New York & Balt. Adv's.

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☞ Letter addressed to Messrs. Beach & Brownson, Agent at Newberry C. H., S. C., by C. S. Beard, of same State.

GLENN SPRINGS, Jan. 9th, 1853.
Messrs. BEACH & BROWNSON—SIRS: I send another bottle of your "Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon." My wife has been afflicted for many years, and a variety of means has been used for relief, but none was obtained until I lived this medicine from you. Its influence seems almost magical: there was a manifest improvement from the day it was taken. There are a great many females in our city laboring under the affliction for which the medicine proposes a remedy, I feel it a duty to recommend it to all such.
(Signed,) CLOUGH S. BEARD.
J. B. MARCHISI & CO., Proprietors. Central Depot, 304 Broadway, N. Y.
Oct. 28, 1853. 1y

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DR. J. B. SMITH,
6 South Frederick-st, Baltimore, Md
Before, April 5, 1854—1y

NOTICE.

Persons are hereby notified that the subscriber intends removing to Caroline and have appointed Robert Bell of the Cambridge, his deputy in his absence. Fees and taxes that are now due him, and all Executions which are now or after come into his hands as Late to perform all other duties in a ample a manner as the subscriber under a late act of assembly in such and provided.

JAMES E. DOUGLASS,
Late Sheriff & Collector.

All persons indebted to the subscriber for fees, are notified that he will be at home every Monday and requests all indebted to come forward and settle without delay, otherwise, he will protest the same as the law directs.

J. E. DOUGLASS,
Late Sheriff & Col.

1854. tfC

Cambridge Democrat.

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

Volume 9.---No. 47. CAMBRIDGE, MD.---WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 4, 1854. Price $1.50, in Advance.

THE CAMBRIDGE DEMOCRAT,
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BY WM. H. BOWDLE,
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☞ NO POSTAGE ON THIS PAPER to any part of the county, when sent directly to subscribers from the office of publication.

POETRY.

[For the Cambridge Democrat.]

To ——,

If ever the dew drop was loved by the flower,
When panting it drooped in its hot summer bower,
If ever to the peasant soft evening was dear—
When his calm cottage home in the valley was near,
If ever the heather was sweet to the lee,
Beloved thy affections is dear to me.

If ever the eagle was proud of his might,
As his eye met the sun in his heavenward flight,
If ever old Ocean was proud of his waves—
As foaming they rolled o'er brave seman graves,
If captives ever triumphed when randsomed and free,
I am proud of thy truth;—thy devotion to me.

If ever the exile on a far foreign shore,
Sighed friendships kind smile, he might never see more,
If ever the sweet nightingale wailed in the grove,
When she missed the self call of her answering love,
I pine for thy presence so blessed to me,
And waste my young spirits in weeping for thee.

But still in my sorrows one ray pours its light,
Like the moon when it bursts on the darkness of night,
If ever the bow spaned in glory the heaven,
If ever the bark through the blue deep was driven,
If ever the summer brought calm to the sky,
Our souls are unchanged in their faith till we die. * * *.

A BROWN-BREAD TOAST.

Mr. Howadjii Curtis, the poet of commencement day at Brown's University, Providence, delivered a supplementary poem at the dinner table, concluding with the following lines:

The muse begins to feel she is a bore,
And yet one lines she craves, but one word more.
He is the test whose virtues she had told,
The man whose memory will not grow old.
'Twas ever since first the world began,
'Tis of great need to be a *well-bred man*;
The world includes—if you will not refuse
A generous charity—just what you choose.
But not to be well-bred—what shall you do
To have it known a well bread man means you?
Much observation only can decide—
Go search the world and seek on every side;
I, for my part, have my word to say,
I, uncollegiate, till this very day,
Could never call my Alma Mater Bown;
Yet a brown toast will give you, sitting down,
And wish to state it gently, without noise—
I find the best-bred men were BROWN-BRED BOYS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Rose
—OF—
FENNOCK DALE.
A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

My good name is gone, Jane:
My hopes are all flown, Jane,
My hope is alone
In the land of the lacel.
Old Scotch Ballad.

