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Volume 14. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 14, 1859. Number 42.

Cambridge Democrat.

Published every Wednesday Morning.

Office opposite Mr. John Bradshaw's Hotel.

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THOMAS H. HANDY, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

LOST STARS.

Hast thou ever watched the stars,
When they hung their beacon lights,
In the blue watch towers high,
In the lonely summer nights?
Hast thou ever seen some bright one drop,
Into darkness undefined,
As its light had been blown out,
By a sudden gust of wind?
Or hast thou seen one slowly fade,
Growing fainter and more dim,
Like a lamp whose oil is spent,
With no hand the light to trim?

Like the drooping, dying stars,
Thus our life-stars fade from sight,
Leaving many aching hearts,
Cheerless in a dusky night.
Stars of love, ambition, hope,
Shining on our rugged way,
Lighting up the dreary path,
With their bright and cheering ray,
From the heart's deep firmament,
Often drop before our gaze,
Leaving all the soul so dark,
Through the wild and weary days.

All the precious stars of Home
Slowly fade and disappear—
Loving Mother's tender light,
Shining out so sweet and clear,
Where childish footsteps trod
Through the avenue of years—
And a Father's earnest light
Soothing all our doubts and fears—
Gentle Sister's star of love,
Shining o'er life's stormy shore,
From the heavens of the heart,
Drop, to shine there never more.

E'en the tried and trusty friend,
With a spirit true and brave,
Turning from us, hides his light
In the darkness of the grave—
And a lover's precious light,
Brightest beacon-star of life,
Oft falls rayless into night—
Night with woe and darkness rife.
Tell me, shall we never find
These lost stars of light and love?
Will they not shine brighter still
In God's diadem above?

Warsaw, Ky. HATTIE HEATH.

THE PLAIN SISTER.

Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear,
Some, none resist, though not exceeding fair.
—*Young.*

John Waring was an industrious and plodding merchant, and his wife was a pretty but dashing and scheming woman. She had been a milliner's apprentice or some such thing, and had schemed to win John Waring, when he was a merchant's clerk, because she foresaw that he was sure to be a rich man. All through their early days of struggle she had proved herself an excellent companion for him, helping by her economy and industry, and doing her part nearly as well as he did his by earning.—But as he gradually gained wealth, the character of his wife seemed to him to change greatly, though in fact the only alteration was that with the means at her command she began to put some of the projects into execution that she had hitherto only planned.

As the wealth of the Warings increased they removed frequently, always seeking a better neighborhood than the last, and generally giving up all the acquaintances they formed in each as soon as they left it.—Mr. Waring had little time for society, but when he thought of it at all, it was to wonder that his wife should change her friends so often. But the lady knew very well what she was doing.

The Warings were the parents of two children, both daughters, though it was not known among the acquaintances of later years that they had more than one. Many years previous to the opening period of this sketch, during some temporary reverses that had befallen John Waring, his eldest sister, the widow of a respectable farmer in his native town, had offered to adopt one of his children. Both parents were then grateful for this aid, though John, himself, had no thought of allowing his child to leave his home for any length of time.

Martha Waring, the adopted child of Mrs. Granger, was a year older than her sister, and as utterly unlike her as it is possible to conceive.—Evelyn was a beauty, from her childhood, a reason with Mrs. Waring for retaining her in her own care far beyond the cravings of maternal love. While Martha was plain in feature, and so sensitive and silent as to have gained the imputation of stupidity in her childhood.

The sisters had been separated many years, and growing up amid widely different influences, were as unlike in character as in features.—They had seldom met, especially since the Warings had grown rich, Mrs. Waring preferring to spend her summers in some fashionable haunt, and Martha scarcely ever visiting her home. Her father she saw at least twice every year, for he still clung to the haunts of his childhood, and instinctively he turned towards them in his hours of leisure, while as Martha's character developed he became so warmly attached to her as to find her his strongest attraction toward his ancient home.

