Cambridge Democrat.

WM C. HANDY, WM W. BALLARD, } Proprietors. "Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God." WM. W. BALLARD, Editor.

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[From the Balt. Republican.]

BLOODY RUN.

BY AUSTER.

The Summer sun, redly sinking in the West,
Cast a parting glare, through the murky air,
On the trampled earth with its crimson breast,
Showing death, the slayer, had been treading there.
On the sickly stream with its gory stain—
On battle wrecks—on heaps of ghastly slain;
For, setting, he shone on the scene of vict'ry won
By Southern men who fought that day at Bloody Run.

A youth lay stricken with a deadly wound,
A kindly soldier, hand beneath his head,
And as his life-tide stained the sodden ground,
His pallid lips he ope'd and thus he said:
"Oh! comrade! there'll be bitter tears for me,
When they hear of this in dear Tennessee;
But they'll be proud at home, I know, of the loved one,
Who fought and died for them to-day, at Bloody Run.

When the tidings flew through the Southern land,
To many a home came mourning and woe,
For forms rudely torn from the household band—
For faces beloved in death lay cold and low,
There were tears in fathers and mothers' eyes,
Widows' moans and maidens' heart-broken sighs,
That told of the lover, brother, husband and son,
Who had died for their homes that day at Bloody Run.

Yet, all through the gallant Southern nation—
Newborn, and sternly pledged to liberty—
Thrilled a deep feeling of exultation,
Over the great though dear bought victory.
Though their brave had sunk 'neath the battle-tide,
'Mid tears shone forth the glow of freemen's pride;
Not a true Southern son, but wished he had been one,
To have fought for the South that day at Bloody Run.

In after days, when the rude storm is o'er,
When the flaunting banner of War is furl'd,
And the Southern nation, from shore to shore,
Stands free, and acknowledged by all the world;
How the youth will exult, as the story
He reads, of his country's well-earned glory!
How old soldiers will joy to tell what deeds were done
By freemen who conquered that day at Bloody Run!

And when history writes on her glowing page,
The records of this sad, fraternal strife,
What a lesson for every coming age—
The patriot gift rich blood and ready life.
Tyrants well may tremble and despots quail,
As faturity cons the glorious tale,
And names with the heroic slain of Marathon,
The brave who fought and died that day at Bloody Run.

Baltimore, Md.

[From the N. Y. Mercury.]

THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

BY MARY AGNES CAMERON.

During a short residence in the town of ——, I was attracted to the house opposite to my own, by its inhabitants, who consisted of two ladies, and their servants. These women led a very regular, but exceedingly industrious life. I was frequently (of course unobserved) a witness of their action; and the more I saw of them, the more my wish increased, and the greater grew my curiosity to know their history. The eldest, who was not yet thirty, had all the noble appearance of an ancient Roman; her look was firm, without boldness, and I never saw so much dignity in any other woman.

One day I was on the public promenade with a friend of mine. We met two ladies dressed in exquisite taste, to whom my friend bowed with the uttermost courtesy; they were no less than my two neighbors. The eldest of these ladies had greatly interested me, and I had an eager desire to know more of her. I seized this opportunity of questioning my friend, and gained from him the following information.

"The ladies were sisters, the brown one (that was the eldest) was married. The parents, though they had no fortune, gave them an excellent education, this joined to a very handsome person, could not fail to procure to the eldest a number of admirers. Among her numerous lovers there was a Mr. B—, whose sole merit consisted in the possession of great wealth—a kind of merit which seldom interests the young, but to which parents usually attach a very high value; therefore the addresses of B—— were, of course, encouraged by the father and mother; indeed they even went so far, as to render it quite impossible for them to recede. The match pleased them, and they deemed nothing too much to get it completed: so nothing was left for their daughter to do but to say yes; that was a word, however, which she would not pronounce.

"Her parents were, of course, exceedingly vexed; pretended that they knew her interest best; that her duty, as a daughter, imposed on her the obligation of obeying them: that their word was engaged, and added every argument that is usually made use of on like occasions. The daughter replied, that with regard to marriage, she could not separate her interests from her tastes; that, in such a state, the first of all requisites was mutual affection, that the business concerned her more nearly than any other person; that they should have made no promise without consulting her; that in this instance they had not acted well toward their child, and that she would not marry the gentleman. Both parties were obstinate, but the young woman resolved to endure the greatest severities rather than submit. While the parents, on their part, resolved to attempt everything rather than suffer themselves to be defeated in their plans.

