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SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, December 4, 1841.

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Sixteen lines make a square.



From the Philadelphia Chronicle.

AMERICA, I LOVE THEE STILL.

BY C. C. JR.
America, I love thee still,
There's glory in thy name,
There's brightness beaming from thy birth,
And honor from thy fame.
There's beauty in thy naked soil,
Bespeaking smiles of love,
Thy rocks and blooming wilds proclaim
Protection from above.

America, I love thee still,
Beneath thy valleys I'll
The plumes of a vernal power,
Bright emblems of the best,
And found them, clothed in silence, lie
The mouldering patriot's frame,
Enshrouded in sacred memory's fire,
Immortal honors claim.

America, I love thee still,
Thou art my native land;
Thy joys so pure, can never be found,
Upon a foreign strand.
Though pleasure's path and fortune's smiles
In other climes seem far,
The brightest of their hopes or joys,
Can nought with thee compare.

America, I love thee still,
Resplendent glories gleam
Through all thy deeds. Thy sacred rights
Shall ever be my theme.
Pure from the realms of victory's sky,
The crown was given to thee;
Midst starry lights, eternal stands
The orb of liberty!

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THE SEA CAPTAIN'S RETURN.

Captain Potter, of Newport, R. I., was a wealthy and amiable gentleman, whose family consisted of his wife, who was the pattern of virtue, and one daughter who, though very young, exhibited the polished beauty of her mother, and the vivacity of her father. As he was much experienced in the business of a sea-captain, he was offered the command of a vessel, which promised great advantage, and with great reluctance left his amiable wife and child once more to try his fate on that element, whose exposure lures to the gates of unpropitious destruction.

This voyage once completed, Capt. P. determined to renounce the faithless deep forever, for the quiet of his own fireside. Previous to his departure, he took a gold ring from the finger of his wife, and placed it on his own, saying, should this return not on the same hand, you may rest assured that I am among the unconfined dead of the ocean. With these words he departed. Alas! Mrs. Potter was doomed to drink deep at the fountain of woe. After waiting the period of his expected return, she began to gaze with anxiety on every sail that appeared in view, and eagerly sought every opportunity to learn from public documents some tidings of her absent husband, or the fate of the ship in which he sailed. But all her efforts were ineffectual; the only information that could be, or at least ever was obtained on the subject, was from an English vessel, which ran thus: "May 16, 1796, spoke with the Ranger, from Newport, Capt. Potter, master, in 38 degs. 30 m's. W." This indefinite intelligence was far from cheering the heavy heart of Mrs. Potter. When she saw others blithe, it only reminded her of her own sadness, while others were enjoying the reciprocity of conjugal society it pointed her to the loneliness of her own heart. While other children were happy in the smiles of their parents, her angelic little Mary would climb upon her knee, and with accents that read a mother's heart, inquire if her father would not return. But month after month wasted away; season after season rolled their tiresome wheels along, until fourteen years had been added to the congregated centuries of the past; yet no tidings came of Capt. P.; no, not even a probable conjecture, concerning the dark mysteries of his fate.

Time, that changes all things, had worn away the acuteness of Mrs. Potter's grief, which was far more intense than it would have been had she really wept at his grave and known that the last moments of her husband had been soothed by affection. As this last voyage of the captain seemed to be to the unknown coast, she was called the widow Potter. Having a splendid mansion, and a country seat of great value, her hand was sought by many, and as often rejected, until a bachelor, who had resisted the charms of woman kind for a quarter of a century, was smitten with the loveliness of this worthy matron, or with the comeliness of her possessions. She at length consented that her name should be changed to Morane, the bridal day was appointed, the arrangements were

made to greet the coming period with due festivity and mirth. The gossips began to be more loquacious than usual; every tattler had her tale of weddings to tell; even the phlegmatic began to surmise that something unusual was about to be done at the mansion of widow Potter.

