del'a. Advertisements.

TOR YOURSELF!
For 25 Cents!!!
ANS OF THE POCKET ES-
PIUS, or, Every one his own
! Twenty-fourth edition, with
of a hundred engravings, show-
te diseases in every shape and
malformations of the genera-
m,
WM. YOUNG, M. D.
ie has now arrived, that persons
from secret diseases, need no
ome the VICTIM OF QUACKERY,
prescriptions contained in this
one may cure himself, without
to business, or the knowledge
st intimate friend, and with
the usual expense. In addi-
e general routine of private dis-
lly explains the cause of man-
rly decline, with observations
age—besides many other de-
s which it would not be pro-
merate in the public prints.
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YOUNG can be consulted on
Diseases described in his dif-
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ock, (Sundays excepted.)
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R. SWAYNE'S.
ted FAMILY Medicines.
DR. SWAYNE'S
OUND SYRUP OF WILD
CHERRY,
iginal and Genuine
Preparation.
lds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Liv-
laint, Spitting Blood, Diffi-
Breathing, Pain in the Side
st, Palpitations of the Heart,
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e Throat, Nervous Debility,
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gs; the most effectual and
ure ever known for any of
Diseases, is
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Hunsicker, 2 miles from
le, Pa., contracted a severe
settled upon his Lungs, at-
violent coughing, great diffi-
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and made its way through
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certain cure.
N TO THE PUBLIC.
yne's Compound Syrup of
y is put in square bottles,
ith a handsome steel engra-
the signature of Dr. H.
ious articles are called by
es, such as "Balsams,"
d even SYRUPS OF WILD
the public should bear in
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E'S CELEBRATED
VERMIFUGE,
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Cholera Morbus, sickly or
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for a long time, and it is
cknowledged by all who
to be far superior (being
the taste, at the same time
o any other medicine ever
diseases for which it is re-
It not only destroys
invigorates the whole sys-
armless in its effects, and
the patient is always im-
use, even when no worms
.
RE OF MISTAKES!
r. Swayne's Vermifuge is
square bottles.
the name is spelt correctly,
WAYNE.
NE'S SUGAR COA-
SAPARILLA AND
T OF TAR PILLS,
effective purgative, great
blood, they correct all the
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Giddiness of the head,
ht, depression of spirits,
are cured by these puri-
No medicine can have a
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ly safe, and will, in con-
Dr. Swayne's Compound
Cherry, take all pain and
very part of the system.
DORCHESTER COUNTY.
s, Cambridge; J. W. Hen-
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ford, New Market; and
cipal storekeepers in the
es.
NE'S PRINCIPAL OFFICE
8TH & RACE STS. PHIL-
orders should be addres-
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R TONIC.
and several bottles of
rated Hair Tonic, for
JOSEPH FLINT,
Druggist.

Cambridge Democrat.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Domestic & Foreign Intelligence, Agriculture, Literature, Religion, Science, Amusements, Politics, & Advertising.

Volume 6.---No. 14. CAMBRIDGE, MD.---WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 19, 1851. Price $1 50, in advance.

OUR TERMS:

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" of TWELVE, one year, .. " 13,50
" of TWENTY, " ... " 20,00
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Choice Poetry.

"Before my Hair was Gray."

BY PARKE BENJAMIN.

You bid me sing, oh lady bright,
A song of other years;
There was an hour my heart was light,
My eyes unused to tears,
My voice had then no broken string,
And all its notes were gay—
That was the time that I could sing,
Before my hair was gray.

My planets then were ladies' eyes,
Their smiles my sunlight made;
But now no sun nor planets rise,
And I am in the shade,
Then lovely lips sang songs for me,
And softly bade me stay—
There was no lack of melody
Before my hair was gray.

But now there are, to glad my ear,
No gentle ditties sung;
Where'er I go, 'tis very clear
I am no longer young,
Then ask me not a song to sing,
Sweet girl, 'tis not my way—
Tis Winter now, though all was Spring
Before my hair was gray.

