Cambridge Democrat.

WM C. HANDY, WM W. BALLARD, } Proprietors.

"Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God."

WM. W. BALLARD, Editor.

Volume 16. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 2, 1861. Number 45.

]Written for the Cambridge Democrat.]

"I FEEL THY KINDNESS."

BY E. J. DAVY.

I feel thy gentle kindness,
Thy 'pproving smile I love,
It wins my soul from sighing
And languishment removes.
Like echoes midst a forest,
Where elfin maidens dance,
The peals of thy soft laughter
The kindest joy enhance.

I ever wait, enraptured,
To hear thy dulcet song
Breathe on my heart the music
For which I always long.
Now o'er my soul's soft sighing,
Too kind for words to tell,
Those murmuring tones I've cherish'd,
Drift like a fairy spell.

I feel thy gentle kindness,
Though greater I'd not ask,
It might than this fond pleasure,
A deeper woe unmask.
Be ever kind, yet watchful,
Thou know'st how love may pain,
For better had thy kindness
Ne'er touch'd my bosom then.

[Written for the Cambridge Democrat.]

MAIDENS.

BY E. J. DAVY.

In dreaming we link the beautiful thought,
And all that inspires our love with its thought
We think of the far, the far-off chimes,
O'stellas, that whisper supernal rhymes;
While deep in the dell we list to their song
As they murmur in cadence the whole night long.

We hear of the song o' the fairy land,
O' the south winds breath by the silver strand,
And the wee fay queen o' the elfin race;
This the land, with its shining face,
For the modest maiden.

Like the dull roll of the monstrous tide,
Or the hum of the whirlwind's passing glide;
It howls in the midst of its frantic whirl
And plucks the tress of an innocent girl.
We hear of a land, and the murmurous sound
Of the cataract blends its echoes aronnd,
And the north wind shrieks thro' the fern leaves sear,
And all is forgotten 'midst the chilling drear.
This for th' olden maiden.

[From the N. Y. Mercury.]

MY COUSIN AUGUSTA.

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

"Augusta St. John, how dare you?"

I spoke angrily, and I was angry, very angry, at a remark which she had just made.

"My fair cousin has yet to learn that Augusta St. John dare anything," she replied, with a sneer.

"As far as your own self-gratification and inordinate vanity is concerned, I believe you."

There was contempt expressed in my tone, and the blood rushed to Augusta's cheek as she proudly exclaimed.

"I know what you are driving at very well, Pauline. You think, with your prudish notions, that I, the betrothed of Paul Allison, have no right to encourage the attention of Claude Saville; but perhaps you have never heard of such a thing as having two strings to one's bow."

And she shook back her glossy curls defiantly.

"And perhaps you have never heard that 'it is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new.' And I say to you, Augusta St. John, beware how you play with a heart like Paul Allison's. He is not to be trifled with; neither is Claude Saville; and as, of course, you intend to marry Paul—"

"As, of course, I do not intend to marry Paul!" interrupted Augusta, snappishly. "Paul Allison is nothing to me, nor I to him. Claude is rich—Paul is poor. I leave you to draw your own inferences, cousin mine. I, too, am acquainted with the old saying: 'it is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new.'"

"But, Augusta, Claude Saville has never—"

At this point the door opened, and Claude Saville himself entered.

My amiable cousin turned first red and then white with confusion; but—probably concluding from his manner that he had not heard our conversation—she regained her composure, and was soon chattering as blithely as ever.

Claude led Augusta to the piano. She was a splendid performer, therefore never refused to play; and while the delicious music floated through the room, I sat unnoticed in my retired nook in the deep bay-window, thinking of Paul Allison toiling in distant lands, and of how he would bear the news of his beautiful Augusta's inconstancy.

Augusta and Claude were just preparing to sing a duet, when Agnes Berresford, the governess, entered.

Sliding gracefully to where my cousin sat, she whispered in her ear.

"Impossible!" exclaimed that young lady, impatiently. "Tell her that I am engaged. She must call again. Well, what are you waiting for? Did you not understand me?" she added, sharply, as Agnes stood hesitatingly for a moment.

A faint flush tinged the fair cheek of the governess, and she was gone.

