

# 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.

EBENSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1859.

VOL. 6--NO. 37.

NEW SERIES.

**TERMS:**  
The Democrat and Sentinel is published every Wednesday Morning at the rate of ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, in advance; ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY FIVE CENTS if not paid within six months, and TWO DOLLARS if not paid until the termination of the year.  
No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be allowed to discontinue his paper until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.  
Every person subscribing for six months will be allowed ONE DOLLAR, unless the money is paid in advance.  
**Advertising Rates.**  
One insertion, Two do. Three do.  
Square, [12 lines] \$ 50 \$ 75 \$ 100  
[24 lines] 1 00 1 00 2 00  
[36 lines] 1 50 2 00 3 00  
3 months, 5 do. 12 do.  
\$ 1 50 \$ 3 00 \$ 5 00  
[12 lines] 2 50 4 50 9 00  
[24 lines] 4 00 7 00 12 00  
[36 lines] 6 00 9 00 14 00  
Half a column, 10 00 12 00 20 00  
Full column, 15 00 22 00 35 00  
All advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued until forbidden, and charged accordingly.

**NEW GOODS.**  
THE UNDERSIGNED has just received and is now opening, a full supply of Goods suitable for the season, consisting of  
**DRY GOODS,**  
**MADE UP CLOTHING,**  
**BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, AND CAPS,**  
**HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GROCERIES &c. &c.**  
Which will be sold Wholesale or Retail at the VERY LOWEST Market prices for Cash or Country Produce.  
E. HUGHES.  
June 29, 1859, 4f.

**THE RAIL ROAD IS COMING.**  
THE Subscriber has just received at his New  
**BOOT AND SHOE STORE,**  
the door East of Thompson's Mountain House  
a lot of ALL KINDS OF  
**SPRING AND SUMMER HATS,**  
which he offers very low for CASH.  
CLINTON R. JONES.  
April, 1859--21-7m.

**NEW ARRIVAL.**  
THE UNDERSIGNED, has added to his Stock of Boots and Shoes, &c. A very large and well selected assortment of MEN'S BRAYMAID SHIRTS, MENS MARSEILLES and Cotton COLLARS,  
**LADIES WHITE AND COLD HOSE**  
Ladies do do do do  
Children do do do do  
Ladies Gloves, and Ladies Mitts, and Gents do. Men and Boys Suspenders, Black Neck Ties, Neck Ties, Ladies and Gent. Linen Handkerchiefs, White and Colored Linen Handkerchiefs, Stationery, Carpet Sacks, Trunks and every other article necessary kept in his line.  
Give him a call and examine for yourselves.  
TERMS CASH. CLINTON R. JONES.  
June 29, 1859, 4f.

**DRUGS DRUGS DRUGS!**  
JUST OPENED AND FOR SALE BY R. S. BUNN, M. D., A general assortment of  
**DRUGS, MEDICINES,**  
Spices, Oils, Paints, Dye-Stuffs,  
**BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, FLUID,**  
Retail Grocery, Razors, Brushes, Combs, Stationery, Blank Books, Perfumery, Saps, Tobacco, Pipes, Snuff, and other articles usually kept in Drug Stores.  
R. S. BUNN, M. D.  
Ebensburg, May, 4, 1859--24-1y.

**JACKSON & CLARK,**  
SURGEON DENTISTS, JOHNSTOWN, PA.  
The office of the firm will be in Ebensburg during the first ten days of each month, during which time all persons desiring dental services can call on the office of Dr. Lewis, nearly opposite the Blair's Hotel.  
[May 26, 1859.]

**JOHN SHARRAUGH,**  
Attorney at Law, Summitville, Pa.  
ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED TO HIS care will be promptly attended to. He will also act as Auctioneer at Public Sales whenever called on at that capacity are required.  
April 28, 1859--24

**R. S. BUNN, M. D.**  
PRACTISES HIS PROFESSIONAL Services to the citizens of Ebensburg. Office in Drug Store on High Street, opposite Thompson's Hotel.  
Ebensburg, May, 4, 1859--24-1y.

## Select Poetry.

### ASPIRATION AND GROWTH.

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

Alone in the busy world of thought  
I mused with aspirations high--  
I would be pure, and true, and good,  
And would the ending world defy--  
I'd range among the noblest things,  
Would give to thought its purest sway,  
The bright-to-morrow should perform  
Some greater action than today--  
Whatever deeds are true and pure,  
All noble things of good report,  
Whatever likens mortals here  
To Him who rules the heavenly court--  
These I'd pursue with ardent heart,  
With earnest and unwavering will.  
Nor cease the struggle, long, severe,  
Until my bounding heart was still.

