THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

JAMES M. JONES
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"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.

MEMORY.

I am an old man—very old;
My hair is thin and gray;
My hand shakes like an autumn leaf,
That wild winds toss all day.
Beneath the pent-house of my brows,
My dim and watery eyes
Gleam like faint lights within a pile,
Which half in ruin lies.

All the dull years of middle age
Have faded from my thought;
While the long vanished days of youth
Seem ever nearer brought.

Thus often, at the sunset time,
The vales in shadow rest,
While ever more a purple glow
Gilds the far mountain's crest.

O'er happy childhood's sports and plays,
Youth's friendships, and youth's love,
I oft-times brood in memory,
As o'er its nest the dove.

In fancy through the field I stray,
And by the river wide,
And see a once-beloved face
Sit smiling at my side.

I sit in the old parlor nook,
And she sits near me there;
We read from the same book—my cheek
Touching her chestnut hair.

I have grown old—oh, very old!
But she is ever young,
As when, through moonlight alleys green,
We walked, and talked, and sung.

She is unchanged—I see her now
As in that last, last view,
When by the garden gate we took
A smiling short adieu.

Oh! Death thou hast a charmed touch,
Though cruel 'tis and cold;
Embalmed by thee in memory,
Love never can grow old!

THE DYING FLOWER.

It is wasting away—a beautiful flower,
In the path that is trodden and trampled by men,
And never to field nor to blossoming bower
Shall its presence give life and gladness again.

The wayfarer's foot on its petals is laid,
And the gravel marreth its velvet bloom;
Nor the morning sun, nor the evening shade
Its perishing beauty can ever relume.

The infant stoops down to lift up its stem,
And he blows in its cup with his balmy breath,
But the leaves fall apart, like some broken gem
Ye may kill, but who can restore from death!

And now they are eddying high in air,
With a wave-like motion, round and round,—
Not long will the wind its burden bear;
Lo! they are dropping again to the ground.

Oh, thus like the delicate summer blossom,
Do the lovely and good breathe life away,
And the turf that is rounded over their bosom
Is heedlessly trod by the idle and gay.

Yet boots it not much, when the bloom is fled,
And the light is gone from ths lustrous eye,
And the sensitive heart is cold and dead,
Where the mouldering ashes are left to lie.

It matters not much, if the soaring mind,
Like the flower's perfume, was exhaled to heaven,
That its earthy shroud should be cast behind,
To decay wherever a place is given.

[*Knickerbocker.*

COSTLY UNIFORM.—Gen. Valentia, who was so badly whipped by Gen. Smith, at Contreas, possesses one requisite, and the chief requisite of a great Mexican General: he has a most splendid and costly uniform. It is said that when in full dress, he bore upon his distinguished person, at least $20,000 worth of gold, diamonds, and precious metals.

DR. LARDNER.—This gentleman, is at present engaged as the Paris correspondent of the London Daily News.

From the St. Louis Reville.

THE INDIAN GAMESTERS.

In former times the Nabajo Indians on the borders of New Mexico and the Pueblo Indians in the country were at war, and the deadly hatred of the races for each other extended to individuals.

One autumn day a Nabajo Indian had gone out, hunting, but had not been at all successful, and towards night became weary. To add to his misery, as evening drew nigh, a furious storm was approaching. His anticipations were gloomy in the extreme, for, in order to facilitate his hunting, he had brought but a small piece of blanket over his shoulders, and he knew that to lay out such a night, with his body more than half-naked, would be little short of death itself.

The Indian had remained in this frame of mind for some time, when he observed a particular rock which hung out from the side of the mountain, and was by that suddenly reminded that there was a cave in the neighborhood, and this he was at length fortunate enough to discover.

The aperture of the cave was small, but he squeezed his body in, and was soon at the extreme end of the chamber, where he coiled himself up to sleep, with a rock for a pillow.

On the same evening a Pueblo Indian, the mortal enemy of the Nabajo, was similarly situated.—Having had poor success in his hunt, he too was without a blanket; sat and weary, he too was loth to spend the night in the storm and he had thought of the cave, which he was dilligently seeking. At length, like the Nabajo, he found it and crawled in. He did not go so far back as the first hunter, but laid himself down near the centre of the chamber. The Nabajo, in a sound slumber, was unconcious of his entrance, and the fatigued Pueblo was so soon asleep, that he did not hear the breathing of his enemy.

