

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.—JERFENSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

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THE GRADUAL SCALE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TEFTER.
A sparrow caught upon a tree,
A fly, so fat, his taste grew stronger;
His victim, struggling to get free,
Beg'd but to live a little longer;
The murderer answered, "thou must fall,
For I am great and thou art small."
A hawk beheld him at his feast,
And in a moment pounced upon him;
The dying sparrow wished at least,
To know what injury he had done him;
The murderer answered "thou must fall,
For I am great and thou art small."
The eagle saw the hawk below,
And quickly on the ground he flew—
"Oh, noble king! pray let me go!
Mercy, thou pocket me to pieces!"
The murderer answered, "thou must fall,
For I am great and thou art small."
He feasted, lo! an arrow flew
And pierced the eagle's bosom through,
Into the hunter's hand it came,
"Oh, tyrant, wherefore murder me?"
"Ah!" said the murderer, "thou must fall,
For I am great and thou art small."

Execution of James Dolan.

Friday, the 16th Feb., between the hours of 9 and 2, was the time designated by the Executive warrant for the Execution of James and Bridget Dolan convicted last September Term, of the murder of Rufus G. Gere, in a shanty near Athens, on the last day of July last. The execution of James Dolan took place at the time appointed; Bridget Dolan having been respited by the Executive, for the term of six months.

Ever since his sentence, he has manifested a friendly indifference to his approaching fate, and conversed freely and unconcernedly about his execution, and it was only as his last moments drew nigh, that he has exhibited a singular feeling of contrition or repentance.

On the morning of the 16th, as the last ray of hope was extinguished in his breast, and it became evident that his hours were numbered, and the hand of Executive clemency had not been extended to him, he evidently became concerned about the death he was soon to die, and clasped the haughtiness with which he looked upon his impending fate.

At 10 minutes to 12 o'clock, he was arrayed in the habiliments of the grave. The near approach of the hour of execution, and the preparations made, had a sensible effect upon him; but he still conducted himself with fortitude; smoking his pipe, and making a remark that his age was between 45 and 46, and asking the Sheriff if this is his first execution. The Catholic clergy were then introduced into the room, and remained for half an hour, and at 10 minutes to 1, the Sheriff told him the time had come, tied his arms, and conducted him to the scaffold. Dolan turned to his wife, and while looking hands, said to her, "Good-bye Bridget, don't get drunk any more." He followed the Sheriff with a firm step to the gallows, which he ascended, accompanied by the Sheriff and Fathers O'Reilly and Fitzsimmons. At 7 minutes to 1, the rope was placed about his neck, when on being asked by the sheriff if he had anything to say, he spoke to the bystanders in substance, as follows:—"My wife knew nothing of the murder of Gere until he was dead; he had no hand in it. I am guilty of the murder of Gere, but not of any other. I did not kill him for his money; as for his money I now nothing about it. Once I attempted to shoot my wife, while under the influence of liquor, and in a fit of jealousy. I snapped a pistol at her, but it missed fire. I have no unkind feelings toward any one; the officers have used me like a brother."

He was then told he had but five minutes to live. He offered up his prayers, through the arms which attended him on the scaffold, and seemed much affected. At 1 o'clock the cap was drawn over his eyes. Sheriff—"One minute more." The time expired; Sheriff Weston cut the rope, and the wretched criminal dropped about 3 feet. A few involuntary convulsions took place; his chest heaved; his neck and hands became livid; he struggled slightly at 3 minutes past 1, and remained quietly until 10 minutes past, when the last throbs of his pulse ceased, and the soul of the unfortunate murderer had left its earthly tenement, to try the realities of the unknown world. He died apoplectic, his neck not having been disarticulated. His remains after having been suspended for 40 minutes, were cut down and placed in the coffin, and were taken in charge by some of his friends and conveyed the next day to Friendsville for sepulture.—Bradford Porter.

Did you ever know a man who did not think that he could poke the fire better than you could?

ANECDOTES OF THE REVOLUTION.

BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

An old farmer in the neighborhood had five sons in the battle. He was told the next day that one of them had come to a miserable end. "What!" cried the gray-headed patriot, "did he leave his post! did he run from the enemy?" "Oh, no, sir; worse than that—he fell among the slain, fighting like a hero." "Then I am satisfied," said the old man; "bring him in; let me look on my noble boy." The corpse was brought in; he wept over it. He then called for a bowl of water, and a napkin; and washed the blood away with his own trembling hands, and thanked God, that his son had died for his country.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

As soon as Washington heard that Clinton had left Philadelphia, he broke up his quarters at Valley Forge, and followed hard after him. A hot battle was fought on the 28th, near Monmouth Court House. It did not cease till the evening. Washington slept upon his cloak under a tree, expecting more fighting in the morning; but the British marched off in the night. Sixty of their soldiers were found dead on the battle field, without wounds. Fatigue and the excessive heat had killed them.

