

# The Cambridge Chronicle.

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"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT: LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMS' AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

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## Poetical.

### OLD FRIENDS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Old friends! old friends! the dear old friends  
That time has swept away!  
Ah! who can make the heart amend  
For the friends of life's young day?  
Oh! they were the fixed stars of love  
That never left their sphere,  
The beacon light that shone above,  
Our life's dark path to cheer,  
Old Friends! Old Friends!

Old friends! old friends! can we forget,  
Those days of golden prime,  
When round our fathers hearth we met,  
And our merry voices' chime  
Made the hall ring to the roof with joy,  
As we sung the song of yore,  
Or danced to the strains of the harper boy,  
On the bright old oaken floor!  
Old Friends! Old Friends!

Old friends! old friends! as time rolls on,  
We miss them more and more;  
Those halls are dark where once they shone  
And closed the friendly door;  
While colder seems the stranger's eye,  
And we pass on earth's dull way,  
And think, with men's tender sigh,  
Of the friends of life's young day,  
Old Friends! Old Friends!

### TO A STEPCCHILD.

Thou art not mine—the golden locks that cluster  
Round thy broad brow—  
Thy blue eyes with their soft and liquid lustre,  
And cheek of snow—  
E'en the strange sadness on thine infant features  
Blending with love—  
And hers whose mournful eyes seem sadly bending  
On her lost dove.

Thou art not mine—upon thy sweet lip lingers  
Thy mother's smile—  
And while I press thy soft and baby fingers  
In mine the while—  
In the deep eyes so trustfully upraising  
Thy light to mine—  
I deem the spirit of thy mother gazing  
To my soul's shrine.

They ask me with their meek and soft beseeching  
A mother's care—  
They ask a mother's kind and patient teaching—  
A mother's prayer.  
Not mine—yet dear to me—fair fragrant blossom  
Of a fair tree—  
Gushed to the earth in life's first glorious summer—  
Thou'rt dear to me.  
Child of the lost, the buried, and the sainted,  
I call thee mine—  
Till fairer still with tears and sin untainted—  
Her home be thine.

## Miscellaneous.

### For the Chronicle. LUCY MASON; OR, BLIGHTED HOPES.

BY ELAM.

In the village of C—, in the year 18—  
lived Esquire Mason, a wealthy merchant,  
who had acquired a large fortune in the city  
of New York, after which he removed to the  
village above alluded to, with his family, com-  
posed of a tender and affectionate wife and  
two charming daughters, highly accomplished  
and interesting. The youngest, Lucy, was a  
girl of uncommon frankness of disposition,  
and was beloved by all who had the pleasure  
of her acquaintance. In the heart of Lucy  
Mason, her young associates always found a  
confidant worthy of their trust. Though raised  
in affluence, and unused to scenes of penury  
and distress, she keenly felt for the necessi-  
ties of the poor, and often rendered assistance  
to the needy. Through the kindness of her  
heart she soon became the favorite of C—,  
and her company was sought by all classes of  
society; by the poor, for her benevolence and  
sweet words of consolation; by the intelligent,  
for her bland and impressive conversation upon  
subjects calculated to call forth their admira-  
tion and applause.

Several years passed away,—all was hap-  
piness in the family of Mr. Mason, and when  
he thought that all was well, as regarded his  
worldly prospects, the heart-rending intelli-  
gence of the utter bankruptcy of his nephew,  
Francis Underhill, for whom he had endorsed  
to a very large amount, was proclaimed, and  
Mr. Mason was a ruined man.

Lucy felt sorely the situation of her family,  
more on account of her aged father than for  
herself; and though destitute of a knowledge  
of any kind of physical labor, she determined  
at once, to open a school for the instruction of  
young ladies, having full confidence, that by  
perseverance, she might be enabled, measur-  
ably, to smooth the declining years of her father,  
whose health had become feeble, and whose  
mind was shattered by the recent reverse of  
fortune to which he had been subjected.