"Poor and proud!" sneered Augusta. "If you'll believe me, Mr. Saville, that creature puts on more airs than if she were a duchess."

A peculiar smile hovered around his moustached lips for a second; but he said, simply, that he was impatient for the song, and was soon engrossed in the music again.

I had seen enough to convince me that Claude Saville was by no means in love with Augusta St. John. And I thought to myself my beautiful cousin ought to have made sure of her new love before she was off with the old. But I very wisely held my peace.

A few days after, as I entered the library noiselessly, intending to surprise my young cousins, a very novel sight met my eyes. The children were nowhere visible; but, in the broad window-seat, sat Claude Saville, his arms encircling Agnes Berresford—the governess!

"But Miss St. John?" Agnes was saying.

"I tell you, Agnes, I never did more than admire Miss Augusta; and even my admiration was put to flight one day, by happening to overhear a conversation, not intended for my ears, between her and her cousin.—How can you think, Agnes, that I could love her, knowing you, my darling, my—"

I thought it proper to ahem! just here, and Claude, after recovering from his momentary confusion, drew the blushing girl forward, and exclaimed:

"I know you will congratulate me, Miss Pauline, when I tell you that Agnes here has promised to be my wife in a fortnight."

Before I could reply, Agnes uttered a sudden exclamation, and, turning, I beheld Augusta St. John standing in the doorway, her beautiful features fairly livid with rage. Bestowing one annihilating glance upon all three of us, she disappeared; and from that moment to this we have never mentioned the scene between us.

Claude Saville is now a United States Senator; and his wife, Agnes Berresford that was, has been called the belle of Washington.

Paul Allison wooed and won a high-born English maid, and is now in Italy, devoting what time and attention he can spare from the golden-haired Louise to his beloved Art.

My cousin Augusta is in the straight road to become a cross, sour, crabbed old maid.

[From the Manchester Examiner, Sept. 6.]

THE ENGLISH PRESS ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

The quarrels of the white man furnish a short reprieve to the native races, and ill fares it with the adventurous settler who, in reliance on the usual military outposts, has reconstructed his log hut too far off in the wilderness. The battles have been numerous, but, if attended with little bloodshed, they have been still more sterile in results. The pompous boasts of both parties have met with signal and ludicrous rebukes.—The flag of the Confederation does not yet wave over Washington, nor has the Grand Army of the Potomac marched to Richmond. Military reputations have suffered a terrific crash. General Scott stands condemned by his own verdict for having yielded to a clamor which his judgment disapproved; and though he still remains nominally in command, the real power has passed from him into the hands of a younger man, of whom nothing is known save that he has met witn one or two successes. General Lyon, who beat Gov. Jackson at Booneville, was killed at Springfield.

Gen. Patterson, who a couple of months ago figured in a blaze of triumph for his conduct at Harper's Ferry, has narrowly missed being shot for allowing his antagonist to escape in time to help Gen. Beauregard at Manassas Gap. Gen. Pierce finished himself at Big Bethel. Two hundred and twenty-five officers have resigned their commissions since the defeat at Bull Run. The interests of commerce have sustained a terrible shock. No trade is doing at N. York. Many of the firms connected with the South are ruined. Thousands of people roam the streets without work, and widows and orphans find in charity a precarious rescue from starvation. Meanwhile troops are being levied, and taxation is mounting up. Half a million of soldiers and a hundred millions of expenditure proclaim the costliness ot an attempt to maintain the sovereignty of the Government over six or eight millions of men who are destined to cast it off.

This is but one-half the picture.—It unfortunately happens that the Federal Government is compelled to keep its eyes open to the machinations of domestic foes. There is a party throughout the Northern States—how numerous it may be we have no means of ascertaining—which is averse to the war. The circumstance can occasion no surprise, when we remember how very lately the same political ties bound together the majority of the people both in the Northern and Southern States. Many members of this party are the honest partizans of the South. They believe their claims to be founded on constitutional right, and would gladly promote any compromise which might tempt them back again into the Union. Others perhaps, though cherishing no special sympathy for the South, are friendly to them in virtue of their interpretation of the doctrines of democracy and State Rights. All these people, and many more, see that the struggle, if it proceeds, must end in throwing the guidance of Northern policy into the hands of the extreme abolitionists, of whom they entertain the utmost horror.

