

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.



WHAT IS TIME?

I ask'd an aged man, a man of cares,  
Wrinkled and curv'd, and white with hoary hairs  
"Time is the warp of life," he said, "oh! 'till  
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"

I ask'd the ancient venerable dead,  
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:  
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd,  
"Time sow'd the seeds we reap in this abode!"

I ask'd a dying sinner, ere the stroke  
Of ruthless Death life's golden bowl had broke,  
I ask'd him "What is Time?" "Time," he replied  
"I've lost it! Ah! the treasure!" and he died!

I ask'd the golden sun and silver spheres,  
Those bright chronometers of days and years;  
They answered, "Time is but a meteor's glare,  
And bade me for eternity prepare."

I ask'd the seasons in their annual round,  
Which beautify or desolate the ground:  
And they replied, (no oracle more wise)  
"The Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize!"

I ask'd a spirit lost; but ah! the shriek  
That pierc'd my soul. I shudder while I speak!  
It cried—"A particle! a speck! a mite!  
Of endless years, duration infinite!"

Of things inanimate say dial I  
Consulted, and it made me thus reply:  
"Time is the sea-on fair of living well,  
The path to Glory, or the path to Hell."

I ask'd old father Time himself, at last;  
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;  
His chariot was the cloud, the wheelless wind  
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I ask'd the mighty angel, who shall stand  
One foot on sea, and one on solid land:  
"By Heaven's great King, I swear the mystery's  
Over:"  
Time was, he cried, "but time shall be no more!"

THE BUTTERFLY.—BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A Butterfly basked on an infant's grave,  
Where a lily chanced to grow:  
"Why art thou here with gaudy dye,  
When she of the bright and sparkling eye  
Must sleep in the church-yard low!"

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,  
And spoke from its shining track:  
"I was a worm till I won my wings,  
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph sings;  
Would'st thou call the blest one back!"

The following lines very simply illustrate the manner in which individuals frequently become involved in difficulties which they might amicably adjust by a little cool reflection.

GOING TO LAW.

An upper and a lower Mill  
Fell out about their water;  
To war they went—that is, to law  
Resolved to give no quarter.

A lawyer was by each engaged,  
And hotly they contended;  
When foes grew slack, the war they waged,  
They judged, were better ended.

The heavy costs remaining still,  
Were settled without bother—  
One Lawyer took the upper Mill,  
The lower Mill the other.

POETRY.—Here is a couplet, said to have been written by a Western editor. We don't doubt it:  
"Taint every man can be a poet,  
No mo'n a sheep can be a goat!"

A "GEORGIA MAJOR" IN ALABAMA.—One of our correspondents sends us the following specimen of Demosthenian eloquence. Wonder where he picked it up!

Fellow Citizens: I am a candidate for the high and dignified station of Brigadier General of the 2d Brigade of the 10th Division of Alabama Militia.

Gentlemen: When the war horn blared at the beginning of the last war, I was ploughing in a peach orchard in the State of Tennessee, my father came to me, and says he, 'Jimmy,' says he, 'General Jackson says to the folks,' says he, 'boys, you must go to the war.' I quit the plough—turned *Old Jake* (his horse) in the pasture—took my knapsack and joined the General, and served with him two long and arduous campaigns. And Gentlemen, let me further tell you—yes, Gentlemen—I'll were to take a Russian pencil, and dip it in the smoke of—well, I couldn't paint a worse character than a coward on the field of battle, or a Jockey in the quarter races hereabouts. Nay, Gentlemen if I were to take a quill from the wing of a Giraffe, (Zeraph) and bring to my aid the two edged sword that was placed in the Garden of Eden, and make a pen from the same—and, Gentlemen, Par-sy-fix Ocean was an inkstand, and the whole clouded canopy of Heaven and the level ground of our *yeeth*, were a sheet of paper, I could not write my love of country on it.

Gentlemen: I thank you for your attention, and as the clouds are lowering in the north about McTodd, (McLeod) and as dan Wedster don't know what veto is—may we all repel the enemy, and invade the foe! 'Billy, sing us "SITTIN ON A BAIL," now, while the liquor is cooling!—[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

# 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.—JEREMAS.

By Masser & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, January 8, 1842.

Vol. II--No. XV.

