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wenty fourth edition, with
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usual expense. In addi-
neral routine of private dis-
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—besides many other de-
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R. SWAYNE'S
ND SYRUP OF WILD
CHERRY,
nal and Genuine
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eathing, Pain in the Side
Palpitations of the Heart,
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ases of the Throat, Breast
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SWAYNE'S
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rful Cure OF CON-
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Hunsicker, 2 miles from
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ttled upon his Lungs, at-
olent coughing, great diffi-
ing, an abscess formed in
made its way through
ischarged large quantities
lly. This mournful state
nued for a long time, un-
of Dr. Swayne's com-
of Wild Cherry, which
rtain cure.
TO THE PUBLIC.
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is put in square bottles,
a handsome steel engra-
the signature of Dr. H.
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, such as "Balsams,"
even SYRUPS OF WILD
e public should bear in
of DR. SWAYNE, or they
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RMIFUGE,
ctual remedy for Worms,
olera Morbus, sickly or
dren or adults, and the
ily Medicine ever offer-
is one which has prov-
or a long time, and it is
knowledged by all who
be far superior (being
he taste, at the same time
any other medicine ever
eases for which it is re-
It not only destroys
vigorates the whole sys-
nless in its effects, and
e patient is always im-
se, even when no worms
OF MISTAKES!
Swayne's Vermifuge is
square bottles.
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'E'S SUGAR COA-
SAPARILLA AND
OF TAR PILLS,
ffective purgative, great
ood, they correct all the
Liver, and as an altera-
al affections, they are
Giddiness of the head,
, depression of spirits,
re cured by these puri-
medicine can have a
monthly irregularities,
lly happen to women;
safe, and will, in con-
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herry, take all pain and
ery part of the system.
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ated Hair Tonic, for
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Volume 6.---No. 13. CAMBRIDGE, MD.---WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1851. Price $1 50, in advance.

Choice Poetry.

From Graham's Magazine.

My Heart is With Thee.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

When dewy eve closes
Her flowers with a sigh,
And sunset's bright roses
Grow pale in the sky,
When spirits seem stooping
O'er Day in his grave,
Their solemn wings drooping
A far o'er the wave,
When the love-star is keeping
Her watch o'er the sea,
My warm heart is leaping,
Sweet spirit to thee.

When the breeze with a whisper
Steals soft through the grove,
A sweet, earnest lisper
Of music and love,
With its gentle carressings
Away charm each sigh,
And the still dews, like blessings,
Decend from the sky,
When a deep spell is lying
On hill, vale and lea,
My warm heart is flying,
Sweet spirit, to thee.

When stars like sky-blossoms
Above seem to blow,
And waves like young bosoms
Are swelling below,
When the voice of the river
Floats mournfully past,
And the forest's low shiver
Is borne on the blast,
When wild tones are swelling
From earth, air, and sea,
My warm heart is dwelling,
Sweet spirit with thee.

When the night-clouds are riding,
Like ghosts on the gale,
And the young moon is gliding
Sweet, lonely and pale,
When the ocean is sobbing
In ceaseless unrest,
And its great heart is throbbing
All wild in its breast,
When the strong wind is wrestling
With billow and tree,
My warm heart is nestling,
Sweet spirit, with thee.

When the song-birds are dreaming
Of blossoms and love,
And the green leaves are gleaming
In moonlight above,
When silence leans listening
From heaven's blue steep,
And the shot-star is glistening
Above the blue deep,
When love seems upspringing
Bright, boundless and free,
My warm heart is clinging,
Sweet spirit to thee.

When in slumber thy fancies
In loveliness gleam,
And a thousand romances
Are bright in thy dream,
When visions of brightness
Like young angels start
In beautiful brightness
All wild from thy heart,
When thy calm sleep is giving
Thy dream-wings to thee,
Oh, say, art thou living,
Sweet spirit, with me?

Select Tales.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Temptation of False Pride.

LIVING FOR THE WORLD.

'A flash beguiled him,&he soon was lost.'
"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are her's."