In the beginning of this battle, one Molly Pitcher was occupied in carrying water from a spring to a battery, where her husband was employed in loading and firing a cannon. He was shot dead at last, and she saw him fall. An officer rode up, and ordered off the cannon, "It can be of no use," but Molly stopped up offered her services, and filled her husband's place, to the astonishment of the army. She fought well, and half pay for her services was given her by Congress. She wore an epaulette, and was called Captain Molly, ever after.

In the midst of the fight there was a soldier whose gun-lock was knocked off by a bullet. At the same instant a soldier at his side was killed. He picked up the dead man's musket, and was preparing to fire, when a bullet entered the muzzle of the gun, and twisted the barrel into the shape of a cork screw. Although the bullets were flying around him like hail stones, he deliberately knelt down upon the spot, unscrewed the lock from the musket in his hand, and fastened it to his own gun, which he had thrown away. In a few minutes, he was prepared, and then engaged in the deadly conflict.

No other great battles were fought during the campaign of 1778. The armies only collected each other by sending out small detachments. One Gray, called "No first Gray," because he always ordered his soldiers to carry their flints in their pockets, and use the bayonet only, lay in wait in a barn one night, for a British party. He set guards on the road, but these fell asleep.

The enemy found out his situation, rushed upon him, and surprised him in profound slumber. Sixty-seven, out of one hundred and four of his men, were cruelly bayoneted on the spot. Twenty were made prisoners, and a few escaped. One of these had eleven bayonet wounds in his body; but he lived many years afterward.

ANECDOTE OF COL. McLANE.

Col. McLane, of Lee's famous legion of troopers, had a narrow escape. He had planned an attack on a small British force stationed on a turnpike road, eight miles from Philadelphia, and rode ahead with a single soldier to point out the way for his men. It was in the grey of the morning. His comrade suddenly shouted, "Colonel the British!" spurred his horse and was out of sight in a moment.

There, indeed, were the enemy all about him. They had him in ambuscade, and thus suddenly came upon him. A dozen shots were fired, but his horse only was wounded in the flank. This spurred the animal on at such a furious rate that he dashed through the woods like a hawk. The colonel now came up with a farm house by the road side, when a number of British officers observed him as he passed. They thought he was on his way to the British army, which was directly ahead.

He dashed by, and they soon found out their mistake and pursued him. His horse went with such speed, however, over fences and fields, and every other obstacle, that at last only two men continued to pursue him. These came up with him at the ascent of a small hill, the three horses being so exhausted, that neither could be forced out of a walk. One of the soldiers cried, "surrender you rebellious rascal, or we will cut you to pieces." The colonel made no reply, but laid his hand on his pistol. The man now came up and seized him by the collar, without drawing his sword. The colonel drew a pistol from his holster, aimed at the Englishman's heart and killed him. The other now seized him on the other side; a fierce struggle ensued. The colonel received a severe sword gash in his left arm; but drew his second pistol that moment with his right, placed it between the Englishman's eyes, and killed him by a shot to the head. Col. McLane now stopped the flow

Seasonable Hints to Farmers.

MILCH AND IN-CALF COWS.—As this and the ensuing months bear peculiarly hard upon these noble and useful animals, it should be the unceasing care of every husbandman to see that they are well attended to; that they have either a good stable or a warm shed facing the south, to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather; that they have ample litter furnished them daily to furnish dry bedding; that the yard in which they may be confined is dry, that they receive three good meals a day, that a portion of their food be of a succulent nature, as it is unnatural to suppose that a cow, however good she may be, can be a liberal contributor to the pail, and afford rich and buttery milk upon dry provender; that they be milked at least twice a week, rubbed down, or combed daily, and that each of them have a teaspoonful of spirits of turpentine put in the ear in the rear of the horns, at least once a fortnight to prevent the hollow horn. By timely and rigid attention to the duties we have pointed out on the part of the master, he will have the satisfaction when the spring opens to find by the fine and creditable appearance of the cows, that he has not expended his labor and devoted care with reaping a rich harvest of profit, both in the condition of his cows, and in the gratification of these humane feelings which should find their home in the bosom of every agriculturist.

American Farmer.

