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Volume 13. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1858. Number 11.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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

Original Poetry.

[Written for the Cambridge Democrat.]

DEAFNESS.

I sit in silence—to my ear there comes no sound of words,
No children's ringing laugh I hear, nor joyous song of birds;
I see sweet warblers on the wing, gay urchins sporting round,
But to my deaden'd ear they bring no fond remember'd sound.

I *walk* in *silence*—tho' I know that ev'ry flow'r and tree
Are vocal with the music sweet of bird and humming bee—
I see the fields of waving corn stirr'd by the summer breeze,
But to my ear no sound is borne from flow'r, or field, or trees.

To me the *streams* in silence flow, the distant sea to join,
There's music in their waves I know to ev'ry ear but mine;
I watch the billows till they reach and break upon the shore,
Yet tho' I stand upon the beach, I hear their sound no more.

Unheard by me the storm may roar—the threat'ning cloud I see,
But tho' the rain in torrents pour, it brings no sound to me;
I see the trees by tempest riven, its gath'ring force I feel—
Behold the angry flash of Heaven, yet hear no answ'ring peal.

Alas! to me all nature's voice is now forever mute,
And ne'er again may I rejoice in sound of song or lute;
Yet oft doth faithful mem'ry bring the sweet familiar lays
I heard my lov'd companions sing in earlier, happier days.

Altho' to Church on Sabbath-days I duly still repair,
To offer there my grateful praise and sacrifice of pray'r,
To me, throughout that blest abode, unbroken silence reigns—
Silent to me the word of God—silent the sacred strains.

As day by day around our board my friends their places fill,
My aged mother asks of God a blessing on each meal;
But now no word I ever hear of that familiar pray'r—
No social converse greets my ear from those assembled there.

Oh! *would* that I could hear once more the charming sound of words,
The music of the sounding shore and melody of birds!—
Could hear the Sabbath-bell again sound from the house of pray'r,
And join in ev'ry sacred strain with those who worship there!

Yet, Heavenly Father, on Thy will submissive let me wait,
With eye of faith beholding still that glorious promis'd state—
That happy world where blest and free from sorrow, sin and fear,
The lame and blind shall walk and see, and where the *deaf shall hear*.

Cambridge, Md. A. G. M.

Miscellaneous.

"POSTPONING" A GOOSE.

Having business at Mobile, some time since, but being in no particular hurry to transact it, I determined to take passage in one of the packet ships that run between that city and New York. She was called the Rover, and was commanded by a sharp little fellow, a part owner, and who was therefore interested in making the trips as profitable as possible. The passengers were not long in making this discovery, for as a general thing, a meaner table was never provided in the meanest of third-class hotels, or even in a cheap New York boarding-house.

It happened that during the passage we were becalmed one day upon a part of the coast which was known to be excellent fishing-ground; and the captain with the view of saving a dollar or two, ordered the men to bring out their fishing-tackle and try their luck. This was soon done; and sure enough, a large quantity of the finny tribe were soon transferred from their aqueous abode to the deck of the ship, to the infinite satisfaction of the little skipper, and the no small delight of the passengers, who anticipated for the day at least, a pleasant change of diet.

In the course of the morning the captain took occasion to enlarge upon the delicacy of the fish caught in that locality, and closed by asking—"What say you to a fish dinner today, ladies and gentlemen?" Everybody said, "Oh by all means!" and so it was arranged that the bill of fare that day was to comprise fish only.

Now attached to the ship was a negro cook, a sleek, oily, and rather good-looking negro, who was called Centaur—a name which he obtained in consequence of a curious fancy he had of sitting astride of the bowsprit whenever it blew hard, and fearlessly retaining his position no matter how madly the vessel pitched amongst the turbulent waves. As this somewhat approximated to a daring act of horsemanship, the name of Centaur was considered to be a very appropriate one, and with which the negro was by no means displeased. After the passengers had agreed to the fish dinner I chanced to be on the forecastle, not far from the galley, when the captain came forward, and looking in sung out—"Centaur!"

"Aye, aye, sa!" replied that personage.

"Cook a large mess of fish to-day for the cabin passengers' dinner; and, d'ye hear, postpone that goose!"

Such were the captain's directions, to which the cook replied—"All right, sa!"

