

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
JOSEPH EISELY, Editor.
Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Masser's Store.
THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.
No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.
By Masser & Eiseley. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, April 26, 1845. Vol. 5--No. 31--Whole No. 239.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.
1 square 1 insertion, . . . \$0 50
1 do 2 do 0 75
1 do 3 do 1 00
Every subsequent insertion, . . . 0 25
Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half column, \$18; three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$5; one square, \$3 50.
Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
Sixteen lines make a square.

UMBRELLAS CHEAP
BEST FENNER & CO.
Manufacturers of
UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, and SUN SHADES,
No. 143 Market Street,
Philadelphia.
INVITE the attention of Merchants, Manufacturers, &c., to their very extensive, elegant, new stock, prepared with great care, and offered at the lowest possible prices for cash.
The principle on which this concern is established, is to consult the mutual interest of their customers and themselves, by manufacturing a good article, selling it at the lowest price for cash, and realizing their own remuneration, in the amount of sales and quick returns.
Possessing inextinguishable facilities for manufacture, are prepared to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of Merchants, Manufacturers and Dealers.
A large assortment of the New Style Curtain Parasols.
Philadelphia, June 1, 1844.—ly

HERR'S HOTEL,
FORMERLY TREMONT HOUSE,
No. 116 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

THE SUBSCRIBER, recently of Reading, Pa., would inform the public that he has fitted up the above capacity with every convenience and establishment, and will always be ready to entertain his distinguished reputation in the line, it is hoped, will afford full assurance, that his guests will be supplied with every comfort and accommodation; while his house will be conducted under such arrangements as will secure a character for the first responsibility, and satisfactory entertainment for individuals and families.
Charge for boarding \$4 per day.
DANIEL HERR,
Philadelphia, May 25, 1844.—ly

To Country Merchants.
Boots, Shoes, Bonnets, Leghorn and Palm Leaf Hats.
G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR,
at the S. E. corner of Market and Fifth Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

OFFER for sale an extensive assortment of the above articles, all of which they sell at unusually low prices, and particularly invite the attention of buyers visiting the city, to an examination of their stock.
G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR,
Philadelphia, May 25, 1844.—ly

LAND FOR SALE.—The small farm, containing about 100 acres, about 2 miles above Northampton, adjoining lands of Jesse C. Horton, John Leghorn and others, will be sold cheap, if application is made soon to the subscriber.
Sunbury, Aug. 31.
H. B. MASSER.

WAX SEED.—The highest price will be given for Wax Seed, by
Aug. 31, 1844.
H. B. MASSER.

COFFAGE BIBLES.—Five copies of the Cottage Bible, the cheapest book ever published, containing the commentaries on the Old and New Testament, just received and for sale, for six dollars, by
June 15.
H. B. MASSER.

REMOVAL.

DOCTOR J. B. MASSER,
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Sunbury and its vicinity, that he has removed his office to the white building in Market Square, east of Ira T. Johnson's store, and immediately opposite the post office, where he will be happy to receive calls in the line of his profession.
Sunbury, May 4th, 1844.

DAVID EVANS'
Patent Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, Slate lined Refrigerators, with Filters attached when required.

EVANS & WATSON,
No. 76 South Third St., opposite the Exchange,
PHILADELPHIA.

MANUFACTURE and keep for sale DAVID EVANS' celebrated Ware and Provision C. Chests, and Patent Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, for preserving Books, Papers, Deeds, Jewels, Gold, Silver, &c., &c., made of Best Iron, (and not over Plank as many false out of every one hundred now in use and for sale are made.) with first rate Locks and David Evans' Patent Keyhole Covers, similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months in the summer of 1842, when all the Keys were of liberty to be used, and the Chest not opened, although the experiment was tried by at least 1500 persons. One of the same Locks, in Walnut Street, above Third, but did not succeed.
Having Machines, Iron Doors, Superior Locks, and all kinds of Iron Radings, Seal and Copying Presses, and Smithwork generally, on hand or manufactured at the shortest notice.

