ndry Advertisements.

signed to see die as relief from ng--has been restored to health the treatment of Dr. Hampton.
W. P. THOMASSON.
isville, March 20, 1851.
PRICE—$1 per Bottle, or Six bot- r $5.
ORTIMER & MOWBRAY, General Agents,
Baltimore street Baltimore,
or Sale by Dr. JOSEPH FLINT, Cambridge, Md.
DAWSON & BROTHER, Easton Md.
ust, 13—1851—1y.

Insolvent Notice.

'ICE is hereby given to the credi- of John R. Knowles, that a l discharge hath been granted to ptor, and that the 27th day of being the first day of our Coun- rt next, succeeding this date, hath t apart for the final hearing in his here his creditors may attend, and ause, if any they have, why a charge shall not be granted said
st, WM. JACKSON, Clk.
2d, 1851—3m.

EAPER THAN EVER.
ew Summer Goods,
undersigned has just returned m Baltimore with a large and stock of SUMMER GOODS, oved his store adjoining the resi- Wm. Rea, Esq., where he is to sell goods on the very best r cash, or on a short credit.— French, English, and Domestic ds, embracing the newest and hionable styles of Ladies' Dress with a complete assortment of Cassimeres and Vestings, for n's wear.
ock is complete with every kind suitable for the present season. ctfully invites purchasers to give ll.
sortment of GROCERIES is full, lot of supr. extra and family the barrel. Also a fine assort- perfumery.
SAMUEL L. BYRN.
4, 1851.—1y Cambridge Md.

rn Shore Steamboats!
AND SUMMER ARRANGEMENT!
HUGH JENKINS, Captain JAS. TILGHMAN, and OSIRIS, IN H. KIRWAN. On and after AY, the 1st of April, the Stea- GH JENKINS will leave her Light street, near Conway, UESDAY and FRIDAY MOR- t 7 o'clock, for Annapolis, West ambridge, (Military School at) nd Easton, and return the fol- ays by the same rout, leaving t 7 o'clock. Passage to An- 5 cents; West River $1; Cam- d Easton $1.50.
UGH JENKINS will leave the arf every MONDAY MORN- o'clock, for Corsica and Ches- and return the same day, touch- nt Island in the afternoon.— $1; Excursion passengers, for l trip, $1.
UGH JENKINS will leave the arf every THURSDAY MORN- Annapolis, St. Michaels and ia Miles River Ferry, and re- ame day. Passage to Annap- nts; St. Michaels and Miles ry $1; Excursion passengers, und trip, $1.
The OSIRIS, after the 1st of April, will leave her Pratt street, near the foot of reet, every WEDNESDAY and MORNING, for Whitehaven d Chestertown, and return the touching at Kent Island Wed- ernoons and Saturday morn- ssage $1; Excursion passen- e round trip, $1.
IRIS will leave the same wharf NDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, polis, Cambridge, (Military Oxford and Easton, and re- he same route on TUESDAY, ston at 7 o'clock. Passage to 75 cents; Cambridge and .50.
SIRIS will leave the above half past 6 o'clock every MORNING, for Whitehaven Point at 7 o'clock. Passage, are, $3.
FORD, opposite the wharf, e freight for the Hugh Jen- Mr. STREETS, at Mr. Rob- e store, opposite the Osiris receive freight for the Osi- ap. 2d. 1851—1y.

UR TERMS.
CAMBRIDGE DEMOCRAT" is very Wednesday morning, at r, invariably IN ADVANCE.— in advance $2,00 will be re- o paper discontinued until s are paid, unless at the op- Editor.
SEMENTS inserted at $1 per , 2 or three insertions, and each subsequent insertion. less make asquare.) Where of insertions are not marked isement, it will be continued & charged accordingly.
gs of public meetings & obi- s, are matters of charge; but nouncement of marriages & ratis publications.
TTERS to the editor must be o receive prompt attention.

Cambridge Democrat.

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

Volume 7.---No. 17. CAMBRIDGE, MD.---WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 1852. Price $1 50, in advance.

OUR TERMS:

Price of subscription for "Cambridge Democrat," in advance..... $1.50
Clubs of Six, one year, ... " 7,50
" of TWELVE, one year, ... " 13,50
" of TWENTY, " ... " 20,00
Single copies, ... 6¼ cts
Payable in each case in advance. Persons who get up clubs are entitled to a copy gratis, for one year.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted at $1 per square—twelve lines.

