uth Stanger than Fiction.
OUTH TO MOUTH TESTIMONY
BY SOME OF THE THOUSANDS
CURED BY HAMPTON'S VEGE-
TABLE TINCTURE.
PALPITATION OF THE HEART.
PORT ROYAL, Va., July 27th 1852.
ESSRS. MORTIMER & MOWBRAY:
Gents—We have again to send an order
ore of your truly wonderful "Hampton's
able Tincture." Since it was first tried
sold without an effort, and we have not
he first person who has not been greatly
tted by its use. A gentleman of our
borhood was induced to try the Tincture
violent palpitation of the heart. He had
ed so much from it that he said he had
d for death. He had taken but three
when he assured us he would not take
undred dollars for the benefit he had de-
and that he should never cease to re-
er us with gratitude for calling his atten-
o so valuable a medicine. Yours truly,
GRAY & PENDLETON.
Are you Sick.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,
for "Hampton's Vegetable Tincture."
any cures made by this pleasant and safe
may introduce counterfeiting.
edicine must have merit, and great mer-
to stand the test of public opinion. No
puffing can galvanize a worthless article
o keep it up as a good medicine if it be
lly so.
OOD MEDICINE will live, become
r, and extend its sales year after year, in
opposition. The people readily find
virtues, and the fame of them passes
ou'h to mouth with more rapidity than
pers can spread it. A living witness
g to the cure a medicine has made for
of far more service than any newspaper
sing.
oof of what we say above, we refer you
MPTON'S VEGETABLE TINC-
, and its effects.
Wife of T. W. Yeahle, Grocer, 76 Pearl
cured of Rheumatism of 8 years' stan-
ll other remedies failed.
. Schaeffer, Esq., one of the oldest
rates and most highly respectable citi-
ured of great weakness, and restored to
ealth.
t Plummer, 153 E. Baltimore street,
intensely for six years with hip disease
rcurial rheumatism; cured after all oth-
dies failed.
will not permit to name hundreds of oth-
eo W. Goodrich, Capt. Thomas Ca-
bert Gault, James Smyth, cured of
atism.
Pervail, S. A. Griffin, John Lukes
Eskridge, U. S. N., and thousand,
ured of Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Cough,
omplaints, Bronchits, St. Vitu's Dance,
e refer you to your own citizens. Call
.
OUGH, CONSUMPTION, &c.
Henry C. Winn had a cough for 5 years;
eakness, &c., had in all 5 or 6 physi-
ied all their remedies, but was cured
TON'S VEGETABLE TINCTURE.
HAMPTON, the author of this great
ton's Vegetable Tincture," is in his
r, in good health, so that it will be
s not an article got up to impose on
lic.
nd get pamphlets gratis, with history
very of this wonderful Blood Purifier,
certificates of our own citizens, of
tism, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Liver Com-
General Weakness, Nervousness, &c.,
n Cambridge by Dr. JOSEPH FLINT—
n by Dawson & Bro. St. Michaels by
d & Harrison, and by Mortimer &
y Proprietors, Baltimore, and by Store
and Druggists—generally.
, 1854.
"Truth is Mighty."
LAIN AND UNVARNISHED
TATEMENT. We commend the
the extract below to our readers.
is a merchant of high character.
Y BOTTOM, MIDDLESEX Co., Va.,
August 29th 1853.
Mortimer & Mowbray—Gents:—
think it strange that I have taken
y to write you this letter, but I do so
cumstances that justify it. As you
gents for HAMPTON'S VEGETA-
NCTURE, I deem it expedient to ad-
this note, hoping it may be a part of
able means of giving this medicine
riety which its merits deserve.
in the habit of vending medicines
ate to the Patent and regular system,
myself, to some extent, a judge of
nerits of many of them. My experi-
ces me that "Hampton's Tincture"
cine of real merit and intrinsic value.
ay this, I do not say that it is an in-
re, in all cases, but I mean to say
mpton's Tincture" will favorably op-
ll diseases originating from a want of
retions of the gastric juices, bad di-
nd consequently bad deposites of an-
er from that source. I believe that
ases located in various parts of the
ch as Inflammation, Ulcers, Scrofu-
iginally have their being in the
rom bad food, bad digestion, and
tly bad disposition of the circulation
arts; and I will believe Hampton's
Tincture will even re act those ca-
found out myself what it is, I rec-
to others in such cases as I have de-
d I have done it upon the "no cure
tem," and I have yet to have the
returned, or the first objection about
It is a great pity it cannot be more
circulated among the people.
t it in the following cases: Gout,
m, Inflammations, which proceeds
omach, Sores, Scrofula, Dispepsia,
ng cases of Ague and Fever, first
ill and then give the Tincture;—the
this case is not in stopping the
the return of it, this the "Tinc-
certainly do. In general debilita-
rrant it, and as I said before I have
trial of it in this way, which other-
d not; the people have been hum-
patent medicines so long, that they
of all. This is clearly a stomach
t works all its wonders there, and
cases it is a specific, if any thing in
s.
given the Tincture a fair trial with
my family and neighborhood, I
warranted in what I say about it,
I do without any other interest than
see it in general circulation, and in
s family where it ought to be.
say be doubted by any of the af-
they will write to me at Sandy
t Office, Middlesex County, Virgin-
he nature of the disease, and I rec-
for such a case I will warrant it,
es no good I will pay for the medi-
Respectfully,
THOMAS R. BULL.
et pamphlets gratis, with history
f this wonderful Blood Purifier,
tificates of our own citizens, of
, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Liver Com-
eral Weakness, Nervousness, &c.
ORTIMER & MOWBRAY, 240
reet, Baltimore, and 304 Broadway,
et pamphlets gratis.
R. JOSEPH FLINT, Cambridge,
ro., Easton, Mansfield & Harrison,
, Md., and by Druggists and store-
y where. Feb. 8, 1854.

