

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"
HENRY B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.

H. B. MASSER, Editor.

[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.]

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From the Baltimore Daily Argus.

The Death of the Bank Bill.

Who killed the Bank bill?
I, said John Tyler,
I bursted its BILK,
I killed the B ank bill.

Who saw it die?
We, said the "twenty-seven,"
We saw the blow given,
We saw it die.

Who caught its blood?
I, said John Sergeant,
The case it was "urgent,"
I taught its blood.

Who'll lay it out?
I, said Silas Wright,
And I pledge to do it right,
I'll lay it out.

Who'll keep the wake?
I, said John Berrien,
I am fond of "tarrying,"
I'll keep the wake.

Who'll make its shroud?
I, said Buchanan—
I'm able to pin one,
I'll make the shroud.

Who'll make the coffin?
I, said John Calhoun,
And I'll do it very soon,
I'll make the coffin.

Who'll dig the grave?
I, said Tom Benton—
And straight to work he went on—
I'll dig the grave.

Who'll carry the pall?
We, said the "Lokays,"
We'll do it by "hokays!"
We'll carry the pall.

Who'll toll the bell?
I, said Woodbury,
And I'll do it in a hurry,
And I'll toll the bell.

Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said Henry Clay,
"It is all in my way,"
I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll be the parson?
I will, said John Bots,
Through "plots and counterplots,"
I'll be the parson.

Who'll say amen?
I, said "Old Hickory,"
AMEN, death to all trickery,
I'll say amen.

Who'll preach the funeral?
I, said Harry Clay,
You know "it's all in my way,"
I'll preach the funeral.

The Bell did toll, the pall did move,
The murmur sighed again and again,
The parson drawled some pitting word,
And "Old Hickory" cried loudly AMEN!

They lowered the "Agency" down to its home,
The place where it now has a rot—
And there can be seen and read on the stone,
That its death was produced by the *Bulls!* JAKE.

Machine Poetry.

Our yaller hen has broke her leg,
Oh! never more she'll lay an egg,
The bridle nose has gone plumb dry,
And sater Sad has left the pie,
This earth is full of sin and sorrow;
We're born to-day and die to-morrow.

Fungus Vegetation in Wine Cellars.

The wine vaults of the London are this kind of vinous fungi hangs dark woolly clouds from the roof, pletely shrouding the arches from rivation. On a small piece being off and applied to the flame of a le, it burns like a piece of tinder. Old wine escape from a cask in a t and ill-ventilated cellar, it will alther resolve into fungi of a substantial. A circumstance of this kind came under the notice of Sir Jo-Banks. Having a cask of wine or too sweet for immediate use, he ord that it should be placed in a r to ripen. At the end of three s he ordered his butler to ascertain tate of the wine; when, on attempt- to open the cellar door, he could not t it, in consequence of some power- bstacle. The door was therefore lown, when the cellar was found to mpletely filled with a firm fungus- table production, so substantial as quire an axe for its removal. This ared to have grown from, or to e been nourished by, decomposed es of the wine; the cask being ty, and buoyed up to the ceiling, re it was supported by the surface e fungus.—Saturday Eve. Post.

SAWBERRY BEDS should now be kept and free from weeds. New beds planted st month will need care; keep the earth ood around the plants by occasional hoe- ing. New beds may be made during this

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, November 20, 1841.

Vol. II—No. VIII.

From the N. Y. "Spirit of the Times."
A PIANO IN ARKANSAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM OWEN, THE BEE HUNTER."

We shall never forget the excitement which seized upon the inhabitants of the little village of Hardscrabble, as the report spread through the community that a real Piano had actually arrived within its precincts. Speculation was afloat as to its appearance and its use. The name was familiar with every body, but what precisely meant, none could tell. That it had legs was certain, for a stray volume of Capt. Maryatt's "Diary," was one of the most conspicuous works in the floating library of Hardscrabble. And Capt. Maryatt stated that he saw a Piano, somewhere in New England, with pantalottes on. An old and foreign paper was brought forward, in which there was an advertisement headed "Saitree" which informed the "citizens generally," that Mr. Bobolink, would preside at the Piano." This was presumed to mean by several wisecracks, who had been to a menagerie, that Mr. Bobolink stirred the piano up with a long pole, in the same way the show man did the lions, and did-no-co-rus. So public opinion was in favor of its being an animal, though a harmless one, for there had been a land speculator through the village a few weeks before who distributed circulars of a Female Academy for the accomplishment of young ladies. Three circulars distinctly stated "the use of the Piano to be one dollar a month." One knowing old chap said, that if they would tell him what so free meant he would tell them what a Piano was, and no mistake.

