#### TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN." H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND

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ser's Store.] THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontin-

ued till att 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.



### Steam Against Wind.

The following clever reply to Allan Cunningham's spirited song "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," was handed us by a friend. It is a clear turning of the tables against the maintopmen. We understand the inspiration which produced it was a visit a day or two ago, to the "Princeton." N. Y. Express.

Oh, give me a bunker full of coal, An engine new and strong. We'll furl our sails-brace up our yards, And drive our ship along. And drive our ship along-Nor ask for favoring gales: But through the tide will swiftly elide. Ob, give me a bunker full et coal, An engine new and strong, We'll furl our sails-brace up our verds.

Oh, for a snorting wind right aft, I hear the old tars cry; But give to me a head of steam, And then our ship will fly ; And then our ship will fly-With the falcon's speed she'll go; Oh, what care we for wind or sea, When our steam is not too low.

And drive the ship along.

Oh, give me an ongine new and strong. &c. When our port before us lies, Though the wind and tides oppose Take off the half-stroke, give her steam, And then right in she goes. And then right in she goes :-No sails to back or fill-But on her track without a tack, She goes where'er we will. Oh, give me a bunker full of coal, &c.

## THE WIFE.

FROM THE SERMAN OF STOLEFEG.

Happy he to whom kind heaven, Rich in grace, a wife hath given, Virtuous, wise, and formed for love. Gentle, guileless as a dove. Let him thank his God for this Pure overflowing cup of bliss; Pain may never linger near, With such friend to soothe and cheer She, like moonlight, mild and fair, Smiles away each gloomy care-Kisses dey man's secret tears. And with flowers his path-way che When his boiling heart heaves high, Plasting five from his eye-When kind friendship seeks in vain-Passion's wild enceer to rein -Then use gentle step is near!

Sortly drops her soothing tear, As when evening dew comes down, On the meadow secrebed and brown. Some have sought their bliss in gold! Some for flowe their peace have sold ! Gold and glory in the hand, Crumble like a ball of sand. Heaven sends man the faithful wife!

Life without her is not life! And when life is o'er, her love, Gilds a brighter scene above.

DUCK SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY "I've got," cried At., with joyful look, "Two very fine fat ducks, my dear." Vic. frowned and said, "You have no right To any 'duck' but us while here."

English paper,

INFALLIBLE RULES TO DISCOVER A HUSBAND AND WIFE-If you see a man and woman, with little or no occasion, finding fault, and correcting one or another in company, you may be sure that they are man and wife. If you see a lady accidentally let fall a glove, and broken in upon by impertinent curiosity; door, collarless and buttened up, the very per- any quarter. No. he (the honorable beverage) her to take it up, she is his wife. If you see a lady presenting a gentleman with something sideways, at arm's length, with her head turning another way, speaking to him with a look and accent different from that she uses towards others, you may be sure he is her husband. In fine, if you see a gentleman and lady in the same coach, in protound silence, the one looking out at the one side the otherat the other side, never suspect they mean any

Captain Macheath, in the Beggar's opera says to Jenny Diver, "I know by your kiss that your gin is excellent."

We once heard a western girl, after giving her lover a hearty smack, exclaim, "Dog my cat! if you haint been takin' a little rye, old hoss!"

eoclety.

# 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 despatism .- JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Feb. 10, 1844.

Vol. 4 -- No. 20 -- Whole No. 176.

Dickens and the United States.

DICKENS, it seems, has not vented all his spleen against this country through the medium additional offusion has just been put forth in the extracted from the article referred to, will give the reader an idea of its spirit:

"American Poetry' always reminds us of the advertisements in the newspapers, headed 'The best substitute for Silver: -if it be not the genuine thing, it 'looks just as handsome, and is miles out of sight cheeper."

