

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS

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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 & Eisely.

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There is truth and good poetry both, in the following. We commend it to every one who don't take the papers!

O Yes! I take the Papers. O Yes! I take the papers— The trifling cost is never missed, Though I've stood for forty years Upon the printer's list. Talk not of warriors—First released Earth from the tomes of her kings— He twisted his stick, and darkness ceased, And morning streamed along the East, On Freedom's burnished wings.

From the New Mirror. Recollections of John Randolph, of Roanoke.

I have mentioned Mr. Randolph's admiration of those who made no pretensions to what they did not understand. Shoemaker, stick to your last, was often in his mouth. Speaking one day of a favorite overseer, he said: 'With a little more education, sir, he would be fit for any office under the government. He has the proper kind of confidence in himself sir. When he feels that he is in the right, he will not give even up to me, sir; and I respect him the more for it. Last year sir, I undertook to instruct him in a new mode of planting tobacco on my estate, which I have picked up in Washington, and I requested him to give it a trial. He heard me patiently and then replied: 'I respect your opinions Mr. Randall (for he never pronounced my name rightly) on all subjects but one—planting tobacco. You're my superior, sir, in every other kind of knowledge; but I reckon, sir, that I understand planting tobacco better than you or any other man on the plantation; and you need not lecture me out of our books, when I understand nature; therefore, sir, if you please, I'll plant your tobacco in my own way, or I'll not plant it at all! His downright common sense (a scarce article just now!) was irresistible, sir; and I struck at once; gave it up, sir; and that season I raised a great crop. Even his favorite slaves came in for a share of his praises. Who has not heard of the faithful Juba and John? Their devotion to their master surpassed 'the love of woman.' He was never tired of narrating some anecdote of their attachment.—Many a time, when describing the character of some leading politician, whose character he did not particularly admire, he would say: 'Why, sir, he has not half the talents of my man Juba. Give Juba some more learning—book knowledge, I mean, sir, not head work, he has that—and I'll match him against half the Cabinet, sir, or a member of Congress, and cannot be corrupted.' Mr. Randolph first entered Congress in the year 1799. So very youthful was his appearance that the speaker of the house of representative, hesitated before he administered to him the usual oath, saying: 'You must pardon me, Mr. Randolph, for asking whether you have reached the age to entitle you to a seat here!' 'Go, sir, and ask my constituents; it was they who sent me here!' was his indignant reply. The speaker construed his characteristic answer into an affirmative, and immediately administered the oath. The actual fact was, that when elected he was not of the legal age; but he attained it before the meeting of congress, and thus barely saved his distance. It is well known that for some years he was one of the pets of the democratic party. He was very much flattered by the great 'apostle of equal rights,' Thomas Jefferson, and gave his support to the measures of the administration after the defeat of the elder Adams. But I cannot imagine that Mr. Randolph was ever, in principle, a genuine democrat. All his feelings and all his tastes, when I knew him, were aristocratic. He was the decided foe of 'universal suffrage' and 'voting by ballot.' He used to say to me, whilst discussing the subject: 'Thank heaven, in old Virginia none but freeholders can vote; and they, sir cannot avail themselves of that modern invention for decep-

