

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.

No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

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.—JEREMAS.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, October 23, 1841.

Vol. II.—No. IV.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, \$0 50
1 do 3 do, 0 75
1 do 3 do, 1 00
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 Salem Tunnel.

There is seldom on any of the many excellent railroads with which this country is favored, a more interesting section than that which passes through, or under the city of Salem in Massachusetts. This Tunnel extends about 150 yards, passing under, and parallel to the centre of Court street, which is one of the broadest and handsomest streets in the city.

From the New Genesee Farmer.

Hints for the Month.

The past months have been devoted chiefly to the production, the present must be to the preservation of crops.

Corn should be suffered to stand in the shock, until it has become fully ripened by nourishment from the stock; but not later, as husking with cold fingers is unpleasant. Let it be placed where it will be well exposed to the air; as the quality of corn, both for domestic consumption and for feeding animals, is greatly injured by moldiness, even of the cob only, though it may appear perfectly sound.

Potatoes after digging, should be exposed to the sun. They lose their fine quality, and acquire more or less bitterness, when kept in cellars exposed to the light merely. Those for immediate domestic use, should be kept in barrels, and the rest either in large bins lined and covered with turf, or mixed with earth in barrels or hogsheads, or else buried in heaps in the open air.

Apples, and all root crops, need the same care, but turnips more especially, which will inevitably be ruined unless the heated air from the heap can pass off.

Mangel wurtzel and sugar beets should be completely secured at the end of the month, and rutabagas not much later, if the danger of loss by freezing is to be avoided.

Winter apples should be gathered before the arrival of severe frost, till near the end of the month, they should be carefully picked by hand by means of convenient ladders, and should not be suffered to become in the least degree bruised until they are well packed.

Now is the season for planting trees, remember, now is as easy as next year, or the next, and they will be growing all the while, put off other work but not this. Shade trees give almost the whole expression to a country or town.

To have ground early in good order for crop next spring, plough your ground this fall, and let it be exposed to the action of the frost through the winter.

Prepare cattle yards for the manufacture of manure on a large scale as practicable—provide plenty of straw for litter—remember, plenty—and that is a great deal; and if possible, cart on your manure yards a large quantity of swamp muck; or if that cannot be had, simple earth, to mix with the other manure. The labor will be well repaid.

Leavenworth's Canal Steam Tugger.

During the past week (says the Albany Jour.) "Leavenworth's Canal Steam Tugger" has been in operation upon the Erie Canal in this vicinity, using neither paddle, screw or submerged water wheels, but is propelled by means of a rotary anchor. The machinery is put into a Lake Boat of the largest class, the engine, &c. occupying the forward cabin only. When propelled at the speed of seven miles an hour, although so large a boat, and drawing two feet, six inches of water, she causes no surge to injure the banks of the canal.

She has taken two heavy loaded boats of more than one hundred tons freight, over five miles an hour, and with two thirds of her power took three scows and two lake boats, with two hundred and fifty tons freight, four miles an hour, and is capable of taking eight boats with four hundred tons freight four miles in an hour, upon the enlarged canal, without extra exertion. By this method a train of boats may be towed for less than half the expenses of towing with horses. She passes the locks without the least difficulty, and has no connection with the towpath.

my own life; she who was the purest and loveliest of her sex; she with whom I had promised myself a long life of happiness—oh! but I say I, she lay a mangled corpse at my feet! But her murderer, eye!—he was eleven to the breast by a blow from his own tomahawk, which I had wrenched from him with the strength of a dozen men."

The old man ceased,—big tears rolled down his furrowed face, and his frame shook with emotion. I saw the remembrance of the past was too much for him; and I sat by his side in silence.

I subsequently heard his sad tale from others, and then learned the manner in which Kate had been carried off. The old man's companion was right—she had been made a prisoner by a predatory band of Indians, who had followed Butler, and deserted him directly after the massacre.

Beautiful as the Valley of Wyoming is, I never have seen it, from that day to this, without thinking of the sad fate of KATE BEVERLY.

"I Can't Spare Time."

