TAKE NOTICE.

I forwarn all persons from hunting ng on my farm near Cambridge, call- Point," or trespassing on it in any ssing or otherwise, as I intend to put full force against all such offenders. d to pound cattle and other stock that nd trespassing on said premises.

1849. JNO. E. STEVENS. 3m

W. S. HOPKINS.

REM & HOPKINS,

TAILORS, & WHOLESALE DEALERS oths, Cassimeres, Vestings and Tailors' Trimmings. altimore st., N.W. Corner of Charles, BALTIMORE. assortment of READY MADE OTHING, of superior quality. ONE PRICE ONLY. ooms up stairs—Entrance, south end e on Charles street. 28, 1849. 1y

ner Fashions for 1849.

EDDEN. JAS. B. MILLS.

EDDEN & MILLS,

just received the Summer Fash- for 1849, would respectfully in- friends and the public generally, e prepared to *cut* and *make* all gar- eir line, in the most fashionable, and workmanship of the age. Therefore termination to spare no pains, either or accommodate, they respectfully beral share of the peoples patronage. r shop can be found in the house at upied by Mr. Jno. T. Wilson, three ve the Hotel of Mr. John Bradshaw DGE—March 21st, 1849.—tf

THE MOST EXTENSIVE

hirt Establishment

HE UNITED STATES IS AT 9, Baltimore St., near Light, BALTIMORE, MD., 0 *persons are employed, and a stock* 00 *dozen Shirts always on hand.* ANTS AND OTHERS visiting Bal- are invited to call and examine the l best stock of SHIRTS that has offered, consisting of all sizes and or MEN AND BOYS, which for style nanship cannot be surpassed. More efforts have been made to render the complete and desirable in every res-

1849.—y T. W. BETTON.

ng and Summer Fashions, Just Received.

dersigned most respectfully informs ends and patrons, that he still con- onduct the Tailoring Business stand on main street, nearly opposite o. P. HOOPER esq. l for past favours, he hopes by punc- l strict attention to business to merit nce of the same. ers himself that his long and unrival- ence in his profession, will enable nsult the taste of his patrons in re- he style of their garments, avoiding e of fashion when they desire it, as he are that there are many who wish, that ess they may not attract attention by er in the heighth of fashion, nor yet ehind it. dersigned deems it hardly necessary re his friends and the public, that the nfidence may be had in the accuracy superiority in manufacture in his ent. ld also inform them that he has re- prices; having determined to manu- arments on the following terms for punctual customers on short credit. frock coats $5.00, pants and vests $1.25, sack coats from $2 to 3.50, and garments in his line in the same pro-

A. WASHINGTON HINES.

1849—6m East New Market.

CABINET MAKING.

ubscriber being thankful for past fa- respectfully solicits a continuance of He still continues to carry on the a- ness at his old stand just below the FICE, where he is always ready to ake *Sideboards, Bureaus, Bedsteads, ables, Wash-stands, Wardrobes, &c.,* gether with all kinds of Furniture.

COFFIN MAKING.

l make of the best materials, Mahog- s, (hinge-led, lined and wadded) for in do. $15; Walnut do. $9; Poplar ommon flat top pine do. $3; Chil- , in proportion. He will send a to any part of the county. Wheat le to order, or repaired on accommoda- s.

will be done cheap for *Cash*, or coun- ce.

WM. WHERRETT,

, 1849.—6m Cambridge, Md.

THE BRIDGE DEMOCRAT.

SHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING. Y WILLIAM H. BOWDLE, ITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

year, if paid in two months, $1 50
" if not paid in two months, 2 00
will be discontinued until all arrearages paid up.

TISEMENTS inserted at $1 per square three first insertions, and 25 cents for sequent insertion. (12 lines or less quare.) Where the number of insertions arked on an advertisement, it will be l until forbid, & charged accordingly. year, TEN DOLLARS per square; and lar- in proportion. Yearly advertisements paid for within 3 months after first in- ☞In no case will the above TERMS ed FROM.☜

B PRINTING OF ALL KINDS NEATLY MPTLY EXECUTED. TERMS CASH.

