B. GAITHER TUBMAN,
Attorney at Law.
CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND.
WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.
☞OFFICE, opposite Bradshaw's Hotel.
FERENCES.—Judge B. J. Goldsborough, el M. Henry, Esq., Col. B. G. Keene, H. Traverse, Balto. [Jan. 4, 1854. 1y

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
Celebrated Catholicon,
R 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, IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION, &c., with all the accompanying evils, (Cancer excepted,) whatever how severe or how long standing. The Catholicon far surpassed other remedies, being more certain, less expensive, and restoring the system in a better condition. Let no one be deceived in such a remedy called and obtain the pamphlet (free) containing ample proof, from highly respectable sources, of the happy effects of its use together with letters from first-class experienced physicians, who have used it in their practice, and speak from their own observations.
REFERENCES.
Peckham, M. D., Utica, N. Y.
Fleming, M. D., Canandaigua, N. Y
Hills, M. D., Rochester, N. Y.
Foote, M. D., Syracuse, N. Y.
Dunbar, M. D., Baltimore, Md.
Orrick, M. D., Baltimore, Md.
V. Reese, M. D., New-York City.
Prescott, M. D., Concord, N. H.
Newland, M. D., Utica, N. Y.
Pamphlets had gratis at the Store of Dr. Flint, Agent, Druggist, Cambridge, Also sold by ANDERSON & CAMPBELL,
Letter addressed to Messrs. Beach & Brownson, Agent at Newberry C. H., S. C., by S. Beard, of same State.
GLENN SPRINGS, Jan. 9th, 1853.
Messrs. BEACH & BROWNSON—SIRS: I send herewith 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 used this medicine from you. Its influence seems almost magical: there was a marked improvement from the day it was taken. There are a great many females in our neighborhood laboring under the affliction for which the medicine proposes a remedy, I feel it my duty to recommend it to all such.
(Signed,) CLOUGH S. BEARD.
DR. B. MARCHISI & CO., Proprietors. Central Depot, 304 Broadway, N. Y. Jan 28, 1853. 1y

MEDICAL HOUSE,
SOUTH FREDERICK STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
ESTABLISHED IN ORDER TO AFFORD THE AFFLICTED SOUND AND SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL AID, AND FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF QUACKERY.
DR. B. SMITH has for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of Private Complaints, in all their varied complicated forms. His great success in long standing and difficult cases, such as formerly considered incurable, is sufficient to induce him to the public as worthy of the public patronage he has received. Within the eight years Dr. S. has treated more than 2000 cases of Private Complaints, in different forms and stages; a practice without doubt exceeds that of all the others who are now advertising in Baltimore, and no single case is known where his directions were strictly followed, and medicines at reasonable time, without effecting a radical permanent cure; therefore persons with diseases of the above nature, no matter how difficult or long standing the case may be," would do well to call on Dr. S. at his office, No. 16, S. FREDERICK STREET, and if not effectually relieved no remuneration will be required for his services. The medicines are free from Mercury and all poisons, put up in a neat and compact form, and may be taken in a public or private place while travelling, without exposure or change from business; and except in cases of violent inflamation, no change of diet is necessary.
DISEASES. Dr. Smith has discovered a remedy by which he can cure the worst stricture, and that without pain or inconvenience to the patient. Irritation of the prostrate gland, or neck of the bladder, sometimes mistaken for stricture by genitoners or charlatans.
MEN and others afflicted with Semi-Virility, whether originating from a Certain Active Habit, or from any other cause, the train of bodily and mental evils which are often neglected, should make an early call, thereby avoiding much trouble and expense, as well as expense. By his improved mode of treatment, Dr. S. can safely promise a speedy and perfect cure in all cases of complaint.
FEMALES. All diseases peculiar to Females, such as Suppression, Irregularities, &c.) are effectually removed. The efficacious remedies, for the cure of the above have been well tested in an extensive practice for the last twelve years.
DR. S'S "PREVENTIVES," for Married those whose health will not admit, or who prefer to increase their family, may be relied upon. Price $5.
PERSONS AT A DISTANCE may consult by letter, post paid, describing case, and medicine securely put up and forwarded to any part of the United States, always accompanied with full and explicit directions for use. Communications considered strictly confidential. Office arranged with separate apartments that patients never see any one but himself. Attendance daily, from 8 A.M. till 9 at night.
PERSONS afflicted with any of the above diseases will do well to avoid the various NOSTRUMS and SPECIFICS advertised by Apothecaries and Druggists, as a cure for any and every disease. They are worse than useless, but not to cure, and frequently do more harm than good, therefore a word to the wise is sufficient.
DR. J. B. SMITH.
South Frederick-st, Baltimore, Md
April 5, 1854—1y

