ptank River.

e steamer CECIL, Capt. F. STURGEON, will leave her EVERY WEDNESDAY mencing on the 7th inst., at AMBRIDGE, DENTON, andings on Choptank Rivves Denton every THURS- at 6½ o'clock, stopping at assage $1,50. Meals Extra AEL DORSEY, Agent, 112 Light st

ner Routes
OF THE
RN SHORE
Company's Boats.
HUGH JENKINS, Capt. LGHMAN; CHAMPION, pt. GRIFFITH.
nday, 17th inst., one of the ve the Company's wharf, Conaway, every Monday, ing at 7 o'clock for Kent rrison's and Chestertown,
nd Friday morning at 7 o'- s, West River, Cambridge, ; returning the following te.
polis, - - - - 75 cts ge and Oxford - - $2,00 - - - - - - - - - 1,50 CENTS.
WM. J. BRYSON, Agent.

TICE.
turday, the 1st of March, E STEAMER
KENT,
. B. Fields,
ular routes, leaving Balti- f Dugan's Wharf, every sday morning at 7 o'clock, on, (via Dover Bridge and t all intermediate Wharves Returning, leave Den- and Friday morning at 7 re by the same route. harf every Tuesday morn- r Deal's Island, Vienna, n's Ferry and Seaford.— by the same route, to Bal-
nk, $2.00
oke, 2.50
be prepaid.
J. H. RAWLEIGH, Agent.

ET MAKER
AND
RTAKER,
dersigned would re- nform the citizens of and the public generally, e old cabinet shop former- Abbott, where he is pre- or repair old FURNI- test and most accommoda-
Making
tended to. Coffins of all made in the neatest man- at my shop, or dwelling, will be strictly attended to, d for their conveyance.— in the town or country, e hopes, by strict attention a reasonable share of the
VM. A. PRITCHETT.

SUFFERERS.
ANAHAN, hear him—he th the Bronchitis, had to By the use of Hampton's n restored, and is now do- presiding Elder in the rict. Thousands speaks nd tell of cures of Cough, la, Chills and Fever, &c. , we say it is suited to all their delicate conforma- the afflicted call on those get a descriptive pamph- s. Hear him and do like-
IMORE, Jan. 24th 1855.
Mowbray:
saying to you that I have 's Tincture" with great us throat affection, my come very much impair- ed to use "Hampton's its effects upon my gen- ary. My nervous system soon righted up under its
s recommended it to my case, so far as I have been used it with success.
LANAHAN, Pastor of . E. Church, Baltimore. al Nervous, or sick head- has been cured by it—as torative where a gentle ve believe it superior to the public to the Youth le and Married, we off- emedy:
s, BANKERS, MINISTERS, ts of Sate, Ladies and ghest walks of life, as most humble spheres, themselves and friends le.
e say above, we now re- Vegetable Tincture and
Yeakle, Grocer, 78 Pearl ism of eight years' stan- es failed.
te of the Custom House) e street, of dyspepsia, ently cured.
sq., one of the oldest ighly respectable citizens ss and restored to robust
3 E. Baltimore st. suffer- with hip disease and ; cured after all other
nit to name hundreds of oodrich, Capt. Thos. Ca- es Smyth, cured of rhue-
A. Griffin, John Luke, S. Navy, and thousands pepsia, scrofula, cough, chits, Saint Vitus' Dance r own citizens—call on
and Children will please
by Dr. Jos. Flint, Eas- New Market by Leckie y Willis Charles; Hicks- Vienna by Josiah Keer; . Prouse.

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ICE.

Cambridge Democrat.

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Select Poetry.

[From the New York Dispatch.]

Maryland—The Union's Heart.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

Unroll the Nation's crumpled chart—
Half-rent amid Disunion's jars—
And mark the State whose loyal heart
Beats for the Union stars!
Behold a sad, majestic shade
Beside Potomac's margin stand:
One hand on Vervon's tomb is laid—
One points—to MARYLAND!
"Mary!" the name of her whose son
Was Freedom's first and greatest one!
O WASHINGTON! thy mother's name
Could find no worthier strand
Than that which glows with patriot flame—
Unfaltering Maryland!

