## TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

H. B. MASSER. PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. JOSEPH EISELY.

H. B. MASSER, Editor. Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Mas-ser's Store.]

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From Graham's Magazine.

THE PIOUS SISTER.

BY JUDGE CONDAD.

The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done Shall die forgotten all. Row

Struggling in mazy masses, into chaos.

Death is our life : we live and live again.

Knows but one parent-death? For all we are

The wizard giant stalking 'mid the tombs

Of centuries, points but to dust. And if

All nature monlders thus, until the heel.

Why what is life ! If given for earth alone,

Unto death's chosen temple. Misery keeps

Petter not given. Believe it not ! Come with me

His skeleton orgies here Couch answers couch

With the death-rattle. Pail despair chags close

And yet the heaven-winged hope that mocks at ill,

To the cold breast that knows no other friend.

Brighter than dream-sick fancy limns, in love,

O'er the pure heart that which makes earth a hea-

Can press no dust that is not of its kind.

Is holder here than in a palace. See

A form would eraze a Phidias, and a face

Is it an angle ! Ay, for Heaven can fling

Wins smiles as from a setting summer sun

Of that pale sister ! May I sketch the scene !

Were clasped upon her breast ; and from her lips-

Her spirit's prayer broke mermiting. Her eyes,

Large, dark, and trembling in their liquid light,

Were turned to heaven, in tears; and through her

For grief is but a shaded joy, and life,

The panie of a moment chilly ran.

"I'was but a moment: and again she rose

And heat her form above the helt of terture.

Her eye was brighter, and her eye more calm-

Sample hills and some find have been the structure of the second

Like the meek fify ofer the troubled wave.

The gentle sister of a gentle sort !

And yet a kneeler by a lazar couch !

A CHI

21926

heart

frame

And all we hope, spring from the grave. The Past,

Rising upon our dust. Mas' that life

Row E.

Think not the good,



# 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, Jan. 27, 1841.

(C7" Some time since our reader were favored ! we below give the proceedings of his marriage.

Major Jones' Marriage.

DEAR Sin :- I am happy and no mistakeconsummation so devoutly wished for, is tuck tuck place, not by no means, and if it wasn't my promis I didn't believe I could keep away from my wife long enough to write you a letter. half as good as I do. But to tell the rate trath, but I reckon I make up for it sense. Why, what's the world but a wild charnel house I do believe I'm been out of my senses ever Its dead, if not renewed, would swell the globe Beyond the grasp of thought, and force the spheres. sense nite before fast. But I must be short this time, while the gals is plaguin' Mary in t'other red with good things was astonishin. After room .- They are so had,

I had the license got mor'n a week ago, and old Mr. Estman brought home my weddin' suit sin Pete whit on me, and Miss Kesiah was bridesmaid. Mo her and eld Miss Stanley had every thing ranged in fast rate style long afore company to make every thing complete. Well, 'bout sundown cousin Pete cum roam

to my room, whar we rigged out for the 'casion, and I don't believe I ever saw him look so good, but if he'd jest took off them 'bominable grate big sorrel whiskers of his, he'd looked a monstrous site better. I put on my yailer breeches, and blue cloth cote, and white satin jacket, and my new beaver hat, and then we druv roun to old Squire Rogerses and tuck him into the car- saddlebags would hold. Don't forget to put out riage, and away we went to old Miss Stanley's marriage in the papers. plautation. When we got thar, thar was a most everlastin' gatherin' that waitin' to see the serremunny, afore they ate suppor. Everybo-Placks pearls from life's dark depths, and from the ... dy looked glad, and old Miss Stanley was flying about like she didn't know which end she stood

"Come in, Joseph," ses she, "the gals in tother Without it, were adreamlesss leep. What bliss room." Hath more of heaven than that which thrills the

OD.

