TAKE NOTICE.

forwarn all persons from hunting
g on my farm near Cambridge, call-
Point," or trespassing on it in any
ssing or otherwise, as I intend to put
ull force against all such offenders.
d to pound cattle and other stock that
nd trespassing on said premises.
JNO. E. STEVENS.
1849. 3m

W. S. HOPKINS.
REM & HOPKINS,
TAILORS, & WHOLESALE DEALERS
ths, Cassimeres, Vestings and
Tailors' Trimmings.
lltimore st., N.W. Corner of Charles,
BALTIMORE.
assortment of READY MADE
THING, of superior quality.
ONE PRICE ONLY.
oms up stairs—Entrance, south end
on Charles street.
28, 1849. 1y

er Fashions for 1849.
DEN. JAS. B. MILLS.
DDEN & MILLS,
just received the Summer Fash-
or 1849, would respectfully in-
friends and the public generally,
prepared to *cut* and *make* all gar-
r line, in the most fashionable, and
rkmanship of the age. Therefore
rmination to spare no pains, either
accommodate, they respectfully
eral share of the peoples patronage.
shop can be found in the house at
pied by Mr. Jno. T. Wilson, three
the Hotel of Mr. John Bradshaw
E--March 21st, 1849.——tf

THE MOST EXTENSIVE
irt Establishment
E UNITED STATES IS AT
Baltimore St., near Light,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
persons are employed, and a stock
dozen Shirts always on hand.
NTS AND OTHERS visiting Bal-
e invited to call and examine the
est stock of SHIRTS that has
ffered, consisting of all sizes and
MEN AND BOYS, which for style
nship cannot be surpassed. More
orts have been made to render the
omplete and desirable in every res-
49.—y T. W. BETTON.

and Summer Fashions,
Just Received.
rsigned most respectfully informs
s and patrons, that he still con-
uct the Tailoring Business
nd on main street, nearly opposite
P. HOOPER esq.
for past favours, he hopes by punc-
rict attention to business to merit
of the same.
himself that his long and unrival-
e in his profession, will enable
lt the taste of his patrons in re-
style of their garments, avoiding
fashion when they desire it, as he
that there are many who wish, that
they may not attract attention by
n the heighth of fashion, nor yet
d it.
igned deems it hardly necessary
is friends and the public, that the
ence may be had in the accuracy
periority in manufacture in his
also inform them that he has re-
ices; having determined to manu-
ents on the following terms for
ctual customers on short credit.
ck coats $5.00, pants and vests
25, sack coats from $2 to 3.50, and
ments in his line in the same pro-
A. WASHINGTON HINES.
9—6m East New Market.

BINET MAKING.
iber being thankful for past fa-
ectfully solicits a continuance of
still continues to carry on the a-
at his old stand just below the
, where he is always ready to
Sideboards, Bureaus, Bedsteads,
, Wash-stands, Wardrobes, &c.,
r with all kinds of Furniture.
COFFIN MAKING.
ke of the best materials, Mahog-
inge-led, lined and wadded) for
o. $15; Walnut do. $9; Poplar
on flat top pine do. $3; Chil-
proportion. He will send a
any part of the county. Wheat
order, or repaired on accommoda-
be done cheap for *Cash*, or coun-
WM. WHERRETT,
49.—6m Cambridge, Md.

THE
IDGE DEMOCRAT.
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.
LLIAM H. BOWDLE,
R AND PROPRIETOR.
S OF SUBSCRIPTION.
f paid in two months, $1 50
not paid in two months, 2 00
be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.
ENTS inserted at $1 per square for first insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. (12 lines or less) Where the number of insertions not specified on an advertisement, it will be forbid, & charged accordingly.
TEN DOLLARS per square; and larger portion. Yearly advertisements within 3 months after first insertion, no case will the above TERMS DEPARTED FROM.
NTING OF ALL KINDS NEATLY EXECUTED. TERMS CASH.

Cambridge Democrat.