We are fer from regarding it as a just ground of reproach to the Americans, that their poetry a similar predicement : is little better than the far-off echo of the fatherland; but we think it is a reproach to them of educated nations. In this particular, as in their assumption, they make up in swagger and impudence. To believe themselves, they are that, with two or three exceptions, there is not a post of mark in the whole Union,

mencement of her Listory to the present time. opement of poetry, and if the people were wise criticism upon the things they have failed in attempting. They have telled forests, drained murshes, cleared wildernesses, built cities, cut time to come when all this frightful rush and conflict of wild energies shall in some measure have subsided, to afford repose for the fine arts to take root in their soil and 'ripen in the sun.' It is not enough that there are individuals in the sit Newgate, and asked me to join him. crowd and get audience for their delicate music. There must be a national heart, and national sympathies, and an intellectual atmosphere for upon as well as to work with. The ground must be prepared before the seed is cast into it, and tended and well-ordered, or it will become choked with weeds, as American literature, such as it is, is now choked in every one of its multifarious manifestations. As yet the American is horn-handed and pig-headed, hard, persevering, unscrupulous, carniverous, ready for all weathers, with an incredible genius for tving, a vanity elastic beyond comprehension, the hide of a buffalo, and the shrick of a steam engine; to real nine-foot breast of a fellow. steel twisted, and made of horse shoe nails, the rest of him being cast iron with steel springs."

the highest literary reputation. A famous and was cropped close to his head, his clothes search, confront that the honorable beverage—for I ther will be stared at, and jostled about, and though jountly cut, and, after changing a rag- would not use the stronger term of wine asked questions, and have his privacy scared ged office coat for a shabby blue, he stood by the laugh) -- was not likely to create confusion tocracy every where of some sort, of blood, or Marcrone's,) and drove on to Newgate. talent, or titles, so America has made her elecday set in, and the whole fabric must be smelt- continued my stroll in the city. ed, and such proportion of ore as it may really Not long after this. Macrone sent me the

themselves, once they begin to see things in ! Two or three years afterwards I was in Lonthat aspect, must be glad to be relieved from a don, and present at the complimentary dinner motley fool's costume which only excites the given to Macready. Samuel Lover, who sat of his 'Notes' and his 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' An Jerision of other countries, making itself felt in next me, pointed out Dickens. I looked up shouts of laughter that may be said to come and down the table, but was wholly unable to leading article of the Foreign Quarterly Re- pealing upon them over the broad waters of the single him out without getting my friend to view, in which an examination of Griswold's Atlantic. But in the meanwhile it interferes number the people who sat above him. He collection of American Poetry is made the pre- fatally with the culture of letters. The afore- was no more like the same man I had seen text of an attack on the Poets and Poetry of A- said bag of dollars, no matter how acquired- than a tree in June is like the same tree in Febmerica, couched in the characteristic style of utter indifference to the honesty of the means ruary. He sat leaning his head on his hand the writer when speaking of men and things in of acquisition giving additional impetus to the while Bulwer was speaking, and with his very the United States. The following passages, naked passion for gain-is worth a dozen poets long hair, his very flash waiscoat, his chains in America."

It appears that Dickers has fallen into pecuniary difficulties, notwithstanding the large parison was very interesting to me, and I look sums of money which the labor of his pen has ed at him a long time. brought him. Willis, the New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer, in his last published letter thus describes the circumstances under which he first saw him, while in

"I am sorry to see by the English papers that Dickens has been 'within the rules of the that they should be eternally thrusting their Queen's Bench, realizing the prophecy of pepretensions to the poetical character in the face cuniary ruin which has for some time been whispered about for him. His splendid genius most others, what they want in the integrity of did not need the melanchely proof of improvidence, and he has had wealth so completely within his grasp, that there seems a particular the finest poets in the whole world; before we and unhapy needlessness in his roin. The close this article, we hope to satisfy the reader worst of his misfortune is, he has lived so closely at the edge of his floodtide of prosperity that the ebb leaves him at highwater mark, and not The circumstance of America, from the com- in the contented ocze of supplied necessities held for the purpose of considering the lest have been peculiarly unfavorable to the devel. it was in that same lowwater period of his life -- just before he became celebrated-that I first they would be content to take credit for the saw Dickens and I will record this phrase of things they have done, without challenging his crysulis-(the tomb of the caterpiller and -upon the chance of its being as interesting to patiently, and with a befitting modesty, for the smoke of the wet straw peered the head of my publisher, Mr. Macrone, (a most liberal and noble-hearted fellow, since dead.) After a little catechism as to my damp destiny for that morning, he informed me that he was going to vi-

