

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"  
B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND  
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.  
H. B. MASSER, Editor.  
in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. Mas-  
ser's Store.

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Satur-  
day at TWO DOLLARS per annum in ad-  
vance. No paper discontinued  
until all arrearages are paid.  
Subscriptions received for a less period than  
six weeks. All communications or letters on  
news relating to the office, to insure attention,  
are POST PAID.

F. H. THOMPSON,  
Fashionable  
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,  
MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

THANKFUL for past favors, begs leave to in-  
form his friends and the public generally, that  
has just returned from the city with new and  
durable goods, and a full assortment of light-  
red, Bronze, Black Kid, and all other kinds  
Morocco for Gentlemen, Ladies and Children's  
use, and he assures all who may favor him with  
their custom, that they may rely upon having their  
k done in the most substantial and fashionable  
manner, and at very low prices.  
He also has a full assortment of low priced work,  
cut by himself, which he will sell lower than  
it offered in this place, viz:  
Men's Shoes, as low as \$1.00  
Men's Boots, " 2.00  
Men's Lace Boots for Women, " 1.00  
Women's Slippers, " 50  
Children's Shoes, " 25  
Sole Leather, Morocco, &c., for sale low.  
August 22d, 1846.—apl18f

Boot & Shoe  
ESTABLISHMENT.

DANIEL DRUCKEMILLER,  
his Old Establishment, in Market Street,  
Sunbury.

(OPPOSITE THE RED LION HOTEL.)  
RETURNS his thanks for past favors, and re-  
spectfully informs his friends and the public  
generally, that he continues to manufacture or-  
der, in the neatest and latest style.

CHEAP BOOTS AND SHOES,  
arranged of the best material, and made by the  
most experienced workmen. He also keeps on  
hand a general assortment of fashionable Boots for  
children, together with a large stock of fashion-  
able gentlemen's, boys', ladies' and children's Shoes,  
of which he has been made under his own imme-  
diate inspection, and are of the best material and  
workmanship, which he will sell low for cash.  
In addition to the above, he has just received  
on Philadelphia a large and extensive supply of  
Men's Shoes, &c., of all descriptions, which he also  
sells for cash, cheaper than ever before offered in  
this place. He respectfully invites his old custom-  
ers, and others, to call and examine for them-  
selves.  
Respecting done with neatness and despatch.  
Sunbury, August 15th, 1846.—

PREMIUM  
PIANOS.

THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent,  
for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED  
PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANO,  
PIANOS, at this place. These Pianos have a pitch-  
bend and beautiful exterior finish, and a depth  
of sweetness of tone, and elegance of workman-  
ship, are not surpassed by any in the United States.  
The following is a recommendation from CARL  
J. BERT, a celebrated performer, and himself a man-  
ufacturer:  
Having had the pleasure of trying the excel-  
lent Piano Forte manufactured by Mr. Meyer, and  
exhibited at the last exhibition of the Franklin In-  
stitute, I feel it due to the true merit of the maker  
to declare that these instruments are quite equal  
and in some respects even superior, to all the Pi-  
ano Fortes, I saw at the capitals of Europe, and  
during a sojourn of two years at Paris.  
These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturer's  
lowest Philadelphia price, for something lower.  
Persons are requested to call and examine for  
themselves, at the residence of the subscriber.  
Sunbury, May 17, 1845. H. B. MASSER.

Counterfeiters?  
DEATH BLOW.

The public will please observe that no Brandeth  
Pills are genuine, unless the box has three labels  
on it, (the top, the side and the bottom) each  
containing a fac-simile signature of my hand-  
writing, thus—B. BRANDETH, M. D.—These labels  
are engraved on steel, beautifully designed,  
and done at an expense of over \$2,000.—Therefore  
it will be seen that the only thing necessary to pro-  
tect the medicine in its purity, is to observe these  
labels.  
Remember the top, the side, and the bottom.  
The following respective persons are duly autho-  
rized, and hold  
CERTIFICATES OF AGENCY  
For the sale of Brandeth's Vegetable Universal  
Pills.

