uch Word as Fail."
ESISTLESS REMEDY.
VAY'S OINTMENT.
ULAR TO THE SICK.
ospital surgeons and medical pub-
ope admit the unparalleled anti-
and healing properties of this
overnments sanction its use in
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ntry and throughout the world
most confidence in its curative
t penetrates the sources of inflam-
orruption which underlie the ex-
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s which feed and exasperate the
MATISM, SCROFULA,
ERYSIPELAS.
mong the most terrible and ago-
s of the muscles, the fleshy fibre
yet in their worst forms, and
gly incurable, they invariably dis-
a persevering application of this
ling, antidote to pain and inflam-
UM, FEVER SORES, STIFF
JOINTS.
Salt Rheum, where medical wa-
nd every recipe of the pharma-
roved useless, the Ointment will
thorough cure. Fever Sores
nder its influence, and its relax-
n contracted sinews is truly won-
HARGING ULCERS.
narkable and happy change is
e appearance of malignant ul-
w applications of this Ointment.
ng redness vanishes, and granu-
flesh begin to take the place of
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pidly, until the orifice is filled
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ORD TO MOTHERS.
are the most frequent sufferers
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nand. It is an absolute specific
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which sometimes disfigure the
s of children.
NIFICANT FACTS.
ent is universally used on board
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y for wounds and bruises. Large
have recently been ordered by
Turkey for hospital purposes.
ntment and Pills should be used
g cases:
rns, Chapped Hands, Chilblains,
Lumbago, Mercurial Eruptions,
tism, Ringworm, Salt Rheum,
Diseases, Swelled Glands, Sore
asts, Sore Heads, Sore Throats,
nds, Sprains, Stiff Joints, Tet-
neral Sores and Wounds of all
he Manufactories of Professor
Maiden Lane, New York, and
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Dealers in Medicine throughout
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ts, 62½ cents and $1 each.
a considerable saving by taking
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CAUTION!
uine unless the words "*Hollo-
and London*," are discernable
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the medicines or vending the
them to be spurious.
7. 1y
ANOS,
EONS, & MUSIC.
System Adopted!
GREATLY REDUCED.
ACE WATERS,
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the best Boston and New York
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sortment of Pianos, Melode-
truments, and Musical Mer-
kinds, in the United States,
different Manufactories, com-
f every variety of style, from
nd substantial 6½ octaves, in
wood Cases, from $150 to 200,
most elegant finished up to
DOLLARS. No house in the
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celebrity or its instruments,
EMELY LOW PRICES at which
TERS' MODERN IMPRO-
ED PIANOS,
Iron Frames, possessing in
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power, and compass of tone
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e justly pronounced by the
first Musical Masters to be
any other manufacturer.—
the best and most thorough-
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se-money refunded. *Second-
Great Bargains*, constantly in
$30 to $140.
ATERS' MELODEONS,
ents in tone, touch and dura-
(Tuned the equal tempera-
ns of all other styles and
5, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140;
50; double Reeds and two
200. Less a liberal discount.
urches, an extra discount.
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the most liberal terms.
of the largest and best selec-
Music now published, com-
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July 16, 1856.
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Cambridge Democrat.

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

Volume 12.----No. 29. CAMBRIDGE, MD.----WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 3, 1857. Price $1.50 in Advance.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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☞Office opposite Mr. John Bradshaw's Hotel.

Original Poetry.

[For the Democrat.]

ON VISITING A FRIEND'S ——.

We onward talked in friendly glee,
Regardless of all else beside;
Until surprised at once to see,
How much the time our thoughts belied.

'Twas early quite when we began,
Remarking (as in other cases)
The weather cold, as many a man
Is wont to do in other places.

But short our tarry when there came
Two other friends both known to us;
Who these friends were we will not name—
It might be wrong to name them thus.

On them affliction's hand had pressed,
Robbing them of a daughter dear;
And thought to Heaven she may have passed
They could not fail to shed the tear.

They loved to talk of her, though gone;
Now her they loved—they loved by her,
And mourn her absence, as of one,
Though seeing not, was yet most near.

