Cambridge Democrat.

DEVOTED TO DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, RELIGION, TEMPERANCE, AMUSEMENTS, SCIENCE, POLITICS, AND ADVERTISING.

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BY WM. H. BOWDLE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, *if paid within two months from the time of subscribing*, otherwise TWO Dollars will be charged. No subscription received for a shorter period than twelve months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up.

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the three first insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. (12 lines or less make a square.) Where the number of insertions are not marked on an advertisement, it will be continued until forbid, & charged accordingly.

By the year, ten dollars per square; and larger ones in proportion. Yearly advertisements must be paid for within 3 months after first insertion. ☞In no case will the above terms be deviated from.☜

☞All letters to the editor must be post-paid.

Postponed

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a decree of the High court of Chancery of Maryland, we will sell at the front door of the Court House in Easton, in Talbot county, on

TUESDAY the 26th day of JUNE next,

between the hours of 10 o'clock, a. m., and 3 o'clock, p. m., the DWELLING HOUSE and premises in the town of Easton, the property of Richard Hughlett, late of Dorchester county dec'd., at present the residence of Bennet Tomlinson, which property fronts on Washington street and runs entirely through to Harrison street, and adjoins the residence of Dr. William H. Thomas on the North, and a lot belonging to the heirs of the late Daniel Cheezum on the South. The house and outbuildings are commodious and in tolerable repair. Fronting on Harrison street there is a small dwelling with a garden attached thereto. All the aforesaid property being the same which by deed dated on the 25th day of May 1844, was conveyed by John H. Harris and wife to Richard Hughlett. By virtue of the said decree, we will also sell at the front door of the Court House in the town of Cambridge in Dorchester county, on

MONDAY the 2d day of JULY next,

between the hours of 10 o'clock, a. m., and 3 o'clock, p. m., all that farm or plantation lying and being in the vicinity of East New Market, in Dorchester county, a part of what is called "Hooper's Neck," which was purchased by Richard Hughlett, late of Dorchester county, from Mrs. Ann E. Sullivan and Henry Sullivan, called "Dealington," "Sullivan's Purchase," or by whatsoever name or names the same may be called, and contains **133¼** acres, more or less, also the property of the said Richard Hughlett, dec'd.

The terms of the sales above referred to are one fourth of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the residue thereof in equal instalments in 9 and 12 months from the day of sale, the entire amount of the said residue bearing interest from the day of sale, and the payment thereof to be secured by bond or bonds of the purchaser or purchasers with surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustees. On the ratification of the several sales aforesaid by the Chancellor, and on the payment of the whole purchase money (and not before), the Trustees by good and sufficient deed or deeds to be executed and acknowledged agreeably to law, are authorised to convey to the purchaser or purchasers of the real estate hereinbefore described, and to his, her, or their heirs, the property to him, her, or them sold, free, clear and discharged of all claim of the parties to this cause, and of any person or persons claiming by, from, or under them or any of them.

The creditors of the said Richard Hughlett dec'd., whose claims have not heretofore been filed in the Chancery office, are hereby notified to file their claims with the vouchers thereof in the said Chancery office within four months from the day of sale last hereinbefore mentioned.

JOSEPH E. MUSE, Jr.,
& NICHOLAS L. GOLDSBOROUGH,
May 30, 1849. tds Trustees.

N. B.—The above mentioned real estate will be sold subject to the dower right of Mrs. Margaret Hughlett, widow of the said Richard Hughlett.

J. E. M., Jr.,
N. L. G., Trustees.

☞The sale of the above property last above mentioned, to wit:—the tract of land in "Hooper's Neck," in Dorchester county, called "Dealington," "Sullivan's Purchase," or by whatsoever name or names the same may be called, containing **133¼** acres, more or less, is postponed until MONDAY the 30th JULY inst., and will be sold on that day, at the front door of the court house in the town of Cambridge, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m., and 3 o'cl'k p. m.

JOSEPH E. MUSE, Jr., &
NICHOLAS L. GOLDSBOROUGH,
July 4th, 1849. tds Trustees.

NOTICE.

THREE months have now elapsed since the firm of White & Anderson was discontinued, and but few of their accounts have been settled. I now most earnestly and respectfully call on each and every person indebted for an immediate settlement. This is absolutely necessary to enable me to pay their liabilities and close up their business.

THOS. W. ANDERSON,
Surviving partner of White & Anderson.
June 6th, 1849.—(3w c)

POETICAL GLEANINGS.

BURNS THE POET.

Our author was the son of a gardener and small farmer, near the town of Ayr, and was born January 25, 1759. His life and peculiarities are so familiar to the world, as not to require any comment here. His Scottish poems have for three-quarters of a century charmed alike the palace and the cottage. His convivial habits served to ruin his constitution and hasten his demise, which took place July 21, 1796.

