

# The Nebraska Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO MATTERS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO THE COMMUNITY AT LARGE.

VOLUME I.

BROWNVILLE, NEMAH COUNTY, N. T., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1857.

NUMBER 36.

**Nebraska Advertiser**  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
**R. W. FURNAS,**  
Second Street, bet. Main and Water,  
(Lath's Block),  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

**TERMS:**  
For one year (variably in advance) \$2.00  
For six months 1.50

**RATES OF ADVERTISING:**  
Per square, (12 lines or less), one insertion, \$1.00  
Each additional insertion, 50c  
For one month, 2.50  
For three months, 7.00  
For six months, 12.00  
For one year, 20.00  
Business Cards of six lines or less one year, 5.00  
Our Columns, one year, 10.00  
Our Columns, six months, 6.00  
Our Columns, three months, 4.00  
Our Columns, one month, 2.00  
Our Columns, one week, 1.00  
Our Columns, one day, 50c  
Our Columns, one hour, 25c  
Our Columns, one minute, 10c  
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Our Columns, one ninety-ninth, 3c  
Our Columns, one hundredth, 2c

Advertisements will be considered by the year, unless specified on the manuscript, or previously agreed upon between the parties.  
Advertisements not marked on the copy for a special number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.  
All advertisements of strangers or transient persons, to be paid in advance.  
The principles of yearly advertisements will be confined to their own business; and all advertisements pertaining thereto, to be paid for extra.  
All needed advertisements charged double the above rates.  
Advertisements on the inside exclusively will be charged extra.

**BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING!**

Posters, Blanks, Bill Heads, Labels, Circulars, Lading, Catalogues, Checks, Bills of

**SHIPPING BILLS, BALL TICKETS,**  
and every other kind of work that may be called for.  
Hiring purchased, in connection with the "Advertiser" Office, an extensive and excellent variety of  
**JOB TYPE**  
of the latest styles, were prepared to do any kind of work mentioned in the above Catalogue, with neatness and dispatch.  
The Proprietor, who, having had an extensive experience, will give his personal attention to this branch of business, and hope, in his endeavors to please, to merit the confidence of his patrons, and reasonable charges, to receive a share of the public patronage.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**

**BROWNVILLE.**  
**OSCAR F. LAKE & CO.,**  
GENERAL  
LAND AND LOT AGENTS.  
OFFICE on Main, bet. 1st and 2d Sts.  
Brownville, N. T.

**A. S. HOLLIDAY, M. D.**  
**SURGEON, PHYSICIAN**  
And Obstetrician.  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.  
Solicits a share of public patronage, in the various branches of his profession, from the citizens of Brownville and vicinity.

**W. HOBLITZELL & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,**  
Queensware, Hardware,  
Stoves, Furniture,  
**COUNTRY PRODUCE.**  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

**MISS MARY W. TURNER,**  
**MILLINER**  
And Dress Maker,  
First Street, between Main and Water,  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.  
Bonnets and Trimmings always on hand.

**C. W. WHEELER,**  
**ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.**  
FIRST ST. WATER AND WATERS STS.  
Brownville, N. T.

**T. L. RICKETTS,**  
**CARPENTER AND JOINER,**  
BROWNVILLE,  
NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

**J. D. N. THOMPSON,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
LOT AND LAND AGENT;  
Corner of First and Atlantic Streets,  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.  
Will attend the Courts of Northern Missouri, Nebraska and Western Iowa.

**JAMES W. GIBSON,**  
**BLACKSMITH**  
Second Street, between Main and Nebraska,  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

**R. W. FURNAS,**  
**LAND AND LOT AGENT,**  
**INSURANCE AGENT,**  
AND AGENT FOR  
**AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.**  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

**A. D. JONES,**  
THE WESTERN PIONEER LAND HUNTER,  
AND  
**DEALER IN REAL ESTATE,**  
OMAHA CITY, N. T.  
Lands carefully located, and entered for customers. Lots and Lands bought and sold.

**E. M. M'COMAS,**  
**PHYSICIAN, SURGEON**  
AND OBSTETRICIAN,  
NEMAH CITY, N. T.  
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Nemaha county.