No need has thou, O Baltimore!
Of monuments to mark thy shore:
While roll the waves of Chesapeake,
The Future of the faith shall speak—
While sounds the Union's rallying-cry,
Thy brave "DEFENDERS" shall not die!

From Alleghany's azure edge,
And down Kotocton's misty ridge,
And up the ancient Warriors crags,
I see a thousand starry flags;
And, woven with every stripe and star,
In scrolls of glory flashing far,
Like sacred talisman,
I see "The Union" writ in light,
And hail that motto, proudly bright,
"AMERICAN!"
Where Calvert's tolerant footsteps trod,
And good Charles Carroll worshipp'd God,
There, deepest in our country's sod,
The NATIVE'S love hath root:
Let slander's tongue the lesson heed,
Nor dare proclaim that Patriot seed
Can wax to Bigot fruit!

Heart of the Union!—trebly steel'd,
To meet and baffle danger's shocks;
Tried—in the changing battle-field,
True—at the ballot-box!
Heart of the Union!—Maryland!
Clasp thou its banner in thy hand—
Be this thy fealty's prize!
From Susquehanna's joyous tide,
And where Patuxent's waters glide,
To Wicomeeco's sunlit side,
Ye southern maidens rise!
Go, crown with wreaths your patriot band—
Go, bless the brave who loyal stand—
Go, greet the sons of Maryland
With lips, and cheeks, and eyes!
No sweeter lip, no purer cheek,
No brighter eye in love may speak!
No warmer heart the world command,
Than woman's heart in Maryland!

Faithful amid the False! To thee,
O, Maryland! be endless fame!
Henceforth our Banner-Bearer be—
"THE UNION'S HEART" thy name!
OUR FLAG shall fly—our UNION stand,
While beats the Heart of Maryland!

Romance and Reality.

ELLEN ASHFORD.

BY ********

THE first time I saw Ellen Ashford was in the summer of '34. I was on a visit to an uncle in Virginia—my father's only living brother. He was an old aristocratic gentleman of decayed house and fortune, highly respected by his neighbors—especially the younger portion of them—to whom he was an oracle on all subjects associated with the struggle for Independence. He had been a Revolutionary officer—was the friend and companion of Lafayette—had been foremost in the fray at Eutaw and the Cowpens, (having been wounded at the latter,) and had stood by the side of Washington at the closing scene of the strife at Yorktown. The widow Ashford's plantation joined the few acres of my uncle. Her husband had been his early friend, and the most kindly intercourse existed between them till separated by death. Change of circumstances in the one had produced no change in the feelings of the other, and, as is always the case with hearts truly noble, the friendship formed in youth strengthened, and grew holier, better and brighter, as their years declined, and the sun of their life neared its setting. Mr. Ashford died some years before my visit, leaving a fine estate and an only child, then eighteen, to the care of his widow. Childless himself, my uncle regarded Ellen as his own, and loved her as such—a love which was not misplaced; for the sweet girl returned it with all the truth and ardour of her generous nature.

I had heard much of Ellen—of her rare beauty, high attainments and beautiful character—was curious to know how I would feel when I met her; and on one occasion, after reading in a letter from a college friend who had seen her, a glowing description of her, penned her the following lines, which I had not the temerity to send her:

TO ELLEN ASHFORD.

I have never met thee, maiden,
I've ne'er gazed upon thy brow;
Is thy form like that of Aiden,
Of whom my soul is dreaming now?

Does thy bright eye burn with beauty,
Like the first star of eventide?
Is thy heart true in its duty
To the friends that 'round thee glide?

Has thy soul the winsome graces,
And thy lip the artless smile,—
Gems that sparkle on the faces
Of the pure and free from guile?

Is thy mind well stored with learning—
Classic learning—modern lore:
Culled from books with pages burning—
Burning bright with golden ore?

Lov'st thou songs when fraught with sadness,
As the sweetest ever are?
Songs that tell of hope and gladness
In the Eden climes afar?—

Songs that, unheard, thy heart is singing,
Like a fountain in a dell?
Strains of music ever bringing
From thy spirit's mystic cell?

