Cambridge Democrat.

WM C. HANDY, WM W. BALLARD, } Proprietors.

"Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God."

WM. W. BALLARD, Editor.

Volume 16. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 17, 1861. Number 21

NOTICE OF TRANSFERS

THE COMMISSIONERS for Dorchester county will meet at their office in Cambridge, on the

FOURTH MONDAY IN APRIL,

being the 22d day of said month, for the purpose of hearing appeals in relation to, and noting transfers of the assessed property of said county, on oath, agreeably to the act of the General Assembly of Maryland. By order of the Board.

JOHN T. JACKSON, Clerk.

ap3-3t

☞Persons making application for Transfers of property, will be required to comply with the following of the Act of December Session, Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Seven, chapter two Hundred and sixty-six, entitled, An Act for the general Valuation and assessment of Property in this State, passed at March session, eighteen hundred and forty one, chapter twenty-three.

SECTION 15. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland.* That whenever any person shall make application to the Levy Courts, Commissioners or Appeal Tax Courts, as the case may be, to make him or her an allowance or deduction on account of the sale, transfer alienation, loss, destruction or removal of any property, or the collection, or payment of any public debt or private security for money, it shall be the duty of the said levey Courts, Commissioners, or Appeal Tax Courts, to interrogate such person on OATH in reference to the said property or security and disposal of the same and especially to require him or her by whom the said property has been sold or transferred, the amount of the purchase money or the money collected and paid, and the same has been invested; and it shall also be the duty of the Levy Courts, Commissioners or Appeal Tax courts, to interrogate the said person on OATH, in reference to any requisitions or investments made by the said persons, and not already assessed, and the amount of all such acquisitions and investments, in whatever description of security, shall be added to the assessable property of the person so applying, and charged accordingly, and if the said person refuse to answer the interrogatories proposed, no deduction shall be made on his or her assessments.

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?

BELLINGHAM'S
CELEBRATED
STIMULATING ONGUENT,
For the Whiskers and Hair.

THE subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the citizens of the United States, that they have obtained the Agency for, and are now enabled to offer to the American public, the above justly celebrated and world-renowned article.

THE STIMULATING ONGUENT is prepared by DR. C. P. BELLINGHAM, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of

Whiskers or a Mustache

in from three to six weeks. This article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in universal use.

It is a beautiful, economical, soothing, yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair. If applied to the scalp, it will cure BALDNESS, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair. Applied according to directions, it will turn RED or TOWY HAIR DARK, and restore gray hair to its original color, leaving it soft, smooth and flexible. The "ONGUENT" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet, and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it.

The subscribers are the only Agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.

Price One Dollar a box—for sale by all Druggists and Dealers; or a box of the "Onguent" (warranted to have the desired effect) will be sent to any who desire it, by mail (direct), securely packed, on receipt of price and postage, $1 18. Apply to or address

HORACE L. HEGEMAN & CO.,
Druggists, &c.,
mh20-1y 24 William Street, New York.

ROMAN EYE BALSAM,
FOR INFLAMED EYELIDS.

THE delicate structure of the eyelid renders it peculiarly sensitive and liable to disease. When, from any cause, it becomes affected, the inner membrane rapidly inflames, and the eyelid evinces the strongest predisposition to attract to itself humors from all parts of the body. Hundreds of persons of scrofulous habit are disfigured by rawness or redness of the eyelids, commonly called sore eyes, and tortured with apprehensions of impaired vision, who, by using this BALSAM, may obtain almost immediate relief. In all cases, the earlier this remedy is applied the better.

In cases where the eyelids are inflamed, or the ball of the eye thickly covered with blood, it acts almost like magic, and removes all appearances or inflammation after to two or three applications. There is a numerous class of persons that are peculiarly exposed to accidents or diseases that weaken and inflame the Eyes, and perhaps destroy the sight, such as Miners, Mechanics, and other operatives in metals, who, from the nature of their employments, are compelled to work in a cloud of dust and grit. Such should never be without this Balsam.

Price 25 cents per Jar—Will be sent free per Mail to any part of the United States upon receipt of 30 cents in postage stamps.

Prepared by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton St. cor. of William, N. Y.

For sale by Dr. J. Flint, Cambridge, Md.

mh20-1m

STOLEN

From the Stable of Henry Jackson, (f. n.) Cambridge, one MARE, of a dark bay color, with a small white spot in the forehead, two warts under the neck—she was galded on both shoulders.