In the morning the Nabajo, having slept longest, was earliest awake, and rose when he saw the first faint light at the aperture of the cave. Attempting to pass out, he stumbled over the Pueblo, who was laid across the narrow chamber, and a woke him.

Instantly the Pueblo sprang to his feet and demanded who had disturbed him. The Nabajo answered by asking when and how he came into the cave, to which the Pueblo replied that he came in the night previous, and had slept there. "And who are you?" demanded the fierce Nabajo. The Pueblo replied giving his name and nation, and demanding the same of his interrogator, which, as the Nabajo was a "brave;" were of course given.

The two mortal enemies were surprised to find themselves thus strangely in the presence of each other, but they did not fight, for two men alone together, when there are no spectators to hiss them on, and they can remain at peace without censure or ridicule, very seldom fight. Whether the Indians were like other men matters not, but at least they did not fight. On the contrary, they very quietly and rationally talked over the war of the nations, discussed it in all its bearings, and finally agreed, as soon as the cave should be light enough to spend a few hours in *gambling*

The game played was the position of a small pebble, whether under ofie or another of their four moccasins, having been repeatdly placed uuder each of them by the operation before stopping to decide the bet. Small sticks were used as counters, and a kind of a low chat accompanied the game in its progress.

Having commenced, the enemies were intent on the play; but they had not much property about them to stake. The first things put up were their arrows, one by one, of which the Pueblo soon won all the poor Nabajo had. They then put up their bows, and the Nabajo won the bow of the Pueblo. Thus one had all the arrows, and the other the two bows. All the arrows were now staked by the Pueblo against the two bows held by the Nabajo, and the former won. The Nabajo was thus striped entirely of the means of defence, and of procuring subsistence. He then proposed to bet a small piece of his scalp, about the size of a dollar, to be taken from the crown of his head, against the bow and arrows which had been his. To this the Pueblo readily agreed, and again won. The Nabajo submitted to have the piece taken from his head, and with the long hair, which had been the pride of the owner, the Pueblo tucked it under his belt.

The play had got to a terrible pass—but once absorbed in gambling, these Indians know no limit, and care but little how precious the stake.

Smarting with pain, yet not showing it by the twitch of a single muscle, the Nabajo proposed to bet his right ear against as large a piece of the Pueblo's scalp as he himself had lost. Desirous to possess his enemy's ears as well as his scalp, the Pueblo joyfully assented to this; but the Nabajo won, and it was now the Pueblo's turn to lose a part of his scalp. He too smarted with pain, but did not let his enemy perceive a sign of his feelings, for the fortitude of Indians under some circumstances, is wonderful.

The Pueblo still trusting in his good luck which he thought would return to next trial, proposed to stake the tips of their nose! To this the Nabajo could but agree, or incur the charge of cowardice, and so the notes were posted. But the Pueblo was again unfortunate, and lost. He had to suffer the tip of his nose to be taken off, which would disfigure him for life.

The Nabajo had now gained an overweening confidence, and proposed to stake the tip of his own nose against his own bow and arrows, which he was still anxious to recover. This was a proposition to which the Pueblo, with his own nose gone, could with no little satisfaction assent.—The game went on, and the Pueblo won.

Both the enemies were thus left without ends to their noses, horribly disfigured, and both had lost part of their scalps; but the Nabajo was still far behind his adversary, who had his bow and arrows. To recover these, he proposed to stake his right ear against them; and the Pueblo, still exceedingly anxious for his enemy's ears, heard the proposition with the utmost pleasure; but the Nabajo won. Both parties were again equal; but both parties were minus the tips of their noses and parts of their scalps.

As soon as his bow and arrows were returned to him, the Nabajo sprang to his feet and dwew on his enemy, whose bow laid beyond his reach.—The Pueblo seeing that the Nabajo had the advantage, and expecting death every moment, sat quiet, and moved no part of his body.

"Are you afraid to die?" asked the Nabajo, his bow still bent.

"No!" proudly responded the other.

"Nor I either." said Nabajo; "you are a brave, I did not believe it before. I thought you were a *squaw*, but now I know you are a man. Do you believe the same of me?"

"Put down your bow and I will tell you."

