

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

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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.
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Sixteen lines make a square.



Sonnets.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England bath need of thee; she is a fan
Of stagnant water; altar, sword and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of sunny happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power;
Thou hast a voice that shales the sea, and seas,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

Great men have been among us; hands have perished
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none:
The later Silvae, Marvell, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend,
These invidious could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Thought no how rightfully a nation share
In splendor: what strength was that would not bend
But in manumission meekness, France's strange
Had brought forth no such souls as we had then,
Perpetual emptiness! increasing change!
No single volume permanent, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!

Act from Anne Walton's Complete Angler.

The Mill-Maid's Song.
Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hills or field,
Or woods, or steepy mountains yield.

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls,
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And thou a thousand fragrant posies,
A cup of sugar, and a little knife,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
From our own pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers that choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the golds do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Honor.
"Honor's sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble name's distinguished perfection,
That adds and strengthens virtue when it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not;
It ought not to be spotted with." CATO.

The Right Horse.
"That horse of the Captain's, Tom, may I inquire
Whether you call him 'Athelet' because he stands
So?"
"Yes, sir, to be sure, he stands fine like a Western,
But we named him *As best as we there ain't a better one!*"

FISHING DEFENDED.—Piscator defends his recreation in the following quaint language:
You know gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art of recreation; a little wit mixt with ill nature, confidence and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught even in their own trap, according to Lucian, the father of the family of scoffers:

Lucian, well skilled in scoffing, this took writ,
Friend, 'tis your folly which you think you writ,
This you vent oft, and both of wit and fear,
Meaning another when you say you fear.

If to this you add what Solomon said of scoffers, that they are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a scoffer still, but I account them an enemy to me and all that love virtue and angling.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A gentleman riding a very sorry horse, asked a negro whom he met, how far it was to a neighboring town, whether he was going. The negro, looking at the animal under the rider, with a broad grin of contempt upon his countenance, replied, "Widat ar horse, masa, it's jist fifteen miles. Wif a good chuck ob a boss, seven miles; but if you jis had Massa Jimmy's horse!—you'd dare note!"

If the tottering, roofless walls of the Tower of London could speak, what historical names would they utter! Do you give it up!—WAT TYLER, WILL RUFUS.

Why does this present year resemble the year before last? *C'est la même chose!* Because the year before last was 1841, and this is eighteen hundred and forty two.

"They make light of us now," says one Cincinnati porker to another.

"And a barking shame it is," responded the other.

From the London Times.

THE WIT AND MISCHIEF OF WOMAN.
Bristol has been the scene of one of the most romantic incidents in real life which has ever occurred, and of which a highly respectable merchant of the city has been unfortunately made the dupe.

This affair has been made public in consequence of the gentleman (Mr. Wooley) having been charged before the magistrate with having conspired to defraud a goldsmith of a lady's gold watch and chain.

We therefore subjoin an accurate account of the facts of this most extraordinary conspiracy, of which a most respectable man has been made the dupe.

Mr. Wooley has been, it appears, for the last five years a widower, and Miss Bryers, who is now about 22 years of age, and whom he has brought up and educated from the early age of eight years, resided with him in New Cut. About six months since, Miss Bryers intimated to him that a lady whom she knew, and whose property was worth 47,000*l.*, had accidentally seen him, and had on the instant fell in love with him; that she had striven long to conquer her passion, but in vain; that her declining health bore testimony to the intensity of the struggle; and that, as a last resource, she had communicated her passion to her brother-in-law, so to the state of his heart, and with much more, sufficiently nonsensical and absurd. Hearing this tale Mr. Wooley, of course being most anxious to know who the lady was, pressed Miss Bryers to inform him who the fair innamorata might be, and was at length told by her that she was Miss —, a lady of the first family and respectability. Mr. Wooley, who had never seen the lady whose name was mentioned to him, oddly enough agreed to reciprocate the alleged affection, and pressed anxiously for an interview. To this Miss Bryers, replied, that such a course was entirely out of the question, for should the relations of the lady arrive at the knowledge that such an acquaintance existed, they would immediately have her removed, her peace of mind would then be ruined forever, and Mr. Wooley's chance of the 47,000*l.* would be destroyed.