By Lucy's perseverance things went on  
pleasantly for two years, when there came to  
C— a man bearing the appellation of Col.  
Wilson, who was generally thought to be of  
the higher order of talents, of gentlemanly de-  
portment, and withal, a handsome income,—

But beneath a winning and pleasant exterior  
were embosomed the licentious principles of a  
fiend. He sought an acquaintance with Lucy,  
which having obtained, he was devoted to  
his attentions, and many were the bright eyes  
and smitten hearts that envied her. But alas,  
in an evil hour, he robbed her of that holy  
principle so resplendently beautiful in her sex;  
and what was once the beautiful and interest-  
ing Lucy Mason, was now the emaciated and  
heart-broken victim of the seducer.

Her father, unable to bear this shock, in the  
shame and everlasting disgrace of her, in  
whom he foresaw the pleasure of his old age,  
sunk under the weight of his sorrows, and his  
remains were soon borne to their mother earth.  
Her mother, too, upon whose cheek the hectic  
flush had long foretold that soon she must pass  
away, gave up to despondency and grief, her  
mind dethroned, and all her hopes crushed to  
earth, bereft of the staff of her life, followed  
him to her long resting place.

But let us return to Lucy. In the village  
churchyard might be seen her slender form  
bending over the slumbering place of her pa-  
rents, and in warm aspirations to heaven, wa-  
tered their graves with the bitter tears of re-  
pentance. She had fondly hoped, she had  
confidingly loved; but hope that cheering angel  
had taken its flight, her love was ill-requited.

She looked around her and saw on the lips  
of those who once took pleasure in her society,  
the curl of scorn and contempt. 'Twas more  
than she could bear, reason left her throne,  
and she was a wandering, but harmless ma-  
niac.

Years passed away, and the once lovely Lucy  
Mason, the pride of C—, daily wander-  
ed through the streets of the village. The  
impress of her former beauty was still visible,  
but ah, how sad the change!

Wilson had long since left C—, and of  
his whereabouts none of the people of that  
village knew. But justice, ever watchful for  
her right, overtook the wretch, and the intelli-  
gence was received, that having sown the  
seeds of sorrow in the family of the Rev. Mr.  
F., of A—, by blasting the hopes of an only  
daughter, her brother, though too late to re-  
dress the wrong sustained by his family in the  
rescue of his sister from shame and disgrace,  
followed him to the city of P., and having  
met with him, sent the fatal dagger to his  
heart.

The officers of the law laid violent hands  
upon him, but the whole populace being en-  
raged at the vile conduct of Wilson, he was  
assured that no evil would befall him for hav-  
ing rid the world of so unprincipled a wretch.  
He was released to appear before the court of  
the city, to be held the following month. At  
the appointed time, Edward F. appeared. His  
whole demeanor wore a confidence of success.  
The counsel for the State ingeniously argued  
the atrocity of his crime, but the evidence of  
Wilson's former conduct, and the favor with  
which Edward F. was held by the community  
at large, he was acquitted, amid the cheers  
and plaudits of all present.

Lucy's sister, Gertrude, though not so beau-  
tiful, was married to a gentleman of rank, of  
generous and sympathizing feeling. Around  
his hearthstone, when the autumnal fire burn-  
ed brightly, could be seen, mingling in playful  
innocence with her cousins, the little Lucy,  
whose every feature bore the impress of her  
mother's; and as the vacant eye of her who  
was once lovely to behold, rested on her in-  
nocent offspring, a gloom would cross her brow  
and conscious sorrow seemed to pervade her  
mind.

Disease had fastened upon the vitals of poor  
Lucy, her feeble frame gave way and she sunk  
into the grave.

The little Lucy was raised in the family of  
her aunt, unconscious of the sorrows of her  
mother. Time passed on—she bloomed into  
womanhood, a facsimile of the beauty and  
loveliness of the ill-fated Lucy. She possess-  
ed a mind of rare genius, and many were the  
gallant hearts offered at the shrine of her affec-  
tion. She married a Mr. W., a man of afflu-  
ence and great personal popularity, which  
soon exalted him to a high place in the coun-  
cils of the nation. The little motherless Lucy  
is now happy in the love of a kind husband,  
and joy and prosperity are the companions of  
her life.