From the period that she reached fifteen till that with which our sketch opens when she was twenty years of age, Martha had not once left her aunt. That excellent woman was a confirmed invalid and Martha gladly devoted herself to one who had filled a mother's place to her, and to whom she could not but acknowledge that she loved far more than the mother who had so coldly cast her, apparently, from out her memory.

In the meantime she had enjoyed all the advantages of a very excellent school which was situated in the town, and had become far better educated than most young ladies, having not a few of the lighter accomplishments, while thoroughly skilled in domestic economy and the care of the sick. A very active mind had led her to explore the fields of literature, in several departments of which she was skilled.

She was still plain, for her complexion was hopelessly bad, but she had fine teeth and eyes; when she smiled these features coming into play, lighted up her homely countenance, and made her extremely attractive.

As she was a most kindly girl, she smiled often and without art, for she was quite unaware of this charm, though she did know that she had a fine figure, and feet and hands whose exquisite form might have charmed a sculptor. She was herself too great a lover of beauty not to have observed this, and it gave her much innocent satisfaction.

Mrs. Waring and her daughter Evelyn had just returned from their summer tour among the fashionable resorts, and were established in their handsome mansion in one of the best up town streets. They were sitting together one pleasant morning of early autumn, "talking over," as they called their vain and silly gossip, the events of the past summer, and discussing the relative claims and eligibility of Evelyn's numerous admirers, when a servant brought in a letter, which Mr. Waring had sent up to them from his office in Broad street.

Mrs. Waring took the letter which was addressed to herself, and opening it found that the envelope contained only an opened letter directed, in a very pretty woman's hand, to Mr. Waring. Now Mrs. Waring to her shame be it said, did not know her daughter Martha's hand-writing, and she did not, therefore, ascertain that the letter was from her until she had opened and read a portion of it. A frown overspread her still pretty face as she read, and was soon duplicated on Evelyn's younger features, as its contents were revealed to her. To have seen these ladies, you would have pronounced them absolutely angry at learning that Mrs. Granger was dead, and that Martha had written to ask her father to fetch her home.

Such was in fact the case. No emotion of sympathy for Martha's evident affliction stirred either of their souls; no regret for the loss of an excellent woman who stood in so near a relation to themselves. Nothing of the kind. They were simply thinking of themselves and the annoyance they should experience of having the plain country girl as they supposed Martha to be, underneath their roof, and known to their acquaintances as the daughter and sister of whom hitherto the very existence had not been known.

But there was nothing to be done. The messenger who had brought the letter had been charged to procure a valise and change of garments, for Mr. Waring, who was to leave town immediately to tend his sister's funeral and bring home his daughter.—A few lines written on the margin of Martha's letter, informed them of this, and also that his return would not be delayed beyond the third day.

A long consultation followed, during which three things were resolved upon. The mother and daughter would not wear mourning, while as Martha would naturally do so, she should be excluded from the society of their friends on that pretext; and that, so far as was possible, the fact of her relationship should be concealed until Mr. James Gordon, the most eligible of all Evelyn's suitors, on the score of wealth and family, should be firmly secured.

A month had passed since Martha had become an inmate of her father's household. As was predicted, she had chosen to assume the garb of mourning, as her sincere grief made appropriate, on the occasion of such a loss as hers had been. And that circumstance, together with the state of her health, which had become much impaired during the long watch that she had kept over her dying friend, had formed an excellent excuse for excluding her from the observation of the visitors at the house.

Nevertheless, two or three of these, and among them Mr. James Gordon, whose increasing attraction for Evelyn led him to frequent the house at all hours allowable by etiquette, had caught sight of the plain girl in black whom they had been led to suppose was some poor relation on a visit, and as such, entitled to no notice.—But chance brought about an acquaintance between Mr. Gordon and the young lady much sooner than was intended.

