

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

H. B. MASSER, Editor.

(OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.)

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.

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A PSALM OF LIFE.

(By Professor Longfellow.)

HAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream!

Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal!

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way!

At long, and Time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave,

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of Life,

Trust no Future, how'er pleasant! Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime,

Footsteps, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn sea,

Let us then be up and doing, With a heart for any fate;

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

The following report of a case recently tried before the Criminal Court of St. Louis, is full of interest.

St. Louis Criminal Court. (Reported for the Pennant.)

Indictment for passing counterfeit money.

JOSEPH V. JONES, Defendant.

The defendant in this case was, probably, twenty-eight years of age, but wore the appearance of least thirty five.

He had evidently once been a looking man; in stature he was something over six feet, and his strongly marked features and prominent forehead gave evidence of more than ordinary intellect.

But you could clearly discover that he had become a prey to the monster Intemperance—the mark of the beast was stamped upon his countenance, which gave it a vivid and unnatural appearance.

He was placed in the box, with others who were to be arraigned upon the indictments preferred against them.

All the others had pleaded not guilty, (as usual) and a day was set for their trial.

The defendant was told to stand up, and the clerk read him the indictment, which charged him with violating, on the 10th day of August, passed to one strike One a counterfeit bill, purporting to be used by the 2d Municipality of the city of New Orleans, for the sum of three dollars; and upon being asked the question, guilty or not guilty? he pleaded, 'guilty—guilty!' Then, turning to the court, he remarked that, as this was the last time ever expected to appear in court, he would like if he could be allowed to make a few remarks.

The Judge told him to proceed. After a pause, in which he was evidently endeavoring to calm his feelings, he proceeded as follows—

May it please the Court—In the remarks I shall make, I will not attempt to extenuate my crime or to draw your hands any sympathy in passing sentence upon me. I know that I have violated the laws of my country, and justly deserve punishment; nor will I recall the past, or dwell upon the bitter penitence, for my own sake. A wish to do good for others is my only motive.

I shall with the indulgence of the court, give a brief narrative of my life, with a hope that those young men around me may take warning by it, and avoid the rock upon which I have split. I was the son of respectable parents, in the State of New York, and during my childhood, received every attention that fond parents could bestow upon an orphan.

It was early discovered that I had fondness for books, and my father, although in limited circumstances, determined to give me a liberal education. I was sent to a high school in the neighborhood, and such was my progress, that at twelve years of age, my preceptor declared me qualified for college, and accordingly entered one of the oldest universities of the country. Here I so distinguished myself that, at sixteen I graduated with the second honors of the institution, and returned home filled with the brilliant prospect of success that lay before me. I soon after commenced the study of law, and when only in my twentieth year, I obtained license to practice.

Acting upon the advice of friends, I determined to try my fortunes in the west. I accordingly

arranged my affairs for departure early in the fall of 1833. I will not detain you with an account of my separation from those I held most dear—suffice it to say, that I received the blessings of my parents, and in return, promised faithfully and honestly to avoid all bad company, as well as their vices. Had I kept my promise I should have been saved this shame, and been free from the load of guilt that hangs around me continually, like a fiendish culture, threatening to drag me to justice, for crimes as yet unrevealed. But, to return, I left my early home, where all had been sunshine and where my pathway had been strewn with flowers, to try my fortune among strangers, and to try my strength in buffeting the storms and tempest of the world. With light heart I looked forward to the future; and taking the usual route I soon reached Wheeling, where I took passage on a boat for Louisville. On the boat a game of cards was proposed for amusement, and although I had promised faithfully to avoid such things, still, I argued to myself, there was no harm in playing a game for amusement.

Accordingly, I joined the party, and we kept up the amusement most of the way down. After we left Cincinnati, it was proposed to let a bit game, merely, as it was said, to make it interesting. My first impression was to leave the table, but I was told that it was only a bit—that I could not lose more than one or two dollars. This argument prevailed, for I lacked moral courage to do what was right. I feared my companions would say I was stingy of a little money. Influenced by these feelings, I played; and, as the fates would have it, I won. Before we reached Louisville, we had twice doubled the stake, and I found my luck enabled me to pay my passage out of my winnings. It was the first time ever I had had money, and my success roused me. Again I played, and was again successful; and, in short, I continued to play for amusement, until I had acquired a thirst for gambling. I resided in a thriving village in Tennessee, and commenced the practice of my profession under flattering auspices, and my first appearance in a criminal court was highly complimented, and I soon became known throughout the circuit. Things went on thus for more than a year, and I believed myself fairly on the road to fame and fortune. I occasionally played cards; I consulted myself if the idea that I only played with gentlemen for amusement.

