

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

HENRY B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS. H. B. MASSEB, Editor.

[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.]

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.

From the Lancaster Examiner.

The Whirlwind.

BY MISS JULIET H. LEWIS.

The Whirlwind would take a walk one day, (And a very fast walker is he.)

'Twas plainly seen, as he rush'd along, He was bent upon frolic that day;

His path lay straight through the dark greenwood, And away o'er the mountain's broad brow,

The Asp was the first to hear his voice, And she shook through each branch at the sound;

The Hickory beheld his sister fall, And exclaimed with an ill-natured sneer—

As onward the whirlwind came, he heard The rude scuffer unfeelingly jest;

The Pine saw the Hickory's shivered trunk, And bowed low as the wind whistled past;

The Oak in defiance tossed his head, Or a veteran right bold is he—

Onward still! o'er the land he sweeps, With wreck, and ruin, and rush and roar;

He blooming Hawth heard the Whirlwind's voice, And it filled her with weighty alarms;

Onward still! o'er the land he sweeps, With wreck, and ruin, and rush and roar;

From the American Sentinel.

The Drunkard's Child's Lament.

I never knew a father's love, My sire ne'er breath'd a prayer for me,

I never knew what 'twas to see, A father's kind approving look,

I never knew what 'twas to feel, Or look on him with filial pride,

I never knew what 'twas to watch, His coming home, in childish play,

I've often gone with playmates home, And seen them climb their father's knee,

Ah yes! I have one friend on earth; Yet still I boast a mother's love,

When sick at heart, I seek my home, With sorrow on my brow impress'd,

How oft she sits in silent prayer, While my own sire is raving far,

Ah! who that has not felt, can tell, What pain, what anguish, fills our heart,

Oh! Thou! who to the fatherless, Hast promised 'Thou'lt a Father be—

Oh! wilt Thou not in mercy bow, 'Thine ever gracious, pitying ear?

Yes, tho' my father's heart's so hard, And we are too, by sin defiled,

COOKING BEETS.—Take beets of middle size, and after removing the tops and dirt, roast them in a fire as potatoes are roasted.

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.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, March 6, 1841.

Vol. I.—No. XXIV.

Origin of Mormonism.

At the request of some of our readers, we republish a well authenticated account of the origin of Mormonism, which was inserted in the Religious Telegraph and Observer on the 9th of May last.

DEAR SIR:—As the pastor of the Congregational church and society in this town, I have had occasion to come in contact with Mormonism in its grosser forms. Consequently I have been led to make inquiries relative to its origin, progress, and so far as they have any peculiar sentiments of its votaries.

The occasion of the communication coming into my hands, is as follows: Having heard, incidentally, that there was a lady in Monson, Mass., whose husband, now dead, was the author of the book, I requested in a note, Rev. D. R. Austin, Principal of Monson Academy, to obtain of her, for my benefit, and to be used as I should think proper, a certified account of its origin with her husband; for the character of which lady, I wished the venerable Dr. Ely and himself to avouch.

You are requested to insert it in the Recorder, not so much because it will interest the majority of your readers, but that the facts, well attested may be laid up in memory and the number of your papers containing them being kept, may afford the means to an enlightened community, to refuse so great an imposition on the world.

JOHN STORRS, ORIGIN OF THE "BOOK OF MORMON," OR "GOLDEN BIBLE."

As this book has excited much attention and has been put, by a certain sect, in the place of the sacred Scriptures, I deem it a duty which I owe to the public, to state what I know touching its origin. That its claims to a divine origin are wholly unfounded, needs no proof to a mind unperturbed by the grossest delusion.

Rev. Solomon Spaulding, to whom I was united in marriage in early life,

was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for a lively imagination and a great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage, he resided in Cherry Valley, N. Y.

From New Salem we removed to Pittsburg, Pa. Here S. found an acquaintance and friend, in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. P., who was very much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it a long time, and informed Mr. S. that if he would make out a title-page and preface, he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit.

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Cracks in stoves and stove pipes are readily closed by a paste made of ashes and salt, with water. Iron filings, sal ammoniac, and water, make a hard and more durable cement.

Hens will, it is said, be sure to furnish an extra quantity of eggs, if you deal to each about a gill of oats per day.

Curious Experiment. Some few months ago, I made a curious and interesting experiment, an account of which may be interesting to many, and useful to some of the readers of the Journal.

Singular Discovery. Six miles north of Manchester, Eng., on the line of the Bolton railway, five trees have been found in the excavation made at that place, which appear to have been partly converted to coal.

Fox Scapes.—An Act is passed in the Delaware Legislature, granting a premium of \$23 on the scalp of every fox killed in Sussex county, in that State.

writings of his sainted brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. The excitement in New Salem became so great, that the inhabitants had a meeting, and deputed Dr. Philastus Hurlbut, one of their numbers, to repair to this place, and to obtain from me the original manuscript of Mr. S., for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible, to satisfy their own minds, and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive.

I am sure that nothing could grieve my husband more, were he living, than the use which has been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown about the composition, doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to purposes of delusion.

Rev. Solomon Spaulding was the first husband of the narrator of the above history. Since his decease, she has been married to a second husband by the name of Davidson. She is now residing in this place: is a woman of irreproachable character, and an humble christian, and her testimony is worthy of implicit confidence.

A. ELY, D. D. Pastor of Cong. Church in Monson. D. R. AUSTIN, Principal of Monson Academy. Monson, Mass., April 1st, 1839.

CURIOUS AND IMPORTANT.—We see it stated in a foreign paper, that M. Zeller, director of the Agricultural Society of Darmstadt, in 1836, ploughed two plots of ground of the same size, with potatoes. When the plants had flowered, the blossoms were removed from those in one field, while those in the other were left untouched.