But stay, my soul, wait not for scenes  
Of greatness, or for world-wide fame,  
Life's little acts in kindness wrought,  
Shall glow with purest, fairest flame  
To cheer a child, to help a friend,  
To make a spot of earth look bright.  
To turn desponding ones to Him  
Whose love brings always sweet delight,  
That everywhere I go or stay,  
An influence for the right shall flow,  
Till every friend, companion, all,  
Shall find their hearts more tender grow.  
Ah, this is earnest life and growth,  
And this most like the Saviour's love,  
More like the way that Heaven approves,  
And more like angel life above.

## Miscellaneous.

### FOUR WAYS OF LIFE.

OR, ENVY, AVAILANCE,  
Extravagance and Contentment.

Mr. Felix Mark was on the eve of departing from his native city for a long residence abroad. Living in a retired but highly respectable court, he had become a familiar acquaintance of several of his neighbors, and he thought it no more than proper that he should call upon them, and pay his parting respects. They were of widely different character, as he well knew, and as will be seen by the substance of the four interviews he obtained.

He first called upon Mr. and Mrs. Covet, and made known his intention of going.  
"You are a lucky man," said Covet, regarding him with a pained expression. "I wish I were fortunate. But I suppose I shall always be a poor wretch and drudge, while everybody else is happy and getting ahead."  
Mrs. Covet sat rocking in her chair, uncessantly.

"The same for myself," said she, after a pause. "I never can go abroad anywhere, though I have always had a passion for travel. Tom must drudge to keep our bodies and souls together, and I must tend the pot. I wish we had half the money that old Mr. and Mrs. Clutch were on the way, have got. But we can take it out in wishing. We shall always be worse off than everybody else. It makes me mad to think of it!"

"Do you think Mr. and Mrs. Clutch are to be envied?" asked Mr. Mark.  
"I envy them their money," sighed Covet, "though I don't envy them, exactly, you know they're very grasping. How I despise grasping, people!—always, grasping, grasping, grasping, as if they had nothing else to do but grasp! I don't believe they're happy."  
"Did you see how respectfully everybody bowed to them the other evening at the lecture?" asked Mrs. Covet. "It was only for their money, I know. But they don't make half as much show as Crashes make; though how they can afford to cut such a dash, I don't see. How do you suppose the Crashes pay their rent, Mr. Mark, and live so high and dress so splendidly?"

"I never heard, and don't know," was his reply.  
"Crash don't have more than seven or eight hundred dollars a year, that I know for a positive fact," said Covet; "yet he lives like a nabob, drives a splendid turnout, gives magnificent parties, and has the best of everything. I don't see how he does it; I know I couldn't do it, and make both ends meet."  
"I wish I had that elegant shawl his wife put on the other day; bran new, for I never saw her wear it before," declared Mrs. Covet. "I don't see why it is ordered so! They are not a bit better than we are, and they've no business to have such good things. I often bite my finger-nails to the quick, thinking of it!"

"Well, it's enough to make anybody fret, that's a fact," continued Covet. "Some people seem to me to have nothing but a continued run of good luck. Which ever way I turn, I see everybody with something better than I can get for me and my wife. It's sickening enough by jingo! I don't think I shall live long; and I don't want to—in a world where honest merit never gets rewarded for its well doing."  
Mr. Mark, fearing that he might catch the morbid gloom of that envious couple bade them adieu, and went over to do the same to Mr. and Mrs. Clutch their mutual neighbors.

The Covets had not exaggerated the rulling propensity of the Clutches; the latter were as miserly as the former were envious. They married. When they were married they were matched indeed.

"Please to rub your feet carefully on the mat before you go up," said Mrs. Clutch. "Too much brushing is apt to wear out the carpet."  
"You might have gone in the steering for

much less than that," said Clutch, when he heard of Mark's meditated voyage. "I should like to travel, but it costs too much to be moving about. I hope you will not prove to be a rolling stone which gathers no moss."  
"I shall get as much 'moss' as I can," said Mark, smiling; "that is my object in leaving my native land."  
"That's right. Be saving; and get all you can, and keep all you get. That's my maxim. Nothing like money. Husband your time; time is money. What a wonderful man Benjamin Franklin was!"