VOL. 4.] DEVOTED TO DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, RELIGION, AMUSEMENTS, SCIENCE, POLITICS, AND ADVERTISING. [NO. 50

WM. H. BOWDLE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. | CAMBRIDGE, MD.---WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 31, 1849. | TERMS: $2 per annum, " 1 50 in advan

Poetry.

THE MOTHERLESS.

God help and shield the motherless,
The stricken, bleeding dove—
For whom there gushes no rich fount
Of deep and deathless love!
The saddest title grief confers—
For who so lone as they,
Upon whose path a mother's love
Sheds not its holy ray!

No gentle form above them bends
To soothe the couch of pain—
No voice so fond as her's essays
To calm the feverish brain.
Oh, other tongues may whisper love,
In accents soft and mild;
But none on earth so pure as that
A mother bears her child!

Judge kindly of the motherless—
A weary lot is theirs,
And oft the heart the gayest seems,
A load of sorrow bears.
No faithful voice directs their steps,
Or bids them onward press,
"And if they gang a kennin' wrang,"
God help the motherless!

And when the sinful and the frail,
The tempted and the tried,
Unspotted one! shall cross thy path,
Oh, spurn them not aside.
Thou knowst not what thou hadst been
With trials even less—
And when thy lips would vent reproach,
Think, *they were motherless!*

A blessing on the motherless,
Where'er they dwell on earth,
Within the home of childhood,
Or at the stranger's hearth!
Blue be the sky above their heads,
And bright be the sun within,
O God protect the motherless,
And keep them free from sin!

OCTOBER.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The Summer's melancholy bier.
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice—
When earth was lovely to my gaze!
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,
Where are there living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature and behold
My life's dim emblem rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground:
And, sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightsome moment shone,
They came in zephyrs from the West,
They bore the wood-larik's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;
Though Summer fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But, changed and strengthened now, they beat
In storm, or mountain, glen, and glade.

How like those transports of the breast
When life is fresh and joy is new,
Soft as the halcyon downy's nest,
And transient all as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath,
Which Hope about her forehead twines,
'Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe,
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas! for Time, and Death, and Care,
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like cloud's in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial-pageant of the Spring:
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness side by side!

Miscellany.

THE MAIDEN'S CONFESSION.

It was twilight. A solemn stillness reigned in the old and venerable church. A very young maiden of slender form and graceful gait, in a simple though becoming dress of white, approached in sadness the confessional. The measured tread of the delicate feet were scarcely audible. Her flaxen hair hung upon her snow white neck in natural ringlets, her beauteous eyes, moistened with tears of penitence, bespoke her sorrow, and the bloom of her cheek, rivalling the delicate tinge of the budding rose, proclaimed her diffidence. That lovely girl drew near an old and pious priest, who sat in readiness to hear confession, and absolve her from her sins. She kneeled before him, and offered up her prayers with a trembling voice and penitential fervency. The priest encouraged her, but her heart heaved with grief, she buried her face in her hands, and tears coursed through her fingers.

"Poor child," spoke the pious old man. "I will question thee. Hast thou read improper books?"

"Ah no, most reverend father."

"Hast thou offended thy father or mother?"

"O, no, more than that dear father."

"Hast thou invoked Satan?"

"Ah, no!"

"Hast thou at some time laughed during mass?"

The priest was here silent for a moment. He appeared as distressed as the little sinner. His latin was at an end, and he knew not what other question to propound to her. He was desirous of eliciting from her, without causing her too much pain, the sins she committed. But, thought he perhaps she had been affecting love for some one whom she had just discarded; at any rate I must devise some questions, which will induce her to divulge her grevious sins. While he was thus reflecting the maiden spoke again

"I will confess, most reverend father—give me strength to do it? I pray you to exercise forbearance. It was the first time, and I little thought I should have to suffer so for it. Ah, the wicked one tempted me? But he was so beautiful!

The priest shuddered.

"He appeared so good, and he flattered me so."

"Ah!" sighed the priest.

"He loved me so," continued the maiden.

The priest drew his eyebrows together.

"He followed me at all times, and wherever I went."

"Precisely as I surmised," murmured the priest; but the maiden did not hear him, and continued—

"He came one evening into my chamber."

"O MY——!" again murmured the holy man.

