

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.

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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.



Verses suggested by a conversation respecting the astonishing rate at which steam-carriages are expected to go, and the consequent march of refinement.

An Exquisite of the Year 1840, at Breakfast

Tell John to set the kettle on— I mean to take a drive— I only want to go to Rome, And shall be back at five. Tell Cook to dress those humming-birds, I eat in Mexico; They've now been killed at least two days, They'll be a peu trop haut. I'll try that wine, a la rose, Just brought from Ipswich; How could those Gofus of other times Endure that vile Champagne! The trip I took the other day To breakfast in the Moon— Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellaire, Has spoiled my new balloon. For steering through the Milky-Way, He ran against a star; And tumbled round again too soon, Came jolt against my ear. Such fellows ought to keep below, And never venture there; If he's so clumsy, he should go By no way but the bear. My steam is surely up by now— Put the high pressure on— Give me the "through bug" for the way— All right—hey—whizz—I'm gone!

EPICRAM—ON WOMEN. Women were born so fate declares, To smooth our linen and our cares; And 'tis but just, for by thy tooth, They're very apt to ruffle both.

THE COQUETTE REPROVED. 'Tis strange that I remain a maid, Though fifty swains have homage paid; The reason you have told," says Fanny, "You just had forty-nine too many!"

ON A BANDY. "A bandy is a chap that would Be a young lady, if he could; But as he can't, show all he can To show the world he's not a man!"

THE REASON WHY PENNSYLVANIA WAS SETTLED. Penn refused to pull his hat off Before the king, and therefore sat off Another country to fight for on, Where he might worship with his hat on.

A DELICATE OPERATION was performed by Professor Blakey, at Newark, N. J., a few days ago. The subject operated upon was a lady, whose mouth, owing to some disease of an inflammatory character, had grown together, leaving merely on the right side, an opening of about half an inch, rendered her, without great inconvenience, incapable of receiving sustenance sufficient to nourish life. Prof. B. proceeded to remove a portion of the adhering flesh, and afterwards bringing together the inner and outer portion of the newly formed lips, which, with the addition of a few stitches, completed the operation.

THE OHIO LUNATIC ASYLUM.—The report of the Superintendent of the Ohio Lunatic Asylum for 1843, represents that the number of patients admitted during the past year was 65, and the number of inmates 207; the number discharged 90. During the five years' existence of this institution, 473 insane persons have been restored to their right reason and returned to their friends. Yet 315 persons from Ohio have been denied for want of room.

WATER-PROOF BOOTS.—Take three ounces of spermaceti and melt it in an earthen vessel over a slow fire; add six drachms of lard, cut in slices, and these will presently dissolve. Then add scruple of tallow eight ounces, amber varnish four ounces. Mix, and it will be fit for use immediately. Give two or three coats, with a common blacking-brush, and a fine polish is the result.

A NOBLE DEED.—It is stated that "during the last earthquake at Point au Petre, a gentleman was rescued from death by the heroic efforts of a slave. He was instantly offered a handsome reward for his humanity. "No, no," said the generous fellow—"nothing for money to-day—all for the love of God!" History scarcely records a nobler sentiment. The Colonial Council voted him 2,000 francs, 1,500 to purchase his freedom, and 500 for an outfit in his new career.

Dandies with immense whiskers, and an arch of bristles over the mouth, belong to hairy-stock-racy!

THARDOWSKI, THE POLISH ENCHANTER.

Translated from the German, BY JOHN OXFORD.

Thardowski was a noble, both on the father's and mother's side. He wished to be wiser than other honest people, and endeavored to discover a medicine against death, for he did not like the thought of dying.

He once read in an old book how the devil could be raised. About midnight he privately left Caracow, where, through the whole city he had successfully practised as a doctor, and went to Podgorze, where he began to invoke the evil one. The devil appeared, and they made a contract with each other, as was then the custom. The evil one leaned against the wall of a rock and wrote on his knees a long document, which Thardowski signed with his own blood.

In this contract, among many other conditions, was one that the devil should neither have claim to the body or soul of Thardowski till he should catch him at Rome. Thardowski was empowered to treat the evil one as his servant, and therefore he immediately ordered him to collect all the silver in Poland in one heap, and to cover it up with great layers of sand. The faithful servant obeyed, and it is to this silver that the famous mines of Otkurz owe their origin. He then ordered him to place a lofty mountain on the Sanffels, with the broad end at the top and the point at bottom. The obedient servant placed the mountain as he was told, where it stands at the present day under the name of the Polkafels.

