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Volume 14. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 29, 1859. Number 31.

[For the Democrat.]

MEAE MATRI.

BY GEO. F. PLUMMER.

I'm thinking of thee now, mother,
The sable shades of night
Have cast their mantle o'er the earth,
And hid its forms from sight;
No human voice, no night-birds cry,
Comes to me o'er the lea;
All, all is hush'd, and I am left
To think, alone, of thee.

Though, truly, very far away,
To me thou seemest near,
Methinks thy well remember'd voice
Falls on my list'ning ear;
And as I muse, my thankful heart
Is rais'd to God above,
That He has given me this boon:
A mother's lasting love.

May He, who hears the orphan's prayer,
Protect and guide thee here;
Send down His angels from above
Thy sorrowing heart to cheer;
And when thou 'rt call'd (oh, sad, *sad* tho't,)
To pass from earth away,
May thy pure spirit find a home
Where 's never-ending day.

Nashotah, June, 1859.

THE VILLAGE COQUETTE.

BY W. G. STEWART.

The hostess of the only public house in Dunnville was a widow.—Dalla was her only child, and the pride of her lonely heart. She had hazel eyes, cheeks like a ripe peach, a wealth of glossy brown hair, a delicate contour and a graceful step, which was quick and light as the fawn's. Dalla might be seen at any hour of the day flitting from flower to flower, like a butterfly, as she was, in the extensive shrubbery garden that lay back of the house. Though coquettish and proud, she was so brimful of wit and drollery, that nobody thought of having a party when she was absent from the village.—Her very presence insured fun and enjoyment. With natural confidence and nonchalance she said or did anything to excite uproarious laughter, while the controlled muscles of her own serious face remained motionless.

She never allowed the same youth to wait upon her more than half a dozen times; conscious of universal admiration and favor, she gratified each with her hoydenish company for "a season." After that he must stand aloot.

By the time Dalla had arrived at her seventeenth year, the catalogue of village aspirants had failed, and the belle looked around in vain for a new gallant with whom she might enjoy the passing pleasure of a summary flirtation.

About this time a handsome, dark-eyed stranger came to the inn, and remaining a week to transact some business relative to a small property in the neighborhood, was thrown into Dalla's society. She had never seen one so dignified, nor yet so lavish of his gold—he must be very affluent! Dalla deigned to assist the servant in waiting upon the table, and hovered attentively around Charlton's chair like a humming bird around the attractive woodbine. By the young gentleman her favors and suavity were unnoticed, and this elicited still more imprudent steps.—Eventually, one evening she contrived to be overtaken in the street by him, whose face and manner had impressed her more seriously than she ever had been impressed before.—Charlton could not escape. She increased her pace and walked in company with him to the inn.

"I am thinking seriously of purchasing a farm in this vicinity," said Charlton.

"Oh! that will be delightful to have your agreeable society all the time. When shall you remove hither in case your negotiations result favorably?"

"Immediately."

"Will your parents accompany you?"

"They, alas, lie in an English church-yard."

"You came to America alone?"

"Alone, six months since. Having a desire to settle in the New World, I drew my patrimonial money, and took passage in a New York steamer. I am, at present, in search of a good, arable farm tract. I admire this country, and hope to settle among a people with whose ingenious character and social tone I am so much pleased."

"Dalla, with palpitating heart and almost tremulous voice, replied:

"You will perhaps be under the necessity of employing a competent housekeeper. I think I can recommend one who, no doubt, will prove equal to everything your household duties would demand, or your affectionate heart might wish."

"I think I *shall* require a housekeeper. You may speak to your friend, providing the farm is secured, and I have no doubt but that it will be."

Two days subsequent to this conversation, Charlton sent for Dalla, and said:

"I have purchased the property to which I referred, and have the deed in my possession. I shall be absent a few weeks; when I return I shall bring my furniture and farming utensils."

"Perhaps the house-keeper whom I propose, you may consider too young."

"What is the age of your candidate?"

"*Just my age!*" And Dalla came as near blushing as she ever did in her blushless life.

"Ah! yourself—well; I should judge you were about the age of Mrs. Charlton, my bride. She has resided all her life in the city, and knows nothing about farm life. However, you have always lived in the country, and doubtless know all about milking, churning, &c.; and if you think you are competent to assume this responsibility, I will pay you one dollar a week, and you shall have one Sunday in the month to call your own, and go where you please."