### Neurology.

It is a great comfort to the curious, who are not altogether absorbed in currency questions and can occasionally spare a minute from watching the wreck of paper and crush of stocks, to meet with an article like the subjoined, from the Louisville Advertiser, touching Dr. Buchanan and 'something new.' The account of the experiments cannot fail to interest almost as the presentation of the bankers.—These neurological performances are the most wonderful things yet detailed to the public and have excited the utmost impatience for a visit from Dr. Buchanan to this as yet unenlightened quarter of the Union. We may learn from these statements why the coward scratches behind his ear; why the reasoner rubs his forehead, and why the puzzled poet applies his digits to ideality and disturbs his locks above the temples.—The phrenologists have already given us the rationale of these involuntary manipulations, and Dr. Buchanan comes to confirm the theory. It is therefore to be hoped that he will soon bend his steps hitherward. If the facts narrated are such as are set down, the discovery is one of the inestimable importance in several respects:

From the Louisville Advertiser.

### NEUROLOGY.

The Cincinnati Republican enquired some days since, what had become of our NEUROLOGIST; and other contemporaries have manifested a similar waggish curiosity upon the subject. We can enlighten them. Dr. Buchanan is still in this city, assiduously engaged in repeating his experiments—perfecting the science of NEUROLOGY, and applying it to its true purposes—the treatment of disease.

Some of our brother editors, as well as many with whom we have conversed, even HERE, do not seem to know what NEUROLOGY is. No longer since than Wednesday evening, a medical student informed us that he had all along regarded it as one other than the veritable science of MESMERISM or ANIMAL MAGNETISM, and was quite astonished on learning that NEUROLOGY was merely the PHYSIOLOGY OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, and that the singular experiments in which Dr. B. has engaged are designed to show the functions of every part of the nervous mass contained in the head, by exciting that part, by external irritation in such a manner as to cause a distinct manifestation of its peculiar properties, whether mental or corporeal.

Those who recognize phrenology as a true science (and who does not)—who understand the mysterious operation of the mind upon the whole nervous system, through the medium of its organ, or mass of organs, the BRAIN, and who are aware how readily the different organs of the brain can be recognized, classified, and their volume defined by exterior examination can with readiness comprehend the whole secret of Dr. Buchanan's operations; which consist merely, in exciting any organ or combination of organs to greater activity, by operating with the fingers upon that portion of the skull under which they are located. Hunger, thirst, anger, benevolence, vision, muscular strength, hearing, &c., may be readily excited in this way. MESMERISM, with its mysterious manipulations, its passes, its clairvoyant conditions, its magnetic states and transmissions of mental power and ubiquity all operating independent of CONTACT, no more resemble the science of Neurology, as defined and exemplified by Dr. B., than the practice of the FAITH DOCTORS does the regular practice of medicine.

When our neighbors come to give the matter a 'sober second thought,' and witness a title of the experiments which Dr. B. has made in Louisville, in the presence of hundreds, and upon all classes of subjects, we shall expect to find them more warm in their commendations than we have been. We are skeptical people in Louisville in matters of this kind, and yield to nothing which is not sustained by unquestionable philosophical demonstration, heard and seen by ourselves. On Tuesday evening last, Dr. B. made a series of experiments in the presence of a large company which produced striking results. Two ladies, acquaintances and friends, were seated near each other, and in good humor and buoyancy of spirits awaited the operation. Dr. B. placed a hand on the head of each, upon the organ, called by the French phrenologists 'the love of power.' In a few minutes a scene was 'got up,' at once singular and amusing. Each bridled up with air of dignity and self-conceit, and Mrs. H. when asked by Dr. B. 'what are you thinking of now?' replied 'Why, I am thinking that I feel very proud.' To the same question, Mrs. G., after a scornful silence, and its repetition, replied that she was astonished that Mrs. H. should talk of being proud.

Mrs. H. turned with a look of defiance and demanded 'Have not I as much to be proud of as you!' A cutting retort followed—each asserted her superior claim to beauty, good temper, refinement, obedience, &c., with a spirit and bitterness of tone and carriage, which those who have witnessed such scenes in neighbor-

hood squabbles, where faces are wont to be scratched, caps torn, and tongues let loose, can so well imagine. Apprehending results of too striking a character one of the company advised the Doctor to call a constable, but he hastily dissipated the belligerent excitement, and began to arouse their moral sentiments. Their angry glances soon ceased—they became modest, complaisant and humble, and on being reminded of the part they had acted, each began to apologise, and ask pardon of the other. Each was animated in her expressions of regret, and would accept of no apology, insisting that she only was in fault, and so affected was one of them that she burst into tears. To counteract this effect, the excitement of the moral organs was slightly diminished, while mirthfulness, playfulness, social feeling were stimulated. A striking change succeeded—she became highly elated, laughed and soon proposed a dance with a gentleman present, the husband of Mrs. G., springing upon her feet with infinite self-satisfaction.

