HAMPTON'S VEGETABLE TIN
TURE, THE GREAT RESTOR
TIVE,
AND INVIGORATOR,
A CURE FOR
RHEUMATISM DYSPEPSIA, SCRO
LA, &c.
This medicine is altogether
FROM THE VEGETABLE KINGDON
nd may be used by any one
WITHOUT INJURIOUS CONSEQUENCES.
By a wise choice and combination of so
f the best of each class of co-operative sim
medies, it fully reaches all the essential
ns of the human system, and thus it
roved itself so effectually curative of the
WHOLE ROUND OF CHRONIC AFFECTIONS.
This article was discovered by DR. JES
AMPTON, now in fine health in the 79th ye
his age. He was born in Virginia in 177
igrated to Kentucky—then a wilderness
th his father, in 1779. In early manho
was so reduced by disease as to be almo
ecked in constitution. He spent much
living for medical advice and attentio
d grew nothing better, but worse. Findi
relief from his physicians, he resolved
the restorative powers of the roots, bark
ves, plants, etc, of the forest. He th
elt in the midst of the *red men of the weste*
ds. Having heard much of their skill
use of vegetable remedies of the fores
knowing their mode of medicinal practic
st be one of practical experience and not
oretical speculation, he made himself ac
inted with their remedies, and also with th
etical medicinal knowledge of the early se
s of Kentucky had obtained from the 'med
e men' of the Indians.
e carefully studied the nature of the med
used by them, combined them according
e light he had received, used them as h
been taught, and had the cheering satisfac
of finding disease driven from his emacia
body, and vigorous health given in its stead
case was of no ordinary kind, but astonish
o his friends and neighbors. The fame o
read; the people far and near sent to th
or for his successful and wonderful combi
n of Indian remedies, which was freely
them, until the cases became so numer
nd the demand so great that the doctor
dvised by his friends, and induced through
ce to himself, to put up his Vegetable
ture in bottles, and charge a price for it
h was freely given. Finding its way into
rst and most intelligent families, and as
ling all by its wonderful cures, comman
and some of the most talented, men of
ountry.
UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.
e many cures made by it, and the great
nd have induced the proprietors to offer it
e afflicted in this city, with the honest
ction that the same happy results will fol
s use here, as in numerous other places.
N. HENRY CLAY AND HON. R. M. JOHN
have certified to its merits. CAPTAIN
r, brother of the celebrated physician to
MPEROR OF FRANCE was cured by
Chronic Inflammatory Rheumatism of
years duration, after the skill of the phy
s of Paris, London, and of this country
iled. Rev. Vernon Eskridge, chaplain
Navy, was cured by it. Also, Judge
s, Hon. T. H. Shelby, members of Con
with members of the State Department,
ngton, and hundreds of others, who
eir testimony to this wonderful discovery.
YSICIANS have cured themselves, and
mbers of their families, by its use, after
wn remedies had failed; and some of them
generous as to recommend it to their
s.
s shown itself most powerfully curative
RVOUS DISEASES in their various
giving new life and vigor, restoring the
d constitution, and thus infusing hope
e of despondency. By its mild, pleasant
e action on the stomach, liver, kidneys,
nd the nervous system, it cures DYS-
LIVER COMPLAINT, DISEASES OF THE
Y ORGANS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRON-
AFFECTIONS, CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA,
EVILS, WORMS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT,
GIA ST. VITUS' DANCE, FITS, FISTULA,
with all diseases arising from impure
FEMALE SYSTEM has, in DOCTOR
N'S VEGETABLE TINCTURE, a CURE for
rous and complicated derangements.
s who have been debilitated and dis-
and on the verge of a premature grave,
restored by its use to blooming health,
e are abundantly able to prove by such
LIVING WITNESSES as we think
medicine can produce.
blish ALL THE TESTIMONY in its favor,
ake a large volume.
rous letters and cirtificates showing its
RATIVE AND HEALING QUAL-
re published in a pamphlet, which,
r originals, and a host of other com-
y letters not yet published, the pro-
will be pleased to exhibit to the public.
on is not called alone *to the quantity*
timony, but also to its HIGH CHAR-
ER COMPLAINT, DEBILITY.
t from James Harris, Esq's., Letter,
Alexandria Va.]
peaking of wonderful cures on him-
ys: "Mrs. H. has been suffering with
complaint and with inability, con-
mplaining from weakness, through
system. She now enjoys better
n for 30 years, being entirely restor-
use of Hampton's Vegetable Tinc-
SED SIDE, BREAST, EYES.
rom a letter from J. Grimes, Esq.,
Loudon county, Va.
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,
ry 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
from her 12th to her 50th year of
s entirely helpless. Being wealthy,
d the best medical attention, and
medicines; but was cured only by
Vegetable Tincture.
C INFLAMMATORY RHEU-
MATISM.
of Thomas M. Yeakle, grocer, 75
s a great sufferer for eight years.
perfect health by Hampton's Veg-
ure.
URIAL RHEUMATISM.
Plummer, No. 158 East Balti-
suffered this disease intensely
ld not sleep; dreadful ulcers form-
bs, from which splinters of bone
physician pronounced him incu-
Hampton's Vegetable Tincture'
EDITARY SCROFULA
e family of Hon. W. P. Thomas,
mber of Congress from Kentuckys
sores from head to foot. His
inside out, protruding over the
to produce blindness. He was
pton's Vegetable Tincture.
, NERVOUS DISEASE, &c.
Oldham, of Baltimore custom
these complaints for 18 months
and mind seriously affected.
by Hampton's Vegetable Tinc-
r things failed.
, CONSUMPTION, &c.
. Winn had a cough for 5 years,
, etc.; had, in all, 5 or 6 phy-
l their remedies, but was cured
ON'S VEGETABLE TINCTURE.
RTIMER & MOWBRAY, 240
Baltimore; and 304 Broadway,
pamphlets gratis.
OSEPH FLINT, Cambridge,
Easton, *Mansfield & Harrison,*
d., and by Druggists and store-
here. Aug 17, 1853 1y