Thus all happened to his wish. Now he rode on a painted horse,—now he flew about without wings,—now he rode on a cock, and hunted through the air,—now he entered a boat with his mistress, and went up the stream, without sail or oar,—now he took a burning glass in his hand and set towns and villages on fire a hundred miles off.

Once he became enamored of a fair girl; he wished to marry her, but the girl set a condition on her favours. She kept an animal in a bottle, and required every one of her suitors to guess what it was. Thardowski disguised himself as a beggar, and thus went to the girl. She showed him the bottle at a distance, asking him, "Smoke, or worm, what can it be? He that tells shall marry me!"

Thardowski answered: "It is a bee gracious lady!" And so it really was, and on the day following the wedding was solemnized.

Thardowski's wife built herself a little cottage in the market place at Caracow, and there sold pots and dishes. Every day her husband went by as a rich man, with a large retinue, and made his servants destroy her wares. And when the woman in her rage, cursed all the world, he sat in his carriage and laughed with all his might.

Gold he had as the sand in the sea, for the devil was obliged to bring him as much as he wanted. Once he came to a dark wood, and finding himself alone he sank into deep reflection. Suddenly the evil one appeared, and demanded, somewhat fiercely, (for Thardowski had forgotten his magic apparatus,) that he should immediately go to Rome. By the power of his words, Thardowski, enraged, put the devil to flight; but the latter gushing his teeth into a pine tree cut of the earth by the roots, and flung it with such a force at the noble's feet that he broke his right leg. Thardowski continued lame from that time, and was generally called the "Limp."

The devil at last grew weary of the services which he had to render every hour, and therefore devised a stratagem. He took the form of a court-servant, and requested Thardowski as a physician of repute, to hasten to the assistance of his master, who was laboring under a mortal sickness. The magician followed the messenger into the neighboring village, in which there was an inn bearing the name of "City of Rome."

Scarcely had he passed the threshold of the inn, than a multitude of owls and ravens flew upon the roof, and filled the air with ill-nounced cries.

Thardowski at once perceived the danger of his situation; trembling, he took out of his cradle a little newly-christened child, and walked up and down the room with it. The devil, in his proper shape, then rushed in, and, although he was smartly dressed, having on a three-cornered hat, a German frock, a waistcoat which reached far over his belly, and shoes with silver buckles and silken ties, he was at once recognised by all, for horns projected from under his hat, and long claws from his shoes, while a queue was visible behind.

He wished to carry off Thardowski at once, but a great difficulty presented itself—namely, the little innocent child to which he had no right. After a long pause he approached the magician and said:

"This is really a Polish legend, and the man to whom it refers is celebrated in Poland. He is supposed to have lived about the sixteenth century.—J. O.

Quid cogitas, domine Thardowski! An necesse praeta nostra? Verbum nobile debet esse stabile."

Thardowski saw that, as a noble, he could not break his word, so he again laid the child in the cradle, and went off through the chimney with his comrade. The owls and ravens set up a cry for joy. The pair ascended higher and higher, but Thardowski did not lose his presence of mind. He looked down, and the grey earth was spread before him. At last he came so high that the villages appeared as only little gnats, the towns as flies, and Caracow only a bigger than two spiders. His heart became sorrowful, for he felt he was leaving all that was dear to him, and as he came higher, where neither a vulture nor an eagle of the Carpathians stirred the air with its wings, when his look scarcely sufficed to reach the earth, he raised his voice for the last time, and sang a hymn—

one of those which in early youth, when he was ignorant of magic arts, and his soul was spotless and innocent, he had composed in honor of the Virgin, and sung daily. His voice was dispersed in the air, though he sang with full heart, while the shepherds who tended their flocks on the mountains looked upon him, as they did not know what cloud had sent them the words of the pious song; for the voice of the magician did not rise upwards, but descended to the earth to improve the heart of man.

He sang the hymn to the end, and saw, to his astonishment, that he rose no more, but remained in mid air as if fast nailed. He looked around; his comrade had vanished, he only heard a loud voice above him, which said: "Thus shalt thou hang till the last day—between heaven and earth."

And thus he really hangs to the present time, and although the words have died from his lips and none can now hear his voice, it is but a few years since the old people, when the full moon was shining with all its brightness, pointed out a little speck in the sky, which they called was the body of our enchanter.

What do you think master Thardowski? Do you not know our contract? A noble's word ought to be inviolable.

A comparison of the numerous towers of Caracow with the web of a spider is common with the Polish people.

From a late London paper. More Churchyard Outrages.

