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Pills are the best remedy known
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Lowness of Spirits, Piles, Stone
Secondary Symptoms, Veneral
Worms of all kinds.
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Cambridge Democrat.

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

Volume 13. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 20, 1858. Number 10.

THE DEMOCRAT
As 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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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, deposites 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.

N. B. 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.

Choice Poetry.

THE SHOEMAKER.

An honest cobbler once I knew,
His name was JOEL PATCH;
His shop was small, and had a door
That opened with a latch.

They called this man a whole-SOLED chap;
He worked from morn till night;
And, though his boots were apt to be,
Yet HE was never TIGHT.

In early life this cobbler was
Of parents both bereft;
And, though he never learned to dance,
Yet he could RIGHT and LEFT.

The smallest job he ne'er refused,
But did it with a will;
And after he your boots did foot,
You'd have to FOOT his bill.

For politics he had no taste;
They made him sick at heart;
And, though no doctor, yet he knew
Full well the HEEL-ing art.

He had a tender, loving wife—
He used to call her PEG;
The reason why they called her so,
She had a wooden leg.

Although her UNDERSTANDING WAS
To some extent im-PAIR-ed,
She took delight in pleasing him,
And in his labors shared.

He also tried to please his PEG;
The mark he liked to TOE;
His work was excellently done;
His wife's was done—SEW SEW.

He never quareled with his wife,
Nor had the slightest brawl.
But ever looked upon her as
Upon his AWL in AWL.

One day he was with illness seized,
And WAXING near his END—
At least his wife so thought, and she
Did for the doctor send.

'Twas hard to fathom his disease;
But yet 'twas very plain
That all throughout his body ran
An awful SHOE-ting pain.

His wife tried hard to get him well,
And by his SIDE would stand,
And SEAMED resolved to place him soon
Upon the MENDING hand.

The doctor called; 'twas all in vain:
Said he, "He's failing fast;"
And in about an hour or so
The cobbler breathed his LAST.

[*Yankee Notions.*

Miscellaneous.

Bread Upon the Waters.

A Sketch from Life.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see how all your hopes are gone. Here we are worn out with age—all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be the inmates of the poor-house. Where, now, is all the bread you have cast upon the waters?"

The old white-haired man looked at his wife. He was indeed bent down with years, and age sat trembling on him. Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and while fortune smiled on him he had been among the first to lend a listening ear and a helping hand to the call of distress; but now misfortune was his. Of his four boys, not one was left. Sickness and failing strength found him with but little, and they left him penniless. Various misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True, we are poor, but not yet forsaken."

"Not yet forsaken, Jacob! who is there to help us, now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling hands towards Heaven.

"Ah, Jacob, I know God is our friend, but we should have friends here. Look back, and see how many you have befriended in times past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not yet returned to you."

"Hush, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure, I may have hoped that some kind friend on earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have done my duty to my fellows; I would not for gold, have one of them blotted from my memory. Ah, my fond wife, it is the fond memory of good done in life that makes old age happy. Even now, I can hear the warm thanks of those I have befriended, and again I see their smiles."

"Yes, Jacob," returned the wife in a lower tone, "I know you have been good, and in your memory, you can be happy. But, alas! there is a present upon which we must look—there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg or starve!"

The old man started, and there was a deep mark of pain drawn across his features.

"Beg," he replied, with a quick shudder. "No, Susan—we are—"

"We are going to the poor-house."

"Oh, God! I thought so," fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands. "I thought so, and have tried to school myself to the thought; but my heart will not bear it."

"Do not give up, Susan," softly urged the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us, now. We have not long to remain on earth, and let us not wear out our days in useless repinings. Come, come."

"But when—when shall we go?"

"Now—to-day."

"Then God have mercy on us."

"He will," murmured Jacob.

That old couple sat for a while in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts, it was by the stopping of a light cart before the door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the porter of the poor-house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," said he, "the guardians have managed to crowd you into the poor-house.—The cart is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had called for him, that went like an icebolt to his heart, and, with a deep groan, he sank back into his seat.

