

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury. Machine Poetry.

STANZAS—fractured with a solution of sublimity. 'Tis twilight's hour—yon golden cloud That gleams a living thing.

Stop the machine, Bill, for mercy's sake! We'll give it up as a bad job. My genius is all exhausted.

THE EDITOR TO HIS ARM CHAIR. CAPE ISLAND, July 26, 1841.

My Dear Arm Chair:

I rarely visit a place without making enquiries for some of its traditions, seeking out some of the elders who bring down with them the stories of the other generation.

The moralist inquires more closely into the feelings of the undistinguished, and learns to appreciate the man without the adventitious trappings and performances of the hero.

I have not been as successful here as elsewhere.—The residents on this island, so far as I can gather, are not generally natives even of this section of country.

"Are there no legends connected with places along the shore?" "None," said he, "that I know of."

"But you have a haunted house on the main and." "Yes," said the old man smilingly, "there was a ghost or two there."

"Well, how came they there, and what became of the strange visitors? I should like to go to the house with you, and have you tell me all about those 'spirits' in their own circle."

"Why as to that, there are more haunted places than one in this neighborhood. The strip of ground on which yonder bowling alley was built, was once haunted; and there are many now alive who saw the ghost walk among the graves, then numerous, and visible in that place."

"Was that a burying ground?" "Yes; the dead bodies of persons cast ashore from wrecks on this beach were taken thither and buried."

"Did you ever see the ghost of which you speak?" "I saw it once standing within twenty feet of this place."

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.—JAYNESSON.

By Masser & Eisely. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, August 14, 1841. Vol. I—No. XLVI.

The old Man's Ghost Story.

It was in the winter of 18—, and in the midst of one of the severest storms of the season, that a brig, coming from Boston, struck upon the shoals off this beach.

As the dog brought no name with him, we gave him that of his master; and Dupont came to be an inmate of my family, though he never forgot the place in which his master was buried.

Two or three years after the shipwreck, and during the height of our bathing season, I was requested by a lady to look for a trunk, which had probably been taken to the other house.

She inquired for the dog, but learned, from my family, that he had accompanied me to the island.—As she evinced, or expressed some interest in the animal, on account of his name, though it is probable that she really thought little of the circumstance.

It was fearful, they said, to look on the young woman when her eye first rested on the silver. My wife was afraid of convulsions, but fainting ensued, and when she was sufficiently recovered they conveyed her back to the island, whither I repaired again next morning, and in private acquainted her with the circumstances by which I came in possession of the silver and the dog.

Having suspicions that I knew more of the ghost than most others, I determined to watch the next night, and ascertain whether I was right in my conjectures. Accordingly, about midnight I took a station near where we now stand, and shortly afterwards saw approaching a white figure, apparently a female.

heard occasionally a sentence—one in particular I yet remember. She seemed to have had in view other troubles and other sorrows than those resulting immediately from the death of him over whom she knelt, and she was asking for support under the new trials that awaited her.

Just then I saw a figure emerging from the shadow of the house, and moving towards the grave. I looked anxiously, and discovered that it was the dog Dupont. I was fearful that he would alarm her, and render it necessary for me to discover myself to prevent harm; but the animal moved forward slowly, until he came in full sight at the female.

You will ask, "is this ghost story true?" "Undoubtedly, my dear chair, as true as you live."

THE EDITOR.

Buckingham's Character of American Women.

In his book of travels in America, Buckingham has the following observations on the character of the Women of America:—"The American ladies did not appear to me to evince the same passionate admiration which is constantly witnessed among English females, for the pursuit or object in which they are engaged.

The quantity proper for different soils must, of course, vary from 50 to 150, or even 200 bushels; but I would recommend the application of but 50 bushels at once, which quantity may be repeated until the requisite fertility is obtained.

Lime, like all other alkaline manure should be kept some time on the surface, for the purpose above mentioned, that it may be dissolved, and that the soil may become saturated with the ley. It should not be wet and lumpy when spread, or it will not be dissolved, but become a carbonate, and do but little good.

The learned and caustic Bishop Warburton said, "It is wrong to define man to be a reasoning animal; all that we can predicate of him is, that he is an animal capable of reasoning." We every day meet with facts confirming the truth of this humiliating remark.—Boston Mercantile Journal.

From Dr. Horton's Prize Essay. Lime.

Of all the blessings bestowed on the husbandman by the beneficent hand of an all-wise Creator, next to pure water perhaps should be placed lime. It has been well observed that those substances most essential to the life of man have, by the goodness of a divine Providence, been distributed in the greatest abundance, and over the greatest extent of the globe.

