The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor.

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TERMS.

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Select Miscellany.

MECHANICS--PUNCTUALITY.

Find us a mechanic who is punctual to his engagements and fulfils, to the letter, his agreements with you, and we will show you a sterling man—one who cannot fail to prosper in his business and find money plenty. The great trouble with our mechanics is, their lack of punctuality. You never know how to take them, or what to depend upon.—Send your boots to be topped. The shoe-maker assures you that you shall have them by Saturday night. When you call, he excuses himself for not doing the job, by saying that he had so much to do, that he could not possibly attend to them, or his workmen have been sick and unable to work. You are measured for a coat to be sent to your house by the middle of the month. If you get it on the last day, you may think yourself lucky. Employ a joiner to make you some boxes, or picture frames, which you want to use immediately. He agrees to do them in a week. In a fortnight, you hunt him up, and with all coolness imaginable, he will tell you he forgot all about it. Send a table or a chair to the cabinet maker's to be repaired. You are promised it in a day or two. You may not get the work done in a month.

It is just so with a number of our mechanics.—They have not the least regard for their word. If you remind them of their promises, they look up with astonishment at your impertinence, and ten to one, if they do not declare they will not touch the work and you may get it done elsewhere. This is the reason why so few mechanics prosper and make money.—People who have been disappointed and vexed, times without number, lose their patience, and never carry another piece of work to the same place.

Who are our wealthy mechanics? Men who never failed to perform according to agreement. If they could not do a piece of work at a certain time, they did not hesitate to say so but when they did promise, you were sure not to be disappointed. Let our slack and lying men imitate them. Unless they do, they cannot prosper, and will always be poor and in debt.

NEVER SAY FAIL.

The great secret of success in life is never to give up. If we were to leave a legacy to our children, and nothing better, we should bequeath to them as their motto, "persevere."—More is lost than people suppose by want of well directed energy—we do not mean that energy which comes by fits and starts, but a ceaseless tenacity of purpose, assisted by sound common sense, in the affairs of life. Your weak-minded men who give up at the first rebuff, are good for nothing. Great souls only achieve immortality by dint of untiring perserverance.—Look at COLUMBUS, he was seventeen years in procuring the fleet which discovered a world. See how WASHINGTON toiled year after year amidst constantly recurring disappointment, laboring too, under the want of money and the suspicions of Congress; but he persevered, and our independence was achieved. JOHN J. ASTOR says it was more difficult to earn his first thousand dollars, than to amass all the rest of his twenty four millions. He means, really, that the habits of enterprise, activity and perserverance, which he found necessary to earn his first thousand dollars, remained afterwards with him as a habit; and assisted by capital, easily achieved his enormous fortune. Most of our rich men have been poor like him. Do not despair, therefore. Let your watchword be, "never fail!" Rise superior to your fortunes, and you will yet be great and rich.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

The hope of the country depends upon the proper culture of the female mind. It is woman that implants in us our first virtuous sentiments and her tender care, in most instances, first instils into our minds the elements of knowledge. Educate all the mothers of the land, and the sons will not grow up in ignorance. Men may, in the cares and anxieties of business, be neglectful of the early mental culture of their children: but I have never yet seen a mother, whose mind was irradiated with the least spark of intelligence, that did not manifest a proper interest in the education of her offspring.

INDUSTRY.—'In early life, David keep his father's sheep; his was a life of industry: and though foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labor, yet in the eyes of wise men, industry is truly honorable, and the most useful man the happiest. A life of labor is man's natural condition, and the most favorable to mental health and bodily vigor. Bishop Hall says: 'Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind.

[From the Alabama Reporter.]

CEASE YOUR GRUMBLING.