The Nabajo threw his bow from him, leaving himself as unprotected as his enemy had been.—The Pueblo retained his position, looking for some minutes directly at the Nabajo.

"Yes, I believe it," said he.

"Then," said the Nabajo, "we have cut off each other's noses—we have taken each other's scalps—let us hereafter, as braves, *be friends.*"

"I must think of that before I say yes or no," said the Pueblo; and the Nabajo having resumed his seat, still leaving his bow at some distance from him, they both remained for nearly an hour as quiet and immovable as statues. At length the Pueblo spoke:

"Will you tell me one thing?" he asked.

"If I can," replied the Nabajo.

"Our races have been long at war," said the Pueblo; it has done us no good—it has only thinnid off our people, till we find both nations dwindling slowly away. If I agree to what you say, will you go to your people as I will to mine, and try to make peace between them?"

It was now the Nabajo's turn to think, and another hour was spent in profound silence. When he had made up his mind he said:

"I will do it; it is best to do it."

"Then," said the Pueblo, "from this day we are friends. We will exchange presents; we will defend each other, and each to the other must here promise on the sacred arrow to avenge the death of the other if killed by friend or foe. Let us smoke."

"Let us smoke," echoed Nabajo.

The Pueblo then took a small pipe from his pouch and filled and lighted it, and the two, who were so recently enemies, smoked together to cement their new-born friendship.

They soon after parted, each to his own people. Both were true to their pledge, and exerted themselves to induce their people to make peace.—With their bloody crowns and curtailed noses they were strange-looking ministers of peace; but as both refused to tell how they had lost their scalps and the tips of their noses, the mystery began to have its effect among a rude people, and they became invested with a character of profound sacredness. Their influence rapidly increased, so that in a few weeks their object was effected, and a general counsel of the two tribes was held, at which a peace was entered into, which lasted many years.

VERY EXPLICIT.

A Yankee riding up to a Dutchman, exclaimed—"Well, stranger, for acquaintance sake, what might be your name?"

"Vy, my name is Haunce Hollenbeffenheflengraenstienerburg!"

"By Cape Cod! if that aint as long as a pumpkin vine! Well, I haint no time to lose—I'm on a speculation! Tell me the way to Harrisburg!"

"To Harrisburg? Vell, you see dat roat pon de hill?" pointing in that direction.

"O, yes, I see it."

"Vell, den, you must not take dat roat. You see dis roat by the coal-bank?"

"Yes."

"Vell dat ish not de roat, too; put you mush go right py te barn dere, and ven you seen von roat crooks just so (cending his elbow and describing it at the same time,) ven you kit dere keep along till you gets furder. Vell, den, you vill turn the potato patch round te pridge over te river up stream and te hill up, tirectly you see mine prodder Fritz's parn shingled mit straw, dats de house vere mine prodder lives. He'll dell you so better as I can. And you go a little btt furder, you see two roats—you must not dake both of 'em!"

The Yankee rode off at the top of his speed.

From the Democratic Republican.

FRANCE, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

* * * But, leaving nobles and clergy, let us look for a moment at the mass whereon, as a substratum, was built the mystical Babylon of their delights. This mass, so conveniently lumped together for description's sake, consisted here of some twenty-five millions of individuals, each perfect and distinct within himself, with feelings as acute, and capacities as large as the most warmly-wrapped and highly-fed dignitary of them all. Scattered over wide provinces, or crowded in noisome suburbs, they toiled year after year in helpless and desponding misery—the eye of the infant opening on a dark world of care, and that of the old man closing gladly in a sleep where he might at least hope that his long day's work was done, and the weary would at length find rest.—From the cradle to the grave, their life was one unceasing labor, whose products, however abundant, they could never expect to enjoy:—the most striking illustration of the Virgilian 'Sic vos non vobis' we can find on record. The willing earth repaid their tillage with luxurious harvests, and yet they scarcely tasted its fruits; the rich mine yielded its stores to their industry, but not for their use; their strong arms raised palace and tower, yet they dwelt in wretched hovels; their nimble fingers wove tissues finer than those of the east, and they were clad in rags. An Apostle has said that if a man will not work, neither shall he eat, and the converse is just as true, that if a man work, he shall eat; but both these rules were reversed here. They who werked not fared sumptuously, and they who worked pined in want.—In the agricultural districts, generally, feudal slavery existed in unmitigated severity. The peasants were attached to the soil and transferable with it, being forbidden under severe penalties to leave their birth-place in search of better fortunes. Their mode of life was wretched in the extreme. Stupified by incessant labor, brutalized by sensual indulgence, soured by a sense of wrong, and maddened from time to time by absolute famine, it is not easy to conceive a more explosive material. Neither had they spiritual or other guidance, unless we regard as such the scourge or the gallows-tree, which stood almost in every parish, pointing the poor, like a gigantic finger-post, to their daily duty of uncomplaining toil.

