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

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[Written for the Cambridge Democrat.]

TO ——.

BY P. A. T.

Forget thee! Bid the forest bird forget her
sweetest tune.
Forget thee! Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon,
Bid the thirsty flower forget the eve's refreshing dew,
Thyself forget thine own dear land, with its mountains wild and blue,
Forget each old familiar face, each well beloved spot;
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou too art forgot.

"Sandy Hill."

A Bachelor's Love-Making.

You would have known it for a bachelor's the moment you put your head in the door! Blue, spicy wreaths of cigar smoke circling up to the ceiling—newspapers under the table—Castile soap in the tiny bronze card receiver—slippers on the mantlepiece, and general confusion everywhere. And yet Mr. Thornbrooke—poor, deluded mortal—solemnly believed that his room was in the most perfect order. For hadn't he poked the empty champagne bottles under the bed, and sent the wood box to keep them company, and hung his morning gown over the damp towels, and dusted the ashed sprinkled hearth with his best silk pocket handkerchief?—He'd like to see a room in better trim than that; guess he would!—And now he was mending himself up, preparatory to going calling, to call on the very prettiest girl in town. Not that he was particularly fond of the needle, but when a fellow's whole foot goes through the northeast toe of his stocking, and there isn't a button on his shirt, it is time to repair damages.

Now, as Mr. Thornbrooke's whole stock of industrial implements consisted of a lump of wax, an enormous pair of scissors, and one needle, the mending didn't progress rapidly. His way of managing the button question, too, necessarily involved some delay; he had to cut all those useful little appendages from another shirt and sew them on, and next time, when the second shirt was wanted, why it was easy enough to make a transfer again. See what it is to be a bachelor of genius, as it never occurred to him to buy a few buttons extra!

"Buttons are not much trouble," said Mr. Thornbrooke to himself, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow; "but when it comes to coat sleeves what the mischief is a person to do?—I haven't any black thread either," and he looked dolorously at a small tare just in his elbow, where some vicious nail had caught in the broadcloth. "A black pin may do for to-night, and to-morrow I'll send it to the tailor. The fact is, I ought to be married; and so I would if I only dared to ask Lilian. O, dear! I know she wouldn't have me—and yet I'm not so certain either—if I could only muster the courage boldly to put the question! But just as sure as I approach the dangerous ground, my heart fails me! And then that puppy Jones, with his curled mustache and hair parted in the middle—always hanging around Lilian, and quoting poetry to her. If I could have the privilege of kicking him across the street I'd die happy! He isn't bashful, not he! If somebody would only find a new way of popping the question—something that wasn't quite so embarrassing!"

Our hero gave his black, glossy curls an extra brush, surveyed himself critically in the glass, and then with a deep sigh, set forth to call on the identical Lilian Raymond, resolving, as he had done a thousand times before, that if—perhaps—may be—

Oh! the bashfulness of bachelors!

When Mr. Thornbrooke arrived within the charmed precincts of Mr. Raymond's handsome parlors, velvet carpeted, chandeliered with gold and ormula, crowded to the very doors with those charming knick knacks that only a woman's taste provides, Miss Lily was "at home" in a bewilderment of pink merino dress, edged with white lace around the pearly shoulders, and a crimson moss rose twisted in among the rippling waves of her soft brown hair. She never looked half so pretty, and, thank Providence, Jones wasn't on hand for once in his life. But, what was almost as bad, Lily's cousin was there—a tall, slender, black-eyed girl, with arch lips, and cheeks as red as a Spitzenberg apple. O, how Thornbrooke wished that Miss Esther Ellen was at the bottom of the Red Sea, or anywhere else except in that particular parlor. And then her eyes were so sharp—he hadn't been doing the agreeable more than four minutes and a half, before she exclaimed:

"Dear me, Mr. Thornbrooke—pray excuse me—but what on earth is the matter with pour elbow?"

Mark turned scarlet; the traitorous black pin had deserted its post.

"Only a compound fracture in my coat, Miss," said he, feeling as tho' his face might do the duty of Mr. Raymond's chandeliers put together, "you know we bachelors are not expected to be exempt from such things'

"Hold your arm, sir, and I'll set all right in one moment," said Esther, instantly producing from secret recess in the folds of her dress, a thimble and needle, threaded with black silk, and setting expertly to work.

