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#### DEATH, OR MEDORUS' DREAM. BY THE AUTHOR OF AMASUERUS.

Here is a poem which is very likely to be judged by strange critical canens, i. e. not upon its own merits, but upon the merits of the administration at Washington. We think it unfortunate for the auther that it should be so, for the book is one more worthy of admiration than the standard by which it will be judged may allow it to receive. It has some faults of manner and some inelegancies of expression, but on the whole displays unusual poetical ability. There are passages in it which seem to us to possess a high degree of beauty and powthe following description of "The Seasons,"-New ting your neck off."

"Spring laughing comes to bless the ventant land, Sweet breezes kiss the glowing curls that lie Upon her blooming check: a lambent fire Plays from her radiant eyes : 'neath her light step Daisies and cowelips grow. Upon the bud She breathes, and quick the rose unfolds Its tinted leaves, and, trembling with keen bliss. Sips the pure morning dews, and soft exhales A gentle odor through the garden's walks. More sweet than beauty's breath. Hark to those

The warbling notes that rise upon the gale Steal o'er the soul like voices of pure prayer, Or dream of Eden's joys. O'er all the earth Warm sunshine streams, whose fructifying rays Strike through the fibrous soil, and quicken there A thousand lovely forms; these straightway start From that deep sleep which heaven so kindly sends Through winter's regged hour, while soon they

The happy circle of all beauteous things, That fill the world with perfume and with song, Hailing their bountoous mistress, virgin Spring. Mark Summer, sitting 'neath you spreading

Her shady throne. With matron dignity She gazes round, and smiles in quiet pride While counting o'er the glorious wealth that fills Her wide domain. Now wave the growing fields Beneath the rip'ning winds and the warm sun; Now the soft pulp of the distending fruits Imbil es rich nectar from the glowing beams Of the calm, g blen day. Now Hope sits laughing In a world of light, and Promise near Wenves the bright numbers of a joyons lay,

With plenty still the burthen of his theme, Next Autumn comes, the sweet industrious maid, Who garners up the treasures of past days, Brown nuts, and yellow grain, and ripen'd stores Of mellow'd fruits; yet still a pensive smile, As soft as moonlight on some slumb'ring stream, Throws o'er her face a melancholy shade Of sober thought, as though her heart was sad, That the large harvests which her sickle wins A plaintive strain that echoes through the land, Like the wild cooings of some soft-toned dove, A note of resignation and of peace,

Though still a sound of sadners from the soul. Lo! Winter rushes from the land of storms: From the cold Arctic regions, where he sat 'Mong clouds and darkness, and vast misshaped

forms

He comes, with frests and howling winds, and hail, And the dark terrors of a sunless sky Unshorn his respect heard, and his fierce eyes. Relentless as the murderer's stony heart, Condemns the victim, while his icy breath, More deathy than the lightning's fire gleam. Sweeps life into oblivion."

# The Norwegian Emigrants.

A correspondent of the Boston Post, writing from Detroit, gives the following picture of a party of Norwegians whom he found on board the steamboat that took him there. It may or may not be a fancy sketch, but certainly there is no flattery in the likeness.

"What struck me most on board the Bunker Hill, during my passage to Detroit, was a large sin Territory, whose singular costumes and revolting cloveliness of appearance formed the staple subject of conversation all the day long.

then the class of emigrants mentioned above them as he flew rapidly by. are the most primitive race of people anywhere in existence. Their hands and faces were actuslly begrimed with the accumulated filth of years-and as to their attire, it is difficult to conceive how any human being could have been so disengenious as to devise so contemptithat which they wear.

With regard to their taste in the matter of food, it is sufficient to say that they would often scramble among themselves for the very slops which the cook threw in a large bucket of dirty water, although as I had occasion to ascertain, they had plenty of gold in their possession. Lord Nelson, in describing the inhabitants of a new island he had discovered, in one of his de- mad actor's. spatches to the admiralty, laconically portrayed them thus :- "Manners none; customs tled by Norwegians !"

# 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 .- JEFFERSOV.

By Masser & Elsely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Sept. 9, 1843.

Vol. 3--No. 50--Whole No. 154.

