

**TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"**  
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.  
JOSEPH EISELY, Editor.  
Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Masser's Store.  
THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.  
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# SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JACKSON.  
By Masser & Eiseley. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, April 12, 1845. Vol. 5—No. 29—Whole No. 237.

**PRICES OF ADVERTISING.**  
1 square 1 insertion, . . . . . \$0 50  
1 do 2 do . . . . . 0 75  
1 do 3 do . . . . . 1 00  
Every subsequent insertion, . . . . . 0 25  
Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half column, \$18, three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$5; one square, \$3 50.  
Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.  
Sixteen lines make a square.

**UMBRELLAS CHEAP**  
**REST FENNER & CO.**  
Manufacturers of  
UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, and SUN SHADES,  
No. 143 Market Street,  
Philadelphia.  
INVITE the attention of Merchants, Manufacturers, &c., to their very extensive, elegant, new stock, prepared with great care, and offered at the lowest possible prices for cash.  
The principle on which this concern is established, is to consult the mutual interest of their customers and themselves, by manufacturing a good article, selling it at the lowest price for cash, and realizing their own remuneration, in the amount of sales and quick returns.  
Possessing inexhaustible facilities for manufacture, they are prepared to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of Merchants, Manufacturers and Dealers.  
A large assortment of the New Style Curran Parasols.  
Philadelphia, June 1, 1844.—ly

**HERR'S HOTEL.**  
FORMERLY TREMONT HOUSE,  
No. 116 Chesnut Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
THE SUBSCRIBER, recently of Reading, Pa., would inform the public that he has fitted up the above establishment as an elegant and convenient one, and will always be ready to entertain visitors. His establishment is in the line, it is hoped, will afford full assurance, that his guests will be supplied with every comfort and accommodation; while his house will be conducted under such arrangements as will secure a character for the first responsibility, and satisfactory entertainment for its individual and families.  
Charge for boarding \$1 per day.  
DANIEL HERR.  
Philadelphia, May 25, 1844.—ly

**To Country Merchants.**  
Boots, Shoes, Bonnets, Leghorn and Palm Leaf Hats.  
**G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR,**  
at the S. E. corner of Market and Fifth Sts.,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
OFFER for sale an extensive assortment of the above articles, all of which they sell at unusually low prices, and particularly invite the attention of buyers visiting the city, to an examination of their stock.  
G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR.  
Philadelphia, May 25, 1844.—ly

**WANT FOR SALE.**—The small Farm, containing about 100 acres, about 2 miles above Nottingham, and lying on lands of Jesse C. Horton, John Leighton and others, will be sold cheap, if application be made soon to the subscriber.  
Sunbury, Aug. 21.  
H. B. MASSER.

**WANT NEED.**—The highest price will be given for Flux Seed, by  
Aug. 21, 1844.  
H. B. MASSER.

**COFFAGE BIBLES.**—Five copies of a Cottage Bible, the cheapest book ever published, containing the commentary on the Old and New Testament, just received and for sale, for six dollars, by  
June 15.  
H. B. MASSER.

**REMOVAL.**  
**DOCTOR J. B. MASSER.**  
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Sunbury and its vicinity, that he has removed his office to the white building in Market Square, east of the post office, where he will be happy to receive calls in the line of his profession.  
Sunbury, May 4th, 1844.

**DAVID EVANS'**  
Patent Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, Slate lined Refrigerators, with Filters attached when required.  
**EVANS & WATSON,**  
No. 76 South Third St., opposite the Exchange,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
MANUFACTURERS and Dealers for the State of PA. Celebrated Water and Provision Chests, and Patent Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, for preserving Groceries, Papers, Books, Jewels, Gold, Silver, &c., &c., made of Best Iron, (and not over Plank as ninety-five out of every one hundred run in use and for sale are made) with first rate Locks and David Evans' Patent Keyhole Covers, similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months in the summer of 1842, when all the Keys were at liberty to be used, and the Chest not opened, although the experiment was tried by at least 1500 persons. One of the same Locks was tried by Roberts, at the Delaware Coal Office, in Walnut street, above Third, but did not succeed.  
Hoisting Machines, Iron Doors, superior Locks, and all kinds of Iron Railings, Seal and Copying Presses, and Smithwork generally, on hand or manufactured at the shortest notice.