It is in the cities, however, and particularly in Paris, that we must look for the profounder depths of French wretchedness. The capital was the great centre whither flocked the vicious, the enterprising, and the restless spirits of the whole nation. It afforded the amplest stage for the ambitious; the highest zest for the man of pleasure; the widest scope for him who lived by his wits; and the darkest hiding place for the criminal.—Here it was that luxury and destitution were placed in the strongest contrast, and here was collected that numerous class, which, in all large cities, panders to the vices, and finds food for the pleasures of the great and wealthy. Here the poverty was most biting, and its victims in the greatest number. He who would learn the secret of the revolution, must descend into this abyss of misery, and see what in its final results is the operation of a splendid government, and how its evils descending from class to class, rest at last upon that poor dumb class, which, being the lowest, can propagate them no farther, but must bear their full weight.

"In those horrible precincts were crowded together thousands of human beings, made by God in his own image, but whom the institutions under which they suffered had degrated and deformed in body and soul; distorted by disease, the result of want and exposure and vice; living in abomniable cellars; encrusted with filth and all moral defilements, they drag out a hopeless and miserable existence. No education has developed their minds; no ray of the light from above has ever reached them; no force of example has led their steps on the right path. Considered and considering themselves the outcast Pariahs of nature, they can look forward to no prospect of improvement, Spurred on by no stimuli, but hunger and all brute passions, on the one hand, and the fear of the bayonet, on the other—they rise in frightful tumults, or sink back into sullen inactiveity, according as the one or the other of these predominates:—how must it be, then, when fear is swallowed up in madness, and the fountains of the mighty deep are broken up? Lavallette, in describing the forced departure of the royal family from Versailles, exclaims:—"I have often asked myself how the metropolis of a nation so celebraded for urbanity and elegance of manners, could contain the savage hordes I that day beheld?" Savage, indeed; but who and what made them so? That is the question, and well would it be for mankind if those who will strain at the overstretched bow, thinking it will never break, could answer it wisely, and profit thereby. The surprise of Lavallette is also worthy of note. Had the earth then yawned, and poured forth some horde of demons to affright the astonished day;—Not at all! Side by side had the court dwelt with these people, only lath and plaster intervening, calling upon them day by day for their forced contributions, and now does it first recognize them! For centuries had it been laboring to make earth a hell for them, and now it wonders at its success in fitting them for such a dwelling-place. Absorbed in the busy pleasure of Versailles, it had never once looked to that dark Gehenna of starving drudgery and degradation, whence the some of their torment ascended for ever. How strange and fearful is the contrast of their two abodest? Leave their voluptuous Paradise, and you are soon lost in narrow, gloomy alleys, whose tall, dilapidated; soot-grimed houses, rising high on either hand, shut out the cheerful day, noisome with foul distillations; loathsome with every shape of squalled beggary; frightful with reckless self-abandonment and unblushing vice; clamorous with the din of labor, the wild shout of riot, the deep howl of blasphemy, the dull groans of unpitied pain. Drunkenness staggers and brawls there in its reeking kennel; the feeble foot of age totters along with no filial hand to guide; indocy mopes and gibbers against the wall; utter destruction cries fainly for help from the helpneeding; desperation glares fiercely upon you from beneath knit brows and sunken cheeks; the vacant face of long wasting disease peers idly through the broken pane."

PRODUCTIVE LIITTLE FARM.

Mr. Meigs at a meeting of the New York Farmer's Club, held on the 7th of September, stated that the committee on Farms, had visited the farm of the Messrs. Cooper, near Brushwick, Long Island. The proprietors are young men, having used thorough culture and the best of manures. The farm consists of 30 acres, help four men and occationally men, woman and children to pick. The products of the present season are as follows:

They have supplied the New York market this season. with.

