The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

NEW SERIES—VOL. 9. CAMBRIDGE, MD—SATURDAY MORNING JUNE 20, 1846. NUMBER 38

TERMS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

At two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half yearly in advance. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, and where the number of insertions is not limited, they will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

When the Supreme Author of all that is good created man, he endowed him with *Mind*, made him capable of grasping lofty objects, and susceptible of a high degree of intellectual improvement. Though his first perceptions be faint and confused, yet by continued and untiring devotion to mental cultivation, he may acquire sufficient knowledge to enable him, with more than eagle's energy, to soar aloft in the higher atmosphere of knowledge. Leaving far behind the sublunary cares of earth, and exploring the wide and elevated fields where "proud Science rears her lofty head," he may bid defiance to all the boastings of a world involved in mental darkness. The mind, ever active and aspiring, continually craves some kind of knowledge. This thirst to know, like most other emotions or affections, is to some extent implanted in our nature, and when directed to proper objects, is of infinite benefit, but when it degenerates into a vain and criminal curiosity, the unhappy and debasing consequences are not easily described. A fatal instance of this kind of curiosity we have on record, in the sin of our first parents who, not satisfied with the degree of knowledge which a just and unerring God saw proper to confer upon them, entailed misery and death on a whole race of accountable beings, merely to gratify this vain desire to know that which ought not to be known. In the dark ages of the world, man did not exhibit to any considerable extent, many of the mental faculties which he has ever possessed. For having no motives to influence him to action he lay dormant for ages. But since the light of Revelation has been permitted to dawn, a new page has been turned in the world's history, and it is now proven conclusively, that from the commencement of time, human beings were most admirably endowed with the same intellectual powers, that only needed direction, cultivation and improvement to bring them fully to light. Had many of the heathen sages, who have for ages slumbered with the silent dead, enjoyed the advantages of some of our more modern philosophers, it is probable, their bright career could not have been eclipsed by any other. Had Socrates, Plato, or Minos, lived in this enlightened age, how great an influence might they have exerted? They would have been confessed worthy a place among the most brilliant stars in the Literary firmament. If the race of an Alexander or even an iron hearted Nero had been run when the star of revelation, and the true doctrines of Philosophy shone with meridian splendour, instead of entailing infamy and curses upon their names and family, they might have attained and enjoyed that climax of glory they so ardently pursued, and vainly imagined they had acquired; for if properly imbued with that knowledge which diffuses happiness to man, and impressed with a just sense of human responsibility, Alexander would have become the noblest and brightest genius that ever graced the platform of the world.

Now if knowledge be useful in any degree, the general diffusion of it is necessary, in order to benefit the whole. A few poilosophers shedding their light upon the surrounding darkness, are not sufficient to break the bondage of savage independence, and stupid barbarity. It must be broken by the power of that knowledge, which, when generally diffused, adapts itself to supply the wants, and ameliorate the condition of mankind.

The "power of knowledge" has enabled the Astronomer through his telescopic vision to transport himself to worlds far distant. He can survey with eagle eye the vast plains, the deep caverns, the lofty peaks and the shadows of hill and dale which diversify the surface of the majestic orb of night. By the aid of the same instrument, he can wing his way through the regions of space, accompany the swiftest planets and trace many of the physical aspects and revolutions which relate to distant worlds. He can continue his airy flight to still more distant regions of the universe. Leaving the sun with all his attendant train behind him till they appear scarcely discernable specks in creation, he may contemplate millions of starry systems beyond the range of the unassisted eye, and wander among suns and worlds dispersed throughout the boundless dimensions of space. He can fill up in his imagination those blanks which Astronomy has never distinctly explored, and conceive thousands of planetary worlds beyond all that is visible to the eye, even though assisted by all the optic instruments man's ingenuity has been able to invent. Stretching out in the unbounded range of thought almost to infinity, he sees all the unseen worlds peopled by living intelligence.

