B. GAITHER TUBMAN,
Attorney at Law.
CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND.
WILL attend promptly to all business e trusted to his care.
☞OFFICE, opposite Bradshaw's Hotel
REFERENCES.—Judge B. J. Goldsborou aniel M. Henry, Esq., Col. B. G. Keen m. H. Traverse, Balto. [Jan. 4, 1854.

DR. J. B. MARCHISIS'
Celebrated Catholicon,
FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF
SUFFERING FEMALES.
It stands pr eminent for it curative power in all the disea ses for which i is recomme ded, called FEMALE COMPLAINTS. Of these ar PROLAPUS UTERI, or Falling o the Womb FLUOR ALBUS or Whites CHRONIC INFLAMMATION AND ULCERA OF THE WOMB; INCIDENTAL HEMORR , or Flooding; PAINFUL, SUPPRESSED, IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION, &c., with all accompanying evils, (Cancer excepted,) atter how severe or how long standing.
e catholicon far surpassed other remedies, ing more certain, less expensive, and g the system in a better condition. Let erested in such a remedy called and ob- pamphlet (free) containing ample proof, highly respectable sources, of the happy s of its use together with letters from first- experienced physicians, who have used it ir practice, and speak from their own ob- ions.
REFERENCES.
. PECKHAM, M. D., Utica, N. Y.
D. FLEMING, M. D., Canandaigua, N. Y
H. HILLS, M. D., Rochester, N. Y.
. FOOTE, M. D., Syracuse, N. Y.
. DUNBAR, M. D., Baltimore, Md.
. ORRICK, M. D., Baltimore, Md.
W. REESE, M. D., New-York City.
PRESCOTT, M. D., Concord, N. H.
NEWLAND, M. D., Utica, N. Y.
phlets had gratis at the Store of Dr. FLINT, Agent, Druggist, Cambridge, Also sold by ANDERSON & CAMPBELL
Letter addrssed to Messrs. Beach & on, Agent at Newberry C. H., S. C., by S. Beard, of same State.
GLENN SPRINGS, Jan. 9th, 1853.
rs. BEACH & BROWNSON—SIRS: I send ther bottle of your "Marchisi's Uterine con." My wife has been afflicted for years, and a variety of means has been l for relief, but none was obtained until ed this medicine from you. Its influ- ems almost magical: there was a mani- provement from the day it was taken. ere are a great many females in our laboring under the affliction for which dicine proposes a remedy, I feel it a recommend it to all such.
(Signed,) CLOUGH S. BEARD.
J. B. MARCHISI & CO., Proprietors. tral Depot, 304 Broadway, N. Y. 28, 1853. 1y

ROUGH BY EXPRESS!!
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
THE MEXICAN
STANG LINIMENT
been used quite extensively in the sta- s of ADAMS & CO'S GREAT ERN, EASTERN and WESTERN SES, for CURING Galds, Chafes, , Sprains and Bruises, and it has prov- al. We have no hesitation in recom- t as a valuable preparation, to be used on man or beast.
J. DUNNING,
of Adams & Co's Express Stables, New York.
great pleasure in recommending the N MUSTANG LINIMENT to all nds and customers as the best article ver used for Sores, Sprains, or Galds We have used it extensively, and ctually. Some of our men have severe Bruises and Sores, as well as Pains, and they all say it acts like can only say that we have entirely the use of any other Liniment.
J. M. HEWITT, Foreman for
CAN EXPRESS CO., 10 Wall st.
DEN'S EXPRESS, 74 Broadway,
N, VIRGIL & CO'S, 16 Wall st.
, FARGO & CO'S, 16 Wall st.
sed the MUSTANG LINIMENT y for several severe cases of hard wellings, I cheerfully give my cer- excellent effects. My daughter ump, the size of a hen's egg, upon a year. I told her to rub it with t, and a few applications entirely I have also used the Liniment for tumors, or swellings in the thrust ling, on two of my servants, and hem both in a short time. I con- ll remarkable cure, and recom- stang Liniment as the best article
JESSE T. HOPKINS,
Proprietor of Hopkins's Hotel.
, June 30th, 1853.
NTON, N. C., June 30th, 1853.
BRAGG & Co.—I feel it my duty y fellow beings who are afflicted n, to add my testimony to the ects of your MUSTANG LINI- as severely attacked in Decem- Rheumatism in its worst form, t and day with excruciating pain , being for the whole time unable n step. My right leg was so l drawn up that I could not put d, and my left arm was badly During the whole time I was at- of the most skillful physicians ut they were unable to afford finally gave me up—pronounced and said I must die. al moment I commenced using N MUSTANG LINIMENT, two small bottles I began to find sufferings; and after using seven ell as ever, and am now stout efore.
GEORGE GOOD.
ORGANTON, June 30th, 1853.
I am acquainted with George was afflicted with Rheumatism and was cured by the use of ustang Liniment.
JAMES C. SMYTH,
Merchant and Hotel Keeper.
Liniment is put up in three , for 25 cts., 50 cts. and $1 per ct. size contains three times as t. size, and the $1 size three the 50 ct. size; the large sizes eaper.
AGG & CO., Proprietors, N. Y., and St. Louis, Mo. uggists and Store-keepersgen-
Druggists in Cambridge, and Vienna, Md.
1v