"There, now, consider yourself whole."

"How skillful you are," said Mark, admiringly, after he had thanked her sincerely. "But you have so many little concerns to work with. I have only a needle and some wax besides my scissors!"

"You ought to have a house-wife, Mr. Thornbrooke," said Miss Lily, timidly lifting up her long lashes in his direction. Lily never could speak to Thornbrooke without a soft, little rosy shadow on her cheek.

"A what?" demanded Mark, turning very red.

"A house-wife."

"Yes," said Mark, after a moment's hesitation, "my—my friends have told me so very often—and I really think so myself, you know. But what kind of a one would you recommend, Miss Raymond?"

"Oh, any pretty little concern. I'll send you one in the morning, if you'll accept of it," she added, with a rosy light on her cheek again.

"It—I'll—accept it!" said Mark, feeling as if he were in an atmosphere of pearl and gold with two wings sprouting out of his broadcloth on either side. And just as he was opening his lips to assure Miss Lily that he was ready to take the precious gift in his arms then and there, without any unnecessary delay, the door opened and in walked Jones.

Mark was not at all cannibalistic in his propensities, but then he could have eaten Jones up with uncommon pleasure. And there the fellow sat, pulling his long mustache and talking the most insipient twaddle—sat and sat, until Mark rose in despair to go. Even then he had no opportunity to exchange a private word with Lily.

"You'll—you'll not forget—"

"Oh, I'll be sure to remember," said she, smilingly, and half wondering at that unusual pressure he gave her hand. "Ladies often do prove their bachelor friends so."

Mark went home the happiest individual that ever trod a New York pavement. Indeed so great was his felicity that he indulged in various gymnastic capers indicative of bliss, and only paused in them at the gruff caution of a policeman, who probably had forgotten his own courting days—

"Come young man, what are you about?"

"Was there every a more delicate way of assuring me of her favorable consideration? Was there ever a more feminine admission of her sentiment? Of course she will come herself—an angel, an angel breathing airs from Paradise—oh! the delicious words! Wonder in what neighborhood she would like me to engage a residence—how soon would it be best to name the day! Oh! if I should awake, and find it all a blissful dream!"

Early next morning, Mr. Thornbrooke set briskly to work, "righting up things." How he swept and dusted and scoured—the room was aired to get rid of the tobacco smoke and sprinkled with cologne, and beautified generally. And at length, when the dust was all swept into a corner, and covered by a carelessly (!) disposed newspaper, he found the window glass murky, and polished it with such vengeance that his fist, handkerchief and all, went through, sorely damaging the hand, necessitating the ungraceful accessory of an old hat to keep out the wintry blast for the being. However, even this mishap dind't damp his spirits, for was not Lily coming?

Long and wearily he waited, yet no tinkle at the bell gave warning of her approach. "Its all her sweet feminine modesty," thought he, and was content.

At length there was an appeal below, and Mark's heart jumped into his mouth, beating like a reveille drum. He rushed to the door, but there was no one but a little grinning boy with a box,

"Miss Raymond's compliments, and here's de house-wife, sir."

"The house-wife, you little imp of Erebus!"

"Yes sir, in the box, all right."

Mark slunk back into his room and opened the box half expecting to see a full dressed young lady issue from it *a la* Arabian Nights; but no—it was only a little blue velvet book, and full of odd compartments in azure silk, containing tape, needles, scissors, silk, thimble, and all the nice little work-table accessories.

"And she calls this a house-wife," groaned Mark, in ineffable bitterness of spirit at the downfall of his bright visions. "but I won't be put off so!"

Desperation gave him courage, and off he hied to the Raymond mansion determined to settle the matter if there were forty Joneses and Esthers there.

But Lilian was alone, singing at her embroidery in the sunshiny window casement.

"Dear me Mr. Thornbrooke, is anything the matter?"

Perhaps it was the shadow from the splended crimson cactus plumes in the window that gave her cheeks such a delicate glow—perhaps—but we have no right to speculate.

"Yes."

And Mark sat down by her side, and took the trembling fluttering hand.

"You sent me a house-wife this morning!"

"Wasn't it right?" faltered Lilian.

