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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.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, July 17, 1841.

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PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, - - - \$0 50
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Every subsequent insertion, - - - 0 25
Yearly Advertisements, (with the privilege of alteration) one column \$25; half column, \$18, three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Without the privilege of alteration a liberal discount will be made.

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.



The Farmer.

A SONG.—By J. J. BAKER, of Philadelphia, sung at a meeting of the Agricultural Society at New Brunswick.

A farmer's life is the life for me, I own I love it dearly. And every season full of glee, I take its labors cheerily— To plough or sow, To reap or mow, Or in the barn to thrash, sir, All's one to me, I plainly see, 'Twill bring me health and cash, sir.

Epigram.—Impromptu.

Of modern books, the best I know, The author all the world is thanking, One written more for use than show, Is quaintly titled, "Gouge on Banking."

Marriage.

The following lay for the ladies must be read by in this manner—first, third, second, and fourth. Any gentlemen, whose addresses have been read, wish to rail against marriage, they must read written:

That man must lead a happy life, Who's free from matrimonial chains, Who is directed by his wife, Is sure to suffer for his pains. Adam could find no solid peace, When eve was given for a mate, Until he saw a woman's face, Adam was in a happy state.

Amusing Incident.

A correspondent of the St. Louis evening Gazette, in a letter dated Peoria, Ill., gives the following very amusing incident, of which he was an eye witness a few days previous: "A young man from Boston, or that vicinity, with a friend, was sauntering along the bank of the river, when they discovered a fine buck swimming across from the opposite shore; one of the party went for a rifle, while the other remained to watch the buck. Before the former returned, the buck had early reached the shore, when young tried to prevent his landing until his Illinois friend returned with the rifle. The buck immediately turned and made for the other shore again. Fearing he was going to lose the prize, P. lost no time, but stripping himself, and taking a penknife in his teeth, he plunged in after the animal. He overtook and assailed him in the middle of the stream, and seizing him by the head, cut his throat with his knife, and taking the deer by one of his hinder legs, endeavored to drag him ashore. The letter had no thought of yielding his life without a struggle, and gave his enemy a tremendous kick, who, changing his position, took his prey by one of the ears, and after considerable effort succeeded in bringing him to the shore, greatly to the relief of his friend, who had come with a musket, and had been an anxious spectator to the danger to which his Yankee companion had unconsciously exposed himself."

THE DREAM OF LOVE.

The bard to a purer fame may soar, When wild youth's passion past; He win the wise, who frown'd before, To smile at last; He'll never know a joy so dear, In all his moon of fame; As when first he sung to woman's ear, His soul-felt flame; And at every close she lean'd to hear, The one loved name; Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life, As love's young dream! Tom Moore.

Genile reader, the story which I shall relate, though melancholy, occurred in my native State, the green and glorious little Delaware, the land of the beautiful and the brave, the home of the gifted and the graceful.

The fair and fascinating Julia Granville was seated on an ottoman in her boudoir, near a window, into which crept a honey-suckle, filling the room with its delightful odor. She had just finished dressing herself in her evening habit, and expected in an hour the presence of him to whom she had yielded up her heart, and who was the next day to lead her to the sacred altar of marriage.

The beautiful Julia was the daughter of Dr. Granville, who had retired from the practice of his profession, and lived only to idolize and worship his only child. She had been elegantly educated and highly accomplished. She possessed a brilliant imagination, and wrote verses with great facility. Her father's heart was fixed upon seeing her happily married, as at his advanced age, and in his infirm health, he could not possibly remain long with her.

Chance gave them an interview. Her father having known the father of Francis, invited the noble young man to his house, which was the very thing desired by Francis, for he had gazed upon Julia's lovely form, which had never been indebted to uncouth butlers or bishops for its grace.

Who trembles feelings that she cannot prize, But in the language of Tom Moore, "She blushed when he praised her, and wept when he blamed."

Time passed on, and the lovers were engaged. The consent of the father was given freely, for her marriage would consummate all that he looked for in life. He was in his eightieth year, and his head was blossoming for the grave.

At length the Rev. Dr. Bloomer arrived, and without saying a word, entered the room where Julia was still reclining upon the ottoman. "Be not alarmed, my dear child," said the good old man, "but I fear something has happened."

The first object that met her gaze was the bleeding body of Francis, the bridegroom of death. She swooned, and was caught in the arms of Dr. Bloomer. By the application of salts, she slowly recovered, but before her still lay the loved of her heart, the dying Francis, whose eyes were riveted upon his bride, and from his bosom was ebbing the red current of life. She saw his eyes gradually close, and the pale shadows of death steal over his manly face.