"Mr. Charlton," said Dalla, rising from her chair, and pointing to the door, "are you brainless enough to suppose I was *in earnest* in seeking a situation at service under your wife? I thought you were a man of more sense. Leave my presence, sir; half the wealth of Dunn county has been poured at my feet, and I scorned to look at it; and do you suppose I will be insulted by an impudent foreigner?"

Dalla and Charlton separated by mutual consent, and the next time they saw each other both were seated beside their conjugal companion in the village church. The occasion was the first upon which Mr. and Mrs. Charlton ever entered that sanctuary.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

Adventures of a Morning Gown.

A lady was anxious to make her husband a present on the occasion of his birthday; and as it happened to fall in winter, she thought a comfortable morning gown would be a most useful acquisition to his domestic comforts. So she went to a shop and purchased a fine Persian pattern merino and well-wadded morning gown. She had forgotten the exact height of her husband, but to make sure of its usefulness, she thought best to purchase one rather too long than too short. The day was rather wet; her husband returned in the afternoon from his office, and she presented him with the new article of comfort; and he fancied it a great comfort after he had put off his wet clothes. But it was too long—about ten inches too long. "Oh, never mind, my dear," said the affectionate wife, "I can shorten it to suit you." They had a party in the evening; they were very merry. After they had gone to bed the wind was making such a noise, and the rain so dashing against the window, that the lady could not sleep; the husband, however, slept soundly. She rose without disturbing him—took the morning gown and commenced her work; cut off about the length of ten inches, to make it suit the husband's stature—and then went to bed again.

She had to rise early next morning. The husband slept well, which is frequently the case after a merry evening party. Scarcely had the good lady left the room, when a sister—a good-natured, elderly lady, who lived with them—stole into the room, upon tip-toe, in order not to disturb her brother-in-law, and took the morning gown. Hastening to her room, she cut off ten inches, as she knew on the previous night that it was too long for him. An hour after, the master awoke, and was now anxious to surprise his affectionate wife. He rang the bell; the servant came up and asked his pleasure; upon which he requested her to wrap up the morning gown and carry it to his tailor to make it shorter by ten inches. Scarcely was the morning gown returned from the tailor when the good wife stepped in. The husband had just risen, and proposed now to surprise his wife and enjoy his comfort. But how surprised was his better half to see her husband in a fine Persian pattern merino shooting-jacket, instead of a comfortable morning gown.

An emigrant, who was on his way to Pike's Peak, was fortunate enough to be struck by lightning, last week, before he had gone beyond St. Joseph, Mo.

A negro once gave this toast: "De late Gubernor ob de State—he come in wid berry little opposition, him go out wid none at all.

[From the Home Journal.]

Courting in New England.

From Mr. Ezk'l Benton to Mr. Abraham Fitch.

SMITHVILLE, N. H., March 22, '59.