"I did not observe him immediately—this I can solemnly vow—and I closed the door."

"And is this all!" tremblingly inquired the priest, after a pause.

"Ah, no, holy father," rejoined the weeping girl.

"Now comes my first transgression in this crime."

"Confess all—confess all," said the priest, as he crossed himself.

"He was more friendly than ever—ah, he was so droll and loving—then it was the wicked one visited, and I, yielded to the temptation."

"Alas my daughter!" said the priest, "has not your mother warned you against such danger."

"No, most holy father. Mother has not forbidden me to love and keep the cats."

"What! the cats!"

"Yes, holy father, it was a beantiful white cat which I was so wicked as to steal from our next neighbor, who is now hunting for it everywhere."

"In nomine patris, file et spiritus sapeiente absolvo!" exclaimed the relieved priest, with a long and deep drawn breath.

THE DEAD SEA.

Lieut. Lynch thus sums up his labors on the Dead Sea: "Mid the relative density of the water of this sea and of the Atlantic—the latter from 25 degrees north latitude and 52 degrees west longitude, distilled water being as one. The water of the Atlantic was 1 02, and of the sea 1.13. The last dissolved one-eleventh, the water of the Atlantic one-sixth, and distilled water five-seventeenths of its weight of salt. The salt used was a little damp. On leaving the Jordan, we carefully noted the draught of the boats. With the same loads, they drew one inch less water when afloat upon this sea than in the river. * * * * * *

"The bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one, the last averaging *thirteen*, the former *thirteen hundred* feet below the surface, through the northern and largest and deepest one, in a line corresponding with the bed of the Jordan, is a ravine which again seems to correspond with the Wady El Jeib, or ravine within a ravine, at the south end of the sea. Between the Jabok and this sea, we unexpectedly found a sudden break—down in the bed of Jordan. If there be a similar break in the water courses to the south of the sea, accompanied with like volcanic characters, there can be a doubt that the whole Ghor has sunk from some extroardinary convulsion, preceded most probably by an eruption of fire and a generel conflagration of the bitumen, which abounded in the plain. I shall ever regret that we were not authorized to explore the southern Ghor to the Red Sea. All our observations have impressed me forcibly with the conviction that the mountains are older than the sea. * * * Upon ourselves, the result is a decided one.—We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was skeptical, and another, I think, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the truth of the conviction of the scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain." p. 337. * * * "Everything said in the Bible about the sea and the Jordan, we believe to be fully verified by our observations." p. 318.

PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.

"Mother," asked a six foot gawkey, after two hours of brown study, "what did you and dad used to do when he come a courtin' you?"

"Good airth and seas! what *deu* you mean, Jedekiah?"

"Why, I went a cortin' last Sunday night—I went to Deacon Doolittle's to see Peggy, and she told me I didn't know how to court. I axt her to show me how and says she "ax your marm." So now I want to know what you and father did."

"La, suz! Why, Jed, we used to sit by the fire, and eat roast turkeys and mince pies, and drink cider, and watch the crickets runnin round the harth."

"Good gracious! times aint as they used to was, mother, that's sartin. I was all slicked up to kill, and looked teaain' scrumpshus, and the only thing Peggy gin me was a raw cold pickle!"

Maryland Legislature.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE.

The following list of the names of the members elect to the Senate and House of Delegates of Maryland, has been prepared for the Baltimore Clipper, from the most authentic and reliable sources, and will, we think, be found entirely correct:

SENATE.

Whole number, 21—Whigs, 14; Dems. 5; Vacancies, 2.