Cambridge Democrat.

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

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THE CAMBRIDGE DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY WM. H. BOWDLE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Price $1,50 in Advance.
OFFICE OPPOSITE MR. BRADSHAW'S HOTEL

POETRY.

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

God Bless the Honest Laborer.

God bless the honest laborer,
The hardy son of toil,
The worker in the clattering mills,
The delver in the soil;
The ones whose brawny hands have torn
From earth her hoarded wealth,
Whose sole return for ceaseless toil
Is nature's boon—sweet health.

Bless him who wields the ponderous sledge,
Clad in his leathern mail,
That, safe as warriors panoply,
Guards from the seething hail,
That gushes from beneath each stroke,
Each mighty crushing blow,
Who seeks to lighten labor's toil,
Where ruddy fires glow.

Bless him who turns the matted soil,
Who with the early dawn,
Hastens to gather nature's store—
Hastes to the yellow corn!
Who plants in nature's bosom wide
The fruitful golden grain,
And gives it to her guardian care,
The sunshine and the rain.

Bless him who lays the massive keel,
Who bends the trusty sail,
That bids the ocean wanderer
Safe battle with the gale;
Who rears the tall and slender mast,
Whence floats to every breeze,
The stars and stripes of liberty,
A rainbow o'er the seas.

Bless him whose ribbed palace rests
Upon the heaving sea,
Who scorns the dangers of the flood,
The breaker-guarded lea;
Who in the ocean cradle sleeps
Calmly in storm-fraught hour,
Unfearing that his bark will quail
Before the tempest's power.

Bless him who gives each beauteous thought
A resting place—a name—
And twines its ancient glories
With the fadeless wreath of fame;
Who sends it forth on every breeze,
And bids it live to bless;
While ceaseless clicks the slender type,
And groans the printing press.

Bless all who toil—God's blessing rest
On them with double power,
Whose honest brow the sweat-drops deck
In every daylight hour,
Bless them, though poor, and may they win,
What wealth can never gain—
Contentment with their lot on earth,
A balm for every pain.