### From the Baltimore Clipper, THE DEATH OF MAJOR RINGGOLD. BY A YOUNG LADY.

Written on the reception of the news of his  
death.

Reader, have you ever stood beside a stream,  
whose murmuring waves gave no notice of its  
existence, save in its own purring music; and  
as you gazed upon its mirror surface, and be-  
held the droppings of natural gems, which  
studded the velvet flowers on its margin, and  
the delicately formed leaves, which were  
reflected from its bosom, in their pale, green  
beauty—have you felt the sweet influence of  
the scene steal almost imperceptibly over  
your senses; and then have you beheld the fair  
sheet of water suddenly precipitated over some  
miniature cataract, which impeded its way,  
and for a moment, awakened from its strange  
unconsciousness, until its impetus is again  
lost, and it is left to pursue its slow, meander-  
ing course? If so, can you better appreciate  
the meaning of the poet, when he says,

"There is a change in the affairs of men."

There are sometimes periods in our history,  
when the dull monotony of life is broken, when  
the spell of the enchanter is drawn aside, and  
we momentarily see things as they are. When  
we are suddenly awakened from the dreamy  
apathy, in which we had so long indulged, by  
some event of a startling nature. Truly, ours  
is a chequered path—evil seems to brood over  
us in every form—the messenger of death  
rides in every cloud—directs his darts from  
every lightning flash, and delivers his com-  
mands in every thunder peal—lives, moves,  
and has his being in the very atmosphere we  
breathe. "In the midst of life we are in  
death," once said he, upon whom the spirit of  
inspiration breathed. With the ever-heaving,  
hurrying tide of active life around, how often  
are our thoughts directed to the silent, the elo-  
quently silent, habitations of the dead!

Who would have thought, when twelve  
months ago, we gazed on the dancing plume  
and noble form of the gallant Ringgold, as he  
rode conspicuous among the multitude of  
brave and stately ones, who crowded to do  
honor to the fallen hero and statesman of our  
country; and who would have thought, that  
before the anniversary of that day should have  
again commemorated the glory of the depar-  
ted, he would have found a soldier's grave in  
a strange land; that the tribute of brave hearts  
would have offered to his ashes, and (*he would  
have lain him down*) 'neath the resplendent  
stars and stripes of his country, he would have  
laid him down ripe with honor near the field  
which his valor helped to win. And yet, 'tis  
so: the same messenger which brought tidings  
of the glorious triumph of the American arms,  
poisoned the cup of joy; which had so nearly  
saluted our lips, by the sad tidings of the death  
of the gifted and honored son of Maryland,  
"Major Ringgold!" Ah! when did victory  
e'er twine the laurel round a beloved standard,  
without staining it with the life-blood of some  
of its noblest supporters? How often have the  
brave left the shore of which they loved to call  
"home," and ne'er again beheld the green field  
of their nativity? Well do I remember the  
day when the gallant, but ill-fated Ringgold,  
bade adieu to Baltimore—'twas as fair a morn-  
ing as e'er the sun shone upon. The deep, blue  
waters of the Patapsco danced merrily on in  
the bright sun-beam, now and then catching a  
slant ray as it fell upon the surface, and reflect-  
ing it to the downy clouds above, in colors  
so brilliant, it seemed to partake more of the  
heavenly regions, whither it was sent, than  
the earth-born elements, whence it came; the  
emerald crowd hills of Hamstead, seemed in  
the distance, to meet the sky above—while,  
far off, the dim outline of the fort rose before  
me, surmounted by the standard of our country;  
and never had the stars and stripes  
been more proudly unfurled—never had they  
waved more gaily in the breeze, than on that  
day, little heeding that some should no longer  
repose 'neath their folds—that they no longer  
should wave over many a noble form; and  
more than all, over him who claimed a proud  
pre-eminence among them. Sadly and omi-  
nously was the vessel watched, as it dropped  
slowly down with the tide. The spell of the  
enchanter is upon me, and in imagination, I  
gaze upon the martial form of Ringgold, as it  
turns to take a last, long, lingering look, up-  
on scenes, loved perhaps, all too dearly.

