MELODEONS,
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ADWAY, NEW YORK,
best Boston and New York
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OPHY AND FACT.
WAY'S PILLS.
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Journal of Crime and Crimi-
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emitted by subscribers, (who
eir names and the town, county
they reside plainly,)
To R. A. SEYMOUR,
Editor and Proprietor of the
National Police Gazette,
7. New York city.
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soap. For sale by
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Cambridge Democrat.

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

Volume 12. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 21, 1857. Number 49.

THE DEMOCRAT
is Published every Wednesday Morning,
By THOMAS H. HANDY, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

At $1.50 per annum, payable in advance; or $2 within the year, if not paid in advance.—No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

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" of Twelve, one year, - - - 13.50
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☞Office opposite Mr. John Bradshaw's Hotel.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

DR. SMITH would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he continues to be confidentially consulted at his old established MEDICAL HOUSE, No. 11 South Frederick street, on all diseases of a PRIVATE OR DELICATE NATURE.

His long experience and attention to this class of complaints; his safe and speedy method of treatment, and his extraordinary success during a long and extensive practice, enables him, confidently, to promise all persons so afflicted, a safe and radical cure, without injury to the constitution or confinement from business. By a long course of study and practice experience, Dr. S. has now the gratification of presenting the unfortunate with remedies that have never failed, "since he first introduced them," to cure the most alarming case, and that in a very short but reasonable time, without the aid of mercury or any other deleterious drug. Within the last ten years Dr. S. has cured more than thirty thousand cases, of the above character and it may be safely said that *more than one-half* of the patients had been previously treated with mercury and other mineral poisons by some foreign or native pretender to the healing art.

Dr. Smith does not profess to be a Parisian, or a graduate of any London or Parisian hospital. He believes the United States can produce physicians as capable of curing disease, "no matter how difficult," as any foreigner who has been compelled to leave his own country because his boasted skill and wonderful discoveries in medicine have failed to afford him a living at home. Let the unfortunate bear in mind, when affliction overtakes him, that no time should be lost in making application to a competent physician, as they would not only obtain relief from pain, avoid mortification through exposure, and elude great constitutional injury, but enable their medical assistant to be more moderate in his charges than he could justly be where symptoms have become confirmed or the disease more widely diffused. The rapid advances of this truly terrifying disease, is sufficient to alarm the boldest heart. When ulceration and discolored blotches, with racking pains, betray to the unhappy victim the deadly poison preying upon his vitals, then, "and not till then," do many awake to a full sense of their danger.

YOUNG MEN

And others afflicted with seminal debility, "whether original from a certain destructive habit," or from any other cause, with the train of bodily and mental evils which follow, when neglected, should make an early application, with the full assurance that they can be speedily restored to sound health and firm vigor.—This is one of the greatest evils that can befall man, and has doomed thousands of the human race to untimely graves; blasted the brilliant hopes of parents, and blighted, in the bud, the noble ambition of many an aspiring youth. Dyspepsia, weakness of the back, eyes, and limbs, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, forgetfulness, &c. &c., are symptoms of this disease.

IMPOTENCE—IMPUISSANCE.

One of the most frequent penalties paid by those who give unrestrained license to their passions is a loss of virile power. The young, unaware of the fearful results that may ensue, are but too apt to commit excesses. Impotency may, and does occur from stricture, gravel, deposits in the urine, and from many other causes; but by far the most frequent source of it is an abuse of the sexuel organs, by excessive venery or self-pollution—particularly the last. Too great excitement of the genital organs is, however, productive of other effects, besides premature impotency; it tends to derange the digestive functions, and weaken the physical and mental powers. Thus parents and others are often deceived as to the true source of the complaints of the youth and young men. It could be shown how attenuation of frame palpitation of the heart, derangement of the nervous system, cough, indigestion, and a train of symptoms, indicative of consumption, are often ascribed to wrong causes, when, in reality, they are the consequence of an alluring and pernicious practice, alike destructive to the mind and body.

Dr. Smith has given particular attention to the cure of female complaints. His method of treating Suppression, Irregularities, and other complaints peculiar to their sex, is safe, and seldom requires but a short time to cure. Patients can be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Smith, describing symptoms, and receive medicine, securely packed from observation, forwarded by express or otherwise, to any part of the country.

