MPTON'S VEGETABLE TINC-
TURE, THE GREAT RESTORA-
AND INVIGORATOR,
A CURE FOR
MATISM DYSPEPSIA, SCROFU-
LA, &c.
medicine is altogether
M THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM,
y be used by any one
ITHOUT INJURIOUS CONSEQUENCES.
wise choice and combination of some
best of each class of co-operative simple
s, it fully reaches all the essential or-
the human system, and thus it has
itself so effectually curative of the
LE ROUND OF CHRONIC AFFECTIONS.
article was discovered by DR. JESSE
ON, now in fine health in the 79th year
ge. He was born in Virginia in 1775,
ed to Kentucky—then a wilderness—
s father, in 1779. In early manhood
so reduced by disease as to be almost
l in constitution. He spent much of
g for medical advice and attention,
w nothing better, but worse. Finding
f from his physicians, he resolved to
restorative powers of the roots, barks,
plants, etc, of the forest. He then
the midst of the *red men of the western*
Having heard much of their skill in
of vegetable remedies of the forest,
wing their mode of medicinal practice
one of practical experience and not of
al speculation, he made himself ac-
with their remedies, and also with the
l medicinal knowledge of the early set-
Kentucky had obtained from the 'med-
n' of the Indians.
refully studied the nature of the med-
sed by them, combined them according
ght he had received, used them as he
taught, and had the cheering satisfac-
inding disease driven from his emacia-
, and vigorous health given in its stead.
was of no ordinary kind, but astonish-
s friends and neighbors. The fame of
the people far and near sent to the
r his successful and wonderful combi-
Indian remedies, which was freely
n, until the cases became so numer-
the demand so great that the doctor
sed by his friends, and induced through
himself, to put up his Vegetable
in bottles, and charge a price for it
as freely given. Finding its way into
and most intelligent families, and as-
all by its wonderful cures, comman-
some of the most talented, men of
try.
NPARALLELED SUCCESS.
any cures made by it, and the great
have induced the proprietors to offer it
flicted in this city, with the honest
n that the same happy results will fol-
se here, as in numerous other places.
HENRY CLAY AND HON. R. M. JOHN-
e certified to its merits. CAPTAIN
brother of the celebrated physician to
PEROR OF FRANCE was cured by
ronic Inflammatory Rheumatism of
ars duration, after the skill of the phy-
f Paris, London, and of this country
d. Rev. Vernon Eskridge, chaplain
vy, was cured by it. Also, Judge
ton. T. H. Shelby, members of Con-
th members of the State Department,
ton, and hundreds of others, who
r testimony to this wonderful discovery.
ICIANS have cured themselves, and
bers of their families, by its use, after
remedies had failed; and some of them
nerous as to recommend it to their
shown itself most powerfully curative
VOUS DISEASES in their various
ving new life and vigor, restoring the
constitution, and thus infusing hope
of despondency. By its mild, pleasant
action on the stomach, liver, kidneys,
d the nervous system, it cures DYS-
LIVER COMPLAINT, DISEASES OF THE
ORGANS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRON-
FFECTIONS, CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA,
EVILS, WORMS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT,
IA ST. VITUS' DANCE, FITS, FISTULA,
ith all diseases arising from impure
FEMALE SYSTEM has, in DOCTOR
'S VEGETABLE TINCTURE, A CURE for
ous and complicated derangements.
who have been debilitated and dis-
nd on the verge of a premature grave,
restored by its use to blooming health,
are abundantly able to prove by such
LIVING WITNESSES as we think
medicine can produce.
lish ALL THE TESTIMONY in its favor,
ake a large volume.
ous letters and cirtificates showing its
RATIVE AND HEALING QUAL-
e published in a pamphlet, which,
originals, and a host of other com-
y letters not yet published, the pro-
ill be pleased to exhibit to the public.
on is not called alone *to the quantity*
timony, but also to its HIGH CHAR-
R COMPLAINT, DEBILITY.
from James Harris, Esq's., Letter,
Alexandria Va.]
eaking of wonderful cures on him-
ys: "Mrs. H. has been suffering with
complaint and with inability, con-
nplaining from weakness, through
system. She now enjoys better
n for 30 years, being entirely restor-
se of Hampton's Vegetable Tinc-
ASED SIDE, BREAST, EYES.
rom a letter from J. Grimes, Esq.,
Loudon county, Va.
e has been for years afflicted with
ness; pain in the breast, side and
tation of the heart; feebleness of
s system; loss of appetite; complex-
the sight of one eye almost gone,
ery weak. I am pleased to say,
Tincture has restored her to per-
Her eyes are as good now as ever
EUMATISM, 38 YEARS.
Bagwell, of Virginia, suffered from
n from her 12th to her 50th year of
s entirely helpless. Being wealthy,
ed the best medical attention, and
medicines, but was cured only by
Vegetable Tincture.
IC INFLAMMATORY RHEU-
MATISM.
of Thomas M. Yeakle, grocer, 75
as a great sufferer for eight years.
perfect health by Hampton's Veg-
ture.
CURIAL RHEUMATISM.
t Plummer, No. 158 East Balti-
t, suffered this disease intensely
uld not sleep; dreadful ulcers form-
nbs, from which splinters of bone
physician pronounced him incu-
'Hampton's Vegetable Tincture'
REDITARY SCROFULA
the family of Hon. W. P. Thomas,
ember of Congress from Kentuckys
of sores from head to foot. His
d inside out, protruding over the
s to produce blindness. He was
mpton's Vegetable Tincture.
IA, NERVOUS DISEASE, &c.
Oldham, of Baltimore custom
ed these complaints for 18 months
dy and mind seriously affected.
d by Hampton's Vegetable Tinc-
her things failed.
GH, CONSUMPTION, &c.
C. Winn had a cough for 5 years,
ss, etc.; had, in all, 5 or 6 phy-
all their remedies, but was cured
PTON'S VEGETABLE TINCTURE.
ORTIMER & MOWBRAY, 240
Baltimore; and 304 Broadway,
et pamphlets gratis.
. JOSEPH FLINT, Cambridge,
o., Easton, *Mansfield & Harrison,*
Md., and by Druggists and store-
where. Aug 17, 1853. 1y