Choice Poetry.

"We bring a garland of poetic flowers,
And blossoms from the Muse's bowers."

EDITORS AND PRINTERS.

With lively heart and joyous brow
The happy farmer speeds to plow,
And while he sleeps, both flock and fields
Their ample pay for labor yields.
'Tis not so with the noble craft,
Which moves the world with iron shaft,
But when their daily labor's done
The hardest toil has just begun.
With sinking frame and reddish eye
The weary "Typo" 'stributes "pi,"
And while the rich sport with the fair,
His heavy eyelids hang with the fair,
Long sleepless nights and sluggish days,
Contentedly at work he stays,
And strives to live an honest life.
Amid the worldly scenes of strife.
Like statue, firm he stands "at case"
And "spaces out" with magic grace—
He "locks the forms" and planes them down
And starts the "Devil" round the town.
For "out," and "deub's" he "spaces them,"
To get some trifling sentence in,
And when he thinks the "copy's done"
The Editor has just begun
To scratch his head and skin his brains
To 'nounce a death or want of rains;
And when the last bad manuscript
Is done, there's something else been skip'd,
And must go in or "Jacob Brown
Will come and tear the office down."
Oft o're a "case of pi'd Brevier"
Have I seen "Henry" drop a tear,
And George and Tom and Bill and Dick
Take half a night to "fill a stick,"
And then they'd raise a mighty squall
And swear that they had "done it all."
Of all the lots that men can mourn
No harder one can e'er be borne—
No worse a life in fortune's wheel
Than Editors and Printers fell.

The Wife's Repose.

Why art thou sad, my love, to-day?
What grief is frowning o'er thy heart?
Why dost thou droop and turn away?
And why do tears unbidden start?

When first I woo'd thee in thine isle,
Thy Erin, Emerald of the deep;
I saw thee, sweetest, only smile,
Nor even deem'd that thou could'st weep.

Recall the smile that made me glad,
The beaming eye that gave me life;
I cannot joy when thou art sad,
Then cheer thy spirit, dearest wife.

The sun of summer lights the earth,
The zephyr's kiss is on thy cheek;
All nature calls thee back to mirth,
Then be not, prythee love, so weak.

While thus I spoke, my bosom's queen,
One deep, fond glance upon me stealing,
Exclaim'd, "Be jabers, but you're green'
It's onions, sure, I'm afther peeling!"

Select Tales.

A YANKEE DINING AT A Modern Hotel.

Some weeks ago, a very long, brown Down-Easter, attired in one of those costumes which are nowhere to be met with except on the stage, a tall, bell-crowned white hat, short waisted blue coat, with enormous pewter buttens, a vest as "yaller" as a barberry blossom, and a pair of corduroys whose highest ambition seemed to be to maintain their ascendency over a pair of enormous cowhides that had trodden many a hundred miles of loggering paths, "might have been seen," jackknife and shingl in hand, wending his way up Long Wharf, in the realization of his life long anticipations of "seein' Boston." At the corner of Merchants Row, his progress was arrested by the lumbering transit of a two story house on wheels, drawn by half a dozen yoke of oxen, with the people inside pursuing their usual avocations.

"What on airth is that 'ere?" he asked of a bystander.

"O, nothing," replied the 'towney'; "the folks are only moving, that's all.—When we move down here—we do it house and all."

"Je-rusalem! Wall! that beats all nature. Wall, cap'n, what's there 'ere big stun house over the left?"

"That's the new Custom-House. It's a mighty bad location, but they're going to move it next week."

"Thunder and molasses! It'll take all the oxen in creation for to start her!!

"O, they use elephants for moving such large buildings."

"And how many elephants will it take?"

"Upwards of a hundred."

The Yankee cut a deep gash in his shingle and walked on.

He next inquired for the Adams House for he had "heern tell" of that, and was determined to progress during his juvenility, aware of the impossibility of doing so at a more advanced age.

