DR. JOHNSTON'S
Baltimore Lock Hospit
WHERE may be obtained the most sp
and effectual remedy in the world fo
SECRET DISEASES.
Gleets, Strictures, Seminal Weakness, Pa
the Loins, Affections of the Kidneys and B
der, Loss of Organic power, Nervous
ity, Diseases of the Head, Nose, Throa
Skin; and all those Peculiar Disorders ar
from a CERTAIN SECRET HABIT of You
which, if not cured, produces *Constitut*
Debility, renders Marriage impossible, and in
end destroys both *Body and Mind*.
YOUNG MEN,
Especially, who have become the victim
Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive
it which annually sweeps to an untimely gr
thousands of young men of the most exa
talents and brilliant intellect, who might
erwise have entranced listening Senators w
the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecst
the living lyre, may call with full confiden
MARRIAGE.
Married persons, or those contemplat
marriage, being aware of physical weakness
any other impediment, should immediately
ly to Dr. Johnston, and be restored.
Office No. 7, *SOUTH FREDERICK S*
EVEN DOORS FROM BALTIMORE S
East side, UP THE STEPS. ☞BE PA
TICULAR in observing the NAME & NU
BER, or you will mistake the place. Be
nticed from this office.
CURE WARRANTED, OR NO CHARG
MADE, IN FROM ONE TO TWO DAY
The many thousands cured at this Instit
on, and the very extensive practice of Dr. J
a sufficient guarantee that he is the on
roper Physician to be consulted.
DR. JOHNSTON,
ember of the Royal College of Surgeon
ondon, graduate from one of the most em
nt colleges of the United States, and th
eater part of whose life has been spent in th
ospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia, an
ewhere, has effected some of the most astor
ing cures that were ever known, many tro
d with ringing in the ears and head whe
eep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sud
n sounds, and bashfulness, with frequen
shing, attended sometimes with derange
nt of mind, were cured immediately.
A CERTAIN DISEASE.
When the misguided and imprudent votar
pleasuae finds he has imbibed the seeds o
This painful disease, it too often happens tha
ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discov
, deters him from applying to those, who
n education and respectability, can alon
riend him, delaying till the constitutiona
mptoms of his horrid disease make their ap
rance, such as ulcerated sore throat, dis
ed nose, nocturnal pains in the head an
bs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on th
bones and arms, blotches on the head, fac
extremities, progress on with frightful ra
ty, till at last the palate of the mouth o
bones of the nose fall in, and the victim o
awful disease becomes a horrid object o
miseration, till death puts a period to hi
adful sufferings, by sending him to "tha
rne from whence no traveller returns."—
such, therefore, Dr. JOHNSTON pledges him
to preserve the most inviolable secrecy; an
h his extensive practice in the first Hospit
n Europe and America, he can confidently
mmend the most safe and speedy cure to
unfortunate victim of this horrid disease.
is a melancholy fact that thousands fall vic
to this terrible disease owing to the un
fulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the
of that *Deadly Poison, Mercury*, ruin the
titution and make the residue of life mis
le.
TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.
r. Johnston addresses all those who have
ed themselves by private and improper in
ence, that secret and solitary habit which
both body and mind, unfitting them either
usiness, Society, or Marriage.
ese are some of the sad and melancholy
s produced by early habits of youth, viz:
kness of the back and limbs, pains in the
dimness of sight, loss of muscular power,
tation of the heart, dyspepsia, nervous ir-
bility, derangement of the digestive func-
general debility, symptoms of consump-
&c.
ntally: The fearful effects on the mind
uch to be dreaded; loss of memory, con-
of ideas, depression of spirits, evil fore-
gs, aversion to society, self-distrust, love
tude, timidity, &c., are some of the evils
ced.
usands of persons, of all ages, can now
of their declining health. Losing their
becoming weak, pale and emaciated,
a singular appearance about the eyes,
and symptoms of Consumption.
OHNSTON'S INVIGORATING
EDY for GENITAL DEBILITY.
great and important remedy, weakness
organs are speedily cured and full vigor
d. Thousands of the most nervous and
ted, who had lost all hope, have been
ately relieved. All impediments to
MARRIAGE,
l or Mental Disqualification, Nervous
lity, Trembling and Weakness, or ex-
n of the most fearful kind, speedily
g men who have injured themselves by
n practice indulged in when alone—a
equently learned from evil companions,
hool, the effects of which are nightly
n when asleep, and if not cured, ren-
rriage impossible, and destroys both
d body, should apply immediately.
a pity that a young man, the hope of
ntry and the darling of his parents,
e snatched from all prospects and en-
s of life, by the consequences of devia-
the path of nature, and indulging in
secret habit.
AKNESS OF THE ORGANS
iately cured and full vigor restored.
TO STRANGERS.
any thousands of the most desperate
less cases cured at this institution with-
t twelve years, and the numeroas im-
urgical Operations performed by Dr.
sed by the reporters of the papers and
er persons—notices of which have
l again appeared before the public—
ient guarantee to the afflicted.
OHNSTON, the only regularly Edu-
sician advertising, is called upon ev-
particularly by strangers, who, unfor-
to their sorrow, thinking to save a
s, have suffered themselves to be en-
this office by ignorant and lying im-
th small fees, to the ruinous abodes
ry, where, after being trifled with as
ssible, instead of being even relieved,
irretrievably and permanently in-
these Quacks copy Dr. JOHNSTON'S
ents. STRANGERS, TRUST
lives or health to the care of such
nd contemptable pretenders, but con-
hnston and be restored.
those unacquainted with his reputa-
Johnston deems it necessary to say
edentials or Diplomas always hang
e.
ICE No. 7, SOUTH FREDERICK ST.
letters must be post paid. Reme-
mail.
e, April 5, 1854—1y

