

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1854.

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TERMS:
The DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL is published every Friday morning, in Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., at \$1 50 per annum, if paid in advance, if not \$2 will be charged.
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Popular Song.

My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night.
The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
This summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn-top's ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day,
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By-and-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door,
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight—
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Tales and Sketches.

Punch's Pocket Book for 1854.
The humor of the Punch school of writers does not seem to be on the wane. While men and women, social arrangements and political foibles remain what they are, there will be no lack of good caricatures and wise satire. The "Pocket Book" or 1854, is as good as the first of the series; perhaps better.

The principle illustration is a scene from the Australian diggings, "Topsy-Turvy, or our Antipodes." A number of rough-looking diggers are sitting carousing outside their rude huts—the Antipodean "Regent street"—while literary gentlemen in spectacles and black cloth, and fashionable exquisites in variegated attire, are waiting at the table, cleaning knives, pulling off their master's boots, &c. "Now then, you Master of Arts!" says one grim looking desperado who is dealing out a pack of cards, "look sharp with that pale ale." "Hollo there," says a brute who has thrust his head outside a tent, "you intellectual being—where the deuce are my high-logs?" In the background a youth in a college dress is touching his hat to diggers who are about to dismount their horses, opposite the shed of "J. Muddles, M. D., F. R. S., Light Porter, Waiter, Boots and Knives cleaned." The other illustrations relate to facetiae in the letter press.

The following are among the best of the literary contributions:
A LITTLE MATURE ADDRESS TO MY DEARS—(BY AN OLD MAID OF THE WORLD).
"My dears, love is like chancery; it is a deal easier to get into it than to get out again. There are thousands of ways for the former, but as for the latter, it can't be done noways."
"Take my advice, my dears—never believe a man before marriage, and never trust him afterwards."
"If men, my dears, were to pay, like servants, for everything they broke, they wouldn't be so fond of breaking their hearts for every poor girl they saw. The fortune of a Rothschild couldn't stand, my dears, against such a ruinous amount of breakages. Why I have known a man's heart break as often as an American bank, and yet he would open the next day with the same brass plate on his face, on which you could plainly read 'assurance,' and his heart would go on issuing the same false notes as before. Besides, what becomes of all their broken hearts, I should like to know? Where do they all go to? Along with the old moans, I suppose; or they may be keeping company; there's no knowing where, with all the pins that are lost, each heart being stuck through with a pin, like the curious insects in a museum."
"There's no need to tell you, I am sure my dears, about choosing a husband. A woman's instinct generally guides her in those little matters. But this I will tell you, that husbands differ as much as geese; but the softest mind is not always the worst. The softer your husband, the more pliable you will find him, and all the easier for you to twist him around your little finger. If husbands trusted more to their wives and less to themselves, there would be more happy marriages; but, until they learn what is due to our sex, and are fully prepared to pay it, that happy balance will never exist in a household which, to the husband, should be the source of as much as a large balance is at his bankers; but at present the wife is not allowed to have any share or interest in the one, or to participate in the other."
"I will conclude, my dears, with giving you a

few rules with regard to the choice of husbands in general, and though, my dears, I have never ventured on the stormy seas of matrimony myself, (here the fair lecturer's voice slightly trembled with emotion,) still, I have watched from the haven of single blessedness, many of the squalls and breezes that have taken place on them, and have derived no small knowledge from the numerous shipwrecks I have witnessed in consequence of them; and this knowledge I am only too willing to impart to all those who are anxious to embark for the United States.
"I shall confine my observations, my dears, to the small circle of my experience of men, such as I have studied them round the tea-table.
"If a man wipes his feet on the door-mat before coming into the room, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband.
"If a man, in snuffing the candles, snuffs them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband.
"If a man puts his handkerchief on his knees whilst taking tea, you may be sure he will be a prudent husband.
"In the same way, always mistrust the man who will not take the last piece of toast of Sally Lunn, but prefers waiting for the next warm batch. It is not unlikely he will make a greedy, selfish, husband, with whom you will enjoy no 'brown' at dinner, no crust at tea, no peace whatever at home.
"The man, my dears, who wears goshes, and is careful about wrapping himself up well before venturing into the night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband that mostly stays at home, and is easily comforted with slops.
"The man who watches the kettle and prevents it boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in his married state, in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling.
"The man who doesn't take tea, ill-treats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money, but most decidedly not for love.
"But the man who, when the tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make the best husband. Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of wives, and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first."

