

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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MUSICAL MNEMONICS.  
Many a student in music, we doubt not, have experienced the difficulty of retaining in their memories the several keys, the knowledge of which is so essential in order to make any proficiency in the science. To such we think, the following scale will afford considerable assistance:

A's a major key three sharps will tell,  
The minor A is natural;  
And A flat major all will say,  
With four flats ever we must play.  
With major B five sharps are sent,  
B minor is with two content;  
The B flat major two flats place,  
With B flat minor five flats trace,  
To prove our maxim plain and true,  
C's major key we natural view;  
C's minor C three flats attend,  
And C sharp minor four friend.  
The major D two sharps doth crave,  
The minor D one flat will have;  
With flat D major five are told,  
With sharp D minor six behold.  
With major E four sharps must come,  
The minor E has only one.  
To E flat major three flats fix,  
And E flat minor must have six.  
F's major key has one poor flat,  
The minor F has four times that.  
For F sharp major six sharps score,  
To F sharp minor three—no more.  
G's major key with one sharp make,  
G's minor key two flats will take.  
To G sharp minor five sharps name,  
And G flat minor six flats claim.

### All the John Smiths are not Dead yet, WRITTEN FOR THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

The following comedy of errors was enacted in a Court of Quarter Sessions in the West, a few weeks since.

The Clerk of the Court called over the names of twelve jurors. Two answered to that rare and romantic name—JOHN SMITH.

The clerk well knowing that there was one certain John Smith, if indeed any John Smith can be certain, returned by the Sheriff as a Petit juror, took it for granted that John Smith had answered twice to his name, and that by some mistake he, the clerk, had written a duplicate of the name of John Smith.

Proceeding upon his absurd hypothesis namely, that there could only be one John Smith on a venire, or in a box, he after a while succeeded admirably in bewildering himself and every body else.

Clerk—If the Court please, there is one juror wanting.

Court—We have counted the Jury, and there are twelve men in the box.

Clerk—Some man must have got into the box by mistake who is not a juror.

Court—Call their names.

Clerk—Gentlemen of the Jury, please to answer to your names.

Here he called them over again, and the two indomitable John Smiths answered to their names like men.

Clerk—There must be something wrong, here?

Court—How many John Smiths are in the box?

"One" answered the two John Smiths simultaneously, for they were strangers to each other, and from the noise of the Court-room, and the crowd of escaped observation that there were two John Smiths, and the John Smiths did not know it themselves.

Court—Send for the Sheriff! (enter Sheriff.)  
Court continues, 'Bring your list of jurors (ill we compare it with the clerk's list.)'  
'Sheriff—(Perusing his list) 'If the Court please there is but one John Smith here.'

About this time a constable bawled out, 'Clear the way for the Grand Jury!' And in the bustle and noise of their approach one of the John Smiths slipped out of the Petit jury box quietly and unobserved, and seated himself to the back row of the Grand Jurors.

Clerk—There are, as I said before, only 11 jurors in the box, and two of them I think must be John Smiths.

Court—There are twelve, sir! I counted them, and if there are more John Smiths than one, then there are thirteen jurors in the box, as a matter of course.

Clerk—Their voices are wonderfully alike.

Court—It is impossible there should be more than one John Smith in the box, as there are but one on the Sheriff's list of jurors; call them again.

Here the clerk called them over again, and although there were but eleven jurors in the box, one of whom was a veritable John Smith who was so obfuscated with what had transpired that he answered to the name twice, and as he felt that the matter was becoming personal, he answered with tremendous vociferation, and

highly excited. If he thought that a loud answer would clear up the mystery he was very much mistaken.

Here outspoke an attorney who thought himself very wise, and said as the name of John Smith was a very common name, he had no doubt there were two men of the same name in the box.

Court—Sheriff, who summoned these jurors.  
Sheriff—My deputy, John Smith.  
Attorney General—Is there no end to human calamities?

