

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

[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR BERR.]

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

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

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, July 2, 1842.

Vol. II--No. XI.

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 Louisville Journal.

The Golden Ringlet.

Hence is a little golden tress
Of soft unbraided hair,
That all that's left of loveliness
That once was thought so fair;
And yet, though time hath dimm'd its sheen,
Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here, a link between
My spirit and the dead.

Yes, from this shining ringlet still
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart, and sends a thrill
Through all its trembling strings.
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair,
For eighteen years, like sunshine, slept
This golden curl of hair.

Oh sunny tress! the jovous brow,
Where thou didst lightly wave
With all the sister tresses, now
Lie cold within the grave.
That cheek is of its bloom bereft;
That eye no more is gay;
Of all her beauties thou art left,
A solitary ray.

Four years have passed, this very June,
Since last we fondly met—
Four years! and yet it seems too soon
To let the heart forget—
Too soon to let that lovely face
From our sad thoughts depart,
And to another give the place
She held within the heart.

Her memory still within my mind
Retains its sweetest power;
It is the perfume left behind,
To whisper of the flower.
Each bliss on that in moments gone
Bounded up this sunny curl,
Recalls the form, the look, the tone
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an April rain
O'er beds of violets flung;
Her voice the prelude to a strain,
Before the song is sung:
Her life, 'twas like a half-flown flower,
Closed ere the shades of even;
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour
That opens the gates of Heaven.

A single tress! how slight a thing
To sway such magic art,
And bid each soft remembrance spring
Like blossoms in the heart!
It leads me back to days of old—
To her I loved so long,
Whose locks outshone pellucid gold,
Whose lips o'erflowed with song.

Since then, I've heard a thousand lays
From lips as sweet as thine;
Yet when I strive to give them praise,
I only gave them tears.
I could not bear, amid the throng,
Where jest and laughing rung,
To hear another sing the song
That trembled on her tongue.

A single shining tress of hair
To bid such memories start!
But, tears are on its lustre—there
I lay it on my heart.
Oh! when in Death's cold arms I sink,
Who then, with gentle care,
Will keep for me a dark brown link—
A ringlet of my hair? —ANNE LEE.

The Marquis of Anglesse's Leg.

BY GEORGE CANNING.

Here rests, and let no saucy knave
Presume to sneer, or laugh
To learn that mouldering in the grave
Lies laid a British calf.

For he who writes these lines is sure
That those who read the whole,
Will find such laugh were premature,
For here, too, lies a *sole*.

And here five little ones repose,
Twin-born with their other five,
Unheeded by their brother toes,
Who all are now alive.

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,
Lies here of one commanding,
Who though his wit he might retain,
Lost half his understanding.

Who when the guns, with thunder freight,
Paused bullets thick as hail,
Could only in his way be taught
To give the *fac leg-bait*.

And now in England just as gay
As in the battle brave,
Goes to the rout, review or play,
With one foot in the grave.

Fortune in vain here showed her spite,
For he will still be found
Should England's sons engage in fight,
Resolved to stand his ground.

But Fortune's pardon I must beg,
She meant not to disarm,
And when she sought the hero's leg,
By no means ought his *à aris*.

And but indulged a harmless whim;
Since he could walk with one,
She saw two legs were lost on him
Who never meant to run.

A MAN CAUGHT BY A FISH.—A negro belonging to Mr. Bourgeat, of Point Coupee Parish, (Louisiana) met with a singular death a few days ago. He was fishing, or rather spearing gaff-fish in one of the neighboring lakes, and fastened the cord which was attached to the spear or gaff to the waist. When he transfixed a large gar with his gaff, the gar in its endeavor to escape, dragged the man overboard into the water, and before he could recover himself he was drowned. His body and the gar-fish were both in the course of an hour got ashore.

From the Lowell Offering.

ABBY'S YEAR AT LOWELL.

CHAPTER I.