Any person who will return her to the subscriber, or will give information of her whereabouts, so that the owner can get possession of her will be liberally rewarded.

Information to be addressed to Henry Jackson, Cambridge, or

MOSES PINDER, (f. n.)
ap2-3t* Big Mills, Dor co., Md.

HEAVY PATENT FLANNEL, warranted not to shrink, at

oct27 J. G. ROBINSON'S.

JOHN ZIMMER'S
FASHIONABLE
Tailoring Establishment
AND
READY-MADE
CLOTHING STORE,

SPRING & SUMMER FASHIONS, just received by JOHN ZIMMER, who has just returned from Baltimore, with a beautiful assortment of fine *French Cloth*

CASSIMERES & VESTINGS,

which he will make to order

IN THE BEST MANNER AND MOST FASHIONABLE STYLE,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Also, Fashionable Ready-Made

SPRING and SUMMER
CLOTHING,

Such as fine and common
CLOTH COATS,
BUSINESS SACKS,
AND FROCK COATS,
VESTS and PANTS.

ALSO,

BOYS COATS,
BOYS' JACKETS,
BOYS' VESTS and PANTS,

all of which will be sold at City Prices for CASH.

Those in want of good and

CHEAP CLOTHING

will find it to their interest to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere as he is determined *to sell to suit the times.*

Garments cut and made up at the shortest notice.

☞Store next door to the office of the Cambridge Herald.

ap3-1y Cambridge, Md.

HARD TIMES
MADE EASY!

Good News for the Unemployed!

1000 Chances to Make Money!

1 MILLION DOLLARS
WORTH OF
WATCHES,
JEWELRY
AND
Silver Plated Ware,

TO BE DISPOSED OF ON
AN ENTIRELY NEW
AND
ORIGINAL PLAN!

2,500 AGENTS WANTED!

All persons desirous of securing an Agency in this

NEW ENTERPRIZE

Should send on their names at once, enclosing a 3 cent stamp to pay postage, and receive by return of mail

A PREMIUM
CATALOGUE
Containing
OUR INDMCEMENTS,
WHICH AFFORD
A RARE CHANCE
TO MAKE
MONEY
without risk, together with
FULL PARTICULARS
Relative to this
NOVEL PLAN!

To insure prompt and satisfactory dealings, direct all orders to

GEORGE G. EVANS,
ap3-tw 439 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia.

The Thorough Bred Horse,

KING PHILIP,

a pure Narraganset and Morgan Horse on the side of his Sire, and Arabian on the side of his Dam, will stand the present season, commencing the 23d of March and ending the 23d of June, at Cambridge, until further notice He can be seen at Mr. John Bradshaw's stables.

☞For terms and pedigree see handbill.

ap3-3t* EDWARD SLAUGHTER.

Notice to Delinquents.

I HEREBY give notice to all persons indebted to me for fees for the years '58 and '59 that they must come forward and settle the same immediately, or I shall be compelled to advertise their property.

WM. T. VICKERS,
ap3-3t late Sheriff.

For Sale.
One Pair of Fine MULES,

about 11 years old, gentle to harness. For terms apply to Editor of Democrat, or

R. C. HOLLAND,

[Written for the Cambridge Democrat.]

STORM.

BY E. J. DAVY.

How wild the winds with angry voice,
In phantom phalanx fly,
Impelling swift the somber clouds
Athwart the murky sky;
How clash the rushing tempest band—
With lulling voice anon,
As if to recken what despair
To hurl on glen and mound.
The grim oak stands with gnarly bough
Upon the hilly side,
And bids the tempest furies blow,
Their ether thunder by;
Down in the vale, the aspen tree,
With trembling awe is blown,
And there the lily droops beneath,
The storm-king's horrid frown.

'Tis thus the passion clouds, that burst
Upon the human soul,
Can wreck the weal of future hope,
And finger on her scroll
How dismal are the hours of woe,
When demon blasts are blown
Upon the heart whose latest hope
For happiness has flown!
Despair hangs o'er with hov'ring wing,
Like birds of storm for prey,
And stout the heart that will not quail
Beneath his scathing eye.

[Written for the Cambridge Democrat.]

AMORETTE.

BY E. J. DAVY.

We sat in the parlor, thinking,
Fair Lady Bell and I;
She was thinking and watching—
And I watching her eye.

In her hand she held a trinket,
A knot of exquisite lace;
'Twas nicely knitted and braided—
A smile played o'er her face.