Late in the afternoon of a cold, stormy day in November, a penniless beggar called at a neighboring house and enquired whether the widow Potter lived in this part of the city. His appearance denoted the most extreme poverty; his emaciated form was reduced almost to a skeleton; deep furrows were drawn in his cheeks, and his tottering frame seemed to be stiffened in every joint by disease or hardships. Yet there was something in his eye that told he was born to a better fortune. "Yes," says his informant, "at the very next door, and to-night she is to be married."

"Is to be married?" said the beggar.
"How long has her husband been dead?"
"These many long years; he went off to sea and has not been heard of since."
"How has she sustained herself since her husband's death?"
"She has an unblemished character."
"Has she any children?"
"One daughter only, who has become a fine young lady."

"I must see her before she is married; I have some communications of importance."
So saying, he hurried as fast as his feeble limbs would carry him, to the splendid dwelling of the widow. The maid in attendance being summoned, and seeing a beggar before her, was about to close the doors against him, but the stranger interrupted her by saying:
"Madam, may a beggar be permitted to see the widow Potter?"

"We expect company to-night, answered the maid. "Therefore you must leave immediately."
"The widow Potter I must see," rejoined the beggar, interrupting her.

The maid, who would have been glad to dismiss her unsightly guest at this juncture, began to be somewhat angry, and passionately exclaimed, "begone; we can't hear ye now."

But the man of want was still more importunate, rightly thinking he was not likely to gain admittance without making known his errand; he accosted the maid still more earnestly, "young woman, I have some tidings of very great importance to communicate to the mistress of this mansion, which were given to me in trust by Captain Potter, the former proprietor of this place." At the mention of this he was permitted to enter. The lady, who was soon to be Mrs. Morane, was informed that a rude beggar had some important information for her, and desired to see her immediately, whereupon she arose to meet him; but Morane, who could not bear to have his intended bride absent for a moment, remonstrated.

"Let him be called in," said he, "if he has any secrets to reveal, let us hear them together."
Accordingly he was shown into the apartment, where sat Mr. Morane, Mrs. Potter, and her daughter.

"From whence have you wandered?" asked Mrs. Potter.

"From the vile shores of Barbary."

"Doubtless you have suffered much; cruel people inhabit those regions."

"Much have I suffered—I was once in easy circumstances, but alas! the elements have sported with this vessel's frame."

"Yes, deep are the lines of hardship which are marked on thy furrowed cheeks."

The wanderer gazed on the young Miss Potter and was observed to weep.

"Why those tears, hapless old man," inquired Mrs. Potter.

"Ah! rejoined the tremulous voice of the beggar, "I once had a daughter who might have become what she is now, but since the third birthday dawned on her cherub form, these eyes have never beheld her."

"Come, come," ejaculated Morane, who was anxious that the intruder should depart, "let us have your tale of secrecy."

"It shall be given to Mrs. Potter only, and to her alone."

"That cannot be," muttered Morane.

"But I have made a promise."

"What of your promise?"

"It is sacred as my life."

"Well speak and depart," says Morane.

The beggar, who until now had been suppliant, assumed an attitude of authority, his eye, which had thus far been beamless kindled into an expression of the most benign determination.

"I have," said he, "a revelation entrusted to me by Capt. Potter himself."

At the mention of his name, all was anxiety and attention; in her perturbation the mother let fall a volume of poems which she held in her hand; the daughter grew pale with solicitude, on hearing the name of her father.

"And sooner than betray my trust," said the beggar, "my right arm shall perish."

The pathos and vehemence with which he uttered his last sentence, caused the blood to

chill through their veins, and 'rush like a catarract upon their hearts.'

Morane, finding remonstrance was vain, consented for them to retire by themselves. The man of want having quieted their fears, that no harm should befall the honorable lady.

"There," said he, as he closed the door after them, "have you any knowledge of this," presenting her at the same time a gold ring.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Potter, "it is the one my husband wore away, and I would have given thousands to see it return on the same hand; but now I am convinced that he is among the unkeeled victims that feed the monsters of the deep."

"How long since your husband's departure?"
"Fourteen years."

"Could you recognize him after so long an absence?"