FOR SALE.
The subscriber will sell *very cheap* a thoroughbred Shorthorn Bull (3 years old) if applied soon.
WM. L. HEARN,
Garden of Eden.
BLANK RATES BLANKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE. March 15.

Cambridge Democrat.

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

Volume 9.---No. 33. CAMBRIDGE, MD.---WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1854. Price $1.50, in Advance.

THE CAMBRIDGE DEMOCRAT,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
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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."

SUMMER.

BY NORMAS TAYLOR.

How beautiful is Summer,
With her skies so mild and blue,
With her hills and vales of green;
And her flowers of every hue;
With her green and waving forests,
From whose shades is stealing forth,
The wild bird's thrilling music,
(The sweetest sounds of earth;)
With her bright and sparkling streams,
And her mild and balmy air,
Of all, of all the seasons,
Summer is most fair.

How beautiful is Summer,
When her clouds sublimely grand,
Wheel above the western hills,—
Throw their shadows o'er the land;
When across the gathered gloom,
The vivid lightnings fly,
And the thunder's crashing valley,
Rolls fierce along the sky,
And the crystal rain, in torrents,
Falls through the sultry air,
Of all, of all the seasons,
Summer is most fair.

How beautiful is Summer,
How glorious her train,
The cloud, the rolling thunder,
The lightning's fiery chain:
And the bright smile of the sun,
Oft mirrored on the storm,
The beauteous type of mercy,
The rainbow's lovely form:
Sweet birds and gentle flowers,
All, all are gathered there,
Of all, of all the seasons,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Getting Married.

The New Orleans Picayune relates a little incident which transpired in one of the Eastern towns last summer. It occurred in church, on one of those quiet afternoons when all the world seems ready to drop asleep—when the flies buzz lazily on the window panes, and the dog lies on the door-stone. The afternoon service had ended, and the congregation were arranging themselves for the benediction, when to the great astonishment and the manifest interest of the worshippers, the good parson decended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said, in a calm, clear voice—"Those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, will now please to come forward."

A deep stillness instantly fell over the congregation, broken only by the rustling of silk, as some pretty girl or excited matron changed her position, to catch the first view of the couple to be married. No one, however, arose or seemed in the least inclined to arise. Whereupon the worthy clergyman, deeming his first notice unheard or misunderstood, repeated the invitation:—

"Let those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, now come forward."

Still no one stirred. The silence became almost audible, and a painful sense of the awkwardness of the position was gradually spreading among those present, when a young gentleman who had occupied a vacant seat in the broad aisle during the service, slowly arose, and deliberately walked to the foot of the altar. He was good-looking and well dressed, but no one knew him, and no female accompanied his travels. When he arrived within a respectable distance of the clergyman, he paused, and, with a reverent bow, stepped to one side of the aisle; but neither said anything, nor seemed at all disconcerted at the idea of being married alone. The clergyman looked anxiously around for the bride, who, he supposed, was yet to arrive, and at length remarked to the young gentleman in an under tone:

"The lady, sir, is dilatory."

"Very, sir."

"Had we not better defer the ceremonyz"

"I think not. Do you suppose she will be here soon?"

"Me, sir!" said the astonished shepherd; "how should I know of your lady's movements? That is a matter belonging to yourself?"

A few moments more were suffered to elapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogatories.

"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour, sir?"

"What lady?"

"Why the lady, to be sure, that you are waiting here for."

"I did not hear her say anything about it," was the unsatisfactory response.

"Then, sir, may I ask why you are here, and for what purpose you trifle with me in this manner?" said the somewhat enraged clerical."

"I come, sir, simply because you invited all those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to step forward; and I happened to entertain such a wish! I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, sir, and wish you a very good day."

The benediction was uttered with a solemnity of tone very little in accordance with the twiching of the facial nerves; and when, after the church was closed, the story got wind among the congregation; more than one girl regretted that her wishes had not been as boldly expressed as the young gentleman's, who had really wished to be "united in the holy bonds of matrimony."

