THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

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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."

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TERMS

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POETRY.

NOT LOST.

When the shadows dim the hours,
And the fire-fly lights his lamp,
And the evening shuts the flowers
With her fingers slight and damp,
From the bright blue skies above me,
On a path of rosy light,
One who only lived to love me,
Comes in silence every night.

Then I walk in dreams elysian,
From the jarring world aside,
With the pale and beauteous vision,
Like a lover with his bride;
Feeling, when she sits beside me,
With her thin hands meekly crossed,
Though no more her counsels guide me,
She is gone, but is not lost.

Spring in roses was apparceled—
All her fringes green and deep—
And the birds around her caroled,
As she softly fell asleep.
Then the sweetest tie was riven
That two spirits could unite,
Though she passed the grave to heaven,
Leaving all its shadows bright.

THE HEART'S WRECK.

The lulling winds may still the ear,
All beautiful in its repose;
And with a soft tranquility
The rippling water ebbs and flows.

But when the tempests wildly blow,
Its bosom heaves with many a wreck
Which, till that moment, slept below,
Nor dimmed its surface with a speck.

So I can talk, and laugh, and seem
All that the happiest soul could be;
Lulled for a moment, by some dream,
Soft as the sunset of the sea.

But when a word, a tone, reminds
My bosom of its perished love,
Oh! fearful are the stormy winds
Which dash the heart's wild wrecks above.

One after one they rise again,
And o'er dark memory's ocean steal,
Floating along, through years of pain—
Such as the heart-struck only feel.

Popping the Question.—Some writer who takes the soubriquet of *Jeremy Short*, thus gives his experience on this subject. Jeremy has been "about," and is "one of 'em," decidedly:

"It will pop itself. It's nonsense thus lending young folks a helping hand—take my word for it, all they wish for is to be left alone—and if there be any confounded youngsters about, let them be put in bed or drowned, it don't matter a fig which. If lovers have no tongues, havn't they eyes, egad! and where is the simpleton that can't tell whether a girl loves him, without a word on her part? No one adores modesty more than I do—but the most delicate angel of them all won't disguise her little heart when you're alone with her. A blush, a sigh, a studied avoidance of you in company, and a low, thrilling trembling of the voice at times, when no one else is by, tell more than the smiles of a thousand coquettes. Ah! you needn't, Amy, shake your heard—you'll no doubt be soon enough—but if you fall in love, as you will, my word on it—the very echo of one footstep will make your heart flutter like a frightened bird."

Millerism Revived.—The insane ravings of Miller and his followers are being circulated throughout New York city, in a sheet headed: "Behold, Behold, He Cometh, He Cometh with Clouds and every eye shall see Him," closing with the prediction that "The coming of the Son of Man will be on the tenth day of the seventh month, or *nineteenth day of October*, [1847] which would be on the tenth day of the first month, Creation time, on which day Adam fell," exactly six thousand years before. This is a feeble attempt to renew the Millerite delusion of 1843.

A Wink as good as a Nod.—A gentleman upon retiring from a friend's house, having given a hearty squeeze of the hand one of the young ladies, she innocently observed: 'Oh, if it comes to that, I must speak to my father.'

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

BY DOW, JR.

The following will serve as a text to my present discourse:

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls;
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden showrs,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon.

My hearers—rage is one of the shortest passions that ever kicked up a fuss in the interior of human nature; but what it lacks in length it makes up in potency. When the fires of rage are blazing in a man's bosom, the heart becomes a perfect steam boiler, and he a piece of machinery, going at a dreadful rate, over which the reason has no more control than the word 'whoa!' over a locomotive upon a railroad. He stamps, straddles, and thrashes about—his legs and arms working themselves latitudinally, longitudinally, perpendicularly and horizontally, in the most admired insubordination—reminding one of a live lobster in a scald. He snaps his eyes and inflates his cheeks, like a toad in a tempest—bellows like a mad bull, and raves like a hurricane entangled among a lot of old cedars. But, all of a sudden, the fires get low—with a 'ph-ew!' and a 'whe-ew!' he blows off the superfluous steam—wipes the sappy exultation from his gourd shell—sits down as calmly as an October sunset, and quietly comes to the sage conclusion that, although he has been making a fool of himself, still, like a barrel of malt liquor, he is all the clearer and better for the fermentation. As ebbs his rage, the softer thoughts flow in—the clouds clear away—the sun of love shines brightly out—the mental atmosphere is mild, pleasant and pure; and he is as composed as a goose puddle after a thunder shower—believing that a fit of rage is as necessary to man as lightning, volcanic eruptions and earthquakes are to the well being of that monstrous, terraqueous creature called Earth.

