GAITHER TUBMAN,
Attorney at Law.
CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND.
LL attend promptly to all business en-
rusted to his care.
OFFICE, opposite Bradshaw's Hotel.
RENCES.—Judge B. J. Goldsborough,
M. Henry, Esq., Col. B. G. Keene,
. Traverse, Balto. [Jan. 4, 1854. 1y

R. J. B. MARCHISIS'
elebrated Catholicon,
THE RELIEF AND CURE OF
SUFFERING FEMALES.

It stands pre-eminent for its curative powers in all the diseases for which it is recommended, called FEMALE COMPLAINTS. Of these are PROLAPSUS UTERI, or Falling of the Womb; FLUOR ALBUS, or Whites; CHRONIC INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION OF THE WOMB; INCIDENTAL HEMORRHAGE, or Flooding; PAINFUL, SUPPRESSED, OR IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION, &c., with all the attending evils, (Cancer excepted,) however severe or how long standing. The Catholicon far surpassed other remedies, is more certain, less expensive, and injures the system in a better condition. Let the afflicted in such a remedy called and obtain a pamphlet (free) containing ample proof, from very respectable sources, of the happy effects its use together with letters from first-rate experienced physicians, who have used it in practice, and speak from their own observation.

REFERENCES.

BUCKHAM, M. D., Utica, N. Y.
FLEMING, M. D., Canandaigua, N. Y.
HILLS, M. D., Rochester, N. Y.
FOOTE, M. D., Syracuse, N. Y.
UNBAR, M. D., Baltimore, Md.
PRICK, M. D., Baltimore, Md.
REESE, M. D., New-York City.
SCOTT, M. D., Concord, N. H.
OWLAND, M. D., Utica, N. Y.
Pamphlets had gratis at the Store of Dr. WRIGHT, Agent, Druggist, Cambridge, and sold by ANDERSON & CAMPBELL.

Letters addressed to Messrs. Beach & Beard, Agent at Newberry C. H., S. C., by Beard, of same State.

GLENN SPRINGS, Jan. 9th, 1853.
BEACH & BEARDSON—Sirs: I send a bottle of your "Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon." My wife has been afflicted for years, and a variety of means has been used for relief, but none was obtained until she tried this medicine from you. Its influence is almost magical: there was a manifest amendment from the day it was taken. There are a great many females in our country suffering under the affliction for which you propose a remedy, I feel it a duty to recommend it to all such.
Yours, &c., (Signed,) CLOUGH S. BEARD.
DR. MARCHISI & CO., Proprietors, Depot, 304 Broadway, N. Y.
1853. 1y

UGH BY EXPRESS!!
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
THE MEXICAN
TANG LINIMENT
was used quite extensively in the state of ADAMS & CO'S GREAT NEW, EASTERN and WESTERN LINES, for CURING Galds, Chafes, Sprains and Bruises, and it has proved to be a valuable preparation, to be used on man or beast.
J. DUNNING,
Adams & Co's Express Stables,
New York.
Have great pleasure in recommending the MUSTANG LINIMENT to all friends and customers as the best article ever used for Sores, Sprains, or Galds. We have used it extensively, and generally. Some of our men have had severe Bruises and Sores, as well as sprains, and they all say it acts like magic. I can only say that we have entirely dispensed the use of any other Liniment.
J. HEWITT, Foreman for
ADAMS EXPRESS CO., 10 Wall st.
ADAMS'S EXPRESS, 74 Broadway,
VIRGIL & CO'S, 16 Wall st.
WARGO & CO'S, 16 Wall st.
I have used the MUSTANG LINIMENT for several severe cases of hard chillings, I cheerfully give my certificate of its excellent effects. My daughter had a lump, the size of a hen's egg, upon her throat for a year. I told her to rub it with the Liniment, and a few applications entirely removed it. I have also used the Liniment for bruises, or swellings in the throat, and have found it a cure. I have recommended it to one of my servants, and it cured him both in a short time. I consider it a remarkable cure, and recommend it to all suffering Liniment as the best article I know of.
JESSE T. HOPKINS,
Proprietor of Hopkins's Hotel.
June 30th, 1853.
TRON, N. C., June 30th, 1853.
MESSRS. WRIGG & Co.—I feel it my duty to my fellow beings who are afflicted to add my testimony to the virtues of your MUSTANG LINIMENT. I was severely attacked in December with Rheumatism in its worst form, and day with excruciating pain, being for the whole time unable to step. My right leg was so drawn up that I could not put it down, and my left arm was badly drawn during the whole time I was attended by the most skillful physicians, they were unable to afford me any relief. My friends generally gave me up—pronounced my case incurable, and said I must die. The moment I commenced using the MUSTANG LINIMENT, I began to find relief. Two small bottles I began to find relief; and after using seven bottles I was as sound as ever, and am now stout and hearty.
GEORGE GOOD.
SCRANTON, June 30th, 1853.
I am acquainted with George Good, who was afflicted with Rheumatism for years, and was cured by the use of Mustang Liniment.
JAMES C. SMYTH,
Merchant and Hotel Keeper.
The Liniment is put up in three sizes, viz: 25 cts., 50 cts. and $1 per bottle. The 25 ct. size contains three times as much as the 50 ct. size, and the $1 size three times as much as the 50 ct. size; the large sizes are cheaper.
WRIGG & CO., Proprietors, N. Y., and St. Louis, Mo.
Druggists and Store-keepers generally.
Druggists in Cambridge, and Vienna, Md.
1y