#### THE ACTOR'S CHILD.

time manager for Jefferson & Mackenzie, in Baltimore, 'here it is past seven o'clock and 'crook'd back'd Richard' not in his dressing

'My dear sir,' said the most original of all men, the imperturable Thomas V. Garner, 'do not be so precipitate. When the late Daniel

'An you love me Hal,' interrupted the stage manager, 'go to the -- ' and then the poor manager chazzeed, as was his wont, with his hands clasped in agony, from one side of the Holliday street stage to the other.

'Ring in first music, sir !' inquired the call boy, who scratched his head and seemed to enjoy the despair of his manager.

'Ring, you red-headed imp of Satan-you er. As a specimen of its general style, we extract juvenile Calibani get out of my sight, or I'll

Away went the call boy, and away went the manager. Ward searched every bar-room in the vicinity of the theatre, for the great tragedian, but all in vain. At last a little boy came running to him, almost breathless with fatigue, and told him that Mr. Booth was in a hay loft in Front street. The manager found a crowd of people gathered around the building in question. and he had some difficulty in edging himself through the dense mass. Climbing up a rough ladder, he cautiously raised his head above the floor of the second story, and there saw the object of his search, on a rafter, with a wreath of

straw about his temples in imitation of a crown. 'Booth,' said the manager, imploringly, 'for Heaven's sake come! It's nearly eight o'clock

and the audience will pull the theatre to pieces." The tragedian fixed his dark eye on the intruder, and raising his right arm majestically, he thundered forth:

"I am seated on my throne! As proud a one, as you distant mountain,

Where the sun makes his last stand !" Come, my dear fellow, let's go-we'll have a glass of brandy, and a supper, and all that. Come, please come.'

Booth descended graceful from his yellow pine throne, and kissing the tip end of his fingers, replied with a smile, 'I attend you with Hyde Park. all becoming grace. Lead on, my lord of Essex. To the Tower-to the Tower.'

After a little persuasion, Ward lead the tragedian to the theatre, got him dressed, the curtain rose, and the play went on .- Just as the senger, covered with dust, rushed behind the as the uncertainty as to what you have to pay. stage, and before he could be stopped, was in earnest conversation with the tragedian.

"What!" said Booth, as he pressed his long fingers on his broad white temples, as though he tried to clutch the brain beneath, 'dead, say you! Dead and buried? My poor little child -my loved-my beautiful one! And then seeing the curtain rise he rushed on, exclaiming:

"She has hearth to progress far as Chertsy, Though not to bear the sight of me,' &c.

The beautiful scene between Anne and Gloster was never better played. The actor, the 'noblest of all,' when he chose to be, gave the words of the bard with thrilling effect; but there was a strange calmness about his manner that told his mind was not upon the character. Still the multitude applauded until the old roof rang ngain, and those behind the scenes stood breathless with eager delight. The third act came on-but Both was nowhere to be found.

It was a bitter cold night, and the farmer as assemblage of Norwegians bound for Wiscon- he drove saw his horseman wrapped in a large cloak, which as it opened disclosed a glittering public places of their seats, grounds and galdress beneath, ride rapidly past him. It was leries, permitting their establishments to be Booth in his Richard costume. Madness had It has never yet been ascertained, I believe, seized him, and regardless of everything, at the what system of internal economy prevailed in still hours of midnight, he was going to pay a the domestic establishment of Adam and Eve. visit to his dead child. Drawing his flat sword, Therefore we ought to be careful how we ap- and throwing his jewelled cap from his head, ply the term primitive to any portion of the hu- he lashed his horse's flanks with the bare weaman family, lest we should unwillingly asperse on until the animal sported in pain. The tall | "high life below stairs," I can find no justifithe character of our original parents. But if dark trees on each side of him touched his heatprimitiveness be meant to imply not only the ed brow with their silver frosted branches, and atter absence of every thing bordering on re- thinking they were men in pursuit, the mad did, and, more than that, who style themselves frewshire, and is said to be of good character. finement, but moral and physical degradation, actor cut at them with his sword, and cursed