Cambridge Democrat.

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

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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."

NOW.

[From Household Words.]
EDITED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

ARISE! for the day is passing,
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor,
And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining a hard fought field;
Of storming the airy fortress;
Of holding the giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!)
Put your arm will never be stronger,
Or need as now—to-day.

Arise! If the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler stife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dimly hear,
Is your enemy marching to battle,
Rise! rise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to brighten your weapons
Or the hour will strike at last;
And from dreams of a coming battle,
You will waken, and find it past.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WINTER.

BY GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

Winter is here, Jeremy! Desolate winter! and the white fields are shivering in the sunlight—the old woods are solemn and sad—the voices of the air are hushed, and a quiet, save the moan of the wind, tells us that nature is passing through the dark valley, typical of death. We know that she will burst the stern fetters, and rising from her sleep, shall laugh again with infant glee in all her brooks; and spreading her motherly arms over the earth, will shower with parental liberality, her treasures into our laps once more. Yet still we feel her silence—we are sad because of her desolation.

Winter is here, Jeremy! The long nights have come—the long, dark, winter nights; and we draw the heavy curtains, and sit down in our warm parlors, carelessly to ponder and to dream. The light has gone out of the starry skies which bended over us in youth, and the dun clouds surge up from the horizon, and grow heavier and blacker as we muse—the Present is dreary! We turn back with memory, and over all the Past we wander. We remember the snug cottage nestled in the hills—the crackling faggots on the old hearth-stone—they have their young vivacity now, and the whole picture of our youthful home in this beautiful cloud-land rises gradually and expands before us. Faces all rosy with the light of the Immortals appear and vanish—bright wings of angels flash and fade to the view—and as the scene swells to our mental vision, the old familiar tones of the old familiar lips ring out their silver syllables again. We listen to the joyous laugh, as to the gushing of music, and almost feel the presence of soft hands in ours. The glad, beaming face of the young creature we first worshipped, with all the innocence of love's first delusion, sparkles with the radiant beauty of those happy hours. The mother in that quiet chamber, with the dim lamp and the snowy curtains gleaming out from the corner, where we knelt at her side and uttered the evening prayer, lifts her white hands to our brow again, and says, "God bless and keep thee, my boy!" God help us now—how have we wandered since our souls felt that earnest benediction!

Winter is here! and the long, stormy nights have come, Jeremy—the nights of dread and desolation to the poor. The roar of the tempest has the voice of a demon out there. Do the moan and the howl, which sound so fearfully now, stir in the heart a thought of the perishing ones, who, in the midst of this splendid city, sit shivering, ragged, and starved? The pale brow and the hollow eye of the consumptive mother, sitting desolate amid her famishing ones, grow paler and sadder as the storm rolls on! Does her low wail of agony reach the ears of angels to-night? If not, God help her!