**FORESTVILLE**  
**BRASS EIGHT DAY CLOCKS.**  
THE subscriber has just received, for sale, a few of the above celebrated Eight Day Clocks, which will be sold at very reduced prices, for cash. Also, superior 30 hour Clocks, of the best make and quality, which will be sold for cash, at \$4 50. Also, superior Brass 30 hour Clocks, at \$4 00.  
Dec. 2, 1843.  
H. B. MASSER.

**STONE WARE** for sale.  
225 Stone Jugs, from 1 quart to 3 gallons,  
50 Stone Jars, from 2 to 6 gallons. For sale, cheap, by  
Oct. 14  
H. B. MASSER.

**From Sears' Magazine.**  
**Minute Wonders of Nature and Art.**  
**LEWENHOCK,** the great microscopic observer, calculates that a thousand millions of animalcules which are discovered in common water, are not altogether so large as a grain of sand. In the mill of a single codfish there are more animals than there are upon the whole earth; for a grain of sand is bigger than four millions of them. The white matter that sticks to the teeth also abounds with animalcules in the shape of acies. A mite was anciently thought the limit of littleness; but we are now surprised to be told of animals twenty-seven millions of times smaller than a mite. Monsie de L'Isle has given the computation of the velocity of the little creature scarce visible by its smallness, which he found to run three inches in half a second; supposing now its feet to be the fifteenth part of a line, it must make five hundred steps in the space of three inches, that is, it must shift its legs five hundred times in a second, or in the ordinary pulsation of an artery.

The proboscis of a butterfly, which winds round in a spiral form, like the spring of a watch, serves both for mouth and tongue, by entering into the hollows of flowers and extracting their dews and juices. The seeds of strawberries rise out of the pulp of the fruit, and appear themselves like strawberries when viewed by the microscope. The farina of the sun-flower seems composed of flat circular minute bodies, sharp pointed round the edges; the middle of them appears transparent, and exhibits some resemblance to the flower it proceeds from. The powder seeds of cucumbers and melons. The farina of the poppy appears like pearl barley. That of the lily is a great deal like the tulip. The hairs of the head are long tubular fibres through which the blood circulates. The sting of a bee is a horny sheath or scabbard that includes two bearded darts: the sting of a wasp has 8 beads on the side of each dart, somewhat like the boards of fish hooks. The eye of goats are pebbled, or composed of many rows of little semi circular protuberances ranged with the utmost exactness. The wandering or hunting spider, who spins no web, has two tufts of feather fixed to its fore paws of exquisite beauty and coloring. A grain of sand will cover two hundred scales of the skin, and also cover twenty thousand places where perspiration may issue forth. Mr. Baker has justly observed with respect to the Deity, that with him "an atom is a world, and a world is but an atom."

Mr. Power says he saw a golden chain at Tredescant's Museum, of three hundred links, not more than an inch in length, fastened to and pulled away by a flea.—And I myself [says Baker, in his Essay on the Microscope] have seen very lately, and have examined with my microscope, a chaise [made by one Mr. Boverick, a watchmaker] having four wheels with all the proper apparatus belonging to them, turning readily on their axles, together with a man sitting in the chaise, all formed of ivory, and drawn along by a flea without any seeming difficulty. I weighed it with the greatest care I was able, and found the chaise, man and flea, were barely equal to a single grain. I weighed also at the same time and place, a brass chain made by the same hand, about two inches long containing two hundred links with a hook at one end, and a padlock and a key at the other, and found it less than the third part of a grain. I likewise have seen a quadrille table, with a drawer in it, an eating table, a sideboard table, a looking glass, twelve chairs with skeleton backs, two dozen plates, six dozen knives, and as many forks, twelve spoons two salts, a frame and castors, together with a gentleman, lady, and footman, all contained in a cherry stone, and not filling much more than half of it. At the present day are to be purchased cherry stones highly polished with ivory screws which contain each one hundred and twenty perfect silver spoons; an ingenious bauble worthy the patronage of the juvenile part of the community. We are told that one Oswald Merling made a cup of pepper-corn which held twelve hundred other little cups, all turned in ivory, each of them being gilt on the edges, and standing upon a foot; and that so far from being crowded, or wanting room, the pepper-corn would have held four hundred more. One penny worth of crude iron can by art be manufactured into watch-springs, so as to produce some thousand pounds.

