New York & Balt. Adv's.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
Celebrated Catholicon,
FOR 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,) no matter how severe or how long standing. The catholicon far surpassed other remedies, being more certain, less expensive, and bring the system in a better condition. Let interested in such a remedy called and obtain a pamphlet (free) containing ample proof, from highly respectable sources, of the happy effects of its use together with letters from first-rate experienced physicians, who have used it in their practice, and speak from their own observations.

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mphlets had gratis at the Store of Dr. H FLINT, Agent, Druggist, Cambridge, Also sold by ANDERSON & CAMPBELL, n.

—*Letter addrsssed to Messrs. Beach & ason, Agent at Newberry C. H., S. C., by C. S. Beard, of same State.*

GLENN SPRINGS, Jan. 9th, 1853.

ssrs. BEACH & BROWNSON—SIRS: I send other bottle of your "Marchisi's Uterine licon." My wife has been afflicted for years, and a variety of means has been ed for relief, but none was obtained until ived this medicine from you. Its influeems almost magical: there was a maniprovement from the day it was taken. There are a great many females in our y laboring under the affliction for which medicine proposes a remedy, I feel it a o recommend it to all such.

(Signed,) CLOUGH S. BEARD.

J. B. MARCHISI & CO., Proprietors. entral Depot, 304 Broadway, N. Y. t. 28, 1853. 1y

MEDICAL HOUSE,
6, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
BLISHED IN ORDER TO AFFORD THE AFFLICTED SOUND AND SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL AID, AND FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF QUACKERY.

. J. B. SMITH has for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatof private Complaints, in all their varied mplicated forms. His great success in ong standing and difficult cases, such as rmerly considered incurable, is sufficient mend him to the public as worthy of the ve patronage he has received. Within eight years Dr. S. has treated more ,200 cases of Private Complaints, in fferent forms and stages; a practice o doubt exceeds that of all the other ns now advertising in Baltimore, and ingle case is known where his direcere strictly followed, and medicines resonable time, without effecting a rad permanent cure; therefore persons with diseases of the above nature, tter how difficult or long standing the y be," would do well to call on Dr. at his office, No. 16, S. FREDERICK , and if not effectually relieved no reion will be required for his services. licines are free from Mercury and all poisons, put up in a neat and compact nd may be taken in a public or private r while travelling, without exposure ance from business; and except in caolent inflamation, no change of diet is y

TURES. Dr. Smith has discovered a thod by which he can cure the worst stricture, and that without pain or ince to the patient. Irritation of the of prostrate gland, or new growth of the bladsometimes mistaken for stricture by gentitioners or charlatans.

MEN and others afflicted with Semility, whether originating from a Cerructive Habit, or from any other cause, train of bodily and mental evils which hen neglected, should make an early on, thereby avoiding much trouble ring, as well as expense. By his imethod of treatment, Dr. S. can safely e a speedy and perfect cure in all cas complaint.

MALES. All diseases peculiar to Feuch as Suppression, Irregularities, &c.) and effectually removed. The efficaremedies, for the cure of the above , have been well tested in an extenice for the last twelve years.

ITH'S "PREVENTIVES," for Married those health will not admit, or who esire to increase their family, may be s above. Price $5.

ONS AT A DISTANCE may consult letter, post paid, describing case, and icine securely put up and forwarded t of the United States, always acd with full and explicit directions for munications considered strictly con-

Office arranged with separate apartthat patients never see any one but himself. Attendance daily, from 8 ning till 9 at night.

Persons afflicted with any of the aplaints will do well to avoid the vaSTRUMS and SPECIFICS adverpothecaries and Druggists, as a cer or any and every disease. They are ell but not to cure, and frequently nore harm than good, therefore a-

A word to the wise is sufficient,

DR. J. B. SMITH.

South Frederick-st, Baltimore, Md e, April 5, 1854—1y

NOTICE.

rsons are hereby notified that the iber intends removing to Caroline I have appointed Robert Bell of the ambridge, his deputy in his absence es and taxes that are now due him, all Executions which are now or ter come into his hands as Late to perform all other duties in a ample a manner as the subscriber der a late act of assembly in such nd provided.