Cambridge Democrat.

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

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THE CAMBRIDGE DEMOCRAT,
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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."

The Forsaken to the False One.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I dare thee to forget me!
Go wander where thou wilt;
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm,
Or on the saber's hilt;
Away! thou'rt free! o'er land and sea,
Go rush to danger's brink!
But oh, thou can'st not fly from thought!
Thy curse will be—*to think!*

Remember me! remember all
My long-enduring love,
That linked itself to perfidy;
The vulture and the dove!
Remember in thy utmost need,
I never once did shrink,
But clung to thee confidingly;
Thy curse shall be—*to think!*

Then go! that thought will render thee
A dastard in the fight;
That thought, when thou art tempest-tost,
Will fill thee with affright!
In some wild dungeon may'st thou lie,
And counting each cold link
That binds thee to captivity,
Thy curse shall be—*to think!*

Go seek the merry banquet hall,
Where younger maidens bloom;
The thought of me shall make thee there
Endure a deeper gloom;
That thought shall turn the festive cup
To poison while you drink,
And while false smiles are on thy cheek
Thy curse will be—*to think!*

Foget me, false one! hope it not!
When minstrels touch the string,
The memory of other days
Will gall thee while they sing;
The airs I used to love will make
Thy coward conscience shrink
Ay, every note will have its sting;
Thy curse will be—*to think!*

Forget me! no, that shall not be!
I'll haunt thee in thy sleep,
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks
That overhang the deep;
Thou'lt shriek for aid! my feeble arm
Shall haul thee from the brink;
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay,
Thy curse will be—*to think!*

A SELECTED SKETCH.

[From the Literary Companion.]

BEN BOLT AND SWEET ALICE.

BY AMANDA MINNIE DOUGLASS.

"Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who blushed with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner secluded and lone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone."—*English*

Don't you remember? Are those three magic words—a key wherewith we may unlock the flood-gates of the heart, and send the sweet waters of the past over the plains and down the hills of that fair land, known in our heart-experience as by-gone? Even so. There rises before us visions of a time when the bright, deep eyes of the young Spring gazed shyly at us from beneath the ermined mantle of Winter—when the blue violets stole their first tint from the bluer sky above; when the cowslips of sunny May, and the golden-hearted buttercups first jeweled the slender blades of grass; and the hawthorn grew white with its blossoms; when we roamed the woods with the whole of that long, warm, loveable June holiday, weaving garlands and listening to the concert of birds in that dark, mistletoe-wreathed oaken forest. There was one in years agone that prayed—"Lord keep my memory green," and the clinging tendrils of our hearts go ever back yearningly to this prayer.

But green and fresh as the poet's prayer, had the heart of Ben Bolt been kept, from his early boyhood to the hour he sat by his old friend, and listened to the song of by-gone days. Not "through a glass, darkly," did he review those scenes of the past, but it was the going back of the boy-heart to other hearts of childhood.

There was the old red school house, with its dusty windows, and desks that had been nicked many a time, trying penknives; its tall, stern-looking teacher, whose heavy voice caused the younger ones to tremble; its rows of boys and girls, with their heads bent attentively downward to their books and slates. The wild wind sang and whistled without, and though some few childish hearts tried to find words for its mournful notes, they were too young and happy to know that it carried desolation and heart-ache in its wail; yet did they learn it in after days.