Cambridge Democrat.

VOL. 4.] DEVOTED TO DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, RELIGION, AMUSEMENTS, SCIENCE, POLITICS, AND ADVERTISING. [NO. 44.

WM. H. BOWDLE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. | CAMBRIDGE, MD.---WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 19, 1849. | TERMS: $2 per annum, or " 1 50 in advance.

Poetical Gleanings.

TO DEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLUCK.

Methinks it were no pain to die
On such an eye, when such a sky
O'er canopies the West;
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquility;
The clouds are living things;
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day—
Life's tedious nothing o'er—
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway
With startling dawn and dazzling day;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains;—
One fixed, eternal sunshine reigns
O'er the wide, silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear;
I know thy greeting is severe
To this poor shell of clay;
Yet come, O DEATH! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates! thy rest is bliss!
I would I were away.

Miscellany.

[Written for the Democrat.]

Mechanics.

Mechanics! Oh! how that name has been abused. Can any one tell me of a class of men under Heaven who have been sneered at more than they? And why—can any one tell? None—I very believe; for there are none in the world to whom we are so much indebted as to the Mechanics. Young ladies—you who have cast their name out as evil—can you give me a good reason for having so often regarded them with reproach? After mature reflection and good practical reasoning with yourselves, you cannot give or advance one sound argument to support your course of conduct. You—young men—who idle your time away and smoke your principe cigars, and promenade the side walks—can you tell me why you loathe their company and shun their presence, and seem to hold them in derision? I think not. To whom—young lady—are you indebted for that fine dress which you wear and look so gracefully in? Who made that beautiful bonnet, and formed with so much taste and neatness those beautiful artificial flowers which you so much admire, and which decorates the head so nicely? And pray, also, who made those fine kid slippers—that silken parasol—and, in fact, every thing which you wear? None other but the mechanics! Young man—who else but the hatter made your hat?—who but shoemaker made your boots?—who but the tailor made your coat, pants, &c.?—and to whom else are you indebted but to the mechanics for every thing, even to the segar whose smoke you so much delight to form into ringlets and send floating on the zephyrs of evening!

Seeing your utter dependence upon them for almost everything of a temporal character, why dismiss them from your presence as if fearful of imbibing something contagious, and do not suffer them to be in your company longer than to give directions as to the cut of a coat, pair of pants, or vest; as to the make and materials of a pair of boots, or the manner in which you wish your hair cut or whiskers trimmed? "O ye generation of vipers!"

To the artist we are indebted for the erection of those towering pyramids in the East, which are the admiration of the world; to the artist we owe our respect for the magnificent collossal statutes of Greece; for the numberless specimens of architectural grandeur and magnificence which are to be found in the old world; for the building of our cities—the superb paintings which decorate the walls of the palaces of the most aristocratic Prince—the formation of our temples of worship;—it was mechanics who built the temple of Solomon, (the wise King of Israel,) whose "walls were built within with cedar," and whose "floors were covered with planks of fir, overlaid within with pure gold;" and upon whose doors of fir-tree were "carved cherubims, and palm trees, and open flowers," covered with gold. If were not for mechanics, this world would surely present a sad and withering spectacle. Let labor be suspended entirely for a century, and who is able to imagine the scene which would be presented to our gaze? No more would we hear the sound of the carpenter's hatchet—the ring of the hardy blacksmith's anvil—the cabinet maker's busy saw—the heavy strokes of the ship builder, or the stone mason's hammer;—no more would we see gradually rising towards the heavens the walls of splendid mansions, the work of the bricklayer;—no more would we see the fast-running cars which now ply between almost every city of importance wending their way through what was a few years back nothing more than a wilderness, where the red man roamed in perfect freedom in pursuit of his game—along the trackless shores of the Northern lakes, or the gloomy wilds of the far West;—no more would we see the hardy tar loading and re-loading that gallant bark, by whose masts he had stood and braved the raging tempests of angry old ocean, and seemed to bid defiance to the wind-god's fury;—no more would we see the farmer's fields teeming with tall green corn and golden wheat, or hear in his humble domicile the hum of the housewife's busy wheel and the merry laugh of the rosy-cheeked daughter, made happy and contented by some recreative employment;—no more would we see graceful steamers ploughing the brimy deep of bays, lakes and harbors, throwing from their bows the silvery sprays, carrying produce, manufactures, &c., from city to city, and from town to town;—in a word, this world would soon become a fit object to call down the wrath and indignation of an all-wise God, and would merit that punishment which befell ancient Sodom and Gomorrah. Without employment we should be miserable beyond any conception—with employment we are happy; if we are not so with labor, save me from a life of idleness! Idleness begets vice: for, as a certain eminent divine once comically yet truthfully said, "an idle brain is the devil's workshop;" and as soon as we have nothing to perform with our hands, as a necessary consequence our minds must be at work; and, therefore, man being corrupt, depraved, and sinful in his nature, it is reasonable to suppose that he will choose "darkness rather than light."

