TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

H. B. MASSER, Editor.

[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEEB.]

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

THE VETO.

When Johnny Bull demands *Mac Cloud*,
And struts and stamps, with language loud,
The *Fox* will have to *skete* O;
And Uncle Sam, upon my life,
Will reason with a Bowie knife,
And stab him with a veto.

When Uncle Sam asked Parley Vous,
To pay him up the spoils then due,
The merchants' loss to meet O;
Says he, if you don't answer me,
I'll grease you with old Hickory,
And slap on you a veto.

When Uncle Sam a courting went,
Miss Caroline gave consent,
And smiled her lord to meet O;
But soon the breeches she would *toat*,
On him she put a petticoat,
And choak'd him with a veto.

When'er I see a lady fair,
Ju-t married, pull her husband's hair;
And him with passion greet O;
I'm apt to think she rules the roast,
And tickles him with tea and toast,
Made up into a veto.

When I behold a dandy brave,
Stop'd by his tailor on the pave,
So beautiful and neat O:
If he should say, I've got no "*quills*,"
I cannot sign these *bankrupt bills*,
I'll swear that is a veto.

If to the Bar a poet goes,
To wet his throat and warm his toes,
No cash the wine to meet O;
If then I hear the words—"you must
Pay up, I can no longer trust,"
Oh! Lord, that *is* a veto.

When to a lady fair you bow,
And breathe her many a tender vow,
And get in love so sweet O;
If she should say, you are a fool,
And point you to a pubic school,
Ah! that's a *matchless* veto.

One day a lady with a fop,
In South, near Market, chanced to drop
Her bustle in the street O;
The boys, all gathering round to grieve,
Swore 'twas the snake that tempted Eve,
But no 'twas Nature's veto.

MILFORD BARD.

From the Democratic Review.

DEATH IN THE SCOOL-ROOM.

A FACT.

Ting a ling-ling-ling, went the little bell on the eacher's desk of a village school one morning, when the studies of an earlier part of the day were about half completed. It was well understood that his was a command of silence and attention; and when those had been obtained the master spoke. He was a low, thick-set man, and his name was Lugare.

"Boys," said he, "I have had a complaint entered, that last night some of you were stealing fruit from Mr. Nichols's garden. I rather think I know the thief. Tim Barker, step up here, sir."

The one to whom he spoke came forward. He was a light, fair looking boy of about fourteen, and his face had a laughing, good humored expression, which even the charge now preferred against him, and the stern tone and threatening look of the eacher, had not entirely dissipated. The counenance of the boy, however, was too unearthly fair for health; it had nowithstanding its fleshy, cheerful look, a singular cast, as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, were seated within. As the stripling stood before that place of judgement—that place, so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged, and gentle feelings crushed—Lugare looked on him with a frown, which plainly told that he felt in no very pleasant mood. Happily a wor thier and more philosophical system s proving to men that schools can be governed better than by lashes, and tears, and sighs. We are waxing toward that consummation when one of the old fashioned schoolmasters, with his cowhide, his heavy birch rod, and his many ingenious methods of child torture, will be gazed upon as a scorned memento of an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doctrine. May propitious gales speed that day!

"Were you by Mr. Nichols's garden fence last night?" said Lugare.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, "I was."

"Well sir, I am glad to find you so ready with your confession. And so you thought you could do a little robbing, and enjoy yourself in a manner you ought to be ashamed to own, without being punished, did you?"

"I have not been robbing," replied the boy quickly. His face was suffused, whether with resentment or fright, it was difficult to tell. "And I did'nt do any thing last night that I'm ashamed to own."

"No impudence," exclaimed the teacher, passionately, as he grasped a long and heavy rattan; "give me none of your sharp speeches, or I'll thrash you till you beg like a dog."

The youngster's face paled a little; his lip quivered, but he did not speak.

"And pray, sir," continued Lugare, as the outward signs of wrath disappeared from his features, "what were you about the garden for? Perhaps you only received the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the more dangerous part of the job?"

"I went that way because it is on my way home. I was there again afterward to meet an accquaintance; and—and—but I did not go into the garden, nor take any thing away from it. I would not steal,—hardly to save myself from starving."

"You had better have stuck to that last evening. You were seen, Tim Barker, to come from under Mr. Nichols's garden fence, a little after nine o'clock, with a bag full of something or other over your shoulders. The bag had every appearance of being filled with fruit, and this morning the melon beds are found to have been completely cleared. Now, sir, what was there in that bag?"