Scores of Christian churches stand grandly out in the storm, and bravely defy the tempest. They are tenantless now, of the rosy lips and bright eyes which have looked appealingly to Heaven, and muttered prayers for the poor.—Are willing hands employed to-night in confirmation of the Sunday's sincerity? Or do cards, the piano, or the dance, lend a sorry confirmation of the utter hollowness of words? Is all the wealth and splendor of Gothic steeples and stained glass—the majestic column, the lordly porch, and the sweeping aisle, but the magnificence of delusion?—mere monuments of the wickedness of man endeavoring to cheat the Creator with tinsel—with show, not worth—with words, not deeds! God help the homeless, Jeremy, where this is true. And help the disciple, too, who prays, but never *thinks!* God bless the humble Christian, who *labors* and cares for THE POOR!

☞"Ma, that nice young man, Mr. Brown, is very fond of kissing."

"Mind your work, Julia, who told you such nonsense?"

"I had it from his own lips."

The Right Weather for Singing Schools.

Just the weather for singing schools, this! Plenty of snow on the ground, fine sleighing, clear, sparkling nights, when the moon transforms the fallen snow-flakes into brilliant diamonds; and *don't* the boys have a time! Get out the cutter, and harness Bob-tail; put in plenty of straw, and then don't forget the buffalo robes; and then away girls. First to Deacon C's., and then to Squire John's. "Good evening, Miss C." "How d'ye do, Mary!" "Pack in, pack in, no danger of smothering in this weather, and the more the merrier, as well as warmer. Three in a row, and three rows deep now tuck in the buffalo robes, and away we slide, *accelerando.*" *G'along*, Bob! Snow flying, bells ringing, whip cracking, girls laughing, making music that's hard to beat. A merry thing is a sleigh ride to a singing school on a fine frosty night.

Hurrah! here's a catastrophe, announced by a simultaneous vocalization of the whole party, *sforzando*, each in a different, but all on a high key. Between George's wild driving and Bob-tail's friskiness, they have managed to strike a stump at the side of the road, and by a sudden movement, something of the *cadenza* sort, and "not mentioned in the bills," the whole party are introduced, head first, into a magnificent snow-bank. What a screaming, scrabbling, shouting, sputtering! no matter, no harm done; right the cutter, gather up the buffalo robes, and up and at it again, *allegro ma non troppo!* Don't forget to dig the singing-books out of the snow-bank, for we should get on poorly without the *Shawm.*

Away we go, once more, and soon reach the school room. Then comes the joyous greeting of other parties, the relation of adventures, a dozen treble voices performing all at once, *vivace;* the gathering of rosy cheeks and bright eyes around the stove. Then, at the word, "please to come to order, ladies and gentlemen, and we'll begin the evening's exercises," we all hurry to seats; and as soon as places are taken, all eager and attentive, we commence the scale, by way of tuning up: "do, ra, me, fa, sol, la," &c. Don't be afraid to open your mouths, and let out your voices; there are no flies or musquitoes to get down your throat at this season of the year.

Then comes the puzzling *solfeggio*, or the pleasing glee; and so we go, with melody in our mouths, and harmony in our hearts.

At the close of the evening, another merry ride, (don't sing too much in the open air, or you'll catch cold) and we go to bed wishing next singing school night would come.

A merry and a pleasant thing is a singing school, on a moonlight winter's night, especially when one has pretty cousins.

The Marriage Altar.

Judge Charlton, whose death the telegraph chronicled on Thursday of last week, in an address before the Young Men's Library Association of Augusta, Georgia, thus eloquently sketches the marriage scene:

"I have drawn many pictures of death; let me sketch for you a brief, but bright, scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar. A lovely female, clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans on the arm of him to whom she has just plighted her faith; to whom she has just given herself forever.—Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth.

See the trusting, the heroic devotion which impels her to leave country, parents, for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail barque upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom in this world to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and noble heart. Oh! woe to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

"Her dark wing shall the raven flap
O'er the false hearted,
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life departed.
Shame and dishonor sit
On his grave ever;
Blessings shall hollow it
Never! Oh! never.

