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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.
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Lovers and Husbands.

A THOUGHT BY GARRICK.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught
Use the man whom you wed like your favorite gui-
tar;
Though there's music in both, they're both apt to jar.
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch!
Not played on too roughly, nor handled too much.
The linnets and sparrows that feed from your hand,
Grow fond by your kindness, and come at com-
mand;
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tamed at your
will.
Be gay and good-humored, complying and kind;
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
mind;
'Tis there that the wife may her conquest improve,
And Hymen will rivet the fetters of love.
Knickerbocker.

Machin' Poetry.

Give a turn there, Ebenezer.
Happy the man who wins and wears
What always lasts and never tears—
Stop, Eh! Give a little screw in the corner there,
Now for it.
Plunged in a gulch of dark despair,
Without a flannel shirt to wear—
Eh! that won't do—try again
Is on the rolling deep,
My time a feedin' sheep;
When the waves on high are runnin',
My log and goss a gunnin';
Great du ke in deep snake holes,
Inks gin sling from two quart bowls.
d up! That'll do.

Extraordinary Power of Recognition in a Tiger.

One day last week a singular circumstance occurred in Wambwell's Royal Menagerie, corroborative of the retentive memory said to be possessed by this most vicious of the forest tribe, the tiger. A sailor, who had been strolling round the exhibition, loitering here and there to admire and identify some of the animals with those he had seen in far distant climes, was attracted by the strange noise made by a tiger, who seemed irritated beyond endurance. Jack, somewhat alarmed, sought the keeper to inquire the cause of so singular a display of feeling, which he remarked, became more boisterous the nearer he approached the animal; the keeper replied that the behaviour of the tiger indicated either that he was vastly pleased or annoyed; upon this the sailor again approached the den, and, after gazing at the tiger for a few minutes, during which the animal became frantic with seeming rage, lashing his tail against his sides and giving utterance to the most frightful howlings, discovered the tiger to be the same animal brought from England under the special care of the weather-beaten tar. It now became Jack's turn to be delighted, as it appeared the tiger was in recognizing his old friend, and, after making repeated applications to be permitted to enter the den for the purpose, as he said, of "shaking a fist," with the beautiful animal, he was suffered so to do; the iron door was opened and in jumped Jack to the delight of himself and striped friend, and to the astonishment of the lookers-on. The affection of the animal was now shown by caressing and licking the pleased sailor, whom he seemed to welcome with the heartiest satisfaction; and when the honest tar left the den the anguish of the animal appeared almost insupportable.—Davenport Independent.

TIT BITS AND DAINTIES.

Shall soup was once regarded in Europe as a delicious dish. In some part of the West Indies and South America, the guano, a species of lizard, is devoured with much gusto, and we can testify that it is a well-flavored viand. The hunters of North America rejoice when they can feast on a buffalo's hump, a moose's muffer, a bear's paw, or a beaver's tail. Birds' nests are considered edible luxuries, and command enormous prices in China; where also dogs and cats are ordinary food; and it is affirmed by Dr. Sowerland and Sir Joseph Banks, that dogs' flesh is remarkably sweet and delicious. At Rome, camels' heels were the choicest tit bit for an epicure's tooth. Whales' tongues ranked among the delicacies feasted on in the middle century by Europeans. The Caffre eats his lion for food, and the traveller Bruce, among them, ate his lion steak with great relish. At Rio Janeiro, an ordinary dish is a monkey pie; and the head of the ape is left to appear above the crust for ornament, in the style of the feet in our pigeon pie.—Boston Journal.

The four secrets of health are—early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and the rising from the table with the stomach unoppressed. There may be sorrows in spite of these; but they will be less with them, and nobody can be truly comfortable without them.

From the New York Mirror.

STELLA LEE.

