

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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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.—JERRESON.

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From Grahams Magazine. POOR GENEVIEVE.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FISHING," ETC.

Shortly after the conclusion of the late war, a gentleman, distinguished as a scholar, a wit, and a politician, who stood high in the walks of literature, and had risen to the most dignified offices by his talents and worth, was proceeding up the Mississippi in one of the first steamboats that ever plied on the bosom of that mighty stream.

His returning conscience disclosed to him the form of one of those ministering angels called women, sitting at his bedside, as if awaiting an opportunity to present his medicine, or perform some kind office.

Travelling a few days ago, I saw on the road side a very pretty board, to which I rode up in hopes that I might ascertain the distance to the next town, but I was disappointed for there was nothing on the board but 'WHISKEY FOR SALE FOR CASH.'

From an Exchange Paper. Travelling a few days ago, I saw on the road side a very pretty board, to which I rode up in hopes that I might ascertain the distance to the next town, but I was disappointed for there was nothing on the board but 'WHISKEY FOR SALE FOR CASH.'

LEGAL PATHOS.—Not long since a lawyer closed a pathetic harangue in the following strain:—'And now the shades of night had shrouded the earth in darkness; all nature lay wrapt in solemn thought, when the three defendant ruffians came rushing like a mighty torrent from the hills down upon the shades of peace; broke open the plaintiff's door; separated the weeping mother from her screaming infant, and took away my client's rifle, gentlemen of the Jury, for which we charge fifteen dollars.'

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—Being in church one Sunday, and having some difficulty in procuring a seat, a young lady, who perceived him, kindly made way for him in her pew. The text was upon the terror of the gospel, as denounced against sinners, to prove which the preacher referred to several passages of scripture, to all of which the lady seemed very attentive, but somewhat agitated; Burns, on perceiving this, wrote with a pencil on a leaf of her bible the following lines:

'Fair maid you need not take the hint, Nor idle text pursue: 'Twas only sinners that he meant, Not angels such as you.'

The virtues flourish best in the form of a commonwealth, where each is required to fill its proper place, and is expected to do no more.

the soft voice, and gentle, compassionate look of Genevieve.—'I suppose her month is up,' thought he in a pet, 'and she is waiting to be engaged for another.' Still Genevieve came sometimes, though not so often as before; and Hartland, being now recovering from a state of almost infant helplessness, began to study her a little more attentively.

One day while the doctor was with him, it suddenly occurred to Hartland to inquire where he was, how he came there, and, most especially, to whose kindness he was indebted for such benevolent attentions, hinting at the same time that he presumed it was the doctor who had interposed in his behalf.

'Ah!' rejoined Hartland, who found himself not a little interested about the heiress; 'ah, and what may this scruple be? She imagines, or rather fears, it is her great possessions that attract so many admirers wherever she goes; and faith, notwithstanding her beauty and accomplishments, she is probably in the right. She is waiting to be loved for herself alone, and from being almost always surrounded by frivolous or interested admirers, has contracted a sort of contempt, if not aversion, to men, which in spite of the feminine gentleness, not to say tenderness, of her disposition, displays itself in an uniform indifference, if not haughtiness, toward almost all those who aspire to her good graces.

'I should like to see her,' answered Hartland, for, independent of the obligations I owe her, she must be something of a curiosity. Such humility is not often coupled with wealth, beauty, and accomplishments. But you have not yet told me how I came to be here.'

'You were seen by a good old aunt who resides with a young lady, and who happened to be looking out of the window as you were landed, in a state of partial delirium. She apprised Mademoiselle de F— of the circumstance, who immediately gave directions to have you brought here.'

'But, doctor, now I think of it, who is the gentle, kind attentive nurse, to whom, I verily believe—meaning no reflection on your skill—I am indebted for my recovery. I owe her much, and you must put me in some way of expressing my obligations.'

'What do you mean by that doctor?' 'Nothing,' answered he, as he departed with another significant smile.

Hartland fell into a reverie. The words, 'she is paid for her attendance,' grated harshly on his ears. He wished it had been voluntary, for then he could have ascribed it to some motive that would have flattered his self-love, or to do him justice, appended to his gratitude and affections, and merited a different acknowledgment than mere sordid money.

'I am quite well, dear Genevieve, thanks to your blessed kindness, which I can never repay.'

