BY JOHN T. TAYLOR.

"THE HOME OF THE FREE, OR THE TOMB OF THE BRAVE."

VOLUME 1]

CAMBRIDGE, MD.-WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 10, 1845.

NUMBER 4.

\$2. IN ADVANCE.

THE DEMOCRAT AND DORCHESTER ADVERTISER."

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING. scription is \$2 per annum, if paid within Six moans upward from the gulf. The thought, until Then why not fly at once? You have said, you months from the time of subscribing, otherwise \$2- then but half formed, rises in her breast. She squee- have sworn, that you loved, adored me; prove it 50 will be charged.

ADVERTISING. Advertisements conspicuously and calmly—quite calmly. inserted at \$1 per square for the three first inser- 'I remember that once I thought suicide a thing 'But, oh! to leave my poor old mother, who lives her.' sertion. Twelve lines make a square. Where the ple would willingly quit a snug, happy world, and cannot! number of insertions are not marked on an adver- go into darkness-rottenness! Oh, I said to my Then I am to understand, love, that I am only Come-we're late.' ged accordingly.

POST PAID, otherwise they may not be attended to reason, and would not be a suicide. I have my Choose between love and miscalled duty. I can-flung her arms about wildly. Her eves sparkled rearages are paid up.

POBBY

ELECTION OF JAMES K. POLK, AS PRE-SIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Hail to the banner so gallantly streaming Above the tall hickory, the emblem of truth! Behold the proud eagle exultingly screaming Aloud to the world, to the aged and youth That the day is approaching when freemen shall

That they have the right and that they have the

Their shackles to loosen, themselves to unbind, And dispel the dark clouds that so fearfully lower. Behold the old Hero so feebly reclining,

Yet cheered by the prospect of certain success; Their rights to maintain, their wrongs to redress. View the old veteran now stricken in years, So calmly awaiting the coming event; Whilst others are shaken by day-dreams and fears, With him it is nothing but real content. Then hail to young Hickory the twig of the south, Whose name is untarnished in every degree,

Resplendent in virtue, transcendent in worth, A sapling, a sprout of the old hickory tree. Hail to the day when the nation shall boast Of a leader whose virtue will ever sustain it, Unless ye proud freemen stand form and regain it. And the lone-star of Texas is wending its way Through the clouds of oppression, of darkness and

shame, To lend unto patriots a glimmering ray To light them to glory, to honour and fame.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Illustrated Magazine. BY ANGUS B. BEACH.

solemn, yet unbroken silence, which for a brief pe-spoke so very softly into her ear, whose hand clasp-dripping clothes upon a rotten railing beside him, a parish funeral. riod in the twenty-four hours over London, was ed hers, so lovingly yielded to it? There were and occasionally screaming out at the full pitch of spreading abroad. The noise and confusion of the long pauses in the whispered dialongs but of the voice to a neighbor, occupied in a court below? hicles through empty streets came upon the ear, this lasted, as it were for hours, she knew that a true London roof scence in a low neighborhood. lation of London had well nigh disappeared.

ried by, thinking of the warm blaze which awai- holy thing, and the voices of the lovers did not proached him timidly. ted them on their own hearths; and beings who had break harshly upon its stillness. no homes or hearths to go to, shrunk up in shelter- 'Say again you love me.' It was he who ed coners, huddling the limbs close for warmth spoke. and praying for the end of the long shivering

night.

On the water every thing is tenfold more dismal 'I love you!' still. The fog careered in long, heavy wreaths There was a long sweet silence; then the whis- from that silence in the cottage garden. along the stream—the wind howled most drearily pered tones were renewed. among masts and rigging and dashed the black, I cannot bear to leave you—to part with you, ruptly. muddy water against the piers of bridges and sli-even for a day, decress, but my family -in; She looked eagerly up. my landing places with a chill monotonous splash, in particular, would not hear at this momen to my landing places with a chill monotonous splash, in particular, would not hear at this momen to my No traffle was stirring on the river. It flowed marriage.' blackly and sullenly, roaring under anchored bar- 'Your family, your father!' was the frighted re- think of what has passed, never, nev ges, hustling the rank grass upon the fat mud ply. 'Do they not know all? How we met, how you-but oh, do, do mairy me!' banks. It was a dreary sight to look upon-cal-we, we loved?' ling up indistinct visions of blue swollen corpses, 'It would have been madness, dearest, to have 'You know, love,' she continued, trying to smile Capital of the State to Gen. Jackson. and men battling madly for life in the cold inky breathed the secret. In an instant I should have through her tears, you know you said that whene-

fluid.

