

# TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"

H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.  
J. W. SWAIN, 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.

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.  
Refer to:  
P. & A. PAYCUT, Lower & Barnes, Somers & Snodgrass, Reynolds, McFarland & Co. Sebring, Good & Co., Philad.

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.  
Philadelpia, July 19th, 1845.—1v.

CASH STORE, CHEAP FOR CASH OR COUNTRY 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 yourself.

The following are among the articles:—  
Harris cotton drilling, at 12 1/2  
German linen, at 12 1/2  
Muslin, at 6 1/2  
Calicoes, fine colors, at 7  
Writing paper, at 12 1/2 per quire  
Sugar, at 6 1/2  
Coffee, at 10 to 12 1/2  
Glass 8 by 10, at 33 cts per dozen  
Elastic cotton gloves, at 6 1/2  
Mohair suits at 6 1/2  
Brass Eight day clocks, warranted, at \$9  
"Thirty hour " " \$6  
"Alarm " " \$7  
Besides, Liquors and Groceries of all kinds, Leghorns, Fur and Silk hats, Tanned Casimere, Cotton Yarn, Carpet Cham, Umbrellas, Parasols, Lard 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 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, Lycoming, Columbia, Luzerne and Clinton counties. Price of single machine \$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 in 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 of 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 with out 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.  
CHARLES W. HIGINS, A. JORDAN, CHS. WEAVER, CHAS. PLEASANTS, GIBSON MARKLE, HENRY C. WELCH, BENJ. HENDRICKS, GIDEON LEINENRING.

HERN'S HOTEL, (formerly Tremont House, No. 116 Chesnut street,) Philadelphia, September 21st, 1844.  
I have used Shugert's Patent Washing Machine in my house 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. There had a number of other machines in my family, but this is so decidedly superior in 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 UMBRELLAS 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.  
Feb. 22, 1845.—1v

## SUPERIOR Port wine, Madeira and Lisbon wines.

Also superior Brandy and Gin, Lemon Syrup. Also a barrel of Blue Frise, 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 & Elsely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Nov. 1, 1845.

Vol. G—No. G—Whole No. 266.



## HOME AND FRIENDS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh, there is a power to make each hour  
As sweet as Heaven designed it:  
Nor need we roam to bring it home,  
Though few there be to find it!  
We seek too high for things close by,  
And lose what nature found us;  
For life hath here no friends so dear  
As Home and Friends around us!

We oft destroy the present joy  
For future hopes—and praise them:  
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,  
If we'd but stoop to raise them!  
For things afar still sweeter are  
When youth's bright spell hath bound us,  
But soon we're taught that earth has nought  
Like Home and Friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,  
When hope's last reed is shaken,  
To show us still, that come what will,  
We are not quite forsaken;  
Though all were night—if but the light  
From friendship's altar crowned us,  
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—  
Our Home and Friends around us!

From the N. Y. Evening Mirror.

## The Old Maid's Soliloquy.

BY MRS. E. MARIA SHELLEN.

I do declare! I think it strange!  
The men do not propose—  
They say the times are very hard—  
I'm sure they are for beaux.  
Each day I've dress'd and waited here,  
In hopes the gents would call;  
It seems to me almost a year,  
Since they have come at all.  
I'm always cheerful—sometimes gay,  
And dress with greatest care—  
The stupid men will not propose,  
And here's my first gray hair!

Pa' says he's getting tired out  
Of purchasing Cologne,  
And such a hopeless case as mine,  
Ma' thinks was never known.  
I wish I could the mystery solve—  
No calls—how late it grows—  
When I'm so very lady-like,  
Why don't the men propose?

## More From Oregon.

From a letter of the Marshal and High Sheriff of Oregon, who has been there fifteen years, received a few days since, DATED 12TH OF APRIL, written to his brother in this county, we make a few extracts:—[Independence (Mo.) Exposition.