cab, he said he was to pick up on the way a

In his works, if you remember, there is a delamities were it not also the greatest of bur- and were shown some of the celebrated murlesques, and their is hope that its essential ab- derers confined for life, and one young soldier surdity may at length bring it into general con- waiting for execution; and in one of the pasharm to one another, they are already mar- tempt. People are sometimes laughed out of sages we chanced to meet Miss Fry on her utheir vices, who cannot by any means be in- sual errand of benevolence. Though interested duced to reason upon them; and so it will hap- in Dicken's face, I forgot him naturally enough pen, doubtless, in the follness of time, with the after we entered the prison, and I do not think aristocracy of America. It cannot be endured I heard him speak during the two hours. 1 for ever. A sense of the ridiculous must one parted from him at the door of the prison, and

contain will be separated from the dross with sheets of Sketches by Boz," with a note saywhich it is now mixed up. Generals and colo- ing that they were by the gentleman who went, of his compositors. "In an elopement." "Stop," Every man who acquires a fortune by indus- nels keeping whiskey stores and boarding- with us to Newgate. I read the book with a said his interrogator, "I want you to take a ly the mechanism of the universe, and the God confusior, ! what shricks! what clamor. The try is a treasure to himself and family, and a houses—titles of honor borrowed from the old mazement at the genins displayed in it, and, in share in a murder " profit to his country, by adding to the common world, and labelled upon the meanest of callings my note of reply, assured Macrone that I thought stock. It becomes a bond which unites him to in the new, suggest such an irresistably ludic- his fortune was made as a publisher if he could rous association of ideas, that the Americans monophize the author.

and rings, and withal a much paler face than of old, he was totally unrecognisable. The com-

He was then in his culmination of popularity and seemed juded to streefaction. Remember ing the glorious works he had written since I had seen kim, I longed to pay my homage, but had no opportunity, and I did not see him again till he came over to reap his harvest and unset his hay eart in America .- When all the cobemera of his imprudences and improvidences shall have passed away-say twenty years hence-I should like to see himagain, renowned as he will be for the most original and remarkable works of his time."