Like fire itself glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. All the school had their eyes directed at him. The perspiration ran down his white forehead like rain drops.

"Speak, sir!" exclaimed Lugare with a loud strike of his rattan on the desk.

The boy looked as if he would faint. But the unmerciful teacher, confident of having brought to light a criminal, and exulting in the idea of the severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still greater and greater degree of passion. In the meantime, the boy seemed hardly to know what to do with himself. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frightened, or he was actually unwell.

"Speak, I say," again thundered Lugare, and his hand, grasping his rattan, towered above his head in a very significant manner.

"I hardly can, sir," said the poor fellow faintly. His voice was husky and thick. "I will tell you some—some other time. Please to let me go to my seat—I an't well."

"Oh yes, that's very likely," and Mr. Lugare bulged out his nose and cheeks with contempt. "Do you think to make me believe your lies? I've found you out, sir, plainly enough, and I am satisfied that you are as precious a little villian as there is in the State. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall call you up again: and if you don't tell the whole truth then, I will give you something that'll make you remember Mr. Nicholos's melons for many a month to come—go to your seat."

Glad enough of the ungracious permission, and answering not a sound, the child crept tremblingly to his bench. He felt very strangely dizzy—more as if he was in a dream than in real life, and laying his arms on his desk, bowed down his face between them. The pupils turned to their accustomed studies, for during the reign of Lugare in the village school, they had been used so to scenes of violence and severe chastisement, that such things made but little interruption in the tenor of their way.

"Now, while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the mystery of the bag, and of young Barker being under the garden fence on the preceeding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the very narrowest limits. His father had died when he was six years old, and little Tim was left a sickly emaciated infant, whom no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the poor child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, as he certainly did his size and good looks. This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician, who had a country seat in the neighborhood, and who had been interested in the widow's little family. Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his disease, but every thing was uncertain.

It was a mysterious and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be suddenly taken away. The poor widow was at first in a continual state of uneasiness, but several years had now passed, and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help and honor to her old age, and the two struggled on together mutually happy in each other, and enduring much poverty and discomfort without repining, each for the other's sake.

Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many friends in the village, and among the rest a young farmer, named Jones, who with his elder brother worked a large farm on shares. Jones very frequently made Tim a present of a bag of potatoes or corn, or some garden vegetables, which he took from his own stock; but as his partner was a parsimonious, high tempered man, and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow, and ought not to be helped because he did not work, Jones generally made his gifts in such a manner that no one knew any thing about them except himself and the grateful objects of his kindness. It might be, too, that the widow was loth to have it understood by the neighbors that she received food from any one, for there is often an excusable pride in people of her condition, which made them shrink from being considered as objects of "charity," as they would from the severest pains. On the night in question, Tim had been told that Jones would send them a bag of potatoes, and the place at which they, were to be waiting for him was fixed at Mr. Nichols's garden fence. It was this bag that Tim had been seen staggering under, and which caused the unlucky boy to be accused and convicted by his teacher as a thief. That teacher was one little fitted for this important and responsible office. Hasty to decide, and inflexibly severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so despotically. Punishment he seemed to delight in. Knowing little of those sweet fountains in which children's breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for his sternness, and loved by none. I would that he were an isolated instance in his profession.

The hour of grace had drawn to a close, and the time approached at which it was usual for Lugare to give his school a joyfully received dismission. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in indifference or inquiry. They knew that he would have no mercy shown him, and though most of them loved him, whipping was too common there to exact much sympathy. Every inquiring glance, however, remained unsatisfied, for at the end of the hour Tim remained with his face completely hidden, and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaned himself when he first went to his seat. Lugare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl which seemed to bode vengeance for his sullenness. At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Lugare seated himself behind his desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest rattan before him.

"Now, Barker," he said, "we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up here."

Tim did not move. The school-room was as still as the grave. Not a sound was to be heard except occasionally a long drawn breath.

"Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you. Step up here and take off your jacket!"

The boy did not stir any more than if he had been of wood. Lugare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to wreak his vengeance. That minute, passed in deathlike silence, was a fearful one for some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as it slowly dropped away, like the minute which precedes the climax of an exquisitely performed tragedy, when some mighty master of the histronic art is treading the stage, and you and the multitude around you are waiting with stretch'd nerves and suspended breath, in expectation of the terrible catastrophe.

"Tim is asleep, sir," at length said one of the boys who sat near him.

Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed his features to relax from their expression of savage anger into a smile, but that smile looked more malignant, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amused at the horror depicted on the faces of those about him: or it might be that he was gloating in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake the poor little slumberer.

"Asleep, are you, my young gentleman!" said he. let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case, boys. Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little flogging, for the thought of it can't even keep the little scoundrel awake."

Lugare smiled again as he made the last observation. He grasped his rattan firmly and descended from his seat. With light and stealthy steps he crossed the room, and stood by the unlucky sleeper. The boy was still as unconscious of his impending punishment as ever. He might be dreaming some golden dream of youth and pleasure; perhaps he was far away in the world of fancy, seeing scenes, and feeling delights which cold reality never can bestow. Lugare lifted his rattan high over his head and with a true and expert aim which he had acquired by long practice, brought it down on Tim's back with a force and whacking sound which seemed sufficient to awake a freezing man in his last lethargy. Quick and fast, blow followed blow. Without waiting to see the effect of the first cut, the brutal wretch plied his instrument of torture first on one side of the boy's back, and then on the other, and only stopped at the end of a few minutes from very weariness. Still Tim showed no signs of motion; and as Lugare, provoked at his torpidity, jerked away one of the child's arms, on which he had been leaning over the desk, his head dropped down on the board with a dull sound, and his face lay turned up and exposed to view. When Lugare saw it, he stood like one transfixed by a basilisk. his countenance turned to a leaden whiteness; the rattan dropped from his grasp; and his eyes, stretched wide open, glared as at some monstrous spectacle of horror and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted, and showed his teeth; and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, each limb quivered like the tongue of a snake, and his strength seemed as though it would momentarily fail him. The boy was dead! He had probably been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was now childless too. Death was in the school-room, and Lugare had been flogging a corpse.

W. W.

Another Girard Dead.

The rich Brevourt, of New York, died recently, at the age of 100 years. He with two other brothers bought originally three strips of land, running from the Bowery to the 5th avenue, between 8th and 14th streets, New York. He held on to his share, and although it cost but $500, it is now worth over two millions of dollars! So the world wags. Some grow rich without labor, others starve with all their industry.

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, Sept. 11, 1841.** **Vol. I--No. L.**

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square	1 insertion,	$0 50
1 do	2 do	0 75
1 do	3 do	1 00
Every subsequent insertion,		0 25

Yearly Advertisements, (with the privilege of alteration) one column $25; half column, $18, three squares, $12; two squares, $9; one square, $5. Without the privilege of alteration a liberal discount will be made.

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

☞Sixteen lines make a square.

From the Lancaster Age.

Reformed Drunkards.

A delegation from the Baltimore Washington Temperance Society, composed of Messrs. Stansbury and Michael, have been laboring among us for the last seven days with some degree of success. The citizens have become enlisted in the principles which they advocate, and are taking hold of the subject in a deliberate manner.

On Monday evening Messrs. Stansbury and Michael addressed a large company of gentlemen that assembled before the south side of the court house in Centre square, when a number signed the pledge. On Tuesday evening the court house was crowded by ladies and gentlemen; Christian Buchman, Esq. presided, and after the meeting came to order, Mr. E. Michael gave some parts of his experience in intemperance as follows:

It may appear strange to you, my friends, that I appear before you this evening, to relate my experience in intemperance, and the numerous difficulties and evils which beset me while leading a life of folly and drunkenness; they are days that are as wormwood and gall to my heart; I would fain obliterate them from my memory, and leave them in the darkness of oblivion, but I am urged by the feeling that my example may serve as a lesson to others who are about treading the same path which led me to so much unhappiness in my early life, and I therefore cheerfully waive every consideration for the purpose of endeavoring to redeem my lost brother.

In my earlier years I was subject to the guidance of tender parents—no wish ungratified, of a moral character. All passed smoothly as the unruffled waters in my juvenile days; pearly hope glistened before me as the sunbeam; they were days, however, that soon passed around and left me miserable when I should have been most buoyant and cheerful. My father, at his death, bequeathed to me a sufficiency to keep me comfortable all my days. At length the destroyer came in all his bright and alluring colors, leading me by degrees into a vortex or eddy which had nigh forever ruined me. I commenced the career of moderate drinking, trusting in my own power to discontinue its use when it seemed meet and proper to my mind.