(Here the lecturer concluded, and the several young ladies retired to their respective apartments.)
THE MAHOGANY SPEAKER.
When a man—a young man—not born with natural eloquence—a youth to whose lips the potato blossom has never magically imparted the flowers of speech—when, we say, a young man is called upon his legs, and stands with ground glass in his stockings—his heart working, like a piston, twenty toward power—his ears ringing with the vibration of forty thousand bells—his eyes striving to fix the dancing candles, and his tongue as cold and motionless, lying in his mouth withal as clammy as a dead snail—when a man is in this tremendous stress of emotion, then—and particularly then—he is called upon to own that that very moment of insupportable agony is beyond all conceivable comparison—the happiest moment of his life.
We say nothing of the hypocrisy of the assentation. Hypocrisy is highly necessary in decent life. It is the veneer of mahogany covering the deal plank; making meager wood presentable in good society. We say nothing of the hypocrisy; but sympathize very deeply with the sufferings of the hypocrite. Hence, in the exuberance of that goodness that for the past ten years has put forth this Pocket Book as a daily guide and monitor to millions, we propose to set down a certain number of toasts to meet some of the large and small necessities of table, or, so to speak, of mahogany life. And to begin:
1.—*Birthday speech on arriving at the age of one and twenty.*
Ladies and gentlemen: Standing on the broad ground of manhood, I look around me and thank you. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I feel my responsibility; I feel my privilege of citizenship, and I hope I also feel my duties. Yesterday I was an infant—to-day, (here strike the bosom with the expanded hand,) to-day I am a man, according to the benignity of the British constitution, I am eligible (this supposes you not to be a Jew) to any office. I see a bright and extended line before me—beginning with the church warden and ending with the Prime Minister. I hope, if called upon by my parish or my country, I shall be found equal (as that distinguished novelist Eugene Aram has observed) equal to either fortune.
And now permit me to allude to the authors of my being, the proudest of authors, since it can be said of every child what cannot be said of every book, the child is original. [Use or omit this, according to the capacity of the company for a joke.] To the best of fathers I owe much; and when I feel assured that it is despite of himself, his parental intention to pay all my debts, when I feel this, I also feel I shall owe him considerably more! Indeed, at the present moment, I cannot venture to surmise the amount of obligation; however, let that pass, but let it pass into thankfulness for what is gone—and oh! with treble thankfulness for the allowance that is to come. And now how shall I speak of the kindness of my mother? How, with sufficient affection for years of indulgence, beginning, in the dim twilight of infancy, with the unlimited run of the sugar-basin, and ending with any amount of pocket-money and (heroically daring the anger of my father) with the secret trust of the latchkey. I have also to thank the friends of my childhood. To you, Mrs. ———, [her name,] who watched over

