

Large Stories.

However much we may be inclined to believe the various statements of the press, yet at times we read paragraphs that entirely stagger and overthrow belief. A few have come under our notice lately, in papers, the editors of which, though not vouching for the truth of the statements, give them their endorsement by publishing them. One editor publishes:—

"A friend at our elbow says there is a piece of road, not two miles from here, so narrow that when two teams meet they have both to get over the fence before either can pass."

Now it strikes us that this is not true, because if the path is worthy of being called a road, it would be unnecessary for more than one team to get over the wall while the other passed.

Another one publishes—

"A Californian writes that they have fire-flies so large in that interesting state, that they use them to cook by. They hang the kettles on their hinder legs, which are bent for the purpose like pot-hooks. Great country that."

This is one of the many inducements held out to inveigle innocent persons into going to California. It is one of the inventions of the enemy, and it has, we fear, persuaded many who don't love to chop wood at home into going there. We enter our protest against it, and utter disbelief.

Another one publishes the following:

"There is a journeyman tailor in Boston whose nose is so red, that he can sew the finest work in the darkest night with no other light than that afforded by his flaming broboscis.—His head is quite bald from the effect of carrying 'building material' in his hat."

We appeal to our friend Nichols, who knows every tailor in Boston, if this is true. Were it so, he could command any price for his luminous qualities. Not that the thing is absolutely impossible, either—for we read in Henry the Fourth, by W. Shakspeare, that one Bardolph's nose, therein described by Sir J. Falstaff, served as torch-light for the said worthy and veracious knight. We only positively deny the tailor's existence in these parts, where our tailors are all exemplary citizens, and every one of whom belongs to a temperance society.

We would appeal to the editors, if they regard their reputation for veracity, not to publish such stories for the future; or they will forfeit the respect of truth-telling papers, like the Carpet-Bag, and a very few others.—*Boston Carpet Bag.*

AN IRISH SERMON.—Mrs. Mulvany, ye must die, although ye're so hale and hearty, ye must die, that ye must. And you, Mr. Rafferty, ye must die too, although ye are so lane and so lank that ye scarce make a shadow when the sun shines, ye must die, that ye must. And you, Mr. Innishkillen, ye must die too, that ye must. And you, too, Teague McGinnis, for all you are so rosy-cheeked, and are forever making love to the girls at Donnybrook Fair, ye must die, yes, ye must all die. I must die, too, although I am the pastor of the parish, and have the care of all yer souls, I must die too; and when I shall be coming up before Goodness, and Goodness is after saying to me—"Father Mulrico Lafferty, how is your parish on for drunkenness?" I shall say, "Och, mighty clane, yer honor." And then Goodness will say, "Father Mulrico Lafferty, how is your parish off for thaving, and such like deadly sins?" "Och, mighty clane, yer honor." So ye see it's a good character I shall be giving Goodness of yez all; but when Goodness shall say to me, "Father Mulrico Lafferty, how have they paid you their Easter dues?" what shall I say to that, ye blackguards?

POPULAR APPLAUSE.—At a public meeting in Marlboro, Boston, a week or two ago, while a dull speaker was addressing the meeting, frequent applause was heard to proceed from the seat where sat the kind hearted Dr. —, and though somewhat against their grain, the audience joined in, thereby encouraging the man to continue talking at a most tedious rate, until, out of patience, a friend of the physician went to him, and good naturedly remonstrated with him. The doctor assured him that it was not him, and on investigation it proved to be a dog scratching out fleas! The constant rapping of his paw had led the applause throughout the evening.

HARD DRAWING.—An old joker, who was never known to yield the palm to any antagonist in reeling a knotty yarn, was put to his trumps, at hearing a traveller state, that he once saw a brick house placed upon runners, and drawn up hill to a more favorable location some half a mile distant.

"What do you think of that, Uncle Ethiel?" said the bystanders.

"O fudge!" said the old man. "I once saw a two-story house down east drawn by oxen, three miles,"—a dead silence ensued, the old man evidently had the worst of it, and he saw it; gathering all his energies, he bit off a huge piece of pigtail by way of gaining time for thought; "they drew the stone house," said the old man, (ejecting a quantity of tobacco juice toward the fire place,) "but that warn't the worst of the job, for after they done that, they went back and drew the cellar." The stranger gave in.

PAY THAT THOU OWEST.—The negligence of subscribers to pay for their papers is proverbial, and in many instances the proverb is an undeniable truth. There are many, nevertheless, who in this as well as in every other instance, are punctual; and were it not for this noble class, the Press would be unable to maintain its position.

