1849.
test New York Styles.
dersigned takes pleasure in notifying
blic, that he has received his Spring
ner styles of GOODS, which he has
with care. And therefore hopes to
suit the different tastes of his cus-
nd all who may give him a call—in
following articles, viz: Cloths, Cas-
Vestings, Ginghams, Lawns, Fancy
uslings, and Domestic goods general,
, a full assortment of Queens Ware,
e & GROCERIES. All of which, to-
h a variety of other articles too tedious
n, he is prepared to sell on very mod-
s. FRANCIS A. STEWART,
5, 1849—tf Cambridge, Md.

Removal.
RATORY OF THOMSONIAN
BOTANIC MEDICINES.
. LARRABEE, No. 20 South Calvert
, Baltimore, has removed his Labora-
is new building No. 24, and has always
the largest and most complete assort-
pure Botanic remedies in the United
epared under his special care at his
ry—being the first erected in the Uni-
s for the special purpose of preparing
ONIAN BOTANIC MEDICINES.—
e pulverized and compounded articles
pin quarter and half pound packages,
y labelled, with directions suitable for
and upon better terms than the same
n be had for in the U. S. Every article
e is warranted genuine—the public can
n this.
ral discount made to country merchants,
particularly requested to call and ex-
uality, &c. before purchasing.
various Treatises, embracing the most
authors, upon the Thomsonian or Bo-
stem of Medicine, may also be had at his
ment, by the quantity or single copy.
aug. 30, 1848—1y

ook, Paper, & Stationary.
BOND & Co. Publishers, Booksel sell-
and Stationers, No. 44 Baltimore street,
re, keep constantly on hand, a large and
lected stock of School and Miscellane-
oks, Blank Books, Paper, Commercial
w books, Stationary, &c., all of which
e prepared to sell, Wholesale and Re-
the very lowest prices, on the most ac-
dating terms.
ol Books and School Requisites. A
ock of the most approved Works cons-
n hand, at the very lowest prices.
ks suitable for Premiums.—Colleges, Sem-
&c., will find their stock of Books in
e well worthy their attention, as they are
l with care, as regards contents, as well
le and prices.
ellaneous Books.—Comprising a well se-
stock of historical and other standard
kept constantly on hand, and sold at very
te prices.
lish, French and German Books. Com-
a good assortment.
Orders from any part of the United States
adas will meet with prompt and strict at-
.
Lowest Prices and most liberal terms may
ed on in all cases.
ruary 14, 1849. 6m

ricultural Impliments, &c.
WHITMAN will offer for sale this sea-
son, the largest Stock of AGRICULTU-
MPLIMENTS AND SEEDS ever found
Agricultural Warehouse in the city of Bal-
; consisting in part of
Whitman's Premium Wrought Iron Rail-
Horse powers. Price of the Double Power,
single ditto $75.
various kinds of Sweep Horse-powers,
Pitz's, Allen's, Kirkpatrick's and others,
$65 to $120.
Whitman's Improved Threshers. The
ler of this machine will last 100 years, in
nt use.—Price, $45 to $50. If the Straw
er is attached, $15 will be added: and if
to thresh and clean at one operation, price
.
common Threshers, as low as can be pur-
d in any part of the country.
6,000 PLOUGHS,
nsisting of every kind sold in Maryland,
York and Massachusetts. The first Pre-
on Ploughs in the Ploughing Match of
tate Fair, holden at Baltimore, last Novem-
was looked upon as a matter of great im-
nce to every one engaged in agriculture;
his made the contest a spirited one, and
ght in ploughs from all parts of the country,
g which was the Wiley, Moor and Cham-
in, "Maryland Self-sharpener," and a host
hers. The Committee, *after trial*, had no
ation in awarding the *first* premium to E.
man, Jr., for the work done with his Pouty
ears' Centre Draught Plough.
00 Cultivators, which also received the first
ium at the State Fair and various other
s.—Price, $4 to $6.
Corn and cob crushers, which received the
Premium at the State Fair, and also at the
of the Maryland Institute, & at various other
s. Price $50.
00 *Wheat Fans*, of various kinds and pat-
s, among which is I. T. Grant's, which is now
l in this country and in Europe with great
cess; and we consider it the best Fan in use.
e, from $26 to $40.
00 *Whitman's Premium Corn Shellers.*—
e, $15, $16, $30.
00 *Straw Cutters*, from $7 to $45.
00 Premium churns, from $2,50 to $7.
0 Corn Planters. One boy and horse with
drill will plant 10 acres per day. Price
.
0 *Cider Mills.* These mills grind the ap-
to a pulp, and are warranted to prodnce
re cider, and of better quality, than any other
l. Price $20 and $25.
A large stock of Wheat Drills; Hay Presses,
ld Washers, and all kinds of Plough Castings,
in Cradles, Shovels, Hoes, Spades, &c.
E. WHITMAN, Jr.,
corner of Light & Pratt sts. Baltimore, Md.
March 28, 1849. 1y