"Last year I raised 1500 bushels of wheat—this year I think I will have 3000 bushels. I have a large farm lying eight miles from ship navigation, worth as much as half the county you live in. I have a large building in Oregon City that has cost me about \$7,000. I have also property in the city of Multnomah, and also in the town of Tinton. Oregon city lies on the east side of the Willamette Falls, and Multnomah on the west side, and Tinton 20 miles below, at the head of ship navigation. I have beside 70 head of cattle, 15 head of horses, 200 hogs, 2 dogs, 1 cat, 3 children and the old woman, with chickens innumerable.  
"With regard to the honor heaped upon me in this country, I am High Sheriff and Territorial Marshal of Oregon; I have been going around the circuit together with the court officers, and have to start to the mouth of the river in the morning to the county of Clatsop. We have five counties in the Territory, viz: Clackamas, Yamhill, Clatsop, Tuality and Clatsop.—As for our connection with the U. States, we are almost independent of Uncle Sam. For some time past I have been employed taking the census—the number of souls is 4,000.  
Now, as respecting Oregon, I have explored the whole country, and think it the finest upon the earth—the soil is very good—the timber so tall that I have seen 18 rail cuts 11 feet long, gotten out of a tree 20 inches through at the butt. The climate is fine, too; I have not seen any ice this winter, but we had five months rain without intermission, still our stock keeps fat without feeding them any; the grass here looks like your clover fields in June. Come to Oregon, and make your children rich and live happy yourself. Should you move to the country, bring two or three hundred young heifers, as they are the best property in this country. There is not half the trouble and danger in coming here that you think—if you start, half the trouble is over."

A country editor says, "on our outside will be found a torn coat and other articles." May by a country editor is found with a torn coat on his outside.

## THE HUSBAND WHO PLAYED THE BACHELOR.

A celebrated painter of Madrid, whose real name it would be more discreet not to disclose, but whom I shall call Morales, had just completed a superb picture for the convent of the Escurial. He had received a pretty large sum for his work; and by the way of a little relaxation after the long continued toil, and close attention bestowed upon it, he had assembled around a well-spread table in his studio a few choice spirits from among his fellow artists. It was a bachelor's entertainment. Not a female was to sit down with them. The mistress of the house herself, Donna Casilda, had been excluded. Morales had sent her off with the female attendant to pass the day with one of her cousins. But the good dame, having a little of the curiosity of mother Eve in her composition, (as which of her fair daughters has not!) was very anxious to know what was to take place in her absence, and had a strong desire to find out what so many men could have to talk about, when there was no women present. Instead, therefore of remaining at the house of her cousin, she quickly returned, bringing the latter with her; and presently the twin were snugly en-cased in a closet adjoining the studio, where with eye and ear closely applied to the key hole, they remained eagerly listening to all that passed.

"But tell us my friend," said one of the guests, "why are we deprived of the pleasure of Senora Morales' company? Her wit, her pleasantness and beauty, surely would not have diminished the charm of this delightful meeting."  
"There," whispered the lady to her cousin, "that is the first sensible speech I have heard."  
"Eye! eye!" replied the husband pouring out a bumper of old golden sherry, "women know nothing of the poetry of life!"  
"That is true," added another; "women are mere matter-of-fact beings; common-place, essentially prosaic. What do they know about the arts, or the enjoyment of artists?"  
"Pooh!" exclaimed Casilda:  
"Yes," continued Morales, "take from women love intrigues and household affairs, and they absolutely don't know what to think to talk about."

"Impertinent fellow!" was the comment of the listeners.  
"Why," added the painter, "they cannot comprehend one of those rich jokes or capital pieces of humor, which the air of a studio inspires. They have no conception of them. When a woman plays us a trick it is always at the expense of our honor!"  
"Wretch!" This word escaped the two cousins at the same moment, and was uttered in a loud tone. But the noise of the guests and the rattling of the glasses prevented its being heard.  
"Ah! master Simple, and so you defy us to play you a trick without touching your honor, do you! By our lady of Atocha, I vow, though it is now Shrove Tuesday, that before Lent is over I will have my revenge!"

Casilda set her wit to work, and you shall hear what came of it. On the following Thursday she engaged her brother to procure from the Plaza Cebada, where they are accustomed to sell fragments of old buildings, a door of the same dimensions as their own, which fronted on the street. She charged him to get one of an antique pattern, covered with iron work and heavy moldings. This she had conveyed to her house with all secrecy, and kept closely concealed until a favorable moment. She had communicated her design to her brother, and a few female friends in the neighborhood, on whose aid in carrying out her plot she relied.  
On a certain evening, when Morales had returned home at a late hour from a convent, where he had just completed the painting of a chapel which the monks were to have open at Easter, Casilda received him with much warmth, and a greater profusion of caresses than usual. It was very late when they retired to rest, for Morales must first have his supper. The night was cold and stormy. Toward midnight the dame began to utter deep groans, intermingled with piercing cries, as if racked by grievous pain. "Holy Mother!" exclaimed she, "I am dying!"—my poor husband, my last hour is come! let them bring a confessor, and quickly—for I'm going fast! She accompanied these words with grimaces and violent contortions which women when the humor takes them, so well know how to perform. Her husband in a condoning tone, inquired where she felt the pain. "Blessed Virgin!" was all the answer, "get a confessor!"—the sacraments—I can bear it no longer, it is almost over with me! At these cries the domestic, a young girl, hastened to the assistance of her mistress, applied warm napkins to her stomach, and made her swallow drafts of hot spiced wine, and other similar remedies. But the lady yielded not. Indeed, that it did not was no wonder, in the present mood of the patient. Poor Morales, though sore against his will, was forced at length to quit his bed. "Ah!" cried his wife, in a piteous tone, as he slowly drew on his garments, "it is a cholic of a most dangerous nature!"

"No my mistress," said the servant girl, "I know what it is that ails you; it is that bad vinegar that you mixed with the salad that caused the pain. You know it served you the same way the last time you took it. Dame Castineja then cured you!"

The painter, on this, began to scold his wife, because experience had not made her more careful. But she only sobbed out in half-affected words: "Al hecho no ay remedio" what is done cannot be undone. For mercy's sake, go for Mother Castineja. She knows my constitution; she is the only one who can give me relief from the dreadful pains I suffer. For heaven's sake bring her quickly, or there will be nothing left you but to open my grave."

"My little wife," replied the husband, in a dismal tone, "my dearest wife, Mother Castineja, you know has removed to the other end of the city, near the gate Poncearral, and we are in the quarter Lavapie; the night is very cold, and if the gutters do not deceive me, the rain is pouring in torrents. Even should I find mother Castineja, do you think she would come to see you through this terrible storm? I remember the last time you had this complaint, she cured you with two ounces of treacle boiled in the rind of half an orange. Let me go to the apothecary's and get this for you. Compose yourself a little, and do not force me to take such a long journey, which I am sure will be of no use, and I shall only get a worse malady than yours."

At this, Casilda began again to pour forth her most bitter lamentations. "Good Heaven! see what a husband God has given me! To hear him one would think I was demanding impossibilities, that I was asking him to be buried with me; that I was claiming the sacrifice of his blood or of half his fortune! I only ask him to go for a nurse, at the risk of wetting his shoes and he refuses. But I well know what it is you want; you wish to be a widow; you long to live over again your bachelor life. At every cry that pain forces from me, your heart leaps with joy. Ah! I'm dying! a priest! the confession! I am poisoned!"

Morales really believing that his wife was at the point of death, and fearing if she died, that the insinuations she had thrown out against him might have serious consequences, endeavored to soothe by a few caresses, and proceeded to light a candle, which the darkness of the night rendered it necessary. He then drew on a pair of stout boots, threw a large cloak over his shoulders, pulled the cape over his head, and manfully set forth on his nocturnal expedition in search of mother Castineja. The painter knew that the dame in question dwelt somewhere in the rue Foncaril, but of the precise location of her residence he was totally ignorant. The rain fell in torrents, and he met not a soul from the time he had left the rue Lavapie until he reached the quarter to which his steps were directed. The night was as dark as Egypt, and Morales cursed from the bottom of his heart the day on which he married. It may readily be imagined that in such a mood he was not likely soon to find the object of his search.

But while he is groping along the streets, and getting soaked to skin, let us return to the sick lady. No sooner did she see her husband fairly off upon his expedition, than she summoned her brother, and a few chosen friends who were lying hid in the cellar. In a twinkling they had the old street door off its hinges, and its place supplied by the one bought for the occasion, which fitted it as if it had been made on purpose. Above it, they placed a huge white sign, on which was displayed in large letters the following inscription: THE HOTEL DE THE CID: GOOD ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND HORSE. This done, a large party of friends from the neighborhood, who had been let into the secret, were speedily assembled. Castanets and guitars were put in requisition; a repast was prepared, and the merry guests began to eat, and drink, and dance, by way of celebrating the dismal expedition of the poor husband, who had gone in search of dame Castineja.

Meanwhile, having proceeded from street to street, knocking at more than fifty doors, and roused and angered the whole neighborhood, our good painter was at length obliged to return homeward without the nurse. He was drenched to the skin, and his patience was completely exhausted. On approaching his house, the sound of musical instruments, and singing and peals of laughter burst upon his astonished ears. Thinking he had made a mistake, he raised the lantern, and discovering a different door from his own, with a sign of a hotel over it, he became completely bewildered, and began to traverse the pavement anew. It is indeed the rue de Lavapie, said he: "Here is the book store of Pedro Trappal; there is the fruiterer's shop; and this is the house Diego-le-Bateux, and then surely comes mine; for on the other side is that of Lucas Moreno, the money changer. He recognized the doors of all his neighbors; each one was familiar; he alone was changed. "God help me!" said he, making fifty signs of the cross, this indeed must be my house. It is but an hour and a half since I left it. My wife was then weeping and groaning with pain, and now

they are singing and dancing. And yet we were living alone in the house. The door, it is true, needed some repair, but I am certain it was not changed when I left home. Besides, I have never noticed a tavern in this street, and surely it is not in my house they would establish one. Am I dreaming! That cannot be. My eyes are wide open, and I hear plainly enough. The rain is pelting furiously, yet this illusion cannot be the effect of the little drop of wine I took before setting out. He began to make a closer examination, carefully passing his hand over the door, but he could not find the knocker in its accustomed place. Determining to make himself heard, in hopes that as soon as he had effected an entrance he would learn the cause of the mysterious transformation, he began to thump at the door with blows loud enough to rouse the whole neighborhood. The merry-makers within pretended not to hear him. He knocked still more loudly. At length after he had been left standing a long time under the dripping of the roof, a man with his head covered by an old handkerchief, and holding a light in his hand opened the window above the door.

"Hullo! my good man, what the devil do you want at this time of night! There is no room for you here. Go elsewhere to get a lodging."

But I wish to enter my own house."

My friend, it is not our custom to open our doors at this unusual hour."

"Morbleu! but I tell you this is my house, and my father Diego Morales paid a round sum for it with his own deniers."

Hark ye my fine fellow; I know not if the wine which disturbs your noddle was Val de Pequos or Logroquo but I'll be sworn it was capital, and the waters from the gutters will not hurt you. So go you way; cease knocking at the door, or I will let loose a mastiff, whose teeth will make a dozen button holes in your hide in short order.—Good night! Thus saying, he closed the window. The singing and laughter were renewed within. And the poor painter gave himself to all the devil fully persuaded that some sorcerer was playing him this cute trick.

Meanwhile the rain continued, and flakes of falling snow came thick upon the face of Morales. The candle in his lantern had burnt out; and his patience had long since been completely exhausted. He commenced knocking anew; when presently he heard some one within the house call out:—Hullo! Antonio, unloose the dogs; bring a cudgel, and give the shoulders of this drunken fellow a taste of it; it will relieve his muddled brain a little." At this the door was thrown open, and forth came a man with two huge dogs, which might have made the joke rather a serious one, had they not been held back by their keeper.

"You cursed fellow," said the latter, "what do you mean by making this clamor? Were you not told there was no room for you here?"

"But, my good friend, this is my house, and I cannot comprehend what piece of sorcery has converted it into a tavern. This is indeed, I assure you, the very house I received as an inheritance from Diego Morales, my father."

"My good man, you are certainly under a strange delusion. There are neither Morales nor mulberries in this neighborhood."

"I am a painter, well known in this city, and of some celebrity in this quarter. I have lived twenty years in this house. Call my wife Casilda; if she is not transformed into a land-lady, she will doubtless extricate me from this labyrinth."

"How can you talk in this foolish manner? For more than six years this house has been one of the most frequented and best known hotels in Madrid. Its master is Pedro Carasco. The landlady is Maria Perez, and I who speak to you, am Antonio, their valet. And now take yourself off in God's name, without any more noise, or this cudgel shall speedily restore you to your senses."

The poor painter not knowing to what saint to turn for succor, made the best of his way by groping along through the darkness, to the house of one of his friends. It was four o'clock in the morning when he reached it. From the lamentable voice in which Morales claimed admittance, the friend thought that some serious calamity had befallen the painter, and hastened to let him in. Morales related his adventure but his friend listened to it with incredulity. He however lighted a fire to dry the well-soaked garments of his guest, and having prepared for him a bed advised him to go to sleep; for he doubted not that Morales had been making a little free with the bottle.

In the morning however, the painter, still persisted in maintaining the truth of the story he had told the previous evening; and his friends curious to behold the enchanted mansion, accompanied him home. But to the utter astonishment of the mystified artist, another change had come over the spirit of his dream.

The marvellous sign had disappeared, the house was secured by its accustomed door, and every thing had resumed its former quiet and peaceful appearance.

## PIECES 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, \$12; three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$12; 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 or less make a square.

"Come Morales," said his friend, tapping him on the shoulder "confess that you have taken a drop too much last night, and were afraid to return home."

"On my honor as a man, and as an artist," replied Morales, "I have told you nothing but the truth."

"But, my dear fellow, it is no such great crime to be overcome by a cup of good wine."

Morales heeded not the remark, but commenced rapping smartly at the door, Bridget the maid servant half dressed hastened to open it.

"Oh, Senor Morales," cried she in tones of well feigned astonishment, "how could you have the heart to stay out all night in the city crowding with your friends; and your poor wife lying here at death's door! And to go off too under the pretence of finding dame Castineja! Eye upon you! Eye upon you!"

"Eye upon you! Senor Morales," cried in chorus half a dozen shrill voices from the neighboring windows. "You might be ashamed of yourself, you cruel man; you have an angel for a wife, and here you leave her in this shameful manner to die without assistance."

"Ay, indeed! and where have you been all night! In some filthy tavern, I dare say, drinking with your good for nothing companions.—What an abominable thing is a husband who plays the bachelor! If I had such an one, I warrant I'd go to the magistrate and soon have a divorce."

"But it is with me that he has the account to settle," cried Casilda, who now came up, looking pale and wan, after a night of dancing and dissipation. "And so, you believe I was dead, and you thought to come back and squander my dower on your bachelor parties! But you did not reckon on the good services of these kind neighbors, by whose timely aid I have been restored to life."

"My dear little wife said Morales, soothingly, "if you will listen to me, you will find that I am much more to be pitied than found fault with.—And here the poor artist began to relate what had happened to him. But his story was received with shouts of laughter.

"Tell that nonsense to others, Morales! Do you take us for idiots, to whom you are telling some of your humbug stories of the studio!" Confess the truth, man. You have fallen in with some of your scape grace companions, with whom you have passed the night drinking and carousing. Tell the truth and beg pardon for your fault.—That will be much better than to stand here telling these silly stories which nobody will believe.

And in truth Morales had to come to this at last. Crest-fallen, overwhelmed by ridicule, jeered by the whole neighborhood, he was forced humbly to sue for pardon, which was only granted on the condition that he should not give any more bachelor parties.

A PAINFUL ALTERNATIVE.—In Mexico where burial is denied to heretics, a senator observed in congress:—"There is one of four things we must allow to those heretics who may happen to die in our cause. We must either entomb them, or pickle, and send them out of the country; or throw them into the fields; or bury them under ground. The former is, of course, impossible; to send them out of the country would be expensive; throwing them into the field would cause a pestilence; I therefore move, as the easiest and cheapest way of disposing of them, to allow them a burial place."

AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.—By Bachelor Bob.—Yes, indeed. The swallows have flown to Texas. The roses have disappeared just about as mysteriously. Jenny Maher, the Public Gardener was seen yesterday looking over the stars and diamonds at the foot of the Capitol, where so many precious flowers have bloomed and died, with tears in his eyes as large as China Asters. The King of the Macabees, presenting us with a bouquet of Dithias, said, as if repeating the funeral service, his voice was so distressingly mournful:—"Take them, and present them to the most beautiful—for they are the last of pestime. Jack Frost will be down among us to-night, for he is a thief that neither Daddy Wilson nor Captain Goldard can keep out of the Public Grounds. And though Thomas Wall is a Wall flower that can't be frost bitten, he can't save the choicest beauties in the President's Garden from the consumption." Just so, thought we.—The summer is over—the season for game has followed the autumnal at the watering places—the music at the President's Grounds has been superseded by Copp's bowling saloon as the star of the first magnitude, but what has become of the old white-and-man, we cannot divine. Perhaps he has hauled off because there is no use for him, the citizens being able to get their supplies from the Avenue. And so here endeth the first lesson of this morning's exercises.—United States Journal.

A client once burst into a flood of tears, after hearing the statement of his case by counsel, exclaiming, "I didn't think I suffered half so much till I heard it here."