

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.

H. B. MASSER, Editor. Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Masser's Store.

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance.

No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

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. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Dec. 16, 1843. Vol. 4--No. 12--Whole No. 168.

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, \$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 accordingly. Sixteen lines make a square.



TO MY BOY IN HEAVEN.

The nursery shows thy pictured wall, Thy hat, thy bow, Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball; A corner holds thy empty chair, Thy playthings idly scattered there, But speak to us of our despair, Even to the last thy every word, To glad, to grieve, Was sweet as sweetest song of bird On summer's eve; In outward beauty undecayed, Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade, And like the rainbow thou didst fade. We mourn for thee, when blind blank night The chamber fills; We pine for thee, when mom's first light Reddens the hills; The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, All to the wall flower and wild pea, Are changed—we saw the world through thee; And though, perchance, a smile may gleam Of casual mirth, It doth not own, what'er may seem, An inward birth; We miss thy small step on the stair; We miss thee at thine evening prayer; All day we miss thee, every where. Yet 'tis sweet balm to our despair, Fond, fairest boy! That Heaven is God's, and thou art there, With Him in joy; There past are death and all its woes; There beauty's stream for ever flows; And pleasure's day no sunset knows. Farewell, then—for a while farewell—Proud of my heart! It cannot be long that we dwell Thus torn apart, Time's shadows, like the shuttle, flee; And, dark how'er life's night may be, Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee. Knickerbocker.

From the Democratic Review.

Original Anecdotes of Washington.

During a protracted sojourn in the Old Dominion, immediately subsequent to the year 1802, I once took a leisurely tour to Mount Vernon, and thence to the birth place and other scenes of the early life of Washington, for the purpose, not only of gratifying my feelings by viewing places hallowed by the memory of a man whose name and deeds had, from my childhood, occupied so much space in my mind, but also to see what new incidents connected with his private character might yet be gleaned among the old inhabitants who had personally known him. And it was in this ramble, made interesting and pleasant from the nature of its object, and the attentions of the most hospitable people on earth, that I fell in with a venerable and highly intelligent relative of Washington, whom I soon found to be, from having lived much in the General's family, and acted for some years as his private secretary, a rich depository of what I was anxious to learn; and from him I obtained among many others that less interested me, the following reminiscences, which I believe, have never been published, but which may nevertheless be relied on as minutely correct.

by abstaining from the destruction of all animals, however inferior, whenever it could be done consistently with the safety and absolute wants of man, with unusual scrupulousness. As I was once walking with him over the grounds of Mount Vernon, a small snake, of a harmless species, appeared in our path. I instinctively lifted my heel to crush it, when he instantly caught my arm, and in a tone of earnest exhortation, exclaimed, 'Stay, sir! is there not room enough in the world for you and that harmless little reptile? Remember, that life is all—every thing to the creature, and cannot be unnecessarily taken without indirectly impugning its Creator, who bestowed it to be enjoyed with its appropriate pleasures, through its natural term of existence.'

of a plantation from General Washington to me, which I show you, not only as a curiosity of itself, but for the sake of introducing the pleasant little incident out of which it originated. Soon after leaving the General's employment, I chanced to be riding through the interior of Virginia, when I came across a deserted plantation, the situation and general appearance of which, though overrun with weeds and bushes, yet pleased me so much that I took the first opportunity to make some inquiries concerning its ownership, &c., and was told that it was supposed to belong to General Washington. The night after I reached home, I went to sleep thinking of this plantation, and wondering that I, who supposed I knew all Washington's lands, never heard of it before; when I happened, I know not why, to dream that the General made a present of it to me. The next day, as it further happened, I rode over to Mount Vernon, the General being then at home. After attending to the more immediate objects of my visit, I asked him if he owned such a plantation as the one I had seen, now describing it to him. At first he replied in the negative, but soon rising and going to consult a book in which he kept a record of all his deeds, he said he did own this tract of land, but though of value, he had entirely overlooked it for some years.