JAMES E. DOUGLASS,
Late Sheriff & Collector.

l persons indebted to the subscri- and fees, are notified that he will dge every Monday and requests all debted to come forward and settle thout delay, otherwise, he will pro- the same as the law directs.

J. E. DOUGLASS,
854. tfC L. Sheriff & Col.

Cambridge Democrat.

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

Volume 9.---No. 44. CAMBRIDGE, MD.---WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 20, 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.

The Golden Wedding-Ring.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

With a white hand like a lady,
And a heart merry as Spring,
I am ripe and I am ready
For a golden wedding-ring.

As the earth with sea is bounded,
And the winter-world with Spring,
So a Maiden's life is rounded
With a golden wedding-ring.

This old world is scarce worth seeing,
Till love waves his purple wing,
And we gauge the bliss of being,
Thro' a golded wedding-ring.

Would you draw far Edens nearer,
And to Earth the Angels bring,
You must seek the magic mirror
Of a golden wedding ring.

I have known full many a Maiden
Like a white Rose withering,
Into fresh ripe beauty redden
Thro' a golden wedding-ring.

Fainting spirits oft grow fearless,
Sighing hearts will soar and sing,
Tearful eyes will laugh out tearless,
Tho' a golden wedding-ring.

There's no jewel so worth wearing,
That a Lover's hands may bring,
There's no pleasure worth comparing
With a golden wedding-ring.

As the Crescent Moon rings golden
Her full beauty perfecting,
Woman's glory is unfolden
In a golden wedding-ring.

Ah! when hearts are wildly beating,
And when arms all glowing cling,
Think Love's circle wants completing
With a golden wedding-ring.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I met a girl the other day,
Some twelve years old, or so,
The image of a nymph I loved
Some twenty years ago.

The blushing cheek, the sparkling eye,
The hair of raven flow,
Ah, how they set my heart a-blaze
Some twenty years ago!

I spoke—her answers did not much
Of wit or wisdom show—
But thus the lovely Mary talked
Some twenty years ago.

I've met the lovely Mary since—
Her charms have vanished though—
Her wit and wisdom are—the same
As twenty years ago!

I looked upon her faded cheek,
Unlit my feelings glow;
And thank her that she scorned my love
Some twenty years ago!

Fond boy! who now would'st gladly die
To please some simpering Miss—
God knows what *thou* wilt think of her
Some twenty years from this!

—*Home Journal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

'What Happened to Joe Barker.'

T. S. ARTHUR—who writes excellent moral essays, and palms them off upon the unsuspecting under the name of novelletes—gives an admirable illustration of the Maine Law, in one of his recent sketches, the substance of which we will transfer to our colums. Joe Barker was weak-minded, and fond of strong drink. His earnings, not large at best, were heavily saxed by the rum shops, and his poor family fed on the coarsest food and clothed in multi-patched rags, were left to struggle with adversity. Joe was good-natured, even when drunk, but his weakness was, he could not pass a rum shop. He would make excellent resolutions, when entreated by his wife; and break them when tempted by the landlord.—He did not read the newspapers, and knew nothing about the Maine Law, except what he gathered from the liquor venders. Well, Joe had been, under the monitions of his wife, abstinent for a whole day, when with his week's wages in his pocket and his throat hot with the rum-thirst, he sallied out in search of a toddy. His first call was at "The Diamond." It was shut up. In much wonderment, he passed on to Sprigg's. But Sprigg's den was closed, and Sprigg himself, in answer to Joe's importunate knockings, put his head from an upper window, and surily growled, "Off with you."—More mystified than ever, Joe started for Paul Dixon's. But there too all was dark and silent. Joe was utterly amazed, and commenced retracing his steps, but not taking good heed thereto, he run against a pump. The rest of the story we will let Mr. Arthur tell in his own words:

"'Hi, hi! what is the matter now?'" ejaculated Barker, moving back a pace or two, and trying to relink the broken chain of his thoughts. 'Only the old pump! Aha! I've had many a cool drink here in my time, both as boy and man; and it never cost me a cent, nor made me more of a fool than some people say I am by nature. Good evening, Mr. Pump! Let us shake hands, or handle, just as you please, for old acquantance sake. I've been trying to get a drink this half hour, but not a drop's to be got for love or money. The rumsellers have all shut up shop, it seems; I hope *you're* not on a strike too. Let's see!'

