rmers and Planters,
Manipulated GUANO,
A COMBINATION OF
uvian and the Best Phosphatic
o, made with the Best Ma-
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LANDS AND ON MOST CROPS SUPE-
N ITS EFFECTS TO EITHER PE-
IAN OR ANY OTHER GUANO.
r. JAMES HIGGINS,
t ten years State Agricultural Chemist of Maryland.
combination of Peruvian and the
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more than six years ago, and very
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xperience as a practical planter and
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rnish those, who may favor me with
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eapest Manures.
planters and others will be furnish-
the Guanos sold in our market.
PLASTER OF PARIS, and
MAGNESIAN LIME, according
ts of the soil,—and too much care
taken in adapting the proper lime
the want of this, thousands of dol-
een annually lost to our State. Al-
wing artificial manures:
Super-Phosphate of Lime,
nder his own direction; and
Nitrated Saline Fertilizer,
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which has been very successfully
prevents, to a great extent, the
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ey liable to adulterations, &c., and
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an adequate protection.
ures sold by me will have my name
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Cash, or accepted city paper.
ll also attend to the BUYING OF
TATE, and everything connected
arming and Planting interest.
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ARMS on the Baltimore and Wash-
d, one of them with elegant im-
s and every convenience, in the
iful and elegant location on it, and
e tracts in Virginia, with negroes,
attached.
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ECOND STREET,
from South street, in Gittings' New Building,
BALTIMORE, MD.
PIANOS,
MELODEONS,
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h System Adopted—Prices Greatly Reduced.
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NEW YORK, agent for the best
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f all kinds, in the United States.—
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se of every variety of style, from
eat and substantial 6½ octaves, in
Rosewood Cases, from 150 to $200,
the most elegant finish, up to ONE
ND DOLLARS. No House in the
compete with the above in the num-
and celebrity of its instruments,
extremely low prices at which they
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PIANOS, with or without Iron
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uments in tone, touch and durabil-
, (tuned the equal temperament.)
of all other styles and makes. Pri-
60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double
; double Reeds and two banks of
Less a liberal discount. Clergy-
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Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes,
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offered to the public. A large dis-
Teachers and Schools. The trade
the most liberal terms.
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many of the choice and most pop-
the day, and will be sold at one-
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[July 29, 1858.
A CARD.
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y friends will respond promptly and
that "a friend in need is a friend
THOMAS W. ANDERSON.
8. Cambridge, Md
DS neatly printed at this office.

Cambridge Democrat.

"LET US CLING TO THE CONSTITUTION AS THE MARINER CLINGS TO THE LAST PLANK WHEN THE NIGHT AND TEMPEST CLOSE AROUND HIM."

Volume 15. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 21, 1860. Number 17.

Fling Out the Union's Starry Flag.

BY MRS. FRANCES B. M. BROTHERSON.

Fling out the Union's starry flag,
Beneath the smiling azure sky,
And let its folds wave gracefully,
Reflecting splendor from on high.
Aye! fling upon the balmy air
The ensign of a freeman's home,
And plant it on unconquered hills,
Where tyrant footsteps may not come.

Fling out the Union's starry flag,
From Northern hills to Southern skies,
And let our nation's joyful voice
In one harmonious strain arise.
The gentle flowers, the murmuring streams,
Shall offer their glad jubilee,
And the tall, whispering forest trees,
Shall chant a mighty minstrelsy.

In the entwined link that binds
The peerless sisterhood of States
For glory's radiant wreath, that now
To crown her patriot children waits,
Oh! be that chain more firmly made
In kindly greetings, day by day,
Until the Master mighty hand
Hath borne each shining link away.

Shall warring hands e'er brand these links
With dark disunion's deepening stain?—
Force from their orbit peerless stars
To seek their wonted course in vain?
Oh no! let hands still kindly meet;
Fraternal may each pressure be—
The North and South—one still in heart
Till time becomes eternity.