But another invention little less wonderful owes its origin to the increased "power of knowledge." We refer to the discovery of a machine which enables man to soar above the earth, or in other words to navigate the air.—And why may we not expect that *knowledge* in her onward march will discover new modes of travel? Is it beyond the reach of possibility that ere long huge balloons may be constructed, which will enable man to circumnavigate the globe, mounted upon the wings of the wind, far above those amber clouds which float so tranquilly over head? Why should not this be? The steam ship which so nobly ploughs the boisterous waters of the deep, would have been looked upon, a number of years ago, as the work of a supernatural being, some deified hero. And as knowledge increases, may not discoveries and improvements be made which will permit man to sail smoothly through the vast expanse of either, as safely as he now glides over the bosom of the mighty deep, or rattles along over *terra firma* in rail road cars?

In many places the gloomy alter of igant devotion, has become a noble edifice for the accommodation of the truly devout, adorned with lofty spires and filled with a multitude of enlightened worshippers, whilst the wigwam and rural thatched cottage of the peasant has been transformed into a comfortable and perhaps elegant mansion, surrounded by various orders of neatly laid out grounds, which seem to vie with each other in point of beauty. But a few centuries ago when *knowledge* was incarcerated in the prisons of superstition, nothing disturbed the tranquil surface of the placid lake, or attempted to navigate the mighty ocean.—The ripple of the little skill as it skimmed along the surface of the smother rivers, guided by some fearful hand; or the shrill scream of the fishhawk as he darts upon his helpless prey was all that disturbed our inland seas: but see what knowledge has already done. We now behold the stately ship, or fire driven steamer sweeping along in majestic grandeur, laden not only with the comforts and luxuries of life, but carrying with them, the lamp of religious truth to enrich the nations involved, not only in the midnight of intellectual darkness, but entirely destitute of that "Wisdom which maketh wise unto salvation." Ever since the dispersion of the inhabitants of the earth, who in their ignorance attempted to raise a tower to the sky, and the consequent creation of different nations taking date from the building of Babel, man has been, to his disgrace be it said, at variance with man. "Go as far back in your researches as the earliest historical records can carry you, and it will be found that wars have prevailed almost without intermission, in every age and country, and among every tribe." Nations, separated only by a narrow channel, or ridge of land, and who are distinguished alike for many discoveries and improvements in the Arts, though apparently ignorant of the advantages of peace, have been for ages torn by distracting discord. The shrill clorion of war has rung from hill to hlll, loudly calling all to repair to the floating standard, and march in battle array against their sister land, to conquer or to die. But however long the ravages of war may continue to drench the earth with blood, there is a time approaching in which God has declared that "wars shall cease unto the ends of the earth." And when this happy period, this Millenium of peace shall arrive, it will owe its existence to the diffusion and *power* of that *knowledge* which reveals true wisdom of the God of Peace.

In glancing over the vast arena of the world we are impressively struck with the difference in the situation of the various nations. We perceive that those in which learning snd true religion have shed their effulgent rays, are of the greatest, the happiest, and the best.—Look at Spain, once the pride and boast of Europe. What a change has come over her.—Within the space of a few short centuries, she has sunken in the lowest depths of wickedness, and degradation. During the civil wars which for so long a time agitated her otherwise peaceful bosom, the light of knowledge appears to have been almost extinguished. But within a few years Spain appears to have made some efforts to shake off the chains of ignorance and rise again to her former glory and renown. Could Spain shake off the doctrine, that "ignorance is the mother of devotion," she would be free.

Compare any of the nations of the earth who are sunken in superstitious ignorance with the proud and gifted England, or our infant but enlightened America, and note the difference. In what does this difference consist, if not in the grater amount of intelligence possessed by the two last named countries? In almost every nation of the Eastern world, does the banner of St. George wave triumphantly, and honor and respect are every where paid to the stars and stripes, the ensign of American liberty. How powerful is knowledge: mighty armies could not produce such effects.

Let us now turn our thoughts to Italy, that land of poetry and song—contrast her present with her former situation. And although there still remains much of her former character, yet no longer is her doings wafted on the wings of story as the land where *knowledge* is diffused, and where literature enlivens the shepherd and the cottager, and delights to revel amidst the glowing banks, the sunlit dales, and the shady groves of the clear skyed peninsula, as in the days of yore. Popery has gained a sway which at once demolishes the fair foundation erected by the genial influence of true christianity.—Knowledge is denied to the great mass of the people. And although her far famed skies are as beautiful and bright as ever, and her verdant fields as green as when trod by those talented ones who have long since slumbered beneath her sod, yet no longer can Italy rank among the first and most enlightened nations of the earth, because she lacks the power that knowledge gives.