To mitigate the rigor of his sentence, however, a tender correspondence was fabricated and carried on in this lady's name (who was all the while unconscious of even Mr. Wooley's existence) through Miss Bryers, and in answer to one of these tender billets, Mr. Wooley pledged his honor not to seek an interview with this lady until it could be safely granted. The matter having been mentioned to some confidential friend by Mr. Wooley, it was suggested to him that he ought to be better assured of the truth of the affair, and that it might be a hoax. This insinuation was, however, indignantly met by Mr. Wooley, with the reply, "could they suppose that she whom he had brought up as his child from the early age of eight years, whom he had ever treated in the most kind and indulgent manner, would attempt to be a party to the playing off of any trick upon him who might be considered as her father!" His friend still remaining incredulous, Mr. Wooley said he would write a letter to Miss —; which should be taken by Miss Bryers, and that to satisfy himself of her truth, a female, the wife of a person in his employment, should see whether she went to the house where the lady resided with it. This was done, and Miss Bryers was watched by the female to the door of Miss —'s house.

Shortly afterwards some circumstances transpired, from which he was again led to think that a trick was being played him, and determined to make assurance doubly sure, he mentioned his suspicions to Miss Bryers, wrote a letter to Miss —, and proposed himself to accompany Miss Bryers to the door of the lady's house, and to wait outside for an answer. Miss Bryers, nothing daunted, reproached him for entertaining the slightest suspicion, and said that she should be most happy to convince him, and that he had better at once write the letter, and they would walk together with it to the house, in which the lady resided. This was accordingly done, and on reaching the house, Miss Bryers knocked at the door, and having ascertained that the lady was at home sent in her card, (both personally wholly unknown), and desired Mr. Wooley to wait for her. She then with unparalleled effrontery introduced herself to the presence of the lady. Being requested to be seated, she apologized for her intrusion, but that being informed that Miss — was very kind in administering relief and religious consolation to the poor, she had presumed to solicit her to visit a poor woman at a place in Cathay, which she named, to administer some relief to her mind. That the poor woman did not need pecuniary assistance, as she (Miss Bryers) had procured for her everything which was necessary. The lady replied, that it was true she was ever most happy to contribute to the relief of the suffering poor as far as possible, but that with respect to religious

consolation, she thought the clergyman of the parish was the proper party to be applied to. Miss Bryers immediately acknowledged that this was the proper course and having apologized for troubling Miss —, requested to be allowed to write a note to the Rev. gentleman soliciting his aid. This was of course, acceded to, and Miss Bryers sat down to write the note, but instead of writing to the clergyman, she penned an amorous answer to Mr. Wooley's letter, in the name of the lady in whose house and presence she was committing this wanton fraud. Having finished, and used a wafer instead of a seal, she wished the lady good morning, and having rejoined Mr. Wooley in the street, she triumphantly produced the note, still wet, told him Miss —, was much annoyed at his suspicions, and in fact, completely convinced the too credulous Mr. Wooley that things were progressing rightly for his marriage with the lady. The correspondence continued uninterrupted between the parties, and at length Miss Bryers producing a very handsome ring with the initials of the lady engraved upon it, told him she had sent it with the request that he would wear it for her sake.

Things being in this state, it was arranged on this semi-fictional correspondence, that 20,000*l.* of the lady's property should be settled on herself, while the other portion should be at her husband's disposal. A request was also made, that they should exchange watches, and Miss Bryers produced a neat lady's gold watch and chain, which the public reports show that together with the ring, she had procured from Mr. Jones. Mr. Wooley was of course delighted, and immediately handed Miss Bryers a very valuable gold watch, &c., which he wore. Mr. Wooley then became most anxious for the lady to name the happy day, but Miss Bryers told him that before he married, as he had been a widower for some time, he ought to refurbish certain portions of his house in a style befitting the reception of a lady.

At this period this artful young lady, in order to still further blind her too credulous relative to her machinations, requesting him to accompany her to make a morning call upon the lady of one of the first merchants at her residence at Clifton, and told him that this lady was most intimate with Miss —, and would no doubt induce her to immediately name the day.

