B. GAITHER TUBMAN,
Attorney at Law.
CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND.
WILL attend promptly to all business en trusted to his care.
☞OFFICE, opposite Bradshaw's Hotel.
REFERENCES.—Judge B. J. Goldsborough, aniel M. Henry, Esq., Col. B. G. Keene m. H. Traverse, Balto. (Jan. 4, 1854—y)

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Cambridge Democrat.

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

Volume 9.---No. 25. CAMBRIDGE, MD.---WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 10, 1854. Price $1.50, in Advance.

THE CAMBRIDGE DEMOCRAT,
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OFFICE OPPOSITE MR. BRADSHAW'S HOTEL

POETRY.

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

BEAUTIFUL AND CURIOUS.

AN ACROSTIC.

We find the following curious piece of poetry in a late number of the Presbyterian Magazine. The initial capital letters spell "My boast is in the glorious cross of Christ," and the words in italic, when read from top to bottom, and from bottom to top, make the Lord's Prayer:

Make known the Gospel truths, *our* fathers King;
Yield us thy grace, dear *father*, from above;
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing
Our life thou *art* for *ever*, God of love.
Assuage our griefs *in* love *for* Christ, we pray,
Since the bright prince of *heaven* and *glory* died!
Took all our shame, and *hallowed the* display,
In first *be*-ing man, *and* then being crucified.
Stupendous God! *thy* grace and *power* made known
In Jesus' *name* let all *the* world rejoice,
New labors in *thy* heavenly *kingdom* own,
The blessed *kingdom* for thy saints *the* choice;
How vile to *come* to thee, in all our cry,
Enemies to *thy* self, and all that's *thine!*
Graceless our *will*, our lives *for* vanity,
Loathing thy truths, *be*-ing in design.
O God thy will be *done from* earth to heaven,
Reclining *on* the Gospel let *us* live,
In *earth* from sins *deliver*-ed and forgiven,
Oh *as* thyself, *but* teach us to forgive.
Unless *it's* power *temptation* doth destroy
Sure *is* our fall *into* the depths of woe;
Cornal *in* mind, we've *not* a glimpse of joy.
Raised against *heaven* in *us* no hope can flow,
O *give* us grace and *lead* us on thy way,
Shine on *us* with thy love and give *us* peace;
Self and *this* sin which rise *against* us slay;
Oh! grant each *day* our *trespass*-es may cease.
Forgive *our* evil deeds *that* oft we do,
Convince us *daily* of *them* to our shame,
Help us with heavenly *bread; forgive* us too
Recurrent lusts, *and we* adore thy name,
In thy *forgive*-ness we *as* saints can die,
Since, for *us* and our *trespasses* so high,
Thy son *our* Saviour bled on Calvary.

A POPULAR TALE.

[From Peterson's Magazine for May.]

Love at Fifteen and Twenty.

BY CLARA MORETON.

"*La vie est un sommeil, l'amour en est le reve.*"

There was never a lovelier girl than my old schoolmate, Emma Thornton. Our teachers could not disguise their partiality to her, but even their fruitful cause of disturbance did not excite my jealousy in this instance, for every scholar in school loved Emma. Her father was so wrapped up in her, that it never entered in his head to marry again, although Emma's mother had died when she was but a child; and yet, petted and caressed as she was by every one, she was not in the least spoiled.

Fred Stanley, a wild, rollicking, young Sophomore, the very opposite of our gentle Emma, was her teacher in one more study than her father had stipulated for, when he placed her under the care of the Misses Gibbs, whose boarding school was in dangerous proximity to the college grounds. But then, the school was said to be under stricter discipline than any one in the city, and for that reason nicknamed "The Nunnery" by the students.

So closely were the young ladies watched, that under ordinary circumstances no danger could have been apprehended; but Fred, who had a sister at the same school, had caught such glimpses of Emma's fair young face, as to play the very mischief with his susceptible heart, and he was at his wits end to devise some stratagem whereby a more satisfactory acquaintance could be effected.

Miss Lucinda Gibbs, whose love for the science of botany caused her to keep an herbarium, was at length, through this same fondness, the unconscious means of bringing about the desired result. Fred made himself so useful in collecting and classifying her specimens for her, that she gradually grew to depend upon him for every other little form or attention that she might require. With the greatest alacrity he accompanied Miss Lucinda and her train of boarders to the evening prayer meetings, satisfied if he could obtain a seat where he could see and worship his idol, while the rest, it was to be hoped, were engaged in their proper devotions.