Not more than a week has elapsed since the disgraceful proceedings that took place in Portugal street burial-ground were exposed, when the body of Mr. Jacob Barns was forced like a dog's into a hole and covered with a sprinkling of earth. Yesterday there was, if possible, a greater outrage perpetrated upon the dead in "St. Martin's green ground," Drury lane, when Mr. Foster, of No. 1 Chapel-court, Long-acre, was interred in that burial-ground. In consequence of the occurrence in Portugal-street burial-ground, Mr. Francis Sloman and Mr. John Curtis, at the desire of the deceased's family visited the ground before the funeral train left the house. Upon reaching the ground they found that the depth of the grave was not more than two feet and a half.

They observed to the grave diggers that deceased's relatives would not allow him to be buried in such a grave. "Won't they?" observed the man, "then if they do not, here is a coffin," pointing to one under their feet, "which we must remove," and putting the action to the word, they sent the pickaxe into the coffin, taking off the lid and exposing the mortal remains of its pale tenant. They then put the axe under the coffin, which they thus overturned, throwing out the corpse, and smashing and mixing it up with the clay. They then threw up the coffin, and whirled it away, for the purpose, as alleged by parties on the ground, of burning it; after which they returned to their work and shovelled up the flesh and bones which they had mixed with the clay.

After they had cleared that away, the friends of the deceased observed that even then the grave was not sufficient deep. "Oh," rejoined the grave diggers, "if that is the case, there are two other coffins underneath which we will also remove, and as we have made a beginning we will go on." Satisfied that they would thus deepen the grave, the friends of the deceased returned to the house for the purpose of accompanying the funeral procession to the churchyard. Upon reaching the latter place they were convinced, from the depth of the grave, that the two coffins and their contents were treated like the first. The widow and children of the deceased, hearing how the three other bodies had been outraged, expressed their fears that deceased's coffin and body would be also broken up when want of room required it. Their fears had such an effect upon them that they could be scarcely induced to leave the burial-ground, which they, however, at length did, crying and screaming most distressingly. The lid of one of the coffins broken up bore the date of 1837.

There is a man down East who celebrates his birthday by paying for his newspapers.

Broken Promises, Matrimony and Law.

A very peculiar case was tried in the Circuit Court, New York, this week. It was a suit brought against a lady for a breach of promise, reversing the usual practice in such cases, where the lady is always the complainant and asks a pecuniary penalty for her lacerated affections. The action was brought by one Willis Cutler, a canon, against Dr. Joel S. Oatman, for a breach of a marriage promise by Mrs. Oatman to the said canon. Mrs. O., it appears, when Cutler first knew her, was a widow Coles, daughter of the late John Pyer, Esq., who died last August, leaving a property of \$100,000. Cutler is a widower, aged forty, who became acquainted with Mrs. O. in 1841, and was very assiduous in his attentions to her for two months, until she went to live with her father until his death in 1842. During those two months, it was contended for the plaintiff that an acquaintance had been formed, had been warmed into intimacy, and ripened into love, and that an engagement of marriage had been the result. They met twice afterwards, but it was under circumstances not at all propitious to the widower's wooing. The testimony was very voluminous, but the Tribune gives a condensed history of the case. In support of the allegation, the principal witnesses were a Mr. and Mrs. Caniff, who testified that Cutler frequently visited Mrs. Coles, (every night,) was the repeated assertion of Mrs. Caniff,—that he spent his evenings there, staying often to a late hour; and once, they both testify, he was shown to the door by her at 2 o'clock in the morning. Caniff testified that he once saw Cutler put his arm around Mrs. Coles' waist, but that she repudiated the liberty. He once heard her say that she thought Cutler would provide a good living for a wife, and again, that when she married Cutler, she would have some alteration in his household.

On the part of the defence, it was contended that there was never any promise or intention of marriage on the part of Mrs. Coles, though she for a short time received the attentions of her neighbor with civility; but that the whole affair had been got up by Mrs. Caniff, whose intimacy with the plaintiff was very close and questionable, who attempted first to manage a match between the prospective heiress and her particular friend; that for this end was Cutler brought to the house, and his suit pushed forward by the united efforts of the scheming parties; and that finally, when Mrs. Coles left the premises and ultimately married another man, the direction of the conspiracy was changed into an attempt to extort money from her who had escaped their matrimonial snares. It was contended that their testimony that Cutler spent "every night," or anything like it, with Mrs. Coles, was contradicted by his notorious and proved habit of spending most of his evenings and many of his entire nights in gambling, and that their assertion that Mrs. Coles, a delicate and refined woman, of most unimpaired character, had permitted Cutler to remain in her room till 2 o'clock in the morning, or anything like it, was—though, from the nature of the case, impossible to be met by direct testimony—absolutely incredible, and abundantly refuted by the whole life of Mrs. Coles and her conduct toward Cutler throughout.