Advice to the Girls.

Now girls, only think of it, there are four times as many females as there are males in the world. I think the men can have plenty to chose from, but you have but few; and girls when you are looking for a husband, get a sensible one, with a good heart, and a soul in his body. I mean one that will take care of you, himself and the family. Have as little as possible to say to the fancy or fashionable gents, as they manage to take the heart and then it leads to unhappy or bad results. Very good looking men scarcely ever make good husbands, but if you find one, make sure of him. Don't trifle with the men, because you may be sorry for it when it is too late.

At eighteen I was considered a beautiful young woman. I was considerable of a coquette, and loved to show power over the men. I almost destroyed my happiness for life in my trial. I was loyed by a young man, named Augustus Edwards, and he met my favor. I determined, one evening, to put his love to the test, and have the pleasure of seeing him on his knees before me. When he came I met him with a cold bow, and no smile. He looked very much surprised, and asked me what the matter was.

Mr., Edwards," I answered, "you have placed your affections on me, supposing they were returned."

"I thought so, certainly," he replied.

"You were mistaken," I continued. He turned very pale, and tightly grasped the chair he was standing by.

"Anne," he exclaimed, the blood rushing to his face, "I have loved you, and I love you still, but," and his manly form trembled with emotion, "farewell, I will never trouble you more."

He was gone. The scene was so different from what I had expected, that I could not utter a word. My affections became strong in a moment. All at once life became dark to me, and by my own folly. I ran to the window to call him back, but he was out of hearing. I resolved to send a note to him next morning, begging his forgiveness, and recalling all I had said in the evening. I passed a long and sleepless night, wishing anxiously for the morning to come. It came at last and I sent the note, and waited in dreadful suspense until afternoon for an answer, but received none. I sent another, but it did not succeed any better than the first. I could not wait and suffer any longer, so I hurriedly prepared myself, and went to his house. Augustus was in, and in a few moments he came into the room. I flew to him, and taking his hand, begged his forgiveness for what I had said.

"What difference does it make if you are going to wed another?" he asked.

"I did not mean what I said last evening, dear Gus," I answered, my heart beating very fast.

"I forgive you," said he.

"I shall not be forgiveu unless you return your love to me. Oh? say that I may again be what I was to you," I implore, "I can never love another."

"You need not," he answered, folding me to his heart.

We were married three months after, and he proved to be a kind and affectionate husband. He is dead, now, but he is always fresh in my memory. Girls, now remember this, and all that I have said, and never be coquette, for it destroys all the finer feelings of love, and you may not succeed as well as I did in redeeming your man after a *test.—Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.*

WHAT IS A FINE YOUNG MAN?—Whenever we take a walk down Parliament street, which we frequently do, in order that we may stand a chance of being mistaken for a member of Parliament, our attention is constantly directed to a notice affixed to the walls, as follows: "Wanted!—Fine Young Men!" Now, it would be a source of great gratification to us to be informed precisely what a fine young man really is. Is a fine young man one who wears his rings on his fingers, sails the streets in capacious sleeves lined with pink, affects gold waistcoat buttons, and revels in pictorial shirts? Is he one who allows his hair to run wild all down his back, wears his shirt collar *a la Byron*, smokes a short, dirty pipe, and is not particular about his boots? Or is he one of that delightful class of gents who bully waiters at cheap eating houses, thrust their heads under ladies' bonnets, talk loud at the theatre, and walk Rotten Row in gaudy pantaloons? We think these very fine specimens of humanity indeed; we feel sure that they think so themselves; and if the world can only be persuaded to be of the same opinion, there will no longer be any dearth of Fine Young Men!—*Diognes.*

☞The Sunday Mercury says: "We like to see a young lady walk as though a flea was on each hip, it is so fascinating. She is just the match for the dandy who steps like an open winged turkey traveling over a bed of hot ashes.

"I Ain't Going to Learn a Trade!"

Ain't you? I should like to know why not. Hundreds and tens of thousands have learned one before you, and many more will do the same thing. A trade well learned may make a name and a fortune well earned. If you ever get either without working for it, you will be either very "lucky," or very unfortunate.

