THEY SAY OF
AYNE'S
Medicines.
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There is scarcely a town
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OMPOUND SYRUP
CHERRY,
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MPTION,
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Blood, Difficulty of
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Heart, Influenza,
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This is the grand secret
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PHYSICIANS:
Sir: Having used your
Wild Cherry extensively
equested by your Agent,
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a remedial agent; I most
feel by so doing, I will
the community at large,
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. H. ELLISON, M. D.
is from one of our Phy-
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DR. L. CRUTCHER,
thecary, Frankfort, Ky.
y genuine Wild Cherry
y
SWAYNE & SON,
venth st., Philadelphia.
BOWEL CORDIAL.
al remedy for Asiatic
lera Morbus, Diarrhœa,
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mach and Bowels, Vom-
ckness of the Stomach,
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GAR COATED SAR-
ND TAR PILLS.
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EVER AND AGUE
LS.
ND PERMANENT CURE,
L OR QUININE,) FOR
E, INTERMITTENT
T FEVERS, &c.
CENTS A BOX.
Medicines are prepared
& SON, at their La-
7th st. Philadelphia.
homas, Cambridge; D.
Goslin Bros. & Smith,
ter county. Wm. H.
t County. H. Kenner-
ashiell, Upper Trappe,
by Druggists and Deal-
May 14, 1856. 1y
NOS,
S, & MUSIC.
tem Adopted!
LY REDUCED.
WATERS,
AY, NEW YORK,
Boston and New York
t of Pianos, Melode-
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n the United States,
t Manufactories, com-
variety of style, from
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ases, from $150 to 200,
legant finished up to
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the above in the num-
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Low PRICES at which
MODERN IMPRO-
ANOS,
Frames, possessing in
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no, united with the
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S' MELODEONS,
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the equal tempera-
all other styles and
$75, $100, $125, $140;
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, an extra discount.
RS, Brown's Harps,
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s, and Catalogue of
July 16, 1856.

Cambridge Democrat.

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

Volume 12.----No. 4. CAMBRIDGE, MD.----WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 10, 1856. Price $1.50 in Advance.

THE DEMOCRAT
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY WM. H. BOWDLE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Office Opposite John Bradshaw's Hotel.

TERMS:

SUBSCRIPTION.—$1,50 if paid in advance, or $2 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING.—One square, (of 12 lines or less,) from one to three insertions $1, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents per square. A deduction made to yearly advertisers.

Choice Poetry.

☞Every piece of poetry from Mrs. Welby's pen is "a thing of beauty," and therefore, "a joy forever."

Thou'lt Miss Me Evermore.

BY ANNA MARIA WELBY.

Thou'lt miss me; fairer forms than mine
May on thy pathway beam,
And eyes of haughtier light in thine
With love's own softness gleam,
But ever from their happier rays
Thy spirit's glance will flee
Back to the one sad, earnest gaze
So filled with love for thee.

Thou'lt miss me: tones more silvery clear
Than linger on my tongue,
On brighter, rosier lips may cheer
Where lyre and lute are strung,
But still the unforgotten lays
Low murmured in thine ear,
Thy smile their every meed of praise,
Above them all thou'lt hear.

Thou'lt miss me; smiles of sunnier sheen,
From fairer feature's thrown,
May shine upon thine altered mien
As never mine hath shone,
But still the one familiar smile,
That welcomed thee of old,
Its place above their every wile,
Within thy heart shall hold.

Thou'lt miss me; mid the world's gay crowd
Thou'lt mingle as of yore,
With stately step and bearing proud
And words of courteous lore,
But still when other lips my name
Shall whisper where thou'rt found,
Thy cheek, be it in praise or blame,
Shall crimson at its sound.

Thou'lt miss me from night's solemn fane,
When holy stars look down;
Thou'lt seek in pleasure's cup in vain
All thoughts of me to drown,
For still each blessed orb and bright
On which I've gazed with thee,
Shall bring the tear-drops to thy sight
Thy bosom thoughts of me.

Thou'lt miss me; on thine aching breast
Whence pleasant thoughts shall fly,
Though other fairer head may rest
Where mine above should lie,
None other out thy soul can chase
The thoughts of what hath been;
This wasted form and faded face
Would steal your souls between.