"Don't grieve so, my sister," said Frances Dillon; do not sorrow as those without hope: do not mourn as those who have no comforter. See even the bony roses, that not an hour ago I placed in your bosom, are covered with your tears," she continued, while a bright smile played for a moment on her anxious face. Rose looked on the flowers; and, while her blooming sister shook their drooping leaves, she extended her arm, and pushed from her forehead the clustering curls that shadowed her sweet face.

"Yes, Frances, yes; my tears blight your roses, just as my sorrows blight your happiness. Alas! alas! that I cannot alone suffer, who am alone guilty."

She raised her dark and expressive, but almost rayless eyes to the unclouded sky; and more rapidly the tears passed along her pallid cheek.

It was a fine clear evening in September; and perhaps nature had never blessed such a solitary spot with so much beauty. A narrow trout stream gurgled through the dell, that was adorned by groups of pine ash, and platenus; the bright purple and yellow of autumn slightly tinged their foliage; the surrounding heights were speckled with sheep; and on the slope of one of the most distant hills, the white spire of the village church of D——peered over the lofty trees that seemed anxious to conceal it from the profane and vulgar gaze. The bank of the streamlet on which stood the cottage of Frances Dillon, embowered in fragrance, like the nest of the cushat dove, was carpeted with purple thyme; while the hair bell, the fragile poppy, and the sky tinted cyanus bordered the pathway that led to her sweet but humble abode. Myriads of singing birds nurtured their young and poured forth their melody in this fairy scene: the timid partridge, in spring, hardly evaded the foot of the village girls; the robin, every where familiar, was *there* an inmate; and the green woodpecker remained undisturbed in its beach-tree haunt, even by the barking of old Ranger, who, participating in the feelings of his young mistress, suffered bird, rabbit and squirrel, to pass and repass his path unmolested.

Frances was the youngest, and Rose—the withering Rose—the once "bonny Rose of Fennock Dale," the eldest child of respectable and industrious parents. Rose was ten years older than Frances: and the younger had at *one* time been so accustomed to look up to the elder sister as an example of female excellence, as well as of female loveliness, that even at the period to which I have just alluded, Frances often fancied the tale of Rose's wretchedness a dream.

Time was, when every feeling of that poor girl's ingenious heart sent the crimson blush to that pale cheek: time *was*, when the brilliancy of those fine dark eyes dazzled all who looked on them:—*now* that cheek is indeed faded; those eyes have become rayless; the bounding step is changed to a feeble totter; the joyous voice is now hardly articulate. Her form and features are indeed still beautiful; but the character of their beauty is sadly, is fearfully altered. Once she was—but what avails it now? What is the violet, robbed of its perfume?—what is the lily when its purity is stained?—what is the casket, when the jewel is stolen? Alas! that such similes should apply to Rose Dillon.

Her mother died when Frances was only two years old; and to this infant, Rose was all that even an affectionate parent could have been. Her beauty, her wit, but above all her tenderness to her sister, were constant subjects of village panegyric; and many ardent admirers watched the steps of the rustic beauty, as she ascended to the church of D——— leaning on her father's arm, and supporting the still tottering steps of little Fanny.

With many virtues, Rose was too great a favorite not to possess many faults. Her taste was so often consulted by the village girls—her affectionate attention to her father and sister so praised by the village pastor—and her beauty and superior acquirements so admired by the young, and even by the aged inhabitants of D———, that weeds soon sprung up and mingled with the flowers. They were, indeed, weeds that might have been easily rooted out; but unhappily her indulgent father saw them not, and they grew on unchecked. She was impatient of restraint, fond of display, too often angry, and sometimes, though not frequently, haughty to her equals. 'Tis true, that tears of sorrow usually followed, when she had been angry without a cause, or had wounded the feelings of her village friends: but such bursts of tenderness did not teach her the luxury of self-control; and the noble generosity of her disposition made those, who ought to have corrected this growing evil, forget the past in the present. She was idolized by the poor, for she was truly kind to them; and when she sighed for wealth and power, she *fancied* it was only that she might become Lady Bountiful of Fennock Dale.