From the London Age. NAPOLEON AND HIS GENERALS. A LEGEND OF LAACKEN. 'Our Imperial Palace of the Laacken.—Emperor Napoleon. 'Honi soit qui maley pense.'—Edward the Fourth. 'It was in the summer of that year in which Dendermonde—no; but in which Europe was all but lost by the Allies, that the Emperor Napoleon was seated in the Grand Salon of the Laacken Palace, plying at 'vingt-et-un' with his Marshalls, while at an adjacent table the Empress Josephine was similarly engaged with the ladies of the Court. Some Chamberlains, and several Generals, were standing behind the ladies' and betting largely on the game rather than taking a principal part therein. Among the ladies was the beautiful wife of the Marshal S—, a woman whose personal loveliness, mental accomplishments, unsullied character, and genuine goodness of heart, were in a great measure tainted by her incorrigible love for the play. Immediately behind this lady's chair, and leaning a little over the back of it, stood a weather-beaten warrior, bronzed by the 'Sun of Austerlitz,' and with the breast one constellation of Stars. This was the future antagonist of Wellington at Vittoria, the Marshal Jourdan, whose fortune at the card-table was more propitious than his subsequent luck 'at the Game of Kings in Spain.'—Madame la Marechale S— was losing rapidly, for which amusement, indeed, the brilliant mad cap possessed a surprising talent. Jourdan on the contrary, was sweeping the Naps and double Naps from the table, for which pleasing operation he had frequently been obliged to pass his arm over the alabaster shoulders of Madame S—. At last he made more than an extraordinary haul, and in order to land the golden prey more expeditiously, he was obliged to use both hands, shovel-fashion. This he did; and now, when the richly laden hands were passing just over the Marechale's neck, some one touched rather smartly Jourdan's elbow—his hands separated, and the golden shower fell: not into the lap of this modern Danae, but between her stooping shoulders, where the corsage closed upon the treasure.

the golden shower. 'Quick, quick, Help me—make my toilet.' And without waiting for an answer, the fair Marechale, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, rapidly removed her neckerchief and sash. The astonished Abbe began to think he was in a dream. 'If Madame la Marechale will permit me to call her maids, stammered the old priest, going to the door. 'Not for the world! No one but you shall know where I shall find the money you want. Remove this pin! Very good. Now these books and eyes. Excellent.—Now this cordon de taille. Bon !' The poor Abbe trembled from head to foot. When the gown was loosened behind, he was going to cry, like braver men, 'Sauve qui peut!' and meditated a precipitate flight. His trials, however, were only beginning. 'Let us loose no time, my good friend, Undo this knot. Good! Now this other; and then; but hold! That will save time. Take these scissors and cut my stay-lace.' Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, poor old Desclairs had scarcely been more astounded. The old man changed color.—His knees trembled under him. A cold perspiration bedewed his venerable forehead, and his pale lips scarcely pronounced: 'Madame la Marechale must pardon me: it is utterly impossible I cannot.' 'What! not save the life and honor of your brother?' 'But what has the life or honor of my brother to do with—' 'Gold will save him, and in order to have that, you must loosen my corsage.—Here take the scissors. Be quick!' And he took the scissors with a trembling hand, and he cut too stay-lace, and immediately Jourdan's Napoleon's fell at the feet of the laughing kind-hearted woman. 'Bravo! bravo!' she exclaimed, clapping her hands, and throwing a Cachmere round her shoulders, 'eight Napoleons more than you want. Take them all—nay, not a word! And now to explain. This evening while seated at cards with the Emperor, Marshal Jourdan, by some gaucherie dropped the pieces between my shoulders. I have 24 hours to return them, and bless my stars for the Marshal's maladresse. But go at once and calm the mind of that young hair-brain. Spare not rebuke; overwhelm him with advice.—Alas! it is more easily given than received.'