'Mr. Atkins, I say! husband why can't you speak? Do you hear what Abby says?' 'Any thing worth hearing?' was the responsive question of Mr. Atkins; and he laid down the New Hampshire Patriot, and peered over his spectacles, with a look which seemed to say, that an event so uncommon deserved particular attention.

'Why, she says that she means to go to Lowell, and work in the factory.'

'Well, wife, let her go,' and Mr. Atkins took up the Patriot again.

'But I do not see how I can spare her; the spring cleaning is not done, nor the soap made nor the boy's summer clothes; and you say that you intend to board your own men-folks, and keep two more cows than you did last year, and Charley can scarcely go alone. I do not see how I can get along without her.'

'But you say she does not assist you any about the house.'

'Well, husband, she might.'

'Yes, she might do a great many things which she does not think of doing, and as I do not see that she means to be useful here, we will let her go to the factory.'

'Father, are you in earnest? May I go to Lowell?' said Abby, and she raised her bright black eyes to her father's with a look for exquisite delight.

'Yes, Abby, if you will promise me one thing and that is, that you will stay a whole year without visiting us, excepting in case of sickness, and that you will stay but one year.'

'I will promise any thing, father, if you will only let me go, for I thought you would say I had better stay at home, and pick rods, and weed the garden, and drop corn, and rake hay, and I do not want to do such work any longer. May I go with the Slater girls next Tuesday?' for that is the day they have set for their return.'

'Yes, Abby, if you will remember that you are to stay a year, and only one year.'

Abby retired to rest that night with a heart fluttering with pleasure; for ever since the visit of the Slater girls, with new silk dresses, and Navarino bonnets trimmed with flowers, and lace veils, and gauze handkerchiefs, her head had been filled with visions of fine clothes; and she thought if she could only go where she could dress like them, she would be completely happy. She was naturally very fond of dress, and often while a little girl, had she sat on the bank of the road side, watching the stage which daily went by her father's retired dwelling; and when she saw the gay ribbons and smart shawls, which assailed like a bright phantom before her wandering eyes, she had thought when older she would have such things; and she looked forward to womanhood as to a state in which the chief pleasure must consist in wearing fine clothes.

But as years passed over her, she became aware that this was a source from which she could never derive any enjoyment, while she remained at home, for her father was neither able nor willing to gratify her in this respect, and she had begun to fear that she must always wear the same brown cambric bonnet and the same calico gown would always be her 'go-to-meeting-dress.' And now what a bright picture has been formed by her ardent and un- cultivated imagination! Yes, she would go to Lowell and earn all that she possibly could, and spend those earnings in beautiful attire, she would have silk dresses, one of grass green, and another of cherry red, and another upon the color she would decide when she purchased it, and she would have a new Navarino bonnet, far more beautiful than Judith Slater's; and when at last she fell asleep, it was to dream of satin and laces, and her glowing fancy revelled all night in a vast and beautiful collection of milliner's finery.

But very different were the dreams of Abby's mother, and when she awoke the next morning, her first words to her husband were, 'Mr. Atkins, was you serious last night when you told Abby that she might go to Lowell? I thought at first you were vexed because I interrupted you, and said it to stop the conversation.'

'Yes, wife, I was serious, and you did not interrupt me, for I had been listening to all that you and Abby were saying. She is a wild thoughtless girl, and I hardly know what to do with her; but perhaps it will be as well to try an experiment, and let her think and act for herself. I expect that she will spend all her earnings in fine clothes, but after she has done so she may see the folly of it; and at all events, she will be more likely to understand the value of money when she has been obliged to work for it. After she has had her own way for one year, she may possibly be willing to return home and become a little more steady, and be willing to devote her active energies (for she is a very capable girl) to household duties, for hitherto her services have been principally out of doors; where she is now too old to work. I am almost willing that she should see a little

of the world, and what is going on in it and I hope that if she receive no benefit she will at least return to us uninjured.'

