S, MELODEONS,
D MUSIC,
SYSTEM ADOPTED—PRI-
REATLY REDUCED.
Horace Waters,
NO. 333 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK,
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nts.
assortment of Pianos, Melode-
nstruments and Musical Mer-
l kinds, in the United States,
n different Manufactories, com-
f every variety of style, from
and substantial 6½ octaves, in
sewood Cases, from 150 to $200,
most elegant finished up to
D DOLLARS. No house in the
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VATERS'S MODERN IM-
ROVED PIANOS,
nt Iron Frames, possessing, in
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le, power and compass of tone
Grand Piano, united with the
ability of structure of the Square
are justly pronounced by the
e first Musical Masters to be
of any other manufacturer.—
of the best and most thorough-
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nent guaranteed to give satis-
rchase-money refunded. SE-
NOS, at great bargains, con-
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ments in tone, touch and dura-
(tuned the equal temperament,)
ll other styles and makes.—
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Less a liberal discount. Cler-
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MUSIC.
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Particular and personal atten-
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, Melodeons and Catalogue of
[July 22, 1857.

h Word as Fail."
ISTLESS REMEDY.
AY'S OINTMENT.
AR TO THE SICK.
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e admit the unparalleled anti-
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I, FEVER SORES, STIFF
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D TO MOTHERS.
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ly
E W. WARD,
d Sign Painter,
of all kinds of Wood, Mar-
nd all other work combined
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d at all times in Cambridge
e engaged.

Cambridge Democrat.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, RELIGION, SCIENCE, AMUSEMENTS, POLITICS AND ADVERTISING.

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Choice Poetry.

MY FLORA.

A FASHIONABLE PASTORAL.

Tell me, Gentles, have you seen
My Flora pass this way?
That you may know the Miss I mean,
Her, briefly, I'll portray:

No bonnet on her head,
But on her head she wears:
An oyster-shell 'tis said
In size with it compares.
Its shape no eye can brook,
Its use is doubtful too;
It but imparts a barefaced look,
And brings much cheek to view.

Her dress may please the Swell
For its swoln exuberance:
She looks a Monster Belle
In such Big Ben expanse.
Those air-tubes filled with gas
Might lift her to the moon;
The small boys mark it as they pass,
And screech out: "Ah Bal-loon!"

A parasol she bears
For ornament, not use:
For comfort, gloves she wears
Too tight, and sleeves too loose.
Behind her hangs a hood
Just level with her chin,
An Indian Squaw might find it good
To put a baby in.

Of her hair she shows the roots,
Sham flowers the rest conceal;
And she's crippled by her boots
With the military heel:
Streets off you hear them stalk
Where'er she ventures out;
And she seems to waddle more than walk,
Her hoops so sway about.

Her figure may be good,
But that no eye can tell;
A mere lay-figure would
Show off her dress as well.
She may have ankles neat,
But they're concealed by skirt,
Which chiefly serves to hide her feet,
And gather up the dirt.

Then, Gentles, have you seen
My Flora this way come?
She cannot have unnoticed been,
She takes up too much room! [*Punch.*

Miscellaneous.

[From the Boston Herald.]

The Buddhist Faith.

Of the seven hundred and thirty millions of human beings who inhabit the continent of Asia, nearly five hundred millions of them are Buddhists, or worshippers of gods, who, having passed through every form of existence, through millions of years, have become, at last, purified from mortal taint and become fitted for the heaven of eternal beatitude. A contributor to the Southern Literary Messenger has given some interesting facts concerning this religion, so widely prevalent, which we condense for our columns:

The Buddhist, as well as the Christian, has his "Ten Commandments." The first prohibits killing any man or other animal; the second, third and fourth prohibits stealing, lying and adultery; the fifth, drinking any intoxicating beverage. These five are binding upon all. The remaining five are binding only upon the priesthood, and they are commanded "not to look at or speak to a female; not to sleep on anything more than a cubit high; not to eat between the hours of noon and midnight; not to visit any place of public amusement, as gambling houses, theatres, circuses and such like." The primary design of enforcing this severe ritual upon the Buddhist clergy was, doubtless, merely for the inculcation of a spirit of humanity and self-denial; but as corruptions have crept in, the spirit has been lost and only the letter of the law remains.

