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The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

NEW SERIES—VOL. 8. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 21, 1844. NUMBER 1.

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EXTRACT FROM

MR. CLAYTON'S SPEECH

At the great Mass Meeting at Lancaster, Pa.

The office of President of the United States—of the *Great Republic* as men have already learned to call it, and upon which the nations begin to gaze with interest, watching its mighty progress and anticipating its wondrous destinies—is too high and noble to be filled by any one who has not by his talents and public virtues raised himself above the common level of mankind. In Henry Clay, of Kentucky, we behold a man who, by his eloquence, would have cast additional lustre on the character of the Parliament of England for exalted talent, in the best days of her Burkes and her Sheridans, and even in those of her Chatham himself. It will derogate nothing from the character of any American statesman whose history I have studied, to say that after more than thirty years of public service, Mr. Clay has found reason to change his opinion less frequently than any other, and has excelled all who have honored the councils of our country, by the extraordinary uniformity and consistency of his public conduct. He has twice saved the Union of these States, when all men admited that it was in imminent peril—While I knew him in the Senate of the United States, he was acknowledged by men of all parties to be the peacemaker of that body; and as such he was personally beloved by men of all parties in the Senate, with scarcely a solitary exception.—His character for chivalrous and manly sentiment gained for him an influence which was always used to allay, but never to excite, unkind feelings amongst others. I have studied him closely, and I must say that I never met with that man whose moral courage exceeded his. The maxim which was eternally on his lips in the worst of times, was, never to despair of the Republic. All the tendencies of his nature seemed to be conservative in their character. His unceasing efforts seemed to be directed to strengthen the works of the fathers of the Republic, or to rebuild such of their noblest institutions as had fallen beneath the destructive hands of others. His ambition never led him to tear down or demolish the institutions of his country. He was a man of untiring industry in the discharge of his public duties; and he could perform more intellectual labor within the same period of time, than any man I ever knew. As he loved to make others happy, while in his society, his efforts to please them were the more successful, because they evidently sprung from the native goodness of his heart. His bitterest enemy never dared to impeach his integrity in a pecuniary matter; and although he has encountered at different periods of his life, all the vicissitudes and temptations, both of poverty and affluence, there was no business transaction of that life, which ever left a stain upon his fame. Always obedient to the dictates of public duty, he fearlessly bade consequences take care of themselves, whenever the interests or honor of his country required personal sacrifices of himself. It was upon such occasions, that his character displayed itself with the most brilliant lustre. Then it was that his patriotism burned with an intensity unsurpassed by that of the ancient Roman, who devoted himself to the infernal Gods, to insure victory to the Republic.—Then it was that, reckless alike of the shaft of personal and party malice, he bared his own bosom to the storm, and dared every thing for his country. Then it was that the arrows of calumny flew thickest around him, and that noble bosom was goared with many a wound inflicted by the felon blows of his assailants.

During the war with Great Britian, he stood at the head of the great democratic party of this country—a party the proudest boast of which was, that it fostered the industry of the people, and avenged the wrongs and insults they suffered from their foes. In that day, the post of honor assigned to Mr. Clay, as the head of his party, was also the post of danger. The leaders of the opposition were among the most able and talented men our country ever produced; and the champion chosen by his party to contend with the Kings, the Quinceys, the Hansons, and the Randolphs of that day, was Henry Clay, of Kentucky. While a real and honest difference of opinion divided the democratic and federalist parties, Mr. Clay was the Ajax Telamon of the former; but when that difference ceased to exist, no man exhibited greater magnanimity towards the very political opponents, who owed their defeat so much to his own stupendous exertions. When federalism was no longer a dangerous rival of that domocracy which he had led to victory, he disdained to imitate the examples of those of our *modern* democrats, whose greatest glory is in the denunciation and proscription of a fallen foe. These modern democrats took no part in the political conflicts of the day, when the struggle with the mighty power of England tried men's souls. While Henry Clay was rousing the spirit of his countrymen to battle, with that voice which sounded like the notes of a war trumpet, and directing the wisdom of the National Councils in that bloody struggle, nine-tenths of your modern democracy which now denounces him as a federalist and a British whig, were riding their corn-stalk horses in the nurseries, or puling in the arms of their mothers. Of such as these are the men whose delight it is to gnaw the dry bones of federalism and make war upon the helpless skeleton. But *not* of such as these was Henry Clay, whose lion-like spirit, after it had hunted down a noble quarry, disdained to feast with the jackals of the party upon the festering carcass. Such was the champion of the ancient domocracy: and such is now the champion of the whigs. This is the man who would confer honor upon the office to which we seek to elevate him. but his election to that office could not add a brighter jewel to the many with which fame has already encircled his brow, and which will retain their undying lustre, while the name of an American shall be respected or remembered among the sons of men. (Immense cheering.)

