

**TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"**  
 H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.  
 JOSEPH EISELY, }  
 H. B. MASSER, Editor.  
 Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Masser's Store.

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.

No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

# 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 & Eiseley. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, May 31, 1845. Vol. 5--No. 36--Whole No. 244.

**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 now been 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 is so easy to run, and so light, that it can be carried to any part of the country. 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, Lycoming, Columbia, Luzerne and Clinton counties. Price of single machine \$6. H. B. MASSER.

The following certificate is from a few of those who have these machines 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 do 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 all buttons, and that the finest clothes, such as collars, faces, necks, cuffs, &c., may be washed in a very short time without the least injury, and in fact with an apparent wear and tear, whatever. We therefore cheerfully recommend it to our friends and to the public, as a most useful and labor-saving machine.

CHARLES W. HEGINS,  
 A. JORDAN,  
 CHS. WEAVER,  
 CHS. PLEASANTS,  
 GIBSON MARKLE,  
 HON. GEO. C. WELKER,  
 BUNJ. HENDRICKS,  
 GIBSON LEISENING.

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. There had a number of other machines in my family, but this is so decidedly superior to every thing else, and so fit 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.

**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 procure the mutual interest of their customers and themselves, by manufacturing a good article, selling it at the lowest price for cash, and realizing their own remuneration, in the amount of sales and quick returns.

Possessing inexhaustible facilities for manufacture, they are prepared to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of Merchants, Manufacturers and Dealers.

A large assortment of the New Style Curtain Parasols.

Philadelphia, June 1, 1844.—1y

**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 capacity and convenient establishment, and will always be ready to entertain the guests of his friends and acquaintances. He has also fitted up a large and comfortable dining room, and will afford full accommodations, that his guests will be supplied with every comfort and accommodation; while his house will be conducted under such arrangements as will secure a character for the first responsibility, and satisfactory entertainment for its domestics and families.

Charge for boarding \$1 per day.

DANIEL HERR.  
 Philadelphia, May 25, 1844.—1y

**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.—1y

**LAND FOR SALE.**—The small farm, containing about 100 acres, about 2 miles above Northampton, adjoining lands of Jesse C. Horton, John Leghorn 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 book ever published, containing the commentary on the Old and New Testament, just received and for sale, for six dollars.

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, 1843. H. B. MASSER.

**"Facts for the People."**

Shakespeare, we believe, has divided the existence of ordinary mortals into seven stages. This division may have been perfectly correct in the days of "good Queen Bess;" but, with all due deference to the knowledge of human nature as possessed by the "sweet bard of Avon," it will not answer our locomotive and enlightened times. We propose to construct a thermometer that will not only suit the meridian, atmosphere, and climate of the democratic city of Lancaster, but can be consulted with advantage in any part of Uncle Sam's dominions. Here goes.

**The Twenty-four Stages of Men.**

Age.

12. The School boy. Warm pursuit of knowledge by external applications.

15. Important in his demands for a coat with tails, and his prejudices run strongly in favor of cravats and perpendicular shirt collars.

16. Smokes his first cigar, and finds there is a way of "casting up accounts" not laid down in Deholl.

17. Is detected in an unfrequented part of the house scraping some lather off his face with an instrument faintly resembling a razor. Bushes when addressed by the title of "Mister."

18. Very particular about his dress—changes color—and trembles violently—when in the company of "lovely women." Thoughts constantly running on matrimony, and discovers that he is a great favorite with "old girls."

19. Gets (first time) particularly drunk with his particular friend Bill, which is followed with the usual headache, nausea, and repentance. When sobered, attributes the feelings steps, thick speech, and extraordinary desire manifested to fight and destroy, to something which he had eaten, and which unfortunately disagreed with him.

20. Affects to look impudently at girls in the streets, and evinces a more than paternal feeling for a pair of sickly whiskers.

21. Takes Sunday drives, and keeps late hours.

22. Declares he will have a "night key." His mother groans, and intimates that he is going to destruction.

23. Is more attentive to business, and decidedly partial to balls, pic nics, and evening parties. Is a very enthusiastic politician, and gives his opinion freely about men whose characters he does not understand, and about measures which he cannot comprehend.

24. Is desperately in love with some well-made, bright eyed, rosy cheeked girl, who shows a good foot and ankle when the street crossings are in a muddy condition. He rides with the "tender object," takes her to balls, pleasure parties and public exhibitions—makes her divers presents—ice creams her regularly during the summer solstice—and finds that courtship is a potheromiser of plethoric purses.

