

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
JOSEPH EISELY, Editor.
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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.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, May 24, 1845.

Vol. 5--No. 35--Whole No. 243.

PIECES 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.

SHUGERT'S PATENT WASHING MACHINE.

THIS MACHINE has a new tested by more than thirty families in this neighborhood, and has given entire satisfaction. It is so simple in its construction, that it cannot get out of order. It contains no iron to rust, and no springs or rollers to get out of repair. It will do twice as much washing, with less than half the wear and tear of any of the late inventions, and what is of greater importance, it costs but little over half as much as other washing machines.

The subscriber has the exclusive right for Northumberland, Union, Leominster, Columbia, Luzerne and Clinton counties. Price of single machine, \$8.
H. B. MASSER.
The following certificate is from a few of those who have used this machine in use.

Sunbury, Aug. 24, 1844.

We, the subscribers, certify that we have now in use, in our families, "Shugert's Patent Washing Machine," and do not hesitate saying that it is a most excellent invention. That, in washing, it will save more than one half the usual labor. That it does not require more than one third the usual quantity of soap and water; and that there is no rubbing, and consequently, little or no wearing or tearing. That it knocks off no buttons, and that the finest clothes, such as collars, faces, necks, &c., may be washed in a very short time without the least injury, and in fact with an equal amount of wear and tear, whatever it. We therefore cheerfully recommend it to our friends and to the public, as a most useful and labor saving machine.

CHARLES W. BEGINS,
A. JORDAN,
CHS. WEAVER,
CHS. PLEASANTS,
GIDEON MARKLE,
Hon. GEO. C. WELKER,
BENJ. HENDRICKS,
GIDEON LEISNRING.

Herr's Hotel, (formerly Tremont House, No. 116 Chestnut Street,) Philadelphia, September 21st, 1844.

I have used Shugert's Patent Washing Machine in my house upwards of eight months, and do not hesitate to say that I deem it one of the most useful and valuable labor-saving machines ever invented. I formerly kept two women continually occupied in washing, who now do as much in two days as they then did in one week. There is no wear or tear in washing, and it requires not more than one-third the usual quantity of soap. I have had a number of other machines in my family, but this is so decidedly superior to every other, and so little liable to get out of repair, that I would not do without one if they should cost ten times the price they are sold for.
DANIEL HERR.

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 retaining 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 Curtain Parasols,
Philadelphia, June 1, 1844.—ly

HERR'S HOTEL,
FORMERLY TREMONT HOUSE,
No. 116 Chestnut 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 establishment, and will always be ready to entertain in style. His well established reputation 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 in such a manner as to be as well suited for the first resort, as for the most respectable and exclusive entertainment for in dividuals 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

SEED FOR SALE.—The small farm, containing about 100 acres, about 2 miles above Northampton, adjoining lands of Jesse C. Horton, John Lehigh and others, will be sold cheap, if application is made soon to the subscriber.
Sunbury, Aug. 31.
H. B. MASSER.

FLAX SEED.—The highest price will be given for Flax Seed, by
Aug. 31, 1844.
H. B. MASSER.

COTTAGE BIBLES.—Five copies of the Cottage Bible, the cheapest 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.

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 \$8 00.
Dec. 2, 1842.
H. B. MASSER.

The Great English Rail Road.

The Great Western Railroad in England, is the most gigantic work of the kind in the world and were it not for the onward progress of the age, it would hardly be expected to have its parallel in our day, in any country. It is not only of great extent, and made to surmount the most formidable obstacles, but it is of the most stupendous proportions, surpassing every other Rail Road which has yet been built.