Bless them! and may the workman's hand
That framed the giant earth,
That bade each star in glory shine,
That gave the seas their birth;
Reserve on high a resting-place,
Within the realms of light,
For every honest son of toil,
When passed death's darksome night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE THREE DAUGHTERS,

—OR,—

Something on a Delicate Subject.

A GREAT deal has been sung and said by various writers upon the marriage ceremonies of different nations; very interesting and amusing too, are some of the minor details which take place among semi-civilized people upon the important occasion of the solemnization of that bond of union between the sexes, which lays the foundation of a new household. But we are not aware that any very practical, and therefore reliable writer, has ever favored the world with the means of arriving at a distinct idea of the process by which that perfect agreement is established between the parties most interested, which, in a country like our own, at least, must be established by some means or other before the marriage takes place.

We never hear the banns "put up," as it is called, in the parish church, or listen to the merry peal of the marriage morning bells, without wondering in our secret heart, how the delicate but tremendously decisive contract between bachelor and spinister was definitely settled before such demonstrations were thought of. We know, of course, that the writers of romances and love-stories of all descriptions, settle the business easily enough; but there is nothing better than guess work, when it is not something worse—a mere stereotyped formula established for the general convenience of scribblers. Everybody knows how Coleridge's minstrel won his Genevieve, and how Longfellow's hero in *Hyperion* endeavored to achieve similar means, and yet made a lamentable failure of it. But the world is not peopled exclusively by poets and poetesses; and therefore the method of "popping the question" covertly, recommended by the authors above named, however excellent in its proper place, can have accomplished but little towards filling the parish register. Honest John Dumple and Polly Grubbs, who signed the conjugal record with her X, we may be sure, did not go such a roundabout way in order to bring the affair to a crisis; and we question whether, among what are called the respectable classes, that species of poetical circumlocution is much more in vogue. The whole business, however, lies involved in mystery, which we, being only a bachelor—and that neither of arts nor of hearts—must confess our inability to fathom; still, we can do something towards the general enlightenment by the report of one or two individual cases not to be found in any of the books, but which have come within our own knowledge, and which may serve to show how the affair is really managed among certain plain folks with plain understandings, who, having a difficulty to surmount, bring to the task such courage as they may chance to possess.

Gideon Robin was a farm laborer in a west country town of small note, where the labors of the inhabitant were divided between the cultivation of the land and the weaving of a particular kind of cloth for the London markets. Gideon could either plow a field, reap a crop of corn, shear a sheep, or weave cloth at the loom, and, besides all, bore an excellent character for industry and sobriety. He was a man of fewest words in the whole parish, and indeed opened his mouth so seldom, that had all his utterance been reported *verbatim* by a penny-a-liner, and paid for at the established rate, it is very certain they would not have provided that worthy with shoe-leather. The man that is not merely modest, but bashful beyond all recorded precedent—shrinking from the sound of his own voice, as though it were something oppressively terrible.

Dumb Gideon, however, as he was called, was not proof against the shafts of Cupid, and, as fate would have it, fell in love with the only daughter of Tom Spinner. The girl was a plump, well favored lass, who wrought in her father's fields and dairy by day, and wove at a loom in the evenings, and, like Gideon himself, had a talent, though by no means, so striking a one for taciturnity. Gideon betrayed his first rising regard for the damsel by silently seizing her pail of milk as it stood frothing with Brindle's creamy treasure, and lugging it off, together with the milking stool, to her father's cottage. As this freedom was not resented, he redoubled his attentions, and was ever at hand when his strong arm could be of service to the maiden.