But I couldn't begin to git in t'other room for the fellers all pullen' and haulin' and shakin' the life out of me to tell me how glad they She knelt beside his couch. Her fair, slight bands

> 'Howdy, Major, Howdy,' ses old Mr. Beers, 'I give you joy-yer gwine to marry the flower of the country, as I always sed. She's a monstrous nice gal, Major." "That's a fact,' ses Mr. Nadges, 'and I hope

you'll be a good husband to her, Joseph ; and that you'll have good luck with your little---'Thank ye, thank ye, gentlemen-com along cousin Pete,' ses l'as quick as I could get a-

Miss Caroline cum and whispered somethin | with the successful courtship of Major Jones, to her, and mother and two or three other wimmen got old Miss Stanley to go in tother room. The Squire went through the balance of the Philadelphia Enquirer :

business in a hurry and Mary and me was made the twenty-second of February is over, and the flesh of one bone and bone of one flesh before the old woman got over the highstericks. place. In other words I'se a married man ! I When she got better she cam to me and laug- drew Shultz 6, George Wolf 6, Joseph Ritner am in no situation to tell you all how the thing ged me and kissed me as hard as she could rite afore them all, while the old codgers in the room was salutin the bride as they called it. I did'nt like that part of the serremunny at all, Bless her bitle sole, I did'nt think I loved her and wanted to change with 'em monstrous bad; Constitution in 1790, to 1841:

> After the marryin was over we all tuck supper, and the way old Stanley's table was kive-

playin and trolickin titl about ten o'clock, the bride's cake was cut and sich a cake was never baked in Georgia before. The Stanley's bein 1193 Thos Miffln. jist in time. Mother would make me let cou- Washingtonians, thar wasn't no wine, but the cake wan't had to take jest so. Bout twelve o'clock the company begun to cut out home all of em jest as sober as when they cum. I had the time arriv, and mother was wanten but your to shake hands with 'em all and tell 'em all good night.

'Good night, cousin Mary,' ses Pete, 'good 1799 Thos M'Kean, night Major,' ses he-'l spose you aint gwine back to town to-night,' and then bust rite out in a big laugh and away he went, That's jest the way with Pete, he's a good feller enoff, but he aint got no better sense. Mary ses she's sorry she could'nt send you no more cake, but it's all Mr. Montgomery's

No more from your friend till deth, JOS. JONES. Burns and the Rhymster. One Andrew Horner, a resident in Carlisle, went to Glasgow to publish a volume of poems, 1511 much admired by himsel5 Oddly enough, on his way home, he strayed out of the direct road into Ayr, where he met with Burns at a public 1811

iouse, and soon boon companions set the poet errant, and the poet resident (whose fame was then unmade) to try their strength in a match 1817 Win. Findlay, of verse-making. An epigram was the subject chosen, because, as Andrew internally argued, "it is the shortest of all poems." In compliment to him the company resolved that his own 1820 J Hiester. merits should supply the theme. He commenced, "In seventeen hunder thretty nine"-

1823 J. A. Shultz and he paused. He then said. "Ye see I was born in 1739, (the real date was some years lier.) so I mak that the commencement

We copy the following useful article, containing facts worth remembering, from the SUCCESSION OF GOVERNORS .- Thomas Miff-Im 9 years, Thomas McKean 9, Sanon Sayder 9, William Findlay 3, Joseph Heister 3, J. An-

Political Statistics.

The following is a comparative view of the popular votes at the elections for Governor of the Commonwealth, from the adoption of the

Total No. Plurality

of votes or ma Year. Candidates. polled \* jority. Thos Mifflin 27.725 A. St. Clair. 2.80230.527 24.023 19,590 F. A. Muhlenberg. 10,700 30,290 8,890 1796 Thos. Millin 30.310 F. A. Muhlenberg. 1.011 31:321 29.299 37.211 James Ross. 32,613 4,601 60.580 1802 Thus, M Kean, 47,879 James Ross, 17,037 \$1,916 30.842 1805 Thos. M Kean 13,611 38 183 Simon Suyder, 82.127 5.161 1808 Simon Soyder, 57.975 James Ross, 381.575 John Spayd, 4.005

05.556

52,319

2,609

55.008

51.099

29566

\$0.665

66,531

59.972

125,603

67,905

66,300

131,205

\$7,998

61.211

154,139

72.710

1.174

Simon Suyder,

Wm. Tilghman.