At last, after a gallant ride of two hours, the horseman came in sight of a country graveyard, and as he saw the white tops of the monuments peeping through the dark foliage, like snowy crests upon the bosom of a black billow, he raised a shout wild enough to scare the ghosts away sped the riderless horse overhill and dale. It was the work of a moment, (and the insane from the vault containing the dead body of his by serewing a small sum, or as much as he could child. He seized the tiny coffin in his arms, give, out of every gentleman they met." with the strong arm of a desperate man he tore open the lid, and in a moment more the cold blue lips of the dead child were glued to the

The next morning some of the tragedian's is no place to run. family heard a wild strain of langinter that seembeastly." That must originally have been set. ed to proceed from his Leeping room. The

lying on his bed, gibbering in idiotic madness, 'Shade of Kemble!' ejaculated Ward, at that and caressing the corpse of his little one --New Orleans Cresent City.

English Inns and English Servants.

An American, whose letters from England are published in the Richmond Enquirer, writes thus from Felton, in Northumberland county,

"I had cause to be surprised at the comforts to be had at the country inns of England, equalling as they generally do, those of the best hotels of London. I say surprised, because the terms, as compared with those in London, are so moderate. At this inn, the price of lodging, such as a prince might be content with, is only one shilling. Meals are not quite so cheap, but much lower than the same in London. You know the London hotels are proverbially high priced, the world over. This is not at all wonderful, when you consider in addition to the heavy taxes upon every thing that is used, the extravagance with which all their departments are conducted. The loss inevitable from this extravagance and waste, must come out of the packet of the stranger who patronzes the establishment. Any one, too, who will look at the servants, and the manner in which they dress, will not be surprised that they want high fees from all upon whom they attend. Imagine, as is actually the case, the waiter dressed in fine broad cloth, a ruffled shirt, white cravat, elegantly worked collar, pumps, and occasionally white gloves, and what a contrast do we see to those we have been accustomed to have around us. This finery in which these servants dress, is no doubt borrowed from the servants of the nobility, who are very gaudily arrayed. The aristocracy seem to have quite a passion for handsome servants. Of course they are dressed in livery; but as livery is not confined to the nobility, but extends to many commoners as well, I cannot see its use, unless it be to distinguish the servant from the master. A stranger, without this distinction, would be at a loss to know who was the gentleman-the servant being in many instances the better and more intellectual looking man of the two, as I have often observed in

"The practice of giving fees to servants in England, has become as much a part of her system, as the revenue laws themselves. It is a custom the more especially vexatious to Americans, because they have not been used to it. second act was announced to commence, a mes- The evil does not consist in any thing so much If, when one's bill were presented at a tavero, the amount due to servants were added on, according to some fixed and general rule, there would not be much reason to complain. But, as it is, the traveller is often put to the necessity of paying more than he can afford, or than the services are worth, for fear of seeming to impose upon a menial by paying to little. At many public places, where no tickets of admission are sold, antique places, churches, noblemen's seats, &c., fees are regularly expected, and generally the gratification felt by the stranger is such as to make him feel that any little sum he may have to bestow, is well spent. I can tolerate a poor widow, making her livelihood by exhibiting the memorials of such a man as Shakspeare; I can excuse a work- ter, or a lamb to the sacrifice, from her place man, in a hot manufactory or foundry, toiling and sweating from day to day for lean wages, asking for the wherewith to buy a bottle of ale or some comfort for his family; but when I see noblemen, who are rolling in wealth, and splendor and superfluity, making, as it were, shown for money, which indifferently finds its way to their pockets, or else paying their housekeepers and porters with what is received, and thus permitting these "gentlemen in livery" to levy contributions upon the public, wherewith they may gamble, and carry on cation for such practices being carried on by men, who assume to be above every thing sor-"noble." I do not know how the practice of taking tees could have become so general, unless it be a sort of extension of the principle upon which John Bull has acted-that of taxing every thing that would bear it. You know that servants, the world over, will imitate the vices of their masters. I think the English menials, seeing what large sums their masters, and his friends, was for God's merciful deliverble and unpicturesque an article of clothing as from their still graves. He dismounted, and who governed the country, raised by means of ance and preservation from the violence and little to the price of every article, resolved that are cunning beyond all,) to wrench the door they would do the same, and protect themselves

> A paper in Texas recommends the settlers not to run in debt. Having run in debt to get here, says he, there can be no greater folly than running into it when here, beyond which there

door was forced open and Booth was discovered | when the farmer's dog was after him.

