TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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H. B. MASSER, Editor.

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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.

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From the Boston Notion.

THE EAGLE'S ADDRESS TO ENGLAND.

'Cock-a-doodle-doo!'

BY JESSE E. DOW, ESQ.

"Could we be but certain that unbecoming concession would secure us from all other wars but that to which we are now with *such worthless indence challenged by these unwise republicans*, sadly would we bid them put New Brunswick in their pocket and run off with it."—*London Times March* 9, 1841.

Mother how small you are!
Your Island is but a nest!
A kind of a good old easy chair
Where the grumbling gout may rest.
Your cliffs by the ocean stand,
And your battlements fret the sky!
But know ye not of that Western land
Where the free hearts never die!
Come sit on my airy height,
And look at the hosts below,
Where the mountain smiles in the morning's light
And the dark old rivers glow.
Away to the mighty West!
Where the hunter makes his bower—
Where the father of tempests takes his rest—
And the trembling lightnings cower.
Tell not of your ancient might,
Nor boast of your gallant dead.
A nation sits in its armor bright,
And laughs at your palsied tread.
Your bones on a thousand fields
May bleach in the noon-day sun,
And your soldiers may shake their blazoned shields
On the plains of Europe won.
I'll call to the crimson plains
Where the patriot soldier rests,
And the vales shall echo a thousand strains,
And the hills put on their crests.
No *Indian* laurel blooms
O'er the graves of the pilgrim sires,
But the land shall furnish thy soldiers tombs,
Or seats by her cottage fires.
In peace she will greet thee kind—
In war as her men of old—
But ere your battle flag taints the wind
Remember your Island Hold.
A day!—and the land that dares
To shackle a peaceful world,
May find that the western stripling bears
A flag that is never furled.
Then sleep, in thy dotage sleep,
Nor strive to molest the free;—
The babe thou cast on the stormy deep
May hollow a grave for thee.
Then, mother, no longer foam:
But sport with your tilted things;
And drink your porter and stay at home
To nourish a brood of kings.
The days of the olden time,
And the deeds of the Baron bold,
And the curfew's knell at even time,
Are memories to be told.
The dark old age has flown,
And the feudal towers decay,
And naught remains to support your throne
But a *debt* which you ne'er can pay.

Washington, April 19 1841.

ANCIENT PSALMODY.

Before the date of Isaac Watts, the standard of Sacred Songs was rather low. Instance:

'Tis like the precious oint-ment,
Down Aaron's beard did go,
Down Aaron's beard it downward went,
His garment's skirts unto.

Another instance, we give, perhaps a little more poetical, if not quite so exalted;

Ye monsters of the bubbling deep,
Your Master's praises spout,
Up from the sands, ye coddlings peep,
And wag your tails about!

The above from the New Hampshire Telegraph, tolerable fair specimens, but we happen to recollect a better—

The race is not forever got,
By him who fastest runs,
Nor the battle by those people
That shoot with the longest guns!

TO DESTROY CROWS.—Take as much corn as will make a full feed for the crows pasturing, put it in a vessel to boil, with water enough to cover the corn, then add twice as much salt as the water will dissolve; when the water boils, stir in a spoonful or two of tar. This forms a paste, and will prevent the salt from falling off, should it rain before the crows find it. Place it in a conspicuous place in the field, and out of the way of yard fowls. Salt is death to one of the gizzard tribe, if they accepted to eat freely of it. Some persons think that crows should not be destroyed, as they devour many worms and insects; but the above may be useful to such as have a different opinion.

[Yankee Farmer.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.—The following specimen of elegiac pathos was delivered by an Indian woman, over the contigous graves of her husband and child. "The Father of life and light has taken from me the apple of my eye and the core of my heart, and hid them in these two graves. I will water the one with my tears, and the other with the milk of my breast, till I meet them again in the country where the sun never sets!"

An Inquisitive Yankee Woman.

