Truth Stanger than Fiction.

MOUTH TO MOUTH TESTIMONY BY SOME OF THE THOUSANDS CURED BY HAMPTON'S VEGETABLE TINCTURE.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.

PORT ROYAL, Va., July 27th 1852.

MESSRS. MORTIMER & MOWBRAY: Gents—We have again to send an order more of your truly wonderful "Hampton's Vegetable Tincture." Since it was first tried it has sold without an effort, and we have not the first person who has not been greatly benefitted by its use. A gentleman of our neighborhood was induced to try the Tincture for violent palpitation of the heart. He had suffered so much from it that he said he had prayed for death. He had taken but three bottles when he assured us he would not take a hundred dollars for the benefit he had derived, and that he should never cease to remember us with gratitude for calling his attention to so valuable a medicine. Yours truly,

GRAY & PENDLETON.

Are you Sick.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,

Look for "Hampton's Vegetable Tincture." Many cures made by this pleasant and safe remedy may introduce counterfeiting. Medicine must have merit, and great merit, to stand the test of public opinion. No doubt puffing can galvanize a worthless article for a time, but to keep it up as a good medicine it must really so.

GOOD MEDICINE will live, become popular, and extend its sales year after year, in spite of opposition. The people readily find out its virtues, and the fame of them passes from mouth to mouth with more rapidity than the papers can spread it. A living witness testifying to the cure a medicine has made for others is of far more service than any newspaper advertising.

In proof of what we say above, we refer you to HAMPTON'S VEGETABLE TINCTURE, and its effects.

The Wife of T. W. Yeahle, Grocer, 76 Pearl st., cured of Rheumatism of 8 years' standing, after all other remedies failed.

A. Schaeffer, Esq., one of the oldest magistrates and most highly respectable citizens, cured of great weakness, and restored to perfect health.

Garrett Plummer, 153 E. Baltimore street, suffered intensely for six years with hip disease and mercurial rheumatism; cured after all other remedies failed.

Modesty will not permit to name hundreds of others. Geo W. Goodrich, Capt. Thomas Carroll, Robert Gault, James Smyth, cured of rheumatism.

John Pervail, S. A. Griffin, John Lukes, J. V. Eskridge, U. S. N., and thousands others cured of Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Cough, Liver Complaints, Bronchits, St. Vitu's Dance, &c. We refer you to your own citizens. Call on them.

COUGH, CONSUMPTION, &c.

Rev. Henry C. Winn had a cough for 5 years; with weakness, &c., had in all 5 or 6 physicians; tried all their remedies, but was cured by

HAMPTON'S VEGETABLE TINCTURE.

Rev. L. HAMPTON, the author of this great "Hampton's Vegetable Tincture," is in his prime year, in good health, so that it will be seen it is not an article got up to impose on the public.

Read and get pamphlets gratis, with history of discovery of this wonderful Blood Purifier, and see certificates of our own citizens, of Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Liver Complaint, General Weakness, Nervousness, &c.,

Sold in Cambridge by Dr. JOSEPH FLINT—Easton by Dawson & Bro. St. Michaels by Bonfield & Harrison, and by Mortimer & Mowbray Proprietors, Baltimore, and by Store Keepers and Druggists—generally.

Feb. 8, 1854.

"Truth is Mighty."

A PLAIN AND UNVARNISHED STATEMENT. We commend the following of the extract below to our readers. Mr. Hull is a merchant of high character.

SANDY BOTTOM, MIDDLESEX Co., Va., *August 29th 1853.*

Messrs. Mortimer & Mowbray—Gents:—I may think it strange that I have taken the liberty to write you this letter, but I do so under circumstances that justify it. As you are agents for HAMPTON'S VEGETABLE TINCTURE, I deem it expedient to address you this note, hoping it may be a part of the honorable means of giving this medicine the notoriety which its merits deserve.

Being in the habit of vending medicines that relate to the Patent and regular system, I order myself, to some extent, a judge of the real merits of many of them. My experience teaches me that "Hampton's Tincture" is a medicine of real merit and intrinsic value. I say this, I do not say that it is an infallible cure, in all cases, but I mean to say that Hampton's Tincture" will favorably operate in all diseases originating from a want of the secretions of the gastric juices, bad digestion, and consequently bad deposites of animal matter from that source. I believe that all diseases located in various parts of the body, such as Inflammation, Ulcers, Scrofula, &c., originally have their being in the stomach, from bad food, bad digestion, and consequently bad disposition of the circulation in the parts; and I will believe Hampton's Vegetable Tincture will even re act those cases.

Having found out myself what it is, I recommended it to others in such cases as I have described, and I have done it upon the "no cure no pay system," and I have yet to have the bottle returned, or the first objection about it. It is a great pity it cannot be more extensively circulated among the people.