**For Young Men.**—Mr. Delavan, the Temperance Reformer of Albany, was, in youth, a member of a club numbering fifty members, who used to meet at a Public House to enjoy a social glass.—One evening while on his way to the club, he suddenly stopped and exclaimed aloud, *Right about face!* And he did right about face; and said to the gentleman to whom he related the circumstance, "the first block of buildings I ever erected in Albany, was erected on the corner directly in front of where I found that resolution."

Forty-three of his companions became drunkards, and most all of them found a drunkard's grave.

**An Extraordinary Case.**  
**A MURDERER SO MURDERED.**—We learn from the Hillsborough (Me.) Recorder of the 20th ultimo, that at the Superior Court, held at that place the preceding week, a most extraordinary case was tried before Judge Caldwell, which is perhaps as singular in its details as any that have yet been recorded.

A little girl, exactly twelve years of age, and described as really beautiful in features, form and figure, was arraigned for the murder of her father. There was no one present at the time the deed was done, except two small children—not competent evidence—and consequently there was no evidence against her but her own confession, and the fact of her father being found dead in his own house, and no one there but herself; and it could not be proved, although exertion was made to do so, that any person else had been there on the night of the murder. The father was a drunken wretch, and the mother was known to have a paramour, to whom suspicion was attached, but he proved clearly that he was somewhere else on the night of the murder.

It was proved that the father was at a grogshop on the evening of the murder; that he became so intoxicated that the keeper of the grogshop had to put him on a horse, and send him home. On the morning after the murder, the owner of the house happened to pass near the door, and discovered the corpse lying there. The man was lying on a pallet before the fire, with one arm under his head, in a sleeping position. The head was severed with one blow of an axe, and the severed part had rolled down, exposing the brains and whole interior of the skull, the axe having gone through the head, through three thicknesses of the quilt, and half an inch into the floor! The owner of the house above mentioned immediately summoned the neighbors, and held an inquest over the body, the girl and two children being there all the time. The mother of the girl, and a son, 19 years of age, had left home the evening before, and staid all night at a neighboring house.

The girl immediately confessed that she had killed him. Her first confession was, that her father came home drunk, and beat her with a stick, and told her to get a knife; he was going to kill himself; but she could not find a knife. On being asked to show the stick with which he beat her, after looking about she pointed out one which one of the neighbors had brought; and on examining her body, no bruises were found, which showed that that part of her story was untrue. She then said that he came home and laid down, and told her to kill him, and on her refusing, he swore he would kill her if she did not; that she went and got the axe, and he laid down, but she still refused to kill him, and he swore he would kill her, at the same time raising himself up, as if to get on his feet, and as he raised up she struck him the first blow; but the evidence proves that the blow must have been given when the head was on the floor, thus proving more truth on her part. The variations in her evidence are singular, and excited much speculation. They are the effect of a disturbed and excited state of mind, produced either by fright, or an over anxiety, possibly, to excuse the real murderer, if she did not commit the deed herself.

She further stated, that having committed the act, she fled to the roof of the house, and to avoid fainting, she threw a part of the quilt over the corpse and went to bed,—first, however, telling her younger sister that she had killed her daddy, and the child immediately started up and went and laid in her dead father's arms all night. The murderer slept!

The evidence of medical gentlemen was, that a girl of her age and size had not strength to strike such a blow. This leads many to the belief that the real murderer is yet undiscovered.

While one can scarcely realize that a child would or could commit such a deed, it is seen, on the other hand, that she confessed from the first moment that she did it, and no entreaties could make her alter her statement; not even the loathsome solitude of a dungeon, through night and through day, or the persuasion of her counsel to disclose the truth, if she had not done it, and their solemn admonitions that the gibbet awaited her unless she recanted. Nothing could move her.

The jury retired but a few minutes, and returned a verdict of "not guilty." The case has produced great excitement and speculation. She was released immediately. The heartless mother left town and went home after the trial was over, and before she heard the verdict of the jury!