'O, husband, I have many fears for her,' was the reply of Mrs. Atkins, 'she is so very giddy and thoughtless, and the Slater girls are as hair-brained as herself, and will lead her on in all sorts of folly. I wish that you would tell her that she must stay at home.'

'I have made a promise,' said Mr. Atkins; and will keep it; and Abby I trust will keep hers.'

Abby flew around in high spirits to make her necessary preparations for her departure, and her mother assisted her with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER II.

The evening before she left home her father called her to him, and fixing upon her a calm, earnest and almost mournful look, he said, 'Abby, do you ever think?' Abby was subdued and almost awed by her father's look and manner. There was something unusual in it—something in his expression which was unexpected in him, but which reminded her of her teacher's look at the Sabbath School when she was endeavoring to impress upon her mind some serious truth. 'Yes, father,' she at length replied 'I have thought a great deal lately about going to Lowell.'

'But I do not believe, my child, that you have had one serious thought upon the subject, and I fear that I have done wrong in consenting to let you go from home. If I was too poor to maintain you here, and had no employment about which you could make yourself useful, I should feel no self reproach, and would let you go trusting that all might yet be well; but now I have done what I might at some future time severely repent of; and if you do not wish to make me wretched, you will return to us a better, milder and more thoughtful girl.'

'That night Abby reflected more seriously than she had ever done in her life before. Her father's words, rendered more impressive by the look and tone with which they were delivered, sunk into her heart as words had never done before. She had been surprised at his ready acquiescence in her wishes, but it had now a new meaning. She felt that she was about to be abandoned to herself, because her parents despaired of being able to do any thing for her; they thought her too wild, reckless, and un- tameable, to be softened by ought but the stern lessons of experience.

I will surprise them, said she to herself; I will show them that I have some reflection; and after I come home, my father shall never ask me if I think. Yes, I know what their fears are, and I will let them see that I can take care of myself, and as good care as they have ever taken care of me. I know that I have not done as well as I might have done, but I will now, and when I return, they shall see that I am a better, milder, and more thoughtful girl.

And the money which I intended to spend in five dresses shall be put into the bank; I will save it all, and my father shall see that I can earn money and take care of it too. O how different I will be from what they think I am; and how very glad it will make my father and mother to see that I am not so very bad, after all.

New feelings and new ideas had begotten new resolutions, and Abby's dreams that night were of smiles from her mother, and words from her father, such as she had never received nor begged.

When she bade them farewell the next morning she said nothing of the change which had taken place in her views and feelings, for she felt a slight degree of self distrust in her own firmness of purpose.

Abby's self distrust was commendable and auspicious, but she had a very prominent development in that part of the head where phrenologists locate the organ of firmness, and when she had once determined upon a thing, she usually went through with it. She had now resolved to pursue a course entirely different from the one she had first marked for herself. This was more difficult on account of her strong propensity for dress, a love of which was freely gratified by her companions. But when Judith Slater pressed her to purchase this beautiful piece of silk, or that splendid piece of muslin, her constant reply was, 'No I have determined not to buy any such things, and I will keep my resolution.'

Before she came to Lowell, she wondered in her simplicity, how people could live where there were so many stores, and not spend all their money; and it now required all her firmness to resist being overcome by the tempting display of beauties, which met her eyes whenever she promenaded the illuminated streets. It was hard to walk by the milliners' shops with an unwavering step, and when she came to the confectioners she could not help stopping.—But she did not yield to the temptation, she did not spend her money in them. When she saw fine strawberries, she said to herself, 'I can gather them in our own pasture next year;' when she looked upon the nice peach-

es, cherries, and plums, which stood in tempting array behind their crystal barriers, she said again, 'I will do without them this summer,' and when apples, pears and nuts were offered to her for sale, she thought she would eat none of them till she went home. But she felt that the only safe place for her earnings was the savings bank, and there they were regularly deposited, that it might be out of her power to indulge in momentary whims. She gratified no feeling but a newly awakened desire for mental improvement, and spent her leisure hours in reading useful books.