Mark heard the door bell ring; and, soon after the dog was slamed to loudly, and Mrs. Clutch appeared, with a red face.  
"These poky beggars!" exclaimed she.  
"Half the people are beggars, I believe, I wear out a pair of shoes a year going to the door to answer beggars. I'm sure they don't come for the encouragement they get; for they never get a crumb from me in my life."  
"The authorities ought to see to them," said Clutch. "They ought to be sent to the almshouse."  
"Or to the house of correction," added Mrs. Clutch. "They have no business distressing others with their distress. What's the use in worrying our souls out, almost, in trying to save, if we are going to be giving away all the time? 'Penny wise and pound foolish.' They wear all the paint off our door steps, too."

"Who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord?" said Mark in an exceedingly grave manner.  
"Eh? said Clutch, starting, and piqued. "We could easily lend all we have in that way and if we were poor ourselves, wonder if the Lord would take care of us. The Lord knows for I don't, and I shouldn't like to try."  
"Riches take to themselves wings and fly away," said Mark. "You may be poor yourselves some day."  
"That's just it," said Clutch; "but it won't be any fault of ours. Riches do have wings enough, that's a fact, without one helping them to fly away. We shan't do that little thing; we look out for a rainy day. How much do you suppose it costs our family to live—we two?"

"Can't imagine," said Mark, curiously scanning their thin visages and mean apparel.  
"It couldn't have cost us over a dollar for our food, last week," said Mrs. Clutch proudly.  
"That woman is a Gem. Mr. Mark," declared Clutch. "She has the sharp eye of an experience. Eye like a hawk, sir!"  
"And the heart and clutch of one too," shouted Mark.

"You'll never find us burdening the town," continued Clutch. "We keep ourselves, and live with Christian humbleness. If God made beggars, he will take care of them. It is our duty to prevent ourselves from being beggars. We act on principle—principle is the thing; and we've made it a rule not to give away anything. If people are poor enough to beg, let them die, and be out of misery. We can't help them. It should be a warning to us not to get poor."

Mr. Mark shook his head, shook hands with their cold gasping digist, and hastened on; for his heart almost stood still, as if it threatened ossification.  
"Oh!" sighed he, taking a long breath of heaven's air, as he stood upon the sidewalk; "was there ever a mean man who hadn't plenty of reason on his side! The heart knows but little of logic; here are the Crashes—people of quite the opposite stamp, as far as the disposition of money is concerned. I will give them the next parting call!"  
"Ah, Mark! glad to see you—very glad!" said Crash, advancing and shaking him heartily, "glad to see you, (the landlord stiffly took his leave.) doubly glad, for your coming has sent that fellow away—my landlord. He has been boring me for the rent these two hours—in confidence, my boy."  
Mrs. Crash entered in sumptuous dress. Mr. Mark told them he was going abroad to be absent for several years.

"Sorry we couldn't have given you a handsome supper, Felix," said Crash. "Would if we had known it in time; though to tell the truth, we are a good deal bothered by creditors just now."  
Mrs. Crash colored. "You needn't mention it, though, to everybody."  
"Oh! Mark is confidential," said Crash, gaily. "He knows we must live, and trust to luck, for payments. I expect to be rich yet. The only way to be rich is to appear so.—Clothe a man in rags and see how much money he can borrow! Live in a hotel and see what rich folks will ever visit you! A poor man can't afford to live or look poor—he must keep up appearances; but a rich man can do as he pleases, live, look, and be mean, like old Clutch there, over the way. What do you think, Mark?"

"To tell the truth, I approve of living within one's means—that don't argue meanness."  
"But bad policy."  
"It is good policy to be independent, Mr. Crash, and not be haunted by creditors."  
"But a man ought to have force enough to face his creditors—tell them to wait. Fortune favors the brave, and good luck will come at last. Look at the house—isn't it furnished beautifully? Well, between you and I, not two-thirds are paid for—mostly on trust. What is the use, tell me, of having friends, unless they confide in you?"

"But we should take care not to betray that confidence, Crash."  
"Very true; and I never intend to. But everybody must wait—wait till the luck comes; then you can pay them what interest you please."  
"But you are annoyed by creditors all the time, following that plan—always in jeopardy—may fall at any moment. And what can you do without means and reputation?"