☞ Persons afflicted with any of the above complaints will do well to avoid boasting impostors, whether foreign or native, as also the numerous *Specifics*, advertised as a certain cure for any and every Disease. These preparations are put up to sell, but not to cure, and often do much more harm than good, therefore avoid them. ***A word to the wise is sufficient.

No letters will be answered unless they contain a remittance or Postage Stamp.

Address DR. J. B. SMITH,
No. 11, South Frederick street,
Feb. 18, 1857. 1y Baltimore, Md.

Original Poetry.

[For the Cambridge Democrat.]

THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

To a beautiful cottage, embosom'd in trees,
So lately the home of affection and ease;
With a heart from which sorrowful sympathies flow,
To visit a friend in affliction I go.

I pass thro' the gate to the vine-covered stoop,
From which the bright flowers so gracefully droop;
And ent'ring the hall now dismantled and bare,
I thence to the little back parlor repair—

That room so familiar—so cheerful and neat,
Where friends a warm welcome were certain to meet;
But where there now sitteth, dejectedly, one,
The last of that wide-scattered household, alone—

Alone—for the mother, so lov'd and revered
To neighbors and friends by her kindness endear'd,
No longer she sees, with her dignified air,
Sitting, carefully dress'd, in her old elbow-chair.

No more she beholds her, thence rising, to greet
The friends who around her so frequently meet—
Her chair is now empty—her greetings are o'er—
And the places that knew her shall know her no more:

For a mansion more lasting to her hath been given,
"Not fashion'd by hands but eternal in Heaven";—
There her harp to the praise of her Maker she strings,
And grateful Hosannas exultingly sings.

Yet her daughter here sitteth "in silence and tears;"
In mem'ry recalling the past happy years,
When her brothers, a merry and juvenile throng,
Made the cottage resound with their laughter and song.

Alas! for that band from the homestead that stray'd!
Far away in the South are their *sepulchres* made!
And—why, oh! Thou merciful God! should it be?
The dearest of all *lieth drown'd in the sea!*

With its sands for his pillow—its waves on his breast,
There peaceful and calmly he taketh his rest:—
Yet it is but his *mortal remains* that are drown'd—
With his mother his *glorified spirit* is crown'd.

The kind elder sister no longer is here;
For broken in health by affliction severe,
She hath left the lov'd cottage and home of her youth,
To dwell with her dutiful child in the South.

Thus of mother—of brothers and sister bereft,
The last of this once happy circle is left
Alone in the cottage, her vigil to keep—
Alone in the home of her childhood to weep.

Not long will she there in her solitude mourn
O'er past happy hours no more to return—
Not long among flow'rs, still blooming and gay,
Thus sadly, thro' garden and grounds, will she stray:

For the beautiful dwelling and garden and lands,
With the *spring of cold water*, have pass'd from their hands,
And soon she will leave the belov'd cottage-door
To return, as its inmate, perhaps never more.

Wherever they wander, it still is my pray'r
That God may vouchsafe them His guidance and care;
And grant them that peace, for their comfort and stay,
"Which the world neither giveth nor taketh away."

A. G. M.

Cambridge, Md., Sept. 27, 1857.

Historical.

The Wisdom of Sikander.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

BY HORACE BINNEY WALLACE.

[This narration is given, by the Persian historians, as the manner of Alexander's death. It differs entirely from the Greek accounts. The hero is called variously, by Asiatic writers—Iskander, Sikander and Secunder.—They represent him to have been thirty-six years old when he died—the same age as Lord Byron.]

The bannered hosts of Macedonia stood arrayed in splendid might. Crowning the hills, and filling the valleys, far and wide extended the millions in arms, who waited on the word of the young Sikander—the most superb array of human power which sceptered ambition had ever evoked to do its bidding. That army was to sweep nations off the earth, and make a continent its camp—following the voice of one whose sword was the index of glory, whose command was the synonyme of triumph. It now stood expectant, for the king yet lingered.

While his war-horse fretted at the gate, and myriads thus in silence awaited his appearance, Sikander took his way to the apartment of his mother. The sole ligament which bound him to virtue and to feeling was the love of that mother, and the tie was as strong as it was tender. In mute dejection, they embraced; and Sikander, as he gazed upon that tender face, which had never been turned to him but in tenderness and yearning love, seemed to ask, "Shall I ever again behold that sweet smile?" The anxiety of his mother's countenance denoted the same sad curiosity; and without a word, but with the self-same feeling in their breasts, they went out together to seek the oracles in the temple of Philip, and to learn their fate.