STIMULANTS FOR COWS.—Mr. Charber, the director of the Veterinary school of Africa, had a number of cows which yielded twelve gallons of milk every day. In his publications on the subject, he observes that cows fed in winter upon dry substances, give less than those which are kept upon green diet, and also that their milk loses their quality. He publishes the following recipe, by the use of which his cows afforded him an equal quantity of milk during the winter as during the summer:

"Take a bushel of potatoes, break them whilst raw, place them in a barrel standing up, putting in successively a layer of bran, and a small quantity of yeast in the middle of the mass, which is to be left thus to ferment a whole week, and when the vinous taste has pervaded the mixture, it is then given to the cows who eat it greedily."

SMALL BEGINNINGS.—In 1808, a gentleman gave a poor woman, in Western New York, a copy of Doddridge's Rise and Progress. It became the means of her conversion. This induced her to loan it to others, and they too were converted. This led to the formation of a church. This church is now prosperous, and may prove a rallying point for thousands of converts in coming generations.—This person who gave that volume learned the results already apparent, thirty years afterwards. How delightful must have been his surprise. Let it be bread upon the waters—that shall find it after many days.

A pedlar sold a religious book. Baxter read it, and it proved the instrument of his conversion. Doddridge was converted by the writings of Baxter. Wilberforce by a work of Doddridge.—Leigh Richmond by Wilberforce's Practical View, and thousands by the Dairyman's Daughter, of Richmond. The whole fabric of society is interwoven with chains of influence. How little do we appreciate the good or harm we are doing.

In the appendix to the report of the Ohio Lunatic Asylum, by the superintendent, Dr. Wm. M. Aul, formerly of this place, we find a number of amusing cases of the inmates described. We copy the following from the report:—

"Numerous inquiries having been made for our legal friend, who appeared in the appendix to a former report, as orator upon the fourth of July occasion, we have the pleasure to state, that he continues in good bodily health, and appears to have renewed his age—at least he fancies that the shadow in his dial has gone backward, and he is very cheerful in the enjoyment of green and tender years. Conformably to this notion, the past season has been spent in a diligent practice of copyhand, with a view to improvement in penmanship, and, as he says, to retrieve the profession from the opprobrium of bad writing. He has also been studiously engaged in making copies of the following verses which he is anxious to rake out of the ashes of oblivion, and have them published for the benefit of mankind. According to his account, they are the production of a late President of one of the Eastern Colleges, who had been presented with a portion of the marvelous seed by an elderly lady, but was superstitiously cautioned against casting it into the ground. If such be the fact, it is more than probable the verses have been considerably warped in passing through his disordered brain. He takes a deep interest in their supposed value, and being supplied with

his own stationary and little writing table, generally produces a new copy every two or three days. We comply with his request for their publication, in order to show by what simple means an extraordinary man may be harmlessly entertained, and gratified, and amused.

What scripture says, we must always, Pay good attention to, For they're unwise who credit lies, And count all fables true.

This bed contains the last remains, A thimble full or so, Of Fennel seed, which should indeed Have been sown long ago.

A thousand ways cut short our days, None are exempt from death— Yet we don't read that Fennel seed Ere stopt a person's breath.

Some folks receive, I do believe, Strange fancies which they hear: For some suppose whoever sows This seed, woe live a year.

I can't devise were danger lies In Fennel seed alone: The seed of ill, as well might kill, As any seed that's sown.

Though some man's wife departed life, After she'd sown one bed— Others I know have lived to sow Ten beds, and are not dead.

Adam and Eve I don't believe, Ere heard of Fennel seed, But yet they died and mere beside, In Genesis who read.

Had it not been for Adam's sin, Life might have been enjoyed; Not all the weeds or Fennel seeds, Ere could have life destroyed.

If Eve had not, these words forgot, On this tree do not feed, We lived might, till heads were white, In spite of Fennel seed.

Should Heaven please to send disease, Or death approach with speed, I don't think I should sooner die, For sowing Fennel seed.

Deluded souls that trust in moles, And dreams to guide their lives; Women like these some men may please— They seldom make good wives.

Tricks they will try, thinking thereby, The sooner to get wed; I've known them bake a salted cake, To eat when going to bed.

This cake it seems produces dreams, As saltiness causes thirst; And it is said when they're to wed, Will bring them water first.

Fortunes they'll see in drops of tea, By looking in a dish, They will relate your future state, And tell you what you wish.

If I should mix their signs and tricks, It would increase my lines, To that degree 'tis best for me To only mention signs.