We have all read the story of the husband, who, in a moment of hasty wrath said to her who had a few months before united her fate to his—'If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go, return to your friends and to your happiness.' 'And will you give me back that which I brought you?' asked the despairing wife.—'Yes,' he replied, 'all your wealth shall go with you, I covet it not.' 'Alas!' she answered, 'I thought not of my wealth—I spoke of my devoted loves; can you give these back to me?' 'No!' said the man, as he flung himself at her feet; 'no, I cannot restore these, but I will do more—I will keep them unsullied and untainted; I will cherish them through my life and in my death; and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and cherish her who gave up for me all she held most dear.'

Did I not tell you there was poetry in a woman's look, a woman's word? See it here! the mild, the gentle reproof of love, winning back from harshness and rudeness the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah, if creation's fairest sex only knew their strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fiercest battles would remain unfought—how much of unhappiness and coldness would be avoided!"

Choice of a Husband.

IF a man wipes his feet on the door mat before coming into the room, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband. If a man, in snuffing the candles, snuffs them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband. If a man puts his handkerchief on his knees whilst taking his tea, you may be sure he will be a prudent husband. In the same way, always mistrust the man who will not take the last pice of toast, but prefers waiting for the next warm batch. It is not unlikely he will make a greedy, selfish husband, with whom you will enjoy no "brown" at dinner, no crust at tea, no peace whatever at home. The man, my dears, who is careful about wrapping himself up well before entering into the night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband, that mostly stops at home, and is easily comforted with slops. The man who watches the kettle and prevents its boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in his married state, in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who doesn't take tea, ill-treats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money, but most decidedly not for love. But the man who, when the tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make the best husband. Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of wives and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man do your utmost to marry him.

☞Love is the offspring of the soul.

About Beards.

This seems to be the age of the "beard pard." As the Home Journal says:

"Ten years ago, some few of our most courageous young man so far departed from the established notions of American society as to venture the diminutive whiskers as low as the tip of the ear. Emboldened by the success of this experiment, the next encroachment was, to allow them to expand; but, for a long time, a canal was scrupulously cut through them. Finally, some desperate and reckless man allowed the pair to unite. As he walked about the streets, people gazed at him with horror. This example, in spite of the remonstrances of mothers, sisters and wives, was followed by many, especially by those who could not turn round the corners skillfully. The cheeks, however, were scraped daily, and the beard on the upper lip removed under all contingencies. The "mutton chop whisker" next gained ascendancy; but how it was that it became so popular, is a mystery. That puzzles every one having any pretension to good taste. It is not a little singular, that a foreigner, with a "love of a moustache," would captivate the sensitive heart, while the same ornament on an American face, was at once considered the sign of an empty head, and pronounced the height of affectation. The result of all these carvings and arrangements, has been the present crisis. It was difficult to keep the moustache, the imperial, the *goatlee* and the whiskers from running together. The constant struggle was too much for human endurance; so now, go where you will, the full, flourishing, ferocious beard presents itself—in Broadway, or in the Bowery; in Fifth avenue, or along the quays; in the drawing room or in the bar room; down in the oyster cellar, or up on the mast head. Nature has triumphed, and comfort and fashion at last coincide! A gentleman is now no longer insulted as he goes along the street, because he eschews the torturing razor."

The *Hydrapathic Journal* thus discourses on the cutting of the beard, in the point of health:

"Half of the bronchial difficulties now existing might be obviated by allowing the beard to grow, instead of moving it off. This was the purpose of nature in placing it upon the human face divine, and her penalties are rigidly enforced where a man violates her laws to make himself beautiful. But is a man more beautiful without a beard? The idea of beauty centuries ago was different from now. Then the hirsute prevailed, and the hairy-faced worthies come down to us rather shaming our modern barefacedness. The apostles, and patriarchs, and poets of old times all wore the beard, nor ever dreampt of razors; and that antiquated history of Samson's strength lying in his hair is worthy of note."

As to any *pleasure* there may be, in being shaved, we have never seen it recorded—except indeed, by a writer who thus discourses of its performance by barber-*esses*:

"We have also been shaved by lovely young damsels in Italy; and there, we think, is the only place to experience a truly luxurious shave. The young lady's operation is so pleasant as she manipulates your chin with her soft hand, unmersed in creamy lather, and her action is so fairy-like and graceful, that one regrets the performance is so soon over, and feels almost inclined to wish, that, like Gargantua in Rabelais, one had ten chins. The charming maiden, too, beguiles your attention during the whole time by her delicious converse; and only think of having your nose pulled by a handsome, dark-eyed girl—every glance teeming with spiritual fire, and darting forth heart slaughter."

