

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 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.



"CHILDREN COME TO PRAYER."

"OR COME, LET US WORSHIP AND BOW DOWN: LET US KNEEL BEFORE OUR MAKER."

The following beautiful lines were published in the Union Annual, under the head of the "Family Altar."

Come to the place of prayer!
Parents and children come and kneel before
Your God, and with united hearts adore
Him whose alone your life and being are.

Come to the place of prayer!
O hand of loving hearts; O come and raise,
With one consent, the grateful song of praise
To him who blessed you with a lot so fair!

Come in the morning hour!
Who, hath raised you from the dream of night?
Whose hand hath poured around thee cheering light?
Come and adore that kind and heavenly power!

Come at the close of day!
We weary nature sinks in gentle rest;
Come, and let your sins be here confessed;
Come, and for your protecting mercy pray.

Has sorrow's withering blight
Our dearest hopes in desolation laid,
And the once cheerful home in gloom arrayed?
Yet pray, for He can turn the gloom to light.

Has sickness entered in
Our peaceful mansion? then let prayer ascend
A wreath of faith, to that all-gracious Friend,
Who came to heal the latter pains of sin.

Come to the place of prayer!
At night, in gladness or in grief—
Round the throne of grace; there seek relief,
Or pray your free and grateful homage there.

So in the world above
Tents and children may meet at last,
Then this your weary pilgrimage is past,
To mingle their joyful notes of love.

From Frazee's Magazine of September.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Oh, autumn leaves!
Your bright robes one by one have past;
None is the beauty of the golden sheaves;
Ye come at last,
Sighs of winter hours approaching fast!

Oh, autumn leaves!
You look ye thus so brilliant in decay!
Why, for the dying year when Nature grieves,
Are ye so gay
In richer hues than graced her opening day?

Oh, autumn leaves!
As ye don your crimson robes of mirth,
While dull decay a moment scarce relieves,
Your farms from earth—
Tell us, happier far is death than birth!

Oh, autumn leaves!
You the dying saint in splendor grows;
With each faint pulse of life that feebly heaves
At evening's close
Every grace with added glory heaves.

Oh, autumn leaves!
You he casts aside all hues of gloom,
Of his bright'n'g hopes a chaplet weaves,
That o'er his tomb
Sheds the glad promise of eternal bloom.

THE TWO ROADS TO WEALTH.

What a fine thing it is to be rich! exclaimed
Ashton, as he passed Esq. Wilkins' great
house.

"A fine thing indeed," replied his friend Frank
"provided—"

"provided what?"

"provided we can have a few other good things
besides."

"Other good things? why, man, money will buy
all the good things in the world."

"Oh, Frank, you are a man of independent
means, but I'm afraid you'll never be a man of
dependent property."

"Well, Frank, I suppose it would not be exactly
right coin for these commodities, but I'll tell
you one nice article which it will buy."

"What is that?"

"A wife!"

"A wife!" replied Frank, "that's the only article in
the world which I would rather beg than buy!"

"Oh, Frank, you are a man of independent
means, but I'm afraid you'll never be a man of
dependent property."

"Why, Charles, what makes you think so? I
mean, and I mean to get my share, provided
I do it honestly."

"You will be too much hindered with scruples,
like any headway in the world. My motto is,
head, bit or mite."

"And I, Frank, should as leave have nothing
but sugar, as to have nothing to enjoy but
the friends parted, one to his work-shop the
other to his counting-room. These young men
in a villa, on the banks of the Connecticut,
like Ashton was a merchant, and Frank May
a mechanic. They were both what the world
very fine young men.—It is eyes never look
into the heart. It is the prerogative of one
to look on the secret springs of action; to
see the difference between the two characters
very great."

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, October 30, 1841.

Vol. II—No. V.

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 \$35; 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.

Both applied themselves with all diligence to their respective callings, and hoped to be rich.

