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

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There's somewhat on my breast, father, There's somewhat on my breast, The live-long day I sigh, father, At night I cannot rest; I cannot take my rest, father, Tho' I would fain do so, A weary weight oppresseth me-A weary weight of wo!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father, Nor lack of wordly gear; My lands are broad and fair to see, My friends are kind and dear; My kin are real and true, father, They mourn to see my grief; But oh ! 'tis not a kinsman's hand Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Jenet's false, father, Tis not that she's unkind; Though busy flatterers swarm around, I know her constant mind. Tis not her coldness, father, That chills my laboring breast-It's that confounded cucumber I've ate and can't digest,

BEAUTIFULLY PATHETIC .- A country editor thus gives voice to his sorrows, in "breathing num-

Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour, Ve've seen our foudest hopes decay; Ve never raised a calf or cow, or Hen that laid an egg a day, But it was "marked" and took away! Ve never fed a sucking pig. To glad us with its sunny eye, But ven 't vos grown up f.t and big, And fit to roast, or boil or fiy— Ve could'nt find it in the sty.

The Four Ages of Maids.

A German writer, M. G. Saphir, says, maids have four ages, viz: the golden from 10 to 21, the silverage from 21 to 28, the plated from 28 to 35, and the iron age from 35 to the end, In the golden age everything is golden-golden locks, golden dreams, golden hopes, golden ned.

ver, to circulate among the people. The secessant war upon the brutes, who but too fre- the unbounded wealth of the owner. But no Instead of imitating the larks, in soaring so piter, the court of justice, the forum, the marhigh that but few may hear them, they take ket-place, and emerged into the country. their flight nearer the earth, like swallows in rainy weather. In that age they are the most amiable, and have the best opinions of men; of course they are on that account most easily ca-

The plated age is from 28 to 35. Gold and silver are gone, and they resort to the various processes of gilding, silvering and plating. They are less piquant and more piqued. They look upon men with a considerable mixture of contempt and hatred. They become again reserved and prude. If they have affections, they are at best plated; they may endure, if of good workmanship; but they have not the value of either gold or silver.

The iron age is the universal death of sentiment.- The thirty-fifth year is the equator of human life, which divides it into the Southern and Northern hemisphere. On the Northern there is no Paradise for girls. They now write their farewell letters to all hopes and wishes. They conform to iron necessity, and resign themselves to the iron tooth of time, awaiting the day when gold, silver and iron, will have no sound, and nought but the soul-ever young and fresh-shall rise from its iron casement.

HISTORY OF THE INFLUENZA .- In 1580 it prevailed in Europe, and is spoken of as a pertilential and epidemic cough. In 1743 (just a century since) it prevailed the world over, and received its present cognomen. In many dis- ed its doom, they rushed in dismay from their tricts in Europe scarcely a family escaped. It appeared in April and went off in June. It was never fatal, except to aged persons, or those affected with pulmonary disease. The French called it La Grippe-hourseness. It lera, In 1833 it succeeded that fearful discase. Its progress is like the progress of most oy great atmospheric changes,

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 & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, August 5, 1843.

Vol. 3--No. 45--Whole No. 149.

THE RUINS OF POMPEIL.

A correspondent of the N. N. Tribune, who is travelling in Italy, thus describes his visit to the ruins of the city of Pompeli :-

