Cambridge Democrat.

"LET US CLING TO THE CONSTITUTION AS THE MARINER CLINGS TO THE LAST PLANK WHEN THE NIGHT AND TEMPEST CLOSE AROUND HIM."

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INFANCY.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

In a shell upon the sea,
Wherefore lieth "Infancy?"
Is the world a shoreless ocean?
Is our life a restless motion,
By the grave and cradle bounded?
Cast on perilous waves unsounded?
With a sky of tempests o'er us,
And the dark "To come" before us?
May we not with spirit fine,
Pass the dim horizon line,
And soar into the distant blue?
Let us try if verse be true—
Let us try what dreams may bring:
Cherub infant lend thy wing.

Now what see I? First a girl,
Small, fair and priceless as a pearl,
Which some Indian diver findeth
In the darkness of the sea,
When the weight of waters bindeth
Every one, save only he!

Then thou com'st, a little maid—
Gay, demure, or half afraid
Of the dire school-mistress' gown,
When she moves athwart the room,
Shedding a majestic gloom
O'er the light of youthful eyes,
Like a vast cloud in the skies!
What is here with eyes of jet,
And hid in hearts? A wild coquette.
Ah! pass on——she will not deign
But will bloom anew before ye,
Heroine of a gentler story!

And see, a fuller dawn appeareth!
Now the girl to woman neareth—
Now the light hath lasting power—
Now is come her awful hour.
Doth fate fill her days with honor?
Doth grief cast his dart upon her?
Joy or Pain—what see ye now
Written on a bridal brow?

Peace! Now close the chamber doors;
Silence, lie upon the floors!
Pure Lucince! guard her life,
For the bride is now a wife,
And the wife hath grown a mother—
Her delights have found another,
Fairer and beyond the rest.
Look! what lieth in her breast?
Look, around its eyes are hung
The smiles she owned when she was young,
All that in bright confusion lay,
And witched us in her earlier day.
Time moves! A grief that does not speak
Now sits upon her altered cheek;
Her eyes are dim with widow's tears,
Her heart weighed down by a mother's fears.
Still young, still fair, and full of grace,
She yet doth keep her lonely place;
Nor rank nor gold can tempt her pride
To shine a second time a bride.

Time speeds! The soft meridian light
Descendeth slowly into night.
Junes fades—wild Autumn sends her showers—
And, clad in gloom, December lowers,
Or sheds his whiteness on the land.
The widow!—ah! she takes her stand
Upon an elder, higher range,
And findeth still a graver change.
Decrepit—old—she draweth near
The last scene of her long career,
Her child by other ties is bound—
Another race is on the ground.
She groweth deaf, she groweth blind,
Oblivion creeps upon her mind.
What need of more?—a little mound—
A prayer and all her tale is told!

God Sees Me.

Dr. Nettleton used to tell an anecdote, beautifully illustrating that the same truth which overwhelms the sinner's heart with fear, may fill the renewed soul with joy:

"A mother, instructing her little girl, about four years of age, succeeded, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, in fastening upon her mind this truth, 'Thou God seest me.' She now felt that she 'had to do' with that being 'unto whose eyes all things are naked and opened,' and she shrank in terror. For days she was in deep distress; she wept and sobbed, and would not be comforted. 'God sees me, *God sees me*,' was her constant wail.

At length one day after spending some time in prayer, she bounded into her mother's room, and with a heavenly smile lighting up her tears, exclaimed, 'Oh, mother, God sees me, *God sees me!*' Her ecstacy was now as great as her anguish had been.

For days her soul had groaned under the thought, 'God sees me, he sees my wicked heart, my sinful life, say hatred to him and his holy law;' and the fear of a judgment to come would fill her with agony. But now a pardoning God had been revealed to her, and her soul exclaimed exultingly, 'God sees me; he has seen my misery, my repentance, Christ's righteousness on me; he takes pity on me; he forgives; he will guide and guard me. God sees me.'

The Drunkard's Wife.

Do you ever think of the misery that falls to the lot of a drunkard's wife? When you view the sunken eye and hollow cheek of a once healthy and beautiful female acquaintance, do you divine the reason? Does not a something whisper to you that some secret grief is knawing at her heart, and fast consuming her young life? She is married. Her husband is a moderate drinker; each day finds him growing worse, and soon he becomes a confirmed drunkard. The beautiful rosy-cheeked being that he had taken from a home, where a band of long-tried friends were wont to gladden her heart with their soft tones and winning smiles, to share his lot in life, where is she? The lone inmate of a drunkard's home! Her heart being crushed by ill-treatment and disappointment, she is fast sinking into a premature grave! So young, but she must die! The cold hearted world has long since locked up its fount of sympathies from her; she no longer hears the kind tones that were wont to greet her in her former days—days of happiness and prosperity. Those whom she once called her friends have long since changed to strangers, and pass her coldly by.

