

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.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, July 24, 1841.

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The following beautiful effusion taken from the Southern Literary Messenger, for April, like all the productions of AMELIA, is distinguished for purity and gentleness of thought, and a sweetness of expression almost inimitable.

"Like softest music heard in sleep,"
"Like the low chant of the distant waves
By Spring's soft breathings stirred."

MUSIC.

BY ANELIA OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I wandered out one summer night—
'Twas when my years were few:
The breeze was singing in the light
And I was singing too.

One fleecy cloud upon the air
Was all that met my eyes;
It floated like an angel there
Between me and the skies.

The waves came dancing o'er the sea
In bright and glittering bands;
Like little children wild with glee,
They linked their dimpled hands.

The twilight hours like birds flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea;

The young moon too, with upturned sides,
Her mirror'd face gave;
And as a bark at anchor rides,
She rode upon the wave.

The leaves, by spirit voices stirr'd,
Made murmur on the air—
Low murmurs, that my spirit heard,
And answer'd with a prayer;

The flowers, all folded to their dreams,
Were bow'd in slumber free;
By breezy hills and murmuring streams,
Where e'er they chanced to be.

No costly raiment round them shone.
No jewels for the seas,
Yet Solomon upon his throne
Was ne'er so rich as these.

I have heard the laughing wind behind,
A playing with my hair—
The breezy fingers of the wind,
How cool and moist they were.

Then wherefore weave such strains as these,
And sing them day by day,
When every bird upon the breeze
Can sing a sweeter lay?

A simple and effectual mode of keeping ice is mentioned in the Kentucky Farmer. The editor says—

We take, at sunrise, from the ice house, as much ice as will probably be wanted through the day, and cover it up in some saw-dust placed in a barrel which sits in the dairy house.

The editor of the Frankford Commonwealth adds that he has tried the method here recommended, and that it answers perfectly.

DEATH OF AN INDIAN WARRIOR.—The Little Rock papers notice the death of TISSE MINGO, a celebrated Warrior, who fought under General Wayne. He was a Chociw Chief. He has fought in nine battles for the United States, and served his country faithfully, and has been for many years a pensioner of the nation.

It is estimated that there are 10,000 strangers at all times in the city of New York, and that there are upwards of 8,000 females in that city, who obtain their living by the needle.

Herculaneum and Pompeii in 1839.

Herculaneum and Pompeii seem both very distant from the focus of Vesuvius. They are now separated from it by inhabitants and cultivated spaces, which have been conquered from the lava and recovered from the volcano.

One can still distinguish the places allotted to the magistrates, the scene behind which the actors withdrew, and a number of objects which excite in the traveller mingled astonishment and emotion.

The difficulty of carrying on the excavations at so great a depth, and under the very foundations of a new town, has caused the ruins of Herculaneum to be almost abandoned for those of Pompeii, which present a far more striking interest.

The following is the narrative of the gentleman who was lost for fourteen days in the swamps and morasses of Louisiana. It is an interesting story:

From the St. Francisville Chronicle.

"MR. EDITOR:—In looking over the Picayune of the 14th inst. I perceived that some friend had made mention of the fact that an individual had been lost in the swamps near Bayou Gross Tete, and I feel it my duty to give, through your paper, to the public, a brief sketch of the suffering consequent upon a fourteen days sojourn in a cane-break.

I left the east bank of Bayou Alabama, six miles above Whiskey Bay, on the morning of the 18th of May, on a hunting expedition. Leaving Bayou Alabama on my left hand, and travelling south by west for about two hours, I shot a deer. After divesting the animal of its head, &c., I took it on my shoulder and started for the encampment.

is some bread—do you read the baker's name hollowed out of that carbonized pancake? take and break it. Open that cupboard; you will find there preserved olives, dried figs, lintels and eatables of all descriptions.

I nevertheless, do not think that the Romans were great eaters. I have carefully explored a number of kitchens and dining rooms at Pompeii, and I have found, but very trifling cooking apparatus, and miniature table utensils.

Above thirty streets of Pompeii are now restored to light; it is a third part of the town. The walls which formed its ancient enclosure have been recognized; a magnificent amphitheatre, a theatre, a forum, the temple of Isis, that of Venus, and a number of other buildings, have been cleared.

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When I retraced my steps some distance I found where a panther had recently been scratching the ground; the track on the soft earth was easily followed, and his course being nearly the same as mine, I followed him, keep-

ing on my guard, as I knew the "nature of the beast." I had not pursued more than forty rods where I heard him in the edge of a small cane break; I threw off my burden, to enable me to use my rifle with more ease and certainty.

When he came to the carcass, he then stopped, placing one foot on it his eyes on me, and mine on him. He was the largest animal of that species I had ever seen, and the distance was not more than twenty-five yards between us.

Time wore away, and it had reached the Meridian of the day, and the sun was yet clouded, when I threw down my burthen, hoping by renewed energy to yet be enabled to regain the encampment ere night.

When I awoke the sun was shining on the tree tops. Without having eaten a morsel of food since the morning of the previous day, I set out again in search of the camp, with the prospect of spending the longest day of my life in the fruitless attempt.

I succeeded, however, in finding a tree which had fallen, but remaining above water, on which I slept through the night.

I now found myself in a very heavy cane break, which seemed to be interminable, and all my efforts to extricate myself from it proved unavailable, until the 12th day.

From the Mirror.

"Pop, pop—bang, bang—Fiz—On Monday last, gunpowder was as plenty as street dust. The Declaration of Independence was read in ten thousand places; at least half a million of speeches were delivered, and many millions of toasts were drunk.

Here endeth the chapter; and we dismiss the congregation, exhorting them to profit by the discourse, which, for convenience' sake, we have divided into nineteen general heads, of which we reserve eighteen for another homily.

with it, I concluded I was wrong and decided upon pursuing the trail to its termination at the other end. I retraced my steps, and followed it about three miles, when I laid down, and though I could not sleep.

At ten, on the 14th day, I found myself at the plantation of Mr. Lee. I had sufficient strength to cross his fence, but when I walked a few rods, I found I was not able to proceed further in the open field—my feet could not bear the heat of the earth, and the sun seemed to exhaust the little remaining strength which I had left.

From a review in Tait's Magazine, of Mr. Combe's Notes on the United States, we quote an interesting passage descriptive of the quickening effects produced on an idiot's mind by his habits of daily intercourse with a beautiful young girl.

The girl was virtuous, intelligent, and lovely, and encouraged his visits when she was told that she was benefiting his mental health.

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From the Missionary Herald for March.

Fiery Flying Serpent.

In the early part of 1832, a native chief of Ilimo Manis, in the vicinity of Padang, named Tam Bassir in company with another person, mentioned to Mrs. F. A. Vandenberg and myself that they had just before seen a serpent flying, and as it was considered dangerous, had killed it.

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