

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
H. B. MASSER, } PUBLISHERS AND
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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.—JERRENOW.

By Masser & Eisely.

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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 Knicker-bocker.

WOMEN OR WINE.
An epistle to the President of the New England Society, who recommended the introduction of Women in place of Wine, at Entertainments.
"One of the two, according to your edict,
Women or wine you'll have to undergo;
Both maladies are fatal to our joys;
But which to choose I really hardly know."

I have tried both; so those who would a part take,
May choose between the head-ache and the heart-ache.—BROOKS.

Oh! weak and foolishly reformer,
To substitute women for wine;
The glow of whose presence is warmer
Than the sunniest juice of the vine.

Believe me, less fatal are juleps
Than women in wretchedly killed;
For there oozes more venom from two lips
Than ever from grain was distilled.

Who barbers for beauty his whiskey,
The change will be certain to rue;
For her eyes shed a spirit more frisky
Than lurks in the best mountain-dew!

Ah! those eyes at each meeting so merry
You'll find to out-spike champagne;
And angels more golden than sherry
Will fuddle as well the poor brain.

More tapering necks than the bottle's,
With mouths more bewitching crowned,
Will pour from their ravishing throats,
A stream that a sage would confound.

If wine makes us brutes, love is able
To turn us to fools with like ease;
If the one lays us under the table,
The other brings us at least to our knees.

After dinner when warmed with good eating,
The women, not wine, we should flee;
"Perfect Love" a class eke in heating
Than ever abused "ye de vie."

Set that table some mischief she's brewing;
O'er feet scrape acquaintance below;
Ah! no heel-taps so pregnant with ruin
As those hidden taps of the toe.

And hands, between courses at leisure,
Make friends when there's no one to mark;
Ah! less poison yield grapes under pressure,
Than fingers thus squeezed in the dark.

Ashes a reek the taper of beauty,
How crimson his sleeves, poor elf!
How fearful he sleeps! how his duty
Is left to take care of itself!

When thwarted, how pained his powers,
Till he sinks in despair at death's door;
Oh! if warm in her victim thus lovers,
What, I ask, can the bottle do more!

No spirit so ardent as woman's—
So sure to intoxicate man;
Her touch is delirium tremens,
That maddens him more than the can.

The glance of her eye is blue ruin,
Her blush is the blood of the vine,
Her pout is a punch, in whose brewing
Tart, sugar, and spirit combine.

So sparkling, so heating, so heady,
No hope for her victim remains;
Should her smiles only rend-r him giddy,
He'll be surely made drunk by her tears.

Not the grape juice of Eden made Adam
So stupidly forget his ail;
But the lure of his volatile Madam
Led him tip-tilly on his fall.

Not the wines of fair Cyprus the rover
So sure as its women beguile;
Better rest where he is, half-asleep over,
Than steer for so fatal an isle.

O! then shun such a tempter as this is,
Nor commence so hazardous court;
Who marks on the waxes of her tresses,
Will give that he ventured from Fort.

CASTLE-BUILDING.—The habit of what in common parlance is called "building castles in the air" has a most pernicious influence on the health of the mind. There is a legitimate exercise of the imaginative faculty which is indispensable to the understanding, and to this no reasonable objection can be urged; but when the fancy is allowed "to body forth the form of things unknown," without being under proper discipline, much evil will result. Individuals endowed with an unhealthy expansion of the imagination create a world within themselves, in which the mind revels until all consciousness of the reality which surrounds them is lost. The disposition to reverie is very pernicious to intellectual health. Many habituate themselves to dream with their eyes open, without their senses being literally shut; they appear to be insensible to the impression of objects external to themselves. This condition of mind borders closely upon the confines of insanity. If the imagination be thus permitted to obtain so predominant an influence over the other faculties of the mind, some particular notion will affix itself upon the fancy; all other intellectual gratifications will be rejected; the mind, in weariness or leisure, recurs constantly to the favourite conception, and feasts on the luscious falsehood whenever she is offended by the bitterness of truth. By degrees the reign of fancy is confirmed; she grows first imperious, and in time despotic; the fiction begins to operate as realities, false opinions fasten upon the mind, and life passes in dreams of rapture or anguish.

Oh, heaving! cried a nice old lady, the other day, "if the world does come to an end next year, what shall I do for snuff!"

FOR THE AMERICAN. THE RIDDLE. JUVENILE DEPARTMENT. ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 9, 8, 11 and 7, was the favorite of Burns.
My 11, 5, 9, has ruined thousands.
My 9, 14, 15, is the noblest work of the Deity.

