THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES M. JONES.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT: LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMS'T AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

TERMS $2 50 PER ANNUM OR $2, IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 10. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 24, 1847. NUMBER 30.

[From the Gem of the Prairie.]

GOD BLESS THE HONEST LABORER.

BY FRANK WEBBER.

God bless the honest laborer,
The hardy son of toil,
The worker in the clattering mills,
The delver of the soil;
The one whose brawny hands have torn
From earth her hoarded wealth,
Whose sole return for ceaseless toil
Is nature's boon, sweet health.

Bless him who wields the ponderous sledge,
Clad in his leathern mail,
That safe as warrior's panoply,
Guards from the seething hail:
That gushes from beneath each stroke,
Each mighty crushing blow,
Who seeks to lighten labor's toil
Where ruddy fires glow.

Bless him who turns the matted sod,
Who with the early dawn
Hastens to gather nature's store—
Haste to the yellow corn!
Who plants in Nature's bosom wide
The fruitful golden grain,
And gives it to her guardian care,
The sunshine and the rain.

Bless him who lays the massive keel,
Who bends the trusty sail,
That bids the ocean wanderer,
Safe battle with the gale:
Who rears the tall and slender mast
Whence floats to every breeze,
The stars and stripes of liberty,
As rainbow o'er the seas.

Bless him whose ribbed palace rests
Upon the heaving sea,
Who scorns the dangers of the flood,
The breaker guarded lee;
Who in the ocean cradle sleeps
Calmly in storm-fraught hour,
Unfearing that his bark will quail
Before the tempest's power.

Bless him who gives each beauteous thought
A resting place, a name,
And twines its transient glories
With the fadeless wreath of fame:
Who sends it forth on every breeze,
And bids it live to bless,
While ceaseless clicks the slender type,
And groans the Printing Press.

Bless all who toil. God's blessing rest
On them with double power
Whose honest brow the sweat drops deck
In every daylight hour.
Bless them though poor, and may they win
What wealth can never gain,
Contentment, with their lot on earth,
A balm for every pain.

Bless them, and may the workman's hand
That framed the giant earth,
That bid each star in glory shine,
That gave to seas their birth,
Reserve on high a resting place
Within the realms of light,
For every honest son of toil,
When passed death's darksome night.

MARIA GRAFTON;

Or, let every Girl choose her own Husband.

Seated in a pleasant chamber was a young lady, the daughter of one of the most aristocratic merchants in New England. He had risen from obscurity, and by a course, though not strictly honest, yet in accordance with the practice of some of the wealthiest merchants in the country, had amassed a large amount of property. With him WEALTH was every thing, he knew nothing of happiness, save when it was considered in the scale of dollars and cents; and it only needed that a man be wealthy, no matter by what means he become so, to ensure his respect.

His residence was but a few miles from the city of Boston, and it was one of the most beautiful in that city. No pains had been spared to make it worthy of notice, for Mr. Grafton was a man fond of praise. His youngest daughter, Maria, was now the only child remaining at home. Two sons on whom he had placed his hopes for the perpetuation of his family name, and on whom he had designed to bestow a greater portion of his wealth, died ere they had attained to manhood. Of three daughters, two were married, leaving Maria with her father, who loved her next perhaps, to his money.

Sad were the thoughts of the fair girl, as she sat alone in her chamber, but they were soon interrupted. The voice of her father summoned her to the parlor. When she descended, she found that he was accompanied by a man named Stevens, who had some time previous offered his hand to Maria, but not contented with her refusal, and knowing the attachment of her father to wealth, had called him to his aid. Maria raised her eyes as she entered the room, but as soon as she saw Stevens, turned her head and seated herself by the window. Her father addressed her, presented Stevens, and informed her that it was his wish that she should accept of him as her future husband.

Maria informed her father that she had rejected Mr. Stevens once, and that even did she love him, which was very certain she did not, her own judgment taught her better than to risk her happiness in his hands.

"What do you know of *love!*" said Mr. Grafton, "and why are you unwilling to risk your happiness with him? His wealth is sufficient to procure you every comfort, and his character is—

"*Infamous!*" interrupted Maria, looking him fully in the face.