Errant it in the following cases: Gout, Rheumatism, Inflammations, which proceeds from the stomach, Sores, Scrofula, Dispepsia, Standing cases of Ague and Fever, first stage chill and then give the Tincture;—the injury in this case is not in stopping the chill but in the return of it, this the "Tincture" will certainly do. In general debilitation I warrant it, and as I said before I have made a trial of it in this way, which otherwise could not; the people have been humbugged by patent medicines so long, that they are afraid of all. This is clearly a stomach medicine, it works all its wonders there, and in such cases it is a specific, if any thing in the world is.

Having given the Tincture a fair trial with all in my family and neighborhood, I feel I am warranted in what I say about it, which I do without any other interest than to see it in general circulation, and in Mr. Hanson's family where it ought to be.

What I say be doubted by any of the affidavit and they will write to me at Sandy Bottom Post Office, Middlesex County, Virginia, giving the nature of the disease, and I recommend it for such a case I will warrant it, and if it does no good I will pay for the medicine.

Respectfull,

THOMAS R. BULL.

Send and get pamphlets gratis, with history of the very of this wonderful Blood Purifier, and certificates of our own citizens, of Rheumatism, Dispepsia, Scrofula, Liver Complaint, General Weakness, Nervousness, &c.

Sold by MORTIMER & MOWBRAY 240 Market street, *Baltimore*, and 304 Broadway, New York.

Send and get pamphlets gratis.

Sold by DR. JOSEPH FLINT, Cambridge, Dawson & *Bro.*, Easton, *Mansfield & Harrison*, St. Michaels, Md., and by Druggists and storekeepers everywhere.

Feb. 8, 1854.

Cambridge Democrat.

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

Volume 9.----No. 14. CAMBRIDGE, MD.----WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY, 22, 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."

The pure in Heart shall Meet Again.

Oh tell me not in that bright land,
Where spirits reign in boundless bliss,
We shall not meet the social band
With which we mingled while in this!
It is not so. On Canaan's shore,
Where love and joy eternal reign,
Where friend from friend shall part no more,
The pure in heart shall meet again.

The loved and lost who long have gone,
And left our spirits desolate,
To tread afflicted and alone
The rugged path decreed by fate,
In heaven, arrayed in fadeless youth,
And freed from every mortal pain,
We shall behold, and prove that truth;
The pure in heart shall meet again.

Hast thou a parent in the skies?
Hast thou a sister gone before?
Hast thy loved brother closed his eyes,
And winged him to that happy shore?
Live thou in hope! the blessed day
Of thy deliverance is at hand,
When God shall call thy soul away,
To meet them in a better land!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Bride of the Wreck.

"I was a lonely sort of a bachelor, and had never yet known what young men style 'the passion.' Of passion I had enough, as my old mate yonder can tell you. I broke his head twice, and his arm once, in fits of it; but he has always seemed to love me all the better, and he clings to me now very much as two pieces of the same ship cling together when drifting at sea. We are the sole survivors of a thousand wrecks, and of the gallant company that sailed with us two years ago, no other one is left afloat. I had been a sailor from boyhood, and when I was twenty-five, I may safely say no man was more fit to command a vessel among the mariners of England. And at this time my uncle died and left me his fortune. I had never seen him, and hardly knew of his existence; but I had now speaking evidence of the fact that he had existed, and equally good proof that he existed no longer. I was very young, strong in limb, and, I think, stout in heart, and I was possessed of a rental of some thousand per annum. What bar was there to my enjoyment of the goods of life? No bar, indeed, but I felt sorely the lack of means of enjoyment. I was a sailor in every sense. My education was tolerable, and I had read some books; but my tastes were nautical, and I pined on shore. You will easily understand why it was that I built a yacht and spent most of my time on her. She was a fine craft, suited to my taste in every respect, and I remember with a sigh, now, the happy days I have spent in the Foam. I used to read considerably in my cabin, and occasionally, indeed, weekly invited parties of gentlemen to cruise with me. But the foot of a lady had never been on the deck of my boat, and I began to have an old bachelor's pride in that fact. Yet, I confess to you a secret longing for some sort of affection different from any I had heretofore known, and a restlessness when men talked of beautiful women in my presence.

"One summer evening I was at the old hall in which my uncle had died, and was entirely alone. Towards sunset I was surprized, when looking over my books, by the entrance of a gentleman hastily announced, and giving indications in no little excitement.

"Your pardon, sir, for my unceremonious entrance. My horses have run away with my carriage, and dashed it to pieces near your park gate. My father was badly injured, and my sister is now watching him. I have taken the liberty to ask your permission to bring him to your residence.'

"Of course, my consent was instantly given, and my own carriage dispatched to the park gate.

"Mr. Sinclair was a gentleman of fortune, residing about forty miles from me; and his father, an invalid, fifty years or more of age, was on his way, in company with his son, to that son's house, there to die and to be buried.—They were strangers to me, but I made them welcome to my house as if it were their own, and insisted on their using it.