All this time Mrs. G. sat quiet, melancholy and dejected, laboring under the serious feelings which had been called up to subdue her pride. She seriously objected to her husband dancing, as very unbecoming—a vain and improper amusement, particularly for one of his age. Mrs. H. being in a fine humor, submitted to her disappointment with a good grace, and the dance was suspended, while the Dr. commenced exciting the same mirthful organs in Mrs. G.—It was amusing to witness the change of her language and expression of countenance, as the dancing came upon her. She began to admit that dancing might be proper in some cases—thought it a very becoming amusement—particularly for old persons—liked to see people dance—would like to dance herself. She was reminded of her former objections, but was unwilling to acknowledge them, as such were not her real sentiments. She with great earnestness, urged Mrs. H. to dance with her husband, to convince Dr. B. how highly she approved of dancing. Other results were produced, which will be noticed tomorrow, as well as similar experiments on Wednesday evening.

From the Louisville Advertiser.

### NEUROLOGY.

We have but little space to devote to this subject to-day; but propose to occupy it with a brief notice of the continuation of Dr. Buchanan's experiments, after producing the results described yesterday. The attempt to excite hunger was made upon Mrs. H., while her attention was led by conversation to other subjects. She very soon asked for food, which being given her, she began her repast with a fine relish; but on the organ of thirst and love of strong drink, being excited, she became indifferent to her food and asked for wine; then for something stronger. Strong whiskey was brought which she tasted, and declared to be too weak, complaining that it was mostly water. The result was more striking, as in her ordinary condition, all kinds of strong drink are exceedingly repugnant to her taste.

Mrs. G. had during this experiment, joined the company in ridiculing and reproving Mrs. H. for her love of strong drink. Dr. B. threatened to produce the same effect upon herself, but she denied the possibility of his doing so, and declared that nothing on earth could induce her to drink whiskey. In a few minutes after the commencement of the operation, she desired drink—water being brought she refused it; then wanted lemonade; then lemonade with a little brandy in it; then more brandy; then pure brandy. Finally she concluded that whiskey was quite a genteel drink, and very proper for ladies.

A wine glass, perhaps half full of proof whiskey was given her, when she complained of its weakness; but after some hesitation, on account of her fear of ridicule, she watched her opportunity, when she thought herself unobserved and swallowed the contents at a draught. Hunger was excited with similar results. A variety of other interesting experiments were tried upon the same lady, and it was amusing to witness the sudden transitions 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' which took place in her manners, appearance and conversation as her brain answered, like a well-tuned piano to the touches of the operator's fingers. Into whatever mood she was thrown, from three to ten minutes were sufficient to change the current of her thoughts and language into another channel, perhaps ludicrously inconsistent with the former. At one time she would abuse her husband like a termagant, claiming superiority, and treating him as if unworthy of her; and immediately after express the deepest contrition for her conduct and speak of him with affection, as her superior, &c.

The organs of tone and mirthfulness were operated upon with success—the tone of conversation and conduct on the part of the two subjects, following the changes of Dr. Buchanan's hand from one organ to another, with remarkable precision and fidelity, both being un-

conscious of the effect which he intended to produce. Another fact is worthy of notice, which is, that after the dissipation of the effects of most of the experiments, particularly the most striking ones, they forgot and strenuously denied all they had said or done, but an excitement of memory, restored the facts to recollection. Dr. B. closed the experiments by putting Mrs. G. into a sound sleep in five minutes; from which she was with some difficulty awakened.

So much again on the subject of neurology. That the results described were produced cannot be denied—that there has been collusion or any deception practised upon hundreds of intelligent witnesses who have seen and heard, will not be pretended. We present the facts, leaving Doctors of Physic and Doctors of Divinity to settle this new question concerning the mysterious relation between physical and intellectual being.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

### Short Patent Sermon.

BY NOW, JR.  
Love is witty,  
Love is pretty,  
Love is charming while it's new,  
But it soon grows old,  
And waxes cold,  
And fades away like the morning dew.—ANON.

MY HEARERS—There is a mistake about Love's being pretty, coaxing and fascinating; but for all this, it is awfully dangerous stuff to meddle with. No one ought ever to approach it, unless he is provided with a box of matrimonial pills. Oh! my heart sinks clear into my trousers' pocket when I think of all the mischief that Love has stirred up in this amorous world! Love, like the boy's candy, is too good to last long. Soon after marriage it is apt to grow cold, and fade away from the full blown blossom of the heart, as fades the morning dew from the damask corolla of the rose; but before the affections are bound in the nuptial wreath, there is no danger of Love's dying a natural death. On the contrary, he becomes more and more obstinate in his attacks, and will hang on like an eel to a dead 'possum. I advise you, my young congregation, to beware of pianoforte music and moonlight evenings, if you have a touch of the tender larking about your vitals; for they are sure to call that little rascal Cupid forth in quest of prey, and when he comes, your breasts are made pin-cushions of, in less than no time. He shoots his arrows with unerring aim as he flies, and mocks at the agonies of his wounded victims. He is the mischief-making child of Venus, that artful daughter of Jove, who used to sport her golden chariot, drawn by sparrows over the fiery clouds of heaven—whose railroad track down to Olympus consisted of the rainbow. She was the mother of all flirts, and created more trouble in the courts of love than ever Lucifer kicked up in the temple of righteousness. But she is dead now, and her son Cupid reigneth in her stead.

