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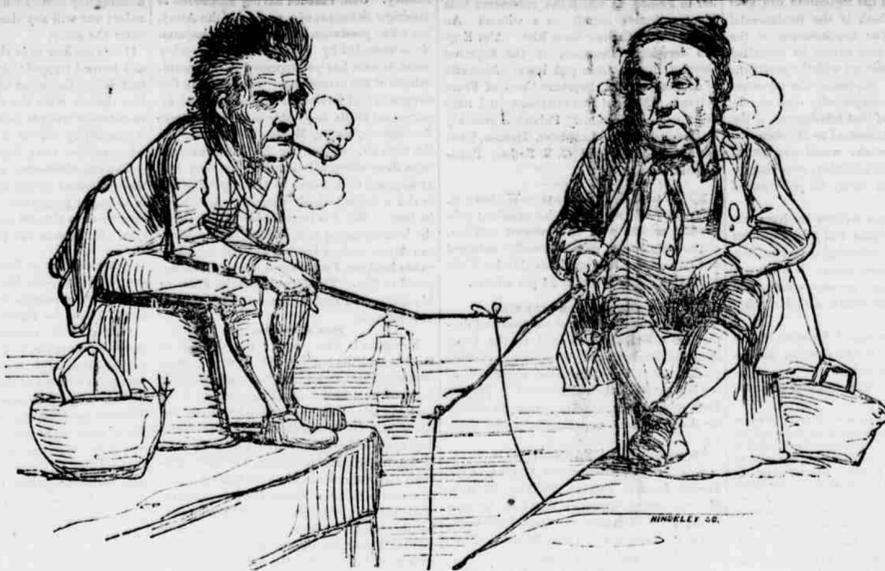
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WAITING FOR A BITE.

MYNHERR CALHOUN.—NOTTING BITE YOU THERE, LEDWIG! MYNHERR CASS.—YAW. MYNHERR CALHOUN.—WELL, NOTTING BITE ME HEFE.

[From the John Donkey.] THE MODERN HAMLET. As played in the great New York Theatre.

MR. JOHN VAN BUREN, KINDEHOOK, MR. M. VAN BUREN, GHOST, M. VAN BUREN, HORATIO, CAMBRELENG, MARCELLUS, TILDEN.

ACT I. Scene IV.—The Democratic Platform. Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Hamlet: It's cold enough to take a brandy smash. Marcellus: It is, my lord, or to imbibe a julep.

Hamlet: What hour now? Horatio: I think it's nearly twelve. Marcellus: No! it has struck.

Hamlet: I heard it not; it then draws near the season. Wherein this ghost is apt to toss his shanks.

Hamlet: My dad! ex-President! oh, blow your horn! Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell me, Why those slim shanks ceased in those huge jack-boots.

Hamlet: Have burst the cemetery! why the sexton Has let these from thy comfortable coffin, To go a wandering up and down o' nights, Frightening all honest people from their sleep.

Hamlet: Oh, my prophetic soul! Pnt Lewis. Ghost. That same old fat and jolly gentleman, With promises of many offices, Won to his ways the Baltimore Convention.

Hamlet: Methinks I got a snuff of daylight. I Must G. D. B. and vary shortly. So Brief let me be—your uncle Cass it was, Who did your venerable daddy's business.

Hamlet: Now just stay where you are. Hamlet: See here, you fellows, goin' to let me go, Or no? Oh! what's the use of foolin', so say; Didn't yer see the old man calls me now?

Hamlet: But to my mind, although a native here— An anti-renter—to the manor born, Though diddling still the silly young Patroon, As Butler did his grandpa long ago, I think the custom honored 'em, the breach More than the observance.

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Hamlet: It heekens you to go and take a walk, As though it had a word or two to say In private.

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MEXICO. BY CASSIUS M. CLAY.

It is no doubt expected of me to give some ideas of Mexico and the present war. Mexico extends from about latitude 16 north to 42 degrees from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, and was in extent, before the loss of Texas, about as large as the United States.