"Miss Sinclair was the first woman who had crossed my door stone since I had been the possessor of the hall. And well might she have been loved by better men than I. She was very small and very beautiful—of the size of Venus, which all men worship as the perfection of womanly beauty, but having a soft blue eye, strangely shaded by jet black brows. Her face presented the contrast of purity of whiteness in the complexion set off by raven hair, and yet that hair hanging in clustering curls unbound by comb or fillet, and the whole face lit up with an expression of gentle trust, and complete confidence, either in all around her or else in her own indomitable determination. For Mary Sinclair had a mind of her own, and a far-seeing one, too. She was nineteen then.

"Her father died in my house, and I attended the solemn procession that bore his remains over hill and valley, to the old church yard in which his ancestors were laid. Once after that I called upon the family, and then avoided them. I cannot tell you what was the cause of the aversion I had to entering the house, or approaching the influence of a matchless girl. I believe that I feared the magic of her beauty, and impressed with my own unworthiness to love her and to be beloved by her. I knew her associates were of the noble, the educated, the refined, and that I was none of these. What, then, could I expect but misery, if I yielded to the charms of that exquisite beauty or graces which I knew were in her soul?

"A year passed, and I was a very boy in my continued thoughts of her; I persuaded myself a thousand times that I did not love her, and a thousand times determined to prove it by entering her presence. At length I threw myself into the vortex of London society, and was lost in the whirlpool.

"One evening, at a crowded assembly, I was standing near the window in a recess, talking with a lady, when I felt a strange thrill. I cannot describe it to you, but its effect was visible to my companion, who instantly said, 'you are unwell, Mr. Stewart, are you not? Your face became suddenly flushed, and your hand trembled so as to shake the curtain.'

"It was inexplicable to myself, but I was startled at the announcement of Mr. and Miss Sinclair. I turned, and saw she was entering on her brother's arm, more beautiful than ever How I escaped I do not know, but I did so.

"Thrice afterward I was warned of her presence in the same mysterious way, till I believed that there was some link between us two, of unknown but powerful character. I have since learned to believe the communion of spirit with spirit, sometimes without material intervention.

"I heard of her frequently now as engaged to marry a Mr. Walter; a man who I knew well, and was ready to honor as worthy of her love. When at length I saw, as I supposed, very satisfactory evidence of the truth of the rumor, I left London and met them no more. The same rumor followed me in letters, and yet I was mad enough to dream of Mary Sinclair, until months after I awoke to the sense of what a fool I had been. Convinced of this, I went on board my yacht about midsummer, and for four weeks never set foot on shore.

"One sultry day, when pitch was frying on deck in the hot sun, we rolled heavily on the Bay of Biscay, and I passed the afternoon under a sail on the larboard quarter-deck. Toward evening I fancied a storm was brewing, and having made all ready for it, smoked on the taff-rail till midnight, and then turned in. Will you believe me, I felt that strange thrill through my veins, as I lay in my hammock, and awoke with it, fifteen minutes before the watch on deck, called suddenly to the man at the wheel: 'Port!—port your helm! a sail on the lee-bow! Steady! so!'

"I was on deck in an instant, and saw that a stiff breeze was blowing, and a small schooner, showing no lights, had crossed our fore-foot within a pistol shot, and was now bearing up to the north-wsst. The sky was cloudy and dark, but the breeze was very steady and I went below again, and after endeavoring vainly to express the emotion I had felt, in a reasonable way, I at length fell asleep, and the rocking of my vessel, as she flew before the wind, gave just motion enough to my hammock to lull me into a sound slumber. But I dreamed all night of Mary Sinclair. I dreamed of her, but it was in unpleasant dreams. I saw her standing on the deck of the Foam, and as I would advance towards her, the form of Walter would interpose. I would fancy, at times, that my arms were around her, and her form was resting against my side, and her head lay on my shoulder; and then, by the strange mutation of dreams, it was not I but Walter, that was holding her, and I was chained to a post looking at them; and she would kiss him, and again the kiss would be burning on my lips. The morning found me wide awake, reasoning myself out of my fancies. By noon I had enough to do.—The ocean was roused. A tempest was out on the sea, and the Foam went before it.

"Night came down gloomily. The very blackness of darkness was on the water as we flew before the terrible blast. I was on deck lashed to the wheel, by which I stood, with a knife within reach to cut the lashing, if necessary. We had but a rag of sail on her, and yet she moved more like a bird than a boat, from wave to wave. Again and again a blue wave went over us, but she came up like a duck, and shook off the water and dashed on. Now she staggered as a blow was now on the weather bow, that might have staved a man-of-war, but kept gallantly on; and now she rolled heavily and slowly, but never abated the swift flight towards the shore. It was midnight when the wind was highest. The howling of the cordage was demoniacal. Now a scream, now a shriek, now a wail, and now a laugh of mocking madness. On, on we flew. I looked up and turned quite around the horizon, but could see no sky, no sea, no cloud—all was blackness. At that moment I felt again that strange thrill, and at the instant fancied a denser blackness ahead; and the next, with a crash and plunge, the Foam was gone! Down went my gallant boat, and with her another vessel, unseen in the black night. The wheel to which I had been lashed, had broken loose, and gone over with me before she sank. It was heavy and I cut away, and seeing a spar, went down in the deep sea above my boat. As I came up to the surface, a hand grasped my boat. I seized it, and a thrill of agony shot through me as I recognised the delicate finger of a woman. I drew her to me and lashed her to the spar by my side, and so, in the black night, we two alone floated away over the stormy ocean.