The next moment the door opened, and Henry Morton, with a wild and haggard look, rushed in. In his right hand he held a jeweled weapon. The guests were all weeping around Julia, and started with alarm as Henry rushed forward and, falling at her feet, cried aloud—

"Did I not swear before Heaven that Julia should never wed another! My oath has been redeemed; he fell by my hand and your duplicity, and he lies bleeding before you."

Julia uttered a piercing scream, and fell into the arms of her lover. "For Heaven's sake, my dear Julia, what is the matter!" cried Francis, who had just arrived to be married, and clasped her in his arms.

Judgment in the Far West.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, who writes from the western extremity of Illinois, thus notices a peculiarity in the administration of justice arising out of the peculiar circumstances of the people:

When I arrived at Dixon I was told that the day before a man named Budge, being at Washington Grove in Ogle county, came into town and complained that he had received notice from a certain association that he must leave the county before the seventeenth of the month, or that he would be looked upon as a proper subject for Lynch law.

He asked for assistance to defend his person and dwelling against the lawless violence of these men. The people of Dixon county came together, and passed a resolution to the effect that they approved fully of what the people of Ogle county had done, and that they allowed Mr. Budge the term of four hours to depart from the town of Dixon.

He went away immediately, and in great trepidation. This Budge is a notorious confederate and harbinger of horse-thieves and counterfeiters. The thinly settled portions of Illinois are much exposed to the depredations of horse-thieves, who have a kind of centre of operations in Ogle county, where it is said that they have a justice of the peace and a constable among their own associates, and where they contrive to secure a friend on the jury whenever any one of their number is tried.

Trial after trial has taken place, and it has been found impossible to obtain a conviction on the clearest evidence until last April, when two horse-thieves being on trial, eleven of the jury threatened the twelfth a taste of the cow-skin unless he would bring in a verdict of guilty. He did so, the men were condemned and before they were removed to the state of prison, the court house was burnt down and the jail was in flames, but luckily they were extinguished without the liberation of the prisoners. Such at length became the general feeling of insecurity, that three hundred citizens of Ogle county, as I understand, have formed themselves into a company of volunteers for the purpose of clearing the county of these men. Two horse-thieves have been seized and flogged, and Budge, their patron, had been ordered to remove or abide the consequences.

In another part of the letter, the writer says: The regulator of Ogle county removed Budge's family on Monday last, and demolished his house. He made preparations to defend himself, and kept twenty armed men about him for two days, but thinking, at last, that the regulators did not mean to carry their threats into effect, he dismissed them. He has taken refuge with his friends, Aikin family, who live, I believe, in Jefferson Grove, in the same county, and who it is said, have also received notice to quit.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A FIFTH AT WHIST.

We had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stake had been gold mohur points, and twenty on the rubber.—Maxey, who is always lucky, had won five consecutive bumpers, which left a self-satisfied smile on his countenance, and made us, the losers, look any thing but pleased, when he suddenly changed countenance, and hesitated to play: this the more surprised us, since he was one who seldom pondered, being so perfectly master of the game, that he deemed long considerations superfluous.

"Play away, Maxey; what are you about?" impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body-guard.

"Hush!" responded Maxey, in a tone which thrilled through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

"Are you unwell?" said another, about to start up, for he believed our friend had suddenly been taken ill.

"For the love of peace sit quiet!" rejoined the other, in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his cards. "If you value my life move not."

"What can he mean? has he taken leave of his senses?" demanded Churchill, appealing to himself.

"Don't start!—don't move, I tell you! in a sort of whisper I never can forget, uttered Maxey. "If you make any sudden move I am a dead man!"

We exchanged looks. He continued,— "Remain quiet, and all may yet be well. I have a Cobra Capella round my leg."

Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs; but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were aware, that should the reptile but transfer one fold, and attach himself to any other of the party, that individual might already be counted as a dead man, so fatal is the bite of that dreadful monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India—namely, in breeches and silk stockings; he therefore the more plainly felt every movement of the snake.—His countenance assumed a livid hue; the words seemed to leave his mouth without that feature altering its position, so rigid was his look,—so fearful was he lest the slightest muscular movement should alarm the serpent, and hasten his bite.

We are in agony little less than his own during the scene.

"He is coiling round!" murmured Maxey; "I feel him cold—cold to my limb; and now he tightens!—for the love of heaven call for some milk!—I dare not speak loud; let it be placed on the ground near me; let some be spilt on the floor."

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped out of the room.

