TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

Pentisuens AND H. R. MASSER, Editor.

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A STORY FOR OLD BACHELORS. One dark, stormy night, a bachelor stopped On the steps of his door, to unlock it, When, horrors ! he found that the pass key had

Through a wretched big hole in his pocket! Dire visions of having to wander all night, Like a pale and damp ghost, filled his head; Says he, "Now what steps shall I take? For I

I shall have to take steps for a bed !"

First he gave a mild ring, the servants to call, The while his forbearance he vaunted! The wandering cat shricked out a fierce note, But it was not that key that he wanted.

He waited an hour for waiters to come, And still it poured faster and faster : No tongue, but the tongue of that bell can relate How he played on one string like a master ! While thus wringing wet, our friend rung one

Like one drowning in sight of the land; No master so handled his subject before, For the hundle came off in his hand !

His performance of Handel being done, a retreat A l'Espagnol, he thought would be best ; And was told by the watch marking time on his

At the Tremont he'd find a Bar's nest,

Next day, when he thought his misfortunes to

His hostess, with hue rather heightened, Said, "Sir, I do wish you would not ring the bell, For the servants were very much frightened !"

This tale has a moral, as each one should see, Whom the married state has not enlightened-Never ring the bell, though you have lost your

Or the servants mayhap will be frightened!

From an Exchange Paper.

Travelling a few days ago, I saw on the road of injury. Drunkeness leads to gambling, and if any man will only do these two things he is sure to be ruined, unless he desists soon, I have seen industrious men work all their lives and keep themselves and families poor, be- you, sir ! cause they (instead of appropriating their earning to a profitable use) spent their cash for would therefore warn all men, and more espe- lieve." cially young men just beginning life, to shun the destroyer. Young men your country's hopes rest upon you, your fathers will soon pass to the and how can you do this unless you are sober FRIENDSHIP.

LEGAL PATHOS.-Not long since a lawyer closed a pathetic harangue in the following among the rest, despaired of his recovery. Day 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 abodes of peace; broke open the plaintiff's door; separated the weeping mother from her screeching

ANECDOTE OF BURNS .- Being in church one Sunday, and having some difficulty in procuring than once he thought he saw her wiping tears 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 what was she to him or he to her. Genevieve 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:
"Fwas only sinners that he meant,
Not angels such as you."

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

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, June 29, 1811.

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From Grahams Magazine. POOR GENEVIEVE.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCH-MAN'S PISHING," ETC.

Shortly after the conclusion of the late war, fices 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. He was a self-made and self sustained man, somewhat past the period of blooming youth; but his person was striking, his countenance highly intellectual, his manners polished by intimate intercourse with society, his voice exceeding melodious, and his eye capable of discoursing most eloquent music. During the course of the voyage, which was not in the most favorable season of the year, he became gradually indisposed, and finally so ill that, at his own request, he was put on shore at one of the little old French villages, between the mouth of the Ohio and St. Louis, whose size bears no proportion to their age, and whose growth is so slow that, like the current of a stagnant stream, it is next to impossible to tell whether they are advancing backward or forward. The agitation of removal, and the heat of a summer day, so aggravated his disease, which was a billions fever, that he became partially delirious, and, being without a servant, might have fared but indifferently, a stranger in a strange place, had not an elderly lady, who happened to be looking out at a neighboring window, been charitable enough to have him conducted, or rather carrid to her house. Here he was placed in a bed, and immediately attended by a physician, who administered to him so successfully that his delirium had subsided into one of those low desperate tevers so harrassing to the constitution, so difficult to cure.

His returning conscience disclosed to him the form of one of those ministering angels called woman, sitting at his bedside, as if awaiting tiful, amiable, accomplished woman. She is a an opportunity to present his medicine, or perform some kind office. The sick traveller at age, and might have married long ago, but for sofa. first took it for a vagary of his brain, but after a singular scruple which she encouraged at the rubbing his eyes and gazing awhile, recognized a female with a cap such as French side a very pretty board, to which I rode up in attendants, generally wear, a plain gown, and a hopes that I might ascertain the distance to the black silk apron, with a sweet, gentle, and exnext town, but I was disappointed for there was pressive face, apparently bearing the impression nothing on the board but 'WHISKEY FOR of deep solicitude. Perceiving him to be awake, SALE FOR CASH.' In pusuing my journey, she inquired, in a voice of exquisite melody, if I reflected what a pity it was that men would be wanted any thing. Instead of answering the two or three others, in a low feeble tone.