"Ah!" look well and fondly hapless chief  
upon the verdure capped hills, and noble mon-  
uments of thy city, the place where fate hath  
linked with thee, many bright associations,  
where ties of friendship have bound thee in  
cords too holy to be broken, too sacred to be  
severed, and upon that military home where  
thy days have been spent; for the lightning of  
thy eye will be quenched in death, and thy  
voice will have lost its thrilling tones, ere a-  
gain thy mailed companions tread our streets!  
They are gone. And never more shall eye  
of man rest proudly upon the brave leader of  
that gallant band; for he has found a grave in  
the green savannahs of the South, he has offer-  
ed up his valued life one of the first victims at  
his country's shrine, he has disappeared from  
among us, but his name is still green in the  
memory of the American heart; he has by his  
heroic deeds gained for himself a proud im-  
mortality, and needs not monuments of brass  
and marble to perpetuate his fame. For  
though his ashes sleep in a strange land his  
living form as he appeared in the day of his  
pride and power, will live in the hearts of all  
who knew him, and his name will be associa-  
ted with the Washingtons, the Lincolns, the  
Greens, the Marrions, and Jacksons of other  
times, earlier in the history of our Republic  
but not earlier in deeds of heroic valor, as his  
fall, covered with laurels, is abundant evi-  
dence.

A soldier's fate—'tis brilliant—yet melan-  
choly; it is hard to any in the full vigor of life,  
to feel the chords severing one by one which  
bind them to earth, and how much more so to  
the soldier, who in his aspirations for military  
renown, rushes into the thickest of the fight  
heedless of danger, and intent only upon the  
one grand object of his thoughts—fame! Of  
such it may be said, as of Charles XII., "the  
roaring of cannon and the din of war is the  
only music which finds an echo in their souls;"  
and with what intensity of feeling do they realize  
that the sun of their life is descending  
'mid dark and lowering clouds, that their  
glowing hopes and bright dreams are crushed

in the bud, and they will leave that glory to  
others with which they would fain have en-  
weathered their own brows.

And yet the death of a hero, such as we la-  
ment, is glorious. He is indeed, deserving the  
memory of a grateful people, who in his  
last hours displays that nobility of soul which  
alone discovers the patriot and freeman. The  
last words of our lamented chieftain, "Tarry  
not here; there is yet work for you to do" ad-  
dressed to one who would fain have smoothed  
his passage to the grave by the gentle words  
of friendship, will like the celebrated signal of  
the famous Nelson, be the motto of the Amer-  
ican soldiery, teaching them to forego all per-  
sonal gratifications when their country requires  
their aid. His end was a bright one, to fall  
'mid the shoutings of victory, to hear the thun-  
der tones of rejoicing which rent the air, and  
die with the triumphant standard of his coun-  
try waving over him, is indeed a proud fate.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
With all their country's wishes blest,  
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck then hallowed mould,  
But there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
Than fancy's feet, ~~any~~ ever trod.

### DUTY OF LADIES.

The sceptre of empire is not the sceptre that  
best benefits the hand of woman; nor is the  
field of carnage her field of glory. Home,  
sweet home is her theatre of action, her pedes-  
tal of beauty, and throne of power. Or if  
sent abroad, she is seen to the best advantage  
when on an errand of love, and wearing the  
robe of mercy.

It was not woman who slept during the ag-  
onies of Gethsemane; it was not woman who  
denied her Lord at the palace of Caiaphas; it  
was not woman who deserted his cross on the  
hill of Calvary. But it was woman that  
dared to testify her respect for his course, that  
procured spices for embalming it, and that  
was found last at night, and first in the morn-  
ing, at the sepulchre. Time has neither im-  
paired her kindness, shaken her constancy, or  
changed her character. Now as formerly, it  
is her office, and well it has been sustained,  
to stay the fainting head, wipe from the dim eye  
the tear of anguish, and from the cold forehead  
the dew of death.

