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Volume 16. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 26, 1861. Number 31.

[From the Home Journal.]

"UNDER THE ROSE.

I know you were coming, my dearest!
By the bird in the tree;
She is singing the sweetest and clearest
This evening for me.
There, where no eye can discover
Her throne in the vine,
She waits the return of her lover,
As I do of mine.
Yet I love but her song, oh my treasure!
That it helps me rejoice—
For no music on earth gives me pleasure
Like the sound of your voice.

I knew you were coming, my dearest!
By the bloom of the rose—
This evening the richest and rarest
The sisterhood shows—
There's a glow in the heart of each blossom
She lifts to your sight;
And each bud on her beautiful bosom
Is dyed with delight.
Oh! fairest, my flower! what thou hearest
Thou must not disclose—
I love you!—I love you! my dearest!
"Under the rose!"

I know you were coming, my dearest!
By the flush of the sky;
Heaven ever seems kindest and nearest
What time you are nigh.
Not more the bright sunlight around me
Encircles my head
Than your love, like a halo, hath crowned me
An empress indeed!
Oh! let not that love be removed
Until I shall die;
It crowns me more nobly, beloved,
Than the gold of the sky!

I knew you were coming, my dearest!
By the wind's whisper low—
"He is coming! what is it thou fearest?"
"He cometh, I know!"
"He is coming!" it is sighed in the forest,
"He will come!" in the grass,
To each flower, the gayest or poorest,
"He comes! let him pass!"
Tread softly, my dearest and truest,
O'er the moss in the dell,
But wherever thou comest or goest,
These sentinels tell.

I knew you were coming, my dearest!
I knew by my heart—
That monitor truest, sincerest,
When we are apart,
Beating time through the slow dragging hours,
All day for your sake,
And rejoicing at eve with the flowers
To welcome you back.
Do you think, oh, my darling! my lover!
That my heart ever sleeps,
When all through the blossoming clover
It counted your steps? CAPRICE.

[From the London Times, June 5.]

What England Thinks of the Truculent tone of the Northern Press.

Surely we have some reason to expostulate with our kinsmen across the Atlantic for the truculent tone they have assumed towards this country. What have we done? How have we misbehaved ourselves? Why are we to be scolded, and threatened and warned? Wherefore this attack? At first a few dropping shots splashed with some violence in our own columns, then a volley was suddenly discharged at us from the Louvre Hotel in Paris, and now comes a complete salvo of shotted guns from all the Northern press. England is to be made war upon if she should but move a finger. Federal America is to join with France and destroy us if we should but cast a shadow of a ship upon the waters of the South.

* * * * * * *

When we were at war with Russia, America supplied our enemy with war steamers so ostentatiously, that one of them, in which the Russian Plenipotentiary lately disported himself in the China Seas, was named the "America." Now, if we had been inclined to follow such an example, we might very likely have got a good price for a fleet of steamers from the Southern Confederacy, and might have found such occupation for the Northern navy that there would have been no danger of a cotton famine in Lancashire. All this we might have done, and much more, and if we had done it we might have provoked some such language of menace as that now held, although we could not even then have been accused of doing more than returning evil for evil. But we, on the contrary, have done none of these things. We have returned good for evil. We have not only made formal proclamations against all interference in this melancholy conflict, but we have addressed ourselves in good faith and with hearty good-will to the prevention of any privateers going forth from our dockyards. We have issued orders all over the world that no corner of the earth where the British flag flies shall give shelter to the armed vessels of either of these two belligerent parties, or shall aid them to dispose of their prizes or plunder. We have not only done these State acts, but we have aided them with the full force of our public opinion. Nothing would be more unpopular in England at this moment than any interference with this quarrel. If we could heal it by a word, that word would be spoken with entire unanimity throughout these islands; but, as we do not hope that this is in our power, we are all fully resolved to hold strictly to our position of absolute neutrality.