In support of the view of the case, it was proved that Cutler, beside being very intimate with the Caniffs at their house, and Mrs. Caniff at his own, was the gaming confederate of Caniff at the Pouchboxes, who spent with him at the gaming table, and divided winnings with him. Cutler, during the pendency of his alleged promise, used to call another person his "lovely woman," and her brother his brother-in-law; and in like manner talked of several different women, (as sworn to by different witnesses,) each as soon to become his wife. He appears to have been fond of the ladies generally, and as fond of talking of as with them. Another witness testified that when he joked Mrs. Coles about plaintiff, she denied that there was any truth in the reports, and asked if he supposed she would marry an ugly old fellow like Cutler, with six children. But another fact, which probably weighed with the jury, was that Cutler eight days after Mrs. C.'s marriage, took a wife himself. On the 11th day of February, 1843, Mrs. Coles gave her hand to Dr. Oatman; and on the eighth day thereafter, Mr. Willis Cutler likewise united himself in matrimony with a Miss Curtis, and on the second day following (Feb. 24th, 1843) commenced this suit against Dr. Oatman and lady, for her alleged breach of promise.

Judge Kent presented the testimony on both sides, and committed the case unqualifiedly to the judgement of the jury. If they believed there had been a solemn engagement to marry, and that it was broken off by Mrs. Coles without sufficient cause, they must find for the plaintiff in such an amount of damages as should to them appear reasonable; otherwise for the defendants. The jury retired about three o'clock on Thursday, and in a few minutes returned a verdict for the defendants.—Phil. Ledger.

The Divorce of Napoleon.

A work just published, MENEVAL'S SOUVENIRS HISTORIQUES OF NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE, gives for the first time, the reasons assigned for allowing the divorce. A *senatus consultum* it says, had declared the marriage between Napoleon and the Empress Josephine to be dissolved. After some explanations, the official authorities at Paris annulled the religious bond. The civil act of the first marriage contained clauses of nullity which would have sufficed to authorize its rupture, but the idea of taking advantage of these defects, which would have wounded the Emperor's dignity, did not even present itself to his mind. The two witnesses were M. Camelet, a friend of the Beauharnais family, and Captain Lemarois, General Bonaparte's aid-de-camp. The latter was a minor born in 1776; he was scarcely 20 years of age in 1796, the period of the marriage. The age of the parties had not been accurately stated. The civil act had not been executed with an irregularity which might be excused by the negligence which prevailed at that period. The production of copies of registers of the birth of the parties had not been required, or those documents were but superficially examined. General Bonaparte was described as having been born on the 5th of February, 1768, although he really came into the world on the 15th of August, 1769. This fact no doubt was the foundation for the statement made by some biographers that Napoleon was born before the union of Corsica with France. Was the enunciation of this date the effect of forgetfulness or carelessness on the part of General Bonaparte's agent, or did the General desire, by making himself 18 months older, to approach his age to that of Madame de Beauharnais, who on her side made a step towards his! The date of the 5th of February is not that of the birth of any of his brothers. At the conclusion of the mournful ceremony, which dissolved the bonds which had Josephine borne children would have been as their lives, the ex-Empress withdrew to her apartment and the Emperor returned to his study, silent and sad. He threw himself on the sofa in a state of complete prostration. He remained there some moments, his head reclining on his hand, and when he rose his features were distorted. Orders had been previously given to proceed to Trionon. When it was announced to him that his carriage was ready, he took his hat, and said, "Meneval, come with me."

I followed him by the winding staircase, which led from his study to the apartment of the Empress. That Princess was alone, and appeared to be overwhelmed with most painful reflections. At the noise caused by our entrance she quickly raised and threw herself sobbing on the Emperor's neck, who held her to his breast and embraced her several times, but, overcome by her emotions, she fainted. I hastened to ring for assistance. The Emperor, wishing to avoid the renewal of a scene of grief which it was not in his power to calm, placed the Empress in my arms when he perceived her beginning to recover her senses, and charging me not to leave her, he withdrew rapidly by the drawing rooms of the ground floor, at the door of which his carriage was awaiting for him. Josephine immediately perceived that the Emperor had retired, and her sobs and moans increased. Her female attendants, who had entered the apartment, laid her on a couch, where they carefully attended her. In her agony, she seized my hands, anxiously besought me to tell the Emperor not to forget her, and to assure him that her attachment would survive all contingencies. She made me promise to send her news of the Emperor from Trionon, and to take care that he should write to her. It was with difficulty that she suffered me to leave her, as if my absence was about to burst the last link by which she still held the Emperor. I quitted her much affected at the sight of such unfeigned grief, and at such sincere attachment. I was profoundly grieved during my journey, and could not but deplore the rigorous exigencies of politics, which so violently burst asunder the links of a well tried affection in order to impose another upon, which offered but an uncertain chance of happiness.—London paper.

