

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
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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.

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WASHINGTON.
The following sketch of the character of Washington formed the concluding paragraph of Mr. Webster's late speech, at the celebration of the Bunker Hill Monument:

There are few topics more inviting than the influence of the new world on the old. The occasion forbids me entering upon it. Her obligations to England for the arts—for literature, and laws, and manners—America acknowledges, as she ought, with gratitude, and the people of the United States—descendants of English stock—acknowledge with filial regard, that under the culture of such men as Hampden and Sidney, and other assiduous friends, the seed of liberty first germinated, which now overshadows the whole land. But America has not failed to make returns. If she have not cancelled the obligation, she has at least made respectable advances to equality. And she admits that as a nation, she has a high part to act for the general advancement of human interest and welfare. American mines have filled the mints of Europe with precious metals; and the markets of the old world have received the richest products of her climate. Birds and animals of beauty and value have been added to European collections; transplants from the transcendent and uncounted treasures of our forests have mingled their glories with the elms and ashes, and classic oaks of England. But who can estimate the amount or value of the augmentation of the commerce of the world that has resulted from America? Who could imagine the shock to the Eastern Continent, if the Atlantic were no longer traversible, or there were no longer American productions or American markets.—America exercises an influence, and holds out an example of still higher character, because of a political nature. She has furnished proof of the fact that a population, founded on equality—on the principle of representation—is fully capable of fulfilling all the purposes of government—that it is practicable to elevate the masses of mankind—to raise them to self-respect—to make them competent to act in the great duty of self-government. This she has shown can be done by the diffusion of knowledge and education. But, my friends, America has done more. America has furnished Europe and the world with the character of Washington. (Great cheering.) And if our institutions had done nothing else, they would have deserved the respect of mankind. (Cheers.) Washington—(three long continued cheers)—Washington—first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen—Washington is all our own. (Enthusiastic applause.) And the veneration and love entertained for him by the people of the United States are proof that they are worthy of such a countryman. (Renewed applause.) I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligent men of all Europe—I will say to the intelligent of the whole world—what character of the century stands out in the relief of history most pure, most respectable, most sublime—and I doubt not that by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be Washington. (Cheering.) That monument itself is not an unfit emblem of his character, by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability. (Long continued applause.) His public virtues and public principles were as fixed as the earth on which that structure rests—his personal motives as pure as the serene heavens in which its summit is lost. (Great applause.) But indeed it is not an adequate emblem. Towering far above this column that our hands have built, behold not by the citizens of a single city or a single State, but by all the families of man, ascends the colossal grandeur of the character and life of Washington. (Enthusiastic applause.) In all its constituent parts—in all its acts—in all its toils—in universal love and admiration, it is an American production. (Deafening applause.) Born on our soil; of parents born upon our soil—never having for a single day had a sight of the old world—reared amid our gigantic scenery—instructed according to the modes of the time, in the spare but wholesome elementary knowledge which the institutions of the country furnish for all the children of the people—brought up beneath and penetrated by the genial influence of American society—partaking our great destiny of labor—partaking and leading in that agency of our glory, the War of Independence—partaking and leading in that great victory of peace, the establishment of the present Constitution,—behold him, ALTOGETHER AN AMERICAN. (Deafening applause.) That glorious life—

Where multitudes of virtues passed along, Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng—Contenting to be seen, then making room—For the multitudes which were to come— that life in all its purity—in all its elevation—in all its grandeur—was the life of an American citizen—(great cheers)—I claim him—I claim Washington—wholly for America—and, amidst the p-rious and darkened hours of the night—in the midst of the reproaches of enemies, and the misgivings of friends, I turn to that transcendent name, for courage and for consolation. To him who denies that our transcendent liberty can be combined with law and order, and the security of property, and power and reputation—to him who denies that our institutions can produce any exaltation of soul, or passion for true glory—to him who denies that America has contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples—to all these I reply by pointing to the character of Washington. It is time that I should draw this

