SUNBURY AMERICAN.

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THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS, at this place. These Pianos have a plain, massive and beautiful exterior finish, and, for depth of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not excelled by any in the United States.

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They have also received the first notice of the three last Exhibitions, and the last Silver Medal by the Franklin Institute in 1843, was awarded to them, which, with other premiums from the same source, may be seen at the Ware-room No. 52 south Fourth st.

☞ Another Silver Medal was awarded to C. Meyer, by the Frahklin Institute, Oct 1845 for the best Piano in the exhibition.

Again—at the exhibition of the Franklin Institute Oct 1846 the first premium and medal was awarded to C. Meyer for his Pianos although it had been awarded at the exhibition of the year before, on the ground that he had made still greater improvements in his Instruments within the past 12 months.

Again—at the last exhibition of the Franklin Institute, 1847, another Premium was awarded to C. Meyer, for the best Piano in the exhibition.

At Boston, at their last exhibition, Sept. 1847 C. Meyer received the first silver Medal and Diploma, for the best square Piano in the exhibition.

These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturer's lowest Philadelphia prices, if not something lower. Persons are requested to call and examine for themselves, at the residence of the subscriber. H. B. MASSER.
Sunbury, April 8, 1848 —

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Country Merchants and others Purchasing in the above line will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere as the quality and prices will be fully guaranteed against all competition.
Philadelphia, June 3, 1848—1y

SELECT POETRY.

[From the Epilogue to Doctor Birch and his Young Friends.]

THE MORAL OF LIFE.

* * * * *

I'd say, we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys,
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve, in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven, that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize lie sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design
Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave!
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

* * * * *

So each shall mourn in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a perfect chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled;
Amen! whatever fate be sent,—
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses, or who wins the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays)—
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas-days;
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then;
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

THRILLING SKETCH.

[From the Democratic Review.]

CAPT. DAN HENRIE;

HIS ADVENTURES WITH THE MEXICANS, INDIANS AND WOLVES.

Every body remembers the famous escape of Capt. Dan Henrie at Encarnacion. This reckless and daring ranger has probably passed through a greater number of perilous and singular adventures than any other man of the same age in the service—though one of the most light-hearted mortals that the warm sun ever smiled upon.—Yet he has a careless knack of getting into the most desperate scrapes on every possible occasion, and then, of course, he fights his way out again with the most dashing gallantry.

It is one of Dan's curious adventures while a ranger, that I propose to relate now. I shall endeavor to give it as nearly as I can remember in his own way, as he related it to me; though I must confess, it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to preserve the raciness of his rattlepate and peculiar manner. It was before he joined the Mier expedition, and while yet with the rangers, under the command of M'Cullough.

Dan, whose excellence as a guide was well known to the captain, was dispatched by him along with three others of the troop, on a spring expedition, toward the head waters of the Neuces. This was in the early winter of the year before the Mier expedition, and the Mexicans were in many ways annoying and threatening the weak settlements along that river. This state of things had encouraged the Indians as well to make very bold descents. M'Cullough had on his first arrival given them both a severe lesson, upon which the marauders had taken the hint, and nothing farther had been heard from either party for several months. Unwilling that his men should lie in the camps at such a place as Corpus Christi, with nothing to do but drink and carouse, the prudent captain of Rangers had thought best to dispatch all the most restless spirits on tours of observation in various quarters. Beside, the aspect of affairs in that part of Texas generally, had begun to seem rather forlorn, and seemed to call for unremitting vigilance.

Dan and his companions had reached the foot of the mountains in which the western branch of the Neuces takes rise without meeting with any other sort of incident than those which are common to prairie travel. Here they formed their camp, and as they had yet discovered no signs of Indians, it was concluded that they would take each his own course the next day.

After travelling up the West Branch of the Neuces he found himself at its head spring. Here he suddenly perceived a drove of mustangs (wild horses,) moving slowly towards him.

He saw what sent his heart into his throat! that each animal had an Indian slung along its side, by one hand and foot, holding to either horn of the saddle! This is a common trick of theirs in approaching an enemy by day-light, on the prairies, and it is difficult of detection at a distance, by the most experienced eye, as they ride close together, and no part of the body is shown above the outline of the horse. Dan was off in a twinkling! The tables were very suddenly turned, for instead of taking a scalp or two himself, as he had expected, it would now require the best he knew to save his own.