We at length reached the gate of the ancient city, where we left our carriage, and commenced the strangest city promenade I ever made. We first entered the house of Diomed, one of the aristocrats of the city. We descended into the damp, dark wine cellar, where the bones of his family were found, whither they had fled for safety from the storm of the ashes and fire that overwhelmed them. There, against the sides of the wall, amid the earthen wine-pars that still stood as they did on the last day of that wild tempest, was the shape of the outstretched arms and the breast and head of her who had fallen against it in her death-agony. Nothing remained but the bones and jewels to tell the sad story of her torture and suffocation in that dread hour. But I cannot go into details. They have been written over a hundred times. There were baths, and dressing and dining rooms, and work-shops, and wheelworn streets, where the living multitude had moved and luxuriated and toiled. We saw tombs that were themselves entombed. We saw the room for washing the dead, where the living were suddenly buried unwashed and uncoffined; the beer-shops, with the mark of the tumblers still fresh in the smooth marble; the mills-stones that still turned to the hand in the self-same way they turned nearly two thousand years ago.-There too was the brothel, and theatre, and dancing-hall. The secret orifice through which the priest sent his voice to the statue, to delude the people into the belief that God had spoken, was now disclosed. I walked through the house of a poet, into his garnished sleeping apartments, forming, in their silence, a part in a greater drama than he had ever conceived. I stood before the tavern with the rings yet entire to which the horses were fastened, and where the bones of a mother and her three children were found locked in each other's arms. Temples were overthrown with thoughts, &c. The voice sounds like virgin their altars. The niches in which stood the gold, the heart is pure gold. The fact is they gods were left empty, and the alters before have five bars of splendid gold, No. 16, 17, 18, them, on which smoked the sacrifice, were si-19, and 20; but alas ! but few of them carry lent and lonely. Columns fallen across each them to the mint of reason to have them coi- other in the courts just as that wild hurricane had left them, pieces of the architrave blocking-When a girl is once three times seven years, up the entrances they had surmounted, told the glittering gold is gone. Her early yeuth, how fierce the shock and overthrow had been. the dejeuner a la fourchette of nature, is past; One house was evidently that of a remarkably girls of that age are no more kept like gold me- rich man. Mosaic floors representing battledals in morocco boxer, but commence like sil- scenes, precious stones still embedded in the pavements of his corridors, long colonnades, ven years from 21 to 23, are employed in an in- and all the appurtenances of luxury, attested quently imitate the example of Frederick the bodies were found in it. The rich man had Great, and await the assault behind entrench- fled with his portable wealth before the storm ments .- Girls are most interesting at that age. came. We passed through the temple of Ju-

> I mounted an old wall, covered with earth, and looked back on the disentembed city, and beyond on Vesuvius. There it stood, solemn, grand and lonely, sending up its steady column of smoke, a perpetual and living tomb-stone over the dead at its feet. I could see the track of the lava on its wild and fiery march for the sea, and could imagine just how the cloud of ashes and cinders rose from the summit and came flying toward the deserted city. Foot after foot it piled itself in the streets, over the thresholds, above the windows, and so on till it reached 20 or 30 feet above the tops of the houses. I could behold the sea where the younger Pliny came, and, impelled by a fatal curiosity, would land, till, blinded and suffocated, he too fell with the victims that perished.

From this we went to the amphitheatre where the gladiatorial shows were held. It is magnificent area of an oval form, and sufficiently espacious to hold 15 or 20,000 spectators. There were the dens where the lions were kept, and there the very area in which men fought and fell. I stood at one end and shouted, and the answering echo came back clear and distinct as a second voice. It enhanced the solitude. Some have imagined that spectators were assembled here at the time of the overthrow of the city, and as they felt the first step of the mighty earthquake that heraldseats. But this could not be, for Pompeii did not fall by an earthquake, and the mountain long before the eruption, gave ominous sound of the coming blow. Dio relates that spectres lined the summit of the mountain, and unesrin- the civil authorities ought to take cognizance. of it. appeared again in Europe and America, as we ly shapes flitted around its trembling sides. He says that "after walking with a ludy from learn from a writer in the Troy Whig, 1762. This was doubtless the mist boiling up from its Fourth street to Union Park and back several Also 1772, when dogs and horses were also at- confinement through the Cracks and shooting times, and going to church in the evening, and its victims on land and sea. In St. Petersburg, miles digiant from Naples on the other side, a what do you think she said ? 'I will not ask Speaking of Canada, he says: 40,000 were affected by it in one day. In 1830 cloud rising from the mountain in the shape of you in, because I know you are tired, and it appeared again, and was followed by the cho- a pine tree, and shortly after embarked for the have a long walk before you." The adverticity. The grosning mountain was reeling a- ser appends the request that the editor of the bove the sea of fire that boiled under her and Sun would publish his statement, "as possibly

