

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
H. B. MASSER, } PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY. } PROPRIETORS.
H. B. MASSER, Editor.
Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Mas-
ser's Store.

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Satur-
day at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be
paid half yearly in advance. No paper discon-
tinued till all arrearages are paid.

Notifications 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.

H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.
Business attended to in the Counties of Nor-
thumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.
Refer to:
P. & A. ROYBOLT,
LOWER & BARROW,
SOMERS & SNODGRASS, } Philad.
REYNOLDS, McFARLAND & Co.
SPERING, GOON & Co., }

ALEXANDER L. HICKEY.
TRUNK MAKER.
No. 150 Chesnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
WHERE all kinds of leather trunks, valises and
carpet bags, of every style and pattern are
manufactured, in the best manner and from the best
materials, and sold at the lowest rate.
Philadelphia, July 19th, 1845.—1y.

CASH STORE.
CHEAP FOR CASH OR COUN-
TRY PRODUCE.
Twenty Per Cent. Saved.

THE subscriber having purchased the store of
H. B. Masser, has just replenished the same
with a new stock of goods, which being purchased
at cash prices, will be sold for Cash or Country
Produce, twenty per cent. cheaper than usual. Call
and judge for yourselves.

The following are among the articles:—
Harrid cotton drilling, at 12 1/2
German linen, at 12 1/2
Muslin, at 6 1/2
Calicoes, foot colors, at 7
Writing paper, at 12 1/2 per quire
Sugar, at 6 1/2
do good at 8
Coffee, at 10 to 12 1/2
Glass 8 by 10, at 33 cts per dozen
Elastic cotton gloves, at 6 1/2
Mohair mts at 6 1/2
Brass Eight day clocks, warranted, at \$9
" Thirty hour " " " \$7
" Alarm " " " \$6
Besides Liquors and Groceries of all kinds, Leath-
ern, Fur and Silk hats, Tweed Casimers, Cotton
Yarn, Carpet Chain, Umbrellas, Parasols, Lamp
Lamps, &c. HENRY MASSER.
Sunbury, July 5, 1845

NOTICE
TO ALL CONCERNED.
H. B. MASSER, respectfully informs his old
friends and customers, that he has sold out his store
to Henry Masser, and respectfully requests all those
indebted to him, to settle their accounts without
delay, as they will be placed in the hands of a Justice
for collection, without respect to persons, on the 1st
of August.
Sunbury, June 28, 1845. H. B. MASSER.

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 wash-
ing, with less than half the wear and tear of any of
the late inventions, and what is of greater impor-
tance, it costs but little over half as much as other
washing machines.
The subscriber has the exclusive right for Nor-
thumberland, Union, Lycoming, Columbia, Luzerne
and Clinton counties. Price of single ma-
chine \$6. H. B. MASSER.
The following certificate is 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-
ing, 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 wear-
ing or tearing.—That it knocks off no 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.
CHAS. W. HIGINS,
A. JORDAN,
CHS. WEAVER,
CHS. PLEASANTS,
GIDEON MARBLE,
Hon. GEO. C. WELKER,
BENJ. HENDRICKS,
GIDEON LEISENRING.

HERR'S HOTEL, (formerly Tremont House, No.
116 Chesnut 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 use-
ful and valuable labor-saving machines ever inven-
ted. I formerly kept two women continually oc-
cupied 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 machines in my family, but
this is so decidedly superior to every thing else, and
so little liable to get out of repair, that I would not
do without one if they should cost ten times the
price they are sold for. DANIEL HERR.

UMBRELLAS & PARASOLS,
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 UM-
BRELLAS and PARASOLS, including the
latest new style of Pinked Edged Parasols of the
best workmanship and materials, at prices that will
make it an object to Country Merchants and others
to call and examine his stock before purchasing
elsewhere. P. 22, 1845.—1y

SUPERIOR Port wine, Madeira and Lisbon
wines. Also superior Brandy and Gin, Lemon
Syrup. Also a few barrels of Black Fish, for sale
by HENRY MASSER.
Sunbury, July 19th, 1845.

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.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Oct. 25, 1845.

Vol. 6--No. 5--Whole No. 265.