What is life to her? Her hopes of earlier days are all blighted and gone! A drunkard's wife! Dark are her days, and sad her nights. Poor, disappointed creature, fast traveling to that "bourne from whence no traveler e'er returns." But must she thus die? Is there not one of the human family that will stretch forth a helping hand and avert her impending doom? Not one! I pause. Brothers and sisters, children of the same heavenly parent, open your hearts to the misery of a drunkard's wife! List her cries, cheer up her heart, and bid her yet live to be a blessing to mankind. Pity, comfort, cheer, and assist the poor, wretched, stricken-hearted wife of the drunkard. Bestow aid ere it is too late. Oh, the misery of a drunkard's wife! If the drunkard would but think of the pain and misery he produces in his family by debauchery, methinks, were he not lost to all the finer feelings of humanity, he would cease to persist in such a damnable habit, and ne'er more cross his threshhold under the influence of rum. Then his family might be able to say that the gloom and sadness that were once the accompaniments of his presence are now changed into joy and gladness.

SEARCH FOR WIVES.—Where do men usually discover the women who afterward become their wives? is a question we have occasionally discussed and the custom has invariably become of value to young lady readers. Chance has much to do with the affair, but then there are important and governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from ball rooms, or any other place of public gaiety, and nearly as few are influenced by what may be called "showing off," in the streets, or by any allurements of dress. Our conviction is that ninety-nine hundredths of all the finery with which women decorate or load their persons, go for nothing, as far as husband catching is concerned.—Where and how then do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians, at the fireside, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high as well as the humble. Against these, all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificance.

A political paper, in noticing a recent demonstration of its party, says "the air was rent with the *shouts* of three thousand people." After which we suppose the band played "Root hog or die."

Some people use one-half their ingenuity to get into debt, and the other half to avoid paying it.

How to Keep Men at Home.

Experience is a dear and often a sad school, as exemplified in the following remarks, furnished by a correspondent to a morning paper of recent date. Hear him for his cause and drop a tear of pity. He says:

"There would be fewer wretched marriages, fewer dissipated, degraded men, if women were taught to feel the angel duty which devolves on them, to keep the wandering steps of those who are tempted so much more than they, in the paths of virtue and peace—to make them feel that in the busy world are noise and confusion; that at home there are order and repose; that their "eyes look brighter" when they come; that the smile of welcome is ever ready to receive them—the work, the books are ever ready to be laid aside to minister to the husband's pleasure; they would find amusement then at home, nor strive to seek it elsewhere. And not alone to the higher classes of society should this be taught; it should be a lesson instilled into the minds of all—high and low, rich and poor. Fewer heart-broken wives, weeping and scolding, would stand waiting at the doors of public houses, to lead the unsteady steps of their drunken husbands home, if that room had offered a room as cheerful, a fire as bright, a welcome as ready and cordial as at the tap-room they frequent. Duty has seldom so strong a hold on men as women; they cannot, will not, for duty's sake, remain in a dull, tedious, or ill-managed, quarrelsome home, but leave it to seek elsewhere the comfort and amusement which fails them there; and when riot and revelry have done their work, the wives and sisters, who have done so little to make them otherwise, are pitied for their bad husbands and brothers."

WHY LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.—The Albany Times says it is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about, give her education with the actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of some importance; but the past world is dead, we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world, to know what it is and improve the condition of it. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral and religious improvement of our times. Let the gilded annuals and poems on the centre table be kept part of the time covered with weekly and daily journals. Let the whole family, men, women and children, read the newspapers.

Oh, marry the man you love, girls, if you can get him at all, if he is rich as Crœsus, or as poor as Job in the fall. Pray, do not marry for pelf, girls, 'twill bring your soul into thrall; but marry the man you love, girls, if his purse be ever so small. Oh, never marry a fop, girls, whether he's little or tall; he'll make a fool of himself and you, he knows nothing well but to drawl. But marry a sober man, girls, there few are left on this ball; and you'll never rue the day, girls, that you married at all.