MYSTERIES OF PARIS.—There is said to be an old brewery somewhere in this city, says the N. York Gazette—we believe in Crosby street—which has three stories under ground and six above, and contains a population of about fifteen hundred souls! among whom nearly all the modern languages are spoken.

A HINT.—The last London Punch has the following palpable hit at poor Pennsylvania. GOOD NEWS FOR THE WASTE-PAPER DEALERS.—The State of Pennsylvania intends issuing some more heads at the earliest possible opportunity.

The elephant, in a wild state, is so strictly wedded to its mate, that when one of a pair dies or is captured, the other is driven from the herd, and in this state of banishment, becomes miserably irritable and vicious, and exceedingly dangerous of approach.

THALES, ONE OF THE WISE MEN OF GREECE.—A sophist, wishing to puzzle him with difficult questions, the sage Milesus replied to them all without the least hesitation, and with the utmost precision.

What is the oldest of all things? God, because he has always existed.

What is the most beautiful? The World, because it is the work of God.

What is the greatest of all things? Space, because it contains all that has been created.

What is the most constant of all things? Hope, because it still remains with man, after he has lost every thing else.

What is the best of all things? Virtue, because without it there is nothing good.

What is the quickest of all things? Thought, because in less than a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.

What is the strongest? Necessity, which makes man face all the dangers of life.

What is the easiest? To give advice.

What is the most difficult? To know yourself.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—Not many years ago a man appeared in court, whether as plaintiff, defendant, or witness, tradition does not inform us. Be this as it may the following dialogue ensued: Court.—What is your name, sir. Answer.—My name is Knott Martin, your honor.

C. Well, what is it? A. It is Knott Martin.

C. "Not Martin," again! We don't ask you what your name is not, but what it is. No contempt of Court, sir!

A. If your honor will give me leave I'll spell my name.

C. Well spell it. A. K n o t t a b l e t, K n o t t, m a r, m a r, t i n, t i n, Martin.—Knott Martin.

C. O, very well, Mr. Martin, we see through it now; but it is one of the most knotty cases we have had before us for some time.—Yeoman's Gaz.

Willis says that a respectable funeral in New York costs from two to eight hundred dollars, being rather more expensively done in New York and Boston than in any other city except New Orleans, where they say a man may afford to live, who cannot afford to die.

Sir Walter Scott said seriously, in his autobiography, "through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered at my own ignorance."

THE TEST FOR A DRUNKEN MAN.—The N. O. Picayune states, that a witness in Court being asked whether a man on trial was drunk or not, replied, that "he never would say a man was drunk for certain, except he saw him try to light his pipe in the river."

Rousseau tells us that to write a good letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have said.

Some literary ladies being asked how they could be sufficiently interested in astronomy to spend so much time in watching the heavens, replied "that they had a curiosity to see whether there was really a MAN in the moon."

DANCING.—A young man who had attended more to the cultivation of his heels than his mind, flatters himself that he could better his condition by shaking his feet, rather than an empty skull, issued the following proposals:—"DAN SING SKULL.

Miss Ter lightfoot proposes to open a dancing school in which that delugeant dart will be torn in the new west fashion. Lad dies and gentleman has no sea fight to patron eyes him in his under toke in will please to sin three names to this paper. Skull toe be open as sun as tween tea sinners do sin.

COST OF A WATCH.—During the war of 1796, a sailor went into a watchmaker's in the city of New York, and handed out a small French watch to an ingenious artist demanding how much the repair would come to. The watchmaker looking at it, said it would cost him more in the repairs than the original purchase.—"Oh! if that's all, I don't mind that," replied the sailor, "I will even give double the original cost, for I have a veneration for the watch." "What might you have given for it," inquired the watchmaker. "Why," said Jack, twitching his trousers. "I gave a French fellow a knock on the head for it, and if you'll repair it, I'll give you two."

RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.—A negro having purchased a hat, was observed to take it from his head on the fall of a shower of rain, and to manifest considerable alarm to preserve it from the wet. On being remonstrated with for his supposed stupidity in thus leaving his head exposed he wittily observed, "That belong to me—head belong to massa."