tion, the ballot box, to hide their sentiments of men and things. I hope, sir, that I may never live to see the day when a Virginia freeholder, be he rich or poor, will be ashamed to declare at the polls for whom he gives his suffrage! Nor when a candidate for Congress or Legislature will refuse to meet his constituents face to face, and address them in his own favor sir! No private caucuses, no newspaper harangues for me sir, they may do worth of Mason and Dickson's line, but do not suit our southern habits, sir. 'Well, said I, I suppose you carry your notions of independence so far as to think a representative is not bound to obey his constituents unless his own opinion agrees with theirs?' 'Sir,' said he, with a smile, 'I don't like to answer direct interrogations, and you are not my father confessor. On the first day of election it has always been my practice, as in old England, to attend at the court-house, where I consider that every freeholder has a right to ask me any question he chooses. How I would answer such a question as you have just put, sir, I cannot tell elsewhere, and especially to you who are not my constituent; but it is likely, sir, either that I would yield to my constituents, or they to me for we never yet quarrelled; and no other man ever had such constituents as I have, sir; they come off the good old Virginia stock, pure and unmixed.' He loved to talk of the 'old times' when Virginia was the 'empire state,' and when her great men seemed to guide the spirit of the whole Union. He was fond of anecdotes of these men, all characteristic; and some days their histories would form the chief topic of his conversation, but he generally wound up his very vivid description of past days after this manner: 'But, alas! sir, the glory of Israel has departed! Old Virginia is no more! The Virginia gentlemen of my younger days, our pride and our boast, has ceased to be a reality; for which we may thank that suicidal act the repeal of the good old English law of primogeniture, sir. Our politicians made a great mistake, sir, in breaking down our native aristocracy. Whilst it existed, we had an ascendancy in the councils of the nation, which has now nearly ceased; our patricians are on a par with the successful Yankee traders, and the backwoodsman of a wilderness which we foolishly permitted to be elevated into new states, sir. Why, sir, those Yankees are even making inroads upon our home-quarters. Not wanting to be mere traders, sir, they want to purchase our estates! I must tell you an anecdote of one of them; he had made his fortune as a tobacco merchant, which I suppose gave him a taste for the soil and in the course of his travels in search of a plantation, he took a fancy to 'Roanoke.' I had just finished my dinner, when a stranger was announced by Juba. 'Ask the gentleman into the parlour,' said I. In a few moments a tall, matter-of-fact New Englander came in, and very much at his ease, took a seat. After I had tendered him the hospitalities of my table, sir, I inquired to what I must attribute the honor of the unexpected visit? He replied, 'Why, Mr. Randolph, I was admiring this here plantation of yours and as I see, the land is naturally good, but rather overworked, but no matter the situation pleases me, and if you are reasonable in the price, I guess we can strike a bargain in little less than no time.' 'As this was said under my own roof, I suppressed all anger, and very quietly said, 'Perhaps, sir, you will first accompany me a short walk!' To this he assented, and we walked in silence until we reached the stream that divides my estate from my next neighbor's. I then, looking him sternly in the face, said, 'You have grossly insulted me, sir, under my own roof; but Virginia hospitality forbade my noticing it there. How dare you, sir, ask John Randolph, of Roanoke, to part with his patrimonial estate, within view of these patrimonial oaks, and surrounded by his patrimonial slaves! If ever necessity compelled me to part with it, be assured, sir, to none of your nation would I transfer it. There lies my boundary—pass it—quickly, sir, quickly!—and the next time you ever commit a trespass on this side, look out, sir, for my best rifle-ball!' He was quickly out of sight, sir, and that is the last offer I ever received for Roanoke.' The spirit of gain, sir, is fast destroying what little civility we had left, we are becoming a mere matter-of-fact, money making people; and see poor southerners are bound, hand and foot, to our 'Egyptian taskmasters' of New England. Yes, sir, the glory has departed from Israel!' In speaking of the great men whom he admired, I soon discovered that his three principal favorites were Chief Justice Marshall, Mr. Tazewell, and Nathaniel Macon—whom he always called 'Uncle Nat.' If ever any question arose at the whist-table, he used playfully to exclaim, 'I'll leave it to 'Uncle Nat,' or 'Tazewell,' their decisions are law to me, for they are always right.'