'Where am 1-and who are you!'

You are in St. --, and I am poor Gene vieve, your servant-can I do any thing for

O, a nurse they have provided for me, I suppose, thought Hartland, I shall therefore stand whiskey. I have seen men of a most robust on no ceremony with her, 'My good girl, I constitution, brought to a premature grave be- will thank you for a glass of something to cause they spent their each for whiskey. I quench my thirst-I am burning up. I be- resistibly attached, and he treated her as if she

Genevieve took his hand, and, after holding saying, as if to herself, 'It does indeed burn tomb, and then you will have to fill their places, like fire. The touch of her hand was so soft, bumility is not often coupled with wealth, beauthat Hartland could tell that she pitied him with and intelligent. Don't spend your earnings in all her heart. At this moment the physician told me how I came to be here.' drinking and gambling, when you might be sto- came, and our traveller recognized in him an ring your minds with knowledge which might old acquaintance, a senator whom he had known be useful to you in after life. Don't suppose at Washington, and a very eminent man in his be looking out of the window as you were limthat I accuse you boys of these things! The profession. He felt extremely grateful at ha-Sign Board at the forks of the road does not ving so gentle a nurse, and so able a physician. presume that the travelling is lost, but it does Yet his recovery was so slow that it did no great presume that there is danger of his becoming credit to either nurse or doctor, for it was nearly six weeks before his fever was fairly broken.

During that time he relapsed more than once, and there were periods when all, and himself and night Genevieve was his attendant, we might almost say his gurdian angel. If he opened his languad glassy eyes in the day, she it I have never by any chance seen or heard was sitting by his bedside; and if he asked for any thing at night, he was administered to by her gentle hand, and soothed by her gentle voice. At such time he was occasionally puzinfant, and took away my client's rifle, gentle | zled by a vague perception that he had somemen of the Jury, for which we charge fifteen where seen her before; but it passed away, like a dream, when, with all his efforts, he could neither recall the time nor the occasion. More from her eyes, as he awakened from his miserable intervals of partial oblivion; but he ended in being convinced, that it was a mistake, since had said she was his nurse. Poor Genevieve, she was therefore hired for her services, and her attentions were to be repaid in money .- Still his soul could not resist the sacred impulse of her ample amends.

At length he became convalescent, and, in pressing my obligations.' proportion as he recovered, Genevieve gradually relaxed in her attendance, which was now doctor, carelessly, and will accept of nothing supplied by a male servant. Hartland was a from you, except what you will not perhaps be not aspire to be still higher ! and am not I a little hurt at this, and indeed seriously missed | willing to bestow on her.'

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 a gentleman, distinguished as a scholar, a wit, Hartland, being now recovering from a state of and a politician, who stood high in the walks of almost infant helplessness, began to study for then he could have ascribed it to some moliterature, and had risen to the most dignified of- her a little more attentively. There was tive that would have flattered his self-love, or to something about her that puzzled him. Though dressed like a waiting maid, her appearance and demeanor did not seem to belong to that class, and, in the conversations he had with her, she discovered a well cultivated mind, stored with that polite information becoming in a well- told him that such attentions as she had paid bred woman,-Every thing she said or did ex- him could never be bought with gold,' But hibited a quiet lady like simplicity and deco- what could the doctor mean by his mischievous rum. There was also something in her deportusually exists between the nurse and the pa-

> how to behave himself. He sometimes insisted on her being scated, but she always declined with a look of humility that sank into his heart. At first he was puzzled, next interested, and finally there stole into his heart one of the softest of all possible feelings, for Genevieve, com- your blessed kindness, which I can never repay. pounded of full-grown gratitude and new-born

tient, that Hartland, balf the time, did not know

One day while the doctor was with him, it 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,

'You are mistaken, 'replied his friend; 'I knew nothing of your situation till I found you here.' 'Indeed !- and how came I here !'