Man was Made to Mourn.

A DIRGE.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth,
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?"
Began the reverend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage;
Or haply, press'd with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

"O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, Oh! ill-match'd pair,
Show man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think, not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh! what crowds in every land,
Are wretched and forlorn;
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,—
By nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet, let not this, too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the *last!*
The poor, oppressed honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

"O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, Oh! a bless'd relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!"

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Social Aristocracy.

MERIT VERSUS MONEY.

How freqnently do we see cases, in which individuals suppose that because they have accumulated a little money, and are among the rich of the land, they are superior beings, and entitled to social superiority and distinction!—They indulge in the error that money makes the man, and not merit—that the poor, the honest, and the virtuous, are inferior to the rich, the fraudulent and the vicious. They fancy that they condescend when they associate on equal terms with individuals, however meritorious, who are compelled from day to day to earn by industry and toil an honest subsistence, and in their intercourse with such persons they assume airs of superiority, pride and power, which, while they indicate at once, ignorance and egotism—are insulting to the independent in thought and spirit. Thus cliques are formed—social circles of an exclusive character are formed—and the poor are regarded by such mushrooms of the hour, as an inferior race, not indeed entitled to breath the same air, or live in the same latitude. Nothing is more despicable—more illustrative of littleness of mind, of empty pride and miserable vanity, than conduct such as we have described. A friend of ours some time since happened to live in a large house, and within a few doors a very worthy family resided in a small and humble dwelling. One of the children of the latter family was seized with scarlet fever, and an accident happened to the husband, which disabled him for some weeks from pursuing his ordinary avocations. The facts came to the knowledge of our friend, who—very probably, measures people by the standard of worth—and he immediately called, proffered his assistance, and during the illness of the husband and child, tendered and practised those little courtesies & kindnesses, which are due from man to man, christian to christian, & neighbor to neighbor. In a short time the sick were restored to health, and prosperity again smiled upon the little household. Soon after, our friend was surprised one evening, at a social visit from his worthy neighbors, with the object of returning thanks and making a formal acknowledgement. So touched were the good people by the courtesy he had shown, that he was quite embarrassed by their expressions of gratitude, and at last ventured to tell them that he had performed nothing more than a simple act of courtesy and duty, and that he would have done the same thing under similar circumstances to any respectable friend or neighbor—poor or rich. "True—true"—replied the grateful husband—"but we have lived in this neighborhood for something like two years, have conducted ourselves with as much propriety as possible, have ventered to call upon several families immediately around us—and yet yours is the only social response that we have met with. Ours, it is true, is the smallest house in the neighborhood; but we indulged a hope that poverty would not place a barrier between us, and those of our neighbors who had been more prosperous in the world." The incident was trifling in itself, but we have cited it, as not a little illustrative of our subject, and as showing that in some cases at least, money not only hardens the heart, but induces the prosperous to neglect sacred duties, and regard themselves as above the sympathies and sufferings of ordinary humanity.

There is another class of would-be fashionable and important people of the social world, who deserve to be pointed out and rebuked.—We allude to the mere pretenders and hangers-on, the parasities and imitators of social aristocracy—the class who delight to boast of their acquaintance with wealthy and fashionable families, talk of their intimacy with this rich individual, or that important functionary—who, in fact, worship money, not as possessing it themselves, but as enjoyed by others. A more miserable species of sycophancy and false pride cannot be conceived off. To associate with an honest mechanic and his worthy family, would be regarded as a degradation; but to mingle in the saloons of some mushroom of the hour, who has accumulated a few thousands and who, vain of his means, is anxious to make a display, is esteemed a high honor. Alas! for such vanity—such misappreciation of the realities of life.—Not long since, a lady who had married into a family of some note, was present at a brilliant party in New York, when another lady was pointed out to her as an old friend of the family. The aristocrat, by marriage, directed her eye-glass to the individual designated, and then turning away with a look of pride and hauteur that would have become an actress recently married to a Duke, she lisped out—"No friend of ours. Her father was a grocer!" The most amusing part of the matter was, that she herself was the daughter of a tradesman. But instances of this kind are not rare. A rich man, who is at once gentle, benevolent and generous—who, in fact, appears unconscious of his wealth, and endeavors to make all around him alike unconscious of any inequality on such grounds, is an honor to human nature, and an ornament to society. But the empty fool, who prides himself upon his money alone, and who fancies that because he has money, he can, with impunity, insult and play the despot over his poorer fellow citizens, is entitled, not only to contempt, but occasionally to a sharp word of rebuke, a sneer of scorn and pity.