Here an unfledged attorney who had read Shakespeare, more than Blackstone or the Bible, exclaimed, 'I could not this believe without the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes, and I may add, ears.'

About this time the Attorney General's eye (who was growing very impatient) happened to glid the forehead of a young member of the bar who had responded from his youth upwards to the multitudinous name of John Smith, when the former broke out upon him with a jumble of misquotations.

'Abjure thy country and swear thy name,  
'Let thy pernicious name stand aye, accused  
'in the catalogue.'

Court—We are making no progress in this affair.

Clerk—What, supposing I call all the names in the box except John Smiths?

Court—go on.

The clerk called all the names except John Smiths, and there were only ten jurors in the box, barring the Smiths.

Clerk—I told your Honor before that there were but eleven jurors in the box.

Court—(Counting the jurors, and elevating his dexter fore-finger at each individual he counted.) It is even so; there were twelve before. Lucifer has dropped into the box, in the shape of a John Smith, and vanished again without leaving the smell of brimstone behind him. (Court continues.) Let all the John Smiths empannelled in the petit jury box stand up; and accordingly one very diminutive individual shot up, his head scarcely taller than those of the other sitting members.

At this crisis, a very good looking man upon the jury, after looking carefully around him, told the Court there were two different and distinct jurors who answered to the name of John Smith, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

'Silence, sir!' interposed the Court, but the remark had its weight with the Court for all that; as the Court had affirmed before there were twelve jurors in the box, and afterwards acknowledged there were but eleven.

Court—Sir, are you a veritable John Smith?  
John Smith—If it please your Honor, I don't understand 'veritable'?

Court—You don't! Is your baptismal name John? Are you John Smith?  
John Smith—May it please the Court, I never was baptized.

Court—This is no time to trifle with the Court—you don't understand 'veritable'!—Do you understand 'keelhaul'?(The Court had been a sailor once.)

John Smith—No sir.  
Court—Well if all the John Smiths were keel-hauled, as they ought to be, they would be baptised with a witness. Answer this question, sir! is your name John Smith?

John Smith—I am so flabbergasted that I hardly know my own name from any other body's; I believe my name is John Smith. I could not conscientiously swear to it.

Court—What is your trade, occupation, calling, report?

John Smith—I am a gunsmith!  
Attorney General—'He is a son of a gun!'

Court—Are you not a nephew of old John Cannon, of Cyres township?

John Smith—Yes sir.  
Court (nudging)—'The family has degenerated wonderfully; he is a mere pistol. Sheriff, stand nearer to the juror, or he will go off like his invisible namesake.'

Attorney General—'The Court had better discharge him.'

Court—Sit down, John Smith. Clerk, see to the Grand Jury—they are coming in.'

Clerk—Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, have you any bills?

Foreman—I hold some bills in my hand, but we have no quorum. Upon calling the names in the Grand Jury room, the right John Smith was absent, and the John Smith as he calls himself, and fancies himself a Grand Juror, is not one at all; he is a stranger to me.' (Grand Jury here retired, but John Smith went with them, and succeeded in persuading them that he was a Grand Juror.)

About this time the little John Smith bustled up, and manifested a desire to go with the Grand Jury, when the Court interposed.

Court—John Smith, are you a Grand Juror?  
John Smith—I don't know, sir; I am a Juror!

Court—From what township?  
John Smith—'Moon!'

Court—I thought so. You have moon-stricken the whole of us!

Constable—'Make way for the Grand Jury.'  
Clerk—'Gentlemen of the Grand—'  
Court—'Call over their names.' And the names were called; and the last man who answered to his name was John Smith.

Clerk—'May it please the Court, the Grand Jury has a quorum now with John Smith.'  
Foreman—'Here are six true bills, and four ignoramuses.'

Sheriff—'If it please the court, I think the last John Smith that answered to his name in the grand jury box is a petit juror, from Middlesex township. I know him—he makes rifles for shooting matches.'