Mr. Gordon was one morning shown into Mrs. Waring's drawing-room, and while waiting for the ladies to come to him, the sound of music from the last room of the suite attracted him thither. Supposing that Evelyn was the performer whose voice and touch he heard, he was pressing forward to speak to her But pausing near the door which led to the music-room he saw to his surprise, that it was the "country relation," whose skillful execution and melodious well-trained voice had so enchanted him. Drawing back out of her sight, should she chance to turn, he listened in silence, as she poured fourth song after song, apparently forgetful of all around, as she thus indulged in her favorite accomplishment.

Presently the rustling of silk and the subdued sound of voices announced the approach of the ladies, and Gordon was about to return to the front drawing-room to meet them, when he found that they had stopped in the passage just beyond the door, beside which he stood and so near that even their whispers came distinctly to his ear.

"I really wonder, mother," he heard Evelyn say, "that you will allow Martha to come into the drawing-room, within visiting hours. I have succeeded hitherto in keeping her in the back-ground, and in not letting any one know that she has accomplishments, and here she is playing and singing; while Mr. Gordon has nothing to do but listen to her.

"I am as sorry as you can be, my child," replied Mrs. Waring. "Go in and engage Mr. Gordon in conversation, and I will send Martha away."

"Do, mother, for he must not see or know her. He is passionately fond of music, and I have thus far succeeded, on one pretext or another, in keeping him in ignorance of the fact that I have no more voice than a goose, and never could master the first rudiments of music. He must not see this precious sister of mine until he is my engaged lover, and then she may sing to him all day long, for aught I care. I wish aunt Granger could have contrived to live a little longer, so that we might not have Martha here till I was settled."

With this amiable wish, Evelyn swept into the drawing-room to find Gordon gazing intently at a picture that he had seen a hundred times before, and always with the mental exclamation of "detestable."

His manner was cold and constrained, and he very soon took his leave. Evelyn was too much elated with the fact that he made no allusion to the music he had heard to heed his manner, and she chattered away with her usual complacency notwithstanding the only replies elicited were monosyllables, until professing to remember an engagement, he abruptly departed.

His resolve on leaving the house had been never to enter it again.—His growing attachment for Evelyn was suddenly changed to repulsion and contempt, when he saw as he now did clearly, the arts by which she had lured him on, and the falsehoods by which she had confirmed his belief that she possessed the accomplishment he so highly prized. She had frequently assured him that a constitutional weakness, from which she was rapidly recovering, by temporarily abstaining from all exertions, alone prevented her from singing.—He now saw that her sole aim had been to bring him to commit himself beyond recall, when she would no longer have hesitated to show herself in her true colors.

He was hurrying along the street, full of the angry feelings with which he had left the house, when he suddenly encountered Martha, who, on leaving the piano-forte, had gone out to walk. The fresh breeze of a late Autumn day had given her an unusual color; and just before reaching Mr. Gordon, the antics of her sister's little dog, which was running by her side, brought the sudden smile to her plain face that always made her momentarily beautiful. As her eyes met Gordon's she blushed, for she knew that he had heard her singing; his person being known to her as well as his name. For an instant she looked very beautiful, and the conquest which her voice had commenced, was completed by the sudden illumination of her smile.

When Gordon next made his appearance at Mrs. Waring's he bro't with him tickets for a concert by very celebrated performers. He so pointedly included Martha in the invitation to the ladies that there could be no excuse, save from herself, her mourning not preventing her from participating in an entertainment of that character. Very reluctantly Mrs. Waring saw her despised daughter included in the party, but her chagrin could scarcely equal Evelyn's when Mr. Gordon devoted her all his attention save such as civilty alone required that he should render to them.

The sequel of the story is soon told. Mr. Gordon never became the "engaged lover" of Evelyn Waring. She had the mortification of seeing all his devotion transferred to her plain sister. In vain she used all the blandishments that had once made him her willing captive. He could no longer be deceived, and her extreme beauty only added to his disgust when he reflected how false a heart it covered.