He was equally plain in speaking of those whom he disliked, but as it was very evident to me that his mind was filled with prejudices pre-conceived, which rendered him a partial judge, it would be out of place to record in these recollections the names of those whom he did not admire. 'You are aware, sir,' said he to me one day, 'that I opposed the war, as I thought it a very unnecessary one; but after hostilities had actually commenced, I felt as an American citizen, and being desirous of giving what small aid I could to the government, I raised a corps among my neighbors, and then wrote to the Secretary at War, requesting to be informed in what way I could be most useful! How long do you suppose it took for the cabinet to decide on my simple application? Nine days, sir!—just the time it takes for a young puppy to open his eyes.' This I give as a specimen of his peculiar satire in political matters. A disinterested person would be very apt to think that, with so many momentous affairs before him, the secretary was rather quick than otherwise in sending a reply within nine days. Prejudiced as he was against New England men, I was rather surprised with the answer he gave to my question.—'Who is your favorite candidate for president after Mr. Monroe's time expires?' 'Why, sir,' replied he, 'I should at once say Rufus King, if it were not for the wrong vote he gave on the Missouri question. He is the best man north of the Potomac, a gentleman of the old school; and, above all, sir, he is an honest man—rather a singular exception among politicians at present, sir.—He made a sad mistake on that question; but he believed himself in the right, sir; and I esteem him still, although he will never do for president now. A southern man we must have, but where to place my choice I cannot yet decide, sir. 'Uncle Nat' would be the best man, but he is too wise to take it, if offered, and too honest to get it, if a candidate, sir.' I have mentioned that he had with him a very large box, filled with books of every description. He was kind enough to offer me the use of them, saying: 'Take my advice, and don't read any of the novels; and when you get home, sir, tell your father that I recommended abstinence from novel-reading and whiskey-punch. Depend upon it, sir, they are both equally injurious to the brains.' His favorite author was 'Milton,' and he frequently gave us readings from 'Paradise Lost,' stopping occasionally to point out the beauties of the poem. Young, Thompson, Johnson and Southey did not please his taste; they were, he said, too artificial. But his classification of modern poems was very original. 'Sir, I place first on this list 'Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress,' for its great wit and satire; next the 'Two-penny Post-log,' for similar excellencies; and third, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' for every variety of sentiment, well expressed. But, sir, (no offence to Ireland.) I can't go Monroe's songs; they are too sentimental by half; all ideal, sir, and above nature.' Turning over his books one morning I was surprised to find a copy of 'Fanny,' Mr. Hallock's very clever, satirical poem, which had been recently published. 'I am glad,' said I, 'that you do not proscribe Yankee poetry as well as Yankee codfish.' 'Oh, no, sir,' replied he, 'I always admire talent, no matter where it comes from; and I consider this little work as the best specimen of American poetry that we have yet seen. I am proud of it, sir; and I mean to take it to London with me, and to present it to that lady whose talents and conversation I shall most admire.' I may mention here, although somewhat out of place, that when we met in London in June following, I suddenly recollected this circumstance, and said to him: 'By the way, Mr. Randolph, to whom did you present 'Fanny?'' 'To your country woman, Miss Edgeworth, sir; she has no competitor, in my estimation. She fairly won the book, sir.' He proposed one fine morning to read 'Fanny' to me aloud, and on deck, where we were enjoying a fine breeze and noontday sun. It was the most amusing 'reading' I ever listened to. The notes were much longer than the poem; for, whenever he came to a well known name, up went his spectacles and down went the book, and he branched off into some anecdote of the person or of his family. Thus we 'progressed' slowly from page to page, and it actually consumed three mornings before we reached. 'And music ceases when it rains In Scudder's balcony' The anecdotes were of too personal a nature for insertion here, yet they were not the less entertaining to me at the time. Mr. Hal-

lock may feel proud at having had so original a 'commentator.' His 'commonplace book' was a travelling library of knowledge, and deserved to be ranked among the 'curiosities of literature.' I never saw such a strange medley. Such chapters upon horses, slaves, family history, recipes for cooking, congressional anecdotes, marriages, deaths, etc., etc. They were alphabetically arranged for his own convenience. I had a great desire to steal that book! An amusing proof of its utility occurred one day after dinner. The conversation turned upon the old families at Philadelphia, and the captain casually remarked that a certain event occurred the same year that Mr. Smith was married to Julia H. 'You are wrong there, captain,' interrupted Randolph; 'it is Jane H. he married, and not Julia.' 'Really, Mr. Randolph,' replied the captain, laughing, 'although you do know every thing, yet I hope you will admit that in the present case my knowledge exceeds yours, in as much as the young lady is a kind of relative.' 'That may all be, captain,' replied Randolph; 'but, so certain I am so sure you are wrong.' 'Never mind the odds, captain,' rejoined Randolph; 'I take all the risk, and make the bet with my eyes open. Will you bet, sir?' 'Well, sir,' said the captain, 'as you have already won one pipe from me, I shall take your kind offer, and thus win it back again. But how shall we decide it?'' 'Stop a moment, sir,' replied Randolph. Steward, bring me my 'big book; my log book as I call it. Now let us turn to the letter H. And, sure enough, there was an account of the marriage of Mr. Smith to Miss Jane H. with some additional circumstances which at once attracted the captain's attention, who exclaimed: 'By Jupiter, Mr. Randolph, it was Jane, sure enough; now I remember; but how the d— could I make such a blunder! I'll never contradict you again. You're always right.' We enjoyed a hearty laugh at the captain's expense, and Randolph told him the bet was all a joke, as he never meant to fill his collar at his expense. In explanation, Randolph told us that something had happened to him in connection to the H. family, which gave them an interest in his eyes, and he had noted down all their marriages; never, of course, expected to make such use of the memorandum as our conversation so strangely called forth. After that day our gentlemen were very careful how they took up his bets on any subject. SOMETHING OF A JOE.—The matter required for the publication of the London Times requires the labor of sixty-two compositors (or type setters) daily. Forty hands are employed on advertisements alone. TRUE FEMALE NOBILITY.—The woman, poor and ill clad as she may be, who balances her income and expenditures—who toils and sweats in unrepeating mood among her well trained children, and presents them, morning and evening, as offerings of love to her husband, in rosy health and cleanliness, is the most exalted of her sex. Before her shall the proudest dame bow her jeweled head, and the bliss of a happy heart dwell with her forever.—It there is one prospect dearer than another to the soul of man—if there is one act more likely to bend the proud and inspire the broken hearted—it is for a smiling wife to meet her husband at the door with his host of happy children. How it stirs up the tired blood of an exhausted man, when he hears a rush of many feet upon the staircase—when the crow and the card of their young voices mix in glad confusion, and the smallest mounts or sinks into his arms amid a mirthful shout. It was a hallow from every countenance that beamed around the group! There was a joy and a blessing there. GENERAL FINDING STORE.—A tall Jonathan was patrolling up Broadway, a short time since, with a sheet of gingerbread under his arm, and gazing at the signs, when one which was labeled General Finding Store, attracted his attention. He entered viewing his gingerbread, and after a severe effort at swallowing, like a hen eating dough, he exclaimed, 'I s'wore I thou must be darned lucky chaps to find all these here things—I 'spose you ha'n't found my umbrella, are you?' CONUNDRUMS. What word of five syllables is that, from which, if you take one syllable away, no syllable remains? Monosyllable no syllable. What burns to keep a secret? Sealing-wax. Why is a stormy, windy day, like a child with a cold in its head? It blows, it snows—(it blows its nose.) What word is that, to which, if you add a syllable, it will make it shorter? Short—shorter. 'He never was a lover.—Eds. New Mir.