Could anything be more faithful and laughable than the following sketch, which we take from an article called Grimcrackery, by the popular author of Harry Franco, in the last Knickerbocker? It is the richest vein:

Never had a weary traveller a sweeter prospect of enjoying a refreshing nap. We had travelled about a mile, and the easy motion of the coach had just begun to put me and my fellow travellers into a pleasant sleep, when a shrill voice exclaiming 'Stop!' caused the driver to rein up, which roused me from the delightful state of insipient somnolency into which I was sinking.

It was an elderly lady, with a monstrous band box, a paper covered trunk, and a little girl. We were of course debarred the satisfaction of saying a single ill-natured word. The driver dismounted from his box, and having stowed away the lady's baggage, proceeded to assist her to store herself away in a coach.

'Driver,' said the lady, do you know Deacon Hitchcock?'

'No ma'am,' replied the driver, 'I have only driven on the road about a fortnight.'

'I don't,' said the humorist: 'but I know Deacon Hotchkiss, if that will answer your purpose.'

'Don't neither of them other gentlemen know him?' she inquired.

I shook my head negatively: for I was afraid to speak, lest I should dispel the charm which sleep had begun to shed over me: and the invalid shook his head as he was unable to speak.

"Well, then, I don't know whether to get in or not,' said the lady, 'for I must see Deacon Hitchcock before I go home. I am a lone widow lady, all the way from the state of New Hampshire, and the Deacon was a very particular friend of my husband's, this little girl's father, who has been dead this two long years: and I should like to see him amazingly.'

'Does he live about here?' asked the driver.

'Well, I don't know for certain,' said the lady; 'but he lives somewhere in Connecticut. This is the first time I was ever so far from home; I live in the state of New Hampshire, and it is dreadful unpleasant; I feel a little dubious about riding all alone in a stage with gentlemen I never seen before in all my life.'

'There is no danger, ma'am' said the driver, 'the gentlemen won't hurt you.'

'Well perhaps they won't: but it is very unpleasant for a lady to be so far from home; I live in the state of New Hampshire; and this little girl's father ———'

'You had better get in ma'am,' said the driver with praiseworthy moderation.

'Well I don't know but I may as well,' she replied; and after informing the driver once more that she was from the state of New Hampshire, and that her husband had been dead two years, she soon got in, and took her seat.

'I will take your fare ma'am,' said the driver.

'How much is it sir?' asked the lady.

'Four and sixpence, for yourself and little girl,' said the driver.

'Well that is a monstrous sight of money, for a little girl's passage, like that; her father, my husband, has been dead these two long years, and I was never so far from home in all my life. I lived in the state of New Hampshire. It is very unpleasant for a lady; but I dare say neither of them gentlemen would see me imposed upon.'

'I will take your fare if you please ma'am,' again said he, in a tone bordering somewhat on impatience.

'How much did you say it was? Three and six pence?' asked the lady.

'Four and six pence, if you please ma'am,' said the driver.

'O, four and six pence?' and after a good deal of fumbling, and shaking of her pockets, she at last produced a half dollar, and a York shilling, and put them into the driver's hand.

'That is not enough ma'am: I want ninepence more,' said the driver.

'What!—aint we in York state?' she asked eagerly.

'No! ma'am, it is six shillings York money,' replied the driver.

'Well, I used to be quite good at reckoning, when I was to home in the state of New Hampshire; I've reckoned up many a fish vyage; but since I have got so far from home, I believe I am beginning to loose my mental faculties,' said the lady.

At last, after making allusion two or three times to her native state, and her deceased husband, (happy man!) she handed the driver his ninepence, and we were once more in motion.

Although my fellow travellers remained silent all the time she was disputing with the driver, yet they looked as if they wished the lady some of the worst wishes could be imagined.

