

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 Massey & Eisely.

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From the Newark Post.

The following beautiful and touching lines on the late lamentable catastrophe are from the pen of a lady in this city.

The Decker on Board the Princeton.

The morning sun shone brightly In an unclouded sky, And lovely forms and faces fair Were passing gaily by.

As when a woman vents her grief O'er sights which rend the heart to see, Amidst that stricken band, Whose sighs and tears were blent.

March 4, 1844 R F

From the Democratic Review for February. AN INCIDENT IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

BY MRS. E. T. ELLETT.

It was a bloody and critical period of the war in the Peninsula, that Morillo, then commanding the fifth Spanish army, about four thousand strong, in conjunction with Penne Villenour, passed down the Portuguese frontier to the Lower Guadiana, intending to fall on Seville as soon as Soult should advance to the succor of Badajoz.

But the hope entertained by the Spaniards, of being speedily in possession of Seville, were cut off by a piece of deceit. False information adroitly given by a Spaniard in the French interest, led Ballasteros to believe Soult was at hand, whereupon he immediately returned to the Ronda, while Penne Villenour, also warned that the French would soon return, retired to Gibraltar.

This disappointment and failure in the execution of a favorite project, cherished for many months, irritated beyond control the naturally severe temper of Morillo. It was evening; and the division of the army under him were encamped some hours' march on their retreat.

Just then one of the inferior officers returning to his tent after giving some orders to the men, was interrupted by a boy apparently ten years of age, who, seizing his hand, and speaking in an accent slightly foreign, besought him, with piteous entreaties, to procure him admittance to the general. The officer found, on inquiry, that he was the son of one of the prisoners, a soldier distinguished for his eminent personal bravery, who had not been taken, even when overwhelmed by numbers without giving and receiving many wounds.

This soldier, weary and wounded, but invincible in courage and spirit, for he scorned to ask the clemency of his conqueror, was now to suffer death with his companion in misfortune. The terrible order had been given, for Morillo and he so hated his country's enemies, that the bravest and most generous among them could have found no mercy at his hands.

"You shall see the general, boy, since you wish it," said the officer in reply to the child's passionate entreaties; but he will not grant your father's life. San Lucas! but these French dogs have given us too much trouble already!

"Spare him! spare my father!" sobbed the youthful supplicant. "The officer explained his relationship to one of the prisoners about to be executed. 'Ah! that reminds me, said the chief looking at his watch. Pedro, nine is the hour. Let them be punctual, and have the business soon over.'

"No one, senior, but brave generals do not always kill their prisoners."

"I kill whom I choose, thundered Morillo; and I hate the French. Boy, thy father shall die. I have said it; begone."

The officer made a silent sign to the petitioner, to intimate that there was no hope, and that he must begone. But the boy's countenance suddenly changed. He walked up to the general, who had turned away, and placed himself directly before him, with a look of calm resolution worthy of a martyr.

"Dear me, senior, said he; my father is gray-headed; he is wounded; his strength is falling even now, though he stands up to receive the fire of your men. I am young, and strong and well. Let them shoot me in his place, and let my father go free."

It was impossible to doubt the sincerity of this offer, for the face of the devoted child was kindled with a holy enthusiasm. A dark flash rushed to the brow of Morillo, and for a moment he looked on the boy in silence.

"Thou art willing to die, at length he said, 'for thy father?' Then, to suffer pain for him will be nothing. Wilt thou lose one of thy ears to save him?"

"I will, was the firm reply. 'Lend me thy sword, Pablo,' and, in an instant, at one blow, the general struck off the boy's ear. The victim wept, but resisted not; nor raised his hand to wipe away the streaming blood.

"So far good; wilt thou lose the other ear?" "I will, to save my father!" answered the boy, conclusively.

Morillo's eyes flashed. The heroism of a child compelled even his admiration; but unmoved from his cruel purpose, he snatched off the other ear with his still reeking sword.

There was a dead silence. "And now, senior," said the boy, breathing quickly, and looking up into the general's face.

"And now, answered Morillo, 'depart. THE FATHER OF SUCH A CHILD IS DANGEROUS TO SPAIN; HE MUST PAY THE PRICE OF HIS LIFE!"

The maimed child went forth from the presence of his inhuman foe. Presently the report of fire arms announced that he had witnessed the execution of his father."