Stevens turned pale, and his lips quivered with rage, and the anger of her father scarcely knew bounds. For a moment he did not answer her. At length pointing his finger at Stevens, he inquired—"And what do you know of his character?"

"Enough to convince me that my words were true," answered Maria.

"My daughter," said Mr. Grafton, assuming a milder tone, "though you may have heard reports unfavorable to Mr. Stevens, believe me, they are without foundation. He is one of the wealthiest men in the city."

"He may be all that you think he is," said Maria, "but I cannot marry him."

"You may go in your chamber," said her father, "I am determined Henry Stevens shall be my son-in-law, and you must marry him or quit my house. I will neither own nor support an ungrateful daughter. To-morrow I shall expect an answer."

Maria knew too well the character of her father to make any reply. A crisis had arrived which she had for some days feared. She knew that her refusal of Stevens would bring down the wrath of her father on her head, and had written to both sisters, stating the circumstances, and requesting, in case her father should drive her from the house, the privilege of remaining for a short time with them. Contrary to her expectation they refused her. Their husbands had married them more on account of the wealth of her father, than any affection they had felt for them, and they feared if they gave Maria a home, their father would disinherit them. Such is the effect wealth has on the affections.

Maria retreated to her chamber, and, after giving vent to a flood of tears, deliberated on what course to pursue. One thing was certain, she determined not to marry Stevens. The next thing was, how should she obtain a living! After thinking of the matter some time, she said to herself—"Well, I have a good constitution, and can labor: but how would it appear for the daughter of the rich Mr. Grafton to go about the city soliciting employment. At this moment she recollected having heard one of the house-maids speak of being employed in a factor, and she descended to the kitchen.

"Hannah," said she, addressing the girl, "I heard you, a few days since, speak of working in a factory, how did you like it then?"

"O, I liked it very much, Miss Maria, & should have remained there had my health been good."

"Was the work harder than your work here?" inquired Maria.

"No, ma'am, I don't think it was, but it was more confining."

"Will you tell me where it was?" again inquired Maria.

The girl gave her the inquired information and also the name of the overseer of the room where she worked, and the name of the lady with whom she had boarded, adding: "She is the kindest woman I ever saw."

Her mind was now made up. She decided upon entering a factory. Another difficulty now presented itself. Would her father allow her to take her clothing and what money she had? She determined if he should still adhere to his resolution, to ask him the question.

In the morning she met her father at the breakfast table. Neither spoke till the meal was finished. At length her father inquired:

"Well, Maria, have you concluded to marry Henry Stevens?"

Maria hesitated a moment, but said firmly, "I have not."

"You heard my determination last night," said he, "I now repeat it. You must marry Harry Stevens or quit my home."

"I cannot marry him father," said she—"sooner would I quit not only this house, but the world.

"Then go," said he, angrily rising from the chair.

"Shall I take my clothes?" asked Maria.

"Yes, go, and never let me see or hear from you again," said he, slamming the door violently, and leaving her alone.

Maria sank back into her chair and wept bitterly. For a moment she seemed almost inclined to comply with his wish—but the idea that she must be forever linked to a villian, and suffer reproach should his villainies be discovered, was more than she could bear, and she preferred the anguish of separating from her friends, free and with honor, to that of marrying Stevens. She hastily packed up her things, and in a few hours left her father's house.

As she passed through the city of Boston, where her sisters resided, a desire sprung up to see them—but from their recent treatment she dared not visit them, and she also feared against meeting with her father. Maria was well furnished with clothing, and had about twenty-five dollars in money. Although she had been surrounded with wealth, she never, till now knew the value of money. A thousand reflections, doubts and fears crossed her mind as she was pursuing her journey to the place described by the girl of whom she had inquired in her father's kitchen, and though she felt sad at the thoughts of being driven from home she could scarce suppress a smile at the awkwardness with which she could engage in any kind of labor.

She at last arrived at the house of Mrs. Dana, the lady designated by Hannah, and easily obtained the board in her family. She learned also that Mr Potter, the overseer whose name she had taken, was in want of help.