'Do you think it is dangerous on this road?' began the lady as soon as the door was closed,

'I am a very lengthy way from home, in the state of New Hampshire, and if any thing should happen, I don't know what I should do. I am quite unfamiliar with travelling; and I hope you wont think me obtrusive; I am a widow lady; my husband, the father of this little girl, has been dead these two years come this spring; and I am going with her to the springs; she has got a dreadful bad complaint in her stomach. Are you going to the Springs, sir?' said she, addressing the invalid, who shook his head in reply.

'Ah: are you going, sir?' she said addressing the humorist.

'No, I am not, and if I were ———,' he replied. But the contingency was inwardly produced.

'Are you?' she asked, turning to me.

'No!'

'Ah, I am very sorry; I should like to put myself under the care of some clever gentleman: it is so awfully unpleasant for a lady to be so far from home without a protector: I am from the state of New Hampshire, and this is the first time I ever went travelling in my life. Do you know any body in New Hampshire?'

'No, madam, I do not, and I hope you will excuse me for saying that I never wish to,' said the humorist.

'Well now, that is very strange,' continued the gossip, 'I have not met a single soul that I know, since I left home; and I am in a public way, too; I followed schoolkeeping mostly for my occupation: and I am acquainted with all the first people in the state. I have been a school teacher ever since my husband died, the father of this poor little girl, two years ago; and I am very well known in Rockneybottom Rockingham county, in the state of New Hampshire: I know all the first gentlemen in the place. There is Squire Godwin, Squire Cushman, Mr. Timothy Havens, Mr. Doctor David———.'

'Heavens and earth! I cant stand this! Driver! stop and let me get out!' exclaimed the humorist.

The driver reined up, and the humorist took his valise in his hand, and jumped out, followed by the invalid, who set out to walk back to the tavern we left behind us.

I thought the New Hampshire lady would probably understand the cause of our fellow travellers sudden departure, and leave me to the quiet enjoyment of my nap. I never was more mistaken. No sooner was the coach in motion again than she began to pour out such a running stream of surmises and questions about 'them gentlemen that had left us,' mingled with reminiscences of New Hampshire and her deceased husband, that I began to wish myself back again, on board a rail road car. At length driven to desperation, I was compelled to call out to the driver to stop, and let me get out.

THE CHINESE TAILOR.—Among the many whimsical anecdotes told of the peculiar habits of the Chinese, perhaps few will be considered more characteristic of their love of imitation than the following. Towards the close of last century, an officer of the Pitt, East Indiaman, when that ship lay off Canton, sent ashore to a native, an order for a dozen pairs of trowsers, to be made of the nankeen for which China has so long been famed. The Chinese artizan required a pattern; he could not make anything without a pattern: so a pair of trowsers were sent at his request, which pair had been mended with a patch, and needle-work on the knee. In due time the dozen pairs were sent on board, made of a fabric of exceeding beauty for fineness and quality, but every pair bearing, like an heraldic badge, the obnoxious patch on the one knee, exactly copied stitch for stich, in a style that reflected the highest credit on the mechanical skill of the workman, and for the difficult execution of which an extra charge was made upon the purse of the exasperated owner, who had no alternative but to bring home his bargain as a qualification for the Traveller's Club; for certainly among no kindred or people living betwixt this and China, could a similar achievement have been perpetrated.—The Parterre.

Romance in Real Life.

The following details are as strange as they are true. In the neighborhood of Gloucester, a young lady of highly respectable connections, has experienced a series of reverses in the cause of the heart's best affection, seldom equalled. A gentleman of some station in society, became by accident acquainted with the maiden to whom we allude, and, their affection becoming reciprocal, the day was fixed for their union, which was to have taken place in the city of Gloucester. Agreeably with this arrangement, and as the match was a desirable one, her parent parted with a lucrative business in the country, on which she and her mother lived in respectability and comfort, and went to Gloucester, intending to settle. The day for the celebration of the wedding arrived; but, alas! the bridegroom came not: his parents had peremptorily forbidden the match, and he was already by their contrivance, on the seas bound for Jamaica. A letter reached the poor girl, but to confirm her fears: his parents' consent had been withheld, and he had suddenly left the seaport town in the West of England, where he resided, not a faithless, but an unhappy lover. Time passed, and industry on the part of the hapless girl but ill supplied the loss of the comparative independence herself and family had left when they came to Gloucester, with the views of indulging the hopes to which we have alluded, and though blighted in heart, she cheerfully succeeded in helping to support her decrepid mother and aunt in comfort.

