

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

H. B. MASSER, Editor.

[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.]

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid.

No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

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 & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, December 12, 1840.

Vol. I.—No. XIII.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., 1 square 1 insertion), Price (\$0.50, \$0.75, etc.).

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

From the Baltimore Ocean.

A Chance for Chaps.

Vell, Mr. Clipper, 'ere I ham, Just from across the vorter, To see the load of Huncle Sam, And brought my wife and dorter.

Now he cant be a Democrat, And sing bout 'clear the diggins,' No, I must be a Vig, that's fit, Because my name is Viggins.

My dorter's name is Hadaline, She's now and then romantic, But ven she hie'd, then sh's fin, So proud, hie'er cratic.

And ven she talks she'll be a queen, Like nightingale she sings, I believe she would a bang I been, Ad she been born with wings.

From the Boston Post.

Thanksgiving.

'Wh t number shall I be?' 'Four!' 'I'm dished!' Election times are over now, And soler times are coming, No more our ringing ears will crack.

Once more at welcome breakfast time, While moaning o'er my coffee, We had the smoking newspaper, Spread out to dry by S-ply.

No more hunting, spread by wags Who know not what from the o'er, Wilfly to tickle idle boys, And frighten skitish horses.

As ever after thunder squalls The atm sphere is purer; As ever after lover's spate, 'Tis passion is the surer;

*Greene, the Colonel—Niggere, synonymous with liquor or liquorize; Anglice, take a drink—Houghton, the Major, alias the Atlas; Green's antipodes in politics.

FROM THE MAINE CULTIVATOR.

Signs of a Poor Farmer.

He grazes his mowing land late in the Spring. Some of his cows are much past their prime. He neglects to keep the dung and ground from the sills of his buildings. He sows and plants his land till it is exhausted before he thinks of manuring.

ship. His children are late at school, and their books are torn and dirty. He has no enterprise, and is sure to have no money, or if he must have it, makes great sacrifice to get it; and as he is slack in his payments, and buys altogether on credit, he purchases every thing at a dear rate.

Salt for Animals.

The importance of furnishing salt to domestic animals, does not appear to be sufficiently understood. Though all are aware of the avidity with which animals eat it when given them.

'Before I commenced giving my cattle salt, my farrier's bill averaged 58 pounds per annum, (or more than 250 dollars), and since I have used salt, I have never paid in any one year over five shillings.'

Where cattle have access to sheds, troughs with a constant supply of salt in them, should be kept for their use. Where they must be salted in the fields troughs should be placed, and salt supplied frequently.

The Maine Cultivator, an excellent agricultural paper, published at Lowell, Maine, a short time since gave an account of the recent discovery respecting the transmutation of the Gilliflowers tubers into potatoes.

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A Brilliant Stucco Whitewash.

Many have probably often heard of the brilliant and lasting whitewash upon the East end of the President's House at Washington city.

[RECIPE.]

Take clean lumps of well burnt lime, (say five or six quarts,) slack the same with hot water in a tub, (covered, to keep in the steam,) pass it in the fluid form through a fine sieve; add one-fourth of a pound of whiting or burnt alum, pulverized; one pound of good sugar; three pints of rice flour, made into a thin and well boiled paste.

This wash is applied, where particular neatness is required, with a painter's brush. It must be put on while warm, if upon the outside of the building—if within doors cold.

Will some one try it, and communicate the result.

[Genesee Farmer.

Roots for Cattle.

Have you a good stock of mangel wurtzels and carrots in your cellar, for your milk cows the coming winter? If you have you are wise and a lucky man.

PAINT FOR BUILDINGS.—Mechanics all have their own ways of doing matters, and too often try to make work look well without much durability.

BALDNESS.—French brandy, dissolved with sulphate of copper (says a New York paper) applied once a day, will make the hair grow.

THE LOVES OF ROYALTY.—It is a little singular that the King of Holland and the Queen Regent of Spain, have both abdicated their thrones on account of marrying beneath their rank.

A HUMAN MONSTER.—A man in Philadelphia, given to intemperance, lately took the cradle, crib-bed, &c., in which his infant had been sleeping, and sold them for liquor.

MOBILE.—One hundred and nine new buildings exclusive of out-houses have been erected in Mobile within the last twelve months.

Early lettuce may be obtained next spring by sowing the seed this fall.

POLITICAL ABOLITION.—It is calculated that James G. Birney, the Abolition candidate for the Presidency, received about 400 votes in Ohio, and about 500 in Pennsylvania.

The Maine Cultivator says: When Governor PORTER, of Pennsylvania, and his Secretary counted the votes of that State for Presidential Electors, he invited four gentlemen—two of each political party, to be present and witness the counting—a pretty fair and impartial as well as polite conduct, we should say.

HEAVY VOTING.—Massachusetts has given a total poll of not less than 120,000 votes which is an increase of nearly 20,000 over any previous ballot. New York has given at least 410,000 which is an increase of 85,000 over any former vote.

In Michigan there are 109,896 hogs, 62,784 sheep, and 175,000 people. Each human being can almost 'go the whole hog,' and make out the balance with mutton.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—A State Temperance Convention is to be held at Harrisburg, on the second Tuesday of January next.

The Nantucket Inquirer gives the last case absent mindedness. A lodger in a hotel after washing himself in the morning, wiped his face with the newspaper, and set down to peruse the napkin; he did not discover his error till he attempted to tear off the corner to light his cigar.

Wm. L. McKenzie.

