



H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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SELECT POETRY.

GEORGIANA. BY EUGENE PERCY, M. D. On the banks of the Savannah, Long time ago, Dwelt the maiden Georgiana, Free from all woe...

Pure as snow on Himalayah, In the sun's glow, Was this beautiful bright Baya, Bird white as snow; For she made, in life's Sahara, Green grass to grow...

Warmer than the south in summer, Was her heart's glow, When to mine she used to murmur Mrs. Waltons low; Turn, alas! by sorrow from her, From I loved so, Making winter of my summer, Long time ago...

While the Moon, her first quarter, Meekly did glow, At her image in the water, Like lurid snow; Lay Astarte, Heaven's sweet daughter, On her couch low; Like the young lamb for the slaughter, Long time ago...

Flown to Heaven is that bright Baya, Bird white as snow; By the express words of Marah, Lonely I go; Who can make, in life's Sahara, Green grass to grow; Like that beautiful bright Baya, Long time ago...

Pray, can you tell me who owns your pretty cottage? I am sure it must have a history, said Mrs. Conant to her landlady. 'Ah, yes. Is it not a love of a place, with its pillars and porticoes all round?' said Mrs. Bell, advancing towards the window...

It is a charming place! exclaimed Emily Conant, and good old Isaac himself, with his refined taste for the beauties of nature never described a more delightful spot. I hope Mr. Walton loves fishing? 'Mrs. Walton is a widow,' said Mrs. Bell, and she added, compassionately, 'her son, poor fellow, could not be persuaded to hurt a fly, much less to pull a struggling fish out of the water.'

'Why, he must be romantic, indeed,' said Emily Conant. 'What is he—a poet?' The landlady shook her head. 'You have never heard, then, of Mrs. Walton's idiot son?' Mrs. Conant assured her she had not. 'Well, then,' said Mrs. Bell, in her rambling way, 'Clara Walton is very beautiful and very bright, and that makes it more strange that poor Henry should be so ill-shapen and dull. But then he is a kind, loving, harmless creature, and his mother and sister think all the world of him, you know. Some people say it was a judgment upon Mrs. Walton for her pride, when she was so rich in her first husband's day; but that is over now, and she is poor enough, you know. But I must say, that she has borne all her sorrows like a Christian, as she is, you know.'

'Indeed, I know nothing of Mrs. Walton or her affairs, except what you have now communicated,' replied Mrs. Conant. 'I feel an interest in her from these circumstances; a widow, poor, with an idiot son clinging to her for the protection which, from such a relation, it would seem natural he should give, makes a touching appeal to my feelings.'

'And she has a lovely daughter,' said Emily Conant. 'I wish, mother, we could make their acquaintance.' 'That would be easy enough, if you were sick or in distress,' said the landlady. 'Mrs. Walton is famous for her broths and possets; and as for Clara, why, she shirks nothing of going miles to carry something nice to the sick, or to watch with the poor, while she would not spare an afternoon from her work or her books to visit a neighbor, so help her.'

'Oh, what a eulogy!' exclaimed Mrs. Conant, turning to her daughter. 'How glad I am to find that the moral beauty of the dwellers in that lovely cottage is in unison with the charms of nature around them! What a Paradise we might have of this earth, if all were good and kind!'

'Clara and her mother are good and kind,' chimed in the landlady; 'that everybody allows; but people said they are over proud, though certainly, as Mrs. Walton is not able to go out much—she has the asthma terribly at times—except to church, it is not strange that Clara stays at home with her, and to take care of poor Henry. But then, she never seems to care about going and that is strange; and now as she has managed to catch the richest match in the State of Vermont, I suppose she will hold her head higher than ever.'

'Then I presume Mrs. Walton is soon to be married,' remarked Emily Conant. 'I hope so,' replied Mrs. Bell; 'for they say her mother is urging on the match. But indeed, poor lady, who can blame her, when Mr. Palmer is so rich, and they have nothing?'