The soul, which is the receptacle of knowledge, when separated from the body, will doubtless continue forever in perpetual happiness or perpetual misery. Immortal as its *Sire*, it can never die. And if it be true as it undoubtedly is, that memory firmly holds within her grasp all the thoughts and occurrences of life, with what emotions of rapture or woe will the disembodied spirit look back to earth, and how will the blessedness of the one state, and the misery of the other, be enhanced by the "power of knowledge." Every evil act that has been committed, every good deed that has been performed, will appear as vivid as if but the occurrence of yesterday. And man shall be compelled, aye doomed, to pass judgment upon himself. The powers of reminiscence may slumber awhile, but they can never die.—In that day we are entirely at liberty to suppose that

"Each fainter trace which Memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all that was at once appears."

Then indeed will *knowledge* be truly *powerful* to make the miserable wretched beyond what tongue can tell, and the good indescribably happy.

———o———

Written for the Philadelphia Sat. Courier.

LUCK—FORTUNE.

Some men are said to be lucky. But what is luck? A shower of diamonds in your path—a gold mine in your field—fifty thousand dollars left you by an uncle, or the drawing of a large prize in a lottery. This is luck. But how many are thus lucky? Not one in fifty thousand; so your chances are indeed small, and you may as well awake, if you have been dreaming that fortune would thus favor you.—But what we often call luck, is no such thing it deserves a better name; it is attention to business; it is prudence; it is foresight and calculation; it is industry and energy. Men who have arisen from rags to a fortune, possessed this character in an eminent degree. They did not acquire their property by picking up diamonds here and gold there—by the death of rich relatives, or by gambling in lotteries.—Girard was a man of this stamp, and so is Astor. They calculated and worked—they penetrated the future—they relaxed no effort, and were never discouraged. At times they missed it, but to yield was not in their natures and hence their abundant success.

The same luck may be yours, ragged and pennyless young man. You must not waste your time in wishing and longing and praying for riches to fall upon you in showers; if you do, good fortune will never be yours. Calculate—penetrate—work—yield not—never give up—push on—and as sure as you have a living soul, the future will be pregnant with blessings for you. We have often been delighted with a beautiful passage in Dryden's poems as follows:—

"Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate;
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill,
(For human good depends on human will)
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes its bent;
But if unseized, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repentant folly far behind;
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before her as she flies."

That fortunate moment may be yours at the present time. The opportunities of success should be seized and improved. If you neglect them, through indifference or lack of energy, you may be a drudge and a slave to others all your days.

There is one great fault with mankind at the present day: they are not contented with small gains at first, and neglecting these, do nothing worth estimating. You had better be in the way of doing something, and looking out to seize the golden opportunities of life, than to hang on your oars and pray for the gods to assist you, and scatter gold, diamonds and rubies in your path. What you may deem your greatest misfortune, may prove in the end your largest blessing. All it requires is perseverance and faith. No opportunity should be suffered to go by, on account of sloth, inactivity, or pleasure. Shakspeare was correct, when he wrote—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyages of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

Study the character of those you call the most fortunate in your neighborhood. Successes never came to them in lots, or gold in lumps. They so managed their affairs that a steady stream of prosperity flowed into their business, while there were no leaks, no miscalculations, to draw it away again. They attended to their own business, and left nothing of importance to be looked after by their clerks. Hence their success.

Look to those whom you call the most unfortunate. Are they not shiftless and undecided? Do they not make money in quantities and lose it about as soon as it is made? They are not close calculators. You will see flaws in everything they undertake. Their opportunities for being successful were as great as those who succeeded, but they were careless—trifling success elated them too much, and they went ahead altogether too fast and were obliged to stop short.

Be you guided by reason, young man. Study the characters of those who have gone before you. Be not too headstrong—too sanguine—let reason sway your judgment, and sit always at the door of your heart. If you are true to yourself and perform your duty as carefully and as prudently as you ought, you cannot but be successful in whatever you undertake. Another course will shipwreck your hopes and prove disastrous to your best interests.