From a Georgia Whig paper. General Jackson as he formerly was, and as he now is. What a startling contrast, what a spectacle is here presented, compared with what Gen. Jackson once was—the haughty, self-willed, and to those he liked not, an overbearing man—in all cases of thwarting or resistance, preferring force to discussion, for accomplishing his purpose—the lofty Chief Magistrate of a mighty people, before whom adversaries quailed and opposition withered—the stern impetuous warrior, whose delight had been— 'The cannon's roar, the trumpet's clang, The rupture of the strife, The whirlwind shout of victory, To him, the breath of life.' He who had, with blazing eye and distended nostril, rushed to the reeling shock of contending armies, with the fierce exultation of the battle-trained war-steed. Now, oh, how changed! pale, emaciated, feeble, gentle, helpless almost as infancy, and humble as piety, bending in the presence of Omnipotence—stands the chief in his hall; his tall, wasted, bowed form leaning on the staff indispensable to support his steps, on the verge of that last resting place appointed for all living. Verily, Marius in exile, reclining on the ruins of Carthage, presented not a scene more affecting and admiring. The mysterious principle of association here brings fresh and bright upon our memory the following long-forgotten lines of Collins; they are intrinsically so beautiful and so apposite to the occasion, we are confident our readers will thank us for the insertion. How sleep the brave, who sink to rest By all their country's wishes blest! When Spring returns, with fingers cold, They deck with flowers their hollow'd mould, They then shall deck a sweeter sod Than Fancy's feet hath ever trod. By fairy hands their knell is rung, By forms unseen their dirge is sung; There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay; And Freedom shall awhile repair To dwell a weeping mourner there. It gladdens our heart to learn, from some of the ex-President's neighbors, that since his return to the Hermitage, his life has, in all its aspects, been that of an exemplary Christian; and from his friends, that, for many years before he had been much more under the influence of religious feelings than the host of libellers and malignant slanderers that assailed him permitted the world to believe.—Indeed, Jackson's spirit seems, like that of Nelson's to have been naturally devotional, notwithstanding fearful outbreaks, on the part of both, of an opposite character. These heroes had another point of resemblance; both were mild with the mild, but with the froward, fierce as fire. The faults of this eminent man, whose fame occupies so conspicuous a place in the record of our country's glory, sprung from his temperament and its unchecked impulses kept in constant activity by the rough and strongly marked character of the people among whom he passed many years of his life; his virtues, his estimable and amiable qualities, were the growth of his heart. His nobleness, his generosity and candor when unruined, his fervent, undecaying affection for his friends and devoted love of his country, still warm with undiminished energy the bosom of the aged hero. It is not true, that 'even in our ashes live their wonted fires.'—And these, with seemingly unimpaired intelligence, that divine essence, which survives the 'wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,' is now left of the man who filled, as it was often said, 'the measures of his country's glory.' From a retrospect of the political, commercial, and financial concerns of the United States, during the Presidency of Jackson, and the light which time and events since his retirement have thrown on these subjects, we have been compelled to the conclusion that he possessed far-sighted political sagacity, and the attributes of a statesman, in a much higher degree than has usually been conceded to him; and that some of the measures deemed his greatest mistakes, have been the grasping of a powerful mind upon a master principle, going to effect a great and enduring good, at the expense of comparatively small and temporary evil. The primary and essential objects aimed at by President Jackson, during his administration, were the complete discharge of the national debt, the restoration of the constitutional metallic currency, and the utter separation of the Government from banks—the adoption of these measures, with the adjuncts stated in our motto, are now known as absolutely indispensable to restore the country to its prosperity, and the Government to its health, dignity and constitutional action. We have, on some by-gone occasions, done the subject of these hasty remarks and reflections injustice, misled by the false lights surrounding us. We are grateful to the editor of the Globe that the interesting and affecting narrative of his visit to the Hermitage recalled the wrong done to our recollections,

