

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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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.

By Masser & Eiseley.

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From the New York Mirror.

How unconsciously, in the pure reveries of boyhood, do the exquisite pictures of the Bible take form and color, and enlarge and become vivid in the glow of imagination!

Sincerity reads very well on paper. But 'tis a term that's grossly misapplied; a bag of moonshine, nothing more than vapor...

MANURE.—We find the following useful suggestion in a late English paper. 'It is well known that in a close stable, where there are a good many horses, there is a very pungent smell, effecting the nose more particularly when the stable is being cleaned out.'

Advice to Sundry Persons. Never give up your opinions though you know you are wrong—it shows that you have no independence.

Temperance is a great virtue—therefore always be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Six glasses of sling before breakfast is as good as a thousand.

When you are in church, go to sleep. Sunday is a day of rest. If a secret has been committed to you to keep, take special care to keep it safely—and it may be well for caution's sake to get one or two to help you.

A Story of the Revolution.

OR THE NATIVE PEPPER AND SALT PANTALOONS. The following is a bona fide fact, taken with-out emendation from the life of a mother in Israel.

Late in the afternoon of one of the last days in May, '76, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Mass., where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

The training band was instantly called out, and my brother, that was next older than I was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night, when all were in bed.

"O, if that is all," said I, "we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes." "Tut," said mother, "the wool is on the sheep's back, and the sheep are in the pasture."

"But we can't spin and weave it in so short a time." "I am certain we can mother." "How can you weave it, there is a long web of linen in the loom."

The rest of the narrative the writer would abridge by saying that the wool thus obtained was duly carded and spun, washed, sized and dried; a loom was found a few doors off the web got in, wove and cloth prepared, cut and made two or three hours before the brother's departure—that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvement.

The good old lady closed by saying, "I felt no weariness, I wept not, I was serving my country. I was relieving poor mother, I was preparing a garment for my darling brother."

THE FATE OF AN ACTOR.—GEORGE HYATT.—We saw it stated in a paper lately, that this person is now a common soldier in Maine. Fifteen years ago, says the Mobile Herald, Hyatt was the very soul of one of the most select circles in Boston—the best comedian in the United States, and a poet of the first water.

What was that Frenchman's name who carried his politeness so far as to run round to the other side of a lady for fear of stepping on her shadow? Will some one inform us?

Anecdotes of Washington Allston.

The strong devotional feelings of this late distinguished artist formed one of the most prominent traits of his beautiful character. Connected with this characteristic is a remarkable incident in his early life, which has been related to us by one of his few intimate friends.

Not long after his marriage with his first wife, the sister of the late Dr. Channing, he made his second visit to Europe. After a residence there of a little more than a year, his pecuniary wants became very pressing and urgent—more so than at any other period of his life.

"Never saw her before in my life; I'm not her brother; my name's not Smith." "But you'll be a Smith, won't you, to oblige a lady; you'll be a lady's brother to introduce a friend?"

"Well, Dick," said he, "are you going to introduce us to your sister?" "Introduce you?" said he, "why that girl down there is mad; she's as mad as a March hare, and—by thunder here she comes!"

"Upon my word I am very sorry Miss Smith," said Dick, "but there are plenty of devilish good fellows of the name you want in New Orleans, and your friends will find little difficulty in chasing up a John Smith for you, if you are particularly anxious."

CAUSE OF HOSTILITY.—It is said that the N. Y. Plebian's ill-humor against the New Englanders, is the fact that the editor was formerly 'sucked' by a girl of Rhode Island.

An exchange paper says:—"More than one hundred and fifty of our proudest girls left off their corset after hearing Dr. Lambert's lecture on the lungs, and the elements of female beauty, &c."

Chasing up a John Smith.

One of the drollest actual occurrences that we can recall as having happened within our personal observation, took place at the St. Charles Theatre one evening last winter.

A scene excellently acted was going on upon the stage, but in the still continued gaze of the mysterious lady we found 'metal more attractive.'

Leaning back and addressing our friend, we remarked, "Dick, that's a beautiful woman sitting in No. 6; who is she?" "Hang me if I know," said he, "but she's a female spy of the Smith family, and she swears I'm her brother."

"Sir," said he, "excuse me, but you will confer a great favor on myself and your sister—Miss Smith, I should say—by merely stepping to the box a moment; if she could see you a little nearer—"

"Sir," interrupted our friend in a half angry tone, "I never had but one sister in my life, and she's married, and has not been inside of a theatre these ten years. Tell Miss Smith I'm very sorry but really I'm not the person she takes me for."

"Well, Dick," said he, "are you going to introduce us to your sister?" "Introduce you?" said he, "why that girl down there is mad; she's as mad as a March hare, and—by thunder here she comes!"

"Gentlemen," said Dick, in a strong, decided manner, "hold her—hold her, and I'll let her have a look if that'll satisfy her."

AN UNFORTUNATE TAILOR.—After the termination of the Seminole campaign, Gen. Jackson visited Washington City, and during his stay there having occasion to supply himself with a nether garment employed a fashionable tailor named Ballard to make it.

LATEST CASE OF ABSENCE OF MIND.—Bailing pig lead in the hope of extracting lard oil! We wonder if they put them on again the next day!

Breach of Promise.

A man named Clark Dalrymple, was recently prosecuted at Newport, R. I., for a breach of promise of marriage, when a verdict of \$5000 damages was rendered.

The defendant denied that he refused absolutely to marry, and offered evidence to show that at the time the difficulty occurred, he offered to marry plaintiff in the spring.

LOVE AND PARTISY.—A remarkable instance of the spirit of economy is given by a journal of the Bas-Rhin. A man went a short time ago to the Mayor, at Schelestat, and gave instructions for the publication of a marriage between himself and a young person whom he named.

TERRIFIC SNAKE STORY.—Mr. Joshua Buddington, of North Attleboro' has furnished the Providence, (R. I.) Chronicle, with the particulars of a snake capture on his farm on the 10th inst.

The length of the snake is 14 feet 3 inches—circumference around the largest part of the body, 1 foot 10 1/2 inches—from the end of the upper jaw to the eye five inches—width of the head, which is very flat, 7 1/2 inches.

RECIPE FOR MAKING FUN.—(Not found in Miss Leslie.)—At the next ball you attend, get an early admission to the supper room, take some brown soap, cut it into square pieces, insert mottoes and fold them up to represent kisses, mix them up judiciously with the genuine confectionary, you need not stir them with a spoon, for some spoon will soon stir them himself—watch till he gets one, and handing the amorous couplet to some simpering Miss, puts the delicate morsel in his mouth, then when he begins to sputter, complete the roasting by asking him how he's off for soap?

THE last 'Knickerbocker' tells this anecdote of Lorenzo Dow: 'It appears that Dow, in one of his odd, quaint sermons, declared that he had known sinners so wicked that they actually built!'

PLATO, speaking of passionate persons, says they are like men who stand on their heads—they see all things the wrong way.

IT TAKES THE WESTERN GIRLS.—A Western editor says that a girl lately sent him word that if he didn't shut his mouth about bishops, she'd wrap him up in a rag and make a bustle of him.

THE BIBLE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The New York Commercial Advertiser of Saturday, says that a public school, of three large departments, was opened in the Eleventh ward, on the 22d of May, in that city. In neither of the departments of this school has the Bible been allowed to enter.

REMEDY FOR CHINESE LYING.—A Chinese silversmith, to whom the English gave the name of Tom Morkwell, brought home some silver spoons as he called them, to a captain of a ship who had ordered them.

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