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A CARD.

OPT this mode, as a means of reachi l my friends, to urge upon them the settlement of their accounts. I have ngagements to meet this Spring, which t hand, and *they* have my funds. I e respectfully but earnestly say to want my money—I need my money— carry on my business without my mo have been and am still disposed to be t, but the revulsion which has swept country has embarrassed me, and I necessity collect in my funds—"peace can, forcibly if I must."

e my friends will respond promptly and rate that "a friend in need is a friend " THOMAS W. ANDERSON.

1858. Cambridge, Md

CARDS neatly printed at this office.

Cambridge Democrat.

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

Volume 15. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 25, 1860. Number 22.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

Why need I strive for wealth?
  It is enough for me
That heaven hath sent me strength and health,
  A spirit glad and free;
Grateful these blessings to receive,
I sing my hymn at morn and eve.

On some, what floods of riches flow!
  House, herds and gold have they; lo!
Yet life's best joys, they never know,
  But fret their hours away.
The more they have, they seek increase;
Complaints and cravings never cease.

A vale of tears this world they call,
  To me it seems so fair;
It countless pleasures hath for all,
  And none denied a share.
The little birds on new fledged wing,
And insects revel in the Spring.

For love of us, hills, woods and plains,
  In beauteous hues are clad;
And birds sing far and near sweet strains,
  Caught up by echoes glad;
"Rise," sings the lark, "your task to ply;"
The nightingale sings "lullaby."

And when the golden sun goes forth,
  And all like gold appears;
When bloom o'erspreads the glowing earth,
  And fields have ripening ears,
I think these glories that I see,
My kind Creator made for me.

Then loud I thank the Lord above,
  And say in joyful mood,
His love indeed is Father's love,
  He wills to all men good.
Then let me ever grateful live,
Enjoying all he deigns to give.

[For the Democrat.]

WHAT IS POETRY?

BY GEO. F. PLUMMER.

The definition of poetry differs with the different tastes and temperaments of individuals. For instance the metaphysician will explain it to us as the result arising from writing by certain fixed laws. Others can see nothing more in the best poem than so many words, thrown together in such a manner as to produce a kind of jingling sound upon the ear when read; and are consequently willing to define it as the art of writing in verse or metre. But I am no dealer in metaphysics, nor do I think the latter definition correct. Poetry is a "sympathy of the human mind with the invisible world, in which the spirit is active in expanding, exalting and reforming the realities it witnesses to something which belongs to upper natures, or divine essences." This is the language of some one unknown to me, but it brings out the true meaning of the word in a clearer light than any thing I have ever seen on the subject. It is not, as some suppose,

"* * * the chime and flow of words that move
In measured file and metrical array;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the moorings of the soul;—
'Tis a mysterious feeling which combines
Man with the world around him in a chain
Woven in flowers, and dipped in sweetness, 'till
He tastes the high communion of his thoughts
With all existences in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power."

I believe there is a chord of poetry in every man; and although it may be crowded down into a secluded corner of his heart, or buried beneath the cares and hardships of this "*go-a-head* world," yet, nevertheless, it is there, and will dart at times, like an electric spark, through his entire nature. In fact, it seems almost impossible for any man to live upon this beautiful earth of ours, and not feel drawn into communion with heavenly spirits, as he sees its beauties spread out before him, meets them at every turn, and crushes them at every step. There is poetry in everything which God has made. It pervades His glorious universe. It glows from the mid-day sun, it shines forth from the starry heavens, it beams from the many-colored rainbow. It is seen in the raging sea, and in the peaceful gliding of the rivulet. It lies hid in the green woods and solemn forests, and gushes forth in the songs of the feathered tribe, as they warble their notes of praise to their Maker. It is seen in the little flower, and in the giant oak, in the sprig of grass and in the bearded grain. And finally it sparkles from the eye of youth, and glows in the cheek of the virgin; it shines out in the daring deeds of noble men, and in the mid-night vigil of a mother over a darling child.