Must we blame the cruelty of individuals for such enormities!—or not rather the relentless spirit of war, that builds up the glory of its heroes on a scaffolding of death, and sacrificed daily to the projects of ambition the promptings of humanity.

Legislative Fun in Mississippi.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Tropic gives an account of some queer proceedings in the lower branch of the Mississippi Legislature. It is highly amusing. He says:

"At the evening session, every member of the House was in his place, and a crowd of ladies graced the gallery. Some rare fun was expected, as it was known that Lindsay, the Representative from Itawamba county, was to speak. This person is uncouth in his manners, ungainly in his person, and illiterate in his discourse. Some of this man's fitness for his position may be gathered from the following verbatim report of his speech on the motion to reduce the salaries of the Judiciary, a measure introduced a few days since, and opposed by the respectable of both parties. 'Where I was raised, in Old Alabama, we never give a judge of my sort more nor fifteen hundred a year—and if I may be allowed to conjecture, I do reckon that we had just as good judges in Alabama as you can raise in Massesayp. My constituents sent me here to practise 'economy—therefore, I goes for economy; and sorry am I to observe that many which I thought knowed better, are a strain' and a reachin' arter the high puse'—(pursue)."

to the Constitution, contrary to human nature, and contrary to the rights of all free white citizens of the State of Massesayp and travellers in general.

"I knowed a genelman—a right genteel genelman too he was. I do assure you genelman, who was travelin in this State with his wife and a hull crowd of leetle ones in a waggin and his lady was tuck with the shakes, and his bottle was run out. There was a fix to be in genelman; he did'nt want to buy a gallon of ardent becas it wasn't convenient—so he asked the landlord to fill his bottle at a fair price—and the landlord, who was a clever feller, and knowed what it was to have the shakes and be out o' flicker, why he filled the genelman's bottle at a fair price, when another genelman who was standin by, says, 'you're a going contrary to the laws of Massesayp,' and then this genelman goes out and informs agin the landlord for sellin licker by less than a gallon, and if they had'nt knowed him well all around, them parts he'd a been fined and imprisoned for doin' as any genelman would like to be done when 'e bottle is run out, which is contrary to the rights of any white man, traveller or not."

"I knowed another genelman whose horse was took right sick, and he was told that a little brandy and a half pint of camp-fire would cure the beast. Now, he was temperance and never drunk—but for all that he was obliged to buy a gallon when he only wanted a drap to mix with the camp-fire. Is this law for any white man to live by?"

"Why, I, myself, genelman, were once travelin down there by the Yellerusher, with a friend, beside myself, when I felt like takin' a small horn, havin' been movin' right smartly through the swamps the hull day, which my friend said was correct, and unanimously agreed with me in the same. Well, I myself was obliged to pay for a gallon when I onely wanted to fill a three half pint bottle—which is my size as it fits well into the side pocket of my top coat, though some genelman carry a bottle big enough to hold a gallon."

This speech was loudly cheered throughout, and Mr. L's solemn earnestness of manner contributed material to heighten the effect. The best of the joke was that his bug-bear, "the gallon law," as it is called, has been repealed for some considerable length of time.

A member moved to strike out "alcoholic and vicious," and insert "table beer."

An amendment was moved and amended and put on paper—the Clerk read it aloud, and it proved to be a parody on Russell's song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," beginning "A day in a muddy swamp."

Another "amendment" introduced the epigram now going the rounds of the papers about the marriage of a Mr. Reo to a Miss Fowler, ending with

"And soon there will, if Heaven please, Be a swarm of little howers."

Here the fun grew fast and furious—the ladies left the gallery—the chairman tapped in vain, and Mr. Balfour rose in great heat and said— "Mr Speaker, look at the chandelier!—look at this splendid pile of building—look at every body about us—is this the place to play the fool? I look upon the bill proposed as a disgrace to the nation—a disgrace to the State—a disgrace to the house of God!"

The committee reported progress—the bill was ordered to lay upon the table, and the House adjourned about ten o'clock at night.