Frank May recalled that every dollar should be gained not only honestly but honorably. As for Charles Ashton, he had but one purpose, and that was to acquire wealth—untrammeled by scruples about ways and means.

"I'll be a rich man before I die!" said he to himself, one night, as he was studying his ledger—the only book in the world that he thought entertaining. He was uniting in his application to business; and if he did not a' solitary cheat, he made what are called 'pretty tight bargains.' 'Hard and honest,' was his maxim, which some think means 'hardly honest.'

He soon acquired the reputation of a keen money-making man. But making money is not always making friends. At the end of ten years Mr. Ashton was a richer man than his friend May, but he was surprised to find himself not so much respected or so happy. He began to think there were some things that money would not buy.

"But I'll see if I won't buy me a wife," said he. "I believe it's living a bachelor that makes me so blue."

Now it never occurred to our friend that a wife who could be bought might not be worth having. But it did occur, naturally enough, that while he was about it he might as well try for a rich one. So he went peeping around among the letrices—nothing doubting that a young lady who was an heir to a fine fortune would inherit every other fine quality. It was not long before he fixed his affections! He no—his thoughts on Miss Jenima Wilkins, the youngest daughter of Esquire Wilkins. It was not the color of Jenima's hair, or the sparkle of her eye, or the dimple in her cheeks, that attracted our hero's attention. Oh no, Mr. Ashton was too sensible and prudent to be influenced by such trifles in the important matter of choosing a companion for life. It was well that he forgot to look for graces of mind or person, for the young lady was scantily endowed. But then she had 'ten thousand charms' in the shape of good hard dollars, and that was enough for Ashton. He was the richest young man in the village, and that was enough for Jenima. So the bargain was struck up in a trice, and no time lost in moonlight serenades, and no money wasted in rides and presents.

This interesting couple was married, and took possession of a nice new house, full of new furniture, and settled themselves down to get as much comfort as empty heads and empty hearts, with a full purse could give.

Here we will leave them in the full glory of the honeymoon, to look after our friend Frank May. Let us see what the lapse of ten years did for him. He was not a whit behind Ashton in industry and activity, and he reaped the usual rewards of present comforts and prospective plenty. Though, as he told his friend, he meant to acquire wealth, it was not for his own sake, but for the benefit of others. It was good proof of his sincerity that he did not prefer doing good till the time should arrive when he could call himself rich. He knew that if he did not form the habit now he should not have the heart to do it hereafter. He knew, and what is better, he felt, that no one should live to himself—not even a young man, just setting out in the world, who had his misfortune to build up with his own hands. He early came to the conclusion that he had four things to attend to in this life, viz: his own spiritual and temporal welfare, and the temporal and spiritual welfare of others—that is, of all the human family who came under his influence either directly or indirectly. Here was a noble work sufficient to fill the largest heart, and task the highest energies. This was the grand outline of his scheme of life, and he left it to the finger of Providence to point out daily the particular manner in which it was to be filled up. With these views he stood ready for every good word and work.

He was never so busy about his own affairs, that he could not stop to do a good act.—When called upon to leave his work to do something for a poor neighbor, or hand round a subscription paper in aid of some benevolent object, or do something for the church, or the village, he did not call it an interruption, but considered it as a branch of his business.

Ashton used to laugh at him, and tell him he had chosen a strange road to wealth.

"Never mind," Frank would say, "my road is rather circuitous, to be sure, but it is pleasant. You Charles, are on the high road to wealth—a straight dull, turnpike, where there are so many driving by and so many trying to overtake you, that you are blinded with dust. While my path is through a green lane among murmuring brooks and singing birds."

"Good bye to you, Frank," replied his friend, "you are welcome to your books, and birds, and shady lane; I like the turnpike best, and don't mind getting a little gold dust in my eyes, provided the rest settles in my pocket."

