THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES M. MONTS.

"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.

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TERMS

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POETRY.

BEAUTIFUL RELIGIOUS SONG.—On a certain occasion during our visit to a Camp Meeting, our ears were saluted with "the voice of singing" which proceeded from one of the tents. We were naturally drawn towards the place, delighted the more as we approached the nearer, until presently we had joined the happy circle, where several young ladies were sweetly chanting forth the following lovely song:

REQUEST OF THE BEATIFIED CHRISTIAN.

Oh sing to me of heav'n,
When I am called to die!
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.

When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness!
Let Heaven begin below.

When the last moment comes,
Oh watch my dying face,
And catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays.

Then to my ravish'd ears
Let one sweet song be giv'n;
Let music charm me last on earth
And greet me first in heav'n.

Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest;
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above.

KATE VANE.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

I well remember when at morn
We went to school together,
In sun or cloud, in calm or storm,
Unheeding what the weather.
I think of when I used to gaze
Within thy bonnet on those days,
Perchance to steal a kiss, Kate Vane—
Ah! would that we were young again.

I think of when I "did the sums,"
That puzzled so thy pate,
And when I went to read my task,
Slipped in thy hand the slate.
Oft would I claim, and get for this,
What now were worth a world—a kiss!
Thou did'st not think it harm, Kate Vane—
Ah! would that we were young again.

I think of when I halved with thee
My cherished, childish store,
And only wished for thy dear sake,
It might be ten times more.
Our school-mates, when engaged in strife
With us, would call us "man and wife!"
None call us so just now, Kate Vane—
Ah! would that we were young again.

I see thee now though years have past,
Thou art as sweet and fair;
Time has not soiled thy purity,
Nor marked thy face with care.
I love thee as I did before,
Yea, better—deeper—stronger—more!
Ha! art thou in my arms, Kate Vane?
I think, my love, we're young again.

WHAT THE PEOPLE MEAN.—The *Memphis Eagle*, speaking of the large Whig majority in that city, holds the following language:

"The vote of our city is a proud and glorious "achievement. Not as a mere partisan triumph "do we proudly recur to it, but as a stern rebuke "of an honest, dissatisfied, chagrined, and indig-"nant people, who have frowned on an Admin-"istration and its rulers whom they helped to el-"evate, for their wickedly involving the nation in "a polonged, life-and-treasure-wasting War, whol-"ly uncalled for, and disastrous to the best inter-"ests of the nation, in every view that can be ta-"ken of it, as well as for their insolent, despotic, "and infamous course in denouncing all as trai-"tors who dared to doubt the wisdom and justice "of the war. We do rejoice that Memphis has "so nobly rebuked the President—a son though "he be of her own State soil."

Ten Thousand Dollars;

OR, WHO'S THE LADY?

All was bustle and confusion among the fashionables of a quiet little town in one of the western counties in our State lately, on the day preceding the evening of a select ball. The ladies became great pedestrians, and were on foot for hours together, while husbands and fathers were at home waiting in awful suspense for the respective shop-keeper's bills. The shopkeepers were more polite than usual, inasmuch as gauze lace and ribbons were the only articles in demand, and were bought without the irritating enquiry, "can't you take less?" and not a milliner could complain that night of a want of custom and a full purse. Evening advanced and the bustle increased. Beaux just from the bandbox might be seen with a glove on one hand and courage in the other, tapping at the doors of the wealthy, and tipping and bowing as if made of vibratory material, with as much cash in their pockets as brains in their noddles, and more brass in their faces than either.

One of these mushroom gentry, who had the faculty of talking nonesense, had captivated the charming Mehitable Clariss Adelia Bacon, third daughter of Capt. Jocobus Bacon, of the invincible volunteer company of heroes, vulgarly called "barefoots," who, with remarkable valor, during the late war, made a bloodless (not a mudless) retreat through a swamp two miles with the enemy at their heels. At the appointed hour, and according to promise, this sprig of the *beau monde* alluded to, pulled the bell at the door of the redoubtable captain, which was answered by their female servant, who, among the rest, was preparing for the ball, and in her best "bib and tucker" made a polite bow, and invited the young coxcomb in. Twilight deceieed his already defective vision; for it is sometimes said, that love, like wine, will make men see double, especially if they run against a lamp-post; and he mistook the servant for Miss Mehitable. Doffing his hat, describing with his body all the figures of Euclid, such as circles, squares and triangles, he at last completed his bow *a la mode*, and lisped the fact that he had the "onnaw of being in readiness to ethcort her to the assembly room."