Midnight! A woman is pacing the pavement of father.' Waterloo bridge. She is young she was once fair Then what is to be done, what? Oh I never say so I trusted in you, may I not trust in you How to GET A TIGHT RING OFF A FINGER. The gentle. And fair she is still. No sorrow, no thought of this; my foolish heart never suggested yet?' burst of furious passion, can destroy the chiselling a doubt. Oh, I know not what to think, to say .- And she laid her hand timidly on his shoulder. ing receipt for accomplishing this feat, which is of those features—the noble height of brow, and My mother. the moulded oval of the cheeks. But passion—the 'Does she know our secret?' was the quick in- There was another silence. passion of madness and despare, is running riot in terruption. the hand twisted with a convulsive grasp in the me tell my mother that I cared not, thought not of your look, I would give up the world for you. Oh, the finger, regularly, down to the male, to reduce long dishevelled locks falling down on either cheek. you. now, would you?' She staggered forward mechanically. And now 'No, no, dearest; surely not. But-' the paroxysm seems for a moment past; she leans 'You are confused; oh, tell me all! what is wrong? upon the balustrade; presses her forhead upon the Have I not a right to know?' damp cold granite, and seems to woo the embrace 'Dearest, you have. I will tell you the truth. I 'For the love of God fulfil your promise, your ring, without difficulty, however much swollen the effort to replace it.

the gust of wind. She starts up leaps upon the seat of She listened, stunned, stupified. the recesses of the bridge, wipes hurridly away the He continued, clammy sweat standing on her forehead, and gazes You give me no answer, no sign of hope. Oh, not unkind voice. Her eyes half opened and her calmy and long upon the river below. How black dearest, is it possibie you distrust me?" TERMS.—Subscription. The price of sub-how pitchy black! A gurgling, eddying sound 'No, no, not distrust?'

No paper will be discontinued until all ar- reason now, but I do not think as I once did, many not share a heart, it must be mine.' have died by their own hands—oh, I remember 'This is cruel.' walking the cold wretched streets or floating in the re yielding.' river: No; I will do it-my mind is made up-Go. Dearest, I may be doing wrong. My heart tells mind-gin is a good friend-it always does its forgive—mother, I come to you"

down from the balustrades she couched in a corne her lover's breast.

of the recess.

A man and a womau passed. They were bot young and happy. She was muffled up in a dash warm dress, and clung closely to the arm companion. He bent down in speaking to her and for a moment visible. Their words were not heard, ty walls, and breathing a hot, murky, steaming air. am going where there are no dreams.' The young ones around him are closely entwining, but she saw them go by, knew, felt what they were Had not that upturned, confiding look told almost sat at the window. Her eyes were red with crying, byss. Hopeless, defiled, and an outcast, go eloquently? Yes; they spoke of the bright future and swollen so that she could hardly see. She was Suddenly she tossed her arms over her head; a they saw before them—of holy domestic love-of very pale—she knew it: and her fingers played me-change came over her face; her eye glowed, and hearts mutually trusting and trusted, young and chanically with the long, disarranged locks which she gazed upon the black vacancy. pure, add teaming with unutterable love? It was fell over her shoulders. A heap of needlework lay 'Mother!' mother! I see you, Hush! but she who witnessed it writhed in anguish at the cant, wandering eye through the dim cracked panes rit like yourself!' sight, a thrilling chord was touched, she bent down before her. It was a different view from that she There was a bound—a rush through the air to and fro; 'Oh, God! oh, God! so it was once with tranquil heart at home. Her eye fell upon masses ver! us, so I once spake to him, so he once listened to of dingy brick walls, crowned with labarinths of ir-

the dismal river, out of the dismal night, and the which swung yellow, smoked, dried clothes, ran river. in its rual fresness. Lofty trees grew around its poured continuously from the yellow cans whirling house from whence he had been summoned. and trailing shrubs clasped the walls with their in eddies amid the masses of brick and lime. Upon In a day or two a paragraph appeared in the

You know it, do you not?'

