TAKE NOTICE.
EBY forwarn' any person or persons
harboring my negro boy BILL BRAD
who ran away from me on the 30th day of
st. Those that disregard this notice will
e law put in full force against them, with
to persons.
HARRISON D. BARNETT.
18, 1849. 3w

TAKE NOTICE.
EBY forwarn all persons from hunting
nning on my farm near Cambridge, call
ly Point," or trespassing on it in any
crossing or otherwise, as I intend to pu
in full force against all such offenders
tend to pound cattle and other stock that
found trespassing on said premises.
JNO. E. STEVENS.
25, 1849. 3m

Removal.
ORATORY OF THOMSONIAN
BOTANIC MEDICINES.
I. LARRABEE, No. 20 South Calvert
, Baltimore, has removed his Labora-
his new building No. 24, and has always
the largest and most complete assort-
pure Botanic remedies in the United
repared 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
be had for in the U. S. Every article
e is warranted genuine—the public can
this.
al discount made to country merchants,
particularly requested to call and ex-
ality, &c. before purchasing.
rious Treatises, embracing the most
thors, upon the Thomsonian or Bo-
em of Medicine, may also be had at his
ment, by the quantity or single copy.
aug. 30, 1848—1y

cultural Impliments, &c.
ITMAN will offer for sale this sea-
the largest Stock of AGRICULTU-
LIMENTS AND SEEDS ever found
cultural Warehouse in the city of Bal-
nsisting in part of
itman's Premium Wrought Iron Rail-
e powers. Price of the Double Power,
gle ditto $75.
rious kinds of Sweep Horse-powers,
, Allen's, Kirkpatrick's and others,
to $120.
hitman's Improved Threshers. The
f this machine will last 100 years, in
se.—Price, $45 to $50. If the Straw
attached, $15 will be added: and if
resh and clean at one operation, price
non Threshers, as low as can be pur-
any part of the country.
6,000 PLOUGHS,
ng of every kind sold in Maryland,
and Massachusetts. The first Pre-
Ploughs in the Ploughing Match of
air, holden at Baltimore, last Novem-
looked upon as a matter of great im-
every one engaged in agriculture;
ade the contest a spirited one, and
ploughs from all parts of the country,
ch was the Wiley, Moor and Cham-
aryland Self-sharpener," and a host
The Committee, *after trial*, had no
in awarding the *first* premium to E.
Jr., for the work done with his Pouty
entre Draught Plough.
ivators, which also received the first
the State Fair and various other
ce, $4 to $6.
and cob crushers, which received the
um at the State Fair, and also at the
Maryland Institute, & at various other
ce $50.
eat Fans, of various kinds and pat-
g which is I. T. Grant's, which is now
s country and in Europe with great
l we consider it the best Fan in use.
$26 to $40.
itman's Premium Corn Shellers.—
$16, $30.
w Cutters, from $7 to $45.
ium churns, from $2,50 to $7.
Planters. One boy and horse with
will plant 10 acres per day. Price
Mills. These mills grind the ap-
lp, and are warranted to produce
and of better quality, than any other
$20 and $25.
ock of Wheat Drills; Hay Presses,
rs, and all kinds of Plough Castings,
les, Shovels, Hoes, Spades, &c.
E. WHITMAN, Jr.,
of Light & Pratt sts. Baltimore, Md.
, 1849. 1y

EST COUNTRY PAPER
SHED IN MARYLAND!
URTH YEAR OF THE
BRIDGE DEMOCRAT!
—Single subscriptions $2 a year—
vance. To Clubs: 6 copies (one
—12 copies for $10—20 copies for
e in advance. Any person sending
subscribers, shall receive one copy
gratis, for one year. Those who
scribe have only to enclose the a-
etter, aderessed to
WM. H. BOWDLE,
of the Cambridge (Md.) Democrat,
must be *post paid*.
IS TO ADVERTISERS.
EMENTS inserted at $1 per square
first insertions, and 25 cents for
ent insertion. (12 lines or less
e.) Where the number of insertions
ed on an advertisement, it will be
til forbid, & charged accordingly.
r, TEN DOLLARS per square; and lar-
roportion. Yearly advertisements
for within 3 months after first in-
In no case will the above TERMS
ROM.
RINTING OF ALL KINDS NEATLY
LY EXECUTED. TERMS CASH.