Only a few months had passed, or so soon as she laid aside her mourning, before Martha Waring became the wife of James Gordon. Evelyn saw her sister at the head of the establishment she had coveted. Her very heart was consumed by envy. Till then some relics of a girl's gentle and true feeling might have remained to her; but at this sight all that was "true womanly" in her nature, had fled. She accepted the first offer that she received, and threw herself into the arms of an ancient roue, whose long career of vice had left him an imbecile wreck just tottering upon the verge of the grave.—She probably hoped that death would ere long free her of so loathsome an incumberance; but in tais she was disappointed, for she dragged out wearisome years, the slave and nurse of the man who had purchased her with his gold, and when he did die, at last, was rewarded only by the pittance which the law assigned her out of her husband's wealth.

But Martha's fate was very different. She was as happy as the possession of her husband's highest regard and good gifts of Providence could make her. And Mr. Gordon never regretted the transfer of his affections which made the "plain sister" his wife.

"PAT AND THE KNOW-NOTHINGS." One afternoon, last September, during the time of the great political excitement, as I was wending my way homeward along the wharf, my attention was called to a new steam process for loading and discharging the freights from the holds of vessels. Whilst admiring the beautiful machinery then in operation, with its innumerable wheels spinning and buzzing around, performing the labor of some twenty men, my eyes fell upon a rather distressed looking son of Erin, from whom I heard the following soliloquy:

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "your whirly gig you; it is yourself that takes the bread out of twenty of me countrymen's mouths inny day you work; but be Jabers there is one consolation after all; *you can't vote the Know-Nothing ticket!*"

The man who was *struck* by a *thought* has so far recovered as to be out again.

The Outside Passenger.

Some years ago, a young lady who was going into a northern country, took a seat in the stage-coach. For many miles she rode alone; but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed, and in the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind. She had been engaged as governess for the grandchildren of an Earl, and was now traveling to his seat. At midday, the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided, and she alighted and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed and sat down also. The young lady arose, rang the bell, and addressing the waiter, said, "Here is an outside passenger. I cannot dine with an outside passenger." The stranger bowed, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam; I can go into another room," and immediately retired. The coach soon afterward resumed its course, and the passengers their places. At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was not such prompt attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned, and was answered, "As soon as we have attended to his lordship, we will come to you." A few words of explanation ensued, and, to her dismay, she found that the outside passenger, with whom she had thought it beneath her to dine, was not only a nobleman, but that very nobleman in whose family she hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt really ill, and the apology she sent for her non-appearing that evening, was more than mere pretense.

The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the Scripture often speaks of the going down of the sun. "We must not allow the night to pass thus," said he to the countess; "you must send for her, and we must talk to her before bed-time." He reasoned with the foolish girl respecting her conduct, insisted on the impropriety of the state of mind that it evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to allow his children to be taught such notions, refused to accept any apology that did not go the length of acknowledging that the thought was wrong; and when the right impression appeared to be produced, he gave her his hand.

Silence in Nature.

It is a remarkable and very instructive fact that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in an unbroken silence.—There is no rushing sound when the broad tide or sunlight breaks on a dark world and floods it with glory, as one bright wave after another falls from the fountain, millions of miles away. There is no creaking of heavy axles or groaning of cumbrous machinery, as the solid earth wheels on its way and every planet and system performs its revolutions. The great trees bring forth their boughs, and shadow the earth beneath them; the plants cover themselves with buds, and the buds burst into flowers; but the whole transaction is unheard.

The change from snow and winter winds to the blossoms and fruits and sunshine of summer, is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell of the mighty transformation. The solemn chant of the ocean, as it raises its unchanged and unceasing voice, the roar of the hurricane, and the soft notes of the breeze, the rushing of the mountain river, and the thunder of the black browed storm—all this is the music of nature; a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in on the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest worker in the universe is the most unobtrusive.

COAXING THE BEAR.—"My love," said Mrs. Foozle to her husband, "oblige me with a five dollar note today, to purchase a new dress."

"Shan't do any such thing, Kate—you called me a bear yesterday."

