# 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.

### MY OWN.

My own—my own—oh! breathes there one
To whom that simple word's not dear?
Beats there a heart so drear and lone,
That holds not *some* loved object near?
Whose spirit like the arkless bird,
From all companionship hath flown;—
And finds *no* gladness in that word,
My own!—my own!

Who dull to every finer tie,
To every soft affection cold,
Lives on in cheerless apathy,
And in his very youth *seems old!*
Though frequent cares my mind enthral,
Could wealth, mere earthly wealth, atone
For the sweet beings *lost*—I call
My own!—my own!

No! Time may still but speed to show
How false is Hope's delicious song;
And *many* a sorrow I must know;
But, oh!—sweet Heaven—may it be long
Ere those I love from me are gone;
And life a wilderness hath grown,
And of earth's millions there is *none*,
My own!—my own!

### BEAUTIFUL AND TOUCHING LETTER.

We some time since published a series of letters from a "Blind Girl," which attracted much attention, and were re-published in every section of the State. Below we give another, simple, beautiful and touching. It is certainly one of the prettiest things we recollect to have ever seen in print. Few can read it without shedding a sympathetic tear for the unfortunate being who can talk of her misfortunes with so much complacency and good nature.—*Roch. Advocate.*

LAKE COTTAGE, Nov. 25, 1847.

*My Dear Lizzy:* It is not pleasant to be blind. My *poor eyes* long to look abroad upon this beautiful world, and my prisoned spirit struggles to break its darkness and bathe again in the pure light of the upper skies. I would love dearly to bonnet and shawl myself and go forth to breathe the air alone, and free as the breeze that fans my brow. But as Milton once said to his favorite daughter—"It matters little whether one has a star to guide or an angel hand to lead," and Lizzy, we must learn to bear, and blame not that which we cannot change. The journey of life is short. We may not stop here long, and sorrow and trial discipline the spirit and educate the soul for a future life, and those upon whom we must depend we love most. A good English writer says, "Let the heart be thankful for any circumstance that proves thy friend."

Two summers have come and gone, since my William died in Rochester. We brought him here and laid him down in the grave to sleep, close by the side of his childhood-home where the quick winds, and white waves of Ontario come swelling to the shore; and high above its silvery bosom, clouds, dove-like, are hanging.—One moon had hardly waned ere the angels came again, and, while I slept, darkened my weeping eyes forever. Oh! Lizzy, was sorrow ever so deep? was misery ever so severe? Hope departed, and an unyielding blight settled on all the joys my heart had wed. "Passing away" is truly a part of earth. It lends a death-like air to our gay enjoyment and mingles sorrow with our cups of bliss. It stops forever our happy labors, and frustrates our choicest plans. Those whom we learn to love, die, and the cold earth presses the lips we have loved to kiss, and freezes the hearts tuned to beat in unison with our own. Lizzy, ever more, I am blind and a wanderer, but not homeless. I have God, my father the angels for friends, and Jesus an "older brother." The pure homes in many hearts, too, are mine—dwellings dearer than all the world beside.

This morning finds me at Mr. Ledgar's delightful "Lake Cottage," seated soft among the trees; where Lombard poplars lift their tufted tops almost to prop the skies; the willow, locust, and horse-chestnut, spread their branches, and never cease to blossom. Maggie is my kind amanuensis. Now she reads to me—gives me her arm for a walk. Now, with her harp and tuneful voice, unchains the soul of song, the whole covering all my thoughts with gladness, till I almost forget my "night of years," and live in a land where swells with melody the air, and sorrows and tears are unknown; all joys are less than the one joy of during kindness. Her smile makes the sunshine of many hearts, the cloudless dawning of their new enjoyments.

It is Thanksgiving day, Lizzy, and my thoughts have been wandering backward, far over the current of years. Reflection is indeed an angel, when she points out the errors of the past and gives us courage to avoid them in future. Maggie is reading the book of Job, and this evening my spirit more than ever looks up in thankfulness to God for the Bible, Heaven's purest gift to mortals. It is the star of eternity, whose mild rays come twinkling to the nether sphere; erring man's guide to wisdom, virtue and heaven. The Bible is the book of books.

