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AN EFFECTIVE, SAFE AND ECONOMICAL compound,
FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR to its original color, without dying, and preventing the Hair from turning gray.
FOR PREVENTING BALDNESS, and curing it, when there is the least particle of vitality or recuperative energy remaining.
FOR REMOVING SCURF AND DANDRUFF, and all cutaneous affections at the Scalp.
FOR BEATTIFYING THE HAIR, imparting to it an unequalled gloss and brilliancy, making it soft and silky in its texture and causing it to curl readily.

The great celebrity and the increasing demand for this unequalled preparation, convince the proprietor that one trial is only necessary to satisfy a discerning public of its superior qualities over any other preparation at present in use. It cleanses the head and scalp from *dandruff and other cutaneous diseases*, causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, and gives it a rich, soft, glossy and flexible appearance, and also where the hair is loosening and thinning, it give strength and vigor to the roots, and restore the growth to those parts which have become bald, caused it to yield a *fresh covering of hair*.

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Cambridge Democrat.

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Volume 16. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 20, 1861. Number 13.

[From Morris and Willis's Home Journal.]

A POEM FOR THE TIMES.

Every subscriber of the Home Journal knows that we have never entered into any political discussions, nor taken part in any of the agitating topics of the day, and we do not intend to do so now; but the following original and beautiful lines, from the pen of Mrs. Emeline S. Smith—one of the most gifted of our lady contributors—which bears upon these things, we trust will not be considered "treasonable" by any party!—Ponder it well, reader, for it is full of truth and meaning:—*Eds. of Home Journal.*

THE SISTERS.—AN ALLEGORY.

"My daughters," said a dying man,
"My daughters, young and fair,
Ye've grown in every loveliness,
And well repaid my care;
But you must lose this guidance now—
List, then, my latest prayer.

Oh! live, as ye have always lived,
In unity and love;
Be to each other kind and true,
And gentle as the dove;
Thus shall my spirit bless ye still,
From its far home above."

The good man died as he had lived—
With soul serenely grand;
And left, to sorrow o'er his loss,
That fair, bright household band—
The lovliest sisterhood that e'er
Graced any age or land.

Awhile they lived in union sweet
Awhile they kept unstained
That golden heritage of love
Which from their sire they gained;
Awhile, in all their happy hearts,
Sweet Peace and Concord reigned.

How beautiful those sisters were,
Linked by such holy ties!
Men came from far and near to view
Their charms with wondering eyes;
And star crowned angels, smiling, kept
Watch o'er them in the skies.

As years went by—alas! alas!
That such a thing should be!
A change came o'er that happy band,
A change most sad to see—
Sad as the blight that Eden's bowers
Received at Heaven's decree.

It was a little thing, at first,
That wrought the grievous ill;
A little thing—it always is,
For hearts are mysteries still,
And "trifles light as air" can oft,
Their inmost pulses thrill.

"Why do you wear your former fringe
Upon your garment yet?
'Twas thus an elder sister spoke,
As she a younger met—
"I hate the fashion; change it pray,
For one that I have set."

"I wore it in my father's time,"
The younger maid replied,
"And all that he approved is still
My pleasure and my pride;
Yet had your boon been *kindly* asked,
Your plan I *might* have tried."

From such a small beginning, mark
How dark and wild a close!
One angry word engendered more,
Till scorpion broods arose;
And those fond sisters—fond as fair—
Became like deadly foes!

Now Hatred lights his baleful torch
At every flashing eye;
Now bitter words, from lip to lip,
Like poisoned arrows fly,
And, in this warfare, heaven-born peace
And loving kindness die.

One sister taketh part with that,
Another joins with this;
Their looks are like the lightning's stroke,
Their voice like serpent's hiss;
Till all, by swift degrees, have fallen
From their pure state of bliss.

Ah! ne'er was sadder vision seen
Beneath the sun's glad light!
The households of the whole wide earth
Look on it with affright;
And praying angels veil their eyes
To shut it out from sight.

Oh, pray! ye men most wise and good,
As ne'er ye prayed before,
That Heaven, to this misguided band
May harmony restore,
And link their hearts in love again,
As they were linked of yore!

[From the (Balt.) Family Journal.]

A Scene on the Mississippi.

BY ISLA.

