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.

From the National Era.

"THAT LITTLE CURL."

BY MARY IRVING.

Ay! press it to your lips again,
My darling little Belle—
Unroll it in the sunshine then,
And mark its lustre well.
That little curl bloomed on a brow
That bends among the scraps now.

I kissed that lovely brow in death,
Cold as the winter's clay,
Ere the murmur of the parting breath
Passed from the lips away;
And that sweet golden curl I shred
From the bright tresses of the dead.

That little curl—my hand had brushed
Its ruffled gloss full oft,
As the sweet prattler's cries I hushed,
With carol low and soft;
And as he sank to smiling rest,
That curl lay gleaming on my breast.

I watched its growth with careful eye,
Ere one short month had rolled,
And still, as week by week went by,
Lengthened its wavy gold;
And, like a diamond, 'neath its shade
That small, pure infant brow was laid.

My brother! 'twas no lightsome thing
To bid thy soul "Good night"—
To watch its struggling ushering
To Heaven's own world of light—
We bowed our trembling heads to pray,
As angels bore our babe away.

But time came with a gentle balm,
To heal our wounded breasts;
And mild Religion shed a calm,
Blest radiance where he rests;
And now with tearful smiles we kiss
The little curl that once was his.

I could not leave that lock to mould
Within the lonely tomb—
That quenchless spark of living gold
To light so drear a gloom—
But when the earth gives up her dead,
That curl shall grace a cherub's head.

EXPLORATION OF CALIFORIA.

COL. FREMONT reached St. Louis on the 26th ult., and was advertised to start the next day on his scientific exploration to the Far West. He will be attended by a party of twenty men, who have hitherto accompaned him on a similar expeditions. It is now nearly ten years since he first commenced the great work of exploring the vast region lying between the Mississippi and the Pacific ocean, and if his labors had not been interrupted by the troubles in California, he would probably have completed, by this time, an undertaking which has contributed so much interesting and valuable matter to science.—A part of Upper California, north and east of Tlamath Lake, and the district of county about the sources of the Arkansas, Rio del Norte, &c., with the mountain region westward, remain to be explored. These are the only portions embraced in Col. Fremont's original plan that are yet to be surveyed, and when finished, will enable him to complete a map from actual observations and surveys, which will prove of great importance in illustrating the topography, as well as the geology and natural history, of that immense and comparatively unknown country.—The enterprise, as we stated on former occasion, is undertaken by Mr. Fremont on his private account, no provision having been made by Congress for the continuance of the explorations; but we cannot think that the Government will permit his labors to go unrewarded, or allow them to stand incomplete for the want of a small approbation. More extra allowances were voted in one day, at the close of the last session than the two former expeditions of Col. Fremont actually cost.—*North American*

THE PARENT'S LEGACY.

An Incident in Real Life.

Whoever has traveled among the Scotish hills and dales, cannot have failed to observe the scrupulons fidelity of the inhabitants to the old family Bible. A more honorable trait of character cannot be found—for all men, whether Christians or infidels, are proud to put reliance in those who make the Bible their confidence, and whose well thumbed pages show the confidence which their owners possessed in it.

A few years ago there dwelt in Ayshire an ancient couple, possessing of the world's gear sufficient to keep them independent from want or woe and tottering steps. A gallant of a farmer became enamored of the daughter, and she nothing loth, consented to be his. As the match was every way worthy of her, the old folks consented, and as they were desirous of seeing their barin comfortable, the two were made one. In a few short years the scyth of time cut down the old people and they gave their bodies to the dust and their souls to the Creator.

The young farmer having heard much of the promised land beyond the sea, gathered his duds, and selling such as were useless, packed up those calculated to be of service to him at his new home. Some neighbors having the same itching for adventure, sold off their homes and homesteads and set sail for America.