I don't think much of a boy who says he is not going to learn a trade. If his place in the world is such that he can learn a good trade and have a good situation, he will be very unwise not to seize the opportunity. A boy who goes to a trade, determined to make himself master of his business, and to be a well informed and intelligent workman, will soon rise to the head of his profession, if he pursues the right path. The faithful apprentice who delights to do his days's work well, and to do it to the best of his ability, so as to earn the praise of his employer, will feel happier, and be a more honorable man, than he who does just enough to shuffle along through the day, and then hurries away from his work as though it were a nuisance and a curse.

I knew a boy who was too poor to go to school and college, although he would have liked that course very well. But he had to work. So he went to learn a trade. He tried to do his work always to the very best of his ability. He went to a place, and the first day his master come to look at what he had done, and after closely examining it, he turned round and said to his foreman, "James, that is very excellent work for a new boy. It is about as good as any of our journeymen do it!" Did not that little fellow feel as proud as if he had won a triumph? He was rewarded from the start with the good opinion of his employer, and he never forgot the pleasure with which he heard his master's encouraging words. He always tried to do his work well—to do it, in fact, the very best; and while other apprentices did not seem to care how their work was done, as long as they could get their pay, he took a pride in working as though he was in a higher post than that of a mechanic's boy. He is in a higher post now, and is doing well, in more ways than one, in the world.

Rather Tough.

The Catoctin (Ind.) *Whig*, has been telling a story of a cane that was stuck in the ground about 43 years ago and grew up into a large tree, which was cut down a few days since, when the cane dropped out of the heart of the tree in its original condition.

The Worcester *Spy* tries to surpass this by a story of some chairs which were made in Sterling, some years ago, of green timber and sold in Rhode Island. The wood shrunk on drying so that the chairs fell in pieces, but the purchaser put them together in a moist cellar, and left them there to swell. The result was that the chairs grew, and in a few days little chairs were found sprouting out all over them. We believe the editorial sanctum of the *Spy* is now furnished with chairs which sprang from this stock.

These stories remind us of the effect which a cargo of guano once had upon an old brig. This vessel was about 250 tons burthen when she received her load at the Lobos Islands, but by the time she had doubled Cape Horn her size was more than trebled. When she reached Rio Janeiro she had become a *bark* of 1,800 tons, and the captain stopped at that port, and after trimming out the superfluous sprouts from the inside of her hole, took in a large freight in addition to the guano, and returned home—thus making an exceedingly profitable voyage.

This latter tale can only be matched by one from the Jewish Talmud, which is prolific of large stories. In that veracious cronicle a bird is mentioned which was so large that when it spread its wings it blotted out the sun.

On one occasion an egg fell from out its nest, and the white thereof broke and glued about three hundred cedar trees, and overflowed a village. One of the birds standing in the water, was seen by some mariners, and as the water only reached to the lower joint of the leg of the bird, the mariners were about to bathe, when a voice from Heaven said, "Step not in here, for seven years ago, there a carpenter dropped his axe, and it hath not yet reached bottom?"

We have not a doubt that the above mention axe was the very one used in cutting down the aforesaid tree!

REFORM IN THE U. S. NAVY.—The bill for the re-organization of the Navy, as reported in the House of Representatives, it is said, differs in detail, though not in principle, from that reported some time ago by Mr. Mallory in the Senate, and is the result of a conference between the committees of the two houses and the Secretary of the Navy, held in the early portion of the session. The principal features of the House bill are the establishment of a higher grade officers than captains, namely, "flag officers;" a reduction in the whole number of officers, so as to leave as few idlers in the service as possible; a retired list; a board of reform; increased pay for sea service; stringent rules to prevent as far as possible contined leave of absence; promotion not to be based exclusively upon date of commission, but also upon general qualifications; and provisions for the meritorious discharge of seamen and inducements held out to them to re-enlist. The question of assimilated rank between officers of the navy and army is settled—a Judge Advocate is also provided. It is further provided that there shall be an increase of seamen and marines to the number of three thousand, whose pay is greatly increased and inducements to good conduct and re-enlistments are made.

An Indian Funeral—A Horrible and Affecting Sight.