discourse to a close. We have indulged in gratifying recollections of the past. We have enjoyed the consciousness of present prosperity and happiness. We have pleased ourselves with well-founded hope of the future. Let us remember as responsible beings that we have duties and obligations resting upon us, corresponding to the blessings with which Heaven has favored us. And let us, to the extent of our power, with all the ability with which we are gifted, exert ourselves to keep alive a just tone of moral sentiment—to inspire regard for religion and morality—and a true and generous love of liberty, regulated by law, and enlightened by knowledge and truth. Let us remember the great truth that communities are responsible as well as individuals—that without unspotted public faith, fidelity, honor and truth, it is not in the power of constitutions, forms of government, or all the machinery of law to give dignity and respectability to any political State. Let us hope, therefore, that we may look forward, not to a degraded but to an improved and elevated future—that when we die, and our children shall all have been consigned to the house appointed for all living, there may be a zealous, a fervid love of country and an equally fervid pride of country, in the bosoms of all those who shall bear our name, or inherit our blood!—and ages and ages hence, when honored and consecrated age shall lean upon the base of that monument, and ingenious youth shall throng around it, and it shall speak to them of its object—its glory—and the great events which it was intended to signalize and to perpetuate, then shall there arise and ejaculate from every faithful breast—"THANK GOD! THAT I—I ALSO AN AMERICAN CITIZEN!"

The orator here ceased—and the heavens rang with the shout of the vast multitude.

Before Mr. Webster reached his seat the President started to his feet, and stepped forward, seized Mr. Webster's hand, and shook it with great warmth.

John Randolph.
Mr. Randolph, in Congress, was an able debator, but had little influence as a legislator. He captivated and held in delight all who happened to come in hearing; but no one ever seemed to think much of the cogency of his reasoning. He was never at a loss for subject or words, but the matter was scattered over a great field. On one occasion, when he undertook to show to the old Republican or Jefferson party, who had accused him of having deserted their standard, that they had abandoned their principles, he spoke four days successively. His appearance on the occasion, was the oldest that can be conceived. The first thing that he did on obtaining the floor, after the Speaker had responded to his claim to it by saying "the gentleman from Virginia,"—the customary salutation to all speakers,—was, very deliberately and very coolly, provokingly so, to strip off his overcoat, to lay aside his hat and whip, and then transfer the bandana, which had previously adorned his throat, to his head. Even after he had thus tied up his head, and made other arrangements for a seven or eight hours' speech, he would stand perfectly motionless, looking at the Speaker as if he was waiting to have something more said to him before he began. In this way he went to take in many a Chairman of the Whole, and who have had their knuckles well rapped by him for interfering with his honor on such occasion, much to the amusement of a crowded auditory. On a similar occasion and on a stormy day, he had an umbrella, instead of the everlasting whip, in one hand, and in the other an orange. On obtaining the floor, while expectation was on tiptoe to hear the exordium, which was generally spicy and amusing, he coolly began to suck his orange, without regard to the feelings of the members. Whoever the Chairman of the Committee of the Whole was, seeing the House impatient, he reiterated "the gentleman from Virginia." All the reply or satisfaction he got was the sententious "I know it, sir!" and then he went on to suck his orange, while the whole house laughed at the rebuke. As soon as it suited his convenience to begin, the whole attitude and manner were imitatively fine. His hair was combed back and separated in front, something like the fashion with which women part theirs on their forehead; the bandana was around his neck, and the surlout on. In his left hand he held the umbrella, in the other the orange. Throwing forward his head, a little turned on one side, three fingers of one hand grasping the orange, the other pointing to the Chair, he commenced—"I remember, sir, about fourteen years since—yes, sir, about fourteen years since—that the gentleman from South Carolina, (Mr. Hagar)—we were both then members of this House—set a popularity trap—yes, sir, a popularity trap, which he baited with broken sugar and molasses (a tariff project)—but it caught nothing, sir!—not that I ever heard of." He then passed off in an attack upon New England, Mr. Clay, and the other prominent members generally, in his usual style of inventive, at times amusing, scorching, and occasionally instructing his listeners.—B. S. Dem.