**POMPEII GOING TO RUIN.**—Accounts from Naples represent the excavated city of Pompeii as going rapidly to decay, through the want of easy precautions to prevent it from the corrosive influences of the atmosphere. What a shame it will be to those responsible, if, after being wondrously preserved for many centuries, these instructive relics should perish of neglect in a few years!

**GAMBLERS.**—The following paragraph is a translation from the German of Liehwehr. It is a bold picture and forcibly drawn:  
"A man who had gone over a great part of the world returned at length home from his travels; his friends came and requested him to relate what he had seen. 'Listen,' said he, 'Eleven hundred miles beyond the Horons there are men whom I thought very strange; they frequently sit at table until late in the night; there is no cloth laid, they do not wet their mouths; lightnings might flash around them; two armies might be engaged in battle; even the sky might threaten to crush them in its fall, they would remain unmoved on their seats, for they are deaf and dumb. Yet now and then there escape from their lips a half broken, unconnected, and unmeaning sound, and they horribly roll their eyes at the same time. I often stood looking at them with astonishment, for when subsisting take place people frequently go to witness them. Believe me brethren, I shall never forget the horrible contortions which I there saw. Despair, fury, malicious joy, and anguish, were by turns visible in their countenances. Their rage, I assure you, appeared to me that of the furies; their gravity that of the judges of hell; and their anguish that of misfortune.' 'But what was their object?' asked his friends. 'They attend perhaps to the welfare of the community.' 'Oh, no!' 'They are seeking the philosopher's stone!' 'You are mistaken.' 'They wish to discover the quadrature of the circle.' 'No.' 'They do penance for old sins!' 'Nothing of all this.' 'Then they are mad; if they neither hear, nor speak, nor feel, nor see; what can they be doing?' 'They are GAMBLING!'"

The Paris Correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, has been to the Grand Opera, and he is severe upon the Duchess D'Aumale, and Princess de Jonville, whom he saw there, in the following terms:  
"Among the distinguished spectators were the Duchess D'Aumale and the Princess and Prince de Jonville. The keenest aspirer for rank and station, unless totally devoid of taste, would hesitate to accept the eminence of the young Prince, if he were obliged to take with it the Princess also. To be sure he would possess a Princess of Brazil, and a heap of gold and diamonds, but with them must be included a face, whose most prominent characteristic is a long nose, which does not appear less long or ugly, because it is princely; a skin probably colored by contact with Brazilian gold—and a neck, which, though rivaling the swan's in length, certainly does not in whiteness, or in grace.  
Her head dress of flaming colors was deficient in that taste, which belongs to every French woman of the realm. The Duchess D'Aumale, though coming from the extreme south of Italy, has the complexion of a Saxon. Her face, devoid of color, is deformed by a nose, which, sympathizing with her neighbor's in length, had apparently received some blow, which rendered it somewhat of a pug."

**PRINCE ALBERT AND THE SCOTCHMAN.**—The following anecdote of Prince Albert and a Scotchman is told in a foreign paper:  
"On the occasion of her Majesty's recent visit to Scotland, the Prince was taking a turn upon the deck of the royal yacht; and on approaching the cabin or cooking-house, the olfactory nerves of his Royal Highness were sensibly affected by the 'sweet smelling savor' emerging from the boiling cauldron. 'What is in de pot?' asked the royal consort of the Queen. 'Oh, sur, do you ken it's the hooidge podge?' was the reply of the sturdy Caledonian. 'De hooidge podge?' exclaimed the Prince; 'what is him made with?' 'Why man said the chef de cuisine, ignorant of the rank of his interrogator; 'av'll be telling you enough; there's turneps intell, and there's carrot intell, and there's mouton intell, and there's water intell, and there's—' 'Yah, yah,' interrupted the Prince, 'but what ess conteen?' 'An aw no tellin ye a' the time!' said the gastronomic artist; 'there's turneps intell,' and again repeating the category of ingredients, he was a second time stopped by the Prince, who was perplexed to know the meaning of 'intell.' The Scotchman, losing all patience, exclaimed, 'ye ca't gow, if ye canna understand me, maybe ye'd like to put your nose intell.' The Prince, somewhat disconcerted lighted his meerschaum, walked on, descended into the saloon cabin, and requested his secretary to refer to the latest edition of the Scottish dictionary, in order to find out what was 'intell.'"