It extends across the Island of Great Britain from the Thames to the Severn, from London to Bristol, a distance of 118 1/2 miles. The Rail Roads of Great Britain and the United States, with the exception of the New York and Erie Road, are 4 feet 8 1/2 inches wide. Great expense has been incurred to prevent high grades, and with the exception of one grade near Bristol, which is 5 1/2 feet per mile, the steepest gradient is 1 1/2 feet per mile, and this is but a short distance. There are 43 planes, 20 of which are ascending from London towards Bristol from 2 to 8 feet per mile. Twenty-two are descending towards Bristol from 1 1/2 to 15 feet per mile, 1 for a short distance 5 1/2 feet. There are 14 levels. To reduce the line to these planes, required deep cuttings, high embankments and 8 tunnels. The cuttings are 38 feet wide at the level of the Rails, with banks sloping from 3 to 1. The average cost of the earth work was 40 cts. per cubic yard. The Salford cutting, measures 525,000 cubic yards, costing \$210,000, and the Salford embankment 583,000, costing a much larger sum.

The Box Tunnel is the largest Rail Road or Canal Tunnel in the world. It is 3123 1/2 yds., or over 1 1/2 miles in length. The clear width of the tunnel, at 7 feet from the bottom, is 30 feet, and the clear height over the rails is 25 feet. The eastern cutting contained 1,533,000 cubic yards, costing \$623,300. Where the tunnel is lined with bricks, the sides are constructed of seven rings, the arch of six rings, and the invert of four rings. The foundation is 36 feet in width. At the eastern entrance, the surface is 63 1/2 feet above the level of the rails, and at the western entrance 64 feet. The hill was less than 300 feet high. There are 11 shafts for airholes, varying from 94 to 293 feet, from the rail road to the top of the hill. They are 2 1/2 feet in diameter, and lined with brick or stone masonry. The brick work in mortar cost \$15, and in cement, \$16 75 per cubic yard, including the excavation for brick work. The total excavation of the tunnel, which consisted of freestone, and freestone and marble, was 247,000 cubic yards, costing, exclusive of the 11 shafts and the arching, more than \$600,000. As two sets of men could work in each shaft, and one set at each end, making twenty four sets of men—and as each set of men consisted of sixteen, ten miners and six fellers at each heading, 380 men could work at a time, or seven hundred and sixty men during the day and night. The tunnel and shafts were commenced in 1836, and finished in June, 1841, not quite five years. The quantity of powder used in the tunnel for blasting, was one pound for each cubic yard of freestone, costing about \$400,000. Three of the shafts, the deepest ones, were worked by steam engines, and the others by horse gins, each shaft having two gins driven by three horses. In one shaft were two engines, one for raising and lowering the materials and the other for pumping out the water. Such are some of the facts relating to this gigantic tunnel, which cost, including every thing, more than \$1,500,000, and employing more than 700 men, nearly five years.

There are, besides this great tunnel, several others; the Brington, 1049 yards in length; another near Bristol, 330 yards; and another 225 yards.

There are several viaducts, the principal of which is one over the valley of the Brent, constructed of brick with stone impost, cornices and coping—its length is 886 feet, height 81. A bridge at Maidenhead, 768 feet long, and 56 feet high.

The land enclosed for this rail road averages 12 acres a mile, costing \$718,000 per mile sterling, or about \$23,500,000; and the whole road cost more than \$5,500,000; or \$26,400,000. The want of room prevents us from going more into detail in reference to this stupendous work. It cost nearly as much as all the Public Works of Pennsylvania, and could only have been constructed in a country of great wealth, and connecting such a place as Bristol with London, the greatest city of the world.—Har. Argus.

BEAUTIFUL INVENTION.—The Newark Advertiser says that Mr. Crane has recently added another ingenious contrivance to his Twelve Month Clock. It shows now the day of the month, and also of the year, and exhibits the Sun and Moon rising and setting every day in the year—with the utmost undeviating accuracy and regularity. The Moon as she revolves in her orbit is made also to revolve upon her axis, showing every day with equal accuracy, her different phases. The apparatus used for this purpose is exceedingly simple, and is by no means liable to get out of order.

Ole Bull in Solitude.

The enthusiastic temperament of the violinist, Ole, may be easily inferred from the passionate character of his musical compositions and performances. We have only to add that his mind is no less characterized by simplicity and singleness of devotion. He is almost boyish in his enjoyments, while his expression of them is as impulsive as the breeze, and quite as refreshing.