A PAINFUL CASE.—A CLEVERMAN CONVICTED OF CRIME.—The Elyria (Ohio) Atlas gives the sentence of H. C. Taylor, a clergyman, and editor of a religious paper in the West, who pleaded guilty to the crime of seduction, and using improper means to cover his fault, and also to the charge of stealing. The Court sentenced him to be imprisoned in the jail of the county one year, pay a fine of two hundred dollars, and the costs of prosecution, and fined twenty-five dollars each on three charges of larceny. The Atlas says— "His appearance was humiliating in the extreme. Around him were those who had associated with him in former days, and had placed implicit confidence in him—who had listened to his moral instructions, to his preaching—but who now were to listen to his sentence as a vile criminal. He came into Court with his head down—guilt depicted in his countenance—the wreck of greatness—a fearful warning for all to shun the path of temptation and vice. Upon being asked by the Judge if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced, not a word was uttered, not a palliating circumstance offered—guilt was too plainly visible, too deeply felt—the law had been grossly violated, and its penalty could not be withheld."

AGE OF MR. CLAY.—Mr. Clay was born on the 19th of April, 1777, and will consequently be sixty-seven years old on the 19th day of April next.

NOT SO BAD.—A young thief named George White, who was ordered to be committed at Providence, in default of bail, on Monday, demanded a carriage, insisting that the law did not compel gentlemen to walk to prison.

Extract of a Letter from a Yankee in London, to his friend at home.

LONDON, Feb. 1st, 1844.

DEAR COUSIN:—I suppose you know how much our folks have complained at the Yorkshire folks who have imported their goods underfinished into the United States, and sworn to invoices, too, an all true; and yet somehow the laws of the Tariff were exactly not answered,—that is, make 2 thing half way, and only requiring finishing to make it complete, but leave the finishing till after the duty was paid. Well, I was considering anxiously about that, and seeing no way to correct it by the law, I thought I would try my hand in seeing how the matter would work in the shape of retaliation; and that comes as high reciprocity as the Prime Minister can make it.

I got safe here on the packet on 8th ultimo, and landed my cases of clocks. The duty was 25 per cent on the value; and I put down on the invoice six shillings and ninepence sterling, each clock. The officer started, and looking at the invoice; and then at my clocks. "What," says he, "only 6s. 9d for those clocks—why, they are three feet high, and warranted to go!" "That's no go," says he; I must seize 'em." "Very well," says I, do.—But the law says you must pay the invoice price and ten per cent. additional; and that is all I care for, so go ahead." And so I left him.

Not caring to seem very anxious about it, I didn't go back to the Custom House for nigh upon three weeks—for this is such an eternal big city, it takes nigh upon three weeks to walk about it and find out any thing concerning the clock trade—so I went back; Well says I, Mr. Officer, what have you concluded on regarding them clocks of mine, are you ready to pay me the invoice price of 6s. 9d, and ten per cent. according to law—or what say I? He walked aside with me for a spell, and says he, "are you any relation of Mr. Slick of Slicksville? Yes says I, considerable—on the mother's side, for she is the second cousin to Sam Slick." "Now," says he, Mr. Doolittle, I want to know if you really think those clocks are worth no more than six shillings and nine pence for if that is the case, the duty is only one shilling and eight pence half-penny." Well says I them clocks, if properly tilted, are raly worth more—but I don't think if Sir Robert Peel, or the Duke of Wellington, or even the Queen herself and Prince Albert, were to try, they make them worth more as they now stand." Well, says he, to tell you the truth, I have had them examined by some of our Clock-makers, and they say they are like Pinder's razors, "made to sell." "Why," says I, "you cunning critter; do tell now," says I, "I want to know."

So you see these English Custom House officers are up to a thing or two. This critter now had been trying my clocks, by some of their experienced clock makers, and to use his saying, it was "no go."—Well, says I, Mr. Officer, what do you conclude on? Why, says he, "the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury conclude you may pass your clocks at your invoice." And so I paid the duty accordingly and carried my clocks to the city. Now, it seems, that all the Custom House officers, all the clock makers, and all the Lords of the Treasury, did not see that only one small wheel not bigger than a shilling, was wanting in each of these clocks, and that I had in my chests, and without it, the clocks, was "no go," but with it, every man, woman and child can tell where the sun is, a great deal more accurately than they can thro' the fog and smoke of this city; for if it hadn't been for my clocks I never could have told day from night here. Well, it wasn't long after I got my clocks through the Custom House before they were all going as true as the sun. And the way they regulated the time here is a caution to Rock Hill.

There is no people on aith can beat us in clock making. I sent one of mine to the Queen, and she is tickled most desperately with it, and regulates all her business, by it, and don't allow any body to wind it up but Prince Albert.