The subscriber who habitually neglects to pay his subscription, inflicts injury beyond what he imagines. Neglect with regard to this matter robs the newspaper proprietor of whatever of real comfort belongs to his extremely annoying post; it renders his efforts for the good of society less successful; and to a fearful extent reduces the profits of his business, rendering in many instances a business, which on the advance payment principle would command large profits,—a losing concern.—*Toronto Watchman.*

VERY FRENCH, INDEED.—A writer in the Boston Transcript tells of an assassin, named Jobard, in Lyons, France, who went to the theatre with the intention of killing somebody, he didn't care who. On seating himself, he found before him two young ladies, and it was a long time a question in his mind which of the two he should choose. After a long deliberation he decided on the younger and prettier, as being, as he expressed it, "nearer and more fit for heaven," and in her bosom he buried his knife to the hilt. The neglected beauty on learning the reason of his choice was so profoundly affected at the slight, that she pined for a week, refusing all nourishment and consolation, and finally ended her days, and with them her chagrins, by the most heart-rending and melancholy suicide.

CURIOSITIES FOR THE MUSEUM.

- A plaster to draw crowded houses.
- Hats worn on the heads of a discourse.
- The thread with which a boy sowed his wild oats.
- Suction hose knit from a sailor's yarn.
- The dish in which the droppings of the sanctuary were caught.
- The justice that drew up a deed of darkness.
- The club with which a man struck a light.
- The joint of a ne plus ultra.
- The bucket that hung in all's well.
- A scratch made by the last clause of a verse.
- The stopple to a bass-viol.
- Fragments of the man that burst into tears.
- A bristle from an untimely end.
- Tears that a wood-shed.

Reader, did it ever occur to you that you have an eight-foot organ pipe in your throat? Probably not, if you don't stand more than six feet in your boots; you will be, therefore, a little astounded by the following, from the *Puritan Recorder*: "How small is the diameter of the human throat, and how short its measure! Yet, it will give the same note with the pipe of an organ eight feet in length! and the valve which covers it, and plays with electric swiftness (imitated by the reed of the organ,) is, as all know, a very little thing; yet with the contraction and expansion of the throat, it will utter a scale of seventeen degrees; and divide every whole tone into a hundred parts!"

Order and system prevent waste and confusion.

A BASHFUL LOVER.—The most bashful man we have heard of recently, was a young gentleman from St. Louis, who was married in this city the other day to a young lady from an adjoining town. We are informed by parties who are acquainted with the circumstances, that after the friends had assembled, and the parson had arrived, and every preparation had been made, the young man would not be prevailed upon to come out of his room to perform his part of the ceremony. From sheer diffidence he resisted all entreaties, from nine o'clock in the morning, the time appointed for the wedding, till late in the afternoon. At last his friends succeeded in elevating his courage to the sticking place, and he came down and led his fair companion to the altar, thus relieving her and her friends from an embarrassing situation. How this bashful young man will manage to get through the world, his friends are curious to know.

A CONSCIENTIOUS THIEF.—A liquor dealer from Albany, visited Portland, Maine, last week, and while on the steamboat he had his pocket picked of his pocket-book containing eighty dollars. Soon after he arrived at home he received the lost pocket-book by mail, money and all.—A note was enclosed in it, saying that the writer had stolen the money, but hearing that the owner was a liquor dealer, and that it was "rum money," his conscience would not allow him to make use of it. A tough story this, but the "Dutchman," declares it to be true.

ONE OF THE JUDGES.—"When I was travelling in Massachusetts, some twenty years ago," said a traveller, "I had a seat with the driver, who, on stopping at the post office, saluted an ill-looking fellow on the step, with 'good morning, Judge Saunders; I hope you're well, sir.' After leaving the office, I asked the driver if the man he spoke to was really a judge. 'Certainly, sir,' he replied. 'We had a cock-fight last week, and he was made a judge on that occasion!'"

ANECDOTE OF LORD ELDON.—Lord Eldon asked a medical friend of mine how many sons he had. The reply was, "Two—one very sharp and quick, the other slow but sure." "What do you mean to make of them?" "I purpose making a lawyer of the sharp one, and a doctor of the other." "Do no such thing," rejoined his lordship; "make the clever one the doctor, the other the lawyer—I was never anything but a plodder."

A funny incident is related of a lady, who was so nice and virtuous that she would not visit the theatre to see a noted danseuse; but, residing at the same hotel, she resolved to have a peep at her. After her run from the theatre, the lady walked softly to the door, and peeped in through the crack. Judge of her surprise when she saw her own husband seated at the table, taking a cosy oyster supper with the object of her abhorrence.

Some years ago a Philadelphia merchant sent a cargo of goods to Constantinople. After the supercargo saw the bales and boxes safely landed he inquired where they could be stored. "Leave them here, it won't ram to-night," was the reply. "But I dare not leave them thus exposed; some of the goods may be stolen," said the supercargo. The Mahomedan merchant burst into a loud laugh as he replied,—"Don't be alarmed, there ain't a Christian within fifty miles of here!"