Then there came a few light, round snow-balls, so tiny that it must have been the sport of the storm-sprites in their eldrich revels, changing by and by to feather flakes, that danced about ever so gaily. Now the children's eyes grew bright as they looked at one another, and thought of the merry rides down hill, and the snow-balling that would make the play-ground ring again! The last lessons were said, books and slates put aside, and in place of the silence reigned gay, glad voices. Kate Ashley shook back her jetty ringlets, and laughed through her sparkling eyes, as she gave Jamie Marvin that bit of a curl he had teased her for so long, because she knew Jamie had the prettiest sled in the whole school. Ah, a bit of a coquette was that some gleeful, romping Kate; and there was Sophia Dale, looking as demure as a kitten walking from a pan of new milk, and as playful as a kitten too, was she, in spite of her quiet looks and the stately Elizabeth—queen Bess they called her, and I question if England's queen had a haughtier carriage.—But apart from these who were eagerly looking for friends to take them home, stood Alice May—sweet Alice. Very beautiful and loveable was she, with her winsome, childish face, blue eyes and soft, brown curls. She was so delicate and fragile, you might almost fancy her a little snow child, or a lost fairy babe.

Nearly all the children had departed, amid the joyful shouts and jingling of bells, but yet the sweet little child stood alone, until a rich boyish voice startled her by saying—"No one goes your way, Alice, do they?"

"No, I guess not, Ben," she replied, in her fine, bird-like tones.

"Well, the snow is too deep for you to walk, so I guess I will carry you home."

"Oh! no, I am too heavy to be carried so far," and she laughed low and sweetly.

"Heavy! no, you're just like thistle-down, or a snow-flake, Ally; I could carry you to England and back again, without being at all fatigued," and he tossed the little girl in his arms.

"No, no, let me go—the boys will laugh at you, Ben," and she struggled.

"What do I care, they may laugh at Ben Bolt as much as they like," and the brave boy drew himself up proudly, and pushed the chestnut curls from his broad, fair forehead; "but I did not mean to frighten you, Alice," he continued, as he saw the little girl trembled.

So she put on her bonnet and cloak, and Ben took her in his arms as if she had been a bird, while the little tiny thing nestled down on his shoulder, as he went stumbling through the snow, saying gay, pleasant things, that made the shy little girl laugh; and when, at length, he opened her mother's cottage door, he stood her on the floor, saying—"there! Mrs. May, I brought Alice home, lest she should get buried in a snow-bank, she's such a weeny little thing;" and before Mrs. May could thank him, he was out of sight.

What a brave, glorious snow-storm it was, though. The boys built a great snow house, dipping the chunks of snow in the water to harden them, so they might last longer; and they rolled large snow-balls for a pyramid, till it was higher than the school house. They worked bravely, but the brightest face and pleasantest voice among them was Ben Bolt's. Such rides as they had down hill; and the larger boys and girls said Alice May was too little and cowardly to join them, because she felt fearful sometimes, yet Ben Bolt held her in his arms, and away they went, merrily as any of the rest.

But the Winter began to wane, and now and then a soft, mild day would come that lessened the pyramid and snow-house materially. "Such a pity," they said, and wished Winter would last always; but there was one little wren-like voice that prayed for violets and blue birds.

The pyramid tumbled down, the snow-house grew thinner, and the boys jested about its being in a decline, till one day it disappeared—faded away like so many of their childish hopes.

The glad Spring came with its larks and jays, and one delightful day the children went a Maying. Kate Ashley was queen, and a brilliant queen she was, too; but Ben Bolt gathered white violets, and braided them in the soft curls of Alice, and told her she was sweeter, dearer than a thousand May queens like Kate. Child as she was, his words made the sun shine brighter, and lent enchantment to the atmosphere of her existence.

Then the long June days came, encircling the green earth with a coronal of roses, and making it redolent with perfume; and in the warm noontide hour the children strolled to the foot of the hill, and clustering together, told over their childish hopes of the future. Some were lured by ambition; some dreamed of quiet repose; some of gay city life; but there was one whose eye kindled and young face flushed with enthusiasm, as he spoke of the sparkling blue waters, and the brave ships that breasted them so gallantly.