The four words with which we head this article, in the effects which they have produced, have been the cause of a great deal of mischief and have kept many from embarking manfully in the work of storing up intellectual treasures. When a young man is urged to commence at once the work of study; he turns and lets fall the four simple words "I can't spare time," and thinks he has given a sufficient excuse, from further attention on the subject.

There are many mechanics, too, who instead of doing their part towards the cultivation of their own minds, and throwing their influence and talent into the general stock for the improvement of an association, satisfy themselves with the observation, and perhaps really think "they can't spare time." The excuse is a very handy one, and has passed current too long, for in a majority of cases there is neither sense nor truth in it. In the first place it need not occupy a great portion of time, for by proper management, a larger share of invaluable information may be obtained in a short time; of this any man may be convinced by trying the experiment.

There is time enough lost and wasted in the pursuit of what men call pleasure, which if properly appropriated, would place them in a high state of cultivation. Time can be found to ride and dance, and sing—time can be found to lounge and talk nonsense, but alas! how many think "they can't spare time," to attend to the noblest and best part of their nature; that which alone elevates and causes them to feel the divinity within."—[Exchange.]

Endicott Pear Tree.

This venerable and unfailing tree has again given forth its annual product. There does not appear to be much diminution, of late years, in the quantity or deterioration in the quality of its fruit. By an unbroken tradition in the family, it is now 211 years since it was planted by the hands of Governor Endicott! Its appearance confirms this tradition, which, upon the whole, rests upon as strong grounds of evidence, as the nature of the case authorizes us to require.—[Salem Register.]

West India Coal.

The coal raised from the mine discovered about a year ago, about six miles from Havana, has been tried by the Spanish steam frigates, and pronounced by the engineers to be excellent in quality—superior to the best English. Analysis shows the coal to consist of the following parts:—

Table with 2 columns: Component and Percentage. Carbon 71.74, Oxygen 6.32, Hydrogen 8.44, Ashes 13.50, Total 100.00.

The railroad from the port to the mine is in rapid progress toward completion. As the bed is believed to be very extensive, the enterprising proprietors anticipate handsome profits on their outlay whenever the West India steamers shall regularly call at Havana for a supply of fuel.

A NEW PARTY QUESTION.—The election in the town of Lynn, Mass., is expected to turn upon the following point, viz: Whether black people shall ride in the same compartment of the Boston and Salem rail road cars with white people?

Here a question is certainly opened for an abstractionist, viz: Who are to be considered black people? We await the result in silence.—[Phil. Gaz.]

to her family, and he was easily persuaded to join me in my search. Together we now began a pursuit of the savages. He was an adept in forest warfare—could follow a trail as a hound the chase—knew the course which would be most likely to be chosen by a flying party of Indians, and withal, was one of the keenest shots who had carried a rifle on the border.

"It's my opinion," said he, "that these vermin did not belong to the regular body of Indians who followed Butler, though even they were bad enough. I think however, he wouldn't suffer a deed like this.—These villains seem to have acted on their own behalf—and, if so, they would fly to the back country as soon as possible. You may depend upon it we shall overtake them if we pursue that way."

"I felt the truth of these remarks, and assented to them at once. In less than a quarter of an hour after first discovering the trail, we were treading the forest in pursuit of the savages."

"Let me hasten to the close. Hour after hour, all through forenoon days, we pursued the flying Indians—crossing swamps, clambering over rocks, fording streams, and picking our way through labyrinthine woods, until, towards night-fall, we reached the edge of an open space—or, as it were, a meadow, shut in by gently sloping hills."

"Hut," said my companion, "we are upon them. Do you not see that thin thread of smoke curling upward over the top of yon'er aged hemlock?"

"Ay—it must be them—let us on."

"Softly, or we lose it. We know not, certainly, that this is the party we seek, let us reconnoitre."