The very birds, when falls the snow,
Rejoice the woods no more—
You only hear the breezes blow
Their music round your door;
And so amidst the frosts of age
Bright thoughts no longer stray—
I was more merry though less sage,
Before my hair was gray.

There are some wrinkles on my brow.
Some furrows in my face;
And I must look through glasses now.
The plainest words to trace;
And in my voice a certain shake—
Not such as artists play—
Not one such tones as I could wake
Before my hair was gray.

Then lady, bid me not to sing,
But sing a by-gone strain—
A touching, soft, pathetic thing,
That tells of lovers' plain;
And then, perhaps, forgetting all
The sad past in to-day,
I may tender time recall,
Before my hair was gray.

The Boy who told a Lie.

The mother looked pale, and her face was sad;
She seemed to have nothing to make her glad;
She silently sat with tears in her eye,
For her dear little bow had told a lie.

He was a pleasant, affectionate child;
His ways were winning, his tember was mild;
There was joy and love in his soft blue eye,
But, O, this sweet boy had told a lie!

He stood by the window alone within,
And he felt that his soul was stained with sin;
And his mother could hear him sob and cry,
Because he had told her that wicked lie.

Then he came and leaned by his mother's side,
And asked for a kiss, which she denied;
And he told her, with many a penitent sigh,
That he never would tell another lie.

Then she took his small hands within her own,
And bade him before her kneel gently down;
And she kissed his cheek, while he looked on high,
And prayed to be pardoned for telling a lie.

Select Tales.

The Inconsolable Widow.

One of the most eminent sculptors of Paris was employed, some time ago, by a young lady who belonged to one of the most distinguished families of the higher class, and whom marriage had brought to the inheritance of a name illustrious in the military history of the empire. This marriage, contracted under the happiest auspices, had been, alas! but of short duration; pitiless death came to put an end to it, by prematurely taking away the young husband.—The sculptor was sent for by the widow. He was introduced, through silent apartments, to a room where he found himself in the presence of a young and beautiful woman, habited in a long mourning robe, and whose eyes were bedewed with tears.

"You know, I suppose," said she to him, in a voice broken by emotion, "you already know what a misfortune has overwhelmed me?"

The artist bowed with an air of respectful condolence.

"Monsieur," resumed the widow, "I wish to have erected to the dear husband, whom I have lost, a funeral monument. I have chosen you, on account of your talent and fame.

The artist again bowed.

"I wish this monument to be superb—worthy of the man whom I mourn, and proportioned to the eternal grief in which I am plunged. It matters not what the expense will be; I am wealthy, and I will willingly consecrate an entire forture to honor the memory of a beloved husband. I desire a temple—columns of marble—and in the center, on a pedestal, his statue."

"I will use my utmost endeavors to fulfil your wishes, Madame," replied the artist, "but I had not the honor of knowing the deceased, and his likeness is indispensble to the execution of the work. Doubtless you possess his portrait."

The widow raised her arm and showed, with a gesture of desolation, a magnificient portrait by Amaury-Duval.

"An admirable picture," said the artist, "and the name of the master makes it needless for me to inquire if the resemblance is striking."

"There are all his features! It is he. It only wants life. At the price of all my blood would that I could bring it back to him again."

"I will take this portrait, Madame and I promise you that the marble will reproduce it exactly."

At these words the widow gave one bound, and, darting towards the portrait and extending her arms, as though to protect it, she exclaimed:

"Take this portrait! Deprive me of my only consolation!—my only happiness! Never! never!"

"But, Madame, you will be without it but a short time."

"Not an hour, not a moment could I be without the dear image. See, I have placed it there in my room that it might leave me neither day nor night; that my eyes may, without ceasing, contemplate it through my tears. The portrait shall never leave here for a single instant. I will spend the remainder of my miserable and unhappy life in gazing upon it."

"Then, Madame, it is necessary that you allow me to take a copy of it, but be assured I will not for any considerable length of time intrude on your solitude. A sketch and one sitting will be sufficient."

The widow acquiesced in this arrangement, but she exacted that the artist should return the next day; she desired him to set about work immediately, so great was her anxiety to see the monument; but the sculptor informed her that he had another work besides to finish.—She wished to remove this difficulty with money.