"My companion was senseless—for aught I knew, dead. A thousand emotions passed thro' my mind in the next five minutes. Who was my companion on the slight spar? What was the vessel I had sunk? Was I with the body of only a human being, or was there a spark of life left, and how could I fan it to a flame?—Would it not be better to let her sink than float off with me, thus alone to starve or die of thirst and agony?

"I chafed her hands, her forehead, her shoulders. In the darkness I could not see a feature of her face, nor tell if she were old or young—scarcely white or black. The silence on the sea was fearful. So long as I had been on the deck of my boat, the wind whistling through the ropes and around the spars, had made a continual sound; but now I heard nothing but the occasional sprinkling of the spray, the dash of a foam cap, or the heavy sound of the wind pressing on my ears.

"At length she moved her hand feebly in mine. How my heart leaped at that slight evidence that I was not alone on the wild ocean. I redoubled my exertions. I passed one of her arms over my neck to keep it out of the water while I chafed the other hand with both of mine. I felt the clasp of that arm tighten, and I bowed my head towards hers. She drew me close to her and laid her cheek against mine. I let it rest there—it might warm hers, and so help to give her life. Then she nestled close to my bosom and whispered, "Thank you." Why did my brain so wildly throb in my head at that whispered sentence? She knew not where she was, that was clear. Her mind was wandering. At that instant the end of the spar struck some heavy object, and we were dashed by a huge wave over it, and to my joy were left on a floating deck. I cut the lashings from the spar, and fastened my companion and myself to a part of the new raft or wreck, I knew not which, and all the time that arm was around my neck, and rigid as if in death. Now came the low, wild wail that precedes the breaking of the storm. The air seemed filled with viewless spirits mournfully singing and sighing; I never thought of her as any thing else but a human being.—It was that humanity, that dear likeness of life that endeared her to me. I wound my arm around her, and drew her close to my heart, and bowed my head over her, and in the wildness of a moment I pressed my lips to hers in a long passionate kiss of intense love and agony. That kiss again unlocked the prison of her soul. She gave it back, and murmuring some name of endearment, wound both her arms around my neck, and laying her head on my shoulder, with her forehead pressed against my cheek, fell into a calm slumber. That kiss burns on my lips this hour. Half a century of the cold kisses of the world have not suffered to chill its influence. It thrills me now as then! It was madness with the idol worship of the form God gave us in image of himself, which in that hour I adored as ever God! I feel the unearthly joy again to-day, as I remember the clasp of those unknown arms, and the soft pressure of that forehead. I knew not, I cared not, if she were old and haggard, or young and fair. I only knew and rejoiced with youthful joy untold that she was human, mortal, of my own kin by the great father of our race.

"It was a night of thoughts and emotions and phatasms that never can be described.—Morning dawned gravely. The first faint gleam of light showed me a driving cloud above my head; it was welcomed with a shudder. I hated light; wanted to float on, on over that heaving ocean, with that form clinging to me, and my arms around it, and my lips ever and anon pressed to the passionate lips of the heavy sleeper. I asked no light. It was an intruder on my domain, and would drive her from my embrace. I was mad.

"But as I saw the face of my companion gradually revealed in the dawning light, as my eyes began to make out one by one the features, and at length the terrible truth came slowly burning into my brain, I mourned aloud in my agony, "God of Heaven, she is dead!" And it was Mary Sinclair.

"But she is not dead.

"We floated all-day long on the sea, and at midnight of the next night I hailed a ship and she took us off. Every man from the Foam and the other vessel was saved with one exception. The other vessel was the Fairy, a schooner yacht, belonging to a friend of Miss Sinclair, with whom she and her brother and a party of ladies and gentlemen had started but three days previously for a week's cruise. I need not tell you how I explained that strange thrill as the schooner crossed our bow the night before the collision, and which I felt again at the moment of the crash, nor what interpretation I gave to the wide tumult of emotions all that long night.

"I married Mary Sinclair, and I buried her thirty years afterward; and I sometimes have the same evidence of her presence now, that I used to have when she lived on the same earth with me."

Life's Better Moments.

Life has its moments
Of beauty and bloom,
They hang like sweet roses
On the edge of a tomb;
Blessings they bring us,
As lovely as brief,
They meet us when happy,
And leave us in grief.