We were passing out from the Ohio into the bosom of the Mississippi. For nearly two miles we were kept in the calm waters of the *Belle Riviere*, but at length the superiority of the "father of rivers" began to show itself, and the green tinted waves of the Ohio were absorbed in the mighty rolling flood whose domain it would fain have held in copartnership. I sat in the door of my state room, which opened upon the verandah; the folding doors that divided the lengthy saloon into three compartments were thrown back. A party of gentlemen were discussing the recent Presidential election. Gradually the conversation, from being pacific, became irritable.

"What is your opinion?" demanded one.

Before the person addressed could reply, the folded doors were rolled hastily together; the thin gilded panel offered no obstruction to my hearing. A gentleman—I judged it was he to whom the question alluded—arose. His manner, at first calm and dispassionate, as he proceeded grew louder, deeper, and more unrestrained. The boisterous cadence of the rushing waters, the deep breathing of the steam monster were unheard in the grander development of the powers of the human mind. I arose and opened silently my door. With his arms folded over his heaving chest, his voice welling up like organic music, I recognized in an instant the great temperance lecturer of England, Robert Ingraham. I whispered in the ear of the man nearest me. It passed from lip to lip, until, as he paused, a shout, coupled with his name, rung out upon the stillness as a midnight chime.—An expression of deep sadness passed over the grave, earnest face of the speaker.

"My name," he continned, "makes known to you my mission; not to mingle in the war of words, but forever to loose the bands that fetter the eternal aspirations God hath given man. Look at me!" he exclaimed, extending his arms, "not in the prime of manhood, not in the glow of enthusiastic youth, but with the shadow of life's setting sun resting upon my horizon. It is a mournful thing"—his voice lowered—"to rack the memory of the past; it brings to every one its burden of regret, its hour of sadness; but few there be to whom it brings remorse that neither years nor acts may wear away."

He folded his arms; his eyes burned with a deeper lustre; his manner became strangely impressive.

"Twenty years ago," said he, pointing with his finger towards a slender youth, "I was such as he. God grant the comparison may extend no farther! Educated under the instruction of a gifted mother, who at last deemed her boy fit to cope for the highest honors of a collegiate career, I entered the University of Virginia. There my easy temperament, my love of a frolic, my careless expenditure, brought me in conflict with a reckless set. At the close of the third session I was expelled. My mother had in the meanwhile died. Thank God, she was spared from witnessing the after fate of her only child! Among the collegians was one whose passive acknowledgement and yielding to my unguarded passions had rounded his destiny with mine. He invited me to visit with him his southern home.

"After a week's leisure traveling, we entered the family carriage which had been sent to meet us at one of the landings on this river. Never shall I forget with what feelings I neared that home! The sun was just setting, but a halo of golden light quivered over the stately oaks that lined either side of the broad carriage way. As we neared the mansion, the exquisite fragrance of exotic flowers borne on the light wind, seemed to me the baptism of welcome. An abrupt turn brought us in full view of the house. A young girl stood within the open door; she bounded forward with a glad cry and sprang into the extended arms of her brother.

"'Annette,' said he, kissing the full lips and smiling tenderly, 'how well you look. This,' turning to me and laying the small hand in mine, 'is my friend; assure him of his welcome.'

"'I shall have but to repeat yours,' she answered, drawing her hand from mine.

"The touch of the delicate fingers thrilled me. I stammered my acknowledgments. As we walked up the graveled pathway, a lady robed in mourning passed hastily down the steps. He ran eagerly forward to meet her, but I slacked my speed, for to me the meeting of mother and son was sacred. A younger sister was peeping through the trellised vines of the bay window. As we came up, my welcome was no less cordial. I drew the little one from the vine-draped window, and became by degrees interested in her infantine expressions.

"My visit extended to weeks, but when I spoke of going, a new tie awoke within me. With all the fiery ardor of a nature such as mine—I loved. One afternoon as we rode slowly along my secret escaped.—Words garnered from the lava of my being flowed from my lips. When I paused the blue eyes looked timidly into mine; but an admission such as this was unsatisfying to so exacting a nature as my own.

"'Annette,' I exclaimed, seizing the reins and gazing down into the flushed face, 'is it so?'

"'You know it,' she answered, 'let me go!'

"I loosed the reins. Another moment, and I was alone.

"'And this is woman's love,' tho't I, as I rode slowly towards the mansion. A silent admission, but of no strength, scarce rippling the silver current of her tones. That night I asked of the mother the hand of Annette.

"'I shall be very proud of you as a son,' she said in the course of her remarks; 'but you are both young. Annette must see more of the world.'