"Impossible," answered the artist; "I have given my word. But be not uneasy; I will use such diligence that the monument will be finished within as short a time as though some other artist were to set about it instantly."

"You behold my grief," said the widow, "you understand my impatience.—Hasten, then; above all, lavish on it all possible magnificence; spare no expense, and make a master-piece."

Many letters repeated these directions during the first days that followed the interview.

At the end of three months the artist returned. He found the widow attired in black, but less pale and wearing a little more coquettishly arranged mourning habit.

"Now, Madame," said he, "I am at your service."

"Ah! at last, that is fortunate," said the widow, with a gracious smile.

"I have made my sketch, but I still need sitting for the likeness. Will you then allow me to go to your room?"

"Into my room! What for?"

"Merely in order to see the portrait."

"Ah, well! pass into the saloon; it is there you will find it now."

"Ah!"

"Yes; it is the better place for it, a much better light in the saloon than in my chamber."

"Will you see a sketch of the monument?"

"Willingly. Oh, what magnificence, what luxury of decoration. But this is a palace—not a tomb!"

"Have you not said that nothing could be too magnificient? I have not regarded expense; and here is the bill of what the monument will cost you."

"Oh! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the widow, casting her eye over the sum total.

"But this is enormous!"

"You have ordered me to spare nothing."

'Doubtless I wish to do things well, but not to be guilty of the greatest folly."

"This is still but in a rough state; there is time to amend it."

"Ah, well! What if we strike out the temple, the columns, all the architecture, and content ourselves with the statue. It strikes me that that will be very reasonable."

"Doubtless."

"So it is understood—nothing but the statue."

A short time after this second visit, the sculptor's health failing, he was obliged to suspend his labors, and immediately took a voyage to Italy by advice of his physicians; he presented himself again at the widow's house, who was then in the tenth month of her mourning. This time he discovered some roses among the cypress, some lively colors playing around a half mourning ground. The artist brought with him a rough draft of his model statue in plaster, and offered in miniature the specimen of what was to be the capital work.

"What think you of the resemblance?" he inquired.

"It seems to me that it flatters a little; my husband was certainly fine looking, but you have made an Apollo."

"You think so? Well, I can remedy my work upon the portrait."

"That is hardly necessary; a little more or a little less resemblance matters little."

"Pardon me, but I hold to exactness."

"If you absolutely wish it—"

"The portrait is in the adjoining saloon, is it not?"

"It is no longer there," replied the widow, pulling the cord attached to a bell.

"Baptiste!" said she to the domestic who entered, "bring down the portrait of Monsieur."

"The portrait that Madame had put up in the garret last week?"

"Yes."

At the end of the conversation, the door opened, and a very elegant young man, presenting himself with a light and familiar air, came to kiss the hand of the fair widow, and inform himself of her health with tender solicitude.

"What is that piece of plaster?" he asked, pointing to the statuette that the artist had placed on the mantle-piece.

"That is the model of the statue for the tomb of my husband."

"You are going to erect a statue—the devil! that is indeed majestic!"

"You think so!"

"It is only great men whom they cut at full length in marble and who are represented on foot, and it strikes me that the deceased was but an ordinary man."

"In fact, his bust will suffice," said the widow, in assent.

"As you please," replied the artist.

"Continue then at the bust. That is agreed on."

Two months later, the sculptor, bearing the bust, met on the stair-case a joyous cortege; the widow, giving her hand to the elegant dandy who had caused the suppression of the statue of the deceassed, was about proceeding to the mayor's house, where she was to take a second oath of conjugal fidelity. If the bust had not been made they would willingly have countermanded the order.—When, still later, the artist demanded the price of his work, they exclaimed at the charges, and it was even necessary to sue the now consoled and remarried widow, which ended by her consenting to pay the funeral homage so considerably reduced, which she had rendered to the memory of her deceased husband.

