1849.
est New York Styles.
ersigned takes pleasure in notifying
lic, that he has received his Spring
er styles of GOODS, which he has
ith care. And therefore hopes to
uit the different tastes of his cus-
l all who may give him a call—in
following articles, viz: Cloths, Cas-
estings, Ginghams, Lawns, Fancy
slings, and Domestic goods general,
a full assortment of Queens Ware,
& GROCERIES. All of which, to-
a variety of other articles too tedious
he is prepared to sell on very mod-
FRANCIS A. STEWART,
1849—tf Cambridge, Md.

For Annapolis and Cambridge.—The new
UGH JENKINS, Capt. J. D.
ll leave the Cambridge wharf, Light
HURSDAY MORNING, May 17th,
, A. M., for Annapolis and Cambridge,
same day.
HITE HAVEN & PONGTEAGUE
mer Hugh Jenkins will leave Light
arf on FRIDAY MORNING, May
, A. M. for the above named places
via White Haven on Saturday.
HITE HAVEN, VIENNA AND
, DEL.—The steamer Hugh Jenkins
Baltimore on MONDAY MORN-
21st, at 6, A. M. for the above pla-
turn via White Haven on Tuesday,
ford at 6, A. M.
NNAPOLIS, WYE LANDING, ST.
AND EASTON, via MILES RIVER
The steamer Hugh Jen-kins will
more on WEDNESDAY, May 23d,
, for the above named places, and
e day.
ght for all the above places will be
ow rates. The above routes will
ed throughout the season.
1849. tf

Removal.
RATORY OF THOMSONIAN
OTANIC MEDICINES.
LARRABEE, No. 20 South Calvert
Baltimore, has removed his Labora-
new building No. 24, and has always
he largest and most complete assort-
ure Botanic remedies in the United
pared under his special care at his
—being the first erected in the Uni-
for the special purpose of preparing
NIAN BOTANIC MEDICINES.—
pulverized and compounded articles
in quarter and half pound packages,
labelled, with directions suitable for
and upon better terms than the same
be had for in the U. S. Every article
is warranted genuine—the public can
this.
l discount made to country merchants,
particularly requested to call and ex-
lity, &c. before purchasing.
rious Treatises, embracing the most
thors, upon the Thomsonian or Bo-
em of Medicine, may also be had at his
ent, by the quantity or single copy.
aug. 30, 1848—1y

ultural Impliments, &c.
ITMAN will offer for sale this sea-
the largest Stock of AGRICULTU-
LIMENTS AND SEEDS ever found
cultural Warehouse in the city of Bal-
nsisting in part of
hitman's Premium Wrought Iron Rail-
e powers. Price of the Double Power,
gle ditto $75.
rious kinds of Sweep Horse-powers,
, Allen's, Kirkpatrick's and others,
to $120.
hitman's Improved Threshers. The
f this machine will last 100 years, in
se.—Price, $45 to $50. If the Straw
s attached, $15 will be added: and if
hresh and clean at one operation, price
mon Threshers, as low as can be pur-
any part of the country.
6,000 PLOUGHS,
ing of every kind sold in Maryland,
k and Massachusetts. The first Pre-
Ploughs in the Ploughing Match of
Fair, holden at Baltimore, last Novem-
looked upon as a matter of great im-
to every one engaged in agriculture;
made the contest a spirited one, and
n ploughs from all parts of the country,
hich was the Wiley, Moor and Cham-
Maryland Self-sharpener," and a host
. The Committee, *after trial*, had no
in awarding the *first* premium to E.
, Jr., for the work done with his Pouty
Centre Draught Plough.
ltivators, which also received the first
at the State Fair and various other
rice, $4 to $6.
n and cob crushers, which received the
nium at the State Fair, and also at the
e Maryland Institute, & at various other
rice $50.
Wheat Fans, of various kinds and pat-
ong which is I. T. Grant's, which is now
his country and in Europe with great
and we consider it the best Fan in use.
m $26 to $40.
Whitman's Premium Corn Shellers.—
5, $16, $30.
Straw Cutters, from $7 to $45.
remium churns, from $2,50 to $7.
rn Planters. One boy and horse with
will plant 10 acres per day. Price
der Mills. These mills grind the ap-
pulp, and are warranted to produce
er, and of better quality, than any other
rice $20 and $25.
e stock of Wheat Drills; Hay Presses,
shers, and all kinds of Plough Castings,
Cradles, Shovels, Hoes, Spades, &c,
E. WHITMAN, Jr.,
ner of Light & Pratt sts. Baltimore, Md.
28, 1849. 1y