"The next night it was arranged that we should spend the remainder of the season at the Virginia springs, but that at Christmas in the old home Annette should be mine. Within a week we were registered at the White Sulphur. The gaiety, the recklessness and dissipation added fuel to my sleeping passions. Fascinated by my manners, instigated by my example, my companion plunged into excesses that outrivaled my own.

"The mother abruptly brought our nightly revels to a close by announcing her intention of leaving for New York. But in New York we ventured upon a broader scale; we were fascinated by the brilliancy and beauty of its gaming hells, whose velvet carpets, sensuous pictures, lavish suppers and costly wines had their due effect upon such temperaments as ours. It was in vain the mother urged our return and Annette pleaded.

"One morning I unexpectedly met with an old friend, who urged me to return with him to his home, a few miles from the city. My restive nature longed for a change. I proposed staying for a day or two. Frank was to take especial care of his mother and Annette.

"A week slipped hastily away. I knew the anxiety of the mother; besides, daily intercourse with a pure hearted woman had exerted its due effect. I longed to be again with Annette. Brought in contact with the world, she was no longer a child; as her timidity vanished, her strength and superiority of mind asserted their respective claims. Yet a dim presentiment came over me as I neared the hotel. I recollected that, although Frank knew of my address, I had received no line. I hurried from the carriage, up the broad flight of steps of the hotel, and entered unceremoniously my room. For the moment its darkness blinded, then I started back with horror. Extended upon his bed lay my companion, with words of wild delirium upon his lips. Annette, white as the muslin robe that enfolded her form, sat at the foot. The mother was smoothing back the moist hair from the burning forehead; an expression of agony had settled around her lips.

"'Come in,' she said coldly, as she noticed my entrance.

"I moved to the foot of the bed. Lifting her hand and pointing to her son, she exclaimed, in tones that thrilled my very being:

"'Behold your work!'

"My work? A soul rushes into eternity bearing upon it the presence of my influence. The words maddened me; I turned hastily from the room, and soon after left the hotel.

"I drank more, played deeper, but in every hour those solemn words rose up against me. My old friend urged me to repeat my visit. When I returned to the city, Annette and her mother had left for home. In my writing-desk lay a note, the first I had ever received from Annette, for I recognized her handwriting. I opened it hastily. Would its contents win me back to her? It ran:

"God help us both! I can never be a drunkard's wife!"

"I threw the note under my foot, as if it in itself were a guilty thing. But the words were engraved upon my heart as with a pen of fire. There were no ties to bind me to my mother land. Under an assumed name I left for England. There the ashes of my heart kindled into holy zeal. I resolved to dedicate my renewed powers to the restoration of the fallen of mankind.

"One night, the volcanic powers of my being burst from their narrow confines. I pictured with the graphic pen—alas! of reality!—the fascinating but never-dying agony of the wine-cup. As I progressed, I grew bolder, depicting in my own strong language its terrible, blasting powers. I drew my examples from life, pointing not alone to the lowly and degraded, but to the fading lustre of our greatest intellects. I caused woman to become interested in my mission, and to the child I made myself plainly understood. If ever a jeering voice mocked at my warning, I pointed at the terrible reality in my own person; then, in the glow of early manhood, but with a shadow forever resting upon me.

"After an absence of some twenty years, a strange fatality is carrying me to the scene of my happiest hours. You have gratified me by your attention. God grant my life lesson may be to you a never-forgotten warning."

He bowed, and would have passed, but an arm arrested his movement, while a tall form pushed aside the crowd. The cheeks of the speaker blanched.

"My God!" he cried, "can the grave give up its dead?"

"Dead!" was the exclamation of the stranger. "I appeal to you, my friends," turning to the crowd, "if ever ghost presented so portable a frame? No," he added gravely, "the lesson was severe, but a salutary benefit. When I witnessed my mother's touching tenderness, and my sister's silent anguish, I promised if God should spare me, never again to touch the wine cup, or handle another card. I sought for you my friend, everywhere," grasping his companion's hand. "Little did I dream that, night after night, as I perused the glowing speeches of England's great lecturer, that the lofty, impassioned eloquence emanated from that mind whose influence wherever exerted, caused a corresponding tendency."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the orator, clasping his friend in his arms.

"But what of Annette?" questioned a listener.

"Myself first, gentlemen. Two years later I married a beautiful girl who was flirting her first winter in New Orleans. In my home, a few miles further up, we had a bevy of exotic flowers, but the fairest in that group, is my eldest, Robert Tracy, the namesake of my old friend."