Emma needed not the help of Ellen Stanley to inform her of the state of her brother's heart, for she could read it in his eyes without any assistance. He was her first admirer, and she was sufficiently young and romantic to suffer herself to become interested, before she had the least knowledge of the qualities of his mind and heart.

At length, Stanley was so privileged as to be allowed to accompany the school in their Saturday afternoon rambles into the country, and then as the girls separated one from another, flitting here and there through woodland walks and shaded meadows, many and glorious were the opportunities which he had for making love, and right earnestly did he set about it. If Miss Lucinda came suddenly upon them, nothing was easier than to appear completely absorbed in an explanation of the various parts of the wild flower that he held in his hand.—He was never without one; and Miss Lucinda considered him such a devotee to her favorite science, that she never even mistrusted the least partiality toward any of the human flowers she had in charge.

Oh! those were halcyon days to Fred and Emma. Those stolen glances, those whispered interviews, the thrilling clasp of the quickly withdrawn hands, and once—shall I tell it?—the long, long kiss in the windings of that dark forest that skirted East Rock, upon whose bold summit the entire school had passed such a delightful day.

Thus, the mischief was accomplished, and thereafter Emma made wonderful progress in her study, to the utter exclusion of all the old ones. Her teachers wondered she should have so flagged. They noted her absent moods, the dreamy expression of her soft blue eyes, and fearing lest she might be pining for her father, they proposed to her a short visit home before the expiration of the session.

Of course Emma would not listen to it, and so the weeks glided on until vacation came; and then with many promises of eternal love and constancy, Fred and Emma parted. The gentle girl who had left her father's house, a child in thought and feeling, returned to it with the heart of a woman throbbing in her bosom.

About a week after Emma's return, Mr. Thornton was sitting in his library reading the morning papers. Emma, with an open letter in her hand, entered the room, and drawing a low stool to her father's feet, sat down upon it. She had never had any secrets from her father, and she was not going to begin now.

"Well, Emma," said Mr. Thornton, laying down his paper, "what does my little girl want this morning?"

For a wonder, our amiable Emma was half inclined to pout just at that particular moment, being called a "little girl" did not exactly suit her. She summoned all her dignity to her aid and answered, "I have something that I wish to tell you, papa, if you are disengaged and can listen to me this morning."

"Certainly I can—what is it, child? No quarrel with your schoolmates, I hope, that you look so serious?"

"No, no—nothing of the kind. It is a secret that I know I ought not to keep from you, papa. You see, although you will call me a little girl, I am not such a *very* little one. At least, *somebody* does not think so."

"*Somebody!* Who the deuce is *somebody?*—your room-mate, I suppose."

"Oh no; but there is no use in making a mystery of the matter. I am engaged, papa.

"Engaged! what does the girl mean? Why, Emma stand up, and let me look at you. Engaged! I'll shoot the rascal that dared to make love to such a child as you are."

"Oh no, papa; you'll do no such a thing.—When you see him, you can't help loving him, he has such a brave, noble face—he is so very——"

"Aye-e e!" interrupted Mr. Thornton, 'can't I help it? It will be harder work to keep my hands off from him. Confound him! A *very* interesting young man, I have no doubt—at least, a very *interested* one. He does not know, I suppose, that you will have a fortune at my death—oh no, nothing of the kind. I tell you what, Emma, I take too much pride in you, to let you throw yourself away on one of these college scape-graces, as I doubt not he is, for no man of sense would fall in love with a girl just entering her teens."

"I have been in them three years," said Emma.

"Oh, well, three years are nothing. When you are twenty, then we'll talk about your being engaged. Here, give me that letter. I'll answer it for you; and if after that, the scoundrel dares to make another attempt to steal my treasure, I'll send you to a nunnery—I will as sure as I'm your father."

Emma had never seen her father so decided before. She respected him too much and loved him too well to offer any resistance; so she gave up her precious letter, and went to her chamber to weep over her blighted hopes. Never did love-lorn damsel draw more touching pictures of a desolate future.

The same hour Mr. Thornton wrote, despatching his letter to the address Frederic had given Emma, and destroyed the one Emma had received.

There came no answer. Not thus easily had Emma expected to have been yielded up; but she convinced herself that Stanley's pride had prevented him from renewing his addresses, and she resolved that she would be as strong and uncomplaining as he.