Ben Bolt was going to sea. Captain Shirley, a generous, whole-souled being as ever trod the deck, was to take him under his protection the next five years. There was exclamations of surprize and sorrow from the children; old haunts were visited and re-visited; they sat down in the shade of the old sycamore, and listened to the musical murmur of the brook, and the dreamy hum of "Appleton's mill;" exchanged keep-sakes and promised to remember the merry, brave-hearted boy, whose home would be the wide blue ocean.

Alice May seldom joined them. She was so delicate and timid, and the thought of Ben's departure filled her eyes with tears, so she would steal away alone, fearful of the ridicule of her hardier companions.

But one night Ben came to Mr. May's cottage, to bid them good bye. Alice stood by the window watching the stars, wondering what made them so dim—never thinking of the tears that dimmed her eyes, as Ben told over his hopes so joyfully. She could not part with him *there*, so she walked through the little door-yard, and stood beside the gate, looking like a golden crowned angel in the yellow moonlight; and when he told her over again how large she would be on his return, that he would not dare to call her little Alice then; as he looked back lingeringly, she laid a soft brown curl in his hand, saying—"I have kept it for you this long, long time, Ben; ever since you brought me home through the snow—do you remember?"

He *did* remember, and with one passionate burst of grief, he pressed the little girl to his bosom, and the brave-hearted boy sobbed the farewell he could find no words for.

But five years are not always a life-time.—True, it was such to the quiet, thoughtful Charlie Allen, whose large, dark eyes had stolen brilliancy from his books; and the laughing little 'Bel Archer—both were laid to sleep in the old church-yard, when the night-stars shone on their graves. Others went out to seek a fortune in the gay world, and some grew into miniature men and women by their own sweet firesides; but Alice May seemed still a child.—Yet she was taller, and her slight form more gracefully developed; but there was the same angel looking through her eyes as had watched there in the olden days. She staid at home now, to assist her mother in sewing, their chief support; but she was the same shy, sweet Alice that Ben Bolt had carried through the snow.

Beautiful Sentiments.

Ike Marvel, in his 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' thus writes:

"A man without some sort of religion, is, at best, a poor reprobate, the foot-ball of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity and to the wondrous eternity that is begun with him; but a woman without it is even worse; a flame without a heart, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume."

"A man may in some sort tie his frail hopes and honors, with weak shifting ground tackle, to his business or the world; but woman, without that anchor which they call Faith, is a drift and a wreck! A man may clumsily continue a kind of moral responsibility out of relations to mankind; but a woman, her comparatively isolated sphere, where affection and not purpose is the controlling motive, can find no basis in any other system of right action, but that of spirited faith. A man may craze his thoughts and his brain to truthfulness in such harborage and Reputation may stretch before him; but a woman—where can she put her hope in the storms if not in heaven."

"And that sweet truthfulness—that abiding love—that enduring hope, mellowing every page and scene of life, lightening them with the pleasantest radiance; when the world's storms break like an army with smoking cannon, what can bestow it all but a holy soul-tie to what is stronger than an army with cannon? Who that has enjoyed the love of a Christian mother, but will echo the thought with energy and hallow it with a tear?"

The Love of Money.

In the catechism of the Nineteenth Century, says Hiram Fuller, the true answer to the question, "What is the chief end of man?" should be—MONEY. When one pauses to reflect upon this universal scramble after "the root of all evil," the money-mania of the day becomes a sort of miraculous phenomenon. It seems to be the *ultima thule* of human effort. Men work for it, fight for it, beg for it, steal for it, starve for it, preach for it, lie for it, live for it, and die for it. And all the while, from the cradle to the grave, nature and God are ever thundering in our ears the solemn question—"What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The madness for money is the strongest and lowest of the passions; it is the insatiate Moloch of the human heart, before whose remorseless altar all the fine attributes of humanity are sacrificed. It makes merchandise of all that is sacred in human affections; and ever traffics in the awful solemnities of the eternal world. Fathers sell their daughters for gold; and temples dedicated to religion are used as marts for the display of the glittering temptation.