Cambridge Democrat.

VOL. 4.] DEVOTED TO DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, RELIGION, AMUSEMENTS, SCIENCE, POLITICS, AND ADVERTISING. [NO. 42.

WM. H. BOWDLE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. CAMBRIDGE, MD.----WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 5, 1849. TERMS: $2 per annum, or " 1 50 in advance,

Poetry.

[For the Democrat.]

Mr. Editor:—The following poem is not presented to the public, because of any poetical merit, but because of the peculiarity of the circumstances under which it was composed. It was written upon the wall, while lying in bed in a very high stage of fever, succeeding a severe ague, and its character was not known until the subsiding of the mental excitement. As it appeared on the wall, I transcribed it, and now give it to you. If you think it proper you can give it, with this observation to your readers.

—

THE MID-NIGHT SCENE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

The midnight hour had pass'd—the cloudless sky,
Arrayed in richest tapestry of blue—
Suspended, as it seemed, to each the poles;
While, in the o'er-head canopy, the stars,
Commanded by their great Director, seem'd
To watch earth's slumb'ring millions. All around
Was quietness, except the rivulet,
Which, sparkling in the moon's pale light, o'er fell
Their tiny cataract, and, smiling, onward leapt.
The wind seemed weary, and reposed beneath
The mountain shadow, or, far within their
Untracked solitudes did sleep.

Fatigued, I sat me on a cliff,
O'er hanging far a silver lake, which not
A ripple stirr'd. No eye that rolled within
The human socket saw me there; and yet
Strange beings crowded all around; and sounds—
Quick—shrill—slow—such as ne'er were heard before
By human ears, in whispering accents, fell
Upon my brain. The hum of moving spirits fil'd
The air: and then, a rust'ling, as
Of silken tresses, as if hosts, in haste,
On midnight wings did fly. I tried to speak—
But, ere my tongue obeyed, a conf'rence in
The air, 'mong some Invisibles, did bid
All heaven listen, and earth stand still and hear.
I sat and heard;
And with forebodings dread did tremble.
The word was given:
"All ready ?"—asked a deep unearthly voice.
"Ay ready !"
The hollow tones of him that spake, did seem
Sepulchral, and sent the blood throughout
My frame, all quiv'ring with excitement.
"Then bind !"
I felt, as death dew gather'd on my brow,
The cold and bony hands of beings bind
Me hand and feet.
Bound ! bound ! !
This answer, half suppressed, did chuckle in
The speaker's throat.
Away ! away ! !
Up leaping on a cloud, with lightning speed
Away we fled: suns, systems, worlds, were far
Below—until, upon the glittering
Hill-top of an unknown world we stood. Around,
The light'ning, leaping from its darkened throne,
The trembling thunder, breaking from its cell
Of dreadful strugglings, made the mountain burn,
And from its deep laid basis quake, as tho'
An hundred earth-quakes struggled in its breast
For freedom.
All around was fire! above beneath!
And it, communicating with the base
Below, ignited all! when, in a twink,
Up rushed a rock enormous the yielding
Centre through, which carried on its heated breast,
My broiling body, till in a whirlwind caught,
And, in a thousand atoms—scattered here
And there—I flew, and fell—mysterious—
And stood a skeleton, in the midst
Of skeletons aghast!
By one, as fleshless as
Myself, by hand was taken, through a dark,
Deep subteraneous cavern, where, ere this,
The human foot had never trod.
There millions lay:
And skulls, and bones, and reptiles—creatures all
Ill shapen lay—scattered and crawling.
I passed them by.
With sudden jirk was thrice turned round; when, lo!
The sound of rat'ling bones was heard. Then in
A slimy corner, lit by brimstone fire,
I saw them all stand up, and heard a new—
Drawn parchment read, while grating sounds
Of assert to its import chuckled in
Their throats.