"Slowly and stealthily, trembling lest even a twig should crack under our feet, we crept up towards the edge of the meadow—and creeping cautiously through the underwood, beheld the object of our search in six tall swarthy savages, sitting smoking around the remains of a fire. At a little distance knelt, with her hands bound, but her eyes upraised to heaven, my own Kate—O! how my heart leaped at the sight. I raised my rifle convulsively, and was about to fire, when my companion caught my hand, and said:

"Softly or you spoil all. Let us get the varmint, in range, and then we shall fire with some effect. Hut!"

"This last exclamation was occasioned by the sudden rising of one of the savages. He gazed a moment cautiously around, and then advanced toward the thicket where we lay concealed. I drew my breath in, and trembled at the beating of my own heart. The savage still approached. My companion laid his hand on my arm, and pointed from my rifle to one of the Indians I understood him. At this juncture the advancing savage, warned of our presence by the cracking of an unlucky twig beneath my companion's foot, sprang back, with a loud yell, towards the fire."

"Now," said my companion, sternly.

"Quick as lightning I raised my piece and fired. My companion did the same.—The retreating savage and one of his companions fell dead on the ground, each of us then sprang to a tree, leading as we ran.—It was well we did it, for in an instant the enemy was on us. Shall I describe that dreadful fight? My emotion forbids it. A few minutes decided it. Fighting from tree to tree—dodging, loading, and endeavoring to get sight of the foe, we kept up the conflict for nearly five minutes—at the end of which time I found myself wounded, while four out of the six savages lay prostrate on the ground. The other two, finding companions dead, and despairing of being able to carry off their prisoner, suddenly rushed on her, and before we could interpose, had seized their helpless victim. I had only been prevented, hitherto, from rescuing Kate by the knowledge that an attempt of the kind, while the savages were still numerically superior to us, would end in the certain ruin of us both—but now, worlds could not have restrained me, and, clubbing my rifle, for the piece was unloaded, I dashed out from my covert, shouting to my companion—

"On—on, in God's name, on!"

"Take care of the taller varmint," thundered my companion.

"The warning was too late. In the tumult of my feelings I had not observed that the savage furthest from me had his piece loaded, and before I could avail myself of my companion's cooler observation, I received the ball in my right arm, and my rifle dropped powerless by my side: had I not sprung involuntarily aside at my companion's cry, I should have been shot through the heart."

"On—on," I groaned in agony, as I seized my tomahawk in my almost useless left hand.

"Stoop," said my companion, stoop lower; and as I did so his rifle cracked on the still air, and the Indian fell dead.

"All this had not occupied an instant. I was now within a few feet of her loved, who struggling in the grasp of the other Indian. He had already entwined his hands in her long hair—his tomahawk was already gleaming in the sitting sun. Never shall I forget the look of demoniac fury with which the wretch glared on his victim. A second only was left for hope. My companion was far behind, with his rifle unloaded. I made a desperate spring forward and hurled my tomahawk at the savage's head. God of my fathers! the weapon whizzed harmlessly by the wretch, and buried itself, quivering in the trunk of a neighboring tree. I groaned aloud in agony—here was a yell of triumph in the air—a sudden flashing in the sun, like a glancing knife, and—but I cannot go on. She loved as

kept monotonously sounding in our ears. The morning rays of a summer's sun poured down upon the landscape, and every thing around was bright, and gay, and beautiful. I was still lost in admiration at the loveliness of the scene, when the old man signified his readiness to commence his tale.

"It is now fifty years ago," he began, "since I came to this valley a young frontiersman, with a hardy constitution, a love of adventure, and the reputation of being the best shot on the border; the place was, at that time settled principally by families from Connecticut, and even then bore traces of its present luxuriant cultivation. Many of the families were in good circumstances, others had seen better days—and altogether the society was more refined than was usual on the frontier. Among all the families, however in the valley, none pleased me so much as that of Mr. Beverly—and, of his fireside circle, his second daughter, Kate, was, in my opinion, the gem.—How shall I describe her beauty! Lovely, without being beautiful, with a sylph-like form, a laugh as joyous as the carol of a bird, a step lighter than that of a young fawn in sportive play, and a disposition so amiable as to win, irresistibly, the love of all who met her, Kate Beverly was scarcely seventeen before she had a host of admirers, and might have won any youth in the valley. Why it was that she preferred me over all the rest, I cannot say; perhaps it was the consciousness of some mysterious sympathy linking us together, or perhaps it was that we both came from the same town in Connecticut, and had been school-mates in childhood—so it was, however. It soon began to be known throughout the valley that before another season should elapse, Kate Beverly would become my wife."