**A PETRIFFIED CORPSE** was found at Berthier, Canada, a few days ago. Some workmen who had occasion to remove several coffins, in excavating for the enlargement of the church at that place, came upon one of unusual heaviness, and on striking it it split into pieces, disclosing a body thoroughly preserved and turned to stone. The remains are those of a Mrs. Morrison, who died about twenty years ago, and was buried beneath the floor of the church. A small running stream passed beneath the coffin, and to its effects this singular preservation of the corpse is to be traced.

**Mrs. Caudle's Curran Lectures.**  
**MR. CAUDLE JOINS A CLUB—"THE SKYLARKS."**  
"I'm sure a poor woman had better be in her grave than married! That is, if she can't be married to a decent man! No; I don't care if you're tired, I shan't let you go to sleep. No, and I won't say what I have to say in the morning; I'll say it now. It's all very well for you to come home at what time you like—it's now half-past twelve, and, expect I'm to hold my tongue, and let you go to sleep. What next, I wonder! A woman had better be sold for a slave at once.  
"And so you've gone and joined a club!—The Skylarks, indeed! A pretty skylark you'll make of yourself! But I won't stay and be ruled by you. No; I'm determined on that. I'll go and take the dear children, and you may get who you like to keep your house. That is, as long as you have a house to keep—and that won't be long, I know.  
"How any decent man can go and spend his nights in a tavern! Oh, yes, Mr. Caudle; I dare say you do for rational conversation. I should like to know how many of you would care for what you call rational conversation, if you had it without your filthy brandy-and-water; yes, and your more filthy tobacco smoke. I'm sure the last time you came home, I had the headache for a week. But I know who it is who's taking you to destruction. It's that brute, Prettyman. He has broken his own poor wife's heart, and now he wants to— but don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; I'll not have my peace of mind destroyed by the best man that ever trod. Oh, yes! I know you don't care so long as you can appear well to all the world—but the world little thinks how you behave to me. It shall know it though—that I'm determined.  
"How any man can leave his own happy fire-side to go and sit, and smoke, and drink, and talk with people who wouldn't one of them lift a finger to save him from hanging—how any man can leave his wife—and a good wife too, though I say it—for a parcel of pot companions—oh, it's disgraceful, Mr. Caudle; it's unfeeling. No man who has the least love for his wife could do this.  
"And I suppose this is to be the case every Saturday! But I know what I'll do. I know—it's no use, Mr. Caudle, your calling me a good creature; I'm not such a fool as to be coaxed in that way. No; if you want to go to sleep, you should come home in Christian time, not at half past twelve. There was a time when you were as regular as your fire-side as a kettle. That was when you were a decent man, and didn't go with Heaven knows who, drinking and smoking, and making what you think your jokes. I never heard any good come to a man who cared about jokes. No respectable tradesman does. But I know what I'll do; I'll scare away your Skylarks. The house sells liquor after twelve of a Saturday night; and if I don't write to the magistrates and have the license taken away, I'm not lying in this bed this night. Yes, you may call me a foolish woman; but no Mr. Caudle, no; it's you who are the foolish man; or worse than a foolish man, you're a wicked one. If you were to die to-morrow—and the people who go to public houses do all they can to shorten their lives—I should like to know who would write upon your tombstone, 'A tender husband and an affectionate father.' I—I'd have no such falsehoods told of you I can assure you.  
"Going and spending your money, and—nonsense! don't tell me—no, if you were to ten times swear it, I wouldn't believe that you only spent eighteen pence on a Saturday. You can't beat those hours and only spend eighteen pence. I know better. I'm not quite a fool, Mr. Caudle. A great deal you could have for eighteen pence. And all the Club married men and fathers of families. The more shame for 'em! Skylarks indeed! They should call themselves Vultures; for they can only do as they always do by robbing their innocent wives and children. Eighteen pence a week! And if it was only that—do you know what fifty two eighteen-pences come to in a year! Do you ever think of that and see the gowns I wear? I'm sure I can't, out of the house money, buy myself a pin cushion; though I've wanted one these six months. No, not so much as a ball of cotton. But what do you care so you can get your brandy and water! There's the girls too—the things they want! They're never dressed like other people's children. But it's all the same to their father. Oh yes! So he can go with his skylarks they may wear sack-cloth for pin-flores, and pack-thread for garters.  
"You'd better not let Mr. Prettyman come here, that's all; or, rather, you'd better bring him once. Yes, I should like to see him. He wouldn't forget it. A man who, I may say, lives and moves only in a spittoon. A man who has a pipe in his mouth as constant as his front teeth. A sort of tavern king, with a lot of fools like you, to laugh at what he thinks his jokes, and give him consequence. No, Mr. Caudle, no; it's no use your telling me to go to sleep, for I won't. Go to sleep, indeed! I'm