"Don't stir!—Nertheote, you moved your head. By everything sacred, I conjure you do not do so again! It cannot be long ere my fate is decided. I have a wife and two children in Europe; tell them I died blessing them—that my last prayers were for them; the snake is winding itself round my calf;—I leave them all I possess. I can almost fancy I feel his breath; Great Heaven! to die in such a manner!"

The milk was brought, and carefully put down; a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the affrighted servants drew back.

Again Maxey spoke: "No, no! it has no effect! on the contrary, he has clasped himself tighter he has uncurled his upper fold! I dare not look down, but I am sure he is about to draw back, and give the bite of death with more fatal precision. Again he pauses. I die firm; but this is past endurance; ah! no, he has undone another fold, and loosens himself. Can he be going to some one else?" we involuntarily started.

"For the love of Heaven, stir not! I am a dead man; but bear with me. He still loosens, he is about to dart! Move not, but beware! Churchill, he falls off that way. Oh! this agony is to hard to bear! Another pressure, and I am dead. No! he relaxes!" At that moment poor Maxey ventured to look down; the snake had unwound himself; the last coil had fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk.

"I am saved! saved!" and Maxey bounded from his chair, and fell senseless into the arms of one of his servants; the snake was killed, and our poor friend carried more dead than alive to his room.

That scene I can never forget: it dwells on my memory still, strengthened by the fate of poor Maxey, who from that hour pined in hopeless imbecility, and sunk into an early grave.

Dr. HENRY, an Irish Surgeon of the 66th Regiment, gives the following account of the horrible superstition of the natives of India:

"When we reflect that the inhabitants of the valley of the Ganges are in number at least thirty millions; that the superstitious reverence for the sacred river induces every family who can possibly approach it to commit their dead to its waters; and that far the greater part of the year the atmosphere is very hot—we may form some notion of the multitude of human corpses, in every stage of dissolution, that must be perpetually mixed with or buoyant on the flood—the surface waters must be actually a decoction of putridity. It can be no wonder that infectious diseases, with cholera at the head, should eternally hover over this gigantic open sewer of Bengal, and diverge far and from its centre of corruption. Dr. Henry has a description of the scene too painful to be quoted. We can but allude to the enormous flocks of vultures and other birds of prey eternally flapping and screaming over the floating masses of decay, tearing and disemboweling naked carcasses of men women and children. But the horror of horrors is the fact that the voyager can never keep near the shore for an hour at a time without seeing some old, worn out, decrepid grandfather or grandmother, carried to the verge of the stream by the hands of their own offspring, their mouths stuffed with the holy river grass, and the yet gasping bodies tumbled into the flood. We are weary of hearing that such usages could not be interrupted without alienating the minds of the hindoos. No superstition was supposed to be more deeply rooted than the horrid one of the Suttee—but a single rescript put that abomination down—and, except from certain sleek Brahmins interested in the matter of burning fees, not one voice has been heard to complain of the abolition. The same as to infanticide in some extensive districts, where it had prevailed from a remote antiquity. Who can doubt that all these diabolical atrocities have always been perpetrated amidst the secret loathing of the priest-ridden population of India? It is of the very essence of such tyranny that it succeeds in suppressing all outward show of aversion on the part of its victims:

Love and Romance.

In the recent search and examination of the island and bayous in the vicinity of New Orleans, in quest of the retreats of the supposed pirates of the ship Charles, Captain Taylor found upon one of the lone islands in the gulf, a suspicious looking chap, and his mistress, dressed in male attire. They were brought up to the Balize, and on examination it was found that the lady was the wife of a resident of New Orleans, and her romantic enterprise to have sprung from the love of her new lord being so strong as to induce her to break her marriage ties, and fly with her lover to his wild and rocky retreat.

A FLYING MACHINE has been invented by Jacob F. Hester, of Philadelphia county, for which he has taken out a patent. It consists of a balloon to buoy up the body, and a pair of wings to propel it through the air. We should like to witness a trial of that machine.

The Milwaukee (W. T.) Sentinel says that there has never been a time when settlers were flocking into Wisconsin in greater numbers, than at present. Every boat brings large numbers of most respectable emigrants.

At a recent Charter election at Akron, Ohio, it was decided that no license for the retail of ardent spirits should be granted during the year.

A search among the ruins of Pompeii, which took place on the 27th ult. led to the discovery of a marble statue, a silver vase, and a quantity of gold, silver and bronze metals, in a good state of preservation.

The King of Cochin China, has recently put to death ten Catholic missionaries in his dominions.