Dame Spinner having a respect for the young man's character, invited him, on one occasion, into the house, and from that time forth, Gideon spent his evenings in the cottage, and took his seat in the ingle-nooks, where he remained for hours, as dumb and almost as motionless as the flitch of bacon which dangled above his head, rarely finding courage to speak ten words, and sometimes not speaking at all during the whole evening. He sat feasting his eyes upon Polly as she plied the shuttle, and his part was to attend to the wants of the fire as it crackled on the hearth in front of him. On Sundays and holidays he was seen at the site of his beloved, exhibiting at all times evidences of the truest devotion. Still, he never spoke a word, either to her or her parents, on the subject nearest his heart. This silent homage went on for two years. In the estimation of all the neighborhood, the pair were booked for man and wife; and as there was no impediment to their union, people wondered why it had not come off long ago.

Whether any kind and considerate soul gave Gideon a hint to take courage and speak up, we cannot pretend to say, but it is certain, that at length he found resolution to pop the question. The grand event took place in the following way, and as we were indebted for the account of it from the mother of the bride, we cannot be mistaken on the subject: Gideon came into the cottage on Christmas-eve, a little flustered, from his masters' house, by a merry Christmas from the whole family. Dame Spinner saw an unusually manful expression on his countenance, and half expected what was going to happen. Father, mother, and daughter, were assembled round the fire, having laid aside their work to enjoy a few hours' holiday over a cup of elder-wine. Gideon took his seat in the chimney corner, and sat quietly for a few minutes, with a significant smile upon his countenance; then he rose suddenly to his full height, and with his head halfway up the chimney, little more than his corduroy continuations being visible of the following mysterious declarations:

"If somebody loved somebody as well as somebody loves somebody, somebody would have somebody." It is most probable that a declaration of love was never made in such a form before. Gideon remained as mute as a statue, his head concealed in the chimney, for some minutes after the prodigious effort he had made When, at length in compliance with the request of the damsel's mother, he brought his broad face into the light, it was the color of a live coal, and was turned in any direction but towards her who was the cause of his confusion. But the ice was broken; the necessary preliminaries were soon after settled; and on the ensuing Easter Sunday, the marriage knot was tied, which made Gideon Robin and Polly Spinner, one flesh. Neither of them, so far as we have heard, ever regretted the step; and it is our firm conviction, that if Gideon could be prevailed upon to utter so many words, which is not likely, he would declare it was the best job he ever did in his life.

We were once intimate with a gentleman, who after fifteen years of active and ceaseless exertions in business, having realized a competent fortune, built himself a house on a delightful site overlooking an arm of the sea, and sat down to enjoy the fruits of his labor. Though surrounded with books and works of art, and the finest scenery, he yet found something wanting. A friend suggested that his mansion could not be complete without a mistress.

"You mean a wife?" said he. "I never thought of that. I'll see about it." The next day he set off for Manchester, and upon his arrival, knocked at the door of a merchant with whom he had often done business. He was shown into the library.

"Master is not at home," said the footman; "but he will return to dinner."

"I do not want your master," said our friend; "be so good as to send the housekeeper to me." The young woman obeyed the summons in a few moments.

"Mary," said he, "they tell me I want a wife, and I think I do. You are the only woman I know of that I should like to have. I have known you a good many years, and you know me well enough; and if you have no objection, we will be married to-morrow: What do you say!" Mary might have suspected another man acting thus, to be out of his mind, but knowing the habits of the speaker, she merely replied that she would prefer having some time to think the matter over.

"I'll give you a week," said he, "by that time you must make up your mind, as I want the affair settled, now I have taken it in hand. Be a good girl, and consent, and I'll make you a good husband." On that day week, he took her with him back to his new house as his wife, and never from that day to this, found cause to repent of his choice, which, perhaps, was not so unpremeditated, as from the suddenness of the event, we might suppose.