Court—'He has rifled us out of a days work already. Call another petit juror, and let us proceed to business.'

Attorney General—'If the Court please I now see a doubtful twilight dawning on the mystery; we have the corporeal John Smiths here, but I think they are each in the wrong box.'

Court—'Sheriff, bring in your list of Grand and Petit Jurors. And he brought in two boards with the names of the Jurors pasted on, which looked like two tombstones inscribed with eulogies written in short metre. The Court carefully read the lists of the Sheriff, from which it appeared that little John Smith of Moon, was a Grand Juror, and John Smith of Middlesex, who had usurped the Grand Jury box, was a Petit Juror. The township alone from whence they came could distinguish between the two John Smiths, gunsmiths.

Clerk—'John Smith of Moon, you may retire, sir, John Smith of Middlesex, you may retire, sir.'

The two John Smiths would have retired in the arms of Zimmerman, and remained in solitude for ever, had not the Court interposed, and said in a loud voice, 'John Smith of Moon, go into the Grand Jury box. John Smith of Middlesex, go into the Petit Jury box. Why, indictments and verdicts are worth nothing with such strange mistakes.'

The John Smiths exchanged places, when the Court said, as well it might—'Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, you had the wrong John Smith with you, and therefore had no quorum. Take back the indictments to your room.'

Attorney General—'I think we may proceed to business now!'

Court—'What is the first cause?'

Attorney General—'COMMONWEALTH vs. JNO. SMITH, for assault and battery with intent to kill.'

Court—'Don't make merry with our miseries.'

Attorney General—'There is the indictment—read it for yourselves.'

Court—Continue his case, increase his bail double his recognizance! The name, the name alone ought to be an indictable offence. Who is his bail?

Attorney General—'John Smith!'

Court—'Adjourn the Court!'

JOHN SMITH.

Pittsburg, March 3, 1844.

DISCONTENT.—How universal it is. We never knew the man who would say 'I am contented.' Go where you will, among the rich or the poor, the man of competence or the man who earns his bread by the daily sweat of his brow you hear the sound of murmuring and voice of complaint. The other day we stood by a cooper who was playing a merry tune with an adze, round a cask. 'Ah!' sighed he, 'mine is a hard lot—for ever trotting round like a dog, driving away at a hoop.' 'Heigh ho!' sighed a blacksmith, in one of the hot days, as he wiped away the perspiration from his brow, while his red hot iron glowed on his anvil, 'this is life with a vengeance—melting and frying one's self over the fire.' 'Oh, that I was a carpenter!' ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lap-stone, 'here I am day after day, working my soul away in making soles for others, coked up in a little seven by nine room. 'I am sick of this out-door work,' exclaims the carpenter, broiling and sweltering under the sun, or exposed to the inclemency of the weather, 'if I was only a tailor.' 'This is too bad,' perpetually cries the tailor, 'to be compelled to sit perched up here, plying the needle all the while—would that mine was a more active life.' 'Last day of grace—the banks won't discount—customers won't pay—what shall I do?' grumbles the merchant, 'I had rather be a truck-horse, a dog, anything!' 'H—ppp fellows,' groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case or pores over some dry record, 'the ppp fellows! I had rather hammer stone, than cudgel my brains on this tedious, vexatious question.' And through all the ramifications of society, all are complaining of their condition—finding fault with their peculiar calling. 'If I were only this, or that, or the other, I should be content,' is the universal cry, 'any thing but what I am.' So it will wag.

Advice to Apprentices and Shop Boys.  
As soon as you leave school and decide on a profession, learn to chew tobacco. No young man's education is finished without this accomplishment. Commence with what is called "nigger-head." It is the strongest and most offensive kind of tobacco, and when you can chew it without nausea, no other kind will sicken you. Tobacco increases the saliva, and nothing is more elegant than to see a young man squirting the yellow juice every moment from his mouth.