This is not unmerited praise. I have too  
much respect for the character of woman, to  
use, even elsewhere, the language of adulation  
and too much self-respect to use such language  
here. I would not, if I could, persuade those  
of the sex who hear me, to become the public  
clamorous advocates, of even temperance. It  
is the influence of their declared approbation;  
or their open, willing, visible example, en-  
forced by that soft, persuasive, colloquial elo-  
quence, which in some hallowed retirement,  
and chosen moments, exerts such controlling  
influence over the hard, cold heart of man; es-  
pecially over a husband's, a son's, or a brother's  
heart; it is this influence which we need;  
which is chiefly known by the gradual, kindly  
transformation of character it produces, and  
which in its benign influence, may be compar-  
ed to the noiseless, balmy influence of Spring,  
shedding, as it silently advances, renovation  
over every hill, and dale, and glen, and islet,  
and changing throughout the whole region of  
animated nature, winters rugged and unsight-  
ly forms, into the forms of vernal loveliness and  
beauty.—Dr. Nott.

PRESERVED FISH.—The story that Preser-  
ved Fish had been picked up, when a child,  
on the ocean's shore, is a mere fiction. Its  
origin has been traced to the following laugh-  
able incident: While on one of his trading voy-  
ages, Captain Fish was hailed by a Revenue  
Cutter with the question—"What's the name  
of that brig?" "Flying Fish, sir!" "What's  
your cargo?" "Pickled Fish, sir!" "Who's  
your captain?" "Preserved Fish!" The reve-  
nue officer became quite angry, and immedi-  
ately boarded the brig, to revenge himself for  
the insult. When he found, however, that  
only the truth had been spoken, he enjoyed  
the joke, and vowed that he would preserve  
the memory of Preserved Fish as an ocean  
wonder.—Hunt's Magazine.

A HEROIC WOMAN.—The Charleston News  
of December 13th furnishes an interesting  
letter from Tampico, from which we make  
the following extract:

The honor and glory of hoisting the Amer-  
ican flag at this place belongs to woman,  
and a Mexican woman too; she is the wife  
of Mr. Chase, a Yankee, who is Consul  
here. While her husband was on board the  
Princeton, this brave and noble lady plant-  
ed the American Standard on the house top  
with her own hands, and though threatened  
by the Mexicans who shot at her repeated-  
ly, she stood firm and undaunted by the  
symbol of our Union, and proud and erect  
she pointed to it as it floated in the breeze.  
She indeed deserves something from her a-  
dopted country.

TALENT.—What we want in natural abil-  
ities may generally and easily be made up  
in industry—as a dwarf may keep pace with  
a giant, if he but move his legs little fas-  
ter. "Mother," said the Spartan youth, go-  
ing to battle, "my sword is too short." "Add  
a step to it," was the reply.

## Agricultural.

CURING HAMS.—As the season for slaugh-  
tering our cattle and hogs, and putting them in  
the cellar for family use, is at hand, the mode  
of curing beef, pork, and hams, is important to  
every housekeeper. I take it for granted every  
one knows that in curing pork, the main  
point is to put in a great abundance of good  
salt. There need be no fear of applying too  
much. If not required in curing the meat, it  
will remain in the cask, and is as good as ever  
to be applied again. In curing beef, salt  
should be used more sparingly. Six pounds of  
fine salt, four ounces of saltpetre, one pound  
and a quarter of brown sugar, make a good  
proportion of ingredients for 100 pounds of  
beef. In twenty-four hours a pickle that will  
bear an egg endwise should be applied. Dry-  
ing beef should remain in the pickle about ten  
days. To cure hams thoroughly, so as to have  
them sufficiently salt to keep, and yet not too  
salt, and to give them the real Jersey flavor, is  
a more delicate operation, and requires a nice  
hand. The following recipe is a good one,  
and may be relied on for making a first-rate  
ham: To 80 lbs. of hams take 4 ounces of  
brown sugar, 3 ounces of saltpetre, and 1 pint  
of fine salt; pulverize and mix them thor-  
oughly; rub the hams well all over, particularly on  
the flesh side, and lay them on boards for 36 or  
40 hours, then pack them in casks, adding two  
quarts of fine salt to every 80 lbs. of hams.—  
In fifteen or eighteen days they may be hung  
up to smoke.—Farmers' Cabinet.