God has spread out the beauties of nature before us all alike, but He has not given to every one the power to view them alike; for although there have been many, *many* millions of persons born into this world, there has never been but one David, but one Milton, but one Shakespeare.—There were Astronomers in David's time, yet he was the only one who could sing, or did sing, while enumerating the mercies of his Lord: "He hath made great lights, for His mercy endureth forever; the sun to rule by day, the moon and the stars to govern the night, for His mercy endureth forever." So there were those in the days of Milton, who, if we had asked them to give us a definition of *Light*, would have entered into a long series of words, leaving us as much in the dark after they had finished, as we were before they commenced; but Milton could take a different view of it. He has this apostrophe in the beginning of one of his books of "Paradise Lost:" "Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first born; bright effluence of bright influence increate." It was not intended that we all should be poets, any more than we all should be Napoleons, Alexanders, or Washingtons. If we were that line which we see so often in newspapers and magazines, and which reads, "Much yet remains unsung," would soon have to be knocked into *pie*, and the several type returned to their respective places. God has a distinct and lofty purpose for every poet to accomplish, and we must look upon him who makes use of those powers which his Maker has given him to attain to any mean or little end, as one who has fallen far short of his original design.

Finally, we must bear in mind that poets are born, not made. He who imagines he can make himself a poet by the aid of rhyming lexicons, and such like things, is as much deceived as was Ponce de Leon in his wild search after the Florida spring which was to restore him to youth. The true poet does not *make poetry*, he *writes* it. It gushes up from the inmost recesses of his nature, and "will out," it is impossible to keep it back. It is stirred up by everything with which he comes in contact.

"To him the sire omnipotent unfolds
The world's mysterious volume, there to read
The transcript of Himself. On every part
He traces the bright impressions of His hand,
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form,
Blooming with rosy smiles."

As a more forcible illustration of the idea, I will simply add, that it would be as hard for you and me, my prosy friend and reader, to become *poets*, as it would for that British officer, who fainted before Sevastopol, to take Havana at the point of the bayonet.

Racine College, Wis.

Origin of the Two-Thirds Rule.

The two-thirds rule in Democratic National Conventions for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President was adopted at Baltimore, in 1832, when Andrew Jackson was re-nominated for President, and Martin Van Buren was designated Vice-President. That was the first democratic national convention ever held.

The democratic members of the Legislature of New Hampshire made the suggestion that led to the convention. Their argument was to let the districts and States that did not have democratic members of Congress, but still had a large democratic popular vote, have a voice in the selection of candidates. Under the old system of Congressional caucuses, they were excluded. We now hear partisans declaim against the very idea that led to the organization of national conventions.

The two-thirds rule was reported in 1832, from a committee, of which the late Vice-President King, of Alabama, was chairman. An attempt was made to substitute the majority principle, but it was voted down. In 1836 the second national convention was held at Baltimore. The two-thirds rule was adopted after a long discussion. The majority principle was first carried, but was finally stricken out. In 1840 no action was taken on the two-thirds rule, and Mr. Van Buren was re-nominated for President by acclamation. In 1844, at the fourth national convention, the two-thirds rule was adopted, by a close vote, after a long discussion. At the national conventions since held it has been adopted without opposition. The two-thirds rule has never defeated a candidate for President who had a majority of the votes in a convention, save the case of Martin Van Buren, in 1844. It has been customary for the minority to yield to that person for whom a majority of the convention votes.

An old lady was highly delighted and edified by a view of the vessels on the Long Island Sound towing their boats astern, and exclaimed: "How perfect are all the works of nature. Even the great big ships have their little ones runin' along after them just as playful as lambs!"

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

[From the Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer.]

OVER THE RIVER.

As well as I remember, the story is that, once upon a time there came to a certain hotel, in this city of Chicago, a gentleman from the "Emerald Isle," that beautiful and blessed country, where the men make songs and the women sing them; where the fields are always green and the water clear as crystal. He had often heard of this little giant of a city and longed to look upon her beautiful houses and bottomless streets, and fast horses, and faster men. And so he came.

But he brought with him something he had rather left behind, something that all the world would avoid and but few succeed in eluding. You may call it a fever, if you wish, and a fever it shall be. So he awoke one fine morning in fair June, and found himself in one of those chambers of the hotel that are peculiarly inviting, because they are so close to the stars and so very near the other world. We dare say he was gratified at the view of chimney tops and roofs beneath, and the distant hum of the crowded streets that came to him like memories of the busy world he had left so far below. At least, he complained not and seemed to bear his sufferings with a manly heart.