Among civilized nations, it is the almost universal rule, that all advances towards matrimony, are to be made solely by the male. It would be thought a violation of modesty for the lady in any case—unless, perhaps, she was a royal personage, to manifest any evidence of partiality towards a gentleman who had not first given decided tokens of his admiration. There is no very philosophical ground for this rigid rule that we are aware of, either in nature or reason; and we are not justified in condemning those who choose to break through it—it being a custom perfectly conventional, and really of no moral importance whatever. Among the natives of Paraguay, such a one-sided reciprocity is utterly unknown. There, both male and female are at liberty to declare their preference for one another, without either of them incurring the slightest obloquy. All a natural modesty requires, is the occasional intervention of a third party, who shall act for the lady the part which a gentleman is supposed to be courageous enough to act for himself. When a lass of Paraguay is smitten with the charms of a young Indian warrior, she applies to an elder of her tribe, or to the missionary of the station, to procure on her behalf his consent to the match. If the proposition is accepted, all is well and the pair are married. If on the other hand, it is declined, it becomes the office of the unsuccessful mediator to reconcile her to the disappointment, which is accomplished generally with no great difficulty, there having been no pining in secret, no wire-drawing dallying circumlocutions, no painful suspense in the transaction of the business.

If, among ourselves, ladies are sometimes known to take the initiative, we see no great reason for prudish exclamations, or any severe judgment upon their conduct. The proof of a pudding, they say, is in the eating; and the best proof of the wisdom or propriety of any step is to be looked for in the results. Owing to the rigid adherence, in this country, to the custom above alluded to, we never personally knew but one instance of a matrimonial match proposed by the lady-partner; but that one turned out well. It happened as follows:

A young artist who painted tolerable landscapes, at which he wrought dismally hard for the benefit of the dealers, lodged in the second floor of a tradesman's house, in the neighborhood of Oxford street. He had a hard struggle to maintain a respectable appearance, and to save enough to enable him to make the annual summer sketching trip, which was indispensable to furnish him with subjects for the easel. His landlord, who had a thriving business, drank himself into delirium tremens, and died at the age of thirty-five, leaving a young widow, without incumbrances, in possession of the concern. From causes we need not specify, the artist, a year after, fell into difficulties and debt, and of course into arrears with his rent. Hopeless, at length, of extricating himself, and resolving to retrench, he sent for his landlady, and laid frankly before her the sad case of his exchequer, offering either to quit or to remove to less expensive quarters in the attic above, and concluded by asking her advice. The advice she gave him then and there was, that he should take her to church, and wipe out the debt at the altar. We know nothing of the precise terms in which the advice was conveyed, but that was the sense of it, and in another moment, the astonished artist was in his mind. The result has been already suggested. The wedding came off in a month. The business was advantageously sold; and with the means at command of procuring valuable instruction, and to complete his studies by travel, the artist, in a few years, took high rank in his profession, and has since realized both independence and reputation.

Although the above is the only instance of a match of the kind we can personally vouch for, we can yet record another upon the responsibility of a friend, who guarantees its truth.—A young Norfolk farmer, on beginning life with a limited capital, found that two things were wanted to do justice to the large farm which he rented on a long lease—namely, a wife to rule the house at home, and an additional thousand pounds to invest upon the land. Like a sagacious man, he conceived that the two might be found combined, and he began to look about for a cheerful lass with a dowry to the desiderated amount. Accident threw him one day into company with the parson of a neighboring parish, with whom, as he rode home while returning from market, he fell into conversation. Encouraged by the divine, the youth unburdened himself of his cares and his plans, and mentioned the design he had formed of marrying as soon as he could find an agreeable lass with a moderate dowry.

"I'll tell you what," said the parson, "I've got three daughters, and very nice girls they are, I assure you. Suppose you come and dine with me next market day; you will meet them at the table, and if any of them should prove the 'inevitable she' you are in search of, I shall not be backwaad to do my part as fast as I can."

"Agreed," said the youth. "I'll come sure as you're alive, if you'll say nothing about it to the young ladies."

"That shall be a bargain. On Saturday next, then, we shall see you at dinner, at five." And here, their roads diverging, the gentlemen separated.