We are so frequently reminded by fearful calamities and appalling crimes, of the powerful influence and deplorable consequences of *false pride*, that the subject cannot, as it seems to us, to be too frequently averted to. All are more or less affected by this error.—The *merchant* in his princely dwelling, the *day laborer* in his humble abode, the *mother*, who strived to rival and excel her neighbor, and the *daughter*, in imitation of her parent, who is only happy in a social triumph over some conceited acquaintance or inflated companion!—The delusion of the great mass of the human family, the infirmity, nay the crime is, that they live not for themselves, not in conformity with a calm and reasonable judgment, not in harmony with their resources and expectations, but deeply, or in a great measure, to gratify an idle vanity, and to make it appear to the out-door world, that they are more important than they really are, that they are richer and more fashionable, that they enjoy a higher social position, or exercise greater influence!—Look around you, gentle reader, and examine closely and inquiringly, as well as your own case, the follies, falibilities and infirmities of the little circle in which you move and mingle. The result will be as described in almost every instance. *False pride* will be apparent and not in a few cases, individuals will be found hurrying on rashly and recklessly to ruin, simply because they desire to *appear* more important and in better pecuniary condition than they are, and that they lack the moral nerve to brave the coolness, the sneers and the contempt of the world.

Alas! How many homes have been made desolate—how many abodes of peace have been made miserable—how many fortunes have been wrecked—how many hearts have been broken—and how many crimes have been perpetrated under the influence of this fearful infatuation? How often, too, do men cheat and deceive themselves into the belief that they are engaged in some benevolent work, some laudable enterprize, some patriotic undertaking, when, in fact and really, the whole is prompted by a weak and selfish object, and the motive power, instead of being benevolence and patriotism, is simply the syren, subtle, and insidious spirit of *false pride*.—How frequently do we see individuals, actively before the public, apparently eager for the welfare of their fellow creatures, and ready to make any reasonable sacrifice to promote "the greatest good of the greatest number," who nevertheless are known to be empty, conceited, selfish and heartless demagogues, and who seek merely the gratification of an idle vanity, by the acquisition of a wide-spread notoriety. The really meritorious, the truly benevolent, are the quiet, the modest, the retiring, but the generous in time of need, the ready and the willing, so far as their means and ability extend, the kindly and sympathetic in all cases of distress and meritorious poverty.

Generally speaking, we fear that the style of living in New York, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore, and in our Atlantic cities, is by far too extravagant.—Too many live *beyond* instead of *within* their means. Too many live for the out-door world, instead of the household circles at home. Too many live for the vanities of life, instead of the comforts and realities. Too many occupy palaces, comparatively speaking, who would be far happier in cottages, and with far more independence. Too many live in a spirit of imitation and rivally, and with the object of emulating or surpassing their neighbors, who would manifest more wisdom, more prudence, and more zeal sagacity, by simply attending to their own affairs in a quiet way, economizing their resources, enjoying the ordinary comforts, and disregarding the empty vanities which cost so much and which pay back so little. But, all this error of social policy proceeds from *false pride*—from that craving desire of the human heart to seem better, richer, and more influential than we really are.

There is a medium in all things.—The decencies, the proprieties, the refinements, and the elegancies of life should ever be cherished and inculcated. Whatever is calculated at once to polish and to strenghen the character, to grace without weakening, to elevate without inflating, is desirable and commendable. The young, especially, should adopt "Excelsior" for their motto; but in advancing, they should take care to fortify their footsteps, and to base their progress upon realities and not phantoms. Fashion is, perhaps, well enough in its way. So is frivolry, flippancy, a laughter and light-heartedness. There is a time, a season for all things. But the shadow should not be mistaken for the substance. The fashionable idler and lounger should not be placed on the same elevated platform with the earnest thinker, the gifted artist, the active merchant, the untiring professional, the useful and substantial man, in any condition or position in life. The *false* should not be mistaken for the *true*.—There is a pride, a noble, high-hearted pride, which should animate the bosom of every human being, and form the impulse, the incentive, the motive power of his every thought and action. We allude to the *pride of worth, of integrity, of industry and of independence*. Manhood, in its highest condition, should be at once calm, firm, energetic, thoughtful and self-reliant. Knowledge should be coveted at all times, and upon all subjects—knowledge not only of theories but of things—not only of histories and nations, but of passions, prejudices, principles, and more than all, of the human heart. The true pride which aims at these sources and fountains of influence and power, may well be commended. It is a happy contrast with that miserable vanity, which seeks to flutter for a moment in the giddy, trifling and unsubstantial world, then trembles, faints and falls, astonished and appalled at its own weakness and emptiness. The pride of knowledge, of usefulness, and of humanity, is in some measure, godlike, for its sources and objects are alike elevated and sublime. All its aims are virtuous, and all its purposes noble. It shrinks instinctively from vice, and sees in the ministering to vanity, to prejudice and fashion, not only error and delusion, but danger and crime.