And so he grew sicker each day, and even the grave looking doctor began to think there was but little hope for the wanderer. Strangers came to look with pity on him, and night after night his pillow was smoothed by unknown hands and his fevered head bathed in cooling water, from strangers' palms.

Disease hung about him her terrible mockeries and he wandered in delirium, back to the green fields and beloved hills of his beloved home. In vision a thousand friends were at his side once more, and again he heard the soft plashings of Killarny's waves, and stood, where a mother's smile had bidden him a God speed! on his long journey over the sea.

And with these sweet and blessed dreams in his delirious brain, he calmly went over the river of time and stood on the banks of the other shore.

Unknown but friendly hands closed his eyes and laid him down in his shroud, as gently as if he had been a brother. From off his pale and icy brow the fair hair was softly brushed away, and in his death he looked as one who only sleeps. The coffin came and in its soft and quiet folds he was placed and watched beside as if he were a lover's love; while from below came the voices of the crowded streets, and the noise of a myriad hurrying feet. But he knew and heard them not.

Alone in a strange land, and surrounded by faces he had never seen, yet was his sleep of death as quiet and as sweet as if he had been far away in the flowery fields. Death was there, indeed, but the dark shadow of that wing which no sun of earth can ever illumine, hung about him as gently as if a mother's hand had dressed him for the grave—as if a mother's kiss had closed the calm and peaceful life for ever.

They had gathered together to bear him to the grave. Warm hearts bled with pity when they stood by the coffin and looked upon him. Fair and tender women wept like children at his side, and the sweetest flowers were laid upon his bosom by gentle hands. She, the blessed one of all his life, was not there indeed, but every heart felt a mother's love and a mother's pity for the dead and lonely stranger.

The last prayer was said, and they gathered round the unclosed coffin to look their last upon his sweet and childlike face, when—oh! horror of horrors! and joy of joy! he arose up and spoke to them:

Lo, and behold, as he lie sick and weary, there came to him an angel robed in purity, and bearing the perfume of Heaven on her wings, and said unto him: "O, man of pain and sickness and earth, arise and follow me." And he arose and went after her. Through the blue sky they cleared their way—he knew not how—and amid the stars still went soaring on, until another shore was reached, and they had heard the music of more than human voices, and stood upon the illumined earth of an unknown land.

Before them were walls of crystal and doors of silver, and behind them were ether and mist and silence.—The angel said unto him, "knock!" and he went forward and struck upon the door with his hand, and heard the echo of the sound come floating back, blended with a thousand musical harmonies.

And then, for a moment the silver door glided from its place in the crystal wall, and there burst upon him such a scene of splendor and beauty as no mortal man hath ever looked upon. Perfumes of myriad flower beds, commingled with the sweetest musical melodies the ear hath ever heard, floated through the open door, and such gleams of brightness, too, as almost bewildered him.

And then he heard a voice saying—"from whence comest thou, oh! man?"

And he answered—"from earth."

"Wherefore art thou here?"

"I cannot understand nor tell thee why," he humbly said, and looking up he beheld standing without the door an aged man, with locks of silver white, and a massive golden key in his hand, and radiant in every feature of his face,—so radiant that he could hardly look upon him.

And then the angel, that bade him knock upon the door, said—"Oh! beloved, I am the minister of death and from a city in the outer world have brought this young man to Heaven. He hath been baptised in the tears of a Christian mother, and hath been hedged about with the prayers of a pious father, and hath lived a true and goodly life, and I longed to see him at peace in our beloved home."

And he that stood in the doorway said: "It is well; but tell me, what is the name of the city from which thou didst bring thy charge?"

And the angel answered, "from the city of Chicago, on the shore of a great lake in the happiest land beneath the sun."

And he that held the key said: "I have no such place as Chicago. It is not on our tablets I am sure."

"It may be so," replied the angel, "but I am sure there is such a city, and a most wicked one, too—so wicked that I feared to let this young man remain there, coming as he did from the warm heart and pious arms of a Christian mother."

"Thou hast done well," he replied, "but I tell thee, oh, minister of death, he is the first one that hath ever come to the doors of Heaven from the city of Chicago."

And the angel said—"May he not enter now and be at peace forever?"

