resent you with a likeness of E, the inventor of *MORSE'S* *PILLS*. This philanthro- greater part of his life in visited Europe, Asia and Af- North America—has spent the Indians of our Western n this way that the Indian first discovered. Dr. Morse to establish the fact that all om IMPURITY OF THE our strength, health and life his vital fluid.

ous passages become clogged, perfect harmony with the s of the body, the blood loses es thick, corrupted and dis- ng pains, sickness and distress ur strength is exhausted, our prived of, and if nature is not ing off the stagnant humors, become clocked and cease to light of life will forever be ow important, then, that we various passages of the body And how pleasant to us that r power to put a medicine in mely, Morse's Indian Root red from plants and roots which mountainous cliffs in Nature's health and recovery of diseased e roots from which these Pills dorific, which opens the pores assists Nature in throwing out f the corruption within. The which is an Expectorant, that gs the passage to the lungs, soothing manner, performs its g off phlegm and other hu- ngs by copious spitting. The ic, which gives ease and dou- the kidneys; thus encouraged, amounts of impurity from the then thrown out bountifully by vater passage, and which could discharged in any other way. a Cathartic, and accompanies ties of the Pills while engaged blood; the coarser particles of cannot pass by the other out- ken up and conveyed off in by the bowels.

ve, it is shown that Dr. More's ls not only enter the stomach, nited with the blood, for they ry part, and completely rout e system from all impurity, the body, which is the blood, ctly healthy; consequently all in is driven from the system, remain when the body becomes ar.

why people are so distressed why so many die, is because a medicine which will pass to rts, and which will open the s for the disease to be cast out; quantity of food and other mat- nd the stomach and intestines erflowing with the corrupted dergoing disagreeable fermenta- y mixing with the blood, which orrupted matter through every , until life is taken from the . Dr. Morse's Pills have add- es victory upon victory, by re- s of the sick to blooming health Yes, thousands who have been ented with sickness, pain and whose feeble frames have been he burning elements of raging have been brought, as it were, of the silent grave, now stand that they would have been th the dead, had it not been for wonderful medicine, Morse's lls. After one or two doses had ey were astonished, and abso- d, in witnessing their charming only do they give immediate ease and take away all sickness, pain out they at once go to work at of the disease, which is the fore, it will be shown, especially use these Pills, that they will so arily, that disease—that deadly take its flight, and the flush of uty will again return, and the long and happy life will cherish your days.

--Beware of a counterfeit signed All genuine have the name of & Co., on each box. Also the . J. *White & Co.* All others are

A. J. WHITE,
Sole Proprietor,
10 Courtlandt st., N. York.

s wanted in every town, village the land. Parties desiring the ddress as above for terms. nts per box; five boxes will be t of $1, postage paid.

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es' Dress Goods,
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y grateful for past favors, I re- licit a continuance of the same. lic's obt. servt.,

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S W. ANDERSON invites the n of the public to his large stock APLE AND FANCY

Y GOODS,

from Philadelphia, comprising nd richest styles of ess Goods and Gentlemen's Wear,

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in this market—all of which will e lowest prices for the *Cash*. , Md., Ap. 28, 1858.

MALAGA RAISINS in layers nches, whole and quarter boxes, l and for sale low at ROBINSON'S Cheap Cash Store.

Cambridge Democrat.

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

Volume 14. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 23, 1859. Number 15.

LADIES' BOOTS.

A little glove stirs up my heart,
As tides stir up the ocean;
And snow-white muslin, when it flits,
Wakes many a curious notion;
All sorts of lady fixings thrill
My feelings, as they'd orter,
But little female gaiter boots
Are death and nothing shorter.

And just to put you on your guard,
I'll give you short and brief,
A small hotel experience,
Which filled my heart with grief.
Last summer, at the Eutaw House,
I stopped a week or more,
And marked two "booties" every morn
Before my neighbor's door—

Two boots with patent leather tips—
Two boots that seem'd to say,
"An angel trots around in us;"
They stole my heart away.
I saw the servant take 'em off—
With those of other brutes—
His soul was in the sixpences,
But mine was in the boots.