Emma Thornton returned no more to boarding school. Her father provided her with masters, and kept her under his own surveillance. At eighteen, she made her first appearance in gay society. Her exceeding beauty would have rendered her sufficiently attractive; but added to that, she possessed a well cultivated and brilliant mind, and the greatest refinement and grace of manner. Wherever she went all hearts paid her homage, but Emma turned coldly away from her suitors. Her father was in despair when he found her refusing so many eligible offers, for he began to feel the necessity of her having some younger protector than himself; but all his reasoning and expostulating availed naught.

There came a time, however, when Emma was no longer careless or indifferent. A young lawyer of acknowledged talent, and one already occupying a prominent place in society, was the first admirer in whom Emma took the least interest since the days of her girlish love. At the step of Carlton Howard her pulse learned to beat more quickly, and she could scare subdue the traces of emotion which his deep, rich tones never failed to call forth. Still, she so well disguised her feelings that he gleaned no encouragement from her manner; and knowing her repeated coldness, he felt little hope that his suit would ever prove successful. Yet he persevered in his attentions, determined, if it were possible, to win some portion of the love he so coveted.

Emma felt flattered that one of his superior attainments should so evidently find pleasure in her society. She acknowledged that his conversational powers were more brilliant, his acquirements more varied and extensive, his manners more polished than those of any other person that she had ever met with. Her father had asked her what more she could desire.—She had made no answer, but the dream-like memory of her first love floated into her heart, and she went away by herself to muse it in solitude as she had often done.

Weeks passed, and her reserve and coldness gradually gave way to a more cordial manner. At length Howard gathered confidence to breathe his tale of love. More worthy of admiration than ever did he seem to Emma at that time. His dark grey eyes, always singularly expressive, now revealed their tenderness, while his earnest words told of a heart strong in its devotion.

Emma, as she listened, felt her own heart beat and throb, as never had it throbbed but once before. He paused once, twice she assayed to answer, but the words died on her lips.

Again Mr. Howard spoke. "I have pained you, Miss Thornton," he said, "by my abrupt avowal this morning; but you will give me one word of hope, will you not? If you cannot return my love, say at least that I have your esteem, and not one effort on my part shall be wanting to become more deserving of an increased regard."

"I do esteem you, Mr. Howard. I can truly say that I feel more interest in you than I have ever felt save for one. Had I never met—that is, had I——." Emma paused. Her cheeks were painfully suffused. Every word that she attempted to say increased her embarrassment. This gave Carlton Howard the advantage, and calmly with gentle words he tried to re-assure the blushing girl. He was so successful that little by little her confidence was entirely given to him, and Howard felt more than ever encouraged when he found that it was only the memory of a love at fifteen that he had to do battle with.

Two weeks afterward Emma was a second time betrothed, but it was with the full understanding that her lover should never quarrel with the memory of that first love.

There was never a more beautiful bride than Emma Howard—never a happier husband than Carlton, or a father better pleased with a daughter's choice than was Mr. Thornton.

Every one agreed that for once the course of true love had run wonderfully smooth.

A year passed away, and Howard found that he was quite right in considering Emma's first attachment as a mere girlish fancy. Although when he noted a shade of unusual seriousness upon her brow, he would jest her about the privileged memory, he was long convinced that the deeper waters of her heart had been moved only for him.

And yet it must be confessed that Emma frequently recurred to the romantic attachment of her school-girl days—not with the yearning tenderness that she once had felt, but with a desire to know something of Stanley's after life—a wish that she might find that his fate had been as happy as her own; confessing to her husband the relief that it would be to know that he had not died of a broken heart.

One lovely spring afternoon, just on the verge of evening, Carlton Howard and his wife were sitting by an open window in their cool and pleasant library, when a servant entered with a card, which he handed to Mrs. Howard.—She glanced at the name—it had been years since she had seen that handwriting, and the color came to her cheeks as she read aloud "Frederic Stanley"—then flitted back as rapidly until they were as pale as the white flowers of the vine that clung for support to the trellis about the window.

"What shall I do, Carlton? What shall I do?" she said, hastily.

"Go down to him, love," he answered.—"My own wife is not afraid that she will lose her heart again. I know too well how much it is my own to have any fears myself."

Emma stooped down, resting one snowy hand amidst the masses of raven hair which was swept back from his broad white forehead, and kissing him tenderly, said, "Your exceeding love, Carlton, gives me confidence in myself, but you will certainly come with me."