Ellen Ashford! I would know thee,
Were half these virtues thine;
Ellen Ashford! I would "lo'e thee,"
Did I feel that they were mine.

On my knee, I seek thy pardon,
If my rhyme has done a wrong;
And thy smile must be my guerdon
If thou car'st for my song.

I had, indeed, heard much of her. My excited fancy had painted her as a creature of exceeding loveliness, and my expectations had been wrought to a high degree; but I confess that my fancy had scarce done her justice, and that my expectations were more than realized. The proximity of my uncle's to her mother's, and the long and dear intimacy of the two households, made Ellen's visits to my relative's very frequent. Upon one of these visits, the morning after my arrival, we met. We did not meet as strangers, for we had known each other by report; and both of us felt that we had been friends for years. An invitation was kindly given, and gladly received, to visit "Ashford Hall." I need not say that I often went, and was always welcome.

"Ashford Hall" was a strong, but rudely built old mansion, with spacious rooms and airy chambers—a relic of the good old Colonnial times, by far the brightest and the best in our social history, when men were hospitable from principles of hospitality, and not from motives of interest; and when politeness was not hollow conventional forms, but kindness of feeling kindly expressed.

The widow Ashford was a noble-hearted old lady, of a race now nearly extinct, who had spent her whole life in deeds of active goodness and charity, and, when young, had graced the highest circles of society. Her maternal hand had moulded her daughter's character, and fashioned her soul into a creation of surpassing beauty. She had brought her up under her own roof and own eye, providing for her the best teachers at home, rather than sending her away to receive a superficial education, and to be taught to say pretty things in a pretty way, while the heart is entirely neglected and uneducated, which is the most that is entirely neglected and uneducated, which is the most that is taught at our fashionable schools.

When I met her, her youthful feet were standing within life's vestibule. She was of that blessed age that comes between sweet girlhood's years and woman's perfect prime; an age too young to feel the weight of saddened thought—when the past has no sad memories, except those tender sorrows of the heart which we would not forget—when the present has nought of pain, and when bright foreshadowings of happiness loom up in the dim and untold future.

Gladness was flashing from her eye, and brightening o'er her brow, filling her heart with joyous throbs, and thrilling with its genial and generous kindness all, whether high or humble, that came within the happy sphere in which she moved. Her beauty, though rare and attractive, was the least of her charms.—Her form would have been a model for a sculpture's study. Her face was like one of Urbino's angel's—sweet as that of Titian's daughter; and the great master, Michael Angelo, would have loved to have painted it. Her brow was fair, open and sweetly arched, and on it rested ringlets of auburn hue. Her eye was large and full, and varied in its expression as different emotions possessed her. 'Twas soft and subdued, and eloquent in its expressions of tenderness when listening to a tale of woe or witnessing a scene of distress. When wrong was done and insult given, its flash of indignant scorn told how her high soul hated ignoble deeds and unworthy actions—in intellectual conflict it beamed with the lustre of Heaven-created genius; and when she heard or told a tale of love, beneath a moonlit and star-gemmed sky, it seemed the home of silent trust and prayer, full of truth, meaning and devotion. Her tastes were simple and elevated.—Mock gallantry and unsubstantial virtue had no charms for her. She had read the great Book of Nature with studious care in all its aspect of beauty and brightness, and its teachings had awakened and developed in her a willing spring of natural piety, ever glad and gushing, and had revealed to her inner self sentiments of the sublime, and fixed views of the Great Being, whose plastic hand had formed all created things. She had grown up among birds and flowers, and was like both.—Her voice and laugh were like the free and untaught melody of a bird, and her life was like the sweet flowers that bloom to beautify the the earth, and emblem the hereafter of the good in Heaven. She, in truth, was Nature's God-child—"was fair as the first that fell of woman kind,"—was sinless as the ark-freed dove—was a ministering angel to the poor—the light of her mother's life, and the solace of her declining years. Such was Ellen when first we met. Is it a wonder that I loved her? It would have been a sin not to have done so. When living, she was the day-beam of my existence; and since Death, the lean Conqueror, has quenched the light of her eye, she has been the guiding-star of my soul's hope. And now, after the lapse of years, when the world wrongs me; when beauty's proud lip curls with affected scorn; when friends prove untrue, and hands that grasped mine in kindness are no longer kind; when my hopes are scattered, like autumn leaves before the autumn's blast; when almost wrecked in heart, mind and purpose; when doubting man's truth and woman's devotion, then her gentle spirit rises up before me, my faith in the power of goodness is renewed, and I go forth to enter the lists in the great battle of life with a stout heart and manly resolve.