Hues of the morning,
Tinging the sky,
Come on the sunbeams,
And off with them fly;
Shadows of evening
Hang soft on the shore,
Darkness enwraps them,
We see them no more.

So life's better moments
In brilliance appear,
Dawning in beauty
Our journey to cheer,
Round us they linger
Like shadows of even,
Would that we, like them,
Might melt into heaven.

WORK AND PLAY.

It is beginning to be felt among us, that even the American power of labor has its limits.—The truth is gradually being realized, that the human constitution is not made of steal and oak-fibre. There is a salutary, though tardy impression gaining ground, that sixteen hours' labor out of the twenty four, and a hot brain through the night, are not quite the conditions of health, even in our unequaled country.—People who were stubborn to fine sentiments, with regard to cultivating every faculty of our nature, or who shrugged their shoulders at the "philosophy of amusement," are staggered by some rather palpable facts. The American face is not quite the type of health. Somehow the ruddy and plump faces in a crowd are always foreign. The native born citizen of this great Republic is not a model of happiness, even physically.

One hears everywhere of the horrible phantom, Dyspepsia, which is clutching at the cheerfullness and activity of so many. Nervous diseases seem to be the rule with the better classes; and through all classes a silent pestilence rages, which every household feels, but of which the public speaks not—Consumption.

Our women, even more than the men, show the national weakness. A vigorous, completely healthy woman of middle life, such as you see in foreign lands, is an exception here.—Every one is becoming a little conscious that something is wrong, even in the mode of life of "the freest and greatest country of the earth." There is an unhappiness not expressed, yet general, spreading through all our better classes. Men are *blases*, or restless, or "blue." The nature of man, not healthily and fully developed, seems asserting its rights.

Still the old whirlpool of Work rushes on, as though the human frame and human mind were a kind of perennial machine, with the sole object of grinding out labor. The merchant hurries to his warehouse, plans and schemes, risks and tempts, is pushed and worried hither and thither; gorges his meals and carries on his unwearied plans through the evening and through the feverish night. The writer or the editor has the same whirl of life. Men with every possible idea or invention which they would lay before him; men from the distant ends of the world to talk to; business to watch; important and distant interests to guard, and the thoughts which press hard on his brain, to give while subject and strength are fresh—night becomes day in such work.—The lawyer, the mechanic, the teacher, the clergyman, all feel something of this endlessly active life. The city is a world centre.

One lives in a day here, what one would not in years in a vilage. Life is fast. The laggard or the "fogy" is dropped behind under the current. There is no rest. And yet, in our own vernacular, "it does not pay." We are not a happy people. The incessant around of straining work does not give all which the body and mind demand. Excitement, and venture, and sleepless effort, are pleasant, but there seem to be human nerves of stomach and brain, which require something beside. Man cannot live by work alone. And when it is all gained when the man stands in the centre of a wide influence, successful in plans, in wealth, and in power, what is it worth, if his brain reels with its incessant tasking—if his nerves fail, and the fullness and vigor of manhood are spent in disease? One pulsation of his young health would be more than all his gains.

We rejoice to see that the public are becoming somewhat awakened to all this. But we would have them more so. We must come back to the old child's rhyme, and be satified that all "Work and no Play," is as bad for us as it was for our friend of the nursery. We have gone so far that sensible people must now make it a duty to play. We want manly, open-air sports and amusement for the muscles, to meet this incessant action of the brain. The world has passed by any ancient notions of the sin of boat-racing or sparring and religiously-disposed, dyspeptic gentlemen are not in disposed even to ten-pin bowling now, in watering places. Let us rescue the whole of them from the hands of rowdies and "fast men." Let us be boys again, as we cannot be healthy men. There is no real time lost in a good excursion, as your head-ache, friend merchant, and your bronchits and dyspepsia friend clergyman, will convince you. Fishing and sporting, boating and riding, walks and games all "pay.' We must have free, unconscious movement in the open air. No one in America appreciates the worth of sun-light and air. They act on the body as surely, even if not as quickly, as on plants. No constitution can be suited even for work without much of their influence. Every man who possibly can, ought now to encourage any tendencies to these thing.

Merchants in their hours of closing business, every man in his own family, men in public relations, should favor whatever will induce men to healthful out-door amusemant. Of in-door, heated unnatural amusement, weakening body and effervescing the soul, we have enough. Let all future "play" be manly, invigorating, and rational. Whatever leads this way should be encouraged,—Christmas holidays and festivals in the family, home pleasures and sports,—anything which draws the heated brain away from work, and gives us play a little while, in Heavens's name let not the most sceptical and matter-of-fact object to. If Home Sport and Merriment are nothing, at least nerves and brain, stomach and lungs are something. To them we confidently appeal against American meterialism and American overwork.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Press.