The other day, I was informed by a friend, that he had just found an Indian dead, near Wilson's corral about a mile west of Columbia. He stated that the night previous, about dark, he saw the same Indian drunk; it snowing at the time, he believes that he laid down and froze during that very cold night. With my friend I hurried over to the spot, and before we got half the distance, the hill resounded with Indian yells—denoting death. Aproaching near where the body lay it was a most affecting sight. There were a dozen old Indian squaws, some rolling on the body on the groud in a lamentable and agonizing manner, and howling most piteously. In an hour after, they put the body in a blanket, and the squaws gathered around wherever they could put their hands, and commenced carrying it about in the direction of their ranchero, about a mile distant; but they had not proceeded far before their miseries were increased by the discovery of another of their tribe dead—he having, while intoxicated, tumble into T. C. W. Co.'s ditch in the neighborhood of their ranchero. Upon the finding of this new body—the male Indians, with a few exceptions, took no part in the howling over the first body found—now became perfectly frantic, running in all directions over the hills and about the ditch, howling most terribly, and wildly acting, as if looking for more victims of rum.

The terrible noise being heard a great distance, brought miners and Indians, from every direction, armed with their bows and arrows; and upon reaching the crowd of Indians surrounding the bodies, they would madly throw themselves upon the bodies, in the wildest anguish, and there remain until pulled off to make room for the next. Every American present was affected, and looked with astonishment at the agonizing grief of the old squaws, hardly able to stand with age, while a continued stream of tears ran down their withered faces. But now for the most horrible sight I ever witnessed in my life. The Indians had gatherered and closely packed about a cord and half of wood; ready to receive the bodies, in accordance with their custom, to be burned to ashes.

Just before putting the bodies upon the woodpile, an old Indian, who knew me, asked me to look at the bodies; and being glad of the chance, I of course consented. He, after some effort, got the squaws off the bodies so that I could see their faces; when, in the last found, I recognized an Indian who had, on three different occasions, told me of the Indians having liquor, and got me to take it from them, he, himself, finally falling a victim to it.

At about 2 o'clock, P. M., they placed the bodies face downwards, upon the woodpile together with everything belonging to them; the pile being about six feet square. The fire being placed in at the four corners, soon began to blaze, amidst the most piteous howlings of a hundred Indians; and as the fire grew hot, one of the Indians did frequently throw himself in on the bodies as if willing to burn; and as the fire grew hotter yet, the squaws would have to be pulled off the bodies, then on fire; and several of them had the hair burned off their heads. Each of the squaws had some relic to throw in upon the fire, such as head-work, baskets, fancy things, shawls and blankets.—At 4 P. M. I left, much instructed in savage affection, it being stronger than I ever expect to witness again in my life. I hope never to witness again another such horrible sight as an Indian funeral.—*Cor. Columbia (Oregon) Gazette.*

☞A philosopher stepped on a ferry boat to cross a stream. On his passage he inquired of the ferryman if he understood arithmetic. The man looked astonished.

"Arithmetic? No sir. I never heard of it before."

The philosopher replied, "I am very sorry, for one quarter of your life is gone.

A few minutes after, he asked the ferryman, "Do you know anything of mathematics?"

The boatman smiled, and again replied "No."

"Well, then," said the philospher, "another quarter of your life is lost."

A third question was asked the ferryman, "Do you understand astronomy?"

"Oh, no, sir; I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, my friend, another quarter of your life is lost."

Just at this moment the boat ran over a snag and was sinking, when the ferryman jumped up, pulled off his coat, and asked the philosopher with great earnestness—

"Sir, can you swim?"

"No," he replied.

"Well, then," said the ferryman, "your whole life is lost, for the boat is going to the bottom!"

A HOT PLACE.—An old Dutchman took a job of hauling cotton across the country to a certain river, and one day he stopped the team about noon for the purpose of eating his dinner and giving rest and refreshment to his horses. Perceiving indications of a spring a little distance from the road, he left his son in charge of the horses, and carried his tin pail over to the water. It proved to be a hot spring, and the old Dutchman cried out in terror to his son, with a loud voice:

"Hausne! trive on! trive on te deam, for Got's sake! *Huell* ish not von mile vrom dish plashe!"

PIOUS GENTLEMAN.—"My boy, my boy, you do very wrong to fish on Sunday." Boy—"It can't be no harm, I arn't cotchin' nothing."

Reverie of the Church Sexton.