"Ole," his mental city still befogged with Londonism, could step from the daily swept trottoir of the tourist, and dare the mud of the "American Bottom," to gaze through the "Looking Glass Prairie" windows, opposite, it is not to be wondered at that Ole should be equally eager.

The afternoon succeeding his second concert here in St. Louis, the imposing bust of the horseman, clad in a particularly light and elegant summer frock, and mounted on a no less spirited looking horse, was seen to dash off from the "Planters," precipitate itself down Market street, and jerk itself up as suddenly, opposite Phillips' Music store. Bull speaks English very well, but still there is something of the "Dutch," about it, as the St. Louis "Nativists" would say.

"The Phrarie, Mistehr Phillips—vat vey vas I go to the Phrarie?"

Our advertising friend—and, by-the-by step in and see his splendidly conceived alteration—opened his quaint eyes and remarked, that Mr. Bull certainly did not think of riding twenty miles on horseback, within a few hours of sunset, to a spot devoid of habitation, or even shelter, with a thundering storm gathering in the west, moreover!

"Yes, I must see the Phrarie, and just now, I have play two nights in the hot room, and I want air. I have got nothing but gasp—all her," touching his broad chest; "I must see the Phrarie."

"Well, but," said Phillips, "you'll have to stay out all night!"

"Well, I shall see the Phrarie in the night."

"There's a devil of a storm coming up!"

"I shall see the Phrarie in the storm."

"But, you've got a thin coat on!"

"I can see the Phrarie vithout any coat!"

In short, it was a spiritual an obligato movement on the part of the musician—prestissimo "at that." He could not wait for a party that might be arranged next day; he would not perjure his usual companion du voyage to stay out all night; and he should not compel his servant; the fit was on him, and the "solitude of the prairie" he was determined to enjoy "solitary and alone." He procured a vast amount of unintelligible information, which he said "yes" to paraphrastically, galloped down to the ferry boat, rode twice round the engine apartment in the centre by way of getting over-sown, and was only stopped by the sudden halt of his steed as his eye caught the sight of a pistol-rod. Day waned, night fell, the storm held its revel till near morning, the sun rose beautifully, 10 A. M. saw the streets dry, and about meridian the anxious friends of the musician were made happy by his re-appearance—drenched, dried and bedraggled, but his eye filled with light and his heart with music, as usual;—he shall tell his adventure himself:

"Yes, he vas fine fellow, dat horse, he give three kiek ven he leave the ferry, and I feel just like him, I give three kiek too! No, I did not know any road, but every body tell me go right on, and I go. Very tick mud! to be sure, but I don't mind mud on the phrarie. I ride on, and after good while I come to ever so many roads, and I vas bother, but I tink to myself my horse has fine instink, and let him go; and vat I find out he tink just like me—he take the instink mud too, and I go on again; and when I got pretty near dark, I come out on the phrarie—all wide—beautiful—fine grass—flower—so many bird—all sing—sing—I feel light—as if I could jump up and stay dere, and my horse he feel just like me again, he jump up, too, and den he saiff the grass, and kick up vat he behind, and go he-he-he-he-he!"

"Vell I laugh at him verry much, and get down to let him eat dat fine grass while I listen to all the sounds, and look at de birds. O, dere vas one beautiful little kind—all black, vid red head, yellow wings—and I vas surprise to hear so many different song. Vell I walk away, and vat you tink?—if dat horse—fine instink—he run right after me and rub me all over; just as if he like me for give him de grass! and he look me right in de face, and den he go he-he-he-he!"