During my stay in Virginia we were constant companions; we rode, and walked, and sang together. We sat on the old ivy-wreathed porch, in the summer twilight, when the shadows stole through the leaves and wrought fantastic pictures on the wall, and talked with glowing pride of the deeds that made our fathers a part of our country's history. We strolled along the banks of the stream that watered the pasture fields on resting on the trunk of a fallen tree, kept time to its bubbling melody. We rode together ere the lark had sung his matin hymn, and returned flushed with the reviving exercise—she glowing with health and beauty, and I thrilling with love and admoration. On Sunday we sat in the same pew, sang from the same book, knelt at the same alter, and worshipped the same God together.

My visit was protracted. Days, weeks and months passed, and I still lingered. The harvest had beed garnered, the tobacco crop had been housed, and the well fed and clad negroes were hauling wood for the winter fires. The evenings and mornings were cool, and we could not sit upon the old porch at night, or wander by the stream by day. During all this time—all these exquisite moments—I had no fixed purpose, had formed no definite plans as to Ellen. The present was so full of sweetness that I had forgotten the past, and did not think of the future. How long this unsettled state of mind would have continued I know not, had not my uncle aroused me from it by a serious "Well, my boy, when are you and Ellen to be married?" That I loved her dearly and tenderly I fully knew. I had never asked her if she loved me—I had never thought of it; but now I felt sure, from a thousand little incidents that she did.

Many little things that I had forgotten came back to memory, and teemed with evidence of her affection for me. I answered him that we were not even engaged; that I had never addressed her, but that by morning I would have determined what course I would pursue. I slept but little that night, and long ere the day dawned, I had concluded to ask Ellen to be mine. My uncle approved my purpose, and assured me of success. I learned afterwards that he and Mrs. Ashford had often spoken of the matter, and were greatly surprised at our silence. The day broke glad and gushing—the mellow rags of the sun painted the russet and frost-browned leaves with golden hues, and poured a flood of light on the earth and stream, and sky.

Despite all efforts, I was sad. I did not doubt the complete success of my mission; yet, the tho't that the words and actions of that day would seal the weal or wo of two hearts, gave a seriousness to my feelings, then unnatural; but since a part of my nature. I spent the day at Mrs Ashford's, Ellen and I were together through its entire length. I was calm and reflective, I had lost my usual flow of spirits, and my changed manner embarrassed her. The sun had sunk to rest as brightly as when he arose, though at noon a cloud had crossed his path, and obscured his mid-day splendour.—How truly did he emblem our love. Mrs. Ashford had given us good-night, with an added "God bless you," and Ellen and I sat alone in the old parlor, upon whose walls hung the portraits of her ancestors, who looked down upon us—mute witnesses of the vow we would make.

I told her of my love, my hope, my purposes. She listened; her sweet eyes were not tearless, and my own vision was somewhat obscured, and then awaited her reply. I gazed fondly upon her. She looked it, spoke it, felt it. It was all that I could have wished. My life was no longer aimless. I had an object for which to live, a heart to cherish, a reputation to guard, and a home to make happy. There is a holy spell, a power, a truth, an euergy in the love of a good woman, that subdues and refines the heart of man, and creates within it a world of bliss, without which he is a stranger to tlfe best and the real life. The fire burned brighter on the hearth, the grim faces on the old hand irons looked less grim, and the old pictures on the wall seemed to smile approval.

Mrs. Ashford approved her daughter's choice. My old uncle was in raptures, and Ellen and I were supremely blest. After spending a week or two more in Virginia I left for home. At parting no tears were shed; we were too happy, too full of hope, to anticipate evil.