And often in my nightly dreams,
They swept before my face—
A lady growing out of them,
As flowers from a vase.
But, ah! one morn I saw a sight
Which struck me like a stone;
Some other name was on the books,
Those boots were not alone!

A great tall pair of other boots
Were standing by their side!
And off they walked that afternoon,
And with them walked a bride!
Enough, enough; my song is sung;
Love's tree bears bitter fruits;
Beware of beauty, reader mine;
But, oh! BEWARE OF BOOTS!

Speech of the Hon. Joseph Holt.

The following beautiful remarks were made by Hon. Joseph Holt, Commissioner of Patents, in reply to the President and gentlemen of the Board of Agriculture, on the occasion of their recent visit to the Department over which he presides with so much grace, ability and dignity:

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—The statement which has just been made, in regard to the labors in which you have been engaged, I have heard with the greatest satisfaction. I am sure that you will all receive, what you have so well deserved, the thanks of the whole country, as you certainly have mine, for the promptitude with which you responded to the invitation from this office, and for the earnestness and zeal with which you have entered upon the duties assigned to you. I cannot, however, too deeply impress upon your minds our conviction that in point of fact your labors are but begun, and our trust that upon returning to your respective homes you will still pursue them and give us the result at the earliest moment practicable. It is our confident expectation that these results will tell upon the pages of the forthcoming agricultural report of this office, in such a manner as to challenge the respect if not the admiration of the public, and silence the clamors of those who have so ruthlessly assailed what they have so little understood.

It has been a source of unfeigned regret to me, that the pressure of official duties has denied me that pleasure and instruction which I would certainly have derived from an attendance upon your deliberations.—I may be permitted to add that apparently the time has at length arrived for the agriculturists of this Republic to arouse themselves to a sense of their actual condition, and to a just estimate of the lofty mission with which they are charged. A pursuit which has given to the world a Cincinnatus, a Tell, and a Washington may well stand unabashed in every earthly presence.—Uncounted millions, gentlemen, have been expended in building up and maintaining a gigantic system of manufacture, in enlarging the area of our commerce, and in guarding it alike from the perils of the deep and the perils of the foreign foe, and yet we do all know that commerce and manufactures, in their very best estate, are but out-pouring streams from the great fountain of agriculture—a fountain which is the nursery, too, of all those virtues upon which this republic rests as its only sure foundation, and without which, it may be safely affirmed, it could not exist a single day or a single hour—a fountain without whose vivifying and fertilizing influences every other domain of human labor and enterprise would wither away and become as waste and arid as the deserts of Sahara; and yet strange to tell, this noble pursuit, which had its origin in the very bowers of Paradise, and which, in all ages and in all lands, has commanded—what it so richly deserved—the profound homage of mankind, is in our own favored country, far, confessedly far behind those other great pursuits, which engage the efforts and solicitudes of the public toil.

The reason is that we tread too indolently, too slavishly, in the paths in which our fathers walk. The ploughman has permitted the steamer to career along the rivers and the locomotive to dash even across his fields without catching that irrepressible spirit of progress of which they are at once the tokens and the triumphs. Hence it is that the slovenly, reckless, impoverishing, and wasting system of tillage which belonged to the olden times still lamentably prevails. And hence it is that the farmers of our country, unlike those beyond the Atlantic, continue still rather to abuse than use our mother earth, approaching her bosom not gently, kindly, caressingly, but like some rough unskillful surgeon cutting and slashing with their instruments, and extracting from that bosom thus mangled, rather the blood, the loss of which wastes life, than the milk that nurtures and sustains it.