☞A sprghtly little girl being asked "what is nothing?" replied, "shut your eyes and you will see it.

Col. Ethan Allen.

This brave and somewhat eccentric officer of the American Revolution, was born in Roxbury, Ct., in 1739. He early emigrated to Vermont. On receiving the news of the battle of Lexington, he enlisted all his energies on the side of his country. His first exploit was the capture of Ticonderoga, May 10th, 1775. The expedition against this post was exceedingly bold in its design and successful in its execution. At the head of only eighty-three men he entered the fort at night, took the sentry prisoner, and with a drawn sword, made his way to the apartments of the commanding officer, and demanded the surrender of the fort.

"By what authority do you demand it?" exclaimed captain De La Place, starting from his slumber.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," thundered Allen.

This was authority too high to be resisted, and the fort was instantly surrendered, with all its munitions of war.

Col. Allen was taken prisoner in an expedition against the Canadians, while attempting to capture Montreal, in connection with Col. Brown.

He was loaded with chains and sent to England, where he was imprisoned a short time, and at length taken back to his country and exchanged for Col. Campbell, a British officer who had been taken prisoner by the Americans. He died at Colchester, Vt., Feb. 12th, 1789.

An instance is related of Ethan Allen that is said to have occured while he was on his way to England. While closely confined to his room, he discovered one day that a small pin or wire that fasten one of his hand cuffs was broken. Extricating the pieces with his teeth, he was enabled so to loosen the bolt that it also was soon withdrawn, and one hand was set at liberty; he then proceeded to release the other, and was successful. This having been accomplished, he was not long in liberating his feet. Fearing, however, lest the captain should discover his situation, and contract the "area of his freedom," he carefully replaced the bolts and pins before the arrival of his keeper. In a short time it became a fine recreation for the Col. to take off and put on his chains at pleasure.

One day the Captain wishing to afford some merriment for the crew, commanded Allen to be brought upon deck. Hoping to frighten him, the Captain said:

"There is a probability that the ship will founder—if so, what will become of us, especially you, Mr. Allen, a rebel against the king?"

"Why," said Allen, "that would be very much like our dinner hour."

"How so?" said the captain, now reflecting that Allen was only allowed to come on deck while he himself went down into his cabin to dine.

"Well, you see," answered Allen, "I'd be on my way *up* just as *you* would be going *below*."

The captain was not at all pleased with this reply, and commenced a regular trade of abuse against the American people.

"In a short time," said the captain, "all the rebels will be in the same situation as yourself."

This was too much for Allen, and he determined to apply his newly acquited dexterity in unloosing his fetters to some purpose. Quickly raising his hands to his mouth, he apparently snapped asunder the pins and bolts, hurling his handcuffs and fetters overboard—seized the astonished captain by the collar, and threw him headlong upon the deck, then turning to the affrighted crew, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder:

"If I am insulted again during the voyage, I'll sink the ship and swim ashore.

This exploit so terrified the captain and crew, that Allen was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased the remainder of the passage.

RE-VACCINATION.—We perceive that the late Dr. Fisher, of Boston, who is said to have paid much attention to the subject of Vaccination, alleged that every person should be not only once Vaccinated, but should have the operation repeated, one or mote times, or until the system ceased to be affected by the virus.