Let the artist and the laborer be exhalted to high heaven, for truly they are "the salt of the earth;" but let the proud aristocrats who scorns honest labor be brought low, for they are nothing more than "cumberers of the ground."

You, my young friend, who is just entering your teens, if you wish to be healthy, happy, contented, and enjoy the smiles and blessings of a bountiful Providence, learn a trade—let not the persuasions of your associates deter you from so doing, but break through every obstacle, and you will never repent your course; you will always recollect the time with pleasure should fortune smile or adversity frown upon you:—if fortune, that it was industry that accumulated it—if adversity, that you have a trade whereby you can earn a living.

My advice now to all, is, respect the mechanic and give him praise; and to youths, by all means provide yourselves with trades.

SOLON.

[For the Democrat.]

The Young and our Country.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

No. 2.

The development of Native Intellect.

The import of the preceeding article was, that the young men of America possessed, naturally, sufficient mind, to justify us to believe, that, as far as *this* is concerned, our country's interests will be taken care of. In no age before, was there ever such a manifestation of Intellect among the young, as there is now. One reason why this is not more striking than it is, is because the age is characterised and distinguished for its *literati*. But, had many of our literary youths lived a few centuries ago, they would have been ranked among the most eminent in the world of genius and letters. And diadems would have sparkled upon their brows, which did honor to hoary heads, and cheeks of wrinkles. Or, many, who were bent with years and worn with study, if they lived now—in this day of the "march of mind"—would not be so highly exalted in the literary sphere as they were in their own day. But the great-minded men of former years were more conspicuous because of the mystery and gloom which hung around the arts and sciences.

But the fact, that there is merely existing in American youth a mind that does them honor, is not enough. This will not, of itself, afford us a sufficient warranty of our Nation's future perpetuity and glory. Next to its possession, a something which needs discipline; with proper ends placed before it, correct motives to excite it to action, and a systematic plan of operation. We know, that there have been, and are now some, of extraordinary genius, who have unwrapped its fetters, or broken them, and escaped from the pent-up corners where stern necessity, for a time, bound them. Some, we know, have struggled with, and mastered Metaphysics, Philosophy, Politics and Theology. A Ferguson, we know, while a boy among his sheep sat down upon the grass and made a perfect clock from sticks with a common penknife without ever seeing inside of one; and a Burett has become master of several languages almost over his forge and anvil. But, these facts do not argue the inappropriateness of instituting a system of culturing the mind for its development of strength, and the naturalness and beauty of its conceptions. Many an American youth, fettered by necessity, and *(data fata secustus*)* struggles with life's adversities, who, were an opportunity only presented, would unfold energies, and bring forth intellectual gems, beautiful and useful, which would prove an acquisition to our Nation's library, and beautify her cabinet of curiosities. Many a son of our artisans, mechanics and cottagers, would rush from their obscurity, and station themselves among the bright constellations of our intellectual canopy. The gem is there, but for the want of polish it shines not. The germ is there, but for the lack of proper culture it is not productive. The energy is there, but something is wanting to open the avenues through which it may escape and make itself felt. Oristolle said that a statue lies hid in a block of marble, and the art of statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the the sculptor only finds it. And we say with as much truthfulness as did this philosopher in the above, while explaining his doctrine of substantial forms, that the man is hidden in the boy,—as true of mind as of physics—and it only needs a mental sculptor to bring out the real figure.—Lord Bacon used to say that natural abilities are like natural plants they need culture to bring out their character and worth. There are many among our American youth, who have sufficient mental endowment, which, if properly developed, would soon be prepared to walk companions with a Newton, the o'er arching firmament; or with a Milton's hand sweep the harp strings; or, with another,

