Cambridge Democrat.

By Barrett & Schleigh. "Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God." $1 50 in Advance.

Volume 18. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 20, 1863. Number 20

CAMBRIDGE DEMOCRAT,

A Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to the Dissemination of Democratic Principles,

Is published every WEDNESDAY MORNING at CAMBRIDGE, Dorchester county, Md., by

LOUIS E. BARRETT, GEO. H. SCHLEIGH, JR.

BARRETT & SCHLEIGH,
PUBLISHERS,

PRICE $1 50 PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates: For one square (one inch) ONE DOLLAR for the first insertion and FIFTY CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

Yearly advertisements will be inserted at the rate of FIFTEEN DOLLARS for one-third of a column; half column, TWENTY DOLLARS; a column, THIRTY DOLLARS.

For six months or yearly advertisements, one half of the amount must be paid in advance.

The number of insertions must be marked on all advertisements; if not they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

All communications of a private nature and obituary notices charged for at the regular advertising rates. Simply marriages and deaths inserted gratis.

☞ Office opposite Mr. Edward Street's Tailoring Establishment on Poplar street, up stairs.

All communications should be addressed to LOUIS E. BARRETT, Editor.

TO CLUBS.

In order that the DEMOCRAT may be placed in the hands of every Democrat and every one opposed to the abolition policy of the present Administration, we make the following offer to clubs:

Six copies, one year,	$8 00
Ten " " "	12 00
Fifteen copies, one year,	18 00
Twenty " " "	20 00

We call upon our friends throughout the county to use their best endeavors in getting up clubs for the DEMOCRAT, so that its already large circulation may be increased, as the fall election is rapidly approaching; and as it promises to be of more than usual interest, every person opposed to the unconstitutional, unholy and unchristian acts of the present Administration, should do his best to increase the circulation of the DEMOCRAT.

THE POPULAR CREED.

Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!
If a man is down, give him a thrust,
Trample the beggar into the dust!
Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling—
Knock him over! kick him for falling!
If a man is up, oh! lift him higher!
Your soul's for sale and he's a buyer.
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a poor but a worthy youth,
Whose hopes are built on maiden's truth,
But the maiden will break her vows with ease,
For a wooer cometh whose claims are these—
A hollow heart and an empty head,
A face well dyed with brandy red,
A soul well trained in value's school—
And cash! sweet cash! he knoweth the rule.
Dimes and dollars, &c

I know a bold and an honest man,
Who strives to live on the Christian plan,
But poor he is and poor he will be,
A scorned and hated wretch is he,
At home he meeteth a starving wife,
Abroad he leadeth a leper's life—
They struggle against a fearful odds
Who will not bow to the people's gods!
Dimes and dollars, &c.

So get ye wealth, no matter how—
"No questions asked" of the rich I trow.
Steal by night and steal by day,
Doing it all in a legal way.
Join the Church and never forsake her,
Learn to cant and insult your Maker;
Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool,
But don't be poor—remember the rule.
Dimes and dollars, &c.

AN UNWHIPPED SCHOOLBOY

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

REFORMATION is the order of the day; and, among the manifold modern improvements, Mr. Strap the schoolmaster, had his.

"I instruct," said Mr. Strap, "on an entire new system."

"You do?" said old Mrs. Gosling.

"I do," said Strap, oracularly.

"Now do tell!" said Mrs. Gosling.

"Madam," said Mr. Strap, "the world is six thousand years old."

"Law!" said Mrs. Gosling, admiringly.

"And it has been all that time wrong on the subject of the education of youth."

Mrs. Gosling opened her eyes and ears She knew Mr. Strap was one of the wisest of men. He saw she liked to hear him talk, and he went on.

"Madam, children should never be whipped."

"No?" said Mrs. Gosling, interrogatively, and with a guilty look.—She had flagellated her little son. Jim, every day of his life, once, at least, on an average. If ever she had omitted one day, from absence, illness or any other accident, she made up the deficiency by flogging him twice the day after. Jim was ten years old. Ten times three hundred and sixty five make three thousand six hundred and fifty. This seems pretty hard: but I solemnly believe the calculation to be within the truth. I solemnly believe James Gosling had received the rod at least that number of times Mrs Gosling generally made these inflictions with her own hand; she looked, therefore, rather confounded at this opinion of Mr Strap, who was her oracle; and who, somehow or other, she had imagined, by his name, had her view of the subject.