One night I accompanied some young men to a gaming shop, and, for the first time in my life, I saw a Paris Bank. My companions commenced betting, and I was induced to join them. Although I did not understand the game, again I played with success, and when we left the house, was more than two hundred dollars winner. None of my companions had been fortunate, and it was insisted that I was the lucky man, and that I must treat. We accordingly repaired to my room, where I ordered wine, and before we broke up we were all deeply intoxicated. With me it was the first time, and the next day I resolved that I would never play cards again. I adhered to the determination for nearly three months, when I again yielded to the entreaties of my dissipated associates.

I now played with varied success, and in all cases found an excuse for resorting to the wine bottle. If I lost, I drank to drown sorrow; if I won I treated my good fortune. Thus I progressed upon my downward course, until drinking and gambling became my chief employments. All my friends who were worth preserving abandoned me, until my only associates were drunkards and gamblers, when almost reduced to want, (for I had left off business,) I received a letter informing me of the death of my father—that I then who watched over my early years—who loved me so tenderly. And did I act as an affectionate child? No. Vice had destroyed the human feelings of my heart, and left only the animal passions and appetites, as the letter contained a check for \$500, a part of my poor father's hard earnings I drowned my grief that night in a Bohemian revel, and in a few days I was again penniless. I will not dwell upon the every day scenes of my life, which were such as you all times be witnessed at one of the two hundred dram shops of your city, where wretched men squander the little pittance that justly belongs to their suffering wives and children.

But, to pass on. For nearly three years I have been a drunken wandering outcast. Six months ago I received a letter from my dear mother, enclosing \$100, and informing me that she was fast sinking with disease, and entreating with all a mother's feeling, to come home and see her before she died. For a time I felt the appeal, and resolved to comply with her request; and accordingly took passage on a steamboat for that purpose. For two days I refrained from liquor; but my thirst became insupportable.—At length my appetite overpowered my better feelings, and I approached the bar and demanded the liquid fire. I was soon intoxicated, when I madly sought the gambling table; and before the boat reached Louisville, I was stripped of every cent. Thus, all hope of seeing my dying mother cut off. I remained at Louisville several weeks; in which time I learned that my mother had died, and that her last breath was spent in prayer for her wretched child.

From Louisville I shipped on board the steamer Brazil, as a deck hand, and came to this place, where I was discharged for drunkenness. Let every young man reflect upon this picture. I, who had moved in the first circles of society—had been the guest of distinguished public men, and a favorite among the

literati of our country—was now turned off as unfit for a deck hand on a steamboat! yet intemperance had done this to me.

I loitered about this city for several weeks, and was sometimes engaged in posting up the books of some dram shop, for which I was paid in the liquor fire, kept for the accommodation of customers. One evening I fell in company with a man who has lately been lodged in jail for passing counterfeit money. We played cards, and I won from him the three dollar bill in question. The next day I learned it was a counterfeit, and did not offer to pass it for some days. But at last I got out of all employment. I had no other money—I could meet no one who would ask me to drink. My appetite was like a raging fire within me. I could not endure it. I sought a dram shop—offered the bill—it was accepted; and when found, a few hours after, by the officers of justice, I was heavily drunk.

The evidence of guilt was conclusive; and before my brain was clear of the intoxicating fumes, I was lodged in jail to await my trial. I am now done. I have not detained the court with any hope or wish that clemency would be extended to my case; but with a hope that my example may be a warning to other young men—that those who hear me may, when asked to play a social game of cards or drink a social glass, think of my fate and refrain. They may feel themselves secure—they may believe they can stop when they please; but let them remember that I argued thus until I was lost. [Here the defendant sunk down and appeared to be very much affected; and for a few moments silence reigned throughout the court house.]

At length the Judge, who is as much distinguished for the qualities of his heart as he is for learning as a Judge, proceeded in a brief but appropriate manner to pass sentence upon the defendant, putting his punishment in the Penitentiary down to the shortest time allowed by law.