## Wine vs. Water. GREAT ANTI-TEMPERANCE MEETING.

A highly respectable meeting of some of the

most influential wines, beers, and spirits, was

where it first took him up. And, by the way, means of opposing the Temperance movement. Among those on the platform we particularly noticed Port, Sherry, and Claret; while at the lower end of the room where Cope, Marsala, street. It is as high as that, and about as wide, and a deputation of the British Wines, who the cradle of the butterfly," as Linneus calls it) were represented by the Two-and-two-penny sparkling Champagne, more familiarly known future ages as such a picture would now bent as the "Groune Walker,"-Most of the princanals, laid down railroads (too much of this too the ante-butterflixty of Shakespeare. I was cipal wines wore the silver collars of the orders with other people's money) and worked out a following a favorite amusement of mine one to which they respectively belonged; and Port great practical exemplification, in an amazing rainy day in the strand, London-strolling to- having been unanimously voted into the chair, short space of time, of the political immoralities wards the more crowded thoroughfures with the business of the meeting was opened by and social vices of which a democracy may be cleak and umbrella, and looking at people and Corkscrew, in a concise but pointed manner. rendered capable. This ought to be enough shop-windows. I heard my name called from Champagne was the first to rise, in a state of for their present ambition. They ought to wait a passenger in the street cab. From out the great effervescence. He declared that he was facthing over with pure indignation of the idea of the sun and moon, and a great many other of wine being excluded from the social board; things, are indicated. Here, also, in niches and, indeed, he found it impossible to preserve the coolness which ought to belong to him .-He was not one to keep any thing long bottled. Time with his scythe; the four ages of human up; (Hear ! and a laugh,) indeed, when he tessing multitude affleted with babling desires I willingly agreed, never having seen this once let loose, out it must come; and he did mention. for case, and solitude, and books, and green famous prison; and, after I was seated in the say that the temperance movement was playing To give you a little farther idea of its magnimore likely to be trampled down in the blind young paragraphist for the Morning Chronicle, (cries of shame ! from Genuine Walker.) Clacommotion, than, like Orpheus, to still the who wished to write a description of it. In ret said that he did not often get into a state of the most crowded part of Holborn, within a door | fermiontation ; but on this occasion he did feel or two of the 'Bull and Mouth' Inn, (the great | his natural smoothness forsaking him. He begstarting and stopping place of the stage coach- ged leave to propose the following resolution : poetry. There must be the material to work cs.) we pulled up at the entrance of a large "That the substitution of water for wine is likebuilding used for lawyers' chambers. Not to by to dissolve all social ties, and is calculated leave me sitting in the rain, Macrone asked me to do material injury to the constitution." Rum to dismount with him. I followed by long flights rose, he said, for the purpose of opposing this of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered in- resolution which he thought of too sweeping r to an uncarpeted and bleak-looking room, with character. He, (Rum,) so far from wishing to a deal table, two or three chairs and a few got rat of water altogether, was always happy books, a small boy, and Mr. Dickens for the con- to meet with it on equal terms; and he knew tents. I was only struck at first with one that he, (Rum,) as well as many of his friends thing, (and I made a memorandum of it that around him, had derived a good deal of inflaevening, as the strongest instance I had ever ence from being mixed up with water, and goseen of English obsequiousness to employers,) ing as it were half way, which there could be the degree to which the poor author was over- no objection to. Gip begged leave to differ powered with the honor of his publisher's visit! from the honorable spirit that had just sat down, I remember saying to myself as I sat down on and who was so unaccustomed to be on his legs a ricketty chair, 'My good fellow, if you were at all, that it was not surprising he should have The one thing that goes down most success- in America with that fine face and your ready failed to make a respectable stand on the prefully in America is money. This is the Real quill, you would have no need to be condercend- sent occasion. (Cries of 'order!') He (Gla) which has so effectually strangled the Ideal in ed to by a publisher! Dickens was dressed had no wish to create confusion. (Irenica its iron gripe. A bag of dollars is a surer in- very much as he has since described 'Dick cheering from Marsala') He understood the troduction to the 'best society' in America than Swiveller'-minus the 'swell' look. His hair meaning of that cheer; and would certainly and a gentleman that sits next her telling but a rich man moves in an atmosphere of awe somification, I thought, of a close sailor to the was not strong enough for that. (Renewed and servility, and commands every thing that wind. We went down and crowded into the laughter.)-He (Gin) had perhaps, soff-red is to be had in the way of precedence, and pomp, cab, (one passenger more than the law allow- more from water than all the other wines and and circle-worship. As there must be an arise ed, and Dickens partly in my lap and partly in spirits whom he now saw before him put toomther. (Hear, hear!) A Freuch wine, whose name we rould not learn, let something drop, tion, and set up her aristocracy of dollars-the scription of the prison, drawn from this day's but we were unable to catch it. Cape now basest of all. It would be the greatest of ca- observation. We were there an hour or two, rose, but was immediately coughed down in a very unceremonious manner. The thanks of the meeting having been voted to Port for his able conduct in the decanter, the meeting separated; but not until a committee had been chosen, consisting of a dozen of wine and a gal-Ion of beer, with power to add to their number, either by water or otherwise .- Cruikshauk's Comic Almanac.