It is unnecessary for us to follow the fortunes of Maria through their various channels. She entered the factory; learned to work, and found many friends, among whom and the only one it would be of interest to the reader to name, was Caroline Perkins, a girl about her own age.—These two soon became intimate friends. In the factory their looms were next to each other, and they occupied the same room at their boarding house. They were attached to Mrs. Dana, with whom they boarded, and she evinced a deep interest in their welfare.

About six months after Maria entered the factory, an incident occurred which bound, if possible the two friends closer to each other. One evening, as they were in the chamber, and Caroline was engaged in packing a large trunk, Maria, who was looking on, rather surprised at the amount of clothing and jewelry possessed by Caroline, jokingly inquired if her beau was a "jeweller."

Caroline blushed, and after some hesitation informed Maria that her father had once been wealthy, but at his death it was ascertained that his property, though amply sufficient to pay his own debts, would be swept away by the failure of some friends for whom he had endorsed notes. The creditors had allowed her to keep every thing given her by her father except her piano. She also told her that although she might have supported herself by music teaching, she preferred working in a factory to remaining among those who though they were once intimate friends, would consider her, after the loss of wealth, as far below them.

Maria repaid Caroline by telling her own history, and her reasons for leaving home and corroborated her story by the display of trinkets her father had allowed her to take.

Probably there never were two persons who enjoyed themselves better than these two girls.—None, save themselves, knew their history, and as their natural dispositions were not arrogant, they never appeared to be above their fellow laborers. For two years they remained together, at the end of which Caroline was married, and at the urgent request of herself and husband, Maria was induced to leave the factory for a while, at least, and take up her abode with them.

One day while Maria was engaged in perusing a paper which had been left at their house, her eyes fell upon a paragraph stating that Mr. Stevens who had always been considered a very wealthy merchant was arrested and committed to prison for committing heavy forgeries. She handed it to Caroline with a shudder, exclaiming, as I expected. The next paper brought intelligence that no doubt was entertained of his guilt, and that Mr. Grafton if not entirely ruined, would be a heavy loser on account of his villainies, as he had hired him a large sum of money. For a moment Maria indulged in the idea of immediately visiting her father—but after consulting with Caroline, concluded to write to him, which she did, begging his pardon for not obeying him, and requesting him to receive her back again to his arms, adding as a postscript, that she had one hundred dollars which she would send him, if he was in want of money to pay losses by Stevens. Her father read her letter with feeling more of sorrow than anger, but at the end of it broke into a heavy laugh, exclaiming, "Well, women are the best judges of rascals." In a few days he visited Maria, expressed his regret for the sorrow he caused her, and requested her to return with him.—Maria complied with his request and become once more the inmate of her early home. Her father endeavored by every means to make her happy, as an atonement for the past wrongs, and when about a year after she asked his consent to her marriage with a mechanic without wealth, he answered "Do as you please Maria, I have agreed to let every girl choose her own husband."

THE BATTLE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The Ohio Regiment—Fight of Col. Morgan's Regiment with Urrea—Defeat of the Mexicans.

A letter from Monterey to the Ohio Statesman, give the subjoined interesting account of the recent defeat of the Mexicans under Gen. Urrea, by the second Ohio Regiment, under Colonel Morgan.

