PIANOS,
MELODEONS,
AND MUSIC,
sh System Adopted—Prices
Greatly Reduced.
ACE WATERS, No. 333 BROAD-
Y, NEW YORK, agent for the best
ON AND NEW YORK INSTRUMENTS.
rgest assortment of Pianos, Melode-
sical Instruments and Musical Mer-
, of all kinds, in the United States.—
om ten different Manufactories, com-
bose of every variety of style, from
, neat and substantial 6½ octaves, in
or Rosewood Cases, from 150 to $300;
of the most elegant finish, up to ONE
AND DOLLARS. No House in the
an compete with the above in the num-
ety and celebrity of its instruments,
he extremely low prices at which they

ACE WATERS' MODERN IM-
D PIANOS, with or without Iron
possessing, in their improvements of
ngs and action, a length of scale, pow-
ompass of tone equal to the Grand
nited with the beauty and durability
ture of the Square Piano. They are
nounced by the Press and by the first
Masters to be equal to those of any
anufacturer. They are built of the
most thoroughly seasoned material,
aranteed to stand the climate of every

instrument guaranteed to give satisfac-
purchase-money refunded. SECOND-
ANOS, at great bargains, constantly
rices from 30 to $140.
ACE WATERS' MELODEONS, all
nstruments in tone, touch and durabil-
nake, (tuned the equal temperament.)
ons of all other styles and makes. Pri
5, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double
$150; double Reeds and two banks of
200. Less a liberal discount. Clergy-
d Churches, an extra discount.
n's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes,
s, Accordeons, Violins, and Musical
ents of all kinds, at lower prices than
fore offered to the public. A large dis-
o Teachers and Schools. The trade
d on the most liberal terms.
IC.—One of the largest and best se-
Catalogues of Music now published,
sing many of the choice and most pop-
s of the day, and will be sold at one-
f from the regular prices.
c sent by mail to all parts of the coun-
st-paid. Particular and personal atten-
id to all orders received by mail. Sat-
n guaranteed in every instance. Pianos
elodeons for rent, and rent allowed on
se. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on
y payments. Second-hand Pianos ta-
exchange for new. General and select
ues and schedule of prices forwarded to
s of the country by mail.
Great inducements offered to Agents,
arts of the country, to sell the Horace
' Pianos, Melodeons and Catalogue of
[July 29, 1858.

E FAMILY JOURNAL,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
d to Literature, News, Romance, Science
and Art.
B. WILLIAMS, } Editors & Proprietors.
ES H. MOORE, }
a well-known fact that the South is
almost entirely dependent on the North
hebdomadal literature. It is to be seen
r the Southern States cannot support a
y journal of its own. The parties un-
ing this new enterprise are determined
e no effort or expense to produce a pa-
ich shall effect this purpose, and deserve
e of the support of the reading public.
paper, it is hoped, will arouse the
hat dormant literary condition of our
more) city, develop its inactive talent;
fer at our own doors a vehicle for the
sion of thought, interchange of ideas,
e imparting of new items of information.
FAMILY JOURNAL will contain Original
s, Sketches of Travel, Biographical Es-
a Summary of News, domestic and for-
Reviews of Books, Dramatic and Musi-
iticisms, Reports of Popular Lectures,
ch general information as will make it
come guest in every family. The pro-
rs are determined that their journal shall
ond to none in the variety, interest and
of its contents; in its literary excellence
gh moral tone. Politics and Sectarian-
ill be most rigidly excluded.
ticular attention paid to "answers to
pondents," a talented gentleman having
pecially engaged for that purpose.
angements have already been made with
nguished corps of American contribu-
and negotiations are still in progress
will untimately secure the best talent
country. It is intended that the litera-
tter in this journal shall be chiefly origi-
he appropriation from foreign sources,
ut acknowledment, in the newspapers of
y, is already too frequent. Should any
be selected on account of its superior
ence, credit will be invariably given
it is due.
Terms, invariably in advance.
copy, one year, - - - $2
copies, " " - - - 7
copies, " " - - - 15
e copies, - - - FOUR CENTS
ties in the country making up clubs will
e address WILLIAMS & MOORE,
2 Baltimore, Md.