This might indeed succeed in exterpating the small-pox, but how much harm it would cause by communicating various leprous affections from man to man, is past calculation. Many experienced physicians are far from considering Vaccination an unmixed good—and mothers, who know how liable infants are to be attacked with ulcers, and other scrofulous affections, after Vaccination, will not willingly hear of a second or third Vaccination, except in cases of great liability to the disease against which it is intended to guard. It is the opinion of some physicians, that a taint is often communicated to the blood from unhealthy virus, whch affects the system through life. Physicians should be very careful never to use the vaccine matter after it has passed through the system of a scrofulous or otherwise unhealthy child.

General Putman and the Youthful Sentinel.

It so happened, that while the Captains were stationing their sentinels on the eve of the battle of White Plains, Gen. Putman, the commander, in passing, observed Captain Wetherby call to one of the posts in the direction of the enemy, a lad, named Arthur Stewart, a beardless boy, whereat Putman remonstrated with Capt. W., in the hearing of Stewart, on the impropriety of placing so young and inexperienced a sentinel in so responsible a situation; but Capt. W., who knew Stewart's mettle, guranteed his fitness and fidelity.

Stewart took his post, and during the night, the General had occasion to pass outside of the lines, for what purpose is not stated, but we suspect for the purpose of trying the young sentinel: for, in returning, he encountered him.

"Who goes there?" enquired the sentinel.

"General Putman," was the reply.

"We know no General Putman here," answered Stewart.

"But I am General Putnam," returned that person.

"Give me the countersign, then."

"I have forgotten it," was the reply.

"That's a pretty story from the lips of General Putnam! I warrant you are a British officer, sent over here as a spy!" returned Stewart, who was well aware that he was addressing Putnam, for the moon was shining brightly; but he held the staff in his own hand, and he meant to use it.

"I warrant you I am not," said the General; and he attempted to pass on.

"Pass that line, sir, and you are a dead man," exclaimed Stewart, at the same time cocking his gun. "Stop where you are, or I'll make you stop!" continued the sentinel, (as the General disregarded his first notice,) hastily raising his gun and taking a somewhat deliberate aim.

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed Putnam.

"I do hold," was the sentinel's reply, "but I warn you, once more, not to pass these lines."

"But I am your General," continued Putman.

"I deny it—unless you give the countersign."

Here the General was at fault.

"Boy," said he, "do you not know me? I am General Putman."

"A British officer, more like. If you are Putman, as you say, why don't you give me the countersign? So sure as I'm my mother's son, if you attempt to pass the lines, I'll make cold meat of you. I'm a sentinel. I know my duty, though there are some people in the world who are marvelously inclined to question it."

At this, Putnam, finding that further parley would be useless, desisted, and the boy, deliberately shouldering his musket, began, with a great deal of assumed haughtiness, to pace the ground as before.

The General regained his tent by another route, but subsequently sent for Stewart, commended his fidelity, rewarded him pecuniarily, and promoted him to the rank of ensign.

GOOD ADVICE TO LOVERS.—It is getting to be quite common now-a-days, for young gentlemen to die of love.—Some pine away with incurable "hypo; but fat the largest number make shorter work of it, and stick a stabbing-iron through their soft hearts, or blow the thimblefull of brains out of their softer heads. Now, boys, this is decidedly unprofitable business, in addition to being uncomfortable and unnecessary.—When in the course of human events it is your lot to get "smashed," love as hard as you please; pull every string to win your charmer; but in case she is a "snow image," compared with your furnace-sighings, don't throw away a red cent, or a moment's time in tagging after, or coaxing round her; don't let your ideas be at all discombobberated; don't deprive yourself of a single buckwheat cake, or a single hour's snooze, and especially don't saw your jugular apart with a dull razor, or jump into the "drink in cold weather. Straighten back; keep a stiff upper lip; call the grapes sour; and soon your fortitude shall be awarded by the smiles of some "sweet, pretty creature," who will be attracted by your spunk, and with whom (you will afterwards confess it) the Miss Icicle of your former fancy will no more bear comparison than a tin fourpence with a gold dollar.