Cambridge Democrat.

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

Volume 9.----No. 11. CAMBRIDGE, MD.----WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY, 1, 1854. Price $1.50, in Advance.

THE CAMBRIDGE DEMOCRAT,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY WM. H. BOWDLE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Price $1,50 in Advance.
OFFICE OPPOSITE MR. BRADSHAW'S HOTEL

POETRY.

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

SHAKESPEARE.

From the "Knickerbocker" of December.

BY HORACE RUBLEE.

I.

Like an awed traveller, who, lost in thought,
Stands gazing on some time-defying pile,
By unknown hands, in unknown ages, wrought
Beside the mistic Nile,
I gazed upon this book, which will live on
When pyramids are gone.

II.

The traveler stands amid the desert's sand,
O'er burried cities thronging once with life:
A withering blight seems to have swept the land;
All things around are rife
Of Times's mutations, and the final fate
Of human power and state:

III.

All save the mighty structure which uprears,
Out of this desolation and decay,
Its granite front, unblanched, untouched by years,
As fresh as in the gray
Antiquity which first beheld it rise
Complete towards the skies.

IV.

He muses on the far-off generations
Whose labors sloly reared it, stone by stone;
The myriads of men, the creeds of nations,
That have risen up and gone
Like bubbles into nothingness, while still
That pile remains, and will,

V.

When he, and all the thronging hosts that move
And sport, light-hearted, in the eye of day,
Have vanished, and Stern silence broods above
Their unremembered clay;
And how others will come in coming days,
Like him to muse and gaze.

VI.

So as I glanced o'er their immortal pages,
Come thoughts of those whose eyes have gone before,
Come thoughts of those who will in after-ages
Delightedly explore
This wild of sweets, where, in unfading bowers,
Bloom posey's fairest flowers.

VII.

How many an eye, whose lustre now is fled,
Has wept o'er the sad page which tells the story
Of gentlest DESDEMONA's wrongs or shed
A tear for that poor hoary
And outcast king, who invoked the heavens cold,
Since they like him were "old!"

VIII.