"Joe lifted the handle, putting the iron ladle under the spout as he did so, and brought it down with a strong jerk. Out gushed the crystal water, looking clear and beautiful, even in the feeble starlight. It filled the ladle, overrun its sides, and went splashing down the pavement. There was something pleasant in the sound, even to the dull ears of Barker; and there was a feeble awakening in his mind of the dear old memories of boyhood, and the early times when he was better man than now.

"To his mouth he placed the brimming ladle, and drank a pure draught of nectar. Just as he had removed the vessel from his lips, and had taken a deep inspiration, a hand was laid on his shoulder familiarly, and a friendly voice said—

"Cheaper drinking that, neighbor Barker, than ever was found at 'The Diamond' across yonder, and a thousand times better into the bargain. I'm glad to see you returning to your friend again, and hope you will never have occasion to desert him. Friend Pump is worth a score of your Spriggs. What a blessed thing that you are forever rid of their friendly offices!'

"'Forever rid of them?' said Barker.—'What does it all mean, neighbor? What have they done? Has any one been murdered?'

"'Murdered! No, not exactly that; but didn't you know the old villian Alcohol died last night?'

"'Died? What? I don't understand.'—And poor Joe Barker looked more bewildered than ever. 'Died! How?'

"'Why, Joe Barker! is it possible you don't know the Maine Law went into operation in our State to-day?'

"'The Maine Law!' Joe took off his old hat, and laid one of his broad hands upon his forehead. '*The Maine Law!* I heard 'em talk about it on last election. They said it was a dreadful outrage on our liberties, over at 'The Diamond,' and so I voted agin it. What does it do, neighbor? Will it shut up all the taverns?'

"'That's just what it *has* done already. You can't buy a drink of liquor in the whole town.'

"'You don't tell me! Good, say I to that! Well, I couldn't make it out now how. I thought something strange had happened.—All shut up? Ho, ho! Sprigg said it would be the ruination of the town if the law passed.—I rather guess he thought there was nobody left in town to be ruined, except rumsellers. And you're sure *every* tavern has been closed?'

"'I know it,' was the decided answer.

"'Then I'll run home and tell Betsy. But won't she be glad!'

"'And away the excited creature ran, as fast as his feet would carry him.

"Poor Betsy Barker! When she found that Joe had gone off with all his week's wages in his pocket, she felt like giving up. They were out of meal and meat, and the children's shoes no longer kept their feet from the ground.—For herself, she had not a garment but what was patched and re-patched, until scarcely a whole breadth of the original fabric remained. She had laid it all out in her mind, how she was going to spend the four dollars which her husband told her, in the morning, he would be paid for his week's work. It was a very small sum when set off against their many, many needs; but she had apportioned it, in her thoughts, in such a manner as to make it go the farthest in supplying things absolutely necessary. But, alas! Joe had gone off with the whole sum in his pocket, and she knew the chances were ten to one that he would not have the half of it left--perhaps not a dollar—when he came home.

"The poor wife was disheartened; and who can wonder? She cleared off the supper things, and then sat down to mend an old jacket belonging to her eldest boy. As she turned it over and over, and noticed how torn and worn it was—more fit for the rag-bag than anything else—she let it fall into her lap, and bending over the table by which she was sitting, buried her face in her hands. She did not now weep; her feelings of despondency had in them too much of hopeless for tears.

"As she sat thus, the door opened, and her quick aers recognized the footsteps of her husband. Her heart fluttered instantly with a new hope, while half the oppressive weight on her bosom was removed. His return, so early and unexpectedly, was augury of good. That he had been drinking, she doubted not; but there was ground for believing that not wasted the money she so much needed. She did not raise her head until Joe came up to where she was sitting, and, in a tone of exultation which he could not repress, exclaimed—

"'Hurrah, Betsy! Good news! There's all my money—not a cent gone.'

"And he threw a handful of silver coin on the table. 'Good news! What do you think? Old King Alcohol's dead; I've just heard the news.'

"'Are you crazy, Joe?' said Mrs. Barker, looking in wonder and bewilderment at her excited husband.

