

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"
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God Great In All Things.

FROM THE GERMAN.
Golden evening, rosy morning,
Gleaming One! have their adorning
From thy hand, which framed all,
Nothing is despised before thee,
E'en the least is touched with glory
Thou regard'st great and small.
To the lion food thou sendest,
And thy gracious ear attendest,
When the raven nestles in,
Thou the flower's grace bestowest,
E'en thy humblest working showest
Boundless might and majesty.
By all knowledge unincumbered,
Thou our sighs and tears hast numbered,
Guard of childhood's weak estate;
Widows, orphans, hast thou cherished,
Heard the boundman when they perished;
Thus art thou in all things great!

Care of Fruit Trees.

This month is esteemed by many as favorable for pruning as any of the pruning months. The spring and winter are regarded as the least favorable.

It should be generally understood that good large fair fruit cannot be had without the most diligent cultivation. The ground should be carefully stirred around every fruit tree, and about an eighth part of a common bucket of good compost placed about each large tree this fall, and in view of the great number of facts disclosed in relation to the effect of salt and saltpetre, we cannot withhold our belief that these articles in a limited quantity, should be constituents of this compost, together with alkaline substances. Every farmer should give as much attention to his orchard, as the cultivation of his corn or any other crop on the farm—as by so doing, he will derive a greater profit from his labor.

We generally prune our trees the last of May or during the month of June, but if we fail of time to complete the business, we do not hesitate to do it any season of the year.—The excess of this year's growth we took in August. After we have placed the manure about our trees, we give it a slight covering of loam to prevent waste from evaporation.—One single tree thus carefully cultivated, will produce more than six trees of the same kind, left to take care of themselves.

Most farmers in the country entirely neglect the cultivation of their orchards, and abandon their trees to the tender mercies of insects, and to such slender support as they may derive from the unaided soil. What would become of their other crops if treated in this way!

Be assured, nothing pays better for the most careful and diligent cultivation than fruit trees. Without it you have a very limited quantity of meat and warm eaten fruit—not half of it fit for the market, or winter's use.

Do not let the young trees which you transplanted last spring about your lots, be browsed by your cattle—take good care of them—manure them well, and you will find your reward.

We recommend, then, far more diligent cultivation of your orchards. These are some of the sources from which you are to derive the most money from the least labor.—*Boston Traveller.*

The Latest Invention.

An undertaker in New York has invented a coffin which he gives the title of life-preserving coffin, singular and contradictory in terms as it is. The New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer says: "The 'Life-preserving Coffin' seems to be the focus of curiosity at the Fair of the Institute. It is so constructed as to fly open with the least stir of the occupant, and made as comfortable within as if intended for a temporary lodging. The proprietor recommends,—(what, indeed, it would be useless without)—a corresponding facility of exit from the vault, and arrangements for privacy, light, and fresh air—in short, all that would be agreeable to the deceased on first waking."

The writer states that "asphyxia, or a suspension of life, with all the appearance of death, is ascertained to in many instances, and carefully provided for in some countries." "In Frankfurt, Germany, (says the writer) the dead man is laid in a well aired room and his hand fastened for three days to a bell-pull. The Romans cut off one of the fingers before burning the corpse or otherwise bestowing it out of sight. The Egyptians made sure by embalming, and other nations by frequent washing and anointing. Medical books say we should wait at least three days in winter and two in summer, before interring the body. It has been suggested that there should be a public officer who should carefully examine the body and give a certificate, without which the burial should be illegal."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A sensitive man is said to feel worse after a personal quarrel, than after pinching his fingers in the crack of a door.

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, Oct. 28, 1843.

Vol. 4--No. 5--Whole No. 101.

Taking the Census in Alabama
BY "A CHICKEN MAN" OF 1840.