"I am engaged, sir," said the kitchen belle.

"Engaged!" exclaimed the youth, chopfallen, "Miss Bacon engaged?"

"O, it is Miss Bacon you wish to see, then?" replied the girl.

"Why, yeth—I am mistaken! faith! the denth! bowing and scraping to a servant girl. Wherth your mithtress?"

"Walk into the parlor, sir," said the insulted girl. "I will call her."

Reader, wouldst thou know who this servant girl might be, of whom we have been talking?—Well, listen, and I'll tell thee. Didst thou ever hear of William L———, once a very wealthy shipping merchant of New York, who, through multiplied losses, was exiled from the dominions of the wealthy and fashionable, and for many years dwelt obscurely in a country village, with the only remnant of a large family—a charming daughter. This was the very child. At the age of ten she became an orphan—but not friendless. The gentlemanly conduct of her father, even in poverty, had won the esteem of all, and this last survivor of his accumulated misfortunes, found a home and a friend with a wealthy country gentleman. She grew up to womanhood, beautiful and accomplished, and beloved by all the family as a sister and a child. But death claimed her adopted father as his, and her prospects changed. The woman who supplied her place afterwards, was her antipodes, and amanda K. stepped forth into the wide world, dependent upon physical strength alone for subsistance. But the good wishes of her adopted family went with her, and a situation in the family of Capt. Bacon was secured to her, in which place the reader found her. But to resume.

At an early hour, the ball room was filled with a truly brilliant assemblage. There were red cheeks in profusion, some painted by nature, others by art; bright eyes in abundance, some sparkling with intelligence, others with nervous excitement, and among the rougher sex, many with wine. Mirth and hilarity bore regal sway, until a discovery was made—a discovery considered by that assemblage as of equal importance with Herschel's lunar observations. The dance was suspended, notwithstanding Sambo still sawed his catgut, and a whisper ran through the crowd. The purse-proud, vinegar-faced Mrs. Z., had the honor of making the discovery, in which was involved the reputation of all present. It was nothing less than the lamentable fact, that Amanda K., the servant girl of Capt. Bacon, had impertinently intruded herself into the company of her betters—actually danced two cotillions with them, before the degrading truth was known.

"Did you ever see such impertinence?" said one.

"What a brazen thing!" said another.

"Why, see how she's dressed!" said a third.

"Such a character!" whispered a fourth—"but never mind, now."

"A pot-slewer in our company! the wench!" chimed Mrs. Z., with that glance of expression which characterized her; and turning up her nose, advised the ladies to leave the room, and no longer be insulted by her presence. This advice was assented to by the intelligent company, and the poor, but infinitely superior girl, was left alone abashed, confused, and almost overcome with emotion. He who invited her thither was the son of her adopted father, who united with intelligence a gentlemanly and graceful deportment, and the command of extensive possessions in one of the most fertile portions of our State. He was absent when the revolution of the ball room took place, but returned as soon as it was evacuated by the ladies. Astonished at the change, and perceiving Amanda standing with her face suffused with blushes, he hastily inquired the cause.—A friend drew him aside and communicated the facts as they have been stated. The young man was enraged, and with an emphasis adequate to his just excitement, exclaimed:

"What's that purse-proud fool, that ignorant parrot of fashion, worth, who scorns virtue because it is coupled with poverty?"

"Ten thousand dollars," answered his friend.

"Ten thousand dollars, eh? Well, Amanda is worth that sum, and the heavy fool into the bargain. Ten thousand dollars! And that, forsooth, against respectability. Here, Amanda, my girl," said he, taking her hand and bowing respectfully to the gentleman present, "let us leave this place, where haughty pride, pampered and fed with the crumbs of wealth, exercises an influence superior to the dictates of good sense, when virtue is endangered."

So saying, they left the place and returned home.