Here mighty poets have caught inspiration;
Here minds sick, weary with the stir and din
Of human life, have turned for consolation,
And here have sought to win
Forgetfulness of sorrow, care, and pain,
Dead hopes, aspirings vain.

IX.

A prisoner in a far despotic land,
In dungeons damp immured, here from those words
Of burning eloquence, which his command
Called forth like fiery swords
To pierce men's hearts, and sway the multitude
As tempest sway a wood.

X.

We of to-day—"men of the common rout"—
Shall be but clods; part of the unfeeling earth
Which we now spurn with haughty feet, without
A trace left of our birth
Or being; sharers of man's common lot,
Who is, and then is not.

XI.

And still young hearts will sit with JESSICA
And her fond lover, prating of the stars;
Still mourn the fate of sweet OPHELIA;
And fortune's cruel wars
Against the fondest pair that ever yet
In fair Verona met.

XII.

Still men will wander in the Enchanted Isle,
And bathe their spirits in reviving "dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes;" still will smile
With FALSTAFF and his crew
Of laughter-loving and sack drinking wights—
The jolliest of knights.

XIII.

The grand regalities of olden time;
The stately manners of chivalric days;
The records of ambition, love, and crime;
The dark and devious ways
Through which the Passions lead minions base,
Men here will come to trace.

XIV.

Here will they mark Love's sovereign power; the might
That dwells in gentle deeds; the potent sway
Of truth; and how in robes of spotless white
Blind JUSTICE holds her sway,
Trampling in dust the tyrannous and strong,
And still avenging wrong.

XV.

And while that monument by Nilus' flood
Tells only of barbaric pride and power;
Of captive nations, through whose toil and blood
The despots of the hour
Hoped vainly to perpetuate a name
And win undying fame:

XVI.

This monument of a new era tells
The might, the majesty that dwells in man,
The grandeur of that genius whose bright spells
Of woof ethereal can
Defy Old TIME, and like fixed stars, engage
The eye of every age

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN —AND— HIS MOTHER.

THE following passage in the life of an English composer, copied from the Olive Branch, will thrill the heart of many a mother who will read it here no doubt for the first time.

"Little Pierre sat humming a tune by the bed-side of his sick mother. There was no bred in the closet, and for the whole day he had tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes, for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange and yet he had not a penny in the world. The litttle song he was singing was one of his own—one he composed with air and words; for the child was a genios; and a fervent worshiper at the shrine of music. As the tears would roll down his cheeks, and his voice falter at the sad thought he did not dare to let his sick mother see, and hastily rising he hurred to the window, and there he watched a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame M——, then a favorite cantatrice, would sing that night at the Temple.

"O, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes were lighted with unwonted fire; and running to the little stand he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager look at his mother, who slept, and ran swiftly from the house

"Who did you say is waiting for me?" said Madame M—— to her servant, "I am already worn out with company."

"It is only a little boy with yellow curls, who says if he can only see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he won't keep you a moment."

"Oh, well, let him come," said the beautiful singer with a smile, "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, with his hat in his hand, and in the other, he held a little roll of paper. With a manliness unusual for a child he walked straight to Madame M——, and bowing said,—

"I came to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are to poor to get food and medicine. I thought that perhaps if you would sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, may be some publisher, would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get some food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat—very tall and stately she was; she took the little roll from his hand; and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked, "you a child?" And the words—wonderful little genius! Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"Oh, yes;" and the boy's blue eyes grew liquid with happiness, "but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send some one to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown with which do you go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets; come to-night, that will admit you to a seat near me; my good little fellow your mother has treasure in you."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many c little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears of his good fortune.

* * * * * *

Never, in his life had Pierre been in such a grand place. The music, clashing and rolling, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diadems, the rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and brain. At last she came—and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady all blazing with jewels, and who every body seemed to worship, would really sing his little song? Breathless he waited; the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintiff melody, he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful—so soul-subduing—many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh, how touching! Pierre walked home as if he were walking on air. What cared he for money now? The greatest prima dona in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief. The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame M——. She laid her hands on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman said:

"Your little boy, madame, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning by the best publishers in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount for the sale, Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madame, thank God, that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple and eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who digned to notice their affliction. And the memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility, like the world's great master went about doing good. And in early happy death, when the grave damps gathered over her brow, and her eyes grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of sighs and tears, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days—now rich, and accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day. All honor to those great hearts, who from their high stations, send down bounty unto the widow and fatherless child!"