It embraces all the climates of the world, and rises in temperature from the tropical plants of Vera Cruz and Acapulco to the regions of perpetual snow. The Rocky Mountains, which separate us from Oregon, extend through all Mexico, and her whole surface is composed of table lands and mountains, which rise in steps from the Gulf and the Rio Grande, to the highest level, and then descend in regular gradations once more to the Pacific.

She has no navigable streams, and the mountains and arid plains compose, I should imagine, seven-eighths of the whole territory. It is now three hundred years since the Spanish conquest, and her population has long since reached that barrier where nature imposes eternal obstacles to further progress, where the whole products of the earth are economically consumed by the people.

No doubt, a better mode of agriculture would increase her population; but at present, to use the language of Malthus, she has reached the point of subsistence. It is true, that the remote provinces of California and New Mexico, and those bordering upon the Rio Grande, and subject to Indian invasions, contain some uncultivated lands; but the proposition, as above stated, applies to the mass of Mexico.

For in the greater portion of the whole Republic, women and children may be seen picking up grains of corn in the highways, and the rinds of fruit thrown in the streets are immediately seized and consumed. So soon as you cross the Rio Grande you feel yourself in a foreign land. Mexico has no forests. It is true, that along the streams and on mountain-tops there are trees, but you are struck with this great characteristic that the land is bare of trees.

The numerous varieties of the Cactus of all sizes, intermixed with Palmetto, stunted or long grass, cover the whole land. You are among a people of a novel color, and a strange language. The very birds and beasts, and dogs, seem different, patridge, the lark, the crow, the black-bird, differ in size and plumage, and sing differently from ours.

borders. The soldiers are caught up in the Haciendas and the streets of the towns, by force consigned in some prison or convent, there drilled, clothed, armed and then sent on to the regular army.

The whole people do not exceed eight millions: of these, about two millions are white, and mixed bloods; the remainder are native Indians. I never, in all Mexico, with the exception of foreigners in the capital, saw a single white man at work.

DEVICE OF AN ARAB LADY. For the edification of those who imagine they can penetrate the designs of woman, we have translated from a French volume, on Oriental manners, the following little story. To understand it, we have to inform our readers, that among the Orientals it is customary to agree for a time to pay a stipulated forfeit if a husband receives from his wife, or a wife from a husband, anything whatever, without previously pronouncing the word Diabete.

Each, therefore, practices the greatest ingenuity to throw the other off his or her guard. A philosopher of that country, who was by no means insensible to female charms, had often worshipped at their shrine; and as often (as he thought) had suffered from their wiles and caprices.

But he determined to become wiser. He collected a number of stories of female cunning, and copied them into a book, which he always carried about with him, as occasion might require to consult it. One evening, as he was passing through an Arab camp, he noticed at the entrance of one of the tents a young woman of uncommon beauty.

She saluted him as he passed, offering that he might enter to rest for a while from his fatigue. Scarcely had he taken his seat on the carpet, and near the beautiful creature, when he became alarmed; he drew his book from his pocket, and began to read, without daring to cast a single glance at his fair neighbor.

"That must be a charming book," said the lady, "which can engross your whole attention so." "Indeed, it is," replied the philosopher "but it contains secrets." "Which certainly you would not conceal from me?" said the lady, with an irresistible smile.

"Since you will have it so," retorted the philosopher; "it contains a complete list of all the arts and wiles of cunning women—but I am sure you could not learn anything from it, and so it would not interest you." "Are you certain that your list is complete?" said the lady again.

Thus, the conversation was gradually resumed, the philosopher pocketed his book, and so far forgot himself and his system of philosophy, that he was kneeling before the lady, holding one of her hands between his own; and who knows what might have been the result, had not the lady espied at a distance her husband, who was returning home. Struck with terror, she exclaimed, "I see my husband at a distance, returning homeward. Should he find you here, he will put both of us to death. I see but one chance for my escape, conceal yourself in this box, of which I keep the key."

It may be supposed the philosopher did not hesitate long to conceal himself, and the lady locked the box, and drew the key. As the Arab entered his tent, the lady met him with a smile, saying, "You come in good time, for a stranger, calling himself a philosopher, stopped at our tent to rest, but so far forgot himself and propriety, as to talk to me of love." The Arab began to foam at the mouth with rage; but who can describe the agony of the philosopher, who could in his retreat hear every word that was spoken.