"No, Emma, I would rather not—it would be more awkward for you—no, go down, love," he continued, pushing her gently from him; but marking the tears in her eyes, he added, "if you so desire it, I will follow you presently."

Emma's heart beat painfully as she descended the staircase, and she stood for a moment beside the parlor door to re-assure herself. It was in vain—her agitation momentarily increased. At length, summoning all her courage, she entered.

The servant had lighted the gas, and from the porcelain shade the softened light fell upon a figure very unlike the one in Emma's imagination.

Burly as a —— beer barrel I had almost said—the comparison seemed so apt in more respects than one—was the Mr. Stanley before her.

With a coarse laugh, he arose from his seat.

"Should'nt have known you, 'pon honor, Miss Thornton—Mrs. Howard, I mean—he, he, that seems odd too. How you have changed; but then I have altered *some*, have'nt I?"

"Very much, I should think," answered Emma, in a freezing tone.

All the fluttering about her heart had vanished, but there was a mighty revolution going on there, nevertheless—the enshrined ideal was crumbling into dust.

"You have'nt forgotten how I used to look, have you? Why, I often think about the curly headed girl that liked to cried her eyes out when we parted—it'll never be as hard parting again, I warrant," and Mr. Stanley laughed merrily at the (to him) pleasing reminiscence.

"Is this your first visit to the city?" inquired Emma, in hopes of changing the current of his thoughts.

"No. I was here six years ago with my wife; but you see she would'nt listen to my looking you up; so as it was our wedding trip, I gave up to her, but yesterday I came on from New York to attend the races, and having nothing to do this afternoon, I concluded to hunt you out. I always have felt a kind of curiosity to see you again, for although I have been in love a dozen times since, I could'nt forget you entirely. I expect if the old man had'nt interfered, you'd have been Mrs. Stanley—he, he, it's very funny the way things turn up in this world, is'nt it?"

Emma's face was crimson. She now hoped from her heart that her husband would remain in the library, for his presence would only increase her mortification. But it was not long before she heard his step upon the stairs, and very awkwardly when he entered did she introduce him.

"You must not let me interrupt your reminiscences," said Mr. Howard, as he drew his chair into the centre of the room, "as you were old schoolmates, I presume you have many very pleasing ones."

"Ah, we were something more than old schoolmates," replied Mr. Stanley, laughing. "Did your wife never tell you how near we came making a match? ha, ha—'a miss is as a mile,' however, and I expect we are both about as well suited—eh, Mrs. Howard?"

Mr. Howard cast a mischievous glance at his wife, and seeing how painfully embarrassed she appeared, he answered for her.

"I, at last, Mr. Stanley," he said, "am much rejoiced that the match was broken, for I expect I should still have been a wandering bachelor, had I not found the realization of my dreams in Miss Thornton."

The spirit of mischief was strong in Mr. Howard, and he felt disposed to draw Mr. Stanley still further out upon the subject, but catching an appealing glance from his wife, he adroitly introduced another topic of conversation.

Mrs. Howard began to breathe more freely when she saw how deeply interested Mr. Stanley became in giving a minute description of the races, and their riders; but he interspersed his conversation with so many slang phrases, that Mrs. Howard, more than ever disgusted, made some trifling excuse and left the room.

It was full an hour afterward when her husband entered the library where she was seated, and throwing himself upon a lounge, laughed until tears stood in his merry eyes.

Emma was of course too thoroughly vexed to join in his laughter, and she showed her irritation by turning her shoulder a trifle more toward him.

Mr. Howard tried several times to speak, but his hearty laughter drowned his words.

He at length succeeded in saying, "Don't turn from me so, Emma darling." Here was another laugh which made Mrs. Howard turn her back completely around.

"Indeed, I cannot help it; you must excuse me, Emma," he found breath to say at last.

Still his mirthfulness was in no way checked, even when she arose and swept indignantly from the room: but as soon as he was able to compose his countenance, he followed her.

"Come, Emma—I don't want to hurt your feelings, my dear, but you must let me enjoy——"

"*My mortification,*" said his wife, interrupting him—tears standing in her eyes.

"No, by no means. You put a wrong construction upon my merriment. Come, dear wife—come back to the library with me. You have yet to hear the best part of the joke."

He encircled her waist with his arm as he spoke. She could not resist the tenderness; and she suffered herself to be led back to the room she had so petulantly deserted.