**HARDING, KIMBOUGH & CO.,**  
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in  
**HATS, CAPS & STRAW GOODS,**  
No 49 Main street, bet. Olive and Pine,  
ST. LOUIS, MO.  
Particular attention paid to manufacturing our finest Hosiery.

**A. L. COATE,**  
**COUNTY SURVEYOR,**  
BROWNVILLE, NEMAH CO.  
Nebraska Territory.

**NUCKOLLS, RUSSELL & CO.**  
**Rockport, Mo.**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,**  
**HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,**  
Medicines, Dye Stuffs,  
Saddlery, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps,  
**QUEENWARE, STONEWARE, TINWARE,**  
IRON, NAILS, STOVES, PLOWS &c.  
Also Furniture of all kinds, Window Sash, &c

**A. D. KIRK,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
Land Agent and Notary Public,  
Archer, Richardson county, N. T.  
Will practice in the Courts of Nebraska, assisted by Harding and Bennett, Nebraska City.

**JACOB SAFFORD,**  
**Attorney and Counselor at Law,**  
GENERAL INSURANCE AND LAND AGENT.  
And Notary Public.  
Nebraska City, Nebraska Territory.  
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care, in Nebraska Territory and Western Iowa.  
September 12, 1856. v1n15-1y

**SPRIGMAN & BROWN,**  
**RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT**  
AGENTS,  
And General Commission Merchants.  
No. 46, Public Landing,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

**A. A. BRADFORD,**  
**W. M. McLENNAN,**  
**W. M. McLENNAN,**  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

**BRADFORD, McLENNAN & MCGARY,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW**  
AND  
**SOLICITERS IN CHANCERY.**  
Brownville and Nebraska City,  
NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

BEING permanently located in the Territory, we will give our entire time and attention to the practice of our profession, in all its branches. Matters in Litigation, Collections of Debts, Sales and Purchases of Real Estate, Selections of Land, Location of Land Warrants, and all other business entrusted to our management, will receive prompt and faithful attention.

**REFERENCES.**  
S. F. Nicholls, Nebraska City,  
Richard Brown, Brownville,  
Wm. Hoblitzell & Co.,  
Hon. James Craig, St. Joseph, Mo.,  
Hon. James M. Hughes, St. Louis, Mo.,  
Hon. John R. Shoup, " " " "  
Messrs. Crow, McCreary & Co., " " " "  
Messrs. S. G. Hubbard & Co., Cincinnati, O.,  
Hon. J. M. Love, Keokuk, Iowa,  
v1-1

**A. J. POPPLETON,**  
**W. N. STEES,**  
**POPPLETON & BYERS,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
And General Land Agents,  
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

**Land Warrants Bought and Sold**  
**LAND ENTERED ON TIME.**  
SPECIAL attention given to the selection and entry of Lands for Settlers, and all others desiring choice locations.  
Land Claims, Town Lots and all kinds of Real Estate, bought and sold and investments made for distant States.

**JOHN S. HOYT,**  
**County Surveyor and Land Agent,**  
OF Richardson county, N. T., will attend promptly to all business in his profession, when called on, such as Paying Taxes, Resolving Claims, Subdividing Land, Laying out Town Lots, Drafting City Plats, &c.  
Residence and address  
ARCHER, Richardson county, N. T.

**J. HART & SON**  
**SADDLE & HARNESS**  
MAKERS,  
Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.  
Keep constantly on hand all descriptions of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, &c., &c.  
No. 31. Every article in our shop is manufactured by ourselves, and warranted to give satisfaction.

**W. P. LOAN,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW**  
LAND AND LOT AGENT.  
ARCHER, RICHARDSON COUNTY, N. T.

**OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,**  
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in  
**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
No. 57 MAIN STREET,  
(Formerly No. 211, Clark near Main and Locust),  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

## Original Tale.

(Written for the Nebraska Advertiser.)  
ITERATING.

BY TOM TURNIP.

Be's you not a man yet sells books and newspapers. I had once the misfortune to be a bookseller, an itinerant one, I mean—one of those who go through the country (that's their story) not because they like the business, or that "it pays," but for the benevolent purpose of enlightening the world; for the especial benefit of their fellow "human beings." That's the kind of a mission necessity called upon me to go on, and—I went.