Jenks and California.

"I'll tell you what it is, my dear," said our friend Jenks to his wife one evening after they had retired to bed, "I am positively in favor of this California business.

"There you go again," she replied, "I never saw any one like you."

"Well now don't get excited. We can talk over the matter dispassionately, and——"

"Now, Mr. Jenks, I can tell you once for all—"

"Oh pshaw," exclaimed our friend, "Where's the use of one's working one's soul out here, for a bare living, when by going to California, one may clear a fortune in a year or two, and come back to his friends and family to enjoy it."

"Now stop," said the wife, "I won't permit you to talk in this way. You are a married man, and as such you've no business to take it into your head to go to California or anywhere else, without your wife."

"Come, come, now, Mrs. Jenks. You know well enough—"

"Yes, I do know well enough that any woman is a fool who will—"

"Ah, my love!"

"Oh, go along! Don't talk to me of love!—A man who is so whimsical! You're all the time speculating. The other day you wanted an office—on another occasion you were going to get up a Life Insurance Company because you thought they made a great deal of money with very little trouble, then you got the ridiculous notion into your head to start a newspaper, just as if more than two thirds of the papers don't break down after the first year or two—then you were going to set up a town in Jersey, when you know how many poor men have been beggared in trying to build up this state of Jersey."

"All fools, my dear—a set of Jacks. Any man, I don't care who he is, with a thimble full of brains, can start a town and make a fortune by the enterprise."

"Then," resumed Mrs. Jenks, who paid no attention to this outburst from her husband—"then you wanted to buy a steamboat to run her against a regular line—"

"Yes, and I could have cleared a fortune by it in a few years—but you would'nt hear to—"

"Just as if," continued Mrs. Jenks, "you could hold up against a regularly organized company—they rich and you poor."

"Couldn't I have interested others? And would not the whole public have run with us? We would have put the fare down, and thrown in a dinner, or a lunch, or given a gold pencil case as a premium to the largest number of passengers, or something of that sort, and mind, I tell you, we would have brought that odious monopoly to its knees. We'd made the monopoly howl, to use the strong language of Dr. Bird."

"But, suppose they'd made you howl—how then?"

"Now where's the use of talking in that way? You are enough to make a man nervous."

"Yes, and you're enough to drive one crazy with your visionary schemes."

"Now, my dear," expostulated our amiable friend, "that's going a little too far."

"Not half so far as you would liks to go.—What am I to do, if you go to California?"

"Why, you could go home, couldn't you?"

"Yes, I could, but I won't," she sharply replied."

"You will not?"

"No! I will not; that's a settled case. The world shall not laugh at me, and say 'she had to go home before she was married a year.'"

"What will you do, then?"

"Do? Mr. Jenks," she exclaimed, "Mr. Jenks?"

"What, my dear?" replied our friend, sitting bolt upright in the bed.

"Look at me," said she, impressively, raising herself upon her elbow and shaking her finger at him, "You shall stay where you are, or if you go, I'll go with you."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Jenks."

"Common sense, Mr. Jenks."

"Pooh, Mrs. Jenks."

"Pooh for you, Mr. Jenks."

"You're crazy, Mrs. Jenks."

"We're well paired, Mr. Jenks."

At this juncture our friend began to whistle "Hail Columbia," while his wife vigorously hummed an appropriate air. After a lapse of five or ten minutes, Jenks said—

"But, my dear, really now, wouldn't you advise me to go to California?"

"No, she replied with a sob, "you know I wouldn't, and you're a bad man, so you are, to torment me in this way in my present critical state of health. You know how weak I am, and if mother should—Oh—"

"Now stop, don't go on in that way. I thought I could easily make a fortune in California. Of course I won't go if you don't wish it. Come now, don't cry."

"You're a hard hearted man—"

"Now, my dear—"

"Father—"

"Well there; say no more!"

"And you won't indulge in any more speculations?"

"No, I will not."

"Now, I like you for that. If you were single, I would not object to your going to California. Single men may do as they please, but, it is the duty of husbands, if possible, to remain at home. And besides, this passion for wealth is lamentable in mankind. As kind old uncle Tom says, 'Contentment, not riches, makes one truly happy.'"

Here the whispering became indistinct, and it is believed that Jenks, notwithstanding his promise to the contrary, did actually steal off and go to California that night—in a dream.

On some future occasion we may relate all Jenks heard and saw in the gold country.—*Phila. City Item.*

WHOLESALE PURCHASER.

A fellow from Kentucky, went a few weeks since into the store of a fashionable milliner in Canal street. "Have you any skirts?" asked he. "Plenty of all kinds." "What do you ask a cord?" said the chap. "A cord!" replied the woman. "Yes, I want about a cord. Up in our diggings the petticoats has gin out. I see you advertise '*corded skirts*,' and I thought while my hand was in, I'd take what you had corded up." The Milliner fainted.

