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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, AUGUST 31, 1859. Number 40.

Cambridge Democrat.

Published every Wednesday Morning.

Office opposite Mr. John Bradshaw's Hotel.

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THOMAS H. HANDY, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

[Written for the Cambridge Democrat.]

ONWARD.

BY W. HOWARD PERRIGO.

Ever onward, never stopping—
Never lingering by the way;
Let the star of blest hope guide us,
And let's emulate its ray.

Ever onward, never ling'ring—
Never shrinking from the blast;
Boldly struggling, never stopping,
We will gain the goal at last.

Though the way be dark and rugged,
And the sky be overcast,
If we but persevere a brighter day
Will dawn to us at last.

Then struggle bravely onward
Through every scene of gloom,
And from night's mystic darkness
A bright, glad morn will bloom.

Stephensport, Ky., Aug. 1, 1859.

[Written for the Cambridge Democrat.]

NIGHT.

BY W. HOWARD PERRIGO.

'Tis now the gentle hour of night,
The peaceful time for rest;
When holy feelings find repose
Within the human breast;
When earthly cares are set aside,
And hearts are raised above,
Praising the mercy of the Lord,
His goodness and his love.

How sacred and how beautiful
The unobtrusive light,
Which emenates from those pure orbs
That deck the brow of night.
And midst the beauties so sublime,
We set and meditate
On visions bright, which quickly fade,
And mourn upon their fate.

Stephensport, Ky., Aug. 5, 1859.

A STORY ABOUT A KISS.

We have frequently noticed that the staidest old maids have the most liberal notices of kissing. Frederika Bremer, with the simplicity and geniality of a Christian, has ever a gentle word for the impulsive lover, if his heart is honest. We find this little story in her last book:

In the university of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student—a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, but without the means for pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart; and trying not to look at the future which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, prating away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a very young and elegant lady, who, at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upsala, living in the city, and the lady with her was her governess.—She was generally known for her beauty and for her goodness and gentleness of character; and was looked upon with great admiration by the students. As the young men now stood silently looking, gazing at her, as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed: "Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!" The poor student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently on that pure and angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration, "Well, I think I could have it." "What!" cried his friends in chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her," &c. "Not at all," he answered; "but I think she would kiss me, just now, if I asked her." "What! in this place, before all our eyes?" "Freely, freely." "Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!" exclaimed one of the party. "And I!" "And I!" cried three or four others, for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and the bets ran high on so improbable an event, and the challenge was made and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero—my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain—I have my peculiar reasons for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good-looking—our hero immediately walked to meet the young lady. He bowed to her and said, "My lady (minfroleer) my fortune is in your hand." She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her steps.

He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related truly and simply what had just passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he had ceased to speak, she said blushing, but with great sweetness: "If by so little a thing so much can be effected, it would be foolish in me to refuse your request," and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

Next day the young student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the young man who dared to ask a kiss of his daughter in that way; and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a severe and scrutinizing brow, but after an hour's conversation was so pleased with him, that he offered him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young student now pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising scholar at the university.—Three years were now passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the lovely daughter of the Governor as to his intended bride.

He became, later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character. His works will endure forever among the works of science, and from his happy union sprung a family well known in Sweden in the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things, compared with the wealth of goodness and love."

Eye-Sight.

Milton's blindness was the result of overwork and dyspepsia.

One of the eminent American divines having for some time been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has spent thousands of dollars in value, and lost years of time, in consequence of getting up several hours before day, and studying by artificial light. His eyes never got well.

Multitudes of men and women have their eye weak for life by the too free use of the eye-sight, reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, or write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or of a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of light or window or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on the first waking, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight.—The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease, and take a walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling would be a blueish tinge, and the carpet green and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest dilutent in the world—then wash your eyes and face in warm water.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

We have just heard a good 'un.—Not long ago a distinguished divine was walking with a friend past a new church in which another distinguished divine is the shepherd. Said the friend to the D. D., looking up at the spire, (which was very high and not yet completed,) "how much higher is that going to be?" "Not much," said the D. D., with a sly laugh, "they don't own very far in that direction!"

It is easier to be wise for others than for ourselves.

The Policy of Advertising.

THE OLDEN AND THE MODERN TIME.