'My wages are already paid,' answered she, with apparent simplicity; 'and now that you are quite recovered, I am going away, I came to bid you farewell, to express my wishes for your happiness, and to ask of you something to remember poor Genevieve.'

'It does not become one like me to be seated in the presence of one like you,' replied Genevieve, in a low and thrilling voice of deep humility, as Hartland with respectful violence compelled her to place herself by his side on the sofa.

'Genevieve,' said he, 'you have saved my life; is it a wish of your heart ungratified, any thing within the power of man to do that will contribute to your happiness, or that of any one dear to you? If there is, I here pledge the soul which was bestowed on me by my Maker, and the life which you have preserved, to do what man can do to repay, as far as possible, obligations that can never be cancelled.'

'To my happiness!' reiterated the trembling girl. 'My happiness does not depend on wealth or benefits. I can accept nothing from you except—except your kind remembrance. I am already paid my wages, and my object was simply what I said. I came to bid farewell and wish you health and happiness.'

'Genevieve, you do not, or will not comprehend me. I love you, sincerely, tenderly, faithfully.'

'And you prove it by thus insulting me? Insulting you, Genevieve! Do you take me for such a wretch! Is such a declaration insulting?'

'From one like you to one like me, it is more than insulting—it is degrading to one, dishonorable in the other. But it is time I should go, if I wish to preserve, as a source of future gratification, the remembrance of having humbly administered to the wants of one who has repaid by wishing to degrade me.'

'In the name of Heaven, what do you mean, Genevieve!—what do you suspect, that you thus reproach me with insulting and degrading you? Do you think me such a brute and villain as to do one of the other? Is the proffer of a sincere and ardent love from an honest man to a virtuous woman, insult and degradation? Is the devotion of a true heart, that I would tear from my bosom if I thought it capable of deceiving or betraying one who has filled it to overflowing with love and gratitude, insult and degradation?'

'Tell me—tell me, Genevieve,' added he, 'what you think and what you fear.'

'Are you not the great orator, statesman, author? Is not your name on every tongue, your words in every mouth? Do you not stand high among the highest of your country, and may you not aspire to be still higher! and am not I a woman without wealth, name, or family to ren-

der me worthy of sharing your honors? No, sir—I understand you but too well. You would—you would—' she burst into tears, and could proceed no farther.

'I would make you my wife,' cried Hartland, with a tone and expression that could not be mistaken. 'My dear, dear wife, to live with me and be my love forever.'

'What, poor Genevieve!' almost shrieked she. 'Me—your nurse—your servant—your—' 'Preserver!' interrupted Hartland. 'Yes, I would ensure the happiness of my future life, by sharing it with one who, in her humble garb and humble occupation, has proved to me that neither grace nor dignity, virtue nor refinement, is confined to any situation of life, or dependent on wealth and splendor. Will you consent to trust your happiness with me? Will you be mine forever?'

'Are you really in earnest?' faltered she, with tears and trembling. 'What, poor Genevieve!'

'Poor Genevieve!—are you not rich in virtue, grace, and beauty; and is not such a heart and mind as yours worth all the wide lands and rich mines of your mistress, whom I am yet to see and thank for her kindness? Yes, 'Poor Genevieve,' I am in earnest—serious and solemn as a man can be at the moment when the happiness of his life hangs on the decision of a moment.'

'Genevieve wept as she reclined on his shoulder for a few moments, then started away before he was aware of her intention, and, turning toward him as she retreated through the door a face full of inexpressible tenderness, exclaimed—'

'You shall see me again and receive my answer.'

'Pshaw!' exclaimed he in a pet, 'what care I for your mistress?'

'But you must care for her, and love her too, for she is far more worthy of your heart than poor Genevieve.'

'If I do may my—'

'Hush! do not swear, lest you should swear yourself the next minute. Remember what I say. In less than a quarter of an hour you will forsake poor Genevieve. You will not acknowledge your love for her in the presence of my mistress.'

'Come!' cried Hartland, seizing her hand, 'lead me at once to your mistress, and put me to the test.'

'Genevieve did not reply, but led him into a capacious apartment whose windows, reaching to the floor, opened on a terrace overlooking a little river that skirted a green lawn, as it coursed its way to eternal oblivion in the bosom of the great father of waters. No one was there to receive him, and Genevieve immediately left the room, merely saying, 'I will tell my mistress you are here.'