The *father* silent sat, and mused,
With vacant eyes and pensive thought;
All words of comfort he refused,
Although these words had solace brought.

Life seemed to him deprived of all
For which he longer wished to stay;
He thought his earthly mooring small,
Too small to keep him hence away.

The *mother*, differently inclined,
Told us the story of their wo;
They meek submission could not find
To be resigned to nature's law.

I sympathised with feeling heart,
And gladly would have shared their grief;
If thus I might have borne a part
Of what witheld them all relief.

The hours sped by,—they took their leave,
I also homeward soon repaired:—
They for their loved one still to grieve—
I to muse on what I had heard.

Baltimore, January 15, 1857. R. H. C.

Select Story.

MINNIE'S RUSE.

"Heighho!" sighed Minnie Arlin, "what a plague these lovers are! particularly if one is not quite certain whether they are enamored with one's self or one's fortune. I wish I knew." And as she said this she glanced thoughtfully after the retreating form of a tall, gentlemanly-looking man at that moment passing out of the gate in front of her father's mansion.

Minnie was not a beauty, as heroines generally are, but possessed a sunny, gleeful temper, a warm heart and cultivated mind, which amply compensated for all deficiencies of form and face, so that among the truly discerning she found many warm friends.

As her father was very wealthy, many suitors knelt at the feet of Minnie, who would otherwise have sought a more handsome bride. But to all she had given a kind but decided negative, until she had met Walter Roby, the visitor who had bid her adieu. He was a young lawyer who had recently come into the village of Belmont and who, possessing a handsome person, fascinating conversational powers, and bland and agreeable manners, very soon won the confidence and good will of the people, and particularly the ladies.

He did not at first, however, notice Minnie with much attention; but in the course of a few weeks he seemed suddenly enamored, and soon became very attentive.

Though Minnie was much flattered by the apparent devotion of the handsome lawyer, yet she had a large share of that rare but important article common sense; and as she suspected that his assiduity did not arise wholly from a love of her own rather plain self, she determined to prove her lover. He had this very day made her the offer of his heart and hand, and begged hers in return; but Minnie had given him this reply: "Mr. Roby, I am not prepared to answer you immediately. I shall require at least two weeks to reflect upon it."

He was somewhat daunted at this cool answer to his rather eloquent and ardent proposal for her, as he deemed his handsome person irresistible. He urged for a shorter probation, but she would not relent, only telling him that if she decided before the time had expired she would inform him.

Minnie sat long in her room that night devising some means to ascertain his real sentiments. She thought if she were only handsome she might rest assured that he loved her, and then she could return that love. She resolved many schemes but none seemed plausible, and finally when the bell chimed twelve she retired, resolved, in the morning to impart her trouble to her father and emplore his aid, for she was motherless.

Morning dawned and Minnie arose unfreshed and pale. As the breakfast bell rung, she greeted her father at the staircase.

"What ails my birdie this morning?" he said, as he gave her his accustomed kiss.

"I'll tell you after breakfast, papa," replied Minnie.

Accordingly, when the meal was finished, she twinned her arm within his and accompanied him to the parlor, where she unfolded to him the suspicions, plans and hopes. Minnie's father was not surprised. Mr. Roby had appealed to him to sanction his contemplated proposals of Minnie, and as Mr. Arlin thought him a worthy young man, he told him that "if Minnie consented he would."

"Don't be troubled, my daughter," said Mr. Arlin, when she had concluded. "It would be strange if we could not devise some means by which to ascertain what this young lawyer is in love with you for. He then unfolded his plan, and when they parted Minnie's face had resumed something of its old look of careless gaiety.

The first week of Walter Roby's banishment, as he told her he should call it, had not passed, when it was rumored that Minnie Arlin had entered the shop of Mrs. Rand, the milliner, as an apprentice, and when questioned, she replied she "did not wish to be a burden upon her father in his present circumstances." There came also flying reports of loss of property, which was in accordance with Minnie's conduct; many began to believe that Mr. Arlin would be obliged to dispose of the handsome mansion and fine farm. Minnie continued her daily task at the Milliner's shop until the two weeks had nearly expired. Two days before the time expired she dispatched to her lover the following note:

Mr. Roby:—If you will entertain the same sentiments you professed at our last interview I will give you my reply this evening.