Sometimes the Pastor would seriously lecture her on her love of dress.

"The flowers," she would answer, "grew in my father's garden; and it was only to please him that I twined this jessamine in my hair; surely, dear sir, there can be no harm in gratifying my beloved parent."

Alas! how truly did he tell her, that the love ornament creeps slowly, but surely, into the female heart;—that the girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily was faded less, and the stream a mirror.

A circumstance occurred when Rose was about eighteen, which caused her father bitter sorrow, and he feared his daughter had imbibed 'high flighting' notions, for which he, poor man, could not account.

George Douglass was the son of an opulent gardner in the village of D———, and he had been long and sincerely attached to Rose Dillon. Her father urged in strong and affectionate language the suit of this manly and generous youth; but a scornful smile curled her lip, as she told her parent "It was quite impossible that she could marry any man in Mr. Douglass' situation."

"*Situation*, Rose," repeated the astonished Dillon, "What do you mean by situation?—George Douglass is a pattern for village youths. He has loved you long—since childhood you have known each other. Who can say they saw George idle?—who ever saw him intoxicated? His word is his bond; and ah! Rose, in the house of God, have ye not marked his godly and pious conduct?"

"I cannot find fault in any way with George. I love him as a brother; but, indeed, father, I could not marry the son of a ———"

She paused, ashamed of her own feelings.

"The son of whom, Rose?' said her father, really angry. "I hoped, child, that I did not at first understand you. What means this pride? The son of an English yeoman, whose station in life is equal, whose wealth is superior to mine—I ask what you mean by this?"

Rose wept; and Heterick Dillon, the tender, *too* parent was softened.

"Well, do not cry, Rose; I would not make thee unhappy, child, for wealth of worlds; but God'—(the old man clasped her hand)—'God in his infinite mercy grant that you may be as happy with the man of your choice, as you would have been with poor George."

Rose kissed her father, and assured him that she would never marry but for his or her sister's advantage.

The old man drew himsalf up to his full and majestic height—

"Daughter, all I desire is, that you may ever support the honest character bequeathed you by your forefathers. The Dillons have lived in Fennock Dale nearly two hundred yeurs—their daughters without spot—their sons without blemish. I want nothing from my children but thier affection—and that,' he added, 'they will not refuse their gray headed father."

Long and fervent were the prayers of the old man that night for his wayward child. Two or three years passed away; Rose increased in beauty—her faults had not departed with time.

D——— Park, the residence of the Earl of D———, had been long neglected by its possessors; but an uninterrupted course of dissipation at length obliged the Earl and his wornout Countess to rusticate for some months at their beautiful seat. What village, ever so remote has not, at one time or other, experienced the contagion of vice—the origin of which can be too often traced to some of the *beau monde*, makiag it their place of refuge from debts and duns; and, in exchange for the shelter they receive, imparting their follies to its unsuspicious, admiring and wondering inhabitants! Half-pay officers, briefless barristers, and the junior branches of the nobility, are always anxious for a few weeks' fishing or shooting; and many of this description wished (most disinterestedly, no doubt) to prevent their *dear* and *noble* friends from feeling the sudden change from St. James' Square to D——— too melancholy, and volunteered their services to spend a short time with them, much to the discomfiture of the lord, who wished to retrench, and to the joy of the pleasure-loving lady. Perhaps there are few things more distressing than to witness the profanation of a sweet and retired village, by the thoughtless and the vicious crowding the train of some mighty noble, who visits his paternal estates, not certainly, as the dispenser of blessings. To hear the murderous gun, where the loudest sound had been the cooing of the wood-pigeon, or the cawing of the venerable rook—to see the scarlet jacket of the brutal huntsman glaring through the green wood, and then a train of lordly men pursue to death the timid hare--sweet commoner of nature's wildest paths! The village youth, instead of inhaling the perfumed air, or joining in manly sport on the open green—now within the walls of the loathsome 'public,' betting, drinking and swearing with my lord's lackey, or the colonel's body guard. And the sweet village maids—creatures so pure, so devoid of art and guile, with the bright tint of innocence on their cheeks, and the words of truth on their lips; changed by the flattery of the men, and the example of the city misses, into, what it makes one's blood curdle to think upon.