To the Ladies.
AURICEAU'S "MARRIED WO-
S PRIVATE MEDICAL COM-
for sale at this office. Every Mar-
ould have a copy. Price 50 cents.

AND FANCY JOB WORK
Y AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED *at this*
[April 12, 1854

Cambridge Democrat.

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

Volume 9.----No. 43. CAMBRIDGE, MD.----WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 13, 1854. Price $1.50, in Advance.

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

POETRY.

[For the Cambridge Democrat.]

SOLILOQUY.

SCENE THE FIRST.

The Drunkard Shaking his Jug.

Oh! where, and oh! where,
Has all my whisky gone?
I looked upon my old brown jug
That's been my friend so long
Its empty as an old tin pot—
It's dryer than a horn—
Oh! that I had a little drop
Of whisky made of corn.

Oh! where, and oh! where,
Are all my comrades gone?
They all have signed the Temperance pledge
I know they are doing wrong.
I walk along the lonly street,
And look in every shop,
Oh! wretched man alass for me
I cannot get a drop.

Oh! where, and oh where!
Has all my money gone?
I used to have my pockets full
To treat my friends upon—
My purse it is an empty one,
My credit I have none—
The friends that used to drink with me,
Have left me every one.

Oh! where and oh! where
Can I some comfort find?
My friends have all forsaken me
And I am left behind
A bloated wretch I know I am,
And shuned by every one;
There's not a meaner wretch than I
That lives beneath the sun.

SOLILOQUY.

SCENE THE SECOND.

The Reformed Drunkard at Home.

Oh! where, and oh! where,
Are all my troubles gone?
I too have signed the Temperance pledge
That I despised so long--
My wife's as cheerful as a lark
A singing of her song,
And now I see, alas for me
That I've been doing wrong.

Oh! where, and oh! where,
Has all my fever gone?
That used to burn within my breast
There as I staggered on?
My bloated cheeks and reddened eyes
Are now entirely gone,
And now I rise at early dawn
As cheerful as the moon.

Oh! where, and oh! where,
My debts, where are they gone?
That mighty score behind the door,
Twas near a fathom long—
They've melted like the April snow
Before the rising sun—
I've gone to work with all my might,
And paid them every one.

Oh! where, and oh! where
Shall I my children send?
I wish to educate my boys
And make them business men—
My daughters true there are but two
As rosy as a peach—
A finished education now
I wish to give to each.

Oh! where, and oh! where
Shall I my money keep?
Its coming in on every hand—
It forms a mighty heap,
And now I am a thrifty man
My House is neat and clean,
My Home it is a pleasant home
As ever need be seen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FAMILY vs. COMPANY;
—OR—
FOUR KINDS OF CAKE.

CHAPTER I.

"IT IS ALL FOLLY, WIFE!" exclaimed Mr. Jotham Somes, a matter-of-fact, plain-spoken sort of a man, to his better half. There you have got no less than four kinds of cake, three kinds of pies, two kinds of preserves, to say nothing of knick-knacks and gim-craks.