I commenced the career of moderate drinking, together with a large circle of associates and acquaintances, and our resort soon became the tavern, where we were introduced to Wine, then came the stronger intoxicating drinks with the most direful results. I subsequently drank to such an excess, that I became one of the most abandoned outcasts on the face of the earth; ripe for all scenes of disorder and drunkenness. I grew so low in life that I attempted suicide, but was rescued in the act and raised from a drunkard's grave, and stand here to-night as though I was one raised from the silent dead. Intemperance has completely swept my fireside, nor has it left me stock or stone; it has alienated the affections of my wife who is now living with another man. Long did my children live under the impression that I was dead! The earth may yield her increase, but human nature can never restore to me what I have lost. I have wandered upon the broad face of the earth, a vagrant, despised by all, known by none, save one, MY MOTHER, who hoped against hope; it appears the worse I grew, the tighter she held to that hope, nor has that hope been disappointed. The Washington Temperance Society has claimed me, the dispised one; it has been to me the good Samaritan; it has poured oil into my wounds, and set me on my feet again. God works in a mysterious way. I believe the society of drunkards to be one of his agencies—when the united wisdom of the world was baffled in their projects for the reclamation of the poor inebriate, it has accomplished a mighty work. The truth is sealed, the DRUNKARD CAN BE SAVED,—I stand here a living witness!

In my early career I mingled in the best of society, and frequented the most respectable hotels in the city of Baltimore; but mark my end: I became so reduced and sunk in degradation afterwards, that with tottering steps and trembling limbs I would seek out some obscure groggery, and there procure a beggarly cent's worth of whiskey, and having obtained it, I could not with one hand raise it to my mouth; it required the united efforts of both, and even then I would clutch the glass with my teeth.

When I started in life, no person abhorred Drunkenness more than I did; no man was firmer in his principles, but alas, I fell, nor am I alone in this. How many thousands have been wrecked upon this shoal! When I signed the Washington temperance society pledge I signed it to be free—I was a slave in body and intellect; I enjoyed not the bounties of this earth; they were withheld by the ruthless chains of the monster—the appetite demanded all my means; it wrenched them from my hands as fast as obtained; I signed that pledge as our fathers did the Declaration of Independence. I am free, and with the Almighty's support I will remain so while life lasts.

But what is my condition now, after being reduced to the veriest dreg of humanity. I am again restored to society, to my friends and relatives with a welcome and a kindness which makes my heart exult. Have I not cause to rejoice that I am liberated? My aged mother, who for a long period scarce raised her eyes from the ground, fearing the scoffs of the world upon her misguided son, she now walks erect, she looks ten years younger. How can I ever repay her the debt of gratitude which I owe her. At best we owe all to our "nearest parent," but peculiarly do I stand indebted to my mother—I can never pay this debt. But she is rejoiced, she says, her "prayer is heard, she is satisfied."

The drunkard can be reclaimed, no matter how long he may be sunk. I have experienced intemperance in all its stages, from the vindictive stare of the madman, to the unmeaning gaze of the idiot. If ever a man felt the torments of hell upon this earth, I believe I have; in imagination I have been afflicted with the damned, as depicted in the Revelation.

I beseech every man within the sound of my voice to sign the abstinence pledge; I invoke you as Christians and philanthropists to move on the car of Temperance, and crush every vestige of intemperance by its wheels. The young, the old and middle aged are all in duty bound to aid us in this work.

Royal Breakfast Tattle.

Her M——. And you like the goat milk diet, Al? It is most nutritious, and you certainly improve upon it.

ALBERT.—'Tis ver sveet and goot, my lof, and vill give me strength, which I ver much need; for de pother about de Vig pisiness, and de lying de first stones, and de anxiety caused you by de fretting about de election disappoint ments have made as veak in de poty as de Vigs in spirit.

Her M——. You really alarm me, for I fancied you evinced symptoms of inceptive consumption, till Sir James Clarke assured me to the contrary.

ALBERT.—Stuff, my lof, all stuff, as nasty as vot he make me swallow. But de goat's milk is delicious. Ver do de goats come from?

Her M——. In my dominions.

ALBERT.—Yes, my lof.

Her M——. They are reared in Wales.

ALBERT.—Ah! I see, dey come from whales; from de great fishes. Ver goot; but I never heard of lacteous nutriment from big fishes before.

Her M——. Albert, when will you learn the idium of our language? How stupid you are; I spoke of Wales, not whales.