Abby's year was one of perpetual self-contest and self-denial, but it was by no means one of unmitigated misery. The ruling desire of years was not to be conquered by the resolution of a moment, but when the contest was over, there was for her, triumph of victory. If the battle was sometimes desperate there was more merit in being conqueror. One Sabbath was spent in tears, because Judith Slater did not wish her to attend their meeting with such a dowdy bonnet, and another fellow-boarder thought her gown must have been made in 'the year one.' The color mounted to her cheeks, and the lightning flashed from her eyes, when asked if she had just come down; and she felt as though she should be glad to be away from them all, when she heard their sly insinuations about 'bush wackers.' Still she remained unshaken. It is but for a year, said she to herself, and the time and money my father thought I should spend in folly, shall be devoted to a better purpose.

CHAPTER III.

At the close of a pleasant April day, Mr. Atkins sat at his kitchen fireside with Charley upon his knees. 'Wife,' said he to Mrs. Atkins, who was busily preparing the evening meal, 'is it not a year since Abby left home?'

'Why, husband; let me think; I always clean up the house thoroughly just before first day, and I had done it when Abby went away. I remember speaking to her about it, and telling her it was wrong to leave me at such a busy time, and she said, "Mother I will be at home to do it all next year. Yes, it is a year, and I should not be surprised if she would come this week,"'

'Perhaps she will not come at all,' said Mr. Atkins with a gloomy look; 'she has written us but few letters, and they have been very short and unsatisfactory. I suppose she has sense enough to know that no news is better than bad news, and having nothing pleasant to tell about herself, she thinks she will tell us nothing at all. But if I ever get her home again, I will keep her here. I assure you, her first year in Lowell shall also be her last.'

'Husband, I told you my fears, and if you had set up your authority, Abby would have been obliged to stay at home, but perhaps she is doing pretty well. You know she is not accustomed to writing, and that may account for the few and short letters we have received, but they have all even the shortest, contained the assurance that she would be home at the close of the year.'

'Pa the stage has stopped here,' said little Charley, and he bounded from his father's knee. The next moment the room rang, with the shout of Abby has come! Abby has come!

In a few moments more, she was in the midst of the joyful throng. Her father pressed her hand in silence, and tears gushed from her mother's eyes. Her brothers and sisters were clamorous with delight, but little Charley, to whom Abby was a stranger, and who repelled with terror all her overtures for a better acquaintance. Her parents gazed upon her with speechless pleasure, for they felt that a change for the better had taken place in their once wayward girl. Yes, there she stood before them, a little taller and a little thinner, and when the flash of emotion had faded away, perhaps a little paler; but her eyes were bright in their joyous radiance, and then the smile of health and innocence was playing around her rosy lips. She carefully laid aside her new straw bonnet, with its plain trimming of light blue ribbon, and her dark merino dress showed to the best advantage her neat and symmetrical form. There was more delicacy of personal appearance than when she left them, and also more softness of manner for constant collision with so many females had worn off the little asperities which had marked her conduct while at home.

'Well, Abby, how many silk gowns have you got?' said her father, as she opened a large new trunk. 'Not one, father,' said she; and she fixed her dark eyes upon him with an expression which told all. 'But here are some little books for the children, and a new calico dress for mother; and here is a nice black silk handkerchief for you to wear around your neck on Sunday; accept it, dear father, for it is your daughter's first gift.'

'You had better have brought me a pair of spectacles, for I am sure I cannot see any thing.'—There were tears in the rough farmer's eyes, but he tried to laugh and joke that they

might not be perceived. 'But what did you wish with all your money?'

'I thought you had better leave it there,' said Abby, and she placed her bank book in her father's hand. Mr. Atkins looked a moment and the forced smile faded away. The surprise had been too great, and tears fell fast from the father's eyes.

