

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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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.—JERFKROG. By Masser & Eisely. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, April 20, 1844. Vol. 4--No. 30--Whole No. 186.

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SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

FROM ERSKINE'S GOSPEL SONNETS. We are far from advocating such intemperate use, either of the pipe, cigars without the pipe, or tobacco in other forms, as we have seen. But the following is a quaint string of useful thoughts. The author was a man of undoubted piety and great religious influence in his day: son of the celebrated Ralph Erskine, imprisoned for his bold dissent from the Scottish church in 1682, and brother to Ebenezer Erskine, an equally celebrated Scotch seceder. The author of the following also published various sermons and other works.

This Indian wood now withered quite, Though green at noon, cut down at night, Shows thy decay: All flesh is lay. Thus think, and smoke tobacco. The pipe, so Lily-like and weak, Does thus thy mortal state bespeak. Then 't is even such: Gone with a touch. Thus think, and smoke tobacco. And when the smoke ascends on high, Then thou beholdst at the vanity Of worldly stuff, Gone with a puff. Thus think, and smoke tobacco. And when the pipe grows foul within, Think on thy soul defiled with sin; For then the fire It doth require. Thus think, and smoke tobacco. And see, the ashes cast away! Then to thyself, thou (well) mayest say, That to the dust, Return thou must. Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

From the Osvego Whig. THE PRINTER.

Know ye the printer's hour of peace! Know ye an hour more fraught with joy Than ever felt the maid of Greece When kissed by Venus' am'rous boy? 'Tis not when news of dreadful note His columns all with mien fill; 'Tis not when brother printers quote The effusion of his stump-worn quill. 'Tis not when in Miss Fancy's glass, Long advertisements meet his eye, And seem to whisper as they pass, We'll grace your columns by and by. Nor is it when with merriment names, His lengthened roll of vellum swells, As if 'twas touched by conjurer's wand, Or grew by fairy's magic spells. No, reader, no, the printer's hour— His hour of real sweet repose, Is not when, by some magic power, His list of patrons daily grows. But, oh! 'tis when stern winter dress Comes robed in snow and rain and vapor, His heels, in whippers soft and clear, We've come to pay you for the paper!

LEGAL WHISKERS.

As o'er their wine and walnuts sat, Talking of this and then of that, Two whisks, well learned in the law— That is, well skilled to find a flaw— Said one companion to the other, "How is it, most respected brother, That you of late have shaven away Those whiskers which for many a day Had ornamented much your cheek? Sure, 'twas an idle, silly freak?" To whom the other answer gave, "With look half merry and half grave— "Though others be by whiskers graced, A lawyer can't be too bare-faced?" "Now tell me why," the other cried, "In whiskers you take so much pride; Why such a mass of savage hair, Upon your face divine you wear?" To whom the other answer gave, "With look half merry and half grave— "For the same reason that you say, Caused you to shave yours all away— "Though some by whiskers are not graced, A lawyer can't be too bare-faced!"

MAN, SAID SOTHY, is a deuceable animal.—Quacks in medicine, quacks in religion, and quacks in politics; know this, and act upon the knowledge. There is scarcely any one who may not, like a trout, be taken by tickling.

A NEW FEATURE.—The New Orleans Picayune says:—"Every day brings something new. In 'popping the question' now, the stricken individual, instead of saying, 'Miss, will you marry me?' exclaims, 'Miss, are you in favor of annexation?'"

From the Lowell Offering. THE FACTORY GIRL.

