

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."  
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.  
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.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, June 12, 1847. Vol. 7--No. 35--Whole No. 350

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion	\$0 25
1 do 2 do	0 50
1 do 3 do	0 75
1 do 4 do	1 00
1 do 5 do	1 25
1 do 6 do	1 50
1 do 7 do	1 75
1 do 8 do	2 00
1 do 9 do	2 25
1 do 10 do	2 50
1 do 11 do	2 75
1 do 12 do	3 00
1 do 13 do	3 25
1 do 14 do	3 50
1 do 15 do	3 75
1 do 16 do	4 00
1 do 17 do	4 25
1 do 18 do	4 50
1 do 19 do	4 75
1 do 20 do	5 00

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 or less make a square.

**CHEAP WATCHES & JEWELRY,**  
"Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store,"  
No. 96 North SECOND street, corner of Quarry.

GOLD Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, \$45 00  
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled, 23 00  
Silver Lever Watches, 23-ven jewels, 18 00  
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, finest quality, 14 00  
Superior Quarter Watches, 10 00  
Imitation Quarter Watches, not warranted, 5 00  
Gold Spectacles, 8 00  
Fine Silver Spectacles, 1 75  
Gold Bracelets with topaz stones, 2 50  
Ladies' Gold Pins, 16 carats, 2 00  
Gold Finger Rings 37 1/2 ct to \$8; Watch Glasses, plain, 12 1/2 ct; patent, 18 1/2; Lunet, 25. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. O. CONRAD.  
On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers, Lepines and Quarters, lower than the above prices.  
Philadelphia, Dec. 5, 1846.—1y

**Boot & Shoe ESTABLISHMENT.**  
DANIEL DRUCKEMILLER,  
At his Old Establishment, in Market Street, Sunbury.

(OPPOSITE THE RED LION HOTEL.)

REURNS his thanks for past favors, and respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he continues to manufacture to order, in the neatest and latest style.

**CHEAP BOOTS AND SHOES,** warranted of the best material, and made by the most experienced workmen. He also keeps on hand a general assortment of fashionable Boots for gentlemen, together with a large stock of fashionable gentlemen's, boys', ladies' and child's shoes, all of which have been made under his own immediate inspection, and are of the best material and workmanship, which he will sell low for cash.

In addition to the above, he has just received from Philadelphia a large and extensive supply of Boots, Shoes, &c. of all descriptions, which he also offers for cash, cheaper than ever before offered in this place. He respectfully invites his old customers, and others, to call and examine for themselves.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.  
Sunbury, August 15th, 1846.—

**PERFECT PIANOS.**

THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED PREMIUM PIANO PIANOS, at this place. These Pianos have a plain, massive and beautiful exterior finish, and, for depth and sweetness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the United States. The following is a recommendation from Capt. DREW, a celebrated performer, and himself a manufacturer:

**A CARD.**  
HAVING had the pleasure of trying the excellent Piano Fortes manufactured by Mr. Meyer, and exhibited at the late exhibition of the Franklin Institute, I feel it due to the true merit of the maker to declare that these instruments are quite equal and in some respects even superior, to all the Piano Fortes, I saw at the capitals of Europe, and during a sojourn of two years at Paris.

These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturer's lowest Philadelphia prices, if not something lower. Persons are requested to call and examine for themselves, at the residence of the subscriber.  
Sunbury, May 17, 1845. H. B. MASSER.

**Counterfeiters' DEATH BLOW.**  
The public will please observe that no Brandreth Pills are genuine, unless the box has three labels upon it, (the top, the side and the bottom) each containing a fac-simile signature of my handwriting, thus—B. BRANDRETH, M. D.—There is also an engraving on steel, beautifully designed, and done at an expense of over \$2,000.—Therefore it will be seen that the only thing necessary to procure the medicine in its purity, is to observe these labels.

Remember the top, the side, and the bottom. The following respective persons are duly authorized, and hold

**CERTIFICATES OF AGENCY**  
For the sale of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.

Northumberland county: Milton—Mackey & Chamberlin. Sunbury—H. B. Masser. M'Elwaine—Irland & Metzler. Northumberland—Wm. Forsyth. Georgetown—J. & J. Wells.  
Union County: New Berlin—Dagor & Winter. Selinsgrove—George Gundrum. Middleburg—Isaac Smith. Beaverstown—Robert Hubler. Adamsburg—Wm. J. May. Millburg—Menach & Ray. Hartleton—Daniel Long. Freeburg—G. & F. C. Moyer. Lewisburg—Walls & Green. Columbia county: Danville—B. B. Reynolds & Co. Berwick—Shuman & Rittenhouse. Catawissa—C. G. Brobst. Bloomsburg—John R. Moyer. Jersey Town—Levi Biesel. Washington Robt. McCay. Limestone—Balliet & McNinch.