"Can you tell me," asked a blooming lass, to a suitor, one day, "What ship carries more passengers than the Great Eastern?" "Well, Madam, really I don't think I can."—"Why it is *court-ship!*" replied the maiden, with a conscious blush!

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths; we can never see the stars till we can see little or naught else—and thus it is with truth.

Jack Rink and the Yankee.

Few communities are more strongly imbued with a passion for horse racing than the good people of Natchez. In New York folks talk "sorger" and "engine;" in Paris they talk hors. They believe in quadrupeds, and nothing else. To own the fastest horse in Natchez is to enjoy the free simple of an honor in comparison with which a member of Congress sinks into nothingness.

In October last the "fall meeting" took place and led to more than the usual quantity of excitement and brandy cocktails. The last race of the last day was a sort of a "free fight," open to every horse that had never won a race; purse $500; entrance $25.

Among those who proposed to go in, was a Yankee pedlar, with a sorrel colt, of rather promising proportions. He addressed one of the judges:

"I say, I should like to go in for that puss!"

"With what?"

"That sorrel colt."

"Is he speedy?"

"I calculate he is, or I would not wish to risk a load of tin ware on the result."

"Do you know the terms?"

"Like a book—puss $500, and entrance fee $25—and there's the dimes."

Here Yankee drew out a last century wallet and socked up two X's and a V. Among those who witnessed the operation was Jack Rink, of the Bellevue House. Jack saw his customer, and immediately measured him for an entertainment. After the usual fuss and palaver, the horses were brought out, saddled, and prepared for a single heat of two miles. There were eight competitors besides the Yankee. The latter was a smart sorrel colt, with a fine eye and a lift of the leg that indicated a speed and bottom.

"Bring up the horses," said the Judge.

The horses were brought up—the Yankee gathered up his reins and adjusted his stirrups. While doing this Mr. Rink went to the rear of "the sorrel colt" and placed a chestnut bur under his tail. The next moment the order was given, and away nine horses of all possible ages and conditions.

The Yankee was ahead and kept there. "Tin Ware" was evidently pleased with the way things were working, and smiled a smile that seemed to say—

"That puss will be mine, in less time than it would take a greased nigger to slide down a soaped liberty pole!"

Poor fellow! he hadn't reckoned on that chestnut bur. The "irritant" that Jack Rink had administered not only increased the animal's velocity, but his ugliness. He not only run like a deer, but he refused "to do" anything else. As the Yankee approached the Judge's stand he undertook to pull up, but it was no go. He might as well have undertaken to stop a thunderbolt with a yard of fog.

The Yankee reached the stand—the Yankee passed the stand—the Yankee went down the road. When last seen the Yankee was passing through the "adjoining country" at a speed that made the people look at him as "that comet," that was to make its appearance in "the fall of 1854." Where the sorrel colt "gin out" it is impossible to say. All we know is, that the Yankee has not been heard of from that day to this, while his "wagon load of tin ware" still makes one of the leading attractions in the Museum of Natchez.

To keep eggs from spoiling, eat them while they are fresh. We have tried all kinds of methods, but this we think is the only one to be relied on "in any climate."

Aunt Betsy has said many good things, and among the rest, that a newspaper is like a wife, because every man ought to have one of his own.

Mason and Dixon Line.

On the 4th of August, 1763, Thomas and Richard Penn and Lord Baltimore being together in London, agreed with Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two mathematicians or surveyors to mark, run out, settle, and fix the boundary line between Maryland on the one hand and Delaware and Pennsylvania on the other. Mason and Dixon landed in Philadelphia on the 15th of November following and began their work at once. They adopted the peninsular lines, and the radius and trangent point of the circular, of their predecessors. They next ascertained the northeastern coast of Maryland, and proceeded to run the dividing parallel of latitude. They pursued this parallel, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles, eighteen chains, and twenty-one links from the place of beginning at the northeast corner of Maryland, to the bottom of a valley on Dunkard's creek, where an Indian war-path crossed their route; and here, on the 9th of November, 1767—ninety-two years ago—their Indian escort told them it was the will of the Sioux nation that the surveys should cease; and they terminated accordingly, leaving thirty-six miles, six chains and fifty links as the exact distance remaining to be run west to the southwest angle of Pennsylvania, not far from the Broad Tree Tunnel on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Dixon died at Durham, England, 1777; Mason died in Pennsylvania, 1787.

A Nigger Story.

Two darkies had bought a mess of pork in partnership, but Sam having no place to put his portion, in consented to entrust the whole to Julius' keeping.