'But the cottage,' said Mrs. Conant, 'is that is not their own; they live there on sufferance,' replied the other. 'The place is owned by the Rev. Mr. Forester.' 'What—Charles Forester?' inquired Emily Conant. 'Yes, I believe his name is Charles. At any rate, he is a southern gentleman, and came here with his invalid mother, who had been ordered to try our bracing climate,' said the loquacious Mrs. Bell. 'He fitted up the cottage which he bought, and ornamented the grounds, and lived there two years or more, and became very intimate with the Waltons. I told you they always visited the sick; so Mrs. Forester had Clara with her nearly half the time; and Mr. Forester gave her lessons—she was a mere girl when they came; not more than fifteen, you know—so he gave her lessons in music and drawing, and all sorts of languages; some say he taught her Hebrew; and when they went away, they put the Waltons into the cottage to take care of it.'

'The Foresters have been absent near three years, I believe,' observed Mrs. Conant. 'Thereabouts,' said Mrs. Bell. 'But news has just come that the old lady is dead, and Mr. Forester is coming back soon. So I suppose Mrs. Walton will hurry Clara's marriage; otherwise they would tarry so long into cheap lodgings, which would terribly mortify her, after living so long in such a lovely place—so people say.'

And thus, under the shelter of that convenient oracle, the sayings of the thoughtless, the idle, or the envious, did Mrs. Bell virtually bear false witness against her neighbor, and yet they both knelt at the same altar, and took the symbols of the Saviour's dying love from the same pastor's hand. Nay, more than this, Mrs. Bell, in her own soul, believed Mrs. Walton to be a pious, humble Christian. Truly, evil speaking is the sin which, in social life, requires our most constant watchfulness. Let us pray, each morning, not to be led into this temptation, but that we may have our hearts filled with that charity which suffereeth long and is kind, which believeth no evil, and giveth tongue to no slanderous report.

At the very time when this conversation between the Conants and Mrs. Bell occurred, a scene was passing at the cottage, which, could they have known, would have read them a lesson never to have been forgotten. Mrs. Walton was sitting by her work-table, which stood not far from an open window that overlooked the river, called, in poetic lore, the "soft-flowing Connecticut;" (but which here, compressed in its channel, was deep and rapid,) and the green hills beyond. It was a soft June evening, the sun had disappeared behind the western mountains, but his beams yet rested on the heads of the tall cliffs that bordered the river, and brightened the old ever-greens that clothed the broken hills on the eastern shore. The flowers that surrounded the cottages were filled with fresh fragrance as the evening drew on; and the birds that thronged, unmolested, in this sanctuary of peace, were pouring forth their sweetest songs of thankfulness and love.

But all these beauties and perfections of nature were lost on Mrs. Walton. Her thoughts were busy with the past, while her heart yearned towards her daughter. She felt the time had come when deep lessons, which errors and sufferings had engraven on her own heart, must be told to Clara. The sweet girl was leaning beside the open window, the pale roses that dropped over her head were not so white as her cheek—yet she shed one tear, breathed no sigh; her eyes were, in truth, bright as though she had served her soul for some deep sacrifice of herself at the shrine of duty. She had that day, received the reiterated and urgent offer of marriage from Mr. Palmer, with a pledge that if she should become his wife, her mother and brother should be amply provided for—should have Woodbine Cottage, if it could be obtained, or one equally as good, and a yearly allowance, besides, of a thousand dollars. 'Clara, my darling child, come here to me; I want to see you smile once more. You have not smiled for late. Come sit here close beside me, said Mrs. Walton, hesitatingly.

Clara obeyed, and seated herself on a cushion at her mother's feet: but she did not look up. Her mother took her hand; it was cold and trembling. 'Clara,' said Mrs. Walton, impressively, 'you must not accept this offer.' 'Mother?' 'No you must not. You do not love Mr. Palmer, and without you can give him your heart, you must not become his wife.'

'But what will you do? What will become of you and poor Henry? You have no longer strength to work—nay, hear me, dear mother—we must leave this cottage immediately. Mr. Forester will come soon, and I would not for the world he should find me here.'