He soon found the "tavern" and the "deacon," and ordered accommodations, literally "darning the expense." Having "slicked up" a little, he witnessed with some amazement the operations of a servant, on the gong, simply remarking that he know'd what sheet lightning was but this was the fust time he'd ever heern of sheet thunder." He followed the crowd in the dining hall and was ushered to a seat, where he ensconded himself, tucking his towel under his chin with a sort of desperation, as if he was going to be shaved or scalped.

The sight of the covered dishes added to his amazement. "Dod dern it!" he exclaimed, "ef I ever heard of cookin' on the table! but here they've gone and sot tinkitchens all over the lot. Whar's the fire to come from—that's what I'd like to know?"

He got along with the soup very well, and was pausing for breath before he finished it, when a waiter snatched his plate away and was running off with it.

"Hello, you, sir!" vociferated the Yankee, "I see you. Fetch that 'ere back quicker'n lightnin', or else you'll hev your head punched."

His plate was returned and he finished his soup with dignity. After waiting a moment he raised his voice again, and summoned the offending waiter sternly.

"Kalkelate to starve me?"

"No sir."

"Wall—why don't ye fetch on some fresh fodder, darn ye?"

"There's the *carte*, sir,"

"*Where's* the cart? And what in thunder am I to do with the cart when I've got it? Look out, pesky sarpint, or you'll catch it."

"The bill of fare,"

"I don't pay my bill till I've had my fodder."

The waiter humbly explained his meaning.

"What's all these crack-jaw names mean? Give me somethin' plain and hearty—biled corn beef—and fetch it about the quickest, while I look over the paper and see what else I'll hev."

The meat was brought him.

"Hold on!" was the next order.—"What's this here? M-a-c-c-a—read it, won't you, sir?"

"Maccaroni, sir."

"All right, cap'n. Hurry it up."

The dish was brought.

"You eternal cuss!" roared the Down-Easter, "ef I haint as great a mind as ever I hed to ker-wallop yer, and make an example of ye on the spot. What do ye mean by runnin' your rigs on me jest because I'm a stranger in these parts?—Take away yer biled pipe-stems, and fetch us on some cabbage. That's right. And, now, 'squire, some vinegar."

"Vinegar's in the castor, sir," replied the waiter, and made good his retreat.

"In the castor, is it—hey?" soliloquized the Yankee; "and where in thunder is the castor?"

The gentleman opposite pushed it towards him. He looked at it, took the stopper out of the vinegar, and taking up the castor by the bottom, turned it up. But all the cruets manifested a desire to illustrate the law of gravity, and leaped from their locations, and the Yankee was compelled to set it down again.

"Jerusalem!" he exclaimed. "This here is a curious contrivance, and no mistake. How on airth am I to get the tarnal vinegar? I'll try it on once more." Again he canted the castor, but this time all the stoppers tumbled out.

"Thunderation!" he roared, "here's a pretty mess. Darn it all, here I've got the darned castor all into my gravy, and the darned red lead on my cabbage, and the valler on my 'tater. Darn the thing, I say!"

"My friend," said the gentleman opposite, with a strong control over his risible muscles, "it appears to me if I were in want of vinegar, that I should take the vinegar-cruet out of the stand and by that means I shall avoid all trouble."

Here the whole company, waiters and all, burst into a convulsive fit of laughter. The Yankee rose in a rage, upsetting his chair, and glaring defiance on his neighbors.

"How in the name of all the tarnal cusses in creation," he yelled, "should I know anything about the way the darned thing worked when I never seed one of 'em afore? You've hatched this up again me—I know it. Whar's the landlord? Fetch your bill on—I'll get out of this. I haint eat ten cents' worth, but I'll pay up like a book, and cuss and quit. And if ever I set out to eat a meal's vittles in Boston town again, you may take my hide and tan it. Darn your castors, and your castor-ile, and you, too one and all!"

And flinging down a dollar on the table, he seized his white bell-top from the hand of a trembling waiter, and *vamosed*. Down Washington and State streets he streaked it like a comet, and never slackened his pace till he pulled up on board the Kennebec.

"Cap'n," said he to the commander, "cast off your line jest as quick as you're a mind to. And ef ever you catch me wanting to see Boston agin, jest you take me by the slack and throw me right into that 'ere biler, boots and all—by gravy!"

Curious Mode of Getting a Wife.

One little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment. The following sketch illustrates this fact.