#### A Sorrowful Tale.

The New York Sun gives the following history of the unfortunate Christiana Gilmour, who is now about to be sent to Great Britain, to answer for the crime of murder :

The history of this unfortunate young woman should operate as a warning to parents, and teach them to beware of an unrelenting apposition to an honorable attachment formed by a daughter, or even a son, merely because the object favored by such is not of equal worth or rank in life with themselves. It were better-far better-to raise one than to destroy the other. Mr. Cochran, the father of this young roman, is a wealthy farmer in the shrine of Renfrew, near Paisley, in Scotland. She received a passably good education; and we have seen a letter written by her to her parents ance her arrival here, couched in sweet and affecting language, and written in a practised, pretty hand. About five years ago, it appears, he being still in her "teens," she became acquainted with a young man in the neighborgood by the name of Anderson, and a mutual attachment sprung up between them. Although of excellent character, and of good moral conduct, he was in humble life, being a gardener in the employment of a gentleman in his native parish. They made no secret of their attachment; but it was bitterly opposed by her parents, particularly as her father, and the father of her future husband, had already decided that she and the unfortunate John Gilmour were to be united. The great object of her parents, from the time of discovering herattachment to Anderson, was to keep them apart; and with this view, she was at times confined in the attic of her father's dwelling, and a most rigid system of coercion applied to her, with a view to compel an abandonment on her part of the object of her affection; but without effect, al though stripes, and at times, severe beatings were restored to. "Oh, tather," she exclaimed, (as we are informed,) one day, "I cannot marry John Gilmour-I have nothing to say ame to marry John Anderson, whom I know is attached to me, as I love him-and I will go dewn on my knees and bless you. He and I can take the farm, which will in a short time be vacant, and my little sisters can live with me, and we shall alt be happy in each other's society. John Gilmour can find another girl, who will love him and make him a good wife; but oh, father, I cannot-I cannot marry him."

The appeal was unheeded, and served but to upon escape, to wander, she knew got whither. Watching her opportunity, she fled, but was soon pursued by her father and all the servants of his household. She took shelter in a thicket. where she remained for some time undiscovered, although her pursuers often passed the spot where she lay, till her little tavorite dog found out his mistress and came fondly upon her. This led to her detection, and she was taken back to the house and severely beaten. Finally, goaded almost to madness, or to what has been claimed in regard to her, "insanity," she gave a consent, so far as the law required, to an union with Gilmour; and after being bedecked in bridal robes, was brought as an ox to the slaughof confinement, and her destiny interwoven, for life or death ! with that of John Gilmour. The parents had given them £1000, or about \$5000 each, making \$10,000 in all, and they were settled on the farm at Inchinnon, which became their property. In about five weeks from the marriage, the unhappy husband, after a short illness, in which he experienced severe torture, perished. Circumstances came to light which afforded but too much ground for suspicion that he had been murdered, and that this his unfortunate, but now, it is feared, guilty wife, had caused his death. The subsequent events are known-she fled to this country in protection of a young man, and passing as his wife, but occupying distinct berths, and both assuming a fictitions name. Anderson is still living at Ren-Christiana declares that she did not murder her hushand. If so, the prayer of all will be, that God will permit her to pass in safety through the terrible ordeal which she will be called so soon to encounter.

Jeremy Taylor's nightly prayer, for himself manding lust; from pride and vanity; from false opinion and ignorant confidence; from improvidence and proligality; from envy and the spirit of slander; from sensuality; from presumption and despoir; from a state of temptation and hardened spirit; from delaying of repentance and persevering in sin; from unthankfulness and irreligion, and from seducing others; from all infatuation of soul, fully and madness; from wilfulness, self love, and vain "Millions for de-fence," as the darkey cried ambition; from a vicious life and an unprovid-

### Sam Slick in England.

[Those who have read Dickens' ill-natured thrusts at our manners and customs will not fail to relish the following extracts, from the new publication of "Sam Slick in England." [