My 1, 12, 3, is the wages of Death.
My 4, 5, 3, is a delicious cake.
My 1, 2, 1, 8, 15, is a lady's name.
My 13, 14, 4, is a vehicle.
My 1, 5, 3, rules the day.
My 13, 11, 7, is to weep.
My 4, 10, 14, 11, is an animal.
My 14, 4, 1, 10, 15, 13, 10, is what all lovers dread.

My 1, and 7, (inclusive,) is a much admired village on the Susquehanna.
My 8, and 14, (inclusive,) is a name dear to every youth of our happy country, and,
My whole is a neat, useful, well conducted, Democratic news paper.

A solution is requested.

CHARADE.

My first, is what Printers hate,
In sound my second is found,
My third is an exclamation
That has a hollow sound,
My fourth is where soldiers dwell,
Then add the final e,
My whole is what the ladies love,
When they amused would be.

MR. EDITOR:—Please tell me sir, what relation is that child to its own father, that is not its father's own son?

A man having a fox, a goose, and a basket of corn to take across the Susquehanna, his boat being too small to take more than one at a time, how then can he take them across, in order to prevent the fox from eating the goose, or the goose from eating the corn?

FROM THE SATURDAY MUSEUM.

Answers to the Charades of last week.
1. EVER-LASTING.
2. WATCH-MAN.

Answer to Enigma.
The animal sent was an antelope (*Antelope*).
The fruit returned was a cantelope (*Can't elope*).

Answer to Conundrums.
1. It is sin-on-a-mouse—(*synonymous*).
2. Because they are too long and too loose (*Yonlon and Tolouse*).

3. R-u-shy—(*are you shy?*)
4. He often runs for a plate or a cup.
5. He's a bit of a buck.
6. On the other side.

CHARADES.

I.
My first we oft lend to each other in turn,
To borrow it would be excessively droll;
My next, near my first you may often discern;
In my first, too, alas! you'll perhaps find my whole.

II.
Drink deep of my first: admit me to your second;
and let me play upon my whole.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a madman like two men?
2. What is a man like, that is in the midst of a river and can't swim?
3. Why is a lady curling her hair like a housebreaker?
4. Why is a man in a fever like a burning candle?
5. Why is your hat, when it is on your head, like a gibbet pie?
6. Why is a good story like a school-bell?

BACHELERS IN DANGER.—The Boston Mercantile Journal gives an account of a new remedy which dangles of a particular age have of procuring, if not a husband a generous equivalent in money for that deficiency.—It appears that a fair damsel lately brought an action against a faithless swain in a neighboring state, to recover in the shape of dollars and cents, consolation for a breach of promise of marriage. The evidence of promise having been given, was not clearly proved, but the court very properly decided, that if he did not promise, he ought to have done it. And the jury agreed with the judge and the unfortunate man was compelled to open his purse strings, and pay for his ungallant omission.

No slur upon tinkers; they are found in every honorable profession. Your politician's a tinker—in mending the State kettle, when he patches up one hole he makes two; your poet's a tinker: he hammered out new works from other men's old wit; the lawyer's a tinker: he deals in brass, and opens more flaws than he stops; and what's your physician? Why, a tinker, too; a brazier of old battered constitutions, and if he cures you of a gout, will take care to leave a rheumatism behind for a new job.

"Matrimony" may be anagrammatized into "O! try man!" and "Husband" into "Ah; snub'd!" Good jokes for bachelors, but no fun to married men.

Health and Animal Heat.

It is highly important for every person to understand the necessity of supplying the body with a proper proportion of oxygen and carbon for the preservation of health and animal heat.—Oxygen is indispensable in every breath we draw. An adult man takes into his system, says Lavoisier, 736 pounds of oxygen annually. All animals, whose existence depend on the absorption of oxygen, have a source of heat within them, independent of external objects. That heat is the result of combination of oxygen and carbon, which produce combustion, and gives just as much heat in the body, as it would if burnt in the air or in oxygen gas.

The temperature of the human body is the same in all climates, and depend on the quantity of oxygen taken into the system. Animals which breath frequently, as infants, consume more oxygen, and have therefore a higher temperature of heat than those which respire less frequently. Infants are therefore warmer than adults, and birds warmer than quadrupeds.

Man requires more oxygen in cold than warm weather, to supply the diminution of heat caused by cold.—As food furnishes carbon or fuel in the body, and oxygen is the fire, when the amount of oxygen is increased in winter, the amount of food containing carbon and hydrogen, must also be increased in proportion. A starving man will soon freeze to death in winter. Hence we know that animals of prey are much more voracious in cold climates than warm.