A Sovereign Democracy of Federal Republics punishing and conquering a rebel Democracy of Confederate Republics, may appear strange to the students of public law; but we have it before us as a fact, and as a fact we must deal with it. The words "rebellion" and "loyalty," when used to indicate the action of independent States joined together by a contract which derived its validity from each individual assent, fall strange upon a mind accustomed to accept the characteristics of fixed forms of government, as they have been made familiar to us by the old writers; but here we have them in use, just as we have them in Austria or Russia. If, however, we stretch the right of sovereignty to the utmost, Washington can have no fairer title to sovereignty over Montgomery than the King of Naples had over Sicily, and Commodore Tatnall, who is the only American who ever yet came to us in a difficulty to prove to us that "blood is thicker than water," is, when he goes afloat, certainly not more of a pirate than was Garibaldi. As we treated Garibaldi so we must treat Commodore Tatnall.

As we respected the blockade of the fleet of the King of Naples, so we shall respect the blockade of the Southern ports by the fleets of the North; and as we respected the belligerent rights of the conqueror of Palermo, who was really at that moment not very distinguishable from a corsair, so we must most certainly respect the belligerent rights of eleven regularly constituted States.—It is quite absurd in the Northern States to expect us to take part in this quarrel, and it is rather a sign of imbecility to suppose their scolding can effect us. When, it ever, they proclaim the abolition of slavery throughout the Union, they will have all our sentiment on their side. But we have heard no whisper of this hitherto. In other matters we have more reason to regret our separation from our customers of the South than from the Protectionists of Philadelphia. But they are both, and they are all our friends, and almost our countrymen; and our plain duty is to do justice to both by holding strictly to our neutral rights, and relaxing them to the detriment of neither.

How Jaka Leeper Got Acquainted with an Egytian King.

Jaka Leeper is a case: He is a small wiry subject who has worn out his teeth and his cheeks with tobacco, and has fought many a battle with bad whisky and always got badly whipped.

Jaka has a brother-in-law who has some fame as a lawyer, and he is the oracle of Jaka.

Last November, Jaka took a load of wheat and two or three mess hogs to Camanche, with the intent of getting his winter supplies.

He sold his wheat for thirty-five cents a bushel, and his pork for three dollars a hundred. When he was ready to go home, he went to the grocery, and got rich very fast. Ed. Booker encountered Jaka and invited him into a small groggery to see a new game of "kerds."

Jaka got home late, and he went to consult his brother-in-law.

"William," says Jaka, "I have had a grand time at Camanche; 'you see, after I had sold my wheat and pork, and taken a horn of whisky, William, I met Ed. Booker, and he asked me down to Mullett's to see a new game of 'kerds,' William.

"And when I went into Mullett's there he was a playing 'kerds' with two decks, one deck he had spread out on the table; and the other he was dealing out of a little box. And I saw a fellow put a quarter on one of the 'kerds' on the table, and presently he won a quarter. I looked on awhile, and the fellow soon had lots of quarters. Says I, Jaka Leeper, now's your time to make your fortune, so I pulls out a quarter, and put it down and won; and then down another and I won, and won, William, till I had four dollars, all in quarters. Says I, Jaka Leeper, this is better than raising pork at three dollars a hundred, so I gave a boy half a dollar, and told him to take my horses to the tavern and feed them, and curry them; so I called for some more whisky and took off my coat and went in upon my luck, and I doubled my bet, William, and lost it. And then I doubled my bet and I lost that, and pretty soon, before my horses were done eating I lost all I had won, and all the money I got for my wheat and pork, William.

"Now that is a very curious game, William; do you know the name of it?

"No," says William.

"Well," says Jaka, "is there not some ancient history, or book, or story, or perhaps the Scriptures, William, where there is an account of some great king who pursued his enemies, and when he got to some creek or river, or some great water course, the waters divided, and he and his whole army were drowned, William?"

"Oh," says William, "you mean the Bible, which tells about the children of Israel being pursued by Pharao, King of Egypt!"

"That's it, that's the name of the game, faro, William; faro; and my load of wheat and pork went down like king faro. It is a curious game, William."