The beauty of Rose Dillon was of so commanding and striking a nature, that she was soon designated at the Park, as the 'haughty maid of Fennock Dale.' She smiled contemptuously at the politeness of the Earl's own gentleman; and even the French valet—the man of essence and elegance—a *connoisseur*, and a decider on matters of *virtue*—met with nothing but ridicule; the village girls wondered—and the pastor and her father extolled her strength of mind.

One fine spring morning, little Frances wandered father than usual from her father's cottage, and stooping to gather a bunch of primroses, which peered through the green sedges that skirted the trout-stream, her foot slipt and she fell in. A gentleman who was fishing near the spot heard the splash; and with much promptude and decision, rescued the child from a watery grave. One of the visitors at D——— Park, he had heard of the beauty of Rose, and was pleased to have an opportunity of seeing the "Rose of Fennock Dale"—who, bending over the body of her lifeless sister, far surpassed what this man of fashion had expected to behold.

The first feelings of Rose's heart towards the preserver of her sister was gratitude—her next, admiration; his noble and insinuating manners, his fine form, and his expressive face, were all objects of admiration to the unsuspicious girl. She thought the world unblemished as the book of nature—she had never found the poison of the aconite in the perfume of the rose, or the deadly hue of the nightshade on the white bosom of the lily.

Greville thought Rose the most beautiful girl he had ever met. In the brilliant circles in which he moved, both in London and Paris, he had seen nothing like her; he was wearied with the match-making mothers, and husband-hunting daughters, who crowd our assemblies; he was wearied of *conversazioni*, where stars and blues, and *literati* sip weak tea, and—"blacker—bitterer stuff"—*ennui* devoured him and he sought refuge at D——— Park, where, until he beheld Rose Dillon, he saw nothing to amuse his restless mind. He had served his country, and the laurels were yet fresh on his brow; foremost in the battle-field, and gayest in the hall, Greville was still the slave of his passions—the victim of his vices; he called the mild doctrines of Christianity, priestcraft; forgiveness of injuries, cowardice; Voltaire was his oracle; Rousseau, the fatally insinusting Rousseau, his high priest. Saved 'midst the slaughter of thousands—" 'twas chance," he said, "that turned the thunderbolt of war."

To his surprise he found Rose's mental powers much superior to her birth and station, and he soon discovesed in her pride that "leadeth to destruction." To marry her was contrary his feelings and interests; and basely and wickedly did he labor to undermine her principles, that she might become his prey; but so he called it not. He called it "emancipating her free-born mind"—"casting off the trammels of a foolish world"—"making use of the noble gilt of reason." He was too skilful a courtier—too wise in wickedness, to frighten her at once by the doctrines of Deism; but gradually and cautiously did he labor to sap the foundation, on which her honest and virtuous parent had built.

Then how dull and cold to her once attentive ear became the precepts of the village pastor—how wearisome the ascent to the village church; the endearments of Frances became troublesome; but when at night her venerable father opened the book of life, and read the Holy Scriptures, in his usual firm, unbroken tone, Roses's spirit sunk, and she felt sick and troubled; his voice sounded faintly in the evening hymn, and the unbidden truth flashed not unfrequently across her mind, that her heart's home was not in Fenneck Dale.

It is painful to trace the events that followed; suffice it, that in six months from the time that Greville saved the life of the little Frances, Fennock Dale Cottage had no mistress—Heterick Dillon but one child that he called his own.

But weak as was the fabric, and powerful as as had been the attack, the only way that Greville could accomplish his object was by a feigned marriage; this, with so accomplished a villian, was a matter of little consequence. And when the truth was afterwards revealed to his wretched victim, there was not sufficient virtue left to induce her to pursue the only course by which repentance could have been availing.

