Cambridge Democrat.

"Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God."

Volume 17. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 16, 1862. Number 34

"MY WIFE AND CHILD."

[The following is from the pen of the Confederate General Jackson (who has figured so conspicuously on the Upper Potomac and at Winchester during the war), and was written while he was with the army in Mexico, of which he was a brave and efficient officer. It is full of the pathos of genuine poetry and true affection.]

The tattoo beats—the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on;
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh, dearest one,
Whose love my early life hath blest;
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast;
God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh, guard that gentle sleeper's rest.

And hover, gently hover near
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—
The mother, wife—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear—
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That while by Thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou cans't stay the ruthless hands
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stern commands
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain—
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again!

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening currents of her breast;
Nor frowning look nor angry tone,
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest!

Whatever fate those forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild—
By day—by night—in joy or woe—
By fears oppress'd, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
Oh, God! protect my wife and child!

[From 'Two Years in Syria."]

THE DRAGOMAN'S STORY.

One evening, as I sat upon a broken column of the ancient temple of Jupiter, near the monastery of Beit Miry, our dragoman related to me the particulars of a sad tale, the catastrophe of which took place on this very spot. I shall relate it to you in nearly his own words:

Some few years ago Mons. S—— arrived here as consul general for—, and with him and his wife came a Mad'le. D——; some said she was a relation of the lady, some said she was merely a companion, but all agreed that she was very beautiful. Her eyes were soft and black as the gazelle's; her hair, which was dark as night, was bound up in that style so peculiar to Europeans, contrasting well with the fairness of her skin, which, to use a similie of the Metualis, was as a vessel of milk; her mouth was a branch of coral, and her breath was as the flowers that bloom in the gardens of Haifa.

Attached to each consulate, as you are aware, is a dragoman, the duties of whose position require him to be a person of intelligence and education. Michel Wakeen possessed in every way the qualifications for this office, and performed its duties so well that he became a favorite with the consul. We had been boys together, educated at the same college, Autoura, and the friendship there begun ripened as we grew older, and ended only with his death. Michel was not long before he fell enslaved before the charms of Madlle. D——; her glances, like arrows charged with death, inflicted upon his heart incurable wounds; her presence was Paradise, her absence a devouring flame.

Love with us is a very different affair to what it is with you; we seldom see the girl who is to become our wife, and know nothing of her disposition, much less of her heart. With us, women are taught to respect and obey; with you they are accustomed to command; we treat them, it is true, with consideration and kindness, but you fall down and worship them. If the Cyprian goddess had again risen from the sea, Michel could not have adored her more than he did Madlle. D——; but her position, so far above his, presented insuperable difficulties to the ultimate realization of his hopes.—Nevertheless, love, which sleeps not, found many opportunities for being near her, kneeling to assist her into the saddle, or tremblingly aiding her to dismount.

It is said that a woman can always read the heart of a man that loves her, and Madlle. D—— had no need to look deep, for she saw the devotion of Michel's soul written in his eyes. I cannot tell you—for I scarcely know myself—how she came at last to recognize his love; but one morning he came to me and told me that on returning the evening before from a ball given by Madame la Comtesse de F——, he had walked by her side as she rode home on her favorite Arab. They were a little behind their friends, nought to hear him but the bright moon and the twinkling stars that looked down and told him to hope. In a moment, almost of madness, he poured into her ears the story of his love. She listened and answered not; but the gentle pressure of the hand for the first time at parting, as he lifted her from the saddle, told him he was loved.—The extravagance of his joy at one moment knew no bounds, while in the next he was plunged into the very depths of despair. He knew that the proud and haughty spirit of Madame S—— would permit no connection between her relative and her husband's dragoman. Could he fly to some solitary spot on the mountains, where he might pass his life alone with her, secure of his prize, he would do so; but then one so luxuriously nurtured as she was could not support such hardships. He acted at the time wisely; he determined to wait and hope.

About this time Mons. M——, consul at Jerusalem, arrived at Beyrout, on official business with the consul general. He had seen Madlle. D—; and Cupid, who plays such fantastic tricks, wounded him to the very heart. Madame S—— encouraged his suit in every way; and as they were about retiring for the summer to Beit Miry, she invited him to join them, and altogether interdicted the presence of Michel.