MY DEAR ABE:—Since I last writ, I've been a putting a climax on my life, by gittin' married. Now, you need'nt hoist your eyebrows, and whissel—'cause it's all over. When I look back and kinder think of it coolly, I lay it all to my going into the quire. Ned and Bill Sims, and Joe Preston, and half a dozen of 'em, had been at me more'n a month, wantin' me to come up and help 'em in the base, but I fought shy, tellin' 'em I never could sing in meetin'; but the truth was, I know'd I'd feel plaguy queer up among all them gals, for female 'ciety always did take the starch out of me wondrous; and aunt Barbara, you remember, used to say that I was the awkardest feller among the young women that she ever did see. Well, they pestered me so about goin', that what did I do at last but go. I'd rather had a double tooth out twice over, but then I was ashamed to say "no" any more. So, on the next Sunday mornin' after I promised 'em, I dressed somethin' smarter than ordinary, and scented my handkerchief with peppermint, and when I got to the church, had half a mind to give it up, but just then Bill Sims come up and clapped me on the back, and sez he, "come Zeke, we're going to have a prelude this mornin'. We must turn out strong on that;" and so I had nothin' else to do but just to go along up. Somehow or 'nother we went up the gals side, and when I got to the top of the stairs, there, sure enough, was the hull of 'em, and hearin' my new creaky boots, what did they all do but turn clean around and look straight at me. I tell you, I felt streaked, and my head begun to go round as if I'd been a drinkin'. I could'nt 'xackly see which way to go, but I tried somehow to git over where the fellers was; when the fust thing I know'd I miss'd the step and went sprawling, head foremost, and would have been down in the middle aisle, if it had'nt been for the front of the gallery. I got up as quick as I could, but my pantaloons was all dust, my coat was torn up the back, and the gals was a snickering as if they'd bust. This made me kinder desperate, so I sat down and began to look at a music book awful hard, just as if nothin' had happened. But I did'nt sing a note that mornin', and never was so glad as when meetin' was over.—When the folks began to go out, I hung back a little, so as to get away unbeknown; but the rest of them in the quire seemed to be awaitin' for something, I had to push ahead, when I'll be bound if there was one of them gals there was a dozen that sez, so provokin': "Why, Mr. Benton, your coat is all torn," juss as if I did'nt know that. I did'nt say nothin' back, but hurried out, and slipped round under the shed till the folks was gone. Well, Abe, it was three Sundays after that 'fore I went into the quire agen; for, by that time, I guessed it had all blown over, and Joe and the rest of 'em were at me all the while. That time I tuk partickler pains to be on hand as soon as the church doors were open, and got in the quire seats fust, so I tuk the gals, you see one at a time, and not all in a mess like before. Well, I got along fust rate that day, and begun after a few weeks to get quite used to it, when something new turned up. One Sunday evening I had taken my place at the end of the seat towards the gals; and juss across the little aisle at the end of the gals' seat towards us sat Hetty Burroughs. Now you recollect Hetty—you know you can't skeer up many prettier faces than she's got any way. Well, that day her ribbon fixins set her off astonishen'. We were short of music books, and so, when we was standin' up to sing the fust hymn, Hetty sez to me, sez she, "Mister Benton, will you look over me?" I kinder startled, but tuk hold. Well, when I begun to sing, I found that my voice was a little flusticated, and that made Hetty luk straight at me, and then I was flusticated wuss, and then I looked at her, and then she got to shakin', and down went the book clean over the front. "Ke chunk" it went, and made everybody jump. When Hetty saw the book fall, she came nigh fainting, and grapped my arm—not a-purpose, you know, but kinder accidental. Well Abe, it was that what did it. For you see, when meetin' was over, Hetty sez to me, as we was going out, sez she, "Mr. Benton, I was so confused I did'nt know what I was about. I beg your pardon for taking hold of your arm." "Lor, ma'am," sez I, "why I liked it." And then Hetty blushed, and did'nt say nothin'. And then sez I, "I only wish you'd just take hold of my arm again, and let me see you home." Well, do you believe it, there was Hetty and me a walking home that evening, arm in arm.—When I left her, and got to our house, I set down, and it was, for all the world, like a dream. I set up all night a rubbing my eyes, and a thinking, and then I'd guess it was'nt me but some other feller. Well, the folks in the house did'nt know what to make of me, for I went on mighty curious, and not as I use' to. I was considerable 'stracted and could'nt eat nuthin', and I broke a tumbler, a meat dish, and two cups all in one day. As this was being rather 'spensive, the folks could'nt stand it any better nor me. Next day after our walk home I went to see Hetty, thinkin' I'd have a glorious time; but when I got to the house I set like a mummy, and could'nt get up steam to say nuthin' nice. You see there was nothihg there like a music-book to start us. Well, I see Hetty off and on for a fortnight longer, and all the town got a talkin' how I was sparking Hetty Burroughs, and then I made up my mind that what was to be was to be, and and so I calculated on makin' the thing sartin' as soon as possible. I seed that Hetty was'nt vexed at my stoppin' in so often; and when a gal ain't vexed at you in such circumstances, you may be sure she's rather taken with you. That's my flosophy—you may want to use it sometimes, Abe. So one evenin', as I was a sittin' by Hetty, and had worked myself up to the sticking pint, sez I, "Hetty, if a feller should ask you to marry him, what wud you say?"—Then she laughed, and sez she, "That would depend on who asked me." Then sez I, "Suppose it was Ned Willis." Sez she, "I'd tell *Ned Willis*, but not you." That kinder staggered me. But I was too cute to lose the opportunity, and so I sez agen, "Suppose it was *me?*" And then you ought to have seen her pout up her lip, and sez she, "I don't take no supposes." Well, now, you see there was nothing for me to do but touch the gun off. So bang it went. Sez I, "Lor, Hetty, *it's* me. Won't you say yes?" And then there was such a hullaballoo in my head, I don't know exactly what tuk place, but I thought I heered a yes whisperin' somewhere out of the skirmish.