Northumberland county: Milton—Mackey &  
Chamberlin, Sunbury—H. B. Masser, M'Evansville—  
Ireland & Meikel, Northumberland—Wm. For-  
rest, Georgetown—J. & J. Walls.  
Union County: New Berlin—Bogart & Winder,  
Selinsgrove—George Gundrum, Middle-  
burg—Isaac Smith, Beaverstown—David Hubler,  
Adamsburg—Wm. J. May, Millburg—Mensch &  
Ray, Hattleton—Daniel Long, Freeburg—  
G. & F. C. Moyer, Lewisburg—Walls & Green,  
Columbia county: Danville—E. B. Reynolds &  
Co. Berwick—Shuman & Rutenhouse, Cata-  
wissa—C. G. Brooks, Bloomsburg—John R.  
Moyer, Jersey Town—Levi Bled, Washington  
Robt. McCay, Limestone—Ballie & McNeich.  
Observe that each Agent has an Engraved Cer-  
tificate of Agency, containing a representation of  
DR. BRANDETH'S Manufactory at Sing Sing, and  
upon which will also be seen exact copies of the  
new labels now used upon the Brandeth Pills  
Boxes.

Philadelphia, office No. 4, North 8th street.  
B. BRANDETH, M. D.  
June 24th, 1843.

George J. Weaver,  
ROPE MAKER & SHIP CHANDLER,  
No. 13 North Water Street, Philadelphia.

AS constantly on hand, a general assort-  
ment of Cordage, Seine Twines, &c., viz:  
Tad's Ropes, Fishing Ropes, White Ropes, Manila  
Ropes, Tow Lines for Canal Boats. Also, a  
complete assortment of Seine Twines, &c., such as  
Hemp Shad and Herring Twines, Best Patent Gill  
Net Twine, Cotton Shad and Herring Twine, Shoe  
Threads, &c., &c. Also, Bed Cordage, Plough Lines,  
Halters, Traces, Cotton and Linen Carpet Chains,  
&c., all of which he will dispose of on reasonable  
terms.  
Philadelphia, November 13, 1842.—1y.

OLASSES—The first quality Sugar House  
Molasses, only 12 1/2 cents per quart; also, a  
superior article of yellow Molasses for baking, only  
12 1/2 cents per quart—for sale at the store of  
June 13, 1846.

HENRY MASSER.

# 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.—JAYNE.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Feb. 20, 1847.

Vol. 7—No. 22—Whole No. 334



From the Union.

Our Hearts, Dear Girls, are with you still.

SONG FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.

AIR—Russell's Variation of Yankee Doodle.

BY ROBERT JOSELYN.

We're far away in foreign land

Responsive to our country's call,

A little but a gallant band—

Fair Freedom's sons, and brothers all.

Our pleasant homes, our kin and friends,

At thought of these our bosom thrill;

While memory her magic lends—

Our hearts, dear girls, are with you still.

New forms and faces meet us here,

Unlike the loved ones left behind;

Strange voices fall upon our ear,

But none with tone so sweet and kind.

The dark-eyed beauty strives in vain

Affections lonely void to fill;

For you we only wear the chain—

Our hearts, dear girls, are with you still.

No holiday pursuit is ours—

The burning sun, the chilling dew,

The battle where the death-storm showers,

We cheerfully suffer all for you!

We ask no guerdon but your praise;

Go where we may, and come what will,

Forever, as in bygone days,

Our hearts, dear girls, are with you still.

Camp near Monterey, Mexico, Dec. 1, 1846.

The Drunkard's Resolve.

AIR—Am I not fondly thine own.

Go, go, thou that enslavest me,

Now, now, thy power is o'er;

Long, long, have I obeyed thee,

Now I'll not drink any more.

No, no, no, no,

No, I'll not drink any more.