'It is but a little, said Abby. 'But it was all you could save,' replied her father, 'and I am proud of you, Abby, yes, proud that I am the father of such a girl. It is not this paltry sum which pleases me so much, but the prudence, self-command and real affection for us, which you have displayed.—But was it not sometimes hard to resist temptation?'

'Yes, father, you can never know how hard, but it was the thought of this night which sustained me through it all. I know how you would smile, and what my mother would say and feel; and though there have been moments, yes, hours, that have seen me wretched enough, yet this one evening will repay for all. There is but one thing now to mar my happiness, and that is the thought that this little fellow has quite forgotten me,' and she drew Charley to her side. But the new picture book had already effected wonders, and in a few moments he was in her lap with his arms around her neck, and his mother could not persuade him to retire that night until he had given, 'sister Abby' a hundred kisses.

'Father,' said Abby, as she arose to retire, when the tall clock struck eleven, 'may I not sometimes go back to Lowell? I should like to add a little to the sum in the bank, and I should be glad of one silk gown.'

'Yes, Abby, you may do any thing you wish I shall never again be afraid to let you spend a year in Lowell.'

The Melon Seeds.

The Mill Point Herald gives a sketch of great interest relative to a lawyer of this city. It is a column long, and we must condense it. It relates, that at a restaurant in this city, one night was assembled a party of young Creoles, at the invitation of one of their number who had just taken out license to practice law in Louisiana. The host after drinking much wine, got boisterous, and looked round, anxious to find somebody to insult. He at last discovered a spare old man in a corner, at whom he commenced firing melon seeds from between the thumb and finger. The first one hit him on the left ear. The second struck his hand, and the third rebounded from his breast.

'You are a bad shot,' said the old man, rising—'I will give you a few lessons,' and he handed his card. The parties met with pistols next morning on the Shell Road, near the half way house. The Creole fired first, and missed.

'Monsieur,' said the stranger, 'you are too hasty, and you bear too hard on the trigger. But now it is my turn, I advise you to stand cool and firm, the least variation might cost you your life. You aimed at my eye yesterday, but hit my ear—it was well you missed.' He raised the pistol and muttering 'Monsieur's right ear' he fired—the lower lappet of the right ear was shot away. 'One lesson at a time,' said the unknown, 'is enough; here sir, is your first melon seed. Adieu, you shall hear of me again.'

'Twelve months had passed—the occurrence above related was almost forgotten by the actors—when one evening at the Theatre D' Orleans, the Creole felt a single tap on the shoulder; he turned, and the mysterious stranger of the restaurant stood by his side. 'Monsieur,' whispered he, 'I owe you another lesson, are you at leisure to-morrow morning?'

'A *volre service, Monsieur.*'

They met again and the Creole missed. Said the old man 'you have not improved much since your last lesson. Your second shot at the restaurant struck my hand, therefore this goes on the same spot,' and at the firing of the pistol, the Creole's left hand hung in shreds in his arm. 'The next time we meet, Monsieur, your breast shall be a target,' exclaimed the unknown, as he handed over the second melon seed carefully wrapped up in a piece of paper. 'An *avoir!*'

The Creole recovered, but had his spirits, and was a changed man.

A few weeks ago, the Creole received a small package from Havans, accompanied by a letter from a hotel keeper there, stating that the said package was ordered to be sent to his address by a foreign gentleman who had there, died.

He opened the box, and found therein, a small purse containing one melon seed.—THE STRANGER WAS NO MORE!

The writer of the sketch says the above is no fiction, and that the principal actor even now resides in New-Orleans, a talented and esteemed member of the bar; and often relates the above sketch of his adventures to his friends, to show how dearly he paid for the excess of one night at the restaurant.—N. C. Crockett City.