Below will be found another of these amusing sketches, several of which we have already published. It exhibits the garulity of one of the descendants of mother Eve in a truly striking light, and from what we know of old women generally, we have no doubt but the picture is correctly drawn:

Our next encounter was with an old lady notorious in her neighborhood, for her garulity and simple-mindedness. Her loquacity knew no bounds; it was constant unremitting, interminable, and sometimes laughably silly. She was interested in quite a large Chancery suit which had been dragging its slow length along for several years, and furnished her with a conversational fund, which she drew upon extensively, under the idea that its merits could never be sufficiently discussed. Having been warned of her propensity, and being somewhat hurried when we called upon her, we were disposed to get through business as soon as possible, and without hearing her enumeration of the strong points of her law case. Striding into the house, and drawing our papers—

"Ah, well! yes! bless your soul, honey take a seat. New do! Are you the gentleman that Mr. Van Buren has sent out to take the census? I wonder! well good Lord look down, how was Mr. Van Buren and family when you seed him? We explained that we had never seen the President; didn't know him from a side of sole leather; and we had been written to, to take the census.

Well, now that agin! Love your soul! Well, I s'pose Mr. Van Buren writ you a letter, did he! No. Well I s'pose some of his officers done it—bless my soul! Well, God be praised, there's mighty little here to take down—times is hard, God's will be done, but looks like people can't git their just rights in this country—and the law is all for the rich and none for the poor, praise the Lord. Did you ever hear tell of that case my boys has got agin old Simpson? Looks like they never will git to the end on it—glory to his name! The children will suffer I'm mightily afraid—Lord give us grace. Did you ever see Judge B—?

Yes! Well the Lord preserve us! Did you ever hear him say what he was agwine to do in the boys' case agin old Simpson? No! Good Lord, Well, s'quire will you ax him next time you see him, and write me word, and tell him what I say—I'm nothin' but a poor widow and my boys has got no larnin, and old Simpson tuk 'em in. It's a mighty hard case on my boys any how. They ought to be had a mighty good start all on 'em, but God bless you, that old man has used 'em up till they ain't able to buy a creature to plough with. It's a mighty hard case, the will ought never to be been broke up—

Here we interposed and told the old lady that our time was precious, that we wished to take down the number of her family, and the produce raised by her last year, and be off. After a good deal of trouble we got through with the descriptions of the members of her family and the Statistical table as far as the article of cloth.

How many yards of cotton cloth did you weave in 1840, ma'am?

Well now! The Lord have mercy! Lets see. You know Sally Higgins that used to live down in the Smith Settlement? poor thing, her daddy drew her off on the 'count of her havin a little 'un, poor creature—poor gal, she couldn't help it, I dare say. Well Sally come to stay 'long 'wi me when the old man druv her away, and she was a powerful good 'land to weave and I did think she'd be up a power. Well arter she'd bin here awhile, her baby hit took sick, and old Miss Stringer she undertak to help 'er—she's a powerful good 'land—old Miss Stringer, on roots and yards and sich like. Well, the Lord look down from above! She made a sort of a tea, as I was sayin, and she gin it to Sally's baby but it got worse—the poor creature—and she gin it tea, and gin it tea, and looked like, the more she gin it tea, the more—

My dear ma'am, I'm in a hurry—please tell me how many yards of cotton cloth you wove in 1840! I want to get thro' with you and go on.

Well, well, the Lord have mercy who'd a thought you'd a bin so snappish. Well, as I was sayin, Sal's child, hit kept a gittin worse, and old Miss Stringer, she kept a gittin it the year tea till at last the child hit looked like hit would die any how. And 'bout the time the child was at its worst, old Daddy Sykes he come along, and he said if we'd git some little shed berries and stew 'em with a little cream and some hog's lard—now old Daddy Sykes is a mighty fine old man, and he gin the boys a heap of mighty good counsel about the case—boys says he, I'll tell you what you do—you go—

In God's name, old lady, said we, tell about your cloth, and let the sick child and Miss Stringer, Daddy Sykes, the boys, and the law suit go to the devil. I'm in a hurry.