THE FRIGATE'S TENDER;
Or, the Nautical Race.
A TALE OF THE LATE WAR—(FOUNDED ON FACT.)
BY J. H. INGRAHAM.
CHAPTER I.—

It was early on Sunday morning during the
progress of the late war with Great Britain, that
a young naval officer walking on the Battery at
New York, had his attention drawn to a group
of persons earnestly engaged in watching two
vessels just visible far down the harbor.

"What is it, my friends?" he asked, in a frank,
heartly tone, as he joined them.
"The tender, again chasing in a schooner, sir,"
answered an old tar, touching the point of his
hat as he noticed the anchor button on the officer's
coat.

"Here is a spy-glass, sir," said a master's mate,
who stood near, and at the same time respect-
fully handing it to him.

"Thank you, my man," answered the lieutenant,
with a smile, as he took the instrument and
placed it to his eye.

By its aid he could clearly distinguish an
armed schooner, of about ninety tons, crowding
sail in chase of a trading "fore-and-after" that
was making every exertion to escape, both by
towing and throwing water upon the sails.

"The chase is about half a mile ahead, sir,"
said the master's mate; but the tender sails like
a shark in chase of dolphins. The fore and after
don't stand a chance of getting in past the
fort.

"The tender can sail, and I am the one that
ought to know it," said a stout weather beaten
looking man. "She was a pilot boat, and the
fastest craft that ever danced over the waves.
Three weeks ago, I and my crew were out in
her, when you English frigate suddenly made
her appearance out of a fog bank and brought
us to. But I took to my yawl, and pulled for
the land a league away, and escaped; for the
fog was so thick the Englishmen could not get
a glimpse of me. It is my schooner they have
turned into a tender, and that's made so many
captures the last three weeks of our small
coasters."

"She carries forty men, and a long thirty-two,
so I hear," observed a seaman in the group.
"And is commanded by a luff and a reef,"
added the masters mate.

"It would be a blessing," observed a man-of-
war's-man, who had not yet spoken, "if that craft
could be caught napping. It ain't safe for a
sloop to put her nose out of the harbor, beyond
the cape; but while the frigate was there alone,
they could slip along the coast in light water,
and show her heels. But now, every thing
that ventures out is brought to by that
long gun of the tender's."

"That's a fact, Ben," responded another sea-
man. "She has taken or driven back into port
more than twenty-six craft in the last three
weeks. I shall be glad for one, when our frigate
lying off there gets her armament aboard,
for then I think we'll swallow the English frigate
outside, and pick our teeth with the tender."

All these remarks were heard by the young
officer, who all the while continued to look
through the spy-glass at the tender and her
chase.

"There goes a gun!" cried several of the spec-
tators, as a flash and a jet of azure smoke came
from the tender's bows.

"That is bold enough," observed the young
officer, as if speaking his thoughts aloud; "the
impudent tender is almost up with the fort, and
dares to fire at the chase in the very face of
the batteries."

"It is only to try and to do her mischief, sir,"
said the master's mate; "for she finds the fore-
and-after will escape her—so she fires a gun to
cut away something."

"You are right, my man," responded the officer,
"for she has put about and stands seaward
again."

He continued to watch the retiring tender
for some moments in silence.

"It's a pity we had'n't an armed cutter in port
that would sail faster than she can, so that we
might give her a chase out," said a lad, ap-
proaching the group. His dress was that of a
midshipman, and his air singularly free and
fearless.

"Ah, Frank, are you there?" said the lieutenant.
"When did you get back from your father's?"

"Last night. I was in hopes to find the ship
ready for sea, Mr. Percival; but I am told it
will be three weeks before we can get away.
I want to have a push with John Bull's frigate,
who hovers off and on the harbor with such
bravado. When did you get in town, sir?"

"Yesterday morning. Have you been watch-
ing the pretty chase down the bay Frank?"

"Yes. I would give a year's pay if I could
have a hand in capturing that rogue."

"Come aside with me," said the officer, put-
ting his arm in that of the midshipman. Your
words but express my own wishes. I have
conceived a plan for capturing that tender."

"In what way?" demanded the youth with
animation.

"I will show you. The tender's game ap-
pears to be coasting vessels, from which she
takes men to impress in the British navy, and
also plunders the craft of such things as they
contain which are of any value. My plan is
to charter an old sloop, the worst looking one
that it is possible to find in port, yet a tolerable
sloop, for she must work well, and readily obey
her helm. I will load her deck with hen-coops,
filled with poultry, pens crammed with pigs,
and a few sheep, and a calf or two, by way of
variety. You laugh, Frank; but the comman-
der of the tender will find it no laughing mat-
ter, if I succeed as I anticipate. I shall ship
about thirty-five men and conceal them in the
hold, and taking command of my craft with one
hand visible on deck, I shall set sail out of the
harbour. When I get outside, I think I shall
be able to show John Bull a Yankee trick he
will not be likely to forget very soon. But all
will depend on our good management of the af-
fair. Now you see what I would be at Frank!
Will you join me?"

"Heart and hand, sir," responded Frank Tal-
bot, with enthusiasm. "Will you allow me to
be the hand on deck to help work the sloop?"

"Yes, if you can talk Weatherfield Yan-
kee."

"Wall, I rath'er guess I ken; tho' I ant been
to Connecticut among 'em since last grass."

This reply was pronounced in such an inimitable
Yankee dialect that the lieutenant burst
into a hearty laugh.

"You will do, Frank! Now we want to pro-
ceed at once to action. I want you to go to
the Anchor rendezvous in Pearl street, and
drum up about five and thirty men. Take only
those that are daring and ready for any thing.
Let none of them know your object, lest they
could be betrayed by information being con-
veyed to the tender. You will find men enough
in these times that will ask no questions. Meet
me at twelve o'clock, at the Exchange Reading
Rooms and report to me."

The midshipman then took leave and hasten-
ed to the battery. The lieutenant returned to
the group and taking aside the master's mate,
whom he knew, laid briefly before him his pro-
ject. The old tar entered into it with all zeal.
Together they went to the docks, where on ac-
count of the blockade lay idle a large number of
vessels of every description. They were not
long in discovering such a craft as suited them,
a Hudson sloop of seventy tons. She was im-
mediately put in trim, for sailing by the mas-
ter's mate, and three or four men whom he em-
ployed; while the officer proceeded to buy up
and send on board his live stock.

CHAPTER II.
The morning following these events, the
Tender of the British frigate was standing off
and on under easy sail, and close in with Sandy
Hook. The wind was from the southwest
and blowing about a five knot breeze. The sky
was without a cloud, and only a gentle undu-
lation lifted the surface of the ocean. The ten-
der was a clipper built vessel, very long and
narrow in the beam; and constructed wholly
with an eye to her fast-sailing qualities, and she
gave proof of them by over-hauling everything.
She carried amidsthips a long thirty-two pound-
er. Her crew consisted of about forty men in
the uniform of the British Navy. They were
now principally assembled in the bows and on
the windlass, talking together or watching the
shore. At the officer of the deck, a bluff fol-
lowed young English "seidly," was lounging
over the quarter railing smoking a cigar. The
man at the helm had a sinicure of his post, for
the vessel slipped along so easily that she seem-
ed almost to steer herself.

"Sail, ho!" cried the look out, from the heel
of the bowsprit.
"Where away?" quickly demanded the officer.
"In shore, two points forward the beam."
"Aye, aye! I see," answered the middy, le-
velling his glasses at a sloop just stealing out of
the harbor, closely hugging the shore. "It is
another of the Yankee coasters. A sail in shore
Mr. Stanley," said he, speaking through the
sky light.

The lieutenant, a stout fleshy, port wine vi-
saged John Bull, came on deck and took sight
at the stranger which was about a league dis-
tant.

"It is a lumber sloop; but we will bring her
to, if she dares to venture out—for we may get
some fresh provisions and vegetables from her,
if nothing more."

"Shall I put her on the other tack, sir?"

"Not yet. Keep on as we are, till the sloop
gets an offing. If we run for her now, she will
take refuge in the harbor!"

The sloop stood out for half a mile, and then
hauling her wind, beat down along the land.
The tender delayed the chase until she had
got too far from the entrance of the harbor to
get back again, and then putting about, began
to make the best of her way towards the har-
bor she had left. Confident in the speed of his
own vessel, the English lieutenant felt satisfied
that the chase was already his, and laughed at
the efforts of the sloop to get away.

At length they came near enough to see that
her decks were covered with pigs and poultry.
"A rare haul we shall make this morning!"
said the middy. "Enough chicken pie for the
whole of the frigate's crew, to say nothing of
the turkeys and roast pig in the cabin!"

"What a regular slap sided Yankee skipper
she has at her helm! Man and boy, she has a
stout crew!" said the lieutenant, laughing.
"They look frightened out of their senses, as
they begin to think they are gone for it! Sloop
ahoy!"

"What do ye want? came across the water,
in the strongest nasal of Yankeeedom."

"I want you to leave to brother Jonathan!"
"I'd rather not if it's all the same to you!"
"I'm in a mity hurry! Frank!" added the dis-
tinguished American officer, in an under tone,

"when I order you to let go the job you must
draw it aft as hard as your strength will let you.
I at the same time will put the helm hard up,
so the sloop will play rapidly off, and fall aboard
of the tender; for I am determined to fall a-
board of her. I shall curse your blunders, and
order you to let go; but don't mind me, keep
pulling the job sheet hard to windward. Leave
the rest to me. Now, my men," he said, speak-
ing through the companion-way, "take a good
grasp of your pistols and cutlasses. When I
stamp my foot on the deck over your heads,
throw off the hatches and leap on deck, and fol-
low me."

"Heave to, or I will sink you! What are you
palavering about?" shouted the Englishman.
The two vessels were now side by side, steer-
ing on the same course, ahead of each other,
the tender to leeward and about a hundred fath-
oms off.

"Wall, don't be too free with your powder
and I will. Aminidab, let go that 'ar job sheet!"
"Yes, I will," answered the young reefer; and
with a hearty will he began to draw it to wind-
ward. At the same moment the American officer
put the helm hard up, and the sloop rapidly
played off right towards the tender.

"Let go that job sheet!" shouted the English
officer.
"Yes, Aminidab, you 'armal fool you, let it
go, I say. Let it go! Don't you see we are
coming right aboard the Capt'ing's vessel?"

But 'Aminidab' pulled the harder, and fairly
took a turn with the sheet about a belying pin.
The English officer was about to pour out
upon him a volley of oaths, seeing that the
sloop would certainly fall foul of him, he turned
to give orders for the protection of his own ves-
sel, but ere he could utter them, the sloop's
bows struck her near the fore rigging, and
swung round stern with stern. At the same
instant the American officer stamped on the
deck, and forty armed men made their appear-
ance on deck.

The Englishman, taken by surprise, surren-
dered without scarcely striking a blow; and
getting both vessels under sail, in the very
sight of the frigate, the gallant young captor
sailed with his prize back into harbor, and safe-
ly anchored her on the Battery, after an absence
of six hours and twenty seven minutes.

This exploit is doubtless one of the boldest
and most spirited affairs that came off during
the war. The account given above is a faith-
ful narrative of the transaction, and the chief
circumstances will be recognized both by the
brave officer in question, as well as by his
friends.

Mexico and the United States.
The Paris Journal des Debats thus discourses
upon the annexation of Texas:
The United States deserve applause for the
prosperity they have gained, and good wishes
for its prolongation. They form a great nation,
which cultivates most admirably the soil on
which it is planted by Providence, and has open-
ed vast fields to civilization, but the domain al-
lotted to them is quite sufficient to satisfy any
ambitious and enterprising people. It is ten
times the extent of our France, which neverthe-
less is a very fine empire. All the acquisitions
required to consolidate them and make them
masters of their own possessions they have
already won by force or negotiation. They have
the valley of the Mississippi, the Florida, and
all that originally belonged to the Indians. What
more have they need of? Have not their 20,000,000
of people sufficient room in their vast territories?
If the United States know their own interest, they
would be contented with what they have.

The civilized world cannot view with indiffer-
ence their aggrandisement on the Mexican side,
for every inch of ground they gain in that
direction, is so much given up to the infamous
institution of slavery. For the political balance
of the world, the conquest of Mexico by the U-
nited States may create eventual dangers,
which, though distant, it will be superfluous to
guard against.

Europe, therefore, watches with care a great
empire which occupies in the East and in the
North an immense surface, covered with a popu-
lation of sixty-two millions, double that of
France and that of Austria, and quadruple that
of Prussia, and cannot help being filled with the
contemplation of another colossus which may
occupy the whole space of the isthmus of Pana-
ma, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to
Columbia River in Oregon—thus acquiring the
disposal of the most productive cultivatable
lands, and the richest mines of the earth, and
extremely redoubtable to us.

Between the autocracy of Russia on the East,
and the democracy of America thus aggrandized
on the West, Europe may find herself more
compressed than she may one day think consist-
ent with her independence and dignity. It is
not for the interest of Europe that the entirety
of America should be in one hand, nor do we
think America herself wishes it. Well, then!
The conquest of Mexico would be a wide step
toward the enslavement of the world by the U-
nited States, and a levy of bucklers by the Mex-
icans at this moment would lead the way to
this subjection. There is, therefore, good reason
why the public mind should be turned with
attention toward what is now passing on the o-
ther side of the Atlantic.

Paris Fashions.
The latest prevailing modes of the French
capital are thus described by the correspondent
of the Boston Atlas:
Our sex has for a long time been copying vari-
ous articles of masculine attire, and the 'habit'
which is sported this fall by all the ladies of
fashion, is taken in shape and form, from the
uniform coats of the French Guards of the sev-
enteenth century, from which it only differs in
color and texture—mink or brown silk being
substituted for white cloth, and the copper but-
tons replaced by ivory ones. This habit buttons
up high in the neck; its collar is small, and
turns over, showing a narrow ruff, with a neck
ribbon; the sleeves are flat, and ornamented
with gimp trimming and buttons; the skirts,
which are very short, open in front, and the cor-
ners are turned back, and fastened with a but-
ton—in short, it has a dashing masculine air,
and sets off to admiration a good form. It is
not in dress that the ladies seek to assume the
reputation of having strong, independent minds,
by copying after the 'lords of creation.' Only
yesterday, I saw issue from one of the most ar-
istocratic hotels in the faubourg St. Honore a
beautiful carriage lined with white satin, upon
whose luxuriant cushions lolled a young and
beautiful countess, smoking a cigar with the
sang froid and ease of a Spanish dandy; and I
knew that several of the American ladies here
are equally partial to the fragrant weed, though
they properly smoke at home.

An attempt has been made to re-introduce
the 'Parthesian Odalisques,' in white or black
lace, but it did not succeed, for they only look
well when made of mousseline, and even then
are not as graceful as mantillas. Nothing can
be prettier than a mantilla of white mousseline,
or crape lined with rose colored satin, and trim-
med with lace. Lace bonnets, made of patterns
worked expressly have met with some favor,
but the fall fashions are not yet decided upon,
though it is settled that they are to be larger
than those hitherto worn.

Flounces will be much worn next winter, ex-
cept upon grand occasions, when they will be
replaced by three rows of broad lace, set on
very full, and neatly covering the skirt. Some
wear one very broad flounce almost resembling
another skirt—others three narrower ones—
and a few sport an infinity of small flounces,
irregularly shaped, and set one over the other,
like the scales of a fish, to within two hands
breadth of the belt.

Comic Interlude in Macbeth.—The tra-
gedy of Macbeth was acted recently at a town
in Suffolk, England, and among the audience
was a man who had been fifty miles in the
course of the day to see Corder, the murderer,
hanged at Bury. Such was the belief entertain-
ed until the last that the extreme penalty of
the law would not be inflicted, that the man
who had seen him die was so pestered on all
sides for an account of the melancholy specta-
cle, that he actually betook himself to the theatre
to avoid further importunities. Just as he
entered, the fourth scene of the tragedy was
commencing, and as he was quietly sitting him-
self down in a box near the stage, Duncan be-
gan in the words of the author, as usual—
"Is execution done on Cawdor?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, "I saw him hanged
this morning—and that's the last time I will
answer any more questions about it." The au-
dience were convulsed with laughter at the
strange mistake, and it was some time before
the performances could be proceeded with.

A countryman having a beautiful horse de-
clared him to be the most sagacious animal in
the world. One of his companions said sagacity
was out of the question, he must mean 'instinct.'
"No," said the countryman, "I mean what I
say."
His friend then asked him if his horse could
draw an inference, to which the countryman
replied—
"Of course he can, if it is not above two tons
weight!"

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contemplation of another colossus which may
occupy the whole space of the isthmus of Pana-
ma, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to
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the 'Parthesian Odalisques,' in white or black
lace, but it did not succeed, for they only look
well when made of mousseline, and even then
are not as graceful as mantillas. Nothing can
be prettier than a mantilla of white mousseline,
or crape lined with rose colored satin, and trim-
med with lace. Lace bonnets, made of patterns
worked expressly have met with some favor,
but the fall fashions are not yet decided upon,
though it is settled that they are to be larger
than those hitherto worn.

Flounces will be much worn next winter, ex-
cept upon grand occasions, when they will be
replaced by three rows of broad lace, set on
very full, and neatly covering the skirt. Some
wear one very broad flounce almost resembling
another skirt—others three narrower ones—
and a few sport an infinity of small flounces,
irregularly shaped, and set one over the other,
like the scales of a fish, to within two hands
breadth of the belt.

Comic Interlude in Macbeth.—The tra-
gedy of Macbeth was acted recently at a town
in Suffolk, England, and among the audience
was a man who had been fifty miles in the
course of the day to see Corder, the murderer,
hanged at Bury. Such was the belief entertain-
ed until the last that the extreme penalty of
the law would not be inflicted, that the man
who had seen him die was so pestered on all
sides for an account of the melancholy specta-
cle, that he actually betook himself to the theatre
to avoid further importunities. Just as he
entered, the fourth scene of the tragedy was
commencing, and as he was quietly sitting him-
self down in a box near the stage, Duncan be-
gan in the words of the author, as usual—
"Is execution done on Cawdor?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, "I saw him hanged
this morning—and that's the last time I will
answer any more questions about it." The au-
dience were convulsed with laughter at the
strange mistake, and it was some time before
the performances could be proceeded with.

A countryman having a beautiful horse de-
clared him to be the most sagacious animal in
the world. One of his companions said sagacity
was out of the question, he must mean 'instinct.'
"No," said the countryman, "I mean what I
say."
His friend then asked him if his horse could
draw an inference, to which the countryman
replied—
"Of course he can, if it is not above two tons
weight!"

of Prussia, and cannot help being filled with the
contemplation of another colossus which may
occupy the whole space of the isthmus of Pana-
ma, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to
Columbia River in Oregon—thus acquiring the
disposal of the most productive cultivatable
lands, and the richest mines of the earth, and
extremely redoubtable to us.

Between the autocracy of Russia on the East,
and the democracy of America thus aggrandized
on the West, Europe may find herself more
compressed than she may one day think consist-
ent with her independence and dignity. It is
not for the interest of Europe that the entirety
of America should be in one hand, nor do we
think America herself wishes it. Well, then!
The conquest of Mexico would be a wide step
toward the enslavement of the world by the U-
nited States, and a levy of bucklers by the Mex-
icans at this moment would lead the way to
this subjection. There is, therefore, good reason
why the public mind should be turned with
attention toward what is now passing on the o-
ther side of the Atlantic.

Paris Fashions.
The latest prevailing modes of the French
capital are thus described by the correspondent
of the Boston Atlas:
Our sex has for a long time been copying vari-
ous articles of masculine attire, and the 'habit'
which is sported this fall by all the ladies of
fashion, is taken in shape and form, from the
uniform coats of the French Guards of the sev-
enteenth century, from which it only differs in
color and texture—mink or brown silk being
substituted for white cloth, and the copper but-
tons replaced by ivory ones. This habit buttons
up high in the neck; its collar is small, and
turns over, showing a narrow ruff, with a neck
ribbon; the sleeves are flat, and ornamented
with gimp trimming and buttons; the skirts,
which are very short, open in front, and the cor-
ners are turned back, and fastened with a but-
ton—in short, it has a dashing masculine air,
and sets off to admiration a good form. It is
not in dress that the ladies seek to assume the
reputation of having strong, independent minds,
by copying after the 'lords of creation.' Only
yesterday, I saw issue from one of the most ar-
istocratic hotels in the faubourg St. Honore a
beautiful carriage lined with white satin, upon
whose luxuriant cushions lolled a young and
beautiful countess, smoking a cigar with the
sang froid and ease of a Spanish dandy; and I
knew that several of the American ladies here
are equally partial to the fragrant weed, though
they properly smoke at home.

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