Phila. Advertisement.

$500 CHALLENGE.

WHATEVER concerns the health and happiness of a people is at all times of the most valuable importance. Take it for granted that every person will do all in their power, to save the lives of their children, and that every person will endeavor to promote their own health at all sacrifices. I feel it to be my duty to solemnly assure you that WORMS, according to the opinion of the most celebrated Physicians, are the primary cause of a large majority of disease to which children and adults are liable; if you have an appetite continually changeable from one kind of food to another, Bad breath, Pain in the Stomach, Picking at the Nose, Hardness and Fullness of the Belly, Dry Cough, Slow Fever, Pulse Irregular—remember that all these denote WORMS, and you should at once apply the remedy:—

Hobensack's Worm Syrup.

An article found upon Scientific Principles, compounded with purely vegetable substances, being perfectly safe when given, and can be given to the most tender Infant with decided beneficial effect, where Bowel Complaints and Diarrhœa have made them weak and debilitated the tonic properties of my Worm Syrup are such that it stands without an equal in the catalogue of medicines, in giving life and strength to the Stomach, which is an Infallibility remedy for those afflicted with Dispepsia, the astonishing cures performed by this Syrup after Physicians have failed, in the best evidence of its superior efficacy over all others.

The Tape Worm!

This is the most difficult Worm to destroy of all that infest the human system, grows to an almost Indefinite length, coming so coiled and fastened in the intestines and Stomach effecting the health so sadly as to cause St. Vitus Dance, Fits, &c., that those afflicted seldom if ever suspect that it is Tape Worm, destroying them to an early grave. In order to destroy the Worm, a very energetic treatment must be pursued, it would therefore be proper to take 6 to 8 of my Liver Pills so as to remove all obstructions, that the Worm, which must be taken in doses of 2 Tablespoonfulls 3 times a day these directions followed have never been known to fail in curing the most obstinate case of Tape Worm.

Hobensack's Liver Pills.

No part of the system is more liable to disease than the LIVER, it serving as a filterer to purify the blood, or giving the proper secretion to the bile; so that any wrong action of the Liver effects the other important parts of the system, and results variously, in Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, &c.—We should, therefore, watch every symptom that might indicate a wrong action of the liver. These Pills being composed of ROOTS & PLANTS furnished by nature to heal the sick: Name 1st, An EXPECTORANT, which segregates the secretion from the air-tory mucus membrane or promotes the discharge of secreted matter. 2nd. An ALTERATIVE, which charges in the inexplicable and insensible manner a certain morbid action of the system. 3d. A TONIC, which give tone and strength to the nervous, renewing health and vigor to all parts of the body. 4th. A CATHARTIC, which acts in perfect harmony with the other ingredients and operating on the Bowels, and expelling the whole mass of corrupt and vitiated matter, and purifying the Blood, which destroys diseases and resorts health.

To Females.

You will find these Pills an invaluable medicine in many complaints to which you are subject. In obstructions either total or partial, they have been found of inestimable benefit, restoring irregular arrangements to a healthy action, purifying the blood and other fluids so effectually to put to flight all complaints which may arise from female irregularities, as headache, giddiness, dimness of sight, pain in the side back,

None genuine unless signed J. N. Hobensack, all others being base Imitation.
☞Agents wishing new supplies, and Dare Keepers desirous of becoming Agents must address the Proprietor, J. N. Hobensack, Philadelphia, Pa.
R. W. JOHNSON, Druggist Balt. Wholesale agt. Md.
For Sale by Dr. J. Flint, Cambridge, Md. [June 2, 1852—1y

Robert Lawson, Jr.,
SADDLE, TRUNK,
HARNESS AND COLLAR
MANUFACTURER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
No. 45 South street, Baltimore,
(One door from Lumbard st.)

THE above articles are manufactured of the Best Materials, and will be sold at the Lowest Prices! Merchants and Wholesale Dealers are invited all and examine my stock before ing purchases, being prepared to sell ls as low as they can be purchased ny of the Northern or Eastern cities, pledge myself to duplicate any bill e in those cities. Please call and fy yourselves of the fact.
28, 1852—1y

Cambridge Democrat.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Domestic & Foreign Intelligence, Agriculture, Literature, Religion, Science, Amusements, Politics, & Advertising.

Volume 9.----No. 4. CAMBRIDGE, MD.----WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER, 14, 1853. Price $1.50, in Advance.