Alone, in unuttered sympathy, the two ascended the steps of the sacred temple, and approached the shrine. A priest stood behind the altar. The blue smoke of the incense curled upward in front, and the book of oracles was before him. "Where shall my grave be digged?" said the king; and the priest opened the book, and read: "Where the soil is of iron, and the sky of gold, there shall the grave of the monarch of men be digged."

To the utmost limit, Asia had become the possession of the Macedonian. Fatigued with conquest, and anxious to seek a country where the difficulty of victory should enhance its value, the hero was returning to Europe. A few days would have brought him to the capital of his kingdom; when he fell suddenly ill. He was lifted from his horse, and one of his Generals, unlacing his armor, spread it out for him to lie upon, and held his golden shield to screen him from the mid-day sun. When the king raised his eyes and beheld the glittering canopy, he was conscious of the omen. "The oracle has said that where the ground should be of iron, and the sky of gold, there should my grave be made! Behold the fulfillment! It is a mournful thing! The young cypress is cut down in the vigor of its strength, in the first fullness of its beauty. The thread of life is snapped suddenly, and with it a thousand prospects vanish, a thousand hopes are crushed! But let the will of fate be done! She has long obeyed my behest! I yield myself now to hers! Yet, my mother!"

And the monarch mused in melancholy silence. At length he turned to his attendants, and ordered his tablets to be brought, and he took them, and wrote, "Let the customary alms, which my mother shall distribute at my death, be given to those who have never felt the miseries of the world, and have never lost those who were dear to them;" and sinking back upon his iron couch, he yielded up his breath. They buried him where he died, and an army wept over his grave!

When the intelligence of the death of Sikander was brought to his mother, as she sat among her ladies, she was overwhelmed by anguish. "Ah! why," she exclaimed, "was I exalted so high, only to be plunged into such depths of misery? Why was I not made of lowlier condition, so, haply, I had escaped such grief? The joy of my youth is plucked up, the comfort of my age is withered! Who is more wretched than I?" And she refused to be comforted.

The last wish of her son was read to her, and she resolved to perform that one remaining duty, and then retire to solitude, to indulge her grief for the remainder of her life. She ordered her servants to go into the city, and bring to the palace such as the will of Sikander directed—selecting those who were the poorest. But the messenger, ere long, returned, and said that there were none of that description to be found among the poor. "Go, then," said the queen, "and apply to all classes, and return not without bringing some who have never lost any one who were dear to them." And the order was proclaimed through all the city, and all heard it, and passed on. The neighboring villages gave no better success; and the search was extended through all the country; and they went over all Macedonia, and throughout Greece, and at every house they stood, and cried, "If there are any here who have never known misery, and never lost those that were dear to them, let them come out, and receive the bounty of the queen;" but none came forth. And they went to the haunts of the gay, and into the libraries of the philosophers; to the seats of public office, and to the caves of hermits; they searched among the rich and the poor—among the high and among the low; but not one person was found who had not tasted misery; and they reported the result to the queen.

"It is strange!" said she, as if struck with sudden astonishment. "Are there none who have not lost their friends? And is my condition the condition of all? It is not credible. Are there none here, in this room, in this palace, who have always been happy?" But there was no reply to the inquiry. "You, young page, whose countenance is gay, what sorrow have you ever known?"

"Alas! madam, my father was killed in the wars of Sikander, and my mother, through grief, has followed him!"

And the question was put to others; but all had lost a brother, a father, or a mother.

"Can it be?" said the queen, in perplexity. "Can it be that all are as I am?"

"All are as you are, madam," said an old man who was present, "excepting in these splendors and these consolations. By poverty and humility, you might have lost the alleviations, but you could not have escaped the blow. There are nights without a star, but there are no days without a cloud. To suffer, is the lot of all; to bear, the glory of a few!"

"I recognise," said the queen, "the wisdom of Sikander!" and she bowed in resignation and wept no more.

☞Latour Maubourg lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in the corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master, "you know you are glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

☞"Say, Pomp, you nigger, where you get dat new hat?" "Why, at de shop, ob course." "What is de price ob such an article as dat?" "I don't know, nigger—I don't know; *de shopkeeper wasn't dar.*"

Miscellaneous.

THE QUAKER'S CORN-CRIB.