What good do you get by perpetually grumbling at every thing, and everybody, and every event? Grumbling won't make you rich, or fat, or popular or prosperous. Grumbling won't make the mare go, or the pot boil, or put money in your purse. Grumbling won't enable you to get along in the world, or advance you in your trade or profession. Nobody likes a grumbler. If you are married, grumbling will make your wife despise you, your children hate and fear you, and your servants flee from your presence. If you are unmarried, grumbling will make the girls avoid you, the old maids detest you, and the widows speak ill of you. The very dogs bark at a grumbler, and the whole world looks upon him as a pest. Some people grumble at one thing, and some at another: and some out of pure idleness, because they have nothing else to do.—Some grumble on account of a general discontentedness of spirit: some because they hate the whole world, and as a matter of course the whole world hates them. Some grumble because they can't stand at the head of society; some because they can't stand at the head of their profession; some because they can't succeed in politics; some because they can't succeed in trade; and some because they can't make a fortune in a day. Now all this grumbling is to no purpose. You may grumble until doomsday and it won't advance you one single jot; but, on the contrary, it will very much retard you. People won't trade with a grumbling merchant; or employ a grumbling lawyer, or doctor, or mechanic, or listen to a grumbling preacher. Therefore quit it. If things don't get on to suit you, just hold on and be patient. If there is anything wrong, the wrong is yourself. You may be sure that there is a screw loose somewhere in your own composition. Examine yourself, and see where it is. Nine times out of ten people get along as well as they deserve, frequently much better. The grumbler deserves nothing. Man was not made to grumble, that's certain. In order to get along you must be wide awake, keep your eyes skinned, and look out for number ONE. Rise in the morning with the Lark, be merry as a Cricket, and busy as a Bee among the flowers. Keep moving, push along. Keep your business ahead of you, particularly if it is not a very profitable one. Be industrious, keep out of debt, quit liquor, and cease your grumbling. The devil was undoubtedly the first grumbler; he grumbled because he could not be the first in Heaven. All grumblers are his children, and carry the mark of their father upon their foreheads. They are advised to repudiate their paternity, and be patient. We never knew but one man who made anything by grumbling, and he made a fool of himself. Keep in good spirits and don't give up. What if it is a cloudy day? The sun will shine out to-morrow. What if you are under the weather this week? you will be independent of it the next. What if you are defeated in your projects at presen? Keep trying and you will succeed. What if you are poor? Poor men, by industry & perseverance, & economy, become rich. Remember Astor and Girard. Remember old Gray, who, when he was worth a million, carried his own fish from market.—Remember Dr. Franklin, who rolled his own wheelbarrow and lived upon sawdust pudding and cold water. Remember Louis Philippe, who from a beggar became a king. In his utmost need he didn't cut his throat, throw himself from a bridge, or grumble. Providence sometimes frowns upon men to try their pluck to assertain if they are every way worthy, and well qualified; to know if they be "sterling gold indeed." But He seldom frowns always. He will smile after a while if you be not recreant. God loves a poor man, but despises a coward. The grumbler is the greatest of cowards. He fears the issue of his own existence; he mistrusts his own capacity; he places no reliance upon Heaven. Be not, therefore, a coward.—Summon up your energies, keep at work, push ahead, say your prayers and don't grumble at the world or at your Maker. God is just and will not maltreat you. He knows what is best and will bestow good gifts upon you whenever you merit them. Therefore,

CEASE YOUR GRUMBLING.

A BLUSTERER.

A person who makes a great deal of noise—who drives pell mell along, soldom accomplishes any thing for himself or others. He is like a rocket, that ascends and fixes the eyes of the multitude for a few moments, and then expires. That which in man produces the most effect, is unseen by the community and only felt. Do you hear the steam that propels the majestic boat? The steam which escapes and makes the noise, produces nothing. It is just so with mankind, look where you may. The blustering, talking driving, headlong fellows, make you start and turn aside—and this is all. The substantial, energetic, talented, say but little, but you feel the effects of their labors and their influence every day.

☞There are 99 places of worship in Boston, costing $3,246,500, and having accommodations for 84,185 persons. These churches, &c., are maintained at a yearly expense of $170,286. There are 80 Sunday schools, having 1864 teachers and 17,000 scholars.