She held it a moment, then listless,
And softly she laid it away,
And whisper'd a sentence so shyly
I believ'd her thoughts astray.

Again in silence she took it,
Again I thought she forgot;
Then I felt my hand was grasping
A tiny soft hand and the knot.

I felt that my heart was twining
Amid the beautiful lace;
Still I held the small hand and whisper'd,
While I looked in her modest face.

[From the Chicago Democrat.]

Extraordinary Adventure of an English Lord.

He Kills Indians, Drives Cattle, Sells Drugs, Edits a Newspaper, and acts as County Clerk.

We have been furnished with the particulars of one of the most extraordinary histories of real life ever written, confirming, in a very remarkable manner, the trite adage that truth is stranger than fiction. The most remarkable portion of the history we are about to relate is, that it is entirely true.

In the year 1837 or 1838, Sir John N. Fenwick, of Fenwick Hall, England, a wealthy nobleman; married Clara Seymour, the daughter of a poor clergyman, who lived on the Cumberland Hills, and at whose house Sir John had been detained for some weeks by an accident, received while upon a hunting excursion. The father of Clara Seymour died a short time before her marriage, and she brought to her husband no dower but her beauty and her love. The wedded pair made the tour of the continent, and soon after their return to England, Lady Fenwick presented her lord with a son and heir, who was named John North Fenwick, and who became the heir presumptive to his father's title and wealth.

Sir John had no relatives save two sisters, who resided with him, and who, while pretending to approve of the match he had made, and to love and esteem his beautiful young wife, were in reality scheming against her and determined upon ruining her. But their machinations produced no effect, save to occasionally render Sir John morose and cold towards his wife, until the boy had reached the age of seventeen. Then suddenly one day these two sisters in the presence of Sir John and Lady Clara, accused the latter of the most horrible crimes, and declared that she had herself confessed that her son was the fruit of an illicit amour between herself and a certain French count to whom Sir John had introduced her at Venice, during the honeymoon.

Stunned by these terrible and unexpected accusations, Lady Clara swooned; and her husband completely carried away by passion, and convinced that the story told by his sisters was true, ordered her and the boy to be expelled from the Hall, and immediately embarked for the continent.

The shock had rendered the unhappy wife and mother insane; and in this condition, her sisters-in-law caused her to be removed from the hall and conveyed to a neighboring village where she remained for some time on the very brink of the grave. Her only friend, during this sad period, was a certain Captain Edward O'Neil, of the Enniskillen Dragoons, at that time quartered near Fenwick Hall, and who had seen Lady Clara often enough to love her. He nursed her through her illness, and when her health and reason had returned, besought her to accompany him to his home in Ireland, and share it with him

For a long time she resisted his appeals, but finally, ascertaining that her husband had taken steps to obtain a divorce from her, and that Capt. O'Neil was her only friend, she consented. They went to Galway, Ireland, where they were married privately, and took up their residence. Her son, in the meantime, manifested a desire to travel, and his mother furnished him with five thousand pounds, which she obtained by the sale of her jewels, and placed him on board the steamer Adriatic, and with instructions to sail for New York, and from thence to Texas, to visit a cousin of hers named Somerville, who resided there as a wealthy planter.

Without any misfortune, the youth arrived at his cousin's ranche, situated on the frontier of Texas, where he was cordially received and made welcome. His cousin had a daughter named Estelle, of about his own age, with whom he fell in love, and in whose society he passed six months. But on one fatal night the ranche was attacked by a party of Camanche Indians, his cousin and Estelle were murdered and he carried off into captivity. He remained a captive for three months, when seizing a favorable opportunity, and with a tomahawk he killed the Indian with whom he was, and made his escape to Brownsville, Texas.

Here he met three Texan drovers, who were about to start with an immense drove of cattle to Carlinville, Macoupin county, in this State. Being short of hands, they offered to hire him to go with them and help them drive. Rendered destitute of everything by the marauders, he gladly accepted their offer and went.

Arriving at Carlinville, he determined to return to England and boldly proclaim his rights. Accordingly he took the cars for the East. While traveling on the New York and Erie Railroad, he fell in with a noble-hearted farmer, named Preston F. Sappington, of Point Isabel, Clinton county, who induced him to return with him to Clinton for the purpose of studying law with Mr. L. Weldon. Our hero, however, disliked the profession, and was employed in the office of the Clinton Herald by Mr. Sackett, and lately by Mr. Stansbury. While here during the October term of the Circuit Court, he stated his case to Hon. Abraham Lincoln, who immediately wrote to the British Consul at Chicago.