SAM'S OPINION OF DICKERS. "What is the temper," he replied, with much warmth, that they visit us in ! Cuss 'em' Lock at Dickens; was there ever a man made so much of, except Lafayette! And who was Dickens? Not a Frenchman that is a frend to us; not a native that has a claim on us; not a colonist, who, though English by name, is still an American by birth, six of one and half a dozen of t'other, and, therefore, a kind of halfbreed brother. No ! he was a cussed Britisher; and what is wus, a British author; and yet, because he was a genius, because genius has the 'tarnal globe for its theme, and the world for its home, and mankind for its readers, and bean't a citizen of this State or that State, but a native of the universe, why, we welcome him, and feasted him, and leveed him, and escorted him, and cheered him, and honored him; did he honor us ! What did he say of us when he re- a fork; then make a strong brine, boil and skin: turned? Read his Book.

"No, don't read his book, for it ain't worth readin'. Has he said one word of all that recention in his book? that book that will be read, translated and read again all over Europe-has he said one word of that reception ! Answer me that, will you !- Darned the word-his memory was bad; he lost it over the taffrail when he was sea-sick. But his note-book was safe under lock and key, and the pigs in New York, and the chap the rats eat in jail, and the rough man from Kentucky, and the entire raft of gals inprisoned in one night, and the spittin' boxes, it was noted down and printed."

ENGLISH CIVILITY.

minits as will make you sick for a week ! but if you don't pay for it, you not only won't get it, duce at half price, or of making forced sales gainst him, but I do not love him-permit but you get scarce indeed of it, that is if you to meet obligations which need not have exist-

"They are as cold as Presbyterian charity,

and mean enough to put the sun in eclipse, are the English. They havnt set up the brazen image here to worship, but they've got a gold one, and that they do adore, and no mistake; its all pay, pay, pay; parquisite, parquisite, par- hobgoblin, a raw head and bloody bones, a hidequisite; extortion, extortion, extortion. There ons spectre, a frightful mask, sometihing to is a whole pack of yelpin' devils to your heels frighten children.' It is thus used by the Greek coaxin', or snarlin', grumblin', or bullyin' you tophanes the comic poet. Solomon Spalding, out of your money. There's the boatman, and ter again to the inn. And then on the road, They are just like a snarl o' snakes ; their

"The only thing you get for nothin' here is rain and smoke, the rumatiz and scorny airs. If you could buy an Englishman at what he was worth, and sell him at his own valiation, he would realize as much as a nigger, and would be worth tradin' in, that's a fact; but as he ain't worth nothin', there's no market for such critters; no one would buy him at no price. A Scotchman, is was, for he is prouder end meaner. Pat ain't no better nother; he ain't proud, cause he has a hole in his breeches and another in his elbow, and he thinks pride won't patch em; and he ain't mean cause he ain't got nothin' to be mean with. Whether it takes nine tailors to make a man I can't exactly say, but this I will say, and take my dayy to it too, that tern for one of our real genumine free and enlightened citizens, and then I wouldn't swap without large boot, I tell you. Guess I'll go and pack up my fixins, and have 'em ready

THE NELSON MONUMENT.

"There he is, as big as life, five feet nothin," with his shoes on. Now, examine that monument; and tell me if the English don't know how to brag as well as some other folks, and whether they don't brag, too, sometimes, when they hain't got no right to. There is four figures there, representin' the four quarters of the globe in chains, and among them America a roughin' down and a beggin' for life, like a mean taxes and protective tariffs, only aiding on a rule of passion, from a service will, and a com- Indgin. Well, jist do the civil now, and tell me when that little braggin' feller ever whipped us, will you! Jist tell me the day of the year he was able to do it, since his mammy cut the apron-string, and let him run to seek his tortin'. Heavens and airth, we'd a chawed him right up !

"I wish you would speak as loud as you generally do to your husband," said a learned and probably henpicked counsel to a married female witness, whom he could not persuade to speak

## PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

square 1 insertion, - - -Every subsequent insertion. . .