My dear young friends—you must contrive to love moderately if you wish to have it last long, and not grow cold with the wane of the honey-moon—just as Mrs. Dow and I did when she was pretty Miss Betsey Wheeler. We didn't squander all our affections amid the foolish extravagancies of courtship, but let off little at a time, and they consequently lasted the longer. Like cattle that masticate their food a second time, so we, till the day of death brought in a bill of divorce in her favor, could sit beneath the bowers of carnal happiness, and chew the cud of our first love over and over again. Why don't you do likewise, and thus ensure many days of comfort and happiness, rather than dry up the fountain of future attachment by indulging for a short time in searching ecstasy. Moderation should always be your guide in the affairs of love; no matter whether that love be sexual, fraternal, alcoholical or spiritual. By drinking too deep from the cup of either you become intoxicated, and are soon compelled to swallow the bitter drops of woe and despair. It is a melancholy truth, I have even known persons to become so inebriated with the love of religion, that their reason has left them in disgust, and sought an asylum in the desert region of nowhere; but love of morality, virtue and honesty is subject to no such excesses, and the stronger your affection for them is, the wiser and happier you must be—I don't care who says to the contrary; but in your love for the sexes, plumb pudding and spurious holiness, be careful—be moderate! and you may make it hold out till you are borne to that land where love never fades away, nor even waxeth old. So mote it be!

A SCENE IN COURT IN ST. LOUIS.—We copy the following from the St. Louis Republican, of last Tuesday:

Yesterday, in the Circuit Court before his Honor Judge Mullanphy a scene occurred, reflecting but little credit on the administration of justice.

A motion was made to continue a cause. The continuance was resisted by F. W. Risque, Esq., counsel for plaintiff; but the Judge decided the ground sufficient, and continued the cause. After the Judge had decided, Mr. Risque walked up and dropped the papers on the clerk's table, and returned to his desk. The Judge then remarked to Mr. R., in substance, 'that he must change his mode of handling papers.'

Mr. R. replied that he handled them as was his general practice. 'Then,' says the Judge, 'you must reform your general habits,' and ordered Mr. R. to take his seat.

Mr. R. replied, 'he did not feel inclined to sit just then.'

The Judge then ordered the clerk to enter a fine against Mr. R. of \$50; and pre-emptorily ordered him to take his seat.

Mr. R. again declined, alleging that he had been sitting, and did not feel inclined to sit then. Hereupon another member of the bar attempted to interfere: but the Judge refused to hear him until Mr. R. took his seat, and ordered the clerk to enter another fine of \$50 against Mr. R. again, and in a very peremptory manner, ordered Mr. B. to take his seat, which Mr. B. still declined to do. The Judge then ordered another fine of \$50 to be entered up against him, and ordered the sheriff to remove him from the court-house.

Here the scene became eminently ludicrous. The deputy sheriff approached Mr. R. and urged him to leave the room: Mr. R. maintaining his temper, appeared in no hurry to obey. In the mean time the Judge was threatening the sheriff, and refusing to hear any other member of the bar. After a time Mr. R. withdrew from the room, when the Judge directed an order to be entered up against Mr. R. to show cause why he should not be struck from the roll.

SLEEP.—Poets talk of the charm of early rising; the cheerfulness of nature, and the joy of man commencing his daily labor. As Mr. Burchell used to say, 'It is all fudge.' Nature, that is to say, hogs, dogs, and pigs, may be very brisk at the return of daylight, but biped animals, who pass the night on feather beds and pillows, (men going to be hanged, or persons in love, or out of their mind always excepted,) feel very differently. Look at the poor washerwomen sneaking through the streets, whom not even the expected glass of Geneva can comfort or the early chimney sweeper, singing over his half pint of pork. Do they not look as if they had been dragged into the street by the hair of their heads? Let those people who walk abroad early in the morning observe the laboring husbandman going to work, that favorite type of happiness among the poets, so far from discovering any thing like joy in their countenances, we have seen them winking and blinking, yawning and drawing along, and rubbing their eyes to ascertain whether they were really awake. Man is a creature delighting in sleep. Even the savage, who rises with the sun, takes especial care to go down with that luminary, and when he is neither hungry nor in danger of being scalped is always ready to take a nap. In short, man is always engaged in the pursuit of happiness, and happiness is sleep.