There was a prolonged shout.

"I am on my way, gentlemen, to the old homestead, to witness the marriage of my younger sister to a neighboring planter."

Is Annette married?" questioned the listener again.

"Annette," he answered, "still wears the coronet of maidenhood, but to me is as beautiful as ever, as she tenderly guides the footsteps of our aged mother. But, if any of you gentlemen be passing this way within a month, I cordially invite you to a wedding that should have taken place some twenty years ago."

There was a loud and prolonged demonstration as the crowd moved aside. The two friends, arm-in-arm, passed out.

The next morning I ascertained that they had gotten off during the night at one of the landings on the river.

[From the Charleston Mercury, Dec. 28, '60.

English Efforts to Advance Cotton Culture Abroad.

We find in a New York contemporary some extracts from the proceedings of the British Cotton Supply Association, as contained in its third Annual Report. It may be known to our readers that this society has for its object the multiplication of the sources from which Great Britain may derive this important staple of her manufacturing industry. The sources of her supply, at different periods, have been as follows:

	1850, lbs.	1857, lbs.
United States,	493,153,112	654,758,048
Brazil,	30,299,982	28,910,832
Egyptian,	18,931,414	24,842,144
West Indies,	228,913	1,443,568
East Indies,	118,872,742	250,338,144
All other places,	2,090,698	7,986,160
Total,	669,576,861	969,318,896

STRANGE COURTSHIP.—Eldon the father of Lord Eldon, the Chancellor of England—having resolved to marry, rang his bell. A female servant answered it. He told her to dress herself in order to repair to the altar with him. She thought he was jesting and disobeyed. He rang his bell again. A second servant appeared. To her he gave the command. She attired herself and was made a bride. Hall, of Leicester, the Rev. Robert Hall, when on a visit to a brother clergyman, went into the kitchen where a pious servant girl, whom he loved, was working. He lighted his pipe, sat down and asked her: "Betsy, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" "I hope I do sir," was the reply. He immediately added, "Betsy, do you love me?" They were married.—*London paper.*

A man too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

Letter from Hon. Henry May.

The following letter from Hon. Henry May was read before the convention to appoint delegates to represent Baltimore city in the State Convention:

BALTIMORE, 8th Feb., 1861.

To Saml. W. Smith, Esq., President, &c.:

Dear Sir:—I do not know who presented my name to your meeting last night as a candidate for the State Convention. I have not authorized it, and I wish you to say that, while acknowledging the friendly motive, and the honorable distinction attending such nomination, I must decline it.

From the day of Mr. Lincoln's election I have been a zealous advocate of a State convention, and have joined in two earnest movements of good citizens of our State to effect this object. Both have failed, and Maryland stands, in my humble judgment as an object of reproach. If our people are able and fit to make and enjoy a free government, if we have any title to our constitutional liberties, then *we* and *ourselves only*, have a right, and it is our duty, to declare the position of Maryland in a crisis that now threatens the peace, safety and existence of all government, both federal and State. The attitude we now hold is slavish in the extreme, and for myself, I repudiate it with indignation. The Governor of this State neither represents its dignity, its intelligence, its spirit, or its love of the constitution and the Union, but he has misrepresented and now does shamefully misrepresent all these.

I am an Union man, and have been from the first, and will be to the last; and three-fourths, at least, of the people of Maryland hold this position. A sovereign convention of our people, called at any time hitherto, under the law, would have attested this sentiment, and given it strength, and by uniting our people upon a firm yet temperate assertion of constitutional rights, would have maintained our dignity, saved us from fraternal discord, and served to secure by new obligations the perpetuity of our federal constitution and Union that none did more than our ancestors to establish, and to which none are more devoted than their descendants.

The course of Gov. Hicks, by denying the sovereignty of the people in this crisis, is an abuse of his public trust, and is a violation of the cardinal principles of free government. It recklessly misrepresents the Union sentiment of the State, insults the majesty of the citizen by refusing to trust him, and arrogates to himself and his cabinet all the wisdom, virtue and patriotism of Maryland.

His conduct is that of an oppressor; and if the people much longer submit to it, they are in my humble judgment, only fit to be oppressed.