'Who is that beautiful girl yonder?' asked Julia Stanwood of her friend, Ellen Morley, as they stood at a window in the brilliantly lighted parlor of Mr. Seymour. 'What the one who stands opposite us, who is dressed so plainly?' asked Ellen. 'The same,' was the reply. 'I feel considerably curious to know who she is.' 'And I presume it will be increased when I tell you that she is a factory girl,' was the sneering reply. 'Why, Ellen, how can you speak so,' said Julia, 'do you think that any one should be despised because she works for a living.' 'Oh, no—certainly not, but I like to see them know their place, and not be always putting themselves forward as though they were somebody.' 'And are they not somebody, as you please to term it?' asked Julia. 'Oh, yes—certainly was the scornful reply; 'or I suppose they would be if you could have your will about it. I suppose you would have the merchant's daughter stoop to associate with the ignorant and vulgar factory girl, but I shall never do it; and I do not think Mr. Seymour should admit a girl of her standing to a place like this, even if she is his niece.' 'Well, Ellen, as the subject is painful to you, we will drop it at once; and see, yonder comes your brother, who, I think by his looks has something to communicate.'

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sent, as she promised to return in a year. During her absence, as Mr. Seymour had business of importance in another part of that state, he removed to a town about eighty miles from his former residence. At the end of the year Mary returned; and wishing to introduce her to society, the party in which we have first presented her to notice, was given for that purpose. We will now pass over the period of three months; during which time summer had relinquished its lovely flowers for the bare foliage of autumn. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate, in the back parlor of Mr. Seymour's mansion. Edward Morley was seated upon the sofa, holding the hand of Mary Emmons, and looking into her face with an intense anxiety, as if waiting for a sentence of life or death. At length she spoke and her voice trembled like the aspen leaf as she answered, 'Mr. Morley, I respect, may I love you, but under existing circumstances, I can never be yours.'

'And what, dear Mary, has caused this change in love.'

'Say not change,' she hastily replied, 'that is unchangeable; but you know the feelings of your sister towards me, and I never could be happy in the unhappiness of another.'

'I know,' he answered sorrowfully, 'that she has treated you with unkindness; but it this can be overcome, will you then consent to be mine?'

'I will,' was the calm reply. Without saying another word, he took his hat from the table and departed. When he reached his home he found his sister alone in the setting room. Seating himself beside her, he introduced the subject by telling her of the prospects which he feared she had blighted forever. As he continued a frown gathered upon her brow, and a hasty exclamation rose to her lips; but when he told her of the sacrifices which the self-denying girl was about to make to pride, her better feelings triumphed; and covering her face with her hands, the proud and haughty girl wept in bitterness of spirit.

Hastily rising she opened her writing-desk, and taking a pen wrote a note, and handed it to her brother saying, 'I cannot go to her, but give her this and tell her that to-morrow I will see her.'

'My sister, your conscience will reward you for this, said he as he closed the door, and hastily retraced his steps. Without stopping to ring for admittance, he entered and found Mary sitting in the parlor where he had left her. Traces of tears were visible on her cheeks, but a smile quickly succeeded, as she saw the expression of joy upon his countenance. Taking the note from his hand, she perused it; and then, looking him steadfastly in the face, asked him if he believed it was the language of sincerity.

'Yes,' was the reply, 'and I know that she will be proud of such a sister.'

But we will here leave them to the enjoyment of their new found happiness, for the scene is too sacred for the eye of strangers. A few days afterward, Mrs. Seymour was busily engaged in ornamenting a bride's cake, and Mary Emmons and Ellen Morley were trimming a white satin dress, when a letter was brought in and handed to Mary, who hastily perused it, and laid it on her work-box.

'Well,' said Ellen, 'I think you are rather shy with your letter; but if I cannot have the privilege of reading it, I shall take the Yankee's privilege of guessing, and I guess that it came from Lowell.'

'Well I rather guess that you have guessed right; and as you are so good at guessing I guess I will let you read it,' replied Mary, laughing.

'Well, Ellen, what do you think of my factory friend,' asked Mary, as Ellen returned the letter.

'Well, Mary to tell you the truth, I think she needs no better recommendation than her being an associate of yours; but if I should judge from this letter, I should think that she was one whom you might be proud of.'