lank Mortgages. We have just print-
ed for sale, a quantity of Blank Mortgages.
so, a quantity of Magistrate's blanks always
t on hand for sale.
June 13, 1849. ED. DEMOCRAT.

Cambridge Democrat.

DEVOTED TO DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, RELIGION, TEMPERANCE, AMUSEMENTS, SCIENCE, POLITICS, AND ADVERTISING.

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THE
CAMBRIDGE DEMOCRAT.
THE
ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE THREE LOWER COUNTIES ON THE E. S. MD.,
which gives it a larger circulation than any other paper published on the Eastern Shore.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.
BY WILLIAM H. BOWDLE.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POETICAL GLEANINGS.

CARRY ME BACK.

Virginia's woods were clothed in green,
When from my home I turned,
With hope to win undying fame,
My youthful genius burned:
I'm dying now in a foreign land,
Life's cherished dream is o'er;
Oh, carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

I'm dying, dying, all alone,
And not a friend is near,
No brother's voice, no sister's sigh,
Falls on my dying ear.
Oh, for a heart that loves me now,
Ere life's wild dream is o'er;
To carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

If it may not be—'neath Italia's sky
Oh let me gently sleep,
Where sparkling Tiber's yellow waves
To ocean's bosom sweep;
And there in slumbers soft I'll lie,
And dream forevermore,
That you've carried me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

[Selected for the Democrat.]

THE GAMES OF LIFE.

The little Miss at three years old,
Plays with Doll, and prattles;
But little Master, stout and bold,
Plays with drums and rattles.

The boy, detesting musty books,
Loves romping with the lasses;
And Miss, grown older, studies looks,
And plays with looking-glasses.

The jolly toper, fond of fun,
Plays with his friends at drinking;
The sportsman plays with dog and gun,
And wise men play at thinking.

The constable, skill'd in the trade,
Will play at "body-snatching;"
The tailor, with his legs cross-laid,
Oft takes a game at patching.

The beauty, full of haughty airs,
When young, plays at tormenting;
But wrinkled, turns to other cares,
All sports at last repenting.

Young Galen, apish in his looks,
With physic, plays at killing;
The lawyer, learned in his books,
Will play at pocket-filling.

Wretched, from self-created wo,
The miser's game is hoarding;
And when he meets his country's foe,
The sailor plays at boarding.

The alderman with bloated face,
A glutton plays at eating:
And such as long to have a place,
In Congress, play at treating.

With leger busied, merchants take
A game at calculation;
And ministers too often make,
A plaything of the nation.

With looks profound, aad thoughtful mind,
Projectors play at scheming;
'Till worn with care, at last they find
They've all along been dreaming.

The lover, and woful wan,
Plays day and night at fretting;
While laughing at the silly man,
His Delia sports co-quetting.

Cowards, while none but cowards nigh,
Are fond of gasconading,
And courtiers fawn, and cringe, and lie,
And play at masquerading.

The lounger plays at killing time,
The soldier plays at slaying;
The poet plays at making rhyme,
The Methodist at praying.

The player plays for wealth and fame,
And thus all play together;
'Till death at last disturbs the game,
And stops the play forever.

G. R. C.

Salisbury, July 26, 1849.

☞The sons of the poor die rich—while sons of the rich die poor. What encouragement to toil through life to acquire wealth to ruin our children! Better to make use of our money as we go along—educate our sons—secure their virtue by habits of industry and study, and let them take care of themselves.

THE FARMER'S HOME.

BY H. D. WHITE.

Oh, if there be one spot on earth,
Where cloudless bliss and joy have birth;
Where blighting sorrows seldom come,
And envy's bitter tongue is dumb—
That spot of peace and quiet mirth
Is found beside the farmer's hearth.