Farmers, Read This.
"The Farmer's Own Paper."
e Genesee Farmer.
A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF
ICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE
[Established in 1831.]
UBLISHED FOR TWENTY-EIGHT
YEARS in one of the finest wheat and
sections of America, it has attained an
alled circulation, and has able and expe-
ed correspondents in every State of the
n and in the British Provinces.
sh volume contains Three Hundred and
y-Four Pages, and is profusely illustrated
expensive wood cuts. It is sent to any
ss for
FIFTY CENTS A YEAR!
order to introduce the Farmer into dis-
where it has few readers, we will take
riptions to the coming half volume (July
ecember inclusive) at the following rates:
e subscribers, 25 cents; five copies for $1;
copy of our beautiful 25-cent book the
l Annual and Horticultural Directory, pre-
by mail, to the person getting up the
eight copies for $1.50, and a Rural An-
prepaid by mail, to the person getting
e club; sixteen copies for $3, and a Ru-
nnual and an extra copy of the Farmer for
r, or two for the half volume to the per-
etting up the club.
e also offer a liberal list of
CASH PREMIUMS
still greater inducement to form clubs.—
particulars will be found in the paper.
everyone interested in the culture of the
s invited to send for a copy, and, if pleas-
ith the paper, to act as agent. Specimen
s sent free to all applicants. Address
JOSEPH HARRIS,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,
y18 Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE,
TEN HORSE PORTABLE "STEAM
ENGINE," in good running order, with
-inch Circular Saw and fixtures attached.
ns liberal. For particulars address
JOHN W. MARTIN,
NICHOLAS MARTIN, Jr.,
53-tf Trappe, Talbot Co., Md.

Robt. Strawbridge

Cambridge Democrat.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, RELIGION, SCIENCE, AMUSEMENTS, POLITICS AND ADVERTISING.

Volume 14. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16, 1859. Number 51.

Cambridge Democrat,

Published every Wednesday Morning.

Office opposite Mr. John Bradshaw's Hotel.

TERMS.—SUBSCRIPTION $1 50 per annum, payable in advance; or $2 within the year, if not paid in advance.

Clubs of Six, one year, ... $7 50
" " Twelve, one year, ... 13 50
" " Twenty, one year, ... 20 00

Payable, in each case, in advance. Persons who get up clubs are entitled to a copy, gratis, for one year.

ADVERTISEMENTS of One Square will be inserted three times for $1; and for each subsequent insertion 25 cts. One square, three months, $3; six months, $6; one year, $12. Twelve lines or less make a square.—Fractions of a square to be charged as a square. Yearly advertisements at the rate of $12 for one third of a column; half column, one year, $15; one column, one year, $25. Six months' or yearly advertisements must be paid for quarterly—other advertisements are collectible as soon as the time of publication expires.

☞All communications of a private nature and obituary notices charged for at 50 cts. per square. Simply marriages and deaths inserted gratis.

THOMAS H. HANDY, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

I SHOULD SO LIKE TO KNOW.

Three weary weeks since last we met,
And still he keeps away!
And still I listen for his knock
Each disappointing day;
Time hangs so heavy on my hands,
My spirit cease to flow;
I wonder if he likes me still?—
I should so like to know!

He can't be ill, for every day
They tell me where he's been;
For oh! at every ball and rout
The traiter has been seen!
I didn't mean a word I said
That night I bade him go;
I wonder will he come again?—
I should so like to know!

I'm sure he's just like all the men,
As false as false can be;
I don't believe he cares the least
What may become of me;
And after all his vows of love,
To turn and treat me so;
I wonder will we make it up?—
I should so like to know!

He might have known I did not mean
He was to come no more;
I'm sure I've cried so ever since,
That both my eyes are sore;
I do believe that was his knock!
And yet don't like to go;
I wonder if he can forgive?—
I should so like to know!

LONGEVITY.

On the subject of longevity, the New Orleans Surgical and Medical Journal contains some interesting facts:

It seems that an eminent French chemist, M. Ed Robin, in a memorial presented to the Academy of Sciences, has expressed the belief that human life may be prolonged, and he gives his reasons for it. He thinks human life may be compared with a furnace always kindled; life exists in a state of combustion, but the combustion which occurs in our bodies like that which takes place in our chimneys, leaves a residue, a detritus, ashes. This detritus, which is always accumulating, is according to M. Robin, the principal cause of old age and senile death. He thinks that the mineral matter which constitutes an ingredient in most of our food, after the combustion is left in our system, to incrust and stiffen the different parts of the body, and to render imperfect many of the vital processes, M. Robin sets forth many facts to prove the reasonableness of his position, but proposes to institute a series of experiments on animals whose lives are of short duration, to verify his theory. Among the series of experiments which he proposes is one which consists in administering lactic acid with ordinary food. The lactic acid is known to possess the power of dissolving the incrustations which form on the arteries, cartilages, and valves of the heart; and as buttermilk abounds in this acid—it is moreover an agreeable kind of food—its habitual use, it is supposed, may free the system from those causes which almost inevitably cause death between the 75th and 100th year.