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Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accord-

Tonato Figs.-The re-publication of the following recipe, will prove acceptable to some of our readers at the present time :

Take six pounds of sugar to one peck (or 16 pounds) of the fruit. Scald and remove the skin of the fruit in the usual way. Cook them over a fire, their own juice being sufficient without the addition of water, until the sugar penetrates and they are clarified. They are then taken out, spread on dishes, flattened and dried in the sun. A small quantity of the syrup should be occasionally sprinkled over them whilst drying; after which, pack them down in boxes, treating each layer with powdered sugar. The syrup is afterwards concentrated and bottled for use. They keep well from year to year and retain surprisingly their Cavor, which is nearly that of the best quality of fresh figs! The pear shaped or single tomatoes an wer the purpose best. Ordinary brown sugar may be used, a large portion of which is retained in syrup.

Tonato Pickles .- Take tomatos when about two thirds ripe; prick them full of holes with it. When cool, put your tomatos in ; let them remain eight days, and then take out and put them in weak vinegar. Let them lay twentyfour hours; then take them out and lay a laying of tomatos, then a thin laying of onions, with a tea-spoonfull each of cinnamon, cloves and pepper, and a table-spoonfull of mustard; then pour on sharp vinegar. You may put them in jars, if you like .- Michigan Farmer,

THE DIFFICULTY WITH FARMERS generally is that they have too much invested in land, and not spare capital enough to manage anything and all that stuff, warn't trusted to memory; to advantage. Too many think if they can but get a farm, they will leave the rest to take care of itself, instead in the first place of se-"There's plenty of civility here in England, curing the means of managing the farm to adif you pay for it; you can buy as much in five vantage. Hence follows the practice of buying on credit at high prices and paying in proare tool enough to stand and have it rubbed ed, had the farmer in the outset had his spare capital proportioned to the size of his farm .-Boston Tran.

MORMON, is a Greek word. According to the Baptist Register, "Donegan and other authors of Greek dictionaries define it, 'A bugbear, a having tried to preach three or four years and ide-waiter, and porter, and custom'er, and failed being a classic Greek scholar, and out of ruck-man as soon as you hand; and the ser- all business, wrote for his amusement what he cant-man, and chamber-gal, and boots, and por- called the Book of Mormon, i.e., as he understood it, the Beak of Spectres. After his death, there is trunk-litter, and coachman, and guard, the ignorant Joe Smith and J. Rigdon, coming and beggar-man, and a critter that opens the into possession of the book, and ignorantly precoach-door, that they calls a water man, cause tending that Mormon was a sacred Jewish ne is infarnal dirty, and never sees water, name, have used the book for deceptive purposes, as all the world know, and have attempted name is legion, and there ain't no cend to 'em. to clothe the word Mormon with a sacred meaning. Above is the definition and origin of the word, as well as of the book.

Mermons, then, the anglicised word, or the derivative as comprehending the people, may be defined "Devotees to bugbears, hobgobolins and spectres." Seventeen thousand of such devotces, it is said, are now residents in Nauvoo.

AN AWKWARD BATHING PREDICAMENT .-The Liverpool Mercury describes an amusing incident which recently occurred at the far-famed town of Redcar. A lady and gentleman on a visit to the water place, not satisfied with the restrictions and forms attended on bathing from a machine, started early in the morning in their phæton to a favorable spot two miles up it would take three such goneys to make a pat- the sands; the lady provided herself with a bathing dress, the gentleman as gentlemen often do when bathing, declining such incumbrance. After undressing on the sand, and placing their clothing in the carriage, they took to the water, but had scarcely recovered from the first dip,' when to their dismay, they observed the horse start away at a smart trot with the carriage, dresses and all-leaving them in the primitive state of our first parents! After some time it was arranged for the lady to proceed in her picturesque and scanty costume, to Marske, where she arrived barefoot and bareheaded, and after relating the unfortunate but laughable account of the horse, succeeded in borrowing a dress for herself and husband, which was forwarded in all speed to him; and he was soon recognized by the messenger, patiently enduring his woful plight, though up to the chin in the water.

> A Fuddleometer has been invented out West, by which a man can tell when he is getting too drunk to walk.

> Woman is said to be like a jewsharp, for the sole reason that she is nothing without a tong ue and must be pressed to the lips.