CAUTION—Do hereby caution all persons against making, selling, or causing to be sold, any Keyhole Covers for Fire Proof Chests, or Doors, of any kind similar in principle to my Patent, of 10th July, 1841, and also against using Refrigerators with Slate, for which my Patent is dated 26th March, 1844, as any infringement will be dealt with according to law.
DAVID EVANS,
Philadelphia, April 13, 1844.—ly

FORESTVILLE
BRASS EIGHT DAY CLOCKS.
THE subscriber has just received, for sale, a few of the above celebrated Eight Day Clocks, which will be sold at very reduced prices, for cash. Also, superior 30 hour Clocks, of the best make and quality, which will be sold for cash, at \$4 50. Also, superior Brass 30 hour Clocks, at \$8 00.
Dec. 2, 1843.
H. B. MASSER.

STONE WARE for sale.
225 Stone Jugs, from 1 quart to 3 gallons.
50 Stone Jars, from 2 to 6 gallons. For sale, cheap, by
Oct. 14
H. B. MASSER.



THE LAST INDIAN.
BY MISS M. A. LEE.

Upon that distant rocky shore,
Where the broad Pacific's waters roar,
Gazing on that fast rushing tide,
There stood a form of might and pride—
An Indian Chief last of his race.
Alone he stood in that wild place;
A nobler form than his, I ween,
On this fair earth is seldom seen.
And proudly glanced his eagle eye
Beneath a forehead broad and high;
A blanket, striped with many a hue
Of crimson, green and deepest blue,
Was loosely o'er his shoulder flung,
And from his belt his hatchet hung.
The war paint stained his swarthy cheek,
Roughened by wind and tempest blow;
Beside him lay his bow unbent,
And sheath of arrows all unspent.
Ah! useless now that Chieftan's bow;
Alone he stands in grief and woe—
And gazing on the golden sun,
Whose journey now was nearly done,
His anguish into utterance broke.
And with raised hand the Indian spoke:
"Yes, glorious orb, sink to thy rest,
And hide thee in the ocean's breast,
Then rise to-morrow fair and bright,
To greet the waking earth with light;
And shine again o'er tower and dome
That rise, where rose the red man's home,
But never more thy beam shall fall
On Indian hunter's cabin wall.
As bright thou shinest, as on the day
When came the Spaniard's proud array;
As bright to day thy beaming smile
As when they came from England's Isle,
And freely with the Pilgrim hand
We shared our happy hunting-land,
Until their numbers weak and few,
Into a mighty nation grew.
Then, when the foeman stood confest
In him we had received as guest,
We dug the hatchet from the ground,
And in their ears our war-whoop sound.
Thou saw'st, O, Sun! full many a plain
Where white men lay by Indian slain;
And oft the quiet stars look'd down
On burning house and ruined town.
Ah! vainly bent the red man's bow;
His nation perished sure but slow—
Partly by force, but more by fraud,
The pale-face won the forest broad;
And stately towns and cities grew,
Where erst the wigwam rose to view,
No more o'er lake or river blue
Shall warrior guide his light canoe;
No more in forest, far or near,
Shall Indian hunter chase the deer;
No more around the council fire
Shall gather youth and grey-haired sire;
No more upon the battle eve
Shall painted hands the war-dance weave;
None follow now the battle trail,
And none are left their fate to wail.
The red man's race from earth has gone,
And I am left alone to mourn,
Yes, set bright sun, beyond my sight,
For me no more shall beam thy light."
He ceased—the sun had gone to rest,
Far in the ocean's western breast;
Brightly it's parting rays were cast
On him of Indian race the last.
His bow within his hand he took,
Then plunged into the foaming wave.
And died, like Indian warrior, brave
Little Falls, N. Y.

LOSS BY THE GREAT FIRE.—A committee appointed by the Pittsburgh Councils, after a full examination of the burnt district, having minutely visited every part of it, have arrived at the following result: 982 buildings burnt, value \$1,566,500; value of personal property burnt, \$1,913,450; total, \$3,479,950. This does not include money or personal property of young men or persons not keeping house.
The Gazette says five persons are now pretty certainly supposed to be lost in the fire. Samuel Kingston, Esq., and a woman employed as a servant in the family, perished in his house on Second street. A poor woman of German extraction, perished on Third street. A married woman, the mother of two children, named Johnson, is supposed to have been lost in Wood street, having last been seen in a burning building.