The manifest remedy of all this is in the collection and the rapid and broad diffusion of practical, accurate and scientific information in reference to the soils and the agricultural processes and products of our country, in giving to this information the most popular and attractive form possible, and in pressing it home upon the thoughts and sympathies of the farming classes throughout the nation; and I must say that I know of no more efficient or honorable instrumentality for that great work than the Board which I now have the honor of addressing; and when that work shall have been accomplished, and that information thus spread abroad, pondered upon and appreciated properly, then I doubt not our farmers, like the tillers of the soil everywhere, will resolve that not a furrow shall cross their fields, and not a seed enter that furrow, but under the guidance of those lights of science which in this age of inquiry and intelligence, are everywhere leading the footsteps of every human enterprise. When that resolution shall have been taken and maintained, and not till then, can we expect to see here what the traveler in the Old World beholds—fields which have been cultivated more than two thousand consecutive years, and yet to-day are groaning beneath the weight of crops surpassing even those which are borne upon the richest alluvial soils that border the great rivers of your South and West.

I will not further detain you but to simply express to you my complete and abounding sympathy with this and every other movement which looks to the advancement and the elevation of agriculture. And I may be allowed to give to this expression the more emphasis, since in other years it was my own fortune to be, not a theoretic, but a practical tiller of the soil, and there floats not, sure I am, there can never float down to me from the wastes of the past, memories more steeped in the very fragrance of life than those associated with the green fields and breathing bloom of the flower garden of my native land.

I renew to you, gentlemen, the expression of my official and personal thanks, and wish you all, from my heart, a safe and pleasant return to your families and friends.

A Miracle of Honesty.

At a party one evening several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing, and a reverend gentleman was appointed sole judge of their respective pretensions.

One party produced his tailor's bill with a receipt attached to it. A buzz went through the room that this could not be outdone, when a second proved that he had just arrested his tailor for money he lent him.

"The palm is his," was the general cry, when a third put in his claim.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot boast of the feats of my predecessors, but have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they left at my house."

"I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbitrator, "this is the very *ne plus ultra* of honesty, unheard of deeds; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any one capable. The prize is—"

"Hold," cried out another, "I've done still more than that."

"Impossible!" cried the whole company; "let us hear."

"I've been taking my paper for twenty years, and paid for it every year in advance!"

'Twas no use—he took the prize.

THE ILLUSION OF LIFE.

[From the Southern Ægis.]

A friend in need whose heart is sad,
And grieves in anguish o'er our woes;
Who smiles with joy when we are glad,
Exults when fortune's favor flows;
Who gives his time, his purse and heart,
Endures privations, want and care,
Affection prompting every part—
The proof of which his deeds declare.

A love returned as warm and true,
Where we have lavished all our store;
And brilliant hopes of rainbow hue,
Fulfilled by time, undimm'd as yore.
The homes we prize the most our own,
The lip no others claim;
The heart unbought, to bribes unknown,
In weal or woe the same.

A home where peace and joy shall reign,
No sin nor sorrow mar;
Obscure or lofty 'tis the same,
Where love's the polar star.
Our life, to be a summer day
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Without one gleam of twilight grey,
Or midnight's darker hours.

We revel in our fancies bright,
As infants grasp at sunny beams,
'Till disappointment, in her might,
Destroys this host of happy dreams.
Then what is life when these have fled?
A madness—a despair—
Unless upon our hearts are shed
The Christian's meed of prayer.

Deer Park. C. M. M.

Increase of Old Maids.

Marriage statistics are important to all those who pay any attention to the welfare of a State, and very serious matters to everybody. All that diminishes the number of marriages deteriorates from the strength and prosperity of the community most vitally, notwithstanding all the fears of Dr. Malthus. In the Far West, every man who can find a woman that will have him, gets married. A log hut, made in two or three days, and a few deer-skins for a bed, a rifle and a shotbelt, are all the absolute perquisites in the shape of fortune. There, population doubles itself in twenty-five years, apart from immigration. But in our cities it is getting to be very different. Hard times sensibly diminish the number of marriages, and prosperous years add very sensibly to their number. A fortune is thought necessary beforehand to support a wife; and a man is an old bachelor before the fortune is made. Matters are getting to be very different in this respect now in our cities from what they were fifty years ago.