This is the only substance that can be obtained by agriculturists generally, in such quantities and such prices as will admit of its use as a manure, for a restoration of the soil.

As Macomb, like Macdonough, is now numbered with the dead, those who take a proper interest in the American Army and Navy may be gratified with a brief notice of the brilliant services rendered to their country by the forces under the command, at the Battles of Plattsburgh and Lake Champlain.

It requires, I think, about 600 pounds of cold water to dissolve one pound of lime; hence the impropriety of putting a large quantity on the soil at once, as a considerable portion would in that case, by absorbing carbonic acid from the atmosphere, become what it was before it was burnt—limestone, or carbonate of lime.

Let no one, however, be too sanguine of great and immediate profits; they will come somewhat slow, but sure. In some instances the advantages of liming have been made in such an almost imperceptible manner, that farmers have been discouraged.

Early in the morning of that day, the British squadron, commanded by Commodore Downie, appeared off the Harbor of Plattsburgh, where that of the United States, commanded by Commodore MacDonough, lay at anchor prepared for battle.

At nine o'clock the battle commenced. Seldom has the ocean witnessed a more furious encounter than now took place on the bosom of this transparent and peaceful lake.

At half past eleven, the shout of victory, heard along the American lines, announced the result of the battle on the lake. A second British squadron had yielded to the prowess of the American seamen. The cry animated to braver deeds their brethren on land.

A Novel Fight.

On Tuesday last a young lad of this town, named Samuel Bell, was hunting in the woods near here, with two dogs. He had lost sight of them a few moments, when he heard their piteous cries and yells, as if in the greatest distress.

The snake at the same moment discovered him, and raising his head in a threatening manner, began slowly to recede with its prey. The lad instantly levelled his gun and fired, wounding the snake in the neck and head, but without causing him to relinquish his hold upon the dogs.

The young hunter, with admirable coolness and courage, re-loaded his piece and again fired full at the head of the boa; but even the second shot, though it took effect, did not finish the conflict, nor cause the release of the poor dogs which were still held fast in the snaky coil.

Battle of Lake Champlain and Plattsburgh.

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The march of the troops from Plattsburgh having left that post almost defenceless, the enemy determined to attack it by land, and, at the same time, to attempt the destruction of the American flotilla on Lake Champlain.

On the 6th, the enemy arrived at Plattsburgh, which is situated near Lake Champlain, on the northerly bank of the small river Saranac; on their approach, the American troops, who were posted on the opposite bank, tore up the plank of the bridges, with which they formed a slight breastwork, and prepared to dispute the passage of the stream.

Several attempts to cross it were made by the enemy, but they were uniformly defeated. From this time, until the 11th, the British Army were employed in erecting batteries, while the American forces were every hour augmented by the arrival of volunteers and militia.

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PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., 1 square 1 insertion, 1 do 2 do, etc.) and Price (e.g., \$0 50, 0 75, 1 00, etc.).

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A Virtuous Man.

During the war in Germany, the captain of a troop of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He marched at the head of his corps to the quarters assigned him, a solitary vale, uncultivated, and nearly covered with wood.

'I will, presently, if you will follow me,' replied the old man.

'After leaving the valley, about a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley.

'They went on, about the distance of a quarter of a league farther, when they arrived at another field of barley. The troopers dismounted, cut down the grain, bound it up, and re-mounted, while the guide looked on.

'Very true, sir,' replied the good old man, 'but it was not mine.' This stroke (says the author very justly) goes directly to the heart.

Indian Ball Play.

We understand that a ball play lately came off near the Calcasieu, in this parish, between the Bulex and Choctaw Indians. The parties bet every thing they possessed in the world, saddles, bridles, and even the clothing on their backs, including their shirts.

An UNHEALTHY CITY.—Houston, Texas, which was settled five years ago, has now four thousand inhabitants, and within the same period, there have been six thousand burials! An average of nearly four every day in the year.—Southern Patriot.

Curious Titles of Old Books.

In the earliest history of the art of printing, writing even religious writers were not at all punctilious as to the titles given to their books. We find a few mentioned in the New York Evening Signal; a few others we quote from memory; some of which are English and some versions of the French.

THE FATTEST MAN.—Dixon H. Lewis of Alabama, is the largest man in Congress. He weighs 460 pounds. He did not take his seat in the House until the 21st—his enormous weight having delayed his arrival. The correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says, that on some of the rough roads in Alabama, where the teams are light, the coaches had to go twice for him. He is the greatest man in the House.