At the appointed hour, on the following Saturday, the young farmer, in handsome trim, descended from his galloway at the parson's door. Dinner was served a few minutes after, and the young ladies, with their mother, graced the table with their presence. All three fully justified the encomiums of the father; but the youngest, a rosy-faced, roguish, cheerful lass, just escaped from her teens, alone made a vivid impression on the young farmer. The repast progressed agreeably enough; and when it was ended, the ladies withdrew, leaving the gentlemen to chat over their wine.

"Well," said the host, "what do you think of my girls?"

"I think them all charming," said the youth; "but the youngest—you call her Nelly—is really most bewitching and clever too; and if I am to have the honor of being allied to you, you must give me her."

"That is against all rule," returned the host, "to take the youngest first; but of course I cannot control your choice. What dowry do you expect?"

"My capital," said the wooer, "is three thousand pounds, and I want a thousand more, and I MUST have it."

"I will give you a thousand with the eldest girl."

"No; the charming Nelly and the thousand, or I am off."

"That cannot be; five hundred with Nelly, if you like. The others are not half so handsome, and must have a fortune, or I shall never get them off."

"No, my resolution is fixed," said the youth, "and I shall not alter it."

"Nor I mine," said the parson, "and the affair is at an end; but we will be good friends, notwithstanding."

The conversation, which each supposed to be strictly private, now fell into another channel. The ladies returned with the tea-urn, and chatted unreservedly with the farmer. Evening came on, and towards sunset, the girls having strolled into the garden, the youth rose to take his leave. He found his nag in the stable, and having bade farewell to his host, took his way through the shrubbery that led into the road. He was about alighting to open the gate, when the rosy-faced Nelly darted forward to save him the trouble. As she lifted the latch, she looked archly up into his face and said—

"Can't you take my father's money?"

"Yes! by Jove, I will, if you wish it."

"Then come over to church to-morrow morning and tell him so after service;" and the speaker vanished like an elfin sprite among the greenery.

Musing on the proverb which says, "Walls have ears," the young farmer rode slowly home. He did not fail—how could he?—of attending at the church next morning, and after sermon, declared to the parson his altered resolution. He married fair Nelly three months afterwards, and she brought him in due course of years, a row of goodly sons, than whom there are few at the present hour wiser in their generation, or more worthy, or more wealthy, in the whole of broad England.—*Chambers' Edinburg Journal.*

Beautiful Extract.

There is no one thing more lovely in this life, more full of the divinest courage, than when a young maiden from her past life, from her happy childhood, when she rambled over every field and moor around her home; when a mother anticipated her wants and soothed her little cares; when brothers and sisters grew from merry playmates to loving, trustful friends; from Christmas gatherings and romps; from summer festivals in bower garden; from the rooms sanctified by the death of relatives; from the secure back grounds of her childhood, and girlhood, and maidenhood; looks out into the dark and unilluminated future, away from all that; and yet, unterrified, undaunted, leans her fair neck upon her lover's breast, and whispers: "Dear heart! I cannot see, but I believe.—The past was beautiful, but the future I can trust—WITH THEE!"

☞Wm. Webb, aged 16, recently ran away from Louisville, with Susan Roby aged 13, and got married, neither of their mothers knowing they were "out" Pretty "fast" master and miss, these. "*Fly* with me!" cried Willy. Susy did so, and was caught by a *web*.

☞"Father, ain't you opposed to monopoly," shouted a little fellow as his parent took up the brandy bottle.

"Yes, my son."

"Then give me a drink."

☞There is a man in Boston who walks so slow that he wears a pair of spurs to keep his shadow from treading on his heels.

TO THEE.

I could not tell thee if I would,
How dear thou art to me;
For love is measured not by words—
The love I bear to thee:
I hear with pleasure many a name—
Thine hath a stronger spell—
'Tis linked with all the hopes and joys
Which in my bosom swell!

There's many a voice I love to hear
Ring out in gladsome tone,
But thine is sweeter far, and hath
A music all its own:
It cheered me when the hand of care
Lay heavy on my brow;
I would't were more than fancy's dream,
That I can hear it now!

