THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES M. JONES.

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

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TERMS

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POETRY.

We can scarcely be mistaken, says the Richmond Republican, in attributing the authorship of the following pretty little song to Charles Carter Lee, Esq., from the county of Hardy.

Rosabel—A Song.

AIR—"LUCY LONG."

When Rosa was a baby
They asked that I would tell
A name for the little lady
And I called her Rosabel.
Take your time, Miss Rosa,
Rosa, Rosabel;
Take your time, Miss Rosa,
And learn your lesson well.

Now Rosa's like her namesake,
That in the garden grows,
And when she blooms to more shape,
Oh how she'll plague the beaux:
But take your time, Miss Rosa,
Rosa, Rosabel;
Take your time, Miss Rosa,
And watch the fellows well.

For soon they'll come a courting,
And wond'rous things they'll tell;
Oh how their hearts are doating
On pretty Rosabel.
But take your time, Miss Rosa,
Rosa, Rosabel;
Take take your time, Miss Rosa,
No matter what they tell.

They'll say that you are loosing
The morning of your life,
And that you should be choosing
To be somebody's wife.
But take your time, Miss Rosa,
Rosa, Rosabel;
Take your time, Miss Rosa,
No matter what they tell.

And O they will be sighing,
To prove their passion true,
And vow that they are dying,
But just to live with you.
So take your time, Miss Rosa,
Rosa, Rosabel;
Take your time, Miss Rosa,
No matter what they tell.

But while the rose is blooming,
Nobody minds the thorn;
Yet don't be too presuming,
For soon the bloom is gone.
Don't overstay, Miss Rosa,
Your time, Miss Rosabel;
To waste your roses, Rosa,
Is not to manage well.

But while your cheek is blooming,
And many you command,
On some one be bestowing,
At once your heart and hand.
For that's the way, Miss Rosa,
Rosa, Rosabel;
That's the way, Miss Rosa,
To wear your roses well.

A hint to Employers.—We overheard, (says an exchange,) not many days ago, the following conversation between a master builder and a day laborer:—

'What wages do you expect?'

'Why, I can work for a dollar a day, or seventy-five cents a day, or fifty cents a day, or twenty-five cents a day. When I works for a dollar a day, I works. When I gets only a half or a quarter, I takes it easy.'

The spade and shovel was put on a dollar per diem allowance.

Self Dependence.—Most young men consider it a misfortune to be born poor, or not to have capital enough to establish themselves at their outset in life in a good business. This is a mistaken notion. So far from poverty being a misfortune to them, if we may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a blessing; the chance is more than ten to one against him who starts with plenty of money. Let any man look back twenty years and see who began business at that time with abundant means, and trace them to the present day; how many have become poor, lost their places in society, and are passed by their boon companions with a look which plainly says I know you not.

A COON HUNT IN A FENCY COUNTRY.

From the Western Continent.

'Tis really astonishing what a monstrous sight of mischief there is in one pint of rum. If one of 'em was to be submitted to an analization, as the doctors call it, it would be found to contain all manner of devilment that ever entered the head of man, from cussin and stealin up to murder and whippin his own mother, and nonsense enuff to turn all the men in the world out of their senses. If a man's got any badness in him, it'll bring it out, just as sassafras tea does the measles and if he's a good-for-nothing sort of fellow, without no bad traits in particular, it'll bring out all his greenness. It effects different people in different ways—it makes some men brave and full of fight, and some it makes cowards—some it makes feel rich and happy, and some poor and miserable; and it has a different effect on people's eyes—some it makes see double, and some it makes so blind, they can't tell themselves from a side of bacon. One of the worst cases of rum-foolery that I've heard of for a long time, tuck place in Pineville last fall.

Bill Sweeny and Tom Culpepper, is the two greatest coveys in our settlement for coon huntin. The fact is, they don't do much of anything else, and when *they* can ketch nothin you may depend coons is scarce. Well one night they had everything ready for a regular hunt, but owin to some extra good fortin, Tom had got a pocket pistol, as he called it, of regular old Jimmaky, to keep off rumatics. After takin a good startin horn, they went out on their hunt, with their lite-wood torch blazin, and the dogs barkin and yelpin like ten thousand. Every now and then stoppin to wait for the dogs, they would drink one another's health, till they began to feel very cumfortable, and chatted away 'bout one thing another, 'thout mindin much which way they were guine.—Bime-by they came to a fence. Well over they got, 'thout much difficulty.