Alas! what bitterness—what heart-grief was in the once happy dwelling of her father—but there is a voice which speaks peace to every wounded heart. And, as years passed on, old Heterick prayed that she—the lost one, might yet find refuge in a Saviour's dying love.

The flowers of Fennock Dale still bloomed sweetly; the trout stream still reflected the clear blue heavens and the clustering trees; and the bustle and misery, occasioned by the Earl of D.'s sojournment D——— Park, had passed; but the bitterness of death was in Dillon's cottage.

"Raise me up, Frances," said the old man, "and let me once more see the sun sink behind the hills."

The beauty of age equals that of youth, though its character is so very different. He was noble even in his dying hour. His white hair, thinly scattered over his wrinkled forehead; and then his lovely child, kneeling at his bed-side; her fair white arms resting on the large old Bible, which lay widely open on the snowy coverlid—her almost breathless gaze turned to her revered parent;—it was a beautiful picture, and language cannot do it justice.

Heterick Dillon rested his elbow on the pillow, and with a trembling hand, turned over the leaves of his forefather's Bible, until he arrived at the last page, where his birth, and the birth of his children, had been recorded. A huge blot was the only token of where Rose's unhappy name once had been. 'Frances, give me a pen; I want to replace—her's—your sister's'—my child's name, he would have added; but words died on his quivering lip. With a bursting heart, the youthful girl presented the pen. Dillon made a strong effort—replaced her name in the holy book. 'Show her this,' After a pause, he whispered, 'Tell her I forgive—God will forgive her. She was a mother in thy infancy, child; forget her not—now pray.' He was closing the still open volume, when a shadow flitted pass the lattice. In an instant, a ghastly figure, half fell, half rushed, into the little chamber, and a fearful shrick—'Father, forgive.' The old man, with a last effort, sprang from his bed, staggered a few paces, and fell a lifeless corpse on the body of his wretched daughter. The ink upon the Bible page was not yet dry.

Weeks, months rolled on; Rose neither spoke nor wept. Her brain was seared, her heart was breaking. Frances amply returned the care her sister once bestowed on her. Night and day the tender girl watched the flickering reason of the wretched sister; and, when she did, at length, speak and weep, she extracted from her, at Intervals, the tale of her miseries. Greville's love was like the desert whirlwind—fierce and destructive; it soon passed away. But he was proud of Rose; and her devoted attachment gratified his vanity, while her mental energies commanded his respect. She followed him to the sultry eastern climes, and preserved his life more than once by her judgment and care. Two of her children fell victims to the climate; a third just reached English shore, and expired. Yet Rose lived true to her first—her only love, and almost smiled, in bitter scorn, at the wreck of a mother's hopes. Greville was still with her.

The thunderbolt was about to rend her last earthly happiness; if, indeed, guilt and happiness can ever be, even for a moment, united. Greville married! and to another! him, the idol of her adoration! Impossible! but so it was; and, with mixed emotions of grief and despair, she fled the abode of infamy. The wounded dove, even from foreign climes, will try to regain the home from which the plunder's hand has snatched it.

Rose Dillon turned her steps toward the cot of her forefathers. She paused, and seated herself on the stile that led to the village church yard. Two peasants passed. "I know he cannot last till morning," said one. "He would have been a hale old man even now, had it not been for that jade who brought his grey hairs with sorrow to his grave. But never mind; she'll never know rest or peace. The curse will follow her to her dying day. You had a lucky escape, Douglas, when she refused you; an ungrateful daughter could never have made a good wife." She heard no more, but rushed madly down the vale, once the abode of her innocent and happy days.

"There is no peace," saith my God, "to the wicked;" but there is pardon to those who repent, and peace to those who trust in the Saviour's mercy. She did repent. In that mercy she trusted; and, doubtless, that pardon she obtained.