'Thank you for the compliment,' said Mary, laughing; 'and I am proud of her, and of many others there; and I shall not soon forget their kindness to me when I was a stranger among them.'

Mary was true to her promise, and as a substantial proof of their remembrance, they received a short time after this receipt of the above letter, one from Mrs. Morley, accompanied by her card and a slice of cake. And Ellen Morley never had occasion to regret that her brother had chosen for his companion, a factory girl.

P. A. L.

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT.—Uncle Moses is particular in his counsels to Lem to beware of the women. He says that he tried to court up one once, and she called him all sorts of foul names. Lem inquired what those foul names might be, 'Duck and chickie and such' replied the old bachelor, swelling up.

A COMPLAINING STOMACH.

I have been a stomach for about forty years, during all of which time I have endeavored to do my duty faithfully and punctually. My master, however, is so reckless, that I would defy any stomach of ordinary ability and capacity to get along pleasantly with him. The facts, like almost all other men, he, in his eating and drinking, considers his own pleasure only, and never once reflects on the poor wretch who has to be responsible for the disposal of everything down stairs. Scarcely on any day does he fail to exceed the strict rule of temperance; nay, there is scarcely a single meal which is altogether what it ought to be, either in its constituents or its general amount. My life is therefore one of continual worry and fret; I am never off the dredge from morning till night, and I have not a moment in the four-and-twenty hours that I can safely call my own.

My greatest trial takes place in the evening, when my master has dined. If you only saw what a mess this said dinner is—soup, fish, flesh, fowl, ham, curry, rice, potatoes, table-beer, cherry, tart, pudding, cheese, bread, all mixed up higgledy-piggledy together. I am accustomed to the thing, so don't feel much shocked; but my master himself would faint at the sight.

The slave of duty in all circumstances, I call in my friend Gustave Juice, and to it we set, with as much good will as if we had the most agreeable task in the world before us. But, unluckily, my master has an impression very firmly fixed upon him, that our business is apt to be easily promoted by an hour or two's crinkling; so he continues at table amongst his friends, and pours me down some bottle and a half of wine, perhaps of various sorts, that better Gustave Juice and me to a degree which no one can have any conception of. In fact, this said wine undoes our work almost as fast as we do it, besides binding and poisoning us poor gent into the bargain. On many occasions I am obliged to give up my task for the time altogether; for while this vinous shower is going on, I would defy the most vigorous stomach in the world to make any advance in its business worth speaking of. Sometimes things go to a much greater length than at others; and my master will paralyze us in this manner for hours, not always indeed with wine, but occasionally with punch, one ingredient of which, the lemon, is particularly odious to us ministers of the interior.

All this time I can hear him jollyly away at a great rate, deinking health to his neighbors, and ruining his own. My only relief from such visitations is usually derived from coffee or tea, two old steady allies, for whom I have a great regard. A cup of either of these beverages generally helps wonderfully to dispose of the crude wine-drenched mass which I have in hand, and enables me to get the field cleared in time for next action.

RASK SPANDEL.—Some crusty old bachelor has uttered the following slanders upon the girls. We don't endorse one of them—we don't! "They think of Hymen, and can't help sighing. When their lovers forsake them they can't help crying. They sit at the window and can't help spying—into private matters they can't help prying. To get each a bean they can't help trying. When together their tongues they can't help playing. At the mirror, the mirror they can't help twisting and turning and trying. They screw up their corsets, bring on deep consumption, and can't help dying.—Phoogoo.

Old bachelors do not live as other men. The reason is plain—they have nobody to farm their stockings and mend their clothes. They catch cold and there is no one to make sage tea; consequently they drop off.

He that loves for beauty, will cease to love when beauty fades; while the firm that were the claim, may long exist a living monument of the folly of misguided affection. Beauty without virtue is like a painted sepulchre, fair without, but within full of corruption.

Standers are like flies, that creep over a man's good parts to light upon the sores.