Gracious bless your dear soul, don't git aggrawated—I was just a tellin you how it come I didn't weave no cloth last year.

Oh well, you didn't weave any cloth last year. Good, we'll go on to the next article.

Yes, you see the child hit begun to swell and turn yaller, and hit kept a rollin' its eyes and a moanen, and I knowed—

Never mind about the child—just tell me the value of the poultry you raised last year.

Oh, well, yes, the chickens you mean. Why the Lord love your poor soul, I reckon you never in all your born days seen a poor creature have the luck that I did—and looks like we never shall have good luck agin—for ever sence old Simpson took that case up to the Chancery Court—

Never mind the case—lets hear about the chickens if you please.

God bless you, honey, the owls destroyed in and about the best half of what I did raise. Every blessed night the Lord sent, they'd come and set on the comb of the house, and hoo hoo hoo, and one night in particklar, I remember I had jst got up to the night shed salve to ninte the little gal with—

Well, Well—what was the value of what you did raise!

The Lord above look down. They got so bad—the owls did—that they tuk the old hens as well's the young chickens. The night I was tellin 'bout, I hearn somethin squall, squall, and says I, I'll bet that old Speck that nasty nadjacious owl's got for I seen her go to roost with her chickens, up in the plum tree, fornest the smoke house. So I went to whar old Miss Stringer was sleepin, and says I Miss Stringer, Oh Miss Stringer, sere's you're born, that stinkin owl's got old Speck out'n the plum tree.

Well, old Miss Stringer she turned over 'pon her side like, and says she: what did you say, Mrs. Stokes! and says I—

We began to get tired, and signified the same to the old lady, and begged she would answer us directly and without circumlocution.

The Lord Almighty love your dear heart, honey, I'm tellin you as fast as I kin. The owls they got worse and worse, arter they'd swept old Speck and all her gang, they went to work on 'others—and Bryant, (that's one of my boys), he 'lowed he'd shot the pestiferous creatures—and so one night arter that, we hearn one holler, and Bryant he tuk the old musket and went out, and sure enough, there was owley, (as he thought) a settin on the comb of the house, so he blazed away and down come—what on earth did come down do you reckon—when Bryant!

The owl, I suppose.
No sich a thing, no sich thing, the owl wain't that. Twas my old house cat come tumblin down down, spittin and scratchin, and the for a flyin every time she jumpt like you'd a busted a feather bed open. Bryant he said, the way he come to shoot the cat instead of the owl, he seed somethin white—

For heaven's sake, Mrs. Stokes, give me the value of your poultry, or say you will not. Do one thing or the other.

Oh well, dear love your heart, I reckon I had last year night about the same as I've got this.

Then tell me how many dollars worth you have now, and the thing's settled.

I'll let you see for yourself, said the widow Stokes, and taking an ear of corn out of a crack between the logs of the cabin, and shelling off a handful, she commenced scattering the grains all the while screeching, or rather screeching chick, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick.

—Here they came, roosters and hens and pullets, little chicks—cackling, cackling, chirping, flying and fluttering over beds, chairs and tables, alighting on the old woman's head and shoulders, fluttering against her sides, pecking at her hands, creating a din and confusion altogether indescribable. The old lady seemed delighted thus to exhibit her feathered stock a nice parcel and they—a nice parcel. But she never would say what they were worth, no persuasion could bring her to the point—and our papers at Washington contain an estimate of the value of the widow Stokes' poultry, though as she said herself she had a mighty nice parcel.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A raw Irishman in the employ of our friend, Fenimore Cooper, at Cooperstown, was sent by him a few days since to the Post-office for letters. On receiving those for Mr. Cooper, he inquired if there were any letters for the "jintleman who was staying at the hall, Mr. Brickbat." The postmaster, after looking carefully through, said that there were none, and asked him if he was certain that was his name. He protested vehemently that it certainly was, as he was charged particularly to recollect it. A friend of Mr. Cooper's passing the office at the moment, the postmaster inquired of him what gentlemen were visiting Mr. Cooper. He replied that he knew of no one, except Capt. Shubrick. "Och!" cried Patrick, that's the name; but, faith, didn't I come near it, though.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Never tread on the tail of a cat, or tell a woman she is not handsome, unless you are fond of meow-see.