k Mortgages. We have just print-
or sale, a quantity of Blank Mortgages.
quantity of Magistrate's blanks always
hand for sale.
13, 1849. ED. DEMOCRAT.

OB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS NEATLY
MPTLY EXECUTED. TERMS CASH.

Cambridge Demo

DEVOTED TO DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, RELIGION, TEMPERANCE, AMUSEMENTS, SCIENCE, POLITIC

Volume 4. No. 37. CAMBRIDGE, MD.---WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 1, 1849.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,
BY WM. H. BOWDLE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, *if paid within two months from the time of subscribing*, otherwise TWO DOLLARS will be charged. No subscription received for a shorter period than twelve months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at $1 per square for the three first insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. (12 lines or less make a square.) Where the number of insertions are not marked on an advertisement, it will be continued until forbid, & charged accordingly.

BY the year, TEN DOLLARS per square; and larger ones in proportion. Yearly advertisements must be paid for within 3 months after first insertion. ☞In no case will the above TERMS be deviated FROM.☜

☞All letters to the editor must be POST-PAID.

POETICAL GLEANINGS.

[From Graham's Magazine for August.]

Words of Waywardness.

BY PROFESSOR WM. CAMPBELL.

HAH! for the tide of the blood's hot gush—
Hah! for the throng of proud thoughts that rush,
Reckless and riotous—why should they be
Iced by thy frown, Reality?
Give, give me back the early joy
Of youth's warm hopes, of vows believed—
Again, again a dreaming boy
Let me be happy—though deceived.
Friendship, they say, is but a name,
And woman's love a meteor flame,
That feedeth upon fancy's breath
A little while, then perisheth.
Out, out upon thee—out on thee!
Thou hideous hag, Reality.

Hah! tears again! dost ask me why
The tear upon this burning cheek,
The half repressed, yet bursting sigh?
The tear, the sigh, themselves must speak;
Must tell a tale of by-gone hours,
A vision of all fair and bright—
When my young path was strewn with flowers,
And every throb was of delight.
When joys were of each moment's birth,
Nor care, nor doubt, as instant stole
From days of ever-changeful mirth,
That changeless shone upon the soul.
When hopes, that in mist-distance gleaming,
In promise e'en outvied the past,
Came ever, halcyon heralds seeming,
Of peace and bliss for aye to last.

But where is now the sportive wile
Of youth—so guileless and so gay—
The soul of love, of fire—the smile,
That spoke that soul—oh! where are they?
Of days that could such joys impart
What now remains? Their memory—
A cheerless, blasted youth—a heart
That breaketh fast, though silently.
And those proud hopes so fondly cherished,
Have they too proved, like Friendship, breath?
Ay, one by one, they all have perished—
Yet no—not all—there yet is death!
There yet remains to choose some spot,
Where, far from man and scorn, to lie—
And there, unheeded and forgot,
Alone—oh! God—alone to die.

Who talks of dying, while around
The earth's so fair, the sky so bright?
With Folly's wreath let day be crowned,
And Mirth and Music rule the night.
Another chord—the purple hills
Are bowing to the yellow vales—
The vales are smiling to the rills—
The rills make music for the gales,
That with the sunbeams twining hands, [ing
Through groves & meads & streams are glanc-
Adown the lanes, and on the sands
Of brave old Ocean madly dancing.
And brave old Ocean roareth so
His honest laugh, to see those Misses,
The pretty flow'rets bending low,
As though to shun the wind-god's kisses.