Thrice sacred spot! where friendship's light
In many a lovely eye is bright—
Where hearts and hands to kindness given,
Prepare an antepast to Heaven,
And consecrate an humble "cot"
With all that kings in vain have sought.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the Lady's Dollar Paper.

EASY JOE BRUCE.

BY H. H. WELD.

"Whew-ew-ew!" whistled Mr. Joseph Bruce, or perhaps we should rather say Joe Bruce, for as he was a noble, easy fellow, nobody thought of allowing him more than half his name, or of anything else which belonged to him: "I see by the paper that Hawk & Harpy have assigned.—I mean to have secured my debt yesterday!" He left his coffee half drank, stumbled over the threshold, and went almost in a run to the counting-room of Hawk & Harpy. One half of that speed on the day before would have saved his debt, as it was, he was just in season to put his name at the bottom of a dozen and a half preferred ones, to receive ten per cent. He went back to his unfinished breakfast with what appetite he might.

"Why did you neglect this so long, Mr. Bruce?" said his helpmate and comforter.

"I meant to have attended to it yesterday my dear."

"You meant! That is always your way Mr. Bruce. You carelessly neglect your business to the last moment, and then put yourself in a haste and heat for nothing, my dear."

"Really, Mrs. Bruce—"

And it was really Mrs. Bruce, for few of the feminine and none of the musculine gender, could have kept pace with her. Certainly, Easy Joe could not. The clatter of a cotton mill would not have been a circumstance to the din she raised—nay we doubt whether a philipic against one of those said mills, from the lungs of Benton Tonans, could have been heard above her voice. Easy Joe pulled a cigar out of his pocket, clapped his feet on the fender, and it almost seemed that the smoke rendered his ears impervious to the bleatings of that gentle lamb, his spouse, so placid was his countenance, as the vapor escaped in graceful volumes from his mouth. People over-shoot the mark sometimes—Mrs. Bruce did. Had she spared her oration, the morning's loss would have induced her husband to have been punctual to his business for one day at least. As it was, he took a sort of pride in neglecting it under her lecture.

"Breeze away, Mrs. Bruce."

"Breeze away, sir! Breeze away! I wish I could impart one little of my energy to you, Mr. Bruce—I—I—"

Bruce sprang to his feet, and crash! came the elegant mantle clock down upon the hearth.

"There, Mr. Bruce! That clock has stood there three months without a fastening, a single screw would have saved it, but—"

"Well, I meant—"

"You meant! Mr. Bruce, you meant won't pay the damage, nor Hawk & Harpy's note!—You meant, indeed!"

Bruce seized his hat and cloak. In a few minutes he was on 'Change. Nobody could read in his face any traces of the late matrimonial breeze, and nobody would have suspected from his countenance that Hawk & Harpy failed in his debt. Easy Joe Bruce.

"Well, Mr. Bruce, they've routed him."

"Who?"

"Our friend Check. Fingree was chosen president of the———Bank this morning. One vote would have stopped him."

"How lucky. I meant to have been present, to vote for Check, myself."

"Never mind Bruce," said another. "You are a lucky man. The news of the great fire at Speedville has just reached town by express, and I congratulate you that you were fully insured."

"Not a penny," said Bruce. "My policy expired last week, and I meant to have got it renewed this morning."

Joe posted home in no very happy humor.—When an easy man is fairly up, he is the most uneasy and unreasonable man in creation.

"Mrs. Bruce, by staying home to hear you scold, I have lost thousands. I meant to have got insured this morning—I did not. Speedville is burned down, and I am a beggar."

"Why did you not do it yesterday, Mr. Bruce?"

"I was thinking of Hawk & Harpy."

Thinking! Why did you not secure yourself?"

"I meant to, but—"

"But—use no but."

"You are in excellent spirits, Mrs. Bruce."

"Never in better."

"Vastly fine, madam. We are beggars."

Mrs. Bruce sat down, clapped her feet on the fender, after her husband's manner in the morning.

"We are beggars, madam," Bruce repeated.

"Very good, I will take my guitar and you shall shoulder the three children. We'll play under Mr. Hawk's window first, then under Mr. Harpy's, and then we will beg our way to Speedville to play to the ashes of what was once your factory—which you meant to have insured. I should like begging above all things."

"You abominable woman, I shall go mad."