The Copper Rock of Lake Superior.

This remarkable specimen of native copper has recently been removed from its original locality on the Ontonagon river, at no small expense, to Detroit, Michigan. Its greatest length is four feet six inches; its greatest width about four feet; its maximum thickness eighteen inches. It is almost entirely composed of malleable copper. It has been generally estimated to weigh between six and seven thousand pounds, or about three and a half tons, and is, by far, the largest known and described specimen of native copper on the globe. Mr. J. Eldred, who has secured this treasure, has been engaged in its removal since last June. He succeeded in removing it from its diluvial bed, on the banks of the river, by a car and sectional railroad of two links, formed of timber. The motive power was a tackle attached to trees, which was worked by men, from 14 to 20 of whom were employed upon it. These rails were alternately moved forward, as the car passed from the hindmost. In this manner the rock was dragged four miles and a half, across a rough country, to the river, where it was received by a boat and taken to Detroit, a distance of nearly one thousand miles. Mr. Schoolcraft, the geologist, says it is clearly a boulder, and bears marks of attrition from the action of water, on some parts of its rocky surface as well as the metallic portions.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

TOADISM.—We find the origin of this term, so much in vogue at the present day, given in Chamber's Edinburgh Journal, as follows:

"A great personage, wishing to get quit of a troublesome hanger-on, caused a dish of toads to be served up one day instead of a dish of fish. The invention was seen; but the dependent knew too well the value of the connexion which he had established, to take the hint. He partook of the toads with all the appearance of relish, never letting it be presumed that he thought them anything but good soles. Therefore, any one who was content to live on the bounty of another, at the expense of a few occasional insults, was said to eat that person's toads—to be, in short, a toad eater.

THE PRAYER OF A MISER.—Among many curious papers found after the decease of John Ward, member of the British Parliament for Hackney, there was one in his own hand writing, of which the following is a copy. It is admirable satire, and we commend it to certain persons, who must be useless:—

"Oh, Lord, thou knowest that I have nine houses in the city of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in fee-simple, in the county of Essex; I beseech thee to preserve the counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquakes; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg of thee likewise to have an eye of compassion on that county; and for the rest of the counties thou must deal as you please! Oh, Lord, enable the bank to answer all their bills, and make all my debtors good men. Give me a prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid shop, because I insured it; and as thou hast said that the days of the wicked are but short, I trust in thee thou wilt not forget the promise, as I have purchased an estate in reversion, which will be mine on the death of that prodigal young man Sir J.—L.—Keep my friends from sinking, and preserve me from thieves and house breakers, and make all my servants so honest and faithful, that they may attend to my interest and never cheat me out of my property night or day."

GEORGE III.—It is said the King, after the close of the American Revolutionary war, ordered a thanksgiving to be kept through the United Kingdom. A noble Scotch divine, in the presence of his majesty, inquired, "for what are we to give thanks, that your majesty has lost thirteen of his best provinces?" The King answered, "No." "Is it then (the divine added) that your majesty has lost 100,000 lives of your subjects in the contest?" "No, no!" said the King. "Is it then, that we have expended and lost a hundred millions of money, and far the defeat and tarnishing of your majesty's arms?" "No such thing!" said the King, pleasantly. "What then is the object of the thanksgiving?" "Oh, give thanks that it is no worse!"