WHEAT, BARLEY, OATS.—One hundred  
parts of the stalks of wheat yield 155 parts of  
ashes. The same quantity of barley, 8.54; and  
oats only 4.32 parts. Thus, as the demands  
of each of these plants for the alkaline ele-  
ments of their growth is different, one may be  
raised on ground which has ceased to produce  
the others; and this is what is daily witnessed  
—land, refusing to yield wheat, and yet afford-  
ing excellent crops of oats, the proportion of  
alkali required by which is so comparatively  
small compared with the demands of the wheat  
crop. How readily, then, may a good soil from  
oats be rendered productive in wheat by the  
simple addition of some alkaline dressing, all  
the other requisites of fertility having been be-  
fore present.—Cuthbert W. Johnson.

MANAGEMENT OF POULTRY.—By Sarah Da-  
kin.—Hens.—1. Provide a warm dry shelter  
for winter.

2. Feed with oats, soaked for 12 hours in  
warm water before feeding.

3. Burn clam shells and pound them fine,  
let them have as many as they can eat, and you  
may have eggs from January to December.

From thirty hens I have gathered this year  
3,522 eggs by the 10th of September, and raised  
200 chickens.

I manage my chickens by feeding oats and  
rye ground, two bushels of oats to one of rye.  
Keep them in a warm shelter at night.

N. B. To prevent the pip or gaps, change  
the male every year, and your chickens will be  
healthy.

Management of Turkeys.—1. Feed the same  
as hens, and let them hatch their young ones  
any time after the 20th of May.

2. Feed the young ones with oats and rye  
ground, wet with milk curd, and occasionally  
sprinkle a little powdered clam shell lime with  
the feed; if cold and wet weather, sprinkle a  
little black pepper with their food.

3. Make warm and dry shelters for them to  
brood in nights, and keep them from the wet  
and dew until the sun shines warm.

4. Feed but little the first twenty-four hours  
after they are hatched; by this management I  
can raise nine out of ten.

Be sure and change the tom turkey every  
year.

Raising Goslings.—1. Have them hatch as  
early as the first of May if possible. Make  
dry, warm places for their nests.

2. Feed the young goslings with corn meal,  
put one teaspoonful of salt in a pint of meal,  
wet the feed with milk.

3. Let them have access to water in pleasant  
weather.

4. Keep them at night in a warm dry shel-  
ter.

By this management I can raise 49 out of  
50.

Ducks.—Feed ducks the same as goslings.  
In this way I have raised fifty-two young ones  
from two old ducks in one year.—Poughkeep-  
sie Telegraph.

STABLES.—To prevent loss from the evap-  
oration of the ammonia, all stables should be  
strewn with plaster. By this means, the car-  
bonate of ammonia will be converted into a  
sulphate, and thus deprived of its volatility.—  
Besides the saving to be effected in the preven-  
tion of the escape of a valuable manure, the  
health of the animals would be greatly promo-  
ted and their eyes saved from many affections  
which now originate from the too pungent na-  
ture of the ammonia, which is continuously  
thrown off from the urine in its various stages  
of decomposition.—American Farmer.

ANTIDOTE FOR ARSENIC.—The Literary  
Gazette says that experiments have been made  
in France, by giving dogs nine grains of ar-  
senic and then pouring down them nine ounces  
of fresh calf's blood. It was found that the  
blood neutralized the arsenic and rendered it  
harmless.