for the sea; that also fled back affrighted from its shores, so that even Pliny could not land before the city, but was forced to proceed to Stabise. The bellowing mountain, the sulphurous air, the quivering earth, would not let a city even so dissolute as Pompeii gather to number of his "Martin Chuzzlewit": places of public amusement. Consternation reigned in every street, and drove the frightenwere found. Those that perished were slaves for a way of egress. Fear and darkness (for day was turned into night,) might have enthraled others beyond the power of moving. And 1 was standing on the same pavement those terror-stricken citizens stood on two thousand years ago, and was looking on the same mountain they gazed on with such earnest inquiry and fearful forebodings. Then it rocked and swaved and thundered before the pent-up forces that threatened to send it in fragments through the heavens. Now silent and quiet it stood on its firm base. Yet to me it had a morose and revengeful look, as if it were conscious

of the ruin at its feet. The excavations are more extensive than I supposed, and the effect of the clear light of the sun and the open sky on the deserted pavements is peculiar and solemn. A visit to it is an episode in a man's life he can never forget. An old column or a broken wall left of a once populous city interests us. We stand and muse over the ruined pile till it becomes eloquent with the history of the past. If one single complete temple be found, how it increases the interest. But to wander through a whole city standing as its inhabitants left it in their sudden fear, increases tenfold the vividness of the picture. The little household things meeting you at every turn, give speciality to the whole. As I strolled from apartment to apartment, I almost expected to meet some one within the door. I felt like an intruder as I passed into the sleeping rooms of others-as if I were entering the private apartments of those who were merely absent on a ride or a visit. The scenes were familiar, and it appeared but a short time since the eyes of those who occupied the dwellings rested on the same objects. In turning the corners of the streets it would hardly have surprised me to have met the inhabitants just returning and looking on me as a stranger and an intruder. It required an efthese dwellings were thronged and occupied for the last time nearly 2,000 years ago. I assure you the struggle was not to call up the past, but to shake it off-and when I finally stood at the gate and gave a farewell look to the

A DISCOVERY OF AN ORIGINAL PICTURE BY RUBENS has been recently made in England, says the Boston Transcript, under somewhat singular circumstances. At a sale of the effects of a deceased gentleman in Sheffield, a picture was put up in which there was no figure apparently discernable, but which, after some hesitation, was knocked down for 1s 9d. It was atterwards purchased of the buyer for 5s., and the new possessor proceeded to wash it, which caused several of the figures to appear while wet. This led to a resolution to send it to London to be cleaned; and the old varnish being removed, it turned out to be a very fine old picture. It was returned to Sheffield, with an offer of 160 guineas for it, and the biddings have since advanced to 350 guineas, at which price, however, it is not to be had. The picture consists of a fine female figure, standing upon a car drawn by a lion. One child nestles in her bosom, others cling to her robes, others follow her car, while one rides a lion. Several other ratund little ones, with cherub wings, fly about her. The style of the painting, and some other internal evidence, have satisfied several eminent connoisseurs that it is a geriaine Rubens; and this is confirmed by an old etching of the picture, which is called "The Triumph of Christianity, by Rubens."

lonely city that faintly shone in the light of the

setting sun, a feeling of indescribable sadness

stole over me, and I rode away without the

wish ever to see it again.

UNNATURAL Cr. CELTY .- An advertisement appears in the New York Sun, wherein the amusement.-Terrified men and women ran person so."

Dickens and his Slanders.

The Philadelphia North American administers to Mr. Dickens, in the annexed article, a well merited castigation for the slanders on this country contained in the last published

We have placed upon our first page an extract from the new work of Mr. Dickens' Marde inhabitants away from their dwellings. This tin Chuzzlewit, brought by the last steamer. is doubtless the reason why so few bodies It will be remarked that the excellence of the sketch of the American manners which it conor those who tarried till some falling column or tains is endorsed by the Britannia, a bigoted wall blocked up their path, and the descending and virulent Tory paper. Mr. Dickens, as a cinders blinded their sight as they groped about professed friend of the people, and of that polity, whatever name it may take, which secures to each individual of the community the largest share of right and weal, must be gratified doubtless, at the endorsation of such capital authority as the Britannia newspaper.