"But we have exceptions, besides. And at any rate, the world owes us a living, and a poor man had better fit himself to move where money is, than where it isn't. I act

on the principle of, 'Live while you do live, at any rate. Turn your face down hill, and there will be plenty to help you on the road. Have a glass of wine? (It was brought, and they drank.) That cost me ten dollars a bottle—or will, when it's paid for. Ha! ha! I see you stare! But I'll wager I'm much happier than old Millgrubs over the way, who is rich and counts his mouthfuls."

On the strength of a long acquaintance, Mr. Mark volunteered a little prudential counsel to Mr. Crash; but he saw it was thrown away, so he desisted and departed.—But he saw before he went, that behind all this seeming gaudy a deep anxiety was lurking, and his kind heart ached for the reckless votaries of extravagance.

"So goes the world!" thought he. "How much of the misery of which the world complains is made by themselves! Ah! here is Cotage's house. I must bid them good-bye."  
It was the poorest dwelling in the court—an old wooden tenement, which had a crashed look, by the side of the lordly dwellings which rose in towering pride around it, as if it longed for the annihilation to which a rise in land would soon consign it.

Mark knocked at the weather-beaten door, and a poorly clad, but bright-faced woman opened it and welcomed him in. A cheerful wood fire burned in the old-fashioned fire place, and a baby's socks were drying on the leads of the andirons. The rosy baby slept smiling in a pine cradle. There was no paint on the floor, but it was white with work.—Such kitchen utensils as were visible, preached silent sermons of tidiness and order. Mr. Cotage was a carpenter, and was drawing plans for a house.

"Excuse my bringing you into the kitchen," said Mrs. Cotage, "but you know we are poor and can't afford two fires."  
"Glad to see you, Mr. Mark, says Mr. Cotage, "but sorry to lose so good a neighbor, for I hear you are going away. I hope you will come back rich!"  
"Thank you—I hope so, too; though money don't insure happiness always."  
"That's true," said Cotage. "Look at us. We are poor enough; but we have health, and food, and shelter such as it is; and as long as we have work, we can keep the wolf from the door, as the saying is, and I don't worry for more. As to my wife, she can speak for herself."

"I don't want to be any happier," said Mrs. Cotage, "and can't expect it. I see so many unhappy people, that it makes me thankful that we are as well off as we are, though we do live very humbly!"  
"You are rich in having such a disposition," said Mr. Cotage, "and I think so, replied Mr. Cotage. "We every day manage to give something to the poor after being turned away from other doors."

Mark took his leave, and on the following day bade farewell to his native land, over which as he gazed, he felt he might never see again.

His business bound him for a period of ten years; and then, with eager heart, he returned from his long but prosperous exile. Soon after landing, he repaired to the old familiar court. But there were none of his acquaintances to be found there. He ascended the address of them, and called upon them forthwith.

The carpenter had become a rich man, and lived in a handsome mansion; after congratulating them, Mark asked what had become of the old neighbors.  
"The Clutches, you will be astonished to hear, now live in a cellar, in an obscure part of the city."  
"And the Crashes?"  
"They crashed till about four years ago, when everything was taken from them; they boarded some place."  
"And the Covets?"  
"Both died of some complaint brought on by worrying about the affairs of other people."

As Mr. Mark walked to his hotel, he pondered seriously upon the changes which had occurred to these four families in the short space of ten years; and it seemed to him that if some story writer would be made acquainted with the facts, he might deem them worthy of a narrative, if only for the moral they contained.

## Dead-Headed Through.

Conductor Tucker, on the Boston and Maine roads, likes a joke as well as any man. Not long since, a penniless, seely, individual got into the cars at Boston, and when called upon for his ticket, replied that he had none. He was informed that he must get off at the next station. On the arrival at the station his speed was somewhat accelerated from the cars by the assistance of the conductor's boot applied to the back part of his stomach. On the arrival of the train he seated himself as before, and when waited upon for his ticket, the same answer was given, followed by the same results. The two stations were passed and our traveler found himself waiting the approach of a another train, to continue his journey. This being Conductor Tucker's train, he embarked on board, and being asked for his ticket, replied as before, when he was told to get off at the next station. When the train stopped, he walked to the platform, quietly elevating his coat-tail to the conductor. On being asked by the conductor the cause of such an insulting procedure, the traveler informed him that the other two conductors had left the impression of their boots upon his cassimere, and he supposed that he wanted to. The joke was relished so well that on being informed that he was en route for Portland with no money to purchase a ticket, he was dead-headed thro' the remainder of his journey.—Newburyport Herald.