The policy of advertising on an extensive scale, has been adopted in this country within the last half century. It may be regarded as a new and striking feature of the age in which we live. In the olden time, but few merchants or storekeepers paraded their names and their goods constantly before the public through the agency of *advertisements.* The organization of a new firm was duly announced, the opening of a new store, or the arrival of a particularly rich supply of merchandize. But the system of advertising daily, year in and year out, and in the most conspicuous manner, was a novelty that had not yet entered into the minds of even the most enterprising. Then however, the circulation of the press was comparatively limited, and the readers were few and far between. An extraordinary change has taken place within the last thirty or forty years. The newspaper has become one of the necessaries of life. All classes read it. Not only the banker and the merchant, the tradesman and the politician, but the mechanic, the operative and the laboring man. It is well that it is so, for thus all, to some extent at least, become acquainted with the progress of public affairs, and are able to converse understanding upon ordinary topics. The public journal has become essential in another point of view, and as a medium between the buyer and seller, between those who have houses, lands, or goods of any description to dispose of, and the multitude whose necessities compel them to become purchasers. The individual who, engaged in any kind of active business, neglects to advertise, proves that he is not only short-sighted, but that he gives an important advantage to his neighbor, who avails himself of the extraordinary facilities that are afforded by the press. If, for example, a merchant should arrive from China with a stock of goods on hand, amounting in value to half a million of dollars, and should locate himself in one of the finest stores in Philadelphia, hundreds and thousands of citizens who reside at remote points, would perhaps, not for months, discover the fact. But if he should, as he would of course, immediately resort to the widely circulated journals of the day, announce his arrival and describe his goods, four-fifths of the population would learn something of the matter in less than forty-eight hours. And so with every other enterprise of a similar nature. There is, moreover, great tact in advertising. Some men have a peculiar faculty for describing, as well their places of business, as the kind of articles they have for sale. They contrive not only to win the eye, but to excite the curiosity and impress the mind. The truth is, they pay particular attention to this branch of their business, for it is a branch, and the result in most cases, is a rich harvest to the customers. They neither say too much nor too little, but they rather invite examination, and in such a way as to inspire confidence. There are particular kinds of business that will not bear the magniloquent style, the inflated, or the extravagant. The appeals therefore, in the way of advertising, must be made in good taste, because the class of readers to whom they are addressed, are sensible, observing, and not likely to be deceived. There are other persons again, who miscalculate and exaggerate so terribly, that after one or two trials, the effect is lost. They promise more than they can realize. They induce citizens and their families to visit their establishments under certain representations, but the first visit is the last, because *charlatanrie* and imposture are at once detected. The reader will perceive, therefore, that to advertise constantly and effectively, tact is not only essential, but the truth must be adhered to. If articles are described as every way superior, they must prove so on examination. Confidence thus secured, will yield abundant reward in repeated visits; and a character for reliability once fully established, will of itself prove equivalent to a fortune. Within a few years, all sorts of wants and wishes seem to be advertised. This mode is regarded as the easiest, as well as the cheapest and most effective. The press speaks, not with a single voice, but with thousands of tongues. Merchants, tradesmen and storekeepers have discovered this, and they naturally enough act accordingly. Not to advertise freely and frequently, is to prove insensible to the actual condition of affairs. The individual who desires to sell his goods, must of course make the fact known. The varieties of people who constitute a great community, can be reached only through the agency of the press. The cost, when the immense advantages are considered, should be regarded as a trifle. Some of our enterprising merchants, we are told, make it a rule to expend as much in advertising every year, as they pay rent. They believe, too, that the system is remunerative, and hence they persevere.—*Phila. Monitor.*

Do Toads and Worms Rain Down?

At the risk of being called old fogyish, superstitious, nonsensical, and the like, we are going to put on record our belief that they sometimes do.

We know there are many difficult questions to answer in support of the theory, if we undertake to support it. So we won't undertake it, and then we shall not be obliged to prove that heavy bodies like these can be sustained in the atmosphere, or how they can be got there in the first place. We don't feel like reasoning on the subject at all, and at once acknowledge our incompetency to sustain our position by reasoning.

There are a great many things that we *believe* that we cannot *prove.* If we could prove them we should know them, and there would be no occasion for belief; but in this case we have never seen a worm or a toad fall during a shower, but we have found them immediately thereafter in such places as they would be very unlikely to get of their own free will and accord. We remember one time we left a large, smooth glazed-ware pitcher in the open field over night. Before morning there was a tremendous shower, and when we went for the pitcher we found in it half a pint or more of water, and several worms. That they were there we know—how they came there we *believe* we know. We don't see why they should desire to get in themselves, and we very much doubt if they could have done it had they desired.