Once used to chewing, begin to smoke, and so arrange it, as to have your cheek crammed with a huge quid, or a "long nine" thrust from between your lips. Either gives a decided emphatic expression to the countenance, and it will go far to convince men, that though young you know a thing or two and are 'one of 'em.'

Learn to swear, of course, but do not practice in public, until you can roll out oaths in a full sonorous tone. If you swear timidly or with a faltering voice, you will only imitate a man. Swear roundly and frequently & heartily, and no one will doubt that you are fully matured. In the company of ladies you may let fall an oath occasionally, but be sure to apologise on the instant. This will show that you know what politeness is.

Do not waste your Sundays by attending church, unless you have a fancy to stare at the ladies—(Mem. Beauty is said to be good for weak eyes. If your's are weak, stare the ladies out of countenance, every where and any where.) Young men who work six days, should have the seventh for exercise and enjoyment. Therefore go abroad on Sundays. Stand at the corners of the streets. There is always a fresh current of air sweeping round a corner, and this is good for the lungs.

Laugh heartily and talk loudly, when the people are returning from church. This will show that you are light-hearted and happy—And it is pleasant to the grave and aged to see youth joyous. Always puff away at your "long nines," on these occasions. The aroma is delightful, especially to the ladies, and it is your duty as gallant men—nay as gentlemen, to contribute freely to the happiness of the fair sex.

In dress, adhere to the style vulgarly called Bowery; the broad flat brim hat; the loose pantaloons; the high heeled boots, and the flaming red vest. Be careful to have your hair firmly greased to the sides of your face, and never omit the elaborate twist in the forelocks. This style of dress distinguishes you from common folks; a stranger will be able to tell at the first glance, who and what you are.

Form little clubs, and have certain drinking houses for regular resort. Two or three times a week make a little noise in these places; sing and occasionally fight. This will attract attention and you will be known as regular customers, and respected by all the quiet neighbors accordingly.

Always tell your fellow apprentices on Monday, that you were on a jolly spree the day before, and got rather elated. Do not be ashamed to confess this before your master. He will respect you for frankness, and be able to form an idea of what sort of a man you will make.

Endeavor to accost every woman who may chance to be alone in the street after nightfall. There are a number of girls, who are obliged to work late into the night, and the silly creatures are frightened when they go home. After you have insulted them a dozen times, they will get quite used to it.

A very good widow lady who was looked up to by the congregation to which she belonged as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for one little indulgence. She loved porter, and one day just as she was receiving half a dozen bottles from the man who usually brought her the comforting beverage, she perceived (O horror!) two of the grave elders of the church approach the door. She ran the man out the back way, and put the bottles under the bed. The weather being hot, and while conversing with her sage friends, pop went one of the corks.

'Dear me!' exclaimed the good lady, there goes the bed cord; it snapped yesterday just the same way; I must have a new one provided.

In a few minutes pop went another accompanied by the peculiar hiss of the escaping liquor. 'The rope wouldn't do again, but the good lady was not at a loss.

'Dear me' said she, that black cat of mine must be at some mischief there. 'Scat!'

'Another bottle popped off, and the porter came stealing out from under the bed curtains.

'Oh dear me!' cried she, 'I had forgot—its the yeast! Here Prudence, come and take away these bottles of yeast.'—N. O. Pic.

Among other evils that attend gaming, are these—loss of time, loss of reputation, loss of health, loss of fortune, loss of temper, ruin of families, defrauding of creditors, and what is the chief effect of it, the loss of life itself.

Husband and Wife.  
TRUTH AND POINT IN A COMIC GARB.

We now come to treat of Husband and Wife, and inquire, first, how marriage may be made, which will be interesting to lovers; secondly, how marriage may be dissolved, which will be interesting to unhappy couples; and lastly, what are the legal effects of marriage, which will be interesting to those who have extravagant wives, for whose debts the husband are liable.