A TALK WITH CUPS.—When you pay a visit, and are left alone in the drawing-room, fill your pocket book with the card books. Leave them about at various places on your way home.

A GOOSE STORY.—It is stated that some time since, some men took twenty-one geese, from a farm yard in England, belonging to a Mr. White. A gander which belonged to the flock, was found next morning with a leg tied round his neck, containing twenty-one pence, and the following poetic excuse written on a slip of paper:

Dear Mister White, We wish you good night. We are sorry we cannot stay longer; We have taken twenty-one geese, At a penny a piece, And left the amount with the gander.

Colonel Crocket in a Quandary. "I never but once," said the Colonel, "was in what I call a real genuine quandary. It was during my electioneering campaign for Congress; at which time I strolled about in the woods so particularly pestered by politics, that I forgot my rifle. Any man may forget his rifle, you know; but it isn't every man can make amends for his forgetfulness by his inventive faculties, I guess. It chanced as I was strolling along, considerable deep in Congressional, the first thing that took my fancy was the snarling of some young bears, which proceeded from a hollow tree; the entrance being more than forty feet from the ground. I mounted the tree; but I soon found that I could not reach the cubs with my hands, so I went, feet foremost, to see if I could draw them out with my task. I hung on at the top of the hole, straining with all my might to reach them, until at last my hands slipped, and down I went, more than twenty feet to the bottom of that black hole, and there I found myself almost hip deep in a family of young bears. I soon found that I might as well undertake to climb up the greatest part of a rainbow, as to get back, the hole in the tree being so large, and its sides so smooth and slippery from the rain. Now this was a real genuine, regular quandary! If so be I was to shout it would have been doubtful whether they would hear me at the settlement; and if they did hear me, the story would ruin my election, for they were a quantity too cute to vote for a man that had ventured into a place that he couldn't get himself out of. Well, now, while I was calculating whether it was best to shout for help, or to wait in the hole until after the election, I heard a kind of snarling and grumbling over head; and, looking up, saw the old bear coming down stern foremost upon me. My motto is always 'go ahead!' and as soon as she had lowered herself within my reach I got a tight grip of her tail in my left hand, and with my little back-horned penknife in the other, I commenced spurring her forward. I'll be shot if ever member of Congress rose quicker in the world than I did! She took me out in the shake of a lamb's tail."

Squire S., of our village, has a very sagacious dog. He sits up like a man in a chair, allows you to put a hat upon his head and a cigar in his mouth, and if any bystander chances to give him a nip or a levy, the dog's owner is the only person who can get it from him again. West. Rep.

A remarkably sagacious animal, truly, but not so good a financier as the elephant we have heard of, who took in money on very special deposit. "That's a wery knowin' hanimel of yours, is he?" said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of the elephant in question. "Verry," was the cool rejoinder. "He performs strange tricks hand hanties, does he?" inquired the cockney, eyeing the animal through his glass. "Surprisa!" retorted the keeper, "we've learnt him to put money in that box you see way up there. Try him with a dollar." [The cockney handed the elephant a dollar, and sure enough, he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach.] "Well, that is verry hextraordinary—hastonishin' truly!" said the green one, opening his eyes. "Now, let's see him take it out and' and it huck!" "We never learns him that trick," retorted the keeper, with a requisit leer, and then turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.

BEVER WORK.—A very eccentric clergyman named David Jones, who flourished in Goshua a few years since, was passing through Broadway one morning, at an early hour, when he was startled by a voice, apparently issuing from the gutter, crying, "Good morning, neighbor Jones!" The worthy divine looked about him for his neighbor, and at last discovered an object wallowing in the kennel. Who is it, said he, that calls me neighbor Jones? "Why don't you recollect me! You converted me the other Sunday! Converted you! Oh—yes—very probable—you look just like a piece of my beach work. If God had converted you, I should't have found you in the gutter!"