Oh no! Mount Vernon hath a voice,
Beneath its green and sacred sod,
That pleads a life-long unity
For the fair land by freemen trod.
The hills and vales, the streams and flowers,
The shining stars, in glory ever,
And every true and patriot heart,
Respondeth "Never! never!! never!!!

THE HAUNTED HOUSE,

OR,

THE SECRET PANNEL.

BY A. B. GREY.

I had just returned from boarding school to my native village of S——, in England, congratulating myself on the prospect of roaming once more beneath the shady trees, and resting under the time-worn roof of the old family mansion. My mother had died in my childhood, and I was left to the care of my father, who paid very little attention to me, until my thirteenth year, when I was sent off to school, some three hundred miles from home. It was very seldom that I heard from our village; indeed a letter was a strange thing to me, and if by chance I received one from my father, and opened it expecting to realize a rich feast out of its contents, I found it filled up with such sentences as these:—"Be a good girl and learn your lessons;" and "Be careful and not make a fool of yourself among the well educated girls who attend with you." Not one word of kindness or love.

I never returned home during the hollidays; so when I first caught sight of my birth-place, after leaving school, I was seventeen years of age; a fearless girl, possessing but little beauty, but, I must say, a good education.

O! how everything has changed at home! The old house had been partly torn down and rebuilt, and the old tree that used to stand by the side of the house and shelter my little room from the glare of the sun, had been cut down. The grounds had been renovated, and a lawn laid out in front of the house; and what was the cause of all this change? I soon found out; my father had married during my absence.

His second partner was a widow of some personal beauty, not quite past the meridian of life, possessing no property whatever. She had come to the village some two years after I had left, bearing upon her person the credentials of widowhood in the shape of a black dress and shawl; also a bonnet and very long veil of the same sombre hue. I know nothing of the courtship or cause of my father uniting himself to a strange woman; but I do know that I found her installed within my father's house, and that I had a step-mother. She welcomed me very coldly, and I was not backward in following suit.

My father greeted me more cordially than I had expected. He looked haggard and care-worn. "What was the matter? Had he failed in business?" I asked, with solicitude, (though I knew that the latter was almost impossible, as he was possessed of some means and never speculated.) Before he had time to answer, my step-mother spoke: "O! he has been very unwell for some days with a severe cold." After talking a while longer I arose and went out upon the lawn. I walked a few steps down upon the shrubberies, where I observed an old man at work, whom I thought I recognized as a man of all work, who used to be about the place when I left home. I had not forgotten his name, so I called to him:

"Peter! Peter!" The old man turned slowly around. "Don't you know me? I am little Alice," said I.

He gazed upon me for a few moments, and then he stretched out his brown and withered hands, and grasping mine, he said:

"Yes, indeed, thou art little Alice, who used to play around the grounds some four years ago, if I mistake me not. Thou art like thy mother."—Here a tear drop fell from the old man's eyes upon the grass.

"Did you ever see my mother?" I enquired.

"Yes, yes; she was too good for this world, but yet her spirit does not rest."

"What do you mean?" questioned I.

The old man said not a word, but taking me by the hand, he led me around the side of the mansion which had been inhabited by my mother when alive, but which was now and had been shut up for some time, and pointing up to the windows, which were closed, he said in a trembling voice:

"At those windows, every night, at eleven o'clock, a glimmering light appears at the middle window. Do you see it there?"

Great heavens, it was the very room in which my mother breathed her last; I had often thought of its gloomy hangings and the large pannels set within the walls, for our house was of ancient build. Evening wasted away to a close, so I bade the old man good night, with my mind made up but to one purpose, which was to spend the night in the room where my mother died.

I was a bold girl, unlike many others of my sex; I had never known fear, at least the fear of ghosts, spectre lights, &c. In fact, I considered these things an egregious humbug.