The fact was that Mrs. Somes was having the minister, his wife and two grown up daughters to take tea with her. She had been engaged for three days in the preparation, and such a display of nice things was calculated to astonish the minister and his family—to give a two-fold surprise, first at the variety and extent of her culinary resources, and secondly at her folly in attempting to make a display beyond her means.

The Somes' were in comfortable circumstances. Mr. Somes was a farmer, and probably his income might have amounted to four hundred dollars a year.

Mrs. Somes was a prudent, careful housewife, who wasted no more of her culinary skill upon her family than was absolutely necessary. But she delighted in making a grand appearance when she had company. Mr. Somes and the boys were sometimes so ill-natured as to growl at her careful catering, when the house contained no company; and it cut them to the bone to see such extraordinary preparations for the neighbors. It was "kiss the cook" when they were alone, but the board groaned with plenty when there were guests present.

Mr. Jotham Somes had just come from the sitting-room where the table, with its tempting array of viands was spread. He did not like it a bit, and after passing the time of day with the parson and his family he proceded to the kitchen where his wife was just taking the biscuits out of the oven.

"What do you mean by folly, I should like to know?" replied Mrs. Jotham Somes, somewhat tartly.

She was a second wife, and having been redeemed from one of the advanced stages of maidenhood, her temper had grown a little sour before she became a wife.

"The folly of setting such a table as you have," replied the husband. "I should think you were going to have the President or the royal family to take tea with you."

"I am going to have the Rev. Mr. Meeklie and his family, and I will take care of my business, if you will of yours," replied the lady, slamming the oven door.

"Perhaps this is not my business."

"No! I'm sure it is not."

"Who pays for all them gew-gaws and gim-cracks?"

"You do, of course."

"But it is none of my business!"

"No! I never thought you were so confounded mean!" said the lady, her face reddening with anger.

"Mean! I'm not mean! But when you get victuals for your own family, you think almost anything is good enough for them. We never see any pies and cakes and knick-knacks."

"Do you think I'm going to make pies and cake for the men folks to eat every day," retorted the indignaut house-keeper.

"Then don't do it for company. What is good enough for me is good as I can afford to give my visitors."

"I really believe if you had your own way you would have me as mean as the Smiths."

"The Smiths are as good folks and as liberal as any in town; and I'll warrant Parson Meeklie thinks a heap more of them than he does of you with all kinds of cakes."

"You're a fool Mr. Somes!"

"I am tool enough to know that folks are not judged by the quantity of sweet cake they put upon the table when they have company. I repeat it; there are no better people in town than the Smiths."

"I s'pose not; but they had nothing but cold biscuit and molasses gingerbread when we took tea there."

"That's as good as they can afford; but it is no better than they have every day, and I admire their independence."

"They're contemptible mean folks there!"

"Why? Because they do not attempt to make folks believe they live better than they do? For my part I don't think it is any better than hypocrisy to make such a parade of victuals as you do especially when it is hard work for me and the boys to get a decent meal of victuals."

"Did anybody ever hear the like," groaned the lady, who had by this time arrived at the pitch of excitement, when tears are more effective than words.

"Perhaps they never did; but if ever I see anything of this sort again, they will be pretty likely to hear of it," replied Mr. Somes, throwing off his blue frock and commencing his preparations for taking tea with the minister.

CHAPTER II.

THE plate of hot biscuit was placed in the midst of the profusion of fancy eatables with which the table was crowded. The minister and his family were duly seated and the ceremony was proceeding decently in order.

Mrs. Somes had not wholly recovered from the excitement of the interview in the kitchen, and her hand trembled slightly as she handed Mrs. Meeklie her tea. Mr. Somes had donned his best blue coat with brass buttons which had done duly as a Sunday garment for fifteen years.

He seemed to be somewhat uneasy, and though he and the minister had always been on the best terms, his answers were too short and crusty for a courteous host.

"Won't you pass the biscuit to Mrs. Meeklie, husband?" said Mrs. Somes, with her sweetest smile, albeit not very sweet at that.

Mr. Somes did pass the biscuit to Mrs. Meeklie, and she took one; but when he passed them to Mr. Meeklie, he smilingly declined.

"No I thank you, Mr. Somes; I never eat hot bread. It does not agree with me," said he.

Mrs. Somes passed the cold bread, thinking all the time how very uncivil it was in the parson to refuse the hot biscuit she had taken so much pains to prepare.