He instantly perceived that his only chance was a desperate run for an elbow of the chain, which, if he could reach and turn first, he thought would secure his scalp for the present, as around it the stream became heavily timbered, and he knew they would not follow him into it for fear they might come upon his friends. By the skin of his teeth he got by before they surrounded him. He had passed the camp far enough, he knew, so he selected a small piece of meadow ground which was covered with musquit grass and well protected from view by the great clusters of cactus which surrounded it on three sides. Here he stripped his faithful horse and turned him loose to graze, and then taking for supper a hearty draught of water, threw himself upon his blanket to sleep.

He had lost his provision wallet in the chase, and it was more than he dare venture upon to shoot game, for fear of betraying his hiding-place, and though hungry enough, he was fain this time "to go to bed supperless." He thought of home before sleep came, of course, and wished himself there most heartily, that he might attack the well-stocked poultry, the contents of which danced in most tantalizing visions before him during the whole night. This was too much a common predicament, however, to make any very strong impression upon him otherwise.

He was mounted and off very early the next morning, and was by no means delighted to perceive that his horse was considerably gaunted by the yesterday's hard work and the somewhat narrow commons of the night. However, he moved on now with something less of a hurry, as there was no indication of pursuit apparent. Following the rivulet, he soon reached the West Branch, and turned up this with a brisker movement, spurred by the cheerful hope of soon rejoining his comrades and guiding them safe. In an hour he was in sight of the ground, and put his horse in a swift gallop in his eagerness to pass over the interval quickly. On coming up, he saw, instead of his comrades, the dead body of an Indian warrior, lying across the very ashes of their camp fire, all gashed and hewed with bowie-knife cuts. All around the earth was deeply broken up, with the evidence of a desperate and hand and hand struggle. The breech of a rifle, which he recognized, and a number of arrows, with a broken lance and shield, were scattered around. He felt a choking sensation, and his blood ran cold at this sight. His comrades had been surprised, no doubt, by the same party which had pursued him! but with what result it was impossible for him to tell certainly, though he had little choice but to believe and fear the worst. Amid the multitude of the tracks of unshod horses he could distinguish the few tracks of their shod horses. There was no trace of their bodies in the hasty survey he had time to make, and it seemed very strange that this dead warrior should be left behind, so contrary to their well-known custom.

He followed the trail for some time, with great caution, but could make no discovery, except a great deal of blood on the ground, until toward noon, when rising the comb of a steep ridge, he looked down into the plain below upon a large body of Indians, encamped about a mile distant. This was a startling sight, and they perceived him at the same moment. Now he felt he would have indeed to run for his life. One glance, as he wheeled, was sufficient to show him warriors mounting the horses of his friends! He did not dread a race with the horses of the Indians so much, because his horse was more than a match for the best of theirs, but the horses of his comrades were as swift and in every sense as good as his; now they were to be turned against him! He cursed the rashness that had induced him to follow up their trail, but this was no time to pause for regrets—he was off, down the hill, at the best speed his horse, already somewhat fagged, could raise. All depended upon getting back to the timber and losing them! He could hear their pursuing yells, distinctly, for a moment, and this was no syren's music to draw him back! He had a good mile the start, but this was no great matter, if as he supposed their horses were fresher than his own! He had not time now to feel any alarm, but only that there was hot work before him and he had it to attend to! His object was to get out of sight as soon as possible, for he gained a great deal by compelling them to run on his trail. He strained his horse tremendously and succeeded, for when the sudden burst of their voices came to time, proving that they had reached the comb of the ridge, he looked back and could not see it or them. He felt little less tight about the heart now, and had time to think something of his best course. It seemed a forlorn chance for an escape;—he was over six miles from timber. He suddenly remembered that he had observed, for several days past, a heavy smoke off toward the south, and looking now in that direction, saw it filling the whole horizon with gloomy masses, which seemed to be rising but a few miles off, observing that it was not very high. It instantly occurred to him in his extremity, for he felt sure from the action of his horse, that he would not last much longer in the hard run before them, that the safest course for him would be the most desperate, and this was to make directly for the approaching line of this fire, and take his chances of being able to force his way through it alive. With such a barrier between himself and the Indians, he was safe! Acting upon the stern and strange alternative, he urged his horse steadily toward the fire. It was not long before he met the dark advance guard of the smoke, as it rolled along the grass, and rode beneath its stifling shelter, the fire being

He was now securely enough out of sight of the Indians, and springing from his horse, proceeded to prepare himself for a trial of the fiery sea. He cut his blankets into pieces, with one of which he blindfolded his horse; another he tied in loose bag about the lower part of its head, enveloping the mouth and nostrils. He then enveloped his own face in a loose vizor of the same material. The blanket was course and let in air enough to barely sustain life for a short time, while it kept out the smoke.—He could hear the yells of his pursuers seemingly close at hand. He was now in utter darkness, and mounting quickly again, headed his horse directly for the fire.