"Don't, I beseech you Mr. Bruce. They put mad beggars in Bedlam."

Bruce sprang for the door. His wife intercepted him.

"Here, Joseph, is a paper I meant to have shown you this morning."

"A policy! And dated yesterday."

"Yes. You meant to get it renewed to-day. I meant it should be done yesterday; so I told your clerk, from you to do it. Am I not an abominable woman?"

"When I said so, I was in a pet. I meant—"

"No more of that, Joseph. Now tell me who is first on Hawk & Harpy's assignment."

"Your brother."

"His claim covers you both."

"You are an angel."

Easy Joe became an altered man, and his wife was released from her watch over his out door business. She died some years before him but we are half inclined to suspect, that after her death, Joe partially relaxed into his old habits—so true is it, that habit is a second nature.—Both were buried in the grave yard at Speedville, and our suspicions are founded on something like the following conversation, between the grave digger and his assistant:

"Where are we to dig Mr. Bruce's grave?"

"I don't know exactly. His will says next to his wife."

"Where was she laid?"

"That I don't know. Easy Joe always said he meant to place an obelisk over her, but it was never done."

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

Captain Stick and Toney.

A JUDGMENT FOR COSTS.

Old Captain Stick was a remarkable precise old gentleman, and a conscientiously just man. He was, too, very methodical in his habits, one of which was to keep an account in writing of the conduct of his servants, from day to day.—It was a sort of account current, and he settled by it every Saturday afternoon. No one dreaded the hebdominal balancings, more than Toney, the boy of all work, for the Captain was generally obliged to write a receipt for a considerable amount across the shoulders.

One settling afternoon, the Captain, accompanied by Toney, was "toddling" down to the old stable, with his little account book in one hand, and a small rope in the other. After they had reached the "bar of Justice," and Toney had been properly "strung up," the Captain proceeded to state his account as follows:

"Toney, Dr.

Sabbath, to not half blacking my boots, &c., five stripes.

Tuesday, to staying four hours at mill longer than necessary, ten stripes.

Wednesday, to not locking the hall door at night, five stripes.

Friday, to letting the horse go without water, five stripes.

Total, twenty-five stripes.

Toney, Cr.

"Monday, by first-rate day's work in the garden, ten stripes."

Balance due fifteen stripes."

The balance being thus struck the captain drew his cow-hide and remarked—"Now Toney, you black scamp, what say you, you lazy villain, why I shouldn't give you fifteen lashes across your back, as hard as I can draw?"

"Stop old Massa," said Toney, "dar's de work in the garden, sir—dat ought to tek off some."

"You black dog," said the Captain, "hav'nt I given you the proper credit of ten stripes, for that. Come, come!"

"Please old massa," said Toney, rolling his eyes about in agony of fright—"dar's—you forgot—dar's de sconrin' of de floor—old missus say e nebber scour as good before."

"Soho, you saucy rascal," quoth Capt. Stick, "you're bringing in more offsets, are you?—Well now, there!"—here the Captain made an entry upon his book—"you have a credit of five stripes, and the balance must be paid."

"Gor a mity, massa don't hit yet—dar's sumpen else—oh Lord! please don't—yes sir—got um now—ketchin' de white boy and fetchin' um to old missus, what throw rock at de young duck."

"That's a fact," said the Captain—"the outrageous young vagabon—that's a fact, and I'll give you a credit of ten stripes for it—I wish you had brought him to *me*—now we'll settle the balance."

"Bress de Lord, ole massa," said Toney, *dat's all.* Toney grinned extravagantly.

The Captain adjusted his spectacles, with great exactness, held the book close to his eyes, and ascertained that the fact was as stated by Toney. He was not a little irritated.

"You swear off the account, you infernal rascal—you swear off the account, do you?"

"All de credit is fair, ole massa," answered Toney.

"Yes but"—said the disappointed Captain—but—but—still the Captain was sorely puzzled how to give Toney a *few licks any how*—"but"—an idea popped into his head—*where's my costs*—you incorrigible, abominable scoundrel? You want to swindle me, do you, out of my costs, you black, disceitful rascal? And?" added Captain Stick, chuckling as well at his own ingenuity as the perfect justice of the sentence; "I enter judgment against you for costs—ten stripes"—and forthwith administered the stripes and satisfied the judgment.

