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WITNESSES OF PAPER MONEY; OR, THE FORGER CONVICTED!

Cambridge Democrat.

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

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Is Published every Wednesday Morning,
By THOMAS H. HANDY, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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MEDICAL NOTICE.

DR. SMITH would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he continues to be confidentially consulted at his old established MEDICAL HOUSE, No. 11 South Frederick street, on all diseases of a PRIVATE OR DELICATE NATURE.

His long experience and attention to this class of complaints; his safe and speedy method of treatment, and his extraordinary success during a long and extensive practice, enables him, confidently, to promise all persons so afflicted, a safe and radical cure, without injury to the constitution or confinement from business. By a long course of study and practice experience, Dr. S. has now the gratification of presenting the unfortunate with remedies that have never failed, "since he first introduced them," to cure the most alarming case, and that in a very short but reasonable time, without the aid of mercury or any other deleterious drug. Within the last ten years Dr. S. has cured more than thirty thousand cases, of the above character and it may be safely said that *more than one-half* of the patients had been previously treated with mercury and other mineral poisons by some foreign or native pretender to the healing art.

Dr. Smith does not profess to be a Parisian, or a graduate of any London or Parisian hospital. He believes the United States can produce physicians as capable of curing disease, "no matter how difficult," as any foreigner who has been compelled to leave his own country because his boasted skill and wonderful discoveries in medicine have failed to afford him a living at home. Let the unfortunate bear in mind, when affliction overtakes him, that no time should be lost in making application to a competent physician, as they would not only obtain relief from pain, avoid mortification through exposure, and elude great constitutional injury, but enable their medical assistant to be more moderate in his charges than he could justly be where symptoms have become confirmed or the disease more widely diffused. The rapid advances of this truly terrifying disease, is sufficient to alarm the boldest heart. When ulceration and discolored blotches, with racking pains, betray to the unhappy victim the deadly poison preying upon his vitals, then, "and not till then," do many awake to a full sense of their danger.

YOUNG MEN

And others afflicted with seminal debility, "whether original from a certain destructive habit," or from any other cause, with the train of bodily and mental evils which follow, when neglected, should make an early application, with the full assurance that they can be speedily restored to sound health and firm vigor.—This is one of the greatest evils that can befall man, and has doomed thousands of the human race to untimely graves; blasted the brilliant hopes of parents, and blighted, in the bud, the noble ambition of many an aspiring youth. Dyspepsia, weakness of the back, eyes, and limbs, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, forgetfulness, &c. &c., are symptoms of this disease.

IMPOTENCE—IMPUISSANCE.

One of the most frequent penalties paid by those who give unrestrained license to their passions is a loss of virile power. The young, unaware of the fearful results that may ensue, are but too apt to commit excesses. Impotency may, and does occur from stricture, gravel, deposites in the urine, and from many other causes; but by far the most frequent source of it is an abuse of the sexual organs, by excessive venery or self-pollution—particularly the last. Too great excitement of the genital organs is, however, productive of other effects, besides premature impotency; it tends to derange the digestive functions, and weaken the physical and mental powers. Thus parents and others are often deceived as to the true source of the complaints of the youth and young men. It could be shown how attenuation of frame, palpitation of the heart, derangement of the nervous system, cough, indigestion, and a train of symptoms, indicative of consumption, are often ascribed to wrong causes, when, in reality, they are the consequence of an alluring and pernicious practice, alike destructive to the mind and body.

Dr. Smith has given particular attention to the cure of female complaints. His method of treating Suppression, Irregularities, and other complaints peculiar to their sex, is safe, and seldom requires but a short time to cure. Patients can be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Smith, describing symptoms, and receive medicine, securely packed from observation, forwarded by express or otherwise, to any part of the country.

N. B. Persons afflicted with any of the above complaints will do well to avoid boasting impostors, whether foreign or native, as also the numerous *Specifics*, advertised as a certain cure for any and every Disease. These preparations are put up to sell, but not to cure, and often do much more harm than good, therefore avoid them. ☞ A word to the wise is sufficient.

No letters will be answered unless they contain a remittance or Postage Stamp.

Address DR. J. B. SMITH,
No. 11, South Frederick street,
Feb. 18, 1857. 1y Baltimore, Md.

Original Poetry.

[For the Cambridge Democrat.]

FORGIVE.

"For if ye forgive men their tresspasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you." MATTHEW VI—14.

If in thy life thou ere shouldst find
Thy fellow mortal stern—unkind;—
Although intent thy name t'abuse,
And in all censure not refuse—
Yet still thou shouldst forgive.

Although thou mayst have never said
A *word*, which justly could have led
To such abusive epithets,
As man, though right, so often meets—
Yet still thou shouldst forgive.

The Saviour taught it in His life,
The christian should abstain from strife;
To which his actions gave accord,
In meekest spirit, kindest word.
Like him, thou shouldst forgive,
Forgive, and thou shalt be forgiven,
'Twill be a title sure to heaven. H.

Communicated.

E. NEW MARKET, July 13, 1857.

MR. EDITOR:—A communication appeared in the Democrat on the 3rd of June last, over the signature of "One who was present." In your issue of the 24th of that month there appeared two other communications. One was signed by James A. Massey; the other by R. E. K., both purporting to be replies to the first named article.

At the expense of being thought a little tedious, will you bear with me whilst I endeavor to give my views and impressions, to some extent at least, and in a somewhat desultory manner, concerning this controversy.

Not wishing to do any of the parties injustice, I beg leave to quote these words of the ex-P. E.: "I always regret, says he, to see attacks, in the public prints, by ministers or members of one church upon those of another denomination, and still more am I grieved when individuals or sections of a church thus assail those of their own denomination. I would fain say to those who thus contend 'Let there be no strife between you—for ye are brethren.'" This is well said and breathes a truly christian spirit. Permit me, however, to allude to the *practice* of the above declaration on our circuit and in fact in our very town.

The Pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church was supposed to be instrumental in circulating—rather secretly, it was said,—a pamphlet, intended to advance the interests of the Episcipal Church in this village. The preacher then in charge of the M. E. Church on this circuit called on the Rev. gentleman concerning this matter, and afterwards published in the "Democrat" a series of essays calculated to impair, if not injure, the interests or prospects of the Episcopal Church, by bringing it into disrepute with the community. Did this happen at a time when you were on the Snow Hill district? Was your voice raised against this attack? Did you warn your "many friends on Dorchester circuit" *in writing* upon this subject? If you did the one or the other, it failed to reach the ears of many of us.

Rev. Mr. W. has, since this event, left this for another, and, it is hoped, a better world. Peace to his memory. Need it be told that our Episcopal Church survived this vigorous assault, and is now in a flourishing condition?

Again. Mr. M. says:—"As to the threat thrown out by this exciting and excited writer, of calling in the preachers of the church South, what could be gained thereby? The government of that church is the same as ours, and a similar difficulty might very soon be realized, in connection with it." Ah indeed! Are you quite sure of the truth of this? One would naturally infer, after hearing this, that the M. E. Church had not been rent assunder. Once more. Mr. M. thinks it very absurd in our people to claim the right of thinking or judging as who can acceptably administer to their spiritual necessities. It does not so seem to me.

Let us look at this a moment. It is a matter of history, and is quite likely known to you, that upwards of 3,000 N. E. clergymen petitioned Congress, in the name of Almighty God, against the passage of Judge Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska bill; that not one of these 3,000 was a Catholic clergyman or priest. If Archbishop Hughes had influence with his clergy, is it disputed that he exercised it in the right way? These preachers, in effect, were petitioning against man's capacity for self-government. Their prayers did not prevail, and some think did not reach higher than their pulpits. Suppose that many of these men were of your own church, and should be transferred to the Philadelphia Conference, and sent to Snow Hill district! Would they, if known, be cordially received, think you? How is the discipline on this point? Is there any thing in it to prevent the supposed occurrence?

No one, whose opinion is worth receiving, ever entertained the thought that the church property belonged to the preachers. Hence the assertion is wholly gratuitous, "that in his heat he has endeavored to revive an oft-disproved slander on the ministry of the M. E. Church." This is a strong assertion and is very objectionable. Mr. M. is equally as unfortunate in calling in question the National Government.

If he will go back with the writer, a few years, he will remember this circumstance:—Martin Van Buren, whether fortunately or not for the country, we will not discuss, if you like, was laughed and sung out of the Presidency. The principal agencies in effecting this, were the "Hooe case," "the standing army of 200,000 men," and "the chicken tax." The census men, in trying to find out about the poultry, brought down upon themselves and little Matty the opposition of THE WOMEN; although Martin was very gallant and a widower. Presuming that no one will dispute that the M. E. Church is divided, should we of the South not be as jealous of our rights as the women were in the days of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, I would not forget to remind R. E. K. that Martin and his son John, together with many others of the same political family, have not been, unto this present time of writing, enabled to regain their former standing in the political church, in which they were once bright and acceptable members.

With regard to Mr. Nelson I have nothing to say. Some people I have heard of, refuse letters of introduction or recommendation—Humility, earnestness, a correct walk and a chaste conversation are passports to the hearts of this community.

The writer's knowledge of the discipline is somewhat limited, therefore he will not say much about it. We will, if you are agreed, suppose a case. You and your colleague on Princess Anne circuit enter into a co-partnership. He, we will say, finds it more profitable during the days of the week, to engage in writing for and publishing a newspaper; whilst you are occupied in the good work of preaching. After awhile, from some cause or other, you both become dissatisfied, and wish to dissolve the connection.

"Tears were in Lord Eldon's eyes
Because the Catholics would *not* rise."

In short you dissolve the partnership. Ought you not to divide fairly and equally? The investment, as well as profits, were the result of your joint labors. Well, what of it? I fancy I hear you say. Do you see no applicability in this of the division of the M. E. Church? Was there any violation of the discipline in handing it over to the courts and employing Reverdy Johnson, Esq., as one of the counsel?

Father D.—who was once like yourself, our P. E.—told the writer that it could, if the preachers would, have been settled, independent of the courts or the lawyers.

Our P. E. "displayed good sound judgment" in not noticing the effusions of an anonymous scribbler. As he is in office, and has power and patronage, of course he does not stand in need of any one to defend his act. May we not hope that the efforts put forth may redound to the bettering, should they wish it, of the temporal condition of his defenders. No person, on Dorchester circuit, I hazard nothing in declaring, ever intended to affect his "ministerial or moral character" seriously. Far from it. He did an act which displeased a goodly number on this circuit. Doubtless he is willing to take the responsibility of that act. Then, Mr. M., we agree fully in your declaration, "That he has made injudicious changes none can decide without first giving to each of those who have been removed, a fair chance in their new field of labor, to operate without the hinderances that prejudice, coldness or opposition will interpose in the way of their usefulness." We will try and be patient, sir.

Something might be said about the salary of Mr. Wiggins; also, as to his being a married man, and of a parsonage being in waiting for him on Berlin circuit. Two of the Stewards told the writer hereof, that they had proposed, and the Quarterly Conference at Washington Chapel voted, *more even*, than was estimated, for the payment of Bro. W.'s salary. Again. Mr. M. thinks Bro. Schock was cruelly treated by a portion of the Berlin members. Perhaps he was; I have but little to say about it. Indeed, I do not know but that I have said too much already. These preachers sometimes quarrel, and would not scruple, as some think, to fight or shoot, in certain cases. As Peter Cartwright said about Gen. Jackson, "two can play at that game." But you and I, Mr. M., will try and teach better manners. I had almost forgotton to ask if there was not left on Berlin circuit, after Mr. S. quit, a preacher who had been engaged in the work as long, and was as old—had as many children as Mr. W. Was or was not this preacher a particular friend of yours, Mr. M., and in your zeal to defend a man, who scarcely stood in need of defending, have you not overlooked him?

The writer fully admits that politics ought not to have any thing to do with this matter; but at the same time he thinks that the K. N. papers, without scruple or apology, would seize hold of any thing of the sort to advance the interests of their party. Being like yourself, Mr. Editor, a democrat, I am satisfied in believing, like many others, that it is now the only national organization. We desire no political privilege that we are unwilling to grant unto others. If Mr. M. will take the trouble to look on the outside of the Democrat in the which his letter is published, he will there find Bishop Morris's sermon to the Maine Conference. This is the region in which many clergymen preached "Fremont and him nominated" instead of "Christ and him crucified."—This sermon is opportune. It is cordially subscribed to; and its precepts commended to our preachers and people, as being worthy of their imitation. It is deemed the right course for religious people to pursue, in politics. We are not to regard the man who can drink the most liquor, tell the most lies, use the most money to corrupt voters, as being the best or the most popular or deserving man.—Not at all.

Please do no not consider me an enemy because I have tried to speak the truth. It is fondly hoped, that a little advice, in return for yours, may not prove objectionable—

"Although my portion is but scant
I give it with good will."

Fillmore is said to be a Unitarian, i. e: does not believe in the God-head of Christ. Judge McLean of the Supreme Court, is a member of the M. E. Church. Our own Taney is a Catholic; but like unto McLean, believes in the divinity of our Saviour.

Judge Taney, in the celebrated "Dred Scott case," decided that persons of African descent were not citizens of the U. S. McLean who came near receiving the nomination for the Presidency instead of Fillmore, is said to have disagreed with Taney, and coincided in opinion with Curtis, who was appointed Judge by Fillmore. The court is composed of 9 members; 7 are Democrats, 2 opposed. The effect of the decision of Judges McLean and Curtis, is to place the black man on a political equality with the white. Are the people of "Snow Hill" district prepared to acquiesce in this latter decision? If they are, they will show more inconsistency or to use your objectionable word, absurdity, than the good people of Dorchester do in claiming to think who can administer most acceptably to their spiritual necessities. When this people get ready to call in the aid of the church South, they will do it, whether you or I object or not. At least this is my opinion. Democrats are not responsible for mixing up religion and politics.

When you ask the question then, what is to be gained by going to the church South, I would fain try to show that nothing would be lost. R. E. K. seems to think that comparisons are sometimes improper, if not odious.—I would not unnecessarily incur his displeasure, or that of any one else; but will take occasion to state another manifest difference between *profession* and *practice*. The Senate of the United States gave us a memorable example of the influence of *patriotism* over *party*. I have somewhere seen a picture of the celebrated "Compromise Committee." Mr. Clay is represented as unrolling the Constitution of the U. S. The spotless Carolinian, Calhoun, grasps it in his hand and looks eagerly at the gallant Kentuckian. Webster, the God-like, seizes it on the other side. Then comes the noble Cass, Foote and others. These men had fought each other, politically, for years; but when their country was in danger, they laid aside their *prejudices*, or *party feelings*.—These were offered up on their country's ALTAR. All honor to those noble spirits.

Now let us contrast their action with the general conference of the M. E. Church assembled at New York. *It was composed exclusively of preachers.* Men whose *professed object* was the conversion of sinners. One of their Bishops, deemed a good man, had married a woman who happened to have slaves. Bishop Andrew had been chosen by themselves. Was it, and is it a violation of the Discipline for a Bishop or a preacher of the M. E. Church to have or to hold a negro? Was not this one of the main reasons why the church was severed? This is now alluded to more in sorrow than in anger.

May we not view it as being a forerunner or entering wedge to a dissolution of this glorious Union? That church which has alway been a pioneer of civilization and christianity. Better, far better, that Methodism should never have been introduced into this western world than that the star of the best government on earth should set in eternal night.

Is it assuming too much, then, to say that the M. E. Church South is right or is getting so, on the subject of the "*peculiar institution.*" Is it not incumbent on you to show, after your assertion, that the branch of it, to which you are attached, is equally so? Allow me to ask if her discipline and official acts are in strict conformity to the Constitution of the U. S. and the laws of Maryland. Should this not be the case, particularly at the North and East, then it would seem that the proper place for the people of Snow Hill district is, with the church South; provided always she would have us.—The *preachers* of the Philadelphia Annual Conference make their own rules and regulations, and also have a hand in enforcing and interpreting them. Bear in mind that our people have not raised these questions. Impress on them the impropriety of taking an unnecessary political oath. That in cultivating an "intense American feeling" they ought not to denounce Mr. Wesley or Bishop Asbury as "Foreigners." Nor on the other hand should they exalt Brigham Young or Judge Edmonds as the exponents of our "Native American" religions. Point out to our people how a good man may hold office with honor to himself and profit to the community.

But enough. I hereby pledge myself not to trouble you or your readers again on this subject, unless compelled in self-defence. Content am I to leave the subject. The good people of Worcester have a "Shield" to protect their rights if unjustly or improperly assail'd. Friend Acworth knows the strength there is in "Union" and can take care of the political aspect of the question, should he deem it advisable. The Denton Journal, in whose columns this thing was begun, can and will of course do as he pleases in the premises.

In conclusion, I will say to the Rev. ex-P. E., that the time for holding a Camp-Meeting on the celebrated ground at Ennalls' Spring is fixed, I understand, for the 7th of August. Allow me to add in behalf of "your many friends on Dorchester circuit" that they would be pleased not only to see you at their encampment, but such of your friends as may feel an interest in their spiritual welfare. Come over into Macedonia and help us, and take for your text, if you choose Bishop Morris' theme, should you chance not to have a better.

Dorchester Circuit. VESTIBULE.

☞ Why are book-keepers like chickens? Because they have to "scratch" for a living.

Select Story.

AUNT SALLY'S MUFF.

Miss Sally Strong was a peculiar woman. For sixty years she had retained her name, which exactly suited her hardy nature. She was one of those who seemed to have been born an old maid in perspective. Yet she was a privileged person, and people would smile at an ill-natured remark from her as though it were a compliment. Even the young minister of the parish treated her with marked respect, although he was certain to have his last sermon wofully criticised, in answer to his kind inquiry regarding her health. The secret of all this might have been written in three words—she was rich; and even the clergyman was world-minded enough to desire to be on good terms with one who was the largest contributor to his support.

Aunt Sally, as the villagers universally called her, had received the bulk of her property from a deceased aunt, which her shrewd business qualities had enabled her to invest so advantageously, that she increased in wealth as she did in years, and, like many other rich people well advanced in life, had scores of affectionate young relatives. Her cold, gray eyes were too shrewd not to see through their eager attentions to the very selfishness of their source.

One nephew, however, did not belong to this class of schemers. On the contrary, the old lady was very often the victim of his jokes, and he would dispute with her just for the fun of having a hot argument. Yet, for any real service, she would oftener apply to him than to any one else. She had even loaned him a sum sufficient to stock a fine horse, but still this Frederick so often annoyed and vexed her that public opinion was about equally divided as to whether he would be the favorite heir or be cut off with a shilling.

One evening, upon the meeting of the parish sewing-circle, at the house of the clergyman, this nephew perpetrated a joke upon his aunt, the result of which he never forgot. She, unlike most maiden ladies, considered these gatherings a sort of fashionable nuisance, but usually was present in order to indulge in her sarcastic remarks. Her nephews was there, ostensibly to wait upon his aunt, but the fair Lucy, daughter of the worthy practitioner, Dr. Blood, particularly allured him with her charms.

The evening passed off pleasantly, and when the party broke up, as Frederick was taking leave of his young friends, with his aunt upon one arm and the fair Lucy upon the other, the old lady suddenly remembered that she had left her muff.

"Oh, never mind, aunt," said the young man, "I will get it and send it up to you in the morning."

"But I do mind, Fred Strong, for it is not my way to leave things about in this manner.

But where can it be? I certainly left it with my bonnet and cloak."

Search was immediately made, and after a while it was found stuffed in a deacon's hat.

"Oh, fie upon you, aunt! Such a hint, and the deacon only a recent widower!" exclaimed her laughing nephew.

Aunt Sally seized her muff, but the hat adhered most affectionately to it. By an angry wrench it was liberated, and the unoffending hat flew across the entry, projected by the vigorous foot of the incensed maiden. When it arrived at the terminus of its short journey, it had assumed a most questionable shape, and its condition might certainly have been termed "shocking bad."

"I will pay you for this, young man."

"Don't trouble yourself, dear aunt. So far as I am concerned, you are entirely welcome."

"You will perhaps tell me that you have had no hand in this matter?"

"No, I will tell you no falsehood about it; but I intended it as a joke upon our stiff deacon as much or more than upon yourself."

"At best it is but an ill trick you have played upon me, and now mark my words: You shall have reason to remember this muff to the latest day of your existence."

"As you please, aunt, since you take it so seriously; but I didn't think a silly joke would have thus offended you."

Time passed on, and young Strong prospered famously in his business. He had amassed sufficient means to be enabled to repay his aunt the sum she had loaned him, but she declined receiving it, alleging that she preferred to have it remain on interest. In the meantime, he had also persuaded the gentle Lucy to share his fortunes. As for Aunt Sally, a singular mania seemed to possess her. In the matters of real estate, stocks, etc., she had become a perfect alchemist, turning all to gold.

The neighbors looked on and wondered, but none ventured to remonstrate with her. She was often seen to visit the office of Squire A——, and it was rumored that she was making the final arrangements for the bestowal of her property after her decease. The affair of the muff was not forgotten, and it was current with the good villagers that Fred would have to pay dearly for that joke.

One morning the village was all in action. During the night the spirit of the redoubtable lady had quietly taken its flight. She was found dead in her arm-chair, and had died as she had lived, alone. She had alarmed no one during the night, nor had she suffered previous illness. Curiosity, of course, was intense on the subject of her will, and it was produced as soon as decency would allow. All her connections were present, and their eager, hopeful, anxious countenances, would have furnished a rare subject for the pencil of an artist. The reading of the will proceeded until it was finished, except a simple codicil. Each of the relatives, excepting her nephew, had been remembered—some to a greater extent than others, but none considerable.

At all events, not one-third of her fortune had been dispensed, and as the codicil only remained, all eyes were turned to Frederick Strong as the lucky one after all. But what was their surprise when they found it only made him the recipient of her old sable muff and contents. The word "contents" again excited their curiosity, and, to satisfy them, the article was produced, and found only to contain a simple paper sewed on the lining. When detached and opened, in the bold handwriting of Aunt Sally were found these words:

"DEAR NEPHEW:—You will doubtless appreciate this, the last joke I shall ever be guilty of, as I appreciated yours on a certain time you will remember. God bless you and yours. Farewell."

Frederick declared he was satisfied. The old lady had fairly retorted upon him, and he certainly deserved nothing better at her hands.

But what had become of Aunt Sally's money? That was the mystery, and it became a wonder to the worthy villagers, who discussed it on every occasion. She was known to have large sums of money at various banks, but all this the anxious relatives ascertained was drawn out a few days before her death. Squire A——— was consulted, who had drafted the will, but he stoutly maintained that the will covered the whole of her property, and he would have nothing further to do with it.

One evening, about six months after the old lady's death, while Frederick was conversing with his wife, the subject of the muff was introduced.

"That was a costly joke of yours, dear Fred," said his wife, gaily.

"But I got the muff, at all events, Lucy, and what is better, no one has come forward to claim the three thousand dollars which she loaned me. I feel confident that she intended to present it to me, and therefore destroyed my note."

"Let us have a look at the old relic, Fred, if the moths have not eaten it wholly up. I will return with it in a moment."

The muff was produced, and, as Lucy predicted, the lining was wofully moth-eaten.

"My dear wife, you must look to this, for I prize it dearly, on good Aunt Sally's account. I think you had better rip out the lining, and renovate the whole with camphor."

Lucy took her scissors and commenced at once upon the task.

"What can the old lady have stuffed it with, I wonder? Why, Fred, instead of cotton, she has wadded it with dirty brown paper."

"Dirty brown paper indeed!" exclaimed her husband, springing from his chair and catching her hand, as she was about to throw a bunch into the grate. "Why, these are bank-notes, or I am dreaming."

The mystery of the word "contents" was now explained. Note after note was drawn out, until more than thirty thousand dollars lay on the table before them. A letter was also found from the aunt, which stated that she always intended him for her heir. His own note also came to light, from which his name had been torn off. This new revelation, of course, created an immense excitement among the villagers; but Frederick and his wife kept on the even tenor of their way, respected by all—not for their wealth, simply, but for themselves. One evening in each year, they open their splendid mansion to all. It is a famous affair for the villagers, and is known as the anniversary of "Aunt Sally's Muff."

☞ A noted villian in Hon. Bailie Peyton's district, was always a hard worker against the Colonel, but was observed to be missing on one election day.

"What's become of Bill Jones?" asked the candidate, of Bill's cronies.

"Well," responded the latter, "I b'lieve he's been shut up down in Georgia, for rough gambling."

"Rough gambling! what's rough gambling down in *Georgia?*"

"Why, cutting trunks off from behind stages, and such like."

☞ "What's the reason," said one Irishman to another, "that you and your wife are always disagreeing?" "Because we are both of one mind; she wants to be master and so do I," replied Pat.

☞ "Recollect, sir," said a tavern-keeper to a coach passenger who had only a glass of water, and not remembering the waiter—"Recollect, sir, if you lose your purse, *you didn't pull it out here!*"

☞ There is an inscription on a tombstone at La Pointe, Lake Superior, which reads as follows: "John Smith, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

☞ "How do you suppose," said a sexton's wife to a market-man, "that I can afford to buy ducks, when my husband has not buried a *living soul* these three months?"

☞ "First class in sacred music, stand up. How many kinds of metre are there?" "Three, sir: long metre, short metre, and meet'er by moonlight!"

☞ A western editor in dunning his subscribers says he has had *responsibilities* thrown upon him which he is obliged to *meal*.

☞ Pompey said he once worked for a man who raised his wages so high that he could only reach them once in two years.

☞ A one armed man is always an off-handed kind of fellow.

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