Possessed of considerable property in the shape of "siller," the company were not like the generality of emigrants, poor and friendless—but happy and full of hope for the future.—The first thing done after the landing was taking out the old their loom, and returning thanks and praise to Him who had guided their bark to a safe haven. As the farmer's object in coming to this country was to purchase a farm and follow his occupation, but little time was spent in the city he had arrived in, and his fellow passengers had previously determined on their destination, he bade them farewell, and with a light heart turned his face towards the setting sun. Indiana at the time was settling fast, and having heard of its cheap and fertile lands, he determined on settling within its borders.

On the banks of the Wabash he fixed on a farm, and having paid cash for one half, gave a mortgage for the balance, payable in one year.—Having stocked his farm and put seed in the ground, he rested from his labor, and patiently waited the time when he might go forth and reap the harvest; but alas! no grain gladdened his heart or rewarded his toil. The fever of the country attacked him, and the time when the fields were white the fullness of laborer's skill, death called him home, and left his disconsolate wife a widow, and his only child an orphan.

We leave this first sorrow, and pass on to the struggles of the afflicted widow a year afterwards. The time having arrived when the mortgage was to be paid, she borrowed the money of a neighbor who had been very attentive to her husband and to herself, one who had knelt at the same table with her to renew their professed obligation to the Giver of all good.—Hard and patiently did she toil to repay the sum against the promised time; but all would not do—fortune frowned, and she gave way to her accumulated troubles. Disheartened and distracted, she relinquished the farm and stock for a less sum than she owed her Christian neighbor, who, not satisfied with that, put an execution upon her furniture.

On the Sabbath previous to the sale she took courage; and strengthened herself with the knowledge of having wronged no one, went to the temple of her Father, with a heart filled with humanity and love, poured out her soul to "Him who turneth not away" and having communed side by side with her Christian neighbor, returned to her desolate home.

Here her fortitude had like to have forsaken her, but seeing the 'old family Bible," she reverently put it to her lips and sought consolation from its pages. Slowly she pursued its holy and inspring verses, and gathering hope from its never failing premices.

The day of sale having arrived, her few goods and chattles were in due course knocked off to the highest bidder. Unmoved she saw pass from her possession article after article without a murmur, till the constable held up the old family Bible. This was too much. Tears flowed and gave utterance to a broken heart. She begged the constable to spare her this memento of her revered and departed parents—and the humane man of the law would have given it to her, but the inexorable creditor declared every thing should be sold, as he was determined to have all that was coming to him.

The book was therefore put up, and about being disposed of for a few shillings, when she snatched it and declaring she would have some relic of those she loved, cut the slender thread that held the brown linen cover, with the intention of retaining it. The cover fell into her hands, and with it two flat pieces of thin, dirty paper. Surprised at the circumstance, she examined them, and what was her joy and delight to find that they each called for five hundred pounds on the bank of England. On the back of one, in her mother's hand writing, were the following words: "When sorrow overtake ye seek yer Bible."—"Yer father's ears are never deaf." The sale was immediately stopped, and the family Bible given to its faithful owner.—The furniture sold was readily offered to her by those who had purchased which she gladly took back.

Having paid off her relentless creditor to the last farthing, and rented a small house in the village of——, she placed the balance of her money in such a way as to receive interest enough to keep her comfortable; and is now able to enjoy the prospects of the old family Bible without fear or molestation. Her time and attention are given to the bringing up of the bright, blue eyed Alice, and if the happy smiles of the countenance may be considered an index to the heart and mind, little Alice bids fare to be a shining star in the community of which she at present forms but a unit.

At a meeting house in the centre of a village, may be seen every Sunday, sitting about half way up the south aisle, a lady about thirty years old dressed in deep mourning, with the beauty of holiness, but on whom may be seen deep traces of past sorrow.

At the public house in the same place and at the same time, may also be seen a being in the garb of man, bloated and sitting over the poisoning bowl. The one is the professing widow—the other is the professing neighbor.

HENRY CLAY'S MOTHER.