"Soar untrodden heights, and seem at home
Where angels bashful look:
And with the thunder talk, as friend with friend;
And weave their garlands of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist."

And there are others who will be found to have combined in them, the characteristics of a Franklin—that of the naturalist, philosopher, and legislator.

It is our desire, among other things, to see the mental energies of the young of our nation unfold, and stand out before our neighbors, as beautiful specimens of American talent, the high state of the cultivation and perfection of which, may be considered the result of our liberal institutions.

When this shall have been done, we may, as one of nation's youth, say for them to our sires, go to your graves—the fire of patriotism, shall be kindled in the breasts of your children, before Death shall blow it out in yours. Your interests shall be their's; and so long a consciousness of mental power is with them so long shall there be an effort for its development for the good of the commonwealth; and soon will they crown our country—THE QUEEN OF NATIONS!

Cambridge, Sept. 1849.

*Following his declared fate.

Poetry.

WHEN FORTUNE BEAMS.

When fortune beams around you,
When hearts with pleasure leap;
And hopes and joys surround you—
Forget not those who weep!
When frendship's smile invites you
To bless and to be blest;
When every charm delights you—
Oh, think of the distrest!

When golden gales betide you,
As if by Heaven decreed,
And plenty stands beside you—
Forget not those who need!
When pleasure's cup seems endless,
Oh prove it without end.
By being to the friendless
In every hour a friend!

Select Items.

PARTING INTERVIEW BETWEEN EMMET AND HIS BETROTHED.

Emmet was unfortunately betrayed by his enemies in an attempt to emancipate his countrymen from tyranny and oppression. He was therefore convicted of the crime of treason, and sentenced to be executed.

The evening before his death, while the workmen were busy with the scaffold, a young lady was ushered into his dungeon. It was the young lady whom he had so fondly loved, and who had come to bid him an eternal farewell. He was leaning, in a melancholy mood against the window frame of his prison, and the heavy clanking of his chains smote dismally on her heart. The interview was bitterly touching, and melted even the callous soul of the jailor. As for Emmet, he wept and spoke little; but as he pressed his beloved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice, half choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him; he reminded her of their former happiness, of the long past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent, and though the world would repeat his name with scorn, to cling to his memory with affection. At this very instant, the evening bell pealed from the neighboring church. Emmet started at the sound, and as he felt that this would be the last time he should ever hear its dismal echoes, he folded his beloved still closer to his heart, and bent over her sinking form with eyes streaming with tears of affection. The turnkey entered at the moment, and as though ashamed of a temporal betrayal of sympathy, dashed the rising drop from his eye, and a frown again lowered on his countenance. The man meanwhile approached to tear the lady from his embraces. Overpowered by his feelings, he could make no resistance, but as he gloomily released her from his hold, gave her a miniature of himself, and with this token of attachment imprinted the last kiss of a dying man upon her lips. On gaining the door, she turned round as if to gaze on the object of her widowed love. He caught her eyes but for a moment; the dungeon door swung back again upon its hinges, and as it closed after her, informed him too surely that they had met for the last time upon earth.

☞President Napoleon does not, it would seem, like Republicanism, for it is said he grew quite angry because, during his visit to Havre recently, the crowd cried "Vive la Republique," "Vive la Constitution." It is also said that he snubbed the Mayor of Havre in the most significant manner, because in the speech which he prefaced the President's health he mentioned Washington.

"THE LORD SEETH ALL."