The author of one of the articles in the New Orleans Journal expresses his approbation of the labors of M. Ed. Robin, and gives moreover, a reason of his own as to the probability that the period of human life may be extended. He makes the following formula, viz: "Every quality which appears to be an exception in a species may be subjected!" The author says: "Applying this principle to the present subject we say there are macrobites or centenarians in the human species; this macrobite is compatible with human organization, and, since it exists, its cause may be determined. Now to possess a knowledge of the cause is to be master of the effect; and that which has heretofore been an exception may become a rule."

To show that people do sometimes live to be very old—whether owing to buttermilk, I cannot say—I condense some facts from the articles before mentioned:

Ponce Lefage lived	121	years.
Eleanor Spicer	121	do.
Madam Barnet	123	do.
Grandez	126	do.
John Newell	127	do.
John Bayles	130	do.
Polotiman	140	do.
Thomas Parr	152	do.
Oest	155	do.
Joseph Surrigen	160	do.
John Bowin	175	do.
Peter Zostan	185	do.

And many others of similar ages who have lived in modern times, might be mentioned.

The instances of Longevity below 120 years are frequent.

Some curious facts are related as to the habits of these individuals.—Polotiman, a surgeon, who lived to 140 years old, never passed a day without being intoxicated; and the peasant woman, Oest, who lived to be 155, drank ordinarily two tumblers full of brandy daily. A French resident of Detroit, who lived to 116, seldom drew a sober breath during 104 years.*

On the other hand, many of the old folks lived remarkably temperate lives. Jean Causer, who died at the age of 146 years lived chiefly on milk food. Thomas Parr, who lived 152 years and 9 months subsisted all his life on bread, old cheese, milk, whey and table beer; and Peter Zostan, who lived solely on vegetables—we think buttermilk must have been added to his fare—attained the remarkable age of 185 years.

After this statement, we have no doubt all the churns in the country will be kept busy, and all the people will be converted to Oliver Twists, crying incessantly for that beverage of life, "More, more!"

*Let it be remembered that these people did not drink the common adulterated liquors of this country or they would not have lived out half their days.

Origin of the Words Blanket, Worsted, &c.

While Edward III., in 1337, repeated his invasion of Scotland, and "ravaged the country with great fury, burning Aberdeen and many similar towns," as the historian tells us; and while he was engaged in raising an army to invade France in 1338, exacting from the impoverished English people all their wealth to waste in the war; and when he was wasting France with war, borrowing money from all foreign princes who would lend him, pawning the English crown which made him a king, that he might still further extend destruction over fertile France; when in the battles which our historians and poets have so minutely recorded and lottily sung out, swords clashed with swords, and battle axes rung upon coats of mail, the warrior heroes of France, there was a servant of mankind making a noise in Bristol, which was of infinitely greater service to England than the entire conquest of Europe would have been.

This was Thomas Blanket. The noise he made was not that of the clashing sword, but of the clashing shuttle. His purpose was not to destroy what his country already possessed, but to give his country what it did not yet possess, blankets, a covering of comfort to go to bed with, to sleep under, that it might be refreshed in sound sleep, and rise in health and strength to its daily work of making mankind happier by being happier itself. Thomas Blanket was soon imitated by his neighbors, who, like him, set up looms in their own houses, and made woolen cloth like that which he made. The cloth was named by his name; and to this day through all time in this country will the name be known, though nothing else is known of this weaver than that he was the first to introduce the blanket manufacture into England.

No cloth of any kind had been wove in England before the reign of Edward III. We read that in 1331 John Kempt, from Flanders, introduced the weaving of cloth into England; that the King invited fullers, dyers and so forth, to come from Flanders and settle there. This policy on the part of Edward was discreet; and viewed in connection with some other of his actions, prove him to have had some perception of the real sources of national well-being. But he no sooner allowed the cloth manufactured to be implanted in England, than he almost rooted it up again by restrictive enactments and oppressive taxes to carry on his wars. The manufacture of the twisted double thread of woolen, called worsted, was introduced into England about this time, or soon after.