And he answered him: "The doors of Heaven are open to all believers; but I would have him go back to earth again, fresh from the land of peace and joy and gladness, even to the very city from whence he came, and preach salvation to the lost and hopeless to the depraved. Let his voice build up churches and sanctify them, and when he shall come again we will open the very inner doors of Heaven, to him, and he shall stand with open hand to welcome and receive the saved and peaceful from the city of Chicago, to the end of time."

And so the angel of death took him by the hand and gently led him over the river of time into the boon of life, once more.

Since that day, through a hundred new and beautiful churches, many souls have walked to the silver doors of Heaven, and as they passed so joyously through, their weeping friends on earth have felt the perfumed winds from off the flower fields of Heaven and heard the never to be forgotten music of angel choirs.

J. D. M. C.

Chicago, March, 1860.

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.—Kingsley gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus declares: "There is no pleasure that I have ever experienced like a child's midsummer holiday. The time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat, till it had gone down, with all hands, out of soundings. How poor our Derby days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls; and after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless, in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him."

A TEMPTING OFFER DECLINED.—Miss Martha Haines Butt, says the Rappahannock Southerner, the beautiful and talented young authoress of Norfolk, has recently received a matrimonial offer from Frederick, the young Prince of Denmark, who fell in love with her at the President's levee recently. Miss B. refused him, preferring the position of a free American lady to that of a Danish Queen. The Prince has returned to Europe, disconsolate.

This may all be true, but we wish to be counted in the negative.

S. S. Prentiss, of Mississippi.

It was about thirty years ago that Prentiss commenced in Mississippi, his brilliant career as a legal advocate and popular orator. First a school teacher and law student at Natchez, and next a lawyer at Vicksburg, his earliest forensic display was an authentic announcement of the success and fame which awaited him. From that moment his rise was as rapid as it was gleaming.—The blaze of his genius was hardly visible on the horizon's verge, before it flashed up gorgeously to the zenith. Competitors were at once eclipsed; all who beheld were dazzled; the times were entranced.

J. F. H. Claiborne, in his Life and Times of General Samuel Dale, thus sketches—giving in his own language the impressions of General Dale—the most distinguished traits of Prentiss as a lawyer, an orator, and a public man. The occasion referred to in the beginning of the sketch, was the session of the Mississippi Legislature in 1836.

"The opposition was led by Mr Prentiss, whom I then saw for the first time. He was the Tecumseh of the Legislature, and very much like that great orator in the control of his voice, the play of his countenance, and a peculiar way he had of hurling out his words—a sort of hissing thunder. In speaking he was always energetic, often violent, and at such times the frown of Red Gauntlet was stamped on his brow, and his expression not only sardonic, but satanic. He could be pathetic and persuasive, and then his voice became plaintive as a flute, his eye grew humid, his face sad, and he seemed to cast himself like a child into one's arms. When he was in good humor, his manner became playful, his eyes sparkled, his cheek dimpled, and there was no resisting him. The prevailing tone of his voice was a spirit stirring, clarion note, only harsh and guttural when dealing in denunciation. He had read much, particularly the Bible, Shakspeare, Milton, Byron and Scott. He had many traits of character in common with Byron, and many points of physical resemblance. There was much that was sensual in his face, but in moments of excitement it was thoroughly illuminated and purely intellectual. He had the fancy and imagination of a poet, an extraordinary memory, a faculty for sarcasm and wit never surpassed, wit and humor in inexhaustible stores, and a rare power of analysis and investigation; add to this his indomitable courage and firmness of purpose, and we have a combination of mental and moral attributes such as the world rarely sees. He selected the law for his profession, but in any other, demanding great ability and resolution, he would have become eminent. He had the genius that would have made him a great poet, a great scholar, a great general, or a great mathematician. At the bar he never had a superior. He had not much turn for public life; not much ambition for office, and made no great figure in mere party discussion; in fact his political information was not extensive, and in the controversies of the hustings, George Poindexter, Robert J. Walker, Henry S. Foote, John D. Freeman, and others, were his superiors. He seldom read newspapers, and had no exaggerated respect for the wisdom of the sovereign people. In the days of Hamilton he would have been his devoted friend. He respected Madison, but abhorred Jefferson. He was compelled, against his will, to admire the heroic character of Jackson, but he strongly expressed his contempt for John Tyler. He admired and loved Mr. Clay, his great soul, his big brain, and his lofty patriotism. But Mr. Webster, with his antique head, his Homeric imagination, and grand ideas of nationality, was the real interpreter of his political opinions. On all constitutional questions, Mr. Prentiss concurred with that great jurist. In their tastes, as well as in their humor and convivial propensities, there was some resemblance between them. The exclusion of these illustrious men for Gen. Taylor, literally a mere chieftain, without the commanding faculties of Jackson, or the scholarship and experience of Harrison—a veteran warrior, but wholly ignorant of public affairs and the structure of our govornment—deeply disgusted Mr. Prentiss."

