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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 sexuel 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.

Choice Poetry.

Imitation of Beranger.—Song.

They say it's wrong for you and me
To love each other girl, so well;
But why it should be I can't see,
And sure I am that you can't tell?
And if it is, what shall I do?
I cannot help it: Moll, can you?

Propriety forbids such things,
Society in vain repeats;
I fear such pleasant wanderings
My heart will go on while it beats;
And if it does, what shall I do?
I cannot help it: Moll can you?

So many little things are sins,
To which I feel myself inclined,
Where duty ends or where begins;
I can't well settle in my mind
And if I don't, what shall I do?
I cannot help it: Moll can you?

A Thought on Woman.

What makes a woman now-a-days?
Intelligence? good looks?
A mind where all the virtues dwell?
No—drygoods hung on hoops!
Ho! whales, that sail the briny deep,
Repine not at your fate;
Your flesh illuminates the world—
Your bones make women great!
All would be great—but all don't like
A course of education;
Schools, study, books—ah! what are these
Compar'd with inflation?

Bread Falling.

Once, when a loaf of baker's bread
Fell from a shelf on Jones's head—
The man, instead of bawling,
Observed, with countenance demure,
"One can't be sorry, I am sure,
To see that bread is falling!"

Miscellaneous.

Letter of Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, to Rev. Peter Cartwright, of Illinois.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, July 4th, 1857.

REV. SIR:—In traveling for health and recreation, I find myself in the new and beautiful city of Davenport, on the 4th of July, and know not how better to celebrate the day than by giving expression to a few thoughts suggested by reading your Autobiography. The work is interesting and instructive, as it gives some account of the labors and sufferings of those early pioneers who planted Gospel vineyards in the great western wilderness, in the face of difficulties sufficient to have appalled the Apostles of old. The only tools they worked with consisted of the Bible and Hymn Book; the rules to direct their labor were contained in a little pamphlet called the "Discipline," and the history of the fruits of their labors was summed up in little annual tracts called "Minutes." The only sins they preached against were sins specified in the Bible. With these simple means, a few illiterate preachers of the word of God, (as it is written and plain to the comprehension of every man and woman) in a very short time made more converts to Christianity in the valley of the Mississippi, and planted more churches than did the Apostles themselves in the whole of Europe and Asia. Of late years, however, the grapes in many of the richest vineyards are turning sour. Wherever this is the case, I have satisfactorily ascertained that the laborers in the vineyards have been using other tools than the Bible and the Hymn Book, and striking at other sins than those designated as sins in the revealed word of God. There was a man hung yesterday in sight of this growing city, and not permitted to see the light of the glorious fourth, for killing his wife. On inquiry I find that the sin that the rising generation in several of the schools and colleges at the north-east are mostly taught to shun, and the loudest thunders of the pulpit roar against, is not murder or any other that the Bible denounces, but a new sin lately discovered to be a sin by an aristocratic junta of Exeter Hall, London, the sin of slavery. According to the dogmas of Exeter Hall, slavery is not only sin against God, but a sin so heinous that it would be doing God a most acceptable service to abolish it. According to the Bible, the law from Mount Sinai was confided to the slaveholding Jews, the Saviour of mankind began and ended his earthly pilgrimage in a slaveholding country, and in no instance preached against slavery as a sin. By preaching Exeter Hall dogmas from the pulpit, and insisting upon them as if they were Gospel truths, and by instilling them into the minds of the young of schools and colleges, as a most essential part of education, the people have been led into angry contentions, and most of the churches have been divided and split into irreconcilable fragments. The only remedy for the evil is to go back to the text books of the early pioneers, and preach no other doctrine than the doctrine contained in them. The Bible has nothing to do with slavery or any other political institution. It is to reform the heart of fallen man, to cast out sin from the inner man, and thus to banish evil from society, whether slave or free, Democratic, monarchial or despotic. Hence it is adapted to all forms of government. It would not be a Divine Book if it were only suited to some particular form of government. No matter what the government, the Revealed Word, preached in its purity, is all potent to banish sin. You know this to be true because in the early years of your ministry you preached the pure, unadulterated Word both to slaves and freemen—both fell before it, and were converted to God.

Whereas the preaching of Abolitionism or any other species of politics, never did nor never can convert a single soul. Instead of purifying the heart, as Bible preaching does, it sows the seeds of infidelity and feeds the evil passions which true religion subdues.—The doctrine that slavery is sin against God is nowhere taught in the Bible, but is simply an ingenious political device of the aristocrats of Great Britain to overthrow our republican institutions and to destroy our Northern manufactures. You and I reside in the same great, happy, prosperous and Christian country, whose republican example the monarchists and privileged classes of Europe so much fear. You live in the North-west and I in the South-west. The distance from London, through France, Germany and Austria to the Turkish dominions, is not so great as the distance between your home and mine, yet our political interests are identical now as they would be, if we were both back on our native James river and Potomac. But it is the policy of Great Britain to make us believe otherwise if she can. Hence her statesmen have added a new commandment to the decalogue. They forbid slaveholding, they have denounced slavery as a sin and have organized societies, both in Europe and America, to enlist the sympathies of the world against the alleged sin and procure its immediate abolition. The Abolitionists proper regard you as one of their worst enemies, because you do not concur with them in the means used to abolish slavery. You are opposed to any violent measures to blot out the alleged sin, and in favor of dealing with the sin, if it be a sin, as other sins are dealt with, by simply preaching the revealed word of God in its plain sense and reading. But why class slavery among the sins at all, considering it is not so classed in the Bible? Why look for it to fall under the preaching of the gospel, considering that it is not denounced as a sin in holy writ and stands on the same footing as the institution of marriage? You did not derive your belief in the sinfulness of slavery from anything you read in the Bible, and I am sure you did not derive it from the writings, lectures or preaching of the modern abolitionists. You brought the belief with you from Virginia and the South. In former times a great many people in the slaveholding States regarded negro slavery as a social, moral and political evil. They were led to this belief principally from abstract or theorotical reasoning, founded on the assumption that the negro was a being in every respect like themselves except in the color of his skin. My father and a great many others fell into this error and emancipated their slaves. But experience proved not only in Virginia but in other States that emancipation, so far from bettering the condition of the negroes, almost invariably made it worse. But the evil did not stop at that. The black freemen became tresspassers on the white freemen who had liberated them and on the population generally. Hence the Legislatures of the States, where the blacks were numerous, were compelled in self-defence to put a stop to the experiment of emancipation. It was clearly foreseen, that if the negroes were liberated the whites would have to leave the country or labor, not only for the support of themselves, but for the black freemen likewise. It was also ascertained that they would have to increase the number of prisons and penitentiaries and incur the expense of a strong police force.—You left the South before the experiment of emancipation had been fairly tried and proved a failure. Hence you carried with you the old ideas about slavery being an evil.

You may remember something of the Guinea negroes that had been imported into Virginia. If you do, you will remember that in size, actions and grimances, they resembled the ourang-outang, almost as much as their descendants of the fourth and fifth generation resembled them. A daguerreotype of old Guinea Tom, as I have frequently seen him in the days of my boyhood, with snakes in his bosom engaged in a species of heathen worship, called "conjuring," if placed in contrast with a good likeness of his grand children, two of whom were popular preachers, I am sure would be sufficient of itself to show, that whatever evils may be attached to negro slavery, it is fairly entitled to the merit of greatly improving the African race, physically, morally and mentally. If I could send you a daguerreotype of the third or fourth generation of negroes born in freedom, and left in neighborhoods to themselves, remote from the supervisatory care of the white man, you would see at once that they were rapidly retrograding to the original barbarism from which slavery had raised their grandfathers. The minutes of your conference will prove, that up to the year 1810, the colored communicants in Philadelphia greatly exceeded those of Charleston. When I last examined the minutes, some few years ago, I found more colored communicants in the Charleston district than in all the non-slaveholding States put together. I found also, on examining the statistics of the Northern cities, that they have been gaining in the number of black criminals almost as fast as the church has been losing its colored communicants by negro freedom. If the Hebrew names, given to the children of Ham, could be rendered into English with all their original significance, every one would see that they were not only black, but had that type of mind qualifying them for no other than a subordinate condition in society, or in other words, that slavery is their normal condition and they never can be civilized or Christianized in any other. The whole subject could be settled in a trice—the schisms in the churches healed and our political union cemented, if dealt with, as you dealt with Gen. Jackson, boldly faced, and the truth, however unwelcome, forced upon the public as you forced the awful tenets of the church upon his attention; instead of mincing matters or smothering your Methodist doctrine, (when kindly pulled by the coat in the pulpit by a brother clergyman, and admonished in a whisper of the presence of that renowned personage,) you cried out aloud his name—the hero stood up before you, and you thundered in his face the awful words that "God would damn his soul if he did not get converted." Many of the audience, knowing his impetous temper, trembled for you and one of the preachers, after church was over, called on him to apologize, especially for some additional remarks you made that God would make as quick work in damning him as he would a Guinea negro. Jackson waived the apologizer from his presence.

The law had taken effect—you had come squarely up to his standard of what a minister of the gospel ought to be—viz: to love everybody, and to fear no mortal man. He naturally concluded that love for him and every soul around was the moving spring of what might be regarded as intemperate zeal, and he opened his heart to receive the Word as you preached it. When he afterwards met with you he shook you cordially by the hand, and remarked that he only wanted a few thousand such independent, fearless men to officer an army to take old England. There is reason to believe that as England and the war disappeared in the distance, Heaven opened to his view, and the Word you had so fearlessly preached, prompted him to win the eternal bliss he now enjoys. Andrew Jackson has gone to Heaven and left the work of taking Old England to Young America, and Young America can do it in a short time by the force of example, without striking a blow, if we only had a few thousand fearless, independent preachers to proclaim the truths revealed in the Bible in regard to negroes, and confirmed by experience and observation, as that would prevent any danger to Christianity and republican institutions from the slavery question. The privileged classes of Europe, who have stripped the great masses of their fellow men, beings like themselves, of all the essential comforts of life by taking advantage of their prejudices and sowing dissensions among them, are trying to play the same game upon the people of the United States that has succeeded so well in Europe and the East Indies; hence they are using the slavery question as an apple of discord—to divide the Union and cheat the Yankees out of their manufactures, by pointing to the flag of liberty over the white man and the whip over the negro—carefully concealing the important truth that the white and black races are essentially different—liberty being as injurious to the latter as it is beneficial to the former. No one knows better than the British aristocracy, British doctors of divinity, British statesmen and philosophers, that the negro is not a white man with a black skin, but a different being, differing in wants and mental conformation. They know the version of the Scriptures, called the Septuagint, quoted by our Saviour and the Apostles, uses the Greek, Ethiopian, where Cush and some other Hebrew words, to designate the negro race, occur in our version, and conveying no meaning to the English reader. Yet they know that it suits British policy to contend for the perfect equality of the races, and to brand every other doctrine as irrational and anti-Scriptural. Hence the whole current of English literature is filled with Abolition poison to tempt the young republican giant, who is write the *mene tekel* of king craft on the heavens, to drink and die. Yours very truly,

SAMUEL A. CARTWRIGHT, M. D.,
of New Orleans.

To Rev. Peter Cartwright, Pleasant Plains, Illinois.

WOMAN.

A California State Senator, speaking upon some bill affecting the property or business of woman, pays them a handsome tribute thus:

"I love woman; I have loved her all my life—through boyhood, youth, manhood, and mature years. I expect to love her all my life, and dying, to be faithful to the same high and inspiring sentiments; for amid all the varied scenes, temptations, struggles and hopes of existence, one star brighter than others has lighted and guided me onward. If I have any high and noble ambition, the exciteing energy has been in the approving smile coming from the eye of woman. And I judge her influence is upon others. Gentle in her affections, yet mighty through her influence, her medium of rule is as powerful as the ballot box. She has ruled me from boyhood with the soft and winning influence of her virtues and her beauty. I remember my first love; my baby affections at four years of age. I have been in love nearly every month of my life since, save the dark and rayless days and years which succeeded the desolate. And never, sir, while I remember my mother, long since in her grave—I remember the night she died—never, while I hold in my memory one other—and her memory is all that is left for me—shall I refuse to give my voice, my influence and my vote, for any measure necessary to protect and cherish the weaker and better part of creation, against the oppression, neglect and abuse of my sex."

☞A good story is told of a grave divine on Cape Cod, not long since, who awoke from a comfortable nap in his chair, and discovered his amiable helpmate in the performance of an act for which Gov. Marcy once made a charge of fifty cents to the State—in other words, mending his pantaloons. Inspired with a love of fun which seldom affected him, he inquired, "Why are you, my dear, like the evil adversary spoken of in Scripture?" Of course she was unable to discover any resemblance.—"Because," said he, "while the *husbandman* slept, you *sowed the tares!*"

IMMORTAL HOPES.

O, what were life,
Even in the warm and summer light of joy,
Without those hopes that, like refreshing gales
At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul,
Breathed from the ocean of eternity!
And O! without them who could bear the storms
That fall in roaring blackness o'er the waters
Of agitated life! Then hope arise
All round our sinking souls, like those fair birds,
O'er those false plumes the tempest has no power,
Waving their snow-white wings amid the darkness
And wiling us with gentle motion, on
To some calm island, on whose silvery strand
Dropping at once, they fold their silent pinions,
And, as we touch the shores of paradise,
In love and beauty walk around our feet!

[Wilson.

Two Ways of Managing a Husband.

Few things are more common in domestic life than for the husband and wife to strive for the mastership; and thus human beings who ought to assist each other, and dwell together in affection, frequently pass a life of discord in rendering each other unhappy. The husband who is not greatly influenced by a prudent and affectionate helpmate is unworthy of her, and the wife who so far forgets herself as to try to rule her husband, will not increase her happiness by usurping his authority. The husband when he is aware that his wife has more prudence, judgment, and talent than himself, does well to avail himself of them by leaving to her the management of affairs requiring the exercise of these qualities. It is a purely selfish motive that actuates either husband or wife to rule each other, and yet this motive, unworthy as it is, exerts its baneful influence in ten thousand times ten thousand hearts.

Mr. Connor was a well-meaning man, of very little energy of character, and was completely under the control of his wife. Mrs. Connor was continually boasting that no man should rule her, that she took care to let her husband see that she had spirit, and that she could make him do what she liked at any time. Poor Mr. Conner submitted to this thaldrom very patiently, rather than contend with her, for when he did try to contend with her, she got into such dreadful passions that she actually terrified him half out of his senses, and he trembled like one in an ague; to secure his own peace, therefore, he consented to her ruling him, and rule him she did in everything.

Mr. Cooper, a neighbor, was fond of laughing at Mr. Connor's weakness.

"Would I," he often said, "be such a poor, spiritless being as to be ruled by my wife? No never! Poor Connor dares not say that the sun shines, without asking leave of his wife; but my wife knows pretty well that my will must be obeyed."

Now this very positive, overbearing disposition on Cooper's part enabled his wife to manage him easily. If he wanted to stay at home, she proposed to go out, when he immediately determined not to stir a foot out of doors, to show he was master; if she really wished a walk, she had only to request him to allow her to finish what she was engaged in within doors, and he would put on his hat, and in a dictatorial manner tell her to put on her bonnet.

Mrs. Connor and Mrs. Cooper once agreed to have a day's pleasure; it was therefore settled between them that their husbands should take them to a place of popular resort, about twelve miles distant. It was only necessary for Mrs. Connor to express her intention in a determined way, when her husbond, to avoid a quarrel, agreed directly to drive her over. Mrs. Cooper, however, went another way to work. She was determined to go, and commenced to her husband as follows:

"Would you believe," said she, "that our neighbors, the Connor's are silly enough to spend a whole day in a visit to Boxhill? They mean to go to-morrow."

Says Mr. Cooper—"I do not know there is anything so silly about it; if I felt disposed to go there or anywhere else, I would go."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Cooper, "you might go, but you would not be so unreasonable as to take me there against my will."

"Against your will, indeed!" said Mr. Cooper; "a wife ought to have no will but that of her husband; if I thought proper for you to go, you should go."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Cooper, "you have had your own way too much; if I were determined not to go, you would find some trouble in persuading me."

"Trouble in persuading you," said Cooper, "then I am resolved to go, and you shall go too. I will have my way, Mrs. Cooper, and no wife in the world shall control me; so tomorrow morning prepare to go to Boxhill, for whether you will or not, there shall you go."

"Mr. Cooper," said his wife, "I knew when you take a thing into your head, you will have your own way; I never yet met with so determined a man."

WINNING A BET.—A Georgia negro was riding a mule along, and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped.

"I'll bet you a quarter, said Jack, "I'll make you go ober dis bridge," and struck the mule over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. "You take do bet den," said the negro and contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge, "I won dat quarter, any how," said Jack.

"But how will you get your money," said a man close by, unperceived.

"To-morrow," said Jack, "massa gib me a dollah to git corn, and I take the quarter out."

☞Woman, she guides the steps of childhood, cheers the labors of manhood, and smoothes the pillows of age. To her we offer the warmest sentiments of gratitude and love.

Things you must Never Do.

Never converse with a lady with a cigar in your mouth, or smoke in anybody's company without apologizing for the same.

Never remind people of personal deformity or of the relatives who have disgraced them.

Never leave a letter unanswered, and use the stamp which was enclosed to you, to reply with, on a letter to your own sweetheart.

Never ride in a fine carriage and keep a score of servants, while your widowed sister trudges along on foot, and toils for her daily bread.

Never wear a finer coat than the merchant you owe for it, or the tailor whom you have not paid for the making.

Never turn a deaf ear to a woman in distress, because you cannot see how *you* would be the gainer by her bettered condition.

Never jest with a single woman about the anxiety of all women to be married; nor tell your wife you married her because you pitied her lonely condition.

Never insult the modest by ribaldry, the grave by levity, nor the pious by contempt of sacred things.

Never subscribe to the "Democrat" without paying for it, and never rest satisfied until your neighbors have done likewise.

WANTS SOMETHING.—The following letter, which we publish from the columns of the Atlanta, (Ga.) *Intelligencer*, shows that the spoils are duly appreciated by the Young America of that region:

ATLANTA, GA., Nov. 10, 1856.

"HON. JAMES BUCHANAN—*Dear Sir:*—The election is now over, and you are President. During the canvass I have hollered for you until I am hoarse, and my throat is sore, and I have spent all my small change. If you have got any office that would suit a boy of my age (13 years,) I would like to have it—and if not, please send me ten dollars.

Yours respectfully."

Adoration amid Natural Scenes.

How beautiful this dome of sky!
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
At Thy command, how awful! Shall the soul,
Human and rational, report of Thee,
Even less than these? Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise Thee with impassioned voice;
My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here; where Thou has built,
For thy own glory, in the wilderness.

[Wordsworth.

A FITTING REBUKE.—Having in my youth notions of severe piety, says a celebrated Persian writer, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray and read the Koran. One night, as I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading. "Behold," said I to him, "thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God." "Son of my soul," he answered, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren."

☞A homely illustration by a colored preacher in this town struck us as being both good and characteristic. Said he:

"My bredren, de liberal man wat gib away his prope'ty ain't gwine to hebben for dat, no more den some of you wicked sinners. Charity am no good without righteousness. It am like beafsteak widout gravy; dat is to say, no good no how."

Hoops.

Roll on, ye monstrous whale-bone hoops—roll on!
Ten thousand squibs are launched at you in vain.
Man marks the world in his restless course,
But cannot touch the hoops; they laugh to scorn
Jokes, punsters, clergymen; the press and all;
And when they die—as die they must—
'Twill be because they have gone their appointed rounds.

☞Seeing upon his wife's shoulder a large shawl pin, Mr. D. said:

"In the military, eh? Got to be captain."

She instantly remarked, pointing to a third baby in her lap—

"No, recruiting sergeant in the third infantry."

☞In 1750 a gallows and whipping post stood near Potter's tavern, in Cambridge, which gave rise to the following:

"Cambridge is a famous town,
Both for wit and knowledge;
Some they whip and some they hang,
And some they send to college."

☞"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient, "that you think me a humbug." "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

☞It has been said that grain is treated like infants. When the head becomes heavy, it is cradled; and it is generally well thrashed to render it fit for use.

☞"What are wages here?" asked a laborer of a boy. "I don't know, sir." "What does your father get on Saturday night?"—"Get," said the boy, "why he gets as tight as a brick."

☞Which is the oldest—Miss Ann Tiquity, old Aunty Diluvian, Miss Ann Terior, Miss Ann Cestor, Miss Ann T. Mundane, or Miss Ann T. Cedent?

☞"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady. "He has made a fiddle out of his own head, and he has wood enough for another."

☞An Editor down East, who served fou days on a jury, says he is fo full of law that i is hard work for him to keep from cheating somebody.

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