Here is a question of *barberous* interest among the shaved and unshaved, the lady-razorites and the barbers. "To shave or not to shave," that's the hair-splitting point.

Silent Lovers.

An eminent clergyman one evening became the subject of conversation, and a wonder was expressed that he had never married. "That wonder," said Miss Porter, "was once expressed to the reverend gentleman himself, in my hearing, and he told a story in answer which I will tell you; and perhaps, slight as it may seem, it is the history of other hearts as sensitive and delicate as his own. Soon after his ordination, he preached once every Sabbath for a clergyman in a small village not twenty miles from London. Among his auditors, from Sunday to Sunday, he observed a young lady, who occupied a certain seat, and whose close attention began insensibly to grow to him an object of thought and pleasure. She left the church as soon as service was over, and it chanced that he went on for a year without knowing her name, but his sermon was never written without many a thought how she would approve it, nor preached with satisfaction unless he read approbation in her face. Gradually he came to think of her at other times than when writing sermons, and to wish to see her on other days than Sundays; but the weeks stepped on, and though he fancied that she grew paler and thinner, he never brought himself to the resolution either to ask her name or to speak with her. By these silent steps, however, love had worked into his heart, and he made up his mind to seek her acquaintance, and marry her, if possible, when one day he was sent for to minister at a funeral. The face of the corpse was the same that had looked up to him Sunday after Sunday, until he had learned to make it a part of his religion and his life. He was unable to perform the service, and another clergyman officiated; and, after she was buried, her father took him aside, and begged his pardon for giving him pain, but he could not resist the impulse to tell him, that his daughter had mentioned his name with her last breath, and he was afraid that a concealed affection for him had hurried her to the grave. 'Since that,' said the clergyman in question, 'my heart has been dead within me, and I look forward only to the time when I shall speak to her in heaven.'"

WHAT MAKES A BEAUTIFUL HAND.—Two charming women were discussing one day what it is that constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as in the shape of the beautiful member they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful hands presented to him, which by the way, he had the cunning to hold for some time in his own, for purposes of examination, he replied at last—"I'll give it up—the question is too hard for me, but ask the poor, and they will tell you that the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."

☞Take care always to form your establishment so much within your income, as to leave a sufficient fund for unexpected contingencies, and a prudent liberality. There is hardly a year in any man's life, in which a small sum of ready money may not be employed to great advantage.

"God Hath Forsaken Him."

OH! no—say not so. Though he is all covered with crime, and the sins of youth have frosted his grey hairs, yet dare not to say "God hath forsaken him." True, the wife of his early love when his heart was buoyant and his face handsome, and his form, now bloated and haggard, straight and strong as the young sapling—true, she went down to the grave broken-hearted, tracking all the way with her tears. True, that he was cruel to her, and left her with her babes when no friends came nigh, and hunger gaunt, looked out from the empty cupboard. True, his children, neglected and famine-stricken, lie here and there under small round heaps of mould in the potter's field. True, he staggers from the haunts of vice loathsome in look and manner, provoking cruel taunts from wretched youth—a by-word, a cast-away, an almost ruined man—but, oh! say not God hath forsaken him. Forsaken of men he may be—but, I pray you, have hope of him yet. The great All Father perchance may lay his hand in mercy on that man. He may set the tear of repentance, more precious than the most precious jewel, in that dim eye. He may bow that trembling head, and cast the mantle of self shame on the poor, stooping shoulders, and send the humble, wretched outcast, all quivering with grief, upon his knees, to pray like a little child that his great sins may be forgiven. He may bring before his memory, in some dark hour, the time of his beautiful youth—the voice of his angel mother—the star-like eyes of his little babe, gone to dust so many years ago—the broken words of his dying wife. These, like flitting gleams of Heaven, may lighten the dark depths of his heardened heart—and the miserable old man may wear a crown yet.

Oh! give him not up—bad as he is, some one loves him—the father of the universe—God in Heaven—He hath not yet forsaken.—*N. Y. Organ.*

A Little Boy with a Straw Hat.

