TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

HENRY B. MASSER, } PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY. } PROPRIETORS.

H. B. MASSER, Editor.

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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.

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☞Sixteen lines make a square.

From the Baltimore Ocean.

JOHN GILPIN.

It was a favorite maxim of Lord Byron, taken from one of the classics, that

"Whom the Gods love die young."

I cannot be a favorite with the Gods, for I had a fair chance of being killed on Friday afternoon last, while riding with Mr. Dowden, a gentleman who resides in Washington city. The horse was frightenened, ran, and came in Market street flying "like a streak of lightening." Mr. Dowden jumped out, and left me to run the race of the famous John Gilpin alone, and I *did* run it in most exquisite style. I shall now sing the race which I ran with Death, and the gentle reader will perceive that I got ahead of Otto Motty, and outgenerelled even Death himself.

John Gilpin, Junior.

Good citizens of Baltimore,
Pray listen to my ditty;
I sing the race John Gilpin run,
Just inside of the city.

Musing along the rugged road,
Did John in silence ride;
When lo! he did look out and saw
Death trotting by his side.

Halloo! my friend, let me get in,
Death said with language civil.
His fingers on his nose, John sigh'd—
I'd see you to the devil.

You've tried to suck me in before,
At many a time and place;
I dare you now with me to run,
And dare you to your face,

Death, on his pale horse, shook his bones,
And gave a ghastly grin;
I'll run a race with you, he cried,
And thought he'd suck John in.

If in this matter I should lose,
And you should win, I say,
I hope, sir, as a gentleman,
You'll take *me* for the pay.

John put his fingers to his nose,
His mouth with quids well cram'd,
You cannot take me in, he cried,
If *you do*, I'll be d—n'd.

Away went Gilpin down the hill,
No race was e'er so hard;
Away, on his pale horse, went death,
The buggy and the Bard.

Away his hat flew out behind,
His papers all were gone;
Says Death, I'll catch you if you fall,
I thank you, sir, said John.

The people all ran out to see,
For soon the news was spread;
And every one cried out hurrah!
For Gilpin was ahead.

How far, sir, do you ride to day?
They one and all did cry;
John chew'd his quid, and calmly said—
You know as well as I.

The women they pull'd off their caps,
The ragged children ran,
And scream'd as loud as they could bawl,
To see so strange a man.

Away, away went Gilpin, stiff,
As swiftly as the wind;
And tho' Death whip'd and spur'd his horse,
He left him far behind.

A creditor, upon the road,
Held out his hand for pay;
Said John I'm sorry I can't stop
To talk with you to day.

A lady from her window waved
Her 'kerchief in his view;
I'm sorry you can't call, she cried,
Said John I'm sorry too.

Still onward in the race he went,
The horse like lightning flew,
The dogs howl'd out a wild hurrah!
Cows low'd, and cats did mew.

When at the end his steed did stop,
'Twas in a woful plight;
The buggy broke, and lo! he look'd,
And death was out of sight.

Well, well, said death, you need'nt fear
In life, a single evil;
I don't said, John, for I can beat
Death, doctor, and the devil.

Good citizens, when next he rides,
I'll let you know the place;
That you may all go out to see
John Gilpin run a race.

MILFORD BARN.

Western Genius.

A Hoosier lover of *fourteen* vents his "disappointed hopes" in the following poetical effusion:

Farewell, dear girl, farewell, farewell,
I never shall love another;
In peace and comfort you may dwell,
And I'll go home to mother.

Oh Cupid! Cupid! don't you know
You ought to have a lickin'
For plaguing little children so,
Your arrows in them stickin'?

You ought to fire at bigger game,
Old bachelors of forty;
Oh leave the babies! fie! for shame!
You know you had'nt orty.

VALUABLE INSECT.—The cochineal (*coccus cac-*) is now known to abound in the southern part of ir state. It must in time become a very valuable equsition. A gentleman from Attakapas, who has avelled much in South America, informs the edi- r of the Natchitoches Herald that this insect is cidedly similar to those found in that country on the Opuntia, or Indian fig tree; and believes at the female will yield a dye that will impart to lico or morocco a scarlet, equally as lustrious and autiful.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A COQETTE'S KISS.

"LOVE IS THE MISTRESS OF US ALL."

"How smooth the surface of the river is this evening! Surely the current is gentle enough to tempt even the timid Mary to venture a sail," said I, half ironically. "Come, here is a boat, let us cross over and spend an hour with the Misses H——." "But it may be dark before we return, and then——," she hesitated. "Then we will return by the bridge," said I. "It is a delightful evening, and the last, too, that I shall spend in your pleasant village for the present, so let us enjoy it."