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

It is highly important, my young friends, that you early acquire and establish habits of economy in matters of expense. It is important to your own present welfare to your success in the world, as well as to the welfare of our country. Young people are apt to entertain extravagant and absurd notions of life, to estimate their enjoyments by the money they cost; to choose enjoyments which are expensive, and connected with display. But you may depend upon it, the most valuable enjoyments are easily obtained; they cost but little money, and are within the reach of all, of the poor as well as the rich. If a person's design is to secure such privileges and enjoyment only as are connected with virtue, with sobriety, intellectual improvement and elevation of character, he may carry his designs into operation with very limited funds. It is dissipation, sensual enjoyments,—enjoyments which have no moral tendency—it is such enjoyments as these that cost money, and often put young persons upon disagreeable experiments to meet their expenses. The truth is, men's indispensable wants are few; but those wants which their own folly have created, or which the absurd customs of society have imposed—these wants are all expensive, and they do more than a little to prevent young people rising in the world; to introduce vicious tastes, discouragements, habits of intemperance, and crime.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

Though common, these humble seminaries are mighty agents: they are the lever which raised New England to her high position—Much as we are indebpted to colleges, academies and other similar institutions, we owe more, inestimably more, to common schools. Opening the doors to all, sowing the seeds of learning broadcast over the land, their contributions to the intelligence, and consequently, to the prosperity and enjoyment though bestowed in small portions to each, yet, in their aggregate to vast amount. From these primary assemblies ooze out the rills which commingling form the streams that are ever washing out our moral and political stains. Stop the flowing of those waters and our fair land would at once blacken with ignorance vice, and crime. Liberty would lose her nourishment, philanthropy her most invigorating draught. Christianity her invaluable supplies. Christians, philanthropists, patriots, cherish these nurseries of the mind and heart of the next generation—Place them so high that the children of the rich shall be sent to mingle with those of the poor; here let all classes take lessons in equality; let the children of the wealthy here learn in early life that they are being trained up for the scenes in which the most intellectual, the most deserving are to be at the head of the class; here let the poor boy learn,—that when he outsteps the rich man's son in the race of learning or moral excellence, the prize of distinction will be bestowed on himself.—Farmers! these schools are invaluable to your children and your country. Few higher duties rest upon you than that of lending wise, generous, and constant aid to the school in your district; notice and encourage the teacher; by precept and example, influence all parents to send their children to school: supply your children with books; let them be in school in season, and constant in attendance; help cheerfully to make the house comfortable. These points are all of them important; each is worthy of serious thought, and when considered in all their bearings and influence, you cannot fail to see that our country's future eminence depends on the high character of the common schools.

THE LADIES CAN TELL.

The editor of the Louisville Iris, on his way home the other night, picked up a very extraordinary piece of decoration belonging to some young woman. He appeared to be at a loss to know what to call it. We presume, however, that some of our female acquaintances could give him light on the subject. Hear him describe it:

"It is shaped, or rather was, a good deal like a recent half moon; some like an India-rubber life preserver, and some like a pig yoke felt a little soft like; and was covered with bed ticking. We had nearly broke our neck over it, and as we never had any luck in our life we thought may be we had found a treasure at last. We didn't know but it was a new way the banks had adopted of making remittances so as to prevent robbery, for the ugly thing had a string at each end so that in an emergency a *man* might tie it around him and carry it a short distance, With anxious hand, therefore, we seized our knife and tore into it, it ript about six inches, and the first thing that protruded itself from the orifice was an old roundabout, and then in rapid succession, three short shirts and two long ones; an old fur cap; a pair of breeches, old and ragged: the shirt of an old calico dress; a pair of old calico drawers, with fringed bottoms; four old night caps; two cradle blankets; one old leghorn bonnet; one old morocco boot; two table cloths; ten small pieces of diaper, very much worn, an old piano cover; two long night-gowns, one raged waiscoat; three quilted petticoats and six hippins. What on earth could these things have been? Do tell?

An idle man's brain is the devil's workshop.