You can imagine the despair and agony which filled his heart. He contrived, however, to see his beloved before her departure, and received a further avowal of her affection and a pledge of unalterable fidelity; and each evening at the same hour, when night spread his sable wing over Beyrout, you might see a bright star ascend towards heaven from amidst the gardens of mulberry and orange, and if your eyes happened to look towards Beit-Miry, you would behold another appear for a moment in the sky and vanish.*

Madame S—— soon discovered this means of communication between the lovers. Poor Michel looked in vain for the starry messenger. Reports came to Beyrout from time to time of the attentions paid by the consul to Madlle D., and at last, rumor, which always loves to exaggerate, said that he was accepted, and that they were about to be married. It is now well known that Madame S—— herself caused these reports to be spread, hoping thereby to place mademoiselle in such an equivocal position, that she would be obliged to confirm them in reality.

Michel, driven to despair, after recounting this last report to me, mounted his horse one evening and rode madly to Beit-Miry. I followed him, but alas! too late. He had tied his horse to a tree, and walked through the pine grove which grew thickly up to within a few feet of the house. His heart beat so rapidly as he saw the form of her he loved standing near the balcony, that he leaned against a tree as well for support as to conceal himself from view. But oh! the accursed sight! The next moment he saw his hated rival stand beside her; he saw his glances sow roses on her cheeks, and fancied him possessed with power to pluck them. Suddenly he drew a pistol from his scarf—fired—oh, horror! the lifeless form of her he loved fell bathed in blood.

At that moment I arrived. I saw him rush suddenly forward towards the balcony, but the next moment the Ka'vass appeared, followed by the servants, and he fled precipitately towards the convent. I thought he wished to seek protection within its walls, but I was mistaken.

He passed towards the ruined temple, and as he gained this spot, he stopped. I saw him stand and gaze for a moment earnestly towards the house, as if he would pierce through space, to behold again that form so dearly, wildly loved. Then his gaze wandered over the valley beneath. Oh! who can tell the agony of his heart as he looked over that calm sea on which they had often floated joyously, as the consul's boat bounded over the waves towards the little bay of Juneh; or, as he looked towards that peaceful home to which he had hoped to lead her his happy bride? Calmly he threw away the discharged pistol, and slowly drew the other, loaded, from his scarf. I was in advance of the Ka'vass, and at that moment approached him; but suddenly turning, he leveled the pistol at my head, exclaiming:

"Stand! on your life, and near me! The bullet that slew my love was intended for my rival. I care not to live. Without her there is no sun, no moon, no stars, no flowers. We were together like the stars of heaven, but now we are parted and wander like trackless meteors. In my heart rages a consuming fire, which can only be quenched in blood.—Death is a fountain at which we must drink sooner or later. I drink it now. Farewell!"

In an instant he placed the pistol to his breast, and his heart's blood besprinkled the broken column on which you sit. Poor fellow! he knew not halt his rashness; for when the consul came forward into the balcony, it was to take leave of Madlle D——, as that day he had solicited her hand and had been refused.

*Rockets are always used at Beyrout on occasions of rejoicing, and in this instance they were made use of as signals by the lovers.

Weather Signs.

A few of the more marked signs of weather, useful alike to seamen, farmer and gardener, are the following:—

Whether clear or cloudy, a rosy sky at sunset presages fine weather; a red sky in the morning, bad weather or much wind, (perhaps rain;) a gray sky in the morning, fine weather; a high dawn, wind; a low dawn, fair weather.

Soft looking or delicate clouds foretel fine weather, with moderate and light breezes; hard edged, oily looking clouds, wind. A dark, gloomy blue sky, is windy; but a light, bright blue sky, indicates fine weather. Generally, the softer clouds look, the less wind (but perhaps more rain) may be expected; and the harder, more "greasy," rolled, tufted or ragged, the stronger the coming wind will prove. Also, a bright yellow sky at sunset presages wind; a pale yellow, wet; and thus, by the prevalence of red, yellow, and gray tints, the coming weather may be foretold very nearly; indeed, if aided by instruments, almost exactly.