A sailor roughly garbed, was sauntering through the streets of New Orleans, then in a rather damp condition, from recent rain and the rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented and narrow alley, he obeserved a young lady standing in perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of the muddy water between her and the opposite sidewalk with no very satisfied countenance.

The sailor paused, for he was a great admirer of beauty and certainly the fair face that peeped out from under the little chip hat, and the auburn curls hanging glossy and unconfined over her muslin dress, might tempt a curious or an admiring glance. Perplexed, the lady put forth one little foot, when the gallant sailor, with characteristic impulsiveness, exclaimed, "that pretty foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of this lane; wait for a moment only, and I will make you a path."

So springing past her into a carpenter's shop opposite, he bargained for a plank board that stood in the doorway, and coming back to the smiling girl who was just coquettish enough to accept the services of the handsome young sailor, he bridged the narrow black stream, and she tripped across with a merry "thank you," and a roguish smile making her eyes as dazzling as they could be.

Alas! our young sailor was perfectly charmed. What else could make him catch up and shoulder the plank, and follow the little witch through the streets to her home she twice performing the ceremony of "walking the plank," and each time thanking him with one of her eloquent smiles. Presently our hero saw the young lady trip up the marble steps of a palace of a house, and disappear within its rosewood entrance; for a full minute he stood looking at the door, and then with a wonderful big sigh, turned away disposed of his drawbridge, and wended his path back to the ship.

The next day he was astonished with an order of promotion from the captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amazement—he had not dreamed of being exalted to the dignity of a second mate's office on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent, for instead of spending his money in amusements, visiting theatres and bowling alleys, he purchased books and had become quite a student, but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes would be realized.

His superior officers seemed to look upon him with considerable leniency, and gave him many a fair opportunity to gather maritime knowledge; and in a year, the handsome, gentlemanly young mate had acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the portly commander, Captain Hume, who had first taken the smart little black-eyed fellow, with his neat tarpaulin and tidy bundle, as his cabin boy.

One night the young man, with all the other officers, was invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment mounted the identical steps that two years before the brightest vision he had ever seen passed over—a vision he had never forgotton. Thump, thump, went his brave heart, as he was ushered into the great parlor; and like a sledge hammer it beat again, when Captain Hume brought forward his blue-eyed daughter, and with a pleasant smile, said—

"The young lady once indebted to your politeness for a safe and *dry* walk home."

His eyes were all a blaze, and his brown cheek flushed hotly, as the noble captain sauntered away, leaving fair Grace Hume at his side. And in all that assembly was not so handsome a couple as the gallant sailor and the "pretty lady."

It was only a year from that time that the second mate trod the quarter deck, second only in command, and part owner with the captain, not only in his vessel, but in the affections of his daughter, gentle Grace Hume, who had always cherished respect, to say nothing of love, for the bright-eyed sailor.

His homely, but earnest act of politeness towards his daughter had pleased the captain, and though the youth knew it not, was the cause of his first promotion. So that now the old man has retired from business, Henry Wells is Captain Wells, and Grace Hume is, according to polite parlance, "Mrs. Captain Wells." In fact, our honest sailor is one of the wealthiest men in the Crescent City, and he owes, perhaps, the greatest part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in crossing the street.

An Irish Letter.

Copy of a letter written during the rebellion, by Sir Patrick ——, an Irish member of Parliament, to his friend in London:

"*My Dear*—Having now a little peace and quiteness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are (thank God) killed and dispersed.

We are in a pretty muss—can get nothing to eat, nor wine to drink, except whiskey; and when we sit down to dinner we keep both hands armed. While I write this, I hold a sword in each hand, and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it; and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet.

At present there are such goings on that everything is at a stand still.

I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I did not receive it till this morning. Indeed, scarcely a mail arrives safe without being robbed.

No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mails from Dublin was robbed near this town—the bags had judiciously been left behind for fear of accident, and by good luck there was nothing in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take.

Last Thursday, notice was given that a gang of robbers were advancing under the French standard, but they had no colors, nor drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including woman and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little; and we were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face; but at it they went, and by the time that half of our little party were killed, we began to be alive again. Fortunately the rebels had no guns except pistols, cutlasses and pikes, and as we had plenty of guns and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some of them who were drowned in an adjacent bog; and in a very short time nothing was to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were of different colors, but all green.