The morning after the ball, Amanda, the poor, slighted and abused girl, who was denied the boon of mixing in society, because she wore the russet gown of poverty, received from the indignant young man an instrument of writing, securing to her possession the full amount of ten thousand dollars. The gift, and the motives which prompted it, were soon made known to the haughty Mrs. Z., and revenge more painful than disdain took the place of the latter. Nor was the cup of bitterness yet full. With all the solicitude of a designing mother, she laid traps to ensnare the young man in question as a husband for her one grey-eyed daughter, and fondly imagined that his urbanity gave evidence that she had caught him in her meshes. But, alas! how soon do the most towering expectations fall. Ere two months had elapsed, the humble Amanda became the wife of the wealthy Edgar N.

Time rolled on its silent course, bearing on its bosom sweet flowers and beaming sunshine, and every ingredient of happiness for the youthful pair; and those who turned their backs upon Capt. Bacon's servant girl, became the courtiers, the fawning sycophants of Mrs. N., who in her new station was no more worthy of esteem, no more beloved by the truly good. Twenty summers have since scattered their blossoms around her quiet mansion, and the slight touches of the frost have gathered upon the temples of her fond husband. Yet love, pure and holy, still warms the domestic circle, wherein the altar of true benevolence is reared.

What an instructive moral may be gleaned from incidents of this kind—incidents which occur almost daily in the great mass of society.

The simple tale I have told is not the filagree work of fancy, wrought up from the tinselled material of fiction; it is based upon facts. How often are such facts exhibited to our view, to the great discredit of intelligent wealth.

Virtue, beauty, intelligence, moral worth—the highest attributes of intelligent creatures, are often forced to bow before the gilded shrine of mammon, whose altars are often built up amid the mouldering ruins of genius, and whose sacrificial rites consist in the utter prostration and destruction of all that is great and noble in nature, all that is bright and lovely in humanity.

The good things of life are poured into her lap in abundance, while she distributes, with a prodigal hand, their blessings among the children of cheerless poverty, and it may be truly said, that her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

My text is as follows:

The ills that flesh is heir to.

My hearers—when we consider the multifarious and multiform miseries that continually visit upon mankind from the cradle of infancy to the couch of decrepitude and death, it is a wonderment that the Soul dosn't sooner get routed out of her domicil, and be compelled to take wings to some safer and sublimer retreat. How can she stand such an ev a t ng knocking at the door and tapping at the windows, by the swarms of big and little ills, is 'way over yonder to me. But she does stand it like a she-ro. Although there be hosts of fleshy ills, (and this is the only way I can account for the Spirit's mastery over them,) but one of them only can annoy us at a time. The mind can't pay attention to nurse and pet, two bodily pains at once—the one must be neglected while the other is fostered. A twinging corn, that excites both your sympathies and your curses, sinks into contemptible insignificance before the splendor of a magnificent toothache; and the beauties of a common stomach derangement fade entirely away when surrounded by the glories of a genuine bilious cholic.

My friends—if with microscopic eye you could only see the myriads of ills that float as it were in the atmosphere, to settle upon poor mortal flesh, you would as soon think of dodging the rain drops as to try to escape them. But like musquitoes and little bugs that bite, they are anything rather than dangerous. They are mere pins that prick and briars that scratch. Of these you have little to fear my friends—they cause slight punctures which soon heal, while the vital organs remain untouched; but, when dire Disease comes, and with her big auger begins to bore a hole through the Soul's castle-wall, then you may well get ready to exclaim, Farewell, Mr. Ferguson!—But, my brethren, which common carnal complaint do you imagine is the worst? Why, it is the very one that you happen to have at the moment. Perhaps you are in possesrion of a respectable, patient and persevering headache; you consider it outrageous—a dead tax upon all mental and physical endurance—the poorest kind of personal property; and you would gladly exchange it for a second-hand gout, ready-made rheumatism, or any other torment mentioned in the category of human afflictions. But let me tell you, if you could swap one ill for another, you would be always sure to think that you had made a bad bargain, even though you get a corn or two to boot.