'I will tell you, for you ought to know, in order to return thanks in the proper place. You are in the house of Mademoisselle de F-, a young lady of French extraction, a great heiress, of lands, mines, and what not, extending no one knows where; and withal, a most beauward of mine, or rather was, for she is now of risk of passing the remainder of her life in single blessedness.'

'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 whereever she goes; and faith, notwithstanding her spend their cash for an article itself which does | question, the sick man, whom I shall call Hart- beauty and accomplishments, she is probably in no good, but is the fruitful excuse of every kind land, though that was not his real name, asked the right. She is waiting to be loved for herrounded 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. She once told me she never saw but one man toward whom she felt almost irwas nobody."

> I should like to see her,' answered Hartland, it a little while, laid it softly down on the bed, for, independent of the obligations I owe her, she must be something of a curiosity. Such ty, and accomplishments. But you have not yet

You were seen by a good old aunt who resides with a young lady, and who happened to ded, in a state of partial delirium. She apprised Mademoiselle de F- of the circumstance, who immediately gave directions to have you

'Upon my word, I owe her obligations which I can never repay.'

'That is more than you know, said the doctor,

'I should, however, at least, like to thank her. Where does she hide herself? How happens her voice ! and when will she perint me to express my gratitude !"

'It would not be etiquette, you know,' replied the doctor again smiling with a sweetness I ne- thus repreach me with insuling and degrading ver saw in any other man. 'It would not be c- you! Do you think me such a brute and viltiquette for a young ludy to visit a young single lain as to do one or the other ! Is the profer gentleman, like you, in his bed chamber. But of a slacere and ardent love from an honest in a few days, I shall let you out of the cage, man to a virtuous woman, insult and degradaand then you will see her. Take care of yourself the citadel is inviting, but will cost a long siege, and perhaps not surrender at last."

The doctor then rose to depart, when Hartland, with a degree of hesitation which surprised himself, and the color rising in his pale check, asked-

But, doctor, now I think of it, who is the gentle, kind attentive nurse, to whom, I verily feet of his words on Genevieve. gratitude, and he promised before his maker believe-meaning no reflection on your skillthat, whether he lived or died, he would make I am indebted for my recovery. I owe her much, and you must put me in some way of ex-

'She is paid for her attendance,' replied the

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

Hartland fell into a reverse. The words, 'she is paid for her attendance,' grated harshly on his cars. He wished it had been voluntary, do him justice, appealed to his gratitude and affections, and merited a different acknowledgement than mere sorded money. He tried herd to persuade himself that he owed poor Genevieve nothing but her wages, while his heart smiles, and the equivocal phrases of she will ment toward him so different from that which accept of nothing from you, but what you will not perhaps be willing to bestow on her !' Hartland could make nothing of this, and became buried in a perplexity of thought, from which he was roused by the steps of Genevieve, who entered the room with slow timipity, and asked, in trembling accents, after his health.

'I am quite well, dear Genevieve, thanks to 'My wages are already paid,' answered she, with apparent simplicity; 'and' now that you are quite recovered, I am going away, I came suddenly occurred to Hartland to inquire where to bid you farcwell, to express my wishes for your happiness, and to ask of you something to remember poor Genevieve.

There was something exquisitely touching in her voice, her look, and the dewy lustre of her eyes, as she pronounced these words, which entered the very soul of Hartland.

'Genevieve,' said he, 'sit down by me, and hear what I am going to say. Nay, I insist upon your being seated, for you have much to hear, and it does not become one who owes his life to you to be seated while you are standing.'

'It does not become one like me to be scated 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

'Genevieve,' said he, 'you have saved my life; is their 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. Tell me, Genevieve-dear Genevieve !-- for you're very dear to me-tell me in what way not leave me with a load of obligation on my heart that will weigh me down to the earth with a sense of absolute degradation. My life will be comparatively worthless, unless you permit me to consecrate it to your happiness."