Clock-Work.

A New Haven correspondent of the Journal of Commerce gives the following interesting notes of the manufacture of clocks in that city:

"New Haven, as a city, has undergone great changes within a few years. Though still retaining her primitive characteristics—her genteel residences and shaded retreats—she has been engrafted with an enormous manufacturing interest. which is closely indentified with her prosperity, and yet is of such recent growth that few comprehend its extent and importance. Almost the entire eastern part of the city which, a comparatively short time since, was in 'commons,' is now thickly studded with the tall chimneys of establishments for the manufacture of 'Yankee notions,' in all their variety, and with the dwellings of the mechanics employed by them. One of the most conspicuous of these is Jerome's immense clock factory, in which upwards of four hundred and fifty persons are employed, and more than six hundred clocks are daily manufactured. Last September the unusually large number of seventeen thousand was turned out.

"These measurers of time, multiplied like leaves of the forest, regulate the movements of individuals in all parts of the world. A recent traveler encountered them in the mountains of Asia; and, but a few days ago, a parcel was shipped to 'Jerusalem via Joppa.'—The universal Yankee clock may now be considered the fit representative of the Yankee nation, and an appropriate device for escutcheon. Mr. Jerome's work consist of twelve buildings, in which all the processes necessary for the commencement and completion of a clock (over two hundred) are carried on; and each one is facilitated by the use of machinery. The advantages thus afforded defy all competition. The old-fashioned Dutch clock has become an obsolete thing, and the Germans have been completely supplanted in the extensive trade in clocks which they transacted with England twelve years ago. Last year Mr. Jerome made not less than one hundred and fifty thousand clocks, and the number manufactured this year is expected to reach two hundred thousand, valued at about five hundred thousand dollars. This is a number greater, probably, than the joint production of all other similar establishments in the United States. And, notwithstanding the enormous supply during the present year, it has been unequal to the demand. This is partly owing to the great change which has lately taken place in the manner of making clocks—the spring having superseded the weights, and a more fanciful style—the veneered cases. Dispensing with the weights has particularly affected the foreign demand.

"In order to obtain an adequate idea of the extent of Mr. Jerome's operations, no display of the statittics can be a substitute for a personal inspections of the works. Extended lines of men, ranged beside work-tables, are seen, with whom the several pieces required in the construction of a clock (twelve to twenty) are passing through from a rudimentary to a complete state. At one end of the series may be seen an immense quantity of detached parts; at the other a huge heap of several thousand 'movements,' ready for casing, and which might apparently be sold as well by the bushel, or half bushel, as by any other method.—More than twenty-five thousand, of various styles, are continually in process of construction. In the manufacture of cases the same systematic procedure is observed as is noticed above. The rough lumber, of which over two million five hundred thousand feet are consumed, is speedily cut into the desired lenghts, split, beveled, and veneered, or, where cases are japanned or varnished, the several pieces are painted, baked, and decorated, with the greatest expedition. In the use of pearl, which is inlaid on some varieties of cases, a great improvement has been proposed. The pearl being a very expensive material, Professor Shepherd has suggested that it may be produced artificially, by a combinattion of lime and various chemical substances, obviating the necessity of exploring the depths of the ocean in order to procure this article. The experiment will doubtless soon be made.

"Numerous ways have also been devised, from time to time, by which the actural cost of the clock is reduced. By a newly-invented machine, a section of tree may be converted into a continuous veneer, much after the fashion of removing the paring of an apple; and some of our common scrubby and apparently worthless trees, and certain kinds of woods marred by an abundance of knots, are found to polish admirably. More than five hundred thousand reet of veneers are used per annum. In cutting the teeth of brass wheels and other parts, a machine acts on a large number of separate pieces simultaneously, and the whole are prepared with the same facility that one could be. As all parts are adjusted with mathematical accuracy, by the unerring action of machinery, it is an easy to make a good clock as a worthless one; and such as are very low-priced, selling for one dollar each, are guaratied equal to the more costly variety in bronze, gilt, marble, &c., which sell from five to twelve dollars. As an incentiae to aspiring young men, it may be mentioned that Mr. Jerome commenced with a capital of fifty dollars, and was strongly advised by friends not to venture upon so hazardous a business as a certain Mr. T—— was already making five hundred a year!"