Kisses—hah! hah!—around this string
Of other days what memories twine—
Bring, merry comrades, quickly bring
Youth-giving and song-making wine.
Fill, fill—on the faithful brim
Pile up the sparkling flood—
Drink, drink, till the living stream
Run conqueror through the blood.
Drink to the hill, the vale,
The stream and its jeweled brink,
To the warming ray and the cooling gale,
To earth and to ocean drink.
Drink to each thing that seems
Or loving or glad to be—
Nor wait to ask if those joyous beams
Be nature's hypocrisy.

I've quaffed the brimming bowl
In mirth's and madness' hours—
And drenched my thirsty soul
In goblets crowned with flowers.
Of draughts so pure as this
'Tis luxury to sip,
But draught of purer bliss
Doth dwell on woman's lip.

I've felt the glowing sun
Steal warmly to my heart's
Faint throbs, when gazing on
The skies of southern parts.
But oh! a sun more bright,
A purer, warmer sky,
Of joy-embathing light,
Is found in woman's eye.

'Neath holy Music's spell
Hath lain each dream-rapt sense,
While on my spirit fell
Its gushing eloquence.
But oh! a spell there is
More potent to rejoice—
The soothing lowliness
Of woman's whispered voice.

Then wonder not, if now
To her I pledge this cup,
To whom my earliest vow
First sent its incense up—
To her—the soul of verse,
Our hope, when hope-bereft—
Our blessing 'neath the curse—
Our all of Eden left.

Give, give me back the early joy
Of youth's strong hopes, of vows believed—
Again, again a dreaming boy
Let me be happy, though deceived.
For who hath caught the answering sigh
Heaving sweet woman's timid breast,
His longing soul fed on her eye,
And learned the rapture to be blest—
In lingering dalliance now to sip,
In boldness now of ardor roving,
To drink from eye, cheek, forehead, lip,
Of one beloved, and seeming loving.
Upon the tell-tale cheek to breathe,
Closer the clasping hands to wreathe,
As if no earthly power could sever
The bosoms met, as met forever—
While each responsive fluttering heart,
Beating as though 't would gladly break
To tell the joy that tongue ne'er spake,
Longs from its heaving breast to part,
Nearer and nearer still to press
The soul of its soul's happiness.
Oh! who has felt around his soul
The spells of this idolatry—
And wished not that his days should roll
Thus spell-bound to eternity.

Away with wisdom—'t is a cheat—
Away with truth—'t is all a lie—
Madness alone hath no deceit—
Falsehood alone no mockery.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

Love in the Backwoods;
OR,
JIMMY WADDLE'S COURTSHIP.

"Talkin' o' sprees, boys, puts me in mind o' my young days,—I should rayther guess I was in for 'em some myself them times!"

This was said by an old man, whom we will introduce as Mr. James Waddle, or rather as "old Jim Waddle." Every body (except the reader) knows him and his *penchant* for yarn spinning. It is the evening of a militia training day. There are a goodly number, after the company is dismissed from duty who are lounging around, and all now gather round the afore said old Jim, to hear his yarn to which he has already began the prelude; and only awaits somebody to urge him to go on. This there are enough to do. He then inquired what they would have—"one o' his huntin' or courtin' sprees?" The boys unanimously demanded the latter. Then, after requesting that none of them should laugh 'till he got through, with a few preparatory hems, and an assumption of a comically grave face, he commenced. (I wish I could *report* in his inimitable language, *verbatim et literatim.*)