County.	*Senator.*	*Term Expires.*
Allegany county	Daniel Blocher, dem.	1852
Washington	W. B. Clarke, whig,	1852
Frederick	D. W. Naill, whig,	1850
Montgomery	W. L. Gaither, whig,	1854
Carroll	W. Roberts, whig,	1850
Harford	James Moores, whig,	1850
Baltimore county	W. M. Caiey, dem.	1852
Baltimore city	C. M. Keyser, whig,	1852
Prince George's	John D. Bowling whig,	1854
Anne Arundel	Ed. Hammond Dem.*	1854
Calvert	Daniel Kent, dem.	1854
Charles	John Matthews, dem,	1854
St. Mary's	J. T. Blakistone, whig,	1850
Cecil	H. McCullough, dem.	1852
Kent	W. S. Constable, whig,	1850
Queen Anne's	Mathias George, whig,	1852
Caroline	Thomas Turner, dem.†	1854
Talbot	S. Hambleton, jr., whig,	1850
Dorchester	F. P. Phelps, whig,	1850
Somerset	John H. Done, whig,	1854
Worcester	P. Whaley, dem.	1852

*Elected to Congress, } New elections will be
†Deceased, } held

HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

Whole Number of Members, 82—Whigs, 47; Democrats, 35. The latter are designated by a (*) star. Only 11 of those elected were members of the last House, and a large majority are members for the first time. The names are placed in the list as they stand on the poll books.

ST. MARY'S.
George C. Morgan, | Benjamin G. Harris.*
Edward J. Plowden,

CHARLES.
Richard T. Merrick, | James D. Carpinter.
George Gardiner,

CALVERT.
J. S. Dixon, | George W. Weems.
George W. Dowell,

PRINCE GEORGE'S.
Thomas I. Marshall, | Joseph J. Duvall,
Daniel C. Digges, | Oden Bowie.*

ANNE ARUNDEL.
Thomas Burgess, | John M. S. Causin,
John Cook, | Adam C. Warner.*
James Kent,

MONTGOMERY.
Washington Bonifant, | Stephen N. C. White,
William T. Glaze, | Alexander Kilgour.

CARROLL.
George Motter,* | Samuel A. Lauver,*
Elias Brown,* | Lewis Trumbo.

FREDERICK.
Thomas H. O'Neal,* | Jacob Root,
William P. Anderson,* | Daniel S Biser.*
Benj. A. Cunnington,

WASHINGTON.
Elias Davis, | Andrew K. Stake,
Jacob Smith,* | Jeremiah S. Besore.*
Elie Crampton,

ALLEGANY.
J. Sands Fell,* | Jacob Reel,*
George B. M. Price,* | George W. Kildow.*

BALTIMORE CITY.
John Marshall,* | Oliver F. Hack,*
Charles J. W. Gwinn,* | Sidnor S. Donaldson.*
Charles S. Spence,*

BALTIMORE COUNTY.
Joseph Walker,* | Oliver P. Macgill,*
Joshua Hutchins,* | Samuel Worthington,*
Thomas I. Welsh,*

HARFORD.
Henry D. Fernandis, | Abraham Cole,
Hugh C. Whiteford, | John Hawkins.

CECIL.
Milton Y. Kidd,* | Richard J. Foard,*
Noble Biddle,* | Richard L. Thomas.*

KENT.
William F. Smyth, | Samuel W. Spencer.
Thomas Baker,

QUEEN ANNE'S.
Lloyd Tilghman, | Charles E. Skinner.
James Tempel,

TALBOT.
Edward Lloyd, Jr.,* | William S. Denny.*
I. C. W. Powell.*

CAROLINE.
Alexander Ridgaway, | Willis Charles.
Edgar Plummer,*

SOMERSET.
Thos. W. Perry Rider, | Joshua S. H. Trader,
Benjamin Lankford, | John Fleming.*

DORCHESTER.
Jacob Wilson, | William W. Mace,
Daniel M. Henry, | Washington A. Smith.

WORCESTER.
James F. Bravard, | William J. Aydelotte,
William J. Leonard, | John R. Franklin.

THE BEST WIVES.

Daughters intelligent,
Gentle and dutiful,
Make the best wives,
And the most beautiful.

Time from the maiden's cheek,
Youth's rose will sever,
But the mind's excellence
Lasteth for ever.