"Oh! how happy were those days—too happy indeed, to last. I will not dwell upon them, for they fill my soul with agony. Suffice it to say, that while dreaming of bliss such as mortal never before experienced, the war of the revolution broke out—and, after a hard struggle between my passion and my duty, the latter conquered, and I joined the army. Kate did not attempt to dissuade me from the act—she rather loved me the more for it. Though her woman nature caused her to shed tears at my departure, her reason told her I was right, and she bid me God speed."

"Heaven bless you, Henry," she said, "and bring this unnatural war to a conclusion. I cannot bid you stay, but I pray that the necessity for your absence may soon cease."

"Time rolled by—the American cause was still doubtful, and the war bid fair to be protracted into years. I had risen to be a Captain in the regiment, when I received information, that the Tories and Indians intended making a descent on the valley of the Wyoming. I knew the unprotected situation of my adopted district, and I trembled for the lives of those I loved most dear. At first I discredited the rumor—chance, however, threw in my way an opportunity of ascertaining the reality of the reported descent, and I became convinced that not a moment was to be lost if I would save the lives of those I loved at home. My determination was at once taken—I solicited for leave of absence—it was refused: I then resigned my commission, and set forth to Wyoming."

"I never shall forget my emotions when I drew near that ill-fated place; it was on the very day of the massacre—and the first intimation I had of the calamity was the mangled body of one of the inhabitants, whom I had known, floating down the stream. A cold shiver ran through every vein as I gazed on the terrible sight, and a thousand fears agitated my bosom; but my worst suspicions fell far short of the truth. When, hours after, I met some of the fugitives, and they rehearsed to me that tale of horror, I stood for a moment thunder-struck, refusing to believe that beings in human form could perpetrate such deeds—but it was all too true."

"Almost my first inquiry was for Kate. No one knew, alas! what had become of her. One of those who had escaped the fight, told me that her father had been killed at the beginning of the conflict—and that, deprived of a protector, she had probably fallen a victim to the infuriated savages, while the other inhabitants were severally engaged in protecting themselves. How I cursed them for this selfishness! And yet could I expect aught else of human nature, than that each one should protect those dearest to them, even to the desertion of others?"

"But my mind was soon made up. I resolved, come what might, to ascertain clearly the fate of Kate—so that if dead I might revenge her, and if living, I might rescue her. Bidding farewell to the flying group, I shouldered my rifle and struck boldly into the forest, trusting in the guidance of that God who never deserts us in our extremities."

"I will not tire you with a protracted narrative; I will only say that, after numerous inquiries from the fugitives I met, I learned that Kate had been last seen in the hands of a party of savages,—this was sufficient for a clue,—I once more began to hope. I waited until nightfall, when I sought the spot which had been described to me as the one where Kate had been last seen—and, never shall I forget my feelings of almost rapturous pleasure, when I found in the neighboring forest a fragment of her dress sticking on a bush, by which it had, doubtless, been torn from her in passing. I was now satisfied that Kate had been carried off captive. Fortunately I had met, in the group of fugitives, a hunter who had been under some obliga-



From the Token for 1812.

THE SEA.

Moan on, thou melancholy sea, Thy hollow heaving surge Rolls to my ear eternally A requiem and a dirge, Moan on thou vast and melancholy sea, Type of man's soul, that ever moans with thee.

Moan for the brave hearts thou hast taken, The sad ones thou hast left, The solitudes of homes forsaken, By thee of joy bereft— The thousand loved and cherished ones that sleep, In the blue chambers of the heaving deep.

Thine ear hath heard the wave-hung bell, 'Mid thy tumultuous roar, Sounding the storm-rocked vessel's knell, Thy foaming billows bore,— The drowning sailor's hollow bubbling cry, The plunge,—the last wild shriek of agony.