"Children," said Mr. Strap, 'should never be whipped.'

"No?" asked Mrs Gosling.

"Never," said Mr. Strap,

"How would you govern them, then?" asked Mrs. G., with simplicity.

"Kindness, madam," said Mr Strap

"But when kindness won't answer!"

"Reason! madam," rejoined Mr Strap, with a magisterial wave of the hand.

"Reason may do well enough for *some*," said Mrs Gosling, shaking her head doubtfully.

"It will do for all, madam, if properly applied. We are created with reason We are not brutes. We are—we are—that is——"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Gosling

"I shall hereafter conduct my school on an entirely new system," said Mr. Strap. "I shan't have a rod in it. I shall make my boys love me—respect my kind intentions.—bow to my reason, and obey me for their own good."

"What do you charge a year?" asked Mrs. Gosling.

"Two hundred dollars; and each boy to bring a silver spoon, two suits of clothes, and two pair of sheets," said Strap.

"I've been thinking," said Mrs. Gosling, "whether my son Jim is not old enough to be put under your care

"What is his age," asked Strap.

"Ten, last June."

Certainly," said Mr. Strap, "I'll take him with pleasure."

'I must tell you frankly," said Mrs. G., "that I have had trouble with him"

"I'll take him, madam," said Strap

"He's very wild," said Mrs G.

"No matter, madam," reiterated Mr. Strap, with a smile of self confidence,—"I'll take him"

"He's a boy of good parts," said Mrs. G., "but he's beyond my management."

"I think I understand his case, madam," said Mr. Strap, smiling again.

"And you never flog."

"Never, madam. When shall he come?"

"When you please."

"Send him to morrow."

"I will," said Mrs. Gosling.

"And come you and see him this four weeks."

The next day Master James Gosling, with two suits of clothes, a silver spoon, and two pair of sheets, arrived at Mr. Strap's boarding school in the country, not far from the town where he had hitherto resided. He was a little red-headed boy, with short sandy hair standing straight out like a shoebrush—a forehead half an inch high—a little pug nose—and enormous mouth—no eye brows—and a pair of small eyes which looked green in the morning and red at night. Four of his front teeth had been knocked out fighting He bit his nails half way down, so that you could not look at them without setting your teeth on edge. His hands were covered with warts, and he had a shrill crack voice, Jim was a sad fellow; and one would think from the number of whippings he had received must have led but a sad life of it. It appeared, that he had recommodated himself to his situation, and that he lived amid his multifarious flagellations almost unhurt, like a salamander in the fire.—He had been literally whipped thro' life, and had become hardened to it, soul and body, as a camel's knees are to the sand; and though he screamed and kicked from mere habit, you might see him two minutes after one of these skin-flaying operations, with a smile of unclouded comfort on his face, or careless mirth, eating a piece of bread and butter, or playing marbles, or *mumble the peg*, with the first scaramouch he met. He had been inured, poor fellow, to all the forms and varieties of beating. Now it was a sudden whack on the ear, now a dozen slaps on the palm with a flat ruler—now a smart rap on the knuckles—now a cuff, and now a kick. These were mere child's-play to those regular executions which varied the monotony of every three or four days, when "coat and vest off—stand erect, sir!" and the birch was laid an till the arm that wielded it paused from fatigue. At these times, his outcries were wont to be limited only by the quantity of his breath and the power of his lungs; and the unfortunate boy would shriek and roar til the neighbors, disturbed, would shake their heads dubiously, and tell each other it was "that Mrs. Gosling licking poor little Jim." Such was the lad sent by the overwearied mother to Mr. Strap—not more, if the truth must be told, to get rid of a heavy trouble, than from curiosity to see what Jim would do in a school where they never whipped.