Miserly men, in the possession of great wealth, and who pretend to love their children as the "apple of their eye," will stint them in education, in pleasure, and in health, and keep them cramped and miserable for lack of money, through all the earlier and better years of their existence; and when death relaxes the old man's grasp from his money bags, the overwhelming avalanche of wealth becomes often a curse rather than a blessing to his heirs Human life at longest is but a span—a fleeting dream—a passing apparition in the phantasmagoria of Time. What folly to devote it to an unscrupulous struggle for that "which perisheth with the using?"

☞People are always restless when their bellies are empty. If you want to make "peace and quiet" among folks, you must first proceed on the bread and beef principle. We've known humans who were as savage as bull dogs on free bowls, nestle down like lambs on beds of roses, after a full feed.

☞Marriage is the sanctifier of love.

[From the Baltimore Dispatch.]

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BY D. P. H.

Our Father who art in Heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.—
Whose mercies like the stars at even,
Blot out the sinner's shame.
Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done
On earth as in heaven,—
He must that would thy will disown,
Repent to be forgiven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
And forgive us our sins—
To save, thy precious blood was shed—
Salvation there begins.
Into temptation lead us not,
Deliver us from evil;
To sin in word, in deed or thought,
Gives us to the devil.
Thy kingdom's thine, thy power too,
And glorious is thy grace—
Thy blessed will we all must do
To see thy holy face.—AMEN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Facts for Mechanics.

St. Paul was a mechanic; a tent maker. Our Saviour was a mechanic; a carpenter.—The great Architect of the universe, in the mechanism of the universe, in the mechaism of the heavens and the earth, with its productions, animate or inanimate, displays a power and skill which human hands and human wisdom may attempt to imitate, but which they can never equal or approach.

Next to farmers, mechanics are the most numerous and the most important class of the community. Whatever promotes their interests, of course promotes the interests of the public. They like farmers, have great facilities and great inducements to become men of science and sound knowledge. Every mechanic, in every operation, brings into use some principle of science; which principle it is, of course, his interest and his convenience to understand.

Every apprentice boy, no matter how assiduous or how rigorous his employment, if he spends a few moments daily in useful reading and other modes of improvement, is certain to be a man of future influence and respectability. That apprentice who seeks most assiduously the interests of his employer, promotes most effectually his own interests; as character is the best capital a young man can have for the commencement in business.

Mechanics, like farmers, make safe and enlightened statesmen. They are well educated in schools of experience. Who can be better qualified to make laws for aiding these operations of business than those engaged in these operations?

In 1827, a few farmers in a small village in Massachusetts, organised a society entitled the "Milbury Branch of the American Lyceum," its object, the mutual improvement of its members and the "diffusion of knowiedge over the globe." From that humble but dignified origin has arisen the general instition of lyceums, now in almost every section of the country, and many Islands of the Atlantic and Pacific.

It is evident that if farmers and mechanics throughout the country should enlist in earnest in the great work of self education, they might reform and perpetuate our republican institutions and hand down pure Christian republicanism to posterity. Without that step, it is equally evident that though the American Republic may retain its name, republicanism, especially in America, will soon be known only among the things that were.

GROWLERS.

There is a class of men in every community who go about with vinegar faces, growling because somebody feels themselves above them, or because they are not appreciated as they should be, and who have a constant quarrel with their destiny. These men, usually, have made a very grave mistake in the estimate of their abilities, or are unmitigated asses; in either case, they are unfortunate. Wherever this faultfinding with one's condition or position occurs, there is always a want of self-respect. If people despise you, do not tell it all over town. If you are smart, show it. Do something, and keep doing. If you are a right down clever fellow, wash the wormwood off your face, and show your good will by your deeds. Then, if people feel themselves above you, go straight off and feel yourself above them. If they turn up their noses because you are a mechanic, or a farmer, or a shop-boy, turn yours a notch higher. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yourself, and if this does not "fetch them," conclude very good naturedly that they are unworthy your acquaintance, and pity them for losing such a capital chance to get into good society.

Society never estimates a man at what he imagines himself to be. He must show himself to be possessed of self-respect, independence, energy to will and to do, and a good sound heart. These qualities and possessions will "put him through." Who blames a man for feeling himself above those who are mean enough to go around, like babies, telling how people abuse them, and whining because society will not take them by the collar and drag them into decency.

☞There are two cures for love—an extravagant wife and sixpence worth of arsenic. The former, however, in this most certain.

A Poor Delicate Creature.

FROM PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK.