Our clothing is an equivalent for a certain quantity of food. The savages in northern latitudes, who go naked, can consume without difficulty, ten or twelve pounds of flesh, and perhaps a dozen of tallow candles, or a gallon of fish oil into the bargain, because the quantity of carbon and hydrogen contained in them would be required by the quantity of oxygen consumed to keep up the equilibrium between the temperature of their bodies and the external atmosphere.

The northern man who goes into southern climates, from the increased heat, does not inhale as much oxygen as the colder climate required, and therefore does not need as much food or carbon; and finding his appetite fail, resorts to stimulants to increase it, and thus introduces more carbon into his system than there is oxygen to consume, disease therefore follows.—*Liebig's Chemistry.*

FOUR MURDER.—The following is a copy of a letter to the St. Louis Republican, dated Auburn, Missouri, February 15th:

"On the evening of the 13th inst., a rencontre took place in the neighborhood of New Hope, Lincoln county, Missouri, between Reuben Jackson and Jordon M. Gibson, which was about as follows:

"A difficulty had arisen between them, respecting a pre-emption claim; and, on the evening mentioned, Gibson and wife were returning home from a neighbor's house; and met Jackson; some warm words passed, and Jackson drew a pistol, upon which Gibson ran to a tree; Jackson pursued him up to the tree, and after passing round the tree twice or three times, suddenly stopped, and met Gibson on the other side, and immediately fired, the ball passing through his heart. Jackson stood looking upon his victim, until Gibson's wife came up, and turned him over, and found him lifeless. He then broke for the woods and has not yet been taken."

QUANTITY OF BREATH IN MAN AND WOMAN. The French are a most experimenting race, and their discoveries in the arts and sciences are proverbially in advance of other nations. By experiments made at the Paris Academy of Sciences, and arrived at by an ingenious species of mask being placed over the face of the person whose breath was to be examined, it was ascertained that man gives out a larger quantity than woman, and this difference is most striking between the ages of sixteen and forty, at which latter period the quantity of carbonic acid given out by the male is double that of the female. In the male the quantity goes on increasing from the age of eight years to thirty, after which it begins to diminish; and as a man becomes older, the diminution goes on in an increased degree. In old age, the quantity is not greater than it was at the age of ten.

Let all men avoid rash speaking.—They that speak without care, often remember their own words afterward with sorrow; those that expect peace and safety, are to restrain their tongues with a bridle.

It is good in a fever, much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and smooth.

Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but it rests only in the bosom of fools.

What men want of reason for their opinions they usually supply and make in rage.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.

The London Clearing-House.

Francis Lloyd, in his "Visit to the Bank of France," published in Bentley's Miscellany, says:—"I explained to the regents of the bank the operation of the London Clearing-house; that system so economic of time and trouble, and without which concentration and rapid settlement, the enormous balances between the banking-houses in the great emporium of the commercial world could not be so promptly struck, or the wheels of our complicated monetary system could not revolve so evenly and quickly. I have always thought that the system of making bills, drawn from whatever quarter of the world, or from whatever town or village in Great Britain, upon all parts of Great Britain, payable in one place, i. e., as effected daily by one hour's adjustment of the clearing-house—that such united regulation and acceleration of finance is to the complex machinery of banking what the fly-wheel and governor is to the steam-engine. You may imagine the regent's surprise when I told him that in the London "Clearing-house," (a plain room, on part of the site of the old post-office in Lombard street,) a clerk from each private bank in London attended twice a day for but half an hour; and commercial obligations were collectively discharged to the amount of three millions sterling every day in the year, with not more than a fifteenth of this sum in bank notes. That, as to using coin, (silver and copper,) I could readily picture to myself the contemptuous and derisive expression of the face which the most juvenile of these clearing-clerks would assume at the bare suggestion. A thousand millions of pounds sterling, I told him, were paid last year in this room by these clerks, not more than forty in number—a sum larger than the national debt; and that all the money used for the operation—this balancing of a year's commercial enterprise in all quarters of the globe—was affected without a single error, a moment's delay, and with bits of paper only—the promissory notes of the Bank of England.

"The annual circulation of money through all the branches of the Bank of France is about eight millions. When I had explained the clearing system in all its bearings to the regents, and the great facility it conferred on banking operations, they unanimously expressed their admiration, and one said—

"Ah! sir, would to God that we could concentrate the energies of this country upon objects conducive to its wealth and prosperity, as you English are doing. We have energy enough, and to spare, in France; but, unluckily, that energy is, for the most part, misdirected by those who ought to know better."

"This was the candid avowal of a wealthy and intelligent man, emulous of the true glory of his country; and the sentiments it contained appeared to coincide with those of the other regents who did me the honor to receive me to-day."