my second teeth, and took me to the dentist's, when my mother shrunk from that painful duty; to you I owe my dental regularity. [Here smile,] and trust that for many years, I may exercise my molars and incisors on your beef and pudding. May the day be long, long distant, when I shall inherit your punch-ladle, ornamented with a Queen Anne's guinea, to say nothing of the base Mamma, called, in the slang of the selfish world, the Three per Cents. And you, sir, [name and address family friend,] can I forget the interest you, my godfather, took in my earliest welfare? Can I cease to remember that upon your advice I was flogged for truant, when the weakness of my parents would have suffered me to pass unscathed? No, sir, that most healthy flagellation I shall never forget. It is marked, [here give the hand to the heart,] debily here. You are a childless bachelor: would it were otherwise! Would I could call the son of such a friend my friend! It was not to be, and I bow to fate.—However, sir, believe this: the name with which you have honored me shall never be sullied; nor shall the estate with which that name is proudly associated—should it in fulness of time descend to me, for one month, one day, one hour, one minute—be sullied by a mortgage—be blighted by a money lender. Ladies and gentlemen, forgive my feelings; and, in conclusion, believe and although I am—I am—indeed a man, I never felt so much a child.
2.—*A Bridegroom's Speech. "The Health of the Bridegroom and Bride."*
My friends: Of myself at this most mystic hour I will say nothing. No; but I thank you for my wife. Wife! Blissful monosyllable. A blended harmony of all earth's music! Wife that calls up, as with an enchanter's wand, the homestead and the hearth! the kettle singing, rejoicingly singing on the bar—and the cat sleeping, profoundly sleeps on the rug; a word that intensifies so many meanings! The call of butcher and baker—and milk below—and a quarter's rent—and water-rate and the Queen's taxes. Ladies and gentlemen, when I only glance at the wedding-ring upon my wife's finger—that ring and that finger which it has been the summit of my bliss this morning to bring together—when I look upon that simple bit of golden wire, it seems to me that in the words of the bard Avon, "I have put a girl round about the world," a world of beauty and truth, of constancy and love. When I look at that ring—and how can I help looking at it?—does not its brightness fascinate and chain me—yes, I will repeat it—I am proud to repeat it—chain me? When I look at that ring, and I not reminded of the circle of domestic duties—a circle even and complete, and without a flaw; a circle harmonious with golden utterance—a circle of purity without alloy—a never ending still beginning round of earthly happiness. My friends, when the honeymoon is over—not that it ever will be over with my own—[here give the bride's name, Arabella or Dorcas, as the name may be]—and myself, (for we propose to enjoy twenty honeymoons every year of our lives) when I enter my house, and here let us return due thanks to my honored father-in-law who has furnished that unpretending mansion with equal taste and liberality, though he will forgive me in this confiding hour, when the heart swells, and the tongue will speak, if I jocosely observe to him, that the house has a wine-cellar, and that his taste in tawny port is unexceptionable—when, I say, I enter my house, and for the first time sinking in my arm chair, place my slippery feet upon my rug—that rug worked by certain hands with hearts-ease and roses—I shall say to myself, here is my paradise and here—[here look at the bride very passionately]—and here my Eve!

3.—*On receiving a Piece of Plate.*
Gentlemen—In having filled the office of—[here get in the office, whether that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Churchwarden or Treasurer to a Cricket Club]—I assure you I have had but one object—your interest. That object, I fearlessly assert, has never ceased to accompany me. It has gone to bed with me; it has slept with me; it has got up with me; it has shaved with me. Your interest, gentlemen, has been the polar star to my eye, and staff to my hand, and the roses to my feet. Do I say this to make any claim upon your gratitude? No, gentlemen; in giving utterance to these solemn and profound emotions—for they are—[here look at the plate often eyed but upon serious occasions like the present]—they are profound, for they come from the very bottomest bottom of my heart—(gentlemen, it is sometimes the allowed privilege of deep feeling to violate grammar, a privilege that my impulsive soul may lay claim to at this moment)—in giving utterance to this, and much more than this, much more easily conceived than spoken, I merely state that, in fulfilling your service, I have fulfilled my own personal pleasure! I have sought no other reward—I expected none—I wished for none. Nevertheless, gentlemen, when I look upon the splendid candelabra before me—a candelabra of fourteen branches—I beg to assure you that I shall again and again, in the deep midnight, contemplate the fourteen wax candles that will be continually burning therein—only as so many lights to higher exertion—as so many vivifying suns kindling and strengthening me in your service.
[If the piece of plate should be a snuff-box, say,] And, gentlemen, whenever I open this box, whenever my finger and thumb shall take from within a restorative pinch, and taken, when my finger and thumb shall slip off the particles that may adhere, I shall moralize upon those particles, and think all rewards but dust, but that best reward, your friendship—your support.
[If the token presented be a watch, say,] And never, gentlemen, shall I hear it tick, but my heart will pulsate in unison with its sound; never will it strike the time, but my fancy will, with

