

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.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

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length of time they are to be published, will be
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ingly.
Sixteen lines make a square.



"THAT SAME OLD COON."
A Very Mournful Elegy—Dedicated to the
Metacholy Whigs.

TUNE—"Old Grimes."

The coon is dead—that same old coon,
We ne'er shall see him more;
A long fur coat of mottled grey,
Upon his back he wore.

He used to roam about the States,
To barbecues and shows;
He had two ears upon his head,
And smelters on his nose.

At routs and meetings, day and night,
His aid was e'er in store;
He sat sometimes upon a tree,
Sometimes beside the door.

But death, which comes to all, at last
Came to this same old coon;
Among Jersey blues he caught a cold,
And fell down in a swoon.

A gentle breeze from Maryland's shore,
Revived his hope awhile,
And they who watched him, say that e'er
His face there passed a smile.

The last that e'er lit up his eye—
For from the Keystone, then,
A warning voice broke on his ear,
And he smiled not again.

But raising up his long thin face,
He whispered faint and low,
"Oh, bear me to my native land,
My native Ohio-o."

He spoke no more, but straightway fell
Into another swoon;
So fearful were the hoding thoughts,
That came to this old coon.

At length the broad Ohio passed,
'Neath an "October sky,"
Under a spreading buckeye tree
They laid him down to die.

They conveyed him to the Empire State,
And round him raised their host,
But found that here we'd sealed his fate;
He then "gave up his ghost."

Sadly around him closed his friends,
Nor gold nor art might save—
And he who was so mighty once,
Now fills a raccoon's grave!

Mourn for the coon—the same old coon!
His triumphs all are o'er—
Mourn for the coon—the same old coon,
We ne'er shall see him more!

A Wife-Hunter Hoaxed.

Some time since an advertisement appeared in the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian, setting forth that the advertiser was in want of a wife. A gentleman of Wakefield, conceiving that the announcement emanated from some fortune-hunter, took upon himself to write to the specified address, pretending to be a lady of fortune, who had never been able to meet with a being of the male sex whom she could "promise to love, honor and obey;" averring that the man who would be able to tune her heart to love, must be able to discourse eloquently on literature, science, &c. The bait took, and a few posts brought a letter bearing the Liverpool post-mark, and addressed "Miss Sophia B., Post Office, Wakefield." The writer, after avowing sympathy in the matter of literary taste, indulging in some romantic flourishes, and mentioning beauty as inseparable in the lady, gives a glowing description of his own personal appearance. A correspondence ensued, carried on by the assumed lady, in an apparently bona fide spirit, and by the wife-hunter in a bombastic and braggadocio style. The result was that an interview was appointed to take place on Friday afternoon, at Wakefield, and the gentleman promised to appear in his usual dress, a suit of sables—or, that he might bear a more distinguishing sign, he would wear a light vest, have either a rose in his breast or a book in his hand, and be accompanied by an old friend in the shape of a stick.

True to his appointment the gentleman presented himself at the place of meeting, and paraded the church yard for about twenty minutes, to the great amusement of a number of parties in the street, who had posted themselves in the windows of the neighboring shops and hotels.

As the lady did not appear, he then, in accordance with an arrangement previously made want to the Post-office, found a letter accounting for her absence, and declaring that on the following morning she would meet him at all risks. Although the whole correspondence appeared that morning in the Wakefield Journal, the wife-hunting dupe again kept the appointment, and after having been followed by a crowd, who enjoyed the joke that had been played upon him, he found out the trick, much to his discomfort. The gentleman is a resident of Liverpool.—English paper.

NATURAL BRIDGE.

The following graphic and thrilling sketch of an incident which occurred some years since at the Natural Bridge in Virginia, comprises a passage in a lecture on Genius, delivered by the celebrated ERIC BERRITT, the learned Blacksmith, of Rhode Island:

"The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over these everlasting abutments when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is midday. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impulsive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full grown men who had been there before them.

They are satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. The ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Caesar and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side, by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. It is a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gorges, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into the flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts.—The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn halfway to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a new-gre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sister, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire.—Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in the rocky channel, hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energies of despair, "William! William! Don't look down! Your mother and Henry and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on him who reigns there. He grasps his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of

human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers—resting a moment at each, again he cuts. How every motion is watched from below. There stand his father, mother, brother and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half-way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now find himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are already in the hands of those who are leaning over the edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over.—The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets.—His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last.—At the last faint gasp he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. "Tis but a moment—there!—one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words, "God! mother! whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the lightning rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a steady Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such shouting, such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity." E. B.