Simon Suyder,

Isaac Wayne

J. Heister,

Wm. Findlay.

A. Greeg.

ring this distressing period that Andrew him-21.100 self, then a youth of 14 or 15 years of age, joined the army. The particulars of his services were unknown to Mrs. Stephenson. She 48,710 understood, however, that he was taken prisoper by the British, and heard that he had received a blow from an officer with his sword, for not performing some menial office during 21.533 his imprisonment. There were two cousins of Andrew's in the army with him. One of them was killed and the other taken prisoner .--7.059 Whilst a prisoner of war in Charleston he was taken sick, and his aunt, Mrs. Jackson lost her life in attempting to visit him. She fell a vic-1.60.5 t in to the climate and sorrow, and her nephew soon followed. This left Andrew without a relation on this side of the Atlantic-a boy and almost a stranger in a new country. The lit-25.717 the property which his family possessed had been plundered and destroyed. When the country was restored to peace, he 71.533 found himself in no very agreeable situationdestitute of a home, relations, friends and money. Under these circumstances, he made the 26.113 house of a Mr. White his home. White was the uncle of Mrs. Stephenson, and a saddler by trade. Andrew remained with him twelve or eighteen months, and during that time assisted 3.049 him in working at his trade. What progress the future President of the United States made in his humble but respectable occupation, is not known. But the fact of his being thus en-28.111 gaged for that length of time, is well known to Mrs. Stephenson. Becoming tired of the business of making saddles, and finding an opportu-\*5,496 nity of doing better, he left Mr. White's and went to North Carolina, where he afterward commenced the study of law, and was admitted to the bar. 25,003

also died with the small pox.

Vol. 4 --- No. 18--- Whole No. 174.

Gen. Jackson in Boyhood.

#### PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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colu	mn. \$18	1, 1	hree squ	ar	CB.	. 81	12:	ty	vo	sat	107	PH. 3	40 .
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Advertisements left without directions as to the ength of time they are to be published, will be ontinued until ordered out, and charged accordingly

### C'Sixteen lines make a square.

#### The Male Coquette.

There is nothing on earth more despicable In passing through Anderson district, some years since, I heard Mrs. Stephenson, a venethan your acknowledged male coquette. He is an anomaly in the human character .- a monrable matron, who had been the youthful acster in the world. He plays a part for which quaintance of Gen. Andrew Jackson during the nature never designed him-the Joan d'Arc of revolutionary war. I was induced by curiosicivil life. Coquetry, with a female is pardonty, as well as respect for the character of this estimable old lady, to visit one who had been able-for it is natural. We believe all the sex the companion of our illustrious Ex-President, are more or less inclined to it. It is not conin the days of his boyhood and obscurity. I fined to one country nor one religion. It is perfound Mrs. Stephenson all that she had been ceptible in the tawny Indian girl and the darkrepresented to be-an intelligent, kind heartfaced African. It flaunts in the atmosphere of ed and fine looking old matron full of conversafashionable extravagance, and looks out from a tion and anecdotes of the "old war." She was pair of roguish eyes, beneath the drab bonnett born in the neighborhood of the Waxsaws, in of the Quakeress. It is a part of the female Leicester district S. C. and there grew up with character,--and, with some restrictions, a very the future "hero of New Orleans." The moexcellent part. It promotes personal neatness ther of Andrew Jackson, and her three sons, and decorum of habit-it bends every faculty of were well known to Mrs. Stephenson, Andrew the mind to the desire of pleasing-it developes was the youngest, and about her own age. every latent charm of intellect. It is that which They were sent to the same school, and their renders the conversation of women, even of ordinary talents, frequently far more agreeable parents lived very near to each other. The fathan that of a man, whose mind has been highly ther of Gen. Jackson died before Mrs. Stephencultivated, and whose powers of fancy are brilsous recollection, and shortly after his settleliant and superior. Woman's wit is seldom exment in South Carolina. He and his wife were erted for the mere purpose of shining in conboth from Ireland. At the commencement of versation-it is rather called forth by a prethe revolutionary struggle in South Carolina, Andrew was going to grammar school, kept in dominant desire to please,--and this is cothe meeting house of Waxsaw neighborhood. quetry in its legitimate sense, in its proper spere. The idea of La Rochefoucauld "les As the contest grew warm the school was discontinued, and the meeting house burnt down. femmes peuvent moine surmonter leur coquet-In the mean time, one of Andrew's brothers teire, que leurs passions," is not true, at least so far as our observation has extended. Codied, and the other entered the services of his country. During the war this other brother quetry and passion are almost always united in the temale heart. They hold a natural and salutary check over each other .- And it is well that The Waxsaw neighborhood, at one period of they do so. They prevent alike premature and the revolution, was the seat of war in the Southdisgusting fondness, and cold-hearted vanity era country, and was laid almost entirely desoand self-love. late, and left without inhabitants. It was du-