TYPE CASTING has been much improved in Albany, both in the mode of casting, and by the application of steam to the process. An expert workman will cast 65 types per minute with the usual hand matrix. This machine casts from 50 to 60 per minute; and one person superintending four of the machines, propelled by steam, will produce say 200 per minute. It is at least a safe estimate to say that one person and three children will, in this way, do the work of ten men, and turn out more type per minute.

Execution of Zephon.

On the 18th inst., the extreme penalty of the law was inflicted upon Samuel Zephon, convicted during March term, 1844, of the murder of Coffee Todd near Holmesburg. Since his sentence the prisoner confessed that he had a knowledge of the plot made for the robbery of Todd, and that he was present at the moment that Johnson and Harris, his companions, perpetrated the murder, but he positively denied having any other participation in the deed. The watch of the deceased was found upon him when arrested and he acknowledged to having received a share of the spoil. Thrice was he respected by the late Governor; in two instances to afford him time to prepare to meet his fate, and the last time to give his counsel opportunity to carry a writ of error to the Supreme Court, the fate of which was decided on the 19th inst., adverse to the hopes of the prisoner.

The gallows was erected in the yard of Moyamensing prison, directly back of the South wing of the building. It was a very slight structure, with two uprights, and a cross piece at the top. About seven feet from the ground was the platform, supported by an upright post having a hinge in the centre. About twelve o'clock a plain walnut coffin was placed beside the gallows.

The prisoner having expressed a desire to be detained at the gallows as short a period as possible, the warrant for his execution was read to him in the cell in the presence of the officers of the prison, the Rev. John Chambers and the Rev. Mr. Gardiner, the latter a colored clergyman. The two clergymen above mentioned were in attendance, at the request of the condemned, and he joined in the religious services with much contrition, acknowledging the justice of his sentence though he asserted his entire innocence of the actual deed.

At about half past twelve the melancholy procession left the cell occupied by the condemned, and proceeded along the gallery and into the yard by the door opening into it on the South side of the main building. The Sheriff, Morton McMichael, Esq. came first, accompanied by the Physician of the prison, Dr. Wm. H. Klapp. Next walked the executioner, his face enveloped in dark gauze to prevent recognition. Mr. Freed the keeper, and Mr. Woolsey the moral instructor of the institution. Then came the Rev. Mr. Gardiner accompanied by Mr. Gibbs, a student of divinity. They were followed by the condemned, supported on either side by the Rev. Mr. Chambers and Mr. Brooks. Behind them came Wm. D. Kelley and Francis Wharton, Esquires, the deputies of the Attorney General, and Geo. W. Barton, Esq., the counsel of the prisoner, followed by the jury of twelve citizens, summoned by the Sheriff to witness the execution. During their progress to the fatal spot an appropriate hymn was sung by the clergymen and others. On arriving at the foot of the gallows a fervent prayer was addressed to the Throne of Grace in behalf of the doomed man by the Rev. Mr. Chambers. He exchanged a few words of farewell with the Rev. Mr. Gardiner and his friends around him, and then mounted the platform with a steady step. The Sheriff and the executioner also ascended and the last arrangements were soon made. He bade the Sheriff farewell in a firm and composed manner, and was left alone on the platform. The prep was pulled away, but he refused to relate, owing to the carelessness of the executioner, the rope was too long and the unfortunate man fell a distance of about seven feet, the cord permitting him to stand erect on the ground without tightening it. He was immediately lifted up and the rope removed from his neck. The stunning effects of the fall rendered him insensible for a moment, but he soon revived and spoke to those supporting him, asking if his feet had not touched the ground. In reply to their inquiries he said that his feet were hurt, but not his neck or breast. The platform being again prepared for him he was lifted up and placed upon it; after the rope was adjusted a second time, he remained erect without any assistance. The Sheriff whispered a few words of encouragement, to which he replied "good-by, God bless you Mr. McMichael," and in a few moments afterwards, at twelve minutes before one o'clock, the unfortunate victim of offended justice was launched into eternity. His death was comparatively easy; a very few quiverings of his chest and limbs followed the fatal plunge, and in seven minutes life was pronounced by Dr. Klapp to be entirely extinct. The body was suffered to remain suspended about forty minutes, when it was cut down, placed in the coffin, and delivered to the friends of his mother for interment.