"When I wur a boy, you know, daddy moved from Virginny to Kentuck. I'd been born and touch up on the fronteers, and Kentucky was a perfect paradise for me to hunt bars and injins in. But I forgot—you want a courtin' story. Well, although I was alwas a cuttin' up some develry among the boys, yet, somehow, I was a leetle shy and skeery amongst the gals. I liked the critters prodigiously, but the only way I could manage to show it, was by casting sheep's eyes in abundance at 'em. We had meetin's as well as frolics sometimes. While the preacher was preaching tender-heartedness, brotherly kindness, and love, I wan't thinkin' o' nothin' else. I used to set where I could look the gals in the face—and then gazed at some purty one till she'd blush as red as a pepper pot. Then I felt so queer about the gizzard, and wisht an airth-quake would come and throw me right in her lap! I was in love, but I couldn't tell who I loved most. There was Peggy Masonhammer, a mighty fine gal, even in her tow-linen frock, her cheeks wur as full as a china pig's and as red as a turkey gobler's; and then thar was Sally Perkins, with her gloriously striped home-made cotton frock besides her har and eyes as black as ink; and then thar was dimple-cheek'd, blue ey'd Lotte Smith, who alwees toted her shoes and stockin's in her hands till she got in sight o' the meetin'. Well o' these three I couldn't tell for my life which I liked best—sometimes one, and sometimes another—but alus the last one I look't at.

But when Squire Crumpton come to our diggins, his two gals tuck the shine off the rest on 'em, 'specially his oldest one Betsey. I shant attempt to describe her,—but when I tell you she had a *calico* frock, with yaller flowers as big as your hand—brass ear bobs, besides half as dozen strens o' beads as large as the end o' yur little finger, you may think she was a charmer—I did anyhow. Of all the magnum bonum charmers I'd ever seed, she was the magnum bonumest! And so all the young fellers said tu. When I fust seed her 'twas at deacon Snook's meetin'. As I fastened my eyes on her's, her's met mine—she look't steadfastly—then smiled a charmin' smile, an' blush't, an' look't down. Lordy! thar was a flutterin' then equal to a saw mill, 'tween my two jacket pockets! I felt I was a goner. From that hour I was too big for my breeches, and of Sundays I borried dad's breeches he'd been married in before the Revolutionary War, and came off at his knees, but as he was tall and I warn't, they come below mine three or four inches. Again the next meetin' I was prepared to cut a big stiff; sister Sal, for the purpose, starched and ironed my new fine shirt as stiff and slick as a sheet of new tin. This shirt had the finest kind of flax-linen in the bosom and collar, but the invisible part of it was coarse tow, with a hem that would cable a steamboat. Now while Sal was smoothing the rinkles near the said hem with an iron just hot from the fire, down stairs tumbles one o' the tarnal brats, knockin' the breath out'n it. It was Saturday night, and she was the only one up, and run to it in courage, but afore it come to, the iron had very decidedly made its mark—that is, burnt two holes in the extremity of my linen. Next mornin' I put it on as I was—then dad's true blues—then the fust regular built par o' shoes I'd ever had. I was seventeen just that Sunday mornin', and in my Sunday riggin, felt myself a man, and was resolved if Betsy Crumpton was at meetin' to show it. Well she was there, and I axt for her company—and got it! Walkin' by her side, I felt as light as nothin'—I skeercly techt the ground I walked on. But I shant tell you the fine things I thought and said to her on the way, and more after we get home, ('Oh, yes, do,' said several voices.) No, you'll have enough without that—you're to skim the cream of the story yet.

She kept me up late, say two o'clock, and spite of the novelty (it being the fust time) I got sleapy. Now, the Squire had just come to the parts, and put up a one story, one room'd log cabin, and the whole family 'cept some o' the young'ens, slept below. I was a leetle bashful 'bout guine to bed thar, but I was three miles from home, and it was rainin' like blue blazes, I had to do it, and did without exposin' the blanks in my linen: I resolved to be up afore any body else in the mornin' on the same account and ssme others.