She made no reply, but placing her hand in mine permitted me to seat her in the boat. A few strokes of the oar and we gained the centre of the river. The dwelling of the Misses H——— was situated a short distance below, and yielding ourselves to the current, we floated slowly down.

Report had assigned to Mary W——— the unenviable reputation of a heartless coquette. The gossips would recount her almost numberless conquests, especially among the students of the neighboring College. Many a fascinated under-graduate had thought more of her than of his studies, and received for his trouble a coquette's smiles and his tutor's frowns. Mary was indeed beautiful, and full of that graceful light-heartedness, which more than even beauty bewitches one, but which is so often, alas! found united with heartless coquettery. At first I was led to believe that what seemed the general opinion was true. But I soon thought otherwise. I could not but believe that a form so lovely enshrined a heart—a heart, too, susceptible of the purest and holiest passions that mortals know. My classmates however, only smiled and shook their heads at what they called my infatuation But I had noted her actions for some time closely, and in a measure unobserved. The more I saw the more I was convinced that Mary had yet to love, and that when she did, it would be with a fervor of which few are capable. Meantime our slight acquaintance gradually became intimacy, and it was said by the village gossips that I would soon be added to the catalogue of her victims. Thus the time passed by until the period for my departure had arrived, and on leaving my room on the last evening of my stay, I determined to know if she was the heartless being so generally considered, or if she was capable of loving and being loved.

For once her usual vivacity had deserted her, and our walk on this evening was, unlike the many which preceeded it, almost a silent one.

"We return by the bridge, do we?" she enquired, as we left the Misses H———."

"If you prefer it. The distance is consdable, however; perhaps it will be too fatiguing."

"Oh! no, I like a long walk sometimes."

A few vain attempts at conversation, and we again walked on in silence. We had nearly reached her home, when she hesitatingly inquired—

"May I ask you a question?"

"Yes, two if you wish," I replied, somewhat piqued at her previous reserve.

"Who is Ellen C———."

"A cousin of mine, and a pretty one too."

"You correspond with her?"

"Yes, and I hope to see her soon."

"She is a lovely creature; such an one
As poets love to dream of, artists paint."

We had now reached the grounds enclosing her father's residence. Instead of taking the path direct to the house, we had, unobserved by me, taken one leading to a small arbor, where we had frequently an hour in idle converse, or in reading some favorite author.

"I am fatigued, let us rest a while," said Mary, as we reached it. We entered. I observed on the seat a volume of Tasso's Jerusalem which I had given her. I took it up. Her glove was lying between the leaves opening to a particular passage—a favorite of mine. Apparently without noticing it, I referred to the pages which I had been reading that day and then spoke of some publications which I had just received, offering to send them to her for perusal during my absence in vacation.

"But you will call again before you leave?"

"I think not. My uncle's carriage will arrive in the morning, and we shall leave as soon as the commencement is over."

"But you can call for a moment at least."

"Do you wish it?"

She looked up reproachfully. A tear stood trembling in her eye. My arm encircled her waist and gently drew her to me. Our lips met; the first long kiss of love was given, and her head sunk upon my bosom. We breathed no vow, but that moment has long been to me the holiest one in memory.

* * * * I hear my wife's step approaching the library. "You are just in time, Mary. Read this———, Have I sketched it correctly?"

"Yes—but—"

"But what?"

"You should not have written any thing about—about—."

"About what?"

"About that kiss!"

"Well, not again."

"You promise?"

"Yes, but that promise must be sealed or 'twill not be valid;" and, gentle reader, my story is ended.

"We must have a new President—the present one *won't answer*," as John M. Botts said, when Captain Tyler returned his insulting note, without a word of comment.—*Yeoman.*

John Randolph of Roanoke.

The following description of this remarkable person we find in the National Intelligencer:

His long thin legs, about as thick as a strong walking cane, and of much such shape, were encased in a pair of tight small clothes, so tight that they seemed part and parcel of the wearer. Handsome white stockings were fastened with great tidiness at the knees by a small gold buckle, and over them, coming about half way up the calf, were a pair of what, I believe, are called hose, coarse and country knit. He wore shoes; they were old fashioned, and fastened also with buckles—huge ones. He trod like an Indian, without turning his toes out, but planking them down straight ahead. It was the fashion in those days to wear a fan-tailed coat, with a small collar, and buttons far apart behind, and few on the breast. Mr. Randolph's were the reverse of all this, and, instead of his coat being fan-tailed it was what we believe the knights of the needle call swallow-tailed; the collar was immensely large, the buttons behind were in kissing proximity, and they sat together as close on the breast of the garment as the feasters at a crowded public festival. His waist was remarkably slender; so slender, that, as he stood with his arms akimbo, he could easily, as I thought, with his long bony fingers, have spanned it. Around him his coat, which was very tight, was held together by one button, and, in consequence, an inch or more of tape, to which it was attached, was perceptible where it was pulled through the cloth.