IRISH BEAUTY.—A travelling correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, gives the following description of Irish beauty:—

I will mention that the South of Ireland is famous for its female beauty, which is distinguished by a round plump face, lily-white complexion, cheeks like damask rose, large and soft grey eyes, veiled by long lashes and arched over by darkly penciled brows, waving pearly hair of a purplish black, pointing carnation lips, curved like cupid's bow, and a magnificent bust.

"My dear, you snore!" said a lady to her wower half. "I know it," was the laconic reply. To be wise—Drink sage tea.

Coolness and Courage.

On the Keene musterfield, while the troops were passing in review before General McNeil, a stranger passed through the crowd and saluted the General, who instantly recognized him as an old companion in arms.

The stranger was Colonel Crawford, of Putney, Vt., General McNeil's adjutant at the battle of Chippewa and Bridgewater.

After General McNeil returned to his quarters, he told the following anecdote of Crawford:

"While the 11th regiment was advancing, I stood a moment near to Crawford, giving him orders, when a musket ball from the enemy passed through his hat, and tore up a handkerchief which was stowed in the top. Without minding it at all, or changing his countenance to the least, Crawford coolly picked up the shattered handkerchief, and replaced it on his head, remarking with a smile, 'We will save the pieces' and darted away in the face of the foe, to carry his orders."

It is well known that at Toulon, at the outset of Napoleon's military career, he had occasion for a short despatch to be drawn up on the field. Some one was called for who could write; and a drummer came forward out of the ranks, and executed the writing. While it was not yet dry, a cannon ball from the enemy struck so near the drummer as to throw some earth upon the paper.

"It will save the necessity of sand, General," observed the drummer, coolly.

Bonaparte, was so struck with the bravery of the man, that he singled him out from the ranks, and promoted him step by step to a field-marshal of France.

Yet we do not see that the courage and coolness of the Frenchman was at all superior to what was produced in Yankee land, and exhibited on an American battle-field by Colonel Crawford, of Putney.—*Keene (N. H.) Repub.*

A western paper says, in an obituary notice, that—"He had also been for several years a director in a bank; notwithstanding which, he lived and died a christian, universally respected." The Boston Bee says, "we can hardly credit it."

The Boston Post says a man ought to be ashamed of himself to run away with another man's wife, when there are so many maidens with their trunks all packed ready for a start.

REGULARLY USED UP.—A poor editor out west thus makes his exit:—"Dear readers, with this paper ceases the existence of the 'Ohio.' Our number is full and complete, and we are a 'busted establishment.' We shall gather up our coat and boots, shave off our whiskers, dun a few interesting specimens of 'patrons' that will pay—in promises—and then we are going for to go to some other field of operation. It may not be more extended, but it cannot be less."

Davidson the erostat man, proposes to fly, providing some gentleman will advance him five hundred dollars. Who wants to see the experiment tried?—*Aurora.*

No doubt of it; there are a good many more who would be equally ready to fly, if any one would advance them \$500, and who are just as anxious to have the experiment tried.

Saturday Museum.

Among the exhibitions at the fair of the American Institute, in New York, on Thursday, was a poor drunkard who had been persuaded and hired by the promise of a dollar, to show himself off as the handiwork of the rumseller. It must have been a beautiful sight for the ladies!

OLD AGE.—Socrates learned to play on musical instruments in his old age; Cato, at eighty, learned Greek; Plutarch, at about the same age, studied Latin, and Franklin learned to speak French towards the close of life.

BOYCE.—Boyce, whose poem on Creation ranks high in the poetical scale, was absolutely famished to death, and was found in a garret, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders fastened with a skewer, and a pen in his hand.

DRINKING HEALTH.—Lord Bacon, on being asked to drink the King's health, replied that he would drink for his own health and pray for that of the King.

CESAR.—When Caesar was advised by his friends to be more cautious as to the security of his person, and not to walk among the people without arms or any one to protect him, he replied—"He who lives in the fear of death, every moment feels its tortures; I will die but once."

