

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
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JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.
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The following exhibits the genius and talent of a poet, of one who is destined to render himself immortal by his inspirations. There is a moral to it, an inspiration, which should stir up the soul of very liberal minded and intelligent being.—Boston Transcript.

Advantage of taking a Newspaper.

I know two friends, as much alike
As e'er you saw two stumps;
And no phrenology could find
A difference in their bumps.

One took the papers, and his life
Was happier than a king's;
His children all can read and write,
And talk of man and things.

The other took no papers, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down upon his crown,
And hurt him, as it should!

Had he been reading of the news
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent his accident
Would not befallen him!

From the Louisville City Gazette.

A RIDDLE.
WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—BUT ESPECIALLY
DEDICATED TO THE LADIES.
It's said I am not happy,
Yet lawyers and judges use me.
It's said I am not pious,
Still most of clergy choose me;
Most men call me a dainty thing,
Forsooth all ladies deem me,
And young men say I'm plentiful,
Still some girls shun to shun me.

I am young, I am old,
I am timid and bold,
And a friend or a foe
Wherever I go.

From what I've said you will perceive,
All kinds of treatment I receive,
The young and old, the good and bad,
You often vex and make me mad,
But soon again, when I speak,
A smile of pleasure decks the cheek.

I can't but think there are but few,
Who do not know me well.
Concerning you I know its true,
Therefore my frame please tell.

From the Lady's Book.

GENTILITY.
BY T. ARTHUR.

"Didn't I see you walking past the street with a young lady, yesterday, William?" said Anne Enfield to her brother, who had but a few days before returned from New York, after an absence of some months.

"Perhaps you did, I was in company with a young lady in the afternoon," replied the brother.

"Well, who was she? I did not see you until you had passed the store I was in, and then I did not see her face."

"It was Caroline Murry; you know her I suppose."

"Caroline Murry! Why, brother! what were you doing in her company?" and Anna's face expressed unfeigned astonishment.

"Why, you really surprise me, sister! I hope there is no blemish on her character. But what is the matter? I feel concerned to know."

"There's nothing much the matter, brother; but then, Caroline Murry is not genteel. We don't think of keeping her company."

"Indeed! and you don't associate with her because she is not genteel. Well, if I am any judge of gentility, Anna, Caroline Murry is about as genteel as a lady-like as any girl I know—always excepting, of course, my own dear sister."

"Why, brother, how do you talk! You don't certainly pretend to compare her with Ernestine Eberly and Zepherine Fitzwilliams, whom you have seen here several times!"

"No I do not," replied the brother, emphatically.

"Well, they're what I call genteel; and Caroline Murry wouldn't be tolerated in the society where they visit."

"And why not, sister?"

"Has't I told you? Because she is not considered genteel; and that is the reason."

"But I don't understand what you consider genteel, Anna. If I know what gentility means, Caroline, as far as that is concerned, is in every way superior to Ernestine Eberly and Zepherine Fitzwilliams."

"Now, William, that is too bad! If any other man had said so to me, I would never have spoken to him again as long as I lived."

"But seriously, Anna, what do you mean by gentility?" asked the brother.

"That's a question more easily asked than answered; but you know, as well as I do, what is meant by gentility. Everybody knows."

"I know what I mean by it, Anna. And it seems that we do not agree on the subject; for I call Caroline Murry genteel, and you don't; so you see that different things may be called by the same name. Now, what I wish to know is, what precise meaning you attach to the word? or why you do not think Caroline genteel?"

"Why in the first place, she don't go into genteel company. People of the first rank won't associate with her."

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.—JERRETS ON.

By Masser & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, July 3, 1841.

Vol. I—No. XXI.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, \$9 50
1 do 2 do 1 00
1 do 3 do 0 75
Every subsequent insertion, 0 25
Yearly Advertisements, (with the privilege of alteration) one column \$25; half column, \$18, three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Without the privilege of alteration a literal discount will be made.
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.

Short Patent Sermon.

At the particular request of the editor of the Rahway Herald, I will preach, on this occasion, from the following text:
If you are honest honorable men, Grieve and pay the printer.