"Who's fence is this?" says Bill.

"'Taint no matter," ses Tom; 'let's take suthin to drink."

After takin a drink they went on wonderin what on yearth had become of the dogs. Next thing they cum to a terrible muddy branch. After pulling through the briers and getting on tother, they tuck another drink, and after gwine a little ways they cum to another branch, and a little further they cum to another fence—a monstrous high one this time.

"Where upon yearth is we got to, Culpepper?" ses Bill; "I never seed sich a heap of branches and fences in these parts."

"Why," ses Tom, "It's all old Sturlin's doings—you know he's always building fences and making infernal improvements, as he calls 'em.—But never mind we's through them now."

"The d———l we is," ses Bill; "here's the alfiredest tall fence yet."

Shure enuff there they was right agin another fence. By this time they begun to be considerable tired and limber in the gints, and it was sich a terrible high fence—Tom dropped the last piece of the torch, and thar they were in the dark.

"Now you is done it," ses Bill.

Tom know'd he had, but he thonght it was no use to grieve over spilled milk, so ses he,

"Never mind old hoss—cum ahead, and I'll take you out," and the next minit kerslash he went into the water.

Bill hung on to the fence with both hands as like he thought it was slewin round to throw him off.

"Hellow, Tom," ses he, "where in the world is you got to?"

"Here I is," says Tom, spouting the water out of his mouth, and coffin as though he'd swallowed something. "Look out, there's another branch there."

"Name o' sense whar is we?" ses Bill. "If this is'nt a fency country, dad fetch my buttons."

"Yes, and a branchy one too!" ses Tom, and the highest, and the deepest, and the thickest that I ever did see in my born days."

"Which way is you?" ses Bill.

"Here, rite over the branch."

The next minit in Bill went up to his middle in the branch.

"Cum ahead," says Tom, "let's go home."

"Cum thunder! in such a place as this, whar a man haint more'n got his coat-tail unhiched from a fence' fore he's got over his head and years in the water!"

After getting out and feeling about in the dark a little, they got together agin. After taken another drink, they set out for home, cussin the fences and branches, and helpin one another up now and then; but they hadn't got more'n twenty yards fore they brung up all standing in the middle of another branch. After getting through the branch, and gwine about ten steps, they was brung to a halt by another fence.

"Dadblame my pictur," ses Bill, "if I don't think we is bewitched. Who upon yearth would build fences all over creation in this way!"

It was about an ower's job to get over this one, but after they got on the top, they found the ground on tother side without much trouble.—This time the bottle was broke, and they cum monstrous near having a fight about the catastrofy. But it was a very good thing, for after crossin three or four more branches, and climbing as many more fences, it got to be daylight, and they found out that *they had been climbing the same fence all night!* and not more'n a hundred yards from whar they first cum to it.

Bill Sweeny ses he cant account for it another way but that the liquor sort o'turned their heds, and ses he does really belive if they hadn't gin out they'd been climbing till yet. Bill promised his wife to jine the Temherance Society if she wont never say no more bout the Coon Hunt.—*Western Continent.*

The subjoined article (says the Catholic Telegraph) on Father Rey, is from the pen of a Protestant minister:

From the Butler County (Ohio,) Telegraph.

FATHER REY, THE CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN.

We saw it announced several weeks since, that this holy man had been barbarously murdered by those rascally brigands, the "rancheros" of the neighborhood of Monterey. We read the account with emotions of the most marked character, for we had heard more than one of the "Butler Boys" relate incidents connected with his history in Mexico, and especially at Monterey, that, in our opinion at least, established his claim to a meed of honor equal to that won by any other man on the bloody scene. It is related of him, that during the fiercest of the fight, when a part of the first Ohio regiment had been led through a most destructive fire from the enemy's forts and barricades into the streets of the town—where men fell before the death storm, like leaves before the winter blast, and vainly strove to find a foe on whom to wreak their vengeance—that in this critical moment, when the shot from the Mexican cannon was raking the streets as the aroused hurricane sweeps the deep gorges of the mountain-pass, covering the rough pavement with the dead and dying, this good servant of God was seen moving like the spirit of mercy amidst that scene of strife, administering to the wants of the mangled warrior, who, in the excitement of battle, was forgotten by his advancing comrades—directing the eye about to close, towards that world where the din of arms is never heard, and sealing with the emblem of God's great sacrifice for man's salvation, the cold lips and dim vision of the dead.