Curious Tale.

An old man, following the occupation of bone collector, residing in the vicinity of Southampton, passing a marine store shop in that town, saw in the window an old piece of canvas, part of a picture, having upon it the head of an ox, which was full of small holes and very much obliterated with filth and age; he inquired the price of it, which was 8s. The old man not having the money, said, "I will pay you a shilling a week until I have paid you for it if you will save it for me." This was agreed to, at length the picture was paid for, and the old man hastened to his humble home with his bargain. He was pursued by some of his neighbors to have it varnished, and carried it to Mr. De Laine, who then resided in Southampton, (and now of No. 29, Princess street, Bristol,) for that purpose. Instead of varnishing the picture, Mr. De Laine, being struck with its beauty, restored it by a newly discovered process. After it was done, he offered the old man 20l for the picture. "No," says he, "if it's worth 20l to you, it is worth 20l to me to look at." Mr. De Laine then communicated with some connoisseurs in London, who came and examined the painting. One of them commissioned him to purchase it for him at any price, but, strange to say, that although he offered various sums, until the amount of 3000l was offered for it, the old man still refused to part with his treasure, nor is it expected that he ever will dispose of it, although he is in actual want. The painting is supposed to be the finest Copy in existence.—*Bath Gazette.*

A WHEEL LEAP.—In New York, on Saturday, James Gordon, who had been several days laboring under scarlatina, and a slight delirium, jumped out of a four story window upon the sidewalk a few doors south of St. Mark's Place, Third Avenue. Dr. Miller, who had been in attendance, was immediately sent for, but could discover no marks of any injury except a slight bruise on the outside of the right leg. He survived until 10 P. M., and if there was any serious injury, it must have been internal.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.
Wouldst thou divine the maiden's love,
That ne'er thou shalt confess,
Steer not by questionings to move
The silence of her breast;
For Love has many untold ways
To make its secret known—
A sidelong glance, a word of praise,
Bestow'd on the alone,
If she, thee for another names,
Then sees the fond mistake;
While, o'er her cheek a thousand shames
In envious blushes break,
She hurries to some idle theme
With well-assumed concern,
Be sure that thou art in her dream,
And seek no more to learn—
For surely thy sense shall cheat,
To hide the truth from thee;
While, luckless youth! thine's no retreat
From the sweet witchery,
Beside thee in fond amaze,
A captive to the spell
That dwells in the enchanting gaze,
But e'er'd too well,
If he could start—then check surprise—
Or laugh, yet lacking mirth—
Then dart the lightnings of her eyes
Prono to the senseless earth—
Whenever thou approachest nigh,
Be sure that thou art dear;
And in her bosom lurks a sigh
Meant not for thee to hear.
Compel her not, then, to disclose
What shame would hide within,
'Tis rudely ravishing the rose
A cooler hand should win.
The fairest flower that ever grew
Soon loses its perfume
When gather'd—while expires each hue
Fond sunbeams kind to bloom;
So love, an exotic must rare,
Thrives in the virgin's breast—
In native beauty leave it there,
Its genial place of rest.
Let the soft veil of mystery still
Envelope the coy thought,
The first pure sparkle from the rill
Of passion's fountain caught.
Where Heaven's bright iris tints appear,
Be reflected in the ray
Of life's young morn, serenely clear,
So softly to pass away
Then be content to let her eyes
Her heart's sweet secret tell,
For 't is they never can disguise
Wh' t' know: there but too well!
No force her lips can instantly
To available the end
That in the glances of her eye
More truthful may be found.

EVIDENCE OF DISTRESS.—At the delivery of the President Society, the applicants yesterday for work, making shirts at 12½ cents, were about eight hundred. The applicants were women with suitable testimonials. This is a most melancholy evidence of the amount of positive distress, of pressing want—among a very considerable portion of our population,—a portion entitled to our keenest sympathy and most active charity.—*Phila. North American.*

THE TOAD AND THE MONKEY.—In Madrid, a newspaper is published under the title of "The Toad and the Monkey," and self-described to be "A Journal offensive, revolutionary, and disgusting,—edited by a brutal society, and addressed to brutes."

The Crescent City says a woman's tongue has been found capable, on actual experiment, lately, to move 1,630 times in a minute. Think of that and weep.

The N. Y. Aurora thinks that coal merchants would make excellent soldiers—they are so fond of obeying "orders." The word fire, too, always gives them pleasant sensations.

"May a man marry his wife's sister?" is a question which can only be properly answered by the sister herself, when the widower pops the question.

Some men have all the abilities necessary to form great characters, but never distinguish themselves for want of determination—they are like a good clock never wound up.