"Good Morning."

Everybody says "good morning" in N. York till—after dinner. The higher the circle a man moves in, the later he dines, and the longer he says "good morning."

Tnis salutation is a sort of sliding scale of people's precise position; the lower it runs, the higher he stands. The man who says "good evening" to yon at exactly one minute past twelve, City Hall time, is down to 0—zero. Depend upon it, he works for a living; he foots it down town, mornings, and carries his dinner in a small tin pail with a young tin pail inverted upon the top of it. The sun reports himself not more regularly at the meridian than that mans appetite.

There's another that bids you "good morning," and all the bells, little and big, have tolled, struck, and rung two o'clock. He's "well and to do," and well fed—and dines at half-past—steps gently into the omnibus—fare six cents—and is set down somewhere, to walk gently a few steps, and in a chair with arms and cushions, meditatingly ministers to "the inner-man."

There comes one at six fulll past, who says "good morning" still. He's up to 212° on the scale—the very boiling point of respectability.

And there, on the curb-stone side of the walk, steals a poor devil, who for the matter of dining is not on the scale at all. He never dines; he could say "good morning" all day long, were there any such thing in his Almanac, or any "inquiry" for beggars' wishes.—The thermometer doesn't go up into his circle; the tube isn't long enough; water vaporizes before it gets there, as at seven P. M., he stands at one of the Park Gates, hat in hand for a copper, and murmurs as you scowl at him an humble, deprecatory "good morning."—*Tribune.*

SCHOOL EXERCISES—FIRST CLASS.

"Willy Chase, what is the currency of the United States?"

"Cash and money."

"What are its denominations?"

"Copper, bogus and Bungtown cents, pennies, fips, fourpence, hap'nies, levies, ninepence, Spanish quarters, pistareens, and shinplasters."

"That will do."

"Jones what is the standard weight of the United States?"

"Scale-weight, and wait a little longer."

"Samuel, how many kingdoms are there in the material world?"

"Four."

"Three—only three."

"Four I think, sir."

"Well name them—what are they?"

"Mineral kingdom, animal kingdom, vegetable kingdom, and kingdom come."

"John Brown, wasn't David a musician?"

"Yes sir—he played psalms on the Harp, a favorite instrument with the Jews, and at the present day it is called a jewsharp—I have one in my pocket, here it is. Place it in your mouth thus, breathe on the tongue gently, strike it with your fingers in this way—and the psalms, in harmonious corncob fructify on the ears as natural as thunder."

"George Smith, do you recollect the story of David and Goliah?"

"Yes sir—David was a tavern keeper, and Goliah was an intemperate man."

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody. I read it—and it is said that David fixed a sling for Goliah, and Goliah got slewed with it."—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

HOW TO GROW A PINK OF FASHION.

This pink must be planted in the most aristocratic soil. The mould should be the very mould of form. It grows mostly in the open air, and Belgravia may be looked upon as the great nursery for these pinks. Several favorable specimens, also, have been reared at the theatres, the Italian and French operas, and similar fashionable forcing houses. It is met with in great profusion at the balls of the nobility. The latter specimen, however, cannot bear the daylight. It is put into a hot-bed the first thing when carried home in the morning, and there it remains closed up and almost dead until the evening. when it just begins to lift its drooping head. It is about twelve o'clock at night that it is seen to the most blooming advantage. Your pink of fashion is watered with a liquid called champagne, and, if it is at all fain, a little piece of chicken and ham, and a few crums of bread, apply to the mouth of the flower, will revive it wonderfully. It is a very tender glant, though it has been known to bloom for two or three seasons. The greatest care however, is requisite to keep it from the cold, for its beauty is so sensitive, that the slightest neglect will nip it in the bud. The pink is of several colors, but the white, with a beautiful maiden blush, is the specimen of the most preferred. This pink usually carries its head very high, and, though not distinguished for any particular amount of scents, still it is eagerly taken in hand in society for its (s)talk. The pink of fashion is mostly single, but cases of double pinks have been recorded. The double (or married) pink, however, does not excite one half the interest of the one that is single.—*Punch.*