We may readily conceive that a large number are opposed to the war on the general principle that all war, and especially fratricidal war, is wrong, an evil so great as to exceed any which it may be supposed to remedy. Hence it happens that the Federal Government has two sets of enemies to contend with, those who fight and those who talk; those who muster under the banner of President Davis, and those who think, and perhaps say that President Lincoln is an unconstitutional blunderer.—Hence the Government is driven to adopt two sets of tactics—repression at home as well as war on the frontiers. In the former set of measures we see even more signally than in the latter the terrible dangers to which a civil war exposes a popular government. Acting on the maxim hat the safety of the people—that is, of the State—is the highest law, the Federal Government finds itself driven to precautions and reprisals ominously akin to those which we are every day denouncing when taken by the despotic governments of Europe. They may be necessary, but that fact does not render them the less lamentable.

The State of Maryland is militarily occupied. Baltimore, the State capital, is under the control of martial law, just as much as Warsaw.—Its police commissioners are imprisoned at Fort Lafayette, its municipal authorities have been set aside, and the citizens are governed by the beat of the drum. The city authorities have protested against the usurpation of their civil rights, the loudest protestor being a partizan of the Union who headed the Massachussetts troops when they passed thro' the city to Washington. We need not refer to the suspension of the law of *Habeas corpus* by the mere will of the President, in defiance of the letter of the constitution. That act has been indemnified by Congress; but it is not the less significant of the facilities which stand at the elbow of arbitrary power under the most popular government in the world. The more recent acts of the President prove that he is not indisposed to employ the discretion with which he is armed.

The passport system is to be applied to all persons leaving or arriving in any port of the United States. No one will be allowed to depart unless provided with papers by the Secretary of the State, and travellers ere they leave Liverpool must get a permit of a United States consul.—The latest news informs us of extremely severe, and as far as we can understand them, extremely illegal measures against the press. We are informed that on the arrival of the New York train at Philadelphia, the United States Marshal seized 1,000 copies of the New York *Daily News*, on their way to subscribers in the Southern and Western States. It can hardly be alleged that this step was taken merely to prevent the spread of military information which might be serviceable to the enemy, for it is admitted on all hands that since General McClellan took command of the main army, the secrets of the War Department have been very well kept. But if the object was to stifle opinion, to prevent free men from expressing their sentiments on the tremendous questions at issue, we can only regret that a Democratic Government could either see any necessity for such measures, or feel itself competent to advise them. A still harder fate has fallen to the lot of an unlucky newspaper published in Philadelphia.

The *Christian Observer* has been "seized in consequence of a virulent article on the war." We know nothing of the nature of its virulence but it clearly relates to nothing better or worse than opinion, and a free utterance of all opinions should be looked upon as one of the safeguards of the State *If the journals are only to be tolerated when they echo the voice of the Government, or endorse the clamor of the people, there is an end to the freedom of the press, and a forfeiture of the immense benefits which are held to flow from it. Henceforth we can place but little reliance on the New York papers when they indulge in strains of warlike patriotism. How do we know that they express the calm convictions of men competent to guide us or even that they represent the thoughtful opinions of the public?* The seizure at Philadelphia reminds us of the risks they would run by uncourtly honesty.

In offering these remarks we have merely exercised the rights which belong to us as imparial observers, stating facts and chary of inferences. We trust however, that the Federal Government will adopt a nicer estimate of its prerogatives, and confine itself, in the prosecution of the contest, to proper weapons. Precautionary measures are justifiable so long as they are confined to keeping suspected persons out of power and entrusting the administration of Federal affairs to men who are sincerely attached to the Union; but when they invade the private and social life of the community for no other purpose than to prevent the free expression of opinion and stifle comments on the conduct and policy of the Government, we know of no consideration that should save them from being unsparingly denounced To say the least, they are excessively impolitic. They will be interpreted both at home and abroad as a sign of weakness.