"It wasn't the kind I wanted at all."

"Not the kind yon wanted!"

"No, I prefer a living one, and I come to see if you could change it. I want one with brown hair and eyes—something, in short, Miss Lilian just your patern. Can't I have it?"

Lily turned white and then red; smiled, burst into tears, and tried to draw away her hand, but Mark held it fast.

"No, no, dear Lily, first tell me if I can have the treasure I ask for?"

"Yes," she said, with the prettiest confusion in the world; and then instead of releasing the captive hand the unreasonable fellow took possession of the other, too. But as Lily did not object, we suppose it was all right.

And this was the odd path by which Mark Thornbrooke diverged from the path of old bachelorhood, and stepped into the respectable ranks of matrimony.

[From the Easton Star.]

Judicial Convention.

The Peace Convention to nominate a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, for the District composed of the eight counties of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, met at Easton, in the Court House, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on Thursday, the 3rd day of October, and was organized by calling Wm. B. Morris, Esq., of Kent county, to the Chair, and appointing George P. Keating, Esq., of Queen Anne's county, Secretary.

On motion of N. E. Nicols, of Talbot, a committee was appointed on credentials. The committee reported delegates present from Kent, Q. Anne's and Talbot counties, as follows:

Kent—Wm. B. Morris, Jervis Spencer and J. E. Sudler.

Queen Anne's—George P. Keating, Benjamin Roberts.

Talbot—N. E. Nicols, Cornelius Sherwood, A. P. Jump, Henry J. Strandberg, Dr. Sam'l Harper, Alex. Hambleton, T. K. Robson, T. N. Chance and Whittington Cox.

Mr. Nicols moved that the convention proceed to nominate a candidate for Judge, which was adopted.

A motion was made to reconsider.

Mr. Hambleton suggested that inasmuch as the counties are not all represented, it would be better to recommend a candidate, instead of nominating one.

Mr. Keating argued in favor of nominating. The other counties knew that the convention was to meet today, to nominate, and if they were not represented, it was their fault.—He hoped the convention would nominate a candidate.

A. P. Jump argued in favor of nominating.

Mr. Nicols said he had made the motion to nominate, but upon reflection he thought it might be better to recommend a candidate.

Mr. Hambleton thought the convention had not the right to nominate—that delicacy required that this convention, composed simply of a minority of the counties, should recommend a candidate.

The motion to reconsider was lost.

A. P. Jump then nominated Madison Brown, Esq., of Queen Anne's county.

On motion, the nomination was made unanimous.

On motion of Mr. Keating, a committee of three was appointed, to inform Mr. Brown of his nomination.

The chair appointed the following gentlemen as the committee: Mr. Keating, of Queen Anne's, Mr. Sudler, of Kent and Mr. Jump of Talbot.

On motion, the papers of the Eastern Shore were requested to publish the proceedings of the convention.

On motion, the convention adjourned *sine die.*

[From the London Review, Aug. 31.]

THE AMERICAN WAR.

The fact may be ignored or forgotten in the White House, and in the residuum of a Congress that sits in the still unfinished Capitol at Washington, but North and South do not stand towards each other in the relation of sovereign and subject. President Lincoln is neither king, emperor, nor dictator. He does not inherit from a long line of royal ancescestors, like most of the sovereigns of Europe; neither has he made a throne for himself, like Napoleon I. or Victor Emanuel. He is no more than the chief magistrate of a republic, the administrator, not the fountain, of law; and no one owes him any greater loyalty or allegiance than we in this country owe to a lord mayor or alderman elected by the people, or to a justice of the peace duly appointed by the sovereign.—The people made him what he is. Any fealty they owe him is solely due to the position they gave him; and if one section—say, for instance that of the North—chooses to invest him, in a fit of passion, or even from cooler considerations of business, with extraordinary powers, another section may, without imputation of disloyalty, refuse to acquiesce. There is no treason and no disloyalty in the case. The South has as many inherent rights as the North; and the North as many as the South. It is not king and subject who have quarreled, but brother and brother.