On he went not knowing where: the reins were tightened, and the lash and spur applied with the energy of desperation. Hotter and hotter the air became, but on he careered, blind and headlong. The fire has struck him with a roaring surge! His hair flames crisply, and the flesh of his body seems to be burning! The frantic and panting horse attempts to shy, but no, the fierceness of the agony has turned that rider's arm and will to iron! It *cannot* shy—the poor horse! On! on! scorching through the stifling blaze! A few bounds more and the terrific surges are past! The fresh air has met him! He tore the envelope from his face and leaped from the staggering horse upon the charred hot ground. The blanket is torn away from its mouth and the animal begins to revive quickly, though it shivers and can scarcely stand for the mortal terror! He is safe! He has accomplished an unparalleled feat! He hears faintly above the crackling roar of the retiring flames, a howl of triumph from his pursuers, who imagine they have driven him into the fire and that he is burnt, horse and all. He makes a feeble attempt to answer them defiantly, but can scarcely hear his own voice. Stunned and gasping to recover the use of their almost stifled lungs, he and his horse stand, side by side upon the blackened plain without moving a step for more than an hour. But the perils of the day are by no means passed. Before him, as far as the eye could reach, there were only one charred, leveled smouldering waste, which had to be crossed before he could reach water, for which, both himself and horse were almost perishing. He started on at last, taking his course at random, for one seemed to his bewildered sense about as good as another. He did not ride at first, but mercifully led his poor horse, until the heat of the ground and the still smouldering stubs of grass became insufferable to his feet, and then he turned to mount. He now for the first time, looked at the animal carefully, and to his horror, saw that every hair upon its body was gone, and nothing but the bare skin left, and that was so badly scorched in places, that it came off to the slightest touch. This was dreadful enough, but—water! water! water! he must have that or they would both die. He sprang into the saddle and urged the wretched creature along with the last energies of his sinking life. In an hour he had begun to grow dizzy, and the blackened earth swam round and round and tossed him to and fro! Now a strange noise was about him, and as the lifting waves of the earth would almost seem to leap up into his face, he would catch glimpses of huge wolves careering on them, who would turn up their fiery eyes to his, and howl at him with red hot open mouths and lolling tongues! Suddenly his horse rushed down a steep bank, and there was a great splashing! Water! Blessed God, water! He tumbled from his saddle into the cold, delicious fluid. In an instant his senses had returned, and he saw himself surrounded by thirty or forty prairie wolves, some of whom were swimming in the water after him, while the others sat upon the bank of the small lake, as he now discovered it to be, and howled fiercely at him. He struck those which were nearest with his gun barrel and beat them off, while he had time to draw his heavy knife. One of them had seized his passive horse, who, while it was endeavoring to pull him down, stood still and drank—the long eager draughts. He split the wolf's head with his knife, and soon sent the rest back out of the water, yelling with their wounds. But those upon the bank only howled the louder, and they were answered near at hand and from afar by hundreds of others, who were swiftly gathering in at the well known call to a banquet. He now remembered that these wearied and infernal brutes always collect in large numbers to follow in the wake of a great prairie fire and tear the carcasses of those animals that are killed, or band together, to chase and drag down those that come through alive, but scorched, blinded and staggering, as was this poor horse. They become very savage, with blood, impunity and numbers, and very few creatures which have escaped from hungry flames can escape from their more ravenous jaws. The creature, at other times, is utterly contemptible for its cowardice, but he shuddered when he called to mind the dreadful stories he had heard of their deadly fierceness at such times as this. "My God!" he mourned aloud—"wasn't it bad enough for me to pass that hell of flames back yonder! and have I only escaped that to meet a fate a thousand times more hideous?" He looked at his horse; the animal was now, too, refreshed, and began to be conscious of the new danger as it gazed around with staring eyeballs upon the eager and swiftly gathering crowd that howled along the shore. He snorted in affright, and lifted his head with a wildly mournful neigh, that seemed to poor Dan the most piteous sound that ever rung upon his ear before.