Thou'lt miss me; but why waste in words
The burning thoughts that sweep
So mournfully by being's chords?
Forget them—let me weep,
That though forever in each heart
The dream of love is o'er,
On earth or sea—where'er thou art,
Thou'lt miss me evermore

Select Story.

The Thanksgiving Dinner.

Elder Sniffles, having preached the Thanksgiving Sermon, is invited to dine with Mr. Maguire.

ELDER SNIFFLES UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES.

"Elder Sniffles, let me give you another piece o' the turkey."

"I'm obleeged to you, Mr. Maguire; you probably recollect that I remarked in my discourse this morning that individuals were too prone to indulge in excessive indulgences in creature comforts on thanksgiving ocaasions. In view of the lamentable fact that the sin of gormandizing is carried to a sinful excess on this day, I, as a preacher of the Gospel, deem it my duty to be unusually abstemious on such occasions; nevertheless, considering the peculiar circumstances under which I am placed this day, I think I will waive objections, and take another small portion of the turkey."

"That's right, elder; what part will you take now?"

"Well, I'm not particular, a small quantity of the breast, with a part of a leg and some of the stuffing, will be quite sufficient."

"Pass the cranberries to Elder SniNes, Jeff Elder, help yourself; wife, give the Elder some more o' the turnip sass and potater."

"Thank you, Mrs. Maguire. I am an advocate for vegetable diet—and have always maintained that it is more congenial to individuals of sedentary habits and intellectual pursuits like myself, than animal food."

"Jeff, my son, pass the bread. Sister Bedott, send your plate for some more of the turkey."

"No, I'm obleeged to you--I've had sufficient."

THE ELDER DEPARTS FROM HIS USUAL DIET.

"Jeff, cut the chicken pie."

"Sure enough—I almost forgot that I was to carve the pie. Aunt Silly you'll take a piece of it, won't you?"

"Well, I don't care if I dew take a leetle mite on't. I'm a great favoryite o' the chicken pie—always thought 'twas a delightful beverage—don't you, Elder?"

"A very just remark, Mrs. Bedott—very indeed; chicken pie is truly a very desirable article of food."

'Allow me to help you to some of it, Elder.'

"Thank you, my friend; as I before remarked, I am entirely opposed to an immoderate indulgence of the appetite at all times, but particularly on Thanksgiving occasions—and am myself *always* somewhat abstemious. However, I consider it my duty at the present time to depart, to some extent, from the usual simplicity of my diet. I will, therefore, comply with your request and partake of the chicken pie."

"Take some o' the cranberry sass, Elder; cranberries is hulsome."

"A very just remark, Mrs. Maguire; they are so. Nevertheless, I maintain that we should not indulge too freely, in even the most wholesome of creature comforts; however, since you desire it I will take a small portion of the cranberries."

THE ELDER HAS AN ACID STOMACH.

"Husband, dew pass that pickled tongue—it hain't been touched. Take some on't, Elder Sniffles."

"I'm obleeged to you, Mrs. Maguire--but I confess I am somewhat fearful of taking articles of that description on my stomach, as they create a degree of acidity that is incompatible with digestion. Is it not so, my young friend? You are undonbtedly prepared to decide, as you are, I believe, pursuing the study of the medical science."

"I think you are altogether mistaken, Elder Sniffles. We should always take a due proportion of acid with our food, in order to preserve the equilibrium of the internal economy, and produce that degree of effervescence which is necessary to a healthy secretion."

"Exactly. Your view of the subject is one which never struck me before; it seems a very just one. I will partake of the pickled tongue in consideration of your remarks."

"Take a slice on't, Sister Bedott. You seem to need something to-day—you're uncommon still."

"What a musical man you be. Brother Maguire! but it strikes me when an individual has an opportunity of hearing intellectible conversation they'd better keep still and improve it. Ain't it so, Elder Sniffles?"

"A very just remark, Mrs. Bedott; and one which has often occurred to my own mind."

"Take some more of this chicken pie, Elder Sniffles."

"Excuse me, my young friend; I will take nothing more."