"Come—be in a hurry," impatiently urged the porter.

At this moment, a carriage drove up to the door.

"Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?"

This question was asked by a man who entered from the carriage. He was a kind looking man, about forty years of age.

"That is my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the new comer. "Are you from the work-house?" he continued, turning towards the porter.

"Yes."

"Are you after these people?"

"Yes."

"Then you may return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poor-house while I live."

The porter gazed inquisitively at the features of the man who addressed him, and then left the house.

"Don't you remember me?" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand.

"I cannot call you to memory now."

"Do you not remember Lucius Williams?"

"Williams!" repeated Jacob, starting up from his chair, and gazing earnestly into the face of the man before him.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams—that little boy whom thirty years ago, you saved from the House of Correction: that poor boy whom you kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed on board of one of your vessels."

"And are you—

"Yes—yes—I am the man you made. You found me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and bad example. It was you who first brushed off the evils, and led me to the sweet waters of a moral life and happiness. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early life, and the warm spark which your kindness lighted up in my bosom has been growing brighter and brighter ever since. With an affluence for life, I have settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, with such good works as my hands may find to do. I heard of your losses and bereavements. I knew that the children of your own flesh were all gone, but I am a child of your bounty—a child of your kindness, and now you shall still be my parent. Come, my more than father—and you my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see your old age doomed to darkness.

Jacob Manfred tottered forward and fell on the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again, he sought his wife.

"Susan," he said, in a choking, trembling tone, "my bread has come back to me."

"Forgive me, Jacob."

"No, no, Susan. It is not I who must forgive—God holds us in his hands."

"Ah," murmured the wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to Heaven, "I will never doubt him again."

Spicy--A True Wife.

We are assured by a friend, saying the Boston Post, who is personally cognizant of what he states, that the following piquant correspondence is genuine. A gentleman, whose business calls him a good deal from home, is accustomed to give the custody of his correspondence to his wife, an intelligent lady, who, in obedience to instructions, opens all letters that come in her husband's absence; answers such of them as she can, like a confidential clerk, and forwards the rest to her liege lord, at such places as he may have designated at his departure. During a recent absence of her husband the lady received a letter, of which the following (omitting names, dates and places) is a true copy:

MY DEAR SIR:—I saw a fine picture of you yesterday, and fell in love with it, as I did with the original in W——— last winter, when I saw you more than an hour, though I suppose you did not see me among so many. I fear you will think me forward in thus addressing you; but I trust you are as noble and unsuspecting as you are handsome and brilliant. Perhaps you would like to know something about me—your ardent admirer! Well, I am not very good at description, but I will say I am not married—(though you are, I am told.) My friends tell me I have *not* a pretty face, but only a good figure. I am rather *petite*, have black eyes, black hair and a dark complexion—that is, I am what is called a "brunette." I am stopping for a few weeks with my brother-in-law and sister in this town, and I dearly wish you would meet there before I return to W———. At any rate do not fail to write me at least a few words, to tell me whether I shall ever see you again, and know you more intimately. Forgive my boldness, and believe me,

Your friend, ———.

To this letter, the wife, who, by-the-by, had not the least knowledge of the person to whom she was writing, made the following answer:

MADEMOISELLE:—Your letter of the — instant, addressed to Mr. ———, was duly received. Mr. ———, who is my husband, directed me, when he left home, some days ago, to open all his letters, and to answer any of them that I conveniently could. As you seem to be rather impatient, I will answer your letter myself. I do not think your description of yourself will please Mr. ———. I happen to know that he dislikes black eyes, and hates brunettes most decidedly. It is quite true (as you seem to suppose) that he judges of women as he does of horses; but I do not think your inventory of your 'points' is complete enough to be satisfactory to him. You omit to mention your height, weight, wind, speed and [here the word is illegible.] Taking your charms at your own estimate, I doubt whether they will prove sufficiently attractive to draw him so far as B——— merely for the satisfaction of comparing them with the schedule.—You say you trust my husband is "unsuspecting." I think that is his nature; but yet he is used to drawing inferences, which are sometimes as unkind as suspicions. You say you are unmarried. My advice to you is that you marry somebody, as soon as possible. In most cases, I would not recommend haste; but in yours, I am convinced there is truth in the proverb which speaks of the danger of delay. Should you be so fortunate as to get a husband (which may God mercifully grant!) my opinion is, that you will consider any woman, who should write him such a letter as this of yours, impertinent, and, perhaps, immodest.