'It is only Henry, gathering his evening offering of flowers,' said Mrs. Walton, and Clara resumed. 'I have thought of every plan, but I do not find anything I can do will support you in comfort. And then poor Henry; he so loves these trees and flowers, that he will droop and die if we take him into a close room, as we must do, should we go back to boarding again. But do not fear that I shall deceive Mr. Palmer. I have told him that I do not love him; that if I accepted him, it would be for the sake of my mother and brother. To-morrow I shall tell him—'

'That you loved another,' said Mrs. Walton, in a low, sad tone. '—But that I have loved, I think,' continued this heroic girl, 'I hope I have overcome the weakness I ought never to have indulged.'

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'Oh, that was a sorrow which God inflicted, and he alone could comfort,' said Mrs. Walton, looking upward. 'I bowed to his will; I trusted that he would sustain me, and he has never forsaken us. We have been poor, but God has raised up friends to help us when we have done what we could. We will trust him still. Let us only do right, and then we shall have faith to pray for his blessing. But if, from motives of expediency, we violate his law, how can we expect to prosper? And the law of God bears witness, in every human heart, that those who marry together, should love each other. I dare not allow you, on any account to violate this law. You must send a decided refusal to Mr. Palmer.'

'But will you, mother, leave this place directly?' 'As soon as possible, my love.' 'Oh, let us go to-morrow, dear mother. I so fear Mr. Forester will come while we are here, said Clara.

'I don't think he would turn us out of the cottage,' replied Mrs. Walton, half smiling; 'though, to be sure, he has been very negligent about writing.'

'Oh, he has quite forgotten us, mother;—'

'Clara, dear Clara,' said a deep manly voice, but in a tone of the softest tenderness, and Charles Forester stood before them. 'Clara,' said Mr. Forester, as he pressed her hand to his bosom, after she had become tranquilized, 'Clara, you little know how severe was the trial of my soul, how painful the sacrifice, when I left you without declaring my love, and attempting to secure yours in return. But I was going to attend on my dear, feeble mother, who required all my time and means; I knew not how long this filial duty would be upon me. Young, lovely and attractive as you were, should I, ought I to have bound you in a long engagement, which might, as you saw more of the world, be irksome to you, and prevent you from choosing among others, the rich and distinguished, who, I foresaw, would bow before you? I thank God that he strengthened me to do what I felt to be right—to leave you free. But, dear Clara, I have prayed every night and morning on my knees, that, if it could be, I might find you thus; and I bless God, he has granted my prayer; he has brought your heart to love him supremely, while its tenderest earthly affections have been kept constant and pure. Forget you, Clara? I can truly say,

'I've wandered east, I've wandered west, I've found a lonely life; But in my wanderings, for or near, You never were forgot.'

And they were married, Mr. Forester and Clara Walton, united in that true affection and sympathy of heart, soul and mind, which constitutes the holiness of the relation, and makes it a fit type of the union between Christ and his church.

Mrs. Conant and her daughter, who were distant connections of Mrs. Forester, remained in Windsor till after the wedding; and Mrs. Bell acknowledged she had wronged Mrs. Walton, and never would again make an evil report of her neighbor on the mere 'they say' of the world.—Lady's Book.

OPINION OF WOLFF. Many of our readers will no doubt recollect the Rev. Joseph Wolff, the converted Jew, who visited the United States several years ago and preached in all of our principal cities. He left the impression upon those who heard him of being one of the most extraordinary men of the age. Since his return to Europe he has immortalized himself by his journey to Bokhara, in search of intelligence respecting the two English officers murdered there. The narrative of his sufferings and perils, endured in that expedition, will send his name down to posterity as one of the bravest, as most humane of men. We find, in the late English papers, a letter from this remarkable individual to the Roman people. He claims with them the affinity of early association and education. In the course of his remarks he speaks thus of the Pope: 'Our blessed Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ, was led to the cross. Peter, whose successor the Roman Pontiff affects to be, drew the sword and struck a servant of the High Priest, and smote off his ear; and the sword was here drawn to save the life of the Lord from heaven himself, the Lord said to him 'Put up again thy sword into its place.' But what did Peter IX. He leaves his children at Rome like a coward, escapes to Gaeta, and from thence he exhorts his children in France to unsheathe the sword against his children in Rome; not for the purpose of saving either Christ or his Church, but for retaking a paltry temporal dominion, which his predecessors in dark ages have grasped, and which he blasphemously calls the patrimony of Peter, and after General Oudinot regained it for him, he sends his congratulations. While upon this subject, we notice that M. de Toucheville has boldly attacked, on the part of the French government, the resolution to restore the Pope to his temporal power, on the plea that, if this is done, Austria or Naples may obtain a greater ascendancy over him than France. In other words, the republican leaders of France will extinguish liberty in Rome, in order to keep up their political influence in Italy. Alas! for human freedom.