A crippled beggar in a large city was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown him from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered round him, mimicking his awkward movement, and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently another noble little fellow came up, and hastily pushing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man to pick up his gifts, and fasten them in a bundle. Then, slipping a piece of silver into his hand, was running away, when a voice far up above him said, "Little boy with the straw hat look up."

He did so, and a lady, leaning from an upper window, said earnestly, "God bless you, My little fellow. God bless you for that." The lady was the wife of a man so distinguished among the great men of this world, that every one of those boys would have been proud to obtain her approbation; and when she wrote down his name as one she wished to remember, he felt more than paid for all he had done.

As he walked along, he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look then of the lady's smile and words of approval; and last, and better than all, he could almost hear his Heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

Little reader, when you have an opportunity to do good, and feel tempted to neglect it, remember "the boy with the straw hat."

Wasn't she Spunky?

A couple who had lived together for some years in seeming contentment, one day went fishing, and tied their boat by a rope to a post in the water. All of a sudden the boat went floating down the stream, and a contest of words immediately arose as to the real cause of the parting of the rope. The wife said it must have been cut with the scissors, but the husband, an unfeeling old fogy, stoutly maintained that it was a knife that did the business. Scissors! said the wife! Knife! said the husband. Scissors, Knife, Scissors, Knife, said both, but at last the husband loosing his temper, cried out:

"If you say scissors again, I'll duck you."

"Scissors!" said the wife, determined to hold out to the last.

Away went the old woman into the water, and as she came up the first time, she bellowed "Scissors," at the top of her voice. The old man pushed her down again.

"Scis-sors!" sputtered she in fainter tones, as she arose again but the old fellow had her by the head, and plump she went down for the third time. Now she rose more slowly, and as her water-logged form neared the surface, having lost the power of articulation, yet determined never to give in, she thrust her hand out of the water, and imitated with the first and second fingers *the opening and shutting* of a scissors.

The old man was then convinced that it was useless to try to fetter a woman's speech.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it;
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charms so dear
As home and friends around us!

☞WE talk of Adam and Eve as having been before the fall in very happy condition, but one thing they missed—they were never children.—*Cor. Albany Register.*

True. We never thought of that. Adam never played marbles. He never played "hockey." He never drove a tandem of boys with a string. He never skated on a pond, or played ball, or rode down hill on a hand sleigh.—And Eve—she never made a play-house; she never took tea with another little girl from the little tea table set out with the toy tea things; she never rolled a hoop, or jumped a rope, or pieced a baby-quilt, or dressed a doll. They never played blind man's buff, or pussy wants a corner, or hurly burly, or any of the other games which childhood disports itself. How bland their age must have been, wherein no memories of earthly youth came welling up in their hearts, no visions of childhood floating back from the long past, no mother's voice chanting a lullaby to the ear of fancy in the still hours of night, no father's words of kindness speaking from the church-yard where he sleeps. Adam and Eve, and they were alone of all the countless millions of men and women that have ever lived, had no childhood.—*Register.*

☞A man came into a printing office to beg a paper, "because," said he, "we like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors don't take none."

AGRICULTURAL.

[From the Feb. No. of the American Farmer.]

WORK IN THE GARDEN.

FEBRUARY.

Every opportunity during this month when the ground can be spaded up, should be embraced to manure and dig the beds. By economising time now, in this way, so much work will be ahead, and when the period arrives in the spring for transplantation, the gardner will be less hurried than if he were to leave this part of his labor for the opening of spring, when there are so many claims upon his labor. To get ahead of one's work is the true policy for all to pursue who labor, and for none is it more peculiarly proper than for those who have gardens under their charge.

SOWING SEEDS IN HOT BEDS.

As we told you this time last year how to form a cheap *Hot-bed*—and as all gardens should have one—so we hope you have been sufficiently provident to have provided yours with this necessary appendage to every well appointed kitchen garden. And indulging in this hope we will now tell you what seeds to sow, in order that you may provide yourself with plants to set out on the opening of the spring.

CABBAGE SEED.

Sow seeds of the following varieties of Cabbage in different divisions of your hot-bed—*mark* each kind so that you may distinguish between the different kinds of plant when the time comes to set them out, viz:—*Early York, Large York, Nonpariel, Early Vanack, Early Battersea, Early Sugar Loaf,* and the *Drumhead.* A few inches square sown in each of those kinds, will yield plants enough to afford a continuous supply of coleworts and cabbages for *several months*, and until succeeded by those grown from plants raised on the open border.