GEN. TAYLOR AND THE VOLUNTEERS.—Our friend Capt. Church, of the *Bulletin*, on his late trip up from New Orleans, says the St. Louis Reveille, brought with him a number of officers just from the army. They were full of anecdotes, of couse, and the following little illustration of character is interesting as well as amusing.

Among the volunteers was a "gentleman's son"—a full private, who heartily sick of rainy weather, mud and no shelter, first went to his captain with his complaints, but meeting with no particular sympathy, resolved to have a talk with Gen. Taylor himself. Arrived at the commander's quarters, the General was pointed out to him, but he was rather incredulous. "*That* old fellow, General Taylor?—Nonsense!" Satisfied, however, that such was even the case he marched up, and, rather patronizingly opened his business.

"Gen. Taylor, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, General, I'm devlish glad to see you—am, indeed!" The General returned the civility.

"General, you'll excuse me, but since I've been here I've been doing all I could for you—have, indeed; but the fact is, the accommodations are *very* bad—are, indeed; mud, sir! actually mud! 'bleeged to lie down in it, actually; and the fact is, General, I'm a *gentleman's son*, and not used to it!"

The General, no doubt deeply impressed with the fact of having a *gentleman's* son in his army expressed his regret that such annoyances should ever exist, under any circumstances, in a civilized army.

"Well—but, General, what am I to do?"

"Why, really, I don't know, unless you take my place."

"Well, now, that's civil—'tis, indeed. Of course don't mean to *turn you out*, but a few hours' sleep—a cot, or a bunk, or anything—would be so refreshing! Your place—where is it, General?"

"Oh! just drop down—*anywhere about here*—any place about camp will answer!

The look which the "gentleman's son" gave the General was rather peculiar.

"Well, no wonder they call you 'Rough and Ready!'" said he; and, amid the smiles of all but "Rough and Ready" himself, the "gentleman's son" returned to take his chance of the weather.

"What are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own—
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone."

Agricultural.

From the Gennesees Farmer.

GREEN CROPS AS MANURE.

An illiterate farmer asked, "why does not my ten acre field sink down, as I and my ancestors have taken more than a hundred crops from it without ever adding a particle of manure?"

He was not aware that the substance of his crops, was principally obtained from the air, and from the moisture in the soil so that the quantity of soil itself was little affected.

To prove that plants may be produced from no other substance than air and water, let the following experiment be performed. Procure a quantity of pounded glass, wash it in a clean glass vessel, and plant in it grass seed or grain, let it be elevated from the ground and kept remote from any thing that can drop into it or come in contact with it. Moisten it frequently with perfectly pure water, so that not a particle of any thing else come near it. The seeds will vegetate and grow to a height of several inches; and the glass will not be diminished in the least. If the experiment, instead of being made with pounded glass were made with silex, alumine, & carbonate of lime, in those proportions in which they exist when they form the most fertile soils, the result would be the same. It is true in all good soils there exists vegetable and animal matter, the quantity of which is affected by the growth of plants, but these substances form but a small proportion of the whole, and vegetable matter in soils is as likely to be increased as diminished by the growth of plants.

It will thus be perceived, that the practice of enriching land by green crops, is in fact nothing else than obtaining manure from the *air and rain*;—that plants, form a channel through which fertilizing substances are conveyed to the soil, which are taken in by the leaves & pass through the steams to the roots.

The roots of grass in good sward ground make a formidable subterranean forest in miniature, and it is asserted on respectable authority, that more than twelve tons are thus added to the fertilizing properties of every acre of soil. When therefore, the leaves and stems, as well as roots, are also thus applied, the whole quantity becomes very large.

Crops turned under for manure, should always be in a green state, and never ripe and dry. In the former case they ferment and become fit for supporting vegetation, in the latter they continue unrotted for years.