Buddhism exerts a boundless influence over the minds of all the nations of Southern Asia. Even those who have little regard for it in life, will send for a Buddhist priest when near death, and often leave immense legacies to the temples in order to purchase merit, which they are taught to regard as the very ground work of future bliss. There is no collective worship. The temples are open at all hours of the day, but are closed at sunset to them just whenever they can find it convenient to do so, bringing with them such offerings as they wish to present. These they silently deposit on the altar in front of the principal idol, and there, prostrating themselves three or four times, in token of adoration, they audibly repeat some form of prayer. This concluded, they depart as they came, without waiting for any other worshippers to finish their devotions, or, perhaps, even seeing a priest.

Their sacred books are numerous. They locate their heavens, seven in number, around the sides of the great mountain Pra-su-ma-ru-rat, which, as they suppose, constitutes the centre of the universe. The beings occupying these regions rise successively higher in the social scale, and when the topmost one has been attained, the fortunate aspirant may *hope*, provided that fate will allow him to accumulate a sufficient degree of merit, that Nigban, which is the highest possible point of happiness—a consummation of bliss hoped for by all, but, alas! attained by few—is not far off. In the first and second heavens body and soul are united as in ourselves; in the third, fourth and fifth, the body exists without any admixture of mind, but perfect in its condition, resplendently glorious in appearance, and susceptible of the most exquisite enjoyment; while in the sixth and seventh heavens, the soul is wholly unfettered from the body, and roams free as air wherever it lists throughout the universe.

Their hells are more numerous, there being eight major and sixteen minor ones. They are located within the base of the mountain, and the degrees of punishment become more aggravated as the sinner sinks. The torture endured is from fierce dogs, ever gnawing vultures, deadly serpents, voracious reptiles, worms that feed on the vitals perpetually, and the body is torn to pieces and renewed again and again. The duration of punishment is varied. No being that has ever lived, not even the gods themselves, have been able to escape from these terrible hells; and there are none, on the other hand, who do not, at some period or other, gain admission to one or more of the heavens, the favorite theory being that evil is not wholly evil, nor good wholly uncontaminated until *Nigban* be gained. Then the happy possessor ceases to sin and suffer, to know or to feel, to think and to desire; his perfectness consisting in his entire inanition. The temples for this worship are costly and magnificent. In the city of Bangkok alone, there are one hundred and twenty thousand priests, supported at the annual expense of two or three million dollars, besides private contributions, of which no estimate can be made.

A Good One.

To hear George tell the 'Drugger' story is worth a quarter any time.—The story is a capital one, but it takes the man to tell it. This he does in some such words as these: "Be you the drugger?" "Well, I 'spose so; I sell drugs." "Wall, hev you got any of this here scentin' stuff as the gals put on their hanke'chers?" "Oh, yes." "Wall, our Sal's gwine to be married, and she gin me ninepence and told me to invest the hull'mount in scentin' stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so, if you've a mind, I'll jist smell round." The Yankee smelled round without being suited until the 'drugger' got tired of him, and, taking down a bottle of hartshorn, said:—"I've got a scentin' stuff that will suit you. A single drop on a handkerchief will stay for weeks, and you can't wash it out; but to get the strength of it, you must take a good big smell." "Is that so, mister?—Wall, jist hold on a minute till I get breath; and when I say *neow*, you put it under my smeller." The hartshorn, of course, knocked the Yankee down, as liquor has many a man.—Do you suppose he got up and smelt again, as the drunkard does? Not he; but rolling up his sleeves and doubling up his fists, he said: "You made me smell that tarnal everlastin' stuff, mister, and now I'll make you smell fire and brimstone!"

Newspapers.

Judge Longstreet, the newly elected president of the South Carolina College, thus sets forth the value of a newspaper:

Small is the sum that is required to patronize the newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes, it is next to impossible to fill it fifty-two times a year without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is off from home at school, should supply him with a paper. I still remember what difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were superior to the last in debate and composition at least. The reason is plain; they have command of more facts. Youths will peruse newspapers with delight, when they will read nothing else.

A Ludicrous Incident.

It was customary some years ago in many of the inland towns of New England, to celebrate the Anniversary of American Independence by a small fight, intended to represent some of the Revolutionary battles, and of course victories; one portion of the people of the town representing the Red Coats, and the other the Federal forces.

A little town had resolved to perform the surrender of Cornwallis. Deacon Jones, a wealthy farmer, was chosen to enact Washington, and Squire Bigler Wood, an aristocratic lawyer to represent Cornwallis. The two companies were to meet in front of the tavern, on the common, exchange shots, skirmish a little in which Cornwallis was to be most essentially whipped and then most ingloriously surrender.