"I tell you, Susan that I will commit suicide if you don't have me." "Well, Thomas as soon as you have given me that proof of your affection, I will believe that you love me."

## High Old Justice.

A certain old Capt. Baculard left Marseilles for China; but, being buffeted by the winds, he landed at the harbor of Tunis, to wait fair weather. The collector of the port came on board. Capt. Baculard represented that he was freighted for Canton, that he had nothing to do with Tunis, and that he only put in from stress of weather. But the collector presented the manifest that he must fork over. Capt. Baculard did fork over, in rage; but instantly repaired to the residence of the Bey, demanding justice.

"God Frank," said the Bey, "I am your friend, God is great. What plague do you want with me?"  
"Highness," answered Captain Baculard, "your custom house has robbed me. I have forked over fork back."  
"Excellent individual," answered the Bey, "in this country, when we have the dust, we keep it. The original acquisition is a thing of difficulty. To fork back is a thing unknown in Africa."

"But shall I not have justice?"  
"Certainly; every one has justice in Tunis. Will you have it in the French or Tunisian fashion?"  
"Highness, I have had a law-suit or two in France. Justice in the French fashion, God forbid!"  
"But I don't press it on you," observed the Bey. "If you choose the French, after all, speak to your consul. He loves justice, good man. Three of my subjects applied to him three years for immunity, and they may, possibly, get it next year—for he loves justice."

"French justice? Never! Give Tunisian," I am in a great hurry.  
"Be it so then. God is great. What is your cargo?"  
"Marseilles soap and twenty thousand cotton caps."  
"It is well. Go away and be tranquil." The Bey summoned the Vizier.

"Vizier," said he, "there is no God but God and Mahomed is the Prophet. We love justice. We love the Franks. Proclaim that every Jew who appears to-morrow, out of doors, without a cotton cap, will have a little transaction to settle with me."  
There were twenty thousand Jews in Tunis, and not one single cotton cap in the place. They all made their wills—when they learned through their officers of the customs, that Captain Baculard had lots of the desired article. There was enough said. Capt. Baculard sold his invoice at two dollars the cap. He hastened to the place and poured out his thanks.

"Not so fast," said the Bey. "I am not done yet. Call my Vizier." The Vizier appeared. "Proclaim," said the Bey, "that every Jew who keeps a cap another hour, will have trouble with me. God is great and I am a lineal descendant of Mahomed."  
The Vizier made a grand salute, placing his leg on the back of his neck, according to the custom of the court, and retired. When Capt. Baculard returned to the deck, he found the twenty thousand Jews already awaiting him, caps in hand. He might have had the caps for nothing, but he desired to leave behind him a name for generosity and greatness of soul, he bought them at two cents a piece.

A Singular Prophecy.—The following curious paragraph is from the Continental Review: "We may now afford to smile at the singular prophecy of the Westphalian shepherd, who lived some 150 years ago, and who predicted a terrible European war, in the course of which the Turks should cool the feet of their horses in the Rhine.—These things—thus runs the tradition—were to come to pass when carriages run without horses, and the Prussian soldiers were dressed like the soldiers who crucified Christ.—Carriages do run without horses, and the silhouette of a Prussian soldier, in his turban and helmet, is in all respects that of a Roman legionary. But our superstitious, who suppose that this singular prophecy, could never reconcile with it the decline to the Turkish power, and the manifest improbability of the Sultan's troops carrying the standard of the Prophet to the banks of the Rhine. They forget that France has Algerine regiments of Spahis and Zouaves, and that many of them are as good Moslems as ever walked the streets of Stamboul."

An ingenious Scotchman has trained a couple of mice to turn a small reel for twisting twine. The laborers run about ten miles a day and reel from 100 to 120 threads. A half penny's worth of oat meal lasts a mouse five weeks, and the clear annual profit on each animal per year, is computed at six shillings. This beats the "industrious fleas."

Our government has received important despatches from Minister McLane, in regard to the present condition of things in Mexico. We understand that Mr. McLane despairs of accomplishing anything satisfactory with the Mexican Authorities as everything there is in a perfect state of confusion and uncertainty.

There have been so many changes lately in the conducting and publishing of English periodicals, that the alterations in editorial relations, have become so common as "household words," and now the question arises—will Dickens continue to conduct his new weekly—"all the year round?"