"Where shall I find the wretch!" exclaimed the Arab, "that my sword may put an end forever to a similar presumption?" "Here, in this box," said the lady, holding out the key.

GEMS OF POESY.

[From Jerrold's Magazine.] THE SNOWDROP IN THE POOR MAN'S WINDOW.

It was a darksome alley Where light but seldom shone Save when at noon a sun-rayed touched The little sill of stone Beneath the poor man's window, Whose weary life was bound, To waste at one dull, ceaseless task The passing season's round.

Spring's dewy breath of perfume, And Summer's wealth of flowers, Or the changing hue of Autumn's leaves Ne'er blessed his lonely hours: He knew too well when Winter Came howling forth again— He knew it by his fireless grate, The snow and plashing rain.

Pierced by the frost-winds beating, His cheerless task he plied; Want chained him ever to the loom By the little window's side; But when the days grew longer, He stole one vappy hour To tend, within a broken vase, A pale and slender flower.

How tenderly he moved it To catch the passing ray, And smiled to see its folded leaves Grow greener every day: His faded eyes were lifted oft, To watch the Snowdrop bloom,— To him it seemed a star of light Within that darksome room.

Ald as he gently moved it Near to the sun-touched pane, Oh! who can tell what memories Were busy in his brain! Perchance his home in childhood In a sylvan valley lay, And heard the voice of the running streams, And the green leaves' rustling play.

Perchance a long-departed, But cherished dream of yore, Rose up through the mist of Want and Toil, To bless his heart once more. A voice of music whispered Sweet words into his ear, And he lived again that moonlight o'er, Gone by for many a year.

Or but the love of Nature Within his bosom stirred— The same sweet call that's answered by The blossom and the bird; The free, unfettered worship Paid by the yearning soul, When it seems to feel its wings expand To reach a brighter goal,— And aspiration, showing Earth binds us not her slave, But we claim a brighter being, A life beyond the grave.

ALMOST A FIGHT; OR A TALE OF A HORSE. One better joke came off the other afternoon—on a one of our Brooklyn ferry-boats, than often occurs in this fun benighted country. A gentleman who evidently had dined, drove on the boat, and forgetting the festive lute rules of ferries, nearly drove over a very angry looking individual, who, if one might judge from the acerbity of his countenance, had not; the latter seeing the vision of a horse's head appear over his shoulder, wheeled suddenly and caught the beast by the bridle, looking horse whips at the incumbent of the carriage.

"What do you mean by catching hold of my horse?" said the driver. "And what do you mean by almost driving over me?" replied the holder, in a true Yankee spirit of answering one question by asking another. "Let go the horse!" "I will not!" "The driver dismounted, advanced toward the other, whip in hand; and shortening his hold upon the handle, sung out in a voice of thunder, "I tell you, sir, let go that horse!" "I'll be damned if I do!" "You want?" "No." "Well, then," replied the driver, throwing his whip into the vehicle, and planting his hand comfortably in his pockets, "Well, then just hold him, will you?" So saying, with a polite bow and quizzical grin, vanished into the cabin.

A GREAT SHARK.—The Cape Cod Fishermen have caught a large and ravenous shark. He was harpooned—when he attempted to break the cord and falling in the attempt, he turned boldly round and made a furious attack upon the boat, which he seized by the gunwale and held fast. An old salt on board drove a lance three times through his body, and though each wound was mortal, he held on a full hour. He was 14 feet in length. In his stomach was found a number of human bones, part of a negro's skull, with the wool still adhering, a piece of red flannel shirt, and a boot partly digested. The name of D. Brown was distinctly visible on the boot. Sharks are not common in that neighborhood.

NEWSPAPERS.—The Lynn News states that a family in that town last Saturday, procured some clams, with the intention of eating them; but the lady having heard of some of the cases lately reported in the newspapers, thought it best not to cook the clams, and in the afternoon they were given to the hog.—On Sunday morning, the next day, the hog swelled up and died!

GAZ.—A contract has been entered into for the erection of Gas Works in Reading, for the sum of \$80,000. Messrs. Batton, Dunagan & Co., are the contractors.