Lieut. Col. Irwin, with three companies, composed of the 2d Ohio, was attacked at Marin by Gen. Jose Urrea, with six hundred lancers, on Wednesday, the 24th inst. Urrea was repulsed with loss. Col. Morgan, of the 2d Ohio regiment, on the evening of the 23d inst., received orders at Cerralvo, from Gen. Taylor, to concentrate his regiment and march to Monterey. Adjutant Joline was despatched to Major Wall, at Puntaguda, with orders from the Colonel to destroy all government stores, and march at once to Cerralvo. By the risk and grillantry of Joline, Major Wall reached Cerralvo at midnight, and before day on the morning of the 24th inst., we fired all government stores, tents, and a vast amount of clothing, and took the line of march to Monterey. We march all day and night of the 24th, and arrived at Papigas on the morning of the 25th. We heard the firing at Marin, eighteen miles from there. After resting for an hour we again pushed on, and at 2 o'clock, P. M., reached the ground on which the train under lieutenant Barber was captured on the day previous. Fifty bodies were found on the ground horribly mutilated, and these were worthy bodies of the unarmed wagoners, and six or eight of the bodies were thrown into the flames. Lieut. Barber and his command were taken prisoners. At 4 o'clk., p, m., we reached Marin, and learned that Lieut. Irwin had received succor from Monterey, and had marched from Marin at 12 o'clock, m., on that day. At 11 o'clock we again took the line of march, and at a little before 7 o'clock, a mile and a half beyond Agua Frio, we were attacked by Gen. Jose Urrea, with 800 lancers. We immediately formed a hollow square, and in this formation continued to march, halting at every hundred yards to repel the enemy—marched one mile beyond Ague Frio without losing a man; but being surrounded on every side by the enemy, Col. Morgan thought it prudent to send a courier to overtake Lieut. Irvin. Lieut. Stewart, of the Highland company, volunteered to discharge the perilous duty. The lancers lined the chapparal within fifty yards of the road, as far as the eye could see—Lieut. Stewart, with a friendly Mexican and an American, dashed out on the road, and the enemy opened a heavy fire from both sides of the chapparal. The Mexican was killed and the American wounded, but Stewart dashed gallantly on. Gen. Urrea now formed his command to make a combined charge upon the front of our square. The lancers soon appeared on every side; they were splendidly equipped, and manœuvred beautifully. When the word was given to charge, the Mexicans raised a wild yell, which was answered back by three long and deafening cheers from our square. The Mexicans dashed on until they arrived within seventy yards when the word was given to fire. A destructive blaze issued from every side of the square, and many a saddle was emptied, and many a Mexican offiber and soldier was seen to reel and tumble from his horse. Urrea again fell back, caused his men to dismount, and opened a heavy fire upon us from the chapparal. Col. Morgan sent Captain Latham forward with his company, with orders to dislodge them. The enemy again falling back, the colonel rode forward to try to discover the squadron of the enemy galloping across the road for the position of the enemy. He observed a purpose of forming in our front. The officer commanding the lancers gallantly wheeled his horse, saluted the colonel by touching his cap, and then beckoned him towards him. The colonel returned the salute, rode back to the square, and ordered the music to strike up "Yankee Doodle." Our square was again put in action, and we marched about a hundred yards, when a veavy but ill-aimed fire was opened from the chapparal.

Our flag is now unfurled, and for fifteen minutes the chapparal and the square blazed with a line of fire. Capt. Graham, assistant quartermaster, was now killed by a shot from the enemy; he fought gallantly, and one moment before he unhorsed a lancer. One or two of our men were also slightly wounded. Small parties were now detached, and sent into the chapparal, and in twenty minutes we had succeeded in driving the enemy from both flanks, and from our front to the rear. Throughout the fight Maj. Wall displayed great courage. In the early part of the action a ball whizzed near his head, when the old major exclaimed, "Why, see how careless they are, they would just as soon hit a fellow as not." It was nearly 11 o'clock; we had been fighting four hours, and had marched three miles during the fight. We were now near San Francisco. One of our men stationed on the top of a wagon, to observe the movements of the enemy, reported that infantry and artillery were approaching, and he thought they were Mexicans. Col. Morgan immediately called a halt, and informed Capt. Siefert that he wished him to select fifty picked men, and to await order to charge upon the battery. In three minutes fifty volunteers were under the command of Capt. Siefert and Lieut. Armstrong, and the colonel was on the point of making a division in the chapparal, and ordering a charge upon the battery, when to our great joy, we recognised our own glorious comrades rushing to our assistance. Stewart came as he went, in a gallop, and Lieut. Col. Irvin, with his command enkindled with joy and enthusiasm, galloped forward at the head of his column; he brought with him 150 effective men and two 6-pounders, one under command of Capt. Bradley, the other commanded by Capt. Carnes. Col. Morgan sent Lieut. Col. Irvin, with the field pieces and his infantry, to take up a position five hundred yards to the left of our rear, commanding the position occupied by the enemy. The fight recommenced with great energy, but the destructive fire from the artillery, and the well-directed aim of the infantry, soon drove the enemy from their last position, and they retreated with precipitation. Before the arrival of Lieut. Col. Irvin, with his 150 men, our fighting force was 200; the reinforcement increased our strength to 350. Irvin's command consisted of detachments of three Ohio and two Kentucky companies, all of whom fought with great courage. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded, as is reported by a Texan ranger, who passed over the ground after the battle, 60 or 70, among whom were several officers; our total loss was four or five, two killed and three wounded—one of the wounded since dead.