* * * * * * *

Our liveliest sympathies are easily aroused by brilliant descriptions of deeds of daring;—the imagination is fired, and the soul aroused by the stirring recital of scenes which, since the day when Hector and Achilles fought beneath the walls of Troy, have possessed for most men a thrilling interest. The pages of hero-history are starred all over with the record of warrior-deeds and examples of prowess, that will be read with avidity for ever. The history of Leonidas at the pass of Thermopyæ, or of Tell amidst the mountain-glaciers of Switzerland, will survive the destruction of the last block of marble in the Acropolis, and co-extend with those everlasting hills.

Murat, the finest horseman in Europe, mounted on his black barb, clad in a gorgeous uniform, and wielding a blade whose descending stroke clove the thickest skull, running down like a tempest upon the panic-stricken Cossack or the dark phalanxes of the Arabian—Macdonald's charge at Wagram, leading thirty thousand men directly into the heart of the enemy's lines, from which fire issued as from the furrowed sides of a levelled volcano, leaving behind him as he advanced, a "swath of dead men, that, as far as the eye could reach, lay like a hurge serpent upon the plain," and at last piercing the Austrian centre, and standing on the other side with but fifteen hundred veterans—Ney, conducting the disastrous retreat from Moscow, the last man to leave the Russian territory, himself "the rear guard army"—Lannes at Arcole—Napoleon at Lodi—or, to speak of recent events, May's leap over the battery of Gen. La Vega at Resaca de la Palma—Yell's charge at Buena Vista—Shields' at Cerro Gordo—these, and hundreds of others of like nature, are actions of the most glorious character; we read their history with beating hearts and tingling veins.

But in all these cases, selected at random, there are the usual aids which attend upon such exciting events. Here the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" are all displayed to incite to heroic achievements. Steel rings on steel—steed neighs to steed—the bursting shell is quickly answered by corresponding explosions; the earth-shaking cavalry, that rush onward like an avalanche, is met by the rock-fast squares of infantry; the whizzing ball of the escopetto is returned by the deadly aim of the American rifle, and the booming cannon from the "Black Fort" is answered by rapid discharges from the batteries of Duncan, Bragg and Ridgely. In all these cases, then, there is something to nerve the heart and string the arm for battle; the animal guided by the intellectual man, is fully aroused, and he does such deeds as men speak of with wonder, but with Father Rey, all these were wanting, and his courage arose from a higher principle than that which animated the soldiers around him.

It undoubtedly requires great bravery for a man, though panoplied in steel, to march right up to the "rude throats" of those "rude engines" that belch out wounds and death, or to charge upon bristling bayonets; but how much more courage does it require to walk calmly in the midst of such scenes, unmoved, except with compassion for the fallen soldier and thus courting death in the discharge of holy duties? We say, then, that if the innumerable acts of unexcelled bravery performed by the soldiers of the republic from Palo Alto to Cerro Gordo deserve the praise of the world and the eloquent homage of the historian, even so shall the memory of this Jesuit Priest be cherished and preserved, and he find a niche in that "Temple of Fame" which a patriotic and grateful people will rear to those who give their services and their lives a sacrifice for their country's good.

N. M. G.

EVENING.—There are two periods in the life of a man to which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting; youth and old age. In youth we love its mellow moonlight, its million of stars, its soothing shade and sweet serenity. Amid these scenes, we can commune with those we love, and twine the wreath of friendship, while there are none to witness, but the generous heaven, and the spirits that hold their endless Sabbath there. We look abroad on creation, spread in the slumber of a moonlight scene around; and wrapt in contemplation, fancy we see and hear the waving wings and melting songs of other and purer worlds. It accords with the lighter flow of youthful spirits, the fervency of fancy, and the soft feelings of the heart. Evening is also delightful to virtuous age. It affords hours of undisturbed thought. It seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of a busy life, serene and mild, with the impress of its great Creator enstamped upon it. It spreads its quiet wings above the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

Miss Betsy Prim thinks that "legs" should be called "abdominal supporters," by all *genteel* people.