Cambridge Democrat.

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

Volume 9.---No. 2. CAMBRIDGE, MD.---WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1854. Price $1.50, in Advance.

THE CAMBRIDGE DEMOCRAT,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY WM. H. BOWDLE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Price $1,50 in Advance.
OFFICE OPPOSITE MR. BRADSHAW'S HOTEL

POETRY.

"We bring a garland of poetic flowers
And blossoms from the Muse's bowers."

[From the Easton Whig.]

The Railroad Ride.

"All aboard"—the captain's song,
A puff—a jerk—we roll along;
And quicker now the puffs succeed,
And now we go it with good speed;
And here's a rock and there's a ridge;
Here's a house—we've crossed a bridge—
Here's a church--oh, what a steeple!
Here's a crowd of gaping people;
There's a woodman on a log;
Yonder is a barking dog;
Here's a river; there's a brook;
Here the road has got a crook;
On the river is a ship;
Here's a boy, he has a whip;
Here's a shop of foolish toys;
There's a school of girls and boys;
There's a river once again;
Yonder's fields of growing grain;
There's a cow, and yonder sheep;
There's a man—he's fast asleep;
Here's a rabbit—there's a squirrel;
Look out, there's a pretty girl;
Here's a pond—it's full of fishes;
There's a woman washing dishes;
Look out yonder, what a fountain;
Over yonder is a mountain;
Here's a valley; there's a hill;
Yonder is an old saw-mill;
See those trees all out in blossom;
There's a man, he's playing possum;
Here's a lad with striped trousers;
There's a city—see what houses!
Now the whistle sounds again—
There! we're safe—they've stopped the train;
Let us up and get outside—
We did'nt have a "smash-up" ride!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Fighting Preacher.

WESTERN ITINERANTS FORTY YEARS AGO.

The Western itinerants (who were the *legio fulminea* of the American ministry of their day) were usually brawny, athletic men, physically, if not mentally, educated almost to perfection. They had occasion sometimes to preach to their rude hearers with the stout fists, as well their stentorian lungs. "At a camp meeting," says Mr. FINLEY, "a row was raised, on Saturday, by about twenty lewd fellows of the baser sort who came upon the ground intoxicated, and had vowed they would break up the meeting One of the preachers went to the leader for the purpose of getting him to leave; but this only enraged him, and he struck the preacher a violent blow on the face, and knocked him down. Here the conflict began. The members saw that they must either defend themselves or allow the ruffians to beat them, and insult their wives and daughters. It did not take them long to decide. They very soon placed themselves in an attitude of defence. Brother BIRKHAMMER, an exceedingly stout man, seized their bully leader, who had struck the preacher, and with one thrust of his brawny arm, crushed him down between two benches. The aid-de-camp of the bully ran to his relief, but it was to meet the same fate, for no sooner did he come in reach of the Methodist, than with crushing force, he felt himself ground on the back of his comrade in distress. Here they were held in durance vile, till the sheriff and his posse came, and took possession, and binding them, with ten others, they were carried before a justice, who fined them heavily for the misdemeanor. As soon as quiet was restored, Bishop ASBURY occupied the pulpit.—After singing and prayer, he rose and said he would give the rowdies some advice—"You must remember that all our brothers in the church are not yet sanctified, and I advise you to let them alone; for, if you get them angry, and the devil should get in them, they are the strongest and hardest men to fight and conquer in the world. I advise you, if you do not like them, to go home and let them alone."