☞Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he wants. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

PIGEON DUMPLINGS OR PUDDINGS.—Take six pigeons and stuff them with chopped oysters, seasoned with pepper, salt, mace, and nutmeg.—Score the breasts, and loosen all the joints with a sharp knife, as if you were agoing to carve them for eating; but do not cut them quite apart—Make a sufficient quantity of nice suet paste, allowing a pound of suet to two pounds of flour; roll it out thick, and divide it into four. Lay one pigeon on each sheet of the paste with the back downwards, and put at the lower part of the breast a piece of butter rolled in flour.—Close the paste over the pigeon in the form of a dumpling or small pudding; pouring in at the lest a very little cold water to add to the gravy. Tie each dumpling in a cloth, put them into a pot of hot water, and boil them two hours.—Send them to table with made gravy in a boat.

Partridges or quails may be cooked in this manner; also chickens, which must be accompanied by egg sauce.

These dumplings or puddings will be found very good.

PLAIN SUET DUMPLINGS.—Sift two pounds of flour in a pan, and add a salt-spoon of salt.—Mince very fine one pound of beef suet, and rub it into the flour. Make it into a stiff dough with a little cold water. Then roll it out an inch thick or rather more. Cut into dumplings with the edge of a tumbler. Put them into a pot of boiling water, and let them boil and hour and a half. Send them to table hot, to eat with boiled loin of mutton, or with molasses after the meat is removed.

INDIAN DUMPLINGS.—Take a pint of milk, and four eggs well beaten. Stir them together, and add a salt-spoon of salt. Then mix in as much sifted Indian meal as will make a stiff dough. Flour your hands; divide the dough into equal portions, and make it into balls about the size of a goose egg. Flatted each with the rolling-pin, tie them in cloths, and put them into a pot of boiling water. They will boil in a short time. Take care not to let them go to pieces by keeping them too long in the pot.

Serve them up hot, and eat them with corned pork, or with bacon. Or you may eat them with molasses and butter after the meat is removed.

If to be eaten without meat, you may mix in the dough a quarter of a pound of finely chopped suet.

LIVER DUMPLINGS.—Take calf's liver and chop it very fine. Mix with it half a pound of beef suet chopped fine also; half a pound of flour—two minced onions—a handful of bread crumbs—a table-spoonful of chopped parsley and sweet majoram mixed—a few blades of mace and a few cloves powdered—and a little pepper and salt. Mix all well together. Wet the mixture with six eggs well beaten, and make it up into dumplings, with your hands well floured.—Have ready a large pot of boiling water. Drop the dumplings into it with a ladle, and let them boil an hour. Have ready bread-crumbs browned in butter to pour over them before they go to the table.

HAM DUMPLINGS.—Chop some cold ham, the fat and lean in equal proportions. Season it with pepper and minced sage. Make a crust, allowing half a pound of chopped suet, or half a pound of butter to a pound of flour. Roll it out thick, and divide it into equal portions.—Put some minced ham into each and close up the crust. Have ready a pot of boiling water, and put in the dumplings. Boil them about three quarters of an hour.

NEVER-YIELDING CEMENT.—Calcine oyster-shells, pound them, sift them, through a silk sieve, and grind them on porphyry till they are reduced to the finest powder. Then take the whites of several eggs, according to the quantity of the powder; and having mixed them with the powder, form the whole into a kind of paste. With this paste join the pieces of china, or glass, and press them together for seven or eight minutes. This cement will stand both heat and water, and will never give way, even if the article should, by accident, fall to the ground.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM PRINTS.—Paste a piece of paper to a very smooth, clear table, that the boiling water used in the operation may not acquire a color which might lesson its success. Spread out the print you wish to clean upon the table, and sprinkle it with boiling water; taking care to moisten it throughout by very carefully applying a very fine sponge. After you have repeated this process five or six times, you will observe the stains or spots extend themselves; but this is only a proof that the dirt begins to be dissolved.

After this preparation, lay the print smoothly and carefully into a copper or wooden vessel, larger than the size of the print. Then cover it with a boiling ley of potash, taking care to keep it hot as long as possible. After the whole is cooled, strain off the liquor, take out the print with care, spread it on a stretched cord, and when half dry, press, it between leaves of white paper to prevent wrinkles.

By this process, spots and stains of any kind will be effectually removed.