The editor of the Chicago Democrat says: "We never cared a farthing about getting married until we attended an old bachelor's funeral. God grant that our later end may not be like his!"

City Occurrences.

INSOLVENTS.—At the insolvent term of the Court of Common Pleas held yesterday, one hundred and eighty nine applications were disposed of out of three hundred and forty seven. The remainder being opposed were laid over.

MILITARY VISITERS.—The Independent Blues of Baltimore returned home yesterday by the morning train of cars. They were escorted to the depot by the National Grays.

COURT OF GENERAL SESSION.—The July term of this Court commenced on Monday. On Tuesday morning Judge Moran delivered the charge to the Grand Jury. Two cases of petit larceny were tried yesterday and the parties sentenced to 23 months imprisonment.

MONSIEUR OF THE COUNTERFEITS.—Yesterday the Recorder committed James Thurge, on a charge of passing a counterfeit \$5 note on the Tradesmen's Bank of New York.

PARDON.—Frederick S. Fisher, who a short time since in the U. States Court, pleaded guilty to the charge of purloining money from a letter, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, was yesterday pardoned by the President.

Remarkable Case of Suicide.—Yesterday morning a remarkable case of suicide was brought to light—Some boys were fishing at Arch street wharf, on the Schuylkill, yesterday morning, when one of them drew up the bodies of two persons a man and woman, names unknown. Their bodies were tied together by a red handkerchief around the wrist of the man's right hand, and the wrist of the woman's left hand. In the coat pocket of the man, a pistol loaded with ball and cap'd was found and also one in a pocket in the petticoat of the female. The Coroner held an inquest upon the bodies;—Verdict, Suicide. They were afterwards taken to the green house, where they will be kept for recognition by their friends.

ALTERED NOTE.—A man on Tuesday evening passed upon Mrs. Hobson in Chesnut street near Eighth, a two dollar note of the Wilmington and Brandywine Bank, altered to a twenty.

Fanny Ellsler.

This woman made a new engagement at the Park Theatre, in New York, on Monday evening, the 14th inst, before an audience the most numerous she has ever attracted in that house. The receipts were within a fraction of \$1,650, and so little did the house full on Wednesday, that their receipts of the two nights were \$2,300, or thereabouts.

We give so much for the gratification of that part of our readers who wish for such intelligence. We add a word more in behalf of decency. Fanny Ellsler is an ignorant, low-born, and abandoned woman, about thirty-five years old. Though never married, it is understood that she has a number of children now living in Europe, where she is nearly as well known as a courtesan as she is a dancer. That she is a graceful performer, is of course, true, but her triumphs have not been won by artistic merit. She is, on the stage, a fine looking animal; she appears there divested of all the decencies of her sex, and draws around her, whenever she exhibits herself, the depraved and sensual, of all classes. To contend that the men and women of Philadelphia, New York and Boston, or the asses of Baltimore, who throng the theatre whenever she bares her person to the public gaze, are attracted by the admirable skill and grace with which she dances, is exquisitely absurd. If these people have so enthusiastic a devotion to art, why is it that our picture and sculpture galleries, (for we have some creditable collections of works of art, and should have more, and better ones, if they could be supported,) are all deserted? If art has a fine perception of the beautiful, in art or nature, will by no means neglect music, poetry, and sculpture, to look upon a denuded and shameless public dancer. A single glance around the theatres, by one familiar with the town, would show, when this woman appears, that pit and boxes were filled, in nearly all cases, by the least intellectual and the least moral. There are exceptions, certainly. Among the refined, and educated are many who can appreciate the "poetry of motion." But the multitude cannot. The exhibition of any voluptuous and half-uncovered woman, would by the mass who praise Ellsler, be deemed alone worth the price of a ticket."

Smoking.

"What harm is there in a pipe!" says young Puffwell. "None, that I know of," replied his companion, "except that smoking induces intoxication—intoxication induces the biliousness—the biliousness induces jaundice—jaundice leads to dropsy—and dropsy terminates in death." Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Charity does not begin at home in the family to which the boy below noticed belongs. The "fact" is from the St. Louis Argus. Wonder if they have many such charitable mothers out West.

"Miss Brown, I wish you'd sew up my trousers, so they won't keep coming down; the boys keep plugging me." "Why can't you get your mother to do it for you, Jimmy?" "O coz, she can't; she's gone to the Sewing Circle." A fact.

"Maint I see you home from meetin' Peggy?" "No, you shan't do no such thing, I'm otherwise engaged." "Well I swan I guess you've mislead it this time, for I've got my pocket chock full of gin, gerbread." "You may take my arn Jonathan."