GOVERN YOUR TEMPER.—A difficult thing it is for hot-headed people to govern their tempers at all times, and under severe provocations. But no man can be truly great, who doesen't keep his combativeness fenced in an excellent recipe for coolness and equanimity, is to preserve an uniformity subdued voice and an easy department—to exclude entirely, fretful thoughts, frowning brows and ferocious gratings of the teeth, though the fountains of wrath within be never so much "riled." A navy regulation forbids any seaman from entering a ship's powder-magazine with a knife, key, or similar article in his pocket, or about his person, or with nails in his shoes, or metal buttons on his clothes. Bolt the door of your hart with half this care against wolfishness, in its varied disguises of sheep's clothing, and you need cherish no fears of getting into a "blow-up." "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city,' says the wise man. And there is certainly a "heap" of comfort in keeping down one's indignation, even at those times when indignation may be perfectly righteous. Why stop to cane every dog that snaps at your heels? The strength wasted on his miserable carcass would serve you to do a considerable job of work; and, besides, it is an indisputable fact, that just so long as you resort to caning instead of contempt, to rid yourself of dogs, just so long will dogs, come round to be caned. In plainer phrase, if you show quickness to anger, there will never be wanting mischievous loafers, ready to use the long poles of insult and injury to "stir up the animals."

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.—Many of our married lady readers are not aware how a good husband ought to be cooked so as to make a good dish of him. We have lately seen a receipe in an English paper, contributed by one 'Mary,' which points out the 'modus operandi' of preparing and cooking husbands. 'Mary, states that a good many husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women go about it as if their lords were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water, while others again freeze them by conjugal coldness. Some somther them in the hot beds of contention and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up in sauce. Now it cannot be supposed that husbands will be tender and good, managed in this way, but they are on the contrary, quite delicious when well preserved, 'Mary,' points out her manner thus; Put a large jar, called the jar of cherfullness, (which by the bye, all good wives have at hand.) Being placed in it, set him near the fire of conjugal love let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear. Above all, let the heart be regular and constant. Cover him over with equal quantities of affection, kindness, and subjection. Keep plenty of these things by you, and be very attentive to supply the place of any that may waist by evaporation, or any other cause. Garnish with modest becoming familiarity, and innocent pleasantry, and if you add kisses or other confectionaries, accompany them with a sufficient portion of secrecy and it would not be amiss to add a little prudence and moderation.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—A gentleman of considerable talent as an orator, became a member of the legislative body, in one of the Eastern States. In speaking he was addicted to an old habit of handling his spectacles; first placing them on his nose—suffering them to remain a minute or two—throwing them upon his forehead, and finally folding them up and laying them before him on the desk.—One day a very important question came up for consideration, and he commenced a speech in operation. A friend to the proposed measure, who was a most incorrigible wag withal, determined to spoil the effect of the honorable members remarks, and, accordingly, before he entered the house, provided himself with a dozen pair of spectacles. The member commenced his speech with his usual ability. But a few minutes had elapsed before he was at work with his spectacles, and finally got them upon his forehead. At this juncture our wag who stood ready, laid another pair upon the desk before the speaker. These were taken up, and by gradual graduations, gained a place on his forehead, by the side of the other. A third, fourth, and fifth pair were disposed of in the same manner. A smile settled upon the countenances of the honorable members, which gradually enlightened into a grin, and, at last, when the speaker had warmed into one of his most patriotic and elegant sentences, he deposited a sixth pair with the others, and there was one long and peal of laughter from all quarters of the hall—president, clerks, members joining in chorus. The speaker looked around in astoishment at this curious interruption; but raising his hand, he grasped the spectacles, and the whole force of the joke rushed upon his mind. He dashed the glasses upon the floor, took his hat and left the hall. The bill passed by a triumphant majority, probably in consequence of the gentleman's silly and useless habit.

Mrs. Swisshelm in the Saturday Visitor, talks about matters which a 'fellow' would not like to endorse. For instance:

'Walking is getting out of fashion, and young women now-a-days wriggle along as if they were moved along by one of Erickson's patent propllers.—Their walk is as crooked as that of a ship with all sails set and no rudder.—They are as graceful as a militia colonel's horse, or a 'broken down racer.'—I notice they are awfully deformed, too as a general rule, having great humps on their backs like dromedaries—all of which is doubtless very pleasant to dealers in cotton batting and hay. This new edition' of shape may be a great improvement, or the original must be shocking bad, in one of these wadded young women. If one of them should be furnished by nature with one of these humps or heaps, she would be exhibited as a curiosity at a fip a peep like a double headed pig.

