

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"
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SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL:

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

By Masser & Eisely. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, August 23, 1845. Vol. 5—No. 48—Whole No. 256.

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H. B. MASSER,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 SUNBURY, PA.
 Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Leominster, Columbia, Juniata and Clinton counties. Price of single machine \$6.

SHUGERT'S PATENT WASHING MACHINE.

THIS Machine has now been tested by more than thirty families in this neighborhood, and has given entire satisfaction. It is so simple in its construction, that it cannot get out of order. It contains no iron to rust, and no springs or rollers to get out of repair. It will do twice as much washing, with less than half the wear and tear of any of the late inventions, and what is of greater importance, it costs but little over half as much as other washing machines.

The subscriber has the exclusive right for Northumberland, Union, Leominster, Columbia, Juniata and Clinton counties. Price of single machine \$6.

The following certificates are from a few of those who have these machines in use.

Sunbury, Aug. 24, 1844.

We, the subscribers, certify that we have now in use, in our families, "Shugert's Patent Washing Machine," and do not hesitate saying that it is a most excellent invention. That, in washing, it will save more than one half the usual labor. That it does not require more than one third the usual quantity of soap and water, and that there is no rubbing, and consequently little or no wearing or tearing. That it knocks off all buttons, and that the finest clothes, such as collars, laces, tucks, frills, &c., may be washed in a very short time without the least injury, and in fact without any apparent wear and tear, whatever. We therefore cheerfully recommend it to our friends and to the public, as a most useful and labor-saving machine.

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 GIBBON MARKLE,
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 BENJ. HENDRICKS,
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HEAR'S HOTEL, (formerly Tremont House, No. 116 Chestnut street,) Philadelphia, September 21st, 1844.

I have used Shugert's Patent Washing Machine in my house upwards of eight months, and do not hesitate to say that I deem it one of the most useful and valuable labor-saving machines ever invented. I formerly kept two women continually occupied in washing, who now do as much in two days as they then did in one week. There is no wear or tear in washing, and it requires not more than one-third the usual quantity of soap. I have had a number of other in clothes in my family, but this is decidedly superior to every thing else, and as little liable to get out of order, that I would not do without one if they should cost ten times the price they are sold for. DANIEL HERR.

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 CHEAP FOR CASH.
J. W. SWAIN'S
 Umbrella and Parasol Manufactory,
 No. 37 North Third street, two doors below the CITY HOTEL,
 Philadelphia.

ALWAYS on hand, a large stock of UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS, including the latest workmanship and materials, at prices that will make it an object to Country Merchants to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere. Fe. 22, 1845—1y

SPANISH HIDES
 AND
TANNERS' OIL.
 5000 Dry La Plata Hides—first quality.
 2500 Dry La Goins, do
 1000 Dry Sailed La Guira, do
 2000 Dry Sailed Brzil Hides, do
 35 Bales Green Sailed Plata Kips.
 20 Bales Dry Plata Kips.
 120 Barrels Tanners' Oil,
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For sale to Country Tanners at the lowest prices and upon the best terms.

N. B. The highest market prices paid for all kinds of leather.

D. KIRKPATRICK & SONS,
 No. 21, South Third St, Philadelphia.
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DR. ALEXANDER'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND,
 FOR THE CURE OF
DYSPEPSIA.

THIS Medicine is offered to the public generally, from a full conviction that it is superior to any other medicine now in use, for the cure of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility or Hoisly Weakness, &c.

Its effects have been tested in a private practice of near eight years, and it is now more extensively circulated, at the solicitude of many who have received the most signal benefit from the use of it.

The following is one among a number of certificates received in relation to the success of this medicine:

LANCASTER Co. March 18.

DR. GEORGE W. ALLEN,

Dear Sir:—It is with great pleasure that I inform you of the success attending your Dyspeptic Medicine, while employed in my practice. From past experience, I firmly believe that in eight cases out of ten, the Dyspeptic, by the use of your medicine, may entirely rid himself of this thorn in the pathway of life: not only in dyspeptic cases, but in all cases of constipation, and disorders depending on a debilitated state of the nervous system, together with a torpid state of the bowels, will your Elixir befriend of inestimable value. Numerous instances wherein the usefulness of the medicine has been realized, may be forwarded, if required. I wish you great success, and recommend the medicine to the suffering part of mankind.