Sickness and Death of Mr. Legare.
The Boston Advertiser furnishes the following particulars of the last illness and death of the late distinguished Attorney General; they will be read with deep and melancholy interest by the thousands to whom his high fame and probity of heart and his life were dearly dear:
"It gives us pain to announce the death of Mr. Legare, Attorney General of the United States, and Secretary of State *ad interim*, who died yesterday morning, June 20, at half past five o'clock. He arrived in Boston early on Friday last, somewhat indisposed, but very slightly so, in consequence of the fatigues of a hurried journey from Washington even in the latter part of the evening of that day, after having attended the Mayor's dinner, where he almost wholly abstained from food, he complained of a little inconvenience, and thought a night's rest would quite restore him. But about one o'clock on Saturday morning he was seized with symptoms of obstruction of the bowels, to some degree of which he had formerly been subject, and of which the three last attacks had been of increasing severity.
Dr. Thomas, an eminent Physician from Washington, who was with the President's party, and to most of whom he is, when at home, the regular family physician, was immediately called, and instantly present, being lodged in the Tremont House, where Mr. Legare then was. During Saturday no anxiety whatever was felt about the case. On Sunday morning early, though still no apprehension were entertained Dr. Thomas desired that Dr. Bigelow might be called in. Dr. Bigelow agreed with Dr. Thomas in his view of the case. He saw Mr. Legare several times during the day; and in the latter part of the afternoon accompanied him in a carriage to the house of Mr. Legare's friend, Mr. Ticknor, in Park-street, as to a situation more comfortable, quiet, and airy. Dr. Thomas and Dr. Bigelow were both with their patient till late in the evening (Sunday) and again early next morning, agreeing entirely in the course to be pursued.

Mr. Legare passed a more comfortable night than the one preceding; but in the forenoon of Monday graver symptoms made their appearance. Dr. Bigelow therefore desired the attendance of Dr. J. G. Warren, Dr. Thomas being absent at Lowell with the Presidential party. These two eminent physicians were with him constantly, through the whole night, and until after his death early on Tuesday morning. But at no time during seventy-eight hours of its continuance did the disease seem in the slightest degree to yield, though various and unremitting efforts were made to arrest it during its whole progress.

Mr. Legare suffered occasionally severe pain in the early stages of his complaint; but, for the last 36 hours, though frequently incommode, he could hardly be said to suffer more than once or twice, and then only for a few instants. Through the last night, and through even his last moments, he was easy and tranquil; and from first to last his mind was clear, firm, and perfectly composed. Knowing his constitutional tendencies, he apprehended the termination of his disease from a very early period, and made every needful disposition touching his affairs, private and public, in case his anticipations should be realized. He desired, on Monday, that the unopened Despatches received by him from England the day before should be delivered to the President of the United States, together with all papers under his control belonging to the Government, except such as are in those departments at Washington of which he was the head. This was done soon after the President returned from Lowell.

The President, himself ill and in bed, received them with great sensibility, and seemed quite unable to reconcile himself to the idea that he and the Nation were about to sustain so great a loss—of which this was to him the first distinct warning. In all other points, both as to his sufferings, and during the exhaustion that followed them, Mr. Legare was equally tranquil and collected—showing at each moment the affectionate spirit and the vigorous powers which have, from youth upward, marked his manly and noble character. He more than once thanked God that, having left Washington with great reluctance, he was dying in the mere performance of his public duties; but he evidently felt no regrets, except when speaking of a much loved sister, the only remaining member of his immediate family, to whom he had always been most tenderly attached. His last words—a few moments before his death, and after his external senses had partly failed—were other. But so tranquil was the closing scene that the friend in whose arms he rested was not conscious that his spirit had passed, until the attendant physician made it known to him.

OLD FLEXURE. His disease, therefore, was one which precluded all hope of the successful application of remedies.