THE WORST MAN.—A clergyman wishing to know whether the children of his parishioners understood their Bible, asked a lad that he found one day reading the Old Testament, who was the wickedest man.

"Moses, to be sure," said the boy.
"Moses!" exclaimed the parson, "Moses—how can that be?"
"Why," said the lad, "he broke all the commandments at once!"

A man advertises for a "competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds, that it will be profitable to the undertaker. No doubt of it.

Mrs. Partington, on hearing that Mount Vesiferous had another eruption, wondered if Townsend's Saucy-prunella wouldn't do it good.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[FOR THE CARLETON SENTINEL.]

MR. EDITOR,—I dare say you have heard the old proverb of a "drowning man grasping at a straw," never perhaps was this more illustrated than in the case of "A Lover of Truth" in his last communication. Here it is: He says that in one of my communications I said I got my information from a man in Richmond, and in another I said I got it from a man in the same settlement where the money was given to open a road to the man's house,—(if this straw keeps him long afloat he is welcome to it,)—and he further adds, that the men of that settlement are willing to sign a paper, that they did not give such information. I have no objection to them doing this, but I will warrant that my informant will never sign such a paper, nor is it anything to the purpose if those people do it; but if they would sign a paper stating that the work is finished, that would help him wonderfully; and as I gave him a challenge to that effect in my last, is it not strange that out of all those willing-to-sign people, he has not been able to get a single one to do it? This looks suspicious. But the fact is, Mr. Editor, the people of Richmond (with one exception) know better than to sign a lie, even to help "A Lover of Truth" out of his difficulty, and therefore they will not do it. But with respect to the straw that he has grasped at, although it is not worthy of notice, yet lest any persons as ignorant as himself should think there is any weight in it, I will just remark, that this Lover of Truth lives in Richmond, and my informant lives in Richmond also, but as to the exact spot, (which my opponent is so anxious to know,) he will not hear it from me, without the consent of the person himself, nor is it of the least importance, so long as the information is true. Look at another of his senseless remarks. He says—"An Elector may evade the point by saying that I am mistaken as to the settlement in Richmond, he has reference to." This is more absurd if possible than the other, for if the ignoramus had half as much brain as lips, he would know that I could make no such evasion, as there was no other grant given last year to any man in Richmond, to open a road through his own field to his house, and he himself appointed commissioner to lay it out. Just see the nonsense he uses, and the state to which he is reduced, by attempting to overthrow the truth. Let us now look at what he says about this road himself—"As to the work being done, I can myself certify that there is double the amount of work done in this instance, that has ever been done in the settlement for the same amount of money, and I believe every man in the settlement will say the same thing." Now although the being is grossly ignorant, he has some cunning; you see he does not say the work is finished, but "double the quantity has been done that ever was done there for the same amount." This is all I wanted. I said the work is unfinished, and he has not dared to say it is, and as for that which he is so willing to certify it is perfect nonsense as far as relates to the matter in question, for I said nothing about the quantity of work, I only said it is not finished, and as that is the case I care not there was ten times the amount done.

I will now, Mr. Editor, give a little more information on the subject than I did before, as I consider it necessary. There was four pounds fifteen shillings to be expended, after deducting the commissioner's fees; the road was sold at eight-pence a rod, to be turnpiked, with other specifications which I will not mention at present. At the above rate the money would pay for one hundred and forty-two rods and a half; now if this sum would not reach from the starting place at the public road to the man's house, of course the contractor had no right go farther than the money would reach; but, sir, a certain person stepped or paced it, and found the money would go a good distance beyond the man's house, and for this reason I say that if there be any part unfinished between the man's house and the public road my statement is true; that such is the case I assert, and my opponent does not say to the contrary; for which reason I say his conduct is mean and pitiful. If the road is finished throughout, why does he not speak out like a man and say so, and not act like a blubbering school-boy, shuffling and equivocating to save himself from merited punishment—such conduct renders him contemptible in the eyes of every man of sense. But, Mr. Editor, it were possible for me to evade the question as my opponent so foolishly stated, I would be very sorry to do it, for no road in Richmond would answer me so well in the present case, because there is another road or lane somewhere convenient to it, on which I want to get my opponent, and which he has managed so far to keep off. It will be remembered that in "A Lover of Truth's" first communication he quoted from mine till he came to where I told how I got my information, he stopped there (as perhaps he did not like to go any farther) and pronounced these all false and libelous: it is true he qualified the expression with "he believed," but that qualifying amounted to nothing, as he still persists in treating them as false. Now if my information be false, his statements must be true, that is certain. The part of my information