Time, the gentle softener of affliction, had many a long day cast its dimming shadow over the great event of her life, and nothing more had been heard of her absent lover, till a week or two ago, when to her astonishment and delight, she received a letter from him, breathing the devotedness and constant attachment, and vows of unaltered affection, not the less welcome, though wafted across the seas. Another and another followed, begging forgiveness for the former apparent neglect—and still another, the last accompanied by the consent of the parents of the absent one. The poor girls hopes were at the highest point of anxiety, when she received a still more welcome epistle, assuring her that her lover has landed at Falmouth, and was hastening to perform his neglected promise. The day was looked forward to with delight: it came: and with it the dark tidings of the grave!—her lover had been suddenly seized with illness the night before his departure for the city of Gloucester—he was a corpse before the morning! As a melancholy satisfaction to the poor disappointed girl, the mother of the intended bridegroom visited her immediately, when his mother confessed that her son had been a voluntary exile, and would have remained so, had not his parents, whom he loved and respected, given their consent to his union; after frequent communications his parents assented, and he instantly quitted Jamaica to claim the had of his first love: hastening to meet her, death ruthlessly arrested his progress before he had been many hours on his native shore. As a proof of the sincerity of his attachment, the lover, in the hour of dissolution, bequeathed to his bride elect £2,000.—[Hereford Times.

Thrilling Scene.

The New Orleans papers of the 10th give an account of a scene which occurred in court on the 8th, which must have been thrilling in the extreme. An individual named George A. Hamilton had some days before been convicted of forgery. When called up to be sentenced, the usual question was asked as to what he had to say before sentence should be passed. To this he replied in an address of an hour in length, in which he endeavored to show that he was the victim of conspiracy, and that he was entirely innocent of the charge. The Judge replied to him, that his remarks had failed to make any other impression than that of pity for his situation, and the still stronger belief that he was guilty of the charge. The Judge then sentenced him to four years in the penitentiary. Just at this moment some gentleman exclaimed, "he has a knife in his hand," and before he could be prevented he plunged it into himself in two places, once in the abdomen and once in the region of the heart. He soon fainted from loss of blood, and was taken to a private apartment, followed by his wife, who had sat by him during the trial. Physicians examined and dressed the wounds, and ascertained that they were not necessarily fatal.

A Woman of Wealth.

If we believed in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, we should be tempted to think that the spirit of Cœsus dwelt in the late Countess of Branitska. She died recently, it seems, on her estate of Biola Cerkiew, in the eightieth year of her age. The Empress Cathaine treated her with great respect, and she was regarded with esteem by Alexander. Her fortune was immense. *A million sterling in specie* was found in her chateau. She had sixty millions of roubles in the bank of Russia, and one hundred and thirty thousand slaves on her estates. She was a speculator, a banker, a farmer, a merchant, &c. &c. It is stated that she lent money on mortgages, and made nearly all the landholders of the empire her debtors. She discounted bills, traded in the precious metals, sold the immense produce of her estates, and executed all those supervisory offices which belong to gentlemen engaged in various and almost illimitable business for pecuniary gain The following statement concerning her seems almost incredible:

"It is said that having visited France several years since, and finding human hair so valuable in that country, she, on her return to Russia, caused the heads of all her female slaves to be shaved, and shipped a cargo of *chignons* to France, where they fetched a handsome return."

She delivered up her trusts, and gone to her reward. Rich and honored as she was among men, how uncenviable was her state without a good conscience! Who would not prefer the fortunes of the Dairyman's Daughter, to the wealth, luxuries, cares and probable end of this poor Countess of Branitska!