The village of Worsted, about fifteen miles from Norwich, was the first place where this thread was made, and it took the name of the village. There is no spinning nor woolen manufactures at Worsted now but from the tombs in the graveyard, and the benefactions left to the parish, which are recorded in the church, we have proofs that the manufacturers of Worsted were numerous, opulent, and lived there in successive generations, during several centuries.

It may also be noticed here, that after inquiring into the history of the parish and manufactures of Worsted, we visited Linsey, which gave the name to the fabric known as linsey wolsey, and the Kersey and the Mere close to it in Suffolk, were the workshops were situated, in which the cloth called kerseymere was first made.

The cloth so called now differs from the original, and there is but little trade of any kind in Kersey now. But as at Worsted, the graveyard and the church have many records of manufacturers long deceased. Their names though now Anglicised, are common in Suffolk, and are all of Flemish origin.

Breach of Promise--The Gay Deceiver Assessed $2,666.

The Dayton (Ohio) Journal of the 24th ult. says: During the whole of last week the Supreme Court was engaged in the trial of a case for breach of promise, which excited great interest here as well as among the citizens of Washington township, where the parties reside. Rebacca Thomas, the fair plaintiff, is a young lady of twenty-three, well formed and rather above the medium feminine size, with dark hair and eyes, and rather a pretty face. The defendant, Joseph S. White, is a well to-do farmer, aged about thirty-two, and "fair to middling" in appearance. The amount of damages claimed was $10,000.

It seems that after a long courtship, running through a period of six or eight years, the defendant, White, conducted the fair Rebacca to an orchard, and there, during an afternoon in August, in the year 1857, while seated on a log under the spreading boughs of an apple tree, the momentous question was put to the expectant maiden, and she gave a timid but emphatic "yes" to the tender and loving inquiry.

Time wore on; the ardor of the gentleman's passion seemed in no wise cooled by the promise of the gentle Rebecca to unite her fortunes with his own. He visited her, escorted her to parties, balls and camp meetings, as he had been doing for six years before. The fact that they were engaged, or the next thing to it, was the subject of conversation among all their friends and acquaintances; they were recognized as entitled to the designation of "lovers;" at all events, in the circle in which they moved. White was recognized in the family of the lady as her affianced, went to see her on Sundays, took tea, courted her sometimes as late as three o'clock the next morning, slept the remainder of the night with her brother, and then staid to breakfast.

The lady had even gone so far as to make the usual preparations for her nuptuals, and had refused to allow a young man to pay his attentions because she was engaged. In the midst of all these expectations and attentions Mr. White, in the spring of 1858, married another lady. This was the case which the counsel for the plaintiff claimed they had made out against the defendant.

On the other hand, White denied the popping of the question on the log under the umbrageous apple tree, declaring that he was only telling the lady amusing anecdotes in that pleasant locality. Attempts were also made by the defence to impeach the character of the young lady; but this as we understand, they signally failed in doing.

The jury, after being out for five hours, returned a verdict of $2,666 for the plaintiff. A motion for a new trial was made.

FIGHT WITH A PANTHER.—From the Houston (Texas) Republic of the 15th ult., we extract the following:

A man named Stude, living about two miles from Houston, hearing a noise in his chicken house went to see the cause and found a panther in it. The animal attacked the man, and with its claws lacerated his neck and back part of his head, when the man's dog came to his assistance and aided his master in freeing himself from the furious brute. The man came to town for help, and on his return home he found the panther still in possession of his poultry house, when he shot him and finished him with the butt of his rifle. It is something unusual for these ferocious animals to approach so near Houston.

Mr. Clay's Quarrel with Gen. Taylor.

The following scrap of history in the Binghamton Democrat, of October 13, from the locality and the personal miliarity with the relations of the great men named which is exhibited in the comments, is ascribed by the Buffalo Commercial to the pen of Daniel S. Dickinson:

"Among the causes of estrangement between Mr. Clay and Gen. Taylor, and probably the great and final one, was this—Mr. Clay, it may be remembered, had a son inhumanly butchered at Buena Vista in the Mexican war. That son left a widow and a promising, manly boy, of some sixteen or seventeen years.—This boy was anxious to be appointed a cadet at West Point and receive a military education, and his request was warmly seconded by his mother and his grandfather, Henry Clay.—Henry Clay hereupon wrote to Mr. Polk, then President and his successful rival for the station, requesting the appointment of his grandson as a cadet at large. Mr. Polk at once ordered his name to be placed on the list for appointment, and it was done; but Gov. Marcy, then Secretary of War, upon the examination usual in such cases, found that he was below the requisite age to enter the academy, and the rules of the War Department were too imperative to be changed, and his name was not for that reason sent to the Senate. Mr. Polk, however, placed on the files of the War Department a letter under his own hand detailing the circumstances, and requesting his successor, whoever he might be, to appoint young Clay, who, in the first year of the then next administration, would be of sufficient age. Gen. Taylor, a political friend of Mr. Clay, proved to be his successor. The list of cadets is usually prepared by the Secretary of War, and corrected by the President, and in making up the list under Gen. Taylor's administration, Mr. Crawford, his Secretary of War, placed young Clay's name at the head of the list. Gen. Taylor, when he came to review the list, struck out the name with his own hand and refused to appoint him. This strange act was never forgotten nor forgiven by Henry Clay, and it is believed that both parties died without any change in their relations.

"When Gen. Taylor's death was announced in the Senate, and Mr. Webster, Gen. Cass and others pronounced eulogies upon his character, Mr. Clay, on being beckoned to rise, waved his hand significantly and remained silent."

Marriage.

Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and the saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her occupations, her amusements, everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure.

The parents by whose advice she has been guided, the sister to whom she has dared impart every embryo feeling and thought, the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor and the counselled, and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate, all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke; every former tie is loosened, the spring of every hope and action is to be changed; and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path before her; buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations of the happiness to come. Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hope—who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and the watchful protection at home—who can, coward-like, break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence that love had inspired. Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline in which she has been nurtured, and yet make no effort to supply their place; for on him be the responsibility of her errors—on him who has first taught her, by his example, to grow careless of her duty, and then exposed her, with a weakened spirit and unsatisfied heart, to the wild storm and wily temptations of a sinful world.

The trouble you dread may never come; and it it does, its character may be so changed by the time it reaches you, that you may not dread it; or you may be raised above it, so that it may pass away without affecting you.

Desperation of Gamblers.

The other day, at the famous German bathing and gambling place, Hamburg, a Frenchman, who had been playing for some time with the usual luck of gamesters, put down his last napoleon, and lost it like the rest. He drew a pistol out of his pocket, and blew his brains out while sitting at the fatal *trente et quarante* table. The people who are generally in attendance threw a cloth over his face, and carried the wretched man out, life being extinct, and the game proceeded as if nothing had occured. Monsieur Garcia, a Spaniard, now at Hamburg, has lost 400,000 francs at the gaming table. His play, which he still continues, is obliged to be now on a more moderate scale, but not so his temper. His rage is so great at losing that, before the croupier can rake in the money, he takes it up and throws it at him, which, if it happens to be gold instead of paper, it is not a pleasant way of being paid. He always insists on sitting next the croupier, who is the dealer of the cards. The consequence is that when they know he is playing, or going to play, the croupiers toss up to see which shall deal, their dread is so great of being his neighbor.

HOW DUELLING WAS STOPPED IN ILLINOIS.—In moralizing upon duelling, the Chicago Press and Tribune informs us how the law became a a dead letter in Illinois, by reviving the history of the first and only duel ever fought in that State. In the year 1820, Alphonso Stewart and Wm. Bennett fought with rifles in St. Clair county, and Stewart fell mortally wounded on the first fire. Bennett made his escape into Arkansas, where he remained two years.—His whereabouts was discovered, he was arrested, brought back, indicted, tried, convicted of murder, and executed. Governor Bond was besieged days and weeks by the barbarian disciples of the code, clamoring for the wretch's pardon. But he closed his door against petition and entreaty, and William Bennett dangled at a rope's end, in the presence of some thousands of spectators, who took in a great moral lesson. This was the first and last duel ever fought on the soil of Illinois, and it effectually crushed out all respect for the bloody code in that State.

☞Prince Schwartenburg, in Bohemia, has forty or fifty thousand acres of primitive forest, averaging over a hundred cords of wood to the acre. In many localities in the interior of the forests the trees stand in straight lines, from 150 to 200 feet long, as if planted so. These lines show where some departed giants have fallen, the seeds germinating more readily in the mouldering substance of the decaying veterans than in the deep vegetable soil.—Some of the pine are from 300 to 500 years old. One of the finest firs, ten feet in dirmeter, at six feet from the ground, was blown down lately; it contained twenty-five cords of wood. These forests used to be infested with wild beasts, bears, wolves and lynxes. A solitary bear—the last of his race—still haunts the Jokus Wald, if he has not given up his bachelor ghost within a few months.