25. Pops the question, and is quite overpowered with the "yes, I thank you, sir," of the delightful maiden. Two miniatures are taken, and a brace of heads are minus a small quantity of hair.

26. Marries, after being on good behavior for a twelve month. Honey-moon. Ecstatic delight—perfect bliss! Union of hearts, souls, wardrobes and purses. A little paradise, in a little two story brick house, and a little eye walking about newly furnished little parlor, (father-in-law must bleed on such occasions,) contemplating her imported furniture with all the vanity of a young house-keeper, and with all the freshness of feeling which hovers about a young bride.

27. Discovers that he must cut the acquaintance of his bachelor friends—keep regular hours—and attend church regularly. Misses the epicurean comforts of a hotel, and is frequently regaled with complaints against the servants.

28. It is demonstrated to him that the marriage state is not a state of bliss, and that the "dear angel" of his courtship days has certain imperfections of temper.

29. Longs for society, and an intimation is thereupon given that the society of one's wife is quite sufficient.

30. Grey hairs peep forth, and wrinkles cluster about the corners of the eyes. Sadly disturbed at night by snoring children. Different backs from those so highly prized in his youthful days.

31. Commences to lose all relish for what was formerly esteemed pleasures.

32. Goes in for substantial comforts—is matter of fact in his conversation—has a red nose—rubicund countenance—and a body like a bear barrel.

33. Swores in church to the great mortification of his grown-up daughters.

34. Finds that his presence in the parlor is not so highly prized by the young folks as it might be. Fancies that children regard their paternal parents as old cocks expressly made to furnish them with money.

35. Rheumatic, bald-headed and gouty.

36. Is given to tell old stories—to make

young folks blush—and to regard the persons and things of his younger days as immeasurably superior to the "present degenerate times."

70 Dies—is buried in a hole made by the industrious hands of Harry Neckstiff—and his virtues recorded by our friend Howell on half a ton of polished marble.—Col. Carter.

**Israel Putnam.**

Putnam's early days were spent as those of most boys placed in his situation in life. One of his favorite amusements was "bird nesting," a cruel and useless custom, followed in all country places with a ferocity perfectly atrocious. These hunts for nests were followed in company; but Putnam was always the leader of the band.

On one occasion he and his companions came across a fine nest which lodged on a trail branch of a very high tree. The tree stood apart from the others, and was difficult of climbing. Besides this, it was evident no pole, or contrivance would answer the purpose of getting the nest—there was no way of obtaining it, save by venturing upon the branch, which, once chances to ten, would break under the weight of the robber. No one would venture.

Putnam regarded the nest and limb in silence for some moments, and at length said—

"That bird has all the qualities of a soldier. It has completely fortified its home. I'll wager there is not a boy for ten miles round that could get that nest."

All agreed with him.

"I'll try it," said he deliberately taking off his jacket, and rolling his pantaloons up to his knees.

The little knot of boys attempted to dissuade him, but to no purpose. Go he would.

"I'll fancy that one of the King's strong-holds," said Putnam, "and may I be shot if I don't come off victor."

The tree was ascended—the limb gained, Putnam placed his foot on it, and it creaked, while the old bird flew off with a sharp cry, and remained describing circles around the tree and uttering touching complaints.

"Bah!" said Putnam, "do you not prey on our fields? Do you not tax us for your support? Do you not take our goods against our will, just like the King?"

He ventured a foot further on to the limb. It bent low, and a warning murmur arose from the boys below. Putnam put his knee to the branch, and reached toward the nest. The limb broke partially—a shout below—and Putnam persevered. His fingers touched the wisher for prize, and just as he cried—"I've got it," the limb broke clear off, and he fell, but not to the ground. His pantaloons caught in one of the lower branches, and his head hung downwards.

"Put, are you hurt," asked one of the boys.

"Not hurt," answered the undaunted hero; "but sorely puzzled how to get down."

"We can't cut away the limb because we have no knife."

"I can't stay here till you get one."

"We'll strike a light and burn the tree down."

"Aye, and smother me in the smoke. That won't do."

There was a boy named Randall in the group, who was noted for being a crack marksman, and who afterwards fought very bravely at Putnam's side. Him Putnam addressed:

"Jim Randall, there's a ball in your rifle."

"Yes!"

"Do you see that a very little limb holds me here?"

"I do!"

"Fire at it!"

"What, to cut you down?"

"Of course."

"But I might strike your head?"

"Shoot. Better blow out my brains than see me die here, which I shall in fifteen minutes. Shoot."

"But you will fall."

"Jim Randall will you fire?"