THE CAMBRIDGE DEMOCRAT,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY WM. H. BOWDLE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—For one year's subscription, if paid in two months, $1,50, if not paid within two months, $2. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. No subscription received for a shorter period than twelve months.

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

A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year. Yearly advertisements are to be paid for within 90 days after first insertion.

Proceedings of *public meetings & obituary notices*, are matters of charge; but announcement of marriages and deaths are published gratis.

ALL letters to the editor must be *post paid*.

☞G. S. SEWELL, Esq., Vienna, Md., is our authorised agent to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the "Democrat."

THROUGH BY EXPRESS!!

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
THE MEXICAN
MUSTANG LINIMENT

HAS been used quite extensively in the stables of ADAMS & CO'S GREAT SOUTHERN, EASTERN and WESTERN EXPRESSES, for CURING Galds, Chafes, Scratches, Sprains and Bruises, and it has proved effectual. We have no hesitation in recommending it as a valuable preparation, to be used externally on man or beast.

J. DUNNING,
Foreman of Adams & Co's Express Stables,
New York.

We take great pleasure in recommending the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT to all of our friends and customers as the best article we have ever used for Sores, Sprains, or Galds in Horses. We have used it extensively, and always effectually. Some of our men have used it for severe Bruises and Sores, as well as Rheumatic Pains, and they all say it acts like magic—we can only say that we have entirely abandoned the use of any other Liniment.

J. M. HEWITT, Foreman for
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO., 10 Wall st.
HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 74 Broadway,
PULLEN, VIRGIL & CO'S, 16 Wall st.
WELLS, FARGO & CO'S, 16 Wall st.

Having used the MUSTANG LINIMENT in my family for several severe cases of hard lumps and swellings, I cheerfully give my certificate to its excellent effects. My daughter had a hard lump, the size of a hen's egg, upon her wrist for a year. I told her to rub it with the Liniment, and a few applications entirely removed it. I have also used the Liniment for Scrofulous Tumors, or swellings in the throat of long standing, on two of my servants, and it removed them both in a short time. I consider them all remarkable cure, and recommend the Mustang Liniment as the best article I ever used.

JESSE T. HOPKINS,
Proprietor of Hopkins's Hotel.
Liberty, V., June 30th, 1853.

MORGANTON, N. C., June 30th, 1853.
DR. A. G. BRAGG & Co.—I feel it my duty to those of my fellow beings who are afflicted as I have been, to add my testimony to the wonderful effects of your MUSTANG LINIMENT. I was severely attacked in December last with Rheumatism in its worst form, suffering night and day with excruciating pain for six months, being for the whole time unable to walk or even step. My right leg was so contracted and drawn up that I could not put it to the ground, and my left arm was badly contracted. During the whole time I was attended by two of the most skillful physicians in the place, but they were unable to afford me relief, and finally gave me up—pronounced me incurable, and said I must die.

At this critical moment I commenced using the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, and after using two small bottles I began to find relief from my sufferings; and after using seven bottles I was well as ever, and am now stout as ever I was before.

GEORGE GOOD.

MORGANTON, June 30th, 1853.
I certify that I am acquainted with George Good—that he was afflicted with Rheumatism as above stated, and was cured by the use of the Mexican Mustang Liniment.

JAMES C. SMYTH,
Merchant and Hotel Keeper.

PRICES.—The Liniment is put up in three sizes, and retails, for 25 cts., 50 cts. and $1 per bottle. The 50 ct. size contains three times as much as the 25 ct. size, and the $1 size three times as much as the 50 ct. size; the large sizes being greatly cheaper.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., Proprietors,
304 Broadway, N. Y., and St. Louis, Mo.
For sale by Druggists and Store-keepers generally.
For sale by the Druggists in Cambridge, and by S. W. Webb, Vienna, Md.
Sept. 28, 1853. 1y

TO PHYSICIANS.

A MEETING of the Trustees of the Alms House of Dorchester County will be held on Saturday the 17th of December at which time a physician to the institution for the next year will be elected. Proposals are invited.

By order of the Board,
JOHN F. H. VINCENT,
Nov. 16, 1853. Sec'y.

MEDICAL CARD.

IT is not my intention to leave Cambridge. I will continue in the occupancy of the property whereon I now reside till 1st of January, when I will move to another house in town; but will still continue to practice my profession, and will at all times promptly attend to any calls with which the public may favor me.