Small, inky-looking clouds, foretel rain; light scud clouds, driving across heavy masses show wind and rain; but, if alone, may indicate wind only.

High upper clouds crossing the sun, moon, or stars, in a direction different from that of the lower clouds, or the wind then felt below, foretel a change of wind.

After fine, clear weather, the first signs in the sky of a coming change are usually light streaks, curls, wisps, or mottled peaches of white distant clouds, which increase, and are followed by an overcasting of murky vapor, and grows into cloudiness. This appearance, more or less oily or watery, as wind or rain will prevail, is an infallible sign.

Usually, the higher and more distant such clouds seem to be, the more gradual, but generally, such change of weather will prove.

Light, delicate, quiet tints or colors, with soft, undefined forms of clouds, indicate and accompany fine weather; but gaudy, or unusual hues, with hard, definitely-outlined clouds, foretel rain, and probably strong wind. Mysty clouds forming, or hanging on heights, show wind and rain coming, if they remain, increase, or descend. If they rise or disperse, the weather will improve or become fine.

When sea birds fly out early, and far to seaward, moderate wind and fair weather may be expected.

When they hang about the land or over it, sometimes flying inland, expect a strong wind, with stormy weather. As many creatures besides birds are affected by the approach of rain or wind, such indications should not be slighted by an observer who wishes to foresee weather or compare its variations. There are other signs of a coming change in the weather, known less generally than they may be desirable, and therefore worth notice; such as when birds of long flight—rooks, swallows, or others, hang about home, and fly up and down, or low, rain or wind may be expected. Also, when animals seek sheltered places, instead of spreading over their usual range; when pigs carry straw to their sties; when smoke from chimneys does not ascend readily (or straight upwards, during a calm) an unfavorable change is probable.

Dew is an indication of fine weather; so is fog. Neither of these two formations occurs under an overcast sky, or when there is much wind. One sees fog occasionally rolled away, as it were by wind; but seldom or never formed while it is blowing.

Remarkable clearness of atmosphere near the horizon; distant objects, such as hills, unusually visible, or raised (by refraction;) and what is called "a good hearing day," may be mentioned among signs of wet, if not wind, to be expected.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

The Triumphs of Science!

"Eureka! Eureka!" Shouted Archimedes as he ran naked through the thronging thoroughfares of ancient Syracuse on his discovery of a great philosophical principle. At the dawn of the present century the world was similarly startled by the announcement that the stomach and blood were the two great empires of disease, and science has since endorsed it with her signature. Coupled with the above fact, Dr. Holloway stated that he had also discovered two preparations, Pills and Ointment, which exerted a powerful influence over all disease emanating from these sources. In all bilious disorders and complaints of the liver, we are enabled to trace the primary symptoms to the unhealthy condition of the stomach, or the depraved state of the blood, so that the mischievous consequences resulting from the free use of mercury must be obvious to every man of common sense. Dr Holloway emphatically asserts that calomel is not only unnecessary, but highly pernicious in liver complaint, and disorders of the liver generally, and facts bear him out in this assertion. He confidently points to the thousands of certificates in his possession attesting the cures effected by his Pills and Ointment, which contain not a particle of mercury. Dropsy generally arises from improper action of the liver, and it is to that organ we must direct our attention in the treatment of this disease. The combined use of the Pills and Ointment is marvellously efficacious; by their means the inflamation of the liver is reduced, the biliary secretions corrected, the stomach cleansed and the bowels regulated. The action of the Pills on the blood, bile, and liver is speedy, searching and active, effectually eradicating every vestige of disease from the system whatever form it may assume. The fact is so well established, that these medicines are admitted into countries where no other proprietary medicines are allowed to be sold. France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain, and even proscriptive China sanction their unrestricted sale throughout their respective dominions, in fact there is no country in which they are not to be found, a convincing proof that the whole civilized World proclain without a dissentient voice the extraordinary virtues of these two marvellous medicines.—"*Medical Review.*"

Incidents of the War.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, with the Halleck army, relates some queer stories of the sort of people and contrabands with whom they come in contact, near Tuscumbia, Alabama:

One negro to whom he paid his respects wasn't particularly stupid, but terminated all his sentences with the ejaculation of "bress de Lord!"

I saw and overheard the following:

Soldier. "Did any of the rebels go over this road?"

Nigger. "No—bress de Lord!"

Soldier. "Is your master at home?"

Nigger. "Yes—bress be Lord!"

Soldier. "Has he got any sons in the rebel army?"

Nigger. "Yes—bress de Lord!"

Soldier. "What do the people round here think of us?"

Nigger. "Pugh, golly, dey think dares a heap of yez—bress de Lord!"

Soldier. "Are you married?"

Nigger. "Yes, and got fourteen children—bress de Lord!"

Soldier. "Is your wife living here with you?"

Nigger. "By golly, de old woman gone to see her Jesus long time ago—bress de lord!"

Soldier. "Sam, did you know that we had come down here to liberate all of you black folks?"

Nigger. "Dat's wot I hear say—O—"

At this juncture, Guines, in going through the process of a sneeze, dislodged himself, and fell to the ground, shouting, as he struck, "O, bress de Lord!"

NEW DEFINITIONS.—LOYALTY—means *Abolitionism*, and implicit faith in Wendell Phillips, Thaddeus Stevens, Owen Lovejoy and Horace Greely as sound Union men.

DISLOYALTY—means to stand by the Constitution and the Union, and be in favor of the writ of *Habeas Corpus, Free Speech, a Free Press, &c., &c.*

Cure for Cancers.

Our attention has been recently called to a cure for cancers, which is of so much importance, that we wish to make it known as widely as possible. Some eight months ago, Mr T. B. Mason,—who keeps a music store on Wisconsin street, and is a brother of the well known Lowell Mason—ascertained that he had a cancer on his face of the size of a pea. It was cut out by Dr. Welcott, and the wound partially healed. Subsequently it grew again, and while he was in Cincinnati on business, it attained the size of a hickory nut. He has remained there since Christmas, under treatment, and has come back perfectly cured. The process is this:

A piece of sticking plaster was placed over the cancer, with a circular piece cut out of the centre a little larger than the cancer, so that the cancer and a small circular rim of healthy skin next to it were exposed. Then a plaster made of chloride of zinc, blood-root and wheat flour, was spread on a piece of muslin of the size of the circular opening, and applied to the cancer for twenty-four hours. On removing it the cancer will be found to be burnt into, and appear of the color and hardness of an old shoe sole, and the circular rim outside of it will appear white and parboiled, as if scalded by hot steam. The wound is now dressed, and the outside rim soon suppurates and the cancer comes out a hard lump, and the place heals up. The plaster kills the cancer so that it sloughs out like ded flesh, and never grows again. This remedy was discovered by Dr Fell, of London, and has been used by him for six or eight years, with unfailing success, and not a case has been known of the reappearance of the cancer, where this remedy has been applied. It has the sanction of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of London, but has not till recently been used in this country, and many of the faculty, with their proverbial opposition to innovations, look upon it with distrust. We saw Mr. Mason at church, and have since conversed with him and took particular notice of the cicatrized wound, and we can only say, that if the cure is permanent—and from the evidence of six or eight years' experience in other cases we have no doubt it is—the remedy ought to be universally known. We have referred to this case, because Mr. Mason is well known both here and at the East. The experiment excited much interest in Cincinnati, and we call the attention of the faculty of this State, to the remedy. If it is what is claimed for it, this terrible disease will be shorn of most of its terrors. The application is painful, but the pain is of comparatively brief duration, which any one so afflicted would cheerfully endure.—*Milwaukie Dem.*

ARTEMUS WARD'S EXPERIENCE AS AN EDITOR.—In the Autum of 18—, my friend the editor of the Baldinsville Bugle, was obliged to leave perfesonal dooties & go & dig Taters, & he axed me to edit for him doorin his absence. Accordingly I ground up his shears and commenced. It didn't take me a great while to slash out copy enuff from the excanges for one issoo, and I thawt I'd up to the next town on a little Jaunt; to rest my Branes, which had been severely rackt by my mental efforts. (This is sorter Ironical.) So I went over to the Rale Road offiss and axed the Sooperintendent for a pars.