Alphabet of Proverbs.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shooteth at others, and wounds herself.

Foolish fear doubles danger.

God reaches us good things by our hands.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

Justice overtakes many a rogue.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.

One hour to-day is worth two tomorrow.

Proud looks make foul works in fair faces.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants least.

Small faults indulged, are little thieves that let in greater.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.

Wise men make more opportunities than they find.

You never lose by doing a good turn.

Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

And a good newspaper is a well-spring of knowledge.

Never do too Much at a Time.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in a lecture recently delivered in England, gave the following history of his literary habits:

Many persons, seeing me so much engaged in active life, and much about the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, "When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?" I shall surprise you by the answer I make. The answer is this: I contrive to do so much by never doing too much at a time. A man, to get thro' work, must not overwork himself; or, if he do too much to-day, the reaction of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow. Now, since I began really and earnestly to study—which was not till I had left college, and was actually in the world—I may, perhaps say that I have gone through with as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have traveled much, and have seen much; I have mixed much in politics and the various business of life; and, in addition to all this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much research. And what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study—to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and, when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But then, during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

VALUABLE RECIPES.—To make a nice jam—lay your head under a descending pile-driver.

To be ahead of time—carry your watch behind you.

To keep from being dry—stand out in the rain.

To prevent a headache when getting sober—keep drunk.

To tell if you love a girl—have some tallow-headed chap go to see her.

Farm Work for July.

FALL POTATOES.

Keep the vines well cultivated and hoed, free of weeds, and take care that the soil be perfectly loose and open. Potatoes will not grow freely in a close, compact soil. If any further fertilizers appear to be needed to increase the vigor of the growing plants, scatter over the drills a mixture of 10 bushels of wood ashes, 1 bushel of plaster, and 1 bushel of refuse salt. This will suffice for an acre, and under any circumstances the application will prove beneficial.

FALL TURNIPS.

Preparation should be made in due season for the seeding of the usual crop of fall turnips, which should be completed before the close of the month, or not later than the first week in August. The better practice is to sow during the last week in July, as early sowing gives an opportunity for reseeding, if the plants should happen to be cut off by the fly.

BROADCAST CORN.

If there is any likelihood of the winter provender falling short, sow an acre or two of broadcast corn during the first week of the month.—Make the ground very rich, for the additional expense will be amply repaid by the increase of the product.

Quantity of seed per acre.—Sow 3 bushels of seed per acre.

SHEEP.

The worms which infest the head of sheep may be prevented from afflicting them, by providing a trough under cover in the pasture, & spreading over the bottom of it three times a week as much tar as will cover it, and then sprinkling salt over the tar. In getting at the salt, the sheep will smear their noses with the tar, which will prevent the fly from laying its eggs in their nostrils.

RUTA BAGA TURNIPS.

Keep these free of weeds, and frequently hoed.

The Cultivation of Corn.

We have said that corn is remarkably late in this latitude, and it therefore behoves all who would encourage the vigorous and profitable culture of this, the noblest of the cereals, to keep their cultivators busy in the field, and take due care that the soil be made as light as it is possible to be; that it shall be free of weeds, and that the effects of drought shall be obviated by frequent hoeings, and especially by the constant use of the cultivator and the shovel plough. It is unquestionably a great mistake to plough the corn after it has reached the height of three feet, for by that time the lateral roots will have formed a perfect network of fibres in the intervals between the rows, and the only action of the plough, if run to any depth, would be to lacerate them, and thereby do serious injury to the plant. The shovel plough is not open to this objection, and, moreover, pulverizes the soil much more efficiently. The cultivator should invariably *follow* and *not precede* the shovel plough, so as to leave the ground as level as possible. The old process of throwing furrows to the corn, and leaving channels in the middle of the intervals, particularly on rolling land, is a relic of a barbarous system, and ought to be abandoned. On low meadows, and on land so level as to require channels to be left for drainage, the method may be advisable, but under no other circumstances. Deep ploughing in the preparations for the crop, and level culture subsequently, except in the instances referred to, are indispensable to the production of large crops of corn on all soils which are not above the ordinary standard of fertility.