Klopstock.

One man preceeded Kant, to whom belongs the honor of having been the first to oppose himself boldly to the servile and despotic trifling of the court of Frederick. Klopstock, a man of this country, simple and grave, a Christian and a German in the eighteenth century discovered in his soul these inspired songs, which were hailed, from one end of Germany to the other, as the dawn of the true, national poetry. The court of Berlin was alone unmoved. It was in vain that Klopstock presented to Frederick, in sublime verse, the apology of the German muse. The great king did not understand the loyal patriot; but his countrymen understood him. German literature entered at once the path which the genius of Klopstock opened to it; and even before the death of Frederick, there appeared a number of national poems, which every body learned by heart. But what was the character of this new poetry? With feeling of patriotism, there returned the religious spirit; and there returned, also, the mediative and pensive genius of ancient and immortal Germany, and that love, sweet and pure which, as seen in Klopstock and Burger, is so nobly contrasted with the mawkishness and grossnes of the anacreontic poetry which reigned in the saloons and courts of the eighteenth century.

EMPHASIS is the distinguishing of some word or words in a sentence, on which we wish to lay particular stress, by a longer and fuller sound, and sometimes by a particular tone of the voice.

A few illustrations of the importance of emphases will be, perhaps, both agreeable and useful.

When a young lady says to a young gentleman, 'You are a *nice* fellow; you *are*;' she means one thing.

When a young gentleman, addressing one of his own sex, remarks, '*You're* a nice fellow; *you* are;' he means another thing.

'Your friend is a gentleman,' pronounced without any particular emphasis, the simple assertion of a fact.

"Your *friend* is a *gentleman*, 'with the emphasis on the words 'friend' and 'gentleman' conveys an insinuation besides.

So simple a question as 'Do you like pine-apple rum?' is susceptible of as many meanings as there are words in it; according to the position of the emphasis.

'*Do* you like pine-apple rum?

'Do *you* like pine apple rum?' is tantamount to, 'Can it be that a young gentleman (or lady) like you, can like pine-apple rum.'

'Do you *like* pine-apple rum?' means, 'Is it possible that instead of disliking, you are fond of pine-apple rum?'

'Do you like *pine-apple* rum?' is an inquiry as to whether you like that kind of rum in particular.

And, lastly, 'Do you like pine-apple *rum*?' is equivalent to asking if you think that the flavor of the pine apple improves that especial form of alcohol.

Young ladies are usually emphatic in ordinary discourse. "What a little *dear*! Oh! how *sweetly* pretty. Well! I never *did*, I declare! So nice, and *so* innocent, and *so* affectionate, and *such* a color! And *oh! such lovely eyes! and* hair! He *was* a little duck; he *was*, he *was*, he *was*. *Twig a twig, twig, twig*!' &c, &c, &c.—*Comic English Grammer.*

A DUTCHMAN'S DEFENCE.—A variety-loving Hollander, who had married some dozen wives, was tried in England for bigamy. "You say," said the judge, "that the priest who married you to the first wife, authorized you to take sixteen. What do you mean by that? "Well," said Hans, "he told me dat I should have *four* better *four* worser, *four* richer, *four* poorer; and in my country *four* dames *four* always makes *sixteen*.

Pleasing Incident.

There lives in our city, (says the Baltomore Clipper,) a merchant, who for years past made it an established rule to keep in his store a barrel of herring, which he always kept open for the accommodation of the poor. An interesting little beggar girl made her acquaintance with our generous merchant. She was admitted to all the privileges of the herring barrel, and consequently, paid it daily visits for a long time, taking home with her the quantity that best suited her taste. One day the little visitant repaired to the store of her benefactor, looking unusually melancholy.—She did not partake of the herrings, as she had been accustomed to do, but stood with tears in her eyes, looking steadfastly at a very fine, freshly cut ham, that had been hung up on a nail to the ceiling of the store. The storekeeper observed the sadness upon his pensioner's countenance, and inquired the cause. After looking down modestly, the little innocent again raised her head, looked into the merchant's face, through a pair of swimming eyes, and remarked with a faltering, artless voice, "Indeed, kind sir, marm has got tired of fish, and so has me—can't you have the goodness to gim me some of that ere ham just for change?" "Yes, honey, you can have some with pleasure," was the reply; "beggars you know, should not be choosers, but modesty, virtue and artlessness are always sure of their reward."—The gentleman ordered his clerk to give her a piece of ham, she smiled, courtsied, thanked him for his kindness, wiped the tears from her eyes, and tripped home with a joyful heart.