Visit of the Prince De Joinville.

The Prince de Joinville, who left this city yesterday for Norfolk via Baltimore, was received by the President with that cordiality and consideration to which he was so fully entitled by the hospitality uniformly extended to our fellow citizens by the King of the French.

The Prince, indeed independently of any such special claim upon our civility, comes recommended by whatever merits he possesses, and the most unaffected simplicity of manners, can do to entitle a gentleman to respect and attention every where.

His Royal Highness arrived in this city on Wednesday, and was received by the President at 2 o'clock on the same day. On Thursday he visited the Navy Yard in the President's carriage, conducted by Mr. John Tyler, Jr. and Commodore Nicholson, and was received with a complimentary salute of twenty-one guns. At 6 o'clock he dined with the President in a large party, composed of the Corps Diplomatique, the members of the Cabinet now in this city, Lord Prudhoe, brother of the Duke of Northumberland, and Sir Henry Hart, both of the Royal Navy, and many distinguished officers of our own army and navy.

In the evening, several hundred invitations having been sent out, a very numerous assemblage of citizens of all parties were collected at the President's House, for whose reception all of the apartments were thrown open.

A Band of Music from the Navy Yard was in waiting, and immediately after dinner struck up the National Air of "Hail Columbia," followed by the "Parisienne," and continued to play throughout the evening, which closed with dancing.

We are gratified to be able to state that the whole entertainment was exceedingly brilliant and agreeable, and altogether worthy of what was, in some sort, an act of national hospitality.—Melodionian.

Correspondence of the Times and Star.

MILFORD PENN., Sept. 23, 1811.

Mr. Lewis Cornelius, of our village, died on Monday morning, Sept. 27, at 6 o'clock. He was 48 years of age. Below I send you his dimensions, as taken by his physician after he was laid out:—

Table with 2 columns: Measurement and Feet ins.
Height: 6 0
Circumference of waist: 6 2 1/2
" body: 8 2
" arm, above elbow: 2 2
" " below elbow: 1 9
" wrist: 1 3
" thigh: 4 2
" calf of leg: 2 7
" ankle: 1 7
Weight (dead): 615 1/2 lbs.

It is supposed that he would have weighed, before he was taken sick, 675 pounds.

THE MORAL MIRACLE.—A friend who recently travelled for several days throughout Ireland, states that although he saw thousands in want and misery, he did not meet with one person who was intoxicated. Well and nobly done, Father Matthew! Philadelphia Inquirer.

BONNET SQUASH.—The New Orleans Picayune says they cultivate a squash in Texas, out of which ladies' bonnets are made. We will watch our northern pumpkins against your southern squashes for head "fixins" any time. [Phil. Gazette.

Taking Honey without Killing the Bees.

Various measures have been suggested and adopted, by which the lives of the bees might be spared, while their unnecessary or surplus honey might be appropriated to the comfort of those who had the care of them. It has always seemed but little short of murder to destroy such multitudes of these little laborers if any method of sparing them could be introduced; and various improved hives, which have been introduced to effect this object, have at different times been brought before the public. All these have been more or less useful, some by giving more room for labor, and some by placing their stores at the command of the apiarian; still all seem liable to some objections, and multiplying the methods or bringing a notice of new ones before the public, may be of service.

The treatment of bees seems to be based on a few facts, or which are usually considered as such, viz: that a large number of bees, or two swarms in the same hive, will consume but a little more honey, if any, than a small number, or each of the two swarms in separate hives; and that as bees are a short lived insect, performing their labors and the various functions of their lives, mostly, if not altogether, in a single year, the necessity of saving those bees in the fall, that are to perform the labor of the coming year, becomes more strikingly apparent. The fact, that bees may be stupified so as to be rendered harmless, and yet not permanently injured, has long been known; but this knowledge has not been turned to practical use except in very few instances until very lately. The following, which we copy in substance from a foreign periodical, exhibits a method of turning this power to use both early and profitably.