At nine o'clock, the two companies marched into the village and arrayed themselves into fighting positions, reminding the spectators of the time when

Brave Wolfe drew up his men
In style most pretty
On the plains of Abraham,
Before the city.

The two commanders were greatly excited, and Washington, I regret to say, was in anything but a fit condition to act out the great part he was to perform.

He had been drinking freely all the morning and now, when the interesting ceremony was about to commence, was so *tight*, or rather *loose*, that it was with great difficulty that he could sit in his saddle; he, however, did not know but what he was all right nor did his men. Cornwallis was not intoxicated, but was a little agitated, or rather elated.

Everything being ready, the companies exchanged shots. Bang! whang! went the guns, while the two commanders yelled like stuck pigs.

"That's it, (hic) my brave boys; give it to them, the owdacious Red Coats!" bellowed Washington.

"On Romans!" yelled the excited Cornwallis, who had seen a theatrical exhibition once and remembered the heroic appeals of the Thespin beligerents, "breathes there a man so dead that won't fight like thunder?"

"Go it Continentals! Down with taxation on tea!" bellowed Washington, in a very patriotic voice, and narrowly escaped cutting his horse's ear off with the flourish of his sword.

The fighting now ceased, the companies were drawn up in a straight line, and Cornwallis dismounted and presented his sword to Washington.

"Well, old boy!" said the immortal, as he cuffed his horse's ears with his cocked hat "what in thunder do you want with me?"

"General Washington," replied Cornwallis, "I surrender to you myself, sword and men.

"You do, do you?" sneeringly replied the General.

"Yes, General, the British Lion prostrates himself at the foot of the American Eagle."

"*Eagle! eagle!*" yelled the General rolling off his horse, and hitting the Brition a tremendous blow on the head with the flat of his sword: "do you call me an eagle, you sneaking cus!"

Cornwallis was down only for a moment, for he jumped up and shook himself with an entirely unlooked for recuperation on the part of the fallen; and in direct defiance of historical truth, he pitched into Washington like a thousand of bricks, and in spite of the men of both nations, succeeded in giving the "immortal" a tremendous licking. So the day that commenced so gloriously ended ingloriously.

For many years after the surrender, there was a coldness between the Deacon and the Squire: but as time rolled on and their locks became frosted with white, they learned to call it a joke. Both are now living, and whenever they meet, they smoke and talk about "that ar," like a couple of good jolly old men, as they are.

Mr. Adams and the Bible.—In a letter to his son, in 1811, John Quincy Adams says:

"I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once a year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning, immediately after rising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history or to morality, it is invaluable, and an inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue."

Time is money.

[From the Hartford Times.]

How a Church was Cured of Fremontism.

A congregational church in a neighboring State got so completely enlisted in the presidential contest, for Fremont and Jessie, that little attention was given to religious questions. The minister was constantly preaching, praying and exhorting upon political issues, and his deacons and the laymen followed suit at the prayer and conference meetings.—Finally, a worthy old farmer, one of the stanchest and best members of the church, and a firm and undeviating democrat, was called upon to offer a prayer.

"O Lord," said he, "uphold the democratic party which has received thy protecting support ever since the great Jefferson struggle. Continue to bless that party which has, under thy protection and providence, brought great blessings upon this republic. If it be thy pleasure, and I believe it will be, O carry that party through this struggle to a complete triumph. Bless James Buchanan, the tried and honest statesman, and guide him safely to the presidential chair. Bless John C. Breckinridge, the young and zealous democrat, and open to him the path of duty as well as that which leads straight to the Vice-Presidency. Give them victory. O, bless the opponents of democracy personally, but utterly destroy their fanatical and injurious schemes, if it be thy will to do so, and I verily believe it is. Be on the side of the democracy, O, Lord, as thou hast been for the past fifty-six years, and on the 4th of March next we shall witness the inauguration of Pennsylvania's favorite son, and the people of this country will once more settle down in their peaceful pursuits, instead of warring wickedly, section against section, interest against interest, and man against his brother. And O, I beseech thee especially free Christian churches from the political strife and bitterness which are rendering them asunder, destroying their usefulness, and turning them unhappily into mere political associations. Let us hear something of thy word and mercy on the Sabbath. We have already been plied to fullness with political fanaticism, and our minister has become a stump orator against the good party which in thy wisdom hast upheld so long, and repeatedly guided to victory, and sustained in the establishment of sound measures. O turn his mind from these things, and direct his attention to his legitimate religious duties, or turn him over directly into the hands of the federal or abolition party, and let them take care of him, and provide us with a true minister of the gospel. At any rate, the present state of things cannot last. If politics are to rule I shall claim one-half the time in behalf of the democratic party, so that there may be a fair discussion within these walls. Amen."