TOMATOES.

Sow *tomato* seed in the hot-bed, for an early crop, any time after the 10th of the month.

SALSAFY OR VEGETABLE OYSTER.

Seed of this excellent root may be sown any time from the 10th to the end of the month, to raise plants to be set out in the spring. By then taking time by the forelock and sowing a few seeds in the hot bed, one may obtain an early supply of this most delicious root.

EGG-PLANT.

Seeds of this should be sown in hot-beds during the early part of the month, for raising plants to set out when the spring opens.

LETTUCE.

Sow lettuce seed in the hot-bed any time after the 10th of the month.

CELERY.

Any time after the middle of the month will be a good time to prepare a spot on a Southern exposed border and sow Celery seed. Manure the ground highly with stable manure, spade in the manure, spade deep, rake thoroughly so as to thoroughly pulverize the soil, then sow the seed, rake it in lightly and pat down the earth with the back of a spade or shovel.

SPINACH.

Towards the latter end of this month, prepare a bed, or border, by manuring, digging in the manure and raking fine, and drill in a few rows of this excellent vegetable.

CARROTS, PARSNIPS, BEETS.

A few rows of these should be drilled in, for early use, in open culture, so soon as from the absence of the frost the ground can be spaded and put in good condition. For these and all other roots the dung used should be very well rotted. If no stable dung is at hand, guano may be very properly used in its stead. Whatever manure may be used it should be carefully spaded in, and the soil rendered fine by raking. After the seed are drilled in the rows should be freely dusted with a mixture of equal parts of ashes and plaster.

EARLY PEAS.

The moment the frost is out of the ground, and it can be worked to advantage is the proper time to put in peas for an early crop.

RASPBERRIES AND GRAPE VINES.

This should be pruned and tied up early this month. At the time of doing this give the ground a dressing of a compost composed of well rotted stable manure, or guano, bone dust ashes and plaster. This should be lightly dug in.

FLOWERING SHRUBS.

All the hardy kinds of flowering shrubs may be set out so soon as the frost is out of the ground. And as every farmer's yard and garden should have its shrubs and flowers, we indulge the hope, that every lady-housewife, where they may not be, will insist upon her right to have them among the surroundings of the homestead, and in the garden; one might as well live on the desert, as to occupy a country dwelling, where there are neither shade trees, shrubs nor flowers, and where there is no garden, to tell that taste and refinement—the great land-marks of civilization—are the presiding geniuses of his home. Show us a man who delights in such adornments—show us one who enjoys such things, and we will show you a good man, a loving husband, an affectionate father, and a kind neighbor.

Raising Poultry.

As raising poultry is becoming a matter of considerable interest, I send you a few remarks on my experience, and some calculations which I have made, thinking they might be interesting to those who, like myself, had an attack of the chicken fever.

I have often heard it said that it was more profitable to sell eggs than to rase chickens. I did not think so; but to prove the matter I kept an account the past season of every egg set and hatched. The following is the result:

Eggs set,	704
Chickens hatched,	457
do. raised,	169

I consider that I had very "bad luck" in raising so few. It was not entirely owing to bad management, although I now see where I made several mistakes. I had so many difficulties to contend with—the hawks, crows, hogs, rats, &c.—each and all took a large share and yet had the eggs been sold, the average price would not have been more than 14 cents per dozen, which would have amounted to $8,21 cents, whereas I have sold 88 chickens for 39 dollars—used in the family and given away 45 and have 36 left.

No account was kept of the feed, because those used in the family, would considerably more than have paid for that, had the "almighty dollar" been the entire object. Chickens pick up a great deal that would otherwise be wasted on a farm; any one living in the country knows what a satisfaction it is to have plenty of chickens and eggs of one's own raising.—*Correspondent of Country Gentlemen.*

☞The orignal of all men is the same; and virtue is the only nobility.

WIT & HUMOR.

☞"Will you help me out of this hole?" said a travelling druggist, who had just been compelled to stop his team in a mud hole, because they could n't pull it out.

"No, I can't stop," said a Yankee, who was heavily loaded, and was fearful that he would be late at the cars.

"I would take it as a great favor, besides paying you," said the former.

"What are you loaded with?" said the Yankee.

"Drugs and medicines," said he.

"Well, I guess I'll try to get you out, for I am loaded with tombstones."

They were seen travelling together after that.