But your man coquette (Heaven forfend us from him)-he is undeserving of the least charity. With him the words of the Preacher are verified, "Vanity, vanity-all is vanity." It is a cold and selfish purpose-a hallow hearted love of triumph--a brutal carelessness of wronged and outraged feeling-a morbid desire of interesting in himself, hearts, of whose pange and struggles he recks not-whose affection he would call forth, that the multitude may envy him its possession, not to meet its full flow of confiding tenderness, by the sympathy of his own cela and indurated bosom. It is an unprofitable monopoly of that attention from the other sex, which he scorns to repay with honorable love.

BESIDE HIMSELF. - A rather peevish sort of wife, seated herself at her husband's side and asked why he was like a crazy man. He gave it up, and she answered, "I am your other self-so you are beside yourself."-"Not the more so now," said he, "for if I had not been beside myself while a bachelor, I should never have been placed in this situation."

3, David R. Porter 6 years, (in 1814)

She ministered unto him. He was dying. The postilence had smitten him : and he. Like to a purchas at shrivelled in the flame. Withered and shrank beneath it. His fair brow Grew black and blasted; and where smiles had played.

Horror, despris and agony sat through. His frame, knotted and writhed, lay an unsightly, innip.

Wrung with uncerthily tortures: and his soul Struggled with d ath, in shricks, and howls and can marry her and then make her unhappy by C1178156

there ----

Still sweetly calm and unappalled, she stood Her soft hand smothered his forture-wrinkled seen her as she was dressed then, and if you brow.

And held the cool draught to his fevered lips. Her sweet voice blessed him, and his soul grew her. She was dressed jest to my likin, in a calm.

Death was upon him. black and hideous death. Red ning his vitads with a hand of flame. And wrenching nerves, and knitting sinews up With iron fingers ----vet his soul grew calm, And while her voice in angel accents spoke, Rose, with her prayers to heaven ! One look she Cave.

He laid-a blackening, foul and hideous curpse? With sickening heart, the pure one turned away : To bend her, tainting, o'er another couch. Who would not give a life-a life made rich Ry all that fancy croves-to win the thoughts, smile

That, on her pillow, told she dreamed of Heaven !

NINE RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN PRACTICAL LIFE .- The following rules were given by Mt. Jefferson, in a lotter of advice to his namesake, Thomas Jefferson Smith, in 1825 :

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.

3. Never spend your money before you have it.

4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.

5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.

6. We never repent eating too little. 7. Nothing is troublesome that we do will-

ingly.

8. How much pains those evils cost us which never happened. 9. When angry, count ten before you speak ;

if very angry, a hundred.

way from them The duor room was opened and in we went

I never was so struck all up in a heap aforethere sot. Mary with three or four other gals, beautiful as an engel, and blushin' like a rose. When she seed nie, she kind o'smiled and said down, in good round hand, as if he had been 'good evenin'.' I could'nt say a word for my 'making out a bill of parcels, the line,

life, for more nor a minute. Thar sot the dear gal of my hart, and I could'nt help but think to hat beyond this, after repeated attempts, he was myself what an infernal cus a man must be what treatin' her mean; and I determined in my sole Men veiled their eyes and ded. Yet she stood to stand at ween her and the storms of the world, and to love her, and take care of her, and make her happy, as long as I lived. If you could jest wan't a married man, you could'at kelp but en-

vy my luck after all the trouble I's had to get white muslin frock, with short sleeves and white satin slippers, with her hair all hangin' over h er snow white neck and shoulders in beautiful curls, without a single breastpin or any jewelry, cepta little white satin how on the top her head. By and by Miss Caroline cam into the TOOM.