sure it's almost time to get up. I hardly know what's the use of coming to bed at all now.  
"The Skylarks, indeed! I suppose you'll be buying a 'Little Warbler,' and at your time of life, trying to sing. The peacocks will sing next. A pretty name you'll get in the neighborhood; and, in a very little time, a nice face you'll have. Your nose is getting redder already; and you've just one of the noses liquor always flies to. You don't see it's red! No—I dare say not—but I see it; I see a great many things you don't. And so you'll go on, in a little time, with your brandy and water—don't tell me that you only take two small glasses; I know what men's two small glasses are; in a little time you'll have a face all over it as was made of red currant jam. And I should like to know who's to endure you then! I won't so don't think it. Don't come to me.  
"Nice habits men learn at clubs! There's Joskins, he was a decent creature once, and now I'm told he has more than once boxed his wife's ears. He's a Skylark too. And I suppose some day, you'll be trying to box my ears! Don't attempt it, Mr. Caudle; I say don't attempt it. Yes—it's all very well for you to say you don't mean to—but I only say again, don't attempt it. You'd rue it till the day of your death, Mr. Caudle.  
"Going and sitting for four hours at a tavern! What men, unless they had their wives with them, can find to talk about, I can't think. No good, of course.  
"Eighteen-pence a week—and drinking brandy-and-water, enough to swim a boat! And smoking like the funnel of a steamship! And I can't afford myself so much as a piece of tape. It's brutal, Mr. Caudle. It's ve-ve-ve-ry brutal!"

And, says a note in the MS. by Mr. Caudle—"Here, thank heaven! yawning, she fell asleep."

**SWALLOWING A HOOK.**—The following, which the Boston Traveller thinks good enough to be almost a "fish story," is related in the New Orleans Medical Journal, by Dr. Kilpatrick, of Woodville, Mississippi. The case occurred in Barwell district, South Carolina:  
"Mrs. ——— was enjoying her usual *sista*, in the afternoon of a warm day, on a pallet spread upon the floor in a cool part of the house, and while she was lying on her back sleeping pleasantly, no doubt dreaming of past pleasures, her grandson, a little arching of three or four summers, was playing about the house with a fishing tackle complete, pole, line and hook, who when he discovered the old lady with her mouth widely distended, thought it was a fine opportunity to 'catch a fish.' Accordingly, in order to effect his purpose, he cautiously deposited the barbed hook, (I believe there was no bait on it) into his grand-dame's open mouth. The titillation caused her to awake suddenly, and as her mouth was dry from exposure, she closed it, and swallowed the hook two or three inches below the avola. So soon as she discovered her situation, the whole family was assembled by her calls and cries of distress, except little Charley, who had dropped his pole in a panic and run off.  
"Some gentle efforts were essayed to remove the hook, both by the patient and some of the family; but, being apprehensive of fixing the barb in the throat, they ceased all efforts, and despatched a messenger for Dr. E. Lony, Anthony, who resided in the neighborhood. When he arrived, and found that the hook was not fastened into the flesh, the fertile brain suggested a plan by which it could be removed safely, easily, an *without an operation*.  
"The plan was to cut off the line within a foot or two of the mouth of the patient; then to drill a hole through a rifle bullet and draw it over the line, down on the hook. In order to fix the bullet on the point of the hook, and maintain it firmly in that position, a reed was procured, the joints punched out, and then passed down over the line, and pressed firmly over the bullet. In this manner the hook, bullet and reed were all withdrawn at once, very easily, without any injury."