THE HORTICULTURIST FOR JANUARY, issued by Newman & Iveson, of New York, has an article on the subject of MANURES, from the pen of the editor, Mr. Barry, from which we take the following excellent suggestion:

"One great error, and, as we believe, a very prevalent one, is that of applying the same kind of manure to the same soil for a great number of years in succession. We will take, for instance, town and village gardens, and see how the case is with them. A cow or a horse, and perhaps a pig, are kept on the premises, and whatever manure they may produce, or such a quantity of it as may be considered necessary, is annually applied to the garden, without any admixture or other material, and, in most cases, without being very properly prepared beforehand. At the same time the ground is cropped with the same articles year after year, with very slight variations. By and by the crops begin to fail; and the wonder is why, with such a liberal manuring every year. But it is not at all wonderful. We have seen lime, marl, sea-weed, and other fertilizers, produce the most abundant crops for a few years, and then cease to have any good effect, but rather to be injurious. Thousands of gardens are defective, not from the want of manure, but from the too frequent application of one material. People are not thoughttul or careful enough in saving the waste materials of gardens and kitchens, to add to the manure heap. The more vegetable refuse that can be returned to the garden, the less will strong animal manures be needed. Leaves, the dry stalks and waste parts of vegetables, weeds, mowings and sweepings of lawns, prunings of trees, clippings of hedges, if thrown in a heap and mixed with a little manure, lime, turf from an old pasture, muck, or peat, &c., would make one of the very best composts for gardens, whatever might be the character of the soil or the crops grown on it. They return to the soil the very same substances of which it has been deprived by crops, together with others taken from the atmosphere. Such a compost is far preferable to strong stable manure, for trees especially, and may be applied with entire safety even in fertile soils, where it might be considered that manure of any kind was wholly unnecessary. The finest garden crops, and the most vigorous, healthy, and fruitful trees we know of, are those of poor cottagers who keep no animals, and have no manure but such as they scrape up in the form of refuse. Their necessities compel them to follow a system of preparing manure that every one should adopt from choice. A dressing of wood-ashes occasionally is of great value. The alkali they contain is not only useful to the soil, but destructive to grubs that infest it. Soot is also valuable in this respect, and it is a point of some importance; for when animal manures alone have been plentifully applied for a number of years, grubs become so numerous as to render the garden nearly worthless. The best way to apply these substances is, to spread them over the ground in the fall or winter, and spade them under; before spring comes they are rendered perfectly harmless. Bones, either in a fresh state or from the glue factory, make a valuable application to gardens, and especially to fruit trees. If ground to a powder, or dissolved in sulphuric acid, they produce an immediate effect; but if simply broken in pieces, or spaded into the ground, they have a gradual and permanent effect. In taking up trees from soil where bones have been used as manure, we find every particle within reach of the roots, completely enveloped in masses of fibres.—Guano, superphosphate of lime, and other prepared manures, are becoming extensively used, and will be advantageous to persons who have extensive grounds to enrich, with limited means or procuring or making manure. Those who have but small gardens have the means of making all the manure they require, and that, too, of a kind which we would prefer either to guano or any of the patent manufactured compounds."

LICENTIOUSNESS OF POMPEII.

The discovery of Pompeii has been worth thousands of sermons as a vindication of the reforms worked by Christianity. Had it not been for the paintings that still survive on the walls of exhumed dwellings, the moderns would have had no adequate conception of the immortality of the ancients. All that Tacitus has written of the licentiousness of the Roman emperors, fail to make an impression equal to that produced by these indecencies. For that an idle luxurious and despotic pic-monarch should violate every law human and divine, seems not impossible; but that private citizens should imitate their example, surpasses belief, which is proved by the walls of Pompeii.

On those walls—the walls of dwellings—the walls of the common sitting room—the walls which husband and wife, mother and daughter, gazed in company, are seen paintings which would disgrace the vilest begnio. The universality of these pictures prove that it was not a few dissolute young men who thus recovered the walls of their room, but that fathers of families, citizens of highest rank, and even grave sanators were equally guilty. How gross and corrupt must that state of society have been in which licentiousness not only shook off all decorum, but sat in the very domestic circle itself.

