

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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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.—*JENNINGS.*

By Masser & Eiseley.

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From the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.
He Came too Late.

He came too late! Despair had played
Its bitter, scathing part;
The waves of bitterness had pressed
Too closely round the heart.

There was no gradual withering,
No bearing with her grief;
The morn was bright, but quickly passed,
The night was dark and brief.

No storm, no struggle to conceal;
No vain attempt to hide;
No dream of cold and stern revenge,
Nor sense of woman's pride.

No wish to conquer—no conflict
Of passions rudely tost—
Faith, hope and love were hazarded;
All ventured and all lost.

Renounced, forgotten—madness swept
Its torrent o'er the brain;
'Twas her first grief—last agony—
She never mourned again.

He came too late! A faded flower,
A tress of sunny hair,
Were left, memories of the tomb,
To strengthen his despair.

He came too late! She could not speak
In fond, forgiving trust;
The lips were cold, the heaving eyes
Were shrouded in the dust. H. A. H.
Philadelphia, October, 1843.

Advice to a Daughter.
By Rev. Wm. B. Sprague.

There is one point, my daughter, which is too important to be omitted; I refer to the deportment which it becomes you to maintain towards the other sex. The importance of this, both as respects yourself and others, you can scarcely estimate too highly. On one hand it has much to do in forming your own character; and I need not say that any lack of prudence in this respect, even for a single hour, may expose you to evils, which no subsequent caution could enable you effectually to repair. On the other hand, the conduct of every female who is of the least consideration may be expected to exert an influence on the character of every gentleman with whom she associates; and that influence will be for good or evil, as she exhibits a deportment which becomes her. So commanding is this influence, that it is safe to calculate upon the character of any community, from knowing the prevailing standard of female character; and that can scarcely be regarded as an exaggerated maxim, which declares that "women rule the world."

Let me counsel you then never to utter an expression or do an act which even looks like soliciting any gentleman's attention. Remember that every expression of civility, to be of any value, must be perfectly voluntary; and any wish on your part, whether directly or indirectly expressed, to make yourself a favorite, will be certain to awaken the disgust of all who know it. I would not recommend to you anything like a prudish or affected reserve; but even this is not so unfortunate an extreme as an excessive forwardness. While you modestly accept any attentions which propriety warrants, let there be no attempt at artful insinuation on one hand, or at taking a man's heart by storm on the other.

Be not ambitious to be considered a belle. Indeed, I had rather you would be almost anything else, which does not involve gross moral obloquy, than this. It is the fate of most belles that they become fondly vain, think of nothing, beyond personal display; and not unfrequently sacrifice themselves in a mad bargain which involves their destinies for life. The more solid and enduring esteem you enjoy, the better; and you ought to gain whatever of this you can by honorable means; not to be admired, or flattered, for mere accidental qualities, which involve nothing of intellectual or moral worth, ought to render any girl who is the subject of it an object of pity. You are at liberty to desire the good opinion of every gentleman of your acquaintance; but it would be worse than folly in you to be ambitious of a blind admiration.

I only add, that you ought to be on your guard against the influence of flattery. Rely on it, the man who flatters you, whatever he may profess, is not your friend. It were a much kinder office, and a real mark of friendship, to admonish you tenderly yet honestly, of your faults. If you yield a little to flattery, you have placed yourself on dangerous ground, if you continue to yield, you are not improbably undone.

**A LOVER RAGGED,
OR THE
SUCCESSFUL COURTSHIP OF MAJOR JONES.**
As expressed through an epistle, dated Pine-
ville, to one Thompson, a friend of the
Major's.

DEAR SIR:—Crisimus is over, and the thing's did. You know I told you in my last I was going to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk a Crisimus. Well, done it, as slick as a whistle, tho' it cum mighty nigh bein' a serious undertakin'. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance.

The fact is, I've made my mind up more'n twenty times, jest to go and cum rite out with the whole business; but whenever I go whar she was, and whenever she looked at me with her witchin' eyes, and kind of blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty, and all what I made up to tell her, was forgot; so I couldn't think of it to save me. But you're a married man, Mr. Thompson, so I couldn't tell any thing about peppin' the question, as they call it. It's a mighty grate favour to ax us a right porty gal; and to people as aint used to it, it goes monstrous hard, don't it? They say widders don't mind it no more'n nothin'. But I'm makin' a transgression, as the preacher sez.

Crisimus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin' iron, and went over to old Mrs. Stallioners. As soon as I went into the parlor whar they was all settin' round the fire, Miss Caroline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out.

'There, there,' sez they, 'I told you so; I knew it'd be Joseph.'

'What's I dun, Miss Caroline,' sez I.

'You cum under sister's chicken bone, and I do believe she knew you was cumin' when she put it over the door.'

'No, I didn't—I didn't no such thing now,' sez Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

'Oh, you needn't deny it,' sez Miss Kesiah, 'you belong to Joseph now, jest as sure as there's any charm in chicken bones.'

I knowed that was a first rate chance to say somethin'; but the dear little critter looked so sorry, and kep blushin' so, I couldn't say nothin' zactly to the pint; so I tucked a chair and reached up and tucked down the bone and put it in my pocket.

'What are you gwine to do with that bone, now, Major?' sez Miss Mary.

'I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live,' sez I, 'as a Crisimus present from the handsomest gal in Georgia.'

When I said that, she blushed worse and worse.

'Aint you ashamed, Major?' sez she.

'Now you ought to give her a Crisimus gift, Joseph, to keep all her life,' sez Miss Caroline.

'Ah, sez old Mrs. Stallions, 'when I was a gal, we used to hang up our stockin's—'

'Why, mother! sez all o'en' 'to say stockin's rite afore—'

Then I felt a little streak-et, too, kos they was all blushin' as hard as they could.

'Highly-tighty!' sez the old lady; 'what inment, I'd like to know what harm there is in stockin's. People now-a-days is gittin' so mesley-mouthed they can't call nothin' by its name; and I don't see they're any better than the old time people was. When I was a gal like you, child, I used to hang up my stockin's and get 'em full o' presents.'

The gals kep laughin'.

'Never mind,' sez Miss Mary, 'Major's goal to give me a Crisimus gift—woon't you Major?'

'Oh, yes, sez I, 'you know I promised you one.'

'But I didn't mean that,' sez she.

'I've got one for you that I want you to keep all your life; but it would take a two bushel bag to hold it,' sez I.

'Oh, that's kind,' sez she.

'But will you keep it as long as you live?' sez I.

'Certainly I will, Major.'

'Now you hear that, Miss Caroline,' sez I; 'she says she'll keep it all her life.'

'Yes I will,' sez Miss Mary; 'but what is it?'

'Never mind,' sez I, 'you hang up a big bag enuf to hold it, and you'll find out what it is when you see it in the mornin'.'

Miss Caroline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her; then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could.

'You'll be sure to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag,' sez Miss Mary.

'And you promise to keep it,' sez I.

'I will; cause you wouldn't give me nothin' that wasn't worth keepin'.'

They all agreed, they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crisimus present in on the back porch, and about nine o'clock I told 'em good evening, and went home.

I eat up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed, I went softly into the back gate, up to the porch, and thar, sure enuf, wuz a grate big meal bag hangin' to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to get into, but I was barnined not to back out; so I sot some chairs on top of

a bench, and got hold of a rope, and let myself down into the bag; but jest as I was gittin' in, the bag swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket. But nobody didn't wake up but Mrs. Stallions' grate big cur dog, and here he cum rippin' and tartin' thro' the yard like rath; and round and round he went tryin' to find out what was the matter.

I sot down in the bag, and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out; and after a while he quit barkin'. The wind begun to blow bonniabie cold, and the old bag kep turnin' round, and swingin' so, it made me sissenik as mischief. I was afeard to move for fear the rope would break and let me fall, and thar I sot, with my teeth ratlin' like I had the nger. It seemed like it would never cum day-light; and I do b'lieve if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful I would have froze to death; for my heart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't best more than two ticks a minit, only when I thought how she would be surprised in the mornin', and then it went in a ranter. Bime-by the cussed old dog cum up on the porch and begun to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he had treed a koon.

'Bow, wow, wow!' sez he. Then he'd smell agin, and try to git up to the bag.

'Git out,' sez I, very low, for fear they would hear me.

'Bow, wow!' sez he; and I felt all over in spots, for I speered every minit he'd nip me; and what made it worse, I couldn't see whar bouts he'd take hold.

'Bow, wow!'

'Then I tried coaxin'.

'Cum here, good feller,' sez I, and whistled to him; but it wan't no use. Thar he stood, and kep up his eternal whim'n and barkin' all night. I couldn't tell when day-light was brakin' only by the chickens crowin', and was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I had to stay there one hour more, I don't b'lieve I'd ever got out to that bag alive.

Old Mrs. Stallion cum out fust, and as soon as she saw the bag, sez she.

'What upon yearth has Joseph put in the bag for Mary? I'll lay it's a yearlin', or some live animal, or else Bruin wouldn't bark at it so!'

She went in to call the gals, and I sot thar shiverin' all over so I couldn't speak if I tried to; but I didn't say nothin'.

Bime-by they all cum runnin' out.

'My goodly, what is it?' sez Miss Mary.

'Oh, it's alive!' sez Miss Kesiah, 'I seed it move.'

'Call Cato, and make him cut the rope,' sez Miss Caroline, 'and let's see what it is. Come here, Cato, and get this bag down.'

'Don't hurt it for the world,' sez Miss Mary.

Cato untied the rope that was around the jice and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out all covered with corn meal, from head to foot.

'Goodness gracious!' sez Miss Mary, 'if it aint the Major himself!'

'Yes,' sez I, 'and you know you promised to keep my Crisimus present as long as you lived.'

The gals luffed themselves almost to death, and went to brushing off the meal as fast as they could, sayin they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crisimus till they got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes—blushed as beautiful as a mornin' glory, and she'd stick to her word. When I heard her say it, I felt as if it was enuf to reduce a man to hang in a meal bag from one Crisimus to another.

The matter's all settled now, cep the widden day.—Mary sez that musn't be sot for sun time, as gals ailers like to be engaged a while afore marriage.

Yours in perfect happiness, J. J.

P. S. I like to forget to tell you bout cousin Pete. He got snapt on egg-nog when he heard of my gagement, and has bin as madder as a loss-apple ever since.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.
SHORT PATENT SERMON.
BY DOW, JR.

At the request of a subscriber to the Sunday Mercury in Alabama, I will preach from this text.

To love is painful, that is true—
Not to love is painful too;
But oh! it gives the greatest pain
To love and not be loved again.

My hearers—I love to preach about love; for love forms a rosy wreath for the heart, in which the green leaves of friendship, the flowers of affection, and a few thorns of pain are entwined, just for the sake of variety. It is the pre-encement that addresses soul to soul—the feelin' angels in heaven, and a stimulant to mortals on earth. It smooths down the asperities of human nature—lines the breast with the velvet of sympathy—and gives a silken coating to the rough exterior of humanity. To love ardently, deeply, devoutly, I acknowledge is sometimes painful; nevertheless it is a pleasant pain, attended with some delightful sensations. It is a kind of inward itching, which requires the continual exercise of scratching, and yet the irritation is never allayed. The more we scratch, the more we itch—and nothing but matrimony can serve as an effectual remedy—and that, in too many instances, is far worse than the disease.

My friends—not to love is also painful. To have all our thoughts entombed in the dark sepulchre of selfishness, and our hopes lost in the cold mists of misanthropy, is about as bad as bein' confined in a dungeon, to be fed with the fragments of one's former follies. The light of love, admitted through the windows of the heart warms and nourishes the soil of the soul—causes the buds of benevolence to expand, and the capsules of charity to be filled with the ripe seeds of sympathy. Without the genial influence of love the bosom freezes, and becomes as barren as a goose pasture in winter. If a flower chances to bloom, it is destitute of fragrance; or, if it have any, it wastes its sweetness, as the poet says, upon the desert air. To be without love is like being without a fire in winter, a lamp at night, and a sun at mid day. The heart that never loves is as hard as a brick bat, as insensible as a pickled clam to all the finer feelings, and a stranger to every delightful emotion. An old bachelor, my friends, whose heart is never warmed with affection, is a miserable nobody in the world. He is as cold blooded as a turtle, and looks as inclomely as a clam. His happiness is as soon as they begin to m'fade—the there is no more sentiment in his head than there is music in a corn stalk fiddle—his thoughts are wrapped up in the strand of self—he knows not the pleasures attendant on the sexual anal-gamation of soul—his abode is fixed in the solitary wild of celibacy, whar all is cheerless, comfortless and dreary. There he lives and there he dies, unhonored and unwept; and when he is finally carried away by the current of time, we can only say, There goes another parcel of rubbish into the gulph of eternity!

My hearers—it is painful to love, and painful not to love—painful my how you can fix it; but oh! it is exorcinating pain to love and not have it reciprocated! To go into a extravagant outlay of affection, and then have it all wasted, or sent home as sour as well, is enough to make a man tear his shirt and tread on his own corns. It's manslaughter for a girl to spurn a young chap's love, when she knows that by so doing she will drive the poor fellow to destruction in a considerable degree. It's murder in the first degree—it's cruelty to helpless animals—it's worse than skinning eels alive; and any female guilty of such a wanton act, ought to be counted by fiends during her lifetime, and wedded to the devil at last. When any of you, my young male friends, get so tangled up with the object of your loves that you don't barely know to which gender you belong, you know very well that you're a precious little whar, or how you are so long as you remain in such a happy, pleasing perplexity, but let the least breeze of jealousy, doubt or disappointment blow you straighten right out, like a dead frog. Your bosoms fill up with batter-nail and bitter meditations—your stomachs with bile, and your heads with suicidal ideas. You grow estimate—get sick—neglect your business—and then perhaps, to wind up the whole admit the common atmosphere into your gizzards with a dick knife, or ventilate your brains' cells with a pistol. Oh! unreciprocated love has fed the jaws of Death with many a precious morsel of humanity; and Cupid's arrow, which is said to tickle while it wounds, sometimes tickles pretty confounded hard. Its head is often dipped in poison, and we betake the poor victim it pierces I don't know, myself, exactly how a fellow feels when he loves almost to distraction, and then suddenly sees his adored one flirting with or wedded another; but I suppose he feels at first as though a piece of ice was thrust under his axils, and his bosom ready to collapse. He must endure the torments of the damned, for a time at least; and the only way in which he

can heal his wounds, is to plaster them over with the salve of forgetfulness, and swallow this consoling anodyne: 'There are yet as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught.'

My dear friends—if you were all to love one another, in a moderate but sincere christian-like way, you might be sure of being loved, not only by your sister, woman, and your brother, man, but also by your Father, God. Then would peace, harmony, and happiness prevail upon earth, and joy among the angels of heaven. Then would our thorn covered ways be turned to flowery lawns—then would the rank weeds of hatred put forth the sweet blossoms of friendship—and then might we all partake of the pleasures of love unpoisoned by pain. So mote it be!

THE PEACH-TREE WORM.—This worm can be destroyed by growing the tanzey, wormwood, or any bitter plant or shrub, around the peach-tree. A dozen sprouts or so are quite sufficient for protection, and it is best to set them out in the spring of the year. Saltpetre mixed with salt at the rate of two ounces of the former to one pound of the latter, and spread around the trunk of the tree, will destroy the worm, and prevent the yellows. Verdigris mixed with oil and poured into the holes and plugged, will have seen also recommended. This is said to be certain death to the worm, without danger of injuring the trees. Notwithstanding this assertion, we should be very careful in the use of verdigris.—*Am. Agr.*

TO MAKE LABOR-SAVING SOAP.—Take 4 lbs. of soap, 4 lbs. of soda, and 20 quarts of water—boil 2 hours.

For washing, use one pound to a large bucket of water.

NATURAL ATTRACTION.—I don't like to be left alone with a gal, it's plagy apt to set me a soft sawderin' and a courin'. There is a sort of natural attraction like in this world. Two ships in a calm, are sure to get along side of each other if there is no wind, and they have nothing to do but to look at each other; natur does it. Well, even the tongue and the shovel won't stand alone long; they are sure to get on the same side of the fire, and be soakin'; one of 'em has had stone, and draws t'other, that's certain. If that's the case with hard-hearted things, like oak and iron, what is it with tender hearted things like humans? Shut me up in a 'sarvatory with a handsome gal of a rainy day; see if I don't think she is the prettiest flower in it. Yes, I am glad it is the dinner bell, for I aint ready to marry yet, and when I am, I guess I must get a gal where I got my hose, in old Connecticut, and that state takes the shine of all creation for goose, gals and onions, that's a fact.—*Sam Slick in England.*

On Wednesday, Oct. 25th, by the Rev. J. White Mr. Morgan Ruffar, to Miss Mary Eliza Letter, all of this city. Mr. R. ere this, has fadded that letter in his arms, and sealed it with a kiss.—*Cin. Cron.*

Excellent, he could let her be Letter no longer; so he paid the person double postage, and had her directed to his care, through life, Many an old bachelor would give all the world to receive such a LOVE LETTER as that. Even the most illiterate among them would have a taste for such a belle-Letter work, says the Richmond Star.

TRUTH.—All will readily subscribe to the following from the New York Sunday Mercury.—'When a person doesn't stand in need of friends, they are as plenty as mosquitoes in the latter end of August; but when he wants them they are as scarce as grasshoppers in winter. We need a purpose, and his comrades are sure to attack him—so it is with men of misfortune; but to God alone we must look for succor.' 'Hit him again—the has no business to be a hoos.'

TASSO'S WISH.—Tasso being told that he had an opportunity to take advantage of a very bitter enemy.—'I wish not to plunder him,' said he, 'but there are things which I wish to take from him; not his honor his wealth nor his life—but his ill will.'

No man who is engaged in honorable enterprise, should be disheartened by discomfure or want of immediate success.

A backwoodsman about to encounter a bear in the forest, and distrustin his own strength a little, made the following prayer:—'Oh, Lord! here's going to be one of the greatest bear fights you ever did see! Oh, Lord, it is to your own interest to help me—but, if you can't help me, for God's sake lay low and don't help the bear!'

A CIVIL REQUEST.—During a sermon at a meeting house in Philadelphia, a neatly dressed boy about four years of age walked in, and when about half way from the door to the pulpit, in an audible voice, very respectfully said: 'Mr. Minister, please send my sister home.'

LEGACIES.—'The fact is, I was ruined by having money left me,' said the cobbler. 'I only wish,' observed Sam, 'that some rich enemy would try to work my destruction in that ere way.'

A peasant was remarking the other day, 'show cheap every thing had got.' 'No every thing,' said his friend. 'Why what has not?'

'Women,' 'Oh, yes, I forgot—women is all ways dear!'

A gentleman being called upon to subscribe to a course of lectures, objected, 'because,' said he, 'my wife gives me a gratuitous lecture every evening.'

'Necessity is the mother of invention,' as the teacher said, 'when he is bound to say 'tis together to hide a hole in his breeches.'