My friends—as short, however, as rage is, it is awful to behold in some. You can see revengeful thoughs rolling, prancing and rushing in every feature—thoughts as dark as a bucket of tar; nay, darker than a garret full of black cats at midnight. Scenes of blood and slaughter rise dreadful in their souls—their swollen veins are ready to burst with the aquafortis of wrathful indignation; the fires of tophet gleam red through their optical windows; and every moment they seem ready to knock civilized society over the fence into barbarism—throw all creation out of gear—old scratchfoot himself scamper off, like a kitten shot in the rear with a bowl of hot soup. But rage dos'nt accomplish much after all, considering the bluster and tournado-like fury which accompany it. Perhaps you have read or heard, my friends, how lucifer once got in a rage among the whole celestial host, and threatened to give 'em beans. But all he gained by it was an irretrievable loss. In his wrath and fury, he missed his foot-hold and lost his balance upon the brow of heaven, and slid upon his tail down to everlasting perdition; the same as you will do, my coveys, if you don't bridle your tempers and keep a pretty taut rein upon the wild steed of passion.

My hearers—it is proverbial that rage has no bounds in slightest woman kind. It is the easiest thing in the world to pump a woman into a moderate passion, and not very difficult to excite her wildest rage. When she is about to uncork her big bottle of highly concentrated fury, O ye little children, cockroaches, grown people, and bed bugs! I warn ye to flee from the wrath to come! As a dead calm precedes a tempest, so at first she stands perfectly dumb, with an army of words rising in her throat and pushing at her palate, causing spasmodic emotions of the mouth, and making her look like a hen endeavoring to swallow too large a quantity of dough at a time. Yes, there she stands with back up and bristling, like a cat upon the introducting of a strange dog—choking with rage, and ready to explode.—Now it comes! Hail-stones and hurricanes—ginger pop and soda water!—wild cats and whirlwinds! brick bats and bombshells!—panther cries and pig squeals! Dosen't it storm some? Stand aside all ye living creatures, and let her wrath descend upon the devoted head of a bed post, or some other inanimate object. Don't go near her, nor attempt to oppose her rage; for you might as well try to smother the fires of Vesuvius with a horse blanket, or dam up Niagara with tobacco quids. In a moment or so terrible commotion will be all over; she will cease to effervesce, and become as mild as a pan of milk. Then pat her gently between the shoulders—slightly stroke her hair, in a 'poor pussy!' sort of a way—tickle her ear with a feather of flattery—apply what is called the soft soap, plentifully, and get a kiss if you can; and—and there has been nothing more than a tempest in a tea pot, after all.

My friends—flying into a passion for nothing, or getting into a rage for any thing, is a ridiculous piece of business. It is true that it don't last much longer than the foaming of pearlash and cider; but while it exists, it is enough to make humanity turn her back in disgust. If you only knew what pictures you present when the demons of wrath took possession of your hearts, I am sure you would try to keep cool, if you had to sleep in a snow bank. At such times you look like—I don't know how you look—you look like the 'old boy' cornered by a Christian. But keep cool under all circumstances. If gnats sting, mosquetoes bite, flies molest, love's stream is ruffled, hopes decline, prospects are dark, money scarce, life's footpath is stony and your toes are sore—dont get in a rage, but take all easy. Make up your minds to take matters easy, and burthens that cause others to fret and foam, you will be enabled to carry through life as easy as a jackass can carry a bushel of corn and a nigger boy to mill.—So mote it be!

ALARM OF A CLERGYMAN.