WM. P. WILLIAMS.
Oct. 12, 1853.

A CARD.

DR. THOMAS HY. HANDY, again offers his professional services to the public.

Residence and Office at Clifton Farm, Cambridge Cross roads.

POETRY.

"We bring a garland of poetic flowers
And blossoms from the Muse's bowers."

"He will not Come To-Night."

Her hair is twined in glosssy brades,
And wreathed with fragrant flowers,
Yet from her face the sunlight fades,
As pass the weary hours;
But still she seeks the misty pane,
To watch the fading light,
And strains her eyes, but all in vain—
He will not come to-night.

The light hath faded from the sky,
The stars come one by one,
Yet with a sad and wasteful eye,
The girl keeps watching on.
Yet often turns to brush away
The tears that dim her sight;
Oh! it is sad to hear her say,
"He will not come to-night."

She calls to mind his parting words,
And breathes them o'er and o'er,
But now they fall on quivering chords
That never thrilled before.
She throws aside the braided hair,
Her cheekes are ashy white,
Oh! 'tis the paleness of despair—
He will not come to-night.

Well, many a lip of brighter red
Hath lost its rosy glow,
And many a fairer, prouder head,
Hath bowed in anguish low.
And tears have flowed, and scalding tears,
From eyes as dark and bright;
And many a passing angel hears—
He will not come to-night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE THREE JONESES —IN— ONE BLOCK.

BY SMITH JONES, Jr.

IN one respect I am the most unfortunate of men. I live in a block, where there are two others of the same name, and am always, in consequence, being mistaken for them. The grocer sends in his bill to me, for things that some other Mr. Jones bought; the ward committee calls on me to "pay up" the subscription another Mr. Jones made; the doctor is forever knocking at my door whem I am not sick, and the apothecary leaving villianous phials; and it would not surpise me, if, some day, the undertaker himself should march in, and, whether I will or not, clap me in a coffin ordered for a different Jones.

If the block was a large one, having some three-score houses in it, as respectable blocks in a great city ought to have, my sufferings, perhaps, would not be so overwhelming. But it is a small block, a very small block in fact; and, in addition, it is a most peculiar block.—It is led off by a big brown, ornate double house, like a corpulent militia Colonel at the head of a petty squad. It has side-walks of stone flags, instead of a vulgar brick pavement. It is on a street that has high pretentions to gentility. That any Jones at all should be able to live in such a block is rather a tax on public credulty. But that three should domicle in it, all on the same side of the way, and all within half a dozen doors of each other, is what no one will believe. "Tell that to the horse marines," is the usual reply, even of the most polite, to what seems so preposterous an assertion.

Nor is this the worst of it. As if some malignant fate had presided over the whole affair, the Christian names of my two neighbors are almost much alike as their surnames. I am Smith Jones, Jr., as an admiring world already knows—Smith Jones, Jr., written S. Jones, Jr., for short. My nearest neighbor Jones is Samuel Jones, Jr., for convenience called Sammy, and sometimes humorously Samivel, but invariably written S. Jones, Jr., also.—The other Jones was baptised Sennacherib Jones, Jr., vulgarly called, in the block, Snatchcrab Jones the younger, and written likewise, *horrible dictu*, S. Jones, Jr. All our bills are made out alike to S. Jones, Jr., and generally sent in to me as the "oldest inhabitant" of the block. If one of my neighbors is sued, the summons comes to me. If my neighbor, the politician, offends the "sovereigns," they come and groan under my windows. If my other neighbor, the philanthropist, has promised aid to some one of his hobbies, the collecting committee, who are always sure to be ladies, call on me. And I have no doubt if either was to get into difficulties—which I most devoutly pray may never happen—the sheiriff would snap me up on a *capiaz* immediately.

To rehearse all my evils would tire the reader beyond patience. A solitary illustration will better suffice, I trust, to win me that compassion which I so well deserve. But first let me promise, that, in the hope of obviating the evil in a measure, I caused my name, "S. JONES, JR.," to be engraved in large capital letters on my door. "Now," said I to myself, "as the others have no names on their door, they will be particular hereafter, not only in giving their exact number, but in stating that they are not the Jones who has a silver door plate." Alas! never was the infirmity of human wisdom more plainly shown. But I must not anticipate.