My journey home was eventless. I went bravely to work to complete my studies, and to win a name of which Ellen would be proud as I would be when I could call the high-born mistress of "Ashford Hall" my own—my wife. Her broad acres were, indeed, valuable, but less so than the smile that dimpled Ellen's cheek, and the gem of truth that was seen in her heart. I left her to return in the Spring, to claim her as my bride, but ere the blue bird caroled his welcome to the month of flowers, Ellen Ashford slept beneath the sod from which the early violets spring.

I was with her when she died. I had been summoned in great haste to the scene. Its memory will ever be fresh and green in my heart. I cannot, I dare not, forget it. She was going fast when I got there; but with every affection of her heart, and every faculty of her soul undimmed, and with a full consciousness of the blessedness of her future state.

As the end drew near, she exacted a promise from us that we would all meet her in the land of cloudless skies and ceaseless sunlight, folded her arms upon her breast, and slept in death; and from the celestial spheres the white robed angels came, and you could almost her the rustling of their wings, as they bore their sister spirit to their home of unfading beauty.—We dressed her in virgin white, placed the flowers she loved so well in life on her heart, and laid her gently in the bosom of our kind old mother, Earth.

We wept long and bitterly. Days, weeks and months elapsed ere surcease of sorrow came to our afflicted spirits; but,

"This truth came borne with bier and pall,
We felt it when we sorrowed most:
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

A rose tree with a broken stem, and the words "Ellen Ashford" carved upon a plain slab marks the place where she sleeps.

But the flowers that affection's hand has planted there bloom perennially: for though the sea may dry up, the fountains of affection's tears will flow on forever and forever. I am still unwedded, if a heart long since plighted, and still true to its early, only love, can be called unwedded. I dream at night, and stretch my doubtful arms to the place where she should be, find it vacant, and awake to feel my loss. I am growing old—gray hairs are sprinkled through my locks, and wrinkles are nestling in my cheeks, and on my temples. My time will come soon, and if true to my promise, we will meet, Ellen and I, and sit by the stream and drink of the water that flows by the Throne, and live in the presence of him she loved and served on earth. We will all know each other there. All will be happy, but none will be happier than Ellen and I.

Select Miscellany.

FEET.

We do not like a foot too small for the height any more than we like one too large. A small foot indicateth coquetry. Cleopatra's foot must have been small and finely arched, or she would never have done as described by Enobarbus:

"I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street."

No woman ever did or would have done the like but with the consciousness of great perfection in the feet. Antony sends her pearls, saying:

"The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster: at whose feet,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms."

No man alludes to a woman's foot, in any way, if he loves her, unless it be beautiful.—Hermione, on the contrary, had a firm, well proportioned foot, betokening majesty. When she enacts the statue scene we are sure she had a well-sized foot:

"Oh! royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty,"

is the exclamation of Leontes. A woman will never enact the part of a statue if conscious of an ill-shaped foot, unless her intellectuality may have perverted her instincts, as in the case of Madame de Stael, who at one time personated in this way; and Talleyrand, if we mistake not, offended her, past retrieve, by saying he knew who it was by the *pesdestal* (pedestal)—a terrible pun where the feet and ankles are ill shaped. Desdemona, Ophelia and Cordelia, must have had long, slender feet, which go more with sentiment than with magnetism or genius. Miranda, on the contrary had elegantly proportioned feet, worthy the chaste Diana herself. Then, too, Kate—dainty Kate—the sharp shrew, the pretty vixen, had a little arched foot, graceful and elastic as the spring of the tiger's. When Petruchio says,

"Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?"

it was a delicate commendation of her foot; still more when he says,

"Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?"

Tennyson hath a delicate eye for a foot when he represents Ida in this wise:

"She stood
Among her maidens, higher by the head,
Her back against a pillar, her foot on one
Of those tame leopards. Kitten-like he rolled
And pawed about her sandal."

And again, describing the retinue of the princess climbing the rock in pursuit of minerals, he says,

"Many a light foot shone like a jewel set
In the dark crag."