About his neck he wore a large white cravat, in which his chin was occasionally buried as he moved his head in conversation; no shirt collar was perceptible; every other person seemed to pride himself on the size of his, as they were then worn large. Mr. Randolph's complexion was precisely that of a mummy, withered, saffron, dry and bloodless; yet you could not have placed a pin's point on his face without you would have touched a wrinkle; his lips were thin, compressed and colorless; the chin, beardless as a boy's, was broad for the size of his face, which was small; his nose was strait, with nothing remarkable in it, except perhaps it was too short. He wore a fur cap, which he took off, standing a few moments uncovered. I observed that his head was quite small, a characteristic which is said to have marked many men of talent, Byron and Chief Justice Marshall for instance. Judge Burnet of Cincinnati, who has been alike distinguished at the bar, on the bench, and in the United States Senate, and whom I have heard no less a judge and possessor of talent than Mr. Hammond of the Gazette, say, was the clearest and most impressive speaker he ever heard, has also a very small head. Mr. Randolph's hair was remarkably fine—fine as an infant's, and thin. It was very long, and was parted with great care on the top of his head, and was tied behind with a bit of black ribband about three inches from his neck; the whole of it formed a queue not thicker than the little finger of a delicate girl. His forehead was low, but no bumpology about it; but his eye, though sunken, was most brilliant and startling in its glance.

It was not an eye of profound, but impassioned thought, with an expression at times such as physicians describe to be that of insanity, but an insanity which seemed to quicken, not to destroy intellectual acuteness. I never beheld an eye that struck me more: it possessed a species of fascination such as would make you wondor over the character of its possessor, without finding any clue in your wonderment to discover it, except that he was passionate, wayward and fearless. He lifted his long bony finger impressively as he conversed, and gesticulated with it in a peculiar manner. His whole appearance struck me, and I could easily imagine how, with his great command of language, so appropriate and full, so brilliant and classical, joined to the vast information that his discursive oratory enabled him to exhibit in its fullest extent, from the storehouse of which the vividness of his imagination was always pointing out a happy analogy or bitter sarcasm, that startled the more from the fact that his hearers did not perceive it until the look, tone and finger brought it down with the suddenness of lightning, and with its effect, upon the head of his adversary; taking all this into consideration, I could easily imagine how, when almost a boy, he won so much fame, preserved it so long and with so vast an influence, notwithstanding the eccentricity and inconsistency of his life, public and private.

Hints to Farmers.

The editor of the Frederick Md. Examiner, alluding to the subject of the great number of barns struck by lightning this season, says—"the great number of barns that are fired by lightning after every harvest, should admonish farmers of the expediency of having conductors attached to their barns. The fermentation produced in both hay and grain after being stored, sends up a column of steam, which furnishes an excellent conductor of electricity, and for the want of a suitable conductor to carry it harmlessly into the ground we have every year some half dozen cases to record of the burning of barns, with all the product of the previous year's labor."

AN OLD STAGER.—The Boston Post says that Morse, the well known Cambridge omnibus driver, has driven on that route 34 years, during which time he has driven a stage or omnibus one half a million of miles, or nearly, 20 times round the globe.

Brady's Adventure.

Gen. HUGH BRADY has stated to us that the subjoined narrative is substantially correct. The General also assures us that the child was not re-captured by his brother as he was so strongly fastened to the Indian that he was not able to release him and save his own life, and that of the boy's mother. The General also informs us, that in 1837, at Beaver, Pa., he became acquainted with a young man of the name of Stupes. On inquiry, he had the satisfaction to learn that he was the son of the boy in question. He informed the General, that his father remained with the Indians till after the treaty of Grenville, in 1795; that he then returned home, and when the Beaver country was settling, his father purchased the spot where the scene took place, and lived there to the day of his death, which happened about one year before, and now lays interred on the very spot where he fell with the Indian 61 years ago. We find the narrative in the Pittsburg American.—[Detroit Adv.