I am going to send one to Rev. S. Smith, as soon as I can get N. D. painted on it, in honor of old Connecticut—meaning no debts. But he is considerable rich up just now about the quakers of Pennsylvania. He lost forty per cent, on his investment in Pennsylvania stock; but I hope after he gets one of my stock, he will regain his confidence in American ticks.

This business about State debt is very bad here for all Americans—and makes us feel small; and goes considerable against my business, and all kinds of business with America. I believe I could sell twenty clocks where I sell one, if all our States paid up promptly. Folks here have got a notion there is no dependence upon us, and that our clocks can't keep good time, if our States don't keep good time also.

Nations are like families. You know how the Stiles family went to ruin on account of not paying their debts. Nobody would trust them. And when Mrs. Stiles at last sent to borrow our brass kettle to bile apple sass in, she was

told "to buy one"—No body would lend such folks. Good credit is almost as good as real money to any man; and just so it is with a family or a nation. Small vessels, Cutters, Schooners, and Lor-Old uncle Ebenezer used to say that as long as he paid interest promptly, he never knew the day he could not borrow all he wanted. And that is a notion I wish our State would think on; for that is all lenders want Love to all. Your friend and cousin. AMOS DOOLITTLE.

THE CAMDEN N. J. COTTON FACTORY COMPANY, recently chartered by the Legislature, will employ a capital of \$600,000. The factory building and some one hundred small private dwellings have been contracted for. The Camden Eagle of Saturday says: "The stock books of the new factory were open on Wednesday, according to law, and shares to the amount of \$150,000 taken."

AMERICAN SHEEP HUSBANDRY.—According to recent calculations, there are at present 31,000,000 of sheep in the United States; exhibiting an increase of upwards of 5,000,000 during the last five years. These animals at a moderate and reasonable computation, are worth at least \$70,000,000. The annual amount of wool is estimated at 90,000,000 lbs.—worth about \$40,000,000. Of the whole number of sheep in the United States, New York owns nearly one fifth!

NOVEL DIVORCE PETITION.—A novel divorce case was brought before Council to-day, Peter G. Obert, of New Brunswick, represents by petition, that having once petitioned the Legislature for a divorce from his wife, being informed that a bill was passed he married another woman; and he now learns to his surprise that she was misinformed, and begs that the Legislature will relieve him by nullifying his first marriage, and save him from the penalty of the law. The case was referred to a special committee.—Newark Advertiser.

WOMEN.—That noble eulogy of John Leedyard the American traveller, on women should never be forgotten. How simple yet eloquent is the language. The Queen and the peasant girl can alike understand it. It was written, while on his Journey in Siberia.

"I have observed among all nations that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found they are the same, kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. "They do not hesitate like man to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenious; more liable in general to err than man, but in general more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman who declined or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has been quite otherwise."

GO TO WORK.—There are thousands and tens of thousands of young men among us whose only resource against the accumulated miseries of a destitute manhood, and a disgraceful old age, is the workshop or the farm. It is useless, at this day, for every young man to aspire to the lot of living by his wits, for it is a task in which few who undertake it have the talent requisite to ensure success. How many there are at present "loafing" away the precious years of youth in our cities and villages, who ought to be acquiring the rudiments of some honorable and useful trade. Learning is by no means incompatible with the practice of the arts, for the more one "knows," the more likely will he be to succeed, and to do honor both to himself and the profession in which he is engaged.

EXERCISE.—Walking," said Jefferson, "is the best possible exercise. Habituate yourself to walk very far.—We value ourselves on having subdued the horse to our use; but don't whether we have not lost more than we have gained by it. No one thing has occasioned so much degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day as an enfeebled white with a horse; and he will tire the best horse."

"I TOLD YOU SO."—Wife! wife! our cow's dead—choked with a turnip.

"I told you so. I always know'd she'd choke herself with them turnips."

"But it was a pumpkin—a darned big one."

"Well, it's all the same. I knowed all along how it would be. Nobody but a monkey, like you, would feed a cow on pumpkins that wasn't chump."

"The pumpkins was chopt. And 'twasnt the pumpkins neither, what choked her, 'twas the tray—the end o' it is sticking out of her mouth now."

"Ugh! Ugh! There goes my bread tray. No longer ago than yesterday, I told you the cow would swallow the tray!"