Observe that each Agent has an Engraved Certificate of Agency, containing a representation of the BRANDRETH'S Manufacture at Sing Sing, and upon which will also be seen exact copies of the new labels now used upon the Brandreth Pills.

Philadelphia, office No. 8, North 8th street, June 24th 1843.

**George J. Weaver, ROPE MAKER & SHIP CHANDLER.**  
No. 13 North Water Street, Philadelphia.

HAS constantly on hand, a general assortment of Cordage, Seine Twines, &c., viz: Tard Ropes, Fishing Ropes, White Ropes, Manila Ropes, Tow Lines for Canal Boats. Also, a complete assortment of Seine Twines, &c. such as Hemp Shad and Herring Twine, Best Patent Gill Net Twine, Cotton Shad and Herring Twine, Shoe Threads, &c. &c. Also, Bed Cord, Plough Lines, Halters, Traces, Cotton and Linen Carpet Chains, &c., all of which he will dispose of on reasonable terms.

Philadelphia, November 13, 1843.—1y.

**MOLASSER.**—The first quality Sugar House Molasses, only 12 1/2 cents per quart; also, a superior article of yellow Molasses for sale, only 25 cents per quart—for sale at the store of HENRY MASSER.



### "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

It is well known that the air of this popular song is played by the drums and fife during the embarkation of an English or American army about to open a foreign campaign. The Mexicans, doubtless, thinking that there is some virtue in it, have, since the battle of Cerro Gordo, adopted it in their own army; but in compliment to Santa Anna they call it.

### "The Leg I Left Behind Me."

I'm stumped quite, since from the shot Of Cerro Gordo peggin', I left behind to pay the score My grub, and gave my leg in. I dare not turn to view the place, Lest Yankee foes should find me; And mocking, shake before my face The leg I left behind me.

At Buena Vista I was sure "That Yankee" must surrender; And bade my men "Hurrah!" for you're All going on a bender."

That all my hopes and plans were dashed, My scattered troops remind me; But though I there got soundly thrashed, I left no leg behind me.

Should TAYLOR of my track get scent, Or SCOTT beat up my quarters, I may as well just be content To go across the waters. But e'en should that my fortune be, Fate has not quite resigned me; For in the museum I will see The leg I left behind me.

### REVOLUTIONARY VALOR.

Whilst engaged in admiring and eulogizing the recent deeds of bravery of our gallant Generals and soldiers in Mexico, it may not be out of place, or inappropriate to the times, to revive the remembrance of some of those achievements which distinguished our revolutionary contest, and gave to our national galaxy so many bright and illustrious names. In Headley's lively work of Washington and his Generals, we find the following spirited and vigorous description of one of the most brilliant victories in the War of Independence:

**STORMING OF STONY POINT.**—"But the most brilliant action of Wayne's life, and one of the most illustrative of his character, was the storming of Stony Point, Washington, at Wayne's request, had organized a corps of light infantry, and put him over it, with directions to take this stronghold. This fortress was apparently impregnable, to any storming party; for, situated on a hill, it was washed by the Hudson on two sides; while on the other lay a marsh which every tide overflowed. Besides these natural defenses, a double row of abatis surrounded the entire hill, and on the top were high ramparts bristling with cannon. Six hundred veteran troops garrisoned this rock; sufficient, one would think, to defend it against five times the number. But it was no common obstacle that could deter Wayne when his mind was once made up, and he determined, formidable as it was, to execute the task assigned him or perish in the attempt. It is said that while conversing with Washington on the proposed expedition, he remarked:—"General, if you will only plan, I will storm H—!"

"He carefully reconnoitered the ground, and having ascertained the exact position of things, formed his plan of attack. On the 15th of July, 1779, he started from Sandy Beach, 14 miles distant, and at eight in the evening arrived within a mile and a half of the fortress. It was now twilight; and the mid summer evening with its cooling breeze stole over the water—the stars came out one by one in the sky, and the tranquil river flowed by in majestic silence, and all was sweet and peaceful. While nature was thus resting in beauty around him, Wayne, with his strong soul wrought up to the task before him, stood in the gathering shades of the evening, and gazed long and anxiously in the direction of the fort.