It was of me they read.
A pall of deepest blackness was o'er head hung,
And curtains all around us drawn, alone
I stood. A giant skeleton approached,
With parchment writ in blood; and as he trod,
His bony feet did sound upon the pavement of
His cave. We were alone. With pen within
His fleshless fingers, nip'd and dip'd in blood,
To write the answers to his questions. "Friend!"
And, as he spoke, deep hollow sounds without,
Retorted "Friend!" "You're one of us! and this,
Your home!" Your business * * * * *
* * * * * Will you * * * * * *
* * * * * ?
"I will," said I.
"Amen !"
A thousand voices cried. "Then follow me."
A door of massive granite oped. Down—down
The winding staircase, built of human bones,
We trod: and sights—horrific sights—were seen
Unmentionable here. Appalled, I shook—
And groaned—and screamed, and opening my eyes,
I found it all a feverish Dream.

Miscellany.

[Written for the Democrat.]

UNCLE TIMOTHY AND THE WEDDING.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

It was on a bright summer day, in the year 18— that I started to see my oft-heard-of uncle, whom I had not seen for several years. I arrived at his house about sun-down, and saw uncle sitting in the door smoking away at his pipe, while the curling effusions told of the gratification this indulgence afforded him. As soon as the introductory formalities were over, I sat down to rest my fatigued body.

"Well," said uncle, "how's all at home?"

Thank you, uncle, said I, some of us are well; but father's got the gout—mother's got the ague and fever—sister Molly's afflicted with tooth ache, Job's child's dead, Sally's married, and Kate's engaged to a spruce looking young shoemaker, and expects soon to be a wife. After talking over matters and things in general and in particular, I expressed a wish to retire; and, without ceremony, I was ushered into a room, which, though uncle was a bachelor, was very comfortable and neat. The next day, while (in common parlance) the sun was setting, I observed uncle was in a deep study, and I naturally expected a rich flow of eloquent thoughts, as he often indulged in them. His eyes were rivited on the departing sun. And, at last, recovering from his reverie, he said,—"How beautiful and bright the sun looks! It's now that I has fully concluded that the sun goes down herself, and I don't b'leve that this mighty arth goes around, as the philos'phers says: why, if it did turn over, don't you see that we'd all turn heels over head, and the mighty ocean, when it got over our heads it would tumble down in a mighty torrent and drown'd us all together? She's gwaing down to light up to'ther part of creation." I expected something, but, I must confess, I did not look for such a philosophical current to carry away all my preconceived notions as to the matter upon which he spoke. I was about to reply, but our attention was attracted by a loud rap at the door.

Kate,—ho! Kate, said uncle to the servant, go to the front door and see who 'se thar.—Kate strutted to the door, upon opening which, she saw a thin, hump-back colored girl standing there, who said to Kate:—

"Is dis de res'dence of Mr. Ticklemickle?"

"Yes," replied kate. "You'll please gib dis to him," said the child of color, at the same time handing kate a piece of paper folded in letter form, and beautifully fringed like the girls' pocket handkerchiefs. Kate took the paper, carrying it carefully between her thumb and finger. She handed it to uncle. One side bore upon it conspicuously written:

"Timothy Ticklemickle, Esq.,
Present."

When it was given him he exclaimed,—"What on arth *is* this? A dun—a warrant? or what? I don't owe no man any money, except the blacksmith for shoeing old blind Bill, and my saddle critter."

He opened the letter and read as follows:

"Mr. T. S. C——'s and Lady's compliments to Mr. Timothy Ticklemickle, and requests the pleasure of his company, on Thursday, September 2nd, 18—, at 6 o'clock."

"L—— Monday, Aug. 22, 18—."

He was more puzzled now than before, for it was the first letter of that character he had ever received. "What on arth's gwaing on thar, I wonder?—any thing partic'lar? Though, I guess there is, or they'd not sent such a partic'lar invite to me."

Uncle could not get any one to tell him the meaning of the note, tho' he asked several persons who visited him. But after a while he suspected what it was—"Its apple-butter bilin," said he, and "I'm gwain, for I'll see—— he said not saying who—but added—"and I'll break the ice—I'll pop the question—for I known she'll be thar."

The day appointed for the visit arrived. Uncle Timothy abandoned his avocation about ten o'clock, so as to have sufficient time to prepare himself to appear to advantage.

"Kate," said he, "just jump up steps and fetch down my trowsers, coat, vest, and hat, and have 'em all ready for me by 2 o'clock. D' ye hear?"