Coombs' Best.

Few men have ever gone to Congress with more fun than the Hon. Leslie Coombs of Kentucky. In the way of anecdotes, he is unequalled.

Among the "characters" that Mr. Coombs knows like a book, is old Major Lucky, whose taste for bragging amounts, at times, to the sublime. Whenever the Major has a stranger in the neighborhood, he "opens wide and spreads himself," and with a success that leaves us nothing to desire. The following scene took place between the Major and Col. Peters, "a late arrival," from Illinois.

"Major, I understand from Gen. Coombs, that shortly after the Revolution you visited England, how did you like the jaunt!"

"Capitally, I had not been in London five hours before Rex sent for me to play whist, and a devil of a time we had of it."

"Rex! what Rex?"

"Why, Rex the king—George the third—game came off at Windsor Castle—Rex and I played against Billy Pitt and Ed. Burke—and resulted rather comically."

"How so?"

"As we were playing the last game, Rex said, in rather a familiar manner, 'Major, I suppose you know Charles Washington, do you not?' 'No, sir,' said I, 'I do not, but I tell you who I do know, George Washington, the father of his country.' 'Father be d——d,' said he, 'he was a cursed rebel, and had I served him right, he would have been hung long ago.' This, of course, riled me, and to that degree, that I just drew back, and gave him a blow between the eyes that felled him like a bullock. The next moment Pitt and Burke mounted me, and in less than ten minutes my shirt and breeches were so torn and tattered, that I looked like Lazarus. This gave me rather a distate for English society, so that next morning I set sail for America. Six weeks afterwards I landed at Washington. The first person I met, after entering the city was Q."

"Q! what Q?"

"Why, that d——d old federalist, Quincy Adams. He wanted me to play ninepins with him, and I did so. Won $200, at two shillings a game, and then had a row."

"About what?"

"He wanted to pay me off in Continential money, worth about a shilling a peck. I got angry, and knocked him into a spittoon.—Whilst I still had him down, Jim came in and dragged me off to the "White house."

"What Jim?"

"Why, Jim Madison. I went, played euchre for two hours, when Tom came in and insisted that I should go home with him."

"What Tom?"

"Why, Tom Jefferson. Jim, however, would not listen to it, and the consequence was that they went into a fight. In the midst of it they fell over the banisters, and dropped about fifty feet. When I left they were giving each other hell in the cellar. How it terminated I never could learn, as just then Martha ran in and said I must accompany her up to Mount Vernon, to see George."

"What Martha do you mean?"

"Martha Washington, the wife of George, the old boy that gave jessy to the Hessians."

About here, Coombs said the stranger began to discover that he was "swallowing things." The next stage that came along he took passage in for an adjacent town. The Major, we believe, it still living, and still believes that the walloping he gave Louis the Eighteenth is the d——dest best thing on record.—*N. York Dutchman.*

AN OVERHEARD CONVERSATION.—"Jo, when you grow up do you mean to be a lawyer or keep a confectionary store?"

"I havn't made up my mind, Tom, but ma wants me to be a minister."

"Oh, don't be a minister, Jo, for you can't go to the circus then."

"I know that Tom, but a minister, ma says, is the best profession. You know how Mrs. Lovegrew adores Rev. Mr. Prettyface, and wouldn't you like to be adored, Tom?"

"Perhaps I should, but then you can't drive fast horses."

"Oh, yes you can, ministers drive fast horses now-a-days, and besides that, Tom, when they have a billious attack, the worshipper send them on a foreign tour, then he gets remembered in wills, and often has nice presents and ma says it won't be long before every minister has his country seat, and a collegian to write their sermons. Won't that be high?"

Tom acquiesced, and the juveniles indulged in another game of marbles.

COMPLIMENTS costs us nothing, and yet there is nothing more provocative of esteem. Tell a pug-nosed woman that she is beautiful, and you can have all the run, not only of her affections, but the pantry in which the cold turkeys are kept.

☞ Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second may be what thou wilt.—*Fuller.*

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_65-0142.jpg