There was some comfort, though, the horse had life enough left in him to make one more run for safety. He mounted, and after having fired his rifle, with deliberate aim, into the thickest of them, charged right through at full speed. They leaped at his feet and attempted to seize his horse's legs, but the animal was too mortally frightened for them to impede his way for an instant. Through he trampled, and away across the prairie he flies, snorting with terror, and moving with as great speed as if perfectly fresh, and away, too in pursuit, swept the yellow horde of wolves. They were more than a hundred now, and seemed increasing in numbers at every jump, far as Dan glanced his frightened eyes around, he would see them straightened out with speed and their mouths wide open, coming to join the terrible route from every direction over the prairie. He looks behind him—they were close upon his heels—the greater part of them, particularly those in front, and who seemed more fierce and ravenous, were scorched nearly naked, and with the white foam flying, their long red tongs, their fiery glaring eyes, they presented the most hideous picture of unearthly terror that ever mortal lived to be chased by before, unless by the horrible phantasmagoria of madness! He fired his pistols back at them, but it was no difference, they only yelled the louder, and came on the more fiercely, while five joined their long train for each one that he had killed.

If his horse should fall, or give out, they would both be torn to fragments in an instant! This appalling conviction caused him to give all of eye and nerve that were left him in the mortal fright to steadying and guiding his horse, for the only hope now lay in him. He soon perceived, however, that he was leaving the pack far behind, for there is little comparison between the speed of a horse and that of the prairie wolf.

He now began to feel something of hope, and as the frantic speed of his horse placed yet a greater distance between them, the unimaginable dread seemed to be lifting from his life. Now he could not hear their yells, and could barely distinguish, far in the rear, the long snake like train yet moving on in the relentless chase over the undulations of the bare plain. He sees timber ahead, and shouts in an ecstacy of joyful relief, for then he himself at least is safe! He can climb a tree—and in the delight of that thought he has no time for thinking that his poor horse cannot climb trees.

The horse sees, and is inspirited too—for to all creatures on the praires there seems to be a vague feeling of safety in the sight of woods! But, alas! poor horse! They have reached the timber, but scarcely a hundred rods have been passed over, when the poor horse gives out, and a few ineffectual efforts still to obey the urging spur, can only lean against the trunk of a tree, and pant and groan with exhaustion.—Dan ascended the tree, tieing the lariat of his horse to one of the lower limbs. He then loading his arms in the forlorn hope of defending his horse, if they came up. All was still as death, but the loud panting of the poor horse. He ascended higher to look out for the approach of the wolves, for he had a faint hope that they had given up the chase. But, alas! his heart sinks again! There they come, the long yellowish looking train, and several large white wolves have joined them now. He knows well the tameless and pitiless ferocity of those red-eyed monsters, and feels that his true, noble horse, must go! Now he can hear their cry! They are in the woods. The poor horse shivers—looks back, and utters that wild and wailing neigh, as they rush upon him in a body. Dan fires down among them but what avail is it? In a twinkling his faithful horse is down, and has been torn to atoms! The halter of the lariat hangs empty beside the tree. Now they lie panting around the foot of the tree, with their fiery eyes turned wistfully up at him—for the horse had been only a mouthful apiece. Whatever he makes a movement, they rise with eager yells, and leap up toward him as if to meet his fall. Dan says, that in the utter and dreadfully hopeless desperation of his position now, a grotesque sort of humor possessed him of a sudden, and he commenced deliberately firing down at the red glaring eye-balls of the white wolves, and would roar with laughter, and fairly dance upon his ticklish perch with glee, when he saw the creature tumble over with a shrill death-cry, and then the whole pack rush on it and tear it into shreds in an instant, with gnashing cries. He says he amused himself in this way for an hour, and made them tear to pieces, in this way, one after another, every white wolf that had joined the chase. This sport delighted him so much that he became careless, and commenced falling. He only saved himself by dropping his gun, which they seized, and almost tore its stock to pieces before they discovered it was not eatable. I saw the dents of their teeth in the barrel afterwards. Darkness was coming on, and they seemed not in the least disposed to go, and he felt that he must tumble out from the faintness of hunger and fatigue, if he was compelled to spend another hour in that tree without food.