RETURNING PARSON.—Henry Beaufort, cardinal of Winchester, who was extremely rich, cried out upon his death-bed, "Will not death be hired! Will money do nothing! Must I die, that have such great riches! If the whole realm of England would save my life, I am able, either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it."

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, \$0 50
1 do 2 do, 0 75
1 do 3 do, 1 00
Every subsequent insertion, 0 25
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, \$9; 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 accordingly.

Sixteen lines make a square.

The Yankee in Main Street.

"I calculate I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day," said a true specimen of the Yankee pedlar, as he stood at the door of a merchant in Main street.

"Calculate you calculate about right for you cannot," was the sneering reply.

"Wal! I guess you needn't get huffy about it. Now here's a dozen real genuine razor strops, worth two dollars and a half—you may have 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you, I don't want any of your trash; so you had better be going."

"Wal, now, I declare! I'll bet you five dollars if you make me an offer for them razor strops we'll have a trade yet."

"Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander.—The Yankee deposited the like sum—when the merchant offered him a Piesyune for the strops.

"They're yours," said the Yankee, as he quietly fobbed the staves. But, he added, with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke and if you don't want them strops, I'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened. "You are not so bad a chap, after all; here are your strops, give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops and passed over the Piesyune. "A trade's a trade—and now your wide awake in earnest, I guess the next time you trade with that are pie you'll do a little better than to buy razor strops."

And away walked the pedlar with his strops and wagger, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.—*St. Louis Ariel.*

REVOLUTIONARY.—One day in the middle of winter, General Greens, when passing a sentinel who was barefooted, said, "I fear, my good fellow, you suffer much from the severe cold." "Very much," was the reply, "but I do not complain. I know I should fare better had our general the means of getting supplies. They say, however, that in a few days we shall have a fight, and then I shall take care to secure a pair of shoes."

LAW.—Horne Tooke used to say that law in his opinion, ought not to be a luxury for the rich, but a remedy for the poor. When told that the courts of justice were open to all, he replied—"So is the London Tavern to such as can pay for entertainment."

A remarkable phenomena occurred recently on the Brighton railway, Eng. A gentleman and lady were sitting opposite each other, the lady having a piece of court-plaster on her lip. On emerging from one of the dark tunnels, marvellous to relate, the court-plaster was observed to have passed over to the gentleman's lip.

The editor of the New York Aurora once knew a young lady who was so modest that she actually fainted because she was obliged to sit upon a bear-skin.

THE REPORT.—Mr. Colt, superintendent of the canal at Fort Stanwix, being provoked at a man, gave him a sturdy kick. He retorted, "if you kick so while you are a Colt, what will you do when you come to be a horse?"

THE POINT OF DEATH.—A young lady going into the barrack-room at Fort George, saw an officer toasting a slice of bread on the point of his sword, upon which she exclaimed—"I think, sir, you have got the staff of life on the point of death."

CURRAN.—During Curran's last illness, his physician observed that he seemed to cough with more difficulty. He answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

COOL.—"Maybe smoking is offensive to some of you?" "Yes, yes," immediately responded a dozen voices. "Well," said the inquirer, again placing his cigar between his lips, and puffing away, as if for dear life, "tis to some folks!"

Says Bill to Jack, how many legs would a calf have by calling the tail one? "Five," answered Jack. "No 'twouldn't," says Bill, because calling the tail one leg wouldn't make it so, would it? Jack muzzled.

"Master, this gal keeps sayin' I'm a thief!" "What does she say that you have stolen?" "She says that I stole her character." At this juncture a little girl jumped up and said—"I geth he did—I geth he did—for I thosen him behind the theol-house a eatin' thumblin'."

ITS ON AT LAST.

"It's on at last!" it's on!" she cried, To her daughter standing by: "It's on!"—the tho' her utterance choked, While joy suffused her eye.

"What's on dear mother?" asked the maid; (She smit'd, and looked so sweet); "My bustle's on, you dence," she said, "Don't stick out a feet?"