But Mr. Meeklie was very respectful to his stomach; for he found when insulted and imposed upon, that it was tyrannical and disagreeable; and he paid more deference to his digestive organs than he did to the feelings of his vain parishioners.

"My biscuits are not very nice; I did not have as good luck as I generally do," suggested Mrs. Somes, as Mrs. Meeklie took a second cake.

"Better!" interposed Mr. Somes.

The lady looked at him with very evident marks of displeasure.

"They are very nice," said the parson's wife.

"Take a little more of this quince preserve, Miss Meeklie. I dare say it is not so nice as your mother makes; but the truth is——"

"It has stood too long," interrupted Mr. Somes. "The jar has not been opened since you were here last fall."

Mrs. Somes looked daggers; but the parson very considerately asking Mr. Somes if he was done planting, just at that moment, her anger evaporated without any unpleasant effects.

"Husband, won't you pass the cake to Mr. Meeklie?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Somes, I never eat cake; unless it be something very simple, such as gingerbread or molasses cake."

What a calamity! Four kinds of cake and the parson wouldn't touch one of them.

"But you will take some of these jumbles; I made them on purpose for you."

"That's a fact, Mr. Meeklie," added Mr. Somes, maliciously.

He would further have added that his wife never made pies and cake for her own family, but he was afraid of frightening the parson.

"You must excuse me; I doubt not they are very nice, but I have to be careful."

Mrs. Meeklie and her two grown up daughters were more courteous, and each nibbled at a small bit of the rich pound cake; but they seemed to do it against their better judgment.

The truth was they felt embarrassed by the extraordinary display Mrs. Somes had made. They did not feel at home. The whole affair was too set and artificial to be enjoyed, and at an early hour the whole party withdrew, mentally determined to make it a long time before they took tea with Mrs. Somes again.

CHAPTER III.

"WIFE, where is the piece of meat I sent home for dinner?" asked Farmer Somes, as he and the boys came in for their noonday meal, on the day following the tea party.

The farmer glanced inquiringly at the table which was spread before hm. Involuntarily his nasal organ contracted longitudinally; it would not be polite to say he "turned up his nose," though such was the fact, beyond the possibility of denial.

Farmer Somes was not in any sense an epicure. He liked a plain, substantial diet, that "which was good and enough of it," as he forcibly expressed his ideas of table economy.

Lest the reader should suppose he was one of those gouty, ill-natured "feeders," who would grumble at the ambrosia and nectar of the gods, we deem it necessary to particularize the articles on the board of the lady, who had placed four kinds of cake before company.

Certainly there was variety enough to satisfy the most fickle taste. On a broken plate—the best dishes were religiously reserved to the use of company—was the half of one sausage and two-thirds of another, making one sausage and one sixth, all told. They were in suspicious fat, and altogether, the aspect of the dish was singularly forbidding.

On a white plate with a long black fracture extending quite across it, lay in an aggregated mass, three dozen baked beans, and an infinitesimal fragment of pork rine. This was an antiquity. Farmer Somes and the boys had a very distinct remembrance of having seen this dish on the table every day during the previous fornight; proving that Mrs. Somes, was not only the most economical, but one of the most obstinate dames in the world. The farmer and his boys had virtually said they would not eat these same beans; and Mrs. Somes had virtually said they should.

On a worn out blue plate, superanuated, and "nicked" in a thousand places, were four pork bones, looking as though they had been picked by that army of mice which Whittington's cat destoyed. These bones had seen service during the last twelve days. The joint of which they were the disitegrated members had graced the table just one fort-night before.

There were sundry articles, antique, old-ashioned "tit-bits," which might have been set before Noah and his friends in the ark.—Six long red potatoes; unpeeled, even unsprouted, completed the array of ediblei ornamental and substantial.

The farmer's nose contracted, as before related.

"Where is the meat I sent home?"

"Hanging in the well."

"Hadn't we better eat it?"

"I want it for company next Sunday."

"The——a hem! Company again!"

"I expect my brother will dine with us then and I want something fit to set before him."

Mrs. Somes looked sulky.

"And you mean to starve me and the boys in the mean time?"

"I should like to know if there is not enough for you?" said the dame pointing to the table.

Farmer Somes turned up his nose.

"Did I ever refuse to buy victuals when you wanted them?" he said rather sternly.

"Not that I know of; but I didn't suppose you wanted to buy fresh meat *every* day, returned the wife sourly." 'I am sure I try to be as economical as I can.'