They ought not to have gone to war; they would have done much better if they had held firmly together, and continued to show themselves by their amity and concord, and their unsurpassed resources a great nation; but the South had certainly, if it felt itself aggrieved, and if it suffered, or imagined that it suffered in its feelings, interests and comforts, by the pre-existing compact, as much right to put an end to it, as the U. States had originally to put an end to the connection between themselves and Great Britain. The North may continue to talk of the "rebellion," but it is not a rebellion. The word is an assumption of a prior as well as a greater right, which ceased to exist, if it ever existed at all, at the very moment that the South found itself strong enough to deny and repudiate it. In fact, the state of affairs is what the South truly calls it—a *secession.* And however much the North may regret the consummation and struggle to avert it, there will be henceforward two confederations instead of the one great republic of the United States. Indeed, the signs are not few that, if the war continue for a twelvemonth, a third confederation will arise out of the turmoil. The North cannot see these things, because its leaders and people are blinded by passion; but they are seen distinctly enough in the South and in the West, and are obvious and palpable in Europe to the meanest capacity.

The North is in a fair way of losing far more than the unwilling—and did it know its own interest, the unprofitable—partnership of the South. We do not speak of the loss of the battle of Manassas, which was bad enough—or of its second repulse near Springfield, in Missouri, which has inflicted almost as great a blow upon its military character, for these are reverses which it is in its power to retrieve. But worse than the loss of battles, worse than the loss of millions of money per day, is the loss of liberty, that most inestimable privelige of a people, and which, up to the outbreak of this unhappy dispute, every citizen of the United States has fancied his inalienable birthright. Liberty no longer exists in the Northern half of the republic. Military law, by a stern and invincible necessity, rides roughshod over the civil law whenever the two come into collision, Congress in a panic, which it mistakes for vigor, votes away, without comment, the dearest rights of the people; overthrows by a vote that is almost unanimous, and that would be entirely so were there not a few secessionists still left among its members, all the securities that formerly guarded the purse and the person of the citizen; squanders money with a recklessness that has never been equalled in the worst wars of the Old World; and in all its doings gallops at such a pace as to suggest to Americans, as well as to Europeans, that the day of a dictator is at hand—of a dictator who will make permanent that deprivation of liberty which is now alleged to be temporary:

The very press of America—that unchartered libertine, whose liberty suggested license rather than law—has actually, under the fatal spell of this unhappy contest, suggested to the generals in command that its own wings should be clipped, and that it should not be allowed to throw the full light and glare of publicity upon the events of the war and the condition of the country. Such is the blighting influence of the struggle, that the people of the Northern States seem perfectly willing to enslave themselves, if they can but enslave their Southern brother. They throw discredit upon democracy, and are doing their utmost to root out republicanism from the New World, as effectually as it has been rooted out of the Old.

Republicanism in America may be destined to last, but not if this fratricidal war be not speedily brought to a close. Military despotisms inevitably grow out of such seeds as are now sown broadcast over the land. The North, whether conquering or conqured, will feel the grip of the oppresson around its neck, and awake, too late, to the sorrowful conviction, that it once possessed the substance of freedom, and let it slip out of its grasp when catching at a shadow, that shadow being the subjugation of their friends and brothers, separated from them by necessities growing out of climate, character, and material interests, and not out of ambition or desire of dominion.

And if these two noble brothers could be induced to shake hands and part as friends—if the George III. (without his "right divine to govern wrong") of the White House could but be allowed by his people to recognize the Washington of the South before too much humiliation and defeat shall have been accumulaed upon the Northern cause, the North will gain a very memorial victory. It would lose nothing by the defection of the South, with which it might easily conclude a treaty, by which the two might be separate in their internal relations, but one and indivisible as against the rest of the world, while they would have the nobler part of a continent on which to thrive. Better than all, it would recover and establish on a solid basis its fast vanishing liberties; and would be able to prove to a now incredulous world that a military despotism is not necessary end of a democracy founded upon universal suffrage. The two must separate sooner or later; and better to-day than to-morrow. The longer the result is procrastinated, the greater the burden that must be fixed upon the present and all future generations of Americans, and the greater the danger that freedom itself will perish in the struggle. We know that the words of counsel will fall unheeded upon the Northern people, who have not yet suffured enough to learn wisdom; but we feel certain that the day will come when every American now living in the Northern States, and aiding and abetting in the suicidal as well as fratricidal war, will rue the day when the Southern secession was not recognized and accepted as the best thing for both, and incomparably the best for the North. When a hundred millions sterlings shall have been added to the public debt and the interest of that sum has to be defrayed by an income and property tax, how long will California and the rising States on the Pacific sea-board consent to remain in the Union? Not a day longer than they see a reasonable chance for effecting their secession.