Thou, thou bringest me ever,

Deep, deep sorrow and pain;

Then, then, from thee I'll sever,

Now I'll not serve thee again.

No, no, no, no,

No, I'll not serve thee again.

Rum, rum, thou hast bereft me,

Home, friends, pleasures so sweet;

Now, now, forever I've left thee,

Thou and I never shall meet.

No, no, no, no,

Thou and I never shall meet.

Joys, joys, bright as the morning,

Now, now on me will pour;

Hope, hope sweetly is dawning,

Now I'll not drink any more.

No, no, no, no,

No, I'll not drink any more.

A Prize Contundrum.

A concert was given in Philadelphia on

Thursday evening the 11th ult., at which a

Piano, valued at \$250, was awarded to the

author of the best contundrum handed in.

The following is the contundrum to which the major-  
ity of the committee awarded the prize—under  
protest, as we understand, of Mr. Du Solle,  
(one of the committee), who contended that it  
was deficient in merit!

500.—Why is the character of the prize

piano estimated like the character of the great

and good man?

Because we judge of its grandeur by its ac-  
tion—its goodness by its tone.

In lieu of the above, the following is the one

which the disagreeing member of the committee

contended was the 'best and most original,' viz:

425.—Why does an individual who gets

'deeply, darkly, beautifully blue' enact the part

of a religious hypocrite?

Because he wears the livery of Heaven to

serve the devil in!

The following contundrum read upon the

occasion, were entitled to credit for peculiar

excellence.

508.—Why is Santa Anna, in asserting that

the United States Army and people were 'toward-  
s and barbarians, like a hurp struck by light-  
ning'?

Because he is a blasted lyre!

THE YANKEE AND THE SUCKER.

BY MERRILL C. YOUNG.

Partly concealed within the borders of a

wood, which skirts a scene where a prairie

'Stretched in boundless beauty lies,'

is situated a charming little cottage, nestled

in shade and seclusion beneath the foliage of

over shadowing boughs. On the piazza in

front of this dwelling, a venerable sucker named

Gordon was seated, one summer afternoon,

building dreams of thrift as he surveyed his

plantation, enamelled in heavy crops ripening

into plenty. Now as our sweetest dreams are

fleeting and quickest to close, it is not strange

that his, although pleasant, were soon termi-  
nated by some one shouting—

'Hallo, old dad.'

'Hallo yourself, and diavler how it feels,'

he retorted, and turning simultaneously with

his reply, his eye fell upon a young man, a

stranger to him leaning on the yard-fence.

'Excuse me,' said the stranger; 'may be you

would be so clever as to tell a chap who owns

that ero wheat field up aside the timber, won't

you?'

'Wall, I will; I own it.'

'D-w say?' said the stranger. 'But ain't it

mighly cute that you allow four legged and six-

critters to be in it?'

'But I don't,' said Gordon.

'I seen a hoss in it though, as I kum along,'

remarked the stranger, dryly.

'A hoss in my wheat?' exclaimed the Suck-  
er. 'Zangs and lightning! Here Butcher!

Santa Anna, h-e-r-e—h-e-r-e.'

His call had the effect of bring forth two

dogs, one a hound, with his legs half as long as

an eastern school-master's, the other a bull,

the peculiar quirk of whose under jaw might

lead you to mistrust that he was over fond of

what the knowing ones call the 'grab game.'

Attended with these, he trotted off in 'hot haste,'

the dogs wagging their tails as their old master

wagged his tongue urging them to pursue.

The young stranger after wagging his chin

little awry and indulging in a light laugh

that made him look suspiciously waggish, walk-

ed to the cottage door—and then, without cere-

mony, into the parlor. Here finding himself

alone, he commenced a survey of the apartment.