"Most certainly I could, if his features are so changed, just behind the thumb of his left wrist, his name is inscribed in unfading characters; in that I cannot be deceived."

"Read that," says the stranger, as he gave her his callous hand. The lady was just able to read "David Potter," and sank exhausted by her agitated feelings. The noise of her fall brought Morane into the apartment with several of the wedding guests, who had now arrived, and beholding Mrs. Potter senseless upon the floor, supposing some violence had been done to her person, they ordered the supposed ruffian to leave the house immediately. In vain did he protest his innocence. He was seized and forcibly dragged out. As soon as Mrs. P. had recovered sufficiently to speak—"merciful heaven," exclaimed the anxious lady, "where is my husband, where is Capt. Potter? Do I dream, or is it a reality?" "The woman is mad," says one, "her brain is crazed," cried another. "It is the wild impulse of a dream," continued a third.

Captain Potter, who had been thus forcibly dragged from his own house, was at length called back to the scene from which he had been compelled, though reluctantly to retire. The priest, who, by this time, had arrived, was overjoyed to see his old friend the Captain. "Rejoice," said he to Mrs. Potter, "thy husband was dead, and is alive, was lost and is found," Captain Potter now requested all to be seated, that he might make known to them the story of his long absence. Order was soon restored, and he proceeded as follows: "You behold in me the same Captain Potter who has been an unwilling exile from his home for fourteen years. I was captured by an Algerine pirate ship near the island of Malta, and compelled to serve those vile hordes. Oh, how hard is servitude among a people whose tenderest mercies are cruel. I was forced to labor at the oar, and when from fatigue, I could no longer grasp it, the muscles of my wrist were seared with a hot brick until my hands were immovably clenched. I sighed for death to come and remove my insupportable load. Every year seemed an age, so tardy did the wheel of time move along. At length by a treaty with the U. States, the Dey of Algiers was required to release all American slaves. Being set at liberty, I embarked for this country; and we encountered a furious gale which drove the vessel on a desert island. Here all the crew perished except four, who were taken off by a merchant ship in a state of insensibility. The vessel which rescued us was bound to the East Indies. On her return to Liverpool, I was pressed on board a man-of-war and compelled to serve three years before I could make my escape."

"From the moment I learnt this intended marriage, I resolved to surprise you in the manner you have seen; you saw me weep at the sight of my own Mary; they were the tears of joy. Having suffered incredible hardships both by sea and land, I stand before you in those tattered garments, with a broken constitution, rendered infirm by intense bodily exercise, yet rejoicing that I am permitted to stand among my former friends, and in the land of the free. And," said the storm-beaten mariner, addressing himself to his wife, "if you prefer this gentleman, whom you are about to wed all shall be right; if you prefer your former husband, he will be happy in your choice." "Let me have my first betrothed," said the agitated lady.

Poor Morane sat like one forlorn, he attempted to appear indifferent, but retired as soon as the forms of ceremony would permit. His career was short, he came to the grave a wretched inebriate in a few short years. On the following day Captain Potter invited his friends and neighbors to meet him at his country seat. The scene was one of lively interest, and the company returned home with this salutary lesson indelibly stamped upon their minds, never to forsake those in adversity.

Smuggles says that the Grahamites are fond of exclaiming to converts from the race of "good livers," ah! IN-FAT-U-ATE!

"You are going head-long to destruction," said a returner to Smig. "Yes," returned he, "I try my best END-EVER!"

From the Baltimore Argus.

A BARGAIN.

The following actually took place in our city a few days since. The dialogue was conducted in sort of low toned voice, and therefore it is not likely the bargain was overheard by any of the by-standers; but, as an evidence of the truth of the matter, the mates of the fortunate young lady have by this time perceived that one of their number has all of a sudden left their ranks.

"How do you sell those flowers?" said a good looking stranger from one of the Southern States, to a pretty little damsel in market, the other day, who had hitherto been compelled to sell pinks, peysys, and similar notions, honestly to maintain herself and parents.

"Twenty-five cents, sir," said the maiden, holding to the gaze of the gentleman a sweet scented bunch.