> At home, Mr. Dickens has endured, as every nepiring young man must in the progress of his career, the silent neglect, or what is worse, the active patronage of the aristocracy. He has felt his dignity as a man,-the heaven derived and aspiring man, -assaulted and wounded by musty and barbarous usage. He has seen not merely the corpse, but the strong panoplied active body, and powerful spirit of the Norman conqueror and his barons, riding over the genius of the nineteenth century. He has seen at home merit tremble, cringe and starve, while rank has been fed and pampered by means wrung out of the despised people. The veritable Charles Dickens-the man who wrote poverty's and humanity's sad drama, Oliver Twist-who is known wherever the English language is spoken, by virtue of his own mind not the beggarly, social almsman of a departed ancestry-not the retrospective appendix of a family vault supported by gilded coffins-not these but a primitive identity who stands erect. self-relying, self-supported,-a thinker and an actor in his own age-a fountain of truth for the living, not a spunge of folly from the dead -this man Dickens, so armed and incited, has seen himselflooked down upon as inferior, if seen at all, by the artificial creations of King and Lord. So regarded at home, but writing for the people, he earned a reputation which echoed to this country, and rebounded across the Atlantic with redoubled power.

After Mr. Dickens had been rendered illustrious, partly by our applause, he came among the hero. A trad ng population-a yard stick. pound weight, cent per cent. community, left off measuring, weighing, and calculating, forgot for the ounce staples and dollars, to do homage to simple, manly genius, that had no- tongs" thing to bestow but its intellectual riches. A greattheatre was thrown open. Ait, poetry, living beauty, political and military dignity, civic worth, all contended therein to do him honor. There was no patronage for him. It was homage. Who is there here to assume a social apex, and squint approvingly on original genius? That Mr. Dickens did not find. He went to Washington-he found the President living like other people, and he was received as an equal. Doors flew open to him-hospitalities, friendly acts and counsels every where attended him. If his books had been before him, and he could not travel incognite, why did he write them !

But for the sequel. The man so situated at home, and so treated here, pretends to prescribe local manners which he had no opportunities of studying. Guided by the spirit of gratitude he would have been tolerably safe. In paint. ing the arcana of private life, a tolerable kind view of it-a philosophical understanding of its good points and its foibles, would have secured him against his errors. We do not hesitate to say that the sketch of the "genteclest society" of New York, so put forth by Mr. Dickens, is as untrug in fact as it is ungrateful in spirit, and comes from him, of all men, with most unscemly grace towards the people of that splendid city, who treated him so nobly. We have been occasionally in New York society, as Mr. Dickens depicts. We never saw young ladies in indecent positions in rocking chairs, ble."-Dub. Med. Press. or heard their fathers twadding to Englishmen about 'nature's noblemen,' and so forth. We never saw a militia 'general' behave like a

was very, very seldom, if ever, offended by personal or national allusions while in this coun-

"Every opportunity is seized of disparaging America and the Americans, and speaking of United States, in our short stay of three weeks, | grant with revolutionary renown.

than I had heard of censure or condemnation of English institutions and English people during all the three years that we have passed among the Americans. * * * We heard more abuse of America and the Americans, from the mouths of British Canadians in a few

weeks, than we have heard of England or the English in the United States during as many

