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.

THE TRUEST FRIEND.

BY CHARLES WAIN.

There is a friend, a secret friend,
In every trial, every grief,
To cheer and counsel, and defend—
Of all we ever had the chief!
A friend, who watching from above,
Whene'er in error's path we trod,
Still sought us with reproving love,
That friend, that secret friend is God!

There is a friend, a faithful friend,
In every chance and change of fate,
Whose boundless love doth solace send,
When other friendships come too late.
A friend that when the world deceives,
And wearily we onward plod,
Still comforts every heart that grieves,
That true, that faithful friend, is God!

How blest the years of life might flow,
In one unchanged, unshaken trust,
If man this truth would only know,
And love his Maker, and be just!
Yes, there's a friend, a constant friend,
Who ne'er forsakes the lowliest sod,
But in each need his hand doth lend;
That friend, that truest friend is GOD!

GOD HELP US TO THE LAST.

Lag not the oar when skies are clear;
Nor leave the trusty helmn;
We cannot tell how fierce and near,
Are blasts to overwhelm.

Though dark the night, to watchful eyes
The stars will never fail,
And clouds, when morning lights the skies,
Bring tidings of the gale.

The calm should ne'er be idly spent;
While sleep the breathing seas,
Trim up the sails the storm has rent,
And fling them to the breeze.

The tide, is not an even tide,
Though smooth the track behind,—
O'er which our venturous shallops glide
Before the sweeping wind.

With trusty hearts, through night and day,
Till rock and shoal are past,
Keep "wait and watch," and ever pray,
GOD HELP US TO THE LAST!

A BIT OF HUMOR.

We do not relish truth the less for being occasionally spiced with a little humor. The following extract from the report of a committee on Hogs, read before an Agricultural Society "down East," contains some excellent hits:—

Again: Some folks accuse pigs of being filthy in their habits, and negligent in their personal appearance. But whether food is best eaten off the ground, or from China plates, is, it seems, merely matter of taste and convenience, about which pigs and men may honestly differ. They ought then to be judged charitably. At any rate, pigs are not filthy enough to chew tobacco, nor to poison their breath by drinking whiskey. And as to their personal appearance, you don't catch a pig playing the dandy, nor the females among them picking their way up this muddy village, after a rain, in kid slippers.

Notwithstanding their interodox notions, hogs have some excellent traits of character. If one chances to wallow a little deeper in some mire hole than his fellows, and so carries off and comes in possession of more of this earth than his brethren, he never assumes an extra importance on that accouni; neither are his brethren stupid enough to worship him for it. Their only question to be, is he still a hog? If he is, they treat him as such. And when a hog has no merits of his own, he never puts on aristocratic airs, or claimes any particular respect on account of his family connections; and yet some Hogs have dedecended from very ancient families. They understand full well the common sense maxim, "every tub must stand upon its own bottom."

An Editor's Thanksgiving Sermon. Since last year at this time, we have licked one nation and fed another, of about the same population.—We have killed a few thousand Mexicans, and saved the lives of ten times as many Irishmem, so that there remains a handsome thanksgiving balance in our favor.—*Despatch.*

RRCEPTION OF GENERAL TAYLOR AT NEW ORLEANS.

From the New Orleans Mercury, of Saturday, the 4th inst., we copy the following graphic and soul-stirring description of the events of the preceding day:—

The manner in which Gen. Taylor was yesterday received must have been gratifying to the old hero. The heart of New Orleans was bounding with exultation at his approach, and enthusiastic was the welcome she gave him. It was a reception such as a great and free people alone could give—grand and imposing, without pomp or show, and respectful without formality. The scene which presented itself when the Mary Kingsland neared the wharf was affecting from its sublimity. Along the shores of the Mississippi, far as the eye could reach, gay streamers floated on the breeze from ships of every nation, and the water of the river was tossed in foam from Lafayette to the farthest extremity of the city, by the innumerable steamboats which were then running in every direction. The ship America, that had moved immediately after the Mary Kingsland in the aquatic procession, floated slowly down the river, and the music which was borne to the ear from the deck of every steamboat, was occasionally unheard in the loud boom of the cannon, and the wild shouts from the shore. The streets, housetops, and the decks and yards of every vessel within sight, were darkened with human forms, and high above the mass of heads rose the triumphal arch in the Place d'Armes, with the sunbeams playing on the words "Welcome" and "Buena Vista," which were inscribed in letters of gold.