After the the captain's departure, poor Centaur seemed to be greatly troubled, and scratched his wool in the most vigorous and determined manner. I overheard him asking himself—"What de debbil he mean by cookin' de fish and postponin' de goose? I ben on sebberal voyages, if not more—I ben in big hotels and little hotels, man and boy, for ebber so long, if not longer dan dat, and by golly dis de fust time I ebber heard ob postponin' a goose. Dere's pickin' a goose, I know; an' drawin' a goose, an' stuffin' a goose, an' bakin' a goose—yes, by golly, an' boilin' a goose, too; but postponing' a goose; I don't beleeve dat eben Mrs. Glass, de great cook dey talk 'bout, ebber hearn of. It must be done, though, or dis child'll git some kicks, sure. Wonder if Jimmy Ducks ebber heard ob it! He knows most ebery ting."

Jimmy Ducks was one of the crew—a real cockney, and, like every one born within the sound of Bow bells, considered himself to be a sort of walking encyclopedia. If he didn't know, he at least pretended to do so—and too often, I am sorry to say, pretence is permitted to pass current.

Just as Centaur concluded his ruminations, Jimmy and one or two others of the crew passed the galley door, and the bewildered cook rushed out and anxiously inquired of the oracle if he knew "how to postpone a goose?" Now, Jimmy was somewhat sensitive, and probably thought for the moment that the term "goose" might apply to himself, and that there was a covert joke in the remark, for he was evidently taken aback, and his face began to flush. Centaur, however, explained:

"De case is dis, you see. Cap'n says to me jis now' says he, 'Cook a large mess ob fish for the cabin passengers' dinner to-day, and 'postpone' de goose.' Now, dat is jus what dis nigger can't git through his wool, no how, what postponin' a goose is!"

"Oh!" said Jimmy, seeing through the affair, and winking at his companions, "that is easy enough. I thought every fool knew that."

"I tought so, too," said Centaur, innocently, "an' so I says to myself, Jimmy Ducks'll know."

"Well, you see," said Jimmy, looking very serious, "it isn't a common or a very usual way of 'cooking your goose;' but ven it is served up hafter fish, and nothing to follow, at the nobility's dinners, or at the Lord Mayor's banquets, then they 'postpone' it. Now, this is the mode of doing it:—First, pick the goose as clean as possible: then, with a piece of lighted paper, burn the stumps of the feathers. After drawing the bird, you will stuff it with a mixture of 'ard-boiled eggs, chopped very fine: onion ditto; apples ditto; biscuit pounded into small bits, and portions of a fish previously browned on the fire. You will then put the goose into a pot, boil it for 'alf an hour; take it out, place it in the oven, and bake it for 'alf an hour; then put it on your spit, roast until done, and you will serve it with prepared gravy."

Centaur listened with profound attention, and, noting carefully upon the tablet of his brian Jimmy's directions. started for the galley, highly elated.

The affair was of course, kept a profound secret, and I would not have spoiled the expected joke for the world.

Dinner time arrived, and Centaur certainly won honors for himself by the style in which he served the fish, both broiled and fried. Dish after dish had disappeared; and, when every one supposed the meal to be concluded, another dish was placed before the captain, who, on removing the cover, to his great surprise and indignation, discovered the goose! His wrath was not to be suppressed, even in the presence of the passengers, and, in a towering passion, he shouted—"Send that iefernal cook aft directly."

Poor Centaur entered the cabin, very greasy and good-humored, having no suspicion of anything wrong, and was considerably startled by the question—

"What do you mean, you scoundrel, by this disobedience of orders?"

"Beyed orders, sa; done jes what you said, sa," he stammered out.

"Obeyed orders, you black rascal!" said the captain, greatly astounded—"Didn't I tell you to postpone the goose?"

Centaur looked perfectly amazed.

"Course you did, sa, and I did it."

"Did what?" shouted the captain.

"Postponed de goose, sa, 'cordin' to directions."

The passengers here began to scent the joke, and burst into a loud laugh. Even the little captain was somewhat mollified, and requested Centaur to explain himself.

"Well, sa," said he, "you ordered me to cook de fish and postpone de goose. Now, I nebber postpone in all my life, an' on course didn't know nothin' 'bout it; but Jimmy Ducks 'lightened me on de subjeck and I foller 'zactly his 'scription. By golly, I had trouble enough; don't want to postpone anoder, no how."

Everybody, laughed heartily at Centaur's explanation, and even the captain could not help smiling.

"Be off, you black blockhead!" he said, "and send Jemmy Ducks here."