MINNIE ARLIN.

Walter had heard the rumors, and had endeavored to ascertain the truth. He trembled lest they were true, for he could not make Minnie Arlin, if poor, his bride. He received Minnie's note; but he immediately sallied forth, determined, if possible, to satisfy himself as to the truth of the rumor. Stepping into the house of a physician, with whom he was upon terms of intimacy, he said, after a few moments' conversation, "what is it, Doctor, about this affair of Mr. Arlin? Is he really so reduced that Minnie is obliged to become a shop girl?"

"Well," replied his friend, "I thought there must be some mistake, but I heard the old gentleman say this morning, when some one spoke of Minnie being so industrious, that Minnie Arlin would not see her father reduced to poverty, and not make some effort to assist him. So I presume there is some foundation for the report. But my dear fellow, Minnie is a noble girl without property—although she has not so pretty a face as some young women."

"Oh," replied Roby, carelessly, "I hope you don't think I'm committed there. I have been somewhat friendly with Minnie, it is true, but nothing serious, I assure you. No trouble about the heart," and he laughed; "though," he added, "I should regret exceedingly to have them meet with reverses." He soon after took his leave, and returning to his office, seated himself at his writing desk and wrote, sealed and dispatched the following note:

My Dear Miss Arlin:—During the time that has elapsed since I saw you, my feelings have somewhat changed, or rather I have analyzed them more closely—and I fear we can never be happy together. I see now that I was rather premature in my proposals, though I still entertain the warmest feelings of regard and friendship for you. Your cool reply to my proposals led me to suppose that your feelings were not very much interested in myself—and perhaps it were best for both that the affair should terminate here. I remain most respectfully, your obedient servant,

WALTER ROBY.

Minnie shed some tears when she received this cold epistle; for she had hoped, as maidens sometimes do, that her lover might "be tried in the balance and not found wanting." But brushing away her tears, she went to her father, and handed him the note saying, "Ah, father, you have lost the handsome and accomplished young lawyer for a son-in-law. He doesn't think your homely, poor Minnie can make him happy."

Leaving the room she caught up her straw hat, and went out to ramble in the woods to her favorite haunt, hoping the sweet influences of nature might soothe and calm her troubled spirits.

The scene was lovely, for it was the sunset hour, and the gleamy golden light glanced down between the interlacing boughs upon the soft green moss; making dancing light and shadows in every greenwood pathway. The air was soft and balmy. No sound broke the stillness of the forest shade, save the sighing, plaintive harp, or the occasional carol of a bird. Yielding to the lulling influence of the scene, Minnie seated herself upon a fallen tree, and was soon lost in a reverie. In her musing she thought how pleasant it would be to be loved for one's self alone; and a noise seemed whispering in her ear, with soft, thrilling tone, love's own cadence, and dark eyes looked into her own, with a tender, loving look. She had wandered this far into love's fairy dreamland, entirely unconscious of all around, when the crackling of a twig startled her, and she sprung up in alarm; but a pair of dark eyes looked into her own, and a familiar voice re-assured her. She laughingly greeted her intruder, saying—"Why Herbert, how you startled me!" He smiled and advancing to meet her, replied:

"I'm sorry I frightened you. I did not think to find you here; but you are looking pale—are you faint?"—and he gazed at her with so much anxious solicitude, that poor Minnie's equanimity was entirely overthrown, and sinking again upon her seat, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. The feelings so long pent up, and the tears which had been gathered for several days at last found vent.