He whose presence had called that mighty mass together, and created such commotion on the bosom of the Mississippi, srood calmly but evidently affected at this glorious manifestation of the feeling which Louisiana entertains for the distinguished citizen. There was something fine in the face of the old man as he stood gazing on the scene—a shade, bearing the semblance of pride, would occasionally settle on his brow; but the feeling which gave expression to his kind and manly countenance, and touched its every line with tenderness, was that of love and gratitude. His toils and strife, the glory and dangers of battle, and all which he has endured and achieved, were apparently forgotten—he stood before his country with the kindness and tenderness of a child in his heart, and her arms were opened to receive him.

When the old man landed, the cheers which pealed from the assembled thousands were electrifying; and the Committee of Arrangements, who had flattered themselves that they could move in procession after the General, were scattered in a moment among the crowd, who evinced the greatest anxiety to touch the old hero's clothes, or even to see him. There was welcome beaming in every face that looked upon him, and he was conducted to the triumphal arch, where he was met by the Mayor, amid acclamations which were actually deafening. The Mayor addressed him thus:

General—In behalf of the city of New Orleans, which I have the honor to represent on this occasion, it is my pleasing office to welcome your happy return to your country and your home; and in behalf of the Municipal Councils I tender to you the hospitality of this city, while it is your pleasure to remain among us.

No circumstance could have filled our hearts with more joy than we now feel, in having the opportunity to express to you our gratitude for the distinguished services you have rendered our country. The brilliant achievements performed in Mexico by the fearless and daring band that you have led on from victory to victory, have inspired us with feelings which no language is sufficiently powerful to convey. For such achievements, General, every true American heart, from one extremity to the other of this Republic, is filled with gratitude and admiration. Wherever you direct your steps, upon any spot where the star-spangled banner triumphantly expands its folds to the breeze, you will find a nation's love to greet you—you will hear a whole people's spontaneous applause to extol the splendor of your deeds, which your modesty would in vain endeavor to weaken in your own eyes.

Again, General, I bid you a hearty welcome in the name of all the citizens of New Orleans.

To this the General responded briefly, thus:

Mr. Mayor—The welcome which I meet this day from the people of New Orleans, announced by you, their honored representative, overwhelms me with feelings which no words can express.

You have been pleased to qualify, with terms of the highest approbation, the services of the army which I have had the honor to command in Mexico. Could those brave officers and soldiers whose gallantry achieved the success to which you refer, be present on this occasion, and witness the grand outpouring of gratitude which their devotion has solicited, the measure of my satisfaction would be complete. For them and [illegible] I thank, from my heart, the people of New Orleans, and accept, Mr. Mayor, the offer for myself, of their hospitality.

This simple but interesting formality over Gen. Taylor proceeded towards the Cathedral, and opinion seems to be unanimous that the scene which there presented itself was the grandest of the day. Every avenue leading to the church was thronged with the several societies and fire companies, who were often pushed from their position by the motion of the mighty mass of people; but there was no contention, no strife, all were united for one grand purpose, and it would have been difficult to destroy the unanimity of feeling which prevailed. The beautiful women of New Orleans graced the scene, and fair hands waved a welcome to the brave. When the doors of the church were thrown open, it was filled almost instantaneously, and thousands were disappointed in the hopes of admission they had entertained.

Bishop Blanc addressed the General briefly and appropriately, during which he alluded to the humanity as well as glory, with which the old hero conducted the war, and concluded by expressing the hope of a speedy and honorable peace, to which Gen. Taylor feelingly replied, and warmly responded to the earnest aspirations of the bishop, that a peace might be speedily secured. When Gen. Taylor appeared again before the people, he was mounted on his famous charger "Old Whitey." The excitement at this stage of the proceedings was intense, and the cheers almost amounted to phrenzied enthusiasm.

The crowd pressed close to "Old Whitey,' and he received many a kind and affectionate pat; but the uneasy twitch which the old fellow occasionally gave made it apparent that he was being despoiled of a portion of his flowing mane and tail.

It were vain to attempt a description of the procession. All eyes were turned to him whom all honored, and balconies, doors and windows were thronged with ladies in [illegible] gay and brilliant drapery of fashion, who rivaled in enthusiasm the crowd that cheered and rolled on below.

Arrived at the St. Charles, Gen. Taylor stood on the collonade and the whole procession passed before him. The order of the rank and file was forgotten, and citizens and soldiers were mingled in the crowd, who cheered him as they passed.—It would require the pencil of a Vandyke to portray the changing aspect of the old man's face, as with cap in hand, he witnessed this closing scene in the great drama of the day.