On arriving at the school, Jim was let losse among the rest of the boys to play. He got into a game of marbles, but his antagonists soon perceived that he "cheated," and turned him out. He then took to the top, but the "fellows" found that he had brought into the area a great, long pegged thing, that cut their little, handsome tops to pieces No reader that has ever been a boy, need be told that this play consists in one top being spun in a circle, while the rest are spun down at it—sometimes splitting the mark quite in two. Jim's top, with his accurate aim, split two or three, and the boys protested against such unequal chances. One of them said it was like the horse crying "every one for himself!" when he danced among the chickens. By and by he was taken into a game of ball; but in five minutes, a round stone instead of the ball, was flung with such violence at one of the small boys, as to knock him down and inflict upon him a severe contusion. Jim protested it was a mistake Mr. Strap *reasoned* with him. He begged pardon and was forgiven.

The next morning the rope of the swing was broke while a person who was swinging fell, to the imminent danger of his life. It was found that it had been cut two thirds through. In the afternoon the pair of *globes* were scratched to pieces with a nail or a knife; and when the usher went to ring the bell for bed, that necessary instrument was no longer to be found A chain of circumstantial evidence fixed these things on James Gosling. Mr. Strap took the boy into his private room.

"James."

"Sir"

"Did you scratch the globe?"

"No, sir"

"Do you give me your word of honor?"

'Yes, sir"

'Should you be willing to swear?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Strap then said:

"My son, to be candid, I do not believe you. I know you to be the author of these delinquences."

James looked up into the mild face of his instructor with astonishment

"If you will confess the truth, I will forgive you. Are you not guilty?"

"Yes, sir."

I thought so. Now you have imagined yourself here, doubtless, among *enemies*. I wish to show you that you are not so. We are all your friends. If you do wrong, you do so against those who love you. Is that *right?*'

'No, sir."

"Well, then, I am willing to believe you have done these things from bad habits—from want of reflection—from ignorance of the character of the instructors. I pardon you. Go down among your companions. Be a better boy for the future. I shall never have cause to complain of you again. Shall I?"

"No, sir?"

"Go, then, my dear child. Remember that the way to be happy is to be virtuous."

"Yes, sir."

"That if you intend to be respected in society, you must begin as a boy the honorable conduct which you mean to practise as a man. I could have punished you for the faults you have committed had I so pleased, but punishment makes the master and scholar enemies I wish you for my friend. Here is a piece of plum-cake for you Go out, my dear boy. Do not forget that you have done wrong, and that you have been forgiven. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir," said Jim, with his mouth crammed full of cake.

"Go, then, remember I love you, and trust to your generosity that you will not hereafter infringe any of the rules. Good-morning, my dear son."

"Good morning, sir," said Jim, putting into his mouth the last bit of his cake.

Two days after this occurrence one of the ushers found a pin very ingeniously placed in his chair, to the great derangement of his own ideas, and the undisguisable merriment of all the school when the discovery was proclaimed. The next day the cat was killed, a creature which had been much beloved and was universally lamented, and in the evening one of the little boys was frightened actually into fits by a ghost fourteen feet high, with the head of a pumpkin and eyes as large as teacups.

The culprit was detected in James Gosling, and he was confined to a bread and water diet for three days, which did not prevent several of the boys' stockings being filled, before they rose in the morning, with prickly pears; and the usher, who slept in the room with the lads, on waking in the night found his toes tied together by a long string communicating with the toes of six boys, who were also thus tied, the whole being linked together. Mr Strap looked grave at this, and James Gosling might thank his stars that he was the inmate of an establishment where "they never whipped." He had to wear a fool's cap, two feet high, with a pair of jackass's ears attached to the top; but one of the little boys near him being unable to repress his laughter, James gave him a blow on the eye, which blinded him for a month. That very evening Mr. Strap's foot caught in a string laid across the top of the stairs in such a way as nearly to break his neck. He took James again into the closet, and talked to him an hour. The arguments which he used would be quite too long for the limits of this article. Socrates could not have spoken more wisely. At the end he gave him another piece of cake, and him sent into the school-room, with a kindness more then paternal.—James was this time melted. He wiped his eyes and blew his nose, and Mr Strap went on with his argument, till at length the worthy disciple of the new system felt assured of its success.

"He is mine!" said he to himself, with rather a benevolent smile. 'He feels his error. He will do wrong no more. How much better thus to overcome errors than with the brutish use of *this!*' and he regarded a small bamboo cane, which he usually carried out with him in his walks.