P. S. A Mexican just in says that the Mexican loss at Marin and San Francisco is upwards 300, killed and wounded.

ANECDOTES OF THE FIELD.

The way General Taylor inspires his Soldiers with Confidence.

During the late battle at Buena Vista, the 2d Kentucky regiment of infantry became closely engaged with the enemy's "lancers." From the overwhelming number of the lancers, the Colonel considering his regiment lost, and about to be cut to pieces, despatched his Adjutant to Gen. Taylor, to say to him that "his regiment was completly surrounded;" that he "was fighting hand to hand:" that "in all probability he would be totally annihilated," and to "ask Gen. Taylor what he should do."

Gen. Taylor promptly replied to the Adjutant, (whose countenance was the perfect picture of despair,) in the coolest manner imaginable, saying, "Go and tell your Colonel he has got them just where he wants them, and now is the time to give them *Jesse*;" whereupon, the Adjutant, wheeled his horse, clapped his spurs to him, dashed up to the little band, and shouted at the top of his voice, 'Boys, Gen'l. Taylor says we've got them just where we want them, and now's our time to give them h—ll." The intrepid Kentuckians caught the impulse like electricity, raised a cheer, and with their naked bayonets, in less time than I have been relating it, routed them completely, and drove them from the field.

About half-past 3 o'clock, on the 23d, when Santa Anna saw that his all depended upon his breaking Gen. Taylor's line, and silencing of Bragg's battery of six pounders, which had been pouring death and destruction into his ranks all day, he ordered one desperate charge of about five thousand infantry upon the battery. Bragg saw them approaching, and fearful, from the overwhelming numbers, that he might lose his pieces, prepared to take another more defenceable position. The eagle eye of the gallant Capt Mansfield, of the Engineer crops, saw, at a glance, that the fate of the day depened upon Bragg's holding his position He immediately rode up to Gen. Taylor, (who from his position, had not observed the movement,) explained the circumstances to him and then said, "I beseech of you sir, that you will not allow the battery to move!" "No, sir! no, sir! not at all!" said the General. "Tell him not to move one inch, but to give them grape and canister."

While Bragg was slaying them, right, left, and centre, Gen. Taylor quietly rode up behind him without being observed, and in an undertone of voice said, "*A little more grape, Capt. Bragg!*"—These few words so completely inspirited him and his men, that they fired with redoubled vigor, and the result shows the effect of '*a little more grape.*'

A MOTHER'S TEARS.—There is a touching sweetness in a mother's tears, when they fall upon the face of her dying babe, which no eye can behold without imbibing its influence. Upon such hallowed ground the foot of profanity darest not approach. Infidelity itself is silent, and forbeas its scoffings.—And here woman displays not her weakness but her strength, it is that srength of attachment which can never, to its full intensity, be realized. It is perennial, dependent upon no climate, no changes; but alike in storm and sunshine, it knows no shadow of turning. Father, when he sees his child going down to the dark valley, will weep when the shadow of death has fully come over him; & as the last parting knell fall on his ear he may say, 'I will go down to the grave of my son mourning." But the hurry of business draws him away; the tear is wiped from his eye: and if, when he turns from his fireside, the vacancy in the family circle reminds him of his loss, the succeeding day blunts the poignancy of his grief, until it finds no permanent seat in his breast. Not so with her who has nourished the tender blossm. It lives in the heart where it was entwined, in dreaming hours of night. She sees its playful mirth, or hears its plantive cries; she seeks it in the morning, and goes to the grave to weep there