The Illumination.—The vast extent of the St. Charles suddenly became the blaze of light about six o'clock in the evening, and the streets leading to it were densely crowded by persons of every condition in society. Between the pillars of the collonade in front of the building were suspended large variegated lanterns under chaplets of live oak. In front of the ladies' parlor was a transparency of the General, in the old brown coat, with the motto, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!" In front of the gentlemen's parlor was another transparency of the General, with the words—"I have no reinforcements to give you, but Major Bliss and I will support you!" In various parts of the building there were other appropriate transparencies and devices, adding much to the general effect. The Orleans theatre, and some of the buildings adjoining and opposite, were also illuminated.

The appearance of the dining-room was such as would have made even a hungry man pause 'ere the work of destruction commenced. Every thing which could tempt the taste of the most fastidious, was in abundance, on the tables, and the rich odor of choice wine was mingled with the fragrant breath of flowers. Lehman's brass band played in an adjoining room, and all was arranged in a manner highly creditable to Messrs. Wilson & Mudge, under whose superintendence the dinner was prepared.

When the cloth was removed, the following regular toasts were given by his Honor the Mayor, and were drunk with enthusiastic cheers, or in silence, as the nature of the sentiment suggested:

1. The President of the United States. [Music, "Hail Columbia."
2. Our Country—May she always be Right: but, Right or Wrong, our Country. [Music, "Star-Spangled Banner."]
3. Major General Zachary Taylor. [Music, "Hail to the Chief."
4. The Army of the United States. [Music, "Washington's March."
5. The Navy of the United States. [Music, "Yankee Doodle."]
6. The Governor of Louisiana. [Music, "Jackson's March."]
7. Major General Scott. [Music, "General Scott's March."]
8. The Hero of Contreras—Louisiana's favorite son, Gen. Persifor F. Smith. [Music, "Go where Glory waits thee."]
9. The Memory of Washington. [Music, "Dead March in Saul."]
10. The Heroes of the Rovolution. [Music, "Auld Lang Syne."]
11. The Memory of Gen. Jackson. [Music, "Marseilles Hymn."]
12. The Memory of the gallant Officers and Soldiers who have fallen in the battles of Mexico. [Music, "Rosslyn Castle."]
13. The Ladies. [Music, "Home, Sweet Home."]

When the toast to Gen. Taylor was given, the shouts with which it was received were undisputed evidence of the feeling for the subject of the sentiment.

The old man rose with an appearance of diffidence and timidity, which all knew he never felt in the presence of our enemies, and replied pertinently and appropriately. He said it was difficult for him to express his sense of the honors which were showered upon him by the citizens of New Orleans; but of all the trophies he received, the approving smiles and waving handkerchiefs of the fair daughters of Louisiana affected him the most, and were dearer than a thousand victories on the battle-field. They were triumphs peculiarly gratifying to him, for they were unalloyed by pain, and left no sting behind—he knew not how others felt, but for himself, how much soever he might forget in the hour of battle, the sad consequences of the strife, they always rushed upon his mind afterwards—making his heart to sink, and causing him to feel like a child. He had hoped to have done more for his country than he did—he thought he might have been enabled to accomplish a speedy and honorable peace—an event essential to the welfare of both countries, and particularly so to our own—but though he did not accomplish as much as he desired, he always endeavored to perform his duty, and he was more than gratified, that the people of Louisiana, with whom he considered himself identified, were contented with his conduct. Gen. Taylor terminated by offering the following toast.

The Citizens of New Orleans—Unsurpassed for intelligence, patriotism, and enterprise of every kind.

Gen. Taylor then left for the theatre, and, as we followed suit, we are unable to report the toasts which were given during the remaining festivities of the evening.

Gen. Taylor held a Levee this morning in the reception room of the St. Charles. Crowds throng to see him, and if the old man's hands will not retain the impress of those who grasp them to-day, the impression of the scene cannot be soon effaced from his heart.

Departure of Gen. Taylor.—We are informed by the Committee of Arrangements that General Taylor will positively leave in the Missouri tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. A committee has been appointed to accompany him to Baton Rouge

We extract the following additional items from the New Orleans Times, of the 4th inst.