This was a stumper. It was the first prayer ever publicly offered in that church for the success of the democratic party and its nominees, though hundreds of prayers and exhortations had been made against that party. When the old man had finished there was a silence for half an hour, and the meeting then adjourned. And thus ended the political preaching in that church. From that time forward the minister attended to his gospel duties, and left all political questions to be settled by the people outside of the church. Again the society prospered, and there was a better feeling among its members—more Christian charity—more brotherly love. The old man's earnest prayer was answered in more respects than one.

Yellow Butter in Winter.—The best plan is to leave the butter with its natural color—but, *if you will color it*,—put in yolk of eggs just before the butter comes, near the termination of the churning. This has been repeatedly tried, and it makes very fine sweet butter. It is kept by many as a great secret, but its value requires publicity. The substances most employed in England and Scotland are the root of the carrot and the flowers of the marigold. The juice of either of these is expressed and passed through a linen cloth. A small quantity of it (and the proportion necessary is soon learned by experience) is diluted with a little cream, and this mixture is added to the rest of the cream when it enters the churn. So little of the coloring matter unites with the butter, that it never communicates to it any peculiar taste.

Which is the greatest fool—the man who runs away from his wife, or leaves town with another man's?

[For the Democrat.]

Acrostical Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 6, 13, is often used.
My 2, 6, 11, is a kind of cake.
My 3, 13, is an article.
My 4, 6, 13, 11, 3, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 5, 10, 7, 11, 8, is a county in N. York.
My 6, 12, 7, 10, 3, is a county in Michigan.
My 7, 12, 1, is an adverb.
My 8, 1, 6, 7, 11, 12, is a kind of beer.
My 9, 12, 11, 3, 7, is a county in Virginia.
My 10, 13, is a preposition.
My 11, 7, 3, 1, is a stinging insect.
My 12, 3, 1, 8, is a kind of grain.
My 13, 3, 10, 9, is made of hard metal.
My whole will live in the memory of his fellow-citizens when the author of certain resolutions passed in the House of Delegates will be forgotten.

JUSTICE.

Airey's, Md.

Burr's Correspondence.

A new life of Aaron Burr has recently made its appearance, in which the author has undertaken the difficult task of vindicating Burr's private character, and attempts to throw the blame of misrepresenting that on his literary executor, Matthew L. Davis. The Editor of the Albany Evening Journal comes forward in defence of Davis, and says that he was permitted by that gentleman to see Burr's papers while he was constructing his biography, and that from what he saw and read, he is satisfied that Burr was relieved, by the course which Davis pursued, from deep and general execration. He says:

Col. Burr not only preserved, but with scrupulous care filed the letters he received. His correspondence, especially with the female sex, was extensive. Much of this was evidently with the educated and refined—much of it showing his association with the gifted and the pure of mind—much more with those whom his "wiles" had undermined and poisoned. These were, however, found in common with letters from an exceptionable class and of an offensive character. All were carefully endorsed, with the places, dates and names of the writers. Where letters were signed with initials or were anonymous, the full names appeared in Col. Burr's handwriting. With many of these letters were copies of Col. Burr's replies. We remember a most interesting series between Col. Burr and a West Indian lady of high culture, taste and purity, who for a long time combatted and resisted the false and fatal teachings of the tempter, only in the end to exemplify the experience of those who "first endure and them embrace" error.

The night before Col. Burr met Gen. Hamilton, he wrote a letter to his daughter Theodosia (Mrs. Alston,) in which he bequeathed his correspondence, contained, as he says, "in six blue boxes," to her, with the request that those which would 'injure' the writers, should be burned. In his will, referring to these blue boxes again as containing his "Confidential Female Correspondence," he says to his daughter, "You will find in them something to amuse, much to instruct, and more to forgive."

But as Gen. Hamilton, instead of Col. Burr, fell, these "blue boxes" remained in the possession of Col. Burr, and came, after his death, into the hands of his "literary executor."