To make a marriage three things are required:—first, that the parties will marry; secondly, that they can, and thirdly, that they do, though to us it seems that if they do, it matters little whether they will, and if they will, it is of little consequence whether they can; for if they do, they do; and if they will, they must; because where there is a will there is a way, and therefore they can if they choose, and if they don't it is because they won't, which brings us to the conclusion, that if they do, it is absurd to speculate upon whether they will or can marry.

It has been laid down very clearly in all the books, that in general all persons are able to marry unless they are unable, and the fine old constitutional maxim, that "a man may not marry his grandmother," ought to be written in letters of gold over every domestic hearth in the British dominions. There are some legal disabilities to a marriage, such as the slight impediment of being married already; and one or two other obstacles, which are too well known to require dwelling on.

If a father's heart should happen to be particularly flinty, a child under age has no remedy, but a stony guardian may be macadamised by the Court of Chancery; that is to say, a marriage to which he objects may be ordered to take place in spite of him. Another incapacity is want of reason in either of the parties; but if want of reason really prevented a marriage from taking place, there would be an end to half the matches that are entered into.

A considerable deal of the sentiment attaching to a love affair has been smashed by the 6th and 7th of William IV., c. 85, explained by the 1st of Victoria, c. 22—for one act is always unintelligible until another act is passed to say what it means. This statute enables a pair of ardent lovers to rush to the office of the superintendent registrar, instead of to Gretna Green; and there is no doubt that if Remee could have availed himself of the wholesome section in the act alluded to, Juliet need not have paid a premature visit to the "tomb of all the Capulets."

Marriages could not formerly only be dissolved by death or divorce; but the new poor law puts an end to the union between man and wife directly they enter into a parochial union. Divorce, except in the instance just alluded to, is a luxury confined only to those who can afford to pay for it; and a husband is compelled to allow money—called alimony—to the wife he seeks to be divorced from. Marriages, it is said, are made in Heaven, but unless the office of the registrar be a little paradise, we don't see how a marriage made before that functionary can come under the category alluded to.

A husband and wife are one in law—though there is often anything but unity in other matters. A man cannot enter into a legal agreement with his wife. But they often enter into disagreements, which are thoroughly mutual. If the wife be in debt before marriage, the husband, in making love to the lady, has been actually courting the cognovits she may have entered into; and if the wife is under an obligation for which she might be legally attached, the husband binds himself the victim of an unfortunate attachment. A wife cannot be sued without the husband, unless he is dead in law; and law is really enough to be the death of any one. A husband or a wife cannot be witness for or against one another, though a wife sometimes leaves evidence of the bad taste of the husband in electing her.

A wife cannot execute a deed; which is perhaps the reason why Shakespeare, who was a first rate lawyer, made Macbeth do the deed, which Lady Macbeth would have done so much better, had not a deed done by a woman been void to all intents and purposes.

By the old law, a husband might give his wife moderate correction; but it is declared in black and white that he may not beat her black and blue, though the civil law allowed any man on whom a woman had bestowed her hand, to bestow his fists upon her at his own direction. The common people, who are much attached to the common law, still exert the privilege of beating their wives; and a woman in the lower ranks of life, if she falls in love with a man, is liable, after marriage, to be a good deal struck by him.

Such are the chief legal effects of marriage, from which it is evident, says Brown, the law regards the fair sex with peculiar favor; but Smith maintains that such politeness on the part of the law is like amiability from a hyena.

Punch Comic Blackstone.

A Militia Muster Down East.  
We cannot resist the temptation to extract from the "Yankee Blade," (published at Gardiner, Me.) the following cute passages concerning the great Maine Muster.