D C. C.

———o———

THE OUTSIDE.

Some persons are very particular about their outward appearance, while at the same time their hearts are full of corruption. They will spare no time—no expense, to make a show and attract attention. The latest fashions must be followed—their dress must be adjusted in a peculiar way—their hands must be adorned and everything about them must correspond. What fools! Who cares for a splendid dress that covers a rotten heart?—who but fops and fools? What are exquisite forms, damask cheeks, and sparkling eyes, in comparison with kind feelings, tender affections and virtuous principles. The former may gain a momentary attraction, while the latter survive the perishing body and give the soul a passport to eternal felicity. While you ought not to neglect the body, you should bestow unwearied pains upon the heart and fit that for usefulness here—and far happier will you be.—[*Port. Tribune.*

———o———

PROFESSION OF THE LAW.

It is a singular infatuation—while there are so many fields to cultivate, so much land to clear up, and so great a demand for honest and industrious labor all over the country—that thousands and tens of thousands run blindfolded and ignorant into the profession of the law. Scores who have been brought up farmers and mechanics—who might have a good living, and exert a happy influence—forsake the plough and the plane, the shovel and the stick, and half starve themselves to death in a lawyer's office. Is it not strange? Is the law more honorable than a trade? Who thinks so? Surely not men of the most sense and best judgment. Lawyers the most distinguished, advise the young aspirants to stick to their anvils, their hods, and their types. They know that unless a man has peculiar talents, skill,—and brass we may add,—he can never soar higher than a miserable pettifogger.—[*Portland Herald.*

———o———

RECOLLECTIONS OF MEXICO.

BY WADDY THOMPSON.

The soldiers of the Mexican army are generally collected by sending out *recruiting* detachments into the mountains, where they hunt the Indians in their dens and caverns, and bring them in chains to Mexico; there is scarcely a day that droves of these miserable and more than half naked wretches are not seen thus chained together and marching through the streets to the barracks, where they are scoured and then dressed in a uniform made of linen cloth or of serge, and are occasionally drilled—which drilling consists mainly in teaching them to march in column through the streets. Their military bands are good, and the men learn to march indifferently well—but only indifferently well—they put their feet down as if they were feeling for the place, and do not step with that jaunty, erect and graceful air which is so beautiful in well drilled troops. There is not one in ten of these soldiers who has ever seen a gun, nor one in a hundred who has ever fired one before he was brought into the barracks. It is in this way that the ranks of the army are generally filled up—in particular emergencies the prisons are thrown open, which always contain more prisoners than the army numbers, and these felons become soldiers and some of them officers. Their arms, too, are generally worthless English muskets which have been condemned and thrown aside, and are purchased for almost nothing and sold to the Maxican government. Their powder, too, is equally bad; in the last battle between Santa Anna and Bustamente, which lasted the whole day, not one cannon ball in a thousand reached the enemy—they generally fell about half-way between the opposing armies. What would they think of such fights as we had on the northern lines, when Miller stormed the English battery, or when, in the language of General Brown, "General Jessup showed himself to his friends in a sheet of fire." I do not think that the Mexicans are deficient in courage; or it might be more properly said that they are indifferent to danger or the preservation of a life which is really so worthless to the most of them. But with the disadvantages to which I have adverted, the reader will not be surprised that in all the conflicts with our people, in which they have been more or less engaged for the last thirty years, they have always been defeated.

I do not believe that a manœuvre in the face of the enemy ever was attempted in any Mexican battle; they have all been mere meless or mob fights, and generally terminated by a charge of cavalry, which is, therefore, the favourite corps with all Mexican officers. I should regard it, from the diminutive size of their horses and the equally diminutive stature and feebleness of their riders, as utterly inefficient against any common infantry. I said so in conversation with Colonel B——n, an officer who had seen some service, and had some reputation. I was not a little amused at his reply. He admitted that squares of infantry were generally impregnable to cavalry, but said it was not so with the Mexican cavalry, that they had one resource by which they never had any difficulty in breaking the square. I was curious to know what this new and important discovery in the art of war was, and waited impatiently the "push of his one thing," when to my infinite amusement he replied—the lasso; that the cavalry *armed* with lossos rode up and threw them over the men forming the squares, and pulled them out, and thus made the breach. I remember that my old nurse had often got me to sleep when a child, by promising to catch me some birds the next day, by putting salt on their tails, which I thought was about as easy an operation as this new discovery of the Mexican colonel.