That was the last I know'd till waken'd by the hounds (half a dozen of which slept under the bed) a pullin in the kivers off'n me. Holy heavens! the sun two hours high—breakfast on the table and we in bed! Just as I was guine to spring out, in pops the old 'oman, with a plate of venson. It was dog days, you know, and she cookt in a shanty. I possum'd sleep till she went out again, then I look'd for my trowsers—thar they wur in the jaws of the pups at the foot of the bed! I made a mighty lunge over the foot-board to retake them but, oh horrors!—my hed down and my heels up! What's the matter, thinks I—but it flasht across me in a minit that the hole in my linen was over the post—and a tall post tu! I kick'd and flounder'd and flounced, but all to no purpose—I couldn't get down—I strained to break the hem but it was all no go. Jist now all the hounds commenced yellin' so furiously the old 'oman and both gals run in to see what was up, and when they seed it was me they run out agin—one begin to holler for the Squire, while tothers, through the cracks, battled with fishin' poles the cursed hounds that were wullin' me. Oh, I thought of Absalem and every body else that ever did hang, but he didn't hang with the wrong end up, that was a consolation I hadn't! I'd a cust my fate like Boston, but I remember'd I belong'd to meetin', and it was agin the rules.—I did howsomever, think some mighty hard words if I didn't speak 'em! But all that didn't do no good. I couldn't make nothin' by pullin' down'ards, so I thought I'd clime up the post and unloose myself that way. I had nearly succeeded when one o' the unmannerly pups attacked me in the rair, and loosin my holt fell in a knot—decidedly peeling off my linen—the button busted off, and I come out full length on the floor, in precisely the same state of fix Job said he come into this world! The next minit I was under the bed where the everlastin' pups had dragged my trowsers. I cuffi them off, but every time I pull one leg partly on the infernal whelps would pull tother off. I worried this way some time, when a puncheon give way, and I fell through into a trough of soup under the house! Gosh! I thought I was in the pit that's bottomless! I sprung for my life, but in doing this I threw myself into the face and stomach of Squire Crumpton, who was comin' on the run, 'specting the injins was a massacreeing the whole family. The collision threw him down hilt, and I followed suit heels over head, to the bottom. Here I recovered my understanding, and without any apologies, or even, a word, I struck a bee-line for home jist as I was, in all my native purity, at a speed that split the winds, my toe nails striking fire out'r the flints every jump!

But, b'hoys, I never went within a quarter of a mile of Squire Crumpton's afterwoods—nor did I ever cast sheep's eyes at Betsey again, let alone gallant her home."

Decatur Co., Indiana.

The Way to get Married.

It is easy to get married, but not to get married happily. The very means adopted by too many young ladies, are destructive of solid happiness. Fordyce has issued some remarkable instructions on this point. He says, "When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her in whatever condition she is placed. Were I to advise any friend as to his choice of a wife, my first counsel would be, 'look out for one distinguished by her attention and sweetness to her parents.' The fund of worth and affection indicated by such a behavior, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion."

☞Laugh at no man for his pug-nose, you never can tell what may *turn up*.

Nutriment and Digestion.

The CINCINNATI NONPAREIL has quite a sensible article on eating and drinking, in the course of which, the editor gives some facts in relation to various articles of food. The following table of the amount of nutricious matter in different grains, is well worth preservation for reference:

100 lbs Wheat	contain	85	lbs nutriment.
" Corn	"	97	"
" Rice	"	90	"
" Rye	"	80	"
" Barley	"	83	"
" Beans	"	90	"
" Peas	"	93	"
" Meat	average	35	"
" Potatoes	contain	55	"
" Beets	"	14	"
" Carrots	"	14	"
" Greens and turnips		8	"
" Bread		80	"

It will be seen from the above that meat is not the most nutricious food, as is generally supposed. The laboring man often thinks he cannot perform a day's work without meat; but the fact is that it is not half so nutricious as wheat, corn, rye, or beans. Meat is more stimulating than vegetables, and does not maintain so true an equilibrium in the system. Uniformity in our feelings and habits is desirable—that is, we should be constantly in good health and spirits. It seems, therefore, that meat is not favorable to this state, and should be gradually dispensed with.