Mr Dickens would have thought more of the

Americans if they had thought less of him. What is very easily gained it would seem, by some fatal rule, is little prized. Mr. Dickens cannot overlop the edifice of courtly conventionalism. Boast as he may, he has not arrived at that point when he can philosophically look at Man as heaven has made him, and not as he is caric tured by institutions,-Here, Mr. Dickens found nothing to look up to. A great number of facts and but few symbols met his view. He is not the first foreigner who has been in similar dilemma. The head will grow quakes, dizzy it on an unaccustomed height, no matter how many heads are in company. The character of Mr. Dickens is fixed. He cannot get over the influences of his education. He looks up to established rank. Finding none universally recognised here, he was at a loss; he cannot now reconcile himself to the fact that hu-

man nature is self-honored. If his object be to degrade men simply as such-man without title or family-he is in a fair way of succeeding if he persists in uttering his views of a society which he hardly ever saw. His observations were confined principally to the pigs in the gutters of New York and to the imported misery of Five Points,-We have no quarrel with Mr. Dickens, We wish him a less ticklish position than that which he holds among the great, so called, of his own hand. He has lost the genial admiring sympathy of this country, and perhaps he may take refuge in the smallest favor thankfully received, such as was bestowed on Mr. Bulwer when he obtained a Baronetcy.

HAMMERING OUT DANISH .- In the settlement of a case at Bangor, relative to an estate in St. Thomas, a document was produced as evidence, which was written in Danish, and contained 40 foolscap pages; but there were none who could translate it. It was sent to Mr. Burritt, of Worcester, known as the learned Blacksmith, who returned a translation of it, which is spous When was the pen ever so honored! lak ken of very highly by the editor of the Whig. shed triumphed for once over blood-shed, the pen In a letter, Mr. B. remarks that the translation from head to foot. 'Take !' he exclaimed again, were rowned the sword. The author became cost him twelve days hard labor, for which he presumed the sum of \$18 would not be an unreasonable compensation, as that would be "a bont what any other blacksmith would charge, provided he could do it with the hammer and

INGENIOUS DEVICEOF A CONVICT TO PROCURE HIS PARDON .- The following letter from a convict in the Sing Sing Prison, to a comrade of his in this city, was found in a bag in his cell. We publ sh it verbatim.

Dere Frend git up a pertition this way for to have Sunday School and Bible classes, and our Lybrary of Books A gane tell them that you want to lay before the inspector of the Prison git printed hed for it 20 or 30 and hand it to different Ministers of churches and tel them that you will call on them for it at sutch A time and when you git 8 or fore thousand signers take of their heds and poot them All to gether and then poot A hed on A copy of my trial and then go to Judge Liesh Judge Sandford Judge Morris the Mare, and the Juree that convicted me you can find out where they Live by my Indictment but oit them All to sign it before vou poot my case to it -N. Y. naper.

AN ENGLISH GENERAL PRACTIFICNER - ON S cottage window near Plymstock is the following: "I - Parish Clarels, Searmount Smith, tacheth yong Garls and Buoys to rade and rite daleth in mole candals shugar plums rish-lites, comes, mole traps, mouse traps, spring guns, and all other sich matters-teeth distracted, blid drawn, blisters, Pds, mixture maid, also pails, and hosses shoed, hepsome salts, and cornes cut, and all other things on rasonable and never witnessed such flaming vulgarities Tarmes .- N. B and also my Misses goes out has man whidwife in the cheepest way posu-

FRANKLIN AND GREENE .- While the Ameri-

can Army, in 1775, was besieging Boston, Conwriter cots forth a case of oppression and cruel- blackguard in that society. All-all is carica- gress sent to the camp a special committee, at Ly on the part of the fair sex, of which we think | ture .- An ungrateful heart dictated the whole | the head of which was Dr. Franklin. Gen. Greene, in a letter dated "Prospect Hill, Oct. We do not hesitate to say that Mr. Dickens 16, 1775," and addressed to Gov. Ward, thus first, pleasure; secondly, drunkenness; thirddescribes the impression which this great philosopher made upon him: "The committee licted. In 1782 it was equally universal, and into the upper air. Priny himself says in his then to see her home, when we got there, I exfollowed severe atmospheric changes. It met epistle that he saw from Misenus, 15 or 20 pected her to ask me in to rest myself-but no; from Mr. Buckingham, a British authority. the honor to be introduced to that very great man, Dr. Franklin, whom I viewed with silent admiration during the whole evening. Attention watched his lips, and conviction closed his them with unmeasured contempt. Indeed, I periods." Beautiful tribute of one great man heard more of this feeling expressed in Toron- 'o another, both of whom were among the forespidemics, from east to west, and is preceded struggled for freedom. It was not a time for she may take the hint, and never serve another to towards the institutions and people of the most in liberty's great struggle, and both fra-

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

Every subsequent insertion, -Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half column, \$18, three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$5; one square, \$3 50.

Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accord-

Sixteen lines make a square.

SHORT SENTENCES FROM GOOD THINKERS .-Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

A mother-in-law sermon seldom takes well with an audience of daughters-in-law. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning.

He that is proud of the rustling of his silks, like a madman, laughs at the rustling of his fet-

God is better lodged in the heart than in great edifices.

Emulation looks out for merits, that she may exalt herself by a victory; envy spies out blemishes, that she may lower another by a de-

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to con-

That man has too high an opinion of himself that is only afraid of thunder and of earth-

Losses are insufferable to those who are not

Virtue dwells not upon the lip of the tongue, but in the temple of a purified heart.

THE FORCE OF APPETITE .- The Richmond Star states that a woman in that city came so near dying from intemperance that her friends had a shroud made for her, presuming that she could not live long. She, however, recovered, and the first thing she did was to husten and sell the shroud for liquor!

QUIET MURDER.-The New Mirror gives a recipe for killing a woman quietly. Take a young lady, and tell her that she has a pretty foot. She will then wear small thin shoes -go out in the wet-catch a cold-the cold will become a fever-and she will die in a month.

BETTER THAN MEDICINE.-'I have been doctering myself,' said a languid fair one, with a smile, to a bluff, though kind doctor, who was teeling her pulse

'Ah, how !'

'Why, I have taken Brandreth's pills, Parr's pills, Stainburn's pills, Sands' Sarsaparilla, Jayne's Expectorant, used Dr. Sherman's Lozenges and Plaster, and-'

'My God, madam,' interrupted the astonished doctor, 'all these do your complaint no good.'

'No! then what shall I take?' pettishly inquired the patient.

'Take !' exclaimed the doctor, eyeing her

PRECOCITY PRODUCED BY EDUCATION.-We

believe the following belongs to John Neal: The hot house system of education is doing wonders for the youth of our land. The boy kicks off hisdiaper and frock, and jumps into calf-skin boots and a long tail coat.

He changes the nipple for a segar, and the sugar test for a quid of tobacco.

The girl is either a baby or a lady. She makes one jump from her nurse's arms into her husband's and of course is finished.

THE LAST AND BEST .- A correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times, says :- "Sam Laughman's last is right good .-- A chap walking out, came across 'old Mose' sitting in the broiling sun, fishing. 'Well, Mose,' said he, 'what in the world are you doing that ?' 'Fiffin !' (fishing.) 'What !' 'Fiffin !' 'Fishing-well. what's the reason you can't talk? what's in your nouth !' 'Oh, nuffin but wums (worms) for bait! I halloed for old Izaak, when Sam opened his 'wum' box.

Anandonep-The "Fair One," the ladies' The Forum says-"If fair ones run afterritor mails they must expect to be abando-

PHANG UP THE AGONY .- "The forked lightnings illuminated the vaults of heaven-peals of thunder shook the earth-the wind racked the mountains, and the rain descended in such torrents that the ducks could swim in the gut-

LIBERTY .- Liberty is to be the collective body what health is in every individual body. Without health no pleasure can be tasted by man ; without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society .- Boling broke.

It was a proverb of Anarcharsis, a Scythian philosopher, that the vine bore three branches;

By constant temperance, habitual moderate exercise, and unaffected honesty, you will avoid the fees of the lawyer and the sheriff, gain a good report, and probably add to your present existence at least ten years of active life.

Burke once remarked to Garrick that all bitter things were hot, "Av, said Garrick, "what do you think of bitter cold weather !"