

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

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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 & Eisely.

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

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PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., 1 square 1 insertion) and Price (e.g., \$0 50).



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.

N. Y. Express.

Oh, give me a bunkie full of coal, An engine new and strong, We'll furl our sails—brace up our yards, And drive our ship along.

Oh, give me an engine new and strong, An engine new and strong, We'll furl our sails—brace up our yards, And drive the ship along.

THE WIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOLBERG.

Happy he to whom kind heaven, Rich in grace, a wife hath given, Virtuous, wise, and formed for love, Gentle, guileless as a dove.

DUCK SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.

"I've got," cried Al, with joyful look, "Two very fine fat ducks, my dear."

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.

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 loss!"

Every man who acquires a fortune by industry is a treasure to himself and family, and a profit to his country, by adding to the common stock.

Dickens and the United States.

DICKENS, it seems, has not vented all his spleen against this country through the medium of his 'Notes' and his 'Martin Chuzzlewit.'

"American Poetry" always reminds 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 cheaper!'

We are far from regarding it as a just ground of reproach to the Americans, that their poetry is little better than the far-off echo of the fatherland; but we think it is a reproach to them that they should be eternally thrusting their pretensions to the poetical character in the face of educated nations.

The circumstance of America, from the commencement of her history to the present time, have been peculiarly unfavorable to the development of poetry, and if the people were wise they would be content to take credit for the things they have done, without challenging criticism upon the things they have failed in attempting.

The American is horn-headed and pig-headed, hard, persevering, unscrupulous, carnivorous, ready for all weathers, with an incredible genius for lying, a vanity elastic beyond comprehension, the hide of a buffalo, and the shriek of a steam engine; a 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 one thing that goes down most successfully in America is money. This is the Real which has so effectually strangled the Ideal in its iron grip.

Not long after this, Macrone sent me the "sheets of Sketches by Boz," with a note saying that they were by the gentleman who went with us to Newgate.

Two or three years afterwards I was in London, and present at the complimentary dinner given to Macready, Samuel Lover, who sat next me, pointed out Dickens. I looked up and down the table, but was wholly unable to single him out without getting my friend to number the people who sat above him.

It appears that Dickens has fallen into pecuniary difficulties, notwithstanding the large sums of money which the labor of his pen has brought him.

"I am sorry to see by the English papers that Dickens has been 'within the rules of the Queen's Bench,' realizing the prophecy of pecuniary ruin which has for some time been whispered about him.

I willingly agreed, never having seen this famous prison; and, after I was seated in the cab, he said he was to pick up on the way a young paragonist for the Morning Chronicle, who wished to write a description of it.

In his works, if you remember, there is a description of the prison, drawn from this day's observation. We were there an hour or two, and were shown some of the celebrated murderers confined for life, and one young soldier waiting for execution; and in one of the passages we chanced to meet Miss Fry on her usual errand of benevolence.

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He who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence.

Two or three years afterwards I was in London, and present at the complimentary dinner given to Macready, Samuel Lover, who sat next me, pointed out Dickens. I looked up and down the table, but was wholly unable to single him out without getting my friend to number the people who sat above him.

He was then in his culmination of popularity and seemed gladdened to stupefaction. Remembering the glorious works he had written since I had seen him, 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 upset his hay cart in America.

Wine vs. Water.

GREAT ANTI-TEMPERANCE MEETING.

A highly respectable meeting of some of the most influential wine, beer, and spirits, was held for the purpose of considering the best means of opposing the Temperance movement.

But I must tell you what this clock does. It not only points out the hours and days, but the times and seasons, the revolutions of the stars, the solar and lunar equinoxes, the conjunctions and eclipses of the heavenly bodies, their positions at any given time, and the various changes through which they pass for thousands of years.

SCENE IN A LONDON PRINTING OFFICE.

"What are you engaged in?" said the head printer in a newspaper establishment to one of his compositors. "In an elopement."

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A Wonderful Clock.

The Rev. Mr. Turnbull, Pastor of the Harvard 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.

"There is no subject that I can think of, which will be so likely to interest you as this great astronomical clock, which I saw the other day in the cathedral at Strasburg. This cathedral, 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.

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 street. It is as high as that, and about as wide, or nearly. Its top would reach to the very summit of our meeting-house and its front would go about half way across the front of the meeting-house.

To give you a little further idea of its magnitude let me say that there are means of going inside of it; and that some ten or fifteen people, perhaps more, might stand together in its very heart, and examine its machinery.

Now I dare say, you will all exclaim, "What a wonderful clock—and what a wonderful man he must have been who made it!" Yes, my young friends—but how much more wonderfully the mechanism of the universe, and the God who made it. How wonderful that being who made you and me, and all mankind, and keeps the whole universe going, and every heart beating from day to day, and from year to year.

A Laughable Story.

The Count Hohenlohe on his death bed, gave a musqueteer his letter case, to deliver to a banker whom the infatuation of pleasure had prevented him from seeing.

"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."

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 Hohenlohe on his death bed, gave a musqueteer his letter case, to deliver to a banker whom the infatuation of pleasure had prevented him from seeing.

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.

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. Come, you may take my word for it," added he, "come, zounds! stir."

"What is the devil flying away with the dead man?" "Mercy on us!" cried the maid; "it is rather the dead man would run away with us." "I am the son of a—," said the joiner, "if that dead man has any more occasion for a coffin than I have. Why he just got up in the middle of the room, and he has just struck up a hornpipe."

While all the family were trembling and getting ready to follow the master of the house, the English nobleman who had again found his chamber, had slipped into bed quite out of breath, and his friend having asked him where he had been, he answered; "Jostling with a dead body." "Blood! a dead body! it is perhaps the plague!" cried he jumping in his turn out of bed, and running to the door to call for a light.

The landlord, the landlady, and servants, were passing through the gallery, and no sooner saw him than they imagined it was the dead man who had appeared again. What confusion! what shrieks! what clamor. The Englishman, terrified at the hideous noise, ran into his room, and slipped into his bed to his companion, without the least fear of catching the plague.