NOVEL READING.—No habitual reader of novels, can love the Bible, or any other book that demands thought or inculates serious duties of life. He dwells in a region of imagination, where he is disgusted with the plainness and simplicity of truth—with the sober realities that demand his attention as a rational and immortal being and an accountable subject of God's government.—*Dr. Hawkes.*

☞A man praising porter, said it was so excellent a beverage that taken in great quantities it always made him fat.

"I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean."

"When?" asked the eugolist.

"Last night—against the wall."

☞An Irishman, who was busily engaged in sweeping the floor of a grocery store up town, a few days since, was interrogated as follows:

"I say, Pat, what are you doing there, sweeping out that room?"

"No," exclaimed Pat, "I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room."

☞A commissioner said to an insolvent debtor: "Pray, sir, how could you wilfully, and with your eyes open, contract such a number of debts, with no means to pay them?"

"Sir," said the insolvent, "I never wilfully contracted debts I have done my best to enlarge them."

☞A constable pursued a thief, who took refuge on a stump in a swamp, and pulled the rail after him on which he went out. The constable made the following return:

"Sightable—conversable—non est come at-able—in swampum—up stumpum—railo."

☞A printer, in setting up the line—

"Hell has no fury like a woman scorned,"

by some oversight left out the s, and made it read—

"Hell has no fury like a woman corned."

A slight departure from the text, but none whatever from the truth.

☞Sheridan wrote, "Women govern us; let us try to render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more we shall be. On the cultivation of the minds of women depends the wisdom of men." Napoleon said, "the future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother."

☞A Yankee and an Irishman, riding together, passed by a gallows. "Pat," said the Yankee, "give that gallows its due, and where would you be?" "Faith that's easily known," replied Pat, "I'd be riding to town by myself all alone sure."

The Yankee was beat this time.

☞A wag jogging home rather late and a little happy, when he was accosted by a large, two-fisted fellow, who demanded his money. "Money!" said the wag, "money! I have none, but if you'll wait a minute I will give you my note at thirty days."

☞Kissing a pretty girl down south," a young gentleman asked her "what made her so sweet?" "Oh," she replied in utter innocence, "my father is a sugar planter!"

☞"John," said a pedagogue, the other day, "what's detained you? How came you so late to school?" "Well, sir, I had a soup dinner, and had to wait for it to cool." "Take your seat; your excuse is sufficient."

☞"Boy, what is your name?"

"Robert, sir."

"Yes, that is your Christian name, but what is your other name?"

"Bob, sir."

☞"Hallo, Mister! have you got any grain to sell?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Because I see you've got a wry face!"

OLD AGE.—"It should
Walk thoughtful on the silent solemn shore,
Of that vast ocean, it must sail so soon."

☞The young woman who was "driven to distraction," now fears she will have to walk back.

☞The lady who "swallowed a story," has been troubled with dyspepsia ever since.

☞The fellow who "seized an opportunity," came very near sprainging his wrist.

☞The fellow who "carried out a project" was obliged to bring it back again.

Useful Receipes.

POTATO PIE.—Boil until soft as many potatoes as you like, then peel and mash them through a tin seive. To a quarter of a pound of potatoes, add one quart of milk, three teaspoonfuls of melted butter, four beaten eggs, and sugar and nutmeg to the taste. Bake in tins as you would custard or pumpkin.

BUCKEYE BREAD.—Take a pint of new milk, warm from the cow, add a teaspoonful of salt, and fine Indian meal until it becomes a thick batter; add a gill of fresh yeast, and put in a warm place to rise; when it is very light, stir into the batter three beaten eggs, adding wheat flour until it has become of the consistency of dough; knead it thoroughly, and set it by the fire until it begins to rise; then make it up into small loaves or cakes, cover them with a thick napkin, and let them stand until they rise again, then bake in a quick oven.

KENTUCKY CORN CAKE.—Take a quart of corn meal, put in it a spoonful of salt and water enough to make a stiff dough. Knead it into a cake. Then rake open the ashes on the hottest part of the hearth; put in the cake, and cover it with hot ashes, and then with coals. It will take two hours to bake it; when done wash off the ashes with a wet cloth.

MINOT'S PUDDING.—A baker's loaf sliced, the crust taken off, the slices buttered, laid upon a flat dish, and a custard poured over, as much as the bread will absorb; let it stand half an hour, then fry it.

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