What a little flirt was Stella! And yet if to be the most bewitching, the most entrancing enslaver of hearts, entitles a fair maiden of seventeen to be a flirt, then is Stella fully exonerated, for she was all these—yes, ten thousand times more!
Never was there seen such a sylph; so light, so airy, so full of grace! Never was a little head set so bewitchingly on a pair of shoulders, that seemed dimpling with laughter at their own whiteness; never were there such a pair of eyes! they were not black, or blue, or hazel; one could not tell their color; but such eyes! Alas, for the swains, who would not
"From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,"
for were they not otherwise in a pretty state of commotion! O such thumping and pumping of hearts! such Elys's of sighs! Then such a mouth had Stella—fragrant as the blossom of the sweet pea; and hands and feet which even Titania might have envied. Her voice was like the sweetest notes of the Eolian harp; and her laugh more musical than fairy bells—if one could hear them! But then she was such a flirt!—it was too bad in her—too bad!
O the snares she would spread—with Cupid, sly, mischievous dog—at her elbow! Then, skipping around, she would laugh and clap her little hands, to see the poor fellows tumble in. And she would look so very demure, too, and feel so very sorry! Why would they like her! It was not her fault—bless her little innocent heart, not a bit of her fault!
Ah, Stella, Stella! was it not enough for you to lead in your chains the village youths; city exquisite, doctors, schoolmasters and lawyers! Must you also sport with divinity itself! Naughty, naughty Stella.

It happened that for several months the church in the village of Lorraine was without a pastor. The pulpit was either supplied from the neighboring towns, or occasionally the inhabitants were favored by some clerical traveler from the distant cities, who, charmed by the beauty of the place—gladly tarried the Sabbath in so lovely a spot.
Indeed no one that has ever visited this delightful village could leave it without regret. Situated on the Borders of the lovely Connecticut, forming a silvery circle for the luxuriant meadows, as varied in hue as the tarsi of a queen; here the emerald, there the pale topaz of the graceful wheat, the sapphire of the tall maize, and the ruby red of the fragrant clover. Lofly mountains bound the view on three sides, but on the other, far as the eye can reach, are scattered villages and towns, whose spires and white dwellings gleam through orchards and groves, while here and there the Connecticut is again seen pursuing her silvery way, as if playing to sleep with earth and sky; now hiding amid the deep forests, and then bursting forth in gladness; mimicking on her surface cloud, tree and shrub.

One Saturday evening, as the sun was fast disappearing behind the mountains, the eastern stage came driving, Jehu-like, down the principal street of Lorraine, and dashed up in fine style, with cracking whip and sounding horn, to the door of the Union Hotel. Just at the moment the steps were let down, a party of young girls were hurrying swiftly past, apparently to avoid coming in contact with the passengers of the coach. Stella was among them, and as she looked up in some confusion, her eye encountered those of a stranger, the expected clergyman. He started with surprise at this vision of the loveliness, and remained almost unconsciously watching her light figure, until it vanished like a bird, amid the drooping foliage of the elms which bordered the street.
It might be he was too much absorbed in the subject of his next day's discourse to do justice to the excellent supper of his host; certain it is, the fine trout, the snowy bread and fragrant butter were nearly untasted; and, taking his hat, William Godfrey strolled out in the beautiful twilight.
Saturday evening! On the loveliness of that quiet summer-even, amid the hills and valleys of New England!
The stars were beginning to peep bashfully forth; a slight mist was rising from the river as if to curtain up the distant mountains, and the music of the frogs, the chirping cricket and ceaseless katydid, were the only sounds that met the ear. William Godfrey passed slowly down the avenue of elms, and gazed wistfully at the doors and windows of the neat cottages, but nowhere could he see Stella, and, in disappointed mood, he returned to the hotel.
The next morning dawned as pure and glorious as the day it ushered in. All was still; the sweet notes of the joyful birds or the cheering sounds from the farm yard were alone heard. The grass lay glittering as though linked to fairy chains by the fragile gossamer, while each leaflet and flower bore its silvery dew drop. Pleasant was it for the young clergyman to look upon a scene of such beauty; a scene calculated to inspire the holier feelings

of our nature, even in the most careless heart, and Godfrey was one who with the deepest devotion blended with warm enthusiasm, looked from "Nature, up to Nature's God's."

The church bell sounds, the streets, before so solitary, are now filled with villagers, all wending their way to the house of God. William Godfrey that morning excelled himself; no one listened to him without interest and holy pleasure; and certainly there was no one but might have improved by his discourse. When the service was ended, several of the more respectable villagers pressed forward to solicit the clergyman, as was the custom, to partake of their family dinner. He was about, however, to decline all their kind invitations, when an elderly lady approached, and with great sweetness and dignity rendered her hand, accompanied at the same time with an urgent request that he would accept of her hospitality. Could he refuse her! for was not the sweet girl on whose arm she leaned, the very same that had haunted his night visions! and, as Stella looked up, he caught the second glance of those bewitching eyes. No, he could not refuse; and, offering his arm to the elderly lady, he accompanied them to their dwelling—a cottage nestled amid honeysuckles and roses.