In speaking of one of his brother itinerants—one whom it is owing "that Methodism is now the prevailing religion in Illinois," he says:

At the camp meeting held at Alton, in the autumn of 1833, the worshippers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis, under the control of MIKE FINK, a notorious bully, the triumphant hero of countless fights, in none of which he had ever met an equal, or even second. The coarse, drunken ruffians carried it with a high hand, outraged the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all pious exercises; and yet, such was the terror the name of their leader, FINK, inspired, that no one individual could be found brave enough to face his prowess. At last, one day, when Mr. —— ascended the pulpit to hold forth, the desperadoes, on the outskirts of the encampment, raised a yell so deafening as to drown utterly every other sound. M——'s dark eyes shot lightning. He deposited his Bible, drew off his coat, and remarked aloud:

"Wait for a few minutes, my brethren, while I go and make the devil pray."

He then proceeded, with a smile on his lips, to the focus of the tumult, and addressed the chief bully:

"Mr. FINK, I have come to make you pray."

The desperado rolled back the tangled festoons of his blood-red hair, arched his huge brows with a comical expression, and replied:

"By golly, I'd like to see you do it, old snorter."

"Very well," said Mr. ——, "will these gentlemen, your courteous friends, agree not to show foul play?"

"In course they will. They're rale grit, and won't do nothin' but the clear thing, so they won't," rejoined FINK, indignantly.

"Are you ready?" asked Mr. ——

"Ready as a race-horse with a light rider," squaring his ponderous person for the combat.

But the bully spoke too soon; for scarcely had the words left his lips, when Mr —— made a prodigious bound toward his antagonist, and accompanied it with a quick, shooting punch of his herculean fist, which fell, crashing the other's chin, and hurried him to the earth like lead. Then even his intoxicated comrades, filled with involuntary admiration at the feat, gave a cheer. But FINK was up in a moment, and rushed upon his enemy, exclaiming:

"That was'nt done fair, so it warn't."

He aimed a ferocious stroke, which Mr. —— parried with his left hand, and grasping his throat with the right, crushed him down as if he had been an infant. Fink struggled, squirmed, and writhed in the dust; but all to no purpose; for the strong muscular fingers held his windpipe as in the jaws of an iron vice. When he began to turn purple in the face, and ceased to resist, Mr. —— slackened his hold and inquired:

"Will you pray now?"

"I does'nt know a word how," gasped Fink.

"Repeat after me," commanded Mr. —

"Well, if I must, I must," answered Fink, "because you're the devil himself."

The preacher then said over the Lord's prayer, line by line, and the conquered bully responded in the same way, when the victor permitted him to rise. At the consummation, the rowdies roared three boisterous cheers. Fink shook Mr. —'s hand, declaring:

"By golly, you're some beans in a bar-fight. I'd rather set-to with an old he bar in dog-days. You can pass this 'ere crowd of nose smashers, with your pictur."

Afterwards Fink's party behaved with utmost decorum, and Mr. — resumed his seat in the pulpit.

Wives, Save your Husbands.

The following should be read by every woman in the country, married or unmarried—yes, it should be committed to memory and repeated three times a day, for it contains more truth than many volumes that have been written on the subject:

"How often do we hear a man say I am going to California, Australia, or some where else. You ask him the reason of his going away, and the answer is, in nine cases out of ten, I am not happy at home. I have been unfortunate in business, and I have made up my mind to try my luck in California. The world seems to go against me. While fortune favored me, there were those whom I thought to be my friends; but when the scale turned, they also turned the cold shoulder against me. My wife, she that should have been the first to have stood by me and encouraged me, was the first to point the finger of scorn and say, "it is your own fault; why has this or that one been fortunate? If you had attended to your business as they have, you would not be where you are now." These and other insinuations, often drive a man to find other society and other pleasures, in consequence of being unhappy at home. He may have children that he loves; he cannot enjoy life with them as he would; he may love them as dearly as ever, yet his home is made unpleasant in consequence of the cold indifference of his wife. Now I would say to all such wives, sisters, and in fact all females, deal gently with him that is in trouble; remember that he is very easily excited. A little word, carelessly thrown out may inflict a wound time can never heal. Then be cautious; man is but human—therefore he is liable to err. If you see him going wrong, ever meet him with a smile and the kiss of affection; show him that you love him by repeated acts of kindness; let your friendship be unbounded; try to beguile his unhappy hours in pleasant conversation. By so doing, you may save yourself and children from an unhappy future.

"When a man is in trouble, it is but a little word that may ruin him; it is but a little word that may save him."

Washington's Teachers.

Washington had but two teachers, one an old fellow named Hobby, one of his father's tenants, sexton as well as school masters of the neighborhood, who used to boast, after he was superannuated and somewhat addicted to strong potations, especially on the General's birthdays, that it was he who, between his knees, had laid the foundation of George Washington's greatness, by teaching him his letters; and the other the Mr. Williams already mentioned, who was, according to Weems a capital hand, at reading, spelling, English grammar, arithmetic, surveying, book-keeping, and geography, and often boasted that he had made Geo. Washington as great a scholar as himself; we cannot doubt that to his thoroughness in teaching what he did know, his great pupil owed much of his acquired power; for a good foundation in a few important things is the best possible beginning for a boy of ability and enterprise.

Something Worth Seeing.

A few days ago I was present at the opening of the Union School and Children's Home, at the S. E. corner of Twelfth and Fitzwater streets. This is one of the noblest charities of our city. Its object is noble, and the management of it is worthy of all praise. This Institution was commenced four or five years ago, upon a small scale, and with small means; but by the efforts and liberality of the benevolent, it is now placed upon a foundation well calculated to effect the object of its originators.

During the last year a lot was purchased—located as above stated—about 100 feet square, and a building erected thereon 50 feet by 48, and four stories high. This building is lit with gas, hot and cold water is introduced into the several bathing rooms, and the arrangements for warmth and ventilation are excellent. There is a spacious yard attached to the building as a play ground for the children, and in the attic is a room 28 by 48, to be appropriated for the same purpose, when the weather is unfavorable to out-door recreation. The expenses of the house and lot have been paid, except a few thousand dollars charged upon it in the form of a ground rent. But the support of the Institution will depend upon annual subscriptions and the donations of those who feel a regard for suffering humanity.

The object of this asylum, is to furnish a home for children of both sexes, under the age of 13 years, principally children whose parents are intemperate and worthless and who have either deserted them or neglected to provide for them. Here they are to be fed, clothed, kindly treated, instructed, and prepared to take care of themselves, and to become useful members of society. The building is sufficient for the accommodation of more than 200 children. It has at present about 70.

As one of the spectators on this occasion, I can say without hesitation, I never saw a more interesting spectacle. The children, many of whom were picked out of the gutter or worse situations, appeared neat, well clothed, and with bright and expressive countenances. I never saw so many good countenances among an equal number of scholars, in any school.—The examination of the pupils on this occasion, by Bishop Potter, did great credit to their teachers. Several addresses were delivered, which were interesting, because distinguished for their good sense, appropriateness, and brevity.

In concluding this notice, I cannot avoid suggesting to those who are blessed with an abundance of good things of this world, that here is a fit opportunity for the exercise of philanthropy, by removing the ground rent, which is the only incumbrance on this noble Institution.

This Institution is incorporated, and under the direction of eighteen ladies. It seemed to be a general impression on this occasion, that here was presented one of the best illustrations of *Woman's rights*. Everything here was *right*. Everything was done for a *right purpose* and in the *right way*.—*Mail—Phila.*

Fortune-Telling.