After the action, we went to rumaging a sort of camp which they left behind them. All we found was a few pikes, without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of French commissions filled up with Irish names.

Troops are stationed all around the country which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am in great haste. Yours truly,

PATRICK ——.

P. S. If you do not receive this, of course it must have been miscarried; therefore, I beg you will write and let me know."

Handsome Children.

It is well known that it has been the great object with all mankind, ever since mother Eve was tempted by Satan to damn our race, or ever since the mark was placed on Cain which disfigured him—to beauty and improve the breed of men and women—an object which, we regret to say, has been sadly unsuccessful, while the breed of various other animals has been brought almost to perfection.

Solomon, as Jeduthan Fuller remarked, was an agriculturist. He, we are told, made very important improvements in the breed of swine, but wholly overlooked the importance of physical improvements in his own species. To be sure, he left posterty many shining precepts, but, unfortunately, succeeding generations have been so much like himself, that but a few have profited by them.

As much as this object has called forth the energies of mankind generally, is it not very strange that no philanthropist has ever given it so much as even a passing notice? Surely, a nobler undertaking never engaged the talents of any man, than the one we speak of.—What earthly consideration is tantamount to that of elevating, beautifying and improving the ugly race of mortals that people the globe at this present time?

People have been in want of some general principles to guide them, and to work upon. Men and women get married without ever bestowing a thought on this all-important point. All is absorbed in a desire to make money.—They never consider that they were created for a nobler purpose.

Some men are famous for raising Durham bulls; others, for Berkshire pigs, fat calves, fast horses and fine sheep; and others still for raising cabbage—Martin Van Buren is particularly notorious for the latter. But we hear no one applauded for producing handsome fat babies. What is the cause of this?

Why people drink.

Mr. A. drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little.

Mr. B. because his doctor ordered him not, and he hates quackery.

Mr. C. takes a drop because he's wet.

Mr. D. Because he's dry.

Mr. E. because he feels something rising in his stomach.

Mr. F. because he feels a kind of sinking in his stomach.

Mr. G. because he's going to see a friend off to Oregon.

Mr. H. because he's got a friend come home from California.

Mr. I. because he's so hot.

Mr. K. because he's so cold.

Mr. L. because he's got a cold in his head.

Mr. M. because he's got a pain in his side.

Mr. N. because he's got a pain in his back.

Mr. O. because he's got a pain in his chest.

Mr. P. because he's got a pain all over him.

Mr. Q. because he feels light and happy.

Mr. R. because he feels happy and miserable.

Mr. S. because he's married.

Mr. T. because he isn't.

Mr. V. because he likes to see his friends around him.

Mr. W. because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself.

Mr. X. because his uncle left him a legacy.

Mr. Y. because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.

Mr. Z. (we should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z.'s reasons are for drinking, but on putting the question to him, he was found too drunk to answer.)

YOUR BABIES NOT MY BABIES.—About thirty-five years ago there resided in the town of Hebron a certain Dr. T., who became very much enamoured of a beautiful young lady in the same town. In due course of time they were engaged to be married. The doctor was a strong and decided Presbyterian, and his lady-love was a strong and decided Baptist. They were setting together one evening, talking of their approaching nuptials when the Dr. remarked—"I am thinking, my dear, of two events which I shall number among the happiest of my life." "And pray, what may they be, Dr.?" asked the lady.—"One is the hour when I shall call you my wife, for the first time." "And the other if you please?" "It is when we shall present our first born for baptism." "What, sprinkled." "Yes my dear, spinkled." "Never shall a child of mine be sprinkled." "Every child of mine shall be sprinkled."—"They shall be, ha!" "Yes, my love." "Well, sir, I can tell you then, that your babies won't be my babies. "So, good night sir." The lady left the room, and the Dr. left the house. The sequel to this true story was, that the Dr. never married, and the lady is an old maid.

LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER.—Most of our readers have probably heard of that singular and extraordinary character, Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport In looking over a file of papers for 1801, says the Salem Register, we found the following characterisic specimen of his literary ability, copied *verbatim et literatim* from his own writing. It is a part of a schedule of the ormaments then already executed, and in contemplation to be placed around his residence—"The three presidents, Doctor franklin, John hen-Cock, and Mr Hamilton, and Roufsous king, and John Jea. Two grande-dears on the top of the house, four Lions below: one Eagle is on the Coupulow, one Lamb to lay down with one of the Lions—one Younecorn, one Dogg, Adam and Eave in the garden—one horse. The boull is not concluded one as yet."