Anyhow, after that, Hetty and me was engaged, and six months after we were married. The day we was married, we went off in the afternoon cars for Boston. When we got to Brattleboro', Hetty asked me to get her a glass of lemonade. Well, while I was in for the lemonade, off started the cars; and when I got out, with the lemonade in my hand, there they was a hundred yards head start. Lor! did'nt I holler! "My wife! My wife!" I yelled like a Injun, and run like a Injun too. Away went the cars, and away I foller'd, screamin', and blowin', and holding the lemonade all the time. Then I threw away the glass; then I let my overcoat go; then my hat blew off; and then I fell down, blowed out, by the side of the track. The first thing that roused me up was Hetty's voice: "Zekel, O, my Zekel! are you dead?" You see, Hetty, seein' the cars was startin' and I was'nt back with the lemonade, got out herself on the other side, and let the cars go without her, and so I had been a chasin' the cars, and Hetty had been a chasin' me. But no matter, we're all happy agen, and I remain yours,

EZEKIEL BENTON.

THE OLD STORY.—We tend our children through fevers and measles, whooping-cough and small-pox; we send them to the army, and can't sleep of nights for thinking, we break our hearts at parting with them, and leave them at home for a week or two in the year, or may be ten years, and after all our care, there comes a lass with a pair of bright eyes, and way goes our boy, and never cares a fig for us afterwards.—*Thackeray.*

At Pittsfield, Mass., one day last week, while a young lady and gentleman were playfully contending about a gold locket, the former accidentally swallowed it. The young gentleman immediately asked for the casket containing the jewel.

"Are you near-sighted, miss?" said an impertinent fellow to a young lady who did not choose to recognize him. "Yes, at this distance I can hardly tell whether you are a pig or a puppy."

Guard thyself from anger, because its beginning is madness, and its end repentance.

A BROKEN engagement may be termed a *miss-tear-ious* dispensation.

Exhibition of the Steam Plow.

An exhibition of Fawke's Steam Plow was made yesterday at the Oxford Park, in presence of a large number of persons. The plows are worked by an engine, which is about 18 feet long, and nearly 7 feet broad, and weighing 7 tons. There are two cylinders, each nine inch bore, and fifteen inch stroke. The boiler is an upright one, having 230 tubes, and intended to be worked up to a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds of steam to the square inch. There is connected with it a pump, with which the boiler is filled from the tank, and which can also be used as a fire engine. The engine rests principally upon an iron drum, six feet high and six feet broad, inside of which is a shaft, extending from end to end. It runs with great ease, and can be turned as readily as an omnibus. The engineer stands upon the front of the engine, having within his reach the valve pump, which he attends with one hand, while with the other he guides the machine with a wheel rigged similar to those on vessels. The front wheels, two in number, are of iron, three and a half feet in diameter, and fifteen inches broad, and attached to the engine like the front wheels of a pleasure carriage.

The plows, eight in number, are securely fastened to a heavy frame work, which is connected to an iron bar, in the rear of the drum, and near the ground, while resting upon the tank, are two beams with chains attached, for the purpose of raising the plows from the ground when the engine is turning or backing.

After some twenty or thirty yards had been plowed, satisfactorily, a cog wheel, connected with the driving gear, gave way, and brought the exhibition to a sudden close. Previous to the breakage, however, a large omnibus, containing Beck's Band, was drawn around the race-track by the engine, at the rate of ten miles per hour. The unavoidable accident of yesterday will prevent any further exhibition for some time, as other and stronger cogs will have to be manufactured.—*Phil. Bul.*

The Good Wife.

Brooks' last letter to the N. York Express contains the following:

Upon my return to Bethlehem, I rode by the tomb of Rachel, a small building with a whitened dome, and having within a high oblong monument, built of brick, and stuccoed over. The spot is wild and solitary, and not a tree spreads its shade where rests the beautiful mother of Israel. Christian, Jew and Moslem all agree that this is just the spot where Rachel was buried, and all unite in honoring it. The Turks are anxious that their ashes may rest near hers, and hence their bodies have been strewn under tombs all around the simple grave of Rachel. The sweet domestic virtues of the good wife have won their love and admiration, as the tomb of Absalom, near the brook Kekron, their destination; upon the latter they throw a stone to mark their horror of the disobedient son, while around the former they wish when they die their bodies may be interred.