"In such a case, a man with any pretension to feeling would have relinquished his pursuit rather than disturb the peace of a family; and had Mr. B—— acted thus, perhaps he would have conquered the lady's repugnance. But this was not the character of Mr. B——. He allowed the parents to take their way, and often visited them. His visits only tended the more to disgust the daughter. The parents became outrageous against their child, and loaded her with reproaches and invectives, whenever they were alone. The anger of the father was beyond control, and went even, one day, so far as to throw a knife at her, which wounded her severely. She would not permit the wound to be cured. She was shut up in her room, and there she consoled herself with reading; but he took her books away from her. Her piano remained, and music afforded some relief to her anguish; but they then deprived her of her instrument also.—She now remained alone in the midst of indolence and silence; for no person in the house was permitted to speak to her.

"Such was the life she was condemned to live; when one day she suddenly presented herself before her father and mother, and in a firm tone told them she was determined to espouse Mr. B——. They looked at each other with surprise. She tranquilly, however, repeated her consent to marry Mr. B——. The lover was sent for—his mistress gave him a very flattering reception. A day was fixed, and the marriage ceremony was performed. She now resumed the cultivation of her talents, and in a short time her beauty recovered all its former brilliancy. She seemed to possess more grace and gayety than ever. Her husband was soon subjected by her mental superiority and the influence of her attractions. She became master and mistress of their house, and of all the wealth he had possessed. She gradually made use of this power. Her expenditure was immense—her benevolence unbounded. Balls, fetes, and masks succeeded each other without interruption, so that in a few years her husband was worth nothing—all his property had vanished.

"'Your money,' said his wife, 'was the cause of my misery. Now thank God! it is gone—not a farthing of it remains. You are completely destitute. I have now ruined you; but I will not forsake you, as I am certain you would starve—for you could do nothing for yourself. I shall take care of you, but, for this time, it shall be on my own conditions."

"She took a house where you have seen her, and asked her sister to live with her, as her parents had died in the interval. Her trade in millinery is extensive, because her taste had insured her a superiority, her previous position in society respect, and a large circle of friends an extended custom. She has placed her husband in a small apartment at a considerable distance from her residence and pays him annuity, with the express condition that he shall never, under any circumstances whatever, come near her, or intrude himself in any way on her notice.

"As for him, he—the poor wretch!—now passes his time in reflecting on the danger of marrying a woman against her will."

A CHEERFUL heart paints the world as it finds it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness, palid with thick vapors, and dark as the "Shadow of Death." It is the mirror, in short, on which it is caught which lends to the face of nature the aspect of its own tirbulence or tranquility.

[From the N. Y. Daily News, Sept. 5.]

WARNING VOICE.