The next morning they met, when Sam says,

"Good morning, Julius, anything happen strange or mysterious down in your wicinity lately?"

"Yaas, Sam, most a strange thing happen at my house yesterlast night. All mystery to me."

"An, Julius, what was dat?"

"Well, Sam, I tole you now. Dis morning I went down into de seller for to get a piece of hog for dis darkey's breakfast, and I put my hand down in de brine and felt all round, but no pork dare—all gone. Couldn't tell what bewent with it; so I turned up de bar'l, and Sam, true as preachin', de rats had eat a hole clar froo de bottom of de bar'l, and dragged de pork all out!"

Sam was petrified with astonishment, but presently said:

"Why didn't de brine run out of de same hole?"

"Ah, Sam, dat's de mystery—dat's de mystery."

POPPING THE QUESTION.—A few years ago, when it was the custom for large girls and large boys to attend district schools; and when flagellations were more common than at the present time, an incident took place in a neighboring town which is worth recording. One of the largest, fairest and plumpest girls of the school happened to violate one of the teacher's rules. The master—a prompt, energetic fellow of twenty-five—summoned her into the middle of the floor. After interrogating the girl a few moments, the master took a ruler and commanded her to hold out her hand. She hesitated, when the master thundered out: "Will you give me your hand?" "Yes, sir, and my *heart* too," promptly replied the girl, at the same time stretching forth her hand to the master, and eyeing him with a cunning look. A death-like silence reigned for a moment in the school-room, a tear was seen to gather in the master's eye, the ruler was laid upon the desk, and the blushing girl was requested to remain after school was dismissed. In three weeks after the school finished, the teacher and the girl were married.

The world without woman would be a shift-less affair.

[Communicated.]

March 5th, 1860.

Mr. Handy:—In your paper of the 22d ult., I find the proceedings of a mass meeting of the democratic party held in Cambridge on the Monday preceding. Allow me to congratulate the "central committee" upon the timely and prompt manner in which they have discharged their duty. The mover and the convention, are alike entitled to the good opinion of every genuine democrat,—the one for offering, and the other for adopting, the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the nominees for President and Vice President of the Charleston convention, are the choice of the Democracy of Dorchester county."

The national democratic convention is advertised to meet in Charleston, S. C., in April next. Maryland will doubtless, as usual, be represented. But as it will be a busy time, especially with farmers, if not professional gentlemen, as well as others, it is commendable in your central committee to have taken the matter in hand, as they have done, by giving ample time for selecting and appointing proper representatives. The delegates to the Easton and Baltimore conventions have sufficient time to confer in person, as well as by writing, with those gentlemen whom they may desire to select. Without, in the remotest degree, wishing to dictate to the delegates, I would respectfully take leave to *suggest* the names of the following gentlemen as suitable to represent the Eastern Shore at large, viz: Col. Edward Lloyd, of Wye-house, Talbot county, and Richard C. Carter, Esq., of Caroline. Perhaps it may be as well to remark, that the writer hereof, has no personal acquaintance with either of these gentlemen. Nor does he know that either of them would accept the places named, if tendered. His sole design in thus naming them is for the good of the party, the unity and integrity of which he holds superior to the claims of any man. Nothing is risked in saying that whoever these men may vote for at Charleston will be sustained by the party on this peninsula.

For the Western Shore I would likewise suggest the Hon. W. T. Hamilton, of Washington county, and the Hon. Thos. G. Pratt, of Anne Arundel.

At the Cincinnati convention in 1856, if I recollect aright, Judge Carmichael, of Queen Anne's, and W. P. Snow, Esq., of Worcester, were the delegates at large for the Eastern Shore—Judge Stewart, of Dorchester, and Dr. Humphreys, of Somerset, were the delegates from this Congressional district. Let these counties, viz: Worcester, Somerset, Dorchester and Queen Anne's, gracefully yield now to Talbot and Caroline, if indeed they should desire or would accept the responsible trust.

Not wishing to make invidious comparisons, as to the abilities or merits of the gentlemen above named, in connection with any others who may be thought of, I take leave of you and the subject, by subscribing myself one of the

RANK AND FILE.

A Methodist and Quaker, having stopped at a public house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist kneeled down, prayed fervently, confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he arose, the Quaker observed, "Really friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

Mrs. Partington says that nothing despises her so much as to see people who profess salvation go to church without their purses when a recollection is to be taken up.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: He that thinks himself the happiest man is really so, but he that thinks himself the wisest is the greatest fool.

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