"Yes, sir," said Kate; and away she flew "up steps," jumping two steps at a time, until one of her feet slipped, and the most prominent development of her physiogomy came in such severe contact with the steps, that it made the red evidence of insult and injury issue in a continued stream of harmless vengeance upon the insensible steps. She, however, held up her apron—went up and brought down the desired articles, and then went to work to stop the bleeding.—Now, she is snuffling up cold water and vinegar and salt. Now she is pouring water down her back—now soaking her feet in warm water—now holding cold keys to the back of her neck. At last she succeeded in stopping it. But, what a nose! But we must not make remarks about it—for it is a misfortune.

"Kate," cried uncle, "is Jim 'bout?—run and tell him to come to me—quick!"

Away sprang Kate, letting the clothes brush fall in the grease pot—treading on the cat's tail, the claws of which made her quickly jump, at which she knocked down uncle's best hat, and tripping her foot in the carpet, down she came on the crown of the unfortunate head-covering. Up she jumped, and in her haste, tore her dress nearly from body to skirt with the latch of the door. But affecting not to notice these mishaps, off she went, crying at the top of her voice:—

"Jim! ho! Jim! master wants you." Jim came slowly along, alternately whistling and singing some out-landish jig. Arriving at the door, he notified uncle of his presence, grinning beautifully all the while.

"Jim," said uncle, "jist jump up steps and get my boots and put on 'em a tip top polish—d' ye hear?—for I'm gwaing to some place partic'lar. Make 'em shine like black jugs jist dip'd in sparm ile—d' ye hear?

"Whar am dey?" asked Jim.

"Up steps in my ward-robe, wrapt up in my old silk 'kercher," cried uncle.

Jim threw down his old hat—took off his dirty shoes, and started "up steps" in search for the boots. In going to the place mentioned he saw them inveloped as specified. He unwrapped them, when a grin betokening sarcasm, sat upon his dark face. But I don't wonder at his grinning, for the boots, old and musty, looked as though they had been made by the first man that ever sat upon "the bench" to make soles out of leather. Jim brought down the boots, and began his rubbing on them, while applying the most distinguished blacking of the age, and soon they compared finely with the aforesaid articles undergoing the baptism of oil. By this time Kate had pinned up her frock, put down the carpet—picked up uncle's hat and pushed out the crown, and sent the cat limping from the room on three legs. Uncle Timothy being in the other room, he did not see the act of Kate and the cat. At last he brawled out:

"Kate is my clothes fixed?"

"Yes, sir," said the servant.

"Jim, is my boots black't?"

"Day is, sar," responded the jolly boy.

Uncle Timothy looked at the time, and saw that he had but a little while to prepare for the "apple-butter bilin'," as he thought it was to be. He therefore, in all haste, prepared. Soon everything was adjusted.

Now, I have said that my uncle was a bachelor, and in love with a certain lady whom he did not see proper to mention, and expected to see this lady at the gathering that night, and intended to make known the state of his mind towards her, should she be there. Well, he was a "bach"—but a very tidy one—as *all* are.—And he had a mind of his own. He could claim originality of notions—if in nothing else, at least in the adjustment of his attire; for he always said, that it was a scandle upon American character that they should follow the fantastic notions of the French, while in every other respect they considered France inferior to them. Or, if he could not claim originality, he was always too proud to confess that he was any man's disciple in dress. As to the truth of this fashion of uncle's you may judge when we shall have given you a description of him. Look at him; but mind you, keep the muscles of your face extended, or he will think that the novelty of his person and dress excites it, and then better for you had you never seen him. Of the fashion and apparent antiquity of his boots you have read.—His pants were made of common home spun linsey woolsey, which do not come within six inches of his foot, even when strapped up and down, to such a degree as not to allow him to sit down without endangering them at the knees, or at some other unmentionable part. His vest was made of the same article as his pants, and so short that between it and his pants his white could be seen, and in his haste he put it on wrong side out, which as he said, he did not "diskiver, tell he started for the bilin'." His coat was of French green invisible, and, no doubt, claim to be antique, for it looked as though his grandfather had been its wearer—which by the way, uncle acknowledged—"only" said he, "it has had a leetle cut off the eend." His ruffle bosom was laden with a magnificent brass pin, a precious relic of a departed friend. His collar was as stiff as shingles, and went up under his ears, and projected out to the corners of his mouth, while his head was prized up to such a degree by a beautiful black stock, that really I thought it would have raised his head from his shoulders. And then upon his head inclined gracefully to the left, a narrow brimmed and bell crowned hat, which answered the purpose of a valise as well as a hat. A beautiful pair of sandy whiskers graced his face, which, at this time considerally improved his appearance by one being longer than the other. Now, a little "toilette," and he is ready for the riset, and he was conscious that never before had he appeared so engaging. His 'kerchief was highly perfumed and placed in his pocket, leaving an end sticking out a few inches—and that the torn corner, too. After putting on a pair of woolen gloves, he got on a chair and pulled down a cane upon which he had been smoking herring for several years. Jumping down in a great "flurry" he cried:

"Jim, is my critter ready?"

"Yes, sar, it *am* ready," responded the amused boy, for he never saw his master look fantastically nice before in all his life. But mercy, what a horse!—and that to go courting with, too. The calves have eaten half his tail off—blind in one eye and can scarce see out of the other—and a piece of rope for a bridle! and poor—why, one would think that he was fed on oyster-shells or pounded brick bats, for oats and chops. A real second John Gilpin, was uncle when he mounted his ready nag—for he got frightened at something which he heard but could not see, and off he sprang and ran as though a multitude of red imps were in full chase. And what laughing! one especially, a fat man standing near the road. He laughed—

"—— He broke into a roar;
His waistband almost split;
I thought he'd burst his buttons off,
And tumble in a fit."

But after a mile-heat he calmed down the fire of his half-frightened-to-death horse. Nothing else of impartance transpired on the way, except the thoughts of uncle. He was thinking of the best way to speak about his feelings—how he must look, and how he must walk, and how he must act, and he figured it all out in his mind to his entire satisfaction.

He arrived at the place of invitation about fifteen minutes after five. One or two horses and carriages, and gentlemen were standing there; and uncle, being recognized by the master of cerimonies, was introduced to the gentlemen.—After a little, several more gentlemen and ladies came, and uncle was exceedingly anxious to see the one whom he determined to marry if he could—but he did not see her. And he appeared to be the centre of attraction. Every body staired at him; whichever way he might turn his optics he saw dozens looking at him. He thought (my vain uncle) that something must have been said of him by which he was considerably elevated in the estimation of the company. And cherishing the idea of them thinking him a great man, he acted accordingly. He inclined his hat more—stroked down his whiskers frequently—pulled out his handkerchief farther—stood straighter—walked gayer—& "hem'd!" louder, and oftener, and spoke in a more commanding and consequential tone of voice. They were all invited in the house, and uncle was the first to obey. But unfortunately, as he was going, he caught his foot in the carpet at the door-cill and stumbled, and burst his breeches—behind!—and his hat flew half way across the floor. Fortunately for my uncle there were no ladies in the room at this time.

He picked up his hat and walked to the nearest seat, holding it in his hand at a loss to know what to do with it. He was relieved, however, at the request of a servant to put them away.

After a while a lady made her appearance, and the master of ceremonies arose and said, "Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of making you acquainted with Miss Sheckletoe;" at which uncle Tim started in a fast walk over the floor to get hold of the lady's hand, thinking that a mere bow was not sufficient; and in doing so, he kicked over the spit-box, and knocked a tumbler from the waiter which was being carried to one of the guests; and then instead of grasping the lady's hand, he caught hold of her wrist. Unfortunate man, his nerves were so much effected by this feat that he stood some seconds holding the lady's wrist not able to speak a word, while some of the company had to bite their lips to keep from laughing out-right at the appearance of his posterior aspect, for the skirt of his coat accidentally was thrown on one side. But he was mercifully relieved by the lady herself asking him to be seated. He placed his chair close by her, and soon after general conversation engaged the attention of the company. After talking for a while the lady said:—

"Is the clergyman arrived yet Mr. Tic"—she forgot the other part of his name, though she had heard it several times. But he relieved her by answering very promptly—"I don't know marm—but I reckon so." "Mercy," ejaculated uncle to himself—what does they want with a minister at an apple-butter bilin'?" "But, however, if *she* comes, and I can get her to say so, we'll do things up this very night."