Vell, he "muse verry much, and I forget dat it get dark till I feel de rain, and den I say to my horse, now ve go home, and I ride back—back—back—but it get quite dark, and ve have to walk to keep in de mud. Vell, I keep in de mud, for I say, while I keep in the mud, ve're all right! but after long time, I no feel no more mud, and I vas fear I vas lost. Oh, yes, I vas verry vet. It rain all de time, but the clouds vas so beautiful, vid de lightning! and the thunder roll so grand—and my horse—fine instink—he stop to look, just like me! Oh, yes, I vas

come to little house, at last verry nice people vid nothing to eat, but vat I care, my horse have belly full of fine grass, and lick my face ven I put him in de shed, and I go to bed up funny ladder dat "muse me verry much, too, only I vake up all stiff in de night, for my chamber have verry good vindow but no glass in him, so I vake about till daylight, ven I have joy to see de sun rise and my droll horse go he-he-he-he-he!"

"Oh, yes, I know de phrarie look better in fine veeather, but I say to myself, it's beautiful in April it must be bright in May, and glorious all time! If the mud vas tick the grass vas de richer; if de storm not come to make me vet, I vas not see the lightning! and if I not get stiff in the hot I vas he vake discontent in the hotel. It vas beautiful trip! It make me laugh ven I tink; and that rascal horse, ask him and he say he-he-he-he-he, too!"

We have not been "dressing up" this story; it is the musician's own; we only wish that we could present his mixture of simplicity and earnestness while telling it. "Ole" may find "sermons in stones," but it is very clear that they must be London stones—it takes an Ole not a Johnny Bull to find music in the mud of the "American Bottom"—St. Louis Repub.

An Exciting Interview in the Auburn Prison.

Green, the Reformed Gambler, recently made an excursion through the Auburn State Prison. He gives the following account of his interview with a murderer:—

"On my return to the prison office, I was introduced to the chaplain, Rev. O. E. Merrill, which reverend gentleman informed me that a man by the name of Wyatt, then confined in one of the cells, for the murder of Gordon, on the 16th of March, in the Auburn State Prison, had confessed to him that he had lived a gambler several years in the South and West, and he would like I should call upon him. I accompanied him to the cell of the murderer. The door was thrown upon its grating hinges, when the reverend gentleman introduced me as an acquaintance of his who had travelled South several years, and thought that he (Wyatt) would be glad to converse with him. He said he was happy to see me, and asked me to be seated. After a short discourse, relative to the different classes of men then in confinement, I asked him what he followed in his travels through the South. He told me gambling. I asked him how long he had been engaged in that nefarious business! He said twelve or thirteen years. I asked him if he knew many gamblers! He said he did.

I asked him if he ever knew one by the name of Green. He said he did. I asked his name. He answered "John," said he knew him in 1832, 3, 4, and 5, and saw him in 1842 in St. Louis. I asked him if he was intimate with Green. He said he knew him as one gambler knew another. I asked if I favored him. He said if I would stand in the light he would tell me. I did so. He said I looked like the man I told him I was the man, but that I never knew him by the name of Wyatt. He said I did not; that Wyatt was not his real name. He then told me another, which was not his real name, and asked me if I did not hear of a man being murdered near St. Louis, in the year 1841, and of two men being arrested, both tried and convicted, one having a new trial granted him, the other being hung. I told him that I thought I had. He said he was the man that had the new trial granted, and was acquitted; "and," said he, "they hung the wrong man; he was innocent; I am the guilty man; but they hung him and cleared me!" "But," says I, "you were under a different name still, at that time." He said, "Yes, by none of these names do you know me, but my real name you are familiar with. Your name," said he, "I know in the year 1832; the gamblers called you John, but Jonathan is your real name." My curiosity was highly excited at the strange management of the murderer. But you may imagine the increase of it when he told me his real name.

