THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

JAMES H. 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.

I EVER DREAM OF THEE.

I dream of thee, my Mary own,
When near and far away;
When stars are in their midnight throne,
And in the noon of day,
Thy gentle image from my heart,
Whatever change may be.
Nor time may steal—nor absence part—
I ever dream of thee.

I dream of thee when Autumn sings
The death-dirge of the flowers;
When spring returns on balmy wings
To join the laughing hours.
Tho' wintry tempests rudely rise,
Along the frozen lea,
Or smiling summer decks the skies,
I ever dream of thee.

I dream of thee when sickness strews
My fever'd couch with pain,
Still—still of thee when health renews
My wasting strength again:
Alike in chambers sad and lone,
And in the halls of glee,
My visions are dissolved in one—
I ever dream of thee.

STANZAS.

The rain-bird shakes her dusty wings
And leaves the sunny strand,
For mossy springs, and sweetly sings,
To greet her native land.

The camel in the desert heeds
Where distant waters lay,
And onward speeds, to flowery meads,
And fountains far away.

The freshest drops will Beauty choose
To keep her flowcret wet,
The purest dews, to save its hues—
Her gentle violet.

So—may sweet grace our hearts renew
With waters from above,
So—keep in view what Mercy drew
From this deep well of love.

From the West Indies.—In the Island of Barbadoes the planters are abandoning the cultivation of sugar, and are giving their attention to the culture of provisions, such as corn, potatoes, &c. The papers in Jamaica and the other islands are urging their planters to the same course. A planter, writing in the West Indian, a paper published in Barbadoes, closes his article thus:

"According to a calculation which, we understand, was recently made, the sum of three millions of dollars has been expended on the purchase of breadstuffs since the 1st of August, 1838. Nine-tenths of this have been paid to the Americans. Not one dollar of this will ever again visit these shores."

The papers in all the islands are complaining of their condition. The planters, they say, are deeply in debt, produce is low, and it would appear as if affairs were in a most deplorable condition. A meeting had been held in Kingston to take into consideration the state of the island, and resolutions were adopted petitioning the Home Government to modify the tariff so as to give free labor sugar an advantage in the English market and in the British colonies. The free trade policy seems to pinch them. The Trinidadian, a paper recently established in Trinidad, thus describes the condition of things in that colony:

"Her treasury is worse than empty, containing obligations and demands instead of bullion and bonds; her local governments are perplexed and powerless, the result of previous insensate legislation, and present incapacity; her staple products are at an alarming discount in the British market; her laborers and merchants, the sinews of her strength and the exponers of her wealth, are at best ill remunerated, and in many cases irregularly paid, if paid at all; and as a necessary consequence, her mercantile interests are in a ruinous state; public confidence, there is none, and distress is abroad."

We find in an English paper a description of a new invention, called "the bachelor's kettle," containing a grate, chimney, receptacle for water, and other convenience, together with a preparation of firewood, costing a farthing, which will boil three pints of water in less than ten minutes.

CALHOUN AND JEFFERSON.

The assertion that 'all men are created equal,' as set forth by Mr. Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, is controverted by Mr. Calhoun, who insists that the assumption involves a radical error. The origin of the proposition is ascribed by Mr. Calhoun to certain writers on Government who had attained much celebrity at the period of the settlement of the American Colonies, of'and with whose works the prominent actors in our Revolution were familiar. Locke and Sidney were the most noted of these writers. Their formula of expression was: "All men in a state of nature were free and equal." From this, it is supposed, the proposition of Mr. Jefferson was derived.

Mr. Calhoun's argument is a specimen of close compact reasoning on one line of deduction.—But the field is a very wide one and not easily comprehended in a single view. He says:

Man, for the purpose of reasoning, may be regarded in three different states: in a state of individuality; that is, living by himself apart from the rest of his species. In the social; that is, living in society, associated with others of his species. And in the political; that is, living under government. We may reason as to what would be his rights and duties in either, without taking into consideration whether he could exist in it or not. It is certain that, in the first, the very supposition that he lived apart and separated from all others would make him free and equal. No one, in such a state, could have the right to command or control another. Every man would be his own master, and might do just as he pleased. But it is equally clear that man cannot exist in such a state, that he is by nature social, and that society is necessary, not only to the proper development of all his faculties, moral and intellectual, but to the very existence of his race. Such being the case the state is a purely hypothetical one; and when we say all men are free and equal in it, we announce a mere hypothetical truism; that is, a truism resting on a mere supposition that cannot exist, and of little or no practical value.

But to call it a state of nature was a great misnomer, and has led to dangerous errors; for that cannot justly be called a state of nature which is so opposed to the constitution of man as to be inconsistent with the existence of his race, and the development of the high faculties, mental and moral, with which he is endowed by his Creator.

Nor is the social state of itself his natural state; for society can no more exist without government, in one form or another, than man without society. It is the political, then, which includes the social; that is his natural state. It is the one for which his Creator formed him, into which he is impelled irresistably, and in which only his race can exist and all his faculties be fully developed.

Such being the case, it follows that any, the worst form of government, is better than anarchy; and that individual liberty, or freedom, must be subordinate to whatever power may be necessary to protect society against anarchy within or destruction from without; for the safety and well being of society are as paramount to individual liberty as the safety and well being of the race is to that of individuals; and in the same proportion the power necessary for the safety of society is paramount to individual liberty. On the contrary, Government has no right to control individual liberty beyond what is necessary to the safety and well-being of society. Such is the boundary which separates the power of government and the liberty of the citizen or subject in the political state, which, as I have shown, is the natural state of man—the only one in which his race can exist, and the one in which he is born, lives and dies.

NIAGARA FALLS SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—The suspension bridge is the most sublime work of art on the continent. It makes the head dizzy to look at it, and yet it is traversed with as much security as any other bridge of the same width. We were present while the workmen were engaged in hanging the planks over the fearful chasm. It looked like a walk of peril; but it was prosecuted with entire safety. Not an accident has happened since the first cord was carried across the river at the tail of a kite.

It is impossible to give the reader a clear idea of the work. Imagine a foot bridge 800 feet in length, hung in the air at the height of 230 feet, over a vast body of water rushing through a narrow gorge at the rate of thirty miles an hour. If you are below it, it looks like a strip of paper, suspended by a cobweb. When the wind is strong, the frail, gossamer looking structure sways to and fro, as if ready to start from its fastenings, and it shakes from extremity to centre under the firm tread of the pedestrian. But there is no danger. Men pass over it with perfect safety, while the head of the timid looker on swims with apprehension!

We saw the first person pass over it—Mr. Ellet the builder. His courageous wife soon followed him, and for two days, hundreds, attracted by the novelty of the thing, took the fearful journey.

It is worth a trip to the falls to see this great work, although it is not probably that one in twenty will have the nerve to cross upon it. For, strange as it may seem, there were those who had no hesitation to slide over the awful chasm in a basket, upon a single wire cable, who could not be induced to walk over the bridge. And this ærial excursion is thrillingly exciting. A seat on a locomotive, tarveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, is nothing to it. When you find yourself suspended in the air, with the roaring, rushing, boiling Niagara two hundred and fifty feet below you, if your heart don't flatter you will have nerve enough to swing over Vesuvius.

And yet the sensation is not altogether unpleasant. The ride itself, as the old lady said about skinning eels, "is nothing when you get used to it."—*Rochester Democrat*

A STORY OF LEAP YEAR.

Sam Smith sat at home, on New Year's day, in dishabille. His beard was unshaved, his hair was uncombed, his boots were unblacked and he was leaning back in a picturesque attitude, with his heels against the mantle-piece smoking a cigar. Sam thought to himself that it was leap-year, and how gracious it would be if the ladies could only be induced to pop the question, in accordance with their ancient privileges. As he sat watching the smoke which so gracefully curled, his fancy glowed with the idea. How delightful it would be to have the dear creatures fondling him, and with tender glances endeavoring to do the agreeable! As he mediated his heart softened, and he began to feel a squamish sensibility diffuse itself over his feelings and thought he would faint with propriety the first time a young lady should squeeze his hand.

"Rap, rap, rap," sounded at the door, Sam peeped through the Venitian blinds. "Mercy," exclaimed he, "if there is'nt Miss Jones, and I all in a dishabille, and looking like a fright—goodness gracious! I must get away, and fix myself up."

As he left the room Miss Jones entered, and with a composed air intimated that she should wait. Miss Susan Jones was a firm believer in woman's rights, and now that the season was propitious, she determined to take advantage thereof, and to do a little courting on her own hook.—It was one of woman's privileges which had been usurped by the tyrant, man, and she determined to assert her rights. in spite of the hollow formalities of a false system of society.

Meanwile with a palpitating heart, Sam went through a series of personal adornments. The last twist was given to his collar, the last curl to his whiskers, and, with cambric in hand, he decended to the parlor. Miss Jones rushing to receive him, and grasping his hands with fervor, said—"Dearest, how beautiful you look!" accompanying the words with a glance of undisguised admiration.

"Spare the blushes of a modest young man," said Sam, applying the cambric to his face to hide his confusion.

"Nay my love, why so coy?" said Susan; "turn, not away those lovely eyes, dark as jet and sparkling as the diamond. Listen to the vows of affection. Here let us rest," said she drawing him to the sofa, "here with my arm around thee, will I protest my true affection.

"Leave me, oh, leave me," murmered Sam—'think of my youth, my inexperience—spare, oh spare, my palpitating heart."

"Leave thee," said Susan, pressing him still closer to her; "never, until the story of restless nights of unquiet days, of aspirations, fond emotions, and undying love is laid before thee—Know that for years I have nursed for thee a secret passion. Need I tell how each manly beauty moved me—how I worshipped like a sunflower in the lurid light of those scarlet tresses—how my fond heart was entrapped in the meshes of those magnificent whiskers—how I was willing to yield up the government to that 'imperial'—thy manners, so modest, so delicate, enhanted me—joy to me, for thy joy was my joy. My heart is thine—take it—but first let me snatch one kiss from those ruby lips."

The over wrought feelings of the delicate youth were too strong, and he fainted from the excess of joy. Meanwhile the enamored maiden hung fondly over him and—

Slowly the eyes of Sam opened—he gazed wildly round him—then meeting the ardent gaze of his lover, blushed deeply, and behind his kerchief faintly faltered out—"Ask my pa!"

FIRST VIEW OF JERUSALEM.—A writer in the Providence Journal furnishes the following impressive account of his first view of the Holy City:

My dragoman Hapaw and myself, mounted on fleet Arab horses, had ridden from early dawn, hardly drawing rein, in my desire to reach the Holy City before sunset. We had left the baggage mules behind in the neighborhood of Ramla, to follow more slowly. Leaving the fine flower-sprinkled plain of Ramla, we entered into the 'hill country of Judea," barren, desolate of inhabitants, and without grandeur. We stopped a few moments at the village of Abougosh, the former residence of the famous Arab robber-chieftain, whose sons are now in Constanstinople, under the eye of the Sultan, expiring the sins of their sire, and the evil power of the family is broken up.

Until this place, and a little further on, there is some slight appearance of verdue, olive trees, apricot trees, and patches of grain; but after this, one comes upon scorched, volcanic mountains, on which there is no life. Yet even amoug these one may yet see evidences of the ancient system of terracing for agricultural purposes and this is the only way by which Judea proper could have been a productive land. It looks now like a land of curse, and not of blessing. We met frequent pilgrims going to and returning from Jerusalem, and two or three companies of Armenian merchants, richly dressed, with large retinues of armed slaves, and fine horses. The road wound through narrow, circuitous valleys, sometimes mounting up abrupt steeps. and descending equally precipitonsiy, a road well fitted for those scenes of robbing and treachery for which it is so famous.

One small village after passing Abougosh had rather a smilling appearance. It was nestled in a quiet bowl-like valley, and a little brooke, which ran through it, nourished a thick nursery of lemon trees; whose perfume scented the air. The people here looked handsome and amiable.—One bright little musselman wished us a prosperous journey to "El Kudds," (the Blessed City,) for Jerusalem is a holy city with the Mahometan, and next to Mecca in sanctity. Here and there were remains of towers placed at narrow passes, vestiges of the crusaders. The Hebrews were mountaineers, but unlike their Samaritan neighbors, their mountains possessed neither picturesqeness nor fertility: their life must have been a continual struggle with nature, and this may account, in part, for the obstinate energy and resolute egotism of the national character.

We at last reached the valley of Flah, where David slew Goliah. A ruined mosque points out the spot which tradition assigns as the place of the event, and the character of the ground and scene corresponds with the Scriptural account. There is "the mountain on the one side" towards Jerusalem where the Israelites stood, and "the mountain on the other side" towards Philistia where the Philistines stood, and there, is the valley between them."

There is the course of the brook where David found the stones for his sling, and the way taken by the army of the uncircumscised in their flight toward Gath and Ekron, was undoubtedly the very path which my horses' feet had just passed over. I thought a moment upon the youthful hero, inspired by faith and the might of the One Omnipotent God, and then spurred on, for I knew that Jerusalem was nigh, though I feared to ask how near.

We ascended to the summit of a hill, and a mass of towers and minarets came to view upon an opposite mountain, and I cried out, "Is that Jerusalem?"—"No," answered Hapsaw, "but,"——He had hardly spoken this, before the long line of heavy battlemented wall, and the many points and domes of the Holy City burst to view, unmistakeable below me. I dismounted. It is useless to enter here into a description of the feelings which possessed me. I did what most travelers have confessed themselves compelled to do at this moment. I fell upon my knees, and tears rushed into my eyes.

THE DESOLATION OF YUCATAN.

The New York Commercial furnishes the following interesting letter from Mr. Fitzgibbon, the editor of the Honduras Observer, descriptive of the state of affairs in Yucatan. It is dated Belize, July 4th.

The town of Bacalar, formerly called Salamanca de Bacalar, is built on an elevated ridge of land overhanging the lagoon of the same name, and contained a population of between 3000 and 4000 souls. A body of the Indians were ranging that state, under the command of a chief named Jose Pablo Cocom, to the number of about 1500 men, and attacked the town on the 15th of April last. Among this entire body of men, only about one hundred had guns. The Yucatecos, on the contrary, were well armed, and the town itself was strongly fortified.

On the land side there are seven small batteries and a breastwork of full a mile and a half in length. These were all yielded without a struggle, and the troops fell back on the castle erected to protect the place on the lagoon side, and mounting some twenty guns and four mortars. The women and children, and the *officers!* abandoned the town to the Indians, and fled to Belize, or wherever else they could find shelter. The castle held out for three days, when it capitulated, the beseiged being permitted to leave the place unmolested, except having *their heads shaved!* Not a single person is known to have been killed during the attack, except six Yucatecoes in the castle, killed by the bursting of one of the cannon.—That many were afterwards murdered there can be no doubt. The Indian *grito*, or war whoop, did more to take the place than anything else, for it appears to have paralyzed the defenders of the town.

In nearly every street I found cannon had been placed for its defence. Of the town itself 207 of the finest and best houses had been destroyed in the flush of victory. Here and there the most revolting sights were to be met; human corpses devoured by hogs and dogs. These unfortunates had been murdered after the surrender of the place, and had been dragged with ropes around the neck or legs through the streets, and there left. In the grave yard I found the tombs had been broken open and the bodies taken out and served in like manner.

But the most revolting and horrible spectacle was within the walls of the castle. I found the partially burned remains of nine human beings. The well was also choked up with bodies. In one angle of the battlements I found the body of a female, in a partially decomposed state. and was informed that she had been violated by eight of these savages, and then put to death. The stench was beyond anything I ever experienced. On the outside of the castle walls I should suppose there was a good handbarrow load of human hair.

Of course there is nothing like order in the town—no man's life or property is safe a moment. Notwithstanding this state of things, however, several shops have been opened by people from Belize.

I saw the torture applied to two unfortunate Spaniards who had been taken prisoners, and afterwards saw them receive fifty lashes each. The Indians are continually fighting among themselves, and scarcely a day passes that one or more is not shot. They appear to dread the interference of the United States, and say that, unless they are stopped, they will not leave a Spaniard in the country.

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.

The following is an extract from the speech of the Rev. Mr. Magroon of Cincinnati, made at the anniversary of the New York Babtist Bible Society on Friday last.

In referance to the kind of preachers received at the west, he says:

"The education soaked in from the outside, like a Thomsonian bath, is useless. There is no field for such preachers. Black board knowledge and Latin roots, emptiness in the head, green glasses over the eyes dyspepsia in the stomach, and diploma in his hard, do not suit the people they want what the Scotch call grumption, they want men like Ringgold's flying artillery, who know how to load and fire in the hottest of the fight. There is no need to wait for a church to call a pastor in the west, he can call his church himself. With a log cabin for a vestry, he can have around him a cathedral whose arches were wrought and wratched, whose roof was adorned, in the way the temples of Greece never knew; the blue sky is visible through its dome, the setting sun streams in between its pillars, and there, in a gard as simple as the sumlime truth he tells, he can preach the word of Life; there is no need of fine linen in double quantity—linen under, and linen over his garment—he will not want two shirts."

A HAPPY DISPOSITION

A genial and happy disposition finds materials of enjoyment everywhere. In the city or the country—in society or in solitude—in the theatre or the forest—in the hum of the multitude or in the silence of the mountains; are alike materials of reflection and elements of pleasure. It is one mode of pleasure to listen to the music of Don Giovanni, in a theatre glittering with light, and crowded with elegance and beauty: it is another to glance at sunset over the bosom of a lonely lake, where no sound disturbs the silence but the motion of the boat through the water. A happy disposition derives pleasure from both, a discontented temper from neither, but is always busy detecting deficiency, and feeding diaffection with comparisons. The one gathers all the flowers the other all the nettles in his path. The one has the faculty of enjoying everything, and the other of enjoying nothing. The one realizes all the pleasure of the present good, the other converts into pain by pinning after something better, which is only better because it is not present, and if it were present would not be enjoyed,

A Gem Passage.—In a letter written in 1848, Lamartine thus beautifully and religiously explains his motives for entering political life:

"When the Divine Judge shall summon us to appear before him at the end of our lives, our modesty, our weakness will not be an excuse for inaction. It will be of no avail to reply, we were nothing, we could do nothing, we were but as a grain of sand. He will say to us, I placed before you in your day, the two scales of a beam, by which the destiny of the human being was weighed: in the one was good, and in the other evil.—You were but a grain of sand, no doubt, but who told you that a grain of sand would not have caused the balance to incline on my side? You have intelligence to see, a conscience to decide, and you should have placed this grain of sand in one or the other; you did neither. Let the wind drift it away: it has not been of any use to you or your bethren."

Impromptu Butter.—We yesterday saw sweet milk converted into butter in four minutes; probably a dash of iced-water would have brought the butter in less time. This wonderful effect was produced by one of the most simple churning machines that we have ever seen. It consists of a square box, having a hollow perpendicular shaft with two hollow arms or tubes at the lower end. The shaft rests on a pivot, and is turned by a small crank and cog wheel, the motion causes the air to rush down the tube into the milk, and produces a commotion like boiling water. The butter began to come immediately, and after it was made the milk was as sweet as new. By this process good churn butter may be made for breakfast by any family after the milkman has come in morning, and the luxury of pure fresh butter enjoyed the year round. Whilst the cakes are baking or the muffins toasting, the head of the family may be amusing himself by churning the butter to eat them with them.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

A Poser.—A calm, blue-eyed, self-composed young lady in a village 'down east,' received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster who after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which had brought her thither: 'I've been asked a good many times if you was engaged to Dr. C——. Now if folks inquire again, whether you be or not, what shall I tell 'em I think?' 'Tell them, answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unblushing steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, 'tell them you 'think' you don't know, and that you are SURE it is none of your business.

Luther and Birds. With the birds of his native country, Martin Luther had established a strict intimacy, watching, smiling and thus sweetly moralizing over their habits. "That little fellow," he said, of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding by his twig, *leaving God to think for him.*" Chistians, in all your situations, you must do the same. Discharge your duty, and leave "God to think for you."

☞"Come here, Jacob, and answer your exescise. What is a lever?"

"They get 'em out of beef critturs, and fry 'em in fat."

"What is a circle?"

"Putting your arms round a gal's waist."

"What is a retrogade movement?"

"Tumbling out of bed."

"What is a delirium tremens?"

"I don't know exactly, but I suppose it must be some great shakes."