In 1780, a small fort, within the present limits of Pittsburg, was the head quarters of Gen. Broadhead, who was charged with the defence of this quarter of the frontier. The country north and west of the Allegheny river was in possession of the Indians. Gen. Washington, whose comprehensive sagacity had provided against all dangers that menaced the country, wrote to Gen. Broadhead to select a suitable officer and despatch him to Sandusky, for the purpose of examining the place and ascertaining the force of the British and Indians assembled there, with a view to measures of preparation and defence, against the depredations and attack to be expected from thence.

Gen. Broadhead had no difficulty in making the selection of an officer qualified for this difficult and dangerous duty. He sent for Capt. Brady, showed him Washington's letter, and a map or draft of the country he must traverse—very defective, as Brady afterwards discovered, but the best, no doubt, that could be obtained at that time.

Capt. Brady was not insensible to the danger, nor ignorant of the difficulty of the enterprize. But he saw the anxiety of the Father of his country to procure information that could only be obtained by this perilous mode, and knew its importance. His own danger was of inferior consideration. The appointment was accepted, and selecting a few soldiers and four Chickasaw Indians as guides, he crossed the Allegheny river, and was at once in the enemy's country.

It was May, 1780, that he commenced his march; the season was uncommonly wet. Every considerable stream was swollen; neither road, bridge, nor house, facilitated their march, nor shielded their repose. Part of their provisions were picked up by the way, as they crept rather than marched through the wilderness by night, and lay concealed in its brambles by day. The slightest trace of his movement, the print of a man's foot on the sand of a river, might have caused the extermination of the party. Brady was versed in all the wiles of Indian 'stratagie,' and dressed in the full war dress of an Indian warrior, and well acquainted with their languages, he led his band in safety near to the Sandusky towns, without seeing a hostile Indian.

The night before he reached Sandusky, he saw a fire, approached it, and found two squaws reposing before it. He passed on without molesting them. But his Chickasaws now deserted. This was alarming, for it was probable they had gone over to the enemy. However, he determined to proceed. With a full knowledge of the horrible death that awaited him, if taken prisoner, he passed on until he stood beside the town, and on the bank of the river.

His first care was to provide a place of concealment for his men. When this was effected, having selected one man as the companion of his future adventures, he waded the river to an island partially covered with drift wood, opposite the town, where he concealed himself and comrade for the night.

Leonidas was brave, and in obedience to the instructions of his country, he courted death, and found it in the pass of Thermopylæ.

Napoleon was brave, but his bravest acts were performed in the presence of embattled thousands.

In constancy of purpose, in cool, deliberate courage, the Captain of the Rangers will compare with the examples quoted, or any other. Neither banner nor pennon waved over him. He was hundreds of miles in the heart of enemy's country. An enemy, who had they possessed it, would have given his weight in gold for the pleasure of burning him to death with a slow fire, adding to his torments, both mental and physical, every ingredient that savage ingenuity could supply.

Who that has poetry of feeling, or feeling of poetry, but must pause over such a scene, and in imagination contemplate its features.

The murmuring river; the Indian village wrapt in sleep; the sylvan landscape; as each was gazed upon by that lonely but dauntless warrior, in the still midnight hour.

The next morning a dense fog spread over hill and dale, town and river. All was hid from Brady's eyes, save the logs and bushes around him. About 11 o'clock it cleared off and offered him a view of about three thousand Indians, engaged in the amusements of the race ground.

They had just returned from Virginia or Kentucky with some very fine horses. One gray horse in particular attracted his notice. He won every race until near evening, when as if envious of his speed, two riders were placed on him, and thus he was beaten.

The starting post was only a few rods above where Brady lay, and he had a pretty fair chance of enjoying the amusement, without the risk of losing any thing by betting on the race.

He had made such observations through the day as was in his power, waded out from the Island at night, collected his men, went to the Indian camp he had seen as he came out; the squaws were still there, took them prisoners, and continued his march homeward.

The map furnished by Gen. Broadhead was found to be defective. The distance was represented to be much less than it really was. The provisions and ammunition of the men were exhausted by the time they had reached the Big Beaver, on their return. Brady shot an otter, but could not eat it. The last load was in his rifle. They arrived at an old encampment, and found plenty of strawberries, which they stopped to appease their hunger with. Having discovered a deer, Brady followed it, telling the men he would perhaps get a shot at it. He had went but a few rods when he saw the deer standing broadside to him. He raised his rifle and attempted to fire, but it flashed in the pan, and he had not a priming of powder. He sat down, picked the touchhole, and then started on. After going a short distance, the path made a bend, and he saw before him a large Indian on horseback, with a child before and its mother behind him on the horse, and a number of warriors marching in the rear. His first impulse was to shoot the Indian on horseback, but as he raised the rifle, he observed the child's head roll with the motion of the horse. It was fast asleep, and tied to the Indian. He stepped behind the root of a tree, and waited until he could shoot the Indian without danger to the child or its mother.

