mack, demolishing several hives. The accident is attributed to carelessness in overloading the piece.

CALIFORNIA. It is now ascertained that this whole territory has declared itself independent. The people have driven out the Mexican authorities, and have modelled a Republican Government similar to that of the United States and Texas.

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