Herbert Clayton had grown up with Minnie from childhood. He had always loved her, but had felt that a deep gulf seperated him, a poor widow's son from the only child of the wealthy Mr. Arlin and therefore he felt compelled to "worship from afar." He too, had heard the rumors of Mr. Arlin's losses, and he supposed this was the cause of Minnie's agitation. He could scarcely repress the hope, sweet though faint it was, that Minnie might now be his; but checking this feeling he seated himself by her side, to comfort and cheer her if possible. Gradually she became calm, and then she imparted to him the story of Roby. He was indignant at such baseness, and led on by his feeling, told Minnie of his love and hopes. His unselfish affection touched her heart. Here was one who loved her for herself, and was willing to take her, even if poor. But the wound she had received was too fresh to allow her to do aught but to rise embarrassed, and though thanking Herbert with her eyes, to shake her head sadly.

But that chance interview decided the fate of both. The more she thought of Herbert's disinterested offer, the more his character rose in her estimation. Meantime, she had consented to receive him as a friend, he often visited her, and gradually esteem for him ripened into love.

One soft, summer evening, Herbert ventured to urge his suit again, and this time Minnie, though as embarrassed as before, did not say nay, but returned a blushing answer that filled his heart with joy. They lingered long amid the forest shades, and when they returned, Herbert sought Mr. Arlin, while Minnie ran up stairs like a frightened deer.

When Herbert had confessed his suit, Mr. Arlin looking archly in his face, replied:

"Do you wish to make poor Minnie Arlin your bride? Can you think of taking a dowerless wife?"

"Oh, yes," earnestly replied Herbert, "I should never have told my love had she still been as in other days."

The old gentleman smiled a peculiar smile and said:

"Yes, Herbert, she is yours—you are worthy of her! but I am glad for your sake and hers, that I am not so poor that she will be a portionless bride. But you must let Minnie tell you the story."

Minnie did tell him the story, and Herbert was unspeakably delighted at the idea that he had won the hand of the heiress of Mr. Arlin's wealth, but Minnie laughingly told him that her poverty had lost one lover, and won her another.

Herbert was also a lawyer, but being poor and without influential friends, he had many times been nearly discouraged; but he felt his heart become strong within him, more because he had won the hand and heart he had so long desired, than at the prospect of a portion of her father's wealth.

They were soon after married, and Mr. Arlin's handsome mansion was thrown open to the crowd of friends who gathered to Minnie's wedding.

Before the day arrived, however, the story of Minnie's ruse had become rumored forth in the village; and Roby, finding himself and his selfish principles too much the topic of conversation, found it convenient to leave Belmont for another field of labor.

Bits of Wisdom.

If there be no faith in our words, of what use are they?

Honors come from diligence; riches spring from economy.

Time flies like an arrow; days and months like a weaver's shuttle.

He who can repress a moment's anger may prevent many days of sorrow.

Past events are as clear as a mirror; the future as obscure as varnish.

The generations of men follow each other like the waves of a swollen river.

Doubt and distraction on earth—the brightness of truth in heaven.

To correct an evil which already exists is not so well as to forsee and prevent it.

By a long journey we know a horse's strength, so length of days a man's heart.

Do not anxiously expect what is not yet come; do not vainly regret what is already past.

Of all the delicate sensations the mind is capable of, none, perhaps, will surpass that which attends the relief of an avowed enemy.

The spontaneous gifts of Heaven are of high value, but the strength of perseverance gains the prize.

If there be a want of concord among members of the same family, other men will take advantage of it to injure them.

☞"I am afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to her daughter. I have come to want already," was the reply; "I want a nice young man."

Miscellaneous.

A Man Courting his own Wife.

Ten years ago M. V. married in Montreal. He was one of the principal merchants of the city, but by a reverse of fortune he was compelled to suspend payment soon after his marriage. He loved his wife to distraction, to use a common phrase; and the idea of involving her in his disasters greatly afflicted him. After a thousand internal conflicts, M. V. resolved to leave our city without saying anything about it. He wished his departure, or rather his disappearance, to remain a mystery. But he had a purpose. "I will go," he resolved, to Australia, and there mend my fortunes, or die without giving any account of myself."

This resolution taken, our tradesman embarked clandestinely, and eight days after his flight he was not thought of. Madame V. wept, we are fain to suppose; more than this, we will believe she shed torrents of tears, and sought him upon rivers, and in woods, lakes, and caverns, but in vain. M. V. had left to his beautiful, but weeping and forlorn wife, an income of a huudred louis, and sailed for Australia. What befell him upon those favored shores, we do not well know; but little by little he amassed wealth.