The Wife of Dugald Stewart. In the December No. of the London Quarterly Review, we find a notice of the wife of the illustrious philosopher, Dugald Stewart. She is there said to have been equal to her husband in intellect.

When a young lady she wrote a poem which was accidentally shown by her cousin, Lord Lothian, to Mr. Stewart. The philosopher was so charmed with the perusal as to determine seeking her hand in marriage. The society of Mrs. Stewart is said to have attracted to her house the most cultivated citizens of Edinburgh, and the distinguished strangers who visited that city.

A PATENT has recently been taken out for a machine which is likely to supersede the hitherto known methods of raising water. It is termed Hall's Patent Hydraulic Belt, and is already in operation in many parts of the country for the purpose of draining land.

A REMARKABLE BLACKSMITH.—Mr. BURETT, the learned blacksmith, recently delivered a lecture before the Lyceum at Northampton, (Mass.) "which," says the Courier, "for literary beauty and performance, astonished all who heard him."

MARRIAGE.—A Western editor heads his marriage notices with the following sentence: "The bride and groom were united in the presence of a large number of friends."

The Shepherd's Dog.

A shepherd who inhabited one of those valleys or glens which intersect the Grampian mountains, in one of his excursions to look after his flock, happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant of three years old. This is not an unusual practice amongst the Highlanders, who accustom their children from the earliest infancy to endure the rigours of the climate.

Next morning, by break of day, the shepherd accompanied by a band of his neighbors, set out in search of the child; but after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On his returning home to his cottage, he found that the dog, which he lost the day before, had been home and on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again.

A good Joke. I have heard a first-rate joke about John Turman, late of Athens. He was stopping at a tavern up the country, and used to lounge about the bar, and come it over other people's lounge. Not a glass could be left for a moment but he would slyly slip up and drink its contents.

And down went the lamp oil, up came the brandy and opium, together with John's breakfast. The joke was told, and he has never drunk other people's liquor since.—Bullion.

The following is related in the February Number of the Knickerbocker: Dr. Asper's episode of tooth drawing, reminds us of a country patient somewhat akin to his, who called on one of our most eminent dentists, being "troubled with a raging tooth," which he wished extracted.

Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly. Sixteen lines make a square.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, - - - \$0 50 1 do 3 do - - - 0 75 1 do 5 do - - - 1 00 Every subsequent insertion, - - - 0 25 Yearly Advertisements, (with the privilege of alteration) one column \$25; half column, \$18, three squares, \$12; two squares, \$8; one square, \$5. Without the privilege of alteration a liberal discount will be made.

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Sir George Cayley's Air Engine.

Many attempts have been made in England and France, and in this country to convert air into a motive power, and according to the Polytechnic Journal, Sir George Cayley has at length succeeded, and a locomotive carriage is now nearly finished in London, which will be propelled on this principle. Air is the motive power of this new engine. The principle is easily explained. Air is compressed by the pump into a receiver, to be used when wanted. Motion is communicated to the wheels by pistons acted upon by the air, which is rarified by heat in its passage from the receiver to the cylinders, where it acts upon the piston rod much in the same way that the steam does.—Thus, to communicate motion to a piston, a portion of the air in the receiver is forced by compression into tubes subjected to heat, and from thence, in its rarified state, it rushes to the cylinders as the only place of escape. Motion is accordingly produced. No water is required—a serious consideration, and the consumption of coke is only from four to five pounds weight per horse power a mile. The air-engine, by obviating the necessity of carrying water, and by obtaining the full power from combustion in the most economical manner, bids fair to be applicable on many occasions where the steam-engine is inconvenient, and to vie with it in power.

Lazy People.

Laziness is the parent of all sins that have been committed since the morning of creation. Eve was in a lazy fit at the time Satan tempted her; if Adam had kept her busy she would have kept out of mischief, and we should all have been innocent and as happy as lambskins. If the antediluvians had commenced building siks when Noah preached to them, they might have been saved, but they were too lazy to work, and so they were drowned in the great aqueous catastrophe. The reason the Egyptians refused to let the Israelites go, was because they were too lazy to make their own bricks, and wished to compel the Hebrews to do their work for them. The consequences are all well known; they were plagued grievously, and afterwards drowned in the red sea. Lazy people in our days are constantly plaguing themselves, and are an everlasting plague and eyesore to others. The sight of a creeping, lifeless indolent man or woman, is misery to the thrifty and industrious. People of this class are friendless, they are shunned by their own relations, and universally dreaded. They not only hate to work themselves, but they hate to see work done. They are the worst of all sinners as useless and inactive as they are. Of this kind are your loungers, who delight in hanging about work shops and printing offices, and every place where they can interrupt business. Had we, as Homer expressed it, "A hundred mouths, a thousand tongues," "A throat of brass and adamantine lungs," we could scarcely find time and strength to execute such characters.

A good Joke.

I have heard a first-rate joke about John Turman, late of Athens. He was stopping at a tavern up the country, and used to lounge about the bar, and come it over other people's lounge. Not a glass could be left for a moment but he would slyly slip up and drink its contents. One day a stage driver came in and called for a stiff horn of brandy toddy. John immediately shuffled up to the bar. The driver knew his man, and immediately played possum by leaving his brandy while he stepped to the door. The bait took—on returning he saw the glass empty and exclaimed with all the diabolical horror he should effect— "Brandy and opium enough to kill forty men! who drank that poison?" "I" stammered John, ready to give up the ghost with fright. "You're a dead man," said the driver. "What shall I do?" beseeched John, who thought himself a good sucker. "Down with a pint of lamp oil, or you are a dead man in three minutes," answered the wicked driver.

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