I will deliver your note to Mr. ——— when he returns, and also a copy of my reply, which I am sure he will approve. I am, with as much respect as you permit, MRS. ———.

This was the end of the correspondence. *Moral*—Young ladies who write affectionate letters to married men, should be careful that the precious missives do not fall into the hands of their spouses; or the amorous writers may chance to get 'more cuffs than kisses.'

Speak Kindly to thy Mother.

Young man, speak kindly to thy mother, and courteously, tenderly, of her. But a little time, and you shall see her no more forever. Her eye is dim, and her form is bent, and her shadow falls towards the grave. Others may love you fondly, but never again, while time is yours, shall any one's love be to you as that of your old, trembling, weakened mother has been.

Through helpless infancy her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward, testy boyhood she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness; she nursed you safely through a legion of ills and maladies.

Her hand bathed your burning brow, or moistened your parched lips; her eye lighted up the vigils, watching sleepless by your side as none but her could watch. O, speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Through reckless and impatient youth she is your counsellor and solace. To a bright manhood she guides your steps for improvement, nor even then forsakes or forgets.

Speak gently, then, and when, you, too, shall be old, it shall in some degree lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins, to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to your aged mother.

☞A happy man—he who labors hard to earn his bread, and is at peace with God and man.

Treatment of Sailors.

How the sailor is sometimes treated, may be learned from the following extract from Rev. Mr. Taylor's "Seven Years' Preaching in San Francisco." This book gives some graphic descriptions of the wrongs perpetrated on sailors:—

When the sailor's bill at the boarding-house runs up to cover the "advance," the landlord says to him: "Jack, you must ship."

"I won't do it," says Jack.

"You shall do it; you owe me a hundred dollars, and you must either pay me to-day or go to sea in the ship *Challenge*."

"O, I don't want to go to sea yet," says Jack.

"O, well, never mind," says the landlord, "you're a clever fellow, and you may stay at my house as long as you please, and pay me when you get ready. Come let's take a drink."

Jack, very glad to be on such good terms with the landlord, walks up to the bar, and drinks to the health of his master. In ten minutes he is as insensible as a log. When he recovers from his mysterious sleep, he is out of sight of land. He is awakened by the stern command,

"Wake up here and go to work."

The poor fellow, rubbing his eyes, inquires, "What ship is this? Whither bound?"

"To Hong Kong."

"How did I get here?"

"Why, you shipped, sir," says the master.

"I never shipped in this ship."

"Yes you did, sir, and you must go to work without any more grumbling," replies the Captain sternly.

"I want to see the articles," says the sailor.

"Well, sir, here they are at hand. What is your name?"

"My name is John Waters."

"There it is, written on the article in two places, once by the landlord, and once by the shipping master."

"I never signed those articles," replies John.

"No," replies the master, "you were too drunk to write your name, but there's your mark."

John puts his hand to his head and studies a moment, and says: "I want my advance before I go to work; how much was I to get?"

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars for the run, paid in advance," replies the Captain, "and here's your account from the shipping office:—your bill with the boarding-master took one hundred dollars, leaving me twenty-five, which he handed me to give you when you got sober.'

John takes the twenty-five dollars and goes to work. But you ask, "what did the landshark give to the sailor, to take away his senses so suddenly?"

It was composed of whiskey, brandy, gin, rum and opium, which, if a man drinks, he sinks into the Lethean stream for a dozen of hours.