"Give me the liberty of the press, and I will give to the ministers a venal House of Peers—I will give him a corrupt and servile House of Commons—I will give him the full swing of the patronage office—I will give him the whole host of ministerial influence—I will give him all the power that place can confer upon him to purchase up submission and overawe resistance. And yet, armed with the liberty of the press, I will attack the mighty fabric he has reared with that mightier engine—I will shake down from its high corruption, and bury it beneath the ruins of the abuses it was meant to shelter."

Thus did the bold and eloquent Sheridan thunder forth his defiance of arbitrary rule seventy years ago. Was it gasconade, or truth, that made the arches of St. Stephen's ring again? If a free press had power to confront courts and kings then, when its issue could reach but a handful of readers, what limit can be assigned to it now, with its amazing mechanical improvements and its unrestricted scope of influence for good or evil? And if the great British orator did not overrate its importance as a political engine, what tongue can utter the estimation in which it should be held as an instrument for the diffusion of religious knowledge? The boldest imagination has not but the dimmest glimpse of the power of the Christian press in stimulating thought, dispelling superstition, reforming abuses, and diffusing evangelical truth among the teeming masses of mankind. Yet, it may be that a hundredth part of the power of the religious press has not yet been developed. When a reading world can be simultaneously addresed on the great themes of redemption, and some Paul shall be raised up thus to preach "the everlasting gospel" in the hearings of the nations, there will have been realized the complete developement and sanctification of the "art preservative of all arts," of freedom and of truth.

Eloquent Extract.

The following beautiful comparison is from a lecture recently delivered in St. Louis, by T. F. Meagher:

"One fair morning, towards the close of this summer, I stood in a grove that over-looked the Hudson. I was struck with the glowing ripeness of the fruit which waved around me, and broke into an expression of delight. It seemed to me the most glorious I had seen in any clime—the most glorious the earth could bring forth.

'That seed,' said one who stood by—'came from Egypt.'

'It had been buried in the tombs of Kings—had lain with the dead for three thousand years. But though wrapped in the shroud, and locked within the pyramids, it died not.—It lived in the silence—lived in darkness—lived under the mighty mass of stone—lived with death itself—and now that the dust of the Kings had been disturbed—that the bandages have been removed, and they open not their eyes—behold the seed gives forth life, and the fields rejoice at its glory.

'And thus it is, that the energies, the instincts, the faith, and the vitalities which have been crushed elsewhere—have been entombed elsewhere—in these virgin soils revive, and that which seemed immoral becomes imperishable. And thus it is, that reviving here, the seed will multiply, and borne back to the ancient land, will people the places that are desolate; the wilderness shall be made glad.

'Child of the old world, be of good cheer!'

'Whilst in the homes, by the Chine, the Seine, the Danube and the Arnor, the Shannon and the Suir; in the homes you have left, the wicked seemed to prosper, and spurious Senates provide for the offspring of the tyrant, even to the third and fourth generation. Freedom strengthens herself in these lands, and in the midst of countless hosts, concentrates the power by which her captives shall be redeemed, and evil lords dethroned.

☞'Punch,' in the Pocket-Book for 1854, says that there are several things which "you never can by any account get a lady—be she young or old—to confess to." Here are some of them:—"That she laces tight. That she pants. That she is an old as she looks. That she has been more than five minutes dressing. That she has kept you waiting. That she blushed when a certain person's name was mentioned. That she ever says a thing she doesn't mean. That she is fond of scandal. That she can't keep a secret. That she—*she* of all persons in the world—is in love. That she doesn't want a new bonnet. That she can do with one single thing less when she is about to travel. That she hasn't the disposition of an angel, or the temper of a saint—or else how could she go through one-half what she does? That she doesn't know better than every one else what is best for her. That she is a flirt or a coquette. That she is ever in the wrong.

☞Fanny Kemble Butler, it is stated, is to return to this country in the spring, to resume her residence at Lenox, Mass.

Education of Females in France.

The Paris correspondant of the New York Courier, in a late letter; makes suggestions which are worth attention. He says:

"In France the ladies are educated in a manner to make them most agreeable in society, and, while all are taught to keep the accounts of household expenses, many of a poorer class are taught book-keeping so thoroughly as to enable them to follow it as a profession. In almost every Paris shop, consequently, the books are kept either by the wife or shopkeeper, or by some other female employed for the purpose. Thus the French system is to teach females the useful or agreeable, according to their worldly condition. Our American system is to teach them a little of everything; in fact we take more pains with them than with our boys, though it would seem from the results that hitherto our efforts have been none too well directed While we have female seminaries and colleges in which degrees are conferred, and which produced many shallow and discontented philosophers who immodestly take rostum at public meetings, and have begun to invade the pulpit, we have very few who can take charge of a husband's counting room while he is engaged in the direction of other departments of his business. In Paris you buy a carpet of your upholsters, who shows the goods, makes all of the necessary explanations, and sends it home. But when you pay, you walk to the neat mahogany desk where madame sets enthroned behind her large folio ledger, and it is with her you regulate the account. The French tradesman's wife takes an active, useful, and appropriate part in the management of affairs; she knows to what extent the business is prosperous, and is therefore never in danger like American wives, of demanding a new carriage or to her extravagance when her husband is on the point of failing. These remarks are suggested by an account of a meeting in London 'of friends and promoters of the Hyde Park College for Young Ladies.' It would have been much better to have commenced as the New Englanders did, with *common schools for girls.*"

The Devil and the Count.