Yours, with great respect,
ROBERT AGNEW, M. D.

For sale at the store of H. B. Masser, agent for the proprietor, Sunbury, Pa.
 October 26th, 1844.—1y



TO MY WIFE.
 ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING-DAY,
 WHICH WAS ALSO HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH A
 RING:

An Exchange paper says one of the most beautiful attributes to an affectionate, true-hearted wife, which we remember having seen, is the following, written some eighty years ago by an English clergyman named Samuel Bishop. Few can read such lines without believing that the author was an amiable and happy man—

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed—
 So, fourteen years ago, I said,
 Behold another ring!—For what?"
 "To wed thee o'er again?" Why not?
 "With that first ring I married youth,
 Grace, beauty, innocence and truth;
 Taste long admired, sense long revered,
 And all my Molly then appeared.
 It she, by merit, since disclosed,
 Prove twice the woman I supposed,
 I plead that double merit, now,
 To justify a double vow.
 Here, then, today, (with faith as sure
 With ardor as intense, as pure,
 As when, amidst the rites divine,
 I took thy truth, and pledged mine.)
 To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
 A token and a pledge I bring:
 With this I wed, till death us part,
 The ripper virtues of thy heart:
 Those virtues, which, before untried,
 The wife has added to the bride;
 Those virtues, whose progressive claim
 Endearing wedlock's very name,
 My soul enjoys, my song approves,
 For conscience sake, as well as love's.
 And why?—they show me every hour
 Honor's high thought, Affection's power,
 Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,
 And teach me all things—but repentance."

ANDREW JACKSON.
 The following beautiful and eloquent tribute to the memory of Andrew Jackson, taken from the Dublin Freeman's Journal, of July 12th last, deserves a perusal by all. The character of the sage and hero of the Hermitage, is as fully appreciated in the country of his ancestors as in his own, and it cannot but be gratifying to Americans to find him admired in other lands as the champion of Freedom, whilst his name is enrolled in their records and enshrined in their memory, side by side with those of Washington and Franklin:—

Death of General Jackson.
 A packet ship arrived at Liverpool on Tuesday last, furnishing us, though having but one day's later news from America, with the deeply to be lamented tidings of General Jackson's death. This event took place at his private residence, the "Hermitage," in the western state of Tennessee, on the 8th of June last, in the 78th year of his age. An old comrade in arms, hurrying to the veteran's dying bed, to shade with him in the final conflict; which it is the lot of all men to sustain, met his physician on the way, proclaiming that the hero was no more.

We can imagine how this intelligence has been received throughout America. Friends pained with a sudden grief, and they who were once his foes, now valiant eulogists of his character. Over his grave there is heard but one cry of universal sorrow. His death is indeed a national calamity to his countrymen, and a wide void left in the ranks of manhood—Though for years he had mingled in active public life, the oracle, memorable for truth and age thus veiled in honored privacy, was heard in the farthest and respected in the highest quarters. His very mutterings were treasured by the favored few, who lately saw him face to face; and the word of his mouth decided the destiny of his Continent. A great career, indeed, is closed; a luminary has gone down in the west, and the flash of his sunset has come out to us, across the waters.

America may well lament her loss. He had grown with her growth,—a limb of the giant oak; and in his fall the stem and all the branches were shaken. Kings die often and the common herd of conquerors rush down the precipices of time to their own undoing, but the fall of a virtuous citizen, brave and merciful in war, straightforward and incorruptible in peace, who made his arm a shield and his power beloved, cannot be sustained by any country, however rich in public virtue, without the sense of bereavement which is never entirely forgotten. The new world has lost a second Washington in death, for though their characters may differ somewhat their moral construction was the same. Times and temperament modify the operation of similar principles and so with them. Jackson was more ardent, more tenacious, more of the iron cast of Napoleon in his action. He was a man of unparalleled firmness in the camp

and in the cabinet. Made as if to mould the future national character of America, his own was deeply marked with all the great Republican lineaments. And he has impressed himself more deeply than any other man, Washington or Franklin not excepted, on the general character of his people. He has given them a boundless national ambition—an ambition not to enslave but to liberate—not to centralise, but to diffuse power—not to heap wealth in one imperial fortress, but to partition its influences, and scatter its advantage over the area of the confederacy.

General Jackson was born in March, 1767, of Irish parents. While yet a lad, he entered the army of the Revolution, and carried his musket through the war of Independence. The greatest event in his military career was the proud prerogative he enjoyed, of terminating by one master stroke the war with England of 1812-15. On the banks of the Mississippi, at New Orleans, he encountered the veterans of the Peninsula, and their serried host were levelled with the marshy waste, which they had polluted by their presence. In punishing the incursions of the Indians, his unequal fortune attended him—civilized skill and savage will were alike broken before him.

There grew up in America, after the second war with England, a moneyed monopoly, called the United States Bank. This great machine, in the hands of reckless and negligent men, would, if suffered to exist, have long since jeopardized the liberties and the prosperity of that country. Jackson was made President, and he overthrew, by an exertion of his daring genius, this dangerous enormity. The factions railed, and the avaricious conspired against him; never was statesman so baited by the snarling emissaries of a bastard aristocracy; he stayed not to retort or to hear, but working under the fury of the storm, with a faithful few, he swept away this standing army of usurers as completely as he had swept away the hosts of Pakenham. The public voice at last was heard in his defence, and he was placed a second time in the chair of the Presidents. In his eight years of office he gave a new complexion to American politics, and one which has never since been changed.

We cannot here enter at length into the consideration of the varied events of the long life of this illustrious man. We say illustrious, not in common place of senseless eulogy, but because we consider that great integrity, without pretension, ambition without selfishness, and success without arrogance, are among the best titles to that high appellation. The world has known no man more pure than Jackson. America will feel his loss most intimately. But why should not we here, throughout the hero's fatherland, give voice to deep regret and utterance to our melancholy pride in the departed? The home which his parents loved—the altar where they were married—the last spot of Irish soil they saw may be unknown, but the fame of their son reflects back upon their country too broadly and brightly to be confined to localities, or have limits less extensive than his island. Even in his life he was proud of his descent, and his heart would glow at the sight of any of Ireland's humblest sons. While a grateful people—over whose growth he has watched, for whose rights he braved death in the field, and the fury of a strong bad faction in peace—while they are rendering due honor to his virtues, his services, and his example, some son of Ireland, banished by misdeed, will, we trust, as a representative of the people of the hero's fathers, mingle in their grief, and claim as a sad prerogative of his birthright, to mourn for the illustrious dead.

Pen and Ink Sketches.
 The author of the Pen and Ink Sketches, thus alludes to the Countess of Blessington, and D'Oraay, as he saw them in one of the London Theatres:

"In a side box of the second tier sat a lady, whose name at that period scandal was extremely busy with. Let us, however, hope that in her case 'common Rumor' was a common Lie. It was the Countess of Blessington. And well might Lord Byron, in speaking of her, call her 'most gorgeous Lady Blessington,' for seldom have mortal eyes rested on a more magnificent specimen of woman kind. In this instance, all the ideas of her extraordinary beauty, which I had gathered from published portraits, were more than realized, although it was evident that her ladyship had passed the point of perfection. She was rather more *en bas point* than I expected to have seen her—but what in others would have been a defect, seemed, in her case, to be an added charm. As she carelessly leaned against the pillar of her box, she realized Byron's description—her form,

"Being somewhat large, and languishing and lazy,
 But of a beauty that would drive you crazy."

She was elegantly, and almost as a matter of course, simply dressed. A black velvet dress displayed her superb figure to the best advantage—her hair was disposed in much the same mode as we see in portraits of

Queen Victoria, and a single row of large pearls encircled her head—a pearl necklace, a diamond stomacher, and a plain gold bracelet, were her only extra personal adornments.

It would be absurd in me to attempt a description of Lady Blessington's style of beauty, the engraved portrait of her, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which every one has seen, will convey all the information that is necessary on this point. Neither Chalon nor Paris have at all succeeded in portraying her. With respect to literary requirements, Lady Blessington cannot be rated remarkably high. She is lively, piquant, and pleasant—and her literary soirees, despite the scandalous rumors already alluded to, are a match for Rogers' breakfasts. But I am sorry I need not detain the reader with further particulars respecting one of whom Willis has written so much, and so well.

Standing behind Lady Blessington, and familiarly conversing with her, was the famous Count D'Oraay.

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."
 Count D'Oraay is a son-in-law of the Countess; but although separated from his wife, he is on very good terms with her mother. As he stood, his fine form relieved by the drape of the box, he certainly appeared to be one of the best looking, and certainly the very best dressed man I ever saw. I say one of the best looking; for he by no means carries away the palm in this respect. He is rather effeminate than otherwise in face. His hair is light—so are his whiskers, which almost concealed the lower part of his face, and meet, in monstrous bushiness, under his well shaped chin—and so is his complexion. Seen in profile, his features are exquisitely regular, but still there is an unmanly softness—a prettiness which ill becomes a lord of the creation, about it. His dress was faultless in color and cut—perfectly plain and simple, and fitting to a niece, but I could not help smiling at the pains he must have taken with his toilet. After all the tailor had a good deal to do with his Countship;—and if there is one thing on earth which is more ridiculous than another, it is the man who only lives for his looking-glass.

But Count D'Oraay is by no means a brainless bean. Few men are more accomplished than he. He is a graceful skater—an excellent musician—and his recent statue of the Duke of Wellington proves him to be an able artist. Alas! all these aids could not save him from the rule grip of a Sheriff's officer; for the Count has been recently a prisoner for debt, and I am not sure that he is not yet within four walls, furnishing "Punch" with materials for the "Dossy Portrait."

Writing just now of Lord Byron, reminds me of Lady Byron, whom I saw at Clifton, about three years ago. I do not know that I ought to class her among authoresses; but she is so intimately connected with literary matters, that a slight sketch of her may not be without interest.

Lady Byron frequently takes up her temporary residence at the place I have just mentioned, and it was during one of her visits there that I saw her, with Lady King, (now the Countess of Lovelace,) the "Ada" of Lord Byron's poems, strolling through the Zoological Gardens, on Clifton Down. As they stood before the elephant, feeding the animal with fruit and cakes, I had a good view of both.

Lady Byron's countenance was anything but prepossessing, and I should think it never could have been handsome. There was a strewish look about it, and as much pride in the whole expression as I ever remember to have seen disfigure a human countenance. Perhaps trouble might have done its work, and ploughed those dissonant lines; or the constant effort to show contempt for the world's opinions or conjectures, may have chilled the heart, and so frozen up the features into repulsiveness. Whatever may have been the cause, so it was—the widow of the great Poet looked anything but amiable.

"Ada" was a fine, luxuriant girl, with a good humored, not over intellectual cast of countenance. I looked in vain for some resemblance to him who has immortalized her name. She seemed to be mightily amused by the monkeys, who were gambolling in a large cage; and I left the "sole daughter of" Byron's "house and hearth" screaming with delight at the tricks of a Champanzee.

Before I close this paper, I would say a few words respecting an English lady, whose history as a woman has been as melancholy as her career as a Poetess has been brilliant. I allude to the gifted daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan—Mrs. Norton.

I saw her once, and only once; it was at one of Carlyle's lectures. But her was a face, which once looked upon can never be forgotten. I had heard much of beauty, and seen some fine specimens of it, but until I saw Mrs. Norton, I never knew what *intellectual* loveliness in reality was. It seemed as if nature had lavished all the treasures it could command, in order to furnish a fitting tabernacle for so brilliant a mind to inhabit. Her complexion was very pale and clear, and her hair, jet black, was sim-

ply braided on either side of the head, and confined by a diamond circlet behind. Her eyes were large, dark, and lustrous, yet femininely soft in their expression; the nose was pure Grecian; the upper lip curved and thin, whilst the lower was full, and both were of the richest coralline hue. Her neck and throat were gracefully moulded, and the bust and figure exquisitely proportioned. But it was the spirit which lighted up that beautiful female, which, after all, formed its chiefest attraction. No one could gaze on Mrs. Norton for an instant, without feeling that he was in the presence of genius. Well has she been called the Byron of Poetesses. She has all the fervor of the great poet, and for impassionate eloquence and sterling poetical vigor she has not a rival.

Severely has the admirable poetess and estimable woman been persecuted; but she has come forth from the furnace, without even the smell of fire upon her raiment. In the opinion of all whose good opinion is of any value, she cannot stand higher than she does; and by that best and truest verdict, the general voice of her countrywomen, she stands guiltless, whilst her despotic enemies are scorned and contemned. I have deemed it but right to say thus much on a subject which is all important, so far as regards the fame of a true poetess and noble-hearted woman, otherwise I would never have adverted to it.

Mrs. Caudle's Curious Lecture.
 MRS. CAUDLE, WIDOW OF MARGARET, HAS "A GREAT DESIRE TO SEE FRANCE."

Bless me, isn't you tired, Caudle? No! Well, was there ever such a man! But nothing ever tires you. Of course, it's all very well for you; you can read your newspapers and—What! So (as I!) And I wonder what would become of the children if I did! No; it's enough for their father to lose his precious time, talking about politics and bishops, and lords, and a pack of people who wouldn't enter a pin if we hadn't a roof to cover us—it's well enough for me, Caudle, no; I'm not going to worry you; I never worried you yet, and it isn't likely I should begin now. But that's always the way with you—always—I'm sure we should be the happiest couple alive, only you don't like to have all the talk to yourself. We're out upon pleasure, and therefore let's be comfortable. Still I must say it; when you like, you're an aggravating man, Caudle, and you know it.

"What have you done now?" There, now; we won't talk of it. No; let's go to sleep; otherwise, we shall quarrel—I know we shall. What have you done, indeed! That I can't leave my home for a few days, but I must be insulted! Every body upon the pier saw it. 'Saw what?' How can you be there in the bed and ask me? Saw what, indeed! Of course it was a planned thing—regularly settled before you left London. Oh yes! I like your innocence, Mr. Caudle; not knowing what I'm talking about. It's a heart-breaking thing for a woman to sicken of her own husband; but you've been a wicked man to me. Yes; and all your tossing and tumbling about in the bed won't make it any better.

"Oh, it's easy enough to call a woman 'a dear soul.' I must be very dear indeed, to you, when you bring down Miss Prettyman to—there now, you needn't shout like a wild savage! Do you know that you're not in your own house—do you know that we're in lodgings! What do you suppose the people will think of us! You needn't call out in that manner, for they can hear every word that's said. What you say? 'Why don't I hold my tongue, then?' To be sure; anything for an excuse with you. Anything to stop my mouth. Miss Prettyman's to follow you here, and I'm to say nothing. I know she has followed you; and if you were to go before a magistrate, and a shilling oath to the contrary, I would not believe you. No, Caudle; I wouldn't.

"Very well then!" Ha! what a heart you must have, to say 'very well'; and after the wife I've been to you. I'm to be brought from my home—dragged down here to the sea-side—to be laughed at before the world—don't tell me! Do you think I did not see how she looked at you—how she puckered up her farthing mouth—and what! 'Why did I kiss her then?' What's that to do with it? Appearances are something Mr. Caudle; and feelings are another. As if women could kiss one another without meaning anything by it! And you—I could see you looked as cold and as formal at her as—well, Caudle! I wouldn't be the hypocrite you are for the world!

"There now, I've heard all that story. I dare say she did come down to join her brother. How very lucky, though, that you should be here! Ha! that how very lucky that—ugh! ugh! and with the cough I've got upon me—oh, you're a heart like a sea-side that! Yes, that right. That's just like your humanity. I can't catch a cold, but it must be my own fault; it must be my thin shoes. I dare say you'd like to see me in poughman's boots; I would be no matter to you how I disgraced myself. Miss Prettyman's foot, now, would be another thing—no doubt.

"I thought when you would make me leave home, I thought we were coming here on pleasure; but it's always the way you embitter my life. The sooner that I'm out of the world the better. What do you say? 'Nothing!' But I know what you mean, better than if you talked an hour. I only hope you'll get a better wife, that's all, Mr. Caudle. What! You'd not try? Wouldn't you? I know you. In six months you'll fill up my place; yes, and dreadfully my dear children would suffer for it.

"Caudle, if you roar in that way, the people will give us warning to-morrow. Can't I be quiet then?" Yes—that's like your artfulness; anything to make me hold my tongue. But we won't quarrel. I'm sure if it depended upon me, we might be as happy as doves. I mean it—and you need not groan when I say it. Good night Caudle. What do you say? 'Bless me! Well you are a dear soul, Caudle; and if it wasn't for that Miss Prettyman—no, I'm not torturing you. I know very well what I'm doing, and I wouldn't torture you for the world; but you don't know what the feelings of a wife are, Caudle, you don't.

"Caudle—I say, Caudle. Just a word dear. 'Well! Now, why should you snap me up in that way? 'You want to go to sleep!' So do I; but that's no reason you should speak to me in that manner. You know, dear, you once promised to take me to France. 'You don't recollect it?' Yes—that's like you, you don't recollect many things you've promised me; but I do.—There's a heart upon Wednesday for R. Norton, and comes here on the day afterwards. 'What of it?' Why, for that time we can't leave the children with the girls, and so—'Nonsense!' Of course, I'd want anything it's always nonsense. Other men can take their wives half over the world; but you think it quite enough to bring me down to this hole of a place where I know every pebble on the beach like an old acquaintance—where there's nothing to be seen but the same machines—the same jetty; the same donkeys; the same everything. But then, I'd forgot; Margaret has an attraction for you; Miss Prettyman's here. No; I'm not censorious, and I would not backbite an angel; but the way in which that young woman walks the sands at all hours; here! there!—I've done; I can't open my lips about that creature, but you always storm.

"You know that I always wanted to go to France, and you bring me down here only on purpose that I should see the French cliffs; just to tantalize me, and for nothing else. If I remained at home; and it was against my will I ever came here; I should never thought of France; but to have it staring in one's face all day, and not to be allowed to go; it's worse than cruel, Mr. Caudle; it's brutal. Other people can take their wives to Paris, but you always keep me moped up at home. And what for? Why, that I may know nothing; yes, just on purpose to make me look little, and for nothing else.

"Heaven bless the woman! Ha! you've good reason to say that, Mr. Caudle; for I'm sure she's little blessed by you. She's been kept a prisoner all her life—has never gone anywhere—oh yes! that's your old excuse—talking to the children. I want you to go to France, and I should like to know what the children have to do with it! They're not babies now—are they! But you've always thrown the children in my face. If Miss Prettyman—there now; do you hear what you've done—shouting in that manner! The other lodgers are knocking overhead; who do you think will have the face to look at 'em to-morrow morning! I shan't—breaking people's rest in that way!

"Well, Caudle—I declare it's getting daylight, and what an obstinate man you are!—tell me, shall I go to France?"

"I forget," says Caudle, "my precise answer; but I think I gave her a very wide permission to go some where—whereupon, though not without remonstrance as to the place, she went to sleep."—Punch.

THE CONSUMMATION.—"Twas twilight.—Seated at the door of a moss covered cottage, was the pride of the village—lovely Phoebe. Her finely moulded form—her exquisite and voluptuous bust—her classic and beautifully chiselled features—her sweet lips—teeth of pearly whiteness—and such eyes! Two drops of liquid azure set in snow! all combined, 'twas enough to melt the very soul of any mortal creature!

Beside this angel, kneeling youth, whose cheek pale as ashes, hid his face—she was in love—'Tell me,' said he, 'in troubling words—'Tell me the singular way, keep me waiting no longer.' 'Tell me what you feel, I don't understand you—say what you mean.' 'I cannot be so explicit as a supposition would permit—on my heart—'—'say that which you mean.' 'Plant a dagger in my heart, but keep me in suspense no longer! Say, lovely Phoebe—will you—will you be mine?' He trembled—his heart throbb'd—he saw he was ready to swoon—a crimson flush mantled her cheek—

"Like the rich sunset 'neath Italia's sky."
 She took his hand in her tiny fingers—put her smiling lips to his ear, and whispered—
 "Obed, I shan't be nothing else!"