Mr. Wooley, accordingly accompanied her in the carriage to Clifton to the house of Mrs. —. When they arrived there, Miss Bryers persuaded him not to enter the house, but to remain in the carriage while she went in and spoke to Mrs. — upon the subject, as they should not be able to converse freely in his presence. Miss Bryers then went into the house, and on being introduced to Mrs. —, whom she had not at all known previously, informed her that she had been taken suddenly ill at her door, &c. It is needless to say, that the lady, of course, sympathized with her for her illness, and persuaded her to take a glass of wine, which might recover her. The artful girl did so, and took care to spill a portion of the wine on her cambric handkerchief; she then assured the lady of the house that she felt better, and having returned to the carriage, told Mr. Wooley that she was sorry to have detained him so long, but that Mrs. — had promised to go immediately to Miss —, and that she would make her have a glass of wine, and "bless me," added she, "I declare I have spilt some of the wine over my handkerchief!" If any doubts whatever had remained in Mr. Wooley's mind, he must have been more incredulous than the generality of men, if he had any longer entertained the slightest suspicion, and accordingly he procured the license for their marriage in Ratcliff Church.

Bridal dresses and presents were prepared, bride cake ordered, and every arrangement made for the performance of the ceremony; on the day preceding which, however, a strange series of events took place. In the afternoon of that day, Mr. Wooley sent to the house of the Rev. Marcus D'Arcy Irvine, to request that gentleman to perform the ceremony on the ensuing morning. The Rev. gentleman was, however, gone out to a dinner party, and Mr. Wooley, the anxious bridegroom, sent again and again, 6 o'clock, at 8 o'clock, and at 10 o'clock at night, before Mr. Irvine returned home, who then stated that he would perform the ceremony in the morning but that it was a strange time of night to come to a clergyman about such an affair.

In the meantime, the confectioner, who had orders to make the bride cake, happening to see one of the brothers of Miss —, the circumstance was mentioned, to the utter astonishment of the gentleman, who immediately communicated the intelligence to his brother and Miss —; and as was to be expected, finding that he had never seen Mr. Wooley, knew ought of the matter, they determined that a respectable man like Mr. Wooley should not be made the victim of so cruel a hoax. They, in the evening of the same day,

went to his house, sent in their card, and desired to speak with him. Mr. Wooley was at home, but, being persuaded by Miss Bryers that they found it out, and were only come to stop the marriage, he had himself denied, and would not see them. These gentlemen, made other attempts to deceive him, and wrote him two notes, desiring to see him at their counting house on business of the utmost importance, at the earliest hour in the morning, and before he went any where else. These notes, however, together with their call, and the answer of the Rev. Mr. Irvine, only strengthened him in the opinion that their object was to prevent the marriage, and at the persuasion of Miss Bryers, he felt convinced that they should be interrupted if they attempted to get married at St. Mary Radcliff Church, and that they had better get married near London. With this view the sister-in-law was despatched to Miss —, to inform her of this alteration, and make the necessary arrangements. This being done, Miss Bryers in the most artful manner, informed Mr. Wooley the next day, that in consequence of the brothers having found it out, there had been a great disturbance, and that Miss — had left her home, and was then in the house, where she would remain until the day of their starting for London, but that no one must see her except Miss Bryers, not even the servant, as her character would be compromised if it should ever become known that she had been in his (Mr. Wooley's) house before they were married.

In order to favor this deception, Miss Bryers had procured the daughter of a neighbor who was kept up stairs by her, and requested frequently to walk about. "There," said Miss Bryers, "don't you hear her over head, walking about; how agitated she must be, poor thing!" Mr. Wooley pressed very hard to be allowed to see her, but this was still refused, and tender billets passed by the hand of Miss Bryers up stairs and down, almost every half hour; and at length, in compliance with his tender entreaties the lady agreed that on his retiring to rest at night, he might tempt to force his way into the room. Accordingly, on going to bed at night, a hand was put out through the door, and tenderly kissed by him, which hand it now turns out was that of his sister-in-law, Miss Bryers. On the fourth morning it was arranged that they should start for London, and the supposed Miss — descended to the carriage, thickly veiled, and accompanied by Mr. Wooley. They proceeded to Bath, where they dined at a hotel. Miss Bryers and the lady in one room, and Mr. Wooley and his friend in another.

The male friend then returned to Bristol, and the other parties proceeded to London, where a license was procured, and after thirteen days had transpired, which he law they were compelled to remain, they married, Miss Bryers officiating as bridesmaid. After the marriage they drove to the country, and visited the Isle of Wight, Southampton, &c., driving every where with four horses, and being in first rate style to pass away the honeymoon, and on Monday last Mr. Wooley and his bride returned to Bristol.