The Rochester Daily Advertiser contains a long report of an examination held before Justice Wheeler, on the complaint of William L. McKenzie that several persons now of late of Rochester, had conspired and agreed upon a plan, in connection with the persons in charge of the Canadian steambath Gore, to carry him by force to Toronto.

A CIGARET.—A man named Painter, residing in Philadelphia county, says he has smoked ten cigars per day for the last sixty years, making in all a consumption of two hundred and forty-four thousand and five cigars, which, at a cent a piece, would amount to \$2,445.00.

SINGULAR ORIGIN OF FIRE.—Ambracte coal should be well broken. Cavities in it contain gases scaled up, the explosion from which may be most disastrous.

ANOTHER MEDICAL PRODIGE.—A boy named Anton Rubenstein, has set all Paris on the qui vive with his wonderful command on the piano.

A BLOODLESS DUEL.—The Boston Mercantile Journal gives the particulars of a duel which recently came off at Lancaster, Mass. The challenger was a young gentleman belonging to New York, a student at the Literary Institution in Lancaster, Mass.

Mr. Rhodes the American Architect at Constantinople.

LAUNCH OF HIS FIRST SHIP.

We spent the evening with our kind, agreeable companion, Mr. Rhodes. As a specimen of our countrymen, Mr. Rhodes is an interesting object to every American who visits Constantinople.

The first ship launched by the American architect presented a scene of general interest. The Sultan, who takes particular pride in his navy, came down to the ship yard and had his silken tents spread; while the captain-pacha, attended by two or three hundred men provided with ropes, made ready to draw the vessel a la Turk, into the water.

'What are you going to do?' said Mr. Rhodes. 'To help you,' answered the Turk.

The pacha met him, saying: 'The Sultan wishes to see you.'

'I cannot help that; his sublime highness waits,' replied the pacha.

'I cannot accept of it,' was Rhode's reply. 'But the Sultan wishes to honor you.'

'I will not let my life to tell the Sultan you refuse this honor,' said the poor pacha, turning white.

They consulted about and discussed the subject for three days, at length, as the pacha could not prevail, he ventured to tell his despotic highness what Mr. Rhodes said.

'All FOR GLORY.—Since the invasion of Algeria by the French, about ten years ago, upwards of 50,000 French soldiers have been slain.

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the seconds that the expense of bullets should be saved in charging the pistols. Probably the runaway will feel small when he hears of it—if he should ever stop running long enough for the news to overtake him.

"The Man with a Poker."

The horrible disease called mania a potu, caused by a too free use of ardent spirits, is thus jocosely corrupted by the bloods about town, and whenever a poor, miserable wretch is seen with glazed eyes and shivering limbs, staggering along talking wildly on every thing that comes uppermost in his imagination, it is said that the "man with a poker" is after him.

A few nights since an unfortunate victim to this dreadful complaint staggered from a Low Tipping shop, where he had in vain endeavored to persuade the bar-keeper to give him a glass of raw rum, in order that his system might be restored, as he said, to its natural equilibrium.

'There's two of us,' said he, 'the cat and me—the cat's as black as hell, and she keeps her claws fixed in my neck. Ha! ha! it makes me laugh; that fellow said just now the man with a poker was after me—and if he'd only give me one glass, it would have driven him away. He didn't say any thing about the black cat—it's been following me ever since six o'clock this morning, and its got hold of me. There used to be two cats, but one killed the other, and if I only had a gun, I think I could kill the black cat. I mean to go into the Texan streets, they are all honest men there—but here the streets are filled with thieves and murderers; there are lizards and scorpions crawling up my pantaloons now—burnt brandy won't save me, for there's that tall dark man with a Spanish knife again; he's going to stick me, and there are no police officers near. Watch! watch!'

'Fellow!' said the watchman, 'that's the man with a poker. There is only one person that can arrest him, and that is death.'

'How savage he looks!—and his long black arm with his clenched fist at the end of it.'

'Go over to him, friend,' said the watch, 'make friends with him—it is true he may throw cold water on your hopes, but he is beloved by the temperate and shunned by suckers.'

'He will murder me.'

'Perhaps not. He is one of nature's doctors, desperate cases he treats with severity.'

'Will he take off the cat, the lizards and the scorpions?'

'Yes—he will drive them all away.'

'If I knew that I would go and shake hands with him, I wonder if he'll treat me to a glass of whiskey?'

'Not exactly. Have you any home?'

'None—but the market house, and there are snakes there with two heads.'

'Well—you had better go with me, you shall have good warm lodgings.'

Here the humane guardian of the night took the poor fellow by the arm, and by occasionally humming his conceits, got him to the watch house, where he was taken care of for the night.—Baltimore Ocean.

CHIMNEY SWEEP WIT.—'Don't you want fat to employ me?' asked a chimney sweep of a well-dressed gentleman yesterday, in Royal street.

'Employ the devil!' said the man, 'I'm a stranger here.'

'No matter for that,' replied the sweep, 'I think may be you may need my services.'

'What do you follow,' inquired the man.

'Sweeping chimneys.'

'But I've neither house nor chimney,' said the man.

'Well,' said the boy, 'I thought may be you'd like to have your throat swept, I see your mouth is smoking.'

'Get out, you rascal,' replied the man, as he flung away a rip. Havana.—N. O. Crescent.

FREE TRADE TO THE LAWYERS.—A man from the country applied lately to a respectable solicitor in this town for legal advice.

'You are fishing for a compliment,' said a young buck to a lady, a few days ago. 'If I were,' said the lady, 'I would fish in deeper water.'