TO PRODUCE A LIQUID FROM TWO SOLIDS.—Take two decanters, one containing port, and the other cherry. Knock them forcibly several times against each other, and a liquid, will be immediately produced.

PHUTARCH'S LIVES.—A Yankee lover once told his mistress that if he had as many lives as Phutarch, he would risk them all for her.

EPITAPH ON AVARICIOUS MEN. At rest beneath this church-yard stone Lies stony Jimmy Wyatt; He died one morning just at ten, And saved a dinner by it.

AFFECTATION EXTRAORDINARY.—"Mamma," exclaimed a beautiful girl, who had suffered affection to obscure the little intellect she possessed, "what is that long green thing lying on the dish before you?" "A cucumber, my beloved Georgiana," replied the mamma, with a bland smile of approbation on her darling's commendable curiosity. "A cucumber! gracious goodness, my dear mamma, how very extraordinary! I always imagined, until this moment, that they grew in slices!"

TO MAKE A MIMIC TEMPEST.—Before the ten things go out, tie a stout cord across the kitchen stairs, about nine inches from the ground. Strew orange peel on the hall floor, place a tub of water on the first landing, harness the yard dog to the coal scuttle, shut the kitten up in the piano, ring the bell for the servants, and then wait for the result.

A Western editor says, that not until his dying day, not even then, will he give up the great principles for which he is contending. This chap holds on about as tenaciously as did the negro who fought the Irishman in Philadelphia.

"Ye black vagabond," said Paddy, "hould'nt put and holler enuff. Ill fight till I die." "So will I," sung out the negro; "I always does, boss!"

TAKING A POETICAL LICENSE.—In a church yard in the North England is an epitaph on John Newtown: "Here lies (alas!) and more's the pity, All that remains of John New city." The poet very handsomely acknowledges the poetical license he has taken in the following nota bene: "The man's name was Newtown, which would not rhyme."

NEW SPOOK.—A tavern keeper in Long Island advertises a fat hog to be guessed for a dollar a guess; the guesser guessing nearest the weight of the hog to have him. We guess this new game of skill will be adopted by that incorrigible gamester, old John Bull, and guessing become as much in vogue throughout the old England as it has been in the new.

ICE CREAMS.—Last winter, it is said, a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and became so cold that she has milked nothing but ice-creams ever since.

INSTINCT.—It has been observed that some epiders, with instinctive sagacity, select as places of the greater security from disturbance the lids of the charity boxes in churches.

A PARTY.—"Ma, may I go to Gershon Grimes' party this afternoon?" "Party! my dear; his mother don't keep house; how is it he can have a party?" "He's going to keep it in another boy's entry ma." "Well, love mind and keep your clothes clean!"

"Do you keep pins and needles?" inquired a strapping fellow the other day at a dry good store. "Yes, all sorts of pins and needles," replied the store keeper. "Then I'll take some ten pins and some ter-trapins."

Dr. Henniker being one day in conversation with Lord Chatham, was asked by his lordship to define wit. "Wit," replied the doctor, "is like what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your hum'ble servant, a good thing, well applied."

A great Roman Lawyer, being once asked what work might be done on a holy day replied, "The which if left undone, would occasion a schief."

A clergyman was censuring a young lady for tight lacing. "Why," replied the young lady, "you could not surely recommend those harnesses to your parishioners." The clergyman smiled.

A philosopher being asked what was the first thing necessary to win the love of a woman, answered—a suit of fine clothes, and a few dollars.

A great many anecdotes are related of personal bravery. We would like too see that man who would deliberately allow a woman to catch him making mouths at her baby. The mechanic who is ashamed of his apron, or the farmer who is ashamed of his frock, to himself a shame to his profession. The most disagreeable situation for a worthy man, is to be unable to reconcile his heart and his conduct. Why is a bustle like a romance! Do you give it up! Because it is a tail of fiction founded on a stern reality. What is that which makes every one sick but those who swallow it.—Flattery.