THE "CAPTIVO."  
Presently in a voice like a volcano the command was given to open the right and left oblique quick, straight, march! As the tall form of the gallant commander emerged from the files, a low suppressed murmur of eager expectations ran thro' the crowd. He then frowned on the bystanders, brandished his sword, and with a fierce look which would have done honor to Mars himself, ordered the company to wheel and form a line in front of a fence; a manoeuvre, which, though uncommonly arduous, was nevertheless executed with wonderful skill and precision. This fence was remarked as all thickly covered with girls. The leather countenance of the gallant captain glowed with conscious pride, as he saw all eyes fixed on him;—he drew himself up to his full height, adjusted his clean shirt collar and plume took three long strides before the company, then gracefully waved his huge cut and thrust sword to the band which instantly struck up the fashionable air of *Old Dan Tucker*, in compliment to the ladies, who giggled and as a grateful return waved their cotton handkerchiefs and kissed their hands to the brave defenders of the fair.

"PERFORMANCES."  
"Tention the hull line! Front face! Eyes right! Eyes left! Steady now, darn ye!" shouted the captain in a voice like an earthquake, "Shoulder—arms! Present—arms! Reclaim—arms! Very well—dress! Dressment! Jonathan Bobclose, why don't you dress?" "Why captain, we air dressed already in our clean branfired Sunday clothes." "Silence, no talking in the ranks! Tention, men. Carry—arms! Draw ramrods!" "Why, Lewtenant, how in the name of'natur' are we going to draw ramrods before we've ordered firelocks!" "I ax your pardon, feller officers; ground—arms! Plaquey well done. Handle—carttridge." Load cartidge." "Sargeant is it all sham, or must I put in a ginowine cartridge? coz if we must, I haint got none." "Silence Jim Parshey! Its only a make believe, jest to-day. Prime! Carry—arms! Fall back to the left end there. Sergint Jewell, why the dickens do you let the front flank bulge out so in the middle?" "Why, gaul darn it, capting the sogers, all want to see the training. Deacon Dewhittle, you are a little out of the line—if you please, a little further in—stop, stop not as far—a little further out—that'll do. There, capting, I guess as how the company is now about as straight as a loon's leg; if it aint I'll go to grass." "Tribulation Sheepshears, what are you bawling about?" "Why, Capting, Hateful Parkins smashed my foot with the butt of his gun, and I rather guess its a six pounder, for its all fired heavy and my toe aches like blazes." "Capting, my toe jumps like a bunble bee with his tail cut off. Maint I go and bathe it in a leetle bottle of spirits 'twill do it nation sight of good." "Yes, but don't be gone off the parade long, tho'." "Easy, Mister don't make a mistake and pour the rum down your throat, and rub your toe with the bottle." "Well this is demond foine conversashawn for gentlemen, 'pon honor." "Jerry I wish you would go and git me a glass of new cider." "Why it aint worth drinking." "No matter—the man says if he haint satisfied after drinking it, we are perfectly at liberty to return it." "Attention! Mowse! On your left backward wheel—in a line of march! Forward!"

Captain Marryatt relates that there were two lawyers in partnership in New York, with the peculiarly happy names of Catchum and Chetum. People having laughed to see these two names in juxtaposition over the door, the two lawyers thought it advisable to separate them by the insertion of their Christian names, Isaac and Uriah. The painter, however, finding the board too short to admit the Christian name as full length, put only the initials before the surnames, which made the matter still worse. For there now appeared, 'I. Catchum, and U. Chetum.

FUNNY DESCRIPTION.—A funny way of announcing an incident we find in a recent New York paper. In describing the explosion of a brig near the Narrows, he says: "The out-passengers were T. B. Nathan, who owns three thousand dollars worth of the cargo, *and the captain's wife.*" A cotemporary thinks that something akin to the above is a case mentioned by a London editor, who speaks of "hen belonging to a stone mason that lay bricks."

The Athens (Pa.) Scribe perpetrates the following on the marriage of Mr. James Bec an Martha Ann Flower:  
Well has this little busy 'Bec' Improved life's shining hour;  
He gathers honey now all day  
From one sweet chosen 'Flower';  
And from his hive, if heaven pleases,  
He'll raise a swarm of little 'Bees.'