"What! you don't mean to give it up yet, I hope, Elder?"

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, I assure you I would rather not take anything more, for, as I before remarked, I am decidedly opposed to excessive eating upon this day."

THE ELDER OVERSTEPS HIS USUAL BOUNDARY.

"Well, then, we'll have the pies and puddins. Jeff, my son, fly round and help your ma change the plates. I'll take the puddin, Melissy; you may tend to the pies. Jeff, set on the cider. So here's a plum puddin—it looks nice; I guess you've had good luck today, wife. Sister Bedott, you'll have some on't?"

"No, I'm obleeged to ye; I've got ruther of a headache to-day, and plum-puddin's rich. I guess I'll take a small piece o' the pumpkin pie."

"Elder Sniffles, you'll be helped to some on't, of course?"

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, the practice of indulging in articles of this description after eating meat is highly pernicious, and I inwardly protest against it; furthermore, as Mrs. Bedott has very justly remarked, plum-pudding is rich—however, considering the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, I will, for once, overstep the boundaries which I have prescribed for myself."

"Am I to understand that you'll have some or not?"

"I will partake in consideration of time and place."

"Jemmeni! wife, this is good puddin as I ever eat."

THE ELDER PARTAKES OF PUMPKIN AND MINCE PIE.

"Elder Sniffles, will you take some o' the pie? Here is a mince pie and punkin pie."

"I will take a small portion of the pumpkin pie, if you please, Mrs. Maguire, as I consider it highly nutritious; but as regards mince pie, it is an article of food which I deem excessively deleterious to the constitution, inasmuch as it is composed of so great a variety of ingredients. I esteem it exceedingly difficult of digestion. Is it not so, my young friend?"

"By no meamns, Elder—quite the contrary, and the reason is obvious. Observe Eleer, it is cut into the most minute particles; hence it naturally follows that being, as it were, completely calcined before it enters the system, it leaves, so to speak, no labor to be performed by the digestive organs, and and it is disposed of without any difficulty."

"Ah, indeed, your reasoning is quite new to me, yet I confess it to be most satisfactory and lucid. In consideration of its facility of digestion, I will partake also of the mince pie"

THE ELDER THINKS CIDER NUTRICIOUS.

"Wife, fill the Elder a glass o' cider."

"Desist, Mrs. Maguire, desist, I entreat you! I invariably set my face like a flint against the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

"Jimmeni! you don't mean to call new cider an intoxication liquor, I hope. Why, man alive, it's jest made—hain't begun to work."

"Nevertheless, I believe it to be exceedingly insalubrious, and detrimental to the system. Is not that its nature, my young friend?"

"Far from it, Elder—far from it. Reflect a moment, and you will readily perceive that, being the pure juice of the apple—wholly free from all alcoholic mixture—it possesses all the nutritive properties of fruit, with the advantage of being in a more condensed form, which agreeable, and at once renders it much more facilitates assimilation."

"Very reasonable—very reasonable, indeed. Mrs. Maguire, you may fill my glass."

"Take another slice of the pudding, Elder Sniffiles."

"No more, I'm obleeged to you, Mr. Maguire."

"Well, won't you be helped to some more of the pie?"

"No more, I thank you, Mr. Maguire."

"But you'll take another glass o' cider, won't you!"

"In consideration of the nutritious properties of new cider, which your son has abundantly shown to exist, I will permit you to replenish my glass."

THE ELDER ILLUSTRATES HIS PRINCIPLES BY EXAMPLE.

"So you won't take nothin' more, Elder?"

"Nothing more, my friends—nothing more, whatsoever; for as I have several times remarked during the repast, I am an individual of abstemious habits—endeavoring to enforce by example that which I so strenuously enjoin by precept from the pulpit, to-wit—temperance in all things"

"Walk into the sitting room, Elder."

Select Miscellany.