Women with large feet never like to climb the hills. The sentiment of beauty is less in the size than a certain litheness and elasticity.—"Light as a fawn," 'Fleet as the greyhound,' "With a step like a stag," are all pretty phrases, indicating the character of the foot, which is the index to the whole woman. Dress has a great effect upon the foot, and we fear very long dresses demoralize it. The long robe certainly destroys its elasticity. We like to see the foot

"Beneath the petticoats,
Peep out and in like little mice,
Which shun the light."

That was very pretty in a lover who saw his mistress bathing her feet in a brook, and wrote her,

"Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the water, sweet;
Fear not; lizard, newt or toad
Will dare to come where thou hast trod."

The French foot is meagre, narrow and bony; the Spanish is small and elegantly curved, thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep."—The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; a stream can run under the hollow of his foot, is a description of its form. The foot of the Scotch is large and thick—that of the Irish, flat and square—the English, short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small. A foot should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the individual. It should have a delicate spring to it, as if it did not quite belong to the earth, and touching it daintily, if not disdainfully. The ankle should express tenderness, should be round and firm, and not too small.

A "Blower."

There is no denying that there is a class of individuals who seem to think that there is nothing in life so desirable as being intimately acquainted with prominant public characters. We have read of many such, but Major Luckey, as described in the following, is most decidedly just 'whortleberry above the persimmon' of any of them:

Few men have ever gone to Congress with more fun and popularity than Hon. Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky. In the way of anecdote he is unequalled, while his mode of telling stories imparts a tone to them that no one can appreciate who has not heard them. Among the 'characters' that Mr. Coombs knows like a book, is old Major Luckey, whose tastes for bragging amounts at times to the sublime. Whenever the Major has a stranger in the neighborhood, he opens wide and 'spreads himself,' and with a success that leaves us nothing to desire.

The following scene took place between the Major and Colonel Peters, a 'late arrival' from Illinois:

'Major, I understand from General Coombs, that shortly after the revolution you visited England. How did you like the jaunt?'

'Capitally! I hadn't been in London five hours before Rex sent for me to play whist; and a devil of a time we had of it!'

'Rex!—what Rex?'

'Why, Rex the King—George the Third. The game came off at Windsor Castle; Rex and I played against Bill Pitt and Ned Burke, and resulted rather comically,

'How so?'

'As we were playing the last game, Rex said, in rather a familiar manner: 'Major, I suppose you are acquainted with Charles Washington, are you not?'

'No, sir-ee,' said I 'I am not—but I'll tell you who I am acquainted with—Geo. Washington, the Father of his country.'

'Father be d——d,' said he, 'he was a cursed rebel, and had I served him right, I would have hung him long ago.'

'This, of course, riled me to that degree that I just drew back and gave him a blow between the eyes that felled him like a bullock. The next moment Burke and Pitt mounted me, and in less than ten minutes my shirt and breeches were so torn and tattered that I looked like Lazarus. This give me rather a distaste for English society, so the next morning I set sail for America. Six weeks after I landed at Washington. The first person I met after entering the city was Q.'

'Q?—what Q?'

'Why, that d——d old Federalist Quincy Adams. He wanted me to play nine pins with him, and I did so. Won two hundred dollars at two shillings a game, and then had a row'

'About what?'

'He wanted to pay me off in Continental money, worth a shilling a peck. I got angry and knocked him into a spittoon. While I still had him down Jim came and dragged me off to the White House.'

'What Jim?'

'Why, Jim Madison. I went, played euchre for two hours, when Tom came in, and insisted that I should go home with him.'

'What Tom?'

'Why, Tom Jefferson. Jim, however, would not listen to it, and the consequence was that they went in to fight. In the midst of it they fell over the banisters and dropped about fifty feet. When I left they were giving each other h—ll in the coal cellar. How it terminated I never could learn, as just then Martha ran in and said I must accompany her to Mount Vernon to see George.'

'What Martha do you mean?

'Martha Washington, wife to George Washington, the old boy that gave Jessy to the Hessians.'

About here Coombs said the stranger begins to discover that he was 'swallowing things.' The next stage that came along he took passage for an ajacent town. The Major, we believe, is still living, and still believes that the walloping he gave George Rex is 'the d—dest best thing on record.'

☞The ladies of some parts of South America, during the hot weather of July, wear cabbage leaves for bonnets, trimmed with radishes.