"When the last plague raged in London, Lord Craven lived in that part of the city called Craven Buildings; and to avoid the danger of this epidemic, his lordship resolved to retire to his country seat. Accordingly his coach-and-six were at the door, and baggage put up, and all things in readiness for the journey. As he was walking through his hall with his hat on, his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves in order to step into his carriage, he overheard the negro who served as his postillion, saying to another servant, "I suppose by my Lord's leaving London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country and not in the town." The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing in the plurality of gods. The speech, however, struck lord Craven very seasonably, & made him pause.—"My God (thought he) lives every where, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country. I will stay where I am. The ignorance of the negro has preached a useful sermon to me. Lord, pardon that unbelief and that distrust of thy providence, which made me think of *running away* from thy hands."

He immediately ordered the horses to be taken from the coach, & the baggage to be brought in; he continued in London, was remarkably useful among the sick neighbors, and never caught the infection. Read the 91st Psalm of David, from the 2d to the 11th verse.

WASHINGTON.

Extract from Washington's code of manners, written in his early youth:

"Every action ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

"Be no flatterer, neither play with any one who delights not to be played with.

"Read no papers or books in company. Come not near the papers or books of another when he is writing.

"Let your countenance be cheerful, but in serious matters be grave.

"Show not yourself glad at another's misfortunes.

"Let your discourse with others on matters of business be short.

"It is good manners to let others speak first.

"When a man does all he can, do not blame him though he succeeds not well.

"Take admonitions thankfully.

"Be not too hasty to believe flying reports to the injury of another.

"Let your dress be modest, and consult your condition. *Play not the peacock by looking vainly at yourself.*

"It is better to be alone than in bad company.

"Let your conversation be without malace or envy.

"Urge not your friend to discover a secret.

"Break not a jest where none take pleasure in mirth.

"Speak not injurious words either in jest or in earnest.

"Gaze not on the blemishes of others.

"When another speaks, be attentive.

"Be not apt to relate news.

"Be not curious to know the affairs of others."

EDUCATION.

An education is the young man's capital; for a well informed, intelligent mind has the best assurance of future competency and happiness. A father's best gift to his child, then, is a good education. If you leave them wealthy, you may assure their ruin; and at the best you only leave them that which at any moment may be lost.

If you leave them with a cultivated heart, affections trained to objects of love and excellence, a mind vigorous and enlarged, finding happiness pure and elevated in the pursuits of knowledge, you effect an insurance on their after happiness and usefulness. Unless you bring up the young mind in this way, you cannot, with any justice, claim for its possessor independence. Your children must be virtuous, or they will not desire it. They must be intelligent to have them intelligent associates, as they must have habits of industry and sobriety to make the company of the industrious and sober agreeable.

It is in your power to bestow this virtue virtue, this intelligence, and these golden habits.—Present them a good model in your own life, and give them every opportunity to cultivate the heart and the understanding. Spare not expense on your school, and put into your children's hands everything that may encourage or assist them in their mental or moral improvement.

PERIPATETIC PRINTER.

There is a good practical printer, by the name of James Evans, who lives at Batavia, in this State who educated himself at a distinguished Literary Institution in New Hampshire, who is a practical farmer, has taught schools of various grades in N. England, who has travelled through most of the States of the Union, who has taught a "High School" in Ohio, a "Seminary" in Kentucky, an "Academy" in Illinois and one in Missouri; who has been Superintendent of Common Schools and School Examiner, who has been a President of a College of Teachers, and also of a Literary Association, who once offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best method of teaching branches usually taught in a High School, and twenty-five dollars for those taught in a Common School; who has acted in the capacity of Editor of three different newspapers, and also more or less in the capacity of Constable, Sheriff, County Treasurer, County Recorder, County Auctioneer, also that of merchant, wholesale pedlar, and postmaster at three differen places; who is a practical Surveyor, Engineer, Map maker, also a regular member of the Bar, and Notary Public, &c. &c.; and who works at the printing business more or less nearly every day. He is about 30 years of age.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

VALUABLE RECIPES.

A BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.