How to Clean Furs

The season for wearing furs is now upon us, and as doubtless many of our lady readers would be obliged to us for teaching them how to "make them as good as new," we subjoin the following useful directions:

"Strip the fur articles of their stuffing and binding, and lay them as much as possible in a flat position. They must then be subjected to a very brisk brushing with a stiff clothes brush; after this, any moth-eaten parts must be cut out and be neatly re placed by new bits of fur to match. Sable, chinchilla, squirrel, fitch, &c, should be treated as follows: Warm a quantity of new bran in a pan, taking care that it does not burn, to prevent which it must be actively stirred. When well warmed, rub it thoroughly into the fur with the hand; repeat this two or three times; then shake the fur, and give it another sharp brushing until free from dust. White furs, ermine, &c., may be well cleansed in the following manner, viz: Lay the fur on the table, and rub it well with bran made moist with warm water; rub until quite dry, and afterwards with dry bran. The wet bran should be put on with flannel, and the dry with a piece of book muslin The light furs in addition to the above, should be well rubbed with magnesia, or a piece of book muslin, after the bran process. Furs are usually much improved by stretching, which may be managed as follows: To a pint of soft water add three ounces of salt dissolved; with this solution sponge the inside of the skin (taking care not to wet the fur) until it becomes thoroughly saturated; then lay it carefully on a board, with the fur side downward, in its natural position, then stretch as much as it will bear, and to the required shape, and fasten with small tacks. The drying may be quickened by placing the skin about six or eight inches from the fire or stove."

Duty of Women.

If, as we have supposed and do confidently trust, this nation is destined, through the virtue of our institutions and the moral and intellectual culture of our people, to exhibit a hitherto unknown and exalted condition of our race, who must have a vital part in this vast work? WOMEN. Must not, then, their minds be formed to high moral excellence? And why should not women engage in the severer studies, elevating, enriching and strengthening their minds, and expanding their moral powers, by the lights, the beauties, and the wonders of science? La Place, (speaking of his "Mechanique Celeste," ranking with the "Principia" of Newton, and characterized "as one of the noblest monuments of intellectual greatness,") said he knew of but *one* person who thoroughly understood it;—that person was a WOMAN.

Tytler, the celebrated Professor of History in the University of Edinburg, in relation to the Romans, a nation emphatically of men, an iron race, says: "It is somewhat extraordinary, that most of the revolutions, in the Roman State, should have owed their origin to women! To a woman, Rome owed the abolition of the regal dignity, and the establishment of a republic. To a woman, she owed her deliverance from the tyranny of the decemviri, and the restoration of the consular government; and to a woman she owed the change of the constitution, by which the plebeians became capable of holding the highest offices in the State."

☞Sir James Mackintosh invited Dr. Parr to take a drive in his gig. The horse became restive. "Gently, Jemmy," says the doctor, "don't irritate him; always soothe your horse, Jemmy. You'll do better witdout me. Let me down, Jemmy." Once on *terra firma*, the doctor's view of the case was changed. "Now Jemmy, touch him up. Never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up, conquer him, don't spare him; and now I'll leave you to manage him—I'll walk back.

INNOCENCE.—"My dear Amelia," said a dandy, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now, for fear you will reject me; but I love you; say you will be mine! Your smiles would shed—" and then he came to a pause; "your smiles would shed—" and then he paused again. "Never mind the wood-she," says Amelia, "go on with the pretty talk."

Select Poetry.

[From Gleason's Pictorial.]

O Let Me Dwell Where Freedom Reigns.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

O let me dwell where freedom reigns,
I ask not wealth nor power;
But life, without her smile, would be
Like earth without a flower.

Brave hearts have shed their life for her,
On battle field and wave;
And nobly chosse to breathe her air,
Or slumber in the grave.

For her the field of Marathon,
With blood was deeply dyed;
And Sparta's "Lion" in the pass
Struck down a tyrant's pride.

On deck—on rock—on bastion,
Her stirring cry has rung;
Mid the wild woods of a thousand hills,
Her songs shall yet be sung.

A Banockburn and Bunker Hill,
Shall long remembered be;
And hearts shall burn with noble zeal,
And man shall yet be free.

Heaven bless the efforts of the just,
And bid their will be done;
And grant to each down-trodden land
A future Washington.

[Communicated for the Democrat.]

SALEM M. E. CHURCH.

DECEMBER 2d, 1856.