The sharp crack of the rifle ran through the forest—the splinters flew—and Putnam fell upon the ground. He was severely bruised; but laughed the matter off, and nothing more was thought of it.

Three days after, Putnam met Randall and the rest, and taking the nest from his pocket, said—

"Here is that nest. I said I would have it or perish; but I went alone, because I determined no one should see me fail, and aid me to escape the consequences."

The same indomitable spirit was displayed in that instance as in the perilous leap, and the many other dangerous and daring exploits performed by that gallant man in his efforts for the ascendancy of the cause of liberty.—*Nah's Messenger.*

**Population of the World.**

According to McGregor, the population of the world is 812,563,712, which is divided by Bell as follows:

Whites	410,000,000
Copper colored	15,000,000
Mulattoes	230,000,000
Blacks	120,000,000
Hassell deemed the world's population to be 936,461,000, possessing the following Religions:	
Christians	252,500,000
Jews	5,000,000
Mahometans	120,000,000
Brahminists	110,000,000
Buddists	313,977,000
All others	134,400,000

**The Christian World:—**

Catholics	136,000,000
Protestants	65,000,000
Greek Church, &c.	50,000,000

The population of Europe is estimated by Malte Brun at 214,000,000 souls.—Asia is put down by Balbi at 413,441,300.

**SINGULAR LAW CASE.—**The New Orleans Crescent City of the 15th instant, has the following notice of a case just tried in that city:

**CITY COURT—BEFORE JUDGE COLLENS.—**A novel case was decided, yesterday, in this Court, in which a boy aged about ten years was claimed by two persons, each maintaining that she was the real mother. The plaintiff, John Paul and Martha Paul, his wife, had lost their son about two weeks ago, and some few days since had been informed that the defendant, a Mrs. Hughes, had the boy in her possession. The latter had lost a son some three years and a half ago, and found this child whom she and some friends said they identified as the child lost at that time by Mrs. Hughes. The case occupied the Court for three days, but judgment was given in favor of the plaintiff, it having been satisfactorily proved that the boy was the son of John and Martha Paul. For some time, he (the child) persisted in stating that he was the son of Mrs. Hughes, and denied his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul, and it was not until he was removed from the influence of Mrs. Hughes' presence that he admitted his real identity. We believe that this is a case without precedent, except the one stated to have been brought before King Solomon, which is recorded in the Bible.

**THE PIANO VIOLIN.—**This new and ingenious instrument, by which the Piano and Violin are united, by some delicate mechanism hidden from the view, is now exhibiting at the Assembly Rooms. The two instruments can be played in unison or separately. Any lady, who can play the Piano, can also play the Violin by itself, whenever she chooses.—*Cia. Atlas.*

**RASCAL BUTTER.—**To make rascal butter sweet, beat two pounds of it in a sufficient quantity of water, into which drop 30 drops of clove oil of lime, and after washing it well, let it stand about two hours in the water, strain it off, and it will be fresh and sweet. This is a French recipe—safe and simple.

**TO PRESERVE EGGS.—**Dip them in a strong solution of lime, like whitewash; take them out, let them dry, and then pack away in powdered chalk or plaster of Paris.

**PATRICK AND THE ECHO.—**Patrick, where have you been this hour and more? You must not absent yourself without my permission.

"Och, niver more will I do the like, sir."

"Well give an account of yourself, you seem out of breath."

"Faith, the same I am, sir, I never was in such fear since I came to Ameriky. I'll tell ye all about it, sir, when I get breath onst again."

"I heard ye telling the gentleman of the wonderful echo, sir, over in the woods, behind the big hill. I tho't by what ye said ye it, that it hute all the echoes of ould Ireland, and so it does by the powers! Well, I just run over to the place ye was speaking uv, to converse a bit with the wonderful cratur. So, said I, 'Hillo, hillo, hillo,' and sure enough the echo said, 'Hillo, hillo, hillo, you noisy rascal!'"

"I tho't that was very queer, sir; and I said 'Hillo' again."

"'Hillo, yourself,' said the echo, 'you begun first.'"

"'What are ye made uv,' said I."

"'Shut yer mouth,' said the echo."

"So, said I, 'ye blatheren scoundrel, if ye was flesh and blood, like an honest man, that ye isn't, I'd hammer ye till the mother of ye wouldn't know her impertinent son.'"

"And what do you think the echo said to that, sir? 'Shampur, ye baste of a paddy,' said he, 'faith if I catch you, I'll break every bone in yer body.' And it hit my head with a stone, sir, that was nigh knocking the poor brains out uv me. So I run as fast as ever I could—and praised be all the saints, I'm here to tell you of it, sir."