STRAPPED PANTALOONS.—IN ALL OVER.—To laugh at the mishaps of others, is not generally accounted generous, yet there are occasions of this character. Such was the case in this day, when the wharf at the packet basin was lined with travellers about to take the packets, and lookers-on, that a young man issued from one of the offices, and approached the canal for the purpose of giving an inkstand ablution. His pantaloons were strapped down to the extreme of the fashion, making the act one of no little effort and risk. The first essay to plunge the inkstand into the water was a failure, while the strain consequent on it caused a succession of snaps and cracks, indicating a giving way of some part of the strapped pantaloons. Gaining his perpendicular again, the young man threw a little more force into his genuflective effort, but just as the object sought was on the point of being gained, the straps, unable longer to endure the strains to which they were subjected, gave way, simultaneously causing a nadir dip of the head and a zenith dip of the heels and by the consequence, as neat a plunge into the basin, of the body owning these head and heels, as the most fetidulous diver could desire to see. It was done scientifically, and to the delight of a large circle of spectators, who testified their approbation by no chary use of lungs and gestures. Soon, however, the submerged one emerged to the light of day, and with his first recovered breath, exclaimed; "D—n the straps; d—n the basin, and all those around it." Let this be a caution to those who are well strapped down to beware how they venture on experiments involving the possibility of an involuntary bath.—Rochester Daily Advertiser.

A CAPITOL JOKE.—The Lord Chancellor of Ireland having recently made an appointment to visit the Dublin Insane Asylum, repaired thither in the absence of the chief manager, and was admitted by one of the keepers, who was waiting to receive a patient answering the appearance of Sir Edward. He appeared to be very talkative, but the attendants humored him, and answered all his questions. He asked if the Surgeon-General had arrived; and the keeper answered him that he had not yet come, but that he would be there immediately. "Well," said he, "I will inspect some of the rooms until he arrives." "Oh, no, Sir," said the keeper, "we could not permit that at all." "Then I will walk for a while in the garden," said his Lordship, "while I am waiting for him." "We cannot let you go there either, Sir," said the keeper. "What?" said he, "don't you know that I am the Lord Chancellor?" "Sir," said the keeper, "we have four more Lord Chancellors here already." He got into a great fury, and they were beginning to think of the strat-waitcoat for him, when fortunately the Surgeon-General arrived. "Has the Chancellor arrived yet?" said he. The man burst out laughing at him, and said, "Yes, Sir, we have him safe; but he is by far the most outrageous patient we have." Mr. O'Connell told this anecdote in Dublin, at a public meeting.

GOOD BUSINESS.—There was born on board a steamboat on a trip from Cincinnati to Pittsburg, seven pigs, one calf, and one baby.

EXCHANGE.—Editors exchange papers, merchants exchange bills, lovers exchange glances and duellists exchange shots.

DEGREES IN MEANNESS.—Mean.—To take a newspaper and never pay for it.
Meaner.—To refuse to take it out of the office without paying arrears.
Meanest.—To borrow it from a neighbor, instead of subscribing for it like a gentleman.

"When a broker exacts three per cent. a month, he is a *scave*, and ought to be kicked out of any unfortunate man's house." In that case, the person kicking is a *scave-driver*.

"My love, you must take the responsibility," as the man said to his wife when the child began to cry.

"Jim, do you believe in ghosts?" asked a fellow yesterday of another, who was taking a brandy-and-ram julep at the Verandah. "No," replied Jim, "but I do in *spirits*!"—Pie.

Prejudice are said to be more difficult of being combated, because, having no real foundation, you cannot oppose truth to them.

CONUNDRUMS.
Why should aged men be generally wealthy? Because their heads are *silvered* ore (ore).
Why is a plum-pudding like a new settlement? Because there are *raisins* in it.
Why is the present century like an old maid? Because it's on the *other side* of forty.

STEWART "THE WALKER."