A certain Count, who, in order to raise the wind, had made a league with the Old Gentleman, violated his engagement, and was suddenly waited upon by his diabolical creditor, who, with a grin on his face, cried out to his victim—

"Come, we must be off immediately."

The Count appeared most terrified. In a timid tone of expostulation, he said—

"Our agreement was for forty years; only twenty have elapsed—must I go?"

"Yes," responded Satan in a determined but dogged tone.

"Grant me but a year?"

"No!"

"A day?

"No!"

"Then," said the Count, "You see this candle; it is but an inch long. Whilst it is burning, here is another bottle, and a capital cigar to regale you. Will you not spare me until this candle is burnt out?"

"Yes," answered the infernal guest.

"Very well," said the Count, blowing out the candle, and thrusting it into his pocket, "then I'm snug enough;" so saying, he left the apartment by another door.

The gentleman in black got up, his whole frame trembled with anger, and his eyes scintillating with horrid corruscations of wrath. He seemed withal decidedly sneaking, and vanished with a clap of thunder!"

Print it in Letters of Gold.

A father, whose son was addicted to some vicious propensities, bade the boy drive a nail into a certain post, when he committed a fault, agreed that a nail should be drawn out whenever he corrected an error. In process of time the post was completely filled with nails.

The youth became alarmed at the extent of his indiscretions, and set about reforming himself. One by one, the nails were drawn out; the delighted father commended him for his noble, self-denying heroism, in freeing himself from his faults.

"They are all drawn out," said the parent.

The boy looked sad, and there was a whole volume of practical wisdom in his sadness.—With a heavy heart he replied:

"True, father; *but the scars are there yet!*"

Parents who would have their children grow to sound and healthy characters, must sow the seed by the fireside. Charitable associations can reform the man, and perhaps make him a useful member of society, but alas! the scars are there. The reformed drunkard, gambler, or thief, is only the wreck of the man he once was; he is covered with scars—dishonorable scars—which will disfigure his character as long as he lives.

Marriage.

The duties of the married state spring from a complete identification of heart and soul—from a love which, prompting self-sacrifice, suggests the necessity of mutual confidence. The wife, it is true, has nothing to do with the affairs of her husband before marriage; but when once she has accepted him, it is his duty to confide so much of them to her as may enable both to trace out their future plans. Secrecy would otherwise place both in a false position; and if persisted in after marriage, the wife would soon perceive that there is something hidden, which she would brood over until doubt, suspicion, and fear would take away her peace of mind. Her open disposition would soon become tinged with her husband's secrecy, and fuel would be added to the flame if she perceived that instead of consulting her upon family matters, he relied fully on the advice of a friend, and implicitly followed it out, without asking her opinion, though she may be sufficiently clear-sighted, to see that the friend, though well-intentioned, is ill measuring another by his own metre. Until conjugal confidence be established, there must be an end to happiness.—*Dr. Tilt.*

Beautiful.

Here is a beautiful sentence from the pen of Coleridge. Nothing can be more eloquent, nothing more true:

"Call not that man wretched, who, whatever else he sufferers, as to pain inflicted or pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he doats. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its mantle over him; his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells and his face may be unknown by his neighbors—even pain may rack his joints and sleep flee from his pillow, but he has a gem with which he would not part for the wealth defying computation, for fame filling a worlds ear, for the highest power, for the sweetest sleep that ever fell on mortal's eye."

Distinguished Dead of 1853.