And now mark what a chain of magical beauty Stella wove around the clergyman; each hour, "fanned by Cupid's wings," adding a new link, until at length Godfrey became indeed a willing captive.—Morning, noon and evening found him by the side of Stella; they read, they walked together; or together rode through the shady groves or along the verdant banks of the Connecticut; and Godfrey made no scruple of accompanying Stella's pretty songs with his own fine voice. There was to him a charm in every thing Stella did, perfectly irresistible. The clergyman was deeply in love!

Well—and Stella! Little mix! she thought Mr. Godfrey so very kind, so very agreeable; she did not think a minister could be so agreeable! Then he was very intelligent, too, she said, and she was proud to have him to approve or direct her reading. To walk with him was delightful, for he talked so beautifully of the charms of nature; and above all, she so admired to hear him sing! But as to loving him—why the thing never entered her crazy little head. Mercy! to think of her becoming a sober minister's lady, and the head of Dorcas societies! Why it would be like changing the brilliant little humming bird into the grave gray owl!

A week flew past—it was again Saturday, and William Godfrey had accepted an invitation to preach in a neighboring town. The afternoon was fine, and it not being necessary for him to leave Lorraine until late in the day, he proposed to Stella an excursion on horseback. Off they went—she looking so beautifully in her dark-green riding dress, her little hat and leather, and her whip, which she held like some fiery wand. She sat the horse, too, as graceful as a bird, and like a bird she flew along, caroling gaily, and making sweet music under those graceful elms and fragrant evergreen pines which canopied their path.

Not one word had Godfrey yet breathed of his attachment; but this afternoon, he felt, must decide his fate. Twice he essayed to speak, but was too much agitated to proceed.
"Stella," said he at length, in a faltering voice—here he hesitated—and all was lost! for at that moment, on emerging from the thicket into the high road, an open carriage passed them. In this carriage sat a gentleman—moreover, not only a young gentleman, but a very handsome gentleman—and so long and earnestly did he stare at Stella, that she blushed like a damask rose. The carriage drove on, Stella turned her head to look after it; the stranger's head was turned, too—very awkward!—and Stella blushed still deeper.
"I wonder who that can be," said she, "he is very handsome—who can it be!"
This was said rather to herself than to her companion, and as no answer was required, none was given. But a pang went through the heart of poor Godfrey; why, he could not tell, yet it seemed as the chill of death to all his warm hopes and imaginings.
They soon reached home; and, as Godfrey bade her good evening, he said, as he pressed her hand, "I shall return, my dear Miss Lee, on Wednesday, when I hope to have a conversation with you, on which, I hesitate not to tell you, much of my future happiness depends; until then, dear Stella, adieu."
The color fled from the cheeks of Stella—nor, to do her justice, she had no idea until that moment how deeply she had interested her companion; and, bidding him a hasty farewell she ran into the house. Letting her little hat fall on her shoulders, and holding up the skirt of her long riding dress, she tripped into the parlor, and there, on the little chintz covered sofa—there sat the handsome stranger, in conversation with her grandmother. She would have retreated, but it was too late.