If Prentiss had "many traits of character in common with Byron, and many points of physical resemblance," the influence of his genius and example of that English poet—Prentiss was so unfortunate as to have a shrunken leg, which caused him to walk with difficulty, aided by a stick. Wherefore a certain class of his admirers considered it fortunate if they could resemble him, however remotely or uncouthly, in that particular. Limping become almost epidemic among them. Those who already limped, exaggerated their lameness. Those who did not limp, longed for an occasion to do so. So it was with regard to his peculiarities as a speaker. Hardly a young limb of the law was to be found that did not blossom [illegible] aggeration of all Prentiss' inimitable peculiarities, and into feeble efforts to reproduce his inimitable excellencies. His little mannerisms at the bar did not escape their indiscriminate mania for imitation. A sort of Prentissophobia raged with dreadful virulence, and nearly ruined, morally, intellectually and professionally, a whole generation of young lawyers; for, as always happens in such cases, it was his vices that were most easily and most generally copied.

Now, the fact is, there was much about Prentiss that was anything but exemplary. None but fools and sycophants confound the ferocious bullyism in which he occasionally indulged as an advocate, or as a public speaker, with the exuberant expressions of a high chivalric spirit. Chivalric feelings and refined and elevated sentiments, Prentiss no doubt possessed in abundance; but that is no reason that, when impelled by a morbid eagerness for immediate effect to exhibit very different qualities from those, his example should not only be shunned, but reprobated.

Reminiscences of the Marriage of Henry Clay.

The delivery of the statue of Henry Clay, in New Orleans, and its proposed inauguration this month, is exciting a proper degree of interest both in and outside of that city.—Kentucky is to be formally represented at the inaugural ceremonies. A representave has already been designated in the person of Mark Hardin, Esq., who was selected recently, by a meeting held at Shelbyville. How singularly appropriate this appointment is, will appear by the following from an exchange:

"An interesting incident occurred a few days ago at Louisville, Kentucky. It was the meeting of the only two persons now living who were present at the marriage of Henry Clay. The parties were Mark Hardin, of Shelbyville, a noble relict of the old time generation of Kentuckians, and the venerable Mrs. Price, mother-in-law of Judge T. A. Marshall, of the Court of Appeals of that State. At the time of the marriage, Mr. Hardin was a clerk for Col. Hart of Lexington, whose daughter Mr. Clay married, and Mrs. Price was one of the most admired belles of the State. Col. Hart was a merchant, and a rich one for that early time, full of the whole-hearted hospitality which characterized the pioneers of the West, and proud of the brilliant promise of his new son-in-law. The wedding, therefore, was a sumptuous affair; invitations were sent to every family of respectability within the settled portions of the State, and the mansion of the bride's father was thronged with guests from the gayest youth to the gravest age. The visitors varied in costume as much as in years. Honest tan-barked dyed homespun was there blushing beside the European fribberies of laced coats, ruffles and small swords.

"The venerable couple I have named had not seen each other for a long period until their late meeting. They recalled the incidents of the wedding, and revived memories of friends and companions among the large company there gathered together, some of whom had died in riches and honors, others in disgrace or destitution; all were gone—sixty years had swept all but themselves from their places among the living."

The proprietor of a hotel in the capital of a Western State posted the following notice in the hall way leading to the dining room:

"Members of Assembly will go to the table first, and gentlemen afterwards.

"Nota Bene—Rowdies and blackguards will please not mix with members, as it is hard to tell one from the other."

"Ain't there no exceptions to your law about punching a fellow?" said a scamp to a judge. "No, sir—no exceptions whatever." "Now, judge, I guess you are mistaken. Just suppose, for instance, I should brandy-punch a man, what then?" "No levity in Court, sir. Sheriff, expose this man to the atmosphere."

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