"It's most time, said the lady, for they were to be married at half past six—and it's most that now." Uncle looked a little queer at this announcement, but did not betray his ignorance, but recollecting himself he replied;—"My invite (meaning the note) told me to be here at six, but it did 'nt say when they was to be married."—"A weddin'!"—said uncle to himself—"a weddin'!—I thought it were a apple-butter bilin'." He was ashamed to ask who it was, that were going to be married that night, but professed to know all about it. Uncle Tim knew that the gentleman of the house was the uncle of the lady wished to see, and he thought, of course, she would be there, and therefore, asked the lady:

"Has Miss Bottletax arriv?"

"Oh, yes," replied she, "she has been here all the afternoon."

"Good!" said uncle, to himself, "I shall see her soon."

After a little the clergyman entered—the bridal party appeared—the company arose. Silence lifted her sceptre, and nothing was heard but the voice of the clergyman, and the answers of the betrothed parties. Uncle looked—he stared—he thought he knew her. It *is* her—said he silently—no it aint—yes—no—I'm deceived.—Nor could he conclude who it was until the minister asked—*Polly Bottletax* will you have this man to be—"*Yes it is her.*" Uncle heard no more. His heart fluttered—his head swam—his limbs trembled, and during the performance of the marriage rites, he fainted and fell to the floor, for this is the very lady he intended to ask that night to become his. They did the best they could with him during the ceremony, and afterwards was removed to bed, and attended by several old grandmothers. He soon improved; and on opening his eyes, he said "She's gone—she's gone." But no one could understand what he meant. But the fountain was unsealed, and the gush of feelings drew forth the sympathy of his kind attendents. He gave vent to the deep—deep anguish of his widowed heart in the thrillingly mournful lines of a northern poet:—

"I never loved a charming critter,
But some body else was shure to git her."

It was too much for him. He fell back again, and in the hours of unconsciousness talked of disappointed hopes, and a life of miserable singleness, until the sods should rest o'er his stilled bosom. From that hour uncle became melancholy—he fell away, and in a short time after, his friend carried him to his grave in sorrow.

Cambridge, Aug. 1849.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Rund away or sdolen, or was sdrayed, mine large plack horse, apout fourteen, oder fifteen hands six inches hie—he has been got four plack legs—two pehint and two pefore, and he ish plack all over his pody, but has been got some vite spots pon his pack, when de skin vas rub off, but I greesed em, and now de vite spots is all plack again. He trods and kanters, and paces, and sometimes he valks, and ven he valks all his legs and feet goes on, von after anoder—he has two ears pon his head both alike, but von ish placker dan toder; he has two eyes, von ish put out, and toder ish pon de side of his head, and ven you go toder side he vont see you, ven he eats a good deal he has a pig pelly, and he has a long dail vat hangs down behind, but I cut it short toder day; and now it ish not so long vat it vas, he ish shod all round, but his pehind shoes comed off, and now he ish only got dose pefore, he holts up his head, and looks gaily, and ven he ish friten he joomps about like ebery ting in de vorld; he will ride mit a saddle, or a chare, or a cart, or he will go py himself mitout nobody but a pag on his pack vid a poy on it; he ish now very old, and his head ven he valks or runs, goes pefore, and his tails stays pehint, only ven he durns round and gets mat, and den his tail sometimes comes first. Whoever will pring him pack, shalt pay five tollars reward, and if he prings pack de tief vat stole em, he shalt pay pesides twenty tollars, and ax no questions.

Stauken Fondrelende.

"I Wish I Were a Married Man."—The following was found among the posthumous papers of an elderly single gentleman, supposed to have died of ossification of the heart. The world is as apt to mistake the true characters of bachelors as physicians are the diseases of their patients.

"I wish I were a married man,
And had a little baby,
I'd buy a little wagon cart,
And draw it round some, may be."

Turkey Buzzards. They say that Louis Napoleon, while in this country, brought down a turkey buzzard, while on a shooting excursion, and was mighty proud of his luck, till the nature of his conquest was explained. We have a foreboding that his luck in politics, notwithstanding present appearances, will finally turn out just as ignobly.

Something New.—The millenium is surely at hand. The editor of a country Whig paper was last week taken sick, and called on his rival, the editor of the Democratic paper in the same village, to get out his paper for him, and a right sprightly number he made of it—decidedly the best of the season, and all whig at that.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_65-0081.jpg