"'Not a bit of it, darling!' answered Joe, as he threw his arms, around his wife's neck, and kissed her. 'Nor drunk either,' he added, as she pushed him away. 'Why, Betsy! don't you know that we've got a Maine Law? I've been to Gilbert's and Sprigg's, and to Dixon's, but they're all shut up. Tompkins told me that a drop of liquor could'nt be bought in the whole town. Ain't *that* good news for you, old girl? Hurrah, boys! I'm as glad as if I'd found a new dollar. I never *could* pass their doors without going in for a drink, whether I wanted to, or not. Somehow or other, I could'nt help it.'

"'Joe, Joe! Is it all true what you say?' exclaimed Mrs. Barker, now pressing forward upon her husband, and drawing, almost involuntarily, her arms around him. '*It is all all true, Joe?*'

"'Every word of it, as I'm a living man.'

"'Thank God! thank God!' was the overjoyed wife's sobbing response, as her face fell upon the bosom of her kind-hearted, but weak and erring husband.

"A month from that time, and what a change was visible in their humble dwelling! And not in theirs alone, but in thousands of other dwellings throughout the State, from which prompt legislation had driven the vile traffic, with all its attendant crime and wretchedness."

Coolness in Duelling.

The circumstances attending the late duel between Messrs. Legare and Dunovant having been related in the journals, as instancing great coolness in duelling, some one has copied the following as a parallel instance:

In the "Master's House," a tale of Southern life there is a description of a duel, which is evidently from the life, that is remarkable, not only for the vivid manner it is given, but also as a display of the highest courage.

The reader must understand that Mildmay, from his quiet habits, rested under the imputation in the public mind, that he would not fight, and, furthermore, his opponent was to draw his fire and then shoot him down. When the parties arrived on the field, the description goes on as follows:

The principals were at their places, their weapons in their hands, Colonel Lee, Mr. Moreton's second, had the ordering of the preliminaries, and with professional solemnity asked:

"Gentlemen are you ready?"

"We are ready!" was mutually answered.

"Then, gentlemen," said Colonel Lee, with a loud voice, "upon my repeating again the question, 'Are you ready?' you are to answer "Yes." I shall then say 'fire; one, two, three.'

At this instant, Mildmay, who was standing with his rifle in the hollow of his left arm, to to the astonishment of all present, dropped the butt upon the ground, and said:

"Colonel Lee, I desire some information."

General Bledsoe, (Mildmay's second,) who was now of course compelled to be a silent spectator, felt a sickness come over him, when Mildmay appeared thus so unnecessarily to interrupt the proceeding, while a look of sarcastic significance passed between Moreton's friends, Beaucamp whispering, "Mildmay's going to faint."

"What is it, sir?" said Colonel Lee, impatiently, at the same time turning to the questioner.

"Do I understand aright, Colonel Lee," said Mildmay, with an affectedly slow emphais, "that I can fire at any time between the counts of "one—two—three."

"You can sir!" answered Colonel Lee, waving his hand with authority.

Upon hearing which, Mildmay very slowly stooped down, and pinching up some dry dust between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, without speaking, signified that he understood the arrangement, and instantly assumed his proper position.

General Bledsoe, whose confidence in Mildmay's firmness had been so terribly shaken, by what appeared to be his ill-opportuned interruption, instantly caught the deep intent of Mildmay's question, and the reason of his apparent desire to fortify his finger against the possibility of slipping on the trigger; it flashed upon him, like lightning; that it was all to derange Morton's calculations about Mildmay's making a quick fire, and General Bledsoe, whose heart a moment before was near collapsing with fear, with a thrill of admiration could not with difficulty refrain from falling on Mildmay's neck and bursting into tears.

Both Moreton and Mildmay now seemed conscious that the instant of action had arrived for they simultaneously raised their weapons, as if "presenting arms." Colonel Lee again, in a solemn voice, asked:

"Gentlemen are you ready?"

The combats simultaneously answered; "We are!" Then said Col. Lee:

"Gentlemen—FIRE—*one*—"

The numeral had hardly escaped the lips of Lee, before the crashing sound of Mildmay's rifle echoed far and wide, and Moreton, with his weapon undischarged, sprang perpendicularly in the air, and then fell lumbering to the earth; for an instant his body trembled like an aspin leaf; he assays to raise himself, and amid gurgling sounds, could be faintly distinguished the words: "My wife—my children!" and then with a longdrawn sigh, he fell back a corpse.