The writer says:—In autumn I gather three or four of the large mushrooms or puff-balls growing in meadow lands, before they are fully ripe, compress them a little, and dry them thoroughly in an oven after bread has been taken out, and keep them dry for use. A tin box two inches square, with a pointed top, pierced full of holes, with small holes in the sides, made without solder is to be provided to contain the puff-ball while burning. It must be supported on a stick some six or eight inches in length when used. As the object is to stupefy the swarms, from which the honey is to be taken, with another to live over the winter, a hive of the same size as the one to be operated upon is placed in a tub with the open end upwards, with a hole made in the lower part, in which the stick that supports the tin box is set. In this box is now put a piece of fungus or the dried ball of the size of a hen's egg, to which fire has been communicated, and it is placed in the lower hive. The hive with the bees is now removed from its stand, and placed on the other, a wet cloth being closely secured around the line of meeting to prevent the escape of the smoke. The narcotic fumes are soon felt, by the bees, which fall rapidly into the lower hive, the upper one being frequently tapped with a stick or the fingers, to jar down such bees as may not fall of themselves, or discharge them from the combs. The dropping of the bees will be distinctly heard, and when it ceases the hive may be taken off. The torpid bees are now poured upon a table, and the Queen separated and placed under a glass. The bees are then sprinkled with a thick syrup made of a little ale and sugar boiled a minute or two, and applied freely with a feather. They are then returned to the empty hive, and on this is now placed the hive with which it is intended the swarm shall unite, and the cloth is replaced, so that no bee can escape. In this position they remain for twenty-four hours, or the following night, when the cloth is removed and the hive placed on its former stand. The bees in the hive descend to feed on honey or sugar on the sprinkled bees, and in the operation of clearing them, are so thoroughly mixed, that no distinction is ever afterwards apparent. The few bees that remain in the comb may be killed before they recover from their stupification, and after the amalgamation of the swarms is complete, the reserved Queen may also be destroyed. She is reserved thus far to guard against the contingencies.

Other narcotics, such as tobacco leaves, folded in paper, previously dipped in nitre and dried, have been used, but the puff-ball will be found preferable to any other, both for ease of pre-

paration, and certainty of execution. The writer states that of a great number of swarms with another, not one had failed of success. He considers September the best month for taking honey in this way; the application of the smoke may as well be done by day as by night.—[Albany Cult.

British Forces in America.

An American gentleman who recently passed a considerable portion of time in England, and who, while there, devoted much attention to an examination of affairs of the British Empire, called upon us yesterday, and in the course of conversation took occasion to allude to the report that has been circulated, to the effect that the British have 30,000 troops in North America and 20,000 in the West Indies. He ridicules the matter as absurdity, and says that one half the stories that have been published in relation to British force, power, &c. should be regarded as so much wind, put forth on the brag principle. He affirms, and some of his statements upon this subject have already appeared in print, that the English navy concentrated into one fleet, could not send to sea 60 ships of war. He says he had an opportunity last year of verifying the fact personally. Their fleet in the Mediterranean—and we now quote from an article recently published by him in the Pennsylvania, and the truth of which he pledges himself to corroborate, should it be denied on respectable, competent and unprejudiced authority; at a moment of great peril and imminent danger, did not amount to more than 18 ships, and not one of these was fully manned; some of the ships in the Levant could only man one side of the ship in case of fighting. The French force in the Mediterranean last September, was superior to the English in men and guns, nor could the English ships be manned; sailors could not be procured. They even sent to the Orkney Islands to the Irishmen, as they returned from their summer fishing; some of these sailors were brought to London and shipped there. Crews whose terms of service had expired were not suffered to land, and were transferred to other ships, whilst the greatest consternation prevailed on the river Thames and its neighborhood, from the reports of press-gangs—a mode of raising men which at this time would be followed by instantaneous revolt. The British fleet of any consequence was in the East India seas or in China, and in a situation far more feeble than the Mediterranean fleet; it consisted of some fourteen or sixteen ships of war. The rest of the English ships in commission, armed and manned for sufficient service, were very inconsiderable indeed. The fleet that England could now concentrate on our shore, could not cope with our navy, provided our ships were at home and prepared for action.