POLITICAL.

The Cost of the War with Mexico!

How is to be paid except by Direct Taxation?

Senator MILLER, of New Jersey, stated on the floor of Congress, in February last, in the hearing of all the Democratic Senators, that the public debt, created to carry on this war, would be, on the 3d of March last, *one hundred and nineteen millions two hundred thousand dollars*, and not a Senator on the floor denied the assertion!!!

The following is the extract from Mr. Miller's speech:

"No one can anticipate the difficulties or estimate the expenses of such an army. They can only be realized when we come to settle up the account of this war.

"We may, however, in some degree, anticipate the amount by the expenditures *already made.*—From the best information I can get, I am satisfied that one year of this war will cost us about $100,000,000.

"At the last session we appropriated for the army alone as follows:

By the act of the 13th May	$10,000,000
By the act of the 20th June	12,000,000
By the act of the 8th August	2,200,000
	$24,200,000

We have raised, by loans made expressly to meet our war expenses, as follows:

By the act of 20th July	$10,000,000
By act passed this session	23,000,000
We have also consumed the surplus in the treasury when the war commenced.	12,000,000
The necessary appropriation bills now on our table, to be passed at this session, will, I understand amount to about	50,000,000
Total	$119,200,000!

Now *Aaron V. Brown*, the locofoco Governor of Tennessee, who is the right hand man of Mr. Polk, and who was a candidate for re-election, but has been defeated at the recent election, has admitted on every stump in Tennessee, that the expenses of the war are *EIGHT MILLIONS* per month. From the 3d of March, then, to the 3d of August, is *five months*, which multiplied by *eight*, gives us *FORTY MILLIONS* more, and add this sum and Senator Miller's together, and we have to-day the enormous public debt of *ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE MILLIONS TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!!!* This debt, *A. Johnson*, a locofoco member of Congress from the same State, and who has just been re-elected, says he is for paying off with a DIRECT TAX, and this mode of raising means to carry on the National Government is advocated by Mr. Polk's organ, the "*Union*," at Washington.

Let the people remember the warnings of the Whigs during the last contest, in regard to the war, and let them remember the predictions now making, that if the locofocos are continued in power, Direct Taxation must be resorted to in order to meet the demands of the treasury—the thing is determined on as the present tariff will not yield, in ordinary times, the amount necessary for our regular expenditures, independent of the interest and principal of the public debt now upon the country.—Mark it!

The following, which we copy from the New Orleans Bee of the 28th is admirable. Every whig will read it with satisfaction, and it would be good for the souls of some democrats if they too would peruse it with candid attention, remembering that the criticisms of Mr. Rice upon the *Acts of the Administration* are not by a "*Mexican Whig*," but by a *Locofoco*. Mr. Rice makes a formidable list of charges against President Polk and the Locofoco Congress; and the American people will sustain them:

WHICH IS THE REAL SIMON PURE?

In the seventh Congressional District of Alabama, an amuing and piquant political canvass is going on. The district is hopelessly Locofoco, and there are, consequently, two gentlemen in the field both belonging to the so called Democratic party. Mr. Bowden, the old member, claims to represent the "pure steel," unpolluted Locofocoism of Polk, Walker, and the dominant party; Mr. Rice, his competitor, professes to be an immaculate Democrat, but differs *toto corde et toto cœo* from Mr. Bowden. The latter approves of the war and applauds its authors—the former, assails the conduct of the administration and deplores its evil policy. The Whigs of the district enjoy the fun, and do not seek to disturb it by any interference.