But all over Europe it is getting worse and worse; and in England it is worst of all, unless France be an exception. Old maids and old bachelors are more common than can be well understood amongst us. This has been attributed to a thousand causes—-to the corn-laws, to hard times, to every cause, in fact, but the true one—love of show and *a bad social system.* England is the richest of the countries of Europe, yet more are prevented from marrying for want of sufficient means than elsewhere. Nor is it actual want that prevents marriages even there; for it is not the very poor or laboring classes who remain single, but it is the upper and middle classes of society, and those brought in contact with them as servants, who imbide their ideas, that remain single.

It is *the fear* of want, and not actual want, that restrains from marriage; or rather, it is the want, not of the necessaries of life, nor even of the comforts, but of the ability to live in a certain style of fashion, and keep up certain appearances and indulge in certain luxuries. The oldest son of a nobleman inherits vast estates, and he marries of course, and often doubles the estate in so doing. But his three or four younger brothers are pensioned off with $2000 or $3000 a year. They are too proud to go into business or even into a profession. Nothing but the army or the navy or the church will do for them; and all the salaries they get are barely enough to keep them in cigars, pay their club bills, and support a tiger and a cab. Unless, therefore, they can pick up a fortune with a wife, they cannot think of marrying, and they do not, but walk thro' society and through life flirting and doing the agreeable with everybody they see, because it is well understood they are not marrying men. And their sisters pass into old maids, and so do their cousins and those they should have married, had things been in a natural state, and because every one feels too poor to set up an establishment suited to his supposed rank. They have the ideas of their elder brothers without their fortunes.

The effects of all this are unmixedly pernicious upon all parties. It produces a bad state of society. As for the bachelors, they become corrupt, travel, and die off surprisingly fast; or at least descend into oblivion, their sun setting in the great world of fashion and society.

But the hold of the other sex upon society is not so soon lost. Fine girls and well educated young women freeze up by degrees into well preserved old maids; some of the best of them being very handy, very interesting, and very useful, in all the little details of society, but sadly insignificant; either pensioned off on little bits of salaries, or more dependent still; and the less interesting portion of them driven to consider every possible art by which a scanty subsistence may be eked out without any derogation from their fancied dignity and station. Invitations for a few weeks are poked for, and means of ingratiating and flattering and genteely begging resorted to, that would hardly be credited. All sorts of employments for females, that have any pretensions to respectability, are eagarly soaght after at the most pitiful prices; and the paintings and sketches, and drawings and fancy ornaments, from which the dealers realize enormous sums, are really the work of ladies who would not have it dreamed that they touched such things for money. Yet they are glad to do them quietly for prices at which many a washerwoman would hardly sell her time. Every pension and gratuity, every place as Governess or companion, is crowded with applicants.

Is there no cure for all this, it is often asked. Nothing but the most radical change in society will do it. Social prosperity may do something. The destruction of the laws and customs of primogeniture might do more. But the real evil is a feeling that social position and real happiness depend on wealth or family, and not on industry and personal intelligence and worth and refinement. So long as it is thought degrading to earn a living, and necessary to keep up certain appearances without any visible occupation, so long marriages will be cut off, and bachelors will abound, and cigars will be smoked, and vices multiplied, and the old maids be dependent and scheming, until they have courage to make themselves independent, and recognized by their writings, or paintings, or sculpture, or self-denying virtues, or usefulness to society.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

Novelists as Statesmen.