If anybody *knows* anything about this matter, let them promulgate that knowledge. But we want no theories. We can get enough of them ourselves. On this question we shall be as inexorable as Gradgrind, and receive nothing but facts.—*Life Illustrated.*

Talleyrand's Rise.

This is the account given by himself of the beginning of his rise after returing from America:

When I arrived in Paris on my return to France, Madame de Stael was very anxious to serve me, and I was introduced by her to Barras, who gave me an invitation to his country house near Marly I arrived there very early in the day, and was sitting there alone, when two young men entered the room, and began a discussion, saying, "Shall we go or shall we not?" At last they cried—"Allons!" and away they went. Not long afterwards there was a great distress in the house.—They had gone to bathe in the Seine, and one of them, a natural son of Barras (Query) had been drowned. Barras was inconsolable, and all my endeavors to console him, such as they were (for I returned with him in his carriage to Paris,) were of no avail; but they gave him such an impression, in my favor, that he rendered me every service he could afterwards, and as long as he lived.—He introduced me to Napoleon, and I came into office almost immediately. He always spoke of my kindness on that occasion with a warmth that affected me.—*Rogers' Notes.*

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquisition of good language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not needed to procure education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

Temptation is the half-way house on the road to ruin, and the toll-gate is only passable by the forfeiture of a very heavy fine, namely, our characters and our constitution.

Enlarging a Farm without Buying Land.

If a man does not know how much land he actually owns, and gets no benefit out of that part with which he is unacquainted, and then is informed that he has more, and is told how to use it, why is not this equivalent to the purchase of more acres? Farmers are often heard to exclaim, "Oh that I were rich enough to buy a little more land, then I could fatten more cattle and sheep, and I could carry more grain to market." Now, to such men, at least some of them we beg leave to say, your farms are already larger than you suppose. You seem to think that your ownership extends only six inches deep into the earth, but this is a misapprehension. It is not very strange, however, since all the former owners of the soil had the same idea, and the Indians, from whom your ancestors bought and stole the land, were content with only the surface, just enough to hunt upon and to grub a few roots out of. But this is all a mistake, as you will see on reflection. Examine the title deeds to your land and you see if there is any limit to your right in a downward direction. You will not find any; we know you won't.

Now, therefore, do not fear to go at once and take possession of your farm. It is virgin soil, covered over with only a few inches of partly worn land, and will return you fine crops if you will only lay it open to the sun and air, or mix it with the soil you have long cultivated. Perhaps it will not be wise for you to try to use it all the first year; use a little moderation in entering upon your new property, for your own sake and for the farm's sake. Here is what some writer has said on the subject, not strictly correct perhaps, but highly suggestive:

"At the present time, the average crop of wheat per acre in Great Britian, on a soil cultivated for centuries, is about double that produced on the comparatively new soil of Ohio. Why is this? Simply because the leading British farmers are educated men, and apply their work wisely. They pay back to the earth what they borrow from her; they endeavor, by every means in their power, to enrich their ground, and in return it enriches them. If American farmers, instead of laboring to double the number of their acres, would endeavor to double their crops, they would find it a saving of time and toil, and an increase of profit. Many men never think of digging ten inches into the soil, unless they have dreamed about a crock of gold hid in the earth; but if they would set about the work of digging in earnest, every man would find his crock of gold without the aid of dreams or divination."

We once heard of some remarkable strawberries raised in a neighboring town, and called the "Washington Excelsior" strawberry. Rumor said that the leaves were large, vividly green all summer, the fruit large and abundant for a long time, and not diminished by the severest drouths. The plants were sold at half a dollar apiece and were considered cheap at that price. Attracted by these wonderful stories of the new fruit, we went to see it and learn all about it. The plants were indeed beautiful, and the fruit very fine.—But our eyes were opened when Mr. Smith, the owner, told us frankly that the plants were some common sort, the name of which he had forgotten, but that they were grown on a bed in the corner of his garden which was *made ground, for at least six feet deep.* Why, did not this account for the persistent verdure of the foliage and the size and abundance of the fruit? Yet, the superior beauty of the plants and berries had attracted much attention in the neighborhood, and seemed to call for a high-sounding name, and so Mr. Smith dubbed them the "Washington Excelsior." Plainly, this man's strawberry bed was enlarged without fencing in more land.—*American Agriculturist.*

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?—One afternoon a boy saw a person drop his purse. He picked it up and put it in his pocket, and was walking off with it. "What am I going to do?" came into his mind; and the answer followed: "I am going away with a purse of money that does not belong to me. This is not honest; I shall be a thief if I do so. God has said 'Thou shalt not steal.'" In another moment he ran after the person and gave up the purse.