Indulge me but a moment longer, and I have done. Should the struggle for national independence which is now raging throughout the length and the breadth of the land, be decided against us by the vote of Pennsylvania, she will come out of that contest with her gorgeous banner trailing in the dust—herself bleeding at every pore. The shouts of party triumph will be speedily succeeded by the wail of her ruined ploughmen and her beggard mechanics. The fire of her forges, and the sound of the axe and the hammer in her workshops, will die away amidst the acclamations of her fatal victory; and there may be thousands before me who, with sorrow-stricken, if not with broken hearts, may live to mourn the loss of that independence without which public liberty would cease to be a blessing. But, let me add, should the spirit of independence be discarded from the breast of all other Americans, it will still linger in the heart of that gallent little State, which, as she was the first to adopt the American Constitution will be the last to abandon its true principles. And if that spirit shall be finally doomed to expire, there, even there, amidst my native oaks and pines, it will breathe its last sigh on the bosom of its last friend.

Mr. Clayton sat down amid tremendous cheering, which continued for several minutes, and closed with a mighty *three times three!*

From the American Whig.

GRAND LOCOFOCO MASS MEETING AT FRANKLIN.

This grand affair, which was intended to crush the Hon. J. Wethered in his own district, came off on Saturday, and after the most strenuous exertions, they succeeded in raising only about 300 persons—one-fourth of whom were Whigs. Mr. Wethered having been called to the stand by the orators at the locofoco meeting at Ellicott's Mills, when they well knew he was six miles distant, to explain statements made by him on the floor of Congress, in his unanswered and unanswerable speech, his democratic neighbors were anxious that he should have that opportunity at Franklin; and shortly after his appearance on the ground, he was invited by the committee of arrangements to address the meeting. Mr. Buchanan introduced Mr. W. to the meeting, and stated that he was an old schoolmate, a good man, &c., but on the wrong side of politics—a member of that party who promised high wages and roast beef, which the people had not seen; but the Whigs had come there to eat their roast beef, and then quoted a piece of poetry.

Mr. Wethered rose by stating that he never went into company where he was not invited; that he had been invited to partake of their rost beef—from which pleasure he was prevented by some gentlemen who unexpectedly called at his house and dined with him.—Mr. W. said, his old school-mate had introduced him as one belonging to the wrong side. I have something here (laying his hand on his heart,) which tells me I am right; and I well remember when my old scoolmate and myself fought side by side; now I find him *faced about.* Mr. W. said he had listened with pleasure to the venerable gentleman who had proceeded, when he was eulogising the hero of New Orleans, as the eulogy was deserved; but we had "rendered unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's;" we had paid over a debt of gratitude to Genl. Jackson by elevating him to the highest office in the world, and he warned the people not to have their minds led away from the important question at issue before the American people by glorification to Genl. Jackson. He said, of all the questions now before the people, the one which, from its paramount importance, should over-ride every other question (not even excepting Texas and Taxes,) was, whether we should have a free trade 20 per cent. tariff, as advocated by Mr. Polk and the leaders of the party, or the tarfff of '42, which was the Whig policy, and which was covering the nation with blessings.—The leaders, continued Mr. W., of the Democratic party are opposed to protecting the labor of our own mechanics; but are in favor of having our workshops in Europe; they wish us to become a great agricultural nation, and exchange our bread stuff and raw material for the manufactures of Europe, and are opposed to the protective tariff.

Are there any here, said Mr. W., who deny this?—Yes, yes, yes, cried several. Then, said Mr. W., I am under the necessity of proving it; upon which he drew from his pocket a lot of documents, and showed that upon a motion of Mr. Tappan in the Senate to repeal the tariff of '42, all the Democrats save two voted for the repeal, whilst every Whig voted against it.—Who, said Mr. W., are the friends of the mechanics?—(The Democrats, cried several.) Mr. W. then read an extract from the speech of Hon. Mr. Brinkerhoff on the tariff, wherein he said the people of the U. States should be an agricultural people, and should not be put to work in the nasty, stinking, unwholesome, dirty factories, to labor for wages for their employers—and also from the speech of Senator Woodbury, where he said that "the mechanics of this country should not be protected, as high wages made the workmen neither happier nor richer; as they only worked less and drank more." Now, said Mr. W., who are the friends of the working classes? (Here Mr. Gallagher requested to see that speech. Certainly, said Mr. W. Mr. G. first read the part alluded to, then referred to the title page, and seeing it was printed at the "Globe office," dropped it like a hot potatoe.) Here some one called on Mr. W. to read the whole speech. Mr. W. said it would take up too much of their time, but begged them to *read* for themselves, and *judge for themselves.* After some other of Mr. W's facts, he asked who now are the friends of the mechanics? (The Democrats, the Democrats, cried several.) Some of you, said Mr. W., would not believe an angel from Heaven, nor even if "one should rise from the dead;" but I put these things out for the candid consideration of the honest-hearted Democrat, the earnest enquirer after truth.—Mr. Wethered earnestly implored the mechanics to be true to themselves, and (to use the words of Major Davezac) not suffer the British tree to take root in our free soil; a low tariff will do this—will make it take root; aye, and root out our own mechanics too!