Some young persons once applied to an old woman, who, among the vulgar and ignorant, had gained much celebrity in the art; to each, of course, she had something to say; but to one she did "a tale unfold," so much to the purpose, that it caused her very soon to leave this world of trouble. After premising with a great deal of nonsense, she informed her that she would never be married, but that she would be the mother of three children; that she would live in great splendor for a period, but after all, she was "sorry to say," she would die poor and miserable.

Miss B., whilst with her companions showed very little signs of anxiety; but the moment she was left to her own reflections, one may guess the effect of such an harrangue on a virtuous but weak mind. Mark the consequences: She was at the time on a point of marriage with a very worthy and respectable young gentleman; but such was the hold which the prediction of the fortune-teller had taken on her imagination, that she could never from that time receive him with her usual affectionate attention. Her lover quickly perceiving this change, endeavored to learn the cause of it; but finding his inquiries ineffectual, as also any efforts of his to rouse her to an explanation of her behavior, which became more and more distant, and doubting the sincerity of her affection, he, in the course of a little time, discontined his visits altogether. The young lady, perceiving herself deserted by the only man she could ever love, and dreading, that as she had fulfilled the prophecy so far, the rest might also be her future lot, continued to drag on a now weary existence, and at length resolved to put an effectual stop to this progressive dishonor to her name, by committing a crime that could never be repented of. One morning, at the usual hour, her family finding she did not appear, sent to inquire the cause, when she was found lying on her bed, having the night before taken two ounces of laudanum to effect her purpose. On the toilet was found a note, detailing the particulars and reasons for committing so shocking an act, of which the preceeding account is the outline.

Thus perished an innocent and lovely girl, in the flower of her youth, through the baneful influence of fortune-telling! but giving at the same time the flattest contradiction to the prophecy against her.

☞"That's a pretty bird, grandma," said a little boy. "Yes," replied the old dame, "and *he* never cries." "That's because he's never washed," rejoined the youngster.

An Original Love Story.

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same
To prevent him so bold and undaunted;
But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
"Avaunt, sir!" and off he avaunted.

But when he returned with the *fiendisheel* laugh
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry her *off*,
She cried 'Don 't!' and the poor fellow donted,

When he meekly approached, and got down at her feet,
Praying loud, as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him and try to be sweet
And said, 'Cant you?'—the dear girl re-canted.

Then softly he whispered—'How *could* you do so?
I certainly thought I was jilted,
But come thou with me, to the parson we'll go;
Say, wilt thou, my dear?' and she wilted.

Then gaily he took her to see her new home—
A shanty by no means enchanted—
'See! here we can live with no longing to roam,'
He said, 'Shan't we my dear' and they shantied.

A Test of Kindness.

William Savery, an eminent preacher among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade, and known by all as "one who walked humbly with his God." One night a quantity of hides was stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome drunken neighbor, whom I shall call John Smith.—The next week the following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had the kind offer. When he read it his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterwards, as the farmer's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock; and when the door was opened, there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulder.—Without looking up, he said, "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?" "Wait till I can get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied; "then perhaps thou wilt come in, and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee." He turned his back towards her, and did not speak. After leaning against the fireplace in silence a few moments, he said in a choked voice, "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't once think that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarreling. Since I began to go down hill, every body gives me a kick. You are the first man who has offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children are starving. You have sent them many a meal; God bless you, and yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied W. Savery. "The secret remains between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages. The little boy can pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. Perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will always give it to thee.

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night, with the friendly words, "Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me." He entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest and faithful man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story, to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

JUMP IN.—So said a good-natured gentleman riding alone in his chaise, as he overtook a young man on foot, several years ago. The youngster jumped in and was much obliged. Since that time he has often thought of the very timely and acceptable invitation then extended to him; and now, when he himself overtakes a lone traveller, wayworn and weary, he pays the old debt, by repeating the invitation—"Jump in." A small matter, surely to help a stranger a mile or two on his way; yet it is one of those little things which go toward making up the sum of human beneficence, and which pays the doer a large interest on the amount invested.—*Portland Advertiser.*

WOMEN.