This most extraordinary man, who has now been dead upwards of twenty years, was born in Bond street, and educated at the Charterhouse. In the year 1763, he was sent out a writer to Madras, and was employed as secretary to the Nabob of Arcot, and expended a large sum in giving official entertainments, by order of his master. Within two years after his arrival in India, at the age of eighteen, he determined on leaving his situation in the Company's service, assigning as a reason, that he was resolved to travel, the *amor videndi* being irresistible—that he would see, if he could, the whole world—that he would unlearn all that he had learned—that he would become an Automaton, think and act for himself. In pursuance of this resolution, he addressed a letter to the Court of Directors, which from its juvenile insolence and audacity, is preserved on their records to this day; in which he tells them he was born for nobler pursuits, and higher attainments than to be a copier of invoices and bills of lading to a company of grocers, haberdashers and choicemongers.

Within a few weeks after, writing this epistle, he took his leave of the presidency, and began his pedestrian life. Some of his friends lamenting his abrupt departure, and thinking he might be involved in pecuniary difficulties, sent after him, begging him to return, and offering him pecuniary assistance. He replied to their invitation, that he thanked them, that his resolution was taken, that his finances were small, but adequate to his wants. He prosecuted his route over Hindostan, and walked to Delhi, to Persepolis and other parts of Persia. He visited Abyssinia and Ethiopia. He entered the Carnatic, and became known to the then Nabob, who conceived an esteem for him, which eventually in his latter days became the means of his support, for the Nabob appointed him his private secretary.

A few years previous to his death, the House of Commons, in order to spare Mr. Stewart's feelings, granted him fifteen thousand pounds to liquidate his demands on the Nabob. Quitting the Carnatic, he adopted the mad resolution of walking to Seringapatam, which he effected; when there, Tippoo, hearing that a European had entered his city, ordered him to be immediately arrested, and directed him to appear before him at his durbar. He questioned him as to his motive for coming to his kingdom. He answered, "Solely a desire to see it." Tippoo told him he must consider himself as his subject, and as such a military one, and he must be enrolled in his army; and that as he appeared a gentleman, he would make him, after some tactical instruction, a captain of sepoy. He became one, and was engaged in several affairs against the Mahrattas, and was wounded in the right arm.

He continued a *detenu* of Tippoo's several years, until Sir James Sibbald, then at Bombay, was appointed by that presidency to settle the terms of peace with Tippoo. Stewart availed himself of the opportunity of requesting Sir James to use his interest with his highness, to procure his release. This, with some difficulty, Sir James Sibbald effected; and Stewart set forward to walk to Europe. He crossed the desert to Arabia, and arrived at Marseilles. He walked through the whole kingdom of France, through Spain, came to England—left England for America, through every State of which he walked as he did through Ireland and Scotland.

On his return from Ireland he was nearly shipwrecked; and at the moment of being so, he begged of some of the crew, if they survived, to take care of a book he had written, and intended to publish, entitled "Opus Maximum," a favorite work of his. His mental powers were of a character unique in the extreme, and perhaps without any approximation of similitude to the thoughts of any human being. He was the atomical philosopher; his defence and demonstrations of which singular hypothetical doctrine was so ably defined and asserted, that he could almost induce infidelity to become a proselyte.

He passed his last ten years in the neighborhood of Charing Cross and Cookspur street; to be, as he said, in the "full title of human existence."

A GEM.—A volume has recently been published in London, entitled "Serious Poems," by Mrs. Thomas, from which we extract the following lines, full of maternal feeling; of the kind, we know of nothing finer.
"ON A TOOTH OF MY DEAD INFANT, WHICH WAS BORN WITH HIM."
"This little tooth was mine, 'twas born with thee Which, being rare, is a curiosity."

Chinese Proverbs.
When swords are rusty, scales are bright; When prison doors admit the light, When granaries are full of corn, The temple's threshold soiled and worn, Grass growing where the lawyers talk, When butchers ride and doctors walk—Then there are many young and old, And statesmen will the State uphold.

A Dollar a Day and Found.