London, speaking on this subject, makes the following interesting statement: "Among the most active parts employed as manure, I have found the wild species of the genus Sinapis, (mustard,) ploughed in fresh in the bottom of turnip drills, at the rate of twenty tons per acre. The produce brought at auction £12, while the rest of the field, manured, with tons of farm yard dung, brought only from £9 to £10 per acre. Other weeds, such as nettles thistles, &c. produce crops superior to farm yard dung.* Potatoe stems, fresh ploughed in, on clover lay for wheat, I have found to produce crops excerding by two bolls per acre in quantity, with more proportionate weight of straw than other parts of the same field manured with farmyard dung, but otherwise under the same circumstances. The stems from three acres of good potatoes will manure an acre of wheat, to much better purpose than fifteen tons of farm yard dung the usual quantity allowed in that part of the rotation, clover and wheat being the crop which generally proceeds fallow,"

We think, that in no case farm yard manure should be rejected or wasted, because all the manure which can possibly be had is always needed in good farming; but fields remote from manure yards, may frequently be enriched at less expense by green manure, than by carting farm-yard dung upon them. This will be evident when we take into account the expense of drawing and spreading on the land, and the fact, that a crop of vegetable growth is already upon the ground, spread as evenly as it is desired on the other

*We have observed in all parts of the country in the latter part of summer, pastures literally covered with an enormous growth of the common field thistle (*Cuicns lanceolatns*) so that little else could grow upon the land. If this about the time of blossoming, were cut, raked in heaps with a horse rake and allowed to ferment, they would furnish a vast amount of manure, and prevent the seeds spreading.

CONVERTING VEGETABLE MATTER INTO MANURE.

The following method for converting leaves and other vegetable substances into manure, was communicated some years since by H. Browne, Esq., a distinguished chemist, to the "Society for the Encouragement of Arts," &c. Mr. Browne stated that from numerous experiments, made for a number of years in succession, by himself and friends, the utility of the composition, as well as its cheapness and durability, had been fully and permanently established. It can be manufactured in any situaron and to any extent desired, and the mode of making is as simple as can reasonably be expected, or desired. The following is the *modus operandi* to be pursued:

"Upon a layar of vegetable matter, about a foot thick, a very thin layer of lime, beat small is to be laid; and so on, vegetable matter, then lime alternately. After they have been put together a few hours, the decomposition will begin to take place—and, unless prevented by a few sods, or a fork full of vegetables at hand, the mixture will break out into a blaze, which must at all events, be avoided. In about twenty-four hours the process will be complete and you will have a quantity of ashes to lay on your land at any time you wish. Ary, and all sorts of vegetables, and weeds of every discription, if used green will answer the purpose.—They will doubly serve the farmer, as they will not only be at a small expense, but will in process of time render his farm more valuable by depriving it of all noisome weeds. Mr. B. states that he made a calculation with clover, grown for the purpose, and that one acre, at a single cutting when decomposed by the above process, yielded a sufficient quantity of ashes to manure four acres. He states that the vegetables should be used as soon after they are cut as possible, and the lime as fresh from the kiln as the distance will allow. It appears that on these two circumstances mainly depends the goodness of the composition. We think this plan is worthy of farther experiments; and we should be happy to communicate to the public the result of any trial made for the purpose of testing its utility."

VALUE OF ANTHRACITE COAL ASHES.—In the February number of the Agriculturalist, page 55, one of the correspondents gave an excellent article on the value of anthracite ashes for corn. Since this we understand they were applied on the grass lands in New Jersey, in 1845, at the rate of fifty bushels per acre, and notwithstanding the unprecedented drought they were the means doubling the crop of grass. As there are more or less hard cinders in these ashes, after spreading them on the grass lands it would be well to pass a roller over the meadow in order to sink the cinders in the ground out of the way of the edge of the scythe.—Anthracite ashes can be had in the city for the mere cost of gathering, and in some instances the corporation carts will deliver them on the dock.

VERY AFFECTING.—A farmer going to "get his grist ground" at a mill borrowed a bag of one of his neighbors. The poor man was some-how or other knocked into the water by the water wheel and the bag went with him.—He was drowned; and when the melancholy news was brought to his wife she exclaimed," My gracious! what a fuss ther'll be now about that beg!"

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