A carpet-bag, a blue, cotton umbrella, several specimen copies of works too stale to find sale, without the "t," in the bookstores, a small, leather-backed blank book to receive subscribers' names, and I was accoutered for the "tramp."

I, accompanied by the above mentioned accompaniments, accordingly, one autumn morning, mounted the village post-chaise, a clumsy, rickety vehicle, which plied weekly between Brownville and a portion of country commonly known as the "uncivilized regions," to which I, with the very best motives, directed my course.

After rolling, rumbering and tumbling over "corduroy" roads for about fifteen miles, I got out, at a very small town, bid my gruff friend the coach driver a rather brief adieu, and struck out into the country.

I soon brought up to a farmer's house, surrounded with stables and pig-stys in rather close proximity, among which I found the old fellow feeding his hogs.

"Good morning," said I, with a bow.  
After staring at me for about a minute, he managed to mutter "mornin'" and then went to punching the larger "porkers" to prevent their taking the advantage of their smaller brethren.

"Has promise of a fine day," I remarked.  
A shrug of his shoulders was my only answer; accordingly I changed the subject.

"Got some fine hogs there," I ventured to say.  
"Poity good," was his reply as he left off his admonitory exercise, sat down his sloop-pail and looked in my face rather inquisitively.

"Weigh about three hundred."  
"Guess they will, stranger," he chuckled, "mighty fine hogs, them."  
"Speaking of hogs, wouldn't you like to buy a book on 'live stock?'"

"A book, stranger; I never know'd you could fatten the 'critters' with books or newspapers either."  
"O, yes!" I returned, "books are valuable assistants in farming generally, and keeping stock, in particular."  
"Feed 'em whole, or chopped up," was his query.

"You are mistaken in my meaning," I replied. "You do not feed your books to your stock, but from their pages learn the proper method of feeding them on grain."  
"O, bother to your nonsense," he growlingly remarked as he moved off. "Just as if I war'n't the oldest stock raiser in these parts. And," continued he, "I ain't a goin' to have my 'xprience made fun of in that way neither."

I went out at the gate, but prompted by mischievousness turned, as he reached his porch, and halloed, "Say, old fellow, better buy a book on geese."  
"Here Tiger! Here Pomp!" shouted he, as he dropped his pail by the door, and at his call two ferocious animals—a mixture of hound and cur—responded with their immediate presence and confounded howls.

"Look there!" said he, pointing at my swiftly vanishing form—"nail him!—take him!"

The voracious brutes instantly obeyed, and before I made three hundred yards from the house the "barbaric varnints" came so close upon me that I was obliged to "tree," which I facetiously accomplished by swinging myself into the fork of a friendly walnut

## Miscellaneous.

GOD'S PITY.

We quote the following, written by Rev. H. W. BEECHER, from the N. Y. Independent:

God's pity abides, even as He abides, and partakes of the divine grandeur and omnipotence. There is a whole eternity in it, for substance and duration. As God himself cannot be measured with lines of latitude and longitude, but is boundless, so is His every attribute. His pity is infinite, moving with equal step to all the other attributes of God, and holding his course and path as far forth as omniscience doth; it passes with omnipresence along the circuits of infinity!

For as heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him. As far as the east is far from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us!

God's pity is not as some sweet cordial, poured in dainty drops from some golden phial. It is not like the musical water-drops of some slender rills murmuring down the dark sides of Mount Sinai. It is wide as the whole cope of heaven. It is abundant as all the air. If one had art to gather up all the golden sunlight that today falls wide over all this continent—falling through every silent hour; and all that is dispersed over the whole ocean, flashing from every wave; and all that is poured refulgent over the northern wastes of ice, and along the whole continent of Europe, and the vast outlying Asia and torrid Africa; if one could in any way gather up this immense and incalculable outflow and treasure of sunlight that falls down through the bright hours, and runs in liquid ether about the mountains, and fills all the plains, and sends innumerable rays through every secret place, pouring over and filling every flower, shining down the sides of every blade of grass, resting in glorious humidity upon the humblest things—on stick, and stone, and pebble; on the spider's web, the sparrow's nest, the threshold of the young foxes' hole, where they play and warm themselves—that rests on the prisoner's window, that strike radiant beams through the slave's tear, that puts gold upon the widow's weeds, that plates and roofs the city with burnished gold, and goes on in its wild abundance up and down the earth, shining everywhere, and always, since the day of primal creation, without filtering, without stint, without waste or diminution; as full, as fresh, as overflowing to-day, as if it were the very first day of its outpouring!—if one might gather up this boundless, endless, infinite treasure, to measure it, then might he tell the height and depth; and unending glory of the pity of God!