"Splendid day! We'll have quite a turn out. There's nothing like sunshine to draw an audience. It's better than all the popular preachers that ever were born. Oh! there's my memorandum book; I'd like to have forgotten it, and if them directions hadn't been tended to, most likely I should have lost my place. Let's see. [Takes out a memorandum and reads:]

"By order of Judge R. the woman who squints and eats cardamon seeds is not to be put in the seat in front of him..

"By order of Squire B. the young man who ogles his daughter and wears plaid pants is to be put somewhere on the other side of the church.

"By order of the wealthy Miss Prudence Prim the young man whose clothes smell of cigars and brandy, shall be set behind her.

"The request of Mr. A., mechanic, that strangers be not shown into his pew to be attended to if convenient.

"Quite a chapter, anyhow. But people are beginning to streak in. There's two young women waiting. Common sort of folks, I guess, gentility don't come quite so early as this. Have a seat marm. She says with a bow, if you please, sir. No matter, politeness is a cheap article, it dont cost nothing. So here goes the two women into one of the black wall pews. Here's two more birds of the same feather; woolen shawls, straw bonnets and cotton gloves; wall pew, second from the door, good enough in all conscience.

"Ah! there's a bride. Satin velvet, and white kids; fine broadcloth and white vest.—Shall I have the pleasure of showing yourself and lady some seats? They must have some first-rate seats, for they are evidently somebody. What a difference there is in folks!

"Now there's a dressmaker and a schoolmistress, nobodies. Back seats, good enough. Two young lawyers—somebodies; I must find a seat in the middle aisle. A rich widow—somebody—middle aisle, A broken down minister, coat rather seedy, cravat rather coarse—nobody—side aisle. Six fashionable boarding school girls—somebodies—middle aisle, if possible. Roughed cheeks, but a splendid silk cloak, somebody—middle aisle. An apprentice boy, decent looking, but a nobody—side aisle.

"Who'll say I ain't a judge of human nature? Don't I know who a man is the minute I see him?

"Now there's one of our seedy coated old fellows coming. Don't I set him down as a nobody, and won't he be glad to get any kind of a seat? I'll show folks that I understand my business. Have a seat sir?

"Confonnd my ill luck. Just as I was putting him into one of the poorest seats in the house, along comes Judge R., who, spying him, comes up and says he, "Ah! how dy'e do, Governor B.? Take a seat with me, sir; my wife will rejoice to meet you.' Shaking hands with the seedy coat, he looked daggers at me, and I'll bet a fourpence I've lost my place. Who'd have thought the old fellow was an ex-Governor? But that comes of looking as meek as a schoolmaster, and dressing like a woodsawyer! Why don't folks, as ought to, hold up their heads and be somebody?"

LADIES BOOTS.—Boot making appears to become more and more fashionable every day, and seems destined ere long to drive fancy needle work and embroidery from our parlors. The Detroit Advertiser says that in that city a large proportion of the ladies make their own boots. When visiting a lady of the *ton*, it is a very common thing to finds her busy with last, awl, waxed ends, pincers and all the et ceteras which compose the kit of the bootmaker. Two or three pairs of boots may be made in a day, and about two dollars may be husbanded on each pair. In most cases, however, it is fashion rather than economy which induces the employment. "The result is," says our cotemporary, "that the fair sex of Detroit will soon be proverbial for wearing the most elegant boots and having the prettiest feet in the Union. The ladies of New York and Boston, and other eastern cities, must look to their laurels."

AFFAIRS IN PRINCE GEORGE'S COUNTY.—A company has been formed and $8,900 subscribed to build a first class hotel at Upper Marlboro'. Dysentery and Diarrhea, in a mild form, are said to be very prevalent through the county. The Gazette says the rust has destroyed a large portion of the wheat crop, and that many farmers will not save enough to pay expense. In some portions of the county there will be a fair tobacco crop, while in others there will scarcely be any. The advocate learns that the Baltimore and Potomac railroad commissioners will soon convene in Baltimore, to take active measures to set the work going.

A COW WORTH HAVING.—A New Hampshire farmer writes thus:—"I have a cow from whose milk sixty pounds and five ounces of butter were made in twenty eight days, in the month of December, 1853. The same cow, in one week, ending the 26th ult., made seventeen and a half pounds of butter. The daily average of milk was fifty-one and one-half pounds. Her feed was six quarts of equal parts Indian and broom corn meal, and one pumpkin per day. I have no doubt she will average fifty pounds of milk per day for four months to come."