A man had been in the habit of stealing corn from his neighbor, who was a Quaker. Every night he would go softly to the crib and fill his bag with the ears which the good old Quaker's toil had placed there. Every morning the old gentleman observed a diminution of his corn pile. This was very annoying, and must be stopped—but how? Many an one would have said, "Take a gun, conceal yourself, wait till he comes, and fire." Others would have said, "Catch the villian, and have him sent to jail."

But the Quaker was not prepared to enter into any such severe measures. He wanted to punish the offender, and at the same time bring about his reformation, if possible So he fixed a sort of trap close to the hole through which the man would thrust his arm in getting the corn.

The wicked neighbor proceeded on his unholy errand at the hour of midnight with bag in hand. Unsuspectingly, he thrust his hand into the crib to seize an ear, when lo! he found himself unable to withdraw it! In vain he tugged and pulled, and sweated, and alternately cried and cursed. His hand was fast, and every effort to release it only made it the more secure. After a time the tumult in his breast measurably subsided. He gave over his useless struggles, and began to look around him. All was silence and repose. Good men were sleeping soundly in their comfortable beds, while he was compelled to keep a dreary, disgraceful watch through the remainder of that long and tedious night; his hand in constant pain from the pressure of the clamp which held it. His tired limbs, compelled to sustain his weary body, would fain have sunk beneath him, and his heavy eyes would have closed in slumber, but no! there was no rest, no sleep for him. There he must stand and watch the progress of the night, and at once desire and dread the return of morning. Morning came at last, and the Quaker looked out of his window and found he had "caught his man."

What was to be done? Some would say, "Go out and give him a good cowhiding just as he stands, and then release him; that'll cure him." But not so, said the Quaker. Such a course would have sent the man away embittered and muttering curses of revenge. The good old man hurried on his clothes, and started at once to the relief and punishment of his prisoner.

"Good morning, friend!" said he, as he came in speaking distance. How does thee do?"

The poor culprit made no answer, but burst into tears.

"Oh, fie!" said the Quaker, as he proceeded to release him. "I'm sorry that thee has got thy hand fast. Thee put it in the wrong place or it would not have been so."

The man looked crestfallen, and begging forgiveness, hastily turned to make his retreat. "Stay," said his persecutor, for he was now becoming such to the offender, who could have received a blow with much better grace than the kind words that were falling from the Quaker's lips. "Stay, friend, thy bag is not filled. Thee needs corn, or thee would not have taken so much pains to get it. Come, let us fill it." And the poor fellow was obliged to stand and hold the bag while the old man filled it, interspersing the exercises with the most pleasant conversation imaginable—all of which were like daggers in the heart of his chagrined and mortified victim. The bag was filled, the string tied, and the sufferer hoped soon to be out of the presence of his tormentor, but again his purpose was thwarted.

"Stay," said the Quaker, as the man was about to hurry off, having muttered once more his apologies and thanks. "Stay; Ruth has breakfast ere this; thee must not think of going without breakfast; come, Ruth is calling."

This was almost unendurable! This was "heaping coals" with a vengeance! In vain the mortified neighbor begged to be excused. In vain he plead to be released from what would be to him a punishment ten times more severe than stripes and imprisonment. The Quaker was inexorable, and he was obliged to yield.

Breakfast over, "Now," said the old farmer, as he helped the victim to shoulder the bag, "if the need any more corn, come in the day-time and thee shall have it."

With what shame and remorse did that guilty man turn from the dwelling of the pious Quaker! Everybody is ready to say that he never again troubled the Quaker's corn-crib. I have something still better than that to tell you. He at once relented and reformed, and my informant tells me that he afterward heard him relate, in an experience meeting, the substance of the story I have related, and he attributed his conversion, under God's blessing, to the course the Quaker had pursued, to arrest him in his downward course.

The Hang of It.

Old Judge S., a considerable farmer of F——— county, Vermont, brought a new scythe for his son Jim, and set him to work in the meadow with the rest of the haymakers. "It don't work right" said Jim to the honored parent after cutting a clip or two. "What is the matter with it?" inquired the Judge. "It don't hang right on the snaith" said Jim, stopping to adjust the scythe anew. Scythes often plague the mowers in this way, at first; and Jim's scythe was particularly obstinate. So the old gentleman tinkered over and over again. "It don't hang any better, said Jim," plaintively. "Then hang it to suit yourself," said the Judge. "So I will," said Jim—and, *hanging the scythe on a tree*, he lazily retired from the field.