He had become entirely reckless now, and loaded up his pistols, determined, if he must fall to bring death with him for some more of them. Suddenly he heard a distant yelling on the prairie, like that which had sounded so dreadfully behind his flight. The wolves sprung to their feet in a body, and with pricked ears, listened. He looked out toward the prairie, and could faintly discover a large buffalo bull plunging along over the plain, surrounded by a great herd of wolves, who were tearing him at every jump. He could even hear the low bellowing of the creature's agony—another victim! and his thirsty guardians started to join the chase. One after one they went, while those who stayed behind would turn their heads to look back wistfully at him, and whine and lick their dry chops.

When the chase came in sight, though, off they started in a body with savage yells. He fired his pistol after them in farewell, and killed one of the hindmost dead, while the other with a broken shoulder, kept on yelling with the pack. He knew he would be safe now if he could get a fire kindled before they returned, if they did so at all. Before they were out of sight, he had reached the ground and with trembling eagerness proceeded to light a fire with the help of his tinder-box, which every ranger carries. He soon had a great fire blazing, and then cutting a piece from the last wolf he had killed, proceeded to roast it for food. When he had eaten, he felt so much refreshed that he could now proceed to make provision for the night's rest. He gathered a great deal of dried wood and built a large fire in a circle about the spot he had selected to sleep upon. The wolves came back in about an hour after he had finished his arrangements for the night; but he now felt perfectly secure, for though he could see their hungry eyes shining all around the outside of the circle, and they kept up a continued howling all night long, he laid himself down and slept soundly until morning. When he waked up, the wolves were all gone but one or two, crunching at the bones of yesterday's feast. He shot one of them with his pistol, and made a breakfast off of it. He picked up the gun, and found that though very much torn, it could still be used. He now took his course, and started to foot it into the settlement. After a week of almost incredible suffering, he got in safe, and saw nothing more of the wolves or of his comrades who are thought to have been carried off prisoners, and afterwards murdered by the Indians on their attempting to escape. Dan was sick of a fever for several weeks at Corpus Christi after he got in and raved incessantly about wolves!

HOW JIM GIRTY GOT THE BEEF.

On a trip up the Tennessee river, Jim and his crew got out of meat. They could not think it fair play to be without meat in a cane country, and where there was so many fat cattle. So as usual, they took the best and fattest beef they could find; they obtained one that would weigh about 700 pounds. They dressed it neatly and took it on board. About three hours afterwards, fourteen men came down to the boat with rifles, charging Jim with having stolen a beef. Jim did not show fight. The crew paid no attention to what was going on—some were sitting on the running boards, with their feet dangling in the water—several were lying upon deck on blankets—every one seemed dull and stupified. Jim was seated on the bow of the boat his head resting on his hand, when again assailed.

"I say, your men have been stealing the best beef in all these parts."

"There must be some mistake," said Jim very quietly.

"You lie, your men were seen skinning it."

"There is strangers about there, may be," said Jim.

"Yes, yes, we know there is strangers here on this very boat—they have the beef on board, and we will have it off."

"The boat is open, go look for yourselves, gentlemen, but you will find a mistake, certain—but satisfy yourselves, gentlemen, on that head."

"That we will, and in an instant order have the beef."

So at it they went, first having placed three men as guard, to see that the crew did not play some trick. The others made a search by rolling and re-rolling everything in the boat, and still no beef was found.—One fellow declared that they had left no place unsearched where the four quarters of a cat could be hid, let alone a big ox. The same gravity was preserved by Jim; "he wished the gentlemen to be satisfied."

The fact was, while the crew were skinning the beef, one of them discovered a man watching them from behind a tree. They took no notice of it, but when they came to the boat, told Jim they were caught.—He scratched his head a while, and then prepared for just such a visit as he received.—He placed the four quarters of the beef on the deck of the boat, and spread the hide over them; on this he spread all the blankets Jim, as before stated, was on the bow of the boat, continually wishing "the gentlemen to be satisfied, but they would find a mistake, *sartain*."

"Look about and be satisfied, gentlemen—look where you please, gentlemen, and be satisfied; but there is one thing I must ask *off* you, not to disturb them there sick men—we buried two yesterday, with the small pox and them there four men are very sick—very sick indeed, gentlemen, and I must beg *off* you not to disturb them; it always is the worst thing you can do to disturb a sick man, especially if he be near his last; it kind of makes the blood fly to the head to be disturbed, &c."

But long before he had closed his speech he had no listeners.