Lieutenant Colonel. To-morrow I shall have the pleasure to present him to Madame.' Scandal is very busy in every part of the world, but beyond all question, Paris is her head quarters. The exclamation of Madame S— about her having killed young Desclairs, became, of course, the exhaustless subject of title and persiflage even in the highest circles. Some kind friend was even so very kind as to whisper the matter to Marechale S—, who knew perfectly well all about it. 'What very droll people those must be,' replied the brave veteran with a smile, 'who pretend to know better than I do myself about matters which affect me so vitally! Bah, bon jour!' To WASH WOOLEN GOODS.—The art of washing woolen goods so as to prevent them from shrinking, is one of the desiderata in domestic economy worthy of being recorded, and it is therefore with satisfaction that we explain this simple process to our readers. All descriptions of woolen goods should be washed in very hot water with soap, and as soon as the article is cleansed immerse it in cold water; let it then be wrung and hung up to dry. Wonderful Metamorphose. 'Well, Mr. Feildeman, what is your charge against this man?' said our excellent Mayor to a German watchman, who ushered up to the bar a small individual in a thin summer suit. 'I charges him for making a wool of me,' answered Mr. Feildeman. 'Making a wool of you! how was that?' 'Vy I saw a voooman go into the alley of von house, and I waited and vatched till I see her come out, and ven she did come out, she vasn't there, not a bit of her; for ven I cotched hold of her,—I found it was dis blamed veller himself.' 'Can't say that I understand you exactly.—You saw a woman go into the alley.'—'Yaw; and ven she come out, I cotched hold of her,—bote she vas gone, and dis veller was dare in her place.' 'Was there more than one person in the alley?' 'Oh no,—only bote von. She went up into de pack yard of de house, and ven she come out, she vasn't dare, not a bit, vor I cotch hold of her and found it was dis veller.' 'Well, this is mysterious. What is your name Sir?'—(to the prisoner.) 'Mary Williams, (in a soft, subdued voice.) 'Mary! well, what are you doing in that dress?' 'Why, Sir,' answered the disguised Mary, blushing and stammering,—'I had this suit on a bundle, and to scare my cousin Sarah, I went into the yard to put it on, and then come out to knock at the door, when the watchman nabbed me.' 'As if her cousin could be scared mit a pair of breeches!' observed Mr. Feildeman. 'I knew there was nobody at home but herself,' said Mary, 'and I intended to have some fun; that's the whole truth of it.' 'And sure enough, you had some fun,' facetiously remarked Mr. Feildeman, in allusion to Mary's night in the watch-house. After a severe rebuke, the sportive young lady was sent down below, and advised to tend after her female apparel, and to abstain from all such dangerous frolics for the time to come. Having promised, with many tears to take this counsel, she soon after went into a private apartment, and dressed herself more becomingly, when she re-appeared in the form of a very pretty girl, and left the office looking rather uncomfortable, as well she might, after such a mortifying adventure. [It may be proper to remark, that we have not given the real name of the poor girl, who was sufficiently punished for her imprudence, without having her nocturnal adventure made public.]—Evening Mercury. CONNET.—William Cobbett showed no small exultation in recapitulating the naval victories of the Americans. He was one day speaking somewhat boldly on the subject in the presence of an English officer who pettishly observed, 'There is a good reason for it. I went on board their man of war after our defeat and found half their sailors were English.' And had you not all English! A young clergyman, who found it impossible to provide for his family, with his very slender income wrote to his friend—'Dear Frank, I must part with my living to save my life.'

SHOPPING.

An unhappy 'dry-goods' clerk gives vent to his sorrows in a long communication to the Norfolk Beacon. When he comes to descend upon the trouble ladies give him by asking for every thing but what they want, his griefs overcome him, and his soul gushes forth in poetical numbers. My friend 'Bon' told me (other day a most irresistible creature glided up to his counter, whose movements were so gentle that she appeared the impersonification of some angel vision he has often seen revel through his midnight fancy. When, after the usual salutations were exchanged: Goods after goods were exposed to her view, Prints, laces and silks—at her call: Thirty patterns she took, the Lord knows for what! When the strings of her huge indispensible drew, With the prices of each marked on all. Have you any gloves? (said, the question she made.) Those for gentlemen quickly were shown—'Ladies', sir, if you please'—and long whites were employed; 'O, the short ones'—short English before her were laid; But—Lord! French, sir, was the tune. French kid, still unmoved, Bobby drew from a case, Where they lay packed supinely together; But soon had to wish them back in their place, When for Silk, she exclaimed with a wonderful face, Silk—Lord bless me! you see these are leather! Bobby now stood agast—twenty other the while R'ard for goods like a battling host—The counter was heaped to a terrible pile; His countenance lost its accustomed smile, And his patience gave up the ghost. M. M. ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.—The annexed morceau was copied from the original notice on board the steambot William Caldwell, which plies on Lake George. The placard hung directly above the 'backs' containing the 'snakes': A Rattled Snake too be Shod.—These history off this snail is as follows, here was ketch on tunc mounting by a poore man with a large fammily being sicka yer old and very venomous he is now in a backs and cant hurt no body, which is much better than too bee runnin wilde cause hee don't want too eat nothin. Admittance is sickpents for them what please to pay it, and thripents for them what out, a libberal redueccion for fammeless for more partickulare please to call on OLD DICK, T. N. Take notias it was the poore man and not the snack that had a large fammily.