If you are dishonest, low-minded sons of Satan, I don't suppose you will ever pay the printer as long as you have a reputation to lose—no character to sustain—and no morals to cultivate. But, let me tell you, my friends, that if you don't do it, your paths to the tomb will be strewn with thorns; you will have to gather your daily food from brambles; your children will die with the dysentery, and you yourselves will never enjoy the blessings of health. I once called on a sick person whom the doctors had given up as a gone case. I asked him if he had made his peace with his Maker. He said he thought he had squared up. I inquired if he had forgiven all his enemies. He replied, yes. I then asked him if he had made his peace with his printer. He hesitated for a moment, and then said he believed he owed him something like about two dollars and fifty cents, which he desired to have paid before he bid good-bye to the world. His desire was immediately gratified; and from that moment he became convalescent. He is now living in the enjoyment of health and prosperity—at peace with his own conscience, his God, and the whole world. Let this be an example for you, my friends. Patronize the printer; tell the papers; pay for them in advance; and your days will be long upon the earth, and overflow with the honey of happiness.

My hearers! Pay all your debts and keep an honorable reckoning with your fellow men; but above all keep paying, by daily instalments, that everlasting debt of gratitude which you owe to him from whom you obtain capital sufficient to begin the first transaction of life; so that when you come to balance accounts at the day of general settlement, all things may appear fair above board. So mote it be! Dow, Jr.

Mr. Hill, the well known delineator of Yankee character, has been lecturing in Boston on the manners, customs &c. of New England. In one of his discourses he thus humorously alludes to Jonathan's capability of turning his talents to account in all situations:
"If you place him on a rock in the midst of the ocean, with a pen-knife and a bundle of shingles, he would manage to work his way on shore. He sells salmon from Kennebec to the people of Charleston; haddock 'fresh from Cape Cod,' to the planters of Matanzas; raises coffee in Cuba; swaps mules and horses for molasses in Porto Rico; retails ice from Fresh Pond, in Cambridge, in the East Indies—nutton from Brighton at New Orleans and South America; manufactures 'Morus Multicaulis' for the Governor of Jamaica; becomes an admiral in foreign nations; starts in a cockle-shell craft of fifteen tons, loaded with onions, macerated, and other notions, (too numerous to mention) for Valparaiso; hunts his traps on Columbia river; catches wild beasts in Africa for Macomber & Co's Grand Caravan; sells granite on contract to rebuild San Juan de Ulloa; is ready, like Ledyard, to start for Timbuctoo 'to-morrow morning'; exiles himself for years from home, to sketch in their own wilderness, the 'wild men of the woods'; and astonishes refined Europe with the seeming presence of the untutored savage; introduced to Metternich, he asks him, 'What's the news?'—says, 'how do you do, mama?' to Victoria; and prescribes Thompson's eye water to the Mandarins of China!

REPARTEE.—An elderly gentleman travelling in a stage coach, was amused by a constant fire of words kept up by two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache—when he answered with a great deal of naivete, "No madam, I have been married twenty-eight years."

THAT'S A BASS VIOLATION of the Sabbath," said Digby last Sunday, as he saw a man carrying a big fiddle into a church.

THE OLD LADY'S WHEEL.—"Ah! Jerry," said a good natured son, then an eminent Judge in a neighboring State, "ah, Jerry, you needn't despise the wheel, for I spin many a day to send you to college."

TRIPPLE-TARTER.—James Tittle was married to Susan Tattel, in Newburyport, Mass., the other day.

THE BOSTON ATLAS, including the debts due to the establishment, was sold to its new proprietor for \$50,000. In a pecuniary point of view, it doubtless is one of the most desirable establishments in the country.

SOBERLY HEARD TO BE living in great obscurity and want in London. The way of the transgressor is hard.

The Great Will Case.

We learn from a London paper, that the will of James Wood is still in litigation between the heirs and legatees under the will, and certain persons who claim to be legatees under a paper purporting to be a codicil to his will. The costs incurred in the Ecclesiastical courts, exceed £50,000. The costs of the pending appeal before the privy council will be enormous. The fees alone which have been given to the numerous counsel, with their briefs, amount to between 5,000 and 6,000 pounds. The Attorney General's brief is marked 1000 guineas; Mr. Pemberton's 800 guineas; Sir F. Pollock's 500 guineas; Sir Wm Follet's, Dr. Phillimore's, Dr. Addams's, and two or three others, 100 guineas each; and an additional fee, (called a "refresher,") varying from 10 to 15 guineas, is daily given to each counsel during the inquiry. The amount of interest which has accumulated on the property left by the testator since his death, exceed £200,000.—[Alb. Adv.]

A NET FOR BOTANISTS.

It is related in a late foreign paper, that a German Botanist, who some time ago accompanied the English Colony to the Swam River, discovered there a plant, the flower of which, warmed by the rays of the sun, gave out at intervals, a smoke similar to that exhaled by persons who smoke tobacco. The learned traveller was at first very much alarmed when he saw the smoking flower, and thought he had fallen into an ambuscade of savages.

A Royal Dinner.

His Majesty was not a great feeder. His meals were attended by the "Nauzer," or steward of the household, who always sees to the preparation of them, and is answerable for their being unmix'd with deleterious drugs. The China dishes, with silver covers, being placed on the tray, are sealed by the "Nauzer," and he accompanies them to the royal presence; being placed on the "soffa," which is a stool, on the ground, he breaks the seal, and then his Majesty dips his fingers in the dishes. Having ascertained their quality, he turns his knuckles in the "chalon," or mountain of rice, of which he is very fond. Nothing must be served that requires carving, beyond pulling the limbs of a fowl with the fingers, for even Majesty never deigns to use a spoon, fork or plate. At a respectable distance stands the "Haken barber," or chief physician, to watch the royal feeding, and to present an instant remedy should his Majesty choke himself, or eat any thing to disagree with him. The hour of dinner is between eight and nine.—Fowler's Three Years in Persia.

Rough Lands.

We publish for the inspection of our readers, the following extract from the London Sun. It is worthy of careful perusal. "There are many such places in our own Pennsylvania, that are now considered of little value. For ourselves, we think were we to purchase lands in Pennsylvania now, we would search for the hilly and rough country, as the day is not far distant, when nearly all our elevated grounds will be found to be filled with coal or iron. The Rail Roads and Canals of Pennsylvania, daily brings our mountain lands nearer to a market. This state will embrace much of the rich coal and iron region of America."—[Sentinel.]

A very curious document has, within these few days, been discovered amongst the ancient records at Guildhall. It is a contract made between Charles I. and his Privy Council on one part, and the corporation of the city of London on the other, in which the King makes over in mortgage to the Corporation several large tracts of Crown lands in the counties of Northumberland, Durham, York, &c. for certain loans of money to him, amounting to more than £300,000 of the then currency. But the unfortunate Monarch never having had the power, of redeeming these lands, they became legally part of the City estates; and several years afterwards, finding that from their remoteness, and the rough unproductive nature of the soil, they were not very productive or profitable, the corporation disposed of the city interest in them to the ancestors of the great coal-field proprietors, not of course having the slightest idea that they were throwing out of their hands the richest and most profitable soil in England, which would long since have produced them a net profit of above £400,000 per annum. The document is quite perfect, and is very well written. The King's signature, "Charles R." is in a fine free hand, and the signatures of the members of Council at the foot of the deed are easily deciphered, but are remarkable for the diversity of the hand writing. That of Buckingham is quite different from the others; it is very free, but in good taste. The Royal seal is affixed to the deed, and the seals of the signing Privy Councilors are appended likewise.

"Nether," replied Anna, promptly. "That is only jumping the question," he said, smiling. "But to come to you so that there can be no excuse, I will confess that I have made up my mind to marry one of the three. Now tell me which you would rather it would be."

"Caroline Murry," said Anna, emphatically, while her cheeks burned, and her eyes became slightly suffused.

William Enfield did not reply to the hoped for, though rather unexpected admission, but stooping down, he kissed her glowing cheek, and whispered in her ear—

"Then she shall be your sister, and I know you will love me another."

He said truly. In a few months he claimed Caroline Murry as his bride, and her good sense, and winning gentleness of character, influenced Anna, and effectually counteracted the false notions which were beginning to corrupt a good heart and to overshadow a sound judgment. It was not long before she was fully sensible of the real difference which there was between the characters of her two friends; and that of her brother's wife; and also between true and false gentility. Although Caroline Murry had been proscribed by a certain circle in which she took part, instead of prime pea, was the governing motive, she had still been esteemed among those who knew how to look beyond the surface. As the wife of Enfield, she at once took a position in circles where those who had passed her by as unworthy would have sought in vain for admission, and in those circles she shone as a bright particular star.

"Well, why won't they associate with her, Anna, I hope she has not been guilty of improper ornamental conduct?"

"O, no! nothing of that. I never heard the slightest reflection on her character," replied the sister. "But, then, genteel young ladies don't work in the kitchen; and she does. And, besides this call on her where you will and she is always doing something. Why, I have been told that she has even been seen in the Chamber windows, fronting on the public street, with her head tied up sweeping and making up the beds! And Clarissa Spiggler says that she saw her once with the parlor windows open, sweeping and dusting like a servant! No body is going to associate, or be seen in street with any one that hasn't the spirit to be above the condition of a hiredling. And besides this, whenever she was invited to balls or parties, she never would stay later than ten or eleven o'clock, which every one knows to be vulgar. Somebody had to go home with her, of course; and the choicest bean in the company was almost sure to have his good nature and his politeness taxed for this purpose. Once I heard her say, that she considered the theatre an unfit place for any young lady; she offended the whole company, and has never been invited to a party among genteel people since."

"And is that all!" said William Enfield taking a long breath.

"Yes, and I should think that was enough, in all conscience," replied the sister.

"So should I, Anna, to make me respect her."

"Why William!"

"Why, Anna!"

"But seriously, William, you cannot be in earnest!"

"And seriously, Anna, are you in earnest!"

"Of course I am."

"Well, sister, I'm afraid my old-fashioned notions, for such I suppose you will call them, and your new fangled notions, for such I must call them, will not chime well together. All that I have heard you allege against Caroline Murry, taints instead of lowering her in my estimation. So far as a gentle and truly lady-like deportment is concerned, I think her greatly superior to the two friends you have named as pinks of gentility."

Anna looked into her brother's face for some moments, her countenance exhibiting a mingled expression of surprise and disappointment.

"But you are not going to walk with her in the street any more, I hope," she at length said.

"And why not, Anna!"

"Because, as I have said before, she is not genteel."

"Genteel, you were going to say. But that allegation, you perceive, Anna, has no weight with me; I do not consider it a true one."

"Well, we won't talk any more about it just now for it would be no use," said the sister, changing her voice and manner; and so I will change the subject. I want you to make a call or two with me this morning."

"On whom?"

"On Miss Eberly, and Miss Fitzwilliams."

"It wouldn't be right for me to do so, would it? You know I don't consider them genteel," said the brother with affected gravity.

"O, nonsense, brother! why will you trifles so!"

"But seriously, Anna, I do not consider that those young ladies have any more strong claims to gentility; and, like you, I have no wish to associate with those who are not genteel."

"If you talk in that way, William, I shall get angry with you. I cannot hear my most intimate friends spoken of so lightly; and at the same time, accused of a want of gentility. You must remember that you are reflecting upon your sister's associates."

"You must not, and I know you will not, get angry with me, sister speaking plainly; and speaking as I do, I am in earnest. And you must also remember, that, in saying what you did of Caroline Murry, you spoke of one with whom your brother has associated, and with whom he is still willing to associate."

Anna looked very serious at this, nor could she frame in her own mind a reply that was satisfactory to her. At last she said—

"But, seriously, William, would you call on those young ladies with me?"

"Yes, on one condition."

"Well, what is that?"

"Why, on condition that you will, afterwards, call with me, and see Caroline Murry."

"I cannot do that, William," she replied in a positive tone.

"And why not, Anna!"

"I have already told you."

"I cannot perceive the force of that reason, Anna, but if you will not go with me, I must decline going with you. The society of Miss Murry cannot be more repulsive to you, than is that of the Misses Eberly and Fitzwilliams to me."

"You don't know what you are talking about, William."

"That is my own impression about you. But come, now, sister, let us be rational to each other. I am willing to go with you, if you will go with me."

"Yes, but, William; you don't reflect, that in doing as you desire me, I will be in danger of losing my present position in society. Caroline Murry is not esteemed genteel in the circle in which I move, and it is not known that I visit her, I

will be considered on a level with her. I would do any thing to oblige you, but, indeed, I would be raking too much here."

"You would only be breaking loose," replied the brother, "from the slavery you are now in to false notions of what is truly genteel. If any one esteems you less for being kind, attentive and courteous, to one against whom no suspicion has ever dared to breathe a word, and whose whole life is a bright example of the pure and high toned principles that govern her, that one is unworthy of your regard. True gentility does not exist, my sister, merely in a studied and artificial elegance of behaviour, but in inward purity and taste, and a true sense of what is right, and exhibiting themselves in their natural external expression. The real lady judges of others from what they are, and neglects none but the wilfully depraved. True, there are distinctions in society, and there are lines of social demarcation—and all this is right. But we should be careful into what social sphere we are drawn, and how we suffer ourselves to be influenced by the false notions of real worth which prevail in some circles that profess a high degree of gentility. I hold that every one, no matter what may be his or her condition in life, fails to act a true part if not engaged in doing something useful. Let me put it to your natural good sense, which do you think the most deserving praise, Caroline Murry, who spends her time in 'doing something useful' to her own family; or your friends, the Misses Eberly and Fitzwilliams, and those constituting their particular circle, who expect service from others, but never think of rendering any, and who carry their prejudices so far as to despise those who work!"

Anna did not reply, and her brother said—

"I am in earnest, sister, when I say, that you cannot confer a greater favor upon your brother, than to go with him to see Caroline Murry. Cannot I induce you to comply with my wishes?"

"I will go," she replied to this appeal, and then hurried away, excitedly no little disturbed in her feelings.

In half an hour she was ready, and, taking her brother's arm, was soon on the way to Miss Ernestine Eberly's residence. That young lady received them with all the grace and fashionable airs she could assume, and entertained them with an occasional spice of envious and ill natured remark. Knowing that her brother was a close discriminator, and that he was by no means prejudiced in her friend's favor, Anna herself observed her more narrowly, and, as it were, with his eyes. It seemed to her that Miss Eberly never was so uninteresting, or so mal-apropos in what she said. The call on Zepherine Fitzwilliams came next in turn. Scanning her also with other eyes than her own, Anna was disappointed in her very dear friend. She looked through her, and was pained to see that there was a hollowiness and want of any thing like true strength or excellence of character about her. Particularly was she displeas'd at a gratuitous sneer thrown out at the expense of Caroline Murry. And now, with a reluctance which she could not overcome, Anna turned with her brother towards the residence of the young lady who had had least cause, because she had good sense and was indubitably, a superior to the other two. She did not reply, yet she felt somehow or other pleased with the remark. A few minutes' walk brought them to the door, and they were presently ushered into a neat parlor in which was the young lady they were seeking. She sat near a window, and was sewing. She was plainly dressed in comparison with the young ladies just called upon; but in neatness, and in all that constitutes the lady in air and appearance, in every way their superior.

"I believe you know my sister," said Enfield, on presenting Anna.

"We have met a few times," she replied, with a pleasant, unobtrusive smile, extending at the same time her hand.

Miss Enfield took the offered hand with less reluctance than she had imagined she could but a few hours before. Somehow or other, Caroline seemed to her to be very much changed for the better in manner and appearance. And she could not help doing all the visit, drawing contrasts between her and the two very dear friends she had just called upon; and the contrast was in no way favorable to the latter. The conversation was on topics of ordinary interest, but did not once degenerate into frivolity or coarseness. Good sense manifested itself in almost every sentence that Caroline uttered, and this was so apparent to Anna that she could not help frequently noticing and involuntarily approving it.

"What a pity," Anna once or twice remarked to herself, "that she will be so singular."

The call was but a brief one. Anna parted with Caroline under a different impression of her character than she had ever before entertained. After her return with her brother, he asked her this abrupt question:—

"Which of the young ladies, Anna, of the three we called upon this morning, would you prefer to call your sister?"

Anna looked up, bewildered and surprised, into the face of her brother for a few moments, and then said—

"I don't understand you, brother William."

"Why, I thought I asked a very plain question. But I will make it plainer. Which one of the three young ladies we called upon this morning, would you advise me to marry?"

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"Perhaps you did, I was in company with a young lady in the afternoon," replied the brother.

"Well, who was she? I did not see you until you had passed the store I was in, and then I did not see her face."

"It was Caroline Murry; you know her I suppose."

"Caroline Murry! Why, brother! what were you doing in her company?" and Anna's face expressed unfeigned astonishment.

"Why, you really surprise me, sister! I hope there is no blemish on her character. But what is the matter? I feel concerned to know."

"There's nothing much the matter, brother; but then, Caroline Murry is not genteel. We don't think of keeping her company."

"Indeed! and you don't associate with her because she is not genteel. Well, if I am any judge of gentility, Anna, Caroline Murry is about as genteel as a lady-like as any girl I know—always excepting, of course, my own dear sister."

"Why, brother, how do you talk! You don't certainly pretend to compare her with Ernestine Eberly and Zepherine Fitzwilliams, whom you have seen here several times!"

"No I do not," replied the brother, emphatically.

"Well, they're what I call genteel; and Caroline Murry wouldn't be tolerated in the society where they visit."

"And why not, sister?"

"Has't I told you? Because she is not considered genteel; and that is the reason."

"But I don't understand what you consider genteel, Anna. If I know what gentility means, Caroline, as far as that is concerned, is in every way superior to Ernestine Eberly and Zepherine Fitzwilliams."

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