How old John Milton poured forth his soul's indignation in that glorious remonstrance against interfering with the liberty of the press. Rising to the full comprehension of his great subject, he indignantly says: "We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land—to mark and license it, like our broadcloth and woolpacks. This Spanish policy of putting a government restriction upon printing, was the immediate image of a star chamber decree to that purpose made in those times when that Court did the rest of those her pious works, from which she is now fallen from the stars of Lucifer." Here were the utterings of a noble spirit centuries ago, that seems to have much better comprehended the inalienable rights of man than the Republic of America in the middle of the present century.—When those who pretend to be freemen of America justify the recent acts of the Government in interfering with the liberty of the press, they are doing violence not only to that inherent instinct of natural right, but to the letter of our Constitution.—They are abandoning the high road that the wisdom of our ancestors has established, and in which the constituted authorities were directed to walk. They are surrounding that palladium of our liberties, which, once in possession of the foes to liberty, puts the entire city at the mercy of despotism. How glorious it is to behold Milton emerging from those dark ages wherein the huge, overshadowing train of despotism had swept all the stars out of the firmament of liberty. Warning his countrymen that unless their liberty be of a kind such as arms can neither procure nor take away, which alone is the fruit of piety, justice, temperance and virtue—they may only be seen to "pass through the fire to perish in the smoke." Oh! that all the people of our country could read and study the immortal words, for writing which Algernon Sydney, England's great political martyr, died—Sydney, alike inflexible to King and Protector, in the study, in the prison and at the bar—Sydney, to whom we owe those great and eloquent discourses, the first complete definition and exegesis of the nature and duties of Government, full of brave and noble sentences, setting his indignant foot upon the divine right of kings, and asserting: "That he who oppugns the public liberty overthrows his own, and is guilty of the most brutish of all follies, while he arrogates to himself that which he denies to all men." It is a great thought that the law of this land recognizes that there is a path about every man's affairs, so sacred that it must not be crossed by inquisition and inquiry.—His house is his castle, and the right of free speech and a free Press was guaranteed to him so long as the Constitution should stand. Let this tho't grow and expand in the mind of every citizen, and it will be as a breastplate around his heart in the time of temptation; and when he demands rights that have not been conceded to him, it will impart a rich eloquence to his tongue, the wisdom of authority, and the mighty pathos of invaded justice to his lips. If these great inalienable rights are trampled upon, or set aside by the strong hand of Government, there must come a crisis where the individual conviction of right overrides every form of human power. New sunrises of light and liberty come with it. The wrong is discovered, error is beaten down, and the oppresed grow free. Then heroes of heavenly commission put the clarion to their lips, and the walls of tyranny and despotism fall flat before the sound. We warn those in authority that these inroads upon our constitutional rights, this sapping and mining the great foundations upon which all true liberty rests, will not be tolerated long by a people who are proverbially jealous of their rights.

Carry on the war constitutionally against those who are in arms south of the Potomac, but cease to turn weapons more destructive than cannon or the bayonet against those men at the North whose only fault is in loving the old constitution so well that they cannot possess their souls in patience when they discover an attempt to substitute a usurping Higher Law in its place. Let us not do those things which must result in our downfall. Let us not imitate the pious works of the Court of the First Charles, that, to use the language of Milton, made her fall from the stars with Lucifer, for fear that we may also imitate her fate.

THE man who took a bold stand, resolved to bring it back.

☞ We have read of many strange and solemn forms of burial, and burial places, but have never met with a more melancholy picture than the following:

Near Fetich Point is the Oroungou burying ground, and this I went to visit the following morning. It lay about a mile from our camp toward Sangatanga from which it was distant about half a day's pull in a canoe. It is in a grove of noble trees, many of them magnificent size and shape. The natives hold this place in great reverence, and refused at first to go with me on my contemplated visit, even desiring that I should not go. I explained to them that I did not go to laugh at their dead, but rather to pay them honor. But it was only by the promise of a large reward that I at last persuaded Niamkala, who was of our party, to accompany me. The negroes visit the place only on funeral errands and hold it in the greatest awe, conceiving that here the spirits of their ancestors do wander about and that these are not lighty to be disturbed. I am quite sure that treasure to any amount might be left here exposed in perfect safety.

The grove stands by the sea-shore. It is entirely cleared of underbrush and, as the wind sighs through the dense foliage of the trees and whispers in the darkened, somewhat gloomy grove, it is an awful place, even to an impressible white man.—Niamkala stood in silence by the strand while I entered the domains of the Oroungou dead.

They are not put below the surface. They lie about beneath the trees in huge wooden coffins, some of which, by their new look, betokened recent arrivals; but by far the greater number were crumbling away. Here was a coffin falling to pieces, and disclosing a grinning skeleton within. On the other side were skeletons; already without covers, which lay in dust besides them. Everywhere were bleached bones and mouldering remains. It was curious to see the brass anklets and bracelets in which some Oroungou maiden had been buried still surrounding her whitened bones, and to note the remains of goods which had been laid into the same coffin with some wealthy fellow, mouldering to dust at his side. In some places there remained only little heaps of shapeless dust, from which some copper, or iron, or ivory ornament gleamed out to prove that here, too, once lay a corpse.

Passing into a yet more sombre gloom, I came at last to the grave of old King Pass all, the brother of the present majesty. The coffin lay on the ground and was surrounded on every side with great chests, which contained the property of his deceased majesty. Among these chests and on top of them were piled huge earthenware jugs, glasses, mugs, plates, iron pots and bars, brass and copper rings, and other precious things which this old Pass all had determined to carry at last to the grave with him. And also, there lay around numerous skeletons of the poor slaves who were, to the number of one hundred, killed when the king died, that his ebony kingship might not pass into the other world without due attendance.