A gentleman who resides in the vicinity of the city, and whose early mornings are devoted to the culture of a large garden which is attached to his house, finding himself somewhat behind hand in his horticultural department this Spring, accosted a tidy-looking Irishman, who was passing his gate one morning, with the inquiry if he 'would like a job?' 'Shure, sir, and it's that same I'm looking after,' said Paddy, in a rich brogue, which won upon the heart of him by whom he was addressed, and who immediately replied, 'I shall want you four days—what wages do you ask for?' 'Why, sir,' returned the son of Erin, 'as I live a good bit away from this, and my going home for meals will bother me day's work, while an extra mouth at yer honor's kitchen table is nothing at all, I'll just come for a dollar a day, and you shall find me!'

This was agreed to; and as Pat had his rent to pay next day, and wanted something for the children, the gentleman paid him four dollars on the spot, and the work was to be commenced the next day. The next day however, and the next, and then the whole four days passed by, and Pat was never seen at the garden or the gate!

It might have been a month after the occurrence above related took place, when the parties meeting by accident in the street, Pat was accosted by his former employer, in an angry tone, with—

'Well, sir, and why the devil did you not come to work for me, according to your agreement?'

'Shure, sir,' said the Irishman, (with a respectful twitch at the rim of his well worn tile,) 'it's meself that was ready to do my part of the bargain; but yer honor's at fault this time, anny how.'

'And pray how?' said the other.

'It's yerself 'll not deny yer honor agreed to give me a dollar a day and find me!'

'And didn't I give you a dollar a day, and pay you before-hand, too?'

'Thrice for you; yer honor did that same—ye did give the dollar a day—but—ye did not find me!'

'Find you, you scoundrel! I ransacked every street in town; but where the devil were you?'

'Shooting at Muddy Pond Woods, yer honor!'

The gentleman gave Pat a dollar, and told him to call at the garden when he wanted work—but to be sure to find himself.—Boston Post.

THE CONTRADICTION COUPLE.—'I do believe,' he says, taking his spoon out of his glass, and tossing it on the table, 'that of all the obstinate, positive, wrong-headed creatures that ever were born, you are the most so, Charlotte.'

'Certainly, certainly, have your own way, pray. You see how much I contradict you,' rejoined the lady.

'Of course, you didn't contradict me at dinner-time; oh no, not you!' says the gentleman.

'Yes, I did,' said the lady.

'Oh, you did!' cried the gentleman, 'you admit that?'

'If you call that contradiction, I do,' the lady answers; 'and I say again, Edward, that when I know you are wrong, I will contradict you. I am not your slave.'

'Not my slave!' repeats the gentleman, bitterly; 'and you will mean to say that in Black-burn's new house there are more than fourteen doors, including the wine cellar?'

'I mean to say,' retorts the lady, 'heating time with the hairbrush on the palm of her hand, that in that house there are just fourteen doors and no more.'

'Well then, says the gentleman, rising in despair, and pacing the room with rapid strides, 'this is enough to destroy a man's intellect and drive him mad!'

By and by the gentleman comes too a little, and passing his hand moodily across his forehead re-seats himself in his former chair. There is a long silence, and this time the lady begins.

'I appeal to Mr. Jenkins, who sat next to me on the sofa, in the drawing room, during tea.'

'Morgan, you surely mean?' interrupts the gentleman.

'I do not mean anything of the kind,' answered the lady.

'Now, by all that is aggravating and impossible to bear,' cries the gentleman, clenching his hands and looking upwards in agony, 'who is going to insist upon it that Morgan is Jenkins?'

'Do you take me for a perfect fool?' exclaims the lady. 'Do you suppose I don't know the one from the other?' 'Do you suppose I don't know that man in the blue coat was Mr. Jenkins?'

'Jenkins with a blue coat?' cries the gentleman with a groan. 'Jenkins in a blue coat is a man who would suffer death rather than wear any thing but brown!'

'Do you dare to charge me with telling an untruth?' demands the lady, bursting into tears.

'I charge you ma'am,' retorts the gentleman, starting 'with being a monster of contradiction—a monster of aggravation—a—a—Jenkins in a blue coat!—what have I done that I should be doomed to hear such statements!'