Sidney Smith, passing through a by-street behind St. Pauls, heard two women abusing each other from opposite houses. "They will never agree," said the wit; "they argue from different premises."

The phrase "down in the mouth," is said to have been originated by Jonah about the time the whale swallowed him.

When rogues give a dance, the devil is sure to play the fiddle.

## Printer's Curiosities.

A crust from a printer's hammer, eh nM  
A cloven foot of the devil.  
A wheel from the royal chaise,  
A too nail of a foot line.  
A heel bone of the sheep's foot.  
The pleasures received from an  
The little finger of a  
A tear that fell from a capital I.  
A lawyer that plead a printer's case.  
Some fur from the top of a small cap.  
A candle made from printer's plate.  
Some bark from a printer's stick.  
A sight from a shooting stick.  
A glass of frog from a printer's bar.  
A feather taken from the bed of a press.  
A quoin from a printer's bank.  
The index of a Printer's Guide.  
The uniform worn by General Intelligence at the battle of composition.  
An insult from an imposing stone.  
Some veneering from a piece of furniture.

A thorn from a briar  
A piece of rule that won't work both ways.  
Some angry words from a cross bar.  
A jour, who never came to a stand.  
A cold caught from using damp sheets.  
A jour, who rested himself by setting on a column.  
A nose from the face of a type.  
Matter from a running lead.  
The "sub" who was punished by a hanging indentation.  
And a few debts from delinquent subscribers, which we hope will be paid as soon as circumstances will admit.

To the Girls.  
Here is a paragraph of plain talk to the girls, by an anonymous author, which is worth a library of Young Ladies' Friends, or whatever may be the title of the wispy-washy compounds that are sold for the benefit of that interesting portion of community.

"Men who are worth having want women for wives. A bundle of gew-waws bound with a string of facts and quivers, sprinkled with cologne and set in carmine sauce—this is no help to a man who expects to raise a family on veritable bread and meat. The piano and lace frame are good in their places, and so are ribbons, frills and tinsels; but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a bed-blanket of the latter. And, awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinners and bed-blankets are necessary to domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as fancies; but you may make it all a matter of decoration, remembering the tasters and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead.—Suppose a man of good sense, and of course good prospect, looking for a wife—what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or you may trap him or catch him, but how much better for him to make it an object to catch you! Heed your yourself worthy catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or brotner to help you find a market."

EXTRAORDINARY EXERCISE.—A Contemporary has adopted the practice, becoming quite common, of marking papers with an X on the expiration of subscriptions. A subscriber recently responded in the following good bit:—

MESSRS. LANSING:—That your X-position is X-cusable in the X-tra X-X libited on the X-terior of the last Standard, you must allow me to X-press my readiness to admit. Please to X-amine the enclosed X-change, and if deemed an X-piation for my remissness, it will be X-pected that you will X-tend to me an X-oration from your X-actions, by X-punging or X-scinding the said X for my next paper. Not that your mode is in any way X-ceptionable in X-exercising a right, but rather to be X-tolled, as a very X-peditious one in making X-amples of delinquents. Yours, Truly,

Awful Pun.—In a large mercantile house in N. Y., there is a gentleman whose name is T. G. Ruler. "Why is your biography unlike the Scriptures?" asked the book-keeper of the establishment.

Of course the astonished gentleman could not believe his biography was very dissimilar to the Scriptures, and was forced to give it up.

"Because one is the rule of life, and the other is the life of rule."  
The book-keeper still retains his situation, in spite of the enormity of his offence.

Great Fall of Rock.—At Roundout, N. Y., on the 15th inst., a terrific crash was heard in the lower part of the village, the sound coming from a north-east direction, and resembling thunder. It appears that several thousand tons of huge rocks had fallen from an adjoining cliff. A lady seeing the imminent danger of her child, who was playing in the garden, ran to her rescue. A huge rock rushed between them, rolling over by the concussion of the passing stone but doing no other harm.

An Ark is now being built by a man of Shields, in anticipation of the next flood—of tears, shed by his wife when he refuses to buy her a new gown. He thinks he can weather the storm.

A German writer observes that in the United States there is such a scarcity of thieves they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

"Weigh your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another: "They won't weigh much if he did," said the antagonist, coolly.

The chap that plucked the feathers from the wing of a house, has recently converted his bat into a brick yard.

NEARLY OVER.—Having read in this County,