THE DANIEL BOON OF THE PRESS.—The editor of the Washingtonian, a temperance paper published at Canton, Ohio, gives the following glowing description of Mr. Pike, a former partner of his, but now editor of the Circleville Watchman:

Mr. Pike and I published a newspaper in 1837 among the Miami Indians, in the State of Indiana. It was a great partnership, that. We had two advance paying subscribers, one of whom liquidated his subscription with white beans, the other with saw logs. Godfrey the Chief, took five copies, and couldn't read a word. Our paper was called the Fern Forester, which being printed in the woods, that title was appropriate.

The town of Fern had many magnificent names for its streets, such as Pearl, Broadway, &c., which streets exhibited the animated and bustling spectacle of stumps, trees, and weeds as high as a man's head. The stirring events which transpired in this interesting city imperiously demanded a couple of chroniclers, and Pike and I were at hand to discharge that important function.

Pike wrote poetry, and I dipped considerably into State politics, and discussed in a learned manner every question of interest to the few settlers and Indians. Pike was a queer fish. He had more iron in the fire than any man I ever knew. Besides being an editor and printer, he kept the Broadway Hotel, was postmaster, justice of the peace, land agent, pettifogger, canal contractor, overseer of the poor, painter, had been a school master, and a day laborer, was brought up a Quaker, was twice a widower, and the last time I saw him was a Baptist, had his third wife, and was an auctioneer!

QUICKSILVER MINES IN TUSCANY.—A man residing in the neighborhood of Stanton street, in this city, married a widow about four months ago. Previous to his marriage he had paid his addresses to a young girl, who it appears, was much attached to him. An acquaintance seems to have been carried on between the parties, notwithstanding the marriage of the man. Last week they employed a colored man to murder the wife, and thus remove all impediments to their union. The colored man seemingly consented to the deed, for the sum of \$150. He, however, informed a constable of the vile plot, and so arranged matters, that the officer should overhear the parties settling their plan of operations. The constable overheard enough of the instructions given to the colored man to satisfy him of the intentions of the parties; he was directed to be sure and hit—to fire straight, &c. The girl seemed to be the prominent actor in the affair, as it was she who gave the directions. The murder was to have been committed on Saturday night, as the wife was going to market. The parties are in custody, and will undergo an examination this afternoon.—Brooklyn Daily News.

A GLORIOUS SPECTACLE is described by Bradford, in his 'History of Massachusetts for 200 years,' one of which it may be safely said, we 'never shall look upon its like again.' He states that in 1753, on the anniversary of the society for promoting industry, three hundred females of Boston assembled on the common with their spinning wheels. They were neatly attired in cloth of their own manufacture, and a great crowd of spectators collected to witness the scene.

QUICKSILVER MINES IN TUSCANY.—An abundant mine of quicksilver was discovered last year in the environs of Peravezza, near Pisa, in Tuscany. In one month it yielded more than 6000 pounds, a produce that is daily increasing. The Grand Duke had visited there, and is about to appoint a commission of French, English, German and Italian geologists and chymists, to search for the other mines of quicksilver, which, according to tradition, exist in the Grand Duchy.—Ecc. Post.

A COMMENTATOR (COMMON TATER) AMONG THE HOUSERS GREENS.—A correspondent of the Picayune says he was at a ball in Houssier-land, but made no acquaintances till after supper.

When supper was over, he was surprised to notice many come back to the dancing room with all sorts of eatables. Feeling disposed to take a share to the frolic, he stepped up to a bounding lass, and asked if she would honor him with her hand in a dance.

'In course I shall,' said she, calling to her sister, 'here Sal, just hold my tater while I take a treat with this ere hoss.'

'Hoh, hoh, why the gals up out way let their beans hold their *taters*.'

A RAVEN REFORM.—A drunken lawyer going into a church, was observed by the minister, who addressing himself to him, said: 'I will bear witness against that sinner at the day of judgment.' The lawyer shaking his head with drunken gravity replied: 'I have practiced 20 years at the bar, and have always found that the greatest rascal is the first to turn state's evidence.'