Green Crops for Turning In.

Perhaps there are no means of improving land, within the control of the farmer of limited resources, more effective and economical than the turning in of green crops—and the published accounts of the results of this practice are such as to justify the recommendation of it to all farmers who are compelled to adopt the cheapest and most available methods of improving or keeping up the fertility of their soils. Various crops have been recommended for the purpose of turning in green peas, oats, corn, rye, clover, buckwheat, &c. Clover, so far as its enriching properties are concerned, ranks among the very best crops for this purpose. The heaviest crop of rye we ever saw, (upwards of forty bushels to the acre) was raised on land where a growth of clover had been turned in. But, all things considered, no crop, we think, has superior, if equal claims to buckwheat, for turning in green. It is not a great exhauster—having a small fibrous root, with a large branching top, it probably derives nearly as much nourishment from the atmosphere as from the soil; it will also thrive on a soil where other plants would starve; and it comes into blossom sooner than most other grain-bearing plants. Sown in June, it may be turned in early in September, and the land seeded down with grass or winter rye—an excellent plan. By this process, Mr. John Keely, of Haverhill, obtained, in 1839, forty-eight bushels of excellent rye, from two and three quarter acres of land so poor that a part of it would not sustain a growth of sorrel, with which the other part was filled.—N. E. Farmer.

NEW YORK CITY.—The following schedule shows the progress of population in the commercial metropolis from 1697 to 1840:—

Year.	Population.
1697	4,202
1731	8,628
1754	19,381
1771	21,863
1785	33,614
1790	33,131
1800	60,489
1810	96,373
1820	124,706
1830	203,007
1835	270,089
1840	312,710

We doubt if another instance is to be found on record, of so constant and rapid an increase, for so long a period. In 1790 New York was not so large as Brooklyn is now.—Jour. of Com.

From the Lady's Wreath.
UNCLE JEFFRY AND COUSIN IDA.

BY CHARLES HAMILTON.

"Had you ever a cousin, Tom?
Did your cousin happen to sing?
Sisters we've all by the dozen, Tom,
But a cousin's a different thing;
And you'd find if ever you'd kissed her, Tom,
(But let this be a secret between us.)
That your lips would have been in a blister, Tom,
For they are not of the sister genus."

I had been pondering in my mind, for some time, as to what I should do with myself during the coming vacation. To stay at—three whole May weeks, with nothing but casts, servants and tutors, was not to be thought of, and going home was out of the question, as it would take our allotted three weeks to go there.

"Egad, I have it now," cried I, "I'll make Uncle Jeffrey a visit. He lives about twenty miles from here, and had, when I visited him some eight years ago, a pretty little niece, who has, no doubt, grown to be a pretty cousin by this time."

Acting from the impulse of the moment, I looked myself for an 'inside' in the—mail, and was the next morning on my way to Belmont. Feeling in the mood for a joke, and trusting to the change which years had made in my appearance, on my arrival at B.—I left my valise at the Hotel, and walked leisurely towards the residence of my uncle, intending to make my debut to-morrow.

It was one of those mild, balmy evenings in the spring, when the light breeze which scarcely fans the cheek, seems to come up from every valley and glen, laden with the sweetest perfume of each blossoming shrub and wild flower. Attracted by the sound of falling water in the valley to my right, I left the road and crossed the fields in the direction from whence the sound proceeded. I had not gone far before I reached a small stream that wound its way through a narrow gully, shaded on both sides by forest trees. As I followed the course of the stream, the noise of the falling water became more distinct, and emerging from the grove that had before concealed the landscape, a scene of exquisite beauty burst upon my view. A small and verdant valley lay before me, while at the farther extremity, the whole body of the rivulet at the height of thirty feet poured over a projecting cliff. For about half its descent, it fell in one unbroken sheet; then dashing into a thousand little cascades, sought the quiet stream below. Gazing, as if absorbed by the beauty of the scene, stood a lovely girl of some sixteen summers. Her small cottage bonnet had been removed from her head and lay at her feet, while the dark chestnut ringlets, released from their confinement, fell in rich clusters on her neck and shoulders. One foot was thrown forward, and her lips were slightly parted, as if about to speak but were checked in their utterance as though fearful of disturbing the repose of that beautiful spot. At a short distance from her, stood a man of about forty years of age, who, with stolid indifference to the scene, was attentively examining some stately maples that grew below the falls.

"Oh, Uncle Jeffrey! see what a beautiful bunch of wild pinks there is up in the cliff. How I wish I had them!"