"Ki nigger!" said Toney, "ki nigger! what dis judgmen for coss, old massa talk 'bout.—Done git off 'bout not blackin' de boot—git off 'bout stayin' long time at the mill—and ebery ting else—but dis judgmen for coss gim me de debbil—Bress God, nigger must keep out ob de ole stable, or I'll tell you what dat *judgmen for coss* make e back feel mighty warm, for true!"

NEWSPAPER SPONGERS.—There is some excuse for a pennyless loafer who stands at the counter of a doggery and sponges a glass of "red-eye" occasionally—but there is no excuse for a man worth his ten thousands to sponge the reading of a paper to save a half dime a week.

Love at a Watering Place.

At the sea bathing town of Schevening in Holland, the population is composed principally of fishermen, some of whom become very wealthy. The sea is generous to them, and fortune seems to have taken their village under her protection.

Last year, a young lord, whose finances were more shattered than his health, came to take seabaths at Schevening, not by order of his physicians, but to escape from his creditors, who pressed him rather too close in London. Here at Schevening he fixed his retreat, and in the idleness of bath life, he amused himself, *pour passer le temps*, in paying court to a young girl whose beauty was the talk of the country all around. The lady took the tender protestations of the young man seriously, and returned with a sincere affection the caprice which she was the object. The romance was about to be wound up by the departure of the young dandy and the abandonment of his victim, when the father of the young lady interfered. He was a retired fisherman of Schevening. One day the gentleman coming to make his customary visit, met, instead of her he was seeking, the father; who, without any preamble, said:

"I know what is going on, you love my daughter; very well, I give her to you, marry her."

At this strange proposition the young lord, notwithstanding his embarrassment, could not check a violent burst of laughter.

The Dutchman remained unmoved, and went on, after having shook the ashes from his pipe.

"I know that you are a gentleman, and this displeases me, because I do not like this kind of people. I know, too, that you have not a sous, but that is of little importance, I am comfortable, and can give my daughter a pretty little dowry."

At the words *pretty little dowry*, the young lord made one of the most disgraceful grimaces.

Such as you see me," resumed the unmoved Dutchman, "I own eight houses."

The young man cast an eye round the little room, as if to measure the extent and value of a Schevening house. The result of the investigation was translated by another glance as disdainful as the first.

The Dutchman still unmoved, went on, "Eight houses—two at Schevening, six at the Hague."

The disdainful grimace passed off as if by enchantment. The six houses at the Hague merited consideration.

"As many houses as ships," continued the father, "two fishing barks, and six merchant ships trading to the Indies."

An expression of astonishment mingled with respect was painted on the face of the Englishman.

"But take courage," continued the Dutchman, emptying and refilling his pipe, "I shall give my daughter neither houses nor ships, they will trouble you too much, neither will I give her my gardens at Harlem, nor my pasture lands near Utrecht, nor my Breda farms, no she shall have cash in hand, and I will pass to her name six hundred thousand florins I have, in the Bank of Amsterdam."

"Six hundred thousand florins," cried the young lord, "fifty thousand pounds sterling, twelve hundred thousand French francs!"

"Yes," replied the Dutchman, puffing out a cloud of smoke.

"Do you give this to your daughter, you a Schevening fisherman?"

"Oh," answered the Dutchman, "I have not made all this by fishing, I have carried on a little trading, a little piracy, a little negro dealing.—This last article wounds your liberal opinions, you Englishmen, the partisans of emancipation, I suppose."

"I," replied his Lordship, "I am a partisan of the florins."

"Very well, then you take my daughter.—When shall we have the wedding?"

"To-morrow, if possible," replied the lord, without the slightest hesitation.

A few days after this conversation the young Schevening girl became a marchioness and peeress of England, and the young lord regilded his escutcheon with the florins of the Dutch fisherman.—*Courier des Etats Unis.*

THE RIGHT SPRING.—A lady brought a child to a physician in Utica, to consult upon its precarious health. Among other things she enquired if he did not think the springs would be useful?

"Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he eyed the child and then took a pinch of snuff.—I haven't the least hesitation recommending the springs, and the sooner you apply the remedy the better!"

"You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, don't you?"

"Upon my word it is the best remedy I know of."

"What springs would you recommend, doctor!"