The owner of this strange instrument was no less than a very quiet, and very respectable, late merchant in a little town somewhere "down east," who having "tailed" at home, had emigrated into the new country of Arkansas, for the purpose of bettering his fortune, and escaping the heartless sympathy of his more lucky neighbors, who seemed to consider him an indifferent and degraded man because he had become honestly poor.

The newcomers were strangers of course. The house in which they were setting up their furniture, was too little arranged "to admit of calls," and as they seemed little disposed to court society, all prospect of immediately solving the mystery that hung about the Piano, seemed hopeless; in the meantime public opinion was "rife"—the depository of this strange thing was looked upon by passers by with undivided awe; and as noises, unfamiliar, sometimes reached the street it was presumed this was the Piano, and the excitement rose higher than ever. One or two old ladies, presuming on their age and respectability, called upon the strangers and enquired after their healths, and offered their services and friendships. In the meantime they eyed every thing in the house with intensity, but seeing nothing strange, they hunted about the Piano. One of the new family observed carelessly, "that it had been much injured in bringing it out, that the damp had affected its tones, and that one of its legs was so injured that it would not stand up, and that for the present, it would not ornament the parlor."

Here was an explanation indeed—injured in bringing out—damp affecting its tones—leg broken—"poor thing," ejaculated the old ladies, as they proceeded to their homes, "travelling has evidently fatigued it, the Ma-sis sip fogs has given it a cold, poor thing," and they all wanted to see it with increased curiosity. "The Village" agreed that if Moses Mercer, familiarly called Mo Mercer, was in town, they would soon have a description of the Piano, and the uses to which it was put, and fortunately, in the midst of the excitement, "Mo," who had been off on a hunting expedition arrived in town.

Moses Mercer was the son of "Old Mercer," who was, and had been, in the State Senate, ever since Arkansas was admitted into the "Union." "Mo," from this fact, received great glory of course, his father's greatness would have been glory enough, but his having been twice to the "Capitol," when the Legislature was in session, stamped his claims to pre-eminence over all other competitors, and Mo Mercer was the oracle of the village. Mo knew every thing; he had all the consequence and complacency of a man who had never seen his equal, and never expected to. Mo bragged extensively on his having been to the Capitol twice,—of his there having been in the most fashionable society,—of having seen the world. His return to town was received with a shout. The arrival of the Piano was announced to him, and he alone, of all the community, was not as astonished at the news. His sensibility was wonderful; he treated the thing as a matter that he was used to, and went on to say he had seen more Pianos in the Capitol than he had seen woodchucks,—that it was not an animal, but a musical instrument, played upon by the ladies, and he wound up his description by saying, "that the way the dear creatures could pull the music out of it, was a caution to screech owls."

This new turn given to the Piano excitement in Hardscrabble by Mo Mercer, was like pouring oil on fire to extinguish it, for it blazed out with more vigor than ever. That it was a musical instrument, made it a rarer thing than if it had been an animal, in that wild country, and people of all sizes, colors and degrees, were dying to see and hear it.

Jim Cash was Mo Mercer's right hand man—in the language of refined society, he was Mo's toady,—in the language of Hardscrabble, he was

Mo's wheel-house. Cash believed in Mo Mercer with a faith that no Catholic believes in the Pope. Now Cash was dying to see the Piano, and the first opportunity he had alone with his "Quixotte," he expressed the desire that was consuming his vitals.

"We'll go at once, and see it," said Mercer.

"Strangers," echoed the frightened Cash.

"Humbug,—do you think I have visited the Capitol twice, and don't know how to treat fashionable society? Come along, Cash, at once," said Mercer.

Off the pair started, Mercer all confidence, and Cash all fears as to the propriety of the visit.—These fears Cash frankly expressed, but Mercer repeated for the thousandth time, his visit to the Capitol, his familiarity with fashionable society and Pianos, which, Mercer observed, "was synonymous." And he finally told Cash, however abashed or ashamed he might be in the presence of the ladies, "that he need not fear of sticking, for he would put him through."

A few minutes walk brought the parties on the broad galleries of the house that contained the object of so much curiosity. The doors and windows were closed, and a suspicious look was upon every thing.

"Do they always keep a house closed up this way that has a Piano in it?" asked Cash.

"Certainly," replied Mercer, "the damp would destroy its tones."