TO SO FILL A GLASS WITH WATER, THAT IT CANNOT BE REMOVED WITHOUT SPILLING THE WHOLE.—This is a mere trick, but may afford some amusement. You offer to bet any person that you will so fill a glass with water that he shall not move it off the table without spilling the whole contents. You then fill the glass, and, laying a piece of paper or thin card over the top, you dexterously turn the glass upside down on the table, and then drawing away the paper, you leave the water in the glass, without a drop running upwards. It will therefore be impossible to remove the glass from the table without spilling every drop.

VIRTUE.

GEORGE HERBERT—1630.

"Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright,
The *bridal of the earth and sky*;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in his grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Still chiefly lives.

WHAT MAKES MEN FAT.

A commercial philosopher thus explains the why and the wherefore of fatness in men:—"Have our readers, who ought to be all students of character, ever observed how soon after elevation to a county Judgeship, or member of Congress, their neighbor, who was before lean and care-worn, begins to grow fat? to assume a sleekness of look, and a comfortable portliness of person? Has it ever occurred to you the cause of this pleasing change? We can tell you: it arises from an assured position in worldly circumstances, and the good opinion of man, and the repose of mind therefrom resulting, which always aid health and digestion, and restore and impart color to the faded cheek. Here is motive sufficient and honest for every man to strive fairly and faithfully to secure character and competency. There is no physician in this world (next to a good conscience) like a well filled purse; and you cannot fail to notice that among the heartiest and healthiest looking of our population are merchants well-to-do in their affairs. Men who can pay a hundred cents on the dollar any day they are called on, are always bright of eye and rosy in the gills."

WASHING CLOTHS.—Mrs. Swisshelm gives the following directions how to wash clothes much soiled by field out-door work, especially when they are much saturated with perspiration:

If you would take a pound of washing soda, half a teacupful of spirits of turpentine, and as much spirits of wine, with a quart of water and a gallon of soft soap, or two pounds of hard soap—put them on the fire and boil a few minutes, then put the mixture away for use; and the evening before wash-day, put your white clothes into cold water, with enough of this mixture to make suds, and let them stand all night; you will find your clothes very easy to wash. A little of this stuff thrown into the boiler makes them white and clear, and if you rinse them well does, does not injure the clothes."

VIRTUE.

We copy the following brief but beautiful passage from the Albany Citizen. "The creations of the sculptor may mould into dust; the wealth of the bard may wither—thrones of conqerers may be shivered by an opposition power into atoms; the fame of the warrior may no longer be hymned by the recording minstrel; the hope may be disappointed, but that which hallows the cottage and sheds a glory around the palace—*virtue* shall never decay. It is celebrated by the angels of God—it is written on the pillars of heaven, and reflected down to earth."

DID YOU EVER?—Did you ever want to borrow money of a friend, who had not "just at that moment lent all he had" to somebody else?

Did you ever pass five minutes with a representative in the Legislatnre, without his aching to let you know that he filled that office?

Did you ever see a preacher who thought he "had a call" from a high salary to a low one?

Did you ever see a man who expected not to become a christian before death?

Did you ever see a man who in accepting office was not actuated solely by a desire to serve his country?—*Yankee Blade.*

☞A Western editor thus notices a little event which transpired in his family on the 4th of July last: "Private and confidential. Joy to the world! Sound the hewgag!—the event happened on the glorious *birth-day* of American independence! It will add new lustre to the 4th of July in after ages!! It is an uncommon noun!!! singular number!!!! masculine gender!!!!! And it shall be called George Washington Jefferson Jackson Hancock Tom Benton Martin Van Buren Quincy Adams Benjamin Franklin Fourth of July Jenks, so it shall."

☞If a girl has pretty teeth, she laughs often, if she's got a pretty foot she'll wear a short dress, and if she's got a neat hand she's fond of game of whist; and if the reverse, she dislikes all *these small affairs.* So says the Philadelphia Times.

☞Nobody likes to meddle with a woman whose disposition contains the essence of lightning, vitriol, cream of tartar and hartshorn; who manufactures words by the mile, and measures their meaning in a thimble.

☞Our safety as eulogist lies among our commendations of the dead.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_65-0089.jpg