The moon when new, they chance to view, Or the right shoulder first— Exchange, Though this seems strange, till the next Good luck attends them most.

If bumble bee in house they see, Some friend is nigh at hand; And itching feet foretells you'll eat Your bread in some strange land.

An itching eye doth signify, The same as bumble bee; It plainly shows, as they suppose, Some friend they'll quickly see.

If spider brown, or white, spin down, Before a person's eyes— If white, they're said—if black, they're glad, It good luck signifies!

I'd mention over a thousand more, But since there is no need, I'll close straightway, and only say, They're all like Fennel seed.

A TURK IN PARIS.—The Turkish Ambassador in Paris, wishing to set up a Harlem during his stay in that city, applied for permission to the Government. The extraordinary and strange demand has received a negative from M. Guizot, and the answer is said to be a masterpiece of French politeness and profound reasoning, but his Turkish Excellency is much vexed at the fastidiousness of Parisian society.

A GOOD REPLY.—When Ethen Allen was a prisoner in England, sick and comparatively weak of nerve, with a halter about his neck, and the doom of death hanging over his head, he was offered half the fee of Vermont and a lordship if he would enter into the British service. And what was his reply? "Your Majesty, here gentlemen reminds me of a certain other Majesty named in Scripture, who offered Jesus Christ all the lands in the world if he would fall down and worship him; when the fact was the poor DEVIL didn't own a single foot of land on earth to give away."

The Cat Insurrection.

At the time it became publicly known that Napoleon, then on board the Bellerophon off Plymouth, was to be sent to St. Helena, a respectable looking man caused a number of handbills to be distributed through Chester, in which he informed the public that a great number of genteel families had embarked at Plymouth, and would certainly proceed with the British regiment appointed to accompany Bonaparte to St. Helena. He added further, that the island being dreadfully infested with rats, his majesty's ministers had determined that it should be forthwith effectually cleared of these noxious animals. To facilitate this important purpose, he had been deputed to purchase, in the course of a week, as many cats and thriving kittens as could possibly be procured for money in that short space of time, and therefore, he publicly offered in his handbills, 16 shillings for every athletic full-grown tom-cat, 10 shillings for every adult female puss, and half a crown for every thriving, vigorous kitten, that could swim milk, pursue a ball of thread, or fasten its young fangs in a dying mouse. On the evening of the third day after his advertisement had been distributed, the people of Chester were astonished with an irruption of a multitude of old women, boys and girls, into their streets, every one of whom carried on their shoulders either a bag or a sack, which appeared pregnant with some restless animal, that seemed laboring into birth. Every road—every lane was thronged with this comical procession—and the wandering spectators of the scene were involuntarily compelled to remember the old riddle about St. Ives:

"As I was going to St. Ives, I met fifty old wives, Every wife had fifty sacks, Every sack had fifty cats, Every cat had fifty kittens, Kittens, cats, sacks and wives, How many were going to St. Ives?"

Before nightfall, a congregation of nearly 3000 cats were collected in Chester. The happy owners of these sweet voiced creatures, proceeded all (as directed by the advertisement) towards one street with their delectable burdens. Here they became closely wedged together. A vocal concert soon ensued. The women screamed—the cats scolded—the boys and girls shrieked treble, and the dogs of the street howled base, so that it soon became difficult for the nicest ear to ascertain whether canine, feline, or the human tones were predominant. Some of the cat-bearing ladies, whose dispositions were not of the most placid nature, finding themselves annoyed by the pressure of their neighbors, soon cast down their burdens, and began to box. A battle royal ensued. The cats sounded the war whoop with might and main. Meanwhile the boys of the town who seemed mightily to relish the sport, were actively employed in opening the mouths of the deserted sacks, and liberating the cats from the infernal situation.

The enraged animals bounded immediately on the shoulders and heads of the combatants, and ran spitting, squalling, and clawing along the undulating sea of skulls, toward the walls of the houses of the good people of Chester. The citizens attracted by the noise, had opened their windows to gaze at the fun. Into these windows the cats instantaneously sprang, taking possession of the rooms by a novel kind of storm or escalade. The cats, in their sudden assault on the drawing rooms, and other apartments of the Chesterites, rushed with rapidity of lightning up the pillars, and across the balustrades and galleries, for which the town is so famous, and so slush dash, through the open windows into the open apartments. Never since the days of the celebrated Hugh Lupus, were the drawing rooms of Chester filled with such a crowd of unwelcome guests. Now were heard the crash of the broken china—the howling of affrighted lap dogs—the cries of distressed damsels, who wept their torn faces and shuddered charms—and the groans of fat old citizens rushing and tumbling forward towards the balconies, bald bare and bleeding. All Chester was soon in arms, and dire were the deeds of vengeance on the falling race. It is needless to recite the various combats that took place between the cats and men. Suffice it that our correspondent counted 500 dead bodies floating the next day on the river Dee, where they had been ignominiously thrown by the two-legged victors. The rest of the invading host having evacuated the town, dispersed in utter confusion, carrying with them, however, their arms from the field of battle.