Mrs. Jones, dear creature, has a weakness for canvass-back ducks. I mean, of course, Mrs. S. Jones, Jr., the wife of the writer, and not Mrs. Sammy Jones, Jr., nor Mrs. Snatchcrab Jones, Jr., though both, I have no doubt, are excellent ladies in their way. And in this liking for canvass-back ducks, done brown, and without currant jelly—for this last is important, as making the difference between people who know how to eat and people who don't—I am, I confess, "flesh of one flesh and bone of one bone," with Mrs. Jones. A canvass-back, is our common failing. We like nothing better, or even as well, unless it is ourselves, always excepting the seven olive plants who flourish by our family hearth, but especially around our table.

Unluckily canvass-back ducks are dear, and, what is more, not always easy to get. Imagine my gratification—no! that is too weak a word—my unbounded delight, when, one morning lately, I saw, in the market, a pair of the plumpest, freshest, and altogether handsomest canvass-backs I had ever laid my eyes on.—They were the first of the season, also, which vastly increased their value. So eager was I to secure them that I bought them at once, and without attempting to beat down their price, a thing I never before neglected in my life, and an oversight I would by no means reccommend, especially to young house keepers. I bought them, and ordering them to be sent, within an hour, to the direction which the poulterer took down at my bidding, I went joyously to my store.

The whole morning my head did little but run on the canvass backs. "What will Mrs. Jones think," when she sees them come home?' If I had a check to draw, ten to one I drew it to the order of "Canvass, Back & Co." If I made an entry it was of six pieces of canvass-backs, instead of six pieces of de laine. A broker brought one of my own notes for me "to discount," as he said, "if in funds." I agreed mentally to do it, I remember, at so much off the face of it; but instead of saying off the face," I said "off the canvass-backs." My mouth watered for those ducks as it used to for strawberries, when I was a boy, on the first day we had that fruit for dinner. So entirely did they monopolize my thoughts, that, having to write to a correspondent in England, respecting a late importation, I concluded the letter, as I was afterward informed, by signing, "Yours, truly, Canvass Back."

Never, in my whole life, did the way home seem so long. I tried walking at first; but my progress was too lingering for my wishes; and so I hailed an omnibus. But how agonizingly slow the omnibus was! I thought the old women would never stop getting in and out; or that the driver would never be done making change; or that the nurses with children would never cease mistaking us for another coach and compelling us to halt for no purpose. At one place on the route we had to go out of the way for a whole block, the paviers being engaged in mending the street. But at last, though not till my patience was entirely exhausted, we drew up before my own door.—With nervous haste I fumbled for my latch-key, and, after several ineffectual attempts—the result of my eagerness—finally succeeded in getting into the aperture." "Now," said I, exhaustingly, as the door opened, "for the canvass-backs;" and instinctly I dilated my nostrils, throwing my head up, to snuff the delicious odor.

But a far different fragrance met my olfactories than what I had expected. And here I must digress a moment to ask if any of my readers likes to corned beef and cabbage? I don't wish to hurt their feelings, if they do, but I must nevertheless say, that, if there is anything dieble I detect more than another, it is that dish. No doubt it is a very pleasant and digestible delicacy for some people. Ostriches like ten-penny nails, it is said; and I see no reason, therefore, why some people should not like corned beef and cabbage. But unfortunately I am not of that number. I am not of that number. I have, in fact, a constitutional distaste to it. What assafœdita is to some men, that corned beef and cabbage is to me, but particularly the cabbage. The mere smell of it teaches me, as Yellowplush says, "what basins was made for." Imagine what effect the prospect of having to eat it, or go without dinner, had upon me.

For that was just my destiny, as I suspected immediately, and discovered to my entire satisfaction on rushing into the kitchen. Instead of beholding my canvass-backs done to a turn, as till that minute I had fondly expected, I saw a huge dish of corned beef with cabbage, the odor of which was enough to knock me down.

And knock me down it did. Clasping both my hands on the lower part of my waistcoat, I uttered a cry of despair and fell back, just as Mrs. Jones, who had heard my latch-key, descended from the nursery above stairs.

"Jones," she began, what in the name of sense——"

But I had now recovered my power of speech. Horror, amazement and indignation, all combining, had burst the flood-gates of that momentary paralysis. I interrupted her sternly.

"Mrs. Jones!" I began.

As if struck dumb before a basilisk, she stopped at my commanding gesture, her mouth not even closing over her last word.