**ENGLISH RAILROADS.—**One of the last London papers states that the aggregate receipts, since the 1st of January, on the principal public railways, amount, in round numbers, to £1-210,000, whilst last year it only reached £1-054,000, being an increase of £156,000, or about \$750,000, on the quarter.

**MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.**

MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN WHISPERING WITH THE MAID—MRS. C. JEALOUS AND INDIGNANT.

A pretty pass things have come to, Mr. Caudle. Men won't know who are their own wives, by and by. So, your Skylarks are not enough to take your attention from your wife, but you must be saying soft things to our maid of all work! You say you didn't? I say you did. You needn't think to deceive me, Caudle. I see it all. I know you too well. It's a burning shame, so it is, that you, the father of a lovely family, and the husband of a devoted wife, should whisper to the maid. But you did, Mr. Caudle. I say—you did! You didn't? Was ever a man so deceitful! What is your word worth, Mr. Caudle, when you lie right into my face! But the maid shall budge. I won't keep her another day. She shall go, big and baggage, if I have to do all her work myself. Lord knows I work hard enough as it is. But I won't have that wench about the house. Poor girl, you say! Well, there now, that is as much as to own it. You wouldn't say poor girl, Mr. Caudle, if you wasn't in love with her. It's no use. I see how it is. Poor girl, indeed! I should like to know who is to support poor girls, who don't know where they belong, or how to behave themselves. We women work and drudge, just to see our maids of work do nothing but whisper with our husbands. But I'll not endure it, Caudle. You say hold my tongue? No, I'll not hold my tongue! A pretty figure I should make holding my tongue, and you whispering all the time with my maid.

I tell you again, it's no use for you to deary it. I see the guilt in your face; or I should see it if there was a light in the room. The more shame for you, for blowing out the candle so long before you got into bed. Men don't blow out candles unless they have something to be ashamed of. But I'll not endure it. I'll go home to my mother, Mr. Caudle. No, I won't. I'll discharge that maid first. Poor girl, again! Do you say that, Caudle! I would provoke a saint. But I'll have my revenge. I'll tear the house down about your ears. Well, see then who'll whisper to the maid. Nothing good comes of whispering. I should like to know what honest folks have to whisper about. I don't whisper. You may well say that. Indeed I don't. I wish I could speak with thunder. You wouldn't pretend to sleep then. I'd wake all the sleep out of you.

And next we shall have an elopement.—Don't say fool, Mr. Caudle. Nobody's a fool except for marrying you. I say we shall have an elopement, and you'll be put in all the papers. Richard Caudle, Esquire, gone off with his servant maid, leaving a lovely and disconsolate wife and three children. The maid not handsome, either. I say not handsome, Mr. Caudle. Wouldn't that be a fine story for the rising generation to read! You say you will elope if I don't hold my tongue? I say you shan't elope—and I won't hold my tongue. It's not often that I use it, goodness knows. I'll watch you. I'll follow you to the ends of the earth, like a poor, patient, abused wife as I am. But you shan't go. I'll tear the girl's eyes out first. And you shan't go to sleep, either. You only make me believe your asleep. I know when a man's asleep. You needn't snore on, for I don't hear it. I don't snore. I do—not snore—

Here Mrs. Caudle's clam-shell closed from very weariness.

**A CARD.**

Mrs. Mary Caudle begs permission to protest, in this manner, against the publicity which has been given to some conversation between her and her husband, relative to matters altogether of a domestic nature. She has, against the suggestions of many good friends, foreborne to notice the injustice of her husband, who is, it is believed, instigated by the vanity of being considered a writer, or the habits and customs of certain societies, of which he has lately become a member, to tell a good deal more than should be made public. Unwilling to be made a subject of ridicule, Mrs. Caudle deems it due to herself, and her small family, now entirely dependent on her, to appeal respectfully to the people against the decision they have made against her, on her husband's representations, and to sustain her appeal by a statement of further facts:

**Mr. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.**

There, Mrs. Caudle, if a fellow begins to whistle, you needn't be tormenting yourself to find out what it is about. I'd like to know, if a man can't whistle in his own bed, where he cough whistle? Keeps you from going to sleep, does it! That's always the way! If I choose to converse with you, on any little private family matters at this time, it always keeps you from going to sleep! Pray, what right have you to be asleep when I'm awake! A pretty piece of conjugal devotion, that, when I'm tired and wearied, that you have nothing better to do

than go to sleep! Whistle may I, if I keep my mouth shut! Now you know very well, that I must open my mouth to whistle; that shows all you know! Paid too dear for your whistle, did you? You must be mightily changed since I first knew you! I used to get a chance of talking then! but now you're always deaf when I speak! But I just tell you what it is, Mrs. Caudle, you must either keep my shirts in better order, or leave the premises; there's a button off, and it's been off a whole week too! And you're gadding about the streets, while your poor husband has no buttons on his shirts! I'm not in a passion about it, but if I was a cussing man, I certainly should swear, to relieve my feelings—I can't smother 'em! I'd scorn to swallow 'em; they've been pent up in this button heart ever since this button was off. It's scandalous that a man having a wife has no buttons on his shirt! Some men wouldn't stand it; but I'm not a bad temper, thank fortune; it wouldn't do me to be ill-tempered, when some persons who live in the same house, are such vixens! Oh! no! Smith didn't meet me in the street to-day, and says he, 'Caudle,' says he, 'there's a button off your shirt, you have a wife, I believe.' Oh no! Smith didn't say this. Listen to old Smith's nonsense, do I! Well, then, I tell you, if I was a bachelor like Smith, I'd thank my stars; he always has buttons on his shirts. I won't stop talking and go to sleep—I'm not sleepy, and I'm no child to go to sleep when you please, and a button off my shirt too! Wish I had my tongue buttoned up, do you? so you'd have a chance to jaw, I suppose! Dear knows you've been talking about this button being off my shirt all night, and how I'm to get a wink of sleep, I don't know; but I s'pose my shirts are nothing to you—you've got me and that's all you care for—being called Mrs. Caudle! Well, if it isn't a name worth having, that's not my fault; you might have said no, and I wish you had; and then this button wouldn't have been off my shirt! For people to be saying 'there goes Caudle,' and then asking me if I wanted a button, I'd Caudle 'em, and you too now, if it isn't done early to-morrow! Pulled it off, did I! Well, if I did, I reckon a man has a right to do what he pleases, and if I didn't you're telling a lie! I never could bear false witness—and to think Mary Caudle should be one! If I ever should be fortunate to marry again, I hope I shan't get a false witness; but some people don't die! Oh no! but they aggravate their husbands into a death-bed, and then, before the grass grows over their graves, they cajole somebody else into being the knot with them, and my poor little Caudle's is to suffer this, and all because of a button too! I'm not a worrisome temper, I never was; but I'm a Christian, and it is my duty, as a Christian, Mrs. Caudle, to mention every button that comes off my shirts, and you're duty to sew 'em on of a Sunday morning too, if I think proper! I'd like to know what wives is good for, if it ain't to take care of the children; and sew on the buttons that comes off their husbands' shirts! Now it's my opinion, that button never sees on my shirt! That's always the way with you, leaving things unfinished; a pretty story it would be, if I had to go to a seam-tress to have my buttons sewed on; and me, with a wife and eight children! Such an example to set those gals of ours, they'll never get husbands as long as they live, if they don't learn to finish things; and they'll never learn that from Mary Caudle, I know! Some persons might have made a fuss about this button, but I'm a fellow member of the great universe of husbands, and I consider it my duty to exhibit patience; it is one of the cardinal virtues, Mrs. Caudle.—Your cardinal (Mary Caudle, in my opinion your a fool,) I know that was stolen, but what I'm talking a bout isn't a cape, but a virtue, which judging from appearances, I should think you never possessed, for you've neither temperance, forbearance, nor Christian charity, judging from this button off my shirt. Mrs. Caudle, I say Mrs. Caudle, remember that button's to be done to-morrow. Asleep, are you! Well, I'll sleep of it some other time. I've been too careless letting such things pass without saying more of the subject, but I'll know why my buttons are sewed on.—I'm glad I'm not a man to get in a passion. I should not like to go to sleep in passion—I've kept very cool—but it's only owing to my having said so little on this subject. It's really aggravating for a man's wife not to keep his shirts in order.

And thus grumbling, Caudle fell asleep.

**VINEGAR.—**A writer in the New Geneva Farmer, gives the following receipt for making vinegar, a barrel of which according to this method will cost but a trifle. Take eight gallons clear rain water, add three quarts of molasses put into a good cask, shake well a few times, then add two or three spoonfuls of good yeast or two yeast cakes; if in summer place cask in the sun; if in the winter near the chimney where it may keep warm. In 10 or 15 days add to the liquor a sheet of brown paper, for strips, dipped in molasses, and good vinegar is produced. The paper will in this way what is called the "mother," or life of vine

gar.

gar.