On the day after their arrival at home, friends had called, as is usual, to offer their congratulations. Amongst them was Mr. —, who, on seeing the lady, said "Why, my dear Wooley, I thought you had married Miss —, sister to the Messrs. — African merchants." "So I have," replied Mr. Wooley. "The lady," he exclaimed the friend, "is no more Miss — than I am." The friend then departed, and Wooley immediately charged his wife with what he had said. "Indeed," said the lady, "I convince you and all the world in the morning, that I was Miss —, for your sister-in-law and myself will go to my brothers and bring away deeds of my property, &c."

Upon hearing this, Mr. Wooley was reassured, and every thing passed off well until the morning, when the bride and Miss Bryers went out for the purpose as stated by her the preceding evening. It is needless to say that they absconded, and have not since been heard of; and Mr. Wooley discovered, that instead of having married the Miss — with 47,000*l.*, besides expectancies, he was, through the contrivance of Miss Bryers, married to a person, bearing indeed the same name, but not worth 47 pence. How the affair will end we know not; but it will doubtless furnish abundant occupation to the gentlemen of the long robe. Supposing the wife to be a party to the fraud, we should suppose that a marriage under such circumstances would not be valid. What were the reasons inducing Miss Bryers to play her brother-in-law such a trick remains a profound secret. It is right to state that the lady, whose name was unwarrantably made use of to deceive Mr. Wooley, not only knew nothing of the transaction, but is a perfect stranger to both Mr. Wooley and Miss Bryers.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Box on America.

Probably the most interesting article in Mr. Dickens' new work, is an account of his visit to Lowell, the greatest manufacturing town in America. This contrast with the English system is highly favorable to this country. The following is an extract:

"I happened to arrive at the first factory just as the dinner hour was over, and the girls were returning to their work; indeed, the stairs of the mill were thronged with them as I ascended. They were all well dressed, but not, to my thinking, above their condition; for I like to see the humble, respectable society careful of their dress and appearance, and even if they please, decorated with such little trinkets as come within the compass of their means. Supposing it confined within reasonable limits, I would always encourage this kind of pride, as a worthy element of self-respect, in any person I employed, and should no more be deterred from doing so, because some wretched female referred her fall to a love of dress, than I would allow my construction of the real intent and meaning of the Sabbath to be influenced by any warning to the well disposed, founded on his backslidings on that particular day, which might emanate from the rather doubtful authority of a murderer in Newgate.

"These girls, as I have said, were all well dressed, and that phrase necessarily includes extreme cleanliness. They had serviceable bonnets, good warm cloaks, and shawls; and were not above clogs and pattens. Moreover, there were places in the mill in which they could deposit these things without injury, and there were conveniences for washing. They were healthy in appearance, many of them remarkably so, and had the manners and deportment of young women; not of degraded brutes of burden. If I had seen one of those girls (but I did not, though I looked for something of the kind with a sharp eye) the most lying, mincing, affected and ridiculous young creature that my imagination could suggest, I should have thought of the careless, moping, slatternly, degraded, dull, reverse. (I have seen that,) and should have been still well pleased to look upon her.

"The rooms in which they worked were as well ordered as themselves. In the windows of some there were green plants, which were trained to shade the glass; in all there was as much fresh air, cleanliness, and comfort, as the nature of the occupation would possibly admit of. Out of so large a number of females, many of whom were just only then verging upon womanhood, it may be reasonably supposed that some were delicate and fragile in appearance, no doubt there were. But I solemnly declare, that from all the crowd I saw in the different factories that day, I cannot recall a separate one young face that gave me a painful impression; not one young girl whom, assuming it to be matter of necessity that she should gain her daily bread by the labor of her hands, I would have removed from those works if I had had the power.

"They reside in various boarding houses near at hand. The owners of the mills are particularly careful to allow no persons to enter upon the possession of these houses, whose characters have not undergone the most searching and thorough inquiry. Any complaint that is made against them by the boarders, or by any one else, is fully investigated; and if good ground of complaint be shown to exist against them, they are removed, and their occupancy is handed over to some more deserving persons."