"Cheap," said the Southerner.
"Indeed they are," said the maiden.

"So much so, that I cannot possibly conceive how you can make a living at the business."

"Ah, sir," said the pretty little damsel, "the times are hard, and we are compelled to do the best we can. By economy, sir, we do manage to get along. Did those who live in glittering palaces but know how severe is the lot of the dejected and poor, we might perhaps get a trifle more for our labor. But, alas! sorry am I to be compelled to say it, justice is blind, and dim indeed is the vision of opulence."

Here the stranger, touched by the powerful remarks of the young flower girl, was seen to drop his head, and let fall a tear of sorrow. Recovering, however, he continued as follows:—

"But, Miss," said the gentleman, "why not turn your attention to something more profitable?"

"I know not what, sir," said the girl.
"Turn your attention to speculation."

"I know not what kind, sir; and if I did, I am not possessed of the capital."

"Oh, Miss," said the gentleman, "there are some kinds of speculation in which, to meet with success, a capital is not required."

"Name it, sir."

"Marriage, Miss."

"Sir," said the maiden, "my chances in that kind of speculation are poor, indeed."

"Perhaps not so poor as you imagine."

"I have now on my hands a dear, dear father and mother to support by my little earnings, and to marry a youth as poor as myself would only be heaping misfortune on our already over-burdened shoulders."

"But perhaps in the search you might fall in with some one who has more of this world's treasures than yourself."

"But to get him," modestly articulated the young lady.

"'Twere as easy a task if he loves you."

"But where shall I find him—which way shall I look?"

"Here, my pretty one," said the gentleman, at the same time throwing his eye upon the young flower girl in such a manner as to leave not a doubt in her mind that she was adored by the stranger.

The reader will please pardon us for not giving the remainder of the dialogue; for we do not think it right that every one should know all the little love talk of two hearts united in one common cause. Suffice it to say, that the couple became more intimate with each other—that the stranger did buy the flowers of the maiden, and as compensation he gave her his fortune of one hundred thousand dollars, with, by the way, a written contract that herself should be thrown into the bargain.

They are now man and wife—the aged parents are comforted in their declining years—the maid is no longer compelled to vend her nosegays—the pair are on their way to their new residence, and the stranger, doubtless, blesses the hour he visited the city of monuments, and went to buy the blue-eyed maiden's charming posies.

VALUABLE REMEDY FOR THE DROPSY.—The following important remedy found in "Raymond's copy of Guaiac Domestic Medicine," has, we are informed, cured some of the most inveterate cases of Dropsy in our city within a few months.—[Louisville Gaz.]

"Take two handfuls of the green or inner bark of the white or common elder, steep them in two quarts of Lisbon wine twenty-four hours. If this wine cannot be had, Tenerife or Madeira will answer, take a gill every morning fasting, or more if it can be borne on the stomach."

A Noble Example of Early Times.

About the year 1776 a circumstance occurred, which deserves to be written on adamant. In the wars of New England with the Aborigines, the Mohegan tribe of Indians early became the friends of the English. Their favorite ground was on the banks of the river, (now the Thames,) between New London and Norwich. A small remnant of the Mohegans still exist, and they are sacredly protected in the possession and enjoyment of their favorite domain on the banks of the Thames. The government of this tribe had become hereditary in the family of the celebrated chief Uncas. During the time of my father's mercantile prosperity, he had employed several Indians of this tribe in hunting animals, whose skins were valuable for their fur. Among these hunters was one named Zachary, of the royal race, an excellent hunter, but as drunken and worthless an Indian as ever lived. When he had somewhat passed the age of fifty, several members of the royal family who stood between Zachary and the throne of his tribe, died, and he found himself with only one life between him and the empire. In this moment his better genius resumed its sway, and he reflected seriously. "How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to the chief of this honorable race? What will my people say, and how will the shades of my noble ancestors look down indignant upon such a base successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? I will drink no more!" He solemnly resolved never again to taste any drink but water, and he kept his resolution.

I had heard this story and did not entirely believe it; for young as I was, I already partook in the prevailing contempt for Indians. In the beginning of May the annual election of the principal officers of the (then) colony was held at Hartford, the capitol. My father attended officially, and it was customary for the chief of the Mohegans also to attend. Zachary had succeeded to the rule of the tribe. My father's house was situated about midway on the road between Mohegan and Hartford, and the old chief was then in the habit of coming a few days before the election, and dining with his brother governor. One day the mischievous thought struck me, to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed beer on the table. I addressed the old chief:—

"Zachary, this beer is excellent; will you taste it?" The old man dropped his knife and fork—leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression; his black eye sparkling with indignation was fixed on me. "John," said he, "you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you not know I am an Indian? I tell you that I am, and that if I should but taste your beer, I could not stop until I go to rum, and become again the drunken, contemptible wretch, your father remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never again tempt any man to break a good resolution." Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it in more solemn tones of eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected; they looked at each other, at me, and at the venerable old Indian, with deep feelings of awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. Zachary lived to pass the age of eighty, and sacredly kept his resolution. He lies buried in the royal burial place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of Yantic, on the western branch of the Thames, in Norwich, on the land owned by my friend, Colvin Goddard, Esq. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and repeated to myself his estimable lesson.

[Col. Trumbull's Autobiography.]

A WOMAN'S ADVANTAGES.—A woman may say what she likes to you, without the risk of getting knocked down for it. She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband has to go to work. She can dress herself in neat and tidy shoes for a dollar, which her husband has to earn and fork over to her. She can take a walk on a pleasant day, without the fear of being asked to treat at every coffee-house she passes. She can paint her face if too pale, or flour it if too red. She can stay at home in time of war, and wed again if her husband is "kilt." She can wear corsets, if too thick, and other fixings, if too thin.—[Buffalo Times.]

Corsets, Tight Shoes, and Self-Murder.

"Do you see that young lady?" said a friend to us a day or two ago, as he pointed to a delicate and beautifully dressed young female who was passing on the opposite side of the way.

We replied in the affirmative.

"She does not look much like a suicide, does she; one who would deliberately commit self-murder?"

"Certainly not," we exclaimed.

"And yet," he added, "she is murdering herself slowly but surely every day. She is a frail, delicate creature, and not particularly healthy at the best of times. It is now a damp, cold, raw day, and yet she ventures forth in a thin, light dress, with shoes, the soles of which are not as thick as half a dollar. Besides this, see how she is corsetted. She has laced herself so that she must breathe with the greatest difficulty. Poor thing!—a few years longer, and she will be numbered among the myriads who have gone down to the grave through the agency of that terrible disease, consumption."

How many are there in Philadelphia in the situation of the young lady described! How many who, in yielding to the acquirements of barbarous fashion, are committing self-murder! How many mothers are there, who look on quietly and see their daughters dedicate themselves to an early grave! How many, indeed, who assist in the work of death, by affording the implements and engines of destruction.

[Philad. Inq.]

Growth and Manufacture of Tea.

The tea tree we will consider as an evergreen, and that when the picking begins, which is about the month of May, it will be in full leaf, and nearly ready to shoot out again with the young shoots. The first shoot on the bud coming out, covered with hair, then forms the fine flowery Pekoe. Should it have a few days more growth, the hair begins to fall off, the leaf expands, and then it becomes the Black Leaf Pekoe. In this tree, of course, there are some young shoots, which have more flashy and finer leaves—they would make the Souchong. The next best leaves Compo, and the next the Congou, and the refuse leaves would make the Fokien Bochee.

Generally speaking that may be considered as the way in which the tea would be made. This, however, relates only to the tea farmers.

The tea farmers pick the leaves in this way, give them a sufficient rough-drying, and carry them to market, where they are met by the tea manufacturers, much in the same way as the dairy farmers are met in England by the cheese and butter factors.

The manufacturers knowing the kind of tea that will best suit their own manufacture, purchase from the persons growing it, the particular kