NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That if the County charges due on above lands, for the year 1836, charged on the books of the Commissioners of Tax, for Dorchester County, to the foregoing persons, shall not be paid to Jno. Martin, Esqr. late Collector of said county, within the space of thirty days after the publication of this notice is completed, the lands so charged as aforesaid, or such part thereof as may be necessary to raise the sum due thereon, together with a proportion of the legal charges, shall be sold to the highest bidder, for the payment of the same. By order of the Commissioners of the Tax for Dorchester County.

WILLIAM REA, Clerk.

Commissioners Office, Cambridge, Aug. 17th, 1837. 4w

Portrait Painting.

MR. HODGES, *Artist of Baltimore*, will remain a few weeks in Cambridge, for the purpose of practising his profession, and respectfully proffers his services in

PORTRAIT AND MINIATURE

PAINTING

He will also give lessons in several styles of PAINTING, equally interesting to young ladies and gentlemen, viz:—Landscape, Fruit, Flowers, Mezzotint, Oriental tint, Transfering, Oil, Japan and

Grecian Painting.

MR. H. will be happy to wait upon those who are disposed to favor him, either at their dwellings, or at his rooms at Mr. Goldsmith's Hotel.

June 10, 1837.

The N. York Express.

The New-York Express is a Daily and Semi-weekly Newspaper, lately established in the City of New-York, by JAMES BROOKS of Portland, Maine, and ROBERT EDSON, of Hudson's News Rooms. The price of the daily is ten dollars, and of the semi-weekly, four dollars in advance, and five if not paid within the year.

Subscribers not known to the proprietors are expected to give references in New York, unless the money accompanies their order. The proprietors know full well that in the management of a daily newspaper in New-York, the editors must neither sleep nor slumber upon their posts, and while thousands of their fellow citizens are in their beds, that is the time for them to be at their task, but they are prepared for this exertion. They have the health, spirits and the nerve to stand such an encounter and are ready for it knowing full as they do, the activity of some of their contemporaries and their indefatigable exertions never to be outdone.—Yet nevertheless, they think there is room for them. New York is increasing with a rapidity that defies calculation and mocks all prophecy—marching onwards even with strides that threaten a close approximation of the empire city of the commercial world over the sea: and sure in all this vigorous and marvellous growth, a new Journal may succeed, where others have, when New-York was, as it were, but in her swathing clothes, and not the giant she now is—with her thousand arms stretching over both the old world and new. In such a great city then; the heart of our vast land, and the link between that land and Europe—where no taxes upon paper, no stamps, no restrictions upon the Press, encumber and overload the business of Journalizing, there is ample scope and range enough for us and all our contemporaries too.

The great and primary object of the proprietors is to create a commercial Newspaper, but it is just as impossible to live in this hot political world of ours without mingling in politics, as to go into the fire without being burnt. True, when the Whigs ayer that two and two make four, and the friends of Mr. Van Buren aver that two and two make three and a half, they could take the ground of neutrality, aver as loudly as either, that two and two make three & three fourths, but there is a right and a wrong side on every question, and one must in a country like this be on one side or other.—As to this right political side, we are quite sure that it is that of the Whigs, but were otherwise, we should be puzzled enough to publish a Commercial Journal, when Commerce and Whig principles are identified, one with another. Already we have a connexion with "Hudson's News Room," the basis of a newspaper establishment, a Price Current, Shipping List, and excellent arrangements for all news, Foreign and American: but not satisfied with this we shall immediately push our arrangements to the farthest point for the procuring of news.—One of the Messrs. Hudsons is about to sail for Liverpool, and go from thence to London, Havre and Paris, for the purpose of devising the most expeditious and surest means of receiving commercial intelligence from abroad. The rapid arrangements that we have been compelled to make for the publication of the "Express," have of course cost it out of our power to have a new Press, we have ordered one of the first quality, a double cylinder, which will be done by the middle of September, and then the 'Express' will be the *largest Daily Newspaper in the World.*

The arrangements of our office, though not wholly completed, are rapidly advancing. We have established, at a great expense, a Correspondence with every important section of our country, and as soon as possible we intend to do the same with every interesting part of the world. Our subscription list has increased and is still increasing beyond the highest expectations We feel sure of ultimate success and it will therefore be our pride to deserve it. With such arrangements as these, we hope to have a fair share of public patronage, to deserve which, we shall assuredly do all that in our power.

BROOKS & HUDSON,

N. York City, corner of *Wall* & *Water*-sts

June 10, 1837

For Baltimore.

THE TEAM-BOAT

MARYLAND

WILL leave Cambridge every Wednesday and Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, for the above place, touching at Annapolis, on her way to Baltimore; and leaves Baltimore every Tuesday and Friday at 7 o'clock, for Annapolis, Cambridge and Easton.

☞All baggage at the owner's risk.

L. G. TAYLOR.

March 11, 1837

Wm. W. Laird,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFERS his professional services to the public. His office is the one lately occupied by Judge Goldsborough.

Dec. 31 5mos.

MARYLAND:

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, 26th day of June, 1837.

ON application of *Sally A. Gootee*, administratrix of *Andrew S Gootee*, late of Dorchester Co. deceased—It is ordered that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week, for the space of three successive weeks, in the Cambridge Chronicle, a paper selected by him.

In testimony That the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester County Orphans' Court, I have hereunto set my name, and the seal of my office affixed, this 26th day of June in the year of our Lord, 1837.

WM. W. ECCLESTON,

Register of Wills, Dorchester Co.

In compliance with the above order This is to give Notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Dorchester County, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Andrew S. Gootee, late of Dorchester Co., deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 6th day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 26th day of June, 1837.

SALLY ANN GOOTEE, admr'x. of A. S. Gootee

July 1 3w

The New-Yorker.

QUARTO EDITION.

THE publishers of the "New-Yorker," encouraged by the generous and steadily increasing patronage which has hitherto rewarded their exertions, propose to issue from the commencement of their third volume, on the 26th of March ensuing, a new Double Quarto Edition of their journal, instead of, but in addition to, the one now published. Advertisements, except possessing a few of a strictly literary character, will be entirely excluded; and, in addition to all the matter presented in the folio New Yorker, the quarto will contain a page of popular music, &c. &c., and be accompanied by a handsome title-page and comprehensive index at the close of the volume.

The general features of the New-Yorker will remain essentially as they have heretofore been. Its columns will contain—

I. *General Literature.* Original Tales, Essays, Reviews, Poems, &c., with corresponding selections from the Quarterlies, Monthlies, and all the best class of periodicals, foreign and American, with choice extracts from new works of substantial excellence. The Editor acknowledges with pride and gratitude his obligation to his regular contributors—and among them are some whose names have shed lustre on the cause of American literature—for the steadfast support hitherto afforded him, and the confidence with which he is now enabled to assure the public that it will not soon be withdrawn. He takes pleasure in recalling the fact, that, since the establishment of the New Yorker, no other journal has afforded an equal extent and variety, of the productions of all eminent American writers of whatever section or class—a characteristic which he hopes it may still preserve; while his selections from the best foreign works have been exceeded—in quantity at least—by those of but three or four among the myriad of the cis-Atlantic periodicals.

II. *National Politics.* It has been the aim of the Editor to present a full and fair exhibit of the aspects, movements and strategies of parties in our country, including the meeting of Conventions, nomination of candidates for State and National offices, and all other significant manifestations of political feeling, with the general results of elections as fast as ascertained, and the official canvass in each instance, as soon as it shall have reached us. This course is believed to be in many respects original with this journal, and it is considered that we have just cause of felicitation in the fact, that, pursued as it has been through two years of unremitting political warfare, the fairness and general accuracy of our statements and returns have very rarely, if ever, been questioned. The Editor reserves to himself the right of remarking, as circumstances may seem to require and justice to dictate, on the less exciting political topics of the day, as on all others, with calmness, deference and moderation; but he will strive—it trusts not less successfully than hitherto—to exclude from the columns of the New Yorker every observation, reflection, or even argument, which may wantonly do violence to the sincere convictions of any well-informed reader, of whatever principle or party.

III. *General Intelligence.* In this department we can only promise the most unwearied industry and patience in the collection, condensation, and arrangement of the news, foreign and domestic, which may be gathered from the weekly reception of four hundred journals, including some choice European periodicals, and which may be afforded us by the attention of our friends abroad.

Literary Notices, Statistics, brief notices of works of Art, Amusements, the Drama, &c. &c., will from time to time be given. As a general rule, however, it will be the aim of the Editor to embody such article whether original or selected, as shall at least combine instruction with amusement.

Job-Printing,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

NEATLY AND EXPEDITIOUSLY

Executed at the Chronicle office,

AT MODERATE PRICES.

CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

VOL. XI NO. 690

"THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE."

NEW SERIES--VOL. 2. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, September 30, 1837. NUMBER 1

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY ECCLESTON & JACKSON.

—TERMS.—

The CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published every *Saturday Morning*, at TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable half yearly, *in advance*. Subscriptions will not be taken for less than six months. No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher; and the failure to order a discontinuance previously to the expiration of the time already subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

☞Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be published three times for one dollar; and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion.

In cases where the number of insertions is not limited, advertisements will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

Maryland:

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, 26th day of June, 1837.

ON application of Samuel Sewell, acting administrator of William Roach, late of Dorchester County, deceased—It is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week, for the space of three successive weeks, in the Cambridge Chronicle, a paper selected by him.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of §§§§§§§ Dorchester county Orphans' court, ‖L. S.‖ I have hereunto set my name, and §§§§§§§ the seal of my office affixed, this 26th of June, in the year of our Lord, 1837.

WM. W. ECCLESTON, Reg. of Wills, Dorchester Co.

In compliance with the above order, This is to give notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Dorchester County, in Maryland, letters of ADMINISTRATION on the personal estate of William Roach late of Dorchester county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 6th day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 26th of June, 1837.

SAMUEL SEWELL acting Adm'r. of William Roach.

N B. The notes taken at the sale of William Roach's effects will become due the 24th August. and all remaining unpaid by the 1st. day of September, together with all debts due the dec'd. will be issued on for collection in the most speedy manner that's certain. S. SEWELL.

July 1 3w

NOTICE-

THE subscriber having moved back to that well known Tavern, the

UNION HOTEL,

would be glad to entertain his old friend and the Public generally. His Table, Bar, and Stables shall be well furnished at all times, and his charges shall be moderate. Board can be had by the year, month, week or day, as low and as good as any Boarding House in town. Private Parties can be furnished with good Rooms at any time. Terrapins and Oysters will be constantly kept and served up in the neatest manner when in season.

The publics obedient Servent

JOHN T. WILSON.

August 19 1827 A.

Maryland,

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, 21st day of Aug., 1837.

ON application of Sam'l Thomas administrator of Jas. Thomas, late of Dorchester county, deceased—it is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week, for the space of three successive weeks, in the Cambridge Chronicle, a paper selected by him.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester county Orphans' Court, ‖L. S.‖ I have hereunto set my name, and ******* the seal of my office affixed, this 21st of Aug., in the year of our Lord, 1837.

WM. W. ECCLESTON, Register of wills, Dorchester Co.

In compliance with the above order—this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Dorchester county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Jas. Thomas, late Dorchester county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 28th day of February next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 21st day of Aug., 1837.

SAMUEL THOMAS, adm'r of James Thomas.

Aug 12 3w

I wish to buy or hire a good NEGRO GIRL, from sixteen to twenty years old, for which a good price would be given, for particulars apply to the Editors.

Sept. 16th, 1837. 3w

POETRY.

THE DEPARTED SPIRIT.

"Ye cannot tell whence it comes or whither it goeth.

Mysterious in its birth,
And viewless as the blast,
Where hath the spirit fled from earth,
For ever past?

I ask the grave below—
It keeps the secrect well;
I call upon the heavens to show
They will not tell.

Of earth's remotest strand,
Are tales and tidings known;
But from the spirit's distant land
Returneth none.

Winds waft the breath of flowers
To wanderers o'er the wave;
But bears no message from the bowers
Beyond the grave.

Proud science scales the skies,
From star to star doth roam,
But reacheth not the shore where lies
The spirit's home.

Impervious shadows hide
This mystery of Heaven:
But where all knowledge is denied,
No hope is given!

From the Louisville Journal.

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

I,ll think of thee, when I am far
Away from thee and thine,
Thy memory like a distant star
Around my path will shine;
And though my glance may still impart
Its wonted light of glee
Yet not a thought shall swell my heart
That is not linked with thee.

I'll sigh for thee, when glances soft
Are melting into mine,
And other lips shall whisper oft
The love now breathed by thine—
And though I smile and look so gay
As those whose hearts are free,
My own will waste itself away
In mournful sighs for thee.

I'll dream of thee at even-tide
When stars are bright above,
When through the mind sweet memories glide
And all is peace and love;—
Then voices hush'd the glances past
Will softly steal to me,
As rosy sleep shall round me cast
Those soothing dreams of thee.

AMELIA.

THE WIFE.

Feel'st thou not my joy, no quiet happiness,
No soothing sense of satisfaction, in
Loving and being loved? Is there no weight
Removed from the heart in knowing there is one
To share all, to bear all, with thee? To soothe grief,
Yea to soften away its human pain
By a superior love, the cup to temper,
With words of consolation and sweet hope
That even its very bitterness shall seem sweet—
Forgotten in the love that offers it!

E. L. READFY.

Woman's love, like the roses blooming in the arid desert, spreads its rays over the barren plain of the human heart, and while all around it is blank and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of every other charm. In no situation does the love of woman appear more beautiful than in that of a wife; parents brethren and friends, have claims upon the affections, but the love of a wife is of a distinct and different nature. A daughter may yield her life to the preservation of a parent, a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother, but the feelings which induce her to this conduct, are not such as those which lead a wife to follow the husband of her choice through every pain and peril that can befal him, to watch over him in danger, to cheer him in adversity, and even remain unaltered at his side in the depths of ignomy and shame. It is an heroic devotion which a woman displays in her adherence to the fortunes of a hopeless husband; when we behold her domestic scenes, a mere passive creature of enjoyment, an intellectual toy, brightening the family circle with her endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being, who seems to hold existence by a thread, is capable of supporting the extreme of human suffering; nay, when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that she should retain her pristine bowers of delight, and by her words of comfort and patience, lead the distracted murmerer to peace and resignation.

Man profits by connexion with the world; but woman never; constitnents of minds are different,—the principles of thought and action are moulded variously, and where the character of man is dignified and enobled, that of woman becomes reduced and degraded. The one is raised and exalted by mingled associations, the purity of the other is maintained in silence and seclusion. Woman was created by the great Giver of all good, as the help-mate of man; formed in a superior, though more fragile and delicate mould—endowed with purer and better feelings,—stronger and more exalted affections to play a distinct character in the great drama of the the created world—in fact, to reward the toil and labors of man, God made her not man's slave, neither to buffet the billows of the troubled sea of life, the jarring elements of public duties; but to share his pleasures, to console his troubled thoughts,—to join with him in his joy and exalt him in his happiness, by her participation, and to meliorate his griefs by kindness and endearments. Connection with the world destroys those other traits of feeling. She beholds man in all respects stalking abroad,—the creature of evil,—the slave of debased thoughts,—the destroyer of innocence, the despoiler of all that is bright and beautiful, and the scenes of guile, of fraud, and villany that meet the eyes, the glances at every turn, gradually stifle the kindly feelings of woman, and at length destroy that unsophisticated purity of soul, or if you will those feelings of romance, which are all best, and the most productive of happiness in the sex, which

"Heaven made to *temper man.*"

ANOTHER LETTER FROM TEDDY O'FLANNAGAN.

From the New York Herald.

PRESIDENT'S PALACE, Washington, Sept. 4th, 1837.

Blood and turf, Mister Bennett, its altogether knocked up I am. Was'nt I calculatin on being sicretary to the lord leftenant, and one of the leading men in ould Ireland, expecting his Excellency, my masther, to be made king of England and defender o' the faith; when all at onct who should pop into the palace but the Rear Admiral that had been sint off wit the lether to the quane. He looked very odd, Mister Bennett, and though it was all up wit us, so I did, and sure enuff he tould his excellency that the quane was so much engaged in making her speache to the Parliament, that she could'nt attind to him at all, and so he got in a cab, bad luck to him, and jist drove about the city of Lonnon, as if he had nothing else to do. By the powers, Misther Bennet, I think him a whit demented. 'And what were my ministers about,' says his excellency to me, 'that they did not push my claim?' 'Attendin,' says the Admiral, 'to their own business to be sure.'

Mr. Stevens was lookin after the lions, and talking about Virginia & Rush—booing to every great man he could see, without thinkin of the Smithsonian legacy. Upon my veracity, I was mad as a march hare, Mister Bennet, a regal, and could have sent the spalpleens to the divil. 'Puty way,' says I to myself, to trate their master and neglect the affairs of the nation.—And so I am not to be made sicretary to the lord leftenant afther all. Och, murther, it's too bad. His excellency has had quite a levee for some days. It kapes me constantly oppenin the door, and running about the palace.

That poor devil o'the Globes sames to be at the last grasp—its quite in a favur he is and comes snnkin to his excellency to complain o' the party for castin him off afther all he has done for it.

'Afther laborin,' says he, 'for ten years in the cause—bein kickt and cutt and bullyraged, to be chucked aside for anoder its too bad—I'll sell of in six weeks, so I will,' says he.

'If your labors had ceased twelve months ago,' says his excellency, 'it would have been better for the party and for me; but I think your labors have been well paid, for says he, seeing that ye have received seventy thousand dollars for the same very year.'

'Its that same which graves me, says Mister Blair. 'To be obleeged to give up such a thumpin' hould on the Treasvry, jist for nothing at all, is too bad,' and by my sowl, he looked for all the world like Jonas, when he took a walk out o' the whale's belley afther bein' confined in the same for three days. Och, by the powers, a distressin' sight it was Mister Bennett. But his excellency, to console him, gave him his spache to print, and sent him off, to recave their honors Mister Dickerson, Mister Woodbury and Mister Poinsett, the Sicretaries.

'Jintlemen,' says his excellency, with rather a cowld smile, 'its losin' ground we are. That stupid experiment of ould Hickory is playing the devil wit us says, he, and upon my honor and sincerity I'm bothered altogather to know what to recommend. Who would have thought it, says he, that we should loose Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, and at last Rhode Island? The jig's up with us no doubt, says he.

'*Nil disperandum,*' says Mr. Poinsett, who spakes all languages but the Gælic, which betuene you and me, is the only dacent tongue for jintleman to spake. Och! it would do your heart good to hear my uncle the praist his *pater noster* in it or me repate an amatory verish to the swate lips of Juddy, the darlint. '*Nil disperandum,*' says his honor, sorra a bit—I'll produce a diversion by collin' our the troops from Tennessee to make war on the Injins in Florida, and pay them so well that they'll whirl back again to our party.

Pray, says his honer, Mister Woodbury, and what are ye to pay wit' if a body may ask.

'Is'n't that your business'—says Mister Poinsett. 'What's become of the deposites that ye tould Congress were safer than they ever were, and that the exchanges were mace with greater aise? I think says he, ye have all got yourselves into a pretty kettle o' fish with ye're currency, which ye same to have known no more about thin the grace o' God.'

Was'n't that a devil a hint? Mister Bennett. But it had no manner o, effect upon his honor, at all at all, and throin' his round face into a grin, the Secretary said, says he—

'Its aware upon me ye are, Mister Poinsett; but was it to be help? Did'nt my masther Gineral Jackson order it? and it was'n't for sich as me to disobey. I was therefore obleeged, says he, to follow the example of Col. Benton, and practice a dale of what the whigs call humbuggery and make some bold assertions which I am sorry to say, have been proved to be foolish, not to say false. The treasury is almost empty, Mr. Poinsett, the safe deposite banks have stopped payment; trade has been knocked up, commerce almost destroyed, and nothing but shin plasters are in circulation. The Tennesseeans hav'n't been paid for the life o' me I do'n't know what to be at.

'Kape South Sea expedition at home says his honor Mister Dickerson, pulling up his pantalonns, which he concaves to be a dale too long, 'and sent the Pennsylvania to Maine to be fitted out. The first will save two or three hundred thousand dollars, and the last will secure the elections in that state. If my advice had been followed,' says he, 'little Rhode Island would have been true, and sen back Master Pearce, who had sould himself sowl and body to the party.'

'Well, well,' says his Excellency, 'we have been all in the wrong, jintlemen, and if we could do it with honor, it would be better to retrace our steps altogether, as a poor man told me the other day. I was riding out in morning, as I always do, on one o' my english horses, says he, I got into the woods and bein quite abstracted by raisin of may late embarrassments, I lost my way, and when I came out o' the woods, I found a long bog or marsh before me, and no path through it at all at all. I seen a poor man gather-brush, and I asked him how I was to get over the marsh. If ye try to crook it, says he, yere honor will be swampe l altogether. 'Then what am I to do, my good man? says I. 'Which way did you come?' says he. I told him how I had got into the woods, and what course I had taken as far as I could recollect.—Well, then,' says he, very innocently, 'jist go back and retrace your steps, and that will carry ye safely home again.' But my message, jintlemen which ye have all seen, is ready to be sent to Congress, and will go in to-morrow or next day. Polk will be elected Speaker, and Franklin clerk of the House, which will be some triump and kape the party in spirits, till the Treasury gets a little more gross, when we can use it to buy over friends.' Och Musha, Mister Bennett, isn't his Excellency a jewel of a stateman? Upon my veracity, I don't think his equal to be found in the houl world for sagashty and cunning. 'But,' says his Excellency, 'what is to be done vit poor Blar?'

'Let him go to the devil,' says his Honor Mister Poinsett, 'he's done us more harm than good, and it dacency and truth he wants, and talents as an editor too. Allen will suit our purposes much better.'

But can Allen be elected!?? says Mister Wodbury. 'For my part, I should like the exchange. I've got quite tired of that mass of blackguardism; and folly—the Globe—and Amos Kendall's everlasting nonsense and slang, which he pours into its columns.—The sooner it goes down the better.'

I was now called out o' the room, Mister Bennett, by a divil of a wring o' the bell, and who sud I find at the dure but a little smirking white headed ould man who ordered me to tell his Excellency that the honorable Mr. Cushman, of New Hampshire, had called to see him on important business. Och, murther, thought I, this is the little man they kape in the House to call the previous, question, like a cuckoo, and that get's eight dollars a day for sayin nothin at all at all, but 'order' and 'the previous question' when they put him up to it.

But it's more o' the secrets o' the cabinet I'll give ye, Mister Bennet, ma vourneen, some other time.

TEDY O'FLANNAGAN.

Tight—Tighter—Tightest.—In a good old blue law time in Connecticut, the girls were in the habit of tying their hair so tight on the back of their heads that it entirely prevented them from shutting their eyes or mouths, even if they ever felt inclined so to do. The consequence was that their lovers were compelled to untie the string before they could kiss them!

Tighter.—We were informed last summer in Philadelphia, that some of the ladies in that city were in the habit of lacing their frocks so tight, that they were obliged to loosen them before they could sneeze, or, run the risk of breaking off lots of their hoocks and eyes!!

Tightest.—A Boston paper mentions an instance of a dandy there who strapped his pantaloons down over his boots so tight that when he raised his foot to step, he could'nt get it down again, but was obliged to stand on one leg like (another) goose until the strap was taken off!!!

"Ben, whats the reason they call you and me indented apprentices?"

'I don't know,' replied Ben 'except it's because Boss licks us with a stick, and dents us all over.

A lost reputation.—A large gawky who attended school, acquired such a habit of tatling, that his playmates sought every opportunity to make him ridiculous.

When coming into school after an intermission, he preferred a complaint against a mischevous little miss somewhat like the following:

Pupil—This gal keeps sayin' I'm a thief.

Instructor—What does she say you have stolen.

Pupil—She says I stole her character.

At this juncture, a little girl jumped up and said. "I geth he did—I geth he did—for I theen him behind the houth, eatin thomethin."

Sam Slicks opinion of the Americans.