Mrs. Ellet's memoirs of "The women of the Revolution," contains the following sketch of Mr. Clay's mother—the mother of Harry of the West:

"In these portions of the country which were at different periods, the scene of military operations, the energy, heroism and magnanimity of woman was called by necessity into continual exercise. But there were other women whose more homely heroism was not without its effect; whose unacknowledged influence extended widely into the future. Their sphere of action limited to the bosom of their own families, the influence wrought quietly and unmarked, yet sent forth an influence and an energy, like the life blood propelled from the heart, through our whole national system. The mothers who through years of adverse fortune were true to American principles, and who kept them pure in their homes in the season of prosperity, although no brilliant acts illustrate their simple history, rendered real service to their country. Their duties during the war, after the return of peace, were fulfilled, in a spirit of self-sacrifice, without wish or expectation of reward. The noblest reward, however, was theirs, the sons in whose mids they had nursed the germs of patriotism and virtue, rose up to call them blessed.

"Our country offers abundant examples of men who have attained its highest eminence, ascribing all to early maternal influence and training. For the mother of Henry Clay, that great man—the pride and honor of his country—has ever expressed feelings of profound affection and veneration. Though her life offered no incidents of striking or romantic interest, she was what expresses the perfection of female character—an excellent mother. She was the youngest of two daughters, who were the only children of George and Elizabeth Hudson.—Her name also was Elizabeth; she was born in the county of Hanover, in Virginia, in 1750.—Her education was such as was attainable at that period in the Colony. In her fifteenth year she was married to John Clay, a preacher of the Baptist denomination, and became the mother of eight children. Mr. Clay died during the war of the Revolution. Some years afterwards Mrs. Clay contracted a second marriage with Mr. Henry Watkins, and in course of time eight more children were added to her family. The cares devolving upon her, in the charge of so many children and the superintendence of domestic concerns, of course occupied her time to the exclusion of participation in matters of public interest. She must, however, have borne her share in the agitations and dangers of the times, in behalf of those who claimed her maternal solicitude and guidance.

"Her son Henry was separated from her when only 13 years of age, having before that period been occasionally absent from home for months in going to school. In 1792 his step father removed with his mother and family, from Hanover county to Woodford county in Kentucky, leaving him in Richmond, Va. He did not again see his mother till the fall of 1797 when he himself emigrated to Kentucky. His estimable and beloved parent died in 1827, having survived most of her children, of whom there are now but 4 remaining—two by the first and two by the last marriage.

"She was from her youth a member of the Baptist Church, and eminent in piety. Her distinguishing traits of character were energy and industry,—and she was most faithful in the performances of her domestic duties."

From the St. Louis Republican.

THE WAGGON MASTER'S STORY.

While the army was at Monterey, a volunteer belonging to the Arkansas cavalry, who had just joined his company, was in possession of a splendid bay charger. One morning he had him out exhibiting his pacer, bantering the whole Mexico in general, and the lookers on particular, for a swop.

"Come boys, spunk up; some on ye give us a banter, and let's have a trade."

After trying some time unsuccesfully, an old gentleman who had been quietly enjoying the fun stepped up and observed—

"Friend, your horse is really a fine one; and as I should like to have him, I will give you a trade."

"Them's um, my fine fellow, trot out your nag, and let's see what he's like."

The old gentleman's was sent for, and Arkansas, after a thorough examinations said—

"Well, daddy I like your hoss, and you do mine; give us the difference and it's a trade,"

"How much?"

"Forty dollars, will you give it?"

"No, there's not over twenty dollars between them."

"Look here, my old coon, you may be a mighty fine old chap, and I believe you are willing for a swop—but you can't fool this child in a hoss trade—I've swopped by 'noonlight afore now. But I'll tell you what it is—give me thirty dollars and it's a bargain."

"Well, come to my tent and get your money."

"Well, go it is. I say, daddy, what are you driving out here in Texas—trading round 'mong the boys and all that sort of thing."