In comparison. Byron loses his fire, Milton his soarings, Gray his beauties, and Homer his grandeur and figures. No eye like rapt Isaiah's ever pierced the veil of the future; no tongue ever reasoned like sainted Job's no poet ever sung like Israel's shepherd King, and God never made a wiser man than Solomon. The words of the Bible are pictures of immortality, dews from the tree of Knowledge; pearls from the river of Life, and gems of celestial thought. As the moaning shell whispers of the sea, so the Bible breathes of love in Heaven, the home of angels and joys too pure to die. Would I had read it more when my poor eyes could see. Would more of its pure precepts were bound about my heart, and I had wisdom to make them the mottoes of my life. The world may entertain its idea of a magnificent Deity, whose government is general; but let me believe in the Lord God of Enjah, whose Providence is entire, ordering the minutest vent in human life, and with a father's care arranging it for the greatest possible good. Yes, Lizzy, when storms gather and my sepulchered way is dark and drear, with no star to guide, nor voice to cheer, my sinking spirit finds refuge in the world wide sympathies of a Saviour, who did not chide Mary for her tears, and came himself to weep at the grave of his friend.

My dear Lizzy, I fear I have written you too long and too sad a letter; but, dearest, do not think me melancholy; like all the rest of the world, I leave more smiles than tears, more good than ill. Let me thank you many times for your kind invitations to be with you on New Year's day, at your new home, and for your gentle hint that Santa Claus will be there too. Maggie says his majesty will be in the country at that time, and I must stop here; however, I shall be with you, Lizzy; till then, good bye, with my unabated love.

S. H. DE K.

### MRS. GAINES.

As the case of this extraordinary woman has for a long time past excited the interest of the people of this country, we think it will not be uninteresting to give our readers a slight sketch of her early life. Mira Clark, (now Mrs. Gaines,) who is well known to our citizens, having in early life resided here, was born in New Orleans, her father Daniel Clark, (well known in the political and commercial history of Louisiana,) being a partner of Col. Davis, of this county. Her father died, and when only a few months old, she was adopted by Col. Davis, and brought up as his own child. A man by the name of Ralph destroyed her father's will, and there is every reason to believe forged one, giving to himself the whole of the immense property of her father, consisting of nearly the whole of the new part of New Orleans, (at that time worth near *five millions* of dollars, and now worth much more.) She lived in entire ignorance of her parentage, for a long time. The first idea she had of her parentage, was being taunted by a girl at school with the fact that Col. Davis was not her father. Afterwards she discovered it from some papers which she found, while looking for some documents which she was to send to the Colonel at Harrisburg, they at that time living in Pennsylvania. Some time afterwards she visited the Sulphur Springs, Virginia, and while there, on account of her carriage breaking, she became acquainted with a young man named Wm. Whitney, a son of Gen. Whitney of New York. Soon afterwards he visited her in Philadelphia, but the Colonel not approving of the match, he was forbid the house. Col. Davis soon after moved to Delamore place, near Wilmington, and Miss Clark not being permitted to see her lover, she corresponded with him. To prevent detection, her letters were directed to Miss Mary Ann Williamson, she carefully keeping the secret and punctually delivering the letters into the hands of Miss Clark, and sending her's to Mr. Whitney, in return. Miss Clark was by this time fully acquainted with her parentage and the immense estate of her father. At last she received a letter from Mr. Whitney, urging her by all she held true and the love she bore him, to elope with him. The plan was laid and the time fixed. Mr. Whitney was to be at New Castle, where she was to join him. None was let into the secret but Miss Williamson. To prevent detection, Miss Clark called all the dogs together about Colonel Davis' place that evening; put them into one of the out buildings, and locked them all up. At last the night came, and a terrible one it was too; the wind howled, the rain poured down in torrents, and the darkness was only now and then illuminated by fearful flashes of lightning. Undaunted by the raging elements, Miss Clark stepped from her bed-room on the balcony, and by means of a pillar of the balcony or rope, managed to reach the ground in safety, and immediately ran as fast as she could to Wilmington. It was a fearful night for a girl so small, so young and delicate, to venture abroad alone and unattended. On her way, if possible, the rain became heavier, and the flashes of lightning more vivid. At last she reached the residence of Mr. Williamson, drenched with rain, and the top of her band-box beat in by the violence of the storm. Miss Williamson was waiting alone in the passage to receive her; the low knock at the door was given, the key softly turned, the door opened, and Miss Clark, pulling off her little kid slippers which were wet through, softly ascended the stairs so as not to alarm the rest of the family. The ladies employed themselves until morning in drying, as well as they were able, Miss Clark's clothes. At the first dawn of morning they stepped out, and a hack being procured, she departed for New Castle. Miss Williamson gave her all the money she had, $5—as at the time she left Col. Davis' she had not a dollar.