"Over hills, across morasses, and along the broken shores of the Hudson, he had led his little army noiselessly, in Indian file, and now waited for the deepening night to lock his enemies in slumber. Still undiscovered by the garrison, he began to reconnoitre the works more closely, and at half-past eleven, put his columns in motion. He divided his army into two portions, one of which was to enter the fortress on the right, and the other on the left. In advance of each went a forlorn hope of twenty men to remove the piles of rubbish that were stretched in double rows around the rock, and placed just were the batteries could mow down the assailants fastest. Behind these forlorn hopes, marched two companies of a hundred and fifty men each. Wayne knew that everything must rest on the bayonet, and so he ordered the load of every musket of those companies to be drawn, while the first man who should take his from his shoulder, or utter

a word, without orders, or attempt to retreat, was to be put to death by the officer nearest him. Silently these devoted bands submitted to the desperate measures, and fixing a piece of white paper in their caps, to distinguish them from the enemy, gallantly moved forward at the low word of command. At midnight the two columns, headed by their forlorn hopes, came in sight of the fortress, along whose dark ramparts, the sentinel was lazily trading his accustomed round, while the deep "all's-well" fell faintly on the listening ear. Grim and still the huge black rock loomed up against the sky, soon to shake with its own thunder, and stand a blazing volcano in the midnight heavens. Noiseless and swift the fearless patriots kept on their way, when lo! as they came to the marsh, they saw only a smooth sheet of water—the tide was up, flooding the whole ground. The brave fellows paused a moment, as this new and unexpected obstacle crossed their path, but, at the stern "forward," of their leaders, they boldly plunged in, and without a drum or bugle note to cheer their steady courage, moved in dead silence straight on the palisades. The noise had now alarmed the sentinels, and the rapid discharge of their muskets through the gloom, was followed by lights, moving swiftly about upon the ramparts, and hurried shouts of "to arms! to arms!" and the fierce roll of drums, rousing up the garrison from its dream of security. The next moment, that dark rock was one mass of flame, as the artillery and musketry opened along its sides, shedding a lurid light on the countenances of the men below and "advance! advance!" rung in startling accents along the ranks.

"The ramparts were alive with soldiers, and amid shouts and hurried words of command, the fiery torrent from the summit kept rolling on those devoted men. The water around them was driven into spray by the grape shot and balls that fell in an incessant shower, while the hissing, bursting shells, traversing the air in every direction, added inconceivable terror to the scene. Yet those forlorn hopes toiled vigorously on, and heaved a way at the abatis to open a gap for the column, that, without returning a shot, stood and crumbled under the fire, waiting with fixed bayonets to rush to the assault. At the head of one of these was Wayne, chafing like a lion in the coils, at the obstacles that arrested his progress. The forlorn-hope in front of him worked steadily on in the very blaze of the batteries, and the rapid blows of their axes were heard in the intervals of the thunder of artillery that shook the midnight air, while one after another dropped dead in his footsteps, till out of the twenty that started, only three stood unhurt. Yet still their axes fell steady and strong until an opening was made, through which the columns could pass and then the shout of Wayne was heard above the din and tumult, summoning his followers on. With fixed bayonets they marched sternly through the portals made at such a noble sacrifice, and pressed furiously forward—through the miasma—over every obstacle—up to the very mouths of the cannon, and up the rocky acclivity, they stormed on, crushing everything in their passage. Towering at the head of his shattered column, pointing still onward and upward with his glittering blade, and sending his thrilling shout back over his followers, Wayne strode steadily up the height, till at length, struck in the head by a musket-ball, he fell backward amid the ranks. Instantly rising on one knee, he cried out—"March on! Carry me into the fort, for I will die at the head of my column!" And those heroes put their brave arms around him and bore him onward.

Not a shot was fired, but taking the rapid volleys on their unshrinking breasts, their bayonets glittering in the flash of the enemy's guns, they kept on over the living and dead, smiting down the veteran ranks that threw themselves in vain valor before them, till they reached the centre of the fort, where they met the other column, which, over the same obstacles, had achieved the same triumph. At the sight of each other, one loud shout shook the heights and rolled down the bleeding line—was again sent back till the heavens rung with the wild buzzes, and then the flag of freedom went up and flaunted proudly away on the midnight air. The thick volumes of smoke that lay around that rock, slowly lifted and rolled up the Hudson, the stars appeared once more in the sky, and all was over. The lordly river went sweeping by as it had done during the deadly strife that cast such a baleful light on its bosom, and darkness and death like silence shrouded the shores. Morosely and slow those forlorn hopes and their brave companions who had fallen in the assault, were brought up from their gory beds and conveyed to the grave.

"Wayne's wound proved not to be severe—the ball having only grazed the skull for two inches, and he lived to wear the laurels a grateful nation placed on his brow. The country rung with his name, and Congress presented him with a gold medal. The whole plan of the assault was most skillfully laid, and the bearing of Wayne throughout gallant in the extreme. He chose the post of danger at the head of his column, and led his men where even the bravest might shrink to follow, and when struck and apparently dying, he bravely demanded to be carried forward, that he might die in the arms of victory, or be left where the last stand was made. His troops were worthy of such a leader, and more gallant officers never led men into battle."

### WOMAN'S REVENGE.

#### A TALE OF VENICE.

"'Twas night; and the broad expanse of heaven glittered with myriads of stars.—At a distance the moon threw its soft light upon the dark towers of De Vasca. Venice, the lovely Venice, the seat of joy and luxury, was hushed; its streets were all vacant and not a footstep broke the stillness of night. It was the hour when the stranger might gaze on its noble palaces through the dim mist of night, and wrapt in wonder and awe, exclaim—this is indeed a bright land! The distant bell of St. Dominic tolled the midnight hour, as a gondola suddenly made its appearance beneath the bridge of Sighs; it neared the shore, and from it stepped a female form. Closely wrapping her mantle around her she ascended the path that led to the bridge. She had just reached it, when the sound of footsteps broke upon her ear, and going behind one of the abutments, where she was free from discovery, she awaited their coming. They soon approached the bridge, and were those of a young and gallant cavalier, with his arm entwined round a female form.

"Nay, Donnezetti," exclaimed the cavalier, pausing, "believe not what the world says, I swear I love thee, and none other. Be mine then sweet one!"

"Gladly would I, Antonio; but my sire will not bestow his child to one who loves another. 'Tis rumored Estelle, the handsome Estelle, is your future bride."

"Handsome!" echoed the youth.—"Handsome! not so handsome as thee. Estelle was never my choice, Donnezetti. Thou dost not believe these tales?"

"Believe them!" echoed Donnezetti, clasping her arms about the cavalier's neck. "Believe them! Oh no; you love none other. Donnezetti is alone your choice, and she is unworthy of it."

"Unworthy of it! never, sweet one! But hark! already has our cathedral bell tolled the hour of midnight; the breeze is springing, and dark clouds hover o'er our heads. Let us away; to-morrow night be at the window that overlooks the river; I will be there."

"Forget not, Antonio," whispered the maiden. "Forget!" echoed the youth, as they retraced their steps. "I will be there, and gaze again upon that lovely face."

"You shall," exclaimed the female, emerging from her hiding place; 'but for the last time."

"'Twas night again; another day had dawned and fled over Venice. The scenes of buoy life had been enacted; the gay had again emerged amid their pleasures; the busy had plied their labor well; and death had mingled with the laugh of joy. But hark! St. Dominic's bell tolls the midnight hour; and a light shines on the large Gothic window of the castle D'Isira. It opens; and see! a maiden looks from it upon the dark waters that flow beneath.

"Ah, my Antonio!" she exclaimed, as a form stood beneath her window, 'thou art here."

"Here," echoed a voice in a soft whisper, 'but not for long; and I have a gift such as Donnezetti merits. A silken cord led down by thy sweet hand will soon give it thee."

The cord was lowered. "Now," exclaimed Donnezetti, as she clasped a small box in her hands, 'tis mine, Antonio!"

"'Tis a fair bridal gift, Donnezetti, and such as thou alone meritest, who art handsomer than Estelle."

A loud explosion echoed o'er the waters, followed by a shriek loud and piercing and the form of Donnezetti disappeared from the window.

"Now, who triumphs?" exclaimed a voice, that of the mysterious female of last night; but a cavalier stood before her as she prepared to depart.

"Ha, Estelle!" exclaimed he, starting back, 'you are here!"

"Aye, Antonio, I have come to gaze on thy Donnezetti, who is far lovelier than Estelle. I have seen her; gazed on her. She waits for thee Antonio. Farewell."

"Stay, stay, exclaimed the cavalier.—But she was far from his reach; as he watched her distant form he sighed.

"Donnezetti, Donnezetti!" exclaimed he; But Donnezetti answered not. 'She is playing with me,' exclaimed the cavalier, climbing up the rude ledge that flanked the window. The breeze had blown out the flickering lamp; and as the youth leaped from the window into the room, the moon's beams discovered to him the prostrate form of Donnezetti. 'Donnezetti, Donnezetti!' exclaimed he, kneeling down by her side; but a loud shriek broke from him as he clasped her cold form. 'She is dead—dead!' he exclaimed, 'and Estelle is avenged."

'Twas morning; then the sun rose sweetly on Venice; and all was bustle and gaiety. Its streets were thronged with idlers. The gondoliers plied swiftly on the waters, singing the rude songs. The mansions of the nobility echoed with the loud laugh and dulcet warblings; but in one dwelling was heard—a lovely and fair

flower had perished; the fairest in Venice; and a noble mother wept o'er her dead child. The voice of woe might be heard mingled with the laugh of the gay. Salutations were given and received; but amid, the name of Donnezetti was whispered with grief. Vengeance and curses were heaped on the head of her destroyer, and many who had once listened to her enchanting voice, and gazed upon her beauty, wept.

The great square of Place di Napolo was filled with spectators, and the windows of the houses peopled by fair ladies, who gazed with perfect indifference on the scenes enacted below. In the middle of the square a platform was erected, at the further end of which stood a block of wood covered with black cloth, and by the side of it an executioner.

"They come! they come!" echoed through the throng; and from the further side of the square a procession was seen advancing; all eyes were directed to it.—It soon reached the platform, and as a female form ascended its steps, a cry of exultation arose from the crowd. The maiden looked round as if to reproach the crowd. "Twas Estelle! the young, the fair Estelle! She spoke not, but fixed her eyes on a young man who stood near the scaffold closely wrapped up.

"Antonio!" she whispered in silvery tones, but the youth turned from the spot. Will you refuse to hear the dying words of Estelle, of your Estelle!"

"Not mine," exclaimed the youth, springing on the platform, 'not mine Estelle."

"'Tis false!" she exclaimed; 'did you not, one balmy eve, swear you loved me! Oh, Antonio, I have done much to keep that love."

"Slay rather to lose it, Estelle. I did but jest."

"And so did I, when I gave Donnezetti her bridal gift. But I shall never see you another's."

"It would not matter if you did, Estelle."

"Antonio!" exclaimed the maiden, and she fixed her piercing eyes on him, 'I have loved you alone. I am selfish, very selfish; and tho' in the last hour of existence, I cannot bear the thought of your being another's."

"Cannot!" echoed the youth! cannot! When Estelle is dead who can hinder me?"

"Estelle is not yet dead, Antonio; there is still time left for her to hinder thee. Shall I tell thee how?" (and she drew nearer to him.)

"If it is possible," exclaimed the youth.

"'Tis possible! and thus, thus, Antonio, you are mine in death." A dagger gleamed aloft in the air, and Antonio fell a bleeding corpse at the maiden's feet breathing the name of Donnezetti.

A cry of horror burst from the crowd. The enraged populace sprang forward to wreak their vengeance; but a loud shriek proclaimed all was over; and as the executioner held up the gory head aloft, a smile of derision hung over the features of the once fair Estelle.

**The Battle of Buena Vista.**  
The official reports of the subordinate officers in command at the battle of Buena Vista. Although free from any appearance of boasting, they fully justified the remark made by Gen. Taylor in a private letter to Gen. Butler of Louisiana, that "the artillery did more than wonders." The infantry, too, as a body, and the cavalry, although the former were wholly, and the latter almost wholly, composed of volunteers, acquitted themselves admirably. With the exception of two or three regiments, they had not before taken part in any important engagement, and perhaps never was the courage of men more severely tried, opposed as they were by a force four times as great as their own, under command of Santa Anna himself, and consisting chiefly of regulars.

Take it all in all, the battle of Buena Vista, as a feat of arms, has never been surpassed in our history, and perhaps never will be. Situated as the two armies were, any thing short of defeat was victory to the Americans, while any thing short of victory was ruin to the Mexicans. By maintaining his position, Gen. Taylor secured his whole line of operations from Buena Vista to the mouth of the Rio Grande, while, by failing to carry that position, Santa Anna, with the remains of his army of 20,000 men, was left in a most forlorn condition, with scarcely a day's rations, and a desert between him and the means of subsistence. Accordingly it has been stated, on Mexican authority, that scarcely one half of the brilliant army which left Potosi for the attack upon Gen. Taylor, ever returned.— Besides the killed and wounded and prisoners, hundreds perished by starvation on the way, and thousands desisted.

By making this attempt upon Gen. Taylor, Santa Anna, in effect, abandoned Vera Cruz, to its fate; and the losses which he sustained in the battle and subsequently, deprived him of the means of successful resistance, even in the difficult and seemingly impregnable defiles of Cerro Gordo. It is now evident, (indeed it was so at the time,) that the battle of Buena Vista was the key to the whole campaign. Upon that issue Santa Anna hazarded everything, and he knew it well. Hence the intensity of the struggle. What has since followed, was the natural and almost necessary consequence of his defeat, (or want of success, if you choose to call it so,) at Buena Vista. For the almost superhuman efforts there made by the small army under Gen. Taylor, they and he deserve the lasting gratitude of the country. They will receive it.

### The Water Cure.

We have read various sober, methodical, matter-of-fact descriptions of the way in which people are washed clean from disease at the "water cure" establishments; but here is one, supplied by a victim at Brattleborough for the New Haven Herald, which does up the process in a vivid, graphic, humorous kind of way, highly effective, but probably not a whit less truthful than the dullest of the others—

A feeble young man leaves his home and the nursing cares of a doting mother or fond wife, and comes here away North among the hills, to seek the will-o'-wisp angel of health—in other words to get his stomach washed out and his liver put in order. After a night's balmy repose, or rather in the midst of a night's slumbers, in which he dreams of fireside and home and the maternal coffee and toast that awaits his waking, the door of his chamber opens, and in walks a figure with shaggy hair and bare and brawny arms, who shakes the slumberer and rouses him with the hollow spoken words "Your bed is ready." Your bath is ready, he means, without the politeness of asking, "Are you ready for your bed?" As inscrutable as fate he stands, while the miserable victim rises and denudes himself till no covering but his skin shields his shrinking nerves from the chill air through the open window.

The tormentor then strips the bed and spreads first a blanket, and then over it a thick sheet just wet in water of 43 deg. Fahrenheit.— Upon this the shivering, shrinking patient, with his whole surface in a state of goose-fleshiness, extends his length, and feels himself instantly enveloped in its heart chilling folds.— Then blanket after blanket is laid over and tucked in, till he takes the form and has somewhat the feelings of an Egyptian mummy, just dead and cold, bound hand and foot and wrapped up for the tomb. He is then left to his own reflections and the reactive powers of nature. He considers that if the building should take fire he would probably, in his helpless condition, be roasted alive, and makes up his mind that he would not mind a roasting much provided it were in a warm fire. Soon, however, nature rallies her force, and the blood vessels are in excited action. First, the surface of the body becomes warm, then the sheet, then everything is heated to the steaming point, and there ensues a most soothing, sweet and heart-soothing sensation, in which he again falls asleep, and dreams of Paradise and a bed of rose leaves.

"Ah whence is that specter that pulls off his clothes," "Ah whence is that splash that now 'larums his ear?"

It is the mmo hard-hearted villain as before, who, without deigning a single word, throws off blanket after blanket, and comfortable after comfortable, till only one envelope is left, when he seizes him by the shoulders, lifts him upright in the bed, uncovers his feet, puts on a pair of slippers, throws a blanket over the head and says "follow me." With one eye open, as docile as a lamb led to sacrifice, feeling like a fool, he goes slipshod down stairs, seats himself in a tub of water at 72, where a bucket full is poured over him, and two rough hands rub him well.—"But that is nothing—that ain't."

Before him is the terrible plunge bath, 15 feet by 20, and 4 or 4 1/2 deep. Its surface is so clear that it seems only a tank of air with a slight emerald tinge. Vain imagination! That liquid is as real as rock and cold as the double extract of icebergs, and into that—what's his mortal—must you plunge. So here goes; one splash, and he rises to the top, feeling an icicle thrust through his heart. Out he scurries and back again to the half bath, which now feels like hot water, to be again rubbed. There a dry rubbing with a sheet and he is clothed quickly for a walk, and he struts forth to meet the sun, with nerves braced up to such a pitch that he cares not what he meets.

O'er hill and through dell he stumps it with vigor, till presently the rectible is complete, and he feels as if he had swapped himself away for another man. If he has even the humblest knowledge of whistling, he puts it in practice, or spends some meditating, the first half of the walk upon the beauties of nature, and the latter half on the probable quality of breakfast required to satisfy an appetite that has become more shark-like than human.