Hartland advanced to pay his compliments and express his acknowledgments, which he did with his usual grace and fluency. But the lady made no reply, and for a few moments seemed greatly agitated. At length she slowly put aside her veil, and at once disclosed the face of Genevieve, glowing with blushes of modest apprehensive delicacy, her eyes cast down and her bosom swelling with emotion. In an instant he comprehended all.

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arms, and imprinting on her lips the first, sweetest kiss of love.

'How can I ever repay you for your gentle eases and noble generosity to a stranger!' at length he said.

'By always remembering and loving poor Genevieve. But you are not so much a stranger as you think. No one in this wide land is ignorant of your name; but I—I am an old acquaintance.'

'Yes, I see I must humble my vanity, by introducing myself to your notice. Do you remember travelling North about nine years ago, and accidentally falling in company with the family of Mr. M.—, a Creole gentleman, consisting of his wife and his niece, a little girl scarcely eleven, and very small for that age? Yes—well, I was that little girl; but you know it is the fashion among us to consider tiny women like me not as angels, but nobodies. I was not named to you, nor do I know that you ever heard me called by any name but Jenny. At all events, you took no other notice of me than sometimes to pat my head in passing, and once—I shall never forget it—you stooped down and gave me a kiss, in sport. I had often heard you spoken of in terms that called forth my admiration, and that kiss was never forgotten. You don't know how early the flower begins to bud in our spring. We parted, you to forget, I to remember you forever. I know you the moment you were brought hither; and now you have my history. This humble person and all that inhereth is yours, and, be assured, I will forgive your infidelity should you forsake your humble nurse, poor Genevieve, for her mistress.'

'Forsake poor Genevieve!' cried Hartland. 'When I do, may my tongue become mute, and my mind a desert. No! dearest girl, I must be without memory and without gratitude, when I forget her who hovered, and watched, and sometimes wept—was it not so, sweet Genevieve!—over the dark days and nights of my pain and weakness, and whom I more than once imagined I must have known in some previous state of existence, for I could not divest myself at times of the impression that I had somewhere seen you before. No my beloved one, should you ever, in our journey through life, perceive, or fancy you perceive, any diminution of my love, you have only to dress and look as you did at my bedside, and become poor Genevieve again, to retrieve my heart, once more and forever.'

'Ah me!' exclaimed she, 'I see I must make up my mind to always having a formidable rival. But I will try to reconcile myself to the calamity, and be content to share your heart with poor Genevieve.'

'Just at this moment the doctor came in, and seeing how matters stood, at the first glance, began good-humoredly to banter his friend.

'Well, Hartland the mystery is disclosed, I perceive. You first fell in love with the nurse, and have deserted her for the mistress. The exchange is very sensible, judicious and prudent.'

'It is no exchange, doctor. She shall always be poor Genevieve to me—the object of my unchanging love and eternal gratitude.'

Genevieve looked at the doctor with a smile of proud consciousness, which he returned with one of approving affection. The good doctor passed from this world but a little while ago and when he died, the suffering victims of poverty, disease and sorrow, lost their most benevolent friend—his country, one of her most noble citizens. He united the courage of a hero with the softness of a woman, and joined the most devoted attachment to his native land, with a generous, enlarged philanthropy that comprehended all mankind. He was the friend of the human race, but his countrymen were his brothers.

Genevieve and Hartland still survive. The former has never had any cause to regret her experiment on the disinterestedness of mankind; and the latter, while steadily pursuing a lofty career of honorable ambition, blesses the hour when he yielded to the dictates of love and gratitude. If at any time he seemed to forget the delight of mutual confidence, and the enjoyments of domestic happiness, in the high pursuit of well earned fame, his wife led only to put on her homely gown, her little nurse's cap, and black silk apron, and become poor Genevieve again, to awaken all his early love, and win him back to the hallowed shrine of home. Yet, strange to say, the rich heiress is not jealous of poor Genevieve. They live together in the most perfect harmony, and it is impossible to say which loves the other the best.

THE ANTI-MAGNETIC PROPERTY OF THE OSIOX.—The magnetic power of the compass needle will be entirely destroyed or changed by being touched with the juice of an osiox. This fact may seem trifling, but we regard it as one of the first importance; and, investigated, it may lead to consequences as astonishing as those of the magnet.—Magazine of Science.