

EDITION OF THE "AMERICAN"  
PUBLISHED BY  
B. MAUSER & SONS  
JOSEPH E. KELLY, Proprietor.  
No. 21 Centre Alley, in the rear of N. Main  
St. Store.

HE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday  
at TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance.  
No paper discounts  
till the arrears are paid.  
Subscriptions received for a year past than  
years. All communications or letters on  
news relating to the office, to insure attention,  
to be POST PAID.

**SIX YEARS AGO**  
HE children began to cry for Sherman's Lozenges. The noise was not so loud as that of the other children, but it had a peculiar character, and now became so great that the mother of the little child began to weep. Dr. Sherman's Lozenges with the little sufferer, and very much so that any of them should be disappointed with the benefit which has been conferred upon the community by the introduction of this medicine.

**WORM LOZENGES**  
as entered into arrangements for enlarging his factory, by means of which he thinks he will be able to supply the demand. And the same pains will be taken, that these lozenges be made as they have always been, in order that those who depend upon them, may not be disappointed in their hopes. He knew when he commenced the manufacture of the Worm Lozenges, that they would supersede the use of every other medicine, as the Lozenges is very pleasant to take, speedy in its effects, as well as certain, the quantity required to effect a perfect cure, is small. These properties, in connection with the fact that they are sold for 25 cents per box, thus placing them in the reach of the poorest man in land, has not only caused them to take the place of every other vermifuge ever offered, but rendered them popular to the community.

**COUGH LOZENGES**  
to cure Coughs, Croup, Consumption, and all other difficulties of Breathing, and all other ailments of the Lungs, with the same facility did on their first introduction, and the people now become persuaded by actual experience, on the success of a light cold, they have to step to either the Dr.'s office, or one of the stores, and obtain a box of his Cough Lozenges. These are very convenient to carry in the pocket, to take a few through the day. By pursuing a course a cure is often effected in 24 hours, and patient about his usual avocations. So great is the efficacy of the Lozenges, that thousands of persons have used them, and become acquainted with their merits, will never be without them.

**SHERMAN'S POOR MAN'S PLASTER**  
and more cases of Rheumatism, Pain in the Side and Chest, Lameness and Weakness, any application that has ever been made. As the efficacy of the Plaster has increased, hundreds of unprincipled rascals have attempted to counterfeit, and give it off upon the community as the genuine. Remember, the name of Dr. Sherman's Plaster is printed upon the wrapper, and the wrapper is printed upon the wrapper. In every case the signature of Dr. Sherman is upon the wrapper of the Plaster, and the whole is signed by Copy Right. None others are genuine, unless you want a real good Sherman's Plaster, call at the office, 106 Nassau Street, New York, and you will not be disappointed.

**WORKS PRAISE IT!**  
is, Scalds, and all kinds of Infamed Sores Cured.

**TOUSEY'S UNIVERSAL OINTMENT**, is the most complete Burn Antidote ever known. It is used as if by Magic stops the pain of the deepest Burns and Scalds. For all Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, etc., on man or beast, it is an application that can be made. Thousands of trials and thousands of praise it. It is the most perfect master of pain ever discovered. All who comment it. Every family should be provided with it. None can tell how soon some of the most severe cases of the general Ointment is name of S. Tousey written on the outside. To imitate this is forgery.

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# SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republicanism, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JAYSON.

By Mauser & Kelly.

Saturday, Northumberland Co., Pa., Saturday, March 18, 1865.

Vol. 9—No. 26—Whole No. 596



**A Teaching Memorial.**  
Few of our readers but will read with deep and even tender interest the following copy of verses, written by Mr. Adams on the day preceding his fatal attack of illness, and designed to accompany his autograph signature, which had been requested by a female friend:

Written for Miss C. L. Edwards, of Massachusetts, on the day preceding his attack.

**JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,**  
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

In days of yore, the poet's pen  
From wing of bird was plundered,  
Perhaps of goose, but now and then,  
From Jove's own Eagle sundered.  
But, now, metallic pens disclose  
Along the poet's numbers:  
In iron inspiration gloves,  
Or with the minstrel slumbers  
Fair Damsel! could my pen impart,  
In prose or lofty rhyme,  
The pure emotions of my heart,  
To speed the flight of time;  
What metal from the womb of earth  
Could worth intrinsic bear,  
To stamp with corresponding worth  
The blessings thou shouldst share?