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY. Week before last, the brethren of the Lodge of Odd Fellows at Woodstown, N. J., determined to have their Hall swept out and cleaned, when it was unanimously resolved, that Mrs. Keep Secret, should be called upon to do the job.

After the lamplighter, who well knew the inquisitive character of Mrs. Keep Secret, went and procured a monstrous Billy goat, and placed it in a closet which was kept as a reservoir for all secret things, he then proceeded to the domicile of the good lady, informed her of the job of cleaning and sweeping the Hall; and requested her to come early next morning, as he would be at leisure to show her what was to be done.

The morning came, and with it, Madame Keep Secret appeared according to promise, with her brooms, brushes, pails, tubs, &c. Door keeper in waiting for her. 'Now, madam, said the mischievous door keeper, I will tell you what we want done, and how we come to employ you.

'One of the brethren said it would be difficult to get any body to do the job, who would not be meddling with our secrets in that closet, because we've lost the key and can't lock it. I assured them that you could be trusted, and so they ordered me to call on you, as I knew you could be depended upon.'

'Depend upon?' says Madam, 'I guess I can, my poor dead and gone husband, who belonged to the Free Masons, or Anti Masons. I don't know which, used to tell me the secrets of the concern, and when he showed me the marks of the gridiron, how he was initiated, and told me all how they fixed poor Morgan, I never told a livin' soul to this day, and if nobody troubles the closet till I do, they'll lay there and rot, that they will.'

'I thought so,' says the door-keeper, 'and now I want you to commence at that corner, pointing with his finger to a place where some undignified and indecent brother had thrown out quids of tobacco, and give the whole room a decent cleansing, and I have pledged my word and honor for your fidelity to promises.—I don't go in that closet,' and left our lady to herself.

No sooner had she heard the sound of his feet upon the last step of the stairs, than she exclaimed, the closet! what on earth can be there! I'll warrant there's a gridiron, or some such nonsense, just like the Anti Masons for all the world; she stepped softly to the door of the forbidden closet—turned the button—wrote no sooner done, than hata, ba, ba, went Billy, with a spring to regain his liberty, which came nigh upsetting her lilyship. Both started for the doorway, which was filled with her implements of house cleaning, when all was swept clear from their position to the bottom of the stairs, and drew half the town to witness Mrs. Keep Secret's effort to get from under a pile of goat, pails, tubs, brooms and scrubbing brushes.

Who should be the first on the spot but the rascally door-keeper, who after releasing the goat, who was made a cripple for life, and unpling the other rubbish which bound the good lady to the floor, anxiously inquired if she had been taking the 'degrees.'

'Taking the degrees,' exclaimed our lady, 'if you call tumbling from the top to the bottom of the stairs with a taral goat to jump upon ye as ye ha me, and hurt 'em to boot, I'll warrant ye they'll make as much noise as me.'

REPORTED BATTLE BETWEEN THE Indians and the California Emigrants. The following account of a reported battle on the plains, is from the St. Louis Reveille; Extra, of the 19th inst. The Reveille does not appear to have much faith in its truth.