backward flight, return to the present moment, the happiest, proudest moment of my life!
[Should the Speaker be a married man, and should a silver teapot be also presented to his wife, he may say: It is said, ladies and gentlemen, that a man must not praise himself. Yet how is it possible to avoid such eulogy when called upon to speak of his wife, who is of himself, the dearest and most precious part of his existence? Gentlemen, I thank you for Mrs. ———. You have inscribed some of her virtues on that silver teapot; I fearlessly say some of them, gentlemen, for I do assure you—though do not misinterpret such assurance—it would take an exceedingly large silver teapot to boot, to bear, even in the shortest short hand, a notice of the qualities that, like the flowers upon the satin gown in which she appears before you on this happy occasion, cover and adorn her. Ladies and gentlemen, whilst thanking you for this teapot, permit me to say that you could not have chosen a more appropriate present for our domestic health.—What the tripod was to the ancient priestess, the teapot (with a considerable improvement) is to the English housewife. If it does not inspire her with prophecy, it does much better; it fills her with gentleness and good-humor, and makes her cheerful in bestowing cups of cheerfulness upon others. Gentlemen, it is said by Arabian writers, that Solomon's genius were confined in kettles—then allow me to say they must have been tea-kettles: for from them—ministered by woman—a man drinks quietude, refreshing calmness, and domestic wisdom.]
We could add twenty other samples; but feel assured that, with only a tolerable memory, and presence of mind exercised at some half-dozen tables, the speaker may adapt the above-sentences to almost any subject, melting them like broken glass, and blowing them again into different objects.

A City Asleep.
The New York Tribune has the following pretty thing in reference to Greenwood cemetery:
A day or two ago we visited a city, a populous city, whose houses will outlast New York, for they shall endure "till doomsday." Strange to say, it is not noted on the best maps; stranger to say, though its population is daily increasing no colony ever issues from its borders.
The golden chime of Pacific's waves has never charmed a single ear there; the shout of the pioneer in the further west has never lured them hence to seek new homes. Indeed, the city we speak of stands alone, like a rock-bound island in the midst of a turbulent ocean—the busy world whirls and roars around, but there it remains unmoved.
We visited it in broad day, but the streets were empty; not a familiar face or voice to greet us; not a light footstep to make music to our ear. It was indeed strange, very strange; there shone the sun, with the mild and beautiful radiance of autumn, and yet no sound of living thing. Marble mansions were on every hand, but none of the solemn tenantry, for it was a solemn city, came forth to meet and welcome us. Names were graven on every portal, but they that owned them—where were they? It was a city of names and not of things; of words and not of weeks.
At length there came a train—there was an arrival. On it came, noiselessly, slowly. Was it all a dream? By mansion after mansion it passed, and stopped. A tenant for another dwelling; a home for another wanderer; a rest for another weary.
So it seemed to us as we stood there, and so the shadows thickening over the thought, we hurried away from Greenwood, and were once more mingled with the tide of the living.

Cuba.
If the testimony of the correspondents of the New York press are to be credited, Cuba is again on the eve of an outbreak. The correspondent of the Courier, under date of 28th ult., writes:
During the past week some of our troops have been out in marching order for campaign service. After a journey of a few days they returned to Havana. Several war steamers have also been sent out, but two returned yesterday.
The soldiers are still tampered with, and a young attendant had to take to flight, being discovered by one Basterreche, a good spy, in the act of giving a message to a sergeant on guard at one of the hospitals. As things go on I suppose I shall not be long without too many incidents to relate to you. For the present adieu.
Something serious must be expected here shortly for the Captains of Partidos (sections of country) have orders in cases of an invasion to call upon those persons who are suspected of partiality to the Americans and to freedom, to cause them to offer their persons and property for the Spanish service. When a landing shall take place, all natives are to be called out, old and young, married or unmarried, capable of bearing arms, and where money is not forthcoming it is to be taken, and also whatever property can be seized upon. The rigor of the law is to fall upon all who resist in any way, i. e. they will be shot. This is the substance of the document which I hope to have soon, and which I will send.

Always look on the bright side of things. You'll live longer, have better digestion, earn more wages and be ten times as popular among the ladies. He who takes this view of life and things, is about gup to live in clover, step into a very big fortune, and go to the parson with the prettiest piece of dimity this side of Jordan.
Punch is a good doctor at times. He gives the following for the benefit of wart-warers: "Put your mouth close to the wart, and tell it in a whisper that if it will not go away you will burn it out with caustic. If it does not take the hint, be as good as your word."