The month had expired, and this was the day appointed for the visit of Mrs Gosling.

In the afternoon Mr. Strap went into his library, where he had sent James on some errand. The boy not returning, he followed him. He had been detained by a curious attraction. A beautiful little canary bird, accustomed to fill the house with music, had been hanging in its cage against the wall, the repentant boy had taken it down, and plucked off all its feathers, and was amusing himself by regarding its contortions and distress with a grin of delight Mr. Strap forgot his system, but, obeying the honest and doubtless correct impulse of his soul, seized the young reprobate by the collar, and, having accidentally in hand his bamboo cane, gave him what people in the every day world would term a regular *trouncing*.—Mrs. Gosling entered while he was in the act. The naked canary-bird revealed the story.

"I ought to apologize," said Mr. Strap, taking breath.

"For licking my Jim?" asked Mrs. G., surprised.

"No, madam, but for having ever been such a fool as to suppose myself wiser than Solomon. I shall renounce *new systems*, and hereafter take the world *as it is!*" and poor Jim, after his brief reprieve, received his daily portion as regular as ever.

QUEER PAPERS.—The paper having the largest circulation—the paper of tobacco.

Paper for the roughs—sand-paper.

Paper containing many fine points—the paper of needles.

Ruled paper—the French press

The paper that is full of rows—the paper of pins.

Spiritualist's paper—(w)rapping paper.

Paper illustrated with cuts—editorial exchanges.

Drawing paper—the dentist's bill.

The favorite paper on railroads—carpet paper.

A talking paper—sheriff's bill.

Bank rags are not(e) paper.

'How often do you kneed breed?" asked one housekeeper of another.

'How often? Why, I might say we need it continually,' the other replied.

Lord Bacon says reading makes a full man, writing an exact man, and conversation a ready man.

First a fine gown, and then a fine man to admire it, is the order of a young lady's wishes.

The Dark Ages—the ages of ladies between sixteen and sixty.

AN AMUSING SCENE.

Here is an amusing scene from the vaudeville of the Prisoner of Rochelle, which, says a Paris journal, keeps the audience in a roar of laughter every night of its performance "Corporal Cartouch" amues himself by going thro' the manuel exercise, while "Leza," seated at her work table, abstractedly questions him concerning matrimony.

Leza.—If a girl would fall in love with you, Corporal, what would you do?

Corporal.—(*Manœuvering with his musket.*) Present arms!

L.—She would doubless look to you for—

C.—Support!

L.—And what a heavy burden you'd have to—

C.—Carry!

L.—Your butcher and baker would have to—

C.—Charge!

L.—And your prospects, of course would not—

C.—Advance!

L.—And you'd have to—

C.—'Bout face!

L.—And never have any—

C.—Rest!

L.—Now, Corporal pray give me your—

C.—Attention!

L.—A man of your years is not able to bear such a—

C.—Load!

L.—But you are not in your—

C.—Prime!

L.—And then you will have to bear all on your—

C.—Shoulder!

L.—You should be—

C.—Ready!

L.—I think you have some other—

C.—Aim!

L.—And you'd throw all your epistles into the—

C.—Fire! (*Fires the musket.*)

Served Him Right.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer is responsible for the following:

A curious scene occurred on the cars of the Little Miami Railroad the other day. Some gentlemen on the train, it seems, had a device cut out of one of the old fashion cents, representing very neatly the "Goddess of Liberty." A very pompous and burley fellow, with a flashy vest, and an inordinate display of jewelry, took great offence at the device, when the following confab ensued:

Pompous Chap—"What in hell are you wearing the copperhead emblem for?"

Gentleman—"Will you answer me a question first?"

Pompous Chap—"Yes."

Gentleman—"Arn't you an army contractor?"

"Well, suppose I am."

"Arn't you an Abolitionist?"

"Yes, dyed in the wool."

"Haven't you always sung let the South slide?"

"D-n em, they ought to have been in hell log ago."

"Don't you now sneer all the time at the Constitution of the United States?"

"Constitution be d—d, this is no time to talk of Constitution."

"Well," continued the gentleman, "do you ever wear any of these emblems," pointing to the device.