'Cum, sis, they're all ready,' ses she, and thar was grate big tears in her eyes, and she went and gave Miss Mary a kiss in her mouf, and hugged her a time or two.

We all not up to go. Mary trembled mon-By scraphs famed, which waked that night the strong, and I felt a sort of fainty myself ; but I than poet, exclaimed, 'Hoot, mon, but ye'll be a didn't feel nothin' like cryin'.

> When we got into the room whar the compaby was old Squire Rogers stepped up rite in the maldle of the floor and axed us for the license. Comin Pete handed 'em to hi a and he read out loud to the people who was still as deth. After talking a little he went on-

'll'enny body's got enny thing to say why this couple should'nt be united in the holy hands of wedlock,' see he, 'let 'em now speak, or always afterwards hold their peace-

"Oh my Lord ! oh my darling daughter ! oh dear, laws a massy !' says old Miss Stanley, as loud as she could squall, a clappin her hands and cryen and shouten like she was at a camp meetin'.

'Thunder and lightnin !' thinks I, 'here's another yearth quake.' But held on to Mary. and was 'tarmined that nothin' short of a real bust up of all creation should ever get her from me.

nothin.

Mary blushed dreadful, and seemed like she would drop on the flore.

63

J. Shultz He then took pen in hand, folded his paper with J. Sergeant, a conscientious air of anthorship, squared himself to the table like one who considered it no trille even to write a letter, and slowly put "In seventeen hunder thretty-nine ."

unable to advance. The second line was the Rubicon he could not pass. At last, when Andrew Horner reluctantly admitted that he was not quite in the vein, the pen, ink, and paper were handed to his antagonist. By him they were rejected, for he instantly gave the 1838 D R. Porter, following, view roce :

"In seveteen hunder thretty-nine. The Deil gat stuff to mak' a swine, And pit it in a corner; But, shortly after, changed his plan, Made it to something like a man. And called it Andrew Horner \*

The subject of this stinging stanza had the good sense not to be offended with its satire, cheerfully paid the wager, set to for a night's revelry with his new triends, and thrust his poems between the bars of the grate, when "the sma' hours" came on to four in the morning. As his poetic rival then kindly rolled up the hearth rug in a quiet corner of the room, to serve as a pillow for the vanquished rhymer, then, literally, a carpet knight, the old man, better prophet great poet yet."-Ainsworth's Magazine.

A Goop Hixt .- The celebrated Dr. Abernathy once said : "I tell you, honestly, what I think is the whole cause of the complicated maladies of the human frame. It is their gormandizing, and stuffing, and stimulating the digestive organs to excess, thereby creating irritation. The state of their minds is another grand cause-the fidgeting and discontenting themselves about that which cannot be helped ---passions of all kinds; malignant passions and world's cares pressing on the mind, disturb the central action, and do a great deal of harm."

DANCING .- The following is the way they call out a figure of a "reel" in Georgia :

"Dance to the gal with the yellow shawl on -now down outside and up the middle-turn to your partner Isaac Smith-and now to that entire stranger-sacheaz to the right and left -ra, de dan, da, da, de-now to Peter Switch-"Go ahead, Squire,' said cousin Pete, 'it aint ell's daughter-turn to your partner every one -set to the gal with the flaring frill-balance

one and spin about to the gal with a hole in the ' heel of her stocking."