Harvesting.

In the Middle States, wheat harvest almost invariably commence during the first week in July. The proper time for cutting wheat, however, must depend upon the condition of the grain. When, that if squeezed between the thumb and forefinger, has acquired the consistence of tough dough, and is entirely free of its milky state, and especially if the stem below the ear is dry and beginning to bleach, *then* it is time to commence the harvest, and the sooner the work is done, the plumper the grain will be and the heavier the product. It has been our practice for many years, to recommend a harvest drink, and as its merits have been well attested we republish the recipe:

Harvest Drink.—Ten gallons of cold water; one gallon of molasses; one quart of cider vinegar; one-quarter pound of ground ginger. These ingredients, well mixed together, make a beverage as refreshing as it is invigorating.

Who have the tenderest feet? Cornish men.

DECISION.—Hesitation is a sign of weakness, for inasmuch as the comparative good and evil of the different modes of action about which we hesitate are seldom equally balanced, a strong mind should perceive the slightest inclination of the beam with the glance of the eagle, particularly as there are cases where the preponderance will be very minute, even though there should be life in one scale and death in the other. It is recorded of the Earl of Berkeley that he was suddenly awakened at night, in his carriage, by a highwayman, who forced a pistol through the window, and presenting it close to his breast, demanded his money, exclaiming at the same time that he had heard his Lordship had boasted he never would be robbed by a single highwaymen, but that he should now be taught the contrary. His Lordship, putting his hand into his pocket, replied, "Neither would I now be robbed, if it were not for that fellow who is looking over your shoulder." The highwaymen turned his head, when his Lordship, who had drawn a pistol instead of a purse, shot him dead on the spot.—*Bacon.*

SOLD AT HALF PRICE.—A shopkeeper in a small town in Massachusetts, one day marked some handkerchiefs in his window with the tempting words, "Selling at half price." Shortly after, a lady, who had traded with him before, entered his establishment and having examined the handkerchiefs, inquired the price. "Fifty cents apiece," politely replied the shop-keeper. "Very well," said the lady, "you may do me up a dozen." The handkerchiefs were cut off and delivered to the lady, who gave the shopkeeper a three dollar bill: "Beg pardon, ma'am, but I—ah—told you the handkerchiefs were fifty cents apiece, that is,—ah—six dollars per dozen." "To be sure, sir; I understand as much arithmetic as that.—Six dollars is the price; half of six is three—that is half price. I think they are cheap enough. Good day, sir." The lady shut the door; the shopkeeper opened his eyes. For five minutes he stood still as a stump, gazing vacantly at the window; then biting his lips and coloring very red, he gently removed the card pinned to the handkerchiefs, and resolved to sell no more goods at half price.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.—At Cambridge, Gen. Washington had heard that the colored soldiers were not to be depended on for sentries. So one night, when the password was "Cambridge," he went outside the camp, put on an overcoat, and then approached a colored sentinel.

"Who go dar?" cried the sentinel.

"A friend," replied Washington.

"Friend, advance unarmed and gib de countersign," said Pompey.

Washington came up and said "Roxbury."

"No, sar!" was the response.

"Medford," said Washington.

"No, sar!" returned the colored soldier.

"Charleston, said Washington.

Pompey immediately exclaimed, "I tell yon, Massa Washeton, no man kin go by here 'out he say 'Cambridge'!"

Washington said "Cambridge," and went by; and the next day the colored gentleman was relieved of all further necessity for attending to that particular branch of military duty.

NO NEWSPAPERS.—The city of Messina, in Sicily, with a population of 100,000, has several theatres, but "nary" a newspaper. Now, one would very naturally suppose that this great city could very well sustain two or three first-class dailies, half a dozen weeklies, and at least one magazine. But, lest some adventurous speculating fellow should be tempted to take out a ten-cylinder Hoe press, with a full corps of Italian editors and reporters, it would at first be well to consider that, of the 100,000 population, not more than 1,000 can read; and, of these, one half have no taste for reading, and the other half are too poor to purchase newspapers. The cause of this intellectual poverty may be found in the fact that they have no schools, either public or private. Nature has lavished her bounties upon the place, but man has done comparatively nothing.