But the kidnappers practice not alone on seamen. Here is a case from the same volume:

A landlord, lacking a man to make up a crew, met a German glazier on Long Wharf, with a pack of glass on his back, and said to him: "Hie, my good fellow, don't you want a job?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you," said the shark, "to put some glass in the stern of that ship," pointing to a ship in the stream. "Jump into my boat here, and I'll take you on board."

So off they went. As the German sat in the stern of the boat, much pleased with the prospect of a good job, the shark said to him, "Will you have a cigar, sir?"

"Yes."

So the glazier sat and puffed away as he used to do in his Faderland, but before they reached the ship he tumbled over in the bottom of the boat. The shark threw his pack of glass into the bay, and running alongside, hailed—"On deck there! lower away and haul up this man." A rope was lashed around him and he was hauled up. The shark ran into the Captain's office, saying:—"Captain, I've got a first-rate sailor here; he's a little boozy to-day, but he'll be all right to-morrow;" and got his advance. The poor German waked up at sea, with a longer job than he had engaged for, and the worst of the business, he must work not only for nothing, but be kicked and cuffed through the whole voyage for having the presumption to impose himself as an able seaman, when he knew nothing about the business. The cigar was drugged.

On one occasion a shoemaker stepped to the bar to take a drink, and waked up the next day at sea, and did not get back to his business for nine months.

Doesticks in Boston.

The famous "Doesticks" has furnished the New York Picayune an account of his visit to Boston, from which the following extracts are made:

"Ninty-nine extr-sized angle-worms locomoting at high pressure speed about a garden-walk of a showy afternoon, and being perpetually turned back when they got to the edge, and compelled to cross each other's trail, in innumerable directions, would, if the ground was soft, and their very footsteps plainly visible, draw on the garden-walk aforesaid, a tolerable map of Boston. It is crookeder than nine acres of ram's horns, and has got more corners than a cord of cross-cut saws.

"You see your friend, and you call out, 'Jones, wait a minute,' and you start to see Jones, thinking he is just across the street.

"Misguided man! far distant Jones! you climb the hills, and turn ninety corners before you get within hailing distance of Jones again.

"The streets look as if they had been made somewhere else, and dumped here in a huge tangle, and nobody had ever taken the trouble to straighten them out again. It looks as if somebody had been building a lot of cities by contract, and the job hadn't come out even, and he had to throw down his remnants of streets, and odd ends of alleys, and little snipe l off bits of lanes and avenues, and called it Boston. If any street in town should be cut a straight mile in any direction, it would go through a dozen private parlors, and forty-five public music halls. In fact, Boston looks as if first-rate material for an excellent city had been melted, and poured through a sieve on a hill-side and left to cool."

Occupation.

What a glorious thing it is for the human mind. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrows become our master. When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves, wrestle not with the torrent, rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it those waters will fertilize the present and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish in the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow man.

UNCOMMON METRE.—A gentleman who recently put up at a log tavern in Wisconsin, was awakened by a young man, who commenced a serenade thus:

"Oh, Sally Rice,
I've called you twice,
And yet you lie and snore;
I pray you wake,
And see your Jake,
And ope to him the door, or window,
don't care much which, for—
It makes but little difference
To either you or I—
Big pig, little pig,
Root, hog, or die."

☞An athletic specimen of a man from the Emerald Isle called into the counting-room of one of our river street merchants, and there took off his hat to make his best bow.

"The top of the morning to ye, Misther P———; I've been told ye're in want o' help."

"I've but little to do," replied Mr. P———, with mercantile gravity.

"I'm the boy for ye's. It's but little I care about doin'—shure it's the money I'm afther."

GOOD MONEY.—A banker asked a young lady of this city, what kind of money she liked best. "Matrimoney," she replied. "What interest does it bring?" asked the sharp banker. "If properly invested it will double the original stock every two years," she replied. He concluded she was a match for him; the rest is a secret.

☞A Yankee doctor has contrived to extract from sausages a powerful tonic, which he says contains the whole strength of the original *bark*. He calls it the 'Sulphate of Canine.'

☞The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river has been endeavoring to spin a mountain top.

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