Though Charles spoke so gaily as he turned away, there was still a small voice which whispered to his heart and told him Frank was right, and he was wrong. But as this monitor had not been listened to when its tones were low, was it to be expected that its tones would be heard now?

Among the poor neighbors who shared Frank's kind attentions, was one whose peculiar lonely and desolate condition gave her a strong claim to sympathy and kindness. The Widow Green, as she was commonly called, had seen better days; but

had lost her husband, her children, and her property. One after another she had laid her little ones in the grave, till only two remained, a son and a daughter. All the generous sympathies of Frank's nature were moved, when that only son was cut down just as he had reached an age at which his poor mother might begin to lean upon him. He resolved in the fulness of his heart to make this widow his especial care, and to do all in his power to supply the place of her son. He was unwearied in his attentions, and though time was money with him, he gave it freely to provide for her comfort. The Widow Green had, as I have said, an only daughter; this was all that had been saved from the wreck of her earthly happiness. A rich treasure was this daughter—at least, so thought the widow and so thought another.

Now I beg the reader not to call in question the diligent restlessness of Frank's attentions to the widow; for I do assure you when he had resolved to be a son to her, he had no idea of a liberal fulfillment. But benevolence sometimes meets with unexpected rewards.

Mary Green was just nineteen years old. I suppose you expect me to say she was the prettiest girl in the village; no such thing—there was a dozen as pretty, perhaps prettier; but I don't believe one who had a kinder heart, or more sweet and gentle manners. Though while her features were at rest, you would not say she was handsome; but if they were lighted up with thought and feeling, as they always were in conversation, you would acknowledge there was beauty there. And the very best kind of beauty too—that which will not fade. This was just the sort of beauty to take with Frank. He found, too, that her views of duty, of the great end of life, accorded with his own. That the affliction of her family had matured her character, and produced a chastened and elevated spirit which eminently fitted her for the companionship of one whose great desire was to be good and to do good.

One evening Frank and Mary had been taking a long walk, (it was a bright moonlight evening, of course,) and they reached home just as the village clock struck nine. They stopped before the little gate, which was fastened with a string.

"Mary," said Frank, as he reached over to undo the string.

"Well."

"I have been thinking, Mary—hem—," here he stopped, and worked away for some seconds on the string.—It had got into a hard knot, I suppose.

"I have been thinking," he began again, and then he waited so long that Mary wondered what he had been thinking about, and whether he would ever be done thinking.

"I have been thinking, Mary, that,"—as he had now advanced one word farther, he would probably have got out the whole sentence, but just then Widow Green, who had been sitting at the window, and seeing Frank working so long over the gate, the kind officious old lady must come out to see what was the matter with that string. So Mary was left to finish the sentence according to the dictates of her own feelings or imaginations. But Frank took the more satisfactory method of finishing it on paper.

How the sentence really ended may be inferred from the fact that the next week Frank was bustling about, with an extra gleam of satisfaction on his countenance, making preparations for building a house. A light heart makes light work. In an incredible short time he had finished one of the prettiest little cottages you ever saw. It was painted white, with green blinds, and a portico all around. It stood far enough from the road to allow a large garden, which was enclosed by a white fence, with a little gate fastened by a string. Behind the house, at some distance, rolled the Connecticut river, with its beautiful expanse of interval land on each side ornamented here and there with a solitary graceful elm. Is there a river in the world whose path is marked with more beauty and verdure than the Connecticut?—Among all the dwellers on its banks, perhaps there never was a happier couple than the one who, on May-day took possession of the new cottage.

"And so," said Miss Jenima Wilkins that was, as she was returning with others from the wedding visit, "poor Mary Green is Mrs. Francis May! I suppose she will carry her head pretty high now."

"Frank's a fool," thought Mr. Ashton, "to marry a girl who hasn't a cent in the world."

But two years wrought a great change in the condition of the parties. Frank and Mary continued on their even tenor—he applying himself with assiduity to his business, and managing with economy, while Mary made every thing go like clock work at home.