"Humph! what a way you have of wearing your bonnet!" and with provoking coolness he tossed it with his cane among the branches of the nearest tree.

"Now Uncle—but never mind, you will have to climb the tree to get it for me," and a mischievous smile played upon her beautiful face, as she saw the bonnet safely lodged in the tree.

"Send some of your beaux for it."

"Beaux again! I do wish, Uncle, you wouldn't always be tormenting me about the beaux!" You know there isn't a passible one in the village. I do wish there was, though, just to have some way of teasing you!"

Uncle Jeffrey, for such the reader will doubtless now allow me to call him, turned away and pointing with his cane to the suspended bonnet, walked leisurely toward the place where I stood. The presence of my cousin had banished all desire to appear to-morrow, and stepping forward I made myself known. A hearty shake of the hand, and a "how are ye, my boy," made me welcome. While answering the many inquiries put me by my uncle, Cousin Ida stood very busily employed in making a hole in the green sward at her feet with her parasol.

"But come, you have forgot," said I, after replying to his questions, "if I mistake not here is Cousin Ida, waiting for an introduction."

"Oh, yes! hump! always the way with the young folks—wanting to get together! Here Ida, is your scape grace cousin, Charles Hamilton. See if you can make anything out of him. He'll do to get your bonnet for you; and without further words he plied his cane vigorously for the house.

This abrupt, though characteristic introduction, somewhat embarrassed us, but a few moments sufficed to remove it, and the privileges of relationship were soon established. We con-

tinued some time rambling about the place, admiring the beauties of the scene, till the shades of evening and the falling dew warned us to follow Uncle Jeffrey.

"But you wouldn't gallant me home bare-headed Cousin Charles!" said Ida, laughing; "I have a bonnet up in a tree yonder."

"And I must be the beau you were wishing for to get it, I suppose," replied I, with much gravity.

"You are worse than Uncle Jeffrey, I do declare; what a provoking memory you all have. However, I'll find some way of paying you off yet; and her parasol was again actively employed in uprooting a flower at her feet.

"You will be likely to kill that flower if you persevere!"

"And you will not be likely to get my bonnet, if you stand there."

Finding I should not gain much in a contest of this kind, I soon dislodged the bonnet, and placing it on the head of its fair owner, we proceeded towards the house.

My reader, if I have been so fortunate as to secure one, is doubtless ready to know who the persons I have introduced to her acquaintance (for this sketch is written expressly for the ladies) may be. Uncle Jeffrey was an inveterate old bachelor. In his younger days, he had been an ardent admirer of female beauty, but having been jilted in his first love adventure, he ever after kept his affections under close subjection.

Ida was the only daughter of his widowed sister, who on her death-bed bequeathed her, then a mere child, to his protection. The affections which had long been confined in his own bosom, were now placed upon her, and the gentle Ida was reared with all the care and attention that the most favored ones enjoy.

Three weeks! how quick they pass away in the glad spring-time of our existence, when joyous hearts are around us, and familiar voices are ever ready to give us welcome. How often do I look back upon some of those bright scenes of life, and taste again in memory their many pleasures, and to none do I oftener recur than to my three weeks' visit to Uncle Jeffrey and Cousin Ida. How swiftly and how pleasantly too, did they pass away, between the eccentricities of the one and the playful caprices of the other. They seem but a day, as the evening previous to my return to— I stood leaning against the portico, musing upon the rapid and joyous flight. A light touch upon my arm and a merry laugh, roused me from my pleasing reverie.

"Dressing, I suppose, of some fair damsel of your own sunny south," that you consider so very superior —"

"Or of some of the colder north, perchance of your fair coz."

"Come, a truce to compliments, you know I don't like them; I never could get at their meaning; they are so buried up in nonsense; so lay aside that sentimental look of yours, or I shall have to go on my Dorcas mission alone. See, what a nice cap I have made for good old Mrs. Cunningham. Don't you think they ought to make me president of the sewing society? There, you begin to look like something with that demure countenance. Now take your hat and stick, and I'll pass you off as a young minister."

As the best way to avoid Ida's rillery was to join with her in it, I was soon on equal terms with her. After making her proposed call, we walked slowly along towards the cascade where we first met. As we entered the valley, the soft twilight of spring, which in the more northern regions lingers long ere it deepens into night, was just gathering over the scene. The calm quiet which rested upon the spot, seemed to shed its influence over us. We walked on in silence till we stood at the foot of the cascade. The same bunch of wild flowers that I had noticed when I first visited the spot, was still growing on the cliff.