"Now look'er yer, Charly—Jim mout be an honest nigger, and then agin he moutn't; but if I was a pullet, or even an ole shanghai cock, and knowed he was abont de yard, I tell yer wot, nigger, I'd roost high—I would."

A distinguished writer says that heaven is never so fully revealed as in the face of a beautiful woman; but he forgets the heart of a good one.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE TEETH.—The mouth is a very warm place—ninety degrees below Fahrenheit.—The particles of beef and other food which are left between the teeth at dinner begin to putrify before dinner the next day. If you pick the teeth the odor of the breath testifies to decomposition.

With this management, we ought not to be surprised that the gums and teeth should become the subjects of disease.

What is to be done?

1st. Use the tooth-pick (goose quill) after each meal. Follow with a mouthful or two of water, to remove the particles the tooth-pick may have left behind.

2. Every morning, on rising, use the brush and castile soap.

With these simple things thoroughly done, you will preserve the teeth to old age.

THE EFFECT OF SHOT ON VESSELS. A shot does not make a hole of its own size right through wood, but indents it, the fibres springing back after the shock. Generally, the course of the shot only can be traced with a wire, sometimes by a hole as large as a man's finger. The damage most often happens in the inside of a vessel, in splintering and breaking the wood, after the main force of the shot is spent. Forts Hamilton and Richmond, which are about a mile apart, with a vessel lying between them, could not, with their shot, send a shot through two feet of its timbers. There is rarely an instance where a ship was sunk by a solid shot. Hot shot and shells do the mischief. The latter will sometimes make apertures of several feet in extent through the sides of vessels.

A QUAKER'S ADVICE TO MONEY-HUNTERS.—A prudent and well-disposed member of the "Society of Friends" once gave the following friendly advice: "John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married." "Yes," replied John, "I am." "Well," replied the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry a woman worth more than thou art.—When I married my wife, I was worth just fifty shillings, and she was worth sixty-two; and whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown up the odd shillings."

MINORITY PRESIDENTS.—In 1824, the candidates for the Presidency were Adams, Jackson, Clay and Crawford. Mr. Adams, who was in a minority of 141,420, and who had much less than half of the popular vote, was elected by the House of Representatives. In 1844, Mr. Polk was elected by the people, and was in a minority of 21,119. In 1848, General Taylor was elected. He was in a minority of 151,708. In 1856, Mr. Buchanan was elected.—He was in a minority of 377,629.—In 1860, Mr. Lincoln was elected. He was in a minority of 946,950.

MISERIES OF LIFE.—Endeavoring to make violent love under the table, and pressing the wrong foot.

Toasting cheese, and when it is more than half done, let it fall into the ashes.

Forced by politeness to leave a pleasant party for the purpose of accompanying a sour old maid to her lodgings two miles distant.

Dreaming that you have suddenly acquired a large fortune; stretching out your hand to grasp the welcome booty; awakening, and find nothing in your fist but the bed post.

LONDON IN 1860.—The "Registrar-General" says that London now covers 121 square miles, a square of eleven miles to each side. It is equal to three Londons of sixty years ago; and its population, by excess of births over deaths, increases at the rate of 1,000 per week. One in six of every death takes place in a workhouse, hospital, asylum, or prison; sad but conclusive evidence of the extent of poverty, disease, mental and physical, and crime.

"Doctor," said an old lady the other day to her family physician, "kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?" "Why—hem!—why, certainly, madam," replied the doctor, "it's owing to the fact that they came into the world without speech!" "La, me," remarked the old lady, "just see what it is to have a physic edication; I've axed my old man more'n a hundred times that ar same thing, and he always replied, 'becase they is!'"

A money-lender serves you in the present tense, he lends you in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjective, and ruins you in the future.

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