My dear friends—I am afflicted with great aches, little aches and aches "most tolerable," but I bear them all with the patience of Job. My teeth, some twenty of them, still continue to torment one another with most admirable pertinacity—my gums bleed with the freedom of martyrs—and I feel more like sitting down and grinning Chinese Josh out of countenance than preaching a good-natured sermon. In addition to all this, I have a troublesome plantation of course to look after—the only three musquitoes at present in the city have taken a fancy to my nose—a despicable apology for a pain loafs about my cerebal apartments—and, as I walk the streets, little bare-headed beggar-girls are constantly catching me by the coat-tail for a 'penny to buy a loaf of bread with.' Oh, foollish father Adam, and frail mother Eve! why did ye eat of that worm-cored apple? See what a pretty pickle you've got posterity into. And you, Miss Pandora—I suppose you think you came a very funny caper when you emptied your old bandbox of petty plagues upon an already sin-scabbed and sorrow-stricken world!—Now here we are, crawling, tottering, and staggering along under a load of inherited ills, that might just as well have been prevented in the beginning as not, and with the life fluid that courses our veins poisoned by primal folly. Yet we must put up with it—we are no longer in Paradise, but outside the gates, obnoxious to all manner of diseases doctors, death and the devil. As we trudge through life, we must expect occasionally to feel a flea in our stockings, and to get pricked by thorns while rambling among flowers. As for thinking to get from here to the edge of eternity without being daily mentally and physically annoyed, you might as soon hope to find no hogs in Broadway, or to travel through Jersey in August unattacked by a gallinipper.

My hearers—since flesh is heir to such an immense multitude of ills, you may turn, and dodge and twist as much as you please, still you can't escape. They will come down upon you like ten hundred bricks, and you must take them as easy as you can. But some of you breed them—you bachelors especially. You brood over the eggs of imaginary ills, till the first thing you know you have hatched out quite a family of real living complaints; and they are sure to stick to you through life with the utmost filial affection. Get married, and half a thousand of these petty ills will leave you. You won't feel the lesser bites while your attention is called to the bigger ones. There is much virtue in counter irritation! and, if you find no efficacy in a matrimonial mustard-plaster—why then apply tartaric acid to a bed-post, and swear that there is 'no balm in Gilead!' So mote it be! Dow, Jr.

POLITICAL.

REPRESENTATION ACCORDING TO POPULATION.

On Tuesday week last, Mr. Thomas avowed himself in favor of representation according to population. In order that our readers may fully understand the operation of this doctrine, we publish the following table which exhibits the representation under the arrangement proposed by Mr. Thomas as contrasted with that which now exists:—

COUNTIES	Fed. pop in 1840.	Deleg. now entitled to	No. accor'g. to popul'n.
Allegany	15.375	4	3
Washington	27.831	2	5
Frederick	34.627	5	7
Carroll	16.791	4	3
Baltimore city	101.033	5	19
Balt. county	30.307	5	6
Hartford	16.062	4	3
Montgomery	13.402	4	3
Prince George's	15.284	4	3
St. Mary's	10.919	3	2
Charles	12.249	3	2
Calvert	7.561	3	2
Anne Arundel	25.604	5	5
Cecil	16.691	4	3
Kent	9.748	3	2
Caroline	7.505	3	1
Talbot	10.621	3	2
Queen Anne's	11.049	3	2
Somerset	17,357	4	3
Dorchester	17.152	4	3
Worcester	16.961	4	3
	434,124	82	82

According to this table, it will be seen that whilst the representation of Washington County is permitted to remain as it now stands, that of Baltimore City is increased *nearly four-fold*. In other words, Washington would continue to have *five* Delegates and Baltimore City would have *nineteen*. Now, it is true, the representatives of Baltimore, *for the time being*, have declared that the City would be satisfied with a representation equal to that of the largest county. This seems to be very plausible, but reflecting men will have observed, that this proposition is made by those whose term of service necessarily expires in a single year—and that their successors are in no wise bound by their promises or propositions. They will see at a glance, that if the principle of representation according to population *is once fully established* and acknowledged by the state at large, Baltimore will have but little difficulty in obtaining a full representation, by the mere operation of that principle. In proof of this, it is scarcely necessary to allude to the influence which the City now exerts over the Legislature, by means of her talent and local strength and advantages. Her influence is deeply impressed upon the journals of every Legislature, and if that influence is increased four-fold, farewell to the independence of the Counties—they will become thoroughly, as they are now too much, the dependencies of their powerful metropolis.