"What am I going to do?" asked a boy who took his fishing tackle instead of his books and was stealing out of the back door of his father's house. "I am going to play truant, deceive my parents, neglect my school, and go in the company of bad boys." The case looked a bad one, he turned about, put away his fishing-tackle, found his satchel and run off to school.

These boys were saved from much evil by stopping to think. Solomon says, "Ponder the path of thy feet."

The Apprentice Boy.

In 1845 we were at a 4th of July celebration in Carlisle, at which Gen. Sam. Houston delivered the oration. At the close he told a story of a carpenter's apprentice, whose master's cruelty had driven him away to the West, leaving his old mother alone, and sorrowing for her lost son. The orator pointed out the house where his master lived, and dwelt on the subject till the whole audience of 5,000 people became interested.—Then turning to the highest pitch, he exclaimed: "Here is the boy whom the cruelty of a master drove from his mother's house," and begged leave to introduce Mr. Kauffman, "member of Congress from Texas!" Sure enough, it was Kauffman, the apprentice boy, and this was his first visit to his native place in thirty years! For a moment or two all was still, and then arose such a shout as never before was heard in Cumberland. Ladies sprang from their seats and waved their handkerchiefs, and the speaker could not be heard for several minutes. And the old hoary headed carpenter, who drove the boy away, was in the crowd!

We were but a boy, but would have given everything in this wide world for Kauffman's triumph for that one hour. The poor, despised, beaten, runaway boy, of the American Congress.

VALUABLE RECIPE.—The Petersburg Intelligencer says the following recipe, now for the first time made public, may be relied upon as a specific for the hog cholera. It had been fully tried and tested on the hogs of a gentleman of Amherst, Va. The remedy was given in all the varied stages of the disease, and uniformly cured in every case. It will not be impossible, after all the fruitless efforts hitherto made to find out a remedy for Asiatic cholera, that this one accidentally suggested by a young lady to her father in Amherst, Va., and which was successful in curing the hogs, may be equally so in curing man of that terrible disease—cholera:

"*Recipe.*—Beat up an ounce or more of assafœtida, and add say to an ounce a pint of whisky or other kind of spirits, and give to the hog two table spoonsful; it produces an immediate relief, and speedy and permanent cure. The effect which this drench had on the hogs spoken of was to cause them to vomit the most disgusting and loathsome mass of matter conceivable from the stomach, when an immediate reaction took place and the hogs were soon entirely well."

"The price paid for a good newspaper, is like seed sown in the ground—it brings back a thousand fold its value." Thus remarks some one who evidently has investigaed the matter. Some people, however, do not believe it. They think a dollar and a half or two dollars a year, paid for a paper, is so much paid for a luxury, whereas, the truth is, it is so much paid for a prime necessity. A family without a newspaper—children brought up ignorant of the "world and its vast concerns," is a family where the light of this "full orbed" century has not yet penetrated. Would it not be well for such families to be pointed out to the missionary as proper subjects for their benevolent labors? We make the suggestion.

A "tough" subscriber to a country paper was struck from its mail list because he wouldn't pay up. The delinquent's wife insisted wrathfully that she knew what was newspaper law—that she did—the proprietor was obliged to send the paper until "all arrearages were paid."

"This world is all a fleeting show," said a priest to a culprit on the gallows. "Yes," was the prompt reply, "but if you've no objection, I'd rather see the show a little longer!"

If you wish your neighbors to notice you, buy a dog and tie him up in the cellar all night! They won't sleep for thinking of you.

The world caresses the rich, however deficient in intellect or morals and avoids the poor man of merit, in the thread bare coat.

The curvature of the earth amounts to seven inches per mile. A man 6 feet high cannot be seen 10 miles.

No poultice has ever been discovered that draws out a man's virtues so fully as the sod which covers his grave.

Insults are like counterfeit money; we can't help their being offered, but we need'nt take them.

Keep your temper in disputes.—The cool hammer fashions the red-hot iron into any shape needed.

Poverty is like a panther—look it steadily in the face, and it will turn from you.

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