"Any will do, madam, where you can get plenty of *soap and water!*"

TO MAKE THE HAIR CURL.—At any time you may make your hair curl the more easily by rubbing it with the beaten yolk of an egg, washed off afterwards with clear water, and they putting on a little pomatum before you put up your curls; it is well always to go through this process when you change to curls, after having worn your hair plain.

☞When a person wishes to salute another in Thibit, he uncovers his head, put out his tongue and scratches his right ear.

Wit and Humor.

☞A blacksmith in the State of New York was summoned as a witness in court, between two of his workmen. The judge, after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not advise them to settle, as the cost had already amounted to three times the disputed sum, viz; seventy-five cents.

"He replied, "I to-t-o-ld the fo-f-ools to se-e-e-ttle; for I said, the co-o-onstable would take their coats, the lawyers their sh-ir-its, and if they got into your honor's court, you'd sk-sk-skin 'em!"

TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.—It was a dark and dismal night, the wind howled mournfully, the lightning shook its fiery tresses mournfully through the air, loud peals of thunder followed in quick succession, rain and hail fell from the clouds like gems from an ever-burning casket, and an awful sublimity pervaded all nature, when Eugene Summers, with his horrid purpose at heart, and the weapon of destruction firmly grasped in his hand, stole forth, like an assassin, to kill—BED BUGS!

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS AT HOME.—"My dear boy," said a kind-hearted country school mistress to an unusually promising scholar whose quarter was about up—"My dear boy, does your father design that you should thread the intricate and thorny path of the professions, the straight and narrow way of the ministry, or revel amid the flowery fields of literature?"—"No marm," replied the juvenile prodigy, "dad says he's going to set me to work in the tatur patch."

☞Miss Matilda Muggs has put a fresh shingle at her shop-door, in one of the western cities, with this announcement:

NOTICE.—I ar got sum nu artikels fur sail such as krackers, kandels, kauphy, kups and sausers, and meny other artikels to nummerous to mension, all celling cheap.

P. S.—Beens is bort here by the kwort or booshill.

☞"Husband, do you believe in special judgments of Providence upon individuals in this life?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Do you, indeed? Did one of the judgments ever happen to you?"

"Yes, my love."

"When was it, husband?"

"When I married you, my dear."

☞"Charles," said a father to his son, while they were working in a saw-mill. "What possesses you to associate with such girls as you do? When I was of your age, I could go with the first cut." "But," said Charles, "the first cut is always a slab—did you know that?"—"Help me to turn this log. Charles—quick."

ELIGIBLY LOCATED.—We clip the following from a western paper:—"To rent, a house on Mellow Avenue—located immediately alongside of a fine plum garden from which an abundant supply of the most delicious fruit may be stolen during the whole season. Rent low—and the greater part taken in plums."

RECIPE FOR SORT EYES.—A loving husband once waited on a physician, to request him to prescribe for his wife's eyes, which were very sore. "Let her wash them," said the doctor, "every morning, with a small glass of brandy." A few weeks after, the doctor chanced to meet the husband. "Well, my friend, has your wife followed my advice?" "She has done everything in her power to do it, doctor," said the spouse, "but she never could get the glass higher than her mouth."

☞"Do my ears deceive me?" said Augustus Fitzpop in a rapture, at the opera,—"can these be sounds of heaven, or do my ears deceive me?" "Your ears may deceive you," said old Roger, in a semi-audible voice, "but they don't deceive anybody else—they're the one true index we have of your character."

☞We were much amused a few days since, with hearing a little boy, upon whom his mother was inflicting personal chastisement, say—"Give me two or three licks more mother—I don't think I can behave well, yet."

☞A Texas editor gives the following as the most effectual and approved mode of killing fleas in that region:

"Place the animal on a pine board, and hedge him round with putty; then read him an account of all the railroad and steamboat accidents which have happened within the last twelve months; when he has become so frightened as not to be able to stir, draw out his teeth, and he will starve to death."

☞At a crowded lecture, the other evening, a young lady, standing at the door of the church, was addressed by an Hibernian who was in attendance on the occasion with "Indade, Miss, I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full!"

Q.—What lane do ladies like best to walk in?
A.—Mouslin de laine.
Q.—What lane do the ladies like best to walk out of?
A.—Maiden lane.

☞A Nantucket Yankee has been shipping a load of tombstones to California, all marked "Sacred to the memory of"—and "erected by his brother," &c! He sagaciously concluded that the demand for this article must increase.

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