Battle and storm have o'er thee past, The thunder-voice of heaven,— The red ball from the cannon cast, And death-blows madly given,— All these have fretted thy broad breast, and gone; Thou lingerest moaning, dreary, and alone.

The solid earth hath chanced its guise, But thou, thou weltering main, Fixed—looking at the hollow skies, Unaltered dost remain— Changeless, 'mid all that changes here below, Here is enough for bitterness and woe.

Soft blows the pleasant summer gale, The sunshine says, Rejoice; Yet still I hear the solemn wail Of thy remorseless voice. Struggling uneasy, with impetuous shocks Thy foaming breast thou hurlest on the rocks.

Hath not the soul a voice as sad, The surge of memory, That tells of blasted hopes we had, Lost in time's heaving sea— The early hopes, that perished in our youth, Our innocent delights, our inward truth?

Passion's wild storm hath o'er us past, The bell of conscience pealed in vain; Sinks shipwrecked in the driving blast, Junk ne'er to rise again; O'er the brave soul 'mid all its agonies, O'erthrew forever at the steadfast stakes.

Still sounding on with stern unrest And inarticulate groan, A swollen heart that beats the breast, 'Thou liest there alone,— Like to the soul in thine immensity: Ah! that it were uncatharted, unscarred, like thee!

From Graham's Gentlemen's Magazine.

KATE BEVERLY.

A Story of the Valley of Wyoming.

BY FRANCIS H. SELTON.

"Do you see that landscape?" said the old man me, as we passed on the edge of the mountain ad, and looked down into the valley of Wyoming beneath us. "Well, that spot, calm and beautiful as it now is, was once the scene of massacre, and help me! the agonies of that day almost wring my heart to think of them, even after the lapse of forty years."

"I have heard it was a fearful time, and you have often promised to tell me the tale of your own connexion with it. Yet, if the subject be so painful to you, I dare scarcely make the request."

"No, boy, no," said the old man, sadly, "I will fit, for the promise is of long standing, and I to-day as if I could narrate that tragedy with a emotion than usual. Sit down on this rock, I give me a moment to rest: I will then commence my story."

While the old man wiped the perspiration from his brow, and sat fanning himself with his broad-brimmed summer hat, I took the place pointed out him near his side, and spent the moments that had before he began his narration in gazing at landscape before me.

Sitting on a huge rock, at the edge of the plain, just where the hill began to slope down the valley, we commanded a view of one of the most unrivalled landscapes in the world. To our rose up the mountain, bold, rugged and barren, the back of some vast monster reared against sky—but on the right nothing interposed to roy the view, whose loveliness so far exceeded my expectations, that for some minutes I d on the scene in mute admiration. Beneath stretched the valley, diversified with gently sloping elevations, and sprinkled with fields of waving golden grain; while here and there a patch of woodland, with its dark green hue, lay slumbering on the landscape—the surface of the forest and soon varying to a lighter tint as the wind swept over the treetops. Right through the centre of the valley meandered the river, now rolling sixt buff banks, and now stealing gently along the rich meadow lands in the distance, until length it turned to the left, and, skirting the of the far off hills, was lost behind the profile he mountain before us. In the centre of the s was the village with its white houses and airy ch steeples, smiling over the scene. Far away he horizon stretched a line of hills, their dark summits, half hid by the clouds, which wrapped as in a veil of gauze. No sound came up the valley. Occasionally the twitter of a would be heard from the surrounding trees—the low tinkle of a tiny waterfall on our left

CAUSTIC.—An able judge was once obliged to deliver the following charge to the jury. "Gentlemen of the jury: In this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses on both sides are incredible; and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters that to me it is immaterial which way you give your verdict."

The Bangor Whig says: "A Yankee in Boston has set up a one horse thrashing machine for the convenience of parents and guardians having unruly boys. He'll lick an archer like thunder for four pence. Small lickings done for two cents only, and the most entire satisfaction warranted."