The darkey was off in a twinkling; and, there being some curiosity as to this new style of cooking, we tried the goose; but for the life of us we could not tell whether we were eating fish, flesh or fowl. Jemmy soon afterwards appeared, and was compelled to repeat the directions he had given to the cook, forgiveness being only extended to him on condition that he should eat the whole of the goose; and I was appointed a committee of one to see the sentence duly carried out. The punishment, however, did not appear to be very severe, for in fifteen minutes nothing but a skeleton remained of that much-abused goose.

"My heyes!" was his exclamation, when he had completed the task; "if that's a 'postponed' goose, I vish the capting ud ave one postponed every week. The dressin' 'owsever, might be waried, so as to be a leetle more palatable."—*New York Sunday Times.*

Mixed Grammar.

A great many people find much difficulty in saying what they mean; as much, perhaps, as some editors find in meaning what they say. A certain witness in an assault and battery suit we once heard, mixed things up considerably, in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came to him and struck him, he proceeded:

"So, yer honor, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog cum along, and I hit him again."

"Hit the dog?"

"No, yer honor, hit Dennis. And then I up wid a stun and throwed it at him, and it rolled him over and over."

"Threw a stone at Dennis?"

"At the dog, yer honor. And he got up and hit me again."

"The dog?"

"No, Dennis. And wid that he stuck his tail betwixt his legs and run off."

"Dennis?"

"No, the dog. And when he came back at me he got me down and pounded me, yer honor."

"The dog came back at you?"

"No, Dennis, yer honor; and he isn't hurt any at all."

"Who isn't hurt?"

"The dog, yer honor."

UNEQUAL DIVISION.—Said Phelim O'Whack—"Sure, and I'm heir to an immense estate under my father's will. When he died he ordered my elder brother to divide the house with me; and by St. Patrick, he did it—for he tuck the inside himself and gave me the outside."

☞"I say, friend, is there nothing to shoot about here?" asked a Kentucky sportsman of a little boy.

Boy.—"Wall, nothing just about here stranger, but the schoolmaster is down the hill yonder—you might pop him over."

☞On a physician admonishing a patient on one occasion against his supposed habit of eating too fast, and telling him that *bolting* the food was a bar to digestion, he said, "You speak *ironically*, doctor."

Story of a Shark.

I knew a story of a shark—a fearful, bloody story—and one that haunts my memory night or day, dreaming or walking. When I was at Campeachy, I formed a sort of pot-friendship with a pearl fisher, who had served under Mina, in the expedition to New Orleans, and could tell of log burning and bush fighting, and things I had never heard of before; and I used to sit in his wigwam all night, and swill rum grog, while he went over his campaign and his wanderings. He was a merry fellow, and knew how to keep the joke fresh, and I liked his grog, and was compelled to like his company, for the yellow fever broke out in our ship, and I was thrown upon my shifts until she came off her quarantine, so that I was contented to swing my hammock in the pearl diver's hut as long as he would let me. One night I was drunk—perhaps he made me so for particular ends, but if he did, he was punished for it. It was very dark and squally, and we were sitting alone in the hut over the light of a mangrove fire. After looking at me for some time, with a serious, steadfast eye, Jose said:

"Anderson, I will put my life in your hands; I have need of a friend to advise with, and I think you will not betray me. You have heard, for rumors are loud-lipped, that the cathedral of Neustro Senora was plundered some two years ago, and that two black men, who were implicated in the sacrilege, suffered publicly on the wheel. There was another man who evaded detection. They died like men of honor, with the secret in their hearts, and yet he lives unknown and unsuspected. *I am that man! Hush!* The gold and silver vessels tempted my eye, and I never knelt at the altar without wishing to tear them down.—The devil assisted me, and I did it, *Madre de Dios!* such a commotion as it made in town. The people seemed to have made a vow to talk of nothing else, and the padres yelled as if it was doomsday. The poor blacks yelled too, but my name was never mingled with their confessions—my punishment is far off. The gold cups and candlesticks are buried under ten fathoms of water. I know the place well. Assist me in raising them to-night, and I will share them with you, and we will both take the first chance of going to Honduras."

I consented at once—for the devil is ever ready to take advantage of a man's necessities—and went down to the beach immediately, where Jose unfastened his dorey, and we put off for the fishing station. The sea ran high, and we had enough to do to manage our slight raft. Jose's experienced eye was not long in discovering the repository of his treasure, though the night was dark, and the drift was strong, that we could hardly see beyond the bow, excepting when a streamer flashed through the clouds, and showed the heavy black waves mounting around us.

"It's a plaguey bad night, messmate," said I.