But it is so sweet to hear the words.'

that face. The eye is wildly bloodshot and swol- I have no secrets from my mother. But what, my friends, all for you. God knows how I loved the ring, and pull through a few inches toward the len—the teeth are clenched and ground together— what makes you look so? You would not have you, how I trusted in your voice, in hand, wrap the long end of the thread tightly round

of the chill night wind. She is dressed in gaudy fi-love you love you as passionately as man ever oath, to marry me!' nery, without warmth or comfort. A wreath of loved woman. But I dare not breathe a word of 'And be transported for bigamy!'

Midnight! The clang of the bell was loud upon mine forever.

zes her brow in her hands, and then thinks again now. Show me what you will do for him who has won your heart?'

tisement, it will be continued until forbid, and char-self, they are mad, poor creatures quite made, none cond effections, that, in short, you spurn the And she was left alone. but a madman would do so; and as I looked upon the eart and hand I lay at you feet! "A drunken woman!" she murmured; better be All letters (except such as contain the name black poels, and heard how prople had plunged in Oh! for Heaven's sake do not speak such cruek runken now, than sober? of new subscribers) and communications must be I turned away snivering, blessing God that I had I had

me I am, and may God forgive me-but you-you work, it never leaves us sober!"

'My own brave girl,' he murmured.

daylie, shapeless images amid which it wander- neath. It was more pitchy dark than ever. ed, stumbling and Dewildered. Fradually a dim She rose, and stood upon the stone seat; the fix-

It was a very different place from home. She looked long and intently down into the a-

the pavements were damp and sloppy. Men hur- the ivy. The peace of the summer evening was a upon a chair with his back toward her. She ap-loafing is the most destructive to morality?

Well, what do you want now? You always want something.

She wrung her hands, and then covered her face with the little apron she wore.

to me-look on me as you used to do-l will not settle.

'Marry you,' he repeated mechanically. been torn from you. Oh, you do not know my ver we came to London, we should be married, then the battle of Lake Erie, has been appointed to com-

He turned round abruptly, and shook it off.

knees before him.

something laid upon her shoulder.

'What's the matter, my girl?' said a rough but lips moved, but no sound save a confused meaning came from them.

fWhat's the matter? come, speak.' 'Marry-bigamy-bigamy!' she faltered forth. 'Oh, bah! let that drunken woman alone, she'll

sleep herself sober where she is—there's no fear of tions, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent in- almost impossible; I could not realize it how peo- but in me, but for me! I cannot, indeed, indeed I 'Yes, I think she is drunk,' said the first voice.

'As gin can make her,' rejoined the second-

with a mud glare, and she laughed hysterically. on a Drunken!' she muttered, half unconsciously, hundreds. In a moment it will be over-what mat 'It is kind cruelty, dear one. When once we are 'drunken! and who made me drunken? who drove ters it if one be added to the list? What should a married, your mother shall know all. It is but me to it? Yes, I am a drunken woman-I know live for? I have no hope, no friend, nobody who wo days' trouble, to be repaid by a life of happi- it! Drink is my best friend now-it warms me, COMPOSED A SHORT TIME BEFORE THE will mourn me, or care whether to-morrow I be ness. Come with me—come—I see, I feel you and makes me forget. Yes, give me but that, and I can shout and laugh!-but such laughter!-never

> She nerved herself for the spring, when the nois I connot resist. No, I cannot struggle against it. She gave a long, loud, vacant laugh, and relapsed of voices and footsteps interrupted her. 'Let then I will go with you, dearest, to the very world's end.' into insensibility. Presently she revived; and, quite pass, let them pass,' she murmured; and slippin. There was a very long pause, and she wept upon calm, and with all her senses about her, she pressed her hands against her forehead, and looked wildly

> > The whole scene became indistinct and confus- The soaking rain was still driven by the wind. ed. The mind conjured up a thousand wavering, The river still roared, and gushed, and gurgled be-

her face was turned up—oh, so hopefully, so lo light streamed in, and the still fainting girl benefit et her countonance was awful to see. ingly to his. The light of the lamp made all this herself in a small and poor room, with smoky, dus- "thave had a horrid dream," she murmured, but I

but the vision of a moment, it came and was gone, unheeded upon her lap, and she looked with a va- Wait for a moment, and I will be with you a spi-

in her sore affliction, and slowly rocked her b dy had so often gazed upon with a merry face and a a flutter of silk and a heavy splash. It was all o-