Two days afterwards the British consul, Hon. Mr. Wilkins, arrived in Clinton. After listening to Fenwick's story, and having a long consultation with Messrs. Lincoln and Stansbury, he took him to Chicago and employed him in his office. In the meantime, the Consul wrote to England, making inquiries in regard to Sir J. Fenwick, but could only hear that he was traveling on the continent, but could not ascertain the precise spot.

The Prince of Wales while traveling in this country, it will be recollected, stopped in Chicago. Here the Consul introuced Fenwick to the Prince, who became convinced of the truth of this statement. He accompanied the Prince in his tour through the United States, and went with him to England.

On arriving in England, Fenwick proceeded immediately to his ancestral hall, where he was informed by the servants that one of his aunts, who had caused him and his mother so much trouble and unhappiness, was now on her death-bed, attended by her brother Sir John Fenwick. He entered the chamber of death. The ghastly visage of the dying woman became still ghastlier, when she beheld the boy whom she and her sister had so deeply wronged.

She immediately confessed that the tale they had invented to blast the reputation of Lady Clara and ruin his and her innocent son was without foundation; that Clara was a good and true wife until he turned her away and spurned her. Lord Fenwick folded his long lost son to his heart and shed tears of joy over him. The woman died in a few minutes after making the confession. Her sister is at present the inmate of a convent, and strives to atone for her black-hearted treachery by fasting, penitence and prayer.

The health of Lady Clara greatly failed after the departure of her son for America, and Capt. O'Neil took her to the south of France in the hope of restoring it. But she soon died, and not long afterwards the captain was killed in a duel. By a will, he bequeathed his property, which was of great value, to his wife's son, John N. Fenwick.

The young man is now in Fenwick Hall. The following is a portion of a letter sent by him to a friend in Clinton:

"***So you may imagine my feelings at present.

To those present in Clinton who doubted my statements, and ridiculed me, I have no unkind feelings. I entertained toward the people of Clinton a lively feeling of gratitude for their many kindnesses and favors. To Robert Lewis, Esq., I desire you to return my most sincere thanks. Tell him I still have the boots he presented me, which, together with the gold pen from Chas. Dennet, I shall keep in remembrance of them, and my once humble condition in life.

My best regards to my ever good friend, Mr. Stansbury, to whom I send in your package a breastpin.—My love to Mrs C——— and the children. I have many times, since I left your roof, thought of them and longed to see them.

* * * * The package I send to you I hope will entirely clear you of debt, and make you independent in life

Tell Al. Blackford I will send him a splendid Manton fowling piece by the next steamer. He has my likeness, which I would be glad to have left with Miss Julia C———.

Yours, as ever,
JOHN NORTH FENWICK, Bart."

Dow Discovering a Thief.

After Lorenzo Dow had retired to his room after a hard day's travel, in the western part of Virginia, a number of persons collected in the bar-room to enjoy their usual revelries, as was the custom in that part of the country. At a late hour of the night the alarm was given that one of the company had lost his pocket-book, and a search was proposed. Whereupon the landlord remarked that Lorenzo Dow was in the house, and that if the money was there he knew that Lorenzo could find it. The suggestion was instantly received with approbation, and accordingly Mr. Dow was aroused from his slumber, and brought fourth to find the money.—As he entered the room his eyes ran through the company with searching inquiry, but nothing appeared that could fix guilt upon any one.—The loser appeared with a countenance expressive of great concern, and besought Mr. Dow, for Heaven's sake, to find the money.

"Have any left the company since you lost your money?" said Mr. Dow.

"None," said the loser, "none."

"Then," said Lorenzo, turning to the landlord, "go and bring me a large dinner pot."

This created no little surprise. But as supernatural powers were universally conceded, his directions were unhesitatingly obeyed. Accordingly the pot was brought forward and set in the middle of the room.

"Now," said Lorenzo, "go and bring the old chicken cock from the roost."

This was also done, and at Lorenzo's directions the cock was placed in the pot, and covered over with a board or lid.

"Let the doors now be fastened and the lights extinguished," said Mr. Dow, which was also done.

"Now," said he, "every person in the room must rub his hands hard against the pot, and when the guilty hand touches it the cock will crow."

Accordingly, all came forward, and rubbed, or pretended to rub, against the pot. But no cock crowed.

"Let the candles now be lighted," said Lorenzo, "there is no guilty person here. If the man had any money he must have lost it some place else. But stop," said Lorenzo, when all things were prepared, "let us now examine the hands."