I believe we may stump the universe we improve on every thing, and we have improved on our spieces. You'll search one while, I tell you, afore yo'll find a man that, take him by and large, is equal to one of our free and enlightened citizens. He's the chap that has both wind speed and bottom; he's clear grit—ginger to the back bone, you may depend. It's generally allowed there aint the beat of them to be found any where. Spry as a fox, supple as an eel, and as cute as a weasel.—Though I say it as I should not say it, they fairly take the shine off creation—they are actilly equal to cash.

—The Clockmaker.

Rising Genisses.—Scene in a school Room.—Master—'Fuss class in jografee Scholars—'Yeth'm Master—'Tummas what's the biggests river in Amerikv?'—'The Tombigbee zur—Ike keeps a pinching on me!'—'He pincht me first, zur, and I pincht him back again.'—'Take your seats—fuss class in parsin!' 'Yeth'm Moses, parse, 'Arkansas,'—sixth line from top'—A-r-k-*ark*,a-n-s-*ans*,a-s,*ass Arkansas.*' 'Pronounce it Arkansaw—but Moses, you ain't spellin'—yer parsin,' child'—'O Yeth'er!—Harkansaw is a noun—objectice case—indicative mood—comparative degree—third person and nomity case to scissars'—'What gender, Moses'—'Feminine gender'—'Why,—'Corsits——' 'Next'—'Donno'—,Next'—'Corsits a shemale'—'Next'—'Forgotten zur'—'Come David you you know'—'Yeth'm'—'Why is Arkansas in the feminine gender, David?'—'Cositz—why Cositz got Miss Soury on the norf, Louisa An na on the souf, Mrs Sippy on the east, and ever so many shemales on the west.'—'Very well David—you may go to the head—your'e a rising genius, and 'll make a man before yer mother.' Yeth'm.'—Claremont Eagle.

Speaking out.—Those who have never spoken in public, can scarcely judge of the consternation of an old lady who spoke out in church. It was formerly the the custom in country towns, for those who lived several miles from the church, to remain during the interval between morning and evening service. On this occasion, she had taken some milk in a pitcher for the children; and in the most interesting part of the worship, a dog, who had followed them into the pew, thrust his head into the pitcher. Whether his head was too large or the pitcher too small, it is not our province to determine, but having regaled himself, the pitcher still obstinately retained its position, and he was discovered backing out, with the pitcher stuck fast to his head, and the milk streaming in every direction on his head and shoulders—"Get out Put!" says the old lady. Frightened at the sound of her own voice—"O dear, I spoke out in meeting!" said she—There, I spoke out again—O dear me, I keep talking all the time."

The English in America.—There's no richer sight that I know of than to see an Englishman when he first lands in one of our great Cities. He swells out as big as a balloon, his skin is ready to burst with wind—a regular walking bag of gass; and he prances over the pavement like a bear over a hot iron—a great awkward hulk of a feller, (for they aint to be compared to the French in manners) a smirkin at you, as much as to say, look here, Jonathan, here's an Englishman, here's a boy that's got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blunt of both kinds, a pocket full of one, and a mouthful of t'other, beant he lovely?" and he looks as fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, "say bo *to a goose* if you dare"—Ib.

Important to nurses.—We have been much amused by beholding one of the readiest modes of silencing squalling children we remember to have either read or heard of. So desirable a piece of knowledge is worthy of being universally known, and we therefore give it publicity, Take the child in its cross fits, and press, your fingers gently and repeatedly across the cartilage of the nose and in less than a minute it will be asleep.

MATRIMONY.

Matrimony is like Masonry—no one knows the secret until he is initiated.—It is like an eel-trap—very easy to get in, but plaguy hard to get out. It is in its first stage like a wind that fans the name of love; but every thing that is contradictory—sweet or bitter just as it was taken,—in short, it is

Like a glaring light
Placed in a window on a summers night
Alluring all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty wimplets their;
Those who are out butt heads against the pane.
Those who are in butt to get out again.

From the Maryland Gazette of 1790.

ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber within a few years, his whole estate consisting of houses lands, &c. They gradually and almost imperceptibly, stole away, after being put in motion by the magic art of one intemperance, who lived in the family. Any person who will put me in repossession of said estate shall be entitled to the above reward.

TOPER.

Beware of evil practices, learn to do what which is good, and Heaven will smile pon you

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