Census of American Cities.

There is no country in the world which increases as rapidly in population as the United States. This, however, is not strange, since our country is young, and it is the nature of youth to grow rapidly, as it is of age to remain stationary for a season, and then to decline. An idea of the great accession of population which has occurred in the entire Union during the last decade, may be gathered from the addition which has been made to the population of the principal cities during that period. The following table shows the population of the principal cities in 1850 and 1860:

	1850	1860	Increase per ct.
N. York, including Brooklyn & Jersey City,	658,135	1,188,023	70
Philadelphia,	408,762	668,034	39
Baltimore,	162,213	214,036	32
New Orleans,	119,461	168,472	41
Boston,	136,881	177,902	31
Newark,	38,894	71,941	85
Albany,	50,763	62,368	23
Washington,	40,001	61,400	52
Charleston,	42,985	51,210	16
Cincinnati,	115,436	171,293	48
St. Louis,	77,860	199,577	106
Chicago,	99,903	109,430	265
Buffalo,	42,261	81,541	93
Pittsburgh, with suburbs,	71,595	83,960	17
Louisville,	43,094	67,240	62
Detroit,	21,019	46,834	122
Milwaukie,	20,961	45.326	124
Cleveland,	21,400	42,550	105
Memphis,	8,851	22,625	155
Nashville,	10,165	16,987	67
Peoria,	5,695	11,425	183
Natchez,	4,434	13,557	206
Toledo,	4,820	13,768	260
Erie,	5,840	11,113	90

[From the Milwaukie (Wis.) Sentinel.]

A Fair Proposition.

A few evenings since there was a large gathering of people assembled under Republican auspices at Indianapolis. They marched about inviting everybody to shout as they shouted, and swear as they swore. Among others they called upon the editor of the Sentinel, who complied with the wishes of the crowd, and the next day came out with a proposition to raise a regiment for the war to be recruited from the leaders of the "patriotic demonstration." He says:

"We propose to raise a regiment for the war, to be composed of bankers, brokers, lawyers, lawyers, preachers, doctors, editors and gentlemen generally—all of whom must be of the Republican faith. We will not accept a volunteer unless he is able to leave his family in a comfortable condition while he is in service and provided he should be cut off by the enemy. Bachelors, of course, will not be subject to this condition. We want a class of men who are exceedingly fierce for war, and who, of all others, can best be spared, if they should fall in defence of their country. We want to take with us gentlemen of wealth, who can leave their families in a comfortable condition—not poor men, whose daily toil alone provides subsistence for their wives and children.

"Having been sworn into the 'active militia' by our Republican friends, we feel desirous to serve our country to the best advantage, and we know of no better way than to raise a regiment of those whose condition in life is such that their loss will be least felt to those dependent upon them.

"Now, gentlemen, roll in your names. We promise that you shall see service. If there is any hard fighting to be done, you shall have the post of honor and of danger. If anybody is to be hurt, you shall have the chance. We'll lead you to glory or the grave. Now, no flinching.—Here is an opportunity to prove your patriotism—your willingness to pledge your lives, your fortunes, and your sacred honors, for the salvation of the Government and the honor of your country. We have no doubt that Governor Morton and President Lincoln will be highly delighted to see such a regiment in the field, and will do all in their power to equip it properly. Step up, Andy Wallace, Judge Coburn, Bill Wallace, and a host of similar Republican patriots, whose talking patriotism has been, and perhaps is, at fever heat. We offer you an opportunity to smell gunpowder, and put into practice the advice you so freely give to others."

CURE FOR DIARRHEA.—The Philadelphia Inquirer says: "Numerous requests having been made to republish the recipe for diarrhea and cholera symptoms which we gave in our paper some weeks ago, and which was used by the troops during the Mexican war with great success, we give it below, with a very important correction made in the first formula as to the size of the dose to be given: Laudanum, 2 ounces; spirits of camphor, 2 ounces; essence of peppermint, 2 ounces; Hoffman's Anodyne, 2 ounces, tincture of Cayenne pepper, 2 drachms; tincture of ginger, 1 ounce. Mix all together. Dose: a teaspoonful in a little water, or a half teaspoonful repeated in an hour afterward in a tablespoonful of brandy. This preparation will check diarrhea in ten minutes, and abate other promonitory symptoms of cholera immediately. In cases of cholera, it has been used with great success to restore reaction by outward application.