In the mean time while Ashton went on as before, until becoming tired of the turnpike he determined to make a flying leap, and with his father-in-law, Esq. Wilkins, engaged in a great speculation which was to make them both millionaires. But it failed, and involved both in irretrievable ruin.

And then while murmuring one day on his blighted prospects and the wreck of his property, he met Frank out in his working dress, who had on also a cheerful countenance; and when he saw how steadily he had won his way in public confidence, and to the enjoyment of respectable companionship, he said to him—

"Aye, Frank! you've the right road to wealth after all."

Remarkable Case of Bigamy. FINISHED VILLAINY.

As the conductor of the public press, we have never been called upon to record a case of a more perfect and continued system of rascality than that which we feel bound to lay before our readers this week. Yet such is the peculiar and varied nature of the case—such is its deep depravity, that we are at a loss where to begin or where to stop. We purpose, however, to detail the circumstances as they have come to our knowledge, (confining ourselves to the facts as near as possible,) and in so doing we intentionally omit the names of the unfortunate females who have been made the wretched victims of a species of villainy unparalleled in this country. Their cup of sorrow and mortification must now be full, and we will not run it over by gazetting their names.

It appears that a certain Edward C. Boling, (son of the Rev. Mr. Boling, minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a resident of this county,) about three years since married a Miss P— a lady of respectability as we learn, and lived with her nearly two years. About twelve months ago he left his home for the purpose of studying the law in Greensboro', N. C., leaving his wife behind. On his arrival in Greensboro' he changed his name, and introduced himself to the inhabitants of that town as Sidney T. Smith, of Alabama. He exhibited to the gentleman under whom he prosecuted the study of law, certificates purporting to be from distinguished gentlemen in North Alabama, and which represented him as the son of a wealthy cotton planter of that state. He obtained credit to a large amount in the stores of that place, and pretended that he was in daily expectation of the receipt of a large amount of funds from his father, living as above stated. Soon after he informed his acquaintances that he expected his parents in a short time to pass through Greensboro', on a visit to some friends in Southampton, Va. Again he pretended to learn that his father was dead, but that he expected a visit from his mother, and with a countenance indicating grief for his lost parent, he entered a milliner's shop and bespoke for his mother a costly dress of mourning, while he wore crape on his hat! (Bold and reckless man! thus to tamper with the wrath and thunderbolts of heaven.)

After this, he succeeded, by stratagem, to become acquainted with Miss E. B—, an accomplished young lady of Guilford county, and daughter of a gentleman of high respectability and of enviable property. He was pleased with her; and with the cold-hearted ferocity of a fiend fresh from hell, determined to make her the victim of his foul treachery and deceit. By artful and false representations, he gained the confidence of her father; and by warm and ardent professions of regard and attachment, induced her to consent to become his bride. He determined, in the black malignity of his soul, to become the spoiler of the peace of that domestic circle, where, before, all was tranquil, happiness and joy. Like the gaze of the basilisk, his treacherous eye was fixed upon that fair victim, and she might not escape. Now he stood before the altar and plighted to Miss B— his faith, and the nuptial tie was proclaimed to the world by the public journals—when not twenty miles distant lived a lawfully wedded wife, who, perhaps, at the moment of his marriage with Miss B— sighed with a throbbing heart for her husband's return.

The tale stops not here. Soon after the second marriage, Smith, alias Boling (a young man of fair complexion and genteel dress) told his new father-in-law that he had been sadly disappointed in not having received the funds from Alabama, which he had so long expected, but still pretended that he confidently expected them to arrive in a short time stated; moreover that he had bargained with a Mr. Edward C. Boling of this county for a tract of land, and for which he agreed to pay Boling the sum of 3,700—and thus got his father-in-law to endorse the payment of a bond of three thousand seven hundred dollars; which sum he borrowed to pay for land. Now Smith alias Boling pretended to visit this Edward C. Boling, to ratify the land bargain. After a short absence he returned back, and lo! Boling had, by hook or crook, defrauded him out of his money. He remained with his wife a few days, and

concluded to go and see Boling again; and such was now the length of his absence, that his last wife becoming uneasy, proceeded in quest of him to the house of the Rev. Mr. Boling, of this county, expecting to meet with him there; but she found him not—Mr. Smith was not known by any of the family; while there, Mrs. Smith became acquainted with Mrs. Edward C. Boling, whose husband was absent also.