Triumphal Arch.—The committee of arrangements, with a taste that really brought forth one burst of admiration from all who contemplated their work, had caused to be constructed, in honor of the occasion, a Triumphal Arch in the middle of the Place d'Armes, seemingly on the model of those far-famed Arches of Antiquity, the monuments of the glory, the taste, & the science of past ages: and of dimensions, as we judge, equal to the colossal structure of the same kind at Paris, at the *Barriere d l'Etoile.* The summit was crowned with an Eagle, richly gilt; in front and rear, just under the entablature, extending the whole length, were the words "*welcome!*" and, on the other parts, the names of the great battles which Gen. Taylor had won, from the opening of the present war. The American Flag, of course, floated from the summit; a profusion of brush, or evergreen, gave it a beautiful verdant appearance; and some young pines were placed erect on the top, flanking the ever-glorious Stars and Stripes. Through the central arch, the hero was conveyed to the Cathedral, modestly expressing his deep sense of the attachment of his fellow-citizens, thus so conspicuously evinced.

THE DEAD SEA.

The result of the exploration of this ancient locality by the U. S. Navy officers who have just sailed for the Mediterranean, will be looked for with deep interest by the civilized world. In the New York Courier of Monday we find the following article on the subject:

An exploration of the Dead Sea is about to be undertaken by order of the Federal Government, that sea of marvels which, after engulfing the "cities of the plain"—has been ever since invested, to the imagination, with awful and supernatural character. "A pestilential vapor, it has been said, rises continually from its waters; fish cannot live in nor birds fly over them; iron will not sink in them, nor have they ever been navigated by ship or bark."

Such slight examination as occasional travellers of more recent days have given to this bitter sea has dispelled many of these fables; but still these deep, dark waters are a mystery to the world. They have been found to contain—as accounting for their extraordinary specific gravity, which led to the tale that iron would not sink in them, 41 parts in the hundred—of salt; a much greater proportion than that of the sea, and derived from the entire rocks of this mineral continually dissolving on the southern shore. Bitumin also rises in abundance from the bottom and floats on the surface—and hence these waters acquire a consistency which enables them to bear up bodies that would sink in other waters.

The Rev. Dr. Durbin, late President of Dickinson College, (Pa.) gives the following illustration of the density of these waters:

"I waded in carefully, to test the oft-repeated statements of the great specific gravity of the fluid, and repeated the experiment several iimes; the uniform result was, that when the water rose above my armpits, but not over my shoulders, my body was balanced, and I could not touch the bottom, but my feet tended strongly to rise and my head to descend. When I turned on my back, drew up my knees, so as to balance the body on the surface, I lay as still as a knot of wood, my head, knees and half of my feet out of the water; and so long as I was perfectly still, I floated in this position. These experiments satisfied me of its great specific gravity."

The Reverend Doctor adds that his hair was matted with the bitumin, which, on being pressed by the fingers, covered them with sticky substance.

Josephus, in his fourth book of the wars of the Jews. relates that the waters of the Dead Sea support on the surface whatever is thrown into the lake, and confirms the relation by the fact that Vespasian, to convince himself of the truth of this assertion, ordered several persons with their hands and legs tied, to be thrown in the lake, and that not one of them sank.

But it is less to verify or refute problems such as these that an exploration of the Dead Sea by competent and scientific observers is desired, than to ascertain its actual relation to the waters of the Mediterranean, from which it is distant not more than between 30 or 40 miles; yet the level of the Dead Sea is said to be some hundreds of feet below that of the Mediterranean.

Into the Dead Sea the river Jourdan discharges and loses itself. Descending from the Sea of Tiberias, which is in fact a shallow outspreading in the fashion of a lake, of the river—some 60 miles in a winding course, the Jourdan disappears in this deep and bitter asphaltic sea, which is about 24 miles in length from north to south, and not more, according to modern travellers, than six or seven in breadth.

It is comparatively shallow at its southern extremity, but its general depth is reputed to be unfathomable. Its western shore, on the side of Arabia or Moab, is one prodigious black, perpendicular wall, in which there is not a summit or the smallest peak; its eastern or Indian shore is of limestone and sandy cliffs of varied and fantastic form.

All, however, but the mere external appearance of this dismal sea and its dreary shores is matter of conjecture and uncertainty; and hence the greater stimulus to investigation.

The U. S. storeship Supply, being bound to the Mediterranean with stores, is to be employed under Lieut. Lynch, as her commander, with Lieut. Dale, who will be more specially charged with the scientific reconnoisance.

To effect the exploration of the Dead Sea, they will, it is presumed, land at Acre, and thence direct their operations across the ancient plains of Jericho, and the point of research, carefully levelling the intermediate route, in order to determine first of all the relative altitude between the two seas. Amply provided with instruments—having metal boats of light construction and all the means and appliances for surveying and sounding—we may justly anticipate from this expedition accurate information on points heretofore wholly conjectural, yet invested with deep interest.