If ever there were pale faces, fallen jaws, and ghastly looks, among a set of men, it was about that time and place—they moved off without speaking a word. Jim got clear of his visitors, and kept the beef.—*West Boatman.*

Quarrels leave scars which cannot be so well closed to the sight, but they will lie open to the memory

"Striped" perch, from the Lakes, are abundant in Cincinnati, and can be had for almost nothing.

THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS.

Professor Silliman, in one of his lectures, mentions the discovery of an enormous animal of the lizard tribe, measuring eighty feet in length, from which he infers that all animals have degenerated in size—and this supposition is fortified by a reference to the history of giants in the olden time. It appears from the list furnished by the Professor, that we of the present day are mere "Tom Thumbs," when compared with the huge individualities of antiquity. Here is the list—

The giant exhibited in Rouen in 1745, measures over eight feet.

Gorapius saw a girl who was ten feet high!

The body of Gresius was eleven feet and a half high!

The Giant Galbara, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Cæsar, was near ten feet.

Funuman, who lixed in the time of Eugene II, measured eleven feet and a half.

The Chevalier Scorg, in his voyage to the peaks of Teneriffe, found in one of the caverns of that mountain, the head of Guance, which had eighty teeth, and it was supposed that his body was not less than fifteen feet long!

The Giant Ferragus, slain by Arlando, nephew to Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high!

In 1614, near St. Germain, was found the tomb of the Giant Isoret, who was twenty feet high!

In 1590, near Rouen, they found a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose body must have been eighteen feet long.

Plateros saw at Lucerne, the human bones of a subject nineteen feet long!

The Giant Buart was twenty-two and a half feet high; his bones were found in 1705 near the banks of the river Moderi.

In 1613, near a castle in Dauphine a tomb was found thirty *feet long!* twelve wide and eight high, on which was cut on a grey stone the words "Keutolochus Rex." The skeleton was found entire twenty-five and a half feet long, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet deep from the breast-bone to the back.

Near Mazarine, in Sicily, in 1516, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty *feet high!* His head was the size of a hogshead, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces.

Near Palermo, in Sicily, in 1548, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty *feet long*, and another thirty-three *feet high*, in 1550.

ANECDOTE OF DR. BEECHER.—Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, as he was going home one night, carrying a volume of an encyclopecia under his arm, saw a small animal standing in his path. The doctor knew that it was a skunk, but very imprudently hurled the book at him. Whereupon the skunk opened his battery with a return fire so well directed that the doctor was glad to retreat. When he arrived home his friends could scarcely come near him. His clothes were so infected that he was obliged to bury them. Some time after this one of Dr. Beecher's enemies published a pamphlet speaking very abusive of him. "Why don't you publish a book and put him down at once?" said one of his advisers. "I have learned better," said the doctor; "some years ago I issued a whole quarto volume against a skunk, and I got the worst of it. I never mean to try the experiment again."

CONJUGAL.—"My dear, did John black them boots?"

"How should I know—I haint got any thing to do with your boots. It's washing day."—

"But my love, you need not speak so cross."

"Speak so cross! didn't speak cross."

"O——say you did."

"I say *did*."

"I say I *didn't*."

"My gracious! I won't stand this. It's too bad to be treated in this way, I'll leave you, madam." I'll have a separation."

"Oh, Mr. Slub—was ever womam so abused. Here I've been washing and scrubbing all day long as hard as ever I could, and and then you come home and act so to me—just cause I don't know nothing about your boots—Oh, it is too bad, it is—boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"

"Hem! Well, Nancy, I didn't mean to make you cry. Never mind—I reckon John has blacked my boots. Is them are sassengers to be fried for supper?"

"Y-e-e-s—my dear, I got 'em for you particularly.

INDIAN MEAL PUDDINGS.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Pare and core six large apples, chop them very fine, and mix them with a pint of sifted Indian meal, two eggs, a table spoonful of butter, and about a quart of milk. Bake in a buttered dish about two hours.

MUFFINS.—Scald a quart of Indian meal, and add a little salt. Beat four eggs, whites and yolks separately. Stir them into the meal after it has become cold. If the batter should be very thick, put in a little water. Bake in buttered muffin rings.

"Really, my dear," said poor Mr. Jones to his better half, "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman, but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste."

"Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that it is very adhesive, and I'll stick to you as long as you live."

SPUNKY EDITOR.—R. H. Cheesbrough, Esq., of the Cincinnati Nonpareil, was attacked by two ruffians, on the night of the 30th ult., but he whaled them both.