FRIED POTATOES.—The French method of cooking potatoes affords a most agreeable dish. The potatoes are peeled, wiped, and cut into thin slices, then thrown into a frying pan containing an abundance of hot lard. As soon as they become brown and crispy, they are thrown into a collander to drain, then sprinkled with salt, and served up as hot as possible.

Love, Babies, and Butcher Bills.

There is probably no business in which common sense is less heeded than in that of love. The moment a girl begins to think of 'orange blossoms,' that moment she bids farewell to reason, and plunges into a sort of lunacy, from which ail the eloquence in the world cannot extricate her.

Driving a baulky horse is a pleasant business, and so is the attempt to wean a jackass from thistles. But what are baulky horses and jackasses compared to the 'stakiness' of a girl who has 'got the devil in her head,' because a young gentleman with hollow cheeks and bright blue continuations, gets upon the celler door every night and pours his love into her ear through the medium of a four and nine-penny flute? Nothing—absolutely nothing! Difficult as it is for a fresh cod to climb a greased liberty pole, with a kicking boy in his mouth, we should much sooner go about to look for such a phenomenon, than to hunt up a girl with an inflamed heart that would listen to 'good advice,' or who could be made to believe, for one moment, that the enjoyment of the hymenial life depended at all on the frequency of bread, or the price of buther's meat. Even prodigals have not so hearty a contempt for money as have those whom Cupid has inoculated with the virus of 'beautific lunacy.' As they have no appetites while they ate courting, they imagine that their demands for corned beef and cabbage will always find a substitute in sighs and huggings. How they deceive themselves! Although love is a boy of limited appetite, hymen takes to roast beef like an Alderman.—But even grant that marrage, like courtship, could feed on flutes and fatten on nosegay, how will it be with the Harriets, Peters, Johns and Matilda Janes, that are fated to spring from it? Will they, think you, feed on air, and rest satisfied with sugared endearments? Far from it. Children have no respect for the poetics of life, and much prefer a pantry full of pies to all the velvet sentiments that even Moore's Melodies abound with.—These remarks we know will be termed 'shocking' by many a fair reader—but shocking as they are they are true, as scores of them will discover when it is too late to heed the admonitions which they contain. No state in life has more uses for a fat pocket book than marrage. *Albany Dutchman.*

PROFITS OF FOWLS.—E. M. Bradley furnishes the East Bloomfield Farmers' Club with a statement in regard to the profits of eighty fowls for ninety days. In the month of February, 1850, he built a poultry-house, 31 feet long and 13 feet wide, attached to a shed on one side and to a barn at one end. The roof was of boards, battened, and it had two windows for the admission of light.—On the first of March he put into it eighty fowls of the common kind, mostly one year old. They cost 18¾ cents each. They were fed with corn and oats, and fresh meat, boiled. Gravel, lime, and clean water were furnished constantly, and they were let out of the yard and allowed to roam every afternoon. His account of the expenditures and receipts is as follows:

Lumber and nails for building - -	$10 90
Labor of building 4½ days, at $1 - -	4 50
Eighty fowls at 18¾ cents each - -	15 00
Ten bushels corn at 50 cents - -	5 00
Nine bushels oats at 33⅓ cents - -	3 00
Making the whole expense - -	$38 40

In ninety days they furnished 385 dozen and ten eggs, which at ten cents per dozen, were worth $38 58—being a trifle more than the cost of building the house, the fowls and the grain consumed.

SINGULAR PUNISHMENT.—A Mr. Lynton has lately made a communication to the Asiatic Society of London, descriptive of a mode of punishment peculiar to the criminal code of China:—

A Chinese merchant, named Hiam-ly, accused and convicted of having killed his wife, was sentenced to die by the total deprivation of sleep. The execution took place at Amoy, in the month of June last. The condemned was placed in prison under the *surveilance* of three guardians, who releived each other every alternate hour, and who prevented him from taking any sleep, night or day. He lived thus for nineteen days, without having slept for a single minute. At the commencement of the eighth day, his sufferings were so cruel, that he begged, as a great favor, that they would kill him by strangulation.

☞Unmarried young ladies, read this and never let slip a fair opportunity to get doubled,—says, that, though the virgins saw in heaven were beautiful, the wives were in comparably more beautiful, and went on increasing in beauty evermore."