A Ready Rule for Farmers.—A "quarter of wheat" is an English measure of eight standard bushels—so if you see that quoted fifty-six shillings, it is seven shillings a bushel. A shilling is twenty-four cents—multiply by seven and you have $1 68 per bushel.

Ill. James G. Birney, the distinguished abolitionist, it is said lies dangerously ill at his residence in Michigan.

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH.

Goldsmith tells us that at the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever it is dug, when the workmen arrive at the depth of sixty-three feet they come to a bed of chalk which they bore with an auger five feet deep.—They then withdraw from the pit, before the auger is removed, and upon its extrication, the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills the new made well, and continues full, and is affected neither by rains or droughts.

But that which is most remarkable in this operation, is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic. Under this is found a solid earth, that would induce one to think had never been removed; however, under it is found a soft, oozy, earth, made up of vegetables; and at twenty-six feet deep, large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking on the stem, and their leaves and branches in exact preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep, a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells; and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under this, vegetables are found again, with leaves and branches of trees as before; and thus alternately chalk and vegetable earth to the depth of sixty-three feet.

☞An Irish gentleman, seeing a heap of rubbish in his court-yard, called a servant and asked him why he did not cart it away.

"You have no cart, your honor," replied the servant.

"Then dig a hole in the corner of the court and put into that."

"And where shall I put the dirt that I am going to dig out of the hole?" said the servant.

"Why, blockhead! make a hole large enough to hold the dirt and rubbish too," replied the Irish gentleman.

SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

1. Refusing to take a newspaper.
2. Taking a newspaper and not paying for it.
3. Not advertising your business.
4. Getting married without sending in the wedding cake.
5. Making the printing office a loafing place.
6. Reading the manuscript in the compositors hand.
7. Sending an abusive and threatening letter to the editor.

For the first and second offences no absolution can be granted. The fourth is unpardonable. For the balance, dispensation can only be received by an especial bull from the aggrieved party.

Deferred Articles from last Week.

OLD WHITEY ARRIVED.

The first nominee of the Philadelphia Slaughter House Convention for Vice President—that is to say, the old battle charger that kicked up such a dust in Mexico—has arrived at Washington, after a long and fatiguing journey. President Taylor, on Friday evening, went to Laurel to meet him, and he was escorted with due honors to Washington. He—that is, the horse—looks pretty well, maugre the fact that his tail has grown "small by degrees and beautifully less," on account of the number of hairs plucked therefrom by the hands of some of the fair sex on the route—to be carefully preserved, as precious mementoes, we presume, in lockets, breast-pins, &c. It is understood that on the arrival of Old Whitey in Washington, the horses in the *neigh*-borhood *neighed* an exulting strain, and held a meeting, resolving, as Mrs. Parthington says, "to place the remarkable beast on a *stable* footing" in the administration, as a member of the Cabinet. It is said that Old Whitey will "stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder," but will not vote *neigh* on any of the appointments. If this be so, we have no doubt many a fortunate expectant will say, in gratitude, "Give us your paw, old Hoss!"—*Balt. Rep.*

What a President, Oh!—The removal o- James O'Neil, from an humble post at Washington by Mr. Collamer, is another proof that President Taylor has given up his power to the cabinet. Mr. O'Neil had received the General's approbation for good conduct, and when his discharge was made, he informed to President of it, who told him that—"It was the law—his Cabinet had done it, and he had to be governed by *them*" A pretty admission for the President of the United States to make! But "Jimmy's of the right stuff, will be even with "them" yet.

Distinguished Persons Recently Deceased.—Within a very short space of time, the following distinguished persons have died in this country and in Europe:

James K. Polk, ex-president of the United States.
General Edmund P. Gaines, of the U. S. Army.
General W. J. Worth, of the U. S. Army.
General S. W. Kearney, of the U. S. Army.
Colonel James Duncan, of the U. S. Army.
Marshal Bugeaud, of the French Army.
Charles Albert, ex-King of Sardinia.
Madame Recamier, leader of fashion in Napoleon's lifetime.
Madame Catalani, the celebrated vocalist.
Madame Cavaignac, mother of Gen. Cavaignac.

Flour in Bags. The Albany Argus states that the sale of flour in bags is becoming quite a trade between the New York millers and the East. The bags are of sufficient size to hold a barrel.

☞In Cincinnati they burn coal at the corners of the streets, with brimstone thrown in, as an antidote to cholera.

☞When you see a small *waist*, think how much health is *wasted*.

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