I crossed the lawn and entered the house, and was soon seated at the tea-table, where I broached the subject, and asked them to prepare the room; my step-mother demurred a little, but at last seeing that I was bent upon having my own way, she consented. My father said nothing, which did not surprise me, as he was always taciturn. Bed time came; I took in my hand a candle and proceeded slowly up stairs and entered the "room;" a bright fire was burning in the grate, and as it cast its bright rays upon the black hangings of the bed and furniture, it would seem to a disordered imagination as if a thousand demons were dancing within the chamber.

I laid down upon the bed without disrobing, and before I knew it I was locked in slumber.

I was awakened by the noise of footsteps in the room; I lay as still as death; could it be possible, I tho't to myself, can it be true? does the spirit of my dear mother visit the earth? A faintness came over me, but with an effort I conquered it, and looked out upon the room.—There! yes, there before an open space, which had been once covered by a panel, stood a figure clothed unlike modern ghosts, in a heavy black dress. I was horror-struck. All at once the figure turned its head.—Great heavens! it was my step-mother! There she stood, staring me full in the face, her eyes wide open. She was a somnambulist; but what could have brought her here? Again she turned her head, but it was to gaze on the recess. Angels defend me! it was packed for a space of six inches from the bottom, with gold coin, which glistened in the last rays of my fast expiring candle.

It was a moment of excitement for me; I knew all. I arose softly from the bed, and went out of the chamber, the door of which I locked. I then found my way to my father's chamber and aroused him, and hastily explained what was going on within my mother's chamber. He was all excitement; he led the way up to the chamber and unlocked the door; we entered. She still stood by the open pannel, gazing upon the treasure. My father and I advanced, and before I could stay his arm, he had grasped her by the shoulder; she awoke, gave one look at me, and then fell to the floor. At this moment the candle shot out its last glare of light and we were in the dark, the fire having gone out when I was asleep

A few minutes sufficed to rouse Peter, who slept in the house, and we procured a candle; I stooped down and examined my step-mother; she was dead. From the bosom of her dress a white paper had fallen out upon the floor. It was a letter; I picked it up and opened it. This was its contents:

"June the 4th, 1829.

"DEAR BOB:—I have succeeded in getting about a thousand pounds out of the old boy's cash box, which I have in a safe place, until I can with safety fly with you to America. I have found his wife's jewels, but I do not know what they are worth; are you still at De——?

"No more at present, from your wife,

"EMMA BARTLETT.

"For a short time, AMELIA GEROME."

"P. S.—It is well to play the widow sometimes; I know it is profitable for two years at least. E. B."

This then explained all; she was a thief and to aid her first husband (if he was such) she had married my father as a widow. Sums of money had been missed time by time by my father from his cash box, and part of it lay there within that recess; but my mother's jewels we could not find. We stood there within that room, my father and I; his arm clasped me fondly to his bosom; his heart had been softened. Old Peter murmured to himself, "thank God that the ghost has been discovered." We involuntarily fell upon our knees within that chamber, and thanked God for delivering us from our enemies, and we prayed that he might forgive the poor weak woman who had given up her soul to gratify the thirst of man for his idol—gold!

A Pointed Sermon.

Many a discourse of an hour's length is not half as impressive as the following from an eccentric English divine:

"Be sober, grave, temperate."—Titus ii 9th.

1 There are three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms:

1 Your wife.
2 Your stomach.
3 Your conscience.

1 If you wish to enjoy peace, long life, and happiness, preserve them by temperance. Intemperance produces:

1 Domestic misery.
2 Premature death.
3 Infidelity.

To make these points clear I refer you,

1 To the Newgate calendar.
2 To the hospitals, lunatic asylums, and workhouses.
3 To the past experience of what you have seen, read, suffered in mind, body and estate.

Reader! which will you choose?—Temperance, with happiness and long life; or intemperance with misery and premature death?

Troubles are like babies; they grow bigger by nursing.

INDEPENDENCE.