Suppose we go to Lady Gunter's ball. Do you see that beautiful girl spinning round in the waltz with that Austrian *attache*—the crystallized foreigner, now opposite to you, who is such a revolving pillar of diamonds? Yes, we see the lovely blonde—if you mean her—with the bare arms and naked shoulders; a costume which, by curtesy, is called full dress. What a rate she is going at? Precisely; the Times' steam-engine is, in quickness, a slow coach compared to her! She makes more revolutions in one minute than the French have made in all their lives; and, if you notice, she shows no symptoms of fatigue. She will keep up that same speed for hours, and the moment she ceases she is ready to begin again. She is indefatigable; no wheel in a cotton factory could spin round quick, or work for so many hours with less apparent fatigue. But she is going out on the balcony; why she will catch her death of cold? No; she is accustomed to it.—A sailor walking the deck wouldn't trouble himself less about colds than she does. All atmospheres are the same to her.

She is no fragile hot-house plant, but a hardy annual that will bloom anywhere—up the chimney, if you please, or down in the cellar, or by the side of the kitchen fire, or at the bottom of the well—the small question of temperature doesn't make much difference to a constitution so well seasoned as hers. But does she take no nourishment to keep up this extraordinary fatigue? Yes; ices—plenty of ices and biscuits—varid occasionally with a jelly, and, perhaps, late in the evening, the tiniest wing of a chicken with a little lobster-sauce, or a plover's egg, or a bit of blanemange, the whole of it washed down with not more than half a glass of champagne. But I have seen her eat a very good supper—a supper worthy of a guardsman in love—but it has been very late, when there were very few persons in the room, and she had a pleasant companion, who made her laugh and kept continually filling her glass.

And after that? Why, after that she goes up stairs again, and dances more incessantly than ever. She is insatiable for dancing. To look at her you would think a Tarantula had bitten her, and that she couldn't keep still for the fraction of a minute. The wonder is how one pair of satin shoes lasts her through the same evening. You would imagine with her rapidity—and it is as much as your eyes can do to follow her—that she would wear out half a dozen pairs at least. And how long does she keep it up? Why as long as she can—till four or five o'clock in the morning—till the wax candles begin to droop—till the musicians have nearly played themselves fast asleep—until she hasn't a partner left to dance with, and then, loth to leave, she goes unwillingly home to begin the same dance the following evening. How often does this occur! Why, four, or five, and sometimes six times a week; and frequently there are two or three balls on the same evening, and she goes to every one of them, and this, mind you, after she has been to a concert, or *matinee*, or a pic-nic, perhaps, in the day-time. What, only think of the exercise.

Well, that is something, to be sure—and if the calculations could be made, it is probable it would be ascertained, by the most generous cabman's measure, that young lady does not dance less than twenty miles in the course of an evening—and that is only allowing at the rate of four miles an hour, which you will acknowledge is absurdly moderate for human waltzing. Multiply this by 6, and you will have the sum total of 130 miles danced by a young lady in the period of one week. And this, recollect, is independent of fetes, fancy fairs, flower shows, and other amusements that demand some degree of exercise during the day. And now, do you know who this young lady is who dances 130 miles a week? Who is it who goes through an amount of labor only to be equalled by the poor fellows who walk their thousand miles in their thousand hours? You will never guess—and so I do not mind telling you.

She is the same young lady whom we saw stretched out at full length on the sofa, who looked so weak that she would have fainted if any one had asked her to walk across the street; who was so nervous that she could not bear the slightest noise, or endure the smallest key-hole of fresh air; who was so woe begone that she could not talk, laugh or open her eyes, or touch a single thing; so helpless that she could not have moved off her couch by herself, not even if the house had been in flames; who looked, in fact such a lackadisical bundle of shawls and prostration, that you must have doubted in your own mind whether she could ever stand upright again on her two legs. Yes, sir, that young lady, whose prowess you have been wondering at this evening, is that same Poor Delicate Creature; and allow me to say, sir, (concluded the Doctor, as he gave us a cigar to walk home with,) that in the way of fatigue there are very few men—I was nearly saying prize fighters—who can stand half so much as your Poor Delicate Creature.

☞To know how poor a man's memory may become, just put a toper as a witness on a liquor case. The amount of know nothing and recollect-nothing displayed will be surprising.—For breeding obliviousness it takes every thing else down as flat as some folks' jokes.