Nor is this wonderful. The wife, worth fourteen years of service as a shepherd, must have been a wife worth having. The whole life of Rachel is indeed one of the most touching in Biblical history. The sweet shepherdess has left her mark on the memory of man, as well as the place of her tomb. The tribute to her is the tribute to a good wife, and Infidel, Jew and Christian all combine to pay it. The great women of the earth, the Zenobias and Cleopatras have died, been buried, and their very place of burial been forgotten, but to this day stands over the grave of Rachel, not the pillar Jacob set up, but a modern monument in its place, around which pilgrims from every land under the sun, gather in respect and reverence for the faithful wife and good mother in Israel.

THE HUNTSMAN AT DINNER.—The worst rider can often get on very well with a saddle of mutton.

A NAVAL QUESTION.—If a boatswain marries, does his wife become a boatswain's mate?

LEGITIMATE SPORT.—Those who fish for compliments deserve to get a bite.

A COCKNEY TRUISM.—Barbers are like Chameleons—they live on (h)air.

MILITARY MEMORANDUM.—The Colonel is the nucleus of his regiment.

FREE BANKING.—Making particularly free with the funds of depositors.

"TIME IS MONEY."—Of course it is, or else how can you spend it.

Immodesty of Dress.

As numerous quotations have been made from the Holy Scriptures by the lawyers on the Sickles Trial, I beg leave to introduce one or two from the same great source, in a subject which, I trust, will find a place in the columns of your paper, with kind permission and approval. I am sure that no parent can *now* disapprove of the subject, and I hope it will be taken up and handled properly by the press, not only in this city, but in every city throughout the Union. Not only by the press, but by the ministers of the Gospel generally. Let them speak out from their pulpits in unmistakable terms, and if need be, even point out cases that may be then and there in the house of God, and a shameless evil will then be stung to death—then we may hope to see women as they ought to be, not *half dressed*, but dressed—apparaled with the modesty becoming the honor and dignity of woman.

In the Lord's Prayer, the Saviour has taught us to pray in these words: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil"—and again we are admonished that "He that loveth the danger (temptation on the occasion of sin,) shall perish therein."

Now, the husband who allows his wife, or the father who allows his daughter to appear before the public gaze, on the street, in the ball room, at the theatre, and even in our churches, with *uncovered neck and shoulders, and naked arms*, makes her a seducer—the cause of innumerable insults against the majesty of God.—Perents who allow their daughters to dress in such a manner, should not be held guiltless of the evil consequences resulting from a blunted and weakened sense of duty. The husband who sanctions or allows his wife to so apparel herself *may* be held responsible for her temptations, at least by an All-ruling Power; and if worse follow *he* should not be held guiltless.

The woman who so dresses is a tempter—a living evil. And if the Almighty has pronounced temptation an evil to be avoided, is it to be presumed or expected that He will endow with grace and strength and unfailing virtue, those who defiantly act as agents of the Tempter? Is it to be presumed that God will make them altogether invulnerable and secure against the wiles of those whose worst passions they have excited? No; for Christ says, "Without me, you can do nothing." And, "He that loveth the danger, shall perish therein."

Every possible means should be used to abolish the evil. The seeds of immodesty should not be implanted in the hearts of young misses of even ten or eleven years old, for *they* have sense enough to know what it is done for. As children grow in years and size, mothers should make their dresses longer to the ankle, and a little higher to the neck. Dressing them like *stage dancers* has no good tendency.

Some ten or fifteen years ago the present manner of female dress, (usually during the summer season,) was nowhere tolerated but on the stage of a theatre, and I am inclined to think the fashion owes its origin to that source.—*Cor. Cin. Enquirer.*

PECULIARITY OF THE PIG.—Hogs are universally considered dirty animals; nevertheless, a pig likes his daily wash.

TOAST FOR AN AGRICULTURAL DINNER.—May the farmers perform more operations in the field than the surgeons.

The heart of a young girl is like a nest where the little swallow chirps, shows its head, tries its wings, and watches the favorite moment to fly.

A chaplain at a State Prison was asked by a friend how his parishioners were. "All under conviction," was the reply.

If all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players, where is the audience and orchestra to come from?

Good temper, supported for any length of time, should warn us that a favor is about to be asked.

Why is a lady's hair like the latest news? Because in the morning we always find it in papers.

What is the distance of an object when it is the farthest from your thoughts?

Under a long dress you have a perfect right to suspect there lies hid a large foot.

To prevent fish from smelling in the summer—cut their noses off.

The end of too much cold meat mostly a broil.

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