"Mrs. Jones," I cried, extending my arm majestically in the direction of the odious dish, and speaking in my most awful manner, "Mrs. Jones where are my canvass-backs?"

"Canvass-backs!" shrieked Mrs. Jones after a second of thunder-struck silence. "What canvass-backs do you mean?" And then the suspicion flashing on her that I was jesting at her expense, she bridled up, answering sharply. "How dare you send home such a nasty, vulgar, sickening, beastly dish, and then come in to dinner asking," and here she mimicked my voice, "where's my canvass-backs?"

"My dear," cried I, in a calmer mood, for I saw there was cause for it on more accounts than one, "who do *you* mean? Certainly you got that pair of ducks I sent home?"

"No ducks have come to this house to-day," replied the the dear creature, only half mollified.

"And that ——." I could not name the hateful dish, put pointed to it with marked aversion.

"That," said she, also pointing, and emphasising the word, "was left here by the butcher, who said you had sent it home, and particularly wished it cooked for to-day's dinner."

A thought flashed across me.

"Did you look at the basket?" I said.

"No. The girl took the odious stuff out and carried the basket down the cellar.'

"A hundred to one its the basket of that Snatchcrab Jones," I cried. "Snatch by name and snatch by nature," I added, lugubriously, with a melancholy attempt at a joke, "and my ducks, in that event, are swimming, before this, in his gullet."

"I never thought of that," answered my wife, in a gentle voice, mutely apologizing with her eyes. "Though how I could think, *dear* Jones, that you could send home such a dinner, and for the first time in thirteen happy years of married life, is beyond my comprehension. But I'll have the basket brought up at once."

The basket came and confirmed my suspicion. The ducks were irrevocably gone, for my neighbor dined two hours earlier than we did; and, to "make assurance doubly sure," on going to the back street, and looking out, we saw before his gate, where the servant threw her slops, the breast-bones, walkers, and other remains of two canvass-backs. They were polished, too, like ivory, showing what an excellent appetite my neighbor had. I made a free-will offering, on the spur of the moment, of the corned beef and cabbage, to the *manes* of the departed ducks, ordering the servant to throw it, plate and all, on top of the heap of bones.

I dined, that day, on some bits of cold meat, which had been laid away for the next beggar: but I'm afraid I wasn't half as thankful for them, as the poor fellow would have been.

What will be the next catrastrophe, arising out of this triad of Joneses in one block, I dare not attempt to conjecture. Nothing worse can happen, however, than has already occurred, unless one of the other Mrs. Joneses should leave her husband, and the courts should divorce me instead of the real culprit. Or, unless Sammy Jones, or Snatchcrab Jones, should advertise their wife, or wives, and the public should think it was dear, angelic Sarah Ann that had left my "bed and board."

WASHING OF CLOTHING MADE EASY.

I have a small family—my wife, myself, and two small children, and although we have two grown women, two half grown girls; and a negro fellow, to serve as lot servants, three days of the week use to be wasted by the women in washing, and the other three in ironing for our little family; and often when needed, they were drawing water and replenishing the fire for the washers. Judge then, our joy if you can, when a kind old friend instructed us how to have our washing done in six hours by one band. I feel like proclaming it to the world, and I want every paper in Georgia to copy this, and hope it may reach the ends of the earth. But here is the modus operandi:

1. On the night proceeding the day intended to be set apart as wash-day, have all your clothes white and colored, coarse and fine, put into tubs of clear water, (we have made one large enough to hold all the the "washing,") and let them remain there all night.

2. Put on you boiling vessel, (we have one that holds six gallons, got up for the express purpose of boiling all at once,) fill it half full of water and raise the water to the boiling heat, after which put in a vessel of the size of the one we use, two teaspoonsful sal soda, one quart of soft-soap, and one quart of lime water, made by pouring three gallons of water to one quart of lime, the night previous so that it may have had time to settle and in proportion, if smaller vessels are used; stir the water and get the sal soda, soap, and lime water well mixed up, then put in your clothes, boil rapidly one hour, and the work is done. Take them, out and rinse them well rubbin. Now, pass no judgement friends, until you have tried it. The same lime-water may be kept until it is consumed.

The receipt would be worth one thousand dollars in the hands of a selfish person, and the world would have to untie the string to get it; and here is the free gratis for nothing; and I want the world to understand distinctly that I shall have no communication with those who wear dirty clothes after this—see if I do.

FOR MAKING THE SOAP.