Jose turned—the lightning glared over his face—it was pale as death.

"To-night or never!" he replied. "Wear up the dorey while I strip."

He did not lose an instant in preparation, and after repeating his caution to wear up the craft, and keep near the place, he crossed himself, and dropped heavily but quietly into the water. I thought I heard a cry as he descended, and my anxiety began to take the course of fear.—Jose had scarcely dived a fathom when he arose to the surface—apparently senseless and inanimate. I tho't he had stunned himself against the rocks. I called to him; but he returned me no answer. I called again, louder, and still no reply. Bold with fear, I paddled towards the place the lightning had shown me his floating body. One arm was lying listlessly upon the waves. I seized hold of it hastily, and dragged him into the boat. As I did so, blood, warm blood, spouted over my head and knees—a streamer flashed across the firmament—I uttered a yell of horror, and let the load drop heavily at my feet. It was a headless trunk! The jaw of a shark had anticipated man's justice—the punishment of the ill-fated and guilty Jose had only been protracted—not repealed.

☞A person pretending to have seen a ghost, was asked what the apparition said to him. "How should I know," he replied, "I am not skilled in the dead languages!"

☞Why is a man who should draw a prize in a lottery like Sir Colin Campbell? Because he is in Luck-now.

[Translated from the German.]

The Ages of Animals and Men.

When the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their lifetime appointed, the ass advanced first, and asked how long he would have to live.

"Thirty years," replied Nature; "will that be agreeable to thee?"

"Alas!" answered the ass, "it is a long while! Remember what a wearisome existence mine will be; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn-sacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement, nor be refreshed with anything but blows and kicks. Give me but a portion of that time, I pray thee."

Nature was moved with compassion, and presented him with but eighteen years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog came forward.

"How long dost thou require to live?" asked Nature; "thirty years were too many for the ass, but will you be contented with them?"

"Is it thy will that I should?" asked the dog. "Think how much I shall have to run about; my feet will not last so long a time, and when I shall have lost my voice for barking, and my teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for but to lie in the corner and growl?"

Nature thought he was right, and gave him twelve years. The ape then approached.

"Thou wilt, doubtless, willingly live the thirty years," said Nature. "Thou wilt not have to labor as the ass and the dog. Life will be pleasant to thee."

"Oh, no!" cried he; "so it may seem to others, but it will not be. Should puddings ever rain down, I shall have no spoon! I shall play merry tricks and excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded with a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for thirty years."

Nature was gracious and he received but ten.

At last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the number of days.

"Will thirty years content thee?"

"How short a time!" exclaimed man.

"When I shall have built my house and kindled a fire on my own hearth—when the trees I have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit—when life with me seem most desirable, I shall die! Oh, Nature, grant me a longer period!"

"Thou shalt have the eighteen years of the ass besides."

"That is not enough," replied man.

"Take likewise the twelve years of the dog."

"It is not yet sufficient," reiterated man; "give me more."

"I give thee, then, the ten years of the ape; in vain wilt thou crave more."

Man departed unsatisfied.

Thus man lives seventy years.—The first thirty are his human years and pass swiftly by. He is then healthy and happy; he labors cheerfully and rejoices in his existence.—The eighteen years of the ass come next, and burden upon burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others, and blows and kicks are wages of his faithful service. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth and lies in a corner and growls. When these are gone, the ape's ten years form the conclusion. The man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.

A Dialogue.

Gumbo—"Is yer good at spellin', Buck?"

Buck—"Well, darkey, sagaciate, what de interrogatory?"

Gumbo—"I see yer's larned—but can yer spell know nuffin *without no letters at all?*"

Buck—"You mean *know nothing*, you darkey, you?"

Gumbo—"Yes, know nuffin—can yer doz it?"

Buck—"*I surrender it*, as Yorktown said to Corncob, kaze it can't be did *with no letters at all!*"

(Gumbo takes a piece of chalk, gets down upon his knees and makes a *big cypher* on the floor, and rolling up his white eyes, asks Buck if *that* aint a *nuffin?* Takes out of his hat an old handkerchief and rubs the cypher out clean.)

Gumbo—"Now, nigger, dare's *no nuffin dar*, as plain as day, to dis darkey."

Buck—"Good! Gum, Good! Yah, Yah, Yah,—jis like de party itself—gone! used up!—*rubbed out!*"

☞"Mike, and is it yourself that can be afther telling me how they make ice cramies?" "Truth, an' I can; don't they bake them in cold ovens, to be sure!"

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