That will be concluded to be the best food which supplies the greatest amount of nutrition with the least effort of the digestive organs. To determine this, we will give the result of a long course of experiment which Dr. Beaumont conducted with a soldier who had been wounded, and the wound so healed as to leave an opening into the stomach through which the operation of digestion could be observed.

Bread and milk	digested in	2	hours.
Codfish	"	2	"
Turkey	"	2½	"
Goose, wild,	"	2½	"
Hash	"	2½	"
Oysters and crackers	"	3	"
Beef, fresh, roasted,	"	3½	"
" " broiled	"	3	"
" " boiled,	"	3½	"
Pork recently salted,	"	4½	"
Mutton	"	4	"
Eggs, hard, boiled,	"	3½	"
" soft, boiled,	"	3	"
Sausages,	"	2½	"
Fowls,	"	4	"
Bread, with coffee,	"	4	"
Rice	"	1	"
Tapioca	"	2	"
Barley	"	2	"
Milk	"	2	"
Pigs' feet	"	1	"
Tripe	"	1	"
Trout	"	1½	"
Soup, beau,	"	3	"
" barley,	"	1½	"
" mutton,	"	3 1-2	
Beans	"	2 1-2	
Bread, wheat,	"	3 1-2	
" corn,	"	3¼	"
Cake, corn,	"	3	"
Turnips	"	3 1-2	
Potatoes, boiled,	"	3 1-2	
" roasted,	"	2 1-2	
Cabbage	"	2 1-2	

From the above table, it will be seen that it requires more effort to digest animal than vegetable food; while the latter furnishes double the nutriment of the former. Common sense, therefore, settles the preference.

Preparation of Wheat Seed.

By sifting, with suitable sieves, the large plump berries may be separated from the small & shrivelled, which will make a great improvement. Then wash thoroughly in water, stirring violently, and skim off all floating substances. Violent washing will rub off the seeds of fungus which might cause smut or other diseases, and destroys the eggs of insects; and by skimming, the light seeds and other refuse substances may be excluded.

Various steeps are used as a further prevention of smut, &c., for which we have recommended violent washing. The following is cheap, convenient, safe, and probably as effectual as any; and it has the important advantage of floating oats, and grains of comparative lightness, that sink in pure water.

Make a solution of salt as strong as it can be made, which is probably about one quart of salt to two gallons of water. In this steep the wheat, and remove worthless matters that rise; also the grains of wheat of comparative lightness. It is best to soak the wheat twelve or twenty-four hours, but when thus prepared, if the weather is favorable, it will keep in good condition for several days or weeks, if the brine is strong, as it will not vegetate in it.

We have kept wheat a week or two in this way; and a farmer informed us that he had prepared his wheat in brine, when his interval, where he intended to sow, was overflowed, and he kept it in the brine three weeks, and, as it was late, he then spread and dried it, and sowed it the next spring with success.

After soaking wheat in brine drain off the brine, which is a good manure, and add sufficient slacked lime to make it dry enough to sow. Sow soon after the lime is added. If any accident or storm prevents sowing soon, return the grain to the brine, as the best preservative.

☞A clergyman was asked to drink wine at a wedding, but very properly refused. "What, Mr. M——," said one of the guests, "don't you drink wine at a wedding?" "No, sir," was the reply; "I will take a glass of water." "But, sir," said the officious vice of Paul to 'T for his infirmity." the reverand gentlema.

Rules for the

1. Marry not a profane m. pravity of his heart will corru and embitter your existence.

2. Marry not a gambler, a tippler, of taverns, because he who has no himself will never have any for his wif

3. Marry not a man who makes p which he never performs; because you can trust him.

4. Marry not a man whose actions do not correspond with his sentiments—because the passions have dethroned reason, and he is prepared to commit every crime to which an evil nature, unrestrained, can instigate him. The state of that man who regards not his own idea of right and wrong, is deplorable, and the less you have to do with him the better.