The two ladies remained together for several days, and mutually expressed anxiety for the return of their husbands, never once dreaming that they were the same man. Mrs. Smith alias Boling finally returned home without hearing from her husband; but Smith arrived soon after her return, told a smooth tale relative to his absence, and still complained of his treatment from Boling.

The want of space compels us to pass over many events of interest which transpired after this last return mentioned, until his arrest. His new father-in-law, enraged against Boling, and unwilling that his son-in-law should brook such injustice, sought redress by the force and power of the law. He accordingly had a writ issued for the arrest of Boling, charging him with swindling Sidney T. Smith. On Tuesday last (our county court being in session,) Smith in connection with a young man, a relative of Mr. Smith, arrived at Yanceyville, the county seat of this county, on his way, as he said, to Southampton, to take charge of several negroes which he owned there, and to collect a large sum of money then due to him; but on his arrival at the court house he made out to the young man, that his horse was too lame to travel further—sent the young man on to Southampton, stating that he would return, get another horse, and soon be with him. Thus they parted, and the young man is now, perhaps, awaiting Smith's, alias Boling's presence in Southampton or inquiring in vain after the property. We have said they parted, Smith pretended to go back. Col. Lee, deputy sheriff, who had been on the lookout for Boling was informed that he was in the village; on further inquiry he learned that Boling had left town—some one had met him.

Col. Lee mounted his horse, and pursued him; he overtook Boling, who was on his way to the residence of his first wife, and brought him to town. Imagine the feelings of his new father-in-law, who was at Yanceyville, on that day, seeking Boling's arrest, as he stepped into the court house to observe the culprit, for the first time, and at a glimpse exclaimed:—"My God! that's the man who married my daughter!"

Boling having been brought before an examining court, was required to give bail in the sum of \$5,000, with two or more securities, which failing to do, was committed to jail, and the witnesses bound to appear at Guilford Superior Court, where the defendant Boling will have his trial before the Hon. Judge Nash.—[Milton (N. C.) Chron.

Revolutionary Reminiscence.

It has been stated in several of the papers that Mr. Squiers, of Ashford, Connecticut, who died a few weeks since, was the last of the survivors of the battle of Bunker Hill. This is not correct. Philip Bagley, Esq. of this town, now eighty-six years of age, and enjoying a healthful old age, in the full possession of all his faculties, was in that battle. Being in our office the other day, we procured from him some facts which we have thrown together for the benefit of those of our readers who love to indulge in these old reminiscences of the times of devoted selfless patriotism.

Mr. Bagley was a private soldier in Capt. Sawyer's company, and Col. Frye's regiment of Massachusetts minute men, having enlisted in this regiment, in December 1774. He left Haverhill, on the Merrimack, at 1 o'clock on the next day. Nothing worthy of notice, he says, transpired until the evening of the 16th of June. On the evening, Col. Frye's regiment, together with Col. Dodge's of Connecticut, crossed the neck, and went on to Bunker Hill, where the British troops had previously halted on their retreat from Concord, in April. After remaining there about an hour, both regiments proceeded to Breed's Hill. Here they commenced breaking grounds for their entrenchments, between 10 and 11 o'clock at night, working all night so se-

cretely and silently that the Glasgow sloop of war, lying in the river at a short distance, did not discover them. At day light they were discovered and a fire was opened upon them from Copp's Hill and from the shipping. The Glasgow soon hauled up the stream, in order to rake the Neck with her shot, and reinforcements from reaching the hill. Notwithstanding the hot shells continued to pour in upon them, the Americans continued to work upon their entrenchments, and but one man was killed by the cannonade. Sentries were stationed to watch the flash from the gun, and on their calling out 'shot!' the men would lie down flat upon the ground, and then rise and resume their work. This continued until the British troops landed at Charlestown, when the Americans were compelled to leave the spade and pick-axe, and resort to their guns. The first division of the British troops, on landing, halted till the second had crossed the river, when both formed, and advanced up the hill, under cover of the fire from Copp's Hill, and the sloop of war and the gun boats.

As is well known to readers, the Americans reserved their fire, until the British were within a hundred yards, when they opened so deadly a fire upon them, that they twice repulsed them, and it was not until the third rally that the British succeeded in surrounding the lines, so as to rake the breastwork and compel the Americans to retreat.

Fifty years after this memorable battle, Bagley was present, with Lafayette, and other survivors of the Revolution, at the laying of the corner stone of the Monument, and on the 10th of September, 1840, he was there again at the Great Whig convention, in the full vigor of manhood, and he hopes yet to live to see the top stone laid upon the Monument pile.—[Newport Her.

Remedy for the Rheumatism.
A correspondent of the United States Gazette gives the following as an infallible remedy for the rheumatism. He says that he, as well as hundreds of others, has used it with perfect relief.

RECIPE.—One gill of gymson seed, can be put in a bottle, fill the bowl with the shavings of a rich turpentine yellow pine board or knot, then fill up with strong alcohol.

In three days, the turpentine, and the virtue from the gymson seed will be extracted by the alcohol, turning the liquid of a greenish color. It is then fit for use. Bathe the part affected with this preparation a few times, and it will drive away all pain.—[U. S. Gazette.

Hoosier Customers.
The Picayune gives a queer account of an uncouth looking Hoosier who went into a hatter's store in Charlot street, whistling, on some what a low key, "Yankee Doodle," and stoning as independent as an eagle in his eyrie.

He threw his eye down along the well arranged store, as a captain of militia would look along the lines of a training day, and then addressed the clerk, with the well combed hair, who stood impatient to know what the Hoosier wanted, that he might at once supply him, and return to the perusal of James's last novel.

"Stranger, you go it rather extensive here, in the saw, hatchet, and stretcher business."

"Rather," said the clerk, assuming a bland tone, but wishing the Hoosier on board of his flat boat, "do any thing for you, sir?"

"Well, I guess you can, young feller," said the Hoosier, "you seem to be a right kind of a nice man. Why your hair is just as greasy and as glossy as if you eat nothing but bar meat, you racoon-looking critter you. Why on ain't don't you make clearing on your chin? (the clerk wore an imperial.) Out west we never leave a stump standing that we don't cut down."

"Sir," said the clerk, peevishly, "do you wish to buy any thing?"

"Haint you got locks?" said the Hoosier, perfectly composed.

"Yes," said the clerk, "we have locks of every description, pudlocks, split glass, patent locks, and double shooing locks."

"Yes stranger," said the Hoosier, "but I do all my shooting with a rifle. I don't want none of them locks. I want a keel-jug, for I've tried every means to stop my old woman's tongue, and I ain't no nothing else will success her."

"Don't deal in the article," said the clerk, gruffly, returning to read the "American Itinerant."

"And, damn you, couldn't you say so at first," replied the Hoosier, "you half feathered, half starved looking pounce chicken."

The Hoosier left the store whistling "Hail Columbia!"

FELICITATION.—The son of Charles O'Malley introduced the following queer allegation into the last number of that veritable n. r. e.:

"Flibustion is a very fine thing, out it's only a state of transition, after all; the talpade existence of the lover would be great fun, if you was never to become a frog under the hands of the par."