Mildmay, still standing in his place, gazed sadly at the group now kneeling about the lifeless form of the once splendid Mr. Moreton; and then handing his weapon to the General, who could scarce conceal his exultation at the result, he mechanically moved toward his horse.

☞The man who held an office, got tired and let it go for the purpose of resting himself a shot time. The office got away, and he has not been heard of since.

Look out for Your Beards!

Under this head a writer in the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, describes the mishap which recently befel Mr. Thomas Hancks, because he persisted in wearing more hair on his face than comported with his wife's notion of propriety:

Tom was notrious for two thins—smoking an unapproachable beard. Both amazingly annoyed his wife, and many sleepless nights were spent meditating how to get rid of these botherations. Her invention faculties were at fault, and she was about giving up in despair further thoughts upon the subject, and allowing Tom peace and quietness, for all future time, in the enjoyment of what she considered dirty luxuries.

Before finally abandoning her long cherished scheme of reform, she came to the conclusion to take counsel from the druggist, who kept his shop at the corner, and who withal was a bit of a wag. Next to a little medicinal bottle, which the apothecary kept in a corner for his own stomach's sake, a joke was his delight and on Tom's wife divulging her sorrows, he entered into the matter with a heartiness that at once raised the good woman's spirits to a higher degree of hope, than her barometer had for a long time witnessed.

During the day the druggist prepared a lotion, and having directed Tom's wife to soak her husbands beard and moustache some thoroughly with it, in his first sleep, warranted a speedy cure to all her miseries on that head.

At the usual hour, Tom went to bed, and was soon fast asleep. His wife now, with a soft sponge saturated every hair on the cherish-chin of her spouse and also retired.

About three o'clock in the morning, Tom, as usual, woke up, and after plunging his head into the water pitcher, lighted a cigar, and drawing a chair before the stove, contemplated taking a little comfort to himself.

"There's my wife, now," quoth he, "fast asleep—dreaming very likely that little Tommy has got the croup, or Lizzy the measles; she's happy her way, no doubt, but give me a Havana for a real luxury;" and taking the cigar from his mouth, blew a cloud very much to his satisfaction.

As he slowly conveyed back to his mouth the cherished soother, the lighted end came in contact with some long ends of his beard, and in a twinkling the whole was in a blaze; or, more properly speaking, an explosion took effect, and the "tippet" was gone, leaving nothing but a black stubble like a prarie after a fire.

Tom was an astonished man; the flash and shock in the first place had keeled him over, and in the next, he was not very sure but that his head was off. His wife jumped out of bed to aid him, and having assisted him to stand up, she was obliged to laugh outright at the comical appearance he made, and in which he was compelled to join as soon as he saw himself in the looking glass.

Tom, to this day, is sadly perplexed about the sudden ignition of his beard, and has dedetermined to cultivate hair no longer, much to the comfort of his wife.

The druggist and Mrs. Hancks, of course, keeps their secrets, but the sly hits at Tom by the former, respecting the loss of his beard, sometimes makes him think the darned pestle and mortar man knows more about the affair than he does himself.

The Shadow of Life.

We have rarely met with anything more beautiful than the following, which we find in the New York Mirror of a recent date:

"All that live must die;
Passing through nature to eternity."

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the dark shadow fall across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the face of the loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonism of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton in all our feats.

We do not want to go through the dark valley although its passage may lead to Paradise, and, with Charles Lamb, we do not wish to lie down in the mouldy grave, even with the kings and princes for our bed-fellows. Bnt the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or reprieve from the great law that doooms us all to dust. We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest, and the frailest flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold on life than the mightiest monarch that has ever shook the earth by his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish like the grass, and the countless multitude that swarms the world to-day will to-morrow disappear like foot-prints on the shore:

"Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Each trace will vanish from the sand."

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. It is nature's prophecy of life to come. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his betrothed Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again—to which he replies: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal; of the flowing streams that flow forever; of the stars among whose fields of my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face, I feel there's something in thy love which mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe."

☞One way to get on is to put up your modesty and sell it to the lowest bidder. If no one will buy it, give it away, send it as a gift to some asylum - do any thing with it but keep it.