MR. BOWDLE:—It is known to your readers that a very neat and substantial M. E. Church was built at Salem, in this county, and dedicated on the 2nd day of December, 1855. That the following named persons composed the "Building Committee,"—viz:

JAMES THOMPSON, Chairman.
SAMUEL BROHAWN,
JAMES D. TWILLEY,
R. F. THOMPSON, Sect. & Treas.
L. HODSON, assist. do. " do.

The undersigned by direction and in behalf of said committee, ask leave to submit to a generous public, through the columns of your newspaper the following

STATEMENT:

1st. The names of subscribers, and the amount subscribed and paid by each. Also the aggregate amount.

2nd. An account of the disbursement of said subscriptions.

We have tried, from the accounts and vouchers before us, to condense this statement as much as possible. Allow us to say that the committee by virtue of authority have had erected a frame church 46 by 34—capable of seating some 260 persons with ease and comfort. The cost was $2485 34, as will more fully appear by what follows.

James Thompson, subscribed and paid	$200.00
John Gore, " " "	150.00
Samuel Brohawn, " " "	100.00
J. D. Twilley, R. F. Thompson, $75 each,	150.00
James Gore, Saml. McBride, $60 each	120.00
C. W. Phillips,	51.00
*Levin Hodson, Sarah Rawleigh, (a legacy,) *Thomas Storr, Mrs. S. A. Greene, Slater D. Twilley, each $50,	250.00
James A. Waddell,	35.00
Robt. Wrightson, A. M. Medford, each $30,	60.00
W. D. Twilley, J. L. Wrightson, F. A. Lecompte, T. J. Hodson, A. H. Hurley, J. W. Brohawn, E. T. Fleming, each $25,	175.00
W. T. Manning, Silas Fleming, Mrs. Susan McBride, Capt. J. E. Norman, Dr. E. F. Smithers, D. C. Handley, Mary Jane Hodson, S. B. Lecompte, W. C. Huffington, Josiah Carroll, Dr. H. W. Houston, J. N Sherman, T. J. Lecompte, each $20,	260.00
William McBride, J. W. Wrightson, Mary Ann Norman, J. B. Sard, Mary McBride, Caroline county, each $15,	90.00
Dr. R. Lawrence,	11.00
J. M. Wrightson, James McBride, J. H. Stewart, T. H. Twilley, Francis Harvey, John Webb, Mrs. Mary Lecompte, Sophia Hutchinson, Sarah Wrightson, J. C. Henry, Thos. H. Hicks, Z H. H. Cropper, H. C. Hicks, Salisbury Willis, N. J. Rawleigh, James Wallace, Judge Stewart, Levin Mowbray, W. L. Hearn, Susan E. Gore, Mrs. Dr. Houston, Mrs. James Thompson, Mrs. James E. Hall, and Mrs. Catharine Handley, each $10,	240.00
L. Catharine Beckwith, $7.50, Eben Payne, $6,	13.50
Mary A Rawleigh, James Dixon, F J. Henry, C. F. Goldsborough, J B. Lake, Dr. A. H. Bayly, T. W Anderson, J A Byus, Robt. Bell, W T Goldsborough, J R Martin, D M Henry, Levin Jones, T. P., J R Keene, T A Spence, L D Traverse, T B Sherman, D C Kinnamon, J M Marshall, N L Bennewell, James Jones, G W T McCready, J R Webster, B F Lecompte, L D Spedden, Charlotte L Barnett, Algernon Thomas, W Hollon, A S Percy, James Higgins, J F H Vincent, W J Vane, J R Stevens, R W K Dixon, H H Chase, Capt T R Stewart, Dr W V M Edmondson, A J Collins, J H Stack, William Kinnamon, Richard Stevens, T H Davis, Francis H Phillips, John C Phillips, Julia Phillips, William Billips, W W Littleton, C M Sherman, Mrs T W Anderson, Mrs E A Fleming, Mrs Ann Gore, Mrs Sarah Brohawn, Mrs Hester Twilley, J L Brohawn, Jno Hutchinson, Mrs Mary E Brohawn, and Thomas Wrightson, each $5,	285 00
Richard Moore, (colord,)	4.00
J Dean, J A Clifton, each $3.50,	7.00
J R Knowles, $3, L S Jackson, $2.95,	5.95
T J Dail, Josiah Jump, L S Dail, M Wright, Thomas Wingate, J Richard Norman, J D Farquharson, Sarah E U Thompson, John H Storr, and W W W Storr, each $2.50,	25.00
G W Warren, Eliza Sherman, T J Collison, A M Lewis, G A Z Smith, Caleb Shepherd, T H Webb, W H Barton, Thomas Smith, E P Robinson, E W Lecompte, each $2,	22 00
M Thompson,	1.50
Rev J Pastorfield, Rev C P Straughn, Mary Wrightson, Eleanor Storr, T W Smith, L Jane Handley, Mary A Lecompte, H B Pennewell, Arthur John Willis, B F Sherman, William Spedden, A T Whiteley, G W Orem, J Foble, W Kirby, J G Robinson, H S Hodson, E P Hodson, B F Twilley, J A Carroll, Joseph Twilley, Mrs Jno Fletcher, Alfred J Mobray, Wm Fluharty, Edward Redhead, Delia Thompson, (colord,) Master W James Stewart, each $1,	27.00
John R Corkran, and "a friend" thro' L H, each 50 cts.	1.00
Basket Collections,	47.50
Amounting to	$2331.45
Received from the "Ladies furnishing committee" composed of Mrs Sarah Brohawn, Miss Anna Barnett, Mrs E Gore, Mrs Mary J Hodson, Mrs Catharine Handley, Mrs Mary A Norman, Miss Sarah E U Thompson and Mrs Margaret L Thompson, the sum of	166.53
Received from the above resources in the aggregate,	$2497.98

DISBURSED AS FOLLOWS.

Advertising,	$ 4 50
Freights,	50 75
Carpenter's Bills,	512 69
Masons,	25 75
Plasterers,	55 00
Painters,	78 35
Laborers,	67 00
Board,	140 00
Materials,	1330 80
Furnishing,	180 00
Expenses of Com. in Traveling,	10 25
" of Ministers,	14 00
Lightning Rod,	16 25
	$2485 34

Showing a balance in the hands of Treasurer of $12 64.

Let us not forget the following donations:

Thomas Higgins gave $3, and left the committee to elect as to whether they would take the money or nails at cost. Francis Higgins subscribed $2 50 on the same terms. The committee took the nails. Mr Alex Gaddess, of Baltimore give the "Corner Stone" and likewise the "Marble Slab," for the Pulpit.—L Hodson give timber valued at $31 62, Thos Storr made up his subscription in part of timber, Mrs R F Thompson give the "communion service" and the clock. Mr George D Smith, of Baltimore, gave Cans and Oil. The committee were likewise indebted to Judge Goldsborough and Col Thomas A Spence, for important legal advice.

Returning thanks to you, Mr Editor, and thro' you to the public, *especially* those who have contributed, as it will be perceived by their prompt and generous action, that the committee have been enabled in 12 months from the dedication, to present the Church to its Trustees, FREE FROM DEBT. After thus trying to render an account of our Stewardship, we will conclude by inviting all friends who may come this way, to tarry awhile at "Salem Chapel," and receive an Eastern Shore welcome from the inhabitants of its vicinity.

Respectfully submitted in behalf of the Building Committee, by R F THOMPSON,
LEVIN HODSON.

E E & O E.

New York Fashions.

The "opening fashion day" at New York, which has recently come off, appears to have been a great one for the ladies. The description of their fashions is given at immense length in the journals. A New York contemporary says:

"Broadway was in a state of blockade, for every lady wore a hoop, and it was impossible or any one ignorant of the mysteries of those 'vicious circles' to edge his or her way through them. In fact, the ladies now resemble Mrs Blimber, and 'it is quite an excursson to walk round them.' Speaking of hoops, nothing proves more conclusively the omnipotence of fashion than the alacrity with which all classes, from the lady to the kitchen maid, adopted this most ungraceful style—this worn-out folly of a departed century. Where now are the flowing lines, the softening folds, the wavy undulating grace, the ease and pliability of motion, that constituted our old-fashioned ideas of grace and beauty? Where are the

"Waves deserving note
In the tempestuous petticoat?

"The dress of a fashionable lady now has about as much nobility as that of a wooden image. If that is grace then we have attained the perfection of it."

Odds and Ends

NOT LIKE HIM.—Gilbert Stewart, the celebrated portrait painter, once met a lady in the streets of Boston, who said to him, "Ah, Mr. Stewart, I have just seen your likeness, and kissed it because it was so much like you."—"And did it kiss you in return?" "Why, no," "Then," said Stewart, "it was not like me."

AN OPINION.—An English cockney at the Falls of Niagara, when asked how he liked the Falls, replied: "They're 'andsome—quite so; but they don't quite answer my hecpectations, besides, I got thoroughly vetted, and lost me 'at. I prefer to look at 'em in an hingraving in 'ot weather and in the 'ouse."

—A Western editor says that a child was run over by a wagon three years old, and cross-eyed, and which never spoke afterwards. He also gives his readers some lines which he says were written by a young man who has long since lain in the grave for his own amusement.

—"Neighbor Jones," said a rigid church member, "I have been informed that you often drive your team, and even go a-fishing or a-hunting on the Sabbath." "True," replied Jones, "but then on those occasions I always whistle psalm tunes."

—Ladies who wear hoops are kindly advised by the Bellows Falls Argus "to look to their rigging." A few days ago the editor observed a lady sweeping along with the air of a Queen, with about two feet of whalebone sticking out behind!

—"I say, mister, was'nt you born in the middle of the week?" said an impudent urchin to a man with a severe pair of cross eyes. "No you little scamp, why?" "Case I see you're allers lookin' both ways for Sunday."

—"'Tis strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt manners. I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler myself."

—"Ma, I want a sled. I want a sled. Can't I have a sled, Ma?" "Ask your father." "I don't like to ask him, Ma." "Why, what nonsense. Ask him." "No, Ma, *you* ask him; you've known him the longest."

—There was melancholy humor in the proposal, by an Irish member, to make suicide punishable with death; but it appears that in England an attempt at suicide is a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment.

—The happiest period of a man's life is when he has a pretty little wife, half a dozen beautiful children, more ready cash than he knows what to do with, a good conscience and is not even in debt for his newspaper.

—A barber desired a groggery customer of his, one Sunday morning, who smelled strong of alcohol, to keep his mouth shut, or his establishment would get indicted for keeping a rum-hole open on Sunday.

—"Zounds, fellow," exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlegmatic, matter-of fact person, "I shall go out of my wits." "Well, you won't have far to go," said the phlegmatic man.

—"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Squiggs?" "Why, the doctor says as how as, if he lives till the mornin', he shall have some hopes of him, but if he don't, he must give him up."

—"Father, was'nt Alexander a hero?" "Yes, my boy." "Well, then, father, was'nt Mrs. Alexander a she-hero?"

—An honest Dutchman, on being asked how often he shaved, said: "Dree times a week, every day but Sunday—den I shave every day."

—Mrs. Harris says that "her daughter Jane was only married a little over a year when she had two boys, both sons."

—'All things from above are not blessings,' as the man said when an avalanche of snow and ice alighted on his head.

—A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it only weighs only four ounces.

—The men who jump at conclusions seldom reach any that are worth having. These must be got by climbing.

—Many flowers are expressive of the most delicate sentiment, but which of them have the heart of a cabbage?

—Just for the fun of the thing, we should like to see a stuttering woman, or a Quaker with a wooden leg.

—Dogs ought to be very valuable to tanners, on account of the immense quantity of bark they yield.

—The man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette, has become a skillful stone-cutter.

—When the soul is ready to depart, what matters it whether it go from a palace or a hovel.

—"Cut my straps and let me go to glory," as Dow, Jr., said when he first kissed a girl.

—In what respect is James Buchanan unlike Col. Benton? Because he gave Fremont *Jessie*.

—Are the minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by the seconds?

—The worm that never dies—the reflection that you have robbed the Printer.

—Rubies and badies are the emblems of love—especially the babies.

—A bleeding finger is more noticed than a bleeding heart.

—If folly were pain, there would be a groaning in every house.

—How should a husband speak to a scolding wife? My dear I love you STILL.

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