WRESTLING FOR A BOAR'S HEAD.—By ancient charter or usage in Hornchurch, England, a boar's head, that noble dish amongst our ancestors, is wrestled for in the field adjoining the church, in the afternoon of Christmas Day, a boar, the property of the parish, being slaughtered for the purpose; and this year a large number of persons assembled to witness the sport. The boar's head, elevated on a pole, and decorated with ribbon, was brought into the ring, which six competitors entered, and, after a good display of strength and agility, the prize was awarded. If the head is taken by a champion out of the parish, it is said the charter is lost.

WIT & HUMOR.

"LAUGHTER is the medicine of life;
It cures all ills, it calms its strife;
It softly smooths the brow of care,
And writes a thousand graces there."

A notorious thief, beginning to be tired of his life, confessed the robbery he was charged with. The judge hereupon directed the jury to find him guilty upon his own confession. The jury having laid their heads together, brought him in *not guilty*. The judge bid them consider it again; but they still brought it in *not guilty*. The judge asked the reason. The foreman replied, "there is reason enough, for we all know him to be one of the greatest liars in the world.'

As women are more affected by the prevalence of immorality than men, it is really strange that they do not frown down these vices of men which are frequently fatal to their own tranquility. Many a female who would not refuse to dine with a profigate, would think herself foully insulted were she invited to take tea with a courtezan, but the only difference between the two is, one wears pantaloons, and other pantalettes—the *morale* is the same.

No other thing so interferes with a man's self-respect as to fall on the street. It lowers his standing in society, and makes him lose confidence in the permanence of human institutions, to find his high-heeled boots in the air, and his head on the bosom of mother earth. When you fall, observers laugh, and you feel like laughing, and swearing, and wish to do all three at once.

According to the Trenton *Emporium*, there is an editor at Flemington, N. J., who breakfasts on cross-cut saws fried in vinegar, picks his teeth with a bowie-knife, and washes down his meal with a draught of aquafortis, after which, with a back-action, high-faluting, double-barreleed steel pen he uses up every body, and every thing, that comes in his way. He's a rouser.

A young lad recently ran away from home and went to a tavern, where he was found by a friend with a cigar in his mouth. "What made you leave home?" said the friend. "Oh, confound it," said he, "father and mother was so saucy that I couldn't stand it no longer—so I quit 'em"

It is related of a Boston Irishman that one day last winter, after having applied to an eminent merchant for employment, he returned to Mayor Bigelow, and exclaimed:—"By the Holy Virgin, he towld me to go to the devil, and I have come to see yer honor."

An old gentleman who has had all his life in statistics, says he never heard of more than one woman who insured her life. He accounts for this, by the singular fact of one of the questions on every insurance paper being, "What is your age?"

An advertisement appears in the Hereford *Times*, England, for a governess capable of imparting "thorough English and musical instruction, and of doing the sewing for the family; salary *ten dollars per annum!*" The advertisement adds, that the "last governess left because she could not do sewing enough.'

Energy—an invincible determination—an honest purpose one fixed—and then victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunity will make a two-legged creature a man without it.

There can be no question that woman have as much to do making libertines as the 'Evil One.' Did the females put the same value on libertines that men do on "fallen angels," society would soon realize the benefit of it. Women have more effect on morals than millions of sermons from the pulpit.

An old sexton was once seen to shed tears. Enquiries being made as to the cause, it was ascertained that one of the Doctors had stepped out. "Ah!" said the old sexton, "that was my best friend—he has brought me more fees than any other in the neighborhood.

No street in Constantinople has a name, nor is there a lamp in it, yet there are five hundred thousand inhabitants! There is not a post-office nor a mail-route in all Turkey, nor a church bell—but there are, at least, two dogs to every inhabitant.

A western debating club submits the following question: "If a man has a tiger by the best for his personal safety—to hold on, or let him go?"

Women are a good deal like French watches—very pretty to look at, but very difficult to regulate when they once take to going wrong.

When did John Smith assume another name? When he said that he was *all of a sweat*—(Oliver Sweat.)

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