A love-sick swain, in order more fully to ascertain the mind of his "lady-love," enclosed a letter with the following verse: If you were a dog and I was a hog, A roatin' away in the yard; If the old man should say, "drive that hog away," Would you worry or bite very hard?

Punch's Almanack advises the farmers to sow their P's, keep their U's warm, have their B's, shoot their J's, feed their N's, look after their potatoe's P's, and then take their E's.

Circassian Beauty.

History, travellers, and romance, have said nothing of the beauty of Circassian women, which is not below the truth. Beauty has been considered an imaginary being, a thing of invention; and to justify this idea, it is alleged that what is beautiful to the eyes of one people is not to those of another; that a Chinese beauty would have no charms in France or England, and, in like manner, that the French or English beauty would have no attractions, in the eyes of a Chinese. But the beauty of Circassian women is a sufficient answer to this reasoning; since they are acknowledged to be beautiful by all nations. They possess that pleasing union of features—that proportion of all the parts of the body; that splendour; those brilliant tints; that whole, that cannot be defined, but which exists, and necessarily constitutes beauty; since all men do it homage.

It is only in this point of view, that the inhabitants of Circassia (a country between the Caspian and Black seas,) deserve the attention of the observing traveller. It will easily be conceived, that the nation which considered women as merchandise, can never make her a companion, nor consider marriage a sacred and indissoluble union. We find accordingly, that the Circassians have many wives, whom they change at pleasure; but the first wife always has a superiority over the others, which nothing can take away, and which she retains till death.

The first wife, who is usually married when extremely young, is purchased like the rest, in the public markets, where an innumerable multitude of women are exposed to sale. No inquiry is made with respect to whence the woman is brought; and if the names of her parents are asked, it is only to ascertain whether she derives her birth from the stock of pure and acknowledged beauty.

The usual price of a beautiful Circassian female is from eight to ten thousand piasters. Women being the principal commerce in Circassia, every thing in their education and habitual life, has for its object to preserve their beauty, and facilitate its developments. All domestic occupations are abandoned to the slaves; women are solely employed with the arts of the toilette and the means of pleasing. They make it a particular study to modulate their voices in soft melodious tones, and to display grace and elegance in every motion.

WIT USEFUL TO A COMMANDER.—La Fayette had a quarrel with a battalion of the National Guards on the subject of a drill, they considering the manual exercise as an infringement of the Rights of Man. The General being of a contrary opinion, a deputation of Corporals, for any thing higher would be too aristocratic, waited on him at the quarters of his Staff, in the Place Vendome, to demand his immediate resignation. On further inquiry, he ascertained that all the battalions, amounting to thirty thousand men, were precisely of the same sentiments. Next morning happened to have been appointed for a general review of the National Guard. La Fayette appeared on the ground as Commandant at the head of his Staff, and galloping along the line, suddenly alighted from his horse, and taking a musket on his shoulder, to the utter astonishment of every body, he walked directly into the centre of the line, and took post in the ranks. Of course all the field officers flew to know the reason. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am tired of receiving orders as Commander-in-Chief, and that I might give them, I have become a Private as you see."

The announcement was received with a shout of merriment, and as in France, a plebeian would privilege a man to set fire to a church, the General was cheered on all sides, was remounted and the citizen army proceeded to march and manoeuvre according to the drill.—Memoirs of a Statesman, in Blackwood.

A book was printed during the time of Cromwell with the following title:—"Eggs of Christy, layed by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled with the water of Divine Love. Take ye and Eat."

Dry Humour.—An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to Paddy, "Are you not very wet?" "Arrah! I don't care about being very wet, but please your honor, I'm very dry."

Why do you not hold up your head as I do? inquired an aristocratic lawyer of a laboring farmer. "Squire," replied the farmer, "look at that field of grain; all the valuable heads hang down like mine, while those that have nothing in them, stand upright like yours."

"Patrick, I want somebody to kill my box, do you understand butchering?" "Faith, and it's me that can lend you a hand at the same; but it's a loss you'll want a long wid me, for getting the fur off is the only part of the business that I understand."