Cut up a quarter of a pound of butter in a pint of molasses, and warm them together till the butter is melted. Boil a quart of milk; and while scalding hot, pour it slowly over a pint of sifted Indian meal, and stir in the molasses and butter. Cover it, and let it steep for an hour.—Then take off the cover, and set the mixture to cool. When it is cold, beat six eggs, and stir them gradually into it; add a table-spoonful of mixed cinnamon and nutmeg; and the grated peel of a lemon. Stir the whole very hard; put it into a buttered dish, and bake it two hours.—Serve it up hot, and eat it with wine sauce, or with butter and molasses.

INDIAN PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.

Boil some cinnamon in a quart of milk, and then strain it. While the milk is hot, stir into it a pint of molasses, and then add by degrees a quart or more of Indian meal so as to make a thick batter. It will be much improved by the grated peel and juice of a large lemon or orange. Tie it very securely in a thick cloth, leaving room for it to swell, and pasting up the tying-place with a lump of flour and water. Put it into a pot of boiling water, (having ready a kettle to fill it up as it boils away,) hang it over a good fire, and keep it boiling hard for four or five hours. Eat it warm with molasses and butter.

This is a very economical, and not an unpalatable pudding, and may be found convenient when it is difficult to obtain eggs. The molasses should be West India.

A BOILED APPLE PUDDING.

Pare, core, and quarter as many fine juicy apples as will weigh two pounds when done.—Strew among them a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a grated nutmeg, and the juice and yellow peel of a large lemon. Prepare a paste of suet and flour, in the proportion of a pound of chopped suet to two pounds of flour. Roll it out of moderate thickness—lay the apples in the centre, and close the paste nicely over them in the form of a large dumpling—tie it in a cloth and boil it three hours. Send it to table hot, and eat it with cream sauce, or with butter and sugar. The water must boil before the pudding goes in.

Any fruit pudding may be made in a similar manner.

Wit and Humor.

AN EPIGRAM.—Why is a dandy like a mushroom? Give it up?

Because he's a regular sap head,
His waist is remarkable slender:
His growth is exceedingly rapid,
And his top is uncommonly tender.

☞"Did I not give you a flogging the other day?" said a school master to a trembling urchin. "Yes, sir," answered the boy. "Well, what does Scripture say upon the subject?" "I don't know, sir," said the other, "except it is in that passage which says 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

THE VERY BEST.—A wag was jogging home rather late and a little happily, when, passing by a dark alley, a two-fisted fellow stepped out, and seizing him by the collar, demanded his money. "Money!" said the wag, "money!" I have none—but if you stop a moment, I will give you my note at thirty days."

MORAL BOOTS.—An advertisement in one of the morning papers, says:

"Wanted—a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character."

RETORT COURTEOUS.—One of our young bloods dining at a fashionable hotel a few weeks since, was requested by a gentleman to pass some article of food which was near him.

'Do you mistake me for a waiter?' said the exquisite.

'No sir, I mistook you for a gentleman,' was the prompt reply.

INCENDIARIES.—Young ladies with low neck frocks on. They set a fellow's heart in a blaze, whether he is insured at 'Moral Mutual' or not. Let them be taken up and confined—each in the arms of some clever fellow.

NOTORIETY.—There is nothing like notoriety in this world. Wear a hat without a rim, or a coat with only one flap—live on pigs tails and salt, or keep a tame tiger—do something for notoriety, and if you don't get to Congress or some other place of worship, we are much mistaken.

☞At a parish examination, a clergyman asked a charity boy if he had ever been baptised.

"No, Sir," was the reply, "not as I knows for, but I've been *waxinated.*

☞"Sister, are you happy?"

"Yes, Deacon, I feel as though I was in Beelzebub's bosom."

"Not in Beelzebub's?"

"Well, some of the patriarchs; I don't care which."

☞An Irishman once said he was born at a very early period of his life, and if he lived until he died—and the Lord only knew whether he would or not—his soul would see swate Ireland before it left Ameriky.

☞It has been suggested that the disease by which democratic postmasters are killed off, be called *Collamer mob us.*

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