"Four kinds of cake, which nobody would touch, I suppose is prudent, ain't it?"

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Somes, I am glad to see yout at home," said Mr. Meeklie, walking into the room, unannounced

Good gracious! the minister and with such a table spread for the family! What a commentary on four kinds of cake for company.

Mrs. Somes was all confused. Though the parson intended to look right at the farmer, she could see that more then once his eyes wandered over the table.

"Glad to see you parson; sit down and take some dinner with us," said Mr. Somes shaking the minister by the hand.

"Thank you, I don't care if I do," replied Mr. Meeklie. "I have a long walk to take before I return home-"

Farmer Somes was pointing him to a chair, when the lady interposed.

"We have got a picked up dinner to-day.—Husband sent home a joint of veal, but it didn't get here until after eleven, so I had no time to cook it."

"Got here by eight o'clock," said Farmer Somes; no fibs to the parson."

"But if you will wait only a few moments. I will fry some of the veal."

"Sit down, parson; it is every day fare, but what is good enough for me is good enough for my guests."

"Right, Mr. Somes," replied the minister drawing up his chair. "My business relates to the new bell for the meeting house. I am carrying round a subscription paper."

"I am with you parson."

Farmer Somes was in a most malicious good humor, and with a broad grin on his honest phiz, he opened the paper the minister gave him.

"Twenty dollars!" exclaimed Mr. Somes, "I should not think they could afford it."

"He gives his friends nothing but gingerbread," said the farmer. "Put me down thirty; we have four kinds of cake."

The Parson consumed one "long red;" and one of the vulgar fractions of cold sausage.—He preferred brown bread to white, and would not touch any of the pies which the prudent house-keeper set before him.

Mrs. Somes was awfully mortified. Her reputation was sacrificed, and Farmer Somes never again had occasion to find fault with her for making a vain show of three kinds of pies, two kinds of preserves, and four kinds of cake.

TO CHOOSE A GOOD MILK COW.

Select from a good breed. We prefer the Devons—bright bay red. The Durhams are roan, red, white, and mixtures of these colors. Aryshire cows are generally red and white spotted. Herefords red or darker colored, with white faces. Alderneys, pale red and mixed with white. These are the principal colors of the several breeds, of which the Durhams are the largest and Aldernays the smallest. Different individuals will contend for each breed being the best and only one that should be selected for their milking qualities. But animals of each breed, and crosses of them, often prove remarkable milkers, and so do some of the native stock of the country. Two families of cows, one ownad by Col. Jaques of Ten Hills Farm, near Charlestown, Mass., and one owned by Major John Jones, of Wheatland Farm, near Middletown, Delaware, were called native breed.

If we were about selecting a milk cow, we would endeavor to get one out of such a herd of good milkers; one with a soft, velvety feeling skin, slim neck, fine legs, broad stern, with what is called a large escutcheon, that is the hair of the stern pointing inward; a large udder, slim teats and large veins, commonly called milk veins, on the belly. Above all things, select your cow of a gentle, pleasant countenance, because a first-rate milker may be so vicious as to be worthless. Do not look for flesh, as the best cows are seldom fat; their hip bones are often very prominent, and they have the appearance of being low in flesh. A beefy cow is seldom a good milker.

The next thing is, what is a good milker? That is, how much milk must she yield per day? A cow that will average five quarts of milk a day through the year, making 1,825 quarts, is an extraordinary good cow. One that will yield five quarts a day for ten months is a good cow, and one that will average four quarts during that time is more than an average quality. That would make 1,200 quarts a year, which, at three cents a quart, is $36. We believe the Orange County milk dairies average $40 per cow, and the quality of the cows, is considerably above the average of the country.

It is as important to keep a good cow as it is to get her good. This can never be done by a careless, lazy milker. Always milk your cow quick and perfectly clean, and never try to counteract nature by taking away her calf. Let it suck, and don't be afraid "it will but her to death." It will distend the udder, and make room for the secretion of milk. Be gentle with your cow and you will have a gentle cow. Select well, feed well, house well, milk well, and your cow will milk well.—*New York Tribune.*

☞It strikes us, (says the N. Y. *Dutchman* with truth,) if children studied less they would learn more. We saw a little girl going to school the otherday with work enough cut out for a full grown Euclid. She had lessons to "get" on the following subjects: Orthography Etymology, Syntax, Astronomy, Chemistry, Belles Lettres, land surveying, Algebra, Music—drawing and political economy, with side issues consisting of card board, needle work, Berlin wool, and lemon-colored sheep; the latter kept from indigo bins, by a maroon colored sheppard, and the whole to be done up and finished in three hours.