When he considered the chance certain, he shot the Indian, who fell from the horse, and the child and its mother fell with him. Brady called to his men with a voice that made the forest ring, to surround the Indians and give them a general fire. He sprung to the fallen Indian's powder horn, but could not pull it off. Being dressed like an Indian, the woman thought he was one, and said, "why did you shoot your brother?"—He caught up the child, saying, "Jenny Stupes I am Capt. Brady, follow me and I will secure you and your child." He caught her hand in his, carrying the child under the other arm, and dashed into the brush. Many guns were fired at him, but no ball harmed him; and the Indians, dreading an ambuscade, were glad to make off. The next day he arrived at Fort M'Intosh (now Beaver,) with the woman and her child. His men were there before him. They had heard his war whoop, and knew it was Indians he had encountered, but having no amunition, they had taken to their heels and ran off. The Squaws he had taken at Sandusky, availing themselves of the panic, had also made their escape.

Who is this John BANKS, whom the Pennsylvania whig papers are lauding so highly? We never heard of him before.—*Illinois Register.*

Never heard of him *before* indeed! Well, just wait till after the election, and you will hear of him at least 20,000 votes *behind.*—*Yeoman.*

Carelessness in Cultivating Corn.

Let us calculate the cost of a careless practice in cultivating corn; we will take 20 acres and say, we place the hills three feet nine inches apart, which is a good distance, we will have fifty-five thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight hills. By the process that is commonly practiced, it is seldom those hills will average two good ears to the hill, owing to the careless practice of selecting the seed, dropping, ploughing &c. In the first place, we should break up the ground deep, furrow out straight and drop plenty in a hill, and after it is up to the hight of 18 inches or two feet, pull all out but three stocks, (but not like French's negro, who, when he found but one or two in a hill pulled them also, because he had been told to leave but three stocks in a hill) by this practice we will obtain 167,334 ears, and in a common season to take the ears as they stand on the stocks 129 will make a bushel, which will be 1393 bushels, or about 69 bushels to the acre, and as remarked before, in a general way, the farmers of this country do not get more than two-thirds of this amount from the acre; or at most 45 bushels, where there is one man raises more, there are two that fall short.

If this calculation is correct, and we believe it will be found so in a general way, then each farmer is losing 464 bushels of corn, this at 25 cents is $116. A sum sufficiently larg to pay for the culture of the crop. If our views are not correct we hope some of our experienced farmers will set us right on this subject.—[Kentucky Farmer.]

Lime.

The effect of lime in decomposing vegetable matter is well known.

Near the last of the 8th month, (August,) fifty bushels of lime to the acre were spread over a clover field almost run out, from which a first crop of grass had been taken at the usual time. The second crop grew tolerable well, and was ploughed down with the lime, preparatory to seeding with winter grain. At the interval of four or five weeks the ground was crossed ploughed, and the vegetable mass of grass, weeds and roots, found to be almost pulverized, and incorporated with the soil.

It is customary with many farmers in this vicinity, to apply a handful of ground plaster to each hill of Indian corn, after it appears a few inches above ground. A small portion of the corn field thus treated, was last spring reserved for an experiment, with the same quantity of powdered or fine lime, applied in like manner.

The result has been in favor of the lime, both the stock and ear of the corn, being much superior to the average production of the field.—[Farmer's Cabinet.]

A Terrible Deed.

In illustrating the desperate condition to which the lower classes in England are reduced through grinding poverty, the London correspondent of the Boston Post relates the following occurrence, the bare perusal of which makes the blood run cold; he says, however, that it is too well authenticated to be doubted:

"It appears that there are "Philanthropic Burial Societies, in many towns in England, which pay certain sums to members for the funeral expenses of a deceased child. One of the rules of "The Stockport Burial Society" is that each member shall pay a penny per week, and at the end of seventeen weeks' subscription become full members. If a child after that period dies, the parents are entitled to the sum of three pounds and twelve shillings; and deducting one shilling and sixpence for the collector's fee, and two shillings "FOR LIQUOR," the sum of three pounds eight and sixpence remains for the funeral expenses of the child. At the Chester Assizes, two married couples, whose average ages were only twenty six, were indicted. Their names were SANDYS—and one couple were charged with having adminstered arsenic to the child, by which they murdered it, and the others were charged with being accessories to the crime before and after the fact. The deceased, with whose murder they were accused, was thus awfully killed for the diabolical purpose of obtaining the sum of three pounds eight and sixpence from the Stockport Burial Society!"