My countrymen! my countrymen! I warn you, said Mr. W., raising his finger, if you should unfortunately elect Mr. Polk, you will have a recurrence of the times of '40, '41. It requires no argument to prove this. He goes for reducing the tariff to where the Whig Congress found it. The same causes always produce the same effects. Many of you now here, will then recur to this warning; but then, alas, 'twill be too late.

Mr W. then went on to show the entire fallacy of the arguments of the loco orators in prating about the importance of the British market for our bread stuff.—Said he was led to investigate this matter and had actually ascertained that there was more flour used for sizing the cotton warps in America than England took from us!! that we raised 100,000,000 bushels of wheat and that England only took about 200,000 barrels of our flour. Why, my neighbors, does she not take your wheat now when it is only 75 cts. per bushel? because she has enough of her own, and will not take a bushel from *us* if she can raise enough at home. The Farmers appeared to take great interest in this part of Mr. W's speech, and demanded silence, and requested Mr. W. to repeat some of his statements. Mr. W. went on to show the Farmers that the only market which was worth any thing to them was the HOME MARKET, that they should cherish their manufactures and mechanics—they were all consumers, and produced nothing for themselves to eat. Break up, said Mr. W., as you propose, the 4,000,000 of people engaged in manufactures, mechanics, mining, &c., and what will become of your surplus? England will not take it—it will rot in your barns. Mr. W. went as fully into this subject as the many interruptions which he received allowed him. You may rely upon it he struck conviction home to many minds at that meeting. I regret that, from the confusion at times, I could not take as full notes as I would wish. Mr. W. said before he concluded he would briefly allude to a matter of some importance to him, though not to the meeting. He said that it was his fortune to have made a speech on the floor of congress, the statements in which had been shamefully attacked in a paper in Baltimore called the Argus; he told them to inquire of his neighbors around him for his character, and added that if they would appoint a committee to wait on him, he would prove every statement made by him to be correct. He had also been called a foreigner, he thought this came from the party who professed to be the exclusive friends of the foreigner with very bad grace.—If, said Mr. W., I was a foreigner; and a majority of my fellow citizens had chosen me as their representative in congress, I would be entitled to as much respect as if I was born on this side of the water; all foreigners who possessed patriotic hearts and were friends of liberty are welcome to our free soil—the asylum of the oppressed. In conclusion, Mr. W. thanked the meeting for the courtesy which had been extended to him, and said that, if in his power, it should be reciprocated.

A COUNTY FARMER.

The following graphic and thrilling sketch of an incident which occurred some years since at the Natural Bridge in Virginia, comprises a passage in a lecture on Genius, delivered by the celebrated ELIHU BURRITT, the learned Blacksmith, of Rhode Island:

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over these everlasting abutments 'when the morning stars sang together.' The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is midday. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconciously uncovered their heads as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in hands in an instant.—'What man has done, man can do,' is their watchword while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full grown men who had been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this 'feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexandes, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. It is a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews and a new created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough.—Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed.—His knife is worn halfway to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words of his terror stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and tearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that 'freeze their young blood.' He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction.—But one of his companions anticipates his desire.—Swift as the winds he bounds down the channel, and the situation of that fated boy is told upon his fathers's heart-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath and awaiting the fearful catasprophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, '*William! William! Don't look down! Your Mother and Henry and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eyes towards the top!*' The boy don't look *down.* His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carelully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers—resting a moment at each again he cuts. How every motion is watched from below. There stand his father, mother, brother and sister on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from under this overhanging mountains. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reals; his eyes are startling from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next he cuts. That niche is the last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mothers feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there:—one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glipse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words, God! and mother! whispering on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, true tightning rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such shouting, such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

☞ We copy the following amusing article from the Ind. American, in the form of a communication addressed to the Editor by a friend belonging to the democratic party. To those who *know* "Henry Clay at home," the narration of his kindness and perfect simplicity of manners will be nothing new; but those who have been misled by interested demagogues in regard to his very amiable personal qualities, as well as others, may profit by the subjoined article. We have no doubt of its truth, to the very letter.