**Meaning of Words**

We know the meaning of most words  
By sound as well as sight;  
They mean, although they have no mean,  
So mind and words they right.  
For thus in eccentricity,  
One sees good many c's,  
Also, in hubbubhubbub,  
The b's as thick as bees.  
There are no c's in English eyes,  
But a's there are in one;  
A wants you oft to make it eye;  
There is but one p in prose.  
Some Judges judge the English tongue,  
But kill it with a breath;  
With wind and words they sentence some  
Fine sentence to death.  
A sea horse is a sea horse when  
You see him in the sea;  
But when you see him in a bay,  
A bay horse then is he.  
Of course a race courser isn't coarse;  
A fine is far from fine;  
It is a sad thing right to see  
A noble pine tree pine.  
If miners are all miners, then  
Their guardians get their gains,  
All glaziers extra pains should take  
To put in extra pains.  
A kitchen maid is never made  
To burn her face and broil it;  
Some Lazars know no labor, but  
To toil it at their toilet.  
If one were riding o'er a hill,  
He might his hat bewail,  
But 'twould be of no use to him  
To rail against a rail.  
It's punishment for me to pun;  
It's trifling void of worth;  
So let us pass unnoted earth  
The dew that 's due the earth.

**THE PATENT OFFICE**—Mr. Burke, the able Commissioner of Patents, we learn from Washington, has his report nearly ready, and it will contain an unusual fund of information. We gather, from a statement furnished by a correspondent, the following, showing the population and produce of the United States for the year 1847:

Present population	20,746,490
Number of bushels of wheat	114,245,500
" " barley	5,649,950
" " oats	167,867,000
" " rye	29,222,700
" " buckwheat	11,073,500
" " Indian corn	53,350,000
" " potatoes	100,965,000
tons of hay	13,816,800
" " hemp	27,750,000
" " pounds of tobacco	220,104,000
" " cotton	141,500,000
" " rice	103,062,500
" " silk cocoons	404,600
" " sugar	324,940,500

The whole report, when printed, will make between seven and eight hundred pages.—Penn

**STYVENS DISEASE**—There is a disease now prevalent in Wilmington, Del., that covers the person with hard, itchy, sore blisters. In some instances they are attended with severe pain. It is supposed to be contagious.

**GENESEE WASHINGTONIAN**—There is a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, and at the last election, Quercy, the grandson of the old republicans here and patriot, who inherited the name of the illustrious Washington, was elected to a seat in the Chamber.

**General Taylor's style of Writing.**

The following candid and just remarks on the epistolary style of General Taylor, are copied from the Day-Book, a political opponent of Gen. Taylor. They settle the matter, settle the question conclusively as to the authorship of General Taylor's letters and despatches:—

More than a year ago, the editor of the Day-Book, was put in possession of certain letters of General Taylor, written with his own rough hand, without disguise, and without revision or correction by himself or any body else. The handwriting was uniform and manly, but peculiar, and might be considered as strikingly characteristic of the writer—apparently executed with an old quillpen, worn to the stump, and shedding a beautiful stream of ink at every movement. The letters were very distinct, and yet the words and lines were so closely packed together that the larger portion of each page seemed covered with ink, leaving very little white paper in view. The clearness of the lines was such, that though the writing was very legible, it was necessary to read very carefully to avoid "losing the place" in such a Macedonian phalanx of words. This remarkable economy of paper was probably the result of old habits on the Indian frontier, where the supply of stationery is often scanty and uncertain, as instanced in that celebrated despatch written by Gen. Taylor during the Florida war, in which he apologizes to the secretary for the appearance of the letter, "written on a very dirty sheet of paper, but the only one in the camp."

The style of these letters (written in the most careless manner in an intimate friend,) was in many respects admirable—the language well-chosen, simple, strong, and direct, without a particle of affectation, and without an error as to the use of terms. The only defect that could be noticed was one almost universal in the epistolary correspondence of those not accustomed to write for the press—a neglect of punctuation, and a proper distinction between sentences, and between different clauses of sentences. The syntax was peculiar in these and other particulars—long parenthetical clauses being frequently introduced in the course of a sentence without the proper sign of a parenthesis. S. sometimes, evidently from haste, and from the fact that he had not time to revise it, and to go back to the beginning of a sentence on reaching to the end—there was a want of complete grammatical connection between different parts—an error from which no writer, however experienced, is probably entirely free when writing in such a hurry as to leave no time for revision. In some instances the beginning of a sentence was not marked by a capital letter, and occasionally periods were wanting.

All these things required some care to make the reading perfectly intelligible, at first glance, in one not accustomed to his style. But there was a directness and simple beauty of expression throughout that commanded admiration from the most critical reader, and frequently drew forth the most emphatic declarations that after reading this, no one can doubt he writes his own despatches, though Major Blue, or some other person well qualified, probably revised and corrected them, or acted as his amanuensis or secretary. The despatches, though generally expressed in less involved sentences, bear marks of an authorship substantially identical with that of the private letters.

In the same way did Mirabeau, Napoleon, and sometimes even Washington, use the pen of others; but nobody considers it an evidence of inferior capacity, or that Dumont, Burrienne, and Hamilton deserve credit for the work which they executed for their employers.

It is worthy of mention that the neglect of punctuation in epistolary composition was formerly common among men of the best education. This is said to have been the case with Alexander Hamilton, Rufus King, and other eminent and accomplished statesmen of that date.

**TRAVELLER'S DOOR FASTENER**—Among the various inventions which have lately been patented, is one termed a traveller's door fastener, which is composed of two small metal plates formed into a wedge by the insertion of a piece of wood between them, while the under plate is fitted with two small spikes that catch the floor. The sharp end of the fastener is thrust under the door, and is more firmly fixed by every attempt to enter the room, while a cord carried to the outside enables a person lying in bed to withdraw the wedge, and thus admit a visitor.

**TWO WIVES OF THE REV. MR. MALT** has returned to the home of her parents in Brooklyn, New York.

**FRANCE'S EDUCATION**—What is wanting, said Napoleon, "that the youth of France may be well educated?" "Methinks!" said Madame Campan. This reply struck the Emperor.—"How," said he, "is indeed a true system of education. Let it be only wise to train up mothers, who shall know how to educate their children."

**Mrs. John Quincy Adams**—Mrs. Adams was born in England on the 11th of February, 1775. She was the daughter of Joshua Johnson, a Maryland gentleman, who went from America to London, where he became eminent as a merchant. During the war he left England for France, where he acted as the commercial agent of this country, and returned upon the ratification of the treaty of peace. Mr. Adams found his future wife at London, upon setting under a commission conferred upon him by General Washington, in 1787, for exchanging the ratifications made under the treaty of November that year. Mrs. A. was married at All Hallows Church, London, on the 26th of June, 1797, and followed her husband to Paris, where Mr. Adams was represented as the first American Minister from the United States. Mrs. Adams conferred honor upon the country at a time when the United States was just recognized as an equal among the nations of the earth. Her next theatre of service was in Washington, and after this again the Court of St. Petersburg, and this from 1809 to 1814, the most exciting and perhaps the most revolutionary period in the history of Europe and embracing a part of that interesting period of our own history when the country was at war with England.

Mr. Adams resided longer at St. Petersburg than any one of our American Ministers, excepting Mr. Middleton, and his lady was left there for a brief period, while her husband was called to another field of service. Mrs. A. came alone from St. Petersburg to Paris after the treaty of peace had been signed by Mr. A. at Ghent. She was at Paris during the most memorable period of Napoleon's supremacy, and passed the world wide "hundred days" at the French metropolis, in the midst of the whirl of excitement incident to the struggle between the Bourbons and the Revolutionists. After a short residence in France followed by a longer one with her parents in the neighborhood of London, Mrs. Adams came to Washington in 1817, where her husband had been called as the principal member of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet. Eight years as Secretary of State, four in the White House, and fifty one years the companion of her distinguished husband, Mrs. Adams has seen more of court life, and that in every variety, from the beautiful ostentation of royalty to the simplicity of our own republican habits, than perhaps any living woman.—Washington Cor. Pittsburg Gazette.

**A Fair Hit**—A Washington letter is to say, a citizen of Michigan, recently wrote to Horace Greely of New York desiring to have the Daily Tribune sent to him, promising to pay at the end of the year. He added, "by so doing you will promote the Whig cause in this section of the country." Horace published the letter, declining to send the paper on credit, and appended the following reasons:—

"I can't remember that I ever had the honor of knowing you; 2dly, The fact that you did not pay the postage on your letter, is not calculated to impress me favorably as regards your pecuniary reliability; and 3dly, I published newspapers seven years on credit, with lots of subscribers, and came near starving to death thereby. For the last seven years I have gone on the opposite tack, sending my paper very rarely to any one who had not paid for it in advance; and I think it will gladden your philanthropic heart to know that the change has worked admirably for my constitution. I have since had not only a goodly array of subscribers, but enough to get a good suit of clothes, and very often some change in the vest pocket."

**GENERAL SCOTT IN THE CITY COUNCIL OF MEXICO**—The Mexican papers mention a surprise that Gen. Scott recently received by an invitation from the City Council to accompany them with his aids on a picnic excursion to Santa Fe—six miles distant on the Toluca road. After riding pleasantly along for several miles, the conductor turned short to the left from the main road and by a mere pathway plunged into the mountains. The path disclosed many admirable positions for ambuscades, and when at length the General and his staff came full upon a large party of Mexicans, armed to the teeth, they began to think that they had accepted the invitation rather hastily. Concealing their surprise and astonishment, they were finally conducted to the ruins of an old monastery, built by the Carmelite monks, as far back as 1605. To make a long story short, they there found an extensive table provided with every delicacy, set out under a rich canvas canopy. A brief address from the chief elder, at the head of the table, (Gen. Scott on his left, Gen. Butler on his right, and then alternately a Mexican and an American throughout the entire length of the table,) was most thoroughly affecting. He spoke of the success of the American arms, and the severe lessons that had been given to Mexico, and expressed a hope that she would yet profit by her afflictions and emerge from the war with her institutions purified and her people elevated in intelligence and hopes. The view of the valley of Mexico from the point selected in magnificent, and after enjoying that and other luxuries provided, the company separated well pleased with the excursion.

**When may the letter be looked upon as a dead letter? When it is in doubt.**

**Champagne Wine.**

This wine takes its name from the province in which it is made. It takes much labor to prepare it from the juice of the grape suitable for market. It also takes much money for bottles and corks, many of the former breaking during fomentations. Ten per cent, breaking is not regarded as a loss, because the wine is considered better, and rises in proportion.

M. Jaques, a wine merchant of Chalons sur Marne, it is said has cellars in which he foment his wine, more than a mile in extent. He alone pays for corks yearly \$200,000, which is \$5 000 more than the salary of the President of the United States. What all of the merchants of the old Province of Champagne pay for corks, would defray the salaries of the President and Congress; and what all the wine growers in France employ for that purpose, would pay all the expenses of our Government including the Mexican war.

A bottle of this wine in the Province of Champagne can be bought for about 40 cents. Now the jolly fellows of the United States think they get the best of this wine to drink. Why shouldn't they? Don't they pay two, three and even five dollars a bottle? The following facts show them the chance they have of drinking pure wine. With a ticket a price can be calculated on with more certainty than the purchase of a bottle of the wine pure from the vintage in this country.

There are 32,000,000 of the bottles of false champagne every year sent to Russia, about as much more as sent to England, and fully equal that quantity to the United States. There is a company in Paris, who make natural champagne wine. They take poor chablis, for instance, sweeten it with candy, refine it and then pass it through an apparatus which charges it with carbonic acid gas, and in fifteen minutes it is ready for the market.

The annual production of France, in this article of Champagne wine is about 50,000,000 bottles. The annual consumption of the world in the same time, is 300,000,000, so that 250,000,000 of false wine goes down somebody's throat in a clear case.

At Campan, in Italy, the vinegers, it is said, let themselves to pick grapes from the trees which the vines grow on condition that if they fall and are killed, their employees pay their funeral expenses. If such an agreement was made by the drinker with the vender in the United States, the trade would be anything but profitable.—Newark Advocate.

**ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RAILROAD**—Should the treaty with Mexico be ratified, we predict that not many years will pass, before the two Oceans will be connected by steam power, via the Rio Grande. Nature has done her part towards the improvement, and art will yet do hers. There are no great physical obstacles to be overcome, as in the case further South, whether at the isthmus of Tehuantepec or that of Darien. On the other hand, the distance to be overcome is small in comparison with Whitney's projected route across the broad part of the Continent. The following letter from H. G. Carter to the editor of the Texas Advocate, dated Victoria, Tex., 13th November last, will be read with interest in this connection:—

"From the Pando del Norte to the mouth of the Gila, on a direct line, is about 600 miles. The best practicable route for a road, from the most accurate information I have been able to obtain, will not exceed 800 miles—making the whole distance from the Gulf of Mexico, via Paso del Norte, to the Gulf of California, 1300 miles.

From the above extracts we learn several important facts: First, that the head waters of the Gila are directly west of Paso del Norte; second, that they are only distant 115 miles; third, that there is already a high road opened, not only to California, but also through the state of Sonora, to the lower end of the Gulf of California; fourth, that the Gila is a rapid mountain stream, 30 feet wide, and in the shallowest places one foot deep, (and this at extreme low water, as we learn elsewhere in the journal,) and must therefore afford ample water for a large canal, which might be made from this point down the Gila to the Gulf of California; fifth, that a railroad could be made without difficulty, connecting Paso del Norte and the Gila. To this fact Captain Johnson bears ample testimony. He says, in reference to the dividing ridge between the Atlantic and Pacific, that the hills are not lofty; so that we passed the great backbone of America without perceiving it! Again he says, "until we came to the Sierra del Basin, northward, there was a vast plain of diluvion, covered with ferns grass. This plain connects with that of the Del Norte; so that we can ride south of the Del Norte from the Del Norte to the Gila, without crossing a single mountain." The ground, then, is suitable for a railroad.—Journal of Commerce.

A bachelor in Detroit, having advertised for a wife to the relief of an "Anonymous Inquirer" has solicited information as to the size of said lot!

## PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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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 accordingly.

Sixteen lines or less make a square.

**DISTRESSING CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA**—We have already announced the death of Mr. Jacob Fries, a farmer of Bucks county, from Hydrophobia. We have now full details of this melancholy event in the Doylestown paper. It has caused deep excitement throughout the neighborhood. It seems that Mr. F. sometimes in November last discovered a small terrier dog in his poultry house, and in the attempt to seize him, was bitten by him in the little finger of the left hand. He took no notice of it at the time, and the wound healed. The dog died soon after. The Democrat says time passed on until Thursday or Friday week, when the deceased began to feel unwell. The place on his hand which had been bitten by the dog, began to be painful, and he was unwell in several particulars. On Sunday week, the pain had increased, and was more general, extending into his wrist nearly up to his elbow. The drowsy and singularly disagreeable sensations increased. On Monday, he had a ravens appetite, and on the evening of that day sat remarkably hearty. About bed time he was much worse, and complained of feelings that he could not describe. About 2 o'clock, on Tuesday morning, the physician of the family was sent for, and symptoms of the dreadful malady soon revealed themselves to his mind. This information was soon communicated to Mr. Fries, and his unhappy family. He received the shock like a horn, and declared himself ready to meet his fate. A tumbler of water was presented to his view, and it at once disclosed the fact of hydrophobia, from which there was no escape. The symptoms were too plain to be mistaken. The physicians attending reduced his system very low, which perhaps prevented a frequent occurrence of the dreadful spasms, which frequently accompany this disease. He sunk rapidly until Friday morning, when he expired in his chair. During the short period of the three days he was confined to his room he was sensible of his situation, and talked rationally with his family and neighbors.

**A STARTLING FACT**—G. V. Briggs, at the Temperance meeting in Fannell Hill, Pa., on Tuesday evening last stated that the report of the committee appointed to inquire in regard to the idiots in the Commonwealth, showed that there were from 1200 to 1300 of that unfortunate class, and also the astounding fact that 1100 to 1200 of them were born of drunk parents.

**AN EXTRA HUSBAND**—During the Canada Patriot war, says the Golden (N. Y.) Wing, a man from this State, a husband and a father of three children, was taken prisoner by the British and condemned to execution. The wife supposing her husband had been executed, removed to New Jersey, where she subsequently married again, and has for some years been residing in this country near the village of Port Jervis, with her second husband, by whom she has three children. A short time since, she was surprised by the sudden appearance of her former husband. His sentence of death had been commuted to banishment, and after nine years absence, he had returned and eagerly sought in the bosom of his family, that domestic peace and happiness, whose bright visions had filled his mind during the tedious years of his exile. But he found his hearth and home passed into other hands. He proposed to his wife to take her and the children, and promised to support them. The wife had then to make her choice between the two husbands. She adhered to the one to whom she had last plighted her love, and the Patriot was doomed to a second more cruel exile—an exile from the heart and hearth of his family.

**NEVER JOKE WITH ELEPHANTS**—A very fat man went to see a collection of animals at North Shields the other day. Having crumpled his pocket with apples, he, for diversion, suffered himself to be plundered of them by the elephant. The animal made a clean sweep, and did not leave a single apple in his pocket. He, however, invited the creature to plunge its proboscis a second time into the pouch. The invitation was accepted, but there being no fruit, the elephant not understanding jokes, the indignation of the animal was at boiling point. Seizing the huge individual by his coat, the creature at