This is all plain. No one can misunderstand it—and no one is more thoroughly aware of the hostility of the Counties to this increase of power in the City of Baltimore, than Mr. Thomas.—Hence he (or rather his spokesman, Mr. Lowe—for he made no exception) was compelled to repudiate his own principle, by making an exception against the City of Baltimore. But we say to Washington County—we say to the Counties of the State—beware of the doctrine! Do not give Baltimore a *bill-hold* upon you! Spurn it as you would representation according to taxation—at least so long as the proposition comes from politicians who would increase the strength of their party, in the Legislature, by increasing the representation of Baltimore City. That is now Mr. Thomas' object—and we call upon you to frustrate him in it.—*Rough & Ready.*

MR. THOMAS' DEMOCRACY.

HEAR HIM DEMOCRATS OF MARYLAND

In his late speech at Hagerstown on the 24th of August, Mr. P. FRANK THOMAS, the locofoco candidate for Governor, gave utterance to the following sentiment, which we wish to keep prominently before the people:

"I am in favor of representation according to taxation: that is, if you pay taxes on a dollar's worth of property more than I do, I am willing you shall have a dollar's worth of influence more than I have."

Here, Democrats of Maryland, is a pretty doctrine for you to swallow. Go it blind for Mr. Thomas and "Reform," and you may find, perhaps when it is too late, that the "*Democracy*" of Virginia is to be introduced into the new Constitution, which the locofocos are so anxious just now to have adopted, by which the rich man, if he holds a piece of property in every county in the State, is entitled to a vote in as may as he can reach during the election, whilst the poor man, if he does not pay taxes, cannot vote at all. And this is the boasted DEMOCRACY of the "DEMOCRATIC" candidate for Governor!

The locofocos urge that Mr. Thomas *did not mean what he said!* Oh no, of course not; neither did he mean to *Repudiate* the State debt when he brought in his famous bill, if you believe what he says now, tho' at the time he acknowledged it was in fact an act of Repudiation; the only difference is, that *then* he thought it was going to be a popular doctrine, but *now*, finding it so odious as to stink in the very nostrils of the people, he eats his own words, and denies he ever intended it as an act of Repudiation. So, likewise, after he uttered the sentiment above quoted, which are his express words, his friends finding he had shown the cloven foot a little too soon, wish it to appear that he did not *mean what he said!* Why, what next step will Mr. T. take to hasten his downward tendency! He first denies the obvious tendency of his own acts, whilst he stands charged by the most honorable men with making a declaration which convicts him of the act out of his own mouth—and now his friends proclaim aloud that *he did not mean* what he said, when he spoke in language not to be misunderstood, and to which we are assured scores of persons present, men of the utmost integrity of character are willing to testify in the case and fix the damning doctrine upon him.

Thus the doctrines of this party are beginning to show themselves. For years they have deceived the people by the magic cry of *Democracy*, but their day of successful deception is drawing to a close. Now they have got a man destitute of that cunning by which their rotten principles have so long been concealed, and in his awkward blundering he has betrayed himself, his colleagues, and their anti-republican principles. In the words of an eminent locofoco, who turned away from Mr. Thomas in disgust, truly he is an "unfortunate man," and truly his was an "unfortunate speech"—unfortunate for himself, but not for the people!—*Rough & Ready.*

MR. THOMAS AND THE FREE NEGROES.

Mr. Thomas, in his speech in Carroll county, says "that he was in favor of representation according to population," consequently the free negro population of Baltimore city would, in the new Constitution which his "Reform" calls for, be entitled to the same weight of influence and representation that is now possessed by two of the most respectable counties of the State. After the census of 1850, their weight and influence would be equal to four or five of the small counties! People of Maryland, are you ready for Mr. Thomas' system of "*Reform!*"—*Ib.*

GOOD ADVICE.—TRUST NO MORE TO POLITICIANS—TRUST NO MORE TO THE MEN WHO FIGURE IN THE LEGISLATURE AT FOUR DOLLARS A DAY.—*Col. Thomas' Speech.*

It is to be supposed that every man knows his own heart best—and if he is not to be trusted, he is presumed to be better acquainted with the fact than any other person. If, as his friends contend, Col. Thomas is a candid man, we would say to the people of the State, "*Trust him not!*" He has been "a politician" all his life—*and cannot therefore be trusted.* He has "figured in the Legislature at four dollars a day"—*Trust him not!*—He says, himself, *such men cannot be trusted.*—*Hagerstown Torch Light.*