☞A certain editor having heard the Nightingale, it was reported that he was completely *carried away* by it. "Carried away!" exclaimed his wife; "Alas! there's no such good news.

Agricultural.

Agricultural Geology.

BY JOSEPH HOLBROOK.

Rocks are the oxydes of metals. Silex, the most abundent ingredient in rocks, mountains and soils, is the oxyde of silicium.—This oxyde constitutes nearly one-half of the solid matter of our globe. It is the principle element of quartz, in all its varieties, which are exceedingly numerous, and some of them very beautiful. Quartz is the only mineral found everywhere Sand is pulverized quartz, rounded by attrition. Gunflint is quartz, breading with a conchoidal (spell like) fracture. Jasper is red quartz, with a fine compact texture. Amethyist is purple quartz, frequently found in six-sided crystals, which is the common shape of quartz crystals in its different varieties. Agate is clouded quartz, in numerous varieties, some of which are much used for seals, finger-rings breast pins, and other ornaments. Carnehan is quartz of a fine texture and of a yellowish red color.—Chalcedony, bloodstone, eatseye, and many other gems, are varieties of quartz.

Most, perhaps all, the gems used in the breast-plate of Aaron, the high priest, were quartz of different textures, colors, and hues. The precious stones presented by the Queen of Sheba to the King of Isarel were probably quartz.—The stones mentioned in the Book of Revelations as forming the streets, of the New Jerusalem, with all the gems referred to, were but varieties of the stones used for paving our streets and of the earth moved to the plough and the hoe of the farmer, and of the dirt carted for filling our docks.

The colouring matter giving most of the beautiful hues to gems, and an endless variety of colors to quartz, is the oxyde of iron. The oxyde of silicium and the oxyde of iron are hence united in this same most abundant mineral in the world.

Next to quartz, feldspar, or clay formed by the decomposition of feldspar, is the most abundant element of oils.—This, too, is composed of several oxydes of metals in chemical combination. Feldspar is also very extensively united with quartz in the formation of rocks, not by chemical combination, but mechanical mixture. The feldspar and the quatz can be separated by the hammer. Not so with the oxygon and silicium, forming silex. Chemical agency can alone seperate chemical combinations. Such combinations in rocks, soils and other mineral bodies, are exceedingly numerous, complicated, and delicate.—The most common stone that meets the eye in any part of the world is composed of oxydes. The oxygem and the medals are each united by chemical affinity, and then two oxydes are again combined by the agency to form a "*common stone*." evidently worthy of more respect than it *commonly* receives.

An experiment: Pour upon a little pearlash in a tumbler some strong vinegar. An effervescence will follow, producing carbonic acid. A burning candle immersed will be extinguished, showing that carbonic acid is fatal to combustion. It is equally so to life.

SWAPPING HORSES.—Think twice before trading off a horse that has served you well on the whole, though he may have some faults. We have known men to swap off horses that had but one or two faults for others that had a dozen. This generally arises from the bad temper of the owner. A horse refuses to draw before oxen, and he is put off for one that is not willing to draw anywhere. Another is high spirited, and the women can't drive him; he is put off for one that cannot be coaxed out of a walk. Another is not willing to be caught in the pasture; he is exchanged for one that is worthless when caught.

A low horse that hardly keeps your boots from the ground, is put off for one that you cannot mount without a block. A lazy horse is put off for one that has not patience to let you be seated in the chaise before he must go.

On the whole, we would not advise farmers to think of changing off any of their stock for slight faults; whether cattle or horses, or children or wives. It is better to bear with them than to run the risk of faults they know not of.

The Boston Transcript says high boots for ladies, made precisely like those for gentleman, are coming into vogue. We are glad of it: there is no place in the world where a boot looks better than on a pretty foot!

A son of Erin, while hunting for rabbits, came accross a jackass in the woods and shot him. "By me soul and St. Patrick," he exclaimed, "I've kilt the father of all rabbits."

The Earl of Howth, (Ireland,) is to marry Miss Barefoot, 28 years old, and worth a quarter of a million. That will cover a great many bare feet.

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