GETTING A WEDDING-COAT.—Among the anecdotes related by Dr. Bushnell, in his sermon at Litchfield, illustrative of the Age of Homespun, was this,—One of the aged divines of that country, still living, was married during the Revolution, but under singular difficulties. There was an obstacle to the wedding which seemed unsurmountable. He had no wedding-coat, nor was wool to be had to make one, and it was in the dead of winter. Yet all parties were ready, and he was anxious to be married without delay. At last the mother of the intended bride discovered the difficulty, and promptly had some of her sheep shorn and *sewed up in blankets* to keep them warm, while of the wool she spun and wove a coat for her intended son-in-law.

Some years ago, it is said, a party was traveling in a stage through the Jersey pines, and saw in the distance what they supposed was the frame of a long house. On approaching, they found that it was the skeleton of a mosquito which had starved to death, the flesh having fallen from the bones.

THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.—Two changes have been made in the Confederate cabinet since its formation on the 6th of March last. Robert M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, has been made Secretary of State, in place of Robert Toombs, of Georgia, and Braxton Bragg, of Louisiana, has succeeded Leroy P. Walker, of Alabama, as Secretary of War. The cabinet is now formed as follows:

Secretary of State, Robert M. T. Hunter, of Virginia; Secretary of the Treasury, C. L. Memminger, of South Carolina; Secretary of War Braxton Bragg, of Lonisiana; Secretary of the Navy, Stephen R. Mallory, of Florida; Postmaster General, John H. Regan, of Texas; Attorney General, Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana.

VIRTUE OF BORAX.—The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white use refined borax for washing powder, instead of soda, in proportion of one large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly one-half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quality of the powder is used, and for crinolines requiring to be stiff, a strong solution is necessary.

Borax being a neutral salt does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water; and therefore it should be kept on every toilet-table.

MIND YOUR PAUSES.—An old clergyman, more distinguished for his piety than for the elegance of his oratorical delivery, once read aloud from his pulpit a hymn, in which occurs this line:

"Life's like a shadow, how it flies!"

But, pausing in the middle of the word *shadow* to take breath, the venerable parson astonished his hearers by what seemed to read—

"Life's like a shad, oh, how it flies!"

SWEARING CHEAP.—"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" said a gentleman to one whom he heard using profane language. "He don't pay me anything," was the reply.—"Well, you work cheap enough, to lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people, and to risk losing your own soul, (gradually rising in emphasis,) and all for nothing. You certainly do work cheap—very cheap, indeed!"

The servant of a Prussian officer one day met a crony who inquired of him how he got along with his fiery master. "Oh, excellently!" answered the servant. "We live on very friendly terms, every morning we dust each other's coats; the only difference is, he takes his off to be dusted and I keep mine on."

BASHFULNESS.—Bashfulness is not so much the effect of an ill education, as the proper gift and provision of a wise nature. Every state of life has its own set of manners, that is suited to it and best becomes it. Each is beautiful in its season; and you might as well quarrel with the child's rattle, and advance him directly to the boy's top and marbles as expect from a diffident youth the manly confidence of riper age.

ODD SCAFFOLD TO BE HANGED FROM.—Patrick Lee, a man thirty years of age, who was committed to prison from Concord last March, for three years cut short his term of "durance vile" on Monday morning by hanging himself in his cell. He used his handkerchief for a rope, and the Bible for a platform on which to stand.

WHAT LITERATURE IS.—Poetry is said to be the flower of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes, and meat satire is the aqua-fortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love-letters are the honey and sugar; letters containing remittances are the apple-dumplings.

Why was Pisistratus of Athens like a tallow-candle?—Because it was in *Greece* that his WICK-*edness* was brought to *light*.

THE soldier's great risk is that of becoming extinguished before he can become distinguished.

THE best throw at dice is—to throw them away.

A good many men are in the best health when they are out of spirits.

THOUGH the clouds rear their battlements in the sky, they are easily carried by storm.

OF all kinds of property, money lent on good security is the most *interesting*.

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