The following brief sketch of some of these battles I have taken from the report of Mr. Moffit, who was sent as commissioner to Texas, in 1837, by General Jackson, to collect such information as would enable him to act understandingly upon the qnestion of the recognition of the Independence of Texas:

In 1827, the Texians, near Nacogdoches, with two hundred and fifty undiciplined men defeated three hundred and seventy-five regulars under Gen. Las Piedros. 1832—A detachment of one hundred and thirty two Texian settlers, under Capt. John Austin reduced the fort at Velasco, garrisoned by one hundred and seventy-three Mexicans with great loss to the besieged. 1835—The Mexican garrison at Anahuca surrendered to a smaller force under Col. Travis. The same year the Mexican cavalry from the fortress at Bexar, were completely routed at Gonzales. A few weeks after, ninety-two Texians, under Colonels Bowie and Fanning fought the battle of Conception and defeated four hundred and fifty Mexicans. In November, Lepartittlan on the Nueces, was captured by Adjutant Westover. The battle near Bexar was fought in the same month, and four hundred Mexicans retired under cover of artillery before two hundred Texians. In December the city of San Antonia and the Clamo defended by fourteen hundred Mexicans, with twenty-two pieces of artillery, surrendered to two hundred and sixty-nine Texians—with only one six pounder. 1836—At Alamo one hundred and eighty Texians held out thirteen days against Santa Anna and eight thousand men fighting, until every Texian fell dead killing nine hundred and ten of the enemy.—Same year, Mexicans defeated at the Mision del Refugio. The second fight at Refugio terminated favorable for the Texians, under Col. Ward—but Col. Fanning a few days after, submitting to Gen. Urrea, and four hundred men shot. On the 21st of April, 1839—Seven hundred and eighty-three Texians, of their own spontaneous will, killed or captured fifteen hundred Mexicans, at San Jacinto, taking prisoner the President of Mexico, Gen. Santa Anna; and twenty under Deaf Smith routed one hundred and twenty Mexicans the same year. In 1839 one hundred and four beat one thousand Mexicans at Saltillo and retreated into Texas with the loss of only four men. In 1842, only two hundred and ten of them repulsed Gen. Woll and thirteen hundred troops at Arroya Salado; two hundred and sixty-one drove two thousand five hundred Mexicans into Meir, fought nineteen hours killed seven hundred of the enemy, but at last were *deceived* into a surrender and horribly butchered or ensalaved. In 1843, two hundred *unarmed* Texian prisoners at Salado attacked four hundred *armed* Mexican guards, beat and dispersed them. Same year, Commodore Moore, off Yucatan, silenced ten times his naval force, and compelled them to retire. The last victory resulted in a treaty, or alliance, between Yucatan and Texas, by which the former bound herself to remain passive in any contest which Mexico might thereafter engage in with Texas, and most faithfully have the gallant Yucatecos performed their contract.

As early as 1810, the military port at Baton Rouge, was attacked by forty Americans, and one hundred and twenty men subdued. Colonel Ross—a volunteer in behalf of the patriots—with five thousand men, took the strong tower of Goliad, without any loss, and soon after captured one thousand five hundred Mexicans. The same army routed and cut to pieces three thousand men near San Antonia.—Four thousand Mexicans, in the absence of the American generals, assaulted Bexar: the troops "took the responsibility" of acting for themselves and defeated the Mexicans, with the loss of only three men. In 1812, General Talldo took command of San Antonia, and with Ross's force of four hundred, and three hundred Indians, routed a Mexican army of four thousand men.

Can a war with such a people be one of long duration?

———o———

AN EYE WITNESS.

A fellow being brought into Court as a witness in a case of a row, whose eye had been blacked, referred to it as proof in the case.—The Court said, facetiously, that the witness's evidence was conclusive, inasmuch as he was an *eye* witness to the whole affair.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_64-0409.jpg