If that large portion of the public on which newspapers depend cannot be trusted by the Government it is surely time to give in. We indulge in no doleful forebodings; we place great reliance on the average common sense of a people partaking so largely of Anglo-Saxon blood, but at the same time it must be admitted that there are rocks ahead which we gladly shrink from comtemplating just yet. We fear it is visionary to indulge in any hope that the war will soon come to an end; but its cessation on any terms short of prostrating the whole Union under a Southern oligarchy is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

What are we Fighting for?

Now, in response to the above question we could state what certain people or parties are, according to our views, fighting for, but this is not our purpose. We might state what, in our opinion, the North is fighting for and what the South is fighting for, but in doing so we might say something that would sustain, according to the views of one set of politicians, an indictment for treason Our simple purpose is to call the attention of all men to the following article which we find in an exchange, taken from the *"Advocate of Peace,"* Boston:

"Are we fighting merely to protect Washington and Cairo? To keep Southern troops out of the Free States? To retake Sumter and the other Forts? When shall we? If we ever do, what shall we do with them?

Are we, then, fighting only to retaliate? How will injuring the Southerners benefit us? Is retaliation Christian? What else shall we do besides retaliating? Can we conquer the South in the fevers and heat of this summer? Are we sure we can do it next winter?

What will be the effects of a long war on our commerce and on our morals? What shall we gain by conquering the South? Can we conquer them into loving obedience? What is any other obedience worth?

Are we fighting to enslave our fellow-citizens, or free their slaves?—How shall we do this? Will the masters consent? If they do not consent, when will they ever be enough reconciled to us to yield us any obedience which will not cost us more to get and to keep than it is worth? Do we want in our Union any States which can only be kept in by other States' bayonets?

Will this war conciliate the Southerners? Will anything conciliate them but compromise? What will be the result of new compromises to slavery? Can we make the seceded States willing members of our Union? Do we want *unwilling* members? Are we sure we can keep them in the Union, if they do not wish to be friends with us? Will conquering them keep them so? If they do not wish to be friends with us, what should we lose by letting them stay out till they can see their true interests, and come back? May we not be obliged to let them go any way, sooner or later? If so, would it not be best to shed as little blood as possible about it?

Cannot the next Congress amend the Constitution as to let them go? Cannot the States that shall remain, provide by mutual guarantees against any further secession without general consent?"

Burying the Dead at Manassas.

THRILLING DESCRIPTION.

A correspondent ot the Savannah *Republican* thus describes a second visit to the scene of the battle of Manassas on the Wednesday following the struggle, and what he saw there:

On Monday our dead were buried or boxed up, and sent home for interment, and many ot the enemy's wounded were brought in and attended to. All day Tuesday was devoted to burying the dead on the other side, and yet the work had not been half finished when I arrived on the field Wednesday morning. So intolerable was the stench arising from the dead, and especially from the horses, that our men had been compelled to suspend their humane labors. I did hear that some of the prisoners we had taken were subsequently sent out and ordered to finish the work, which they did, though reluctantly.

It was a sad sight, the battle-field that day. The enemy's dead still lay scattered in every direction; and the silent vultures had begun to circle above them. They were well clad, and were larger and stouter men than ours. Nearly all of them were lying upon their backs, some of them with their legs and arms stretched out to the utmost. Many had their feet drawn up somewhat, while their arms, from the elbows, were raised, and the hands rather closed, after the fashion of boxers. It was a singular and yet the prevailing attitude. Most of them had sandy or red hair, and I have observed that this is the predominant color among our own soldiers. Those who were not killed instantly had almost invariably torn open their shirt collars and loosened their clothing about the waist.

There was another mark in addition to this by which we could tell whether their death was sudden or lingering. It was the color of the face. If the body had time to become cool and quiet before death, the corpse was pale, though not so much so as those who were killed instantly, however, and while heated and excited, were purple and black in the face. In such cases the blood being in full circulation, there was not time for it to return to the heart before the body had ceased all its functions. At least, I suppose such is the explanation, and a physician confirms me in it.

Such of the poor wretches as had been buried were placed in long ditches or trenches, sometimes twenty or thirty in the same trench. Of course it was impossible to procure coffins or boxes for them. They were lain away in the same attitude in which they were found, and in which their bodies and limbs had become stiff and rigid—one with his arms and legs stretched out—another bent nearly double—a third with his hands raised, as described above. One poor fellow had died with his arms clasped around a small tree, others with their hands clasped tightly about their muskets, or such twigs or roots as were in their reach. One was found with his Bible opened upon his breast. Some had their hands crossed, and the whole body composed after the manner of a corpse. A few were found upon whom there was not the least wound or mark. Whether they died from sun-stroke, or from exhaustion, or simple fright, it was impossible to say, though probably it was from the first cause.