Take six pounds of potash - - - - -	75
Take four pounds of lard - - - - -	50
Take one-fourth pound of rosin - - -	25
All amounting to - - - - - - -	$1,50

Beat up the rosin, mix all together well, and set aside for five days, and then put the whole into a ten gallon cask of warm water, and stir twice a day, for ten days, at the expiration of which time, or sooner, you will have one hundred pounds of soap for $1,50.—*Southern Banner.*—

AGRICULTURAL.

FIXED FACTS IN AGRICULTUE.

Somebody has made up the following list of "fixed facts" in agriculture. Though calculated for the eastern States, many of the facts are of general application:

1. All lands on which clover or the grasses are grown must either have lime on them naturally, or that mineral must be artificially supplied. It matters but little whether it be supplied in the form of stone lime, oyster shell lime, or marl.

2. All permanent inprovements of lands must look to lime as its basis.

3. Lands which have been long in culture will be benefitted by application of phosphate of lime, and it is unimportant whether the deficiency be supplied in the form of bone dust, guanno, native phosphate of lime, composts of flesh, ashes, or that of oyster shell lime or marl; if the land needs it, lime also.

4. No land can be preserve in a high state of fertility unless clover and the grasses are cultivated in the course of rotation.

5. Mould is indispensable in every soil, and a healthy supply can alone be preserved through the cultivation of clover and the grasses, the turning in of green crops, or by the application of compost rich in the elements of mould.

6. All highly concentrated animal manures are increased in value, and their benefits prolonged by mixture with plaster, salt, or pulverized charcoal.

7. Deep ploughing greatly improves the productive powers of every variety of soil that is not wet.

8. Subsoiling sound land—that is, land that is not wet, is eminently conducive to increased production.

9. All wet land should be drained.

10. All grain crops should be harvested before the grain is thoroughly ripe.

11. Clover, as well as the grasses, intended for hay, should be mowed when in full bloom.

12. Sandy lands can be more effectually improved by clay. When such lands require limeing or marling, the lime or marl is most beneficially applied when made into a compost with clay. In slacking lime, salt brine is better than water.

13. The chopping or grinding of grain to be fed to stock, operates as a saveing of at least 25 per cent.

14. Draining of wet lands and marshes adds to their value, by making them produce more, and improving the health of neighborhoods.

15. To manure or lime wet lands, is to throw manure, lime, or labor away.

16. Shallow ploughing operates to imperish the soil, when it decreases production,

17. By stabling and shedding stock through the winter, a saving of one fourth the food may be effected—that is, one-fourth less food will answer, than when the stock may be exposed to the inclemencies of the weather.

18. A bushel of plaster per acre, sown broadcast over clover, will add 100 per cent to its produce.

19. Periodical applications of ashes tend to keep up the integrity of soils, by supplying most, if not all, of the organic substances.

20. Thorough preparations of land is absolutely necessary to the successful and luxuriant growth of the crops.

21. Abundant crops cannot be grown for a succession of years, unless care be taken to provide an equivalent for the substances carried off the land in the products grown thereon.

22 To preserve meadows in their productiveness it is necessary to harrow them every second autumn, apply top-dressing, and rool them up.

23. All stiff clays are benefited by fall and winter ploughings, but should never be ploughed when wet.

If at such ploughings the furrow be meterially deepened, lime, marl, or ashes, should be applied.

24. Young stock should be moderately fed with grain in winter, and receive generous supplies of long provender, it being essential to keep them in a fair condition, in order that the formation of muscle, bones, &c., may be encouraged and continuously carried on.

25. Milch cows, in winter, should be kept in dry moderately warm, but well ventilated quarters, fed and watered three times a day, salted twice or three times per week, have clean beds, be curried daily, and in addition to their long provender, should receive succulent food morning and night.

26. Full complement of tools and implements of husbandry are intimately connected with the success of the husbandman.

26. Capital is not only essential to agricultural success, but can be as properly used in farming as in any other occupation.

28. Punctuality in engagements is necessary to an agriculturist as it is to a merchant.

29. Every husbandman should carefully read and digest matters connected with his business, his success being as dependent upon a full knowledge of its principales and details as is that of the lawyer or physician, with a knowledge of the science of law or physic.

30. Wheat, rye, oats and barley, should never follow each other in a course of rotation; there should always be an intervening hoe crop between them.