I looked at the murderer and could scarcely believe my own eyes; yet he stood before me a living marvel. I have pledged secrecy as to his real name until after his execution. I interrogated him on his first steps in vice, and how he became so hardened. He told me to remember the treatment he had received from the Lynchers' lash at Vicksburg. I did, but my eyes could scarcely credit reality. I had known him in 1832, 3, 4, and in the early part of '35, as a bartender in Vicksburg. He was never a shrewd card-player, but at that time he was considered an indolent youth. The coffee house he kept was owned by North, who with four others were executed on the 5th of July, 1835, by Lynch Law. Wyatt and three others were taken on the morning of the 7th, stripped and one thousand lashes given to the four, tarred and feathered, and put into a canoe and set adrift on the Mississippi river. It makes my blood curdle and my flesh quiver to think of the suffering condition of these unfortunate men, set adrift on the morning of the 7th of July,

with the broiling sun upon their mangled bodies. Two died in about two hours after they were set adrift. Wyatt and another remained with their hands and feet bound forty hours, suffering more than tongue can tell or pen describe, when they were picked up by some slave negroes, who started the two survivors to their quarters. His companion died before they arrived. Wyatt survives to tell the horrors of the Lynchers' lash. He told me seven murders had been occasioned by their unmerciful treatment of him, and one innocent man hung. I know his statements to be true, for I had known him before 1835, and his truth in other particulars cannot be doubted. He murdered his seventh man, for which crime he will be executed."

The Ranger's Adventure.

A correspondent of the Knickerbocker, after describing a visit to the residence of a very old gentleman, Dr. Blank, in the Western part of Massachusetts, relates the following details of an adventure, during the old French war:

"At nineteen years of age, he joined the army of the provinces, that in 1775 essayed to take Crown Point from the French. He marched to the lakes with Col. Ephraim Williams, then whom a more gallant man never breathed the air of New England. The doctor fought under his command at Lake George, on the memorable eighth of September; saw, or imagined he saw, the fall of his brave leader; and is quite sure that he put a bullet into the French officer, Mons. St. Pierre. The next year he joined Rogers' company of Rangers, and was stationed with a party of them at Forte Ann, not far from where Whitehall now stands. But at that day it was a "dark and bloody ground;" a frontier station in the forests, which were filled with rival savages attached to France or England.

One day, in mid-winter, eight rangers, with a sergeant, were ordered out on some service; the doctor did not know what, but probably to seize some straggling Frenchman about Ticonderoga or Crown Point, and bring him to the fort, for the sake of obtaining intelligence.—He was himself on the party. A narrow road, or rather path, led northward toward Canada, and they followed it for several hours. There had just been a heavy fall of snow; all the pines and hemlocks in the forest were loaded thick with it; and as the afternoon was still and clear, only occasional flakes of light masses dropped from the burdened boughs like feathers. These circumstances were stamped on the old man's mind, seeming like a constantly recurring dream. The rangers waded in Indian file through the snow, and as danger was apprehended, a man was placed some rods in advance, one on each flank, and another behind.

This last was the doctor himself, and this was the gun I carried, said he taking a short heavy piece from a corner. They saw no signs of the enemy; there was no sound but the note of the little "chuck-a-dee-dee," so familiar to the pine woods in the winter.

At length they descended into a hollow; the frozen sheet of Lake George lay not far on to the left, and a steep hill on the right. The ground a short distance before them, was low and swampy, and a little brook had spread itself out on the path, making a frozen space, free from trees, across which their advanced man was now slowly tramping, crushed his boots into the ice and water at every step.—He paused suddenly, turned sharply round, and gave the low whistle appointed as the signal of alarm. He had seen the tracks of many moose-foot in the fresh snow beyond. There was not time to think; the loud report of a gun broke the stillness. The ranger gave a shrill scream, leaped four feet into the air and fell flat. Instantly the Indian yell burst from the woods on our right and left followed by the stunning rattle of more than fifty guns, and not a man of the rangers but one ever moved alive from the spot where he stood transfixed with surprise at the sudden death of their comrade.