At Montreal they supposed him dead. His wife wept bitterly; and she saw, undoubtedly, that sorrow jaundiced her complexion and dimmed her eyes; therefore she ceased, all sweetly, her *role* of Niobe. Our Penelope could smile like a young widow of eighteen; the art of needlework is too perfect now; are not men entangled with it? She was faithful to her wandering husband eighteen long months; but she then did what others might have done in her place. Thinkinging herself young, she lent her ear to tender proposals. She reviewed her geography of love—confessed to never having studied the map of the tender country; and one fine morning contracted a new marriage. But the first husband! He! ah, he was dead. What living husband would stay away eighteen long months without writing a word? If he was not dead, he ought to be, (feminine logic.) She married. Was she happy, or was she not? (Shaksperean question.)

Meantime, the first husband labored in the mines. He acquired, acquired—always acquired. Falling upon an auriferous vein, he suddenly obtained a large sum; and had his only motive been the love of gain, would have immediately returned to Montreal. But his dear Louisa must eat only from silver, and drink only from gold.

The unfaithful Louisa, as we have already said, was again married. Faith does not save us; M. V. always labored, but an epidemic prevailed; our hero caught the small pox, and was completely disfigured. Disgusted with Australia, he sold his property, and embarked on an American ship.

During this voyage, the second husband of his wife died with the consumption. M. V. landed at Portland, flew to Montreal, went to the Montreal House, without arousing any suspicion as to who he was. There are people who always love to create surprise, and he was one of them. He inquired for Madame V.; no one knew such a person; but M. V. insisted. Finally he was told by some one that she was now the widow S. M. V. scratched his head. They pointed out to him Madame widow V., afterwards Madame widow S., and he recognized his wife, charming as when he left her. M. V. immediately fell into a brown study. His countenance was grave, sad, very sad, very gloomy; and thus he turned away M. V. had more spirit than money; and he found it very strange to pay his addresses to his own wife. But he did it; he courted his own wife for three months. He recognized her; did she recognize him? It is more than we know; we leave the dames who read this to solve the problem. He was introduced with all his pounds, shillings and pence. People will admire pounds sterling, and dollars federal, and women above all. Though scarred and pittied from head to foot with the small pox, M. V. won the heart of his wife. They were to exchange the second marriage rings when M. V. presented to her the same one he had given her at their first espousal. The woman, they say, fainted.

Origin of Certain Dress Articles.

Tradition insists that corsets were first invented by a brutal butcher of the thirteenth century, as a punishment for his wife. She was very loquacious, and, finding that nothing would cure her, he put a pair of stays on her, in order to take away her breath, and so prevent her, as he thought from talking. This cruel punishment was inflicted by other heartless husbands, till at last there was scarcely a wife in all London who was not condemned to the like affliction. The punishment became so universal at last, tnat the ladies, in their own defence, made a fashion of it, and thus it has continued. Nankeen was formerly an article of fashionable summer wear, originating in England, and afterwards adopted so extensively in France as to threaten to drive all French manufactured articles for summer wear out of the market. Louis XIV., however, surmounted the difficulty, by ordering all executioners and their assistants to perform their terrible office in no other dress but one of nankeen; this rendered the material infamous. And Mrs. Turner, a criminal, being executed, in the reign of James I., in a yellow starched ruff, put to death the fashion of wearing them

☞"Shall we take a 'bus' up Broadway?" said a young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin the wonders of the city. "O dear; no!" said the frightened girl, "I would not do that in the street."

A Beautiful Illustration.

The Watch: Iron more Useful than Gold.