> Scene in a London PRINTING OFFICE. "What are you engaged in !" said the head printer in a newspaper establishment to one

He who gives himself airs of importance, exlubits the eredentials of impotence.

A Wonderful Clock.

The Ray Mr. Turnbull Paster of the Harand Street Church, Boston, in a letter written during his recent tour in Europe, gives the youth of his congregation the following account of a wonderful work of art. After introducing

which will be so likely to interest you as this

great astronomical clock, which I saw the o-

his letter, he says :-"There is no subject that I can think of,

ther day in the cathedral at Strasburg. This enthedral, by the way, is one of the oldest and finest in Europe. It is very large, and its tower or steeple is the highest in the world. It is twenty-four feet higher than the great pyramid of Egypt-one hundred and forty feet higher in his heart, there is no God." than St. Paul's in London-and three or four imes higher than the Old South Church in Boston, The astronomical clock stands in the inside, in one corner of it, and is a most imposing and beautiful object. Five or six hundred people visit it every day, at 12 o'clock, when it performs some extraordinary feats, which I shall mention presently-and several millions in the course of the year. There have been two or three clocks in the same place, upon the model of which it is formed; but it is almost entirely a new one, and was constructed by a mechanic, whose name was Schwilgue, in 1838-to whom a nocturnal fete or festival was given, by his fellow citizens, on the occasion of its completion. To give you some idea of the size of this clock, I will compare it with some other things with which you are familiar, instead of saying that it is so many feet high, and so many feet wide, &c. Well, then, you remember the Post Office, in Washington or nearly. Its top would reach to the very summit of our meeting-house and its front would go about halt way across the front of the meeting-house. On the top of it is a figure of the prophet Isaiah, about as large as life; on its two sides are two stairs to go into it. Its front is beautifully painted, and has places upon which the hours of the day, days of the week, the revolution of the stars, the motion of the sun in the ecliptic, the days of the month, the seasons of the year, the phases prepared for them, are immovable images of the Saviour and his twelve apostles; Death, and life; and several other forms, which I cannot

side of it; and that some ten or fifteen people, perhaps more, might stand together in its very heart, and examine its machinery. Mr. Neale, two other gentlemen, and myself, with the conhigher, and then again into a still higher apartment of it, and saw the various parts of the machmery, consisting, I should think, of more than pendent, for harmonious action, upon the short, thick, brass pendulum, which swings in the

benediction, which he gives with a movement just struck up a hornpine," of the hand. When the apostle Peter makes "The devil he has," cried the landlord," we his appearance, a gilded cock, which is perched will soon see that." on one side of the clock flaps his wings, raises While all the family were trembling and same loud and startling crow, flapping his wings, in his turn out of bed, and running to the and raising his head.

a wonderful clock-and what a wonderful man were passing through the gallery, and no sohe must have been who made it?" Yes, my ner saw him than they imagined it was the the whole universe going, and every hourt beat, companion, without the least fear of catchting from day to day, and from year to year, ing the plague.

## PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

do 2 1 do 3 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-

CySixteen lines make a square.

Lo these are but a part of his ways; but the thunder of his power who can understand ?"

But suppose some boy should say-"That's all nonsense : nobody made the clock ; it made itself; it came by chance, and has kept going ever since without any help from without."-Why, you would say that the boy was crazy, would you not ! What, then, shall we think of those who tell us there is no God! that the earth, the moon and stars, men and women, trees and sun, flowers, birds and beasts, came by chance-and that they keep living, and moving, and growing, without help from without ? It seems to me, that we must think of these just what the Bible says : "The fool hath said

My dear young friends, endeavor to secure the favor of that great and wonderful Being, who is above all, through all, and in all."