The following charming passage is from "Rural Hours," by Miss Cooper, daughter of the late Fennimore Cooper:

"We American women certainly owe a debt of gratitude to our countrymen for their kindness and consideration for us generally. Gallantry may not always take a graceful form in this part of the world, and mere flattery may be worth as little here as elsewhere; but there is a glow of generous feeling toward women in the hearts of most American men, which is highly honorable to them as a nation and as individuals. In no country is the protection given to woman's helplessness more full and free—in no country is the assistance she receives from the stronger arm so general—and nowhere does her weakness meet with more forbearance and consideration. Under such circumstances, it must be woman's own fault, if she be not thoroughly respected also. The position accorded to her is favorable; it remains for her to fill it in a manner worthy her own sex, gratefully, kindly and simply—with truth and modesty of heart and life—with unwavering fidelity of feeling and principle, with patience, cheerfulness and sweetness of temper—no unfit return to those who smooth the daily path for her."

THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

What a book it is—that of Proverbs! Forget that we were ever obliged to repeat them mechanically in our youth; read them as they stand in all their breadth and richness of their meaning, with our better experience of life, and nothing short of utter astonishment and admiration will be our feeling. Such gems of wisdom to such golden settings from one who lived and died before the name of wisdom was known among the nation from whom the world's sages have since sprung! What shrewd perception of human character under all conditions and moods! What comprehensive exhibition of life in its whole compass, and of Divine Providence in its moral aims and sure rewards and punishments! What counsels to frugality, industry, moderation, prudence, benevolence, peace! What varied illustrations from man and beast, nature and art! How terse and polished the style! How condensed the thought! To think of reading the little book through in a day would be folly, although its lines may be run over in an hour. Each line is a sermon, and gives food for new reflection every time we recur to it.—*Rev. Samuel Osgood's "God to Men."*

☞"What right has the Grand Trunk to build a railway in Canada, I wonder?" said Mrs. Partington, after reading about the commencement of the road from Montreal to Brockville. "I thought he was engaged in fighting the Russian Costics." "Wall, so he is," said Ephraim, "and the Canada road isn't his, for it belongs to Queen Victoria. It is called the Grand Trunk road because it is to take the trunks of the passengers for nothing!" "Ah!" said the old lady, "it's the Queen of Victory's road, then; I thought it belonged to the Turks."

GOOD.—The best repartee we have lately seen, came from Prentice, the wag of the Louisville *Journal*. The editor of the Alabama *Flag* called it out by the following squib:—"Why is the editor of the Louisville Journal's career through life like a celebrated tune? Because it's the Rogue's March." Prentice, who is a "dead shot," loaded his piece, and taking aim, let the Flag man have it right in the teeth after the following manner, to wit: "Why will the editor of the Flag, at the close of his career through life, be like a tune of Paganini's? Because he will be executed on a single string."

REMEDY FOR CHILBLAINS.—Take a sufficient quantity of hot water in a tub to bathe the feet in, and add a lye made of wood ashes or potash until the water feels quite soft and slippery. Soak the feet which are troubled with chilblains thouroughly in this, then rub them with a towel until they are perfectly dry. After this rub them over lightly with the spirits of turpentine, and it will at once stay the disagreeable arising from the chilblains. Follow up this operation for a few evenings, and a cure will assuredly be effected.

A FEW WORDS TO THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE.—If you have lost anything, or if you have found anything, if you have anything for sale, or wish to purchase anything—in a word, if you would do a prosperous and flourishing business, you should not fail to advertise. Advertising is to business what food is to life—those who invest money in advertising "shall reap some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold." If you put your "light under a bushel," who will know that you have a light?

☞You will smile, my dear friend, when I assure you I firmly believe the naval officers' wives to be the happiest woman in the world. The fact is their husbands never remain long enough at home to become wearied of their society; and then a sailor always fancies all women to be angels. May he never be disabused.

"Jim," said one fast man to another, "It is reported that you left the East on account of your belief—an itinerant martyr."

'How,' replied Jim, flattered by the remark, "how's that?"

"Why, a police officer told me that you believed everything you saw belonged to you, and as the public didn't, you left."

☞The Washington Union has just made its appearance printed throughout with new and beautiful type.

Horseback Exercise.