At New Castle Miss Clarke met her lover, and they started for Baltimore, where they were joined by Miss Williamson, who acted as bridesmaid on the occasion of their marriage. Immediately after her marriage Miss Clark, who we shall now call Mrs. Whitney, set about hunting up facts in relation to her birth—Threats were used, and every obstacle made use of to prevent. Her first care was to find her mother and after a long search, she was at last discovered, we believe, in the Isand of Jamaica She almost immediately recognized her daughter, and gave her the marriage certificate of her husband, Daniel Clarke; from whom she had been seperated some time before his death. Proceedings were immediately commenced, but for a while with a small prospect of success. Threats were not only made against herself and husband, out against any one who should advocate their cause. It was with difficulty a lawyer could be procured to plead her cause; even the very judges on the bench were the feed counsel on the other side, and generally supposed to be under the influence of bribery.—Finally her husband was thrown in prison in New Orleans, during the prevalence of the fever, and afterwards she was imprisoned with him with a small child at her breast. Whitney soon died, not however, without strong suspicion of foul play. She afterwards was released, and though a widow, still prosecuted her suit with determined resolution. So glaringly was the partiality of the judges once played, that the crowd in court could hardly contain their indignation. Her life was two or three times attempted.

Her first acquaintance with General Gaines was when she was fired at, and part of her dress shot away. General Gaines came up and offered her his protection, and she soon afterwards married him. Her opponents dared not use the same means with a General in the United States army, as they had already done with her husband, a private individual. It would have been too glaringly showed to the country, or there is not the least doubt they would have done it. After going through so many courts, we now learn that the suit has been decided in her favor. The value of the property is now twenty millions of dollars. Mrs. Gaines is now forty years of age, about five feet high, has a sweat expression of countenance, rather a French cast. She has, at the same time an indomitable resolution; as every circumstances of her life has shown. She is very charitable and warm hearted, and never forgets her old friends. She, even now, remembers with gratitude the services of her early friend, (formerly Miss. Williamson,) now Mrs Chambers and assures her when she comes into her estate, she will remunerate her for her former kindness. As we see it stated she lately presented two of her friends with $5,000 each we suppose her bequest to Mrs. Chambers will be considerable. We understand she will soon visit her in Wilmington.—Is not the life of this persecuted lady indeed one of deep romance? Will it not in future be given to the public in an historical novel?—*Blue Hen's Chicken.*

### SHORT EXTRACTS FROM OLD AUTHORS.

ON SKEPTICISMS & INFIDELITY.

The riches of immagination are poor, and all the rivers of eloquence are dry, in supplying thought on an infinite subject.—*Fulton's Dissertations.*

Nothing has more horror than annihilation.—The worst that good men can fear, is the best that evil can wish for, which is the dissolution of the soul in death.—*Card.*

They that deny a God, destroy man's nobility: for certainty man is of kin to the beasts by his body, and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is an ignoble creature.—*Lord Bacon.*

As practical, so speculative wickedness has usually another aspect, when it stands in the shadow of death, than in the dazzling beams of health and vigor.

They have gained a great prize indeed, says Cicero, who have persuaded themselves to believe, that when death comes, they shall utterly perish! What comfort is there, what is there to be boasted of, in that opinion? If in this I err, says he, that I think the souls of men immortal, I err with pleasure; nor will ever, whilst I live, be forced out of an opinion, which affords me so much delight.

The foundation of all religions lie in two things that there is a God who rules the world, and that the souls of men are capable of subsisting after death: For he that comes unto God, must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that seek him. So that if these things be not supported as most agreeable to human reason, we cannot imagine upon what grounds mankind should embrace any way of religion at all.—*Bishop Stillingfleet.*

It has been rightly observed, that in one point the Atheist is the most credulous man in the world, who believes the universe to be the production of chance.

When an Atheist disputes with a Christian against Providence, if he will say any thing to the purpose, he must dispute against Providence, upon the supposition of another life; and prove that the external rewards and punishments of the next world cannot vindicate the wisdom and justice of Providence in this. This is the true state of the controversey; bring them to this issue, and they will find little to say, which will give trouble to a wise man to answer.—*Dr. Sherlock.*

### GOOD FARMING.

The Knoxville, (Ky.) Register says:—Mr. A. Kennedy, of Blount county, tried an experiment in agriculture in 1847, which has succeeded in admirably. Having thirty acres of bottom land lying in a body on Little river, he furrowed it out three feet square, planted alternate rows of corn and potatoes, and "in laying by," sowed the whole broad-cast with peas. On gathering his crop, he measured the produce of one acre, which he thought would average with the rest, the following result:—15 bushels of peas, 45 bushels of corn, and 190 bushels of potatoes—in all 250 bushels from a single acre of ground.