Like Thos. Moore, who suppressed the personal memoirs of Lord Byron, Mr. Davis, governed by a kindred sense of what was due to society, is entitled to commendation, rather than reproach. Nor was the sacrifice an inexpensive one. Mr. Davis was tempted, by large pecuniary offers, to give this correspondence to the public. The late M. M. Noah, we remember, was among those who offered Mr. Davis a handsome sum for the letters. But he always, and with great emphasis, declared that they should never appear, either to blast Col. Burr, or wound the feelings of persons whom they compromised.

Some of these letters were returned by Mr. Davis, in carefully sealed packages, to persons remotely connected with the writers. A person in Virginia, after Col. Burr's death, wrote to his "literary executor" asking that if letters, concerning his family, should be found among his papers, they might be delivered to a distinguished Virginian then in New York, which request was complied with. Mr. Davis himself delivered a package of letters to the lady by whom they were written, and he requested the writer of this article to make similar restitution of another package. But that too delicate commission was declined.

Things Wise and Otherwise.

Here are a few verses which should be read by all who contemplate suicide. We would advise all such to read them, and then do likewise—change their minds:

The landlord saw a carving knife,
One day, and, in his sin,
He took it up, and bared his breast,
And—*almost*—stuck it in.

Another time the railroad cars
Were going out from Bos-
Ton, and he went and laid him down
The horrid track across.

But, as it happened for to chance,
The train had gone before;
And so he rose, with mournful glance,
To think of death once more.

Then he made up his mind to drown,
And sought the river's brim;
But there up-foot and changed his mind,
Because he couldn't swim.

OPINIONS OF A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

The man who is proud of his money has rarely any thing better to be proud of.

Trees with double flowers are, too often, the emblem of friendship—there is plenty of blossom, but no fruit.

There are many men who delight in playing the fool, but who get angry the moment they are told so.

Society has a right to be particular—it is so often deceived!

Common sense has become such a rare commodity that the world has entered into a tacit compact to live without it.

Wealth itself is not so much despised—it is only the man who is the possessor of it.

Every woman is born with a master-mind—that is to say, with a mind to be master, if she can.

No man, *living*, should say an ill-word against the Doctors.

Compliments are the coin that we pay a man to his face—sarcasms are what we pay him out with behind his back.

Toad-eating is always in season.

CHARADE.

What's that which all love more than life,
Fear more than death or mortal strife,
That which contented men desire,
The poor possess, the rich require,
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?

What do we all love more than life?
Or quail at more than mortal strife,
Which in death ends? *Nothing.*

What does the reckless spendthrift save?
What must we all take to the grave?
That which the miser spends— *Nothing.*

A Negligent Woman.—Careful Wife—Don't Charles, go to Boston with that hole in the elbow of your shirt! Husband—Why not my dear? Careful Wife—Because if the cars should happen to run off the track and you should be killed, people would think me a very negligent wife. Husband, buttoning up his overcoat—Ahem! yes, yes, I dare say they would.

Hard Names.—A postmaster, puzzling out a very uncertain subscription to an Irish letter, jocosely remarked to an intelligent son of Erin, who stood by, that the Irish brought a hard set of names to this country. "That's a fact, yer honor," replied the Irishman, "but they get harder ones after they have arrived here."

☞A little Swedish girl was walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies. On being questioned as to the occupation of her thoughts, she replied: "I was thinking if the *wrong side* of heaven is so glorious, what must the other side be?"

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you *holler*in' for when I am going by?" "Humph," returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I am *holler*in'?"

"Why don't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an intemperate person, "set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther." "So I do," said the toper, "but I set it so far off that I always get drunk before I get to it."

A witness in a liquor case recently gave the following testimony: "Sal soda is ice and water, and some stuff squirted into it from a concern. Don't know whether it is intoxicating or not. It makes one feel good—feet lift easier."

An advocate before a bench of magistrates, a short time ago, said he had two witnesses in court in support of his client, and they would be sure to speak the truth—for he had no opportunity to communicate with them.

Moderation in all Things.—A tremendous talker is like a greedy eater at an ordinary, keeping to himself an entire dish of which every one present would like to have partaken.

The Rise and Fall of a Successful Fool.—He shot up like a balloon, and came down like a monkey in a parachute.—*Cremorne Proverbs.*

A late Dublin paper contains the following advertisement: *To Let*—the upper part of a cellar—to a small family, rent low. P. S.—Privilege on the sidewalk for a pig.

Economy.—Spending half a dollar for cigars and cobblers and refusing to take a newspaper because you can't afford it.

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