11.881 1829 Geo. Wolf, 78,219 J. Ramer. 51.226 120.005 1832 Geo Wolf. 91.235 J. Ritner, \$5,156 179,191 1835 J. Ritner. 94,003 Geo. Wolf 65,889 H. A. Muhlenberg. 10.737 200,629 127.821 J. Ritner 122,325 250,146 1811 D.R. Porter 136,516 John Banks 113.373 250,116 \*Exclusive of Scattering votes.

\*Official. The actual majority, including votes rejected, was 7,521 for Porter.

IRISH WIT AND HUMON -The poverty of the Irish is not exaggerated-neither is their witnor their good humor-nor their whimsical abtellow a shilling on some occasion when sixpence was the fec ! "Remember, you owe me sixpence, Pat !" "May your honor live till I pay you !" There was courtsey as well as art in this, and all the clothes on Pat's back would have been dearly bought by the sum in question. IIu mon-There is perpetual kindness in the Irish cabin ; buttermilk, potatoes ; a stool is offered, or a stone is rolled, that your honor may sit down and be out of the smoke, and those who beg every where else, seem desirous to exercise free hospitality in their own houses. Their

natural disposition is turned to gniety pnd happiness; while a Scotchman is thinking about the term day, or, if easy on that subject, about hell in the next world, while an Englishman is making a little hell in the present, because his muffin is not well reasted. Pat's mind is always turned to fun and ridicule. They are terribly excitable to be sure, and will murder you on slight suspicion, and find out next day that it was all a mistake, and that it was not yourself to tread. they meant to kill at all at all .- The Genius

and Wisdom of Sir Walter Scott.

A law in Scotland, passed 1225, gave the girls the right to choose whom they pleased for husbands.

The old Russian custom of the bride on the evening of the wedding day, taking off her hushand's boot, in pledge of obedience, is still retained in some parts of that country, as also that of the hurband depositing in one boot a sum of money, and in the other a small whip. If surdity-nor their courage. Wrr-I gave a the young wife happens to hit first upon that containing the money, she keeps it-if not, her husband gives her two or three light cuts with the whip.

> There is much truth in the following maxim, by one of the ancient sages-"A small neglect often breeds great mischief-for want of a nail, the shoe is lost-for want of a shoe, the horse is lost-for want of a horse the rider is lost."

Never trust a married man with a secret, who loves his wife, for he will tell her, and she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell any. body and everybody.

woman's title in all the relations at mife, widow. drowned last night, in the medicine chest." wirgin and wixen. An important letter, that w.

The path that leads to fortune too often pas ses through the narrow defiles of meanness, which a man of an exalted spirit cannot stoop

Of a certain singer, the London Satirist says-It treth had any power o'er voice, B-might of pleasing tone rejoice, For whether solo or ductto, He'd always have a fine false set to

A person asked Zeno, the philosopher, if wise men ever fell in love. "His answer was-"11 wise men do not fall in love, beautiful women must be very unfortunate."

A New Version .- Hawthorne says the old spirit-stirring appeal to fight for your hearths," has become obsolcte. It is now fight for your

PLAGUY DISAPPOINTED -A foolish young fellow came dancing, whistling, and singing, into a room where old Colly Cibber sat coughing, and spitting,-and cutting a caper triumphantly exclaimed, "There you old putt, what would you give to be as young as I am !"-"Why, faith, young man," replied he, "I would be almost as foolish."

A beggar boy having asked alms of a gentleman, was told that he would give him something when he came back. The boy replied that the gentleman would be surprised if he knew how much he lost by giving credit that way.

A farmer who occasionally accommodated a neighbor with a flitch of bacon at a killing season, being applied to, as usual, replied : "hauna yet made up my mind whether I shall kill mysel' this year, or take a side of my feyther."

A paval surgeon who used to prescribe salt water for his patients in all disorders, happened to be drowned one evening. Next day the captain, coming on board, inquired for the doc-The letter w enters into the composition of tor, and was coolly told by a sailor that he was

A butcher boy in New York says that he has

often heard of the fore quarters of the globe, but never hear's any person say anything abont the hine, quarters.

denc . !" said a Sanday school teacher to a lit-W: boy in his class, other day.

"Railroad to Boston, and steamboat to New York," answered the urchin-