"Mr. Dolivar, my dear," said the good lady,
"a particular friend of your aunt Agnes; but go now and remove that troublesome dress, and then join us again."
And now if those scores of disappointed youths, dying by inches for the love of this cruel maiden, could have taken a peep into the heart of their fair enslaver, they would have seen themselves about to be revenged. Even Cupid, false fellow! just at the moment, instead of aiming his arrows from her eyes, turned sportively round, and pointing direct to the heart of poor Stella, drew his bow—*teang!*—yes, there sped the shaft!
Mr. Dolivar was truly an elegant young man; of polished manners and conversation. To account for his sudden appearance in Mrs. Lee's parlor, it is only necessary to say, that so much had he heard of the loveliness and excellence of Stella Lee from her aunt, in whose family he was intimate, and from others who had chanced to see her, that at first his curiosity was aroused next his pity for the young orphan, (for Stella had lost both her parents, while yet an infant,) and he determined, at all events, he would see this paragon himself. With letters, therefore, of introduction, he proceeded to Lorraine.
When he met Stella on horseback, his eyes and heart told him she could be no other than the object which had brought him thither. But who, then, was that pale young man, her companion!
"Only a young clergyman," said grandma, in a tone which seemed to say, "O no danger from a clergyman."
But not so thought Dolivar, until, by the artless manner of Stella, he saw that her heart at least was untouched.
Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, passed like charmed days; and Tuesday evening found Stella Lee the betrothed bride of Edward Dolivar!
Poor Godfrey! I don't believe she thought of him once, until Wednesday morning—when, just as Dolivar left her for a few moments to write to his friends of his happiness. William Godfrey entered, his fine face beaming with delight at seeing her again, Stella blushed, turned very pale, then blushed again; she trembled, too, and hesitated; and, in short, appeared so much like a young girl in love, that Godfrey laid the "flattering unction to his soul," and immediately opened his whole heart to the trembling girl—breathing forth in tones of deep emotion his pure and fervent love—seizing her reluctant hand, he asked,
"Tell me, dearest Stella, may I hope for a return of my affection! Say, can you love me!"
Poor Stella! what at that moment were her feelings! She nearly fainted, so great was her emotion; but, recovering herself, and withdrawing her hand, said, in a voice almost lost in agitation, these last words:
"I am engaged!" Then, bursting into tears, she fled from the room.
The unhappy lover rushed from the house just in time to meet the happy one at the entrance. O Stella! Stella! C. H. B.

New Process of Making Iron.

The following article from the transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers, London, will be read with interest by our Iron Masters. If this method should prove successful, it would be of vast benefit to this State.
A new method of making malleable iron direct from the ore at one process; it is the invention of Mr. Clay, and is used at the Shiron Works, near Kirkintilloch. By this process a mixture of dry hematite, or other rich iron ore, is ground up fine, with about four-tenths of its weight of small coal; this mixture is allowed to pass gradually through a hopper in an oven adjoining, and forming part of a species of pulling furnace, into which a given quantity is drawn at stated times, when thoroughly and uniformly heated. The charge is then puddled in the usual manner, but with less labor than when working plate iron; and in about an hour and a half the iron is produced in a malleable state, fit for shipping and rolling into bars. After another process of filing and rolling again, malleable iron bars are produced of a quality (as was stated by some members present) superior to the cable bolts or best iron usually made by the long and expensive process of calcining the ore, smelting in the blast furnace, and refining the pig iron, and the saving of fuel is necessarily very great.

The iron was stated, also, to be capable of being converted into steel of superior quality, and when worked by Mr. Heath's plan, of uniting manganese in the process, cast steel was produced, which possessed the property of welding or uniting to iron; and in consequence, all the cutlery, which was made of sheer steel was now made of cast steel.—The cast iron produced by the scoriae, or refuse slag of this process, is of a better quality, in consequence of the absence of phosphoric acid, which is ordinarily present in the lime stone and as a flux in the blast furnace. This discovery may be the means of working comparatively unopened mines of hematite of rich quality existing in Lancashire, Devonshire, and Cornwall, all of which could be brought into use by this means; and if, as asserted, the iron made good steel, England would be rendered independent of Sweden.
The discussion was renewed upon Mr. Clay's process of making malleable iron from hematite ore—it was shown that out of twenty-five thousand tons of steel made annually in this country not more than two thousand five hundred tons were made from the best quality of Swedish iron; the rest was made from inferior charcoal iron from Russia and Germany or from English iron, which was not well calculated for converting.

TURNING THE TABLES.—We of the North have been too much in the habit of turning our attention to the South and West for details of Lynch Law, murders, &c. The New Orleans Picayune thus turns the table over.
Our Northern papers received yesterday—we received two mails of them—contained unnumbered details of murders, attempts to murder, brutal violence to women and children, thefts, pickpocketings and the like. We have concluded to spare our readers the details, which are disgusting and uninteresting.

NEW MODE OF LIONIZING.

A Liverpool paper tells a laughable joke about a menagerie man. Constables were after him for debt, and he got into the cage with the lion! Their consternation may be imagined when he politely informed them that he preferred the company of the lion of the forest to the lions of the law, and that it was his intention to remain where he was until after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, when, according to law, their authority (for the time) ceased. Threats and persuasions were alike unavailing; all that they could obtain from him was the assurance that if they wanted him they might come and take him!