The South can act on the defensive without a ruinous money cost; the North cannot act on the offensive without incurring liabilities that will break the back of the republic. A thousand men defending their own soil are equal to ten thousand who carry fire and sword to invade them. All experience proves it; and when the country to be invaded is as large as five or six great European monarchies, the invader should remember the fate of Napoleon in Russia, and pause ere he commit his fortunes to so desperate an enterprise. And much as we abhor negro slavery in the South, we must confess that we should much prefer to see it left where it is, for time and circumstances to remedy or overthrow, to seeing the North reduced to the humiliating position of a military autocracy, in which the liberties of white men would be annihilated without the slightest increase of the liberties of the black.

The North may be assured of one thing, which is, that if the war last much longer, and the South continue to win all the battles, the kingdoms and states of Europe—and Great Britain among the number—will be compelled to recognize the Southern Confederation as a *de facto* government. In our day governments cannot listen to debates upon the *de jure* when the *de facto* is before them; for if they did, they would be involved in a succession of wars. The King of Italy is recognized by England and France because his kingdom is a fact; and the Southern Confederation bids fair to be acknowledged on the same principle.

Origin of the Mail-Coach Service.

The greatest improvement in the English mail service, during the eighteenth century, was the introduction of mail-coaches. This was brought about by the energy and perseverance of John Palmer, Esq. Like most of those who introduced great improvemens, he was an "outsider," one unacquainted by buisness habits and associations, with the postal service.

At that time (about 1783) stage-coaches, with passengers, traversed the country over all the principal roads, and ran from five to seven miles an hour. The mails, however never had any better conveyance than that of a horse or a gig, managed by a man or boy. The whole mail service was on a most irregular footing; mail-robberies were frequent and the speed did not average over three and a half miles an hour.

Mr. Palmer's plan was, to have the mails transferred to the stage-coaches, that the swiftest conveyance which the country afforded should carry the mails. For so obvious an improvement we would suppose that there would be little or no opposition. Parliamentary Committees were appointed, Post-Master-General reported; and all the officials were against it! Statesmen took it up; the proposition was debated in Parliament; and after many years of persevering labor, Mr. Palmer saw his plan adopted.

But opposition did not end here. There were more reports against it, and those who opposed at first from ignorance, and a belief that no improvement would result, now kept up their opposition from a dread of being thought false prophets. But there were those who appreciated the improvement, and Mr. Palmer got a pension from the Government of three thousand pounds a year for life, and afterwards a grant of fifty thousand pounds, for the benefit of his improvement in the mail service had been to the revenue of the country.

We have from a well known post-office reformer, Rowland Hill a nice piece of sarcasm for the special benefit of those who oppose great improvements, and then deny their value after they have been adopted and proved.

A report from the English Post-Master General says:—"From a comparison of the gross produce of inland postage for four months, and from every other comparison they have been able to make, they were perfectly satisfied that the revenue has been very considerably decreased by the plan of mail-coaches"

This report gives the opinions of the Lords of the Treasury, and enlarges on the innumerable conveniences which the change had occasioned. The great post-office reformer, forty years after this, makes the following comment:—

"Heavy must be the responsibility on those who thus persisted in folly and mischief; and wonderful is it that Mr. Palmer should have been able to beguile the Government and the legislature into sanctioning his mad career! Who was the statesman unworthy of the name, that thus gave the rein to audacity; that thus became, in his besotted ignorance, the tool of presumption? Who stood god-father to the vile abortion, and insisted on the admission of the hideous and deformed monster into the sacred precincts of Lombard street, the seat of perfection? His name—alas! that the lynx should be guided by the mole! that Samson should be seduced by seduced by Delilah! Palinurus allured by a dream!—his name was WILLIAM PITT."—*Ten Years among the Mail Bags.*

What a glorious world this would be if all its inhabitants could say with Shakspeare's shepherd.—Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I wear; I owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my farm."

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