Indpendence of mind can only be properly appreciated by those who possess it; and it is only such persons that are qualified to tell in what it consists: it proceeds from higher causes than most people imagine; it is an attribute of a noble mind; it is only to be found when the virtues are cherished and cultivated; it is the generous feeling of a mind conscious of its own rectitude; it proceeds from a firm reliance in truth and propriety of a line of conduct which has been laid down. The man that steadily pursues a good end will do it fearlessly and without regard to the opinion of others, if he is satisfied in his own mind that he is laboring in the cause of Truth, of Virtue, of Religion, and of God.

It is this consciousness of the uprightness of his heart, that enables a man to assume that easy and graceful part which we denominate independence of character. The man that is without fear of doing wrong, is also without the dread of reproof, and he who is conscious that his actions will meet with the approbation of high Heaven, is also assured that they will be approved by good men. The opposition and hatred which he encounters, and that will be by no means inconsiderable, will not disturb his quiet, but will pass him by as the idle wind, which he regards not. He considers that the malice which is poured out upon him proceeds not so much from bad intentions as from ignorance; that if people could see his motives, they could not condemn him; that if they could comprehend his actions, and penetrate to their ultimate effects, instead of condemning, they would be inclined to applaud;—then his worst enemies would be his best friends.

St. Paul was one of the bitterest enemies of Christ until his eyes were opened, then he became one of his most devoted followers.

In profane history, we have also numerous examples of men who, at one period of their lives, were bitter enemies; at another, enthusiastic friends. The world is apt to ascribe these changes to selfishness or some bad motive. For our own part, we are inclined to think that they arise from sincere impulses, and that in these prospects men really are as they seem to be.

THE NATIONS WITHOUT FIRE.—According to Pliny, fire was for a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when Exodus (the celebrated astronomer) showed it to them, they were absolutely in rapture. The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks and several other nations, acknowledge that their ancestors were once without the use of fire, and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pompanius, Mela, Plutarch, and other ancient authors, speak of nations who, at the time they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had but just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it on the descent of Magellan in one of their Islands. At first they believed it was some kind of animal that fixed to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents, even in our own day, some nations in this deplorable state.

A GOOD ANSWER.—A young lady in a Sabbath school a few mornings since asked her class:

"How soon should a child give its heart to God?"

One little girl said, "When thirteen years old;" another, "ten;" another, "six."

At length the least child in the class spoke: "Just as soon as we know who God is."

Could there be a better reply?

Brief and Thrilling Romance.

CHAPTER I.

In a beautiful log cabin in the mountains of Old Virginia our tale opens. Around, Nature's loveliness was sublime. The lofty trees hung out their green leaves in perfection, and the high rocks caught the gray mists of the morning and pressed them in their rough bosoms, until they melt in tears against their sides. A lovely maiden was sitting by a table, combing her hair with a fine-tooth comb—a manly form enters the door, and stealthily creeps up behind her, and—

CHAPTER II.

"Ah, John!" exclaimed the lovely heiress of that beautiful cabin and the extensive potato patch behind it, "you oughtn't to do that way!"

"Lay it all on my love, gal!"

"Love! there is no such a thing among folks!

'The turtle dove
Only knows love,'

as the poet sings!"

"Then you don't love me?"

"No!"

"No? Jane, call back that word!"

"No! oh, no! Come back here!—'Twon't come, John—'tis gone!"

"Then I'm gone too!" And the impassioned youth rushed from the lovely cabin like a maniac.

CHAPTER III.

Sadly did the young man run along the road, while the girl, firm and submissive in the charge of her duty, proceeded to fry some onions for dinner. Meanwhile the youth rushed madly on; the burning fever of his heart maddened his brain, and he thought of self-destruction. Jerking his pocket-comb from his vest pocket, vainly did he attempt to cut his throat. Nature, however, who had blessed him with tough hide, proved too strong for him—he rushed to a wagon rut, but there was water at least two inches deep, and he flung himself *into* or rather *upon* it. There he lay for full five seconds, when Henry Cleft, the father of the gal, passed by.