"I have now in hand," said Edward Everett, "a gold watch, which combines embellishments and utility in happy proportions, and is often considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain, and case are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, topaz, sapphire, emerald. I open it, and find that the works, without which this elegantly furnished case would be a mere shell—those hands motionless, and those figures without meaning—are made of brass. Investigating further, and asking what is the spring by which all these are put in motion, made of, I am told it is made of steel! I ask what is steel? The reply is that it is iron which has undergone a certain process. So, then, I find the mainspring, without which the watch would always be motionless, and its hands, figures, embellishments but toys, is not of gold (that is no sufficient good) nor of brass (that would not do) but of iron. Iron, therefore, is the only precious metal—and this watch an emblem of society! Its hands and figures, which tell the hour, resemble the master spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed. Its useless but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topazes, and embellishments are the aristocracy. Its works of brass are the middle class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master spirits of the age are moved, and its iron mainsprings shut up in a box, always at work, but never thought of, except when it is disorderly, broke, or wants winding up, symbolizes the laboring class, which, like the mainspring, we wind up by the pay of wages, and which classes are shut up in obscurity, and though constantly at work, and absolutely necessary to the movement of society as the iron mainspring is to the gold watch, are never thought of, except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other."

The political and industrial rights and privileges of the laboring classes should not be lost sight of by Legislatures. Educate and develop them and they in return, will bring iron out of the mountains in greater abnndance; will, by their superior intelligence, invent machinery, by which most of the labor of life may be performed; "make two blades of grow where but one grew before," and thus, as in all other things, set the world ahead. The locomotive, steam-engine, telegraph, printing press, sewing-machines, mowers, reapers, seed planters, harvesters, &c., will continue to be invented and improved *just in proportion to the education and development of our people, and especially of the working classes.*

The Sultan's Daughter.

The approaching marriage of the Sultan's daughter with the son of the Pasha of Egypt, (says one of our English exchanges) has given an immense impetus to the *hout commerce* of Paris. The Sultan, with an unexampled generosity, has given commissioners to the extent of four and twenty millions of francs for jewels and embroidered destined for the bride.—The cup from which the bride drinks on her wedding morning is already executed, and is valued at thirty-two thousand pounds sterling. It is of a pea shape, pure gold, incrusted with diamonds of the largest size and finest water. The top is bordered by a fringe of diamonds, all of equal size and immense value; these hang detached from the cup, and move and sparkle in a constant flutter. Nothing more beautiful than this cup has ever been produced. The bridal slippers, of cloth of gold, embroidered in millions of diamonds, have also created a sensation amongst the sight-seers of Paris.—They entirely confirm the tales of Eastern magnificence which we have been accustomed to read with the impertinent incredulity of European ignorance; and as we look round the room at MAYER'S, where these wonders are displayed, we believe, like Hassan the shepherd, that all things are possible to his Highness the Padishah.

The wedding-robe has not yet arrived from Lyons, but the jeweled border, which is to surround it, is already completed, and is absolutely dazzling in its magnificence. By the Sultan's desire, this border, which is of an arabesque pattern, is made to contain specimens of every precious stone at present known under the sun; and the design is so beautifully carried out, that, although as many jewels are collected together as the space will hold, yet they do not seem overloaded or crowded together in any way. The exhibition of this marvellous *trousseau*, which completely throws into the shade all our puny efforts at producing great effects by delicate *lingerie* and hypocritical laces, will, we think, create an immense sensation throughout the commerce of Europe.

HEN-PERSUADERS.—The Springfield Republican, in speaking of a new invention for a hen's nest, whereby the eggs drop through a trap-door, and so deceives the hen that she keeps on laying, is responsible for the following:

"Blobbs met with a loss, however, with one of the persuaders. Blobbs had a lovely young Shanghai pullet of boundless ambition. Blobbs bought a persuader, and his lovely Shanghai used it. She went upon the nest in the morning. Blobbs saw her go, and his heart bounded within him! Alas! he never saw her come off again. At night he visited the persuader. In the upper compartment was a handful of feathers, a few toe nails, and a bill. In the lower compartments were three dozen and eleven eggs! Blobbs saw it all! Her delicate constitution had been unequal to the effort, and fired by young ambition, she had laid herself away."

Agricultural.

Method of Cultivating Potatoes.

