

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.]

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance...

HYMN.

The following original hymn was sung by the children of the Rev. Mr. Pierpont's Sunday school...

Let the still air rejoice— Be every youthful voice Blended in one...

FROM THE BRISTOL MERCURY.

The Bristol Banker.

It is not in royal circles and in noble mansions that the materials of thrilling romance...

The middle parts of life have also their romance. Not even the inveterate and soul-crushing pursuit...

Edward Walton was a rich banker of Bristol. Young and handsome, and of an ardent temperament...

Mr. Walton was but recently married to a second cousin of his, the daughter of an Englishman long engaged in extensive banking transactions...

This crude negotiation was speedily succeeded by an arrangement between the Nantes banker and the elder M. Walton...

Oh! that man is impeneable! His heart is a bottomless abyss. Henri, perhaps it is weakness in me...

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.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, September 12, 1840. Vol. I—No. 1.

she had ever loved another; and it was no small consolation to him to learn that De Cormon had felt in an encounter between the troops...

After the lapse of a year, without any promise of the blessing of children, which preyed deeply upon Walton's gloomy mind...

Mr. Walton was plunged in a deep reverie for the remainder of the evening, except at intervals, when he gazed piningly at his companion...

The banker having again embraced his wife, quickly left the room. She wished to accompany him to the outer door...

"No, my dear Eliza," he said, "the air is too cold; go to bed quickly; may I insist on it?"

All in the house had by this time retired to bed; every thing was as silent as the grave.

He then threw a large raveling cloak around Joseph's shoulders, pushed him to the door, and hastened to a small room adjoining the saloon.

We must now retrace our steps a little. Scarcely had Mr. Walton left his wife's apartment, when she, whose heart, from excessive fear...

"Silence! in the name of Heaven!" "But he is gone; you have nothing more to fear."

in me, but I tremble: I have a foresight of something terrible."

"Henri," said she, extending a hand to the door which led to the saloon, "not a word! I hear a noise—yes; there is some one in the saloon."

"Hush! some one has stopped at the door—heard it quite distinctly: I hear some one advancing with caution. Yes, it still continues, but more softly—the carpet mutes the noise of his feet."

The ardent youth threw himself at her feet; he smiled and wept at the same time. The key turning in the door made a slight noise.

When Walton knocked against a man in the dark, his first impulse was to seize him; and in his eagerness he lost one of the pistols fall on the carpet.

"In the name of heaven, don't ruin me!" answered Bloxham, in a supplicating tone.

"You are coming!" resumed Bloxham, with an expression of indescribable terror.

But it was too late to fly: the window, secured by shutters and iron bars, remained to be forced open.

"Yes," continued Max Bloxham, in an agitated tone, "there he is! You must all assist me, or he will escape."

Those who witnessed this scene, could not conceive the cause of the banker's fury, and began to think that the flight and alarm had deranged his mind.

Henri rushed into the room, sprang upon the assassin, seized him from behind by both arms, and tore him from the bed, at an instant.

"No, it is impossible, Eliza," said Henri. Set one of the servants to watch you! That were too cowardly—too infamous!"

A word or two will explain this recognition. De Cormon had been compelled to assume a feigned name, his own being, as he well knew, utterly hateful to the banker.

"What means this brutality?" she exclaimed. "Behold your paramour!" was the banker's reply.

The scene which followed it would be impossible to describe. Proudly conscious of her innocence, and repelling with dignity the brutality of her husband...

"Die, infernal traitor!" exclaimed Walton, in a tone of the deepest concentrated rage.

With trembling hands, and eyes almost bursting from their sockets, the banker unfolded the letter, and devoured its contents.

Max nodded his head in approval. The banker was an altered man. His new design had taken entire possession of his mind, and he became suddenly and almost miraculously calm.

"Tell me, and do not attempt to conceal anything—how did you find me?"

How can I have pity on you, monster, after what you have done? No, you shall die, and in the presence of your accomplice; it is before her eyes that I mean to immolate you!

Mrs. Walton had partly undressed herself, and was standing at her bed-room door.

As the banker dragged Bloxham up the stairs, and met his lady standing at the door, he flung her back, with his left hand, into the middle of the floor.

"Wretch! you are then an assassin!" exclaimed Henri, with indignation.

"In the name of heaven, don't ruin me!" answered Bloxham, in a supplicating tone.

"Die, infernal traitor!" exclaimed Walton, in a tone of the deepest concentrated rage.

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As the constables bore the Veudean off, the banker's countenance glowed with malignant delight, mingled with intense hatred...

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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

Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

In the course of a few days, this devoted martyr of love was executed on the scaffold. Never of mortal man die more freely.

The inexorable banker, at the expiration of ten years of a remorse so terrible, that earth became a perfect hell to him...

Bloxham becoming heavily drunk upon the fruits of his ill-gotten plunder, within a month of its seizure, was drowned like a dog, by his own involuntary act.

A man who has lately written a book on the expediency of medicine, begins by what he calls an axiom. If your constitution is bad, it is not worth repairing; if good, it does not want repair.

An officer at a field day, happened to be thrown from his horse, and as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend who ran to his assistance...

I have fallen off! A good man and his spouse in the West of England, who in order to let their neighbors know that they cared those afflicted with agues...

The late Rev. Mr. G. happening one day to go into the church-yard whilst the beads were being employed, neck deep in a grave...

Two Irishmen asked to London through St. Albans, one of them asked a man by the road side how many miles it was to London...

INDOLENCE OF GENIUS.—It was said of the great Dr. Johnson, who was accustomed to read in bed, that rather than get up and blow his light out, he would frequently throw his boot at it!

PARTY SPIRIT.—Would you comprehend all Hell in one word, call it Party, or a spirit of faction.—Lord Orrey.