"'Tis sleep alone that real pleasure yields  
And waits us mortals to the Elysian fields."

WHAT AN IDEA.—The Pennsylvania an thinks it would be a curious sight to see all the white babies in the United States, under five years old, together; they would make a pretty little collection of 1,400,000. What a squall there would be, should they all be spanked at the same time, and what a heap of sugar plums it would take to quiet them.

PLEASANT EMPLOYMENT.—DIXON H. Lewis spends two or three hours every day in reading his OWN obituaries in the newspapers.

EPGRAM.—The following couplet on a selfish politician, who committed his speeches to memory, is one of the best things of the kind ever written by Byron:

"C— has no heart you say—but I deny it—  
He has a least—he gets his speeches by it!"

### 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.

### A Horse Story.

Some newspaper celebrity has been bestowed upon an original bit of drolery, called 'A Theatrical Auctioneer,' promulgated first in this paper, some ten or twelve months ago. From the same humorous source we have another bit of FACETIA, though not of so sparkling a character as the other.

Our jocose Boston auctioneer was called upon one day by a country horse dealer from Vermont, who wished to dispose of a horse. He was one of those instinctive to the characters peculiar to the section, with a countenance strangely indicative of both simplicity and shrewdness.

'I say,' said he, 'I want to see the auctioneer that auctions off horses here on Saturday.'

'I'm the individual,' said the auctioneer, 'what can I do for you?'

'Well, I've got a horse I want to sell, provided I can get enough for him; don't want nothing more than his value neither. He's a good one, though just now he's a little thin; but I reckon he ought to sell pretty smartly.'

'Very good; will you have him advertised?'

'Well, I guess I don't know about that. What do you say?'

'One dollar first insertion; fifty cents for every time after.'

'That's ten dollars for three times; I reckon you may put him in the newspaper once, stranger, and after that let him slide.'

'Very good; what color is he?'

'Rather brown than otherwise.'

'Is he sound?'

'Sound! O, sound as a dollar—shouldn't like to warrant him though!'

'All right; I'll advertise him and sell him on Saturday. Have your 'critter' at the mart by 12 o'clock.'

'I just want to tell Mr. Auctioneer, I should like to have the animal limited at fifteen dollars, but you may let him go for five.'

'Exactly, and you won't take a great deal more than is offered for him, will you?'

'Well, no, I'm not disposed to be hard, anyhow; I rather calculate not.'

Saturday came, and one dollar and a half was bid for the animal brought up by the horse-dealer.

'Go on, gentlemen, I have only one dollar and a half bid for the horse; how much more do I hear? One dollar and a half is only offered for the animal before you. One dollar and a half—going—going.'

'Sell him, sir, he's a dying!' whispered the Vermont horsedealer into the ear of the knight of the hammer.

'Gone!' shouted the auctioneer, and down went the old horse at a dollar and a half.

After the sale the horse-dealer was the first one up at the desk for a settlement.

'Well, I reckon it won't take long to settle up this little trade of mine about the horse,' said he.

'Not long said the clerk, 'there's your account of sale; you have to pay us just fifty cents more than the horse brought.'

'Po-litical de-struction!' exclaimed the Vermont, with a humorous affectation of astonishment. Then with a satisfied manner, he continued, 'It's cheap enough! there's a fifty cent piece. Cheap enough! I couldn't a gin him away at no price, and it would have cost ten dollars and a half to bury him. Jest a half a dollar saved. Good morning, Mr. Auctioneer. Cheap enough!'

On Ephraim's remark that unmarried ladies are generally TEA-TOTALERS, Simon inquired what kind of tea they were the fondest of? BEAU-HE, to be sure, replied Ephraim.

A fellow got into the river at Hartford the other night, and began to cry "fire." He was put out.

A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times, writing from New Orleans, says that there is this difference between woman and horses; the latter are in-stable and the former un-stable. The wretch.

REMARKABLE.—A Philadelphia paper contains a notice of the marriage of Mr. Gallop to Miss Mow. We suspect this is the only example of a man galloping to the man!

Alexander Hay has been nominated for Mayor of Pittsburg. Hay will answer for a mare, anywhere. The joke will make many a horse laugh. Neigh, but it will, though—have a great run—the cribbed, perhaps. Those who are opposed to Hay may go to grass.—N. Y. Aurora.