'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 bed farewell and wish you health and happiness."

She was rising to go, but Hartland detained

Genevieve, you do not, or will not compre hend me. Have you, sincerely, tenderly, faith,

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

'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 grat fication, the remembrance of having humbly administered to the wants of one who has repaid by wishing to degrade me.'

Again she made an effort to leave him, but Hartland detained her.

In the name of Heaven, what do you mean, Genevieve !- what do you suspect, that you dation? Is the devotion of a true heart, that I would tear from my bason if I thought it capable of deceiving or bet aying one who has filled it to overflowing with lov? and grat:tude, insuit and degradation !"

Those alone who have seen Hartland in the halls of legislation moving down hearts with his irresistable eloquence, can judge of the ef-

'Tell me-tell me, Genevieve,' added be, 'what you think and what you fear.' 'Are you not the great orator, statesman, au-

thor ! 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 menial without wealth, name, or family to ren- ness was accorded by folding Genevieve in his as those of the magnet. - Mogazine of Science.

der me worthy of sharing your honors ! No, sir-I understand you but too well. You would -von 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 norse-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 refinependent on wealth and splender. 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 Genevi-

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 solemp as a man can be at the moment when the happiness of his life hangs on the decision of a

Genevieve wept as she reclined on his shoul der 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 an-

Hartland did not know exactly what to make of all this. But he had felt the heart of Genevieve throb against his side, and seen her parting look. Neither could be mistaken, and he remained in the happy anticipation that all would end as he wished. From this, in the lapse of some hour or two, he was roused by the entrance of Genevieve in her bonnet and cloak, who delivered a message from Mademoiselle de -, purporting that she desired to see

Hartland sought to detain her a moment, for the answer she had promised. But she only replied with a look and accent he could not comprehend. You will receive it soon from my

'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 forswear 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

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, 4 will tell my mistress you are here.' He remained a few minutes looking out on the scene before him, but unconscious of its leveliness, when he was roused by the opening of a door, and turning round perceived a female advancing with hesitating steps and head inclining toward the earth. Her face was entirely hid by a thick, black veil, which descended below her waist, and prevented the centour of her figure from be-

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

'Genevieve!'-he exclaimed-'la it possible! 'Yes,' answered the well-remembered, persuasive, gentle voice which so often soothed his pains, and quieted his impatience in the hours of sickness. 'Yes, once poor Genevieve, your nurse-now rich and happy Genevieve for now she has found in the man she would have selected from all the world, one who loves needle will be entirely destroyed or changed her for herself alone. Hartland, dear Hartland by being touched with the juice of an onion. will you forgive me ! It is the last time I will ever deceive you."

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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-

CJ Sixteen lines make a square.

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

'How can I ever repay you for your gentle cares 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."

'You, Genevieve!'

'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 ment, is confined to any situation of life, or de- family of Mr. M .----, a Creole gentleman, consisting of his wife and his neice, 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 othernotice of me than sometimes to pat my head in passing, and once -1 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. If knew you the moment you were brought hither; and now you have my history. This humble person and all that I inheret is yours, and, be assured, I will forgive your infidelity should you forsake your humble nurse, poor Genevieve, for her mis-

'Forsake poor Gonevieve!' 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 him, if he felt himself strong enough to leave 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 plance, 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 pru-

'It is no exchange, doctor. She shall alwaya 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 white ago and when he died, the suffering victims of poverte, 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 dovoted attachment to his pative land. with a generous, enlarged philanthrophy that comprehended ail 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 boar when he yielded to the dictates of love and gratitude. If at any time he seemed to forego the delight of mutual confidence, and the enjoyments of domestic hoppiness, in the high pursuit of well carned fame, his wife had 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 Genvieve. They live together in the most perfect harmony, and it is impossible to say which loves the other the best,

THE ANTI-MAUNETIC PROPERTY OF THE Oxion.-The magnetic power of the commass This fact may seem triffing, but we regard it as one of the first importance ; and, investiga-Hartland was no obdurate, and the forgive- ted, it may lead to consequences as astonishing