I love to press the proffered hand
Of many a cherished friend—
For much of love and sympathy,
In such a greeting blend;
But more I love to clasp thine own,
As I have often done,
And think of that expected time
When we shall both be ONE!

Is She Happy?

BY MINNIE MYRTLE.

"What is fame to a heart yearning for affection, and finding it not? It is like the victor's wreath to him who is parched with fever, and longing for the one cooling draught—the cup of cold water."

This was the language of one who had been crowned with the laurel wreath of fame, and on whom was lavished all the world has to bestow of honor, and yet her heart hungered.

Is she happy? is a question I have often asked, concerning one who is walking in the same path and breathing the same atmosphere of praise and adulation. I sometimes ask if it is enough? if this is sufficient for her woman's heart? and she answers "yes." But I never yet believed her! Why those tears, when there is no visible cause? Why does she start, as if guilty, when suddenly roused from a revery? Why does she instantly assume that gay and careless air, lest we should know that she is ever sad?

I have seen her when she thought no eye was near, and no listening ear was by, with her face buried in her hands, and the hot tears falling thick and fast, while sobs seemed rending her bosom. If I should ask her then the cause of her weeping, she would answer, "nothing," for woman must not speak the truth concerning her heart's yearnings.

And there are those who envy her—who think she glories in the world's homage, and loves its hollow praise. Oh! what an answer would her heart give back, could it speak from its hidden depths! Her name is on every tongue; but to her it is only mockery.

The unthinking world calls her cold and heartless—they contemptuously speak of her as one who prefers flattery to love—to whom the breath of fame is sweeter than the gushings of affection. She smiles a gay, glad smile, when they tell her of the crown which is to deck her brow, and they think she will wear it proudly. They know not how her soul tramples it in the dust.

"Why does she not renounce that which gives her no pleasure!"

A literary man, in his advice to another, concerning the care of his health, says: "However happy he may be in the domestic circle, he must have something else to feed his *temper* and his *ambition*!"

"And is this also true of woman?" "No," I fearlessly answer, though there will be a multitude to contradict me. Woman needs nothing for her "temper" or her "ambition," if there is enough for her heart. God did not make man and woman equal and alike in all things—what a stupid world it would have been, if he had! "There are diversities of gifts." What is lacking in one, is made up in another.

But it *is* true that woman must have something to feed both her temper and ambition, unless her heart is full! The excitement of a literary life, or of any other which affords constant occupation, is not sufficient for the happiness of which she is capable—for which "her soul hungers;" but it preserves her elasticity and her usefulness; aye, and sometimes saves her from idiocy or from madness!

"Why has she never married? This is woman's sphere, and the duties of the household are woman's duties," is the stereotyped answer to all this. Yes, but they are duties which cannot be performed with any degree of acceptance when the heart is not engaged. Into other channels the heart may be forced, but into this never, as the thousand wretched homes into which woman has come with only her head and her hands, abundantly prove.

"Is she happy?" No, not in the sense in which you put the question; but she is too true a woman to consent to make others miserable, by taking upon her vows which she can never fulfil—by consenting to preside over a HOME, while her heart is still wandering—by attempting to diffuse light and life into the fireside circle, when her own bosom is without the love, the warmth-giving element, which alone can link in harmony the family bonds.

Oh! how happy she would be, and how happy she could make others, surrounded by those in whom her affections delighted. How congenial to her would be those quiet duties and gentle offices which bless a home; "but there is a God in heaven who says thou mayest like to do this, but thou must do that."

When woman reigns in any other empire than home, it is from a stern necessity, which converts her into a martyr. But it is to the restless, weary ones of earth, that we look for the mighty deeds which shake the world and reform society. One who has spent his life in wandering says, "nothing is ever accomplished in the world by the happy;" yet there are some whose high sense of duty bids them relinquish the happiness they might enjoy, in order better to promote the good of others; yet there are many more who are *driven forth*, else they would never go.