Rose would sit for hours with her eyes fixed on the words her dying father's hand had traced; and when, at the end of two years, the gentle and virtuous Frances consigned to the silent turf the remains of her sister, the aged pastor, who remembered the early beauty of her who had drained the cup of sorrow and of death, in a few emphatic words, told of her penitence, and of her faith in Christ.

"Conscious," said he, "of her faults—humbled to a sense of her own unworthiness—shorn of that pride which was her bane; Rose Dillon breathed out her spirit in prayers and thanksgiving to that Being, who, at last, received her into her fold.

"You, my young friends, whom she knew in infancy, and who saw her spirit quiver or her lips, when, in her dying moments, she summoned you to her bed side, that you might hear the last wishes of a dying penitent, will not easily forget the scene."

The foot stone of Heterick Dillon's grave is at the head of Rose's. Sweet in early spring are the violets and primsoses that blossom round it. No gaudy flowers mark it, even during the smiling happy days of summer; but the pale stary-eyed jessamine, the wild rose, and the creeping honeysuckle, guard the greensward from the noontide sun. And though the village girls do not garland it with flowers, you may often see them, standing and gazing silently, and with tearful eyes, over the humble grave of Rose Dillon.

[From the Dollar Newspaper.]

The Baby Convention.

It is characteristic of our country, that every great popular movement contemplates some practical improvement for the benefit of mankind, either politically, morally or physically; and it is equally as characteristic that every such suggestion of improvement should be promoted by a Convention. In no country on earth is the united power of numbers to effect a pub-object so well appreciated, and in none is the voice of the people more protent to some end. What is for the common benefit concerns every man alike, and hence all public movements originate with or are referred to the popular masses. In late years we have conventions for every thing and for every purpose. We have conventions to improve the breed of horses, conventions to promote the growth of chickens, conventions to enlarge woman's rights, and now, closely connected with this subject, we are to have a convention of the babies of the United States. This is the first convention of this kind which has ever been held in the world since man was created, for we ignore as a precedent the fact mentioned in St. Matthew, during Herod's reign, because of its cruel barbarity. The idea is entirely original with this country and the people of the West, where population is needed for the cultivation of the wilderness, and where fresh air, plenty of food and exercise, furnish the means for physical improvement, and abundance of space allows the human individual room to enlarge himself. A convention for the improvement of the race of babies! What a noble idea, and how it appeals in its philanthropy, to use a hackneyed phrase, to the "business and bosom" of every man and woman in the community. What greater object of human endeavor could be conceived than the improvement of one's own species, the growth and development of one's offspring, the perfectability of the race of man. To such a convention every man should be a voluntary delegate, and so should every woman. Their efforts should be united to accomplish this great object, and now that the thing is started, we hope the work will go on till each succeeding generation will be an improvement upon its predecessor, and man become the "beauty of the world," the "paragon of animals," "noble in reason!" "infinite in faculties," "inform and moving express and admirable," "in action like an angel," "in apprehension like a God."

We have said that the credit of originating this idea belongs to the citizens of Ohio. They naturally inferred, if an exhibiton of horses, sheep, pigs and chickens, by stimulating competition, could improve the breed of those animals, the same principle might be applied, with greater hopes of success, to the improvement of the human species. The vanity of mothers as well as the pride of fathers, would be aroused, and when human endeavors have such powerful incentives to action, there is no knowing what astonishing results may ensue. They have accordingly set a day, the 5th of October, and a place, the fair grounds of Clark County Agricultural Society, for "a grand exhibition of the babies of the United States," and will award three magnificent prizes as follows:

1st. A grand sweepstake premium of a splendid set of silver plate, consisting of a complete set of six pieces, to be given to the finest child not over two years of age.

2d. A similar prize, of equal value to the finest child over one and not over two years of age.

3d. A similar prize of equal value to the finest child not exceeding one year of age.

For these prizes all who choose may compete, the only limitation being that the children shall have been born within the United States.

The plate has been made in New York, and is the most magnificent ever produced in this country. It has been deposited with Archer & Warner, No. 119 Chestnut street, and will be exhibited by them in their window. Every mother, who has a baby, whether a fine specimen of the genus homo or not, should take a look at the plate. Every maiden who expects sometime or other to be a mother, should also take a peep at these magnificent prizes. The next generation is yet unborn, but it may have good reason to pronounce its benediction upon those who suggested the idea of the baby convention.