A Stump Speech.

An orator at a late political meeting—no matter, where, nor for what side he spoke—discoursed in the following strain:—

"Gentlemen, it will be surmised that I should revulge my views of the State policy. I go against the whole allegation of puplican provements, including this Cincinnati Road of rails. Gen. Jackson says the scheme won't do, and it looks reasonable. Gentlemen, three or four monstrous parties are now forming in our country, federlists, nullifies, republicans and democrats. Federalists are so called from one Frederick, King of all the Rusias, and are in favor of burning blue lights on the sea coast, instead of the common whale oil, and they go for holding all conventions at Hartford. Nullifires are opposed to the sovereignty of the thirteen States, and go in for a distressing insurrection in the south, Republicans are for putting down the doctrine of instructions, and insurping the ballet box.—Democrats are opposed to calling Mr. Van Buren home from Bogota, in England, and are of the real Jackson grit, and go the whole hog for silver and gold. gentlemen, this is my doctrine—and here is an English half dollar I have just drawed from my pocket on which is described my motto, in one of the dead languages, and the motto of every true grit American: "Epluribey Newmen!"—and which being interpreted, means *a plurality of new men for office!* Gentlemen, I acknowledge my indulgence to you for your kind obligations to me on this eventful period. Gentlemen, cross over the way with me, and we will get the worth of the half dollar, in something that will review our acquaintance.

"I CAN EAT NO MORE PUDDING."—A lady in the south of England made a practice of collecting all the little boys of the parish once a year upon her lawn, and stuffing them with beef and plum pudding. One time towards the close of the entertainment, when she was walking round to see how all went on, and to ask how they were satisfied with her bounty, she found the greater part full and content. But at last she came to a little fellow upon whose plate there was a large lump of the third helping of the pudding, and he was blubbering and crying as piteously as though he had not had a meal for four and twenty hours. "What is the matter with you, my little man?" asked the lady; "has any one dared to ill-use you in my presence?" the urchin blubbered more desperately than before, and at length faltered out: "I can eat no more pudding!" and he cried more bitterly than before. The lady patted him on the head, saying, "Do not cry, my good little man; for if you are not able to eat your pudding, you can put it in your pocket." A more violent burst followed this kindly advice, and at the end of it came out the words, "But my pockets are both full already."

FRANKLIN ON SPELLING.—Dr. Franklin says in one of his letters;—You need not to be concerned in writing to me about your bad spelling; it is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters. To give you an instance, a gentleman received a letter, in which were these words: "Not finding Brown at *hum*, I delivered *your message* to his *self*." The gentleman called his wife to help him read it.—Between them they picked out all but the *self*, which they could not understand. The lady proposed calling her chambermaid, "because Betty," says she, "has the best knack of reading bad spelling of any one I know." Betty came, and was surprised that neither of them could tell what *self* was. "Why," says she, "*self* spells wife—what else can it spell?" And, indeed it is much better, as well as a shorter method than *double you i f e*, which, in reality, spells *double-wifey*.

LACONIC.—The New Orleans Picayune publishes the following specimen of Arkansas conversation:

"Hollos boy!"

"Hollos, yourself."

"Can I get breakfast here?"

"I don't reckon as how you can"

"Why not?"

"Father's away, mother's drunk, the baby's got the measles, and I don's care a d—n!"