We give the authority of Mr. D. W. Naill, of Frederick county, for the following method of cultivating potatoes. He allows them to stand, as the practice is, until they show about six inches of growth above the ground; by which time the grass is pretty well started over the whole surface. Instead of the usual method of working with the plough and carefully hoeing, and picking the grass from about the vines, he puts in the plough, and as he says, "ploughs them down;" that is, he runs up and down the row, throwing the earth with the mould-board from each side over the potatoes, covering them up entirely. The effect is that enemy is put under the sod, the grass is entirely smothered out without resort to the hoe, and in a few days the potatoes push out again, and go on their way rejoicing. The next thing is to break out the middles, and this concludes the cultivation of the crop.

We do not learn that Mr. N. has tested this method of cultivation in its final results as compared with the ordinary mode of cultivation, unqualifiedly as to its efficiency in destroying the grass without injury to the potato. This is the most important and most laborious part of the mere cultivation of the plant, and those who have not the faith to adopt it, should at least give this method a fair and careful trial. The after working may be more or less, as each one judges best.—*American Farmer.*

Agricultural Education.

When farming is conducted on scientific principles, the increase of crops would amply compensate for the labor and capital expended in its production; but when it is, as too often happens, regarded as one of those calling that only require strong arms and industrions habits, to secure success, it is very likely to prove any thing but successful, so long as the true principles of cultivating and maintaining the soil remain unlearned. Strong hands and patient industry might suffice while population continued thin and scattered, and when the land is subject to a very small amount of lime post; but in these days when population has become dense, and the land is subject to high rents and heavy taxes, strong arms and industry will not alone suffice to enable the farmer to overcome his difficulties. In these days the battle is not with the strong, but with the intelligent; and if the farmer expects to succeed in his profession, he must begin by acquiring a knowledge of the materials he has to operate upon, the nature of the product he has to raise, and how the best his great machine, the soil, shall be maintained in efficient order.

PAINTING FARMING IMPLEMENTS.—A great saving may be made by keeping implements constantly under shelter when not in use. But this is nearly impossible, and besides, many of them must of necessity be exposed, during their employment, to many days of hot sun and occasional showers. It is therefore very important to keep them well painted. As a general average they will last twice as long by the protection of a coat of paint, renewed as it is worn off.

A cheap material as a coating for many kinds of farming implements is boiled linseed oil.

SALTING STOCK GENERALLY.—As regards salting, every head of stock on the farm should receive it as often as the working animals. For the preservation of the health of sheep it would be better for them if lump salt were kept in a trough under cover, where they could have access to it at all times.

RUTA-BAGA TURNIP.—It is too early to put in the seed of this excellent stock-root, but we mention it early, in order that our readers may have time to accumulate manure, and prepare the ground to have it seeded to ruta-bagas this month.

BAD COMPANY.—A skunk once challenged a lion to single combat. The lion declined accepting it. "How!" said the skunk, "are you afraid?" "Yes," replied the lion, "you would only gain fame by having had the honor to fight a lion, while every one who met me for a month to come, would know that I had been in company with a skunk."

☞"Sedley," said Charles II., "look me out a man who can't be corrupted; I have sent three treasures to the north, and they have all turned thieves." "Well, your majesty, I will recommend Mivert." "Mivert, you dog," said Charles; "why, Mivert is a thief already!" "Therefore he cannot be corrupted, your Majesty," said Sedley.

☞A cunning lawyer, meeting with a shrewd old friend on a white horse, determined to quiz him.

"Good morning, daddy! Pray what makes your horse look so pale in the face?"

"Ah! my dear friend," replied the old man, "if thee had looked through a halter so long, thee would look pale too!"

☞A chap, reading that Mexican files had been received in New York city, went into a hardware store and asked to look at some of them. He is a brother of the man who enquired for a pound of Liverpool dates received by one of the steamships.

☞An exchange paper very gravely informs us that a young man who was recently bathing in the Mississippi, seeing a number of ladies approach, drowned himself from motives of delicacy.

☞Human heads are like hogsheads—the emptier they are, the louder report they give of themselves.

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