It is a singular feature of things in England, that two of the most prominent men in Lord Derby's Cabinet are chiefly celebrated as novelists. We mean D'Israeli and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. The latter of these gentlemen might be supposed to have some hereditary influence in State affairs, through the ancient and honorable families which he represents. His brother, however, who was the British Minister at Washington for many years, and who negotiated the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, would have been the more natural representative of the family influence. He was the elder son, was brought up to statesmanship as a business, and was intended from his youth to be pushed into public life. But the youngest son, though the most versatile, and not at all educated for the routine duties of public office, has now risen to the very important and responsible situation of Secretary to the Colonies, from the conviction of his superior personal abilities among all England's most conservative statesmen. D'Israeli had not anything *but* talents to recommend him. His birth, as the son of a Jew, was infinitely to his prejudice and disadvantage, and his fortune was a mere nothing. But in face of all natural obstacles he has made his way by the force of personal talents alone to the head of the Exchequer; and thus two of the most prominent, important and matter-of-fact positions in the English government, the control of the finances at home and of the colonies abroad, are committed to two men who, if they know anything about the plain and prose duties of their stations, have wound their way to this knowledge through a labyrinth of fiction and imagination, such as but few have ever waded through to come to such results.

Our own literary men have been of eminent service to us at times in diplomacy, but these have not been our novelists. Franklin, Jefferson, Everett and Bancroft have distinguished themselves by the use of the pen in history, in philosophy, in morals, in the classics, but not *in fiction.* D'Israeli might plead that he has written far more in other departments than in this last, and that his *object*, even in fictitious writing, has been simply to make himself known as a politician. His most famous novels have had this aim at least to show himself to have a true conception of what a real statesman ought to be. There can be no doubt but that, as a writer of fiction, Bulwer excels every other author, past and present. His conceptions of character are more true and just, and there is not a nook or corner of English life, from the loftiest to the lowest, but what he is perfectly familiar with. Still, both he and D'Israeli seem to have had at least this false conception of the character of a statesmen, *i. e.*, that he ought to be a sort of man capable of doing a thousand things at once, by an instinct or inspiration of genius far transcending all rules, and disdaining the restraints of red tape and practical training; in fact, ignoring and superseding them all. The statesman ought to be able to discuss metaphysics with a German, and at the same time to penetrate all the subterfuges of a French Ambassador, adroitly parry all his aims, exposing none of his own, cracking jokes by way of interlude with a professed wit and man of the clubs, and dictate to two secretaries at the same time. Then he should draw on his gloves and break in an ungovernable horse given up by the country squire, fence with a Spaniard, split a pistol-ball on a knife at twelve paces, or knock down a pugilist, and finally, sauntering into the House of Commons, make an extemporaneous speech as full of wit and satire as one of Canning's, tear an opposition to pieces, like Brougham, and win him friends as neither Canning nor Brougham ever could, by the advocacy of positive truths.

Now this is a false ideal conception of statesmanship to begin with. It is *dandyism*, and the loftiest genius must break down in it just at the most dangerous point. Such a Chancellor of the Exchequer must make a great many off-hand speeches, which, whatever their immediate effect on the audience, when reported in the Times as official expositions of the views and intents of a Cabinet, must be exceedingly damaging. D'Israeli has already done no little of that sort of thing. And such a Colonial Secretary will some day be writing a despatch that may cost the Crown Australia or the Canadas.

Some one well said of such statesmanship, *"that horse genius does nothing but kick."* The genius of a Bulwer has done some better things than that. But it has been remarked of him, that he has never undertaken anything in which hs has not at first failed miserably, or in which, after having gone through the discipline of failure, he has not by hard labor attained to a very high degree of eminence. Certain it is that in the writing of fiction and in public speaking he has done both. Perhaps as a Minister of State he may be equally or even more fortunate.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

"Old Abe's" Last.

Some may think that Abraham Lincoln, our late candidate for U. S. Senator against Douglas, feels greatly disappointed, grieved because of his defeat. On the contrary, we assure both his supporters and opponents that no man ever took a defeat more philosophically or good-naturedly.

A gentleman who was at Springfield, recently, tells us that on the day of the election of Douglas by the Legislature, a number of "Old Abe's" friends called on him, and one of them remarked: "Well, Abe, I suppose you are not going to 'cry over spilt milk,' are you?"