Is it not a truth that people who reside in houses with but few windows seldom live long? A house short of lights, should certainly be short of lives.

There are three things which should never be done in a hurry—threading a needle, shooting wild fowl, and getting married.

The fall that is most likely to injure a person's brain is,—to fall in love with a pretty girl.

Love is the shadow of the morning which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

The greatest repose which a man can enjoy, is that which he feels in *desiring nothing*.

One seldom finds that for which he seeks, when he searches for it with impatience.

It is said, there are only three ways to get out of a quarrel: fight out, write out, or back out; but the safer mode is to *keep out*.

"I come to steel," as the rat observed to the trap.

"And I spring to embrace you," as the steel trap replied to the rat.

A Pleasant Witness.

Patrick Scott, Step Father of Eugene Sullivan, (one of the apprentices of the Somers,) was examined as a witness on an application for the discharge of the boy. The following was part of his cross-examination.

What was the name of your wife before you married? A. I can't tell. Was she a widow? A. She said so. Q. What was the name of her first husband? A. I believe it was Eugene Sullivan, because my wife passed by the name of Catharine Sullivan before I married her. Q. How many children had your wife before she was married? A. How can I tell. Q. How many did you know of? A. There were two boys before I married her. Q. Were they her children? A. That's more than I can tell. Q. Was Eugene Sullivan one of them? A. Yes. Q. Do you recollect that he left your house and went to sea? A. No. Q. Then you must recollect his leaving it? A. I did not say that I did not recollect his leaving the house, but I don't recollect his going to sea, for I recollect nothing about it. I can't tell where he went to, for I did not see him going to sea. Q. Is it possible that if one of the inmates of your house, your son or wife, for example, left your house and went to sea, that you would not know it? A. How could I tell that my wife went to sea, unless she told me so when she came back, and she never told me any such thing. Q. But you would miss her out of the house? A. Of course I would—but I could not tell by missing her out of the house that she was at sea? Q. Did she ever tell you Eugene Sullivan was at sea? A. No. Q. Where is your wife now? A. How can I tell. Q. When did you see her last? A. This morning. Q. Where? A. In my own house. Q. And yet you say you could not tell where she was? A. No, I said no such thing—I said I could not tell where she is, for although she was in my house this morning, she may not be there now.

Patimody vs. Labor.

Snooks had occasion to call on the reverend Domine Thomas Scratchard, while he was at Glasgow.

"Is the Domine in?" he inquired of a portly dame, who opened the door.

"He's at home, but he's no in," replied the lady. "He's in the yard, superintending! Sauners, the carpenter. 'Ye can see him the noo, gif your business is vera precise."

Snooks assented, and walked through the door pointed to him into the yard, where he beheld a carpenter briskly planing a joist to the air of Maggie Lauder, and the worthy Domine standing by. Unwilling to intrude on their conversation, Snooks stepped, unseen, behind a water cask and head—

"Sauners!"
No answer from the carpenter.

"Sauners, I say! Can ye no hear me?"
"Yes, minister, I hear ye! What's your will?"

"Can ye no whistle some mair solemn and godly tune while ye're at your work?"
"Aweel, minister, if it be your will, I'll e'en dee it!"

Upon which he changed the air to the dead march in Saul, greatly to the hindrance of what was now really painful planing. The Domine looked on some minutes in silence, and then began:

"Sauners, I had anither word to say till ye. Did the gude wife hire ye by the day's darg, or by the job?"

"The day's darg was our 'greeting, maister."
"Then, on the whole, Sauners, I think ye maun just as weel gae back to whistling bonnie Lauder."

NIMROD AND THE MOON.—Nimrod looking at the moon the other morning remarked, that it must be nearly out of charge. "Why so?" asked we.—"Because I see it has got to its last quarter," replied the urchin. We treated to a glass of root beer.

A gentleman, the other day, on asking a marketman the price of eggs, was answered, "Eggs are eggs now." "I am glad to hear it, with all my heart; for the last I bought of you were half chickens."

An editor, lately married, inquires of the Picayune the price of tuition charged by the Sheet Iron Band. He thinks it *meat* that his lady should learn the music of the *frying pan!*

A gentleman, who was importuned by a sturdy beggar, answered him—"My good man, I am nearly as poor as yourself, with only the difference that what I have I work for."

An Irishman thus describes a wheelbarrow—"It is a little carriage with one wheel; and the horse is a man, who goes behind."

A fellow in Arkansas is so short that he has been often mistaken for pie crust.

TOBACCO.

"T' been an Indian weed,
The d'vil twist it round the reel;
It robs your pockets, spoils your clothes,
And makes a chimney of your nose."