☞A writer of a love tale, in describing his heroine, says, "Innocence dwells in the rich curls of her dark hair." We should think it would stand a pretty smart chance of being combed out.

Rules for Escorting Ladies.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, in a long homily on the conduct of ladies in the Capitol, among other things, says:

Never, or verely rarely, offer to carry a lady's shawl or parasol, or put your hand on her shoulder or around her waist (as is so often done) in assisting her out of the carriage, or into her seat. To a delicate woman all such clapping-clawing is the most insufferable rudeness. The proper way when you alight, is to offer your left arm as a support for the lady's right hand, and to hold your right hand in readiness, should the exigences of skirts, &c., permit her taking it with her left. In ascending a staircase, keep side by side with the lady, but do not be too ostentatious in offering your arm, lest in attempting to take it, she neglects the management of her skirts, steps on her dress, and either falls or tears it out at the waist.

If you attend two ladies, place the one next you who is entitled, either by rank or preference, to the post of honor—but on no account whatever walk between them. A man with a lady on each arm, is a laughable paraphrase of a donkey laden with two panniers. Observe a different rule, however, in taking your places in a concert room. The gentleman in these should be preceded and followed by a lady At table, a gentleman and lady who have a guest, (I speak now of the hotel table, for really we are getting to know scarcely any other in this country,) always place him or her between. If the guests are also two, then you place the lady guest between your wife and yourself, while the gentleman takes the other end of the line, leaving the ladies in the middle. The logic as well as the convenience of all these little arrangements, will be suggested by a single thought—and how much awkwardness, and consequent mortification and annoyance, would be avoided by a careful observance of these simple rules.

There is one practice among gentlemen, at concerts, theatres, &c., which ought to be condemned and tabooed as a monstrous barbarism; that is, leaving a lady alone once or twice during an evening, and going out to 'take a drink.' This detestable habit is purely American, and it certainly is a slight which no lady of spirit ought to endure. As to chewing, of course no gentlemen can do that in the presence of ladies. Another disgraceful thing is the way in which ladies sit all the evening with a gentleman's arm pressed closely around the back of the neck, in a manner which, anywhere else, would be called downright hugging.

California Love Letter.

"I would that my pen were dipped in the dyes of the rainbow, plucked from the wing of an angel, that I might expect to paint the burning brightness of that flame which thy thrilling eloquence hath kindled. Thou soft moonlight of sentiment—soft soap of consistency, thy voice is as gentle as the first stirring of an infant's dreams, and as melodious in mine ears as the braying of a mule—thy steps as light as the sylvan footed zephyr that fanned with the wing of perfume the gable end of paradise.—Thy eyes are brilliants stolen from the seraphs—thy lips are as vivid as rosebuds moistened with the dews of affection—thy words are as drops of amber—thy teeth are like unto snow set in a verbena bed. Oh! sweet spirit of camphor, double-distilled essence of hartshorn, sourkrout of all my hopes, apple-sauce of my thoughts, buttermilk catsup of my fancy, tiger of my innocence, butter of perfection, logwood of melody—thou art the infancy of my dreams, the brandysmash of my waking visions, and Santa Cruz of my recollections. Thou art as harmless as a leopard or a greased streak of lightning churned to consistency in the milky whey. Thou art as innocent as a tiger, handsome as an elephant, melodious as a lion. Oh! onion of my soul, pickled pumkin of my affections, preserved crab of the garden of Smith's Island where desperate love dwells."

LADIES.—The name "lady" is an abbreviation of the Saxon "leoldayy," which signifies "bread giver." The mistress of a manor, at a time when affluent families resided constantly at their country mansions, was accustomed once a week or oftener, to distribute amongst the poor a certain quantity of bread. She bestowed the gift with her own hands, and made the hearts of the needy glad by the soft words and gentle actions which accompanied her benevolence. The widow and the orphan rose up and called her blest; the destitute and afflicted recounted her praises; all classes of the poor embalmed in their affections as the "leof-day," the giver of bread and the dispenser of comfort—a sort of ministering spirit in a world of sorrow. If this be the real signification of the word "lady," who, we ask, is the lady in this age of the world?

☞"A little more animation, dear," whispered Lady B——, to the gentle Susan, who was walking through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

☞Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence of mind, who, dining once on a shabby repast with a friend, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologize for the wretchedness of the dinner.

☞The best snuff in the world is a snuff of the morning air.

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