A statement of the astounding fact, that in July, 1841, nine hundred and seventy-eight of these girls were depositors in the Lowell Savings Bank, to the amount jointly of 100,000 dollars, or £20,000, (is it possible!) Mr. Dickens goes on to say—

"I am now going to state three facts, which will startle a large class of readers on this side of the Atlantic very much.
"Firstly, there is a joint-stock piano in a great many of the boarding houses. Secondly, nearly all these young ladies subscribe to circulating libraries. Thirdly, they have got up among themselves, a periodical called *THE LOWELL OFFICER*. A repository of original articles, written exclusively by females actively employed in the mills, which is duly printed, published and sold; and whosoever I brought away from Lowell four hundred good solid pages, which I have read from beginning to end.

"The large class of readers, started by these facts, will exclaim with one voice, 'How very preposterous!' On my deferentially inquiring why they will answer, 'These things are above their station.' In reply to that objection, I would beg to ask what their station is!
"It is their station to work, and they do work. They labor four hours in such an average, twelve hours a day, which is unquestionably work, and pretty tight work too. Perhaps it is above their station to indulge in such amusements, on any terms. Are we quite sure that we in England have not formed our

idea of the 'station' of working people from accustomed ourselves to the contemplation of that class as they are, and not as they might be? I think that if we examine our own feelings, we shall think that the piano, and the circulating libraries, and even the Lowell *Officer*, startle us by their novelty, and not by their bearing upon any abstract question of right or wrong.

"For myself, I know no station in which the occupation of today cheerfully descends, and the occupation of tomorrow cheerfully looked to, any one of these persons is not most humanizing and laudible. I know no station which is rendered more honorable to the person in it, or more safe to the person out of it, by having ignorance for its associate. I know no station which has a right to monopolize the means of mutual instruction, improvement and rational entertainment; or which has ever continued to be a station very long, after seeking to do so."

The description presents an unfavorable contrast, at first sight, with the state of things here, but Mr. Dickens truly says, that many of the circumstances whose strong influence has been at work in our manufacturing towns, have not arisen at Lowell, where there is in fact no manufacturing population strictly so called, for the girls come from other States, remain a few years in the mills, and then go home for life.

When the manufacturing interest of England shall be released from the shackles of a miserable and sordid legislation, we shall see whether the moral amelioration of the operatives will not go hand in hand with the improvement of their physical condition.

PISCATOR'S HOMELY AGAINST LEWD LANGUAGE.—And now to your question concerning your host; to speak truly, he is not to me a good companion, for most of his conceits were either scripture jests or lascivious jests; for which I count no man witty, for the devil will help a man that way inclined to the first, and his own corrupt nature which he always carries with him to the latter; but a companion that teases the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is a man; and, indeed, such a companion should have his charges borne, and to such a company I hope to bring you this night; for at Trout-hall, not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge this night, there is usually an angler that proves good company; and let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very signs of virtue. But for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others; the very boys will learn to talk and swear as they heard mine host, and another of the company that shall be nameless. I am sorry the other is a gentleman, for less religion will not save their souls, than a beggar's; I think more will be required at the last great day. Well, you know what example is able to do, and I know what the poet says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility.

ONE
Ours is the country in religion;
And in another would as strongly grow,
Had but his nose or his other laugh him so.
This is reason out into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more, for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures; I'll to my own art, and I don't cut out but at your or then I shall catch a clasp, and then we'll tend to an honest cleanly hostess, that I know right well, rest ourselves, there and dress it for our dinner.

Homely Lyrics, conveying Homely Truths.
Custom in 1742.
Man to the plough,
Wife to the cow;
Girl to the yarn;
And your rents will be netted.
1842.
Man tallo-ho;
Mas nass;
Wife Silk and satin;
Boy Greek and Latin;
And you'll all be Goss-titted.

SCENE AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE.—
"One hundred and elvyn," exclaimed a voice, that told at once its owner's wish and place of birth. The officer on duty, finding that the Box so numbered was not let returned to his keep hole, and scrutinized the speaker very carefully, when the following conversation took place:
Officer. "What do you want?"
Pat. "Litters, if you please."
Officer. "Who sent you here?"
Pat. "Twas just myself, sir."
Officer. "What is your name?"
Pat. "Dermot Hughes, sir."
Officer. "Why do you expect to get your letters in this way?"
Pat. "What way 'ud I expect to get them sir!—shure, this is the post office!"
Officer. "Yes, but why do you ask for 111?"
Pat. "It's where I live, sir—one hundred and elvyn Delancy street."