Repeated knocks at the doors, and finally at the windows, satisfied both Cash and Mercer that no body was at home. In the midst of this disappointment, Cash discovered a singular machine at the end of the gallery, crossed by bars, rollers, and surmounted with an enormous crank. Cash approached it on tip toe; he had a presentiment that this was the object of his curiosity, and as its intricate character unfolded itself, he gazed with distended eyes, and asked Mercer with breathless anxiety "what that was?" Mercer turned to the thing as coolly as a toper would to a glass of brandy and water, and said "that was it." "That it?" exclaimed Cash, opening his eyes still wider, and then wishing to see the "tones." Mercer pointed to the cross-bars and rollers. With trembling hands, and a resolution that would enable a man to be scalped without winking, Cash reached out his hand, and seized the handle of the crank, (Cash was at heart a brave and fearless man,) he gave it a turn, the machinery grated harshly, and seemed to clamor for something to be put in its maw.

"What delicious sounds," said Cash.

"Beautiful," observed the complacent Mercer, at the same time seizing Cash's arm, and asking him to desist for fear of breaking the instrument, or getting it out of tune. The simple caution was sufficient, and Cash in the joy of his discovery, at what he had seen, and done, for a moment looked as conceited as Mo Mercer himself. Busy indeed, was Cash, from this time forward to explain to gaping crowds the exact appearance of the Piano, how he had actually taken hold of it, and as his friend Mo Mercer observed, "pulled music out of it." The curiosity of the village was thus stayed, and it died comparatively away; Cash, having rose to almost as much importance as Mo Mercer, for his having seen and handled the thing.

Our N. England family knew little or nothing of all this excitement; they received the visits and congratulations of the hospitable villagers, and resolved to give a grand party to return some of the kindnesses they had received, and the Piano was for the first time moved into the parlor. No invitations on this occasion were neglected; early at the post was every visitor, for it was rumored that Miss Patience Doolittle would in the course of the evening perform on the Piano. The excitement was immense, the supper was passed over with a contempt that the civils cast upon an excellent face, played preparatory to a full tragedy in which the star is to appear. The furniture was all carefully examined but nothing could be discovered answering to the Cash's description. An enormously thick table with a spread on it, a tracted little attention, for timber is cheap in a new country, and so every body expected soon to see the Piano "brought in."

Mercer, of course, was the hero of the evening; he talked loud and long. Cash, as well as several young ladies, went into hysterics at his wit. Mercer grew more familiar as the evening wore away; he asserted that the company present reminded him of his two visits to the "Capitol," and other associations equally exclusive and peculiar. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and the Piano, and the music had been deferred, so long, that several old ladies and some young ones (who shrunk instinctively from showing any curiosity or desire) insisted upon Mercer's asking Miss Patience to favor the company with a little music on the Piano. "Certainly," said Mercer, and with the grace of a city dandy, he called upon the lady to gratify all present with a little music, prefacing his request with the remark that if she was fatigued his friend Cash would give the instrument a turn. Miss Patience smiled, and looked at Cash—his knees trembled; all eyes in the room turned upon him, and he sweat all over. Miss Patience was gratified to hear that Mr. Cash was a musician, she admitted people with a musical taste. Cash fell into a chair, as he afterwards stated, "choked up." On the Beau Brummel, or any of his admirers, could have seen Mo Mercer all this while! Calm as a summer morning, and as complacent as a newly

pointed sign, he smiled and patronized, and was the only unexcited person in the room.

Miss Patience rose; a sigh escaped from all present—the Piano was to be brought in evidently—she approached the thick laced table, and removed the spread, throwing it carelessly and gracefully aside—opened it, presenting the beautiful arrangement of the dark and white keys. Mo Mercer, at this, for the first time in his life, looked confused; here was Cash's authority in his description of a Piano—while Cash himself began to recover the moment he ceased to be an object of attraction.—Many a whisper ran through the crowd as to the tones and more particularly the crank, none could see it. Miss Patience took her seat, ran her fingers over the octaves, and if Moses in Egypt was not executed, "Moses," in Hardscrabble was not. "Miss," said Cash, the moment he could express himself, so entranced was he, and overcome with astonishment—"Miss Doolittle, what was that instrument that Mo Mercer showed me last Wednesday evening on your gallery, and went with a crank, and had bars and rollers in it?" It was now the turn for Miss Patience to blush, and away went the blood of her eyebrows; she hesitated only a moment and said, "if he must know, that it was a—Yankee Washing Machine!" The name grated on Mo Mercer's ear, as if rusty spikes had been thrust in them; his knees trembled. The sweat started on his brow, as he heard the taming whispers of visiting the "Capitol," twice and "seeing Pianos as plenty as woodchucks." The seeds of envy, and maliciousness of fashion were at that moment sown in the village of Hardscrabble, and Mo Mercer, the great and invulnerable, surprising as it may seem, was the first victim sacrificed at its shrine.