Whether this is a good way to teach children we can't say—all we know is that it is a first-rate method to kill them.

Subscribe Now.

The more arduous of the farmer are pretty well over with, and a time of comparative rest from toil is approaching. The harvest is gathered, and the husbandman's chief business for the remainder of the year will be the employment of the produce of his labors, and the looking after the best market for whatever surplus he may have to spare. As contributing directly and cheaply to both the purposes named, the "Newspaper" we hold to be essential. No intelligent man can find pleasure in simply eating and drinking. He must read—book himself up with the current topics of the times, and thus qualify himself for the conpanionship of the good and wise. The "Newspaper" is not only an enjoyment in a farmer's family, but it is a source of positive profit. If he has anything to buy or to sell, where so readily or correctly obtain a knowledge of the best market for either as the columns of the "Newspaper," the cost of which is but a single dollar per year. No man ever took a newspaper into a family that read it, that did not profit himself in the operation. A single idea, a simple hint, suggested by some little paragraph, to be remembered for years, and acted on as occasion offers, may be worth thousands, while the general reading never fails to be worth more than its cost. The children will read the "Newspaper" as a recreation after plodding over dry and irksome lessons, and often acquire from such pastime more practical knowledge than is derived from a whole quarter's schooling. The "Newspaper" is a great aid to the schoolmasters, inasmuch as it practically illustrates his teachings. Every teacher who is wise to the advancement of his pupils, will favor a free reading of some paper, and every farmer, studious of his pleasure and profit, will become a subscriber.

☞The Yankee is like a cat—throw him up where you will, he always comes down upon his feet. He also resembles the feline animal in the fact that he has few local attachments. England it often happens that generation after generation, of the same family, live and did in the same house. In this country the man who has lived all his days in the house in which he was born is a phenomenon. The fact is mentioned in the papers as a wonderful thing. This moving propensity is sometimes amusingly manifested. We knew an old lady who having moved from house to house, at last settled down in a dwelling of her own. But every year she kept up the old habit, by removing from one part of her house to the other! Another lady, having said she was about to change her house, was asked if she didn't like her present location. 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'very much, but then she thought it was about time to be *making a change!*' This moving for the sake of moving is a peculiarly Yankee notion.

A SARDINE SELL.—"I will take a few of them little fish," said a suburban to a keeper one of our saloons, this morning, as he pointed to a box of sardines that lay on the bar.

"Certainly, sir—how many will you have?" asked the landlord.

"Oh, I dont know about that—fetch 'em on! They are pesky small, and I feel as though I could swallow a couple of dozen!"

After eating fifteen, the suburban drew out his wallet, and asked—"How much is them fish?"

"Forty-five cents, sir!"

The bewilderment of that countryman, at that announcement, may be imagined by a person possessing gigantic mental powers—no pen can describe it.

"*Forty-five cents* for them 'ere tadpoles!" he exclaimed. "Gosh! I never see the like!—Well, after all, what more can you expect of old Boston?"—*N. Y. Dutchman.*

THE HAND.—With the hand we demand, we promise, we call, dismiss, threaten, entreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, interrogate, admire, recon, confess, repeat; express fear, express shame, express doubt; we instruct, command, unite, encourage, swear, testify, accouse, condemn, acquit, insult, despire, defy, disdain, flatter, applaud, bless, abuse, ridicule, reconcile, recommend, exalt, regale, gladden, complaint, afflicted, discomfort, discourage, astonish, exclaim, indicate silence, and what not; with a variety and multiplication that keep pace with the tongue.

ENGLAND AND THE GREYTOWN AFFAIR.—The London Times, in the course of an article denouncing the destruction of Greytown says:

Her Majesty's ship Boscawen will immediately proceed to Greytown to afford protection to British interests on the Mosquito coast and the British government cannot fail to give their most serious attention to this painful occurrence, which affords a curious illustration of the manner in which President Pierce thinks he is vindicating the honor of the American flag. The protest made by Lieut. Jolly, of her Majesty's schooner Bermuda, against this abuse of superior force, was highly creditable to that officer, and distinctly warned Captain Hollins of the consequences of this attack.