That man was our hero, whose position, far behind the rest, save I am. He remembered the pain felt at the fierce burst of yell and musketry, and the sudden rush of the savage swarm from their ambush, upon his fallen comrades; and, in the next instant, that his memory could recall, he was flying back toward the fort. He heard sharp, sudden yells behind him, and glancing back, saw two Indians bounding on his track. He ran a mile, he should think, without turning or hearing a single sound, then turning his head, saw an Indian leaping silent as a spectre, within a few rods of him. With admirable coolness, he turned quickly round, and raising his gun with a steady hand, fired with such good effect that the Abenaki pitched forward to the ground, and his shaven head ploughed up the snow for yards, by the usual of his heading gun. The young soldier turned and fled again, and as he did so he heard the report of the other Indian's gun followed by the loud humming of the ball.—So alert and attentive were his faculties, that he observed where the bullet struck upon a

loaded bough in front of him; scattering the glittering particles of snow.

The path now led downward with a steep descent; at the bottom an ancient pine tree had fallen across it, whose sharp broken branches rose perpendicularly from the prostrate trunk four or five feet from the ground, blocking up the way, like a bristling chevaux-de-frise. The rangers had previously turned aside to avoid it. There was no time to do so now. The doctor's limbs were small and light, but as active as a deer's, and the Indian's tomahawk was close behind. Without hesitating he ran down and sprang into the air. His foot caught, so that he fell on the other side; but he snatched up his gun and ran again. In a moment, he heard a wild and horrid cry, and turning as he ran up the opposite hill, he saw a sight that has marred his sleep for many a night. The daring savage had leaped like him, but not so well; he had tripped, and one of the broken branches had caught and impaled him on its upright point, passing upward into the cavity of his chest! He saw the starting eye-balls, and the painted features hideously distorted, and paused to see no more.

About sunset the sentinels of Forte Ann saw him emerging from the woods, running as if the Indians were still behind him. A strong party sent out next morning found the bodies of the rangers stripped, and frozen in the various positions in which they died, so that they appeared like marble statues. On a tree close by, the French officer who commanded the Abenakis had fastened a piece of birch bark, inscribed with an insolent and triumphant message to the English. The bodies of the two Indians had been removed, although the white snow around the old pine tree retained ineffaceable marks of the tragedy that had been enacted there, and was beaten hard by the moans of a crowd of savages who had gathered about that place.

The taste of war was enough for the doctor's martial zeal. He did not take the field again till twenty years afterward, when he came to Washington's camp at Cambridge, armed with probe and balsam, instead of a musket and powder."

Questions and Answers.

OMITTED BY WEBSTER.

Of the Primary Elements.

What is the earth? The mother of all—at least so the ancients *Tellus*—and consequently friend of the laboring classes.

What is air? A four part glee, with variations, the winds are continually singing.

What is water? The objectional part of a frog, found mostly in pumps, not approved of by suckers.

Of Elementary Affinities, Chemical Properties, &c.

What is steam? The headstrong child of fire and water, frequently known to blow his parents up.

What is gas? An element of city economy, rather irregular in its habits, frequently found out in the streets at unseasonable hours; also, the inflating principle discovered generally in balloons, circus advertisements, and political species.

What is percussion? The sudden contact of two adobe bodies, round a corner.

What is chemical analysis? The science of detecting the presence of foreign matter, as turnip in champagne, Irishmen amongst street sweepers, &c.

What is physical analysis? Gauging the extent of fat on a fellow's ribs with a bow-knife.

Of Arithmetic.

What is simple addition? The joining of one or more matters which increase the value of the original.

| | |
|-------------|--------------------|
| Example.—To | John Smith |
| add | May |
| Result: | Major John Smith |
| To | 1 hoghead of sugar |
| add | 1 " " sup. sugar |

Result: 11 hoghead of sugar

What is compound addition? Where the junction of one or more matters make the total indefinite.

Ex.—Add, (in wedlock) Thomas Row to Miss Anne Sane

Result: An indefinite number of individual

What is subtraction? The taking of one thing from another, by which the original suffers in value.

Ex.—from Captain John Tyler take President

Remains: Plain John

What is division? The placing of a unit into a number of numbers, by which the latter diminishes in value in proportion to the value of the former.

Examples.—Divide man and wife by some house-wid Result—Jealousy
Divide all the officers by all the applicants. Result—many disappointments.
Boston Post