It is one of the peculiarities of the water of the Dead Sea that, although so dense and bituminous it is exceedingly translucent.

It is singular that a government of the new world should be the first to explore, and verify the facts, concerning a region so intimately connected with the common faith of Christendom and the witness of one of the most awful penalties of transgression under the Mosaic Dispensation; and we cannot but hope from this expedition with will gratify natural and intellectual curiosity, while confirming the original record of the Bible.

The great obstacles will be in the jealousy, rapacity, and the evil propensities of the wandering hordes who inhabit or traverse the deserts in the vicinity of the Dead Sea. But our sailors will find some additional sources of relief in an enterprise of science that carries with it some danger; and they will doubtless take care to have arms as well as instruments, and keep as sharp lookout on their land cruse as they are wont to do when sailing the salt water.

We shall look with interest for the result of this expedition, which as we hear, is confided to competent and reliable hands.

Major Noah's Imagination.—In the midst of the blaze of jewelry, the rustling of silks, the taste of dress generally among what is called our fashionables at the opera, while levelling their lorgnettes at the singers, and shouting brava and bravo, we have imagined what would be their consternation if all the traps on the stage were to open at once, and their dead ancestors solemnly rise before them—the shoemaker, with his apron, hammer and lap-stone—the tailor, with his shears and measure—the carpenter, with his adz—the beker, with his meal—the butcher with his rump steak—and the hucdster, with her basket of carrots, greens and potatoes! What shaking and trembling, and rustling there would be among the silk laces and feathers—the tight cravats, white waistcoats, opera hats and yellow kids. And when the spectres would glare at them mournfully, shaking their hands at the folly of their position, and pointing in derision with their skinny fingers to the golden fret work, painted dome, and richly colored panels, dedicated to an amusement and in a language neither of which they understood, how cadaverous and crest fallen would all this taste and fashion appear! and with a different, a less exclusive habit, how amiable it would be!—*Times & Messenger.*

A REAL LOVE LETTER.—As a specimen of orthography the following from one of our exchanges ought to be preserved:—

"I no it is my dear william, not fayshunable for ladys to rite fust but you must exkuse this as my feelins is so grate, i cannot help it, no dout you are not awar there is a bein as loves you sinserely and that heir is no other than myself i have indulged in what is call'd by an un feelin people a opeless pashun for a very long time and that pashun is senttred on you o william william when i fust see you i had a strange sencashun fil my bussum which sencashun i diskevered to be love, i never till then noed what it was to love in fact i had alvis laf'd at it, until then i could alvis sleep of a nite's as wel as anybody, eet too, but now alass i can't sleep a wink, or eet a mossel, sich is my feelins, i have thus praymaturely ritten to you opin that complaysent smile of yourn would soften to love, and should you kondesend to take compayshun on a young lady as coud kiss your very fete o how appy i should be, i no my fortin is small in comparysun to yourn, but then you no as the poet says resiprokal love is better than fortune and in myself youd have a confidin kreechur, i no my mama would be pleezed if you was to menshun the subjeck to her, do come doun deer william it ant fur, she will let you know my quallyficashuns in ousell and domestick dooty's of course it wood not look well for me to prays myself on that subject o william william when i see your windor last nite i thought i should hav dropt, but i am not in the abbit of goin off so i supported myself deer william pray rite by nex post if it is but jest to give me cumfit.

"i am yourn till deth
"Julia.

"p. s. i forgot to menshun i hav been very ill with what the doctor call the spasmatic in the chest, which i attribit to you, he has suckseeded in removin the dredful pane an it has flue to my face and left a orroble two-thake, which i cant kure although i have tried every thing i could think on exkuse this bad ritin as i am all haste and speed."

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.—"A place for everything, and everything in its place," said the patriarch to his daughter.

"Select a wife, my son, who will never step over a broomstick." The son was obedient to the lesson. "Now," said he pleasantly, on a gay May-day, to one of his companions, "*I* appoint that broomstick to choose me a wife. The young lady who will not step over it shall have the offer of my hand." They passed from the splendid saloon to the grove; some stumbled over the broomstick, and others jumped over it. At length a young lady stooped and put it in its place. The promise was fulfilled; she became the wife of an educated and wealthy young man, and he the husband of a prudent, industrious, and lovely wife. He brought a fortune to her, and she knew how to keep one. It was not easy to decide which was under the greatest obligation; both were rich, and each enriched the other.