

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"
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A SATIRE.

The Poem pronounced before the Mercantile Literary Association at its Anniversary, a few weeks since, by PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., has been published by J. Winchester in a neat pamphlet of some forty pages. We expressed our judgment of its brilliant point and manly vigor at the time of its delivery; and it has been confirmed and strengthened by subsequent perusal. We copy the following beautiful sketch of the true Poet's life, with the contrast presented by the spirit of the present age:

The common objects in our paths supply
Shapes that are charming to the poet's eye.
Pictures as soft as ever Guido drew,
He finds reflected in a drop of dew,
And colors mingled with a Titian's skill,
On a flower's leaf he traces all his will.
The golden insect, from a worm that springs,
And upward soars on frail yet brilliant wings;
Type of the soul appears, released from earth,
To sport and revel in a heavenly birth.
Such happy fancies can the poet find;
They are the light and solace of his mind;
They yield him inward peace, when outward life
Is one long scene of turbulence and strife.
When friends grow cold and fortune's favors fall,
Imagination spreads her airy sail;
Her haughty fancies freely o'er clouds and mist
To purer climes, by milder sunbeams kiss'd.
Perch'd in a garnet, near to the skies,
Than less aspiring mortals choose to rise,
He longs for wings to cleave the blue profound,
Like Shelley's hawk, a spurrier of the ground.
He spends his hours, with little else to spend;
As if each six months brought its dividend;
Honest and poor, the little that he gains
Supplies him needful books and life sustains;
And free from debt, in independent state,
He feels no envy of the rich and great.
His mind, exalted by its lofty aim,
With grief may be familiar, not with shame;
For shaming vice he runs his mild career,
And looks to Heaven for bliss denied him here.
Contrast this portrait, not in fond conceit
Sketch'd from a model long since obsolete,
With one I might, but will not, dare not draw,
Because I reverence wealth and fear the law.
No boy's eye gazes with more entire respect
On a rival hero in his trappings deck'd,
Than I on men, by mighty Mammon made
The sons of traffic and the slaves of trade.
What can be colder than our lives to give
To gain the very means when by we live;
To rise at morning and forget to pray,
Intent upon the business of the day;
The day concluded, to retire to rest
And dream what woe, what markets are the best!
What can be worthier of immortal man
Than these grand maxims: get what'er you can,
Keep all you get, be careful how you spend,
Know all your customers, and never lend!
So shall you bank account be figured wide,
And every figure on the proper side;
So shall your wife in coach and Cashmere shawl
Drive down Broadway, the wonderment of all;
So shall your son, returned from foreign tour,
Hirsutely hoar'd, freight and going hoar,
So shall your daughter come from boarding school,
In all, but French and flattery, a fool;
So shall you smile with ill-conceited disdain,
On old, poor friends, whose presence c use pain;
So shall you, every Sunday, in your pew,
Devoutly curse Turk, Infidel and Jew;
So shall you live, without a grief or care,
And die and go—I need not mention where.

The Court of Inquiry are now investigating the conduct of Captain McKenzie, in regard to his proceedings on board the Somers, in executing Spencer and his associates for mutiny. The Court is held on board the North Carolina, at New York. The following is part of the narrative of Capt. McKenzie. The conclusion we must postpone until next week, on account of the Government's Message.

U. S. BRIG SOMERS, NEW-YORK, Dec. 19. 1842.

Since my arrival at this port I have been diligently engaged in preparing for the Department at Washington a full and detailed narrative of all the circumstances connected with the mutiny on board the U. S. Brig-of-war Somers on her recent voyage from Africa; but having been frequently interrupted, especially by the solicitude of friends, I have been forced to relinquish my intention and to confine myself entirely to a sketch of the principal occurrences.

After leaving the Azores and Madeira, I proceeded, according to orders, to Tenerife and Porto Praya.—Thence I went to Liberia, expecting to find the U. S. sloop-of-war Vandalia. But on arriving there I learned that she had sailed on the 5th of October for the United States as I understood. The despatches with which I was entrusted for her being thus rendered of no use were left with the U. S. Agent, whose receipt for them is enclosed. On the 11th of November I sailed for the United States via St. Thomas, where I thought it necessary to take a supply of bread, water and other refreshments. On Saturday, the 25th of November, Lieut. Gansevoort came into the cabin and informed me that he had learned from Midshipman Wales that a conspiracy existed on board the ship to capture the vessel, to murder the Captain, bring over as many of the crew as possible, murder the rest and convert the vessel into a pirate; and the Midshipman Spencer was at the head of the conspiracy. This, Lieut. G. said, had been told to him by Midshipman Wales, whose narration was as follows:

On the night of the 25th of November, between 6 and 8 o'clock in the evening, Wales said he was aroused by Spencer, who asked him to go up on the booms, as he had something to say to him. He got up, and, on arriving at the booms, he was asked by Spencer, "Do you fear death? do you fear a dead man? or fear to kill a man?" Wales,

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.—JEROME.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Jan. 7, 1843.

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with admirable coolness, induced Spencer to go on, took the oath of secrecy and entered into all his plans. Spencer told him that he had about 20 men in his plot; that they could easily get possession of the ship, murder the Commander and officers, and commence piracy. He gave Wales all the details of his plan, which were admirably suited for the purpose, and arranged much better, Mr. Wales said, than he could have done it himself. As an inducement to embark in the enterprise, Spencer said that a large box of wine on board contained a large amount of gold and other treasure. His object was to go to the Isle of Pines, where one of his associates, who had been a pirate before, had a confederate; that he would attack certain vessels and select from them such females as were proper, use them, and then dispose of them: that he had all the details of the plan drawn out on a paper, which was in the lock of his cravat. He showed money to Mr. Wales, and, before separating, threatened him with instant death if he ever revealed what he had told him.

Such, proceeded Capt. McKenzie, was the purport of the information which I received from Lieut. Gansevoort. To me the whole affair seemed so monstrous that I treated it with ridicule, and believed that Spencer had been amusing himself and Wales with some story of piracy he had learned from some novel or tale of murder. Still I could not help feeling that it was sporting with a serious subject and that my duty required me to be upon my guard, and I resolved closely to watch the movements of Spencer. I directed the first Lieutenant to observe him very narrowly. I learned that in the course of the day Spencer had been in the ward-room for some time, and had busied himself in examining a chart of the West Indies, and that he had made some inquiries concerning the Isle of Pines. The Lieutenant told him that he believed it was a place much frequented by Pirates, and daily asked him if he had any acquaintances there? Spencer passed the day suitably, and was often observed to be examining a paper, and writing with a pencil, and making rings with a penknife. Lieut. Gansevoort soon after made some excuse for following him to the foretop, when he found him engaged in working some love devices upon his arm. He expressed a desire to learn the rate of the Chronometer, and was referred to the Master of Marines. He was frequently seen engaged in holding secret conferences with Boatwain Cromwell and Small, and was known to have given money to different persons of the crew. He had also incited the steward to steal brandy, which he had given to the crew, and with which he had once or twice got drunk himself.

Capt. McKenzie thought it due to the ward-room officers to state the circumstances connected with their having brandy on board. When the vessel was first equipped, I told the first Lieutenant that it was my desire that no liquor should be used in the storage of the vessel; and gave as a reason for this that the obligations of hospitality always fell upon the Captain and his under officers and that upon such occasions all should have their share. This had its intended effect, and I never had occasion to use compulsion. Knowing that Lieut. Gansevoort viewed the matter in the same light, I did not interfere with the arrangements of the ward room; and if I had done so it would only have been in the way of friendly advice. It now appears that when the vessel was ordered to the Coast of Africa, a supply of brandy had been ordered on board by some who had previously been on the same voyage, and who thought it would be a good defence against the malaria, of that coast. By accident, as I then thought, but by design, as subsequent developments have made probable, the steward ordered the brandy from two different grocers, so that double the quantity required was brought on board. None of this was used by the crew or by any others than Spencer and those whom he endeavored to corrupt.

Spencer had the faculty of throwing his lower jaw out of joint and of thus playing with it a variety of musical airs; and he was frequently found thus amusing the crew. In his intercourse with me he was servile to the last degree; but among the crew I learned that he was loudly and blasphemously vituperative against me, and that he had often abused me in the most outrageous and violent terms, and declared that it would give him real pleasure to roll me overboard from the round top. I found that he had drawn a representation of a black flag and asked members of the crew what they thought of it; that he had often said the vessel could be easily taken; that he had not long before examined the palms of the hands of one of the midshipmen, to tell his fortune, and had predicted for him a speedy and violent death.

These things induced me to look back over all I had heard or observed of the Somers. When young Spencer first reported himself to me for duty on board my vessel I gave him my hand and welcomed him on board. I heard not long after that he had been involved in difficulty when on the Brazil Station, and that he had been dismissed for drunkenness. Upon hearing this I earnestly desired his removal from my vessel—principally on account of the young men I had with me; two of whom were connected with me by blood, two by alliance, and four were entrusted to my special care. The circumstance of his connection with a high and distinguished officer of the Government, by embracing, if possible, his business, increased my desire to get rid of him.

On this point, I beg that you may not be misun-

derstood. I revere authority, and in this Republic country I regard its exercises as an evidence of genius, intelligence and virtue. But I have no respect for the base son of an honored father. On the contrary, the conduct of that man who seduces by his crimes the pure fame and the high honor of his parent seems to me to be far more base than one equally guilty from a humbler station. But I wish nothing to do with baseness in any shape; least of all on board a vessel belonging to the United States. On this account I wished to get rid of Spencer. Two others soon after joined the vessel, and thus seven were obliged to occupy the space fitted only for five. I had heard that Spencer had expressed a willingness to be transferred and hoped that he would now consent.

BISHOP GEORGE AND THE YOUNG PREACHER.

An aged traveller, worn and weary was gently urging his tired beast, just as the sun was dropping behind the range of the hills that bound the horizon of that rich and picturesque country, in the vicinity of Springfield, Ohio. It was a sultry August evening, and he had journeyed a distance of thirty-five miles since morning, his pulse throbbing under the influence of a burning sun. At Fairfield he had been hospitably entertained by one who had recognized the veteran soldier of the cross, and who had ministered to him for his Master's sake of the benefits himself had received from the hand which feedeth the young lions when they lack; and he had travelled on refreshed in spirit. But many a weary mile had he journeyed since then, and now, as the evening shades darkened around, he felt the burden of age and toil heavy upon him, and he desired the pleasant retreat he had pictured to himself when that day's pilgrimage had been accomplished.

It was not long before the old man checked his tired animal at the door of the anxiously looked for haven of rest. A middle aged woman was at hand, to whom he mildly applied for accommodation for himself and horse.

"I don't know," said she, coldly, after scrutinizing for some time the appearance of the traveller, which was not the most promising, "that we can take you in, old man. You seem tired, however, and I will see if the minister of the circuit, who is here to-night, will let you lodge with him."

The young circuit preacher soon made his appearance, and consequently swaggering up to the old man, examined him some moments inquisitively, then asked a few impertinent questions—and finally, after adjusting his hair half a dozen times, feeling his smoothly shaved chin, consented that the stranger should share his bed for the night, and turning upon his heel, entered the house.

The traveller, aged and weary as he was, dismounted and led his faithful animal to the stable, where, with his own hands, he rubbed him down, watered him and gave him food, and then entered the inhospitable mansion where he had expected so much kindness. A Methodist family resided in the house, and, as the circuit preacher was to be there that day, great preparations were made to entertain him, and a number of Methodist young ladies of the neighborhood had been invited, so that quite a party met the eyes of the stranger as he entered not one of whom took the slightest notice of him, and he wearily sought a vacant chair in the corner, out of direct observation, but where he could note all that was going on. And his anxious eye showed that he was no careless observer of what was passing around him.

The young minister played his part with all the frivolity and foolishness of a city beau, and nothing like religion escaped his lips. Now he was chattering bandying senseless compliments with this young lady, and now engaged in trifling repartee with another who was anxious to seem interesting in his eyes.

The stranger, after an hour, during which no refreshments had been prepared for him, asked to be shown to his room, to which he retired unnoticed—grieved and shocked at the conduct of the family and the minister. Taking from his saddlebags a well worn bible, he seated himself in a chair, and was soon buried in thoughts holy and elevating, and had food to eat which those who passed by him in pity and scorn dreamed not of. Hour after hour passed away, and no one came to invite the old, weary down traveller, to partake of the luxurious supper which was served below.

Towards eleven o'clock the minister came up stairs, and without pause or prayer, hastily threw off his clothes, and got into the very middle of a small bed, which was to be the resting place of the old man as well as himself. After awhile the aged stranger rose up, and after partially disrobing himself, knelt down and remained for many minutes in fervent prayer. The earnest breathing out of his soul, soon arrested the attention of the young preacher who began to feel some few reproofs of conscience for his neglect of duty. The old man arose from his knees and after slowly undressing himself, got into bed, or rather upon the

edge of the bed, for the young preacher had taken possession of the centre and would not voluntarily move an inch. In this uncomfortable position the stranger lay sometime in silence.—At length the young preacher made a remark to which the old man replied in a style and manner that arrested his attention. On this he moved over an inch or two and made more room.

"How far have you come to day, old gentleman?"

"Thirty-five miles."

"From where?"

"From Springfield."

"Ah, indeed! You must be tired after so long a journey for one of your age."

"Yes, this poor body is much worn down by long and constant travelling, and I feel that the journey of to-day has exhausted me much."

The young minister moved over a little.

"You do not belong to Springfield, then?"

"No. I have no abiding place."

"How?"

"I have no continuing city. My home is beyond this vale of tears."

Another move of the minister.

"How far have you travelled on your present journey?"

"From Philadelphia."

"From Philadelphia? (In evident surprise.) The Methodist General Conference was in session there a short time since. Had it broken up when you left?"

"It adjourned the day before I started."

"Ah, indeed,—moving still further over toward the front of the bed, and allowing the stranger better accommodation. "Had Bishop George left when you came out?"

"Yes—he started at the same time I did—well in company."

"Indeed?"

"Here the circuit preacher relinquished a full half of the bed, and politely requested the stranger to occupy a larger space.

"How did the Bishop look? He is getting quite old and feeble is he not?"

"He carries his age tolerably well.—But his labor is a hard one, and he begins to show signs of failing strength."

"He is expected this way in a week or two. How glad I shall be to shake hands with the veteran of the cross! But you say you left in company with the good old man—how far did you come together?"

"We travelled alone for a long distance."

"You travelled alone with the Bishop?"

"Yes, we have been intimate for years."

"You intimate with Bishop George?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Bless me! why did I not know that! But may I be so bold as to enquire your name?"

After a moment's hesitation, the stranger replied—

"George."

"George! George! Not Bishop George?"

"They call me 'Bishop George,' meekly replied the old man.

"Why—why bless me! Bishop," exclaimed the now abashed preacher—springing from the bed—"You have had no supper! I will immediately call up the family. Why did you not tell us who you were?"

"Stop—stop, my friend," said the Bishop gravely, "I want no supper here, and should not eat any if it were got for me. If an old man, toil worn and weary, fainting with travelling through all the long summer day, was not considered worthy of a meal by this family, who profess to have set up the altar of God in their house Bishop George surely is not. He is at least but a man, and has no claim beyond common humanity."

A night of severe mortification the young minister never experienced. The Bishop kindly admonished him, and warned him of the great necessity there was of his adorning the doctrines of Christ, by following him sincerely and humbly.—Gently but earnestly he endeavored to win him back from his wanderings of heart, and direct him to trust more in God and less in his own strength.

In the morning the Bishop prayed with him long and fervently before he left the chamber, and was glad to see his heart melted into contrition. Soon after the Bishop descended, and was met by the heads of the family with a thousand sincere apologies. He absented them and asked to have his horse brought out. The horse was accordingly soon in readiness, and the Bishop taking up his saddlebags, was preparing to depart.

"But surely, Bishop," urged the distressed matron, "you will not thus leave us!—Wait a few minutes; break fast in the table."

"No, sister!—I cannot take breakfast here. You did not consider a poor tollowed traveller worthy of a meal, and your Bishop has no claim but such as humanity urges."

And thus he departed, leaving the family in confusion and sorrow. He did not act thus from resentment, for such an emotion did not raise in his heart, but he desired to teach them a lesson such as they would not easily forget.

Six months from this time the Ohio Annual Conference met at Cincinnati, and the young minister was to present himself for ordination as a Deacon; and Bishop George was the presiding Bishop.

On the first day of the assemblage of the conference, our minister's heart sunk within him as he saw the venerable Bishop take his seat. So great was his grief and agitation that he was obliged to leave the room. That evening as the Bishop was seated alone in his chamber, the Rev. Mr.——was announced, and he requested him to be shown up. He grasped the young man by the hand with a cordiality which he did not expect, for he had made careful enquiries and found that since they had met before a great change had been wrought in him. He was now amended. As a father would have received a disobedient but repentant child, so did this good man receive his erring but contrite brother. They mingled their tears together, while the young preacher, wept as a child upon the bosom of his spiritual father. At that session he was ordained, and he is now one of the most pious and useful ministers in the Ohio Conference.

From the Licking Valley Ky. Register.

BURR AND BLANNERHASSET.

Much has been said and written on the conspiracy of Aaron Burr, and a diversity of opinion still exists as to the extent of his designs. The elegant retirement of Blannerhasset, previous to his association with Burr, has also been a theme of eloquence, and a subject of admiration. As I lived near the centre of Burr's operations, and was intimate with the family of Blannerhasset, many facts came under my observation which perhaps are not generally known. I therefore comply with your request, by detailing circumstances which were familiar to me at that period.

With reference to Burr's conspiracy, I have never doubted the fact; that his first object was a separation of the States, and the establishment of "an energetic government" including our North West and Southern territories. This intention was clearly manifested by a series of publications with the signature of "QUESTER" in the "Ohio Gazette," a paper then printed at Marietta by one Fairbank.

Those numbers held forth all the arguments that could be urged, to induce the withdrawal of the West and South from the old States. Burr furnished the leading points, Blannerhasset wrote them out, and attended to their publication. The first number was read to the printer by Blannerhasset at my father's house, and in the presence of several of the family. After the printer had retired, my father made a strong appeal to Mr. B. on the folly and danger of such an enterprise; reminding him of his narrow escape from the troubles of Ireland, and of the happy firm of government he then enjoyed, and of his delightful situation at the Island, surrounded by all the sources of earthly bliss. Mr. B. was unconcerned; he acknowledged his obligations for my father's friendly motives, but attributed their difference of ages. Mr. father indignantly replied, that he had fought for the government under which he lived, that he loved it as the apple of his eye, and that treason against it could not be concerned under his roof. Mr. B. politely withdrew, took up his quarters at a public house, and never made his home with us afterward. But number after number of the "QUESTER" came before the people, holding forth the possession of the public lands, with all their mineral productions—the great agricultural prospects of the West—the vast navigable waters—the occupation of New Orleans as a commercial emporium, and various other arguments in favor of a separate government. A day was also appointed to hold a Convention at the Island.

But the plans of Burr were not confined to a separation of the States; he knew that his project might fail, and the establishment of an Empire in the Mexican Country, was his alternative. A number of batteries or row-galleys were prepared on the Muskingum River, and probably some at other points, with which he intended a rapid descent on New Orleans, or to ascend the Red River toward Mexico, as circumstances might require. Numbers of restive and desperate spirits were enlisted in his visionary schemes, from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, but the mass of the Western people were attached to their government, and their connections east of the mountains. If the convention had assembled at the Island, the inhabitants of the neighborhood were prepared to disperse them with force of arms. The Convention failed; and when the party attempted to escape with the boats, they were prevented by the Militia, under a special law of Ohio, passed for the occasion, with closed doors. But there were traitors in that Legislature—in Congress—and in the Army of the United States.

Burr met in council with a fragment of his followers on an Island in the Mississippi, where his scheme was abandoned. He fled in disguise but was betrayed, tried at the city of

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Richmond, and acquitted by a quirk of the law. Blannerhasset and other associations were discharged. His family, servants and furniture having descended the river to Natchez, he located himself on a cotton farm in that vicinity. The Embargo and the War which followed, defeated his expectations; he became embarrassed; his fortune having been impaired by his liabilities for Burr. Under the prospect of a civil appointment in Lower Canada, he removed to Montreal, but his friend, the Governor, being removed, he was again disappointed, and retired at last to the Island of Jersey, in the British Channel, where his maiden sister resided, a lady of fortune. There he died, the victim of a romantic and visionary mind.

Blannerhasset was an Irish Nobleman, a man of science, and a polished gentleman. He excelled in the composition and performance of music, his instruments were the violin and bass-viol, both of which he used in the interior of the bass. His spacious Hall was constructed in musical proportions, where the tones of his viol vibrated with thrilling effect. His library was elegant and extensive, his laboratory was provided with abundant apparatus for chemical and philosophical experiments, and his house and grounds were furnished with various means of winter and summer amusement. The mansion with its corridor and wings formed half an ellipse, and the finish and furniture of its apartments were adopted to the use for which they were intended. The hall was a spacious lofty room, its walls painted a sombre color, and its furniture rich, heavy and grand. The drawing-room was in perfect contrast, and its decorations light as a Fairy's wing. In short, the whole establishment was noble and genteel, without the glare of times' luxury, or the inconsistency of bad taste. His style of living was in unison with his house and furniture, always elegant, easy and comfortable. The arrangement of the grounds was equally complete, the famous shrubbery was a mild wilderness, with labyrinth walks bordered with flowers, and interspersed with arbors and grottoes. The extensive pasture in front with its flocks and herds, was separated from the lawn by an invisible fence; and the view from the Ohio was unobstructed for several miles. But the whole scene requires the pen of the poet. The description of Burr is nearer the reality than is generally believed, and his sketch of Mrs. Blannerhasset is equally true to nature. She was a beautiful and accomplished lady, of dignified appearance and manners; affable, friendly, and without the least affectation, yet with all her elegance, she was a notable house-wife, and devoted to her needle; not in the production of flowers and fancies, but of garments for her children and servants. The miserable slanders which have been reported of her, are without the least foundation. Burr did not seduce Blannerhasset, through the medium of his wife; as has often been stated; his only visit to the Island did not exceed three days, and no woman of Mrs. B's mind and character, could be corrupted on so brief an acquaintance.—Blannerhasset was an open and unguarded man, easily imposed upon, and enthusiastic in all his impulses. Burr approached him in the most artful and insidious manner. Descending the river in a bateau, he landed as a passing stranger merely to see and admire the far-famed Island.—Mr. Blannerhasset hearing that a stranger was on his lawn, sent a servant to invite him to the house; the wily serpent sent his card with an apology, but Mr. B. with his usual hospitality, walked out and insisted upon his remaining a day or two. Burr very modestly acquiesced, and during that unfortunate interview, infused the poison of ambition into the unwary mind of his visionary host. Mrs. B. endeavored to dissuade her husband from the enterprise, but finding his soul enlisted in it, her sense of duty compelled her to acquiesce in his views, which resulted in the ruin of his family.

"Years have gone by, and the tale at last is told as a sorrowful scene long past!"

The steamboat passenger looks on the deserted Island for some vestige of its former habitation; but he looks in vain. The mansion was destroyed by fire, its beautiful appendages are obliterated, its hospitality, the soul of music, and the refinement of taste and intellect, have all departed. On my last visit to the scene of many happy hours, the only monument of my early associations I could find, was "R. W. 1805," carved on the bark of an old Beech tree.

"I felt like one who treads the dew,
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

"No sensible man ever thought a beautiful wife was worth as much as one that could make a good pudding. I wish the girls all knew this for I feel a great interest in their welfare."

A Frenchman once asked what difference there was between M. de Rothschild, the banker, and Herod? "It is," he was told, "Herod was the king of the Jews, and Rothschild the Jew of the Kings."