Power of Gentleness.—Whoever understands his own interests, and is pleased with the beautiful rather than the deformed will be careful to cherish the virtue of gentleness. It requires but a slight knowledge of human nature to convince us that much of our happiness in life must depend upon the cultivation of this virtue. Gentleness will assist its possessor in all its lawful undertakings; it will often make him successful when nothing else could. It is exceedingly lovely and attractive in its appearance; it wins the hearts of all; it is even stronger than argument, and often prevails when that would be powerless and ineffectual; it shows that a man can put a bridle upon his passions; that he is above the ignoble vulgar, whose characteristic is to storm and rage like the troubled ocean, at every little adversity and disappointment that crosses their path. It shows that he can soar away in the bright atmosphere of good feeling, and live in a continual sunshine, when all around him are like maniacs, the sport of their own passions.

Learned Institutions for Ladies.—The Young Bachelor, lately meditating on the one-sided state and singular misery of single blessedness, perpetrated the following, which we doubt not, afforded the author great relief for the time being:—

We have been credibly informed, that in Kentucky, there are colleges for women which confer on their fair pupils the titles of "M. P. L.," "M. A.," etc., meaning "Mistress of Polite Literature," "Mistress of Arts."

A certain young bachelor suggests an improvement, and recommends institutions, which, instead of these titles, shall give their students, "M. G. P.," Makes Good Pudding; "H. G. C.," Has Good Children; "K. S. N.," Knits Stockings Neatly; "M. H. H.," Makes Husband Happy.

The Howitzer.—Many of our readers hear the term "howitzer" used without knowing what it means. We shall attempt to define it. The howitzer is a small, short field piece, constructed on the principle of a mortar, but mounted on a gun carriage. Like a mortar, it has an interior *chamber* for the powder charge. The bore is, then larger, and admits a small shell. To this shell is attached canister shot. It is used and fired in the field like mounted cannon. The shells are fired like cannon balls, and when they explode they scatter the grape shot in every direction. To be used then, on roads, or from hills, or in defiles, against troops, they are a most destructive weapon. This the reader perceives, is the use they are to be put to in Mexico.—*Cincinnati Chron.*

One of the latest Jokes.—A good story is going the rounds, of an honest backwoodsman, unacquainted with the slang terms of the day, who recently went into a store at Columbus, S. C., to purchase a bill of groceries. Stepping up to the keeper of the store he began with

"Have you any sugar?"

"*We aint got any thing else,*" was the reply.

"Well, put me up 150 pounds and make out your bill. I'll call and settle, and get the sugar in an hour or so."

In an hour or two after this the gentleman called, paid his bill, and got the sugar. As usual, the shopkeeper said—

"Want anything else sir?"

"I did want some three or four bags of coffee some rice, spices, oil, etc.; but I got them at some other store. You told me *you did'nt keep anything else but sugar.*"

GENERAL TAYLOR—It is said that after the first day's fighting at Buena Vista, some of Gen. Taylor's officers proposed to fall back to some more safe position. The old hero drily replied—"Hold on; we will *feel* them first in the morning.

A gentleman, after reading Gen. Taylor' despatches, remarked that one of his great characterstics, was *modesty*. "Yes," replied a wag who was standing by, "that is true; but no one can say he is a *retiring* man."

A Beautiful Reply.—A young girl about seven years of age, was asked by an atheist, how large she supposed God to be; to which she, with admirable readiness, replied: "he is so great, the heavens cannot contain him, and yet so kindly condesending, as to dwell in my little heart."

They say that it takes nine tailors to make a man, but we think that one such Taylor as "Old Rough and Ready," is equal to any nine men Santa Anna has in his army.

Not so bad.—A fair one wrote to her lover begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of postscript, "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

A lawyer in one of the cities, having a very red face, which it was understood was not the effects of living on skimmed milk, was told that he was not much of a lawyer. "Why, sir, (said he) I have been called the *deepest read* lawyer in the city."