Few, very few, women launch voluntarily on the sea where pleasure or safety depends on the breath of popular favor. It is with the hope of finding anchorage for the tempest-tossed bark—some rock which will give temporary repose, but it is far from being the beloved port. And let those who are in the midst of green fields and flowery vales envy them not their perilous resting-place.

A Masked Ball in Naples.

We find ourselves after a little while before the Theatre San Carlos, and are surprized to see a troop of cavalry picketted before the doors, and some idle persons still lounging about.—Why, it is past one in the morning! Let us imagine what is going on. There is a masked ball, and we will look in to see it. A masked ball at Naples, in high carnival, must be worth a visit, in spite of what we have heard. Paying about 3s. to a grave money taker, and a little surprized at the silence which reigns, we take our way up the fine staircase, and see with pain and repugnance that they are bristling with soldiers. The theatre is magnificent—hundreds and hundreds of lights glittering everywhere, as in a fairy palace, and two military bands, I declare! It looked like a very temple of revelry. But bless my heart, my public!—you see it is quite empty. We counted, you know, 110 soldiers and police men about the building, besides the cavalry outside. They are mustachioed up to the eyes, and armed with swords, guns and bayonets, wear cocked hats, filling every vista and guarding every doorway. Of guests there are just seven. Seven in the whole of that immense building! Three persons, dressed something like the clowns at Astley's, two arm in arm, and one alone. There is another man in a black domino, not unlike a funeral cloak (probably a traveller) and two Englishmen, talking about Vesuvius, and standing at the doorway, which, with us, my public, makes up the seven, for you are invisible.

The bands pipe freely one after another, and every now and then an excitable person belonging to the police establishment comes in to see if any of us have got on a great coat which he could take away and imprison. The check-taker, also, having nothing to do, comes in with his wide awake and comforter on, and we begin to talk to him.

"Is the ball over?"

"No, it is not begun."

"When will it begin?"

The check-taker smiles, and, with an almost imperceptible movement which we follow, indicates a placard wafered up over his head, and dated "Prefecture of Police," which lets us into the secret at once. The Neapolitans have altered their national savory pie into plain boiled veal, and now nobody will eat it. They have taken the salt from their banquet, and people sup elsewhere. I think the placard forbade every possible thing which could give zest or animation to an amusement of which the Italians were the originators, and are proverbially fond. There was a long list of characters it was unlawful to assume—a longer one of things it was unlawful to say. No wonder the scene was so dead; not a jest, not a laugh from any of those seven dreary persons the whole hour I stayed. I stayed an hour, because I wished to see it out; and it was not until the two clowns disappeared, and the Englishmen went to redeem their great coats, that I turned to leave the two solitary guests to their own reflections. I was, of course, stopped at the staircase by a bayonet. It was not the way out, I must take the right staircase, not the left. I must go round, and did so, listening to the solitary echo of my own boots across the deserted board.

[*From Mayfair to Mathon.*

☞TIME is but a name; it is what is done in time that is the substance; what are twenty-four centuries to the hard rock, more than twenty-four hours to man, or twenty-four minutes to the ephemere? Are there not periods in our own existence in which space, computed by its true measure of thoughts, feelings, and events, mocks the penury of man's artificial scale, and comprises a lifetime in a day.

GOOD ADVICE FOR EVERYBODY.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care—
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

☞A sailor looking serious in a certain chapel in Boston, was asked by a clergyman if he felt any change; whereupon, the tar put his hand in his pocket, and replied—"Not a darned cent."

☞The young man who was too aristocratic to associate with mechanics, was when last heard from "keeping books" for a street cart—on the tail board, with a piece of chalk!

☞A bloomer, just as homely as sin, and awkward as a lout, passed up Washington street yesterday afternoon. Every body laughed "rite out."

☞If you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy the raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

☞What is nothing? A footless stocking without a leg.

☞The man who "took a seat" is requested to bring it back again.

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