☞A distinguished Phrenologist has recently examined the "head of the church." He finds it has had, and still possesses a great many "bumps."

UNIVERSITALITY OF FASHION. Dey pinch dare toes and feets—we pinch our waists and to be fashunable, sumtimes dey faints away. Dey dye dare eyebrows, sometimes dey whole hed. Dey paints dare teeth, dey paints our cheeks, wen dey ain't to brack enough. De Hottentots ob Squarnee Bumboo-gashun, go *in puribus unum* very much, but go dat way as much as we dare.—*Rev. Quashee's Sermon.*

A KNOW-NOTHING.—"I say, Bill, I seed a Know-Nothing."

"What did he look like?"

"Why, he looked like a man."

"Don't be a fool—tell me how you found out that he was a Know Nothin'!"

"Why, he said so. I asked him whether he wouldn't give me a sixpence, and he said, 'No, nothing.'"

☞A horse is now being exhibited in England which is "twenty-one hands high, and weighs twenty-five hundred weight." He must be a monster—a full team, as the saying is, all alone by himself. In this connection, let us say that the price of horses has nearly doubled in many parts of France during the last twelve months; in Brittany, in particular, where a hardry race of small horses are raised, the advance in prices has been enormous.

A LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY.—"Let's see where I am? This is coal I'm layin' on. How'd I get here? (reflects.) Yes, I mind, now. Was comin' up street; met a wheelbarrow, was drunk comin' tother way; the wheelbarrow fell over me, or I fell over the wheelbarrow, and one of us fell into the cellar, don't mind which now, guess it must a been me."

☞A lady, whose portrait Opie was painting, was mustering all her smiles to look charming, till at lengeh the irritated artist could endure the constrained and affected features no longer; starting up and throwing down his brush, he exclaimed, in his broad style,

"I tell ye what it is, ma'am, if ye grin so, I canna draw ye at all."

"A bending staff I would not break,
A feeble faith I would not shake,
Nor even rashly pluck away
The error which some truth may stay,
Whose loss might leave the soul without
A shield against the shafts of doubt."—*Whittier.*

☞A gentleman was promenading a fashionable street, with a bright little boy at his side, when the little fellow called out,

"O, Pa! there goes an editor!"

"Hush, son," said the father; "don't make sport of the poor man—God only knows what you may come to yet!"

☞How lonesome is the fireside where is no newspaper! Ask the man who had a family paper to read with the latest news, the good stories, the useful lessons, and the witty sayings of the newspaper--ask him its value.—Let him be deprived of it for a few weeks, and and then ask him to put an estimate upon it.

HAVE WE ANY BONNETS AMONG US?—The rule now is, place a little wisp of pasteboard and ribbon so far back on the head that the wearer can't see any part of it. The patch is secured to "philoprogenitiveness" by a wafer, and the stars look down on "the place where the bonnet ought to be."

☞A newspaper makes the calculation that an individual desiring to read all that has been written during the last eighteen months upon the Eastern question; would have to begin at the age of six, and read without interruption for a period of one hundred and ninety-four years.

☞Titles are easily "got up" out west.—Let a man treat a crowd four times, and he is made a full-breasted General at once. Four glasses of burgundy will turn out a Colonel, and a single "drink" a Captain. If you want to grow fat on titles, take the first train for out west.

☞Mrs. Jenkins says there is a mighty difference between warm arms and cold shoulders, though singularly enough they always go together. Mrs. J. speaks from experience in both departments of practice.

☞A cotemporary says that "summer has set in." Unfortunately, the editor don't tell *what into*, whether a chair, hip-bath, or the middle of next week. Folks with pens in their hands should be more particular.

☞The useful takes precedence of the ornamental in California. Lately, a lot of large vases were sent out there from this way, which were bought for wash-tubs and charcoal measures. Great people—them *yaller* folks.

A ROYAL "SCHOOL MARM."—Queen Victoria, it is said, has established a school for her out-of-door servants, at Windsor, and for some time, nearly every day, occupies herself in teaching from the Bible.

☞The pimples on a toper's face are spiritual manifestations of the table.

There is no man so deep but that he hath a shallow place.

Blushes are flying colors, which maidens carry bloomingly.

In love, the heart is the pupil of the eye.

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