One of the Locofoco papers of Alabama, having assailed Mr. Rice, for causing "disunion and distraction in the Democratic ranks," that gentleman replied very elaborately, and in a stile that must be inexpressibly annoying to Old Hunkerism. He says, that the true cause for the difficulties and dissentions of the Democracy are certain measures of Mr. Polk's administration, and the acts of the last Congress. He cites the political revolution in Virginia as an illustration of the disastrous effects of the administration's policy, and sums up the list of grievances as follows: in getting the country into a war with Mexico, which might have been easily avoided, as was a war with England on the Oregon question. 2d The effort to tax tea and coffee, on the pretext that it was necessary to carry on or support the war. 3 The failure to reduce the price of the public lands, by the Democratic majority in both branches of Congress. 4 The attempt to supercede Scott and Taylor by creating the office of Lieut. General, and bestowing it on Thomas H. Benton—"a mere politician." 5. The passage of the ten Regiment bill, and the clause giving the President the right to appoint the officers, instead of entrusting that right to the brave and devoted volunteers. 6. The wretched attempt to hamper the resolutions of thanks to Gen. Taylor with an implied censure. 7. The refusal of the House of Representatives to pass a resolution calling on the President for proper information concerning Santa Anna's return to Mexico. If the President, says Mr. Rice, did nothing wrong in letting Santa Anna return to Mexico, without any disturbance from our navy, why did a majority of the House refuse to call on the President to let the people know all about the matter of Santa Anna's return?

THE LOCOFOCOS AND THE WAR.

The following was the patriotic language of Henry Clay in the brief but eloquent speech made during his recent visit to this city:

"There is," said he, "gentlemen, one thing before we part, which I wish you to remember.—*This glorious and beautiful land is our common country—in Peace or in War—in weal or in woe—under bad administration or good government.* REMEMBER TO STAND BY IT."

In this, as in almost every emanation of his gifted intellect, he has spoken the sentiments of the Whig party. They "stand by the country" in any and every exigency; but they do not, and never will, accede to the Locofoco doctrine, that the President is the country. Granting whatever supplies may be needed for the prosecution of a war commenced in usurpation and urged with imbecility by the President, they still refuse their sanction to a policy which they believe to be wrongful in purpose, dangerous to the stability of the Union, and injurious to the rights and honor of the country of their love.

The Locofocos, on the contrary, urge and commend those wrongs, but withhold a proper support of those gallant Whig Generals who have led on our armies from victory to victory. Generals Taylor and Scott have been to the Locofocos objects of the most persevering and unrelenting persecution, from the commencement of the war. Yet the administration organs dare to insinuate a doubt as to whether Gen. Taylor is in reality a Whig; and are engaged, with grotesque earnestness, in discussing his claims to our friendship as a party. Their counsel is gratuitous and uncalled for, as the Whigs are fully qualified to manage their own concerns. The Locofocos would be better employed in selecting their own candidate. But they dare not discuss that question.—Their party is to be led blindfold into the trap of a faction, and required to support the ticket prepared for them, even if the candidate be one in relation to whom every Locofoco is constrained again to inquire—who is he?

No intelligent man will doubt that the relations between the Administration and Gen. Taylor have been anything but affectionate and confiding. The war upon the veteran, by delaying supplies until his protests were expressed in terms of indignant complaint and rebuke,—the attacks made upon him in the Government organ,—the efforts in Congress to disgrace and destroy him,—and still more the withdrawal of his main force, the exposure of his little band to Santa Anna's legions, and the order to retreat—all demonstrate the presence of a hostile feeling on the part of the administration. What excited that feeling, but the belief that he was and is a thorough-going Whig? On the part of General Taylor, there is every reason to believe that no love is lost.—His open and honest rebukes, his indignant letter on the withdrawal of his forces, which the Administration dares not print, and his habitual language in private letters, attest his frank and fervid opposition to the principles and policy of the present Administration.

LOSS AND GAIN.

The account of Whig loss and gain, in members of Congress, in the August elections, stands now as follows:

	Loss.	Gain.
Kentucky,	1	0
Tennessee,	0	0
Indiana,	0	2
North Carolina,	0	3
Alabama,	0	1

The net Whig gain in these five States is 5 members of Congress.

In addition, the Whigs have gained a Governor in Tennesse, a Legislative majority in the same State, and a Legislative majority in Indiana.

This is quite "glory enough" for one month.

The Whig majority in North Carolina, as shown by the returns of the congressional election in the several districts, is 4,005.