Riding on horseback, is, perhaps, of all others, the most manly, elegant and efficient form of exercise. In the first place, it cannot be taken without being out of doors; then it enables you to breathe a larger amount of fresh air than if walking, because you pass through a greater space in less time, and consequently a greater number of layers, or rather sections of fresh air, come in contact with the nostril with less fatigue. Another advantage is, that all the muscles of the body are exercised in moderation, and, to a certain extent equally. And then again, while thus exercising, and while every step forward gives you a fresh draught of pure out door air, the mind is entertained by every variety of objects, new things being constantly presented. The only to be guarded against is a feeling of chillness; this is essential, for every chill is an injury, whether a man be sick or well, a chill must necessarily be succeeded by a fever, and fever is disease

Horseback exercise, to be highly beneficial should be active—a "hand-gallop," or a trot and, if practicable, a different road should be travelled every day, so that the mind may be diverted by novelties, and thus compelled away from bodily ailments.

The English, as a nation, are a stout, robust hearty race. The nobility have a long list of names who have lived to the age of seventy, eighty, and even ninety years; but horseback exercise with them is a national amusement; many of them make a ride on horseback and a daily dinner. Almost the only gentleman seen on horseback in New Orleans, is the English merchant, showing the power of a national habit, and its influence abroad, as well as at home.

If parents could be made to comprehend the full advantages of a constant breathing of pure air to their children, and would be at pains to impress their young minds with its high importance; were they to pay more attention to their physical training, requiring them to take active exercise, for hours, every day, on foot and on horseback, there would be some probability that, nothwithstanding the heats and impurities of a city atmosphere, those children would grow up in healthfulness, and live to a good old age, instead of paleing away, as they do, before their prime, growing prematurely old, from a constitution blasted in the bud.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Stop that Bonnet?

Little bonnets are all the fashion just now, but their use is attended with some perils, of which a ludicrous mishap to a lady in our city a few days ago, is a rich illustration. These little bonnets, of course, are only designed to ornament the back part of the ladies' heads, no part of them is visible to the wearer. Then they are so light as to be scarcely felt.

A young lady from an adjoining county, we are informed, came to our city the other day, and bought one of the little *fashionable* bonnets; and, having adjusted it, a la mode, to her head, started ont to call on her numerous friends.—She made several calls, doubtless supposing her bonnet was universally admired. At length, a lady on whom she called, inqired where her bonnet was. The young lady, in surprise, put up her hand, and lo! the bonnet had gone. Where it had left her, and how far she had extended her visits after it had took flight, no one can tell; and the little bonnet has "never been heard of more." It is a total loss, and no insurance, and the lady, it is said, is half inclined to the opinion that these little bonnets are a humbug. We think so too. They serve but two purposes. They are a mere excuse for going bareheaded; and they serve to conceal any little defects in the back head gear of the wearers. Perhaps, too, they help to distribute a considerable amount of wealth and surplus cash of the fashionable world; but, unfortunately, only a very small portion of their price ever reaches the pockets of the poor women who make them.

We have yet to hear the first gentleman say he admired these little bonnets.—*Pittsburg Post.*

"Up Again and Take Another."

This is a bit of philosophy which we learned in childhood. No matter how hard the tumble, up again and take another. There is no use groaning over what cannot be helped. Rather, with a cheerful face, turn your back resolutely upon past calamity, and press onward.

Young man! who in the outset of life find your hopes disappointed; your anticipations frustrated; your plans wrecked, be not disheartened by present defeat. "Up again and take another."

Reformer! who would urge the world to higher aims and nobler purposes—who from social disorder would evolve a higher and more perfect civilization, be not daunted by a first repulse. "Up again and take another."

Young student! who find the pathway of learning beset by difficulties and discouragements, who overcome one barrier but to encounter another, before whom the hills of wisdom seem to rise higher, gather strength from the difficulties you have already overcome with which to front those which are to come. "Up again and take another."

Finally, those to whom failure and disappointment in any form have come, learn a lesson of cheerful effort from this little maxim, "Up again and take another."

☞Dr. William E. Williss, of North Manchester, Ind., died on the 10th inst., from the accidental discharge of a gun.

WANTED—A merchant that never cheated.

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