Hunting up a Soft Place.

I was down to see the widow yesterday, (said Tim's Uncle,) and she gave me dinner. I went down rather early in the morning; we talked and laughed, and chatted and run on, she going out and in occasionally, till dinner was ready, when she helped me graciously to pigeon pie. Now I thought then, Tim, rather favorable. I took it as a simptom of personal approbation, because everybody knows I love pigeon pie, and I flattered myself she had cooked it on purpose for me. So I grew particularly cheerful and I thought I could see it in her too. So, after dinner, while sitting close beside the widow, I fancied we both felt comfortable like—I know I did.

I felt that I had fallen over head and ears in love with her, I imagined from the way she looked she had fallen in love with me. She appeared just for all the world as if she thought it was a coming—that I was going to court her. Presently—I couldn't help it—I laid my hand softly on her beautiful shoulder, and I remarked when I had placed it there, in my blandest tones, Tim, for I tried to throw my whole soul into the expression, I remarked then, with my eyes pouring love, truth and fidelity, right into her:

"Widow, this is the nicest, softest place I ever had my hand on in all my life!"

Looking benevolently at me, and at the same time flushing up a little, she said, in melting and winning tones:

"Doctor, give me your hand, and I'll put it on a much softer place."

In a moment, in rapture, I consented, and taking my hand, she gently, very gently Tim, and quietly laid it on my head—and burst into a laugh that's ringing in my ears yet.

Now, Tim, I haven't told this to a living soul but you, and, by jinks! you musn't; but I couldn't hold it any longer, so I tell you; but mind, it mustn't go any further.

Anecdote of John Randolph.

He was in a part of Virginia in which he was unacquainted. During the time he stopped a night at an inn near the forks of the road. The inn-keeper was a fine gentleman, and no doubt one of the first families of the Old Dominion. Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning, when Mr. Randolph was ready to set out, he called for his bill, which, on being presented, was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him, began as follows:

"Which way are you travelling, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir?" said Mr. Randolph, with a look of displeasure.

"I asked," said the landlord, "which way are you travelling?"

"Have I paid you my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No."

"Well, I'm going just where I please; do you understand?"

"Yes."

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off; but, to the landlord's surprise, in a few minutes sent one of his servants to inquire which of the forks of the road to take. Mr. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his voice, "Mr. Randolph you don't owe me one cent; just take which road you please." It is said that the air turned blue with the curses of Randolph.—*Norfolk News.*

Effects of Suspension.

The whole amount of specie in the United States is estimated at $250,000,000. Pennsylvania, having one-tenth the population, and more than one-tenth of the wealth of the Union, has at least $25,000,000 of this specie—in all probability much more. In ordinary times this specie circulates freely. In times of panic and of a depreciated currency, it scarcely circulates at all. If ten dollars in notes, which are still money for ordinary transactions, are worth fifty cents or one dollar less than specie, nearly every body refuses to pay out their gold and silver. They will not suffer their good currency to be put on an equality with a bad one. This is but natural. Consequently, not only have the banks withdrawn many of their own notes from circulation, but they have also withdrawn the specie from circulation, by failing to redeem their notes. In a state of suspension, meanwhile, those who have specie either hoard it up, or send it to brokers to be sold for a premium. Thus thousands of dollars are sold every day to brokers in Philadelphia, and they in turn sell it to parties who require it to pay their obligations at points outside of our own State, which thus becomes drained of its specie.—*Phila. Press.*

ADVERTISING.

Advertise and give the world a sign that you are not resting. Systematic advertising is seed sown in good ground to the business man and the merchant from which they will, in due season, reap a rich and abundant harvest. Few persons have pursued such a course for any length of time without having had cause to be thankful for what they at first, perhaps, were half inclined to believe money thrown away; such men have grown rich, and their business has widely extended, while their less enterprising neighbors have dreamed on; and in the end found themselves just about where they commenced. Wake up, all ye sluggards, and let the world know who and where you are. He who neglects advertising his business in the local paper, not only robs himself of his fair advantages, but bestows the spoils on his rival.

HOARDING.