A clergyman in Scotland in a recent letter to a friend says: "The recent death of a member of my congregation, the *victim of strong drink*, whose mortal remains, a few days ago, I followed to the grave, is another circumstance which has deeply enlisted all my sympathies in this cause. The person of whose cause I speak, was a man of liberal education, considerable information, generous affections, and industrious habits. A more regular attendant at the sanctuary, or a more attentive hearer of the Gospel when free from the influence of alcohol, never sat within the walls of the place where I minister in holy things. Poor fellow! many were his attempts at reformation, many were the resolutions which he formed, many were the prayers he requested to be presented on his behalf, many were the tears which he shed over his infatuated conduct. But, alas! he was the slave of his imperious lust. The appetite for strong drink ruled the man. In the hour of temptation he always fell, and he has fallen at last to rise no more. And do you think Sir, that I could quietly stand and see this infernal enemy of man enter within the precincts of God's house and take away its victim from before my very eyes, and not let a voice of warning be heard by those young men who are under my spiritual oversight, and who, it may be, are *beginning* to drink of the drunkard's cup! No, Sir, I would have considered myself unworthy of the name of a minister of Christ, and unfaithful to the souls committed to my care as a watchman of the morals of those over whom I preside, had I not, with all the tenderness and earnestness I could command, warned them against the *first beginnings* of that *fatal course* which has brought the well known Mr.—— to a premature death and an early grave. It is high time that ministers of the Gospel should speak out on this subject. It is high time that every pulpit in the land gave forth a clear, distinct and certain sound on this subject. It is high time that the professors of the faith of Jesus should take a decided stand on this subject. It is high time that the *Churches* of Christ, which are the light of the world, beacons of warning to guard men off from every danger, should co-operate with their pastors in promoting the blessed cause of temperance; for O, Sir, it is a melancholy fact verified by experience, that in almost every congregation incipient drunkards are to be found;—men who, by their drinking habits, are evidently fast sinking in the scale of morals, self-respect and self-control. It is a very common idea, I fear even among ministers, that the subject of temperance is not a proper subject for the pulpit on the Sabbath day. This I must confess way my own idea till but lately. But I asked myself the question is intemperance a vice into which some of my hearers are in danger of falling? Then it ought to be exposed in its nature, insidious tendency, and fatal consequences, even on the Sabbath. Is total abstinence commendable as the best security against this evil? Then it ought to be recommended and impressed upon the people even on the Lord's day. There is another reason why ministers should bring this subject into the pulpit on the Sabbath, and it is this: it is extremely difficult sometimes, particularly in the country, to get a meeting on a week day evening. People, unless they are deeply interested in a cause will not come, except you promise them that Mr. so-and-so, distinguished for eloquence, will be present.

How true is all this of our own country!—*Am, Tem. Union.*

POLITICAL.

COMMUNICATED.

TO THE VOTERS OF THE 6TH. CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT, AND ESPECIALLY TO THE WOOD AND BOATING INTERESTS.

MR. EDITOR:—The above forms the caption of an article in the last "Democrat" over the signature of "L. M. N.," which I intend to give a brief notice and expose the utter absurdity of his positions. Now be he whom he may—whether L. M. N. or P. F. T., if he continues to use his pen he may learn us something after awhile. I had supposed the entire State of Maryland is called on to participate in the election of Governor, and yet from "L. M. N.'s" communication it appears that the voters of the 6th Congressional district have this important task to perform *alone*. He may have found out something that is not generally known, or it may be that he is satisfied with less than other people are, and this I rather suppose to be the case, for he says it seems to him that he has said as much as is necessary to vindicate Mr. Thomas, the Loco Foco candidate for Governor, from the charge of repudiation. I apprehend that unless the signs of the times indicate nothing at all, he will find that he is indeed much easier to satisfy than the public judgment to which he appeals. Having done this to his own satisfaction he proceeds to arraign Mr. Goldsborough, the Whig candidate for Governor, for some of his votes and acts in the Senate of Maryland; but unfortunately for "L. M. N." he mistakes the true point in the case, and instead of taking sides with the wood sellers and boatsmen, *he has clearly taken sides with the wood corders.* This he did not design, but he has fired before getting sight on the object or game he expected to hit. Now it may be that "L. M. N.," like myself, would rather attend to a good ham of bacon than to books, as if he had been a little more full in his researches he would have discovered that a law for the benefit, and entirely sufficient for the purposes of the wood sellers and boatsmen, had been passed by the Senate *two days before* the rejection of the bill about which "L. M. N." feels so much interest. Now I ask the voters to read both the law that is now in force and the rejected bill—both of which will be found below—and then you will perceive that "L. M. N." has got himself on the side of the wood corders, and has placed Mr. Goldsborough where he ought to be, and where he is and always has been, *on the side of the people.* The law as it now stands gives to wood sellers and boatsmen the privilege of measuring their own wood, without being subjected to the charges and impositions of wood corders, while the rejected bill requires all wood to be measured by wood corders before it shall be sold. This fact I wish to impress particularly upon public attention, and hope every man will read the law and the rejected bill and judge for himself whether the rejected bill or the law as it now stands is most calculated to benefit the wood and boating interest.

"L. M. N." gravely asks why Mr. Goldsborough opposed this bill, and the queston is answered by the fact that a better bill had already been passed into a law two days before the rejection of the bill cited by this writer. The reader will at once see that the law which passed with Mr. Goldsborough's aid is intended to benefit wood sellers and boatsmen, while the bill which "L. M. N." refers to would have favored wood corders and hucksters at the expense of the boating interest. The *ad captandum* remarks of this writer will fail to deceive any body if this subject is properly understood. It is apparent to all that since the commencement of the present canvass Mr. Thomas' friends have been hard run for material to use against Mr. Goldsborough, and I begin to conclude they are about to give it up.—They first charged "mental imbecility" against him until they found that fell harmless at his feet. Aristocracy is the next thing urged against him, and finding that fails them, they seem disposed to be a little more decent just now, and talk about his public acts. But there too they utterly fail, and in this unfortunate effort of "L. M. N." is manifested the most glaring inconsistency, for while he would have the public believe Mr. Goldsborough has served no apprenticeship in the school of the statesman, and that he brings with him no credentials, at the same time he admits Mr. G. had great power and influence as a statesman in the Senate, and took upon himself the responsibility of defeating the bill referred to, and did defeat it. Take care, thou jewel, consistency. In one breath this writer says Mr. Goldsborough is nothing, and in the next he makes him out a man of great power and influence, so much so that he rules a whole deliberative body. Indeed I am reminded in this of the true character of these Loco Foco writers and speakers—any thing to answer the purpose. In 1844 they objected to Clay on account of his superior talents and abilities, and took James K. Polk, a mere third rate man, who had hardly commenced his apprenticeship as a statesman. They now claim great consideration for Mr. Thomas' talents, and attempt to puff him into greatness, without adducing a single fact to shew he possesses superior talents or that he has even done any thing to benefit the interests of the people. He is only "remarkable" for his repudiation principles, now fully established beyond successful contradiction—his advocacy of "representation according to population"—and lastly, his doctrine of "representation according to taxation." Having extended this communication much beyond its intended length, I now take leave of neighbor "L. M. N." for the present.

O. P. Q.

An act entitled a further supplement to the act authorizing the appointing of inspectors and wood corders, & to regulate the cording of wood, brought to the city of Baltimore.

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That from and after the passage of this act, it shall and may be lawful for the vender or venders of wood brought to the city of Baltimore by water for sale, to dispose of the same without being measured by the inspectors or corders of wood in said city; *provided,* the purchaser or purchasers thereof agree to the measurement of the said vender or venders, and that the inspectors or corders as aforesaid shall have no claim for measurement in such case.

"An act relating to the Measuring of Wood in the City of Baltimore:"

Whereas, it has been represented to this General Assembly, that great loss and injury is done to parties who send wood to the City of Baltimore for sale, by the irregular and imperfect manner in which the same is measured, and the practice of the carters in removing the same from the wharves before an actual measurement thereof; for remedy whereof,

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,* That it shall be the duty of the several inspectors and corders of wood in the city of Baltimore, actually to measure all wood carried to the said city for sale before the same snall be sold, and in case of default, each inspector and corder whose duty it may be to measure the wood directed to be measured, shall be subject to a fine of not less than five or more than ten dollars for each and every load of wood omitted to be measured, to be recovered before a single magistrate as small debts are recovered, one half to the use of the informer and the other half to the use of this State.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted,* That each and every owner of a cart in the said city of Baltimore, the driver of which shall remove any wood from the wharves in said city before the same shall have been measured as aforesaid, shall forfeit and pay a sum not less than five nor more than ten dollars to be recovered and applied as aforesaid, one half to the use of the informer and the other to the use of the State.

SEC. 3. *And be it enacted,* That it shall be the duty of the Magistrates before whom the cases provided for in the preceding section may be tried and by whom the fines may be imposed, to receive the portion which may be due the State, and to pay the same over to the Clerk of the City Court of Baltimore who shall pay the money over to the Treasurer of this State without charge, when he maks his periodical settlement according to law.

SEC. 4. *And be it enacted,* That it shall be unlawful for any inspector and corder of wood, in the city of Baltimore to measure wood in carts; and if any such inspector and corder shall violate this section of the law, for every such violation he shall be liable to a fine of twenty dollars, to be imposed by the county court: one half of which shall be for the use of the informer and the residue for the use of the State.

READ! READ!! READ!!!

MR. THOMAS, AND REPRESENTATION ACCORDING TO TAXATION.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

Our readers have seen the language attributed to Mr. Thomas, the Locofoco candidate for Governor in the speech he recently delivered at Hagerstown. In that speech the Hagerstown Torch Light reported that he said:

"*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 dollars worth of influence more than I have.*

We published this extract last week, and having afterwards been informed that Mr. Thomas had in a letter published in the papers, denied having used the language, we stated that he had denied it. We had not seen the letter, but having afterwards got a copy of it, we published it in full, that our readers might decide for themselves whether the letter was a denial in fact, of the language attributed to him. On that point, our readers having the letter before them, cannot have difficulty in forming an opinion.

The editor of the Hagerstown Torch Light (Mr. Bell) is not satisfied to let the matter rest upon the letter of Mr. Thomas, but has taken means to substantiate the report of the speech made in that paper. We have received a letter from him calling attention to the subject, and the following extracts of a letter from him to Mr. S. Sands, which cama too late for publication in the Rough and Ready of this week, has been furnished to us for publication.

After quoting the words reported to have been used by Mr. Thomas, (as given above,) and referring to the paragraph in the Patriot stating that Mr. Thomas had denied having used them, the letter of Mr. Bell, the editor of the Terch Light, proceeds:

As the testimony of his (Mr. Thomas') own party would probably be more satisfactory than that of Whigs, I beg leave to refer to the following gentlemen and the circumstances under which they declared themselves.

GEORGE W. SMITH, Esq., one of the most prominent leaders of the Locofoco party, and a late delegate in the Legislature from this county, in the Torch Light office, and in my presence, as well as upon several other occasions, acknowledged that the language attributed to Mr. Thomas was substantially and correctly reported.

JOSEPH J. MERRICK, another and one of the most conspicuous members of the same party, made the same acknowledgment, (in front of Fowler's Tavern, on the same afternoon upon which Mr. Thomas spoke,) in conversation with the undersigned, and in presence of a number of gentlemen. And upon another occasion, when the Hon JOHN T. MASON was attempting to explain, to a small crowd, Mr. Thomas' meaning, Mr. Merrick was appealed to, and declared that Mr. Thomas had used the language attributed to him.

Col. HENRY LEWIS, a zealous member of the same party, has more than once acknowledged to the undersigned that the report in the Torch Light was candid and honest to an extent that he had no right to expect.*

I could mention the names of many others, of the same party, who have made similar acknowledgments—but it is unnecessary. I regret that it has been necessary to allude to any names, and I only do so because my veracity has been questioned, and because Mr. Thomas has, in an inexcusable manner, attempted to avoid a responsibility which he has brought upon himself.* *

The above references will, I hope, be sufficient to silence Mr. Thomas and his friends in their bold and unscrupulous denial of "*the words*" of of his speech. As for his *meaning*, that is a matter for the public, as well as himself, to judge of.

Yours, respectfully,
EDWIN BELL,
Editor Torch Light.

*It may be proper to add, that the gentlemen above mentioned, all contended that Mr. Thomas *did not mean* to convey the idea which *his words imported.*

JEUX DE MOTS.—An exchange says, Miss Ann Tiquity is the oldest female known to history; to which another replies, "she ain't half as old as Aunty De Luvian!" Pshaw! A neighbor of ours, a Mrs. Sippy—by the way, a teetotaler, though she *did* get high once, and got into the calaboose—is as old as either of them. It is strange that through the influence of a Miss Normer, she should be called the *Father* of Waters. —*St. Louis Post.*