"You a editor?" he axed evijently on the pint of snickerin.

"Yes; sir," sez I. "Don't I look poor enuff?"

"Just about," sed he, "but our road can't pars you.

"Can't hay?"

"No, sir, it can't."

"Becauz," sez I, looking him full in the face with a eagle eye, "it goes so darned slow it can't pare anybody!"

Methinks I had him thar. It's the slowest Rale Road in the West. With a mortified air he told me to git out of his offiss. I pitted him and went.

DISINHERITED.—Mr. G. W. Rives, son of Wm. C. Rives, of Virginia, passed through this city on Monday evening, en route for Washington city. Mr. Rives resided for some years in the State of Illinois, and when the war broke out he became a very prominent opponent of rebellion. In consequence of this he recently received a letter from his father, who is quite wealthy, announcing that he (the father) had disinherited the son for the reason that he had determined that no traitor and abolitionist should ever have the benefit of his wealth. This information is derived from the younger Mr Rives' own lips.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

No Tuning During Divine Service.

The following, from the New Hampshire Telegraph, is too good to be lost:

Many years ago there was in the eastern part of Massachusetts, a worthy D. D., and although he was an eminently benevolent man and a good christian, yet it must be confessed that he loved a joke much better than even the most inveterate jokers. It was before church organs were much in use; it so happened that the choir of the church had recently purchased a double base viol. Not very far from the church in a large pasture was a huge town bull. One hot Sabbath in the summer he got out of the pasture, and came bellowing up the street. About the church there was plenty of untrodden and good grass, and Mr. Bull stopped to try the quality; perchance to ascertain of its location had improved its flavor, at any rate the doctor was in the midst of his sermon when

'Boo woo woo,' went the bull.

The doctor paused, looked up at the singing seats, and with a grave face, said:

'I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during service time, it annoys my very much.'

The people started, and the minister went on.

'Boo woo woo,' went the bull again as he passed on to another uneaten green spot.

The parson stopped again and addressed the singers:

'I really wish the singers would not tune their instruments while I am preaching, as I remarked before, for it annoys me very much.'

The people tittered, for they well knew what the real state of the case was.

The minister then went on again with his discourse, but had not proceeded far, before another 'Boo woo woo," came from Mr. Bull.

The parson paused once more, and again exclaimed:

'I have twice already requested the musicians in the gallery not to tune their instruments during the time I am preaching. I now particularly request Mr. Lafeaver that he will not tune his double base viol while I am preaching.'

A woman says what she pleases without being knocked down for saying it.

She can take a snoose after dinner while her husband goes to his business.

She can go into the street without being asked to stand treat at every saloon.

She can paint her face if it be too pale and powder if too red.

She can stay home in time of war, and get married again if her husband is killed.

She can wear corsets if too thick—other fixins if to thin.

She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees one that she likes better.

She can get her husband in debt all over until he warns the public not to trust her on his account.

Those are the advantages woman has.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.—Go where one will, the question of 'from six you take nine, and from nine take ten,—then from forty take fifty and six will remain' can be heard. From a friend well versed in figures, we have been handed the following solution:

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WORKING A CHARACTER.—A blacksmith having been slandered, was advised to apply to the courts for redress. He replied with true wisdom: "I can go into my shop and work out a better character in six months than I can get in a court house in a whole year."

Perpetual sunshine suits not the state of the natural world; perpetual success is by no means favorable either to human happiness or virtue. Hunger is necessary to give a relish to food; the gloom of winter is the happiest recommendation of the cheerfulness and bloom of spring.

INK SPOTS, how to take out of Linen or Calico.—Cut a lemon in half, and press the stained part close over one half of the lemon, until it is wet with juice.—Then place on it a hot iron, and the spots will soon disappear.

Genius is the power which equalizes or indentifies the imagination with the reality or with nature.

The more you stroke pussy's back the higher she raises her tail.

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