Before he had much leisure, however, either

to observe or admire the taste and elegance

combined in every thing around him, he was

entranced by a gush of rich, wild melody, suc-

ceeded by the sound of the light footsteps, and

instantly flitted a creature of beauty and com-  
eliness into his presence.—Oh! that fair rose-

cheeked damsel, the very personification of

beauty. She was startled, though, when her

soft blue eyes encountered the stranger; and

was hastily withdrawing, in doing which, she

chanced to cast another glance—her counte-  
nance changed from fright to gladness—she ut-

tered the name Henry Leslie, and then ran—  
not out of the door, but smack into the young

stranger's arm.—What an extraordinary act—  
in-fact-a-tion. She let him—let him kiss her,

too; and listened to his impassioned language,  
—why what did the girl mean? Their conver-

sation will, perhaps, suffice to explain.

'Clarissa,' said the stranger, 'Clarissa, my

beautiful idol, I have come to claim you for my

own.'

'O Henry, I fear that our hopes will never

change to realities. I love you very, very

much; but my father dislikes you merely be-  
cause you are a Yankee lawyer. He is obsti-

nate and will not consent,' and the rosy flush

led the young lady's cheek.

'Do not fear, Clarissa,' said Henry Leslie.

'I can and will remove his prejudice, I know

how to work on a farm, and he does not know

me. I will hire to him under an assumed name

and by the merit of honest worth and virtue win

a place in his affections.'

Their hopes excited, and consequently their

anxieties lulled by the reasonableness of this

plan, the two seated themselves on the sofa

and enjoyed those bright angel-planned deligh-

ts with which a reciprocal love inspires young

hearts. When Gordon returned, however, he

found the stranger alone. Clarissa having deem-

ed it prudent to retire at the sound of her fa-

ther's footsteps.

Gordon was glad that the stranger had

retired—he wished to give him a posting, for he

had searched the field all over and found no horse.

'Now don't blame me, old man,' said the Yan-  
kee, for ever than my name is Dick Quirk, I

seen a hoss, a dead one, in that're very wheat

as I kum along.'

Oh! but did Gordon waxed wroth at this

learning that he had been sent to drive a mere

skeleton from his field; yet the Yankee con-

trived to calm his ruffled feelings, and hire him-

self to the Sucker to 'dew-things,' cloving the

bargain with the impartial agreement, that

they might 'hocus-pocus' one another as much

as they pleased; whereupon Gordon tickled his

inner-self with the conceit, that he would

make our hero suffer for all the wrongs he had

endured from Yankee trickery, even from the

time of his buying a clock from a Yankee ped-

lar, which he said kept time backwards, down

to the period when the New York pettifogger

wished to marry Clarissa.

Respecting Henry Leslie, he had been in

early manhood, an enterprising young farmer,

endowed with a broad and beautiful domain.

But being moreover gifted with an excellent

smack of intellectual powers, he had been in-

duced to forsake the natural avocation for one,

perhaps better befitting his ambition, taste and

ability—law. In the village where he studied

and practiced, he became acquainted with

Clarissa Gordon, who had accompanied an aunt

from the west, with the design of completing

her education at one of those meritorious in-

stitutions for female instruction, with which

the eastern States abound. They loved. The aunt

wrote to her brother, old Gordon, soliciting his

consent for Clarissa to marry, explaining all

affairs, &c. Gordon answered, stating that he

should ever negative his daughter's wish to

marry any Yankee, who, it appeared, was too

lazy to work, and hence had resorted to petti-

fogging. He also instructed Clarissa to come

home immediately, under the protection of an

elderly lady and gentleman, friends of his, then

about to return from the east. Clarissa was

obedient—swapt—obeyed her father.

Love, we all know, is like wine, a mocker,

and sometimes prostrates its victims, by myster-

ious intoxications. Something of this kind be-

fell Leslie. His noble upheavings of desire—  
his earnest ambition, were staid. The excite-

ment of business—of practical life became

thaimless. And within the lapse of twelve

months, we find him as presented to the reader,

disguised under an assumed name, language,

and demeanor, entering upon a plan to win his

lady love, by the sweat of his brow. Herein