From the Plains—Battle between the Indians and California Emigrants—Twenty persons Killed and Wounded—Hogons Seized and Emigrants taken Prisoners. The following letter was received at Independence by a merchant of that place, from a California emigrant, which we believe is the only intelligence received as yet, giving any account of the horrible affair; and we can hardly credit it on this account, for there would have been most certainly some other letters coming through at the same time; as we have the letter, we give it for what it is worth, although the story appears to be a little doubtful:

SOUTH PASS, June 15, 1849. Dear Sir:—This morning at 2 o'clock, we were aroused from our slumbers by an express rider, who states that the emigrants at Fort Hall (on Snake river), were in a fierce strife with the Indians. The express rider did not stay with us long, and all could learn from him, was in substance the following:—He states that when encamped at Fort Hall, a tribe of Indians (the name of which he did not know,) numbering about two hundred, attacked them about day-break; on Sunday morning, and after turning all their mules and oxen loose, and making a general search of the wagons, they were put to flight by about a dozen of the emigrants, who fired upon them, killing one or two and wounding some half dozen. But while the emigrants were capturing their stray cattle, the Indians returned with a greatly increased force, and commenced a desperate attack upon those that were in search of their mules—killing three of them, but he only remembers one of their names—James Welby.

The emigrants at this time mustered all their men together, numbering from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, and under command of Capt. Cunningham, of St. Louis, were determined to protect their lives and property. They stationed themselves in and around their camp; and about 4 o'clock, in the afternoon, the Indians made their appearance, and after lurking around for a half hour, struck up a tremendous yell, which could have been heard a mile on the plains, and rushed into the camp, whereupon, Captain Cunningham ordered his men to fire upon them, which they did with great effect—killing four or five and wounding eighteen or twenty. The Indians were prepared and fully determined upon their intent; they set up their war-whoop, and fought bravely, and caused the emigrants to retreat some distance, killing a Mr. John Ransom, Joseph Spars, Joseph Newland and two or three others, whose names are not recollecting; wounding Captain C. Toad, Gray Dunlap, and Kiug, and a number of others, but none, he believes, dangerously.

In the course of a half hour after their retreat, the emigrants again rallied, and with renewed vigor and strength, met the red skins face to face in open combat, but were again repulsed; nothing daunted, they approached the Indians the third time, and commenced a deadly attack, and after a fierce struggle of forty minutes, the red skins were obliged to retreat, and leave the field to the conquerors.

He further states that he does not believe there were more than five or six of the emigrants killed—three of them he saw were teamsters. When he left the camp, the dead and the dying Indians were still on the ground, and several were made prisoners.

How to get rid of BAD SMELLS, INSECTIONS, &c. A scientific gentleman states, through the Boston Journal, that for a disinfecting agent for general use, where the surfaces whence noxious exhalations arise can be reached, one pound of common copperas, dissolved in one gallon of water, forms a fluid which, when sprinkled on decomposing matter, or any changing surfaces, immediately destroys putrescent exhalations. In extreme cases, two pounds of copperas, in one gallon of water, may be used, and in some situations the addition of so much ground plaster as will form a thin paste, will be required. The weekly sprinkling of cellar floors, paved yards, drains, and all filthy receptacles, with this fluid, will render the atmosphere above them perfectly salubrious. In sick rooms and confine spaces, the colorless liquid should be placed in shallow vessels, freely exposed, when its power of absorption will soon change the character of air around it.

THE BEER.—A well-known sexton at one of our city grave-yards—a son of Erin, of course—not long since, upon the arrival of a funeral at the ground, was interrogated by the undertaker in charge, an old acquaintance with the query, 'Where is the Bier?' To which he replied, 'Is it beer, did you say? The divil a drop of beer is there upon the ground, at all; but you step into the tool-house and say nothin' about it, y'll find a little whiskey in the jug in the corner, to which y're welcome.' The undertaker explained his mistake, and that he wanted something wherem to convey the corpse to the grave. The sexton, no little confused, replied, 'and why didn't ye say that at first, and ax for the hand-burrow at once, and not be pokin' fun at me by talkin' about beer,' known as 'hand-burrow,' as he called it, was thereupon produced, and the funeral proceeded. What became of the contents of the 'jug in the corner' we have not ascertained.

DEATH FROM ETHER.—Mrs. Orus Field, of Detroit, died suddenly at Port Huron, Michigan, on the 10th of August, from the effects of inhaling ether, administered by a physician, for the purpose of extracting a tooth. A LAUGH is worth a hundred groans in any market.