MR. CLAY AT HOME.

Although, as you know, I cannot support Mr. Clay, I consider the following incident too good to be lost, and acting upon that scripture which says, "Give even the devil his due," or as it is more commonly read "Honor to whom honor, &c." I pen it for your disposal. You may depend upon it as authentic.

A friend of mine, a few days ago in a visit into Kentucky met with a farmer, who soon introduced the subject of politics, and made known his position as follows:—"I always supported Jackson and Van Buren, and of course was opposed to Mr. Clay. I had expected to vote for Van Buren again, as I supposed he would be the democratic candidate, knowing a large majority of the party desired it. But to my surprise, a man by the name of Polk, was recommended as the candidate. Upon hearing the result of the convention at Baltimore, I was confounded. Polk! Polk! thought I. Who is Polk? I never heard of him before that I remember of. Well I suppose I must go it. But it is a bitter pill. In the course of a few days, however, I began to ask myself what objections I had to Mr. Clay. —What has he ever done that I should not support him? I thonght over his history, and to my surprize, I could not find nothing I could condemn. But he had always been spoken of as a rich Aristocrat,—a despiser of the poor,—above common people, &c. I resolved to prove or disprove it. I determined to visit him immediately and see for myself. I accordingly made my arrangements for starting. To make it more certain, I dressed in my *every days*—just common jeans. I stopped for the night at an acquaintances, a democrat. —In the morning I told my errand, and, as I expected, he endeavored to dissuade me from my purpose. But all to no purpose. In a short time, however, by some means, I was surrounded by some half dozen of the leading democrats of the place, all of whom conspired to stop me. They assured me I would be insulted.—Clay would not see me. A negro would meet me at the door, and inform me Mr. Clay could not be seen, and thus I would be repelled; or the very best I could hope, would be a cold, lordly, forbidding interview, which I would be glad to end, and in order to avoid such mortification I had better stop. But go I would. I arrived at Mr. Clay's hitched my horse, and rapped at the door. Sure enough, I was met by a negro man, dressed in the finest style. I inquired if Mr. Clay was at home. "He is, sir, walk in and be seated, and I will call him," was the prompt reply. He conducted me to a splendid furnished room and I took my seat.—In a few minutes Mr. Clay made his appearance. As he advanced toward me with his hand extended, I arose and told my name, and being invited to sit down I did so, and never felt more at home in my life. He immediately entered into conversation about the weather, crops, &c., inquiring particularly as to my mode of cultivation, while the subject of politics was not mentioned, and nothing said which could give him the least idea of my object in visiting him. Having fully satisfied myself that he was a gentleman, and really the farmer's friend, and that he was far from spurning a man in jeans clothing. (for by the by, he was, to my surprize, dressed in the very same himself,) I arose to start, "Sir," said he, "you must not go now, our dinner will be ready soon. You must dine with us, and after dinner ride with me around my farm." By this time I had got so I could see where I had hitched my horse, which to my surprize, was missing. I supposed of course, he had broken loose and gone, and I remarked, "I must at least go and hunt my horse." He answered in a tone which but illy comported with my feelings of alarm, "Oh, sir, your horse is well taken care of." How could I refuse to stay? We resumed our conversation, and shortly dinner was ready. At dinner I was politely introduced to each member of his family, and to my surprize, he called my name as readily as if he had known me for years. Again, after dinner farming operations formed our topic, for not one word had yet been said about politics. At length I remarked I must go. "If you must," said he, "I will order your horse, though I would be pleased for you to ride with me around my farm." The horse was accordingly ordered. I had been hesitating for some time whether to disclose my errand. I finally concluded I would. By this time several gentlemen had called in. I remarked it would hardly do not to disclose the object of my visit. He looked surprized as if something fearful had been plotted. I then told him what I had been, whom I had supported, what I had heard of him, and what was the result of my visit on my feelings.—The company raised a loud laugh; and I really thought I never saw such a mouth as Mr. Caly's when he joined in. It seemed to stretch from ear to ear. His reply was, after the laugh had subsided: He was glad I had visited him, and he wished every farmer in the land would do the same, believing that they would feel as I did, that he was a farmer, and a real friend to the farmer. And so thought I. Indeed sir, no man can be in his company without pleasure." And now sir, to reject such a man—a man long indentified with the interests of the country, well acquainted with all the affairs of the nation, and go for a man poked at us by a Convention of office holders and office seekers—a perfect stranger. I will never do it. I can tell you more. Since my visit I have told its results to many, and not less than twenty of my neighbors have assured me they too will leave Polk and go for Clay.

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