31. Weeds should never be permitted to mature their seed on the farm, but be pulled up or cut down as often as they show themselves, such being the only effectual method of eradicating them. To ensure this result, the ground should be planted in corn, and that kept clean.

PLANTING ORCHARDS.

The apple occupies a prominent position among the fruit cultivated in this country, either for home consumption or exportation. Its cooking qualities, and the length of time to which its seasons of usefulness may be prolonged, will secure it a prominence in the culinary catalogue which no other fruits can obtain. In selecting ground for an orchard, avoid, if possible, a low, flat, or wet location. It should be heavily manured and ploughed in the fall. It should by all means be sub-soiled before planting, so that the roots will have the benefit of the loose earth to a greater depth. If it cannot be subsoiled, the trees should not be sunk more than three or four inches in the earth; a mound can be raised around the tree to the usual depth of planting. Some writers advise the digging of holes three or four feet wide and two feet deep, for the trees, the holes to be first filled with rich earth, or compost.—This will give the trees a rapid growth for a few years, until the roots are obliged to go beyond the narrow limits in search of nourishment, therefore I think the subsoiling of great importance. The trees should be planted in rows at least 40 feet apart so that when they come to maturity they will not prevent the raising of good crops by shading the ground.

CAN POTATOES BE PLANTED IN THE FALL?—They can. And will they grow and produce? They will if rightly managed. Mr. Martin Cnshing, a citizen of Bath, Maine, writes to the Maine Farmer that he witnessed an experiment of a person who worked a farm of the late P. Talman. He planted a field in potatoes in the fall, just before the ground froze. In the spring following they came up well; he hoed them carefully, and kept them freed from weeds, and in June, they being probably and early variety, he began to dig them. They sold readily for one dollar per bushel.—He had an abundant crop, and sold five hundred bushels at that price.

To make things go, it must be requisite that dry ground be selected, for potatoes do not bear water. Perhaps, too, it will be needful to cover the hills with leaves or straw, or some mulching substance, but of this we are not certain. Try it friends, on some scale.

FUTURE HOUSEKEEPERS.

We sometimes catch ourselves wondering how many of the young ladies whom we meet with are to perform the part of housekeepers when the young men who now eye them so admiringly have persuaded them to become their wives.

We listen to those young ladies of whom we speak, and hear them not only acknewledging but boasting of their ignorence of all housework duties, as if nothing would so lower them in the esteem of their friends as the confession of an ability to bake bread and pies, or cook a piece of meat, or a disposition to engage in any useful employment. Speaking from our own youthful recollection, we are free to say tha taper fingers and lily white hands are very pretty to look at with a young man's eyes, and sometimes we have known the artless innocence of practical knowledge displayed by a young Miss to appear interesting than otherwise.—But we have lived long enough to learn that life is full of rugged experiences and that the most loving, romantic and delicate people must live on cooked or otherwise prepared food, and in homes kept clean and tidy by industrious hands. And for all the practical purposes of married life, it is generally found that for the husband to sit and gaze at a wife's taper fingers and lily hands, or for a wife to sit and be looked at and admired, does not make the pot boil or put the smallest piece of food in the pot.

SUNRISE FROM SUMMIT OF ÆTNA.

The guides had timed the thing exactly. It was between three and four; the stars were rapidly disappearing from the paling sky, while the eastern horizon began to faintly redden with the dawn. Those who have never witnessed it, can scarcely realize, by any description, the strangeness of such a scene. Everything in the vast gulf below was dark and formless—the sea barely distinguishable form the land—vast whitish clouds like woolsacks floating solemnly above it. A few bars of crimson soon appeared on the eastern horizon, the sea line became defined, the jagged edges of the distant mountains of Apuliacut against the sky. At this moment our guides shouted to us to stand upon the edge of the crater, and look over the interior of the island. Just as the sun rose, an immense shadow of the most exquisite purple was projected from the volcano, half over the island, while the light struck with magic suddenness on the tops of the mountains—a phenomenon so truly beautiful, that it more than rapaid us for the labor of the ascent.—*Bartlett's Pictures from Sicily.*

KISSING.—Kissing, says the Boston Post, is all the fashion in Paraguay. The ladies are very pretty and amiable also, for when they hold up their faces for a salute, they always take out their quids of tobacco, and deposit them on the rim of your hat."

AN IRISH LADY wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of postscript: "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

A YOUNG LADY of Tennessee, when kissed, says, "you thief, put that right back where you got it."

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