As she resumed her seat, she strove hard to conquer her feelings, but the tears of vexation would creep up into the corners of her eyes, and she found it impossible to disguise the annoyance that she felt at her husband's mischievous glances.

"If we want to be very good friends, Carlton," she said, at length, "and live as happy as we have done heretofore, there must be no allusion after to-night to this provoking occurrence. Promise me, now, that you will not tell father."

"You are too hard upon me, Emma—indeed you are. He would enjoy it capitally; and why need you care?—you have done nothing for which you are to blame."

"But think how vexatious."

"I do believe, Emma, that you are chagrined, because he consoled himself so speedily for your loss. Let me see, it was one of your anxieties, if I remember, lest he should die of a broken heart."

"Carlton, you are too bad. I really think you are unkind to teaze me so," and Mrs. Howard's pretty lips quivered as she spoke, and the tears rolled down her face, until her husband compassionately drew her head down upon his breast, and by his continued efforts succeded in making her look upon the ludicrous occurrence with as much merriment nearly as he had done.

He detailed to her the conversation which had passed between them after she had left the room—how Mr. Stanley had made him a confidant of his losses at the races, the consequent depression of his finances, and his need of a loan, which Mr. Howard had the more readily advanced, inasmuch as divining his companion's character, he saw at a glance that he could thus effectually rid himself of an acquaintance that might otherwise prove troublesome.

He was right. Mr. Frederic Stanley was never after seen nor heard from by any of the family.

Although Emma still feels a little chagrined when any allusion is made to her first love, yet she fails not to relate her experience to those whom she thinks it may profit.

POETRY.

THE GOOD OLD WOMAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

You will grow old, my love, my lady dear,
You will be old when I shall be at rest;
The longest days even now to me appear
Fleeter than those with health and gladness blest;
Live long, long years, but let thy old age be
True to my love, just to my memory;
And, dearest, from the fireside's peaceful seat,
The songs of thy dead friend again repeat!

When other eyes search in thy withered cheek,
For charms of beauty that I oft have sung,
Youth, loving the dear theme, of thee may seek
Who was the lover thou did'st mourn;
Tell, if thou canst, my love, my faults beside,
My hopes, doubts, ardors, tremblings—nothing hide,
And, dearest, from the fireside's peaceful seat,
The songs of thy dead friend once more repeat!

Should any ask, "Was he a lover kind?"
You, without shame, may say, "I loved him ever!"
"Him fickle, faithless, didst thou ever find?"
With indignation answer "Never, never!"
And mention that his heart, still fond and true,
Responded to the chords awoke by you,
Then, dearest, from the fireside's peaceful seat,
The songs of thy dead friend once more repeat!

I taught you, say, to mourn o'er our sweet France—
Inform her sons that my forgotten lays
Were of her glory, fame, deliverance,
Balms for her wounds, the hopes of brighter days;
Let them remember 'twas the Northern blast
A blight on twenty golden harvests cast;
And, dearest, from the fireside's peaceful seat,
The songs of thy dead friend again repeat!

Loved of my soul, oh! may my idle fame
Beam o'er thy age, to cheer the gloomy hours,
And when thy hand shall hold my portrait's frame,
Trembling, as Spring returns to scatter flowers,
Towards the unknown world raise thou thy eyes,
Think we shall meet again beyond the skies!
And dearest, from the fireside's peaceful seat,
The songs of thy dead friend again repeat!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lover and the Husband.

In his "Drama of Life," Ik. Marvel thus sketches in a pleasant vein, and with those self-conceited, humanizing incidents which have ever gained the laughter and good will of the word, the lover and the newly-married man:

"You grow unusually amiable and kind—you are earnest in your search of friends; you shake hands with your office-boy, as if he were your second cousin. You joke cheerfully with the stout washerwoman, and give her a shilling overchange, and insist upon her keeping it, and grow quite merry at the reccollection of it. You tap you hackman on the shoulders very familiarly, and tell him he is a capital fellow, and don't allow him to whip his horses, except when driven to the post office. You even ask him to take a glass of beer with you upon some chilly evening. You drink to the health of his wife. He says he has no wife—whereupon you think him a very miserable man; and you give him a dollar by way of consolation.

"You think all the editorials in the morning papers are remarkably well written—whether upon your side or upon another. You think the stock market has a very cheerful look—with Erie—of which you are a large holder—down to seventy-five. You wonder why you never admired Mrs. Hemans before, to Stodard, or any of the rest.