M. Felix Arago, the French savan, Oct. 1; Gen. Sir F. Adam, British Army, Aug. 17; Hon. C. G. Atherton, U. S. Senator from N. H., Nov. 15; Senor Alaman, Mexican Minister, June 2. Col. W. W. Bliss, U. S. A., Aug. 5; Tristam Burgess, of Rhode Island, Oct. 13; Brig. Gen. Childs, U. S. A., at Tampa, Oct. 5; Mrs. E. Cass, (wife of Gen. Cass,) Feb. 28; Bransby Cooper, surgeon, London, Aug. 18; Adm. Sir George Cockburn, R. N., Aug. 19; Sonas Chickering, of Boston, Dec. 8; Gen. Sir Neil Douglas, B. A., Sept. 1; Vice Admiral Dacres, R. N., Dec. 7; Mrs. Abigail Fillmore, (wife of Ex-President) March 30; Hon. John B. Gibson, Pa. Sup. Court, May 3; Marshal Haynau, Vienna, March 14; Ex-Chief Justice Jones, N. Y., Aug. 9; Wm. R. King, Vice President, U. S., April 18; Gen. Felix Lacoste, French Consul General, N. Y., Nov. 13; Com. Morgan, U. S. N., Washington, Jan. 5; Lord Melbourne, England, Jan. 24; Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal, Nov. 13; Gen. Michael Torena, Mexico, Sept. 7; Lt. Gen. Sir Charles Napier, B. A., Aug. 28; Mrs. Amelia Opie, novelists, Dec. 2; Lt. Gen. Sir K. Barry, B. A., Jan. 23; Wm. Peter, British Consul at Phila., Feb. 6; Judge T. M. Pettit, Phila., May 30; Major Gen Bennet Riley, U. S. A., June 9; Junius Smith, of Astoria, N. Y., Jan. 23; Lady Sale, authoress, Cape Town, July 6; Walter Scott Lockhart, Jan. 10; Gen. Jas. Tallmadge, N. Y., Sep. 20; Gen. Tornel, Mexico, Sept. 11; Earl of Sryconnell, Ireland, Feb. 1; Ludwig Teick, German poet, April 28; Hon. Wm. Upham, U S. Senator from Vermont, Jon. 14; Earl of Warwick, England, Aug. 10; John Price Wetherill, Phila., July 24; Grand Duke of Weimar, Germany, July 8.

Beautiful Sentiment.

We copy the following passage from the new work, "The Old House by the River's Side." We regard it not only as eloquent, but embracing the belief that every Christian heart must hold. He must believe in love and sympathy of soul, must believe life to be eternal, or eternity a fable:

"Go preach to blocks and stones, ye who believe that love is of clay! Go preach to the dead, ye who deny the immortality of the affections! Go reason with trees, or hills, or images of wood, or with your motionless, icy souls, ye who believe because there is no marrying yonder, there shall be no embracing, or because we may not use the gentle words, "my wife," we may not clasp these sanctified forms in our own holy arms! I tell you, man, that immortality would be a glorious cheat, if with our clay died all our first affections. I tell you that annihilation would be heaven, if I believed than when my head at length rests on its coffin pillow, and my lips sink to silence and repose of death, those loving eyes would never look into mine again, that pure clasp never be around my neck, that holy caress never bless me more!"

A Conditional Reconciliation.

'My dear Mrs. Jones,' said Mrs. Brown, 'come near to my bed-side; I am dying, and I wish to say a few words to you.'

'Yes, marm,' sighed Mrs. Jones.

'Well, Mrs. Jones,' ejaculated Mrs. Brown, 'you and I have had a good many tiffs in our day, and now I part with you in peace; can you forgive me?'

'Yes, marm,' sobbed Mrs. Jones; 'indeed I can.'

'Am I forgiven?' ejaculated Mrs. Brown.

'Yes, marm, responded Mrs. Jones, with difficulty, in consequence of the intensity of her anguish; and then she attempted to weep her way out of the dying woman's room.

'Stop a moment, my dear Mrs. Jones,' said the expiring Brown 'I've another word or two to say. I wish to have it understood, that if I get well, everything goes back, and we stand on the same ground.'

SCRAPS.

☞High shirt collars are unfashionable in Paris. Glad to hear that, for it is agonizing to see the awful danger a great many youngsters ears are in from the "stand ups," resulting either from the collars being too high or the *ears to long*, we can't tell which exactly.

☞Five slaves are to be hung at Lancaster, S. C., on the third Friday of March, for the murder of Alexander Craig.

☞Of 460 students at the University of Virginia, 5 are from Maryland, and 291 from Virginia.

☞James W. Wilson, has been convicted of manslaughter at Savannah, for shooting a slave.

☞Col. Wm. Robertson, formerly proprietor of the Savannah Georgian, died last week.

☞There are some deformities which attract no particular attention, but a man born without feet must necessarily be a no-to-rious character.

☞Mrs. Partington says she has noticed that whether flour was dear or cheap, she had invariably to pay the same for half a dollar's worth.

☞A thief who lately broke open a grocer's warehouse, excuses himself on the plea that he merely went there to take tea."

☞Commend us to a lazy fellow; he always finds out the shortest and best way of doing everything.

☞There is a young lady down east whose breath is so sweet that the storekeepers hire her to go out in winter to freeze the same, which they sell for candy.

If you wish to be happy, keep busy. Idleness is harder work than ploughing, a great deal. There is more fun in sweating an hour than there is in yawning a century.

Female education is generally a gaudy and tawdry setting out which encumbers and almost hides the jewel it ought to bring out.

Why is a lodging on the ground floor like a degradation? Because it's a-basement.

☞Pill says:—'If all the world's a stage, women wag the tongue and guide the we hickle.'

A cold-mutton dinner is better than none; but a