In light—the sun, its source—you have God's own figure of the immensity and copiousness of His mercy and compassion.

This divine pity applies to us on account of our weakness. God looks upon our littleness, as compared with His angels that excel in strength, much, it may be supposed, as we look upon little children as compared with grown-up men.

Divine pity is exercised in view of our sufferings, both of body and of mind. We sometimes fear to bring our troubles to God, because they must seem so small to Him who sitteth on the circle of the earth. But if they are large enough to vex and endanger our welfare, they are large enough to touch His heart of love. For love does not measure by a merchant's scale; nor with a surveyor's chain. It hath a delicacy which is unknown in any handling of material substance.

It sometimes seems as if God cared for nothing. The wicked are at ease. The good are vexed incessantly. The world is full of misery and confusion. The darling of the flock is always made the sacrifice. Some child, in the very midst of its glee, becomes suddenly silent—as a music-box, its spring giving way, stops in the midst of its strain, and never plays out the melody. The mother staggers, and wanders through day and night, as if that were mingled into one, and that shot through with preternatural influence of we. But think not that God's silence is coldness or indifference. When Christ stood by the dead, the silence of tears interpreted his sympathy more wonderfully than even that voice which afterwards called back the footsteps of the brother from the grave, and planted them in life again! God's stillness is full of brooding. Not one tear shall be shed by you that does not hang heavier at his heart than any world of sin!

Be not impatient of God. Your sorrow is a seed sown. Shall a seed come up in a day, or come up all in blossom when it does come? Let God

## THE FABLE OF THE WANDERING JEW.

The legend of a Jew ever wandering and never dying, even from the crucifixion of Jesus to this day, has spread over many European countries. The accounts, however, as in all fables, do not agree. One version is this: When Jesus was led to death, oppressed by the weight of the cross, he wished to rest himself a little near the gate, before the house of a shoemaker named Ananias. This man, however, sprang forth and thrust him away. Jesus turned towards him, saying, "I shall rest, but thou shalt move on until I return." And from that time he has had no rest, and is obliged incessantly to wander about.

Another version is that given by Mathias Parisiensis, a monk of the thirteenth century: When Jesus was led from the tribunal of Pilatus to death, the doorkeeper, named Cartafilus, pushed him from behind with his feet, saying, "Walk on, Jesus, quickly, why dost thou tarry?" Jesus looked at him gravely, and said: "I walk on, but thou shalt not tarry till I come."

And this man, still alive, wanders from place to place, in constant dread of the wrath to come. A third legend adds, that this wandering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recovers, and renews his strength; hence it is that, after so many centuries, he does not look much older than septuagenarian. Thus for the legends. Not one of the ancient authors makes even mention of such an account. The first who reports some such things is a monk of the thirteenth century, when, as is known, the world was filled with disgust with pious fiction. However, the story has spread far, so that it has become a proverb—"He runs about like a wandering Jew." There are not persons wanting who assert to have seen the wandering Jew. But when their evidence is examined by the test of historical credibility, it is found that some impostor has made use of this fable to impose upon some simple minded people for some purpose of his own. However, the legend is not altogether untrue; there is a wandering Jew who roves about Europe, in every country. This imperishable being is—prejudice against the Jews. —*Jersey Chron.*