5. Marry not a man who is in the habit of running after all the girls in the country; because the affections are continually wavering—and therefore can never be permanent.

6. Marry not a man who neglects his business; if he does so when single, he will be worse when married.

A Painful Sight.

To see young men lounging about month after month, neither working nor desiring to work; while—perhaps—poor parents are toiling from morning till night, to support and save them from disgrace which their own thoughtlessness and laziness is fast bringing upon them. But how many such sights are to be seen in every community? How many are found who have not that sense of shame which is necessary to force them off the lounger's seat; but enough of that false pride which will not allow them to take hold of employment if it does happen to be genteel and profitable! Alas! the fate of such is sealed, they will go down to the grave unpitied, unmourned and soon to be forgotten by all.

Valuable Recipes.

ALMOND PUDDING.

Take half a pound of shelled sweet almonds, and three ounces of shelled bitter almonds, or peach kernels. Scald and peel them; throwing them, as they are peeled into cold water. Then pound them one at a time in a marble mortar, adding to each a few drops of rose water; otherwise they will be heavy and oily. Mix the sweet and bitter almonds together by pounding them alternately; and as you do them take them out and lay them on a plate. They must each be beaten to a fine smooth paste, free from the smallest lumps. It is best to prepare them the day before you make the pudding.

Stir to a cream half a pound of fresh butter and a half a pound of powdered white sugar; and by degrees pour into it a glass of mixed wine and brandy. Beat to a stiff froth, the whites only, of twelve eggs, (you may reserve the yolks for custards or other purposes,) and stir alternately into the butter and sugar the pounded almonds and the beaten white of egg. When the whole is well mixed, put it into a buttered dish, and lay puff paste round the edge. Bake it about an hour, and when cold grate sugar over it.

ANOTHER ALMOND PUDDING.

Blanch three quarters of a pound of shelled sweet almonds, and three ounces of shelled bitter almonds, and beat them in a morter to a fine paste—mixing them well, and adding by degrees a tea-cup full, or more, of rose water. Boil in a pint of rich milk, a few sticks of cinamon broken up, and a few blades of mace. When the milk has come to a boil, take it off the fire, strain it into a pan, and soak in it two stale rusks cut into slices. They must soak till quite dissolved. Stir to a cream three quarters of a pound of fresh butter, mixed with the same quantity of powdered loaf-sugar. Beat ten eggs very light, yolks and whites together, and then stir alternately into the butter and sugar, the rusk, eggs, and almonds. Set it on a stove or a chafing dish, and stir the whole together till very smooth & thick. Put it into a buttered dish and bake it three quarters of an hour. It must be eaten quite cold.

INDIAN CRUMPETS.

A quart of Indian meal.
Half a pint of wheat flour.
A quart of milk.
A heaping salt-spoonful of salt.
Three eggs.
Two large tablespoonfuls of strong fresh yeast.

Warm the milk. Sift the Indian meal and the flour into a pan, and mix them well. Then stir them into the milk, a handful at a time; adding the salt. Beat the eggs very light into another pan, and then stir them, gradually, into the milk and meal. Lastly, add the yeast. Stir the whole well; then cover it, and set it to rise in a warm place, such as a corner of the hearth.—When it has become very light, and is covered with bubbles, have the griddle ready heated to begin to bake the cakes; first greasing the griddle. For each crumpet pour on a large ladlefull of batter. Send them to table several on a plate, and as hot as possible. Eat them with butter, to which you may add molasses or honey.

If the batter should chance to become sour by standing too long, you may remedy it by stirring in a level teaspoonful of pearlash, soda, or saleratus, dissolved in a very little lukewarm water. Then bake it.

Farmers' sons had better learn to hold the plow & feed pigs, than measure tape and count buttons

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_65-0073.jpg