343 bushels peas in pod—averaging 75 cents per bushel.

100 bushels potatoes—price 581-2 cts. per bushel—500 bushels remaining to be dug.

1200 bushels tomatoes at 50 cents per bushel.

1200 bush beans at 44 cents per bushel.

75 bushels of wheat.

They have growing, for sale:

4000 poles Lima beans.

3 acres corn.

1 1-2 do. of turnips.

1 1-2 do. of cabbages.

1-20 of an acre of Cayenne peppers.

And hay enough for their stock.

The amount of products already sold is $2508 75—the value of that growing and still to be sold, is estimated at $903 50; which mal es the products of the 30 acres $3412 25.

This is a most gratifiying instance of what can be done by well directed industry, on a small farm, and should stimulate all engaged in the noble pursuit of agriculture, to make the soil under their culture do all that it is capable of performing.—Generous manuring, skill and cleanly culture, and perseverance, is all that is required to make poor soil at once fertile and productive.

A GEORGIA CRACKER. A few days since, a laughable occurrence took place at Augusta, in this State.

While the steamer "Grubbin Hoe," (as the "Old Darks" call her) was lying at the above mentioued place, a young man of that ilk, one of the b'hoys came to the boat to have a chat with the mate. They sat for some time and exchanged lies concerning the "Fashions" of the rival cities of Augusta and Savanna, (enjoying no doubt, their cigars,) when a remarkably green, though somewhat tough, looking being of the genus "Cracker" came down to have a look at the Steamboat. He sat on a post on the wharf musing, and perhaps wondering to what pitch of perfection the use of steam would at last be carried, or whether there would be as fine a specimen of naval architecture as the boat there before him. Our hero watched him for some time, and at last told the mate that he was going to have some fun out of him, so taking out a Bowie he rushed upon the unsuspecting victim, seized him by the throat, and cried "You are the mam I've been hunting for all day!—die! blast you, die!"

Cracker said not a word, but as quick as a wink gave the knowing one a feeler between his peepers, which downed him, and then getting on him, he gave him "particular Jesse." After he had punished him sufficiently, he got off, and clapping his hands on his thighs, like a true gamecock, he sung out "Is'ere a-nother man a-been a lookin for me [illegible] day?" *N. Y, Spirit of the Times.*

THE MOTHER'S LAW.

"Forsake not the law of thy mother," is the text of a printed sermon, preached by the Rev'd. Chandler Robbins, and occasioned by the death of the mother of the late Judge Story. It is an appropriate and beautiful discourse, as may be inferred from the following passage:

"It is told to the honor of the great Lord Bacon that he felt he could never repay his obligations to her who had directed his studies; that he delighted to speak of her through life and in his will left the injunction: 'Bury me in St. Michael's church, for there was my mother buried.'

"Let it also be told of the great American Jurist, whose fame is as pure and will be as enduring as England's renowned Chancellor, that it was his request also, tnat the remains of his mother should be laid close to his own at Mount Auburn, that their dust might mingle in the grave, whose hearts had been so tenderly united on earth, and whose spirits should be as one in heaven.

"Happy son, who enjoyed the discipline and received the blessing of such a mother! Like the good and the great he kept his mother's law, and it led him to honor. She, by her fidelity through the quiet years of his domestic education, helped him to weave the crown of his mature and public life, and he, by his manly virtues twined a perennial wreath, to adorn her memory,

NOTHING LIKE SYSTEM.—"Aw! Pummell, what do I owe you?"

"Oh! not much, Sir. It's of no consequence."

"Aw! No! But I think of taking the Benefit of the Act about Chrismas; and as a man of System, I am very particular about exact amounts."—*lb.*

GALLANTRY.—There is a place in New Hampshire were they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches 29, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who escape, pay a bonus to the one who gets her. There's gallantry for you.

"De fort en plus fort."—The Park of Saint Cloud is being fortified. Well! What does it matter? Isn't Paris already surrounded with innumerable Parks—of Artillery?

Who Knows?—The following is the superscription of a letter received at the Trenton Post Office a few days since:—"Mr. John Chingch Hall, Babtist Minister, Residing at Bauninageum 2 Miles this side of the One Mile church, 3 miles from Trenton, Above the Second Feeder 2 miles from the Delaware River, New Jersey State."