I hope after reading these strictures, that the young women will give up wriggling in the streets like a parcel of eels—content themselves with human form and try the experiment, to act like responsible beings.

☞A landlady in Philadelphia, it is said, makes her pies so light that her lodgers can see to go to bed without a candle, after eating a moderate sized piece.

A WORD TO MOTHERS ON BABY-TALK.—It is a fact which must have been noticed that almost every child has a foolish and very babyish dialect till it is six or seven years old. Almost every word it utters, is spoken either in a lispen or an affected manner. This is not the proper way of talking, and there must be some universal cause, or else the effect would not be so universal.—The cause, it appears to me, is very obvious. Almost every mother instructs her infant to speak baby-talk, as the saying is. When a baby first begins to lisp "pa and ma," instead of endeavoring to instruct it pure English, the parents think it necessary to simplify the language by always speaking in a sappy manner. "Itule onytonny." "Kitty dear, "walk alony," "kisser mama," "stand a straity," &c. Every mother knows a thousand and one of these baby expressions. Now, as a mother, I protest against this practice. It is all nonsense to teach children bad habits merely to have them corrected by school-teachers when they arrive at a more mature age. Will parents think of this, and teach their children pure English at first?—*A Mother.*

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The following extract is taken from Noah's address to young men. It is a gem of surpassing brilliancy and beauty.

'I would frown on vice, I would favor virtue—favor whatever would elevate, would adorn character, alleviate the misseries of my species, or contribute to render the world I inhabited, like the heavens to which I looked, a place of innocence and felicity. Though I were to exist no longer than those ephemera that short hour, I would rather soar with the eagle, and leave the record of my flight and my fall among the stars than to creep in the gutter with the reptile, and bed my memory and my body together in the dunghill. However short my part, I would act it well, that I might surrender my existance without disgrace and without compunction.

THREE GRAINS OF BEAUTY WHICH CONSTITUTE A PERFECT WOMAN.—Three things white: the skin and the hands.

Three black: The eyes, the eye-brows and the eye-lashes.

Three red: The lips, the cheeks and the nails.

Three long: The body, the hair and the hands.

Three short: The teeth, the ears and the feet.

Three wide or large: The cheek, the forehead, and the space between the eye-brows.

Three small: The mouth, the waist and the ancle.

Three plump: The arm, the leg and the calf of the leg.

Three delicate or fine: The fingers, the hair and the lips.

Three small: the head, the chin and the nose.—*Home Journal.*

"HIP! HIP! HURRAH!"—Originally a warcry adopted by the stormers of a German town, wherein a great many Jews had taken refuge. The place being sacked, they were all put to the sword, under the shouts of *Hierosolyma est perdita.* From the first letter of those words, *(h, e, p.)* an exclamation was contrived. We little think, when the wine sparkles in the cup, and the soulstiring toasts are applauded by our "Hip, hip, hurrah!" that we record the fall of Jerusalem, and the cruelty of Christians against the chosen people of God.

SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES.—The India Rubber House Gloves, just come out, are an article which we think will be duly appreciated by our lady readers. Being impervious to *hot or cold water,* they are invaluable to those who, from choice or otherwise, attend to domestic matters, such as sweeping, dusting, ect., and a speedy and effectual cure for chapped or rough hands, and, in wearing, bleach the hands to almost a snowy whiteness.

AROUND her waist I put my arm—It felt as soft as cake; 'O dear!' says she, 'what liberty you printer men do take! 'Why, yes, my Sal, my charming gal,' (I squeezed her some I guess,) 'Can you, say O, my chick, against the freedom of the press.' I kissed her some I—did by gum—she colored like a beet; upon my living soul she looked almost too good to eat; I gave her another buss, and then says she, I do confess, I rather sorter kinder like the freedom of the press.'