Bad Temper.
Lavater, the famous physiognomist, though an enthusiast, was a kind man, and his wife one of the most amiable of women. One day his servant asked him after dinner, if she should sweep his room. Being in rather an irritable mood, he assented readily, telling her not to touch his books or papers. When the servant had been gone some time, he said to his wife: "I am afraid she will cause some confusion upstairs."
"In a few moments his wife, with the best intention, stole out of the room, and told the servant to be careful. Lavater met his wife at the bottom of the stairs, on her return, and exclaimed, as though secretly vexed about something: "Is not my room swept yet?"
Without waiting an instant, he ran up stairs, and as he entered the room the girl overturned an inkstand which was standing on a shelf. She was much terrified. Lavater called out hastily, "What a stupid beast you are! Have I not positively told you to be careful?"
What followed we will let Lavater tell himself.
"My wife slowly and timidly followed me up stairs. Instead of being ashamed, my anger broke out anew. I took no notice of her; running to the table lamenting and moaning as if the most important writings had been spoiled, though in reality the ink had touched nothing but a blank sheet and some blotting paper. The servant watched an opportunity to steal away. My wife approached me with timid gentleness. "My dear husband," said she, I stared at her with vexation in my looks. She embraced me. I wanted to get out of the way. Her face rested for a moment on my cheek. At length, with unspeakable tenderness, she said, "You will hurt your health, my dear." I now began to be ashamed. I was silent, and at last began to weep.—What a miserable slave to my temper I am! I dare not lift up my eyes. I cannot rid myself of that sinful passion. My wife replied, "Consider, my dear, how many days and weeks pass away without your being overcome by anger." I knelt down beside her, and thanked God sincerely for that hour, and for my wife.

Quizzer Quizzed.
On a certain occasion a medical professor delivered practical lectures to the public, a gawky fellow thought he had devised a mode of turning the laugh against the doctor. He mounted the stage, and being questioned as to his disorder, said very gravely,
"Why, I'm a liar."
"Sad disorder, sir, but perfectly curable," said the doctor.
"Well," said the man, "but I've a worse complaint than that—I've lost my memory."
"Quite curable, also," added the doctor; "but I must make my preparations. Come again after dinner, and I will be ready for you; but pay down five shillings."
The man who had intended to have his fun gratis, resisted, but the doctor declared he never let any one down from the stage till he had paid something.
"Besides," said the doctor, "how can I trust you? You say you are a liar and have no memory, so you will either break your promise or forget all about it."
A loud laugh from the audience expressed their acquiescence in the justice of the claim, and the poor fool was compelled to lay down the cash.—No one supposed he would come again, but he still hoped that he might turn the tables, and presented himself at the appointed hour. The doctor received him with great gravity, and addressing the audience said:
"Gentlemen may think it is a joke, but I assure them on the honor of a gentleman that it is a very serious affair; and I hereby engage to return the money, if the audience do not acknowledge the cure, and that I am fairly entitled to the reward."
The man sat down—was furnished with a glass of water. The doctor produced a box of flattened black pills, and to show that they were perfectly harmless, offered to swallow three or four himself. He then gave one of them to the man, who, after many very faces, bit into it, started up spitting and spluttering, and exclaimed:
"Why, hang me, if it ain't cobble's wax!"
"There," said the doctor, lifting up both hands, "did anybody ever witness so sudden, so complete a cure? He is instantly cured of lying for he has told the truth, instantly; and as to memory, my good fellow," continued he, patting him on the back, "if you ever forget this, call on me, and I'll return the money."

One Happy Heart.
Have you made one happy heart to-day? Envious privilege. How calmly can you seek your pillow! How sweetly sleep! in all the world, there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed, as getting a sun ray in a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we turn; there is no moment that tears are not shed and sighs uttered. Yet how many of those tears and those sighs are caused by our own thoughtlessness! How many a daughter wrinkles the very soul of a fond mother by acts of unkindness and ingratitude. How many husbands, by one little word, make a whole day of sad hours and unkind thoughts. How many wives, by angry reprimands estrange and embitter their own loving hearts. How many brothers and sisters meet but to vex and injure each other, making wounds that no human art can heal. Ah, if each one worked upon this maxims day by day, strive to make some heart happy, jealousy, revenge, madness, hate, with their kindred evil associations, would leave the earth. Our minds would be so occupied in contemplation of adding to the pleasures of others, that there would be no room for the ugly fiends of discord. Try it, ye discontented, forever grumbling devotees of sorrow, self-caused: it will make that little part of the world in which you move as fair as Eden.