Holding these views, I am yet unwilling to join any partisan or irregular efforts to convene a State Convention. The call for the election of the members of your body was limited to those only who approved the resolutions of your mass-meeting. I cannot object to the Governor's appointment of our peace commissioners at Washington. The object sanctions it. I believe our commissioners are all good and patriotic men. No good can result, as it seems to me, from a convention so formed; but I much fear that by the influence of party or sectional ideas it may widen our unhappy differences at a time when we ought to be *a united people.*

I will join heartily, although it be now too late in the day, in any convention of the people fairly called to express their sentiments or take such action as their duty requires, but as I separated myself from parties, and all preconceived ideas, except such as support our constitutional rights, for the sake of being free to serve my State and country to the utmost of my feeble powers, so I wish to remain in this independent position to the end.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

HENRY MAY.

☞Some young fellows in Champaign, Ill., thinking to perpetrate a joke on Rev. Mr. Riley, of that place, invited him to attend a ball. Instead of refusing he went, but went as the servant of God, and in an earnest and feeling manner implored that little social company to give up the world, and devote the remaining portion of their lives to the true interests of their immortal souls. His remarks had a good effect upon the hearts of the company present, and many eyes were wet with tears. After offering up a prayer Mr. Riley retired from the ball room.

Transforming Power of Vice.

You have heard the story of the Italian artist who meeting with a child of exquisite beauty, wished to preserve his features, for fear he should never see such loveliness again. So he painted the charming face upon canvas, and hung it upon the walls of his studio. In his most sombre hours that sweet, gentle countenance was like an angel of light to him. Its presence filled his soul with the purest aspirations. 'If ever I find, said he, 'a perfect contrast to this beautiful face, I will paint that also, and hang them side by side—an ideal of heaven and hell.' Years passed. At length, in a distant land, he saw in a prison the most hideous creature he ever gazed upon—a fierce, haggard fiend, with glaring eyes, and cheeks deeply furrowed with lust and crime. The artist remembered his vow, and immediately painted a picture of this loathsome form to hang beside the portrait of the lovely boy. The contrast was perfect. His dream was realized. The two poles of the moral were before him. What was the surprise of this artist, on inquiry into the history of this horrid wretch, to find that he was once that lovely little boy! Both these pictures, the angel and the demon of the same soul, now hang side by side in a Tuscan gallery. Kind reader, you need not travel to a foreign gallery to see the transforming power of vice upon the body. The brazen-faced wanton looking wretch of womanhood was once a sweet, modest little girl, that blushed at the slightest indelicate allusion. That obese, bloated, brandy-burnt visage was once a joyous-hearted boy.—What strange alchemy has wrought this bestial transformation? They have been in the hard battles of the appetite, and carry scars of many campaigns. In the basement cells of inebriety and saloons of licentiousness, many youthful forms are sitting for their portraits. The demon artist of lust and intemperance is gradually moulding them into fiends.—You may, young reader, steal secretly into these hells of inebriety and harlotry. Your parents and friends may little suspect your wayward proclivities. But be assured your "sin will find you out." Vice cannot remain concealed. The soul has no place to hide it. Soon the foul flame, through some rent or fissure of the body, will find expression. The inmost love, desires, affinities of the soul, will mould the plastic boy into a corresponding likeness. The body is a flesh-and-blood statue of the spirit, and the countenance the playground of thought and feeling. An old poet has said:

"For of the soul, the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

☞Confab between a man who wanted his paper stopped and our "devil:"

Man—"See here, boy, you may tell your boss to stop sending his d——d paper to me at Grand Gulf."

Devil—"Where must he send it?"

Man—"Send it to h—ll."

Devil—"All right—you'll be certain to get it at that Post office."

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad, if it's nothing you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whisky was."

It is very bad to play truant at school, but how amiable in a dear old relative to play the part of a *true aunt*, by leaving one a good fat legacy!

Mme. Georges Lafayette, daughter-in-law of Gen. Lafayette, died in Paris a few weeks ago, in her eightieth year.

A brilliant young gentleman remarked to a lady with whom he was bowling, "I think, Miss, that you would make a capital baker." "Indeed, sir, why?" "Because you make such excellent rolls."

A friend was lately asked the question "what is your fighting weight?" "I will wait a long while before I do any fighting," was the response.

A. J. Hinckley has contracted to clean the streets of New York city for five years, at $279,000 a year.

What musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it? Fiddle D. D.

Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

We love our slaveholding brethren. *Seward's Speech.*

And you show it, just as a thief exhibits his love for other people's property.—*Exchange.*

Friends and photographs never flatter.

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