'No, not exactly, I have been sent out here with the army, to take care of things, and see that all goes right."

'Aye, aye; I understand, kind of bossing things round and about."

"Well, my young friend, what induced you to volunteer?"

"Well, I thought I'd like to look at the country, splunge round awhile, kill a Mexico or so, swop a hoss now and then, see old Rough and Ready. Is this your tent?"

"Yes, walk in. Thirty dollars I am to pay you—there is the money."

'O. K. I say, daddy, when we trade down our way we generally clinch it with a drink.—Have you any thing to take?"

"Certainly, what will you have?"

"Red Eye. Here's luck. Now daddy, as you've been about for some time, may be you've seen old Zack."

"Yes."

"Then I'm bound to see the old hoss; the boys all say he's some, and I want a show.—What kind of a looking coon is he?"

"About such a looking man as I am."

"What might your name be?"

"Taylor."

"A cousin of the Gineral's."

"No."

"A brother."

"No."

"Well, who the d——l are you?"

"I am General Taylor."

"Look here old gentleman, you're a mighty clever old fellow, and know a heap about a hoss but you don't know much about human natur if you think to crowd that down me. I ain't green, and it's no go.

Day, day, daddy, you can't come it."

On returning to his comrades, the first enquiry was.

"Well, how did you get along with the General?"

"Gineral what Gineral?"

"Why, General Taylor."

"Come, boys, come now, don't be fooling.—Was that old Rough and Ready?"

"Well, he told me so, but I did not believe him, he was so friendly like. I said a heap to him that I would not have done, had I known who he was. But I'll go and 'pologize, and make it right."

He proceeded to the General's tent, saluted him, and commenced—

"Gineral I've come to 'pologize to you being as how I don't know you were. If I said anything improper, or too familiar like, and gave offence, I hope you'll forgive me."

"No offence, my friend, I have nothing to forgive. If you are satisfied I am! Good morning."

On returning to his companions he said—

"Well, boys, I did it; he said there was no offence, and gave me a shake of his honest old hand. Hurrah for Old Zack. He's clear grit; knows all about a hoss, and a heap more about human natur!"

LETTER FROM GEN'L. TAYLOR TO JAMES A. STEWART FSQ.

MR. EDITOR.—The following letter has been placed in my hands to be used according to my own discretion. If the letter be genuine I presume it must have been sent to Baltimore by Telegraph. There is no address upon the letter, but from its contents I infer it is intended as a reply to the communication of James A. Stewart Esq., which appeared in the "Democrat" of the 4th ult. With a view of enabling the true owner to identify his property, I request its publication in the "Chronicle."

A SUBSCRIBER.

BATON ROUGE. Oct. 9th, 1848.

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 1st. of September reached me several days ago, and I have delayed my reply with a view of testing the accuracy of some of your "speculations" by the result of the election in your own State. That event having taken place, I now beg leave to transmit you the following answer to your very *peculiar* epistle.

Passing over your somewhat elaborate narrative of events that have developed themselves since the date of our former correspondence, I would respectfully beg permission to correct an error into which you have fallen in regard to the feelings and position of my distinguished friend, Mr. Clay. You are entirely wrong in supposing Mr. Clay throw himself into the Presidential contest to gratify a feeling of hostility towards myself. The relations subsisting between that illustrious statesman and myself have ever been and still are of the most friendly character. Mr. Clay was not a candidate for the Presidency from choice, but in obedience to the wishes of a numerous and highly respectable portion of the Whig party, and in compliance with the demands of that pure and elevated patriotism which has ever marked his career. His friends had the same right to place him in this position that mine had to put me forward for the Presidency—and the best evidence of his cordial concurrence in the decision of the Philadelphia Convention is to be found in the fact that he will support the nominees of that convention, and has forbidden the further use of his name in connexion with the office of President. This, sir, is what we had a right to expect from Mr. Clay; and I assure you that not even my own defeat would cause me such profound sorrow as I should feel, if I supposed Mr. Clay was capable of entertaining the feelings of envy and jealousy you indirectly impute to him. And allow me to say in conclusion upon this point, that an examination of Mr. Clay's recently published letters upon this subject, particularly that addressed to Col. Hamtramck of Va., must satisfy you that your "*speculations*" in regard to his views and feelings are entirely incorrect.