His views of the British army are not less in contrast with the vapouring statements that are put forth in some of the Canadian and English journals. On paper and in print, he says, they make a tremendous show; but much of what is thus circulated is moonshine, and intended to gull the nation at home or intimidate people abroad. Thus, he affirms, that what are frequently put down as regiments sent to Canada or other places, are but mere fragments of such regiments; the various portions of which are scattered all over the globe. He states that the whole of the regular "British forces in upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edwards Island, is composed of parts of 20 regiments, varying from two companies to a battalion, but in no instance are there more than half a regiment, and some imported regiments have but two companies, no matter what their statements can be to the contrary. A British regiment when full and complete, officers and men, amounts to 800, but as the regiments are never full, it is rare that a regiment can ever muster more than 600 men. He says that it is a frequent circumstance that parts of two, three, or even four regiments will be mustered under one Colonel, and go forth to the world as so many regiments; sometimes the commanding officer will be of the grade General; then all these companies flourish as regiments to give eclat to the commander-in-chief. When in London last winter, at a time when a vast many Englishmen supposed the war had already begun, in company with two very intelligent men from Nova Scotia and the other from New

Brunswick, we carefully and scrupulously examined the composition of the British Army in North America, and we were unanimous in the opinion made up from official documents, that the whole British force in North America did not exceed 8000 men; my own belief was, that it did not exceed 6000 men, but I am positive it did not exceed 5000 men. The Times stated the whole force to be 20 battalions, and did not even claim more than 8000. Ask yourselves, he says, where are the masses of men in British America to make 30,000, or 20,000, or 10,000 or even 5,000. The answer is, they do not exist except on paper; so far from being able to concentrate 8000 men, they cannot even concentrate 2000 men in any given point on our frontier, or their own coast frontier, unless it be at the fortress Quebec. Of the composition of the British private soldiers allow me to say one word: they are generally enlisted from the agricultural counties of England, Scotland and Ireland. Usually young men are allowed to enlist from their fine size and height, and compelled to enlist by dissolute habits or desperate circumstances; these young men thus forced into the army, and fully aware that promotion never takes place, are usually reckless of all consequences, desert at every opportunity and are drilled into efficiency and subordination by the horrid lash.

The gentleman quoted is an intelligent Philadelphian, is a man of property, is a friend of peace, and deprecates war. But, as observed above, he has resided a long time in England, has made himself acquainted with the character and resources of John Bull, and is not disposed to be humbugged or frightened without sufficient cause. We nevertheless believe he has somewhat underrated the ability of Great Britain. [Brinknell's Reporter.]

The Terror of Pestilence.

One circumstance, among the many of a touching character which attend the presence of a mortal epidemic in a city, is thus referred to in the New Orleans Picayune of the 12th inst.

"THE UNATTENDED HEARSE.—Among the many scenes to be now daily witnessed in this city, which excite our sympathy, awaken our commiseration, or enlist our pity, an unattended hearse, as it bears its lifeless burden to the grave, calls up most quickly, from the recesses of the heart, thoughts shrouded in sorrow, feelings robed in regret.

"When we see that one-horse sombre vehicle driven by, we observe the indifference with which the black driver hurries along to the grave yard with his pulseless passenger, when we behold not a soul following after, to perform the last sad rites over departed friendship, or to place over the most simple mark of recognition over the deceased's grave we feel that the inhabitant of that rough unornamented coffin died a desolate stranger!

"But we know not how he lived—whether his journey, even from the cradle to the grave, was one continued pilgrimage of privation—whether he was once the inheritor of wealth, the possessor of consequence, surrounded by butterfly friends, who deserted him when the summer of his prosperity passed away—or whether some loving wife, affectionate mother, or kind hearted sister is not anticipating his return to a home long deserted, to friends long estranged, at the very time when his dust is being committed to dust, by a strange hand, in the swamps of New Orleans!

"We never see an unattended funeral but we feel that we float through life on the ocean of uncertainty; and at such a time pray Heaven to avert from us a death so disastrous—a grave so gloomy; we pray, if it should not be vouchsafed to us to die among our kindred, that we may at least be permitted to breathe our last where we are known—among our friends."

Williamson again Arrested.

The notorious individual, whose name has been frequently before the public in connection with charges of burglary, has been again arrested at Harrisburg at the instance of Mr. Lesueur, and is now in a Lancaster jail. We learn that several bills of lading were found upon him, of silks and other goods sent to Pittsburgh. Also, bills of lading of merchandise shipped at this port for New Orleans. Fortunately, the vessel on board of which the goods for New Orleans were stored, had not left the river; and the packages or boxes were recovered, and some of them will, we understand, be opened this morning before his honor, the Mayor. It is hoped that this well timed discovery and arrest, will throw some light on the late robberies in Philadelphia and neighboring cities.—Philad. Inq.