This was the important part of his arangement. For, on examination it was found that one man had not rubbed against the pot. The others' hands being black with the soot from the pot was a proof of their innocence.

"There," said Lorenzo, pointing to the man with clean hands, "there is the man who picked your pocket."

The culprit, seeing his detection, at once acknowledged his guilt.

He who is great in defeat is half a conqueror.

Population of the Earth.

The Directors of the Statistical Bureau of Berlin furnishes the following curious statement:

"The population of the whole earth is estimated to be 1,288,000,000, viz: Europe, 272,000,000; Asia, 755,000,000; Africa, 200,000,000; America, 50,000,000; and Australia 2,000,000. The population of Europe is thus subdivided: Russia contains 62,000,000; the Austrian states, 3,308,620; France, 36,039,864; Great Britain and Ireland, 27,488,853; Prussia, 17,089,407; Turkey, 18,740,000; Spain, 17,518,000; the Two Sicilies, 8,616,922; Sweden and Norway, 5,072,082; Sardinia, 4,976,034; Belgium, 4,507,066; Bavaria, 4,547,239; the Netherlands, 3,486,017; Portugal, 3,471,199; the Papal States, 3,000,000; Switzerland, 2,494,500; Denmark, 2,468,648. In Asia the Chinese Empire contains 400,000,000; the East Indies 171,000,000; the Indian Archipelago, 80,000,000; Japan, 35,000,000; Hindostan and Asiatic Turkey, each 15,000,000. In America, the United States are computed to contain 23,191,876; Brazil, 7,677,800; Mexico, 7,661,520. In the several nations of the earth there are 335,000,000 of Christians, of whom 180,000,000 are Catholics, 80,000,000 Protestants, and 76,000,000 followers of the Greek Church. The number of Jews amounts to 5,000,000; of these 2,890,750 are in Europe, viz: 1,250,000 in European Russia; 853,304 in Austria; 234,248 in Prussia; 192,107 in other parts of Germany; 62,470 in the Netherlands; 33,953 in Italy; 73,995 in France; 36,000 in Great Britain; 70,000 in Turkey. The followers of various Asiatic religions are estimated at 600,000,000; Mahomedans at 160,000,000, and 'Heathens' (the Gentiles proper) at 200,000,000.

Cure for a Run-Round.

The disease of the finger or the toe commonly called a run-round, may be easily cured by a remedy so simple that persons who have not seen it tried are generally incredulous as to its efficacy. The first symptoms of the complaint are heat, pain, swelling, and redness at the top of the nail. The inflammation, if not checked, will soon go round the whole of the nail, causing intense pain, accompanied by a festering or gathering of yellow matter, and ending in the loss of the nail. To prevent all this, as soon as the first symptoms of swelling and inflammation commence, lay the finger flat on the table and let the nail be scratched all over with the sharp point of a pair of scissors or a penknife. This excoriation must be done first crossways, and then lengthways, so as thoroughly to scratch up the whole surface of the nail, leaving it rough and white.

This little operation does not give the slightest pain; and have never, in a single instance, known it to fail.—By the next morning the finger will be well. If done before the festering commences it is a certain and speedy cure. And it will even succeed at a later stage of the disease, by first opening with a needle that part of the swelling where the yellow matter has begun to appear; and afterwards by scratching up the surface of the nail with scissors or penknife.—*Ex.*

A good preacher in Maine, who experienced great trouble during the last political campaign, on account of the division of his flock, resolved that he would make a final effort before giving up all hope. He decided to preach a "domestic" sermon, one devoted to an exposition of home duties and of the importance of fraternal and kindly feeling. So he took for his text 2 Kings, chapter 4, verse 19, "Carry him to his mother." He drew the "lesson" to the best of his ability. But, to his amazement, not a Douglas man entered his church from that day. The poor man is still in despair.

TENACITY OF LIFE.—In Portsmouth, N. H., during a snow storm on the 16th January last, a Shanghai hen was buried beneath a drift. On the 13th of February a thaw occurred, and the hen stepped from her prison, apparently as lively as ever, but much reduced in weight.

Judge Logan, of Illinois, Mr. Lincoln's late law partner, and a conservative member of the Peace Congress, is named as the probable successor of Judge McLean on the Supreme Bench.

Stupid people may eat, but shouldn't talk. Their mouths will do well enough as banks of deposit, but not of issue.

Why are chicken necks like door bells? Because they are rung for company.

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