War Variations to Common Life.

It is a pleasure to "have a story to tell," and whatever else it may be true of your present war, we are going to be (some of us) more interesting to talk of. The following kind of incident makes a change in the monotony of common life—related by Judge Robertson, in his anniversary address at Camp Madison, in Franklin county, on the Fourth of July, 1843:—"On the long roll of that day's reported slain, [the fatal battle of the Blue Licks,] were the names of a few who, had, in fact been captured, and, after surviving the ordeal of the gauntlet, had been permitted to live as captives. Among these was an excellent husband and father who, with eleven other captives, had been taken by the tribe and painted black as the signal of torture and death fo all. The night after the battle, these twelve prisoners were stripped and placed in a line on a log—he to whom we have specially alluded being at one extremity of the devoted row. The cruel captors, then beginning at the other end, slaughtered eleven, one by one, but when they came to the only survivor, though they raised him up, also, and drew their bloody knives to strike under each uplitted arm, they paused after a long pow-wow, spared his life—why, he never knew. For about a year none of his friends, excepting his faithful wife doubted his death. She hoping against reason still insisted that he lived and would yet return to her. Wooed by another, she, from time to time postponed the nuptials, declaring that she could not divest herself of the belief that her husband survived. Her expostulating friends finally succeeded in their efforts to stifle her affectionate instinct, she reluctantly yielded, and the nuptial day was fixed. But, just before it dawned, the crack of a rifle was heard near her lonely cabin; at the familiar sound, she leaped out, like a liberated fawn, ejaculating, as she sprang, *"That's John's gun!"* It was John's gun, sure enough; and, in an instant she was, once more, in her lost husband's arms. But nine years afterwards, that same husband fell in 'St. Clair's defeat,' and the same disappointed, but persevering lover, renewed his suit, at last, the widow became his wife. The scene of these romantic incidents was within gunshot of my natal homestead; and with that noble wife and matron I was myself well acquainted.

Modern Discovery-Its Wonderful Results.

It is said of Columbus that "to Castile and Arragon he gave a new world." With equal truth it may be remarked of Thomas Holloway, the illustrious medical discoverer, that to mankind he has given a new medical system. As the great Genoes believed that in the untracked waters of the West lay a mighty continent, so Holloway conceived that in the unexplored recess of the vegetable kingdom, were hidden the elements of new curatives. He searched for them, found, combined them; and his labor accomplished, he proffered to all nations two remedies, capable of reaching and rooting out a majority of diseases incident to the human race. In Spain and in all the regons to which Columbus carried his banner, as well as throughout the rest of the known world, these remedies are now used and appreciated. Their inventor has escaped the jealously which embittered the triumphs of the immortal navigator; for Holloway's discovery did not add to the profit of a single nation, but was thrown open, at the very outset, to all classes in all climes. His remedies were diffused widely and freely; they were made accessible to king and commoner, noble and peasant alike. The traveler in Spanish America finds them at every stage of his route, from Cape Horn to Northern Mexico, and agencies for them are established in every city of Spain. They have become the household medicines of our people, and the state itself has set its seal to them. The consideration in which they are held by all enlightened nations is shown by their adoption in the leading hospitals of Europe. War demands them in the field; peace sanctions them in her sanitary institutions. They are the medical staples of civilization, and experience has taught even barbarians their value.

It is asserted by varacious witnesses that no internal or external disease can resist their combined operation, and there seems to be no question, that they are everywhere superseding the ordinary prescriptions of the Faculty.

Against these matters of fact what can skepticism urge? Where is the the countervailing testimony? There is not merely a *preponderance* of proofs in favor of the infallibility of the medicines: the whole mass of evidence is one side, and there is nothing to impeach it. When all the world tells one story, it must necessarily be true.—*Rio "Diario."*

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?—QUICK.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_63-0702.jpg