## A Laughable Story.

The Count Hohenlothe on his death bed, gave a musqueteer his letter case, to deliver to a banker whom the infatoation of pleasure had prevented him from seeing. He made no use of his bills of credit, as death had not given him time to spend the ready money he had brought with him. The poor young man having given his last sigh, the musqueteer made the necessary preparation, for his funeral, ---While things were in this situation there arrived two English noblemen at the same house, They were placed in a chamber adjoining that in which the dead body was laid out, and out of which it had been removed. They could only allow one bed for them both, all the others being engaged; but as the weather was cold, and they were friends, they made no difficulty in lying together.

In the middle of the night, one of the two not being able to sleep, and growing weary of his bed, arose in order to amuse himself in the kitchen where he heard some people talking. He had diverted himself there sometime when being willing to return whence he came. he again went up stairs, but instead of entering his own chamber, went into that of the deceased Count, over whose face they had only thrown a cloth. There is not so much ceremony used in France in the management of their dead, as in England and Germany; for they are there satisfied with showing their affection for the living.

The English nobleman having put out the candle, laid down boldly by the defunct; when creeping as close to him as possible in order to warm himself, and finding his bed fellow colder than himself, he began to mutter:

"What the devil's the matter, my friend? You are as cold as ice. I will lay a wager, cold as you are, you would have been warm enough if you had seen what I have, below stairs. ductor, went into it and spent about an hour Come, you may take my word for it," addthere. We went first into a lower, then into a |cd | he, "come, zounds ! stir." While he was holding this fine conversation, the dead, who, detached from the things of this world, did not even give himself the trouble of making a thousand pieces, splendidly polished, and de. a reply, his chamber door was opened, which made him raise to see what was coming in : but judge what must have been his surprise, when he saw a servant lighting in a joiner, who But I must tell you what this clock does. carried a coffin on his shoulder ! He thought It not only points out the hours and days, but at first he had been in a dream; but on lookthe times and seasons, the revolutions of the ing around him and seeing the visage overstars, the solar and lunar equations, the con-spread with mortal paleness, he made but one unctions and eclipses of the heavenly bodies, jump from his bed to the middle of his chamtheir positions at any given time, and the vari- ber. The joiner and the maid were immedione changes through which they pass for thou- ately persuaded that it was the corpse, who sands of years. It points out apparent time, being unwilling to be shut up in a coffin was mean or real time, and ecclesiastical time. On playing his gambols. Their legs were unaits face you see the motion of the stars, of the ble to move with a swiftness proportioned to sun and planets, of the moon and her satellites, their fears; and joiner, maid, coffin and can-Two little cherubs, who sit the one on one side, diestick rolled over one another from the top the other on the other, strike the quarters of of the stairs down into the kitchen. "Zounds! the hour - Death strikes the hour with a mace, what are you all about !" cried the landlord. while four figures pass and repass before him, "What, is the devil flying away with the dead recresenting the various stages of human life. man !" "Mercy on us !" cried the maid ; "it At 12 o'clock every day, when Death strikes is rather the dead man would run away with 12, the spectles, who are represented each with us" "I am the son of a ----- " said the the badges of his martyrdom, come out from joiner, "if that dead man has any more occathe clock, and pass before an image of the S1- sion for a coffin than I have. Why he just viour, bowing as they pass, and receiving his got up in the middle of the room, and he has

his head, and crows so long and so loud, as to getting ready to follow the master of the make the whole cathedral ring again. This he house, the English nobleman who had again repeats three times, in memorial of the cock found his chamber, had slipped into bed quite that crowed three times before the field of Peter, out of breath, and his friend having asked him during the crucifixion of our Saviour. Of where he had been, he answered; "Jostling course the cack makes no further motion till with a dead body." . Sblood! a dead body! the next day at 12 o'clock, when he repeats the it is perhaps the plague !" cried he jumping door to call for a light.

Now I dare say, you will all exclaim, "What The landlord, the landlady, and servants, vonne friends-but how much more wonderful- dead man who had appeared again. What who made it. How wonderful that being who Engly hman, terrified at the hideons noise, ran made you and me, and all mankind, and keeps into his room, and slipped into his bed to his