**WILL IT BE A WARNING!**  
A correspondent of the Boston Journal says that the wife of Huntington, the forger, has been stripped of her home and her all in one hour. The sheriff has sold her house over her head. Her jewels, valued at \$15,000, are with the Beldens. What has been done with the vast sums Huntington had, none can tell. But this is true, that want, like an armed man, has come into his family. And to keep herself from absolute want she has been compelled to part with her clothes and her little ornaments and remnants of better days. So the career of crime has one more beacon set up in the pathway of life—one more family has been hurled from the summit of high position and honor in a moment—one more wife and mother to gather up her little children, on whose heads dishonor has been stamped, without their fault, blot as the brand of Cain, and go out from a comfortable home, to meet want, and scorn, and brave the cold, glassy eye of the world, and feel the hot breath of its sneer—one more example is given to us to teach how the same talents which led to high crime and the prison, employed aright could confer honor and permanent success on the possessor, and be a blessing to the land. Like a convict who falls from a ship, Huntington has parted and agitated the waves for a moment, and gone down beneath the surge, and the rolling flood sweeps over his place, and the tide of life waves on forgetting that he ever lived. But who will be counselled, warned, saved by his end? Who will believe the lesson that thousands of years have taught, that integrity and honor are the only paths to permanent success? —*Phil. Times.*

**KISS OR FIGHT.**  
There are few married men who are not averse of seeing their wives kissed. But an exchange relates the particulars of a case in which a newly-wedded Benedict felt himself insulted because his wife wasn't kissed. The bridegroom in question was a stalwart young rustic who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight." His bride was a blooming and beautiful country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twin were at a party where a number of young folks of both sexes were enjoying themselves in the good old-fashioned, pawn-playing style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed except Mrs. B., the beautiful young bride, although there was not a youngster present who was not dying to taste her lips.

They mistook the cause of his anger, however, for suddenly he expressed himself.

Rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and in a tone of voice that secured marked attention, said: "Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but—" "What's the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen voices. "What do you mean? Have we done anything to hurt your feelings?" "Yes, you have; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I've got just this to say about it. Here's every girl in the room has been kissed nigh a dozen times a piece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single one to-night; and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses the balance of the time as any gal in the room, the man that slights her has got to fight—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays!"

Mrs. B. was delighted during the balance of the evening we did not know it. As for ourselves, we know that John had no fault to find with us individually, for any neglect on our part.

The following editorial apology for lack of remarks, appears in a Western paper:

The editor is absent from the State, which will account for the want of any editorial attention this week, and the editor's wife feels so bad about the election of Buchanan that we dare not ask her assistance.

## THE END OF A DRINKING CLUB.

A celebrated drinking club in a large town in the west of Scotland, which had formerly great influence at the local elections is broken up. Two of its members were sent to the Lunatic Asylum; one jumped out of the window and killed himself; one walked or fell into the water at night and was drowned; one was found dead in a public house; one died of delirium tremens; upwards of ten became bankrupt; four died ere they had lived half their days. One who was ballif when connected with the club, is at present keeping a low public house. Such are a few facts, well known to those living in the locality. —*Liverpool Albion.*

You may insert a thousand excellent things in a newspaper, and never hear a word of approbation or remark from the readers; but just let a paragraph slip in (by accident or indifference) of one or two lines that is not in good taste, and you will be sure to hear about that to your heart's content.

By means of a machine invented by a French artisan, lines are engraved so minute as to be undistinguishable and almost imperceptible to the naked eye. It is designed for the production of private marks in bank notes, and it is capable of producing two hundred thousand different combinations of minute kaleidoscopic line figures, only to be seen by the aid of a powerful microscope, yet perfectly regular and distinct, and insusceptible of being imitated. At every turn of the tiny wheels which work it, the machine produces four entirely new designs, exceedingly complicated and quite different from one another.

A female highway robber has made her appearance in Boston, with her face partially concealed by a hood. A young woman walking in Essex street was stopped by this bold foot-pad; she attempted to tear the fur cape from the lady's shoulders, and not succeeding, demanded money but before a reply could be given, struck the lady a blow on the face, which left its impression there some time after. The baffled robber then took to her heels, before the lady could give an alarm.

The most important principle, perhaps, in life, is to have a parent—a useful one if possible, and at all events an innocent one.

He is truly great who is small in his own account.