"You give a pleasant twirl of your fingers as you saunter along the street, and say, but not so loud as to be overheard, 'She is mine—she is mine.'

"You wonder if Frank ever loved Nelly one-half as well as you love Madge? You feel sure he never did. You can hardly conceive how it is that Madge has not been seized before now by scores of enamored men, and borne off, like the Sabine women in Romish history.—You chuckle over your future, like a boy who has found a guinea in grooping for a sixpence.

"You read over the marriage service—thinking of the time when you will take *her* hand and slipped the ring upon *her* finger; and repeat after the clergyman—for richer—for poorer—for better—for worse. A great deal o 'worse' there will be about it you think.

"Through all, your heart cleaves to that sweet image of your beloved Madge, as light claves to day. The weeks leap with a bound, and the months only grow long when you approach that day which is to make her yours. There are no flowers rare enough to make boquets for her; diamonds are too dim for her to wear; pearls are too tame.

"——And after marriage the weeks are even shorter than before; wonder why on earth all single men in the world do not rush tumultuously to the altar; you look upon them as a travelled man will look upon some conceited Dutch boor, who has never been beyond the limits of his cabbage garden.

Married men, on the contrary, you regard as fellow voyagers, and look upon their wives, ugly as they may be, as better than none.

"You blush a little when first telling your butcher what 'your wife' would like; you bargain with the grocer for sugars and teas, and wonder if he knows that you are a married man. You practice your new way to talk upon your office boy—you tell him that 'your wife' expects you home to dinner, and are astonished that he does not start to hear you say so!

"You wonder if the people in the omnibus know that you and Madge are just married, and if the driver knows that the shilling you hand to him is for 'self and wife.' You wonder if any body was ever so happy before, or will be so happy again?

"You enter your name upon the hotel books 'Clarence —— and Lady;' and come back to look at it—wondering if any body has noticed it—and thinking that it looks remarkably well. You cannot help thinking that every third man you meet in the hall wishes he possessed your wife; nor do you think it very sinful in him to wish it. You fear it is putting temptation in the way of covetous men, to put Madge's little gaiters outside the chamber door at night.

"Your home, when it is entered, is just what it should be—quite small—with everything that she wishes and nothing more than she wishes. The sun strikes it in the happiest possible way: the piano is the sweetest toned in the world; the library is stocked to a charm; and Madge, that blessed wife, is there, adorning and giving life to it all. To think, even, of her possible death, is a suffering you class with the infernal tortures of the Inquisition. You grow twain of heart and purpose. Smiles seem made for marriage; and you wonder how you ever wore them before!"

What is Dirt?

Old Doctor Cooper, of South Carolina, used to say to his students:—

"Don't be afraid of a little dirt, gentlemen. What is dirt? Why, nothing at all offensive, when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that 'dirty grease spot' upon your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change, and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water, and it disappears; it is neither grease, soap, water nor dirt. 'That is a very odious pile of dirt,' you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and 'tis no longer dirty. Everything you call dirt is worth your notice, as students of chemistry. Analyze it. It will separate into very clean elements. Dirt makes corn; corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all, you were kissing dirt—particularly if she whitened her skin with chalk or Fuller's earth. There is no telling, gentlemen, what is dirt. Though I may say rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice.—'Pearl powder, I think, is made of bismuth—nothing but dirt.'"

TIME REQUIRED TO EAT.—In one of our daily papers last week, we saw a rule laid down for eating, which deserves attention. It consists in masticating the food well, not eating too much, and taking *one hour* to a meal. We conceive that the author of that advice was laying out work for the dentists by advising people to grind down their teeth. It must be a terrific dinner which requires an hour to masticate and swallow.

☞An editor out west, who had been bothered a good deal with his customers, inserted in his paper the following advertisement:

"Wanted at this office, an editor who can please every body. Also, a foreman who can so arrange the paper as to allow every man's advertisement to head the column."

WANTED.—A quill from the wings of the wind.
The length of the North Pole.
A plaster to cure the bite of a rope.
The exact weight of light reading.
The tail of a pig of lead.
The printer who was never wronged out of a dollar.

☞There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world either to get a good name, or to supply the want of it.

A CASE OF DISTRESS.—The poor milliners say they can hardly earn a living, because of the great *falling off* in bonnets.

☞More persons fall out concerning the right road to heaven than ever get to the end of their journey.

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