A cry was raised, 'A woman has thrown herme, and now, Her hands, which had been clasped regular-tiled roofs and chimney-stacks. There self into the water. A solitary passenger had just apso that the nales almost entered the Aosh role of they stretched away in an endless confusion of out- prosched her near enough to catch a glimpse of the and she fell insensible upon the stone beach. The body neither felt nor knew ought, but the dows, and others patched up and variegated by ex- clamation, and presently boats were put off, grage. subtile mind was active; it soared away, away from tempore erections of crazy boards. Lines, on thrown and lights gleamed on the dark rushings

entranced girl saw a vision; it was of a country cot- from house to house. Squalid, bare-armed wo- It's of no use,' said a waterman; the tide's runtage embosomed in trees, a smiling, happy place, men, leant idly out of windows, and screamed shril-ning like a mill-stream; she may be at London far from dirty bustling towns and cities, delicious ly to chrildren in the court below. The smoke bridge by this time. And he returned to the public

tendrils, and their blossoms peeped slyly into the one little flat space, between two ascending planes papers, stating that the body of a woman, fashionaopen casement. She was there once again; a heavy of roof, sata man in his shirt sleeves, with a long bly, but thinly dressed, had been, found floating in THE LAST HOUR OF A SUICIDE. weight a dimly remembered sorrow had been life pipe in his mouth, a pot of porter before him, and the Paul. It lay in the dead house of a water-side. ted from her heart; she was happy, and the sensa- a newspaper in his hand. A whirling iron can church for some days, but no one came to claim it. Midnight! The brazen clang of the great bell tion was strange. From everything around her was pouring out volumes of smoke behind him— A coroner's inquest was then held. No evidence of St. Paul's tolled heavily out, and the chimes soul drank in piece, but from one source it quaffed nevertheless, he called sitting there 'enjoying the was produced as to identity of the deceased. There from a hundred steeples repeated-Midnight! The exceeding joy. Who walked at her side, who air! A char looking sort of a woman was hanging was a verdict of Found drowned, and the next day

LOAFERS. Different nations have different kinds early night was passing away, and the rattle of ve- sweeter than honeyed words filed up the gap, and in filling a tea-kettle out of the water butt. It was of loafers. The Italian spends his time in sleeping. the Turkish loafer in dreaming, the Spanish in praynot as forming drops of the great tide of sound, hours had passed, although they seemed but mibut each distinct in its isolation. The day popu- nutes. Why, evening began to fall; a dim greyress not. A step sounded upon the stair—she clasped ing, the Russian in gambling, the Hungarian in smospread itself all around. The silence became more her hands, and started to her feet. The door o- king, the German in drinking, and the American in It was a cold, damp, clammy, cheerless night intense. Birds ceased to sing and twitter among pened. He entered and threw himself suddenly talking politics. Which of these different him is of

A NEW REASON. An old bruser the other day. was advising a youngster to get married, "because, then," said he, "my boy, you'll have samebody to pull off your boots for you when you go home

There was a long silence—oh, how different AN Exquisite. "Will you be so kind as to put that coin in my pawket? said a dandy who had

> troduced in the Tennessee House of Representatives, to erect a monument at Memphis and a statue in the

Capt. Champlin, who commanded the Scorpick in you put it off. I was very unhappy, but did not mand of the steamer Michigan, on that Labe.

New York Spirit of the Times contain the followwell worth preserving. Here it is:

Thread a needle flat in the eye with a strong I lest my home, my mother,' her voice saltered, thread; pass the end of the needle with care under have you deceived me? Speak, speak; I shall go its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the ahread and unwind it. The thread pressing against She clasped his hand in hers and sunk on her the ring will gradually remove it from the finger. This never failing method will remove the tightest finger may be.

MAMMOTH FACTORY. The largest factory builflowers encircles her head, a ghastly mockery of the this to aught but you; but for you I will risk all— She fell upon the floor like a dead thing—as in- ding in the world, is now being constructed in Portswan, distorted features which they frame. The every prospect, every hope. Come, dearest; all is sensible as that moment when her cold cheek was mouth, New Hampshire. The part already up is handkerchief carelessly placed over her shoulders prepared; fly with me. Once in London, we can laying against the not colder granite. All was four hundred & forty feet long. When compleated, has been all but blown away, but she makes no defy pursuit; and the instant that we arrive home blank, darkness, the wanderings of the mind were the leugth of the front will be five hundred and four the ceremony shall take place which makes you for the moment over. Adull sense of re-awaken-feet. Nomber of spindles fifty thousand; of opeling pain came into the llmbs, and she half felt ratives, from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred.