TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

H. B. MASSER. PUBLISHERS AND JOSEPH EISELY. H. B. MASSER, Editor.

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"TO MY BOY IN HEAVEN."

The pursery shows the pictured wall, Thy bat, thy bow. Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball; A corner holds thy empty chair, Thy playthings idly scattered there But speak to us of our despair,

Even to the last thy every word, To glad, to grieve, Was sweet as sweetest song of hird On summer's eve ; In outward beauty undecayed, Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,

And like the rainbow thou disist face. We mourn for thee, when blind blank night The chamber filler

Reddens the hills; The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, All, to the wall flower and wild pea,

We pine for thee, when morn's first light

Are changed-we saw the world through thee And though, perchance, a smile may gleam Of casual mirth,

It doth not own, whate'er may seem, An inward birth : We miss thy small step on the stair;

We miss thee at thine evening prayer; All day we miss thee, every where, Yet 't is sweet balm to our despair,

Fond, fairest boy ! That Heaven is God's, and thou art there, With Him in joy :

There past are death and all its woes ; There beauty's stream for ever flows ; And pleasure's day no sunset knows.

Farewell, then-for a while farewell-Prode of my heart! It cannot be long that we dwell Thus torn apart. Time's shadows, like the shuttle, flee; And, dark howe'er life's night may be, Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,

From the Democratic Review. Original Anecdotes of Washington.

During a protracted sojourn in the Old Dominion, immediately subsequent to the year 1802, I once took a leasurly tour to Mount Vernon, and thence to the birth place and other scenes of the early life of Washington, for the purpose, not only of gratifying my feelings by viewing places hallowed by the memory of a man whose name and deeds had, from my childhood, occupied so much space in my mind, but also to see what new incidents connected with his private character might yet be gleaned among the old inhabitants who had personally known him. And it was in this ramble, made interesting and pleasant from the nature of its object, and the attentions of the most hospitable people on earth, that I fell in with a venerable and highly intelligent relative of Washington, whom I soon found to be, from baving lived much in the General's family, and acted for some years as his private secretary, a rich depository of what I was anxious to learn; and from him I obtained among many others that less interested me, the following reminicences, which I believe, have never been published, but which may nevertheless be relied on as minutely correct.

"On one of Washington's return visits to Mount Vernon, while Commander-in-chief of the revolutionary armies," said my informant, whom I shall call Captain L., "he came to Fredericksburg to pay his respects to his aged mother. And when about to take his leave of prise, looking as if he wondered at the young her, he broughtin a small bag of silver dollars. and placing them on the table before her, said :

" Here, mother, not knowing when I may be permitted to visit you ago in, I have brought you these, to be used by you as your comforts shall require, or as your pleasure shall dictate. And I hope you will be free to accept and use them."

"You was always good and dutiful to me, George,' replied she with emotion; 'and I have often taxed myself, in your absence of late years, with being backward in making suitable acknowledgments to you, and resolved within myself, that when I next saw you, I would have a more familiar talk with you, and tell you how much I think of your kind, very kind attentions. But it has always happened, that when I again found myself in your presence, the thought of your elevation by your countrymen, or something else, which I cannot define, has prevented me from talking to you, as I should to my other children.'

Washington attempted some playful reply, but could not succeed in disarming even his mother of the awe which his presence never failed to inspire in the bosoms of all who approached him.

to be exceedingly careful of human lives; and to the grantee and heirs, which as far as could he applied the principle to the brute creation, be perceived, was perfectly legal. "Here is a

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, Dec. 16, 1843.

Vol. 4--No. 12--Whole No. 168.

by abstaining from the destruction of all ani- | deed of a plantation from General Washington toral term of existence."

the grain they needed at the old or ordinary entirely everlooked it for some years. prices, for which he regularly took their bonds or notes, but never demanded payment.

"Some writers, in treating of the private character of General Washington, intimate that he was a man of warm temper, which would often have exhibited itself but for his great self command. His self command was undoubtedly great, but I do not think he had often to exercise it to prevent any outbreaks of passion. On the contrary I believe him to have been mild, and not easily ruffled: certainly quite as much so as men in general. I never saw him angry but once in my life. And this was considered so remarkable a thing by myself, as well as his family, that although we knew he had good cause to be provoked, or such at least as would have provoked most other men to anger, we were yet greatly surprised, and looked upon it as quite an anomaly in the General's life. It happened while he was President and travelling in his carriage, with a small retinue of outriders, from Mount Vernon to Philadelphia. It was during the first day of our journey, and we were passing through the barrens of Maryland, where, at intervals of a few miles, the solitude of the road was relieved at that time by a set of low tayerns or groggeries, at which we did not think of stopping. But we had a thoughtless young man in our train, who by a favor had been admitted into the family as a sort of gentleman. attendant, and who seemed much more inclined to patronize these places. The General, by his request, had permitted him to ride a favorite mare which he had raised on his plantation, and of which he was exceedingly careful, the animal being almost as slight in proportions as a roebuck, and very high spirited. But the young fellow, notwithstanding the intimations he had received at starting, todeal gently with her, was apparently bent on testing her speed and other qualities, and that too in a manner little. Goods after goods were exposed to her view, likely to meet with favor in a man of Washing-

"He would leave the train, and riding up to one of these liquoring establishments, there remain until we were out of sight; when he would come up upon the run, ride with us awhile, and gallop on forward to the next. This he repeated three times, the last of which brought the mettlesome creature to a fore, and evidently much fretted her. At the Carst transgression thus committed again; the General's orders respecting the mure, as well as against his known rense of propriety, he seemed surm's temerity, and contented himself with throwing after him a glance of displeasure. At the second he appeared highly incensed, although he said nothing, and repressed his indignation, acting as if he thought this must be the last offence, for the punishment of which he chose a private occasion. But as the offender rode up the third time, Washington hastily threw open the carriage window, and asking the driver to halt, sharply ordered the former alongside; when, with uplifted cane, and a tone and complasis which startled us all and made the culprit shrink and tremble like a leaf, he exclaimed, 'Look you, sir! Your conduct is insuffereable ! Fall in behind there, sir, and as sure as you leave us again, I will break every bone in your skin !'

ton's high sense of propriety.

"It is needless, I presume, to say that the offence was not repeated, or that the young gallant needed any more taming.

"Here," said Capt. L., now taking from a drawer and handing me for inspection a deed of Washington's drafting, so singularly brief as to be all embraced in seven or eight lines written, in a bold hand across a half sheet of foolscap, vet constituting, though not one word could "Washington, while in the army, was known have been spared, a conveyance of real estate

mals, however inferior, whenever it could be to me, which I show you, not only as a curiosidone consistently with the safety and absolute ty of itself, but for the sake of introducing the wants of man, with unusual scrupulousness. As pleasant little incident out of which it originat-I was once walking with him over the grounds ed. Soon after leaving the General's employof Mount Vernon, a small snake, of a harmless, ment, I chanced to be riding through the inspecies, appeared in our path. I instinctively terior of Virginia, when I came across a desertlifted my beel to crush it, when he instantly ed plantation, the situation and general appearcaught my arm, and in a tone of earnest expos- ance of which, though overrun with weeds and tulation, exclaimed, 'Stay, sir! is there not bushes, yet pleased me so much that I took the room enough in the world for you and that harm- first opportunity to make some inquiries concerless little reptile! Remember, that life is all ning its ownership, &c., and was told that it -every thing to the creature, and cannot be was supposed to belong to General Washingunnecessarily taken without indirectly impugn- ton. The night after I reached home, I went ing its Creator, who bestowed it to be enjoyed to sleep thinking of this plantation, and wonderwith its appropriate pleasures, through its na- ing that I, who supposed I knew all Washington's lands, never heard of it before; when I "The same system and order which was ex. happened, I know not why, to dream that the hibited by Washington in all his public transac- General made a present of it to me. The next tions, was seen in all his private acts and do- day, as it further happened, I redeover to Mount mestic arrangements; even his charities. Vernon, the General being then at home. After which were not stinted, were nicely systems. attending to the more immediate object of my tized. It washis custom, in years of plenty, to visit, I asked him if he owned such a plantation heard up grain against times of scarcity. And as the one I had seen, now describing it to him. when such times arrived he threw open his At first he replied in the negative, but soon storehouse to the poor; and however irresponsi- rising and going to consult a book in which he ble they might be, he always made it a point to kept a record of all his deeds, he said he did own supply them in preference to others with all this tract of land, but though of value, he had

> " Well, General,' said I, banteringly, '1 dreamed last night that you gave me that plan-

> "Washington, contrary to his usual habit, laughed outright, and observed.

"'You did not dream Mount Vernon away

"'O no, I was not so grasping as that, though I honestly had the dream,' I replied, in the same vein of pleasantry; when nothing more being said, the affair on my part passed from he made more than an extraordinary haul, and, my mind as a joke, and was forgotton. It seemed, however, that my dream was not so vain a one as I had supposed, for the next morning, as I was taking my leave, the General dropped a folded paper into my bat, carelessly remarking that I could examine it at some leisure opportunity. I did so, and to my agreeable surprise, found it to be this very deed, made out, probably, after I had retired the night before, and conveying, as you perceive, for the consideration of natural affection, the valuable plantation I had discovered." D. P. T.

Montpelier, Vt., Oct. 1843.

SHOPPING.

An unhappy "dry-goods" clerk gives vent to his sorrows in a long communication to the Norfolk Beacon. When he comes to descant upon the trouble ladies give him by asking for every thing but what they want, his griefs overcome him, and his soul gushes forth in poetical

My friend "Bon" told me t'other day a most irresistible creature glided up to his counter. whose movements were so gentle that she appeared the impersonification of some angel vision he has often seen revel through his midnight fancy. When, after the usual salutations

Prints, laces and silks-at her call:

Thirty patterns she took, the Lord knows for what When the strings of her huge indispensation drew, With the prices of each marked on all.

Have you any gloves? (tout , the question she male.) Those for gentlemen quickly were shown-Ladies', sir, if you please"-and long whites were

G, the short ones"-short English before her were

But "Lord! French, sir," was the tune,

French kid, still unmoved, Bobby drew from a case. Where they lay packed superbly together; But soon had to wish them back in their place,

When for Si k, she exclaimed with a wonderful face, Silk-Lord bless me! you see these are leather!

Bobby now stood aghast-twenty other the while R ar'd for goods like a battling host-The counter was heaped to a terrible pile; His countenance lost its accustomed smile, And his patience gave up the ghost,

Mex. Were ever pour mortals like shop-keepers cursi ! Why in Lucifer's name, could she not ask at first Yor Ledies' short, white, French, silk Gloves ?

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.-The annexed morceau was copied from the original notice on board the steamboat William Caldwell, which plies on Lake George. The placard hung directly above the "bocks" containing the "snaikes:"

A Rattel Snaike too be Shode .- Thee histry off this spaick is as follors, hee was ketcht on tung mounting buy a poore man with a large fammely being sicks ver ould and very wenumous he is now in a bocks and cant hirt no boddy which is much better than too bee runnin wilde cause hee don't want too eat nothin.

Admittance is sickpents for them what pleese to pay it, and thrippents for them what dont, a libberall reducksion for fammelees for more particklelars pleese to call on OLD Dick.

T. N. Take notiss it was the poor man and not the snaick that had a large fammely.

From the London Age. NAPOLEON AND HIS GENERALS. A LEGUND OF LACKEN.

'Our Imperial Palace of the Lacken.'-Em-'Homi soit qui maley pense.'-Edward the

'It was in the summer of that year in which Dendermond'--no; but in which Europe was all but last by the Allies, that the Emperor Napoleon was seated in the Grand Saloon of the Lacken Palace, playing at 'Vingtletlum' with his Marshalls, while at an adjacent table the Empress Josephine was similarly engaged with the ladies of the Court. Some Chamberlains, and several Generals, were standing behind the ladies' and betting largely on the game rather than taking a principal part therein. Among the ladies was the beautiful wife of the Marshal S--, a woman whose personal loveliness, and genuine goodness of heart, were in a great measure tainted by her incorrigible love for the play. Immediately behind this lady's chair, and leaning a little over the back of it, stood a weather-beaten warrior, bronzed by the Sun of Austerlitz,' and with the breast one constellation of Stars. This was the future antagonist of Wellington at Vittoria, the Marshal Jourdan, whose fortune at the card-table was more propitious than his subsequent luck 'at the Game of Kings in Spain.'-Madame la Marcebale S - was losing rapidly, for which amusement, indeed, the brilliant mad cap possessed a surprising talent. Jourdan on the contrary, was sweeping the Naps and double-Naps from the table, for which pleasing operation he had frequently been obliged to pass his arm over the alabaster shoulders of Madame S---, At last in order to land the golden prey more expeditionsly, he was obliged to use both hands, shovel-tashien. This he did; and now, when the richly laden hands were passing just over the Marechale's neck, some one touched rather smartly Jourdan's elbow-his hands separated, and the golden shower fell: not into the lap of this modern Danae, but between her stooping shoulders, where the corsage closed upon the

'Ah! Marshal,' exclaimed the lively lady, standing up, and endeavoring to shake the gold from her dress, 'I am no Danae.' Then continuing very angrily, as the gold would not evacuate its position : 'Twenty-four hours, you know, are allowed to pay debts of play; and, Marshall, you must wait till to-morrow.'

'Madame,' replied Jourdan, bowing wi finite grace, 'I never had money so well inves-

The imperial party laughed : made a few Mors : continuing the game, and on Madame S-- entering her carriage from Brussel .. she had not one franc remaining out of the 300 Napoleons which she had received from her husband that same prorning.

It was midnight. An old elergyman was seen walking with hurried steps towards the hotel of Madame S .- , situated in the Rue B. vale. With a trembling hand he rings the bell, is immediately admitted, and stands with quivering lips before the fair being who was formerly his pupil, and never ceased to be his

'How! Monsieur l'Abbe! you make a visit at this hour !" exclaimed in Marechale.

When Madame has known the cause of this visit she will pardon the breach of deco-

Bon Dien ! then tell it at once. Be muck ! Your look frightens me,

You know Madame; said the Abbe, as even as they were alone, that my young brother has embraced the profession of arms."

'Yes, yes : a charing fellow who will make

*Thanks to the Marshal's protection, he is already paymaster in a cavalry regiment. But unhappily he is unexperienced, and easily led by others into vice. He has played, and the wretched youth has lost the money which belonged to the regiment.-To morrow he must give in hisnecounts, and if he cannot make up the deficit, he has sworn to blow his brainsout. He will keep his oath. And the poor Abbe covered his face with both hands, and wept bitter-

The beautiful Marechale winced beneath the stings of her own conscience. Her unbridled passion for play deprived her utterly of the power to obey the dictates of her generous heart : and she heard the half-stifled sobs of her supplicant, she felt that she would be virtually a murderess if she found not means to prevent the threatened catastrophe,

What such do you require, my poor friend ! she usked in a voice trembling with emotion.

'Five hundred trancs. It would be a trifle if we only had time. But to-morrow; to-morrow : at dawn of day, the regiment's coisse, and my brother's accounts will be examined.'

med Madame S-, as she bethought her of and is in excellent health, and, besides, is a

the golden shower. 'Quick, quick, Help un-make my toilet.' And without waiting for an answer, the fair Marechale, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, rapidly removed her neckerchief and sash. The astonished Abbe began

to think he was in a dream. 'If Madame la Marechale will permit me to call her muids, stammered the old priest, going

'Not for the world! No one but you shall know where I shall find the money you want. Remove this pin! Very good. New these books and eyes. Excellent .-- Now this cordon de taille. Bon !"

The poor Abbe trembled from head to foot. When the gown was loosened behind, he was going to cry, like braver men, 'Sauva que peut!' and meditated a precipitate flight. His trials, however, were only beginning.

'Let us loose no time, my good friend, Undo this knot. Good! Now this other: and mental accomplishments, unsulfied character, then; but hold! That will save time. Take these scissors and cut my stay-lace."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, poor old Desclairs had scarcely been more astounded. The old man changed color.-His knees trembled under him. A cold perspiration bedewed his venerable forehead, and his pale lips scarcely pronounced : 'Madame la Marechale must pardon me : it is utterly impossible I cannot.' 'What ! not save the life and honor of your

brother ! But what has the life or honor of my brother to do with-.

· Gold will save him, and in order to have hat, you must loosen my corsage.-Here take the seissors. Be quick !'

And he took the seissors with a trembling band, and he cut too stay-lace, and immediately Jourdan's Napoleon's fell at the feet of the laughing kind-hearted woman.

Bravo! bravo! she exclaimed, clapping her hands, and throwing a Cachmere round her shoulders, 'eight Napoleons more than you vant. Take them all-nay, not a word ! And now to explain. This evening while seated at cards with the Emperor, Marshal Jourdan, by some gaucheric dropped the pieces between my shoulders. I have 24 hours to return them, and bless my stars for the Marshal's maladres. se. But go at once and calm the mind of that young hair-brain. Spare not rebuke; overwhelm him with advice .- Alas! it is more ea-

silv given, than received.' The Abbe gained his lodgings, where his brother awaited his return, a prey to distracting anxiety. The deficit was supplied; and the young Desclairs, who possessed all the qualies necessary to ensure success in the profes sion be had embraced, vowed eternal gratitude to his benefactress; and resolved to make himcli a name worthy of her esteem.

and on so rapidly that people had not time to think of everything; and so the day following the scene just described, the giddy Marechale S- had forgotten the debt she had so involuntarily contracted with Jourdan. When she subsequently remembered it, Jourdan was fun; that's the whole truth of it." no longer in France. In short, matters proceeded after such a fashion, that the debt exis-

ted till the fourth year from its birth, In 1809 Marshal Jourdan had the command the point of being utterly put hors de combat. long the yielding or broken lines, imploring the soldiers of France not to bring dishonor upon their banners. All all in vain. Borne away when she re-appeared in the form of a very pretrather the vestige of one, and with a handful of | mortifying adventure. gallant fellows, charged the dragoons of Welded, is on a point of being surrounded and cut dence, without having her necturnal adventure to pieces, when a young officer throws himself | made public 1-Evening Mercury. between the Marshal and his enemies.

'General!' he exclaimed, the debt of honor is discharged !"

And the young soldier was immediately smitten to the smoking earth; but his noble self derotton, gave time for the arrival of a French squadron of heavy cavalry. The Marshal was rescued, discipline reestablished, and the army saved from complete destruction.

On his return to Paris, Jourdan was one evening at a soirce, where also shone the brilancy of Madame la Marechale S The Marshal was narrating the noble trait which had saved his life, when the lady, struck with a sudden recollection, demanded-

'Is not Desclairs the name of this officer!' 'It certainly is, Madame la Marechale."

The wretched man! It is I who have slain 'In that case, Madame,' rejoined the Marshal,

applying a line of Molicre's: ". The folk you have killed are in excellent health.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

do . do Every subsequent insertion, . Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half column, \$18, three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9;

one square, \$5. Half-yearly : one column, \$18; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$5; one square, \$3 50. Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accord-

C. Sixteen lines make a square.

Lieutenant Colonel. To morrow I shall have the pleasure to present him to Madame.' Scandal is very busy in every part of the

world, but, beyond all question, Paris is her head quarters. The exclamation of Madame S- about her having killed young Desclairs. became, of course, the exhaustless subject of title and persiffage even in the highest circles, Some kind friend was even so very kind as to whisper the matter to Marechale S--, who knew perfectly well all about it.

'What very droll people those must be,' replied the brave veteran with a smile, 'who protend to know better than I do myself about matters which affect me so vitally? Bah, box

To WASH WOOLEN GOODS,-The art for

washing woolen goods so as to prevent them from shrinking, is one of the desiderata in domestic economy worthy of being recorded, and it is therefore with satisfaction that we explain this simple process to our readers. All doscriptions of woolen goods should be washed in very hot water with soap, and as soon as the article is cleansed immerse it in cold water; let it then be wrong and hong up to dry.

Wonderful Metamorphose.

"Well, Mr. Feidleman, what is your charge against this man !" said our excellent Mayor to a German watchman, who ushered up to the bar a small individual in a thin summer

"I charges him for making a vool of me," answered Mr. Feidleman.

"Making a fool of you! how was that !"

"Vy I saw a vooman go into the alley of von house, and I vaited and vatched till I see her come out, and ven she did come out, she vas'nt there, not a bit of her; for ven I cotched hold of her .- I found it was dis blamed veller him-

"Can't say that I understand you exactly .-You saw a woman go into the alley."-

"Yaw; and ven she coom out, I cotched hold of her,-bote she vas gone, and dis veller vas dare in her blace."

"Was there more than one person in the al-

"Oh no ;--only bote vun. She went up into de pack vard of de house, and ven she coom out, she vasn't dare, not a bit, vor I cotch hold of her and yound it vas dis veller."

"Well, this is mysterious. What is your name Sir ?"--(to the prisoner.)

"Mary Williams,' (in a soft, subdued voice.) "Mary! well, what are you doing in that

"Why, Sir," answered the disguised Mary, blushing and stammering,-"I had this suit in a bundle, and to scare my cousin Sarah, I want into the yard to put it on, and then come out to Events, at the period of our historietto, hur- knock at the door, when the watchman nabbed

"As if her cousin could be scared mit a pair of breeches!" observed Mr. Feidteman.

"I knew there was nobody at home but her self," said Mary, "and I intended to have some

"And sure enough, you had some vun," facetiously remarked Mr. Feidleman, in allusion to Mary's night in the watch-house.

Atter a severe rebake, the sportive your n Spain. The French army, attacked at Vit- lady was sent down below, and advised to tend toria, by the allies, was at one juncture, upon after her female apparel, and to abstain from all such dangerous frolics for the time to com-. Vainly did Jourdan and King Joseph, rush a- Having promised, with many tears to take this counsel, she soon after went into a private so partment, and dressed herself more becoming!) . by his desperate courage, the Marshal flung ty girl, and left the office looking rather unhimself into the centre of a hussar regiment, or | comfortable, as well the might, after such a

105 It may be proper to remark, that we lington. All, all in vain. His officers are have not given the real name of the poor girl, him by his side, Jourdan himself, already woun- who was sufficiently punished for her impru-

> Conserr .- William Cubbett showed no small exultation in recapitulating the naval victories of the Americans. He was one day speaking somewhat boldly on the subject in the presence of an English officer who pettishly observed, "There is a good reason for it. I went on board their man of war after our defeat and found half their sailors were English." And had you not all 'English !'

> A young clergyman, who found it impossible to provide for his family, with his very slender income wrote to his friend-"Dear Frank, I muet part with my Living to save my Life."

> CAPATAL AND ORIGINAL .- The London Punch says-"How dependent a thing is human existence. What is beauty without soap " "As coke is to the steam engine, so is mutter. to genius. Life is a railway, and the cook is a

Bar-rooms are called exchanges, because a great business is there transacted. Draughts 'He is saved ! he is saved !' suddenly exclai- for M. Desclairs soon recovered from his wounds are there presented for acceptance and seldom