BURYING A BAILIFF.

The last stoty told of M. Alexander Dumas, the famous novelist, is a good one. It is well known that in early life Dumas was continually being haunted about from pillar to post by hungry bailiffs, anxious to arrest him and clap him into prison. He is now in better circumstances, and need fear for them no longer, but the *souvenir* of his youthful days still clings to him, and he owes the remorseless myrmidons of the law a grudge.

Some days ago, a person with a solem countenance presented himself at the house of the author of Monte-Cristo, and requested an interview with that gentleman.

"M. Dumas," said the stranger, "I know you to be one of the most charitable of men, which encourages me to ask a kindness of you."

"Speak, sir; what is it?"

"I was once a bailiff, sir. An old friend, exercising the same calling, died yesterday, very poor. He did not leave enough to pay the expenses of his funeral. I have therefore come to ask a contribution from you, to aid in burying him."

"How much?"

"Fifteen francs."

Dumas opened a drawer and taking from it a sum of money, handed it to the man.

"You ask me," observed the author, "for fifteen francs, to bury a bailiff. I give you thirty, in order that you may bury *two!*"

MARSHAL NEY'S DEATH SCENCE.—The vengeance of the allied powers demanded some victims, and the intrepid Ney who had well nigh put the crown again on Bonaparte's head at Waterloo, was to be one of them.—Condemned to be shot, he was led to the garden of Lexemburg on the marning of the 7th of December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers drawn up to kill him. One of the officers stepped up to bandage his eyes, but he repulsed him saying:

"Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?"

He then lifted his hat above his head, and with the same calm voice that had steadied his columns so frequently in the roar and tumult of battle, said:

"I declare before God and man that I never betrayed my country. May my death render her happy. Vive la France!"

He then turned to the soldiers, and striking his hand on his heart, gave the order, "Soldiers, fire!"

A simultaneous discharge followed, and the "bravest of the brave" sank to rise no more. "He who had fought five hundred battles for France, not one against her, was shot as a traitor!"

PEOPLE WHO LIVE WITHOUT WATER.

"The day before we reached the Orange river," says Anderson in his Four Years' Wanderings in South Africa, "we fell in with a krall of Hottentots, whom, to our surprise we found living in a locality altogether destitute of water. The milk of their cows and goats supplied its place. Their cattle, moreover, never obtained water, but found a substitute in a kind of ice-plant (messembryanthemum) of an exceedingly succulent nature, which abounds in those regions. But our own oxen, not accustomed to such diet, would rarely or never touch it. Until I had actually convinced myself—as I had often the opportunity of doing at an after period—that men and beasts could live entirely without water, I should, perhaps, have had some difficulty in realizing this singular fact."

INVALUABLE REMEDIES.—Here are a few simple remedies for very prevalent disorders, which we have no hesitation in recommending as infallible:

For sea-sickness—stay at home.
For drunkenness—drink cold water.
For accidents—keep out of danger.
To make money—advertise in the Democrat.
To be happy—subscribe for a newspaper.
To please all—mind your own business.
To have a good conscience—pay the printer.

CONUNDRUM.—Why is an auger hole, when board too deep, like a man in the water? Because it is over bored.

Why is a cat running after his tail, like a Millerite? Because he has his latter end in view.

Why is Horace Greely like a field of damaged wheat? Because he has been *struck* by the *Rust*.

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? Because they want "carrying out."

RATHER A DAMPER.—*Bashful Man* (after a long silence).—I—I—rather think the weather is improving. I—I—should say it was—ahem—going to clear away.

Young Lady (who is not the least embarrassed).—Do you really think so? I wish to goodness some visitors would follow the example.

Bashful man is immediately extinguished.

☞Courting in the country is altogether a different institution from the city article. In the former place you get rosy lips, sweet cider, johnny cake, and girls made of nature; and in the latter a collection of starch phrases, formal manners, fine silk, jewelry; and girls got up "in hoops."

☞The senior editor of the Pittsburg Dispatch lost his *beard*, a crop of five years' growth, on the recent election!

☞There are few who will not agree that it is—Better to go to heaven in rags than to hell in embroidery.

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