**A HOOSIER AND MEMORIAM.**—"Where you ever in the mesmerist *state*?" said a believer in the science to a flat-boat Hoosier. "Never was, stranger," said the Hoosier. "I came from the State of Indiana myself, but I've lived in the Iowa territory."

sure it's almost time to get up. I hardly know what's the use of coming to bed at all now.  
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**SWALLOWING A HOOK.**—The following, which the Boston Traveller thinks good enough to be almost a "fish story," is related in the New Orleans Medical Journal, by Dr. Kilpatrick, of Woodville, Mississippi. The case occurred in Barwell district, South Carolina:  
"Mrs. ——— was enjoying her usual *sista*, in the afternoon of a warm day, on a pallet spread upon the floor in a cool part of the house, and while she was lying on her back sleeping pleasantly, no doubt dreaming of past pleasures, her grandson, a little arching of three or four summers, was playing about the house with a fishing tackle complete, pole, line and hook, who when he discovered the old lady with her mouth widely distended, thought it was a fine opportunity to 'catch a fish.' Accordingly, in order to effect his purpose, he cautiously deposited the barbed hook, (I believe there was no bait on it) into his grand-dame's open mouth. The titillation caused her to awake suddenly, and as her mouth was dry from exposure, she closed it, and swallowed the hook two or three inches below the avola. So soon as she discovered her situation, the whole family was assembled by her calls and cries of distress, except little Charley, who had dropped his pole in a panic and run off.  
"Some gentle efforts were essayed to remove the hook, both by the patient and some of the family; but, being apprehensive of fixing the barb in the throat, they ceased all efforts, and despatched a messenger for Dr. E. Lony, Anthony, who resided in the neighborhood. When he arrived, and found that the hook was not fastened into the flesh, the fertile brain suggested a plan by which it could be removed safely, easily, an *without an operation*.  
"The plan was to cut off the line within a foot or two of the mouth of the patient; then to drill a hole through a rifle bullet and draw it over the line, down on the hook. In order to fix the bullet on the point of the hook, and maintain it firmly in that position, a reed was procured, the joints punched out, and then passed down over the line, and pressed firmly over the bullet. In this manner the hook, bullet and reed were all withdrawn at once, very easily, without any injury."

**A HOOSIER AND MEMORIAM.**—"Where you ever in the mesmerist *state*?" said a believer in the science to a flat-boat Hoosier. "Never was, stranger," said the Hoosier. "I came from the State of Indiana myself, but I've lived in the Iowa territory."

sure it's almost time to get up. I hardly know what's the use of coming to bed at all now.  
"The Skylarks, indeed! I suppose you'll be buying a 'Little Warbler,' and at your time of life, trying to sing. The peacocks will sing next. A pretty name you'll get in the neighborhood; and, in a very little time, a nice face you'll have. Your nose is getting redder already; and you've just one of the noses liquor always flies to. You don't see it's red! No—I dare say not—but I see it; I see a great many things you don't. And so you'll go on, in a little time, with your brandy and water—don't tell me that you only take two small glasses; I know what men's two small glasses are; in a little time you'll have a face all over it as was made of red currant jam. And I should like to know who's to endure you then! I won't so don't think it. Don't come to me.  
"Nice habits men learn at clubs! There's Joskins, he was a decent creature once, and now I'm told he has more than once boxed his wife's ears. He's a Skylark too. And I suppose some day, you'll be trying to box my ears! Don't attempt it, Mr. Caudle; I say don't attempt it. Yes—it's all very well for you to say you don't mean to—but I only say again, don't attempt it. You'd rue it till the day of your death, Mr. Caudle.  
"Going and sitting for four hours at a tavern! What men, unless they had their wives with them, can find to talk about, I can't think. No good, of course.  
"Eighteen-pence a week—and drinking brandy-and-water, enough to swim a boat! And smoking like the funnel of a steamship! And I can't afford myself so much as a piece of tape. It's brutal, Mr. Caudle. It's ve-ve-ve-ry brutal!"

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