HANGING OUT THE SIGN.—Some young ladies feeling aggrieved by the severety with which their friends speculated on their gay plumes, flounces, necklaces, rings, etc., went to their pastor to learn his opinion. "Do you think said they, "there can be any impropriety in wearing these things?" "By no means," was his prompt reply, "when the heart is full of ridiculous notions, it is perfectly proper to hang out the sign."

Odds and Ends.

WESTERN POETRY.—A gentleman from Cincinnati, filled to the brim with heart-felt, glowing thought, wrote a few verses the other day and sent them to the Burlington Advertiser, for publication. We shall only give a specimen. The whole poem at once would certainly prove destructive to our readers:

"When a feller falls in luv
He dus ware a white kid gluv,
and puts on lots of splended close
and wares tight boots upon his tose,
and smells just like the sprouting rose,
and newly sprung in June!"

☞Judge B———, a witty old fellow, after spending an evening with a young lawyer, whose office was in the second story of a building, took departure, and got half way down stairs, when he stumbled and fell to the bottom.—The young lawyer, hearing the noise, rushed out, and seeing the Judge lying on his back at the bottom of the stairs, inquired, in a tone of anxiety—"Is your honor hurt?" The Judge by this time had regained his feet, and looking up, he replied—"No, but my legs are."

An Irish woman, who had kept a little grocery, was brought to her death bed, and was on the point of breathing her last, when she called her husband to her bedside:

"Jamie," she faintly said, "there's Misses Mulony—she owes me six shillings."

"Och!" exclaimed her husband, "Biddy darlint ye're sinsible to the last!"

"Yes dear—an' there's Misses McCraw; I owe her a dollar.

"Och, be jaberbs! and ye're as foolish as ever!"

☞To injure a man's sight there is nothing worse than sudden wealth.—Let a wood-sawyer draw a ten thousand dollar prize, and in less than a month he will not be able to recognize even the man that "used to go security for him."

It is hard for a man to amass riches by toiling in his shop, while there is a leakage at home in the kitchen. "What a small kitchen!" exclaimed queen Elizabeth, after going through a handsome mansion. "It is by having so small a kitchen, replied the owner, that I am enabled to keep so large a house,,

☞*Aunt Hannah* thinks a man is a "natralborn fool to get his life insured;" because adds the dear old Lady, "he'll die just as sure as preachin' and never get a cent," and with this safe conclusion she smoothed down her apron, and took a rouseing pinch of snuff.

☞High shirt collars are unfashiouable in Paris. Glad to hear that, for it is agonizing to see the awful danger a great many youngsters ears are from the "stand ups," resulting either from the collars being to high or the *ears too long,* we can't tell which exactly.

A German manufacturer, represented by an agent in London, is constructing a musical bed for the exhibition of 1851. Directly the occupant of this bed presses it, soothing airs will be emitted; and thus lulled, he may luxuriously fall into the arms of sleep.

☞Stephen Girard used to say, "There's is no difficulty in getting rich—not the least in the world, the *first* million is the only—difficulty—the rest will make itself." Stephen is right—*we* have found the first million to be the only difficulty.

HOW TO PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS.—Go to India—stay there twenty years—work hard—get money—save it—come home—bring with you a load of wealth, and diseased liver—visit your friends—make a will—provide for them all—then die; what a prudent, generous, kind hearted soul you will be!

☞A young lady out west says, "When I go to the theatre, I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church I am very particular in my outward appearance.

"ALL full inside?" queried a looker in at the door of a London omnibus.—"Can't say for the rest," responded Charles Lamb from one of the seats; but the last piece of oyster pie did the business for *me.*"

Some wag of the press announces that one of the Siamese twins has arrived in Charleston, South Carolina accompained, by his brother.

☞A young man at Niagara having been crossed in love, walked out to the precipice, took off his clothes, gave one lingering look at the gulf beneath him, and then he went home. His body was found next morning in bed.

☞A wife has her husband's fortunes in her power, because she may, or may not, as she pleases, conform to his circumstances.

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