and afforded an appropriateness to this expression of our regrets. FRIQUETTE.—A little work has just been published in Glasgow entitled the 'Science of Etiquette,' which furnishes a summary of the laws of good breeding, condensed into a small compass, and calculated to promote the general comfort and welfare of society. The following are a few of its maxims:— True politeness consists in appearing easy and natural, not forced and affected. If upon the entrance of a visitor you continue a subject begun before, you should always explain the subject to the new comer. Never commend a lady's musical skill to another lady who herself plays. Avoid all proverbs and cant phrases in conversation. If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, it is her part to notice you first, unless, indeed, you are very intimate. The reason is, if you bow to a lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge you, and there is no remedy; but if she bow to you—you, as a gentleman, cannot cut her. If you meet a friend in the street, in a coffee-house, shop, or indeed any public place, never address him by name, at least not so loudly as others may hear it. Sensitive people do not like to be 'shown up' to strangers as Mr. Jones, or Mr. Smith, and so attract disagreeable notice. Accost your friend quietly—and do not roar out, 'Ah, Mr. Smith! how do you do, Mr. Smith!'—it is very offensive, and shows a great want of proper delicacy. STRIKINGLY APPROPRIATE.—The word Manhattan in the Indian language is said to signify 'the place where we all got drunk together.' The name was given to the island by the Indians after their first debauch with Hendrick Hudson in 1609. PLEASANT PROSPECTS.—The editor of the Apalachicola Watchman says, speaking of alligators: 'We can at any time by looking from our office window, see a dozen of them, from ten to fifteen feet in length, and all for nothing. By the way the tails of these aquatic beauties make most excellent turtle soup; and their skins, when properly cured, make ever-enduring shoes, and they furnish any quantity of muck for toilette use. A clergyman in England, not long since, adopted the following text:—'Wilt thou go up with me to battle at Raymond Gilead?' The peculiar emphasis with which the question was twice repeated, induced a brave soldier to suppose it a reality, and he very cordially answered:—'Why, gentlemen, if you are all onwards, I'll go for one.' A bachelor up Penn street, Pittsburg, Pa., picked up a thimble. He stood a while meditating on the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips saying, 'Oh that it were the fair cheek of the wearer!' Just as he had finished, a big wench looked out of an upper window and said, 'Boss, dia please to frow dat fumble of mine in de entry—I jiet now drapp it.' The man is said to have fainted! A country lad went a courting—but his father found it out, and forbid the matter, as the girl was not good enough for him. 'Well, father, I tho't she'd do to try on.' A schoolmaster in Ohio advertises that he will keep a Sunday school twice a week, Tuesdays and Saturdays. HYDRAULICS.—A man has been fined fifteen dollars in Troy, for whipping a journeyman with a stout piece of raw hide. The Epbraim has entered in the Star as a case of hide-ran-locks. There is a man in this city who has so high an opinion of himself that he imagines he is the church steeple. Because told so by the belles, confers him in the opinion. A BACHELOR'S REPLY.—To a young lady who significantly sent him, as a present, some wormwood:— 'I'm glad your gift is not a mass, Much worse might me befal! The wormwood's had alone, but worse THE WORMWOOD AND THE WAIL(L.) Diligence is the mistress of success. Constantly pursuing his task, the mouse cut off the cable. Better to do well late than never; for there is never a time a good action will not commend itself to the public. Constant occupation prevents temptation; and begets contentment; and contentment is the true philosopher's stone. Never attempt to scare a child into obedience;—persuasion will do all.