"Lor, love, that was nothing, I meant that you were fond of hugging."

"You little ——; I have no five, but here's a ten."

A FAST MAN.—There is a man at Oxford, England, who lives so fast that he is now absolutely older than his father: and it is thought he will soon overtake his grandfather. His mother, a quite elderly lady, he has left behind long ago as well as two old maiden aunts.

An incurable old bachelor, one who seemingly rejoices in his infirmity, describes marriage as a "female despotism, tempered by puddings."

A Little Story for Boys.

After school at night George joined some boys who were amusing themselves by sliding down hill on their sleds. George had drawn his sled up to the top of the hill, and was sliding down again, when one of the boys, to tease him, drew his sled directly in the path, so that when George's sled came in contact with it he was thrown off into the snow. George was inclined to be angry at first; but he soon recollected himself, and thought "if I do not get angry now, THIS will be a triumph, I am sure."

All the boys gathered around and said, "Give it to him, George; give it to him, I would pay him well for that."

"No," said George, "if he has done wrong, that is no reason why I should do wrong, too."

"It is because you DARE not fight me, that you have grown so wonderful good all at once," said the boy who had thrown him from his sled.

George felt his spirit begin to rise at this taunt; but he knew he was in the right of it, and he answered calmly:

"I DARE REFUSE to fight, notwithstanding your sneer: and I leave you to judge which requires the greatest courage."

All the boys knew that George was right, and had displayed the best and most difficult kind of courage; so they urged him no more to fight, and even the boy who had thrown him from his sled could not help feeling ashamed of his conduct.

Lovers' Quarrels.

It is said that "lovers' quarrels are but the renewal of love;" but it is not so in truth. Contined differences and pickerings will undermine the strongest affection, and a wife cannot be too careful to avoid disputes upon the most trivial subjects; indeed it is the every day occurrences which try the love and temper in married life; great occasions for quarrels can seldom occur. Every wish, every prejudice must meet with attention, and the first thought of a woman should be the pleasing and providing for her husband.

It is impossible to enumerate all the little incidents which frequently annoy married men, for the little unobtrusive pleasures which it is in the power of his wife to give; but thro'out her life, in her employments and in her amusements, she must ever bear his pleasure in her mind. She must act for him, in preference to herself, and she will be amply rewarded by witnessing his delight in her and in his home. To a woman who loves her husband with all the the devotedness of her nature, this will be a pleasure, not a task; and to make him happy, she will never grudge, or feed any sacrifice of self.

Rev. Rowland Hill.

Many amusing anecdotes of the eccentric, but pious and useful, Rowland Hill, have been told; but the following, narrated to us by one of his parishioners, is new to us:

It was Mr. Hill's habit to ride to church in an old family carriage, a practice too aristocratic, in the judgment of one of his flock, who determined to rebuke it.

It was customary in his chapel for notes to be sent to the pulpit, requesting prayers for various objects. One Sabbath, Mr. Hill was proceeding with the reading of these requests as usual, when he found himself in the midst of one of the following purport:

"Prayers are requested for Rev. Mr. Hill, that he may be made more humble and like his Divine Master, who, instead of riding in a carriage, was content to be borne on an ass."

Having read the notice, he lifted his spectacles to his forehead, and looking around the house, observed, that it was true he had been guilty of the fault alleged; but if the writer would step round to the vestry door after service, saddled and bridled, he would have no objection to ride home, after the Master's example, on the back of an ass.

"What are you looking after, my dear?" said a very affectionate mother to her daughter. The daughter looked around and thus replied:—"Looking after a son-in-law for father."

Illinois, the great "granary" of the Northwest, has 88 agricultural county societies; New York 77; Indiana 76; Pennsylvania 68; Ohio 68; Iowa 46; Massachusetts 44.

"Shall I cut this mutton saddle-wise?" said a gentleman, carving.—"No," said his friend, "cut it bridle-wise, for then we all may chance to get a bit in our mouths."

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