ALBERT.—Ha, ha, I clearly see, my lof; I drink de milk of de Velsh goat, and I get strong, and, and, my lof, de physician prescribe de Velsh goat milk to rear and bring forth de Prince of Vales. Clever, Sir James, ver clever ver goot.

PRINCE ALBERT recently laid the corner stone of an infant Orphan Assylum, at Wanstead.

ENGLISH KNAVERY.—They may talk as much as they please about wooden nutmegs and cucumber seeds; these are nothing to the English tricks. It has been discovered that a parcel of fellows in London paint sparrows so dexterously to resemble bulfinches, that they sell for a crown apiece. An old gentleman lately gave 10 shillings for a pair of these mocking birds.

OIL OF COCKROACH.—The French papers say that a Chemist at Havre has obtained twenty quarts of good lamp oil from seventeen bushels of Cockroaches. We should like to make a contract with this philosopher for the supply of the material for the "essential oil" of Musquetoes; furnishing him half a bushel or so, for as much of their oil as would afford light enough to kill them by.—*N. Y. Cour.*

Railways and Steam-power 3600 Years ago.

THE LOST ARTS OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.—If the Thebans, 1800 years before Christ, knew less in some departments of useful knowledge than ourselves, they also in others knew more. They possessed the art of tempering copper tools so as to cut the hardest granite with the most minute and brilliant precision. This art we have lost. Again what mechanical means had they to raise and fix the enormous imposts on the lintels of their temples at Karnac? Architects now confess that they could not raise them by the usual mechanical powers. Those means must, therefore, be put to the account of the "lost arts." That they were familiar with the principle of Artesian wells has been lately proved by engineering investigations carried on while boring for water in the Great Oasis. That they were acquainted with the principle of the railroad is obvious, that is to say, they had artificial causeways, levelled, direct, and grooved, (the grooves being anointed with oil,) for the conveyance from great distances of enormous blocks of stone, entire stone temples, and collossal statues of half the height of the monument. Remnants of iron, it is said, have lately been found in these grooves. Finally, M. Arrago has argued that they not only possessed a knowledge of steam-power, which they employed in the cavern mysteries of their Pagan freemasonry, (the oldest in the world, of which the pyramids were the lodges,) but that the modern steam-engine is derived, through Solomon de Caus, the predecessor of Worcester, from the invention of Hero, the Egyptian engineer.—Westminster Review.

A Delightful Scene.

We understand that Capt. Moore, of the United States Navy, recently for the first time since his station at this place, shipped a crew on board his vessel. At night, he informed them that he was in the habit of reading his Bible every night, and if they choose they might join him; and all, with one accord, came forward, so that the open skylights above the cabin were surrounded with heads, intently listening to the voice of their commander, as he read the word of life. He then commended them to God, and bid them good night. Soon after, there came along a pleasure boat, with a party of gentlemen and ladies, who were engaged agreeable to the apostolical injunction, being merry in singing psalms. As they came near, some of the crew sung out, "Captain we know that tune!" "Well, replied he, strike the next verse." So they all struck it, and sung the following verse with great enthusiasm, and the compliment was returned from the boat with waving of handkerchiefs, &c. As the boat, passing round again neared the ship, the sailors called out, "Captain, we know the Missionary Hymn!" "Well then, sing it," he replied. So they struck up, at the top of their voices—

"From Greenland's icy Mountains."

And thus, instead of the evening being passed in the forecastle singing obscene and profane songs, as often it is with seamen, they were lingering about the captain's door, singing hymns, till time to "turn in."—[Boston Record.

True Philosophy.

Last Saturday, during the severe rain, a lady passenger in the stage running between Nazareth and Philadelphia, discovered her band box on the top of the coach, unprotected and drenched with rain. To the surprize of every one she gently begged that it might not be forgotten by the driver as it contained a valuable new bonnet. Very soon the stage was in motion, but a passenger, in attempting to pull down a curtain, threw both the ill-fated band box and heavy leather trunk into the road! The lady owner expressed some surprize, and smilingly regretted the occurrence. The stage was stopped and found the trunk had fallen upon the top of the band-box and crushed it, bonnet and ribbons, in the mud! Now an outbreak was expected, but not an ill-natured word followed—not an audible murmur. She smiled with others at the misfortune, but no indignant word or looks were visible. Here was a band box crushed and a new bonnet spoiled! "What a severe trial for a lady's temper," said one. "What a admirable wife such a woman would make," said another. Unfortunately it was found upon inquiry, that she was beyond reach—she was a married lady'—[Phil. Amer.