### A STRONG AFFAIR.

A few years ago, Professor P——,(a distinguished musician of this city,) gallantly undertook to escort a young lady, an opera singer of some note, to the continuous borough of Germantown, where they had been invited to dine with some friends. It was Sunday, and the party, as the surest and cheapest conveyance, determined to patronize the stage, a mode of travelling which the lady viewed with but little favor.

Before they had gone a mile on their journey, she complained of a feeling of faintness, which was succeeded by a sickness at the stomach.

"Oh, Heavens!" she exclaimed, throwing her head languishingly on the Professor's shoulder, "what shall I do?"

"It is very strange!" mused the Professor.

"Strange! oh, it is dreadful!"

"Perhaps it is the motion of the stage?"

"Oh, no, not that!"

"Doubtless you have had an attack of the kind before!"

"Oh, never," she gasped—"never—oh, ah, why did I come?"

She almost fell fainting into the alarmed Professor's arms.

"Perhaps you have pain——"

"Not that—oh—oh!"

"What, then, is it like?"

"It is—ah! excuse me, Professor—it is a smell—oh, such a smell! I shall die—I shall die!"

"A smell!" echoed the thoroughly perplexed musician—"a smell! I smell nothing!" and he snuffed the air to the right and left like a buffalo.

The passengers laughed and winked, but it was soon apparent that without relief the lady could not long survive.

"Air, air, air!" she gasped hysterically, as the alarmed Professor threw open a window—"Oh, it is horrible, vile, villainous!" ejaculated the opera singer, revived by the fresh air.

And thus, with her handsome head thrust out of the window, she finished the unpleasant journey. Occasionally, however, her sensitive nostrils were assailed with the disagreeable odor of which she complained.

That day at dinner she was invited to taste some fine cheese. When the plate was handed to her, she turned pale—

"What is the matter!" inquired one of the party.

"Take it away—take it away!" exclaimed she, "it is the horrible smell that sickened me in the stage!"

"Why, that's a good schmell," expostulated the Professer—it's Duch cheese, old and good.—*I brought out this lump in mine pocket as a present to our kind friend!"*

The lady fainted, and the worthy Professor has not been known to carry Dutch cheese in his pocket since.—*City Item.*

### THE SOUL, THE BODY, AND THE WATCH.

The following is going the rounds. It is admirable of its kind, and embodies a thrilling lesson in a form at once simple and captivating:

I once saw a preacher trying to teach the children that their souls would live after they were dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand it: he was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket he said:

"James, what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir."

"A little clock," said another.

"Do you all see it?"

"Yes, sir,"

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"It ticks, sir."

—"Very well, can any of you hear it tick?" All listen. After a pause.

"Yes, sir, we hear it.

He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand, and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch?"

"The little one, in your right hand."

"Very well, again. Now I will lay the case aside. Put it away down there in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the tickering?"

"Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick and go, and keep time, you can see when the case is off, and put in my hat. So it is with you children. Your body is nothing but the case, the soul is inside. The case, the body, may be taken off and buried in the ground, and the soul will live and think just as well as this will go, as you see, when the case is off."

### THANK YOU, SIR!

'Come, Charles, my son,' said Deacon Alexworthy, 'take one of these turkeys and carry it up to parson Moody for thanksgiving.'

'No, father, I don't do that again, I tell you.'

'What do I hear now, Charles?—These five and twenty years I have sent the parson a turkey and Jo has carried them, and Tom, and Jerry, and you—without ever refusing before. What's the matter now?'

'Why, father, he never thanks me for bringing it to him; besides, he took me to task awhile ago, because I started out of meeting too soon.'

'Well, son, you know it is the custom for the minister to go out before any of the congregation starts—this is done as a mark of respect.'

'Respect or not, he's nothing but a man, and as for creeping for him I won't do it.'

'Well, let it all pass, and carry him the turkey, and if he don't thank you for it, I will.'

Charles shouldered the fowl, and in a short time was at the house of the minister, who was seated in the parlor surrounded by a number of friends who had come to pass thanksgiving with him. The lad entered without knocking, and bringing the turkey from his shoulders heavily upon the table, said, Mr. Moody, there's a turkey for you; if you want it, you may have it; if you don't I'll carry it back again.'

'I shall be very glad of it,' said the minister; 'but I think you might learn a little manners.—Charles, can't you do an errand better?'

'How would you have me do it?' said Charles.

'Sit down in my chair,' said the parson, 'and I will show you.'