Good Advice to a Son.

The following letter was written by a distinguished New-England merchant to his son, who is in business in New York city, on the occasion of his coming of age. The advice it contains may be read with profit by a good many young men who are in similar circumstances with the gentleman to whom it was written:

MY DEAR SON:—Your letter of the 16th I read with great pleasure. We did not forget your birthday which ushers you into *manhood.* An important event; truly so—not merely because it brings with it to you *legal* rights and capacities, but also because twenty-one attracts attention, confidence and expectations from from friends and business men. You are a citizen, to all intents. Responsibilities devolve on the man of twenty-one, as he reaches that long, longed-for bourne. He is expected to be, in the best sense, a *man.* "When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one," he is not apt to reflect on, nay, he does not conceive, the obligations and responsibilities that gather upon him. He takes a part in the great business of life. His moral obligations—it is not easy to say how they are affected by birthday of twenty-one. He is a voter, and has new political rights; and hence result certain moral duties which he is to carefully guard. Respecting your salary for the future, I would remark it ought to be liberal. I think you have served a good apprenticeship. How good a business capacity you have achieved, it is not for me to say. My opinion is decidedly favorable. One remark, in this connection, I cannot help making. There is a habit of extravagant expenditure among all classes of society in N. York, that borders on insanity. It is at war with general health, morals and properity. It is, indeed, nearly allied to, if not the fruitful parent of, the mighty frauds, peculation, forgeries, which are almost daily uncovered in the great city. This personal and social extravagance will soon lead to ruinous failures throughout all classes of people. Mark that. It is natural and expedients that I should earnestly exhort my sons to beware of the tendencies of the times in this behalf. I feel extremely desirous that they should moderate their expiditures. Wisdom, prudence and honor alike demand it. 'Tis honorable to acquire property—by honorable and honest means, however. I freely say, I think my sons in New York are energetic upright business men. Let them go ahead thus, and rely on the favor of a good Providence for success.

Falsehood and Distrust.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a more melancholy situation than that of a week and helpless woman separated by falsehood from all true fellowship, either human or divine; for there is no fellowship in falsehood. The very soul of disunion might justly be said to be embodied in a lie. It is, in fact the sudden breaking asunder of that great chain which binds together all spiritual influences: and she who is guilty of falsehood must necessarily be alone. Alone, for she has no sympathy of feeling with the beautiful creation around her, of which it has truly been said that "nature never deceives." Alone, for in that higher world, where all her secret thoughts and acts are registered, its very light is truth. Alone, for she has voluntarily become a stranger, a suspected thing, an enemy to that one friend in whose bosom she might have found shelter and repose.

It is a fact which scarcely needs to be repeated, that the closer the intimacy, and the more important the trust, the greater is the individual injury, and consequently the violation of personal feeling when that trust is abused.—Thus when the child is first made to understand that it has been deceived by its mother, the very life of its its little soul seems for a moment to be quenched. When the father finds that his prodigal son has but returned to take advantage of affection and credulity, his wounded spirit sinks, and his weary heart is broken. But when the husband looks with earnest eyes into the countenance whose beauty was once his sunshine; when memory flies back and brings again her plighted vow, with all it treasury of truth; when he thinks of that fond heart which seemed to cling to him in all the guileless innocence of unsophisticated youth—oh! it is horrible "to be discarded thence," by the dark venom of district, perpetually reminding him that the bright and sunny tide of early love, upon which he trusted all the riches of his soul is but a smiling and deceitful ocean, whose glassy surface at once reflects the hues of heaven, and conceals the depths of hell.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

☞A good looking fellow stopped all last week at Mayor Bell's Hotel, Catawba, Ala., and ordered his baggage taken down to the boat, and went down himself without paying his bill. Said the Mayor:

"Sir, you must not leave without paying your bill. I cant' afford to hire servants, and pay for provisions, and board people for nothing."

"You can't?"

"No!"

"Well, why in thunder, then, *don't you sell out to somebody who can?*"

Our informant is anxous to chalk that man's hat both ways, as a slight tribute of respect or his magnificent impudence.