"As to that," rejoined Lincoln, with his accustomed good-natured smile, "I am in the predicament of a tall young fellow I once heard tell of, who, while running up hill, stumbled, fell, and hurt his toe quite badly. Some one coming up asked him whether he was going to cry or laugh about it. 'Wall,' said the tall youth, 'I suppose I am too big to cry about it, but it hurts too awful bad to laugh!'"—*Illinois paper.*

A sergeant, passing along one of the streets near the tower of London, observed one of his men sitting against a wall. He was the worse for liquor, and on asking him why he did not go home, he replied: "O, sergeant! all the houses seem to be passing me; so I think I had better wait till the barracks come, and then I can get in without any trouble."

The prosperity of man lies in this one word—Education. Convey humanity to this fountain of happiness, and you bestow everything; all means of power and greatness.

A Yankee doctor has got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' labor, well worked in.

TWO CHARACTERS.

Some murmur when the sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And so me with thankful love are fill'd,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's great mercy gild
The darkness of the night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a weary task,
And all things good denied?
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid—
Love that never seeks to tire—
Such rich provision made.

Dialogue on Newspapers.

"How does it happen, neighbor B., that your children have made so much greater progress in their learning, and knowledge of the world, than mine? They all attend the same school, and, for aught I know, enjoy equal advantages."

"Do you take the newspapers, neighbor A.?"

"No, sir, I do not take them myself; but I now and then *borrow* one, just to read. Pray, sir, what have newspapers to do with the education of children?"

"Why, sir, they have a vast deal to do with it, I assure you. I should as soon think of keeping them from school, as to keep from them the newspapers; it is a little school itself. Being new every week, it attracts their attention, and they are sure to peruse it. Thus, while they are storing their minds with useful knowledge, they are at the same time acquiring the art of reading, &c. I have often been surprised, that men of understanding should overlook the importance of a newspaper in a family."

"In truth, neighbor B., I frequently think I should like to take them, but I cannot well afford the expense."

"Can't afford the expense! What, let me ask, is the value of two dollars a year, in comparison with the pleasures and advantages to be derived from a well-conducted newspaper? As poor as I am I would not, for fifty dollars a year, deprive myself of the happiness I enjoy in reading and hearing my children read, and talk about what they have read in the papers. And then the reflection that they are growing up intelligent and useful members of society. O, don't mention the expense!—pay it in advance every year, and you will think no more of it."

A Kentucky lawyer on circuit was asked to dine with the Judge. At the table, the Judge, as is his custom, asked a blessing, and shortly after arose from his seat and took from the sideboard a bottle of Old Bourbon, of which he invited his guests to partake, partaking freely himself, as is always his custom.—After dinner the lawyer said:

"Judge, will you permit me to ask you a question?" "Oh, certainly," replied the Judge; what is it?"

"I observed, said the lawyer, "that after you had asked a blessing, you set out the bottle. Now, I wish to know whether you were ashamed to ask a blessing on the liquor, or whether you thought it was good enough without?"

The Judge took the case under advisement.

"Johnny" said a mother to a son nine years old, "go and wash your face; I am ashamed to see you coming to dinner with so dirty a mouth."

"I did wash it, mamma, and feeling his upper lip, he added, gravely, "I think it must be a mustache coming.

The words of women are more intoxicating than wine, and dearer.—Jones says it is so. It costs him ten dollars every time his wife says "My dear," while nothing less than twenty dollars is deemed an equivalent for "My dear hubby."

An Irishman having a friend hung in this country, wrote to his friends informing them that after addressing a large meeting of citizens, the scaffold upon which he stood gave way, owing to which he fell and *broke his neck.*

When you have lost money in the streets, every one is ready to help you look for it; but when you have lost your character, every one leaves you to recover it as you can.

When does mortification ensue? When you pop the question and are answered no.

Fortune is sometimes heaped up like the snow, and like snow melts and thaws to nothing again.

He that knows useful things and not he that knows many things is the wise man.

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