"No, by G—d!" said the flashy contractor.

"Then, sir," said the gentleman; "it is to distinguish myself from such arrant hypocrites, money leeches and scoundrels as you, that I *wear this.*"

The people in the car fairly roared, and the crest fallen negro worshipper and Treasury pimp got up from his seat and went into another car. Served him right.

The same paper contains this good bit:

"Who is it that wishes the rebels success, but is too cowardly and mean to shoulder his musket and give of his money to assist them?"—*Abolition Papers.*

Mr. Jenikns remarked to his wife that in her he posessed four *fulls*.

"Name them, my love."

"You are beautiful, dutiful, youthful, and an armful.

"You have the dvantage of me, my dear."

"How so, my precious?"

"I have but one fool!."

Mr. Jenkins made no further inquiries

An elegantly-dressed young lady recently entered a railway carriage in paris, where there were four gentlemen, one of whom was lighting a cigar. Observing her, the Frenchman asked if smoking would incommode her? She replied,—

"I do not know, sir; no gentleman has ever smoked in my presence."

"Bull Frog."

Old Dr. LEVI BELL, an Episcopal Clergyman of Chester, P., who died six or eight years ago, used to tell of a man and his wife—plain people—bearing the uneuphonious name of Frog, who came to him on Sunday morning, just at church time to have their child baptized. Without any preliminary observation they were called to the front. At the end of the second lesson—

"Name this child," said the Doctor.

"We name it after you, sir," whispered the woman, as she handed him the baby.

"O, but," whispered the Doctor, "you named the other Levi, as I now remember."

"Well," said she in a hurry, "call this one after your other name."

And so the Doctor did, and christened the baby by the name of Bull.

After the parties had gone home, and the day had somewhat passed away, they began to reckon it all up, and they saw, for the first time it had struck their attention, that their youngest darling was bound to go through life with the strange cognomen of "BULL FROG."

☞ A country editor denounces these afflictions upon him who neglects to pay the printer:—May 243 nightmares run quarter races over his stomach every night. May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and his flashing lines break. May a troop of printer's devils, lean, lank, hungry, dog his heels each day, and a regiment of cats caterwaul under his window each night. May the famine stricken ghost of an editor's baby haunt his slumbers, and hiss 'Murder' in his dreaming ears. May his buckwheat cakes be always heavy and his calf-skin wallet light; his sauer kraut be cooked without 'speck,' and his rye coffee have no cream or sugar. In short may his daughter marry a one-eyed peddler and his business go to ruin, and he go to—the legislation, genesally. That's about what's the matter.

Dryden's wife complained to him that he was always reading, and took little notice of her

"I wish," said she, "I was a book, and then I should enjoy more of your company."

"Yes, my dear," replied Dryden, "I wish you were a book—but an *Almanac*, I mean, for then I should change you every year.

An honest Hiberian trundling along a handcart containing all his moveables; was accosted by a friend with,—

"Well, Prtrick, you are moving again, I see."

"Faith, I am, he replied. The times are so hard, it's a dale chaper hiring handcarts than paying rinte.'

Walking in the country on an autumnal day is like conversing with a friend whom we are about to lose, whose death we know to be near. Every falling leaf is like the last words of those who will soon speak to us no more.

A college student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relations to the Diety, and asked,—

'What relations do we most neglect?'

He answered with much simplicity, "poor relations, sir!"

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington. "What will the importance of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as seasonably tell me the man had six heads in his hat."

After quoting John Locke, that a blind man took his idea of scarlet from the sound of a trumpet, a witty fellow says that a hoopskirt, hanging out of a shop door, reminds him of the peel of a belle!

If a railroad man were to listen to the railing of a set of sharp tongued women around a tea-table, he would think it a rare specimen of the T rail.

What is the difference between a boy running after a girl and a boy running after a carriage? One chases the miss and the other misses the chaise.

Why is a crusty old maid of fifty like the most beautiful, most accomplished, most elegant and most admired young lady in the city? Because she is "matchless."

HEARTS.—Little red things that men and women play with for money.

A woman named Ellen Murray died in Boston a few days since, at the advanced age of 104 years.

What does a liar do after he dead? Ans. He *lies* still.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_63-0766.jpg