DOMESTIC LIFE.

No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or farm; fly over lands: sail upon the sea; meet difficulty and encounter danger—if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home. Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage, who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress, no sympathizing partner is prepared.

ANCESTRY.

An empty coxcomb boasting of a renowned ancestry is no better than a potato blossom—all that is good pertaining to him being under ground.

A TRADESMAN IS NEVER TOO HIGH TO FALL, NOR TOO LOW TO RISE.

A tradesman is never too high to fall, nor too low to rise.

A REPENTANT COON.

It is quite amusing to read how frank, bold, and honest are the speeches of those who were deluded in 1840, but have since returned to the promises of their early days. Take the following remarks of a Mr. Williams of Connecticut for instance:
"I have come forward to tell you my friends that I am no longer a coon. [Loud laughter and cheers.] I was born a true Democrat, but by some cause became transplanted into Whig soil. But they watered me with hard cider, [loud laughter] which did not agree with my constitution. [Cheers.] One of my Coon friends, supposing that I was a Coon still, came to me the other day and notified me very privately that a meeting of choice spirits was to be held at a certain well known whig lawyer's office. I suppose you will be on hand, won't you? I told him I rather thought I should be a Coon no longer! I intended to vote the Democratic ticket! [Great applause.] The fellow's lower jaw fell as much as four inches! [Loud laughter and cheering.] Yes, my friends, I feel once more at home; I am with you and hope to continue so, the remainder of my life. [Tremendous applause.]

HOW TO GET A FEATHER BED.

"In carrying off even the small thing of a feather bed, Jack Tate, the bowld burgler, showed the skill of a high practitioner, for he descended the stairs backwards." "Backwards!" said Larry Hogan, "what's that for?" "You'll see by and by," said Groggin; "he descended backwards, when suddenly he heard a door opening, and a female voice exclaiming, 'Where are you going with that bed!' 'I'm going up stairs with it, ma'am,' said Jack, whose backward position favored his lie, and he began to walk up again. 'Come down,' said the lady, 'we want no beds here, man.' 'Mr. Sullivan, ma'am, sent me home with it himself,' said Jack, still mounting the stairs. 'Come down, I tell you,' said the lady, in a great rage, 'there's no Mr. Sullivan lives here.' 'I beg your pardon, ma'am,' said Jack, turning round, and marching off with the bed, fair and aisy. Well, there was a regular shilloo in the house when the thing was found out, and cart ropes would'n howl the lady for the rage she was in at being diddled."

ANECDOTE.

—Soon after the close of the war of 1812, a merchantman, manned by green Yankees, went into London. One of the Jonathans pitched ashore and landed in a large warehouse. The proprietor seeing he was a green 'un stepped up to him, and said, "Fr-fr-friend, can't-tell m-m-me," he could go no further.—The head clerk advanced and said, "I guess I can tell you what he was going to say—he was going to ask if you could tell him the reason why Balam's ass spoke!" "Well," replied Jonathan, "I guess I can. I guess Balam was a sluttin' man and could'n speak, and so his ass stepped up and spoke for him."

A SEA BULL.

An Irishman who served on board a man-of-war in the capacity of waiter, was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow line of considerable length, which was towing over the taffrails. After routing in forty or fifty fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, "Bad manners to me, sir, if I don't think somebody's cut off the other end of it."

MEASURING MUSIC.

A would-be wag, green in the trade, went into a tailor's shop the other day, where a solemn-looking Yankee youth was cutting out clothes.
"Have you any jewshtaps?" said the new fledged aspirant to wit.
"No," replied the Yankee tailor-boy, "but we can take the measure of your mouth and make you one!"—Picayune.

NO ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING.

When a King asked Euclid, the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner, he was answered, that there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be seized by might, or purchased with money, but knowledge is to be gained only by study and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.—Johnson.

A GRAND JURY IN INDIANA.

A grand jury in Indiana have presented the practice of dunning as a nuisance; being a fruitless consumption of time, and waste of shoes and leather.

FLATTERY.

The heart has no avenue so open as that of flattery; which like some enchantment, lays all its guards asleep.

By ingratitude, the strictest combinations of friendship are broken.

"The battle is not always to the strong," as the boy said when he killed a skunk with a brickbat.

The fashion of wearing bustics, says an exchange paper, is now called "back-gammon."

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