In relation to your views as to my past and present position, permit me to say, without designing to be disrespectful, that I have employed no inconsiderable pains in the effort to harmonize the apparent inconsistencies of your statements, and am apprehensive that I have not succeeded. In your remarks relative to the Philadelphia Convention you assume in one place that my nomination by that Convention—my letter of acceptance—and the statement of Judge Saunders, did not change my ground and identify me with the Whigs; while in another you allege that the Whigs have taken possession of me—have changed my relations to the people at large—and intend to appropriate what you are pleased to call my "great popularity, personally." to their own purposes. There appears to be some inconsistency in these opposite assumptions, which, however, you may be able to reconcile. The subjoined paragraphs taken from the letter before me have caused me great perplexity, but I have no doubt you will be able to explain this apparent incongruity:—

EXTRACT 1st

"But certain of the Whigs probably against you in the first instance and compelled to take you, relying upon your great popularity, personally, and designing to monopolize the same and to make appropriation of the same to aid the special fortunes of a party hoping to succeed with you, under that party organization, have presented a very different issue from the one your best friends I believe desired."

* * *

"In such a struggle you must suffer by a special identification with such a party."

* * *

"I extremely regret such a position for you, not by your own seeking I am sure, but by the course of the managers of the Whig party."

EXTRACT 2nd.

"I still believe, from all that I have seen from you that it is your design, not to be under the control and dictation of any party, but to steer clear of all, as far as possible—to be an independent candidate, and if elected, to put at defiance all cabals. Your recent letters confirm your previous declarations, and one of your latest, in which you say, you are "fully before the country as an independent candidate, if not fairly," administers a strong rebuke to the Whigs for having endeavored to appropriate you to their own purposes."

* * * "Your argument to shew that you have not changed your position, by accepting the Whig nomination, under the circumstances, by stating that you would have accepted the nomination of the Democratic Convention, if tendered on the same terms, is conclusive to shew an utter disavowal and repudiation of any allegiance to the Whig party."

The astutegess of an intellect trained to legal subtleties may be able to demonstrate that the foregoing paragraphs are precisely similar in meaning; but you will pardon me for saying that all my humble efforts to harmonize them have proved fruitless.

Again, you complain that I have been nominated by the Philadelphia Convention, and that the Whig party in Maryland has taken me into their special keeping since that event, and that thereby I am placed in a position which my independent friends condemn, and which precludes many of them—yourself among the number—from voting for me. If I have been correctly informed by my friends in Cambridge, you publickly advocated my nomination by the Philadelphia Convention, and expressed great surprise that that body should hesitate a moment about so plain a course of policy. And permit me to add, that if you and my other Independent friends in Maryland find yourselves reduced to the alternatives of voting either for Gen'l. Cass as the regular Democratic Candidate, or for myself as the regular Whig Candidate, "with Mr. Fillmore upon the ticket," you cannot hold me responsible for such a result. You admit that my nomination by the Philadelphia Convention—the statement of Judge Saunders—and my letter of acceptance to Governor Morehead, all did not change my original independent position. Why then did my independent friends in Maryland by their own act dissolve their party organization, and place themselves in the predicament you complain of? You were a member of the Independent Taylor Convention, I believe, and in order to have obviated the difficulties complained of you should have opposed the breaking up of your party organization—but after having abandoned my fortunes (without reason as you admit,) and left my Whig friends the task of taking care of them, your complaints in regard to the position of that party towards me seem neither just or plausible. I would also add in this connexion