CHAPTER IV.

He soon unfolded his sad tale to his friend, and finally consented to live if Henry would give him a chew of tobacco. He returned to the house, and in his haggard countenance, Jane saw his unhappy condition. He never got over it, though. About twenty years after he fell from a wagon, and his neck was broken, for a sheriff had thoughtlessly slipped a rope around it.

THE END.

NOT BAD.—"First class in oriental philosophy stand up. Thibets, what is life?"

"Life consists of money, a horse, and a fashionable wife."

"Next. What is death?"

"A paymaster who settles everybody's debts and gives the tombstones as receipts in full of demands."

"What is poverty?"

"The reward of merit genius generally receives from a discriminating public."

"What is religion?"

"Doing unto others as you please, without allowing a return of the compliment."

"What is fame?"

"A six-line puff in a newspaper while living, and your fortune to your enemies when you are dead."

AN ANSWER.—The Rev. Dr. Mason, of New York, passing up Broadway, stopped to read a theatrical placard, which attracted his attention. Cooper, the tragedian, coming along said to him:

"Good morning, sir—do ministers of the gospel read such things?"

"Why not, sir?" said the Doctor; "ministers of the gospel have a right to know what the devil is about, as well as other folks."

An Irishman being asked why he wore his stockings wrong side out, replied, "Bekase there's a hole in th' jither side uv 'em."

Sabbath Schools.

The importance of this branch of education in a Christian country is fast coming to be acknowledged, and, we trust, acted up to. The day schools, of course, are of vital importance in their sphere; but there is another want, which neither the day school nor the church supplies—a want of moral, social, religious instruction. Not that course of indoctrinating which amounts to sectarianism, and disgusts even children, but a free, liberal examination of the Scriptures, dwelling upon the historical sketches in which they abound, and impressing those moral images upon the heart, that shall mould its action.

The Sabbath School should be eminently a social institution, a school of happiness, where all the children of the neighborhood, however high or lowly their position, could meet on one common platform, under the care of one kind shepherd, at the feet of a common Father. It should not be a place for long faces and tears, but a place for smiles and joys. Its principle object is to dispel sorrows, and clothe the truths of religion in the habiliments of beauty and love. How many superintendents do this work? How many schools are carried out on this principle of attractiveness? so that they have a hold upon their scholars, even up to adult years? We fear too few indeed. Are not scores of interesting youths and misses driven away from our schools, by the continual hammering away on theoretical points in theology, where they might have been held interested for years, by a more rational course? These are all important questions for consideration. Our own opinion is, that parents should more highly value the Sabbath School; and enable and dignify it by their presence more frequently, rendering it the most attractive, social gathering of their circle, from which no child or youth would willingly stay away.—*N. Y. Waverly.*

The following beautiful lines are from Sir Humphrey Davy's Salmonia: "I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others—be it genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and a belief most useful to me, I should prefer a religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, breathes new hopes, varnishes and throws over decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous light; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths the garden of the blest, and security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair."

Someboby says that a young lady should always ask the four following questions before accepting the hand of any young man:

Is he honorable?
Is he kind of heart?
Can he support me comfortably?
Does he take a paper and pay in advance?

"Husband, I don't know where that boy got his bad temper—not from me, I'm sure." "No, my dear, for I don't perceive that you have lost any."

How many cold, gloomy homes might be enlivened by the exercise of those small, sweet courtesies of life, so easily given, and so magical in their effects.

Can any of our fashionable ladies tell why the Lord, when he made Eve from one of Adam's ribs, didn't make a hired girl from one of his fingers or toes?

Scott says that "every man that lives has lights and shades." We are not so certain about the shades, but there is no liver without lights.

Hope is the nurse of life.

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