What has become of all the Money.

The Herald started an inquiry the other day that we should like to see answered, and that is, "What has become of all the money?" Notwithstanding California has during the past four years poured some 200 millions of dollars into the country, the bank no more specie on deposit now than they had in 1852. Some may immagine that the funds have floated off to Europe, but that is not so. The banks of England and Franse are like our own—they possess less specie than they did two years ago. We imagine that a large quantity of the gold has found its way into flummery, such as gold spoons, gold forks and gold slop bowls: Gold leaf has also consumed a great quantity of bullion. That spread about the Prescott House costs over $10,000. With an influx of California gold, came an influx of pride, ostentation and display. Every thing had to wear an auriferous aspect. Looking-glasses grew from four feet square to twenty feet—the whole fenced in with a frame, the mere gilding of which used up doubloons enough to keep a poor famly in breeches and butcher's meat, for a twelve month. Jewelry has also used millions of "dust." Immediately after the California deposits were discovered, a revolution took place in our watches and accountrements. From "bulls eyes," they suddenly grew to the size of targets, whilh their price went up from $100 to $300. Fob chains, ten years ago, were models of neatness. At the present time they are large enough for ox chains, and frequently cost enough to buy a yoke of mules with. We saw an article of kind the other day at Jacobs Broadway establishment valued at 90 dollars. In 1840 fifteen dollars was considered a large price to pay for this sort of ornament.

It is in this direction that the Herald must look for a solution to the question. If you inquire at Ball, Black & Cos., you will ascertain that since 1840 they have worked up into teakettles, $900,000 worth, of gold. The one presented to E. K. Collins cost if we remember correctly, over $10,000. Here then is where the money has gone. It is locked up in milk pots and sugar dishes. If Balll, Black & Co., have used up nearly a million in four years, you can easily figure out what must have been the consumption of the whole republic. The gold is in the country, but it is not at the present time in a shape to be used as currency. A little hard times will rectify all this, however. Tea-pots will go the crucible and come out doubloons. Milk-pots will take the shape of beef-staks, while slop-basins will be transmuted into mutton-chops and potatoes. Time may commit errors, but he always corrects them.—He brought pride in 1850 which made all the world wild and foolish. In 1854 he brings a tight money market to restore us to common sense and economy.—*Dutchman.*

IN RUSSIA, there are this year in course of publication ninety-five newspapers, and sixty-six magazines and periodicals, devoted to the proceedings of learned societies. Of these, seventy-six newspapers and forty-eight magazines are in the Russian language; fifteen newspapers and ten magazines in German; two newspapers and six magazines in French; three newspapers in English; one newspaper in Georgian; and two in Lettish; also three newspapers in Russian and German, and two in Russian and German, and German, and two in Russian and Polisli. In St. Petersburg, twenty-six newspapers and forty-two magazines are published in the languages above mentioned. Of the different newspapers in the Russian language published in St. Petersburg, one resembles the French Moniteur, and publishes a collection of the laws and orders of the Government twice a week. Another publishes the decrees and decisions of the Imperial Sente.—A third details in light literature, with a sparing admixture of politics. The Russian Invalid, which told the tale of the loss of the Tiger, the other day, is a daily military newspaper.—There is a government paper which appears once a week; and another which is published daily. There are also mining jurnals, farming journals, trade Journals, and a "Finger-post to the police of St. Petersburg."

POSITIVELY THE LAST DAY.—*No Postponement on account of Weather.*—A Syracus paper says that the Millerites have recently been holding a series of meetings in that city, and have labored somewhat earnestly to make converts. The day now fixed for the end of all things earthly is the 19th of May, 1855. These fixed last days having so often come and gone without the occurrence of any unusual phenomena, we hardly think there can be many so unwise as to be disturbed by the prediction. But the end of delusion is not yet.

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