☞"A lover once wrote to a lady who rejected him, saying that he intended to "retire to some secluded spot and breathe away his sighs.', To which the lady replied by inquirwhether they were to be medium or large size? The poor man absquatulated, and has not since been heard of.

Landlord and Tenant.

A SCENE ON STATE STREET.

Landlord meets a tenant who vamosed between two days, a short time since, somewhat in arrears for rent.

Landlord.—Ah, Mr. ——, I am happy to see you. We haven't met, I think, since you left the house so abruptly. I have your bill with me, I believe," (taking out his pocket-book.) "Will you please settle it this forenoon, sir?"

Tenant.—No.

L.—Why not, sir? It is correct, certainly. Why not pay it, sir?

T.—Won't.

L.—You won't! How is that, pray?

T.—Can't.

L.—Can't? How so?

T.—Lost it.

L.—(Shrugging his shoulders.)—Well, sir, the new tenant would be glad to have you bring back the key to the cellar door, at all events.

T.—Can't.

L.—Cant? Zounds! is that lost too?

T.—Yes.

Landlord turns on his heel and walks of in one direction, looking as though he could bite a board nail in two with perfect ease—the tenant passes away in another, hmmming—"Hail Columbia, Happy Land!"—*Herald.*

☞If you want to serve humanity effectively, don't commence sending tracts that are never read, and flannel shirts that are never worn to Africa; but help the needy around you. If there are any old maids about, get them husbands; if widows, console them; if pretty girls, please them; if pagans, preach the true word to them; stir them up, twist, turn, fry, boil, stew or cook them into something good. After that, look out for the heathen and other folks in other "foreign parts."

☞The Editor of the Albany *Knickerbocker*, must be a queer fellow. He has this kind of talk in his paper: "How any one can look at the human foot composed of 144 bones, any quantity of elastic cortilage, a gill and a half of inbricating oil, and the thousands other arrangements for first class kicing, and still believe it is a duty to receive an insult without making a man smell of leather, is one of those eccentricities connected with the human which we never could fathom."

☞"One of the boys," about to jump into the honey-flowing river of mattrimony, indites the following to his lady love:

"And when the reverend sir shall say,
'My son, take thou this daughter?'
I'll answer him in fearless tones,
'I shan't do nothing shorter!'
'Will yoo my son, support and nourish,
This flower I give to thee?'
I'll give my new white kids a flourish,
And answer, 'yes sir-ee!'"

LIGHT DIET.—In times like the present, the following paragraph may be read with profit: *Doctor*—Did your old master eat any supper last night, before going to bed? *Old Servant*—No, nufin to speak on; beefstake and ingons, some clam pie, a cold chicken, some lobster salerd, and a cowcumber or two, dat's 'bout all, 'ceptin' crackers an' cheese.

☞An old maid was heard to exclaim, while sitting at her toilet the other day,—'I can bear adversity, I can encounter hardships, and withstand the change of fickle fortune, but O, to live and droop, and die, like a single pink—I can't endure it, and what's more, I won't!'

DAIRY SECRET.—Have ready two pans in boiling water; and on the new milk coming to the dairy, take the hot pans out of the water, put the milk in one of them and cover it with the other. This will occasion a great increase in the thickness and quantity of the cream.

☞No woman ought to be permitted to enter upon the duties of connubiality without being able to make a shirt, mend a coat, a pair of unwhisperables, bake a loaf of bread, roast a sirloin, broil a stake, make a pudding, and manufacture frocks for little responsibles.

☞An inveterate dram drinker being told that the cholera, with which he was attacked, was incurable, and that he would speedily be removed to a world of pure spirits, replied, "Well that's comfort, at all events, for its very difficult to get any in this world."

HAIR SPLITTING.—It is said that a strict-construction police officer in Boston, lately arrested a hasty pudding that had been put out to cool, for "smoking in the street" Query: Did he arrest the *smoke* of the pudding?

☞Somebody being pressed very bad in company to sing, observed, testily, they intended to make a "butt" of him. "No," my good sir," said Colman, "we only want to get a "stave" out of you."

☞An only lady in Cincinnati, who sells eggs, has over her door—"New laid eggs, every morning by Betty Briggs."

THE best exercise for the dyspeptic is over the saw-horse. Try a full course and testify.

The account that run up, came down on a walk

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