Now is the time when gold dollars are hid in old stockings. Now is the time when sixpences are tucked away in snub-nosed teapots. Now money is laid away in cupboards—for mice to nibble; thrust into corners—for thieves to rummage; carried in wallets for pickpockets to grab at; hid behind the wood work—for the next generation to find; and buried in the ground to be lost or forgotten. Now men rush frantic to draw cash out of safe places and put it into unsafe ones. Now poor families lose five per cent. for the purpose of having their savings where they will keep them awake of nights. Now farmers hang up deposits in the pouch behind the door; house-wives sew up gold pieces in the skirts, and travelers weigh themselves down with body belts of coin.—Now the unprofitable servant who had his talent in a napkin is canonized into a bright and shining scriptural example, while those who "put their money to the exchanges" are looked suspiciously upon, as rash speculators in Jewish fancy stocks. Now all money is distrusted but such as can be heard to chink.—Now men privily put all their cash under lock and key, and then publicly lament that it has ceased to circulate. Now men with well filled pockets refuse either to pay their debts or to forgive their debtors. Now the butcher must wait and the baker must go unpaid, and the printer must be put off for the nineteenth time. The era of hoarding has come round again with all its blind, unreasoning fears, and all its self-imposed curses of poverty, idleness distrust and decay.—*Albany Journal.*

A Brave Officer.

Lieut. Spencer, of the 2nd United States infantry, (and a son of Col. Wm. A. Spencer, of Annapolis, Md.,) performed an act of bravery during the trying times with the hostile Indians at Yellow Medicine, in Minnesota, in July last, which ought to be recorded to his credit. He it was who was ordered to demand the Indian who stabbed a soldier. With a few men and his interpreter he proceeded to the Indian camp, and upon seeing them assume an attitude of defiance, he ordered his men, as an evidence of his pacific intention, to halt, while he and his interpreter rode to the Indians. Two hundred guns were leveled at him in support of threats which his companion undsrstood too well to disregard. The Lieutenant called him to his side, gave him his pistol for his re-assurance, jumped off his horse when within speaking distance, and, unarmed and alone; breasted the savage multitude and fulfilled his duty, thus exhibiting one of the sublimest acts of coolness and bravery on the records of the American army.

Doesticks' Last Lager Beer Experiment.

Lager beer is a kindly liquid and a great moral agent; it is pleasant to the taste, and withal is not intoxicating, so people say. Lager has taken out his papers and become naturalized, and is thoroughly American as he was before peculiarly German. Lager is a capital fellow to know, and I have just formed his acquaintance. I never drink inebriating compounds for several reasons; one of which is, I can't afford the money it costs to get drunk, or the time it takes to get sober. I have therefore renounced my former friends, Brandy Coctail and Whiskey Punch, who are slippery chaps. B. C. once left me in a station house with my head the size of a peach basket; W. P. on one occasion led me into society of some gentlemanly-looking individuals who picked my pockets of all my money, and then blacked my eyes because I didn't have a bigger salary.

☞The following tribute to the wisdom of a Democratic measure is from the Hartford Courant, a press which has constantly and strenously opposed the Democratic cause:

"The gold in the sub-treasury is made available to all who can command United States bonds of 1867 and 1868 by Secretary Cobb, who makes the liberal offer to pay in gold 116 dollars, and the accrued interest besides, for every $100 of the United States paper that is offered previous to November 1st; after that he will only pay 114 on the 100. Thus the sub-treasury is made to aid the business community. The balance in the sub-treasury has been reduced millions of dollars since the 1st of July, and almost every dollar of it has gone into the vaults of the banks. Uncle Sam's strong box does not prove as injurious as it was once feared it would."

☞"Laugh and grow fat," is an old adage; and Sterne tells us that every time a man laughs he adds something to his life. An eccentric philosopher of the last century used to say that he liked not only to laugh himself, but to see laughter, and to hear laughter.—Laughter is good for the health; is a provocative to the appetite, and a friend of digestion. Dr. Sydenham said the arrival of a merry-andrew in a town was more beneficial to the health of the inhabitants than twenty asses loaded with medicine.

☞An Irishman who was troubled with the toothache determined to have the old offender extracted; but there being no dentist near, he resolved to do the job himself; whereupon he filled the excavation with powder, and being afraid to touch it off, he put a slow match to it, lighted it, and then run to get out of the way.

☞"Hoops and the Equator"—Crino-line and the Equinoctial-line—God bless "em!—The one encircles the earth the other the heavens!

☞Punch teaches book-keeping in three words—"Never lend them."

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