EXTINCT FAMILIES.—Mr. Robert Stephenson leaves no family behind him. His wife died many years ago, and he remained a widower, so that the direct line from George Stephenson, the eminent English engineer, has died out. James Watt, the noted British inventor, left no decendants. It appears that the men noted for mechanical genius, like many of those famous in literature, science and government in Great Britain, leaves no children to perpetuate their names. Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Harvey, Pope, Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Gray, Cowper, Collins, Thompson, Goldsmith, Gay, Congreve, Hume, Bishop Butler, Locke, Hobbs, Adam Smith, Bentham, Davy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Flaxman, Sir Thomas Laurence, and others well known to fame in British annals, have no lineal representatives now living.

A DISCRIMINATING RULER.—The penalties against gambling are very severe in Weisbaden, and yet the Duke of Nassau receives yearly the sum of 43,000 florins for the license of the various gambling saloons there. He invites all foreigners to come and bet and spend their money freely, but he will not permit his own subjects to do the same. A discriminate ruler the Duke.

A country editor says that a farmer in his county made a scare-crow so very frightful that an old crow went and brought back all the corn he had stolen for several days.

FIRMNESS OF MIND.—The 19th of May, 1780, was a remarkably short day. Candles were lighted in many houses; the birds were silent and disappeared, and the fowls retired to roost. The Legislature of Connecticut was then in session at Hartford. A very general opinion prevailed that the day of judgment was at hand. The House of Representatives, being unable to transact their business, adjourned. A proposal to adjourn the Council was under consideration, when Hon. Abraham Davenport gave his views as follows:—"I am against an adjournment. The day of judgment is either approaching, or it is not, there is no cause for an adjournment; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore that candles be brought."

ITALIAN BEES.—Intelligence has been received at the Agricultural Bureau of the Patent Office that a large swarm of Lombardy bees have been shipped from Havre, France, for this country. They are described as being of a larger size than the ordinary bee, and having a longer bill, and are able to suck flowers inaccessible to the American bee. The product of an old hive of these bees is sometimes one hundred and fifty pounds of honey in one season.—These bees will be sent upon their arrival here directly to the Agricultural Bureau, but will not be distributed until 1861, by which time it is expected to rear from the swarm stock enough for six hundred hives.

SOCIETY IN ARKANSAS.—A story is told of a Bostonian's first appearance in polite society in Arkansas. The company were engaged in dancing, but the loveliest female present occupied a chair at the window without a partner. Stepping up to the lady with a palpitating heart, his mind greatly excited by fear of a refusal, he exclaimed: "Will you do me the honor to grace me with your company for the next set?" Her lustrous eyes shone with unwonted brilliancy, her white pearly teeth fairly glistened in the flickering candlelight, her heavenly, snowy bosom rose and fell with joyous rapture, as she replied: "Yes sir-ee! fer I've sot and sot till I've about tuk root!"

A GOOD RULE.—A man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied, "My father taught me never to play until my work was finished, and never to spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but one hour's work in a day I must do that the first thing, and in an hour, and after this I was allowed to play, and then could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity.

TRUE COURAGE.—I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. It is the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm and whose conscience approves his principles unto death, is the man of true courage.

Learning is not offensive in a woman, if she only preserves a gentle and thoroughly feminine disposition. Some one has very significantly said that it does not matter how blue the stockings are, so the petticoat is long enough to cover them.

A young New Yorker "broke the bank" three times at Baden-Baden this season, once for 26,000 fr., a second time for 45,000 fr., and a third time for a still larger sum. The term "break" is merely technical, as the bank "breaks" at whatever sum it pleases.

Tagore, the famous Calcutta merchant, died of a broken heart, because his fortune, during the panic of 1857, was reduced to ten millions of dollars! Poor fellow!

Ferocity is sometimes assumed as gentleness. There are as many sheep in wolves' clothing, as there are wolves in sheep's.

We should count time by heart-throbs. We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in the figures on a dial.

Ossification of the heart is a mortal disease; what a pity it is that *ossification of the head* isn't so likewise.

It is with nations as with individuals; those who know the least of others think the highest of themselves.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_63-0401.jpg