The composure evinced by the unfortunate man throughout was a source of wonder to all who witnessed the trying circumstances which attended his execution. He seemed resigned to his fate, and met it with a calmness which evinced his reliance upon the religious consolation of his spiritual advisers. When lifted upon the platform after the unfortunate incident before mentioned, a moan of anguish struggled from

his overcharged breast, but bracing up himself with firmness he suffered no other evidence of his feelings to be heard. Before he ascended the gallows he reiterated the assertions in relation to the murder made in his previous confession.—Phil. Ledger.

Incidents on Board the Swallow.

A correspondent of the Boston Atlas, gives a very interesting account of the rescue of Miss Cornelia Platt, from the Swallow, by her own coolness and the heroic courage of Mr. James A. Hicks, under whose care she had been placed. They were in the cabin when the boat struck, and Mr. Hicks had just secured a settee and told the lady to cling firmly to it, when they were swept into the river by a rush of water. They floated first towards Hudson, but had gone but a little way when a little girl, 4 or 5 years old, floated against them. Mr. H. seized hold of her and drew her upon the settee. Her added weight overturned the settee, and in the struggle, the little girl, who had not uttered a word but had displayed great coolness, was lost and drowned.

The two then changed their course for Athens. They had the utmost difficulty to keep the settee from overturning, and were repeatedly grasped by persons struggling in the water around them, and whom they were forced to beat off. With one man, who attempted to take the settee from them, Mr. Hicks had a severe struggle. When they had been in the water half an hour, a boat approached and after sinking twice they were taken on board. When sinking the first time, Mr. Hicks debated whether he should let go, or cling to the settee. Fearing if he let go he could not find it again, both sank together, and on coming up the lady, though insensible, still clung to the settee. By great exertions he kept her head above water a moment, and called to them in the boat to save her and let him go. They were both rescued and recovered. Miss Platt, during the whole fearful struggle maintained the most perfect self-possession, and Mr. Hicks certainly behaved with the most devoted and unselfish courage. Such incidents, creditable in the highest degree to human nature, should not pass unnoticed.

A correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer states that Joseph Reed, one of the ferrymen between Hudson and Athens, was rowing in his yawl at the time the Swallow struck the rock. As soon as he appreciated the nature of the disaster, he used all his efforts to reach the place, and succeeded in saving the lives of three persons who were floating about on boards and fragments of the wreck. By several of them he was offered a reward for his interposition, which he refused, and said—"Although I am a poor man, I did not exert myself to save your lives for the sake of money." Joseph Reed, humble as he is, belongs to the Grace Darling school of philanthropists.

Webster, the Pirate.
The New York Sun, of last week, contains the following paragraph respecting Webster, the Pirate.

"Mr. Knight, keeper of the public house at Newport, R. I. (at which house Babe, Webster, and Matthews put up after landing from the Sarah Lavinia,) having been sent for by the N. Y. District Attorney, arrived here yesterday, and officer Smith was despatched to the Towns to bring up the man recently arrested, and supposed to be Webster, (one of the three) who had hitherto eluded the effort of the officers to arrest him. Mr. Knight was standing at the outer door of the U. S. Court, when officer Smith, with Webster in custody, came up. Mr. Knight followed them into the office and immediately and unobtrusively pronounced him to be the man. The prisoner, (who is said to have gone by the name of George Thompson, alias Charles Vail, alias William Webster,) denied that he was such, and said he could produce 500 men to show otherwise. He, at first, made a sort of forced effort to laugh off the idea of his being him. Mr. Butler, the U. S. District Attorney, directed the clerk to put down the names of all the persons he mentioned as being able to show that he was not one of the pirates. There is little or nothing, we understand, that he is the person, not only from certain marks on his forehead and his general appearance, but besides Mr. Knight, he has been recognized by the bar-keeper at Mr. Knowles', Washington street, where they first put up after arriving here, and by the hack driver in whose coach they rode at the time. The prisoner is a very young man, and rather slender in make. He visited the prison, we understand, some months ago, to see Babe, but he was dressed up and went in a carriage to the officers of the U. S. Court have been since on the look-out for him. Babe and the prisoner, since the arrest of the latter, have not been brought into the presence of each other, there not being sufficient confidence in them to rely upon any statement that might be made. The prisoner has been fully committed to abide the indictments already

found against him, as William Webster, for murder and piracy on board the Sarah Lavinia. Other witnesses will be brought on. The execution of Babe, found guilty as a participant in the crime, unless further respited, will probably take place in June next."

Fight between a Bullock and a Tiger.

It was terrible to hear the moans of the wretched bullock when the tiger approached. He would run to the end of his rope, making a desperate effort to break it, and then lie down shaking in every limb, and bellowing in the most piteous manner. The tiger saw him plain enough, but suspecting something wrong he walked growling round the tree, as if he did not observe him. At last he made his fatal spring, with a horrid shriek rather than a roar. I could hear the tortured bullock struggling under him, uttering faint cries, which became more and more feeble every instant, and then the heavy breathing, half growl, half snort, of the monster, as he hung to his neck, sucking his life's blood. I know not what possessed me at this moment, but I could not resist the temptation of a shot. I crept softly within ten yards of him, and kneeling behind a clump of trees took a deliberate aim at his head, while he lay with his nose buried in the bullock's throat. He started with an angry roar from the carcass when the ball hit him. He stood listening for a moment, then dropped in front of me, uttering a sullen growl. There was nothing but a date brush between us; I had no weapon but my discharged rifle. I felt for my pistols, they had been left on the tree. Then I knew that my hour was come, and the sins of my mind flashed with dreadful distinctness across my mind. I muttered a short prayer, and tried to prepare myself for death, which seemed inevitable. But what was my peon about all this time—he had the spare guns with him! Oh no! I afterwards learned, he, poor fellow, was trying to fire my double rifle, but all my locks have bolts, which he did not understand, and he could not cock it. He was a good shikaree and knew that was my only chance, so when he could do no good he did nothing. If Mahadev had been there, he would soon have relieved me, but I had sent him in another direction that day. Well some minutes passed this.

The tiger made no attempt to come at me, a ray of hope closed me; he might be dying. I crept through the branches, but my heart sunk within me when his bright green eyes met mine, and his hot breath absolutely blew in my face. I slipped back upon my knees in despair, and a growl warned me that even that slight movement was noticed. But why did he not attack me at once? A tiger is a suspicious, cowardly brute, and will seldom charge unless he sees his prey distinctly. Now I was quite concealed by the date leaves, and while I remained perfectly quiet I had still a chance. Suspense was becoming intolerable. My rifle lay useless by my side; to attempt to load it would have been instant death. My knees were bruised by the hard gravel, but I dare not move a joint. The tormenting mosquitoes swarmed round my face, but I feared to raise my hand to brush them off. Whenever the wind ruffled the leaves that sheltered me, a hoarse growl grated through the stillness of the night. Hours that seemed years rolled on; I could hear the village pong strike each hour of that dreadful night, which I thought would never end. At last the welcome dawn! and oh, how gladly did I hail the first streak of light that shot up from the horizon, for then the tiger arose and slunkly stalked away to some distance. I felt that the danger was past, and rose with a feeling of relief which I cannot describe. Such a night of suffering was enough to turn my brain and I only wonder that I survived it. I now sent off the peon for the elephant, and before 5 o'clock old Goliath had arrived. It was all over in five minutes. The tiger rushed to meet me, as soon as I entered the cover, and one ball in the chest dropped him down dead.—Sporting in India.

The Boston Traveller gives an account of a young woman residing at Hingham, Mass. who was put in a mesmeric sleep, from which it was, for the space of sixty seven and a half hours, utterly impossible to rouse her. She is said to have exhibited, during her sleep, all the signs and wonders of the science of animal magnetism.

Van Amburg's Menagerie was sold in Manchester, England, a few weeks ago. A lion, about six years old, went for £310. The elephant Bolivar went for \$750; and a very fine giraffe for £400. A male lion cub, about eight months old, for £10 10s.; and a female cub of the same age was sold for £35.

QUARRELS IN THE CHURCH.—The Russian Government has banished from Georgia the Capuchin Monks because they refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the Greek Patriarch.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mr. Caudle has remained down stairs till past one, with a friend.

A pretty time of night to come to bed, Mr. Caudle. Ugh! As cold, too, as any ice.—Enough to give any woman her death, I'm sure. What! I shouldn't have locked up the coils, indeed! If I hadn't, I've no doubt the fellow would have staid all night! It's all very well for you Mr. Caudle, to bring people home—but I wish you'd think first what's for supper. That beautiful leg of pork would have served for our dinner to-morrow—and now it's gone. I can't keep the house upon the money, and I won't pretend to do it, if you bring a mob of people every night to clear the cupboard.

I wonder who'll be so ready to give you a supper when you want one; for want one you will, unless you change your plans. Don't tell me! I know I'm right. You'll first be eaten up, and then you'll be laughed at. I know the world. No, indeed, Mr. Caudle, I don't think ill of every-body; don't say that. But I can't see a leg of pork eaten up in that way, without asking myself what it's all to end in if such things go on! And then he must have pickles, too! Couldn't be content with my cabbage—no, Mr. Caudle, I won't let you go to sleep. It's very well for you to say let you go to sleep, after you've kept me awake till this time. Why did I keep awake! How do you suppose I could go to sleep, when I knew that man was below drinking up your substance in brandy and water! for he couldn't be content upon decent, wholesome gin. Upon my word, you ought to be a rich man, Mr. Caudle. You have such very fine friends. I wonder who gives you brandy when you go out!

No, indeed, he couldn't be content with my pickled cabbage—and I should like to know who makes better—but he must have walnuts. And you, too, like a fool—now, don't you think to stop me, Mr. Caudle; a poor woman may be trampled to death, and never say a word—you, too, like a fool—I wonder who'd do it for you—to insist upon the girl going out for pickled walnuts. And in such a night too! with snow upon the ground. Yes; you're a man of fine feelings you are, Mr. Caudle! but the world doesn't know you—fine feelings, indeed! to send that poor girl out, when I told you and your friend too—a pretty brute he is I'm sure—that the poor girl had a cold and chills on her toes. But I know that will be the end of that; she'll be laid up, and we shall have a nice doctor's bill. And you'll pay it, I can tell you—for I won't.

Wish you were out of the world! Oh! yes, that's all very easy. I'm sure I might wish it. Don't swear in that dreadful way! Ah! you afraid the bed will open and swallow you! And don't swing about in that way. That will do no good. That won't bring back the leg of pork—and the brandy you've poured down both of your throats.—Oh, I know it! I'm sure of it. I only recollected it when I'd got into bed—and if it hadn't been so cold, you'd have seen me down stairs again, I can tell you—I recollected it, and a pretty two hours I've passed, that I left the key in the cupboard—and I knew it—I could see by the manner of you when you came into the room—I know you've got at the other bottle. However, there's one comfort; you told me to send for the best brandy—the very best—for your other friend, who called last Wednesday. Ha! ha! It was British—the cheapest British—and nice and ill I hope the pair of you will be to-morrow.

There's only the bare bone of the leg of pork; but you'll get nothing else for dinner, I can tell you. It's a dreadful thing that the poor children should go without—but, if they have such a father, they, poor things, must suffer for it.

Nearly a whole leg of pork and a pint of brandy! A pint of brandy and a leg of pork. A leg of—leg—leg—pint!

And mumbling the syllables, says Mr. Caudle's MS. she went to sleep.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO UPSET INSTANDS.

(We must preface our translation of the following truly Parisian circumstance, by calling the attention of the reader to the similarity of the phrases, *jefer Pancee*, to spell ink, *jefer Pancee*, to cast anchor. They sound alike in pronunciation.) The old Marquis de L., deceased, but rich and still witty, had lately for guests at his chateau the Baroness L., and her daughter, of sixteen years, just from school. The romping girl, in one of her sudden movements, upset an inkstand upon one of the costly carpets of the drawing-room. Blushing and flustered, she turned a confused look upon the old Marquis, who stopped forward and courteously took her hand, remarking with a smile, "You have come to *jefer Pancee* under my roof, mademoiselle! I wish it were a sign that you were to remain!" The mother look at the time, the daughter was made to take on reaching her room. They were not rich enough to be able to pass for wit merely, and the next day the Baroness informed the Marquis that his offer was accepted! The marriage has since come off—a Marquis of sixty and a Marchioness of sixteen—all from a witicism on the upsetting of an inkstand.