"Come, cousin Charles, you must get me those flowers before you go; you know you promised me a bouquet."

"Yes, but I didn't promise to break my neck in getting it."

"But that is just such a bunch as I want—I know you can get it—I'll do any thing for you if you will."

"Pray, what will that any thing be, coz?"

"Oh, I'll mend your gloves, or sing you a song—or—anything."

"Well, I'll get the flowers, but you must pay my price."

"Do, do."

The flowers were soon procured and placed in her hand.

"Now for my reward, cousin Ida."

"Well, shall I mend your gloves, or sing you a song?"

"Neither!"

"What shall I do, then?"

"Give me a cousinly kiss!"

"A kiss! I can't do any such thing!"

"But you promised."

"No such thing; I said I would mend your gloves or sing you a song —"

"Or do anything."

"But anything don't mean a kiss, does it?"

"Certainly, if I ask it."

"And you won't let me off!"

"Why should I! It is only your cousin!"

A slight blush spread over her features and a tear stole down her cheek, as she gently rested her hand on my shoulders, and pressed her lips to mine.

"Ha! ha! ha! that's what I call climbing for a kiss."

We sprung from our too cousinly position, and turning round saw Uncle Jeffrey enjoying a hearty laugh at our expense. The real, gentle reader, we will leave to your imagination.

Gold and Silver.

Thompson's Bank Note Reporter has an article on this subject which contains the following interesting facts respecting the increased supplies of gold from Russia. Speaking of the recent exportation of silver from this country to Europe, the Reporter says—

The present very small demand for silver is not in consequence of the adverse exchanges, but of a demand for silver as a commodity. The currency of Russia is mostly paper, and the government have made great efforts to reform it; but four years since a ukase was issued, having for its object the increase of the silver currency of the empire, that metal being among a poor population, preferable to gold. The ukase had at the time very little effect; but of late years an immense serf population have been employed in washing the gold of the Ural mountains, and the production is excessive. The highest authority places the annual production at £4,000,000. Recently an application was made to the Bank of England, by the Russian government to know what use they could make of £6,000,000, and no favorable answer could be obtained. Arrangements were, however, in progress to exchange it for silver, in order to redeem the paper rubles. This process has been going on by the accumulation in the hands of the house of Rothschilds of \$6,000,000 of silver, which has caused a gradual advance in the price of that metal.

South American dollars have advanced 1/2 per oz. since February, which is 1 1/2 per cent, and will find their way to Russia, causing a continued rise in silver. In fact, the enormous supply of gold will immediately tend to advance the price of all other articles throughout the world, silver among others, and to require a re-adjustment of the standards of all nations. In England gold is to silver as 15 to 1. The increased abundance of the former metal may reduce it to 12 to 1.—The operation in this country, will be, as already begun to be felt, to induce an export of silver and an import of gold.

Much superlative nonsense is uttered in the streets and printed in papers about the balance of trade against the country, caused by large imports.

The imports for the six months of this year were one million dollars less than in the same period of 1843, when the import of \$23,000,000 of specie commenced. The imports have thus far been all paid for, and prices are now looking down. The imports for July were little over \$7,000,000, which will give \$21,000,000 for the quarter, or \$2,000,000 less than the same quarter of 1841.

SHAVING THE LADIES.—An insight into some of the mysteries of trade was lately afforded in the course of an examination at one of the London police offices. Among the questions asked of one of the witnesses, a clerk in an extensive haberdashery store in High street, was asked "whether he was acquainted with a custom called shaving the ladies?"

The witness, with evident annoyance and great reluctance, admitted that he was; and, upon being called upon to explain it, did so by saying that when a lady came into a shop to purchase an article, such as a scarf or a shawl, it was the shopman's business to use all his arts of persuasion upon the lady to induce her to give a higher price than the article was worth. If he succeeded he was entitled to one-fourth of whatever he could obtain above the value of the article. If he did not he got nothing. Thus, if a scarf had on it a private mark of 30s., and he could talk the lady into giving 34s. for it, he was entitled to 1s. for himself, and was considered to have "shaved the lady."

IMITATION OYSTERS.—Take young green corn and grate it in a dish. To one part of this, add one egg, well beaten, a small tea cup of flower, half a cup of butter, some salt and pepper, and mix them well together. A tablespoonful of this will make the size of an oyster. Fry them a little brown, and when done butter them; but croton, if it can be procured, is much better than butter.

There is little or no dew in Paris, and on a fine night the sides of the Boulevards in front of the cafes are filled with well dressed people, sitting bareheaded and sipping coffee or some iced drink.