Non-suiting a Creditor.
There was a certain lawyer on the Cape, a long time ago, the only one in those "diggins" then, and for ought I know at present. He was a man well to do in the world, and what was somewhat surprising in the line of the law, averse to encourage litigation.
One day a client came to him in a most terrific rage:
"Look here, Squire," said he, "that one blasted shoemaker down to Pigeon Cove, has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him."
"Did the boots suit you?"
"Oh! yes—I've got them on now—just rate boots."
"Fair price?"
"Oh, yes."
"Then you owe him the money honestly?"
"Of course."
"Well, why don't you pay him?"
"Why, 'cause the blasted snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of the money if I kin."
"It will cost you something."
"I don't keer a cuss for that. How much money do you want to begin with?"
"Oh! ten dollars will do."
"Is that all? Well here's an X, so go ahead," and the client went out, very well satisfied with the beginning.
Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker and asked him what he meant by commencing legal proceedings against M.
"Why," said he, "I kept on sendin to him till I got tired. I knowed he was able to pay—and I was determined to make him. That's the long and short of it."
"Well," said the lawyer, "he's always been a good customer to you, and I think you acted to hastily. There's a trifle to pay an account of your proceeding—but I think you'd better take this five dollars and call it square."
"Certain Squire, if you say so, and darned glad to get it," was the answer.
So the lawyer forked over one Y, and kept the other.

In a few days his client came along and asked how he got along with his case.
"Rapidly!" said the lawyer—"we've non-suited him—and he will never trouble you."
"Jerusalem! that's great!" cried the client; "I'd rather a gin fifty dollars than have him got the money for them boots."—N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

Where Good Society May be Found.—N. P. Willis, in reply to a lady correspondent, who asks about society in his vicinity, says:
"Without seeing you, and knowing something of our stage of womanhood, and your experience of life, I can scarcely choose with safety between describing our society as profoundly stupid or most varied and agreeable. I, myself, find it the latter, but then I have got through with my crust experience of life, and like people neither more nor less for the house they live or the clothes they wear. "Among women are everywhere—some smothered under their husbands' good dinner, or shelved away in bank stock and splendid expenses; some unthought of in dairies, or forgotten behind wash-tubs and single blessedness. Nature's noblemen are everywhere—in town and out of town, gloved and rough-handed, rich and poor. Prejudice against a lord, because he is a lord, is losing the chance of finding a good fellow, as much as prejudice against a ploughman because he is a ploughman. Are you ready, dear Mrs. Harriet, to take a second look, after reading the outside label upon a man or a woman, and to confirm it, or not, according to God's mark, which will show itself somewhere? If so, the society of Highland Terrace will be delightful to you."

A Good Excuse.
There is a society in existence in this city, which like most other associations of the same kind, has a standing rule that all members who come late or absent themselves shall be fined a certain sum unless they shall be able to give sufficient excuse for their tardiness or absence. On one occasion a member came in after hours and the chairman asked him his excuse for being late.
"Really, sir," said he, "I was not able to get here before—domestic troubles—perplexities of mind—I cannot say which will die first my wife or my conscience."
"Ah," said the chairman, expressing much commiseration for the father and husband; "I was not aware of that. Remit the fine. Mr. Secretary—the excuse is a good one."
The member consequently took his seat. The next morning another member met him and with much feeling asked how his wife and daughter were?
"In excellent health," replied he.
"How! I thought you said last night that you did not know which would die first."
"I did—and am still in a quandary. Time however will decide the question."
"Papa, can any person catch anything, if he don't run after it?"
"No."
"Well, then how did you catch that cold you have got?"
"By running after your mother, to bring her home from the Woman's Rights meeting."

A woman in Boston has commenced a suit of divorce against her husband, because he would not allow her to apply her tongue to the stopper of the molasses-jug every time she used it; a privilege every Yankee woman considers sacred.

An out West printer says that some of his subscribers would make good work-horses—they hold back 39 wells.