TURNING THE TABLES.—The short-lived excitement which swept over the Capitol at the last regular election seems to be already dying out. An election was held a day or two since for a member of the Council to fill a vacancy which had occurred, when the Know Nothing candidate was handsomely beaten. It is said that if the election for Mayor was to come off now Mr. Maury would beat his Know Nothing opponent largely. So much for the sober second thought.—*Balt. Rep.*

MISS LED—Young men who love the girls.

WIT & HUMOR.

ANGER.—As a preventive of anger, banish all talebearers and slanderers from your conversation, for it is these blow the devil's bellows to rouse up the flames of rage and fury, by first abusing your ears, and then your credulity, and after that steal away your patience, and all this perhaps for a lie. To prevent anger, be not top inquisitive into the affairs of others, or what people say of yourself, or to the mistakes of your friends, for this is going out to gather sticks to kindle a fire to burn your own house.

☞One of the hours each day wasted on trifles or indolence, saved, and daily devoted to improvement is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years—to provide the luxury of intelligence to a mind torpid from lack of thought—to brighten up and strengthen faculties perishing with rust to make life a fruitful field, and death a harvester of glorious deeds.

☞The Boston Cronicle takes the broom on the weather paragraphs: "The weather for the past few days has been positively hot, comparatively hot, superlative hot, day and night. Hot, hotter, hottest, most hottest. Hottentot, Hottentotter, Hottentotest; Hottentotisimus, Hottentotisimusplus one, Hottentotisimusplus one hundred! Hot as an oven—hot as two ovens—hot as——we give it up!"

☞A Western editor was requested by his wife to pen a few lines upon their two children, as they lay sleeping in their little bed in the nursery. The ready witted bard instantaneously delivered himself of the following effusion:

Our two little children are sleeping here snugly;
Neither is beautiful, neither is ugly.

☞The following is from a down-east paper:

"Oh, there is not in the wide world a pleasure so sweet,
As to sit near the window and tilt up your feet!
Pull away at the Cuba, whose flavor just suits,
And gaze at the world 'twixt the toes of your boots?"

☞"Mr. Van Nepps, you say you belong to Mr. Picolo's choir. Does the court understand from that remark that you officiate at the organ?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what capacity?"

"I pumps the vind for the gentleman wat fingers away at the keys."

☞"People may say what they will about country air being so good for 'em," said Mrs. Partington, "and how they fat up on it; for my part I shall always think it is owing' to the vittles. Air may do for camamiles and other reptiles that live on it, but I know that men must have something substantialler."

THE OBSTUSE BOY.—"I say, boy, stop that ox!" "I haven't got no stopper, sir." "Well, head him, then." "He's already headed, sir." "Confound your impertinece, turn him?" He's right side out already, sir." "Speak to him, you rascal, you!" "Good morning, Mr. Ox."

☞The difference between courting girls and playing billiards is this. In the latter game "kisses" do not count. In the former they "don't do anything else." If you doubt it consult the first pair of drooping eye-lids you come across.

☞A surveyor out in Oregon, not liking the appearance of some of the land, breaks out as follows: "I think that the United States ought to make Great Britain take it all back, or fight. Thank God, we did not get up to 54 40; 49; is bad enough."

☞The Empress of Russia has addressed a letter to her royal brother of Prussia—and affecting letter. If he goes to war with her husband, she will be unable to go to the German baths—and her health requires them.

☞Twelve millon gallons of whisky are sold annually in Cincinnati, and are sent thence to all parts of the Union. Thus, corn to the value of two million dollars is annually melted into alcohol.

☞We always like to see gentlemen and ladies with beautiful and rich gold rings on their fingers, and long dirty finger nails. It looks so neat and genteel.

LITERAL.—Young Lady; "Pray, Cabman' are you engaged?" Cabman; "Lor bless yer, Miss,—why I have been *married* this seven years."

☞Women are like horses—the gayer the harness they have on, the better they feel.—We got this from an old bachelor, who was early crossed in love.

☞The New York Times thinks that the cry of the age ought to be: "There is no God but Mammon, and Dry Goods his Prophet!"

☞Some 'fast' youngters wear blue coats and brass buttons. The blue is indicative of their feelings, the brass of their manners.

☞Never be afraid of catching cold from a shower of curls.

☞God sends meat, the devil sends cooks, and dyspepsia sends—the doctor.

☞A hospital for the cure of wooden legs has been opened in Buffalo.

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