Charles took the chair, while the parson took the turkey and left the room. He soon returned took off his hat—made a very low bow, and said, 'Mr. Moody here is a turkey which my father sent you, and wishes you to accept it as a present.'

Charles rose from his seat and took the fowl, and said to the minister, 'it is a very fine one, and I feel very grateful to your father for it. In this and numerous other instances he has contributed to my happiness. If you will just carry it into the kitchen and return again, I will send for Mrs. Moody to give you half a dollar.'

The parson walked out of the room—his friends laughed at the joke, and made up a purse for the lad, who ever afterwards received a reward for his services.

*Walking of Parisian Ladies.*—The question is often asked, how happens it that the French women are so far before the women of all other countries in their style of walking. One or two answers is generally given to the question. Some persons account for the fact, from the circumstance of their streets being badly paved, and of their consequently being obliged, in passing along the streets, to make those short, quick steps, which are so much admired in their walking.—This cannot be the reason, because in many towns in England, Scotland and Ireland, the causeway is as rough, and the pavement as bad, as in Paris; yet we see nothing of the light, graceful, elastic mode of walking, among the women of our provincial towns, which is the admiration of all foreigners who visit Paris.

The other usual mode of accounting for the French womens' mode of walking, is, to attribute it to the absence of carpets in the Parisian houses, and the circumstance of the floors being constantly rubbed over with soap, which renders them very slippery to walk on. This cannot be the right hypothesis any more than the other; for it is a well ascertained fact, that English ladies who have gone to reside in Paris when they were young, and before their style of walking could have been formed, hardly ever acquire that elegance of carriage and elastic step which all admire so much in Parisian ladies. My own theory is, that the graceful walk of the French women is the result of that lightness of heart which is so marked a characteristic in the French character, and most of all, in female character.

*How they Died in Battle.*—Gen. Pierce, in his recent speech in Concord, N. H., said that one of the causes of the success of our troops in Mexico, regulars and volunteers, was the conduct of the officers, who, from the highest to the lowest, led on and cheered their columns. He added—"Hence the disproportion in the loss of officers and men. Hence the loss of that most brave and accomplished of the officers of the ten new regiments—Colonel Ransom. He kept pressing up—pressing up—and he was shot at the head of his column The same was true of Colonel Martin Scott, the first shot in the army—a son of New Hampshire. He raised himself above the protection of a wall. A brother officer begged him not to expose himself unnecessarily. He replied—'Martin Scott has never yet stooped." The next, moment a shot passed through his heart. He fell upon his back, deliberately placed his hat upon his breast and expired. Col. Graham, after receiving six wounds, continued on at the head of his men, and upon receiving the seventh, through the heart, slowly dropped from his horse, and as he fell upon the ground, said—"Forward, my men!—my word is always, forward!" And so saying, he died.

THE TRUE WIFE.—The death of a true wife is beautifully drawn in the annexed portrait by Channing:—"How reserve and shrinking delicacy throw a veil over her beautiful character. She was little known beyond her own home; but there she silently spread around her that soft, pure light, the preciousness of which is never fully understood till it is quenched. Her calm, gentle wisdom, her sympathy, which, though tender, was too serene to disturb her clear perception, fitted her to act instinctively, and without the consciousness of either party, on his more sanguine, ardent mind. She was truly a spirit of good, diffusing a tranquilizing influence mildly to be thought of, and therefore more sure. The blow which took her from him, has left a wound which time could not heal.

THE GILES.—Not long since a marriage was to be celebrated in the village church. The minister, after making a very eloquent and touching discourse on the duties and rights of those who were about to be united suddenly exclaimed:—"Those who wish to be married will please rise;" and immediately there shot up above the seated multitude, the heads of a crowd of young girls, who had understood the remark, which was addressed to the contracting parties, as a general invitation to all who were desirous to leave the selfish state of single blessedness.—*Bath (Me) Tribune.*

### WALKING FOR A DRAM.

One of the best stories of the season is told by Sandy Welsh, of a man who was in the country on a visit, where they had no liquor. He got up two hours before breakfast and wanted his bitters.—

"How far is it to a tavern?" he asked.

"Four miles."

So off this thirsty soul started—walked four miles in a pleasant frame of mind, arrived at the tavern and found it was a temperance House!

### WELLERISMS.

"You can draw me at sight," as the aching tooth said to the forceps.

"My voice is still for war," as the bomb said to the shell.

"You've got me into a scrape," as the fiddle-string said to the bow.

"You're quite light-headed," said the pump to the lamp-post.

"Well," replied the post, "that's better than having a running at the nose."

"You've run me through," as the wire said to the magnetic spark.—*Balt. Enterprise.*