Time wore on, Pianos became common, and Mo Mercer less popular, and he finally disappeared entirely on the evening of the day, when a Yankee pedlar of notions, sold to the highest bidder, six "Patent and highly concentrated," "Mo Mercer's Pianos."

Louisiana October, 1841. T. B. T.

Cheap Roofs.

The simple mode of roofing out-houses by nailing thin boards on light rafters, may be introduced to very great advantage, particularly in the country. It is to subject the boards before using to the action of fire, by way of thoroughly seasoning them; nail them on immediately, and cover them with sheathing paper and a dressing of tar; and a covering, almost for a life-time, may safely be calculated upon.

The rafters, 3 inches deep, one and a half thick; the boards half-an-inch thick, straightened on the edges and closely nailed. The following composition for covering such a roof was employed at Wickham twenty years ago, and is at the present time as good as when first laid. The roof is nearly flat, having a run of one inch only to the foot, the boards being securely nailed and covered with a course of sheathing paper, such as is used under the copper sheathing of ships, made fast by small-headed nails. To 8 gallons of common tar, add 2 gallons of Roman cement, 5 lbs. of rosin and 3 lbs. of tallow; boil and well-stir the ingredients so as thoroughly to incorporate them, spreading it very evenly; then sprinkle it while hot with sharp sifted sand, and when cold, tar and sand as before, after which a single coat of tar once in five or six years will preserve the roof for an age.

To the above may be added an incombustible, impenetrable was a prepared according to the following directions. Slake stone lime with hot water in a tub, covering it to keep the steam, pass six quarts of it through a sieve, it being in the state of fine dry powder, and add to one quart of fine salt and two gallons of water, boiling and skimming it. To every five gallons of this boiled mixture, add one pound of alum, half a pound of copperas, and by slow degrees half a pound of potash; and four quarts of fine sharp sand. The mixture will now admit of any coloring matter that might be preferred, and is to be applied with a brush. It looks better than paint, and is as durable as stone; it will stop leaks in a roof, prevent the moss from growing and injuring the wood, rendering it incombustible; and when laid upon brick-work, causing it to become impenetrable to rain or moisture.—[Figs. Cabinet. G. D.]

MISTAKING THE DOCTOR.—A physician in a neighboring city called a short time ago, to see a young man who was quite sick, and among other things he felt a blister, which he ordered to be placed on the young man's chest. He called the next morning to see his patient, and inquiring how the blister had operated, was informed by the lady of the house, that as the young man had no chest, she had placed the blister on his trunk; and sure enough there the blister stuck upon a large wooden trunk by the side of the bed.

From the American Sentinel.

Fulton's Claim.

We look with pleasure upon the giant strides of improvement in our day, and take a great delight in defending this age of mechanical achievements, notwithstanding some expect to hang upon the skirts of time by denouncing it. The comforts that philosophical experience flung around us, by adding to the conveniences of existence, may be said to prolong it. If we look upon the past or future, there are names whose bare mention waken up a thousand objects of thrilling contemplation. In that long list, we recal the name Fulton, a poor boy, born in a country township of Lancaster county, in Pennsylvania, and who has given his name to immortality. He has made the whole West a world of busy industry. The thousand boats that stem the head-long current of the western waters, owe nearly every thing to the magic of his intellect. All the western lands, at one time deemed of so little value, are now considered a rich legacy by the American people.

If the steamboat had not have been constructed, to resist the downward flood of the Mississippi, we would not see the numberless growing villages, thriving towns, and splendid cities, as long the almost interminable line of the great Father of waters. And the distant public lands, the theme of every man's tongue, without steam, would be of little more value than the rose in the distant wilderness. That one should do so much, may well excite our wonder. Such men belong to the country, yes, to the world. Nor can we do full justice to these useful Philosophers in the run of all time. We were drawn into this train of thinking by pursuing the following article, in the New York Express, showing the time when steam had just begun to push itself into notice.

Letter from Robert Fulton to the American citizens:

NEW YORK, Aug. 20, 1808.

Sir:—I arrived this afternoon, at 4 o'clock, in the steam boat from Albany. As the success of my experiment gives me great hopes that such boats may be rendered of much importance to my country, to prevent erroneous opinions, and give some satisfaction to the friends of useful improvements, you will have the goodness to publish the following statement of facts:

I left New York on Monday, at 1 o'clock, and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at 1 o'clock on Tuesday—time, 24 hours, distance, 110 miles. On Wednesday, I departed from the Chancellor's at 5 in the morning, and arrived at Albany at 5 in the afternoon. Distance 40 miles, time 8 hours. The sum of this is 150 miles in 32 hours, equal 5 miles an hour.

On Tuesday, at 9 o'clock in the morning, I left Albany, and arrived at the Chancellor's, at 5 in the evening. I started from thence at 7, and arrived at New York on Friday, at 4 in the afternoon. time 30 hours, space run through, 150 miles, equal to 5 miles an hour. Throughout the whole way, my going and returning, the wind was ahead, no advantage could be drawn from a my sails; the whole has, therefore been performed by the power of the steam engine.

Your obedient servant

ROBERT FULTON.

Fulton, in conversing with Judge Story, gave the following account of this experiment: "When," said he, "I was building my first boat, the Clermont, at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference or with contempt as a visionary scheme. My friends were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the force of the lamentation of the

"Truth would you teach, to save a sinking land,
All shall, none aid you, and few understand."

"As I had occasion to pass daily to and from my building yard, while my boat was in progress, I had often loitered, unknown, near the idle group of strangers, gathered in a little circle, and heard various inquiries relative to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense, the jests, the wild calculations of losses and expenditures, the dull but endless repetitions of the Fulton Folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its remarks, or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived

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Sixteen lines make a square.

when the experiment was brought into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited my friends to go on board, and witness the first successful trip. Many did me the honor to attend as a matter of personal respect, but it was apparent they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partners in my misfortunes, and not in my triumph. I was well aware that in my case then there were many reasons to doubt my own success.

The machinery was new and ill made, and many parts were manufactured by mechanics unacquainted with such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves, from other causes. The moment arrived when the vessel was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck.

There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad, weary. I read in their souls nothing but disaster, and almost repented my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs and discontent, and agitations, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated—"I told you it was so, it is a foolish scheme; I wish we were well out of it."

I elevated myself on a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated there I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage, for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below and examined the machinery, and discovered that it was a slight mal-adjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was again in motion, she continued to move on, all were incredulous, none seemed willing to trust their own senses. We left the fair city of New York, we passed through the ever changing scenery of the Highlands, we described the clustering houses of Albany, we reached its shores, and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superceded the influence of fact. It was then debated whether it could be done again, or if done, it could be made of a "value."

The Franking Privilege.
No privilege, granting for wise ends, was ever more grossly abused than is the "franking privilege." Members of Congress have been known to authorize others to frank in their name, because they could not furnish franks fast enough! Mr. Pitt, in his Report on the Post Office, says that the actual number of franked packages sent from the Post Office in Washington City during the week ending July 8, 1841, was 201,531! The whole number sent during the session of Congress preceding that date amounted to the enormous quantity of 4,314,948! All these packages were not only carried by the Department into every section of the country, FREE OF CHARGE but it was actually obliged to pay to every Postmaster, whose commissions do not amount to \$2000, two cents for the delivery of each of these packages! If all the above were delivered, in addition to the price of transportation, the government would lose of its revenue about 880,000! In addition to this, there are about 13,500 Postmasters in the Union, each one of whom is entitled to frank as many letters as he chooses. Now, if each Postmaster average one each day, the number would be five millions annually; which the Government not only transports free, but which it pays \$150,000 annually to Postmasters for delivering! [Saturday Evening Post.

STANBEE TWINE.—A hopeful youth in one of the Upper Districts of South Carolina, had the good luck to see the Siamese Twins when they were in that State. After gratifying his curiosity by looking at them, he turned to a neighbor and asked, very earnestly, if they were brothers. His neighbor told him that he thought it quite probable they were. "Well," said he, "with an air of profound curiosity, 'if just such another pair was to be born in South Carolina, would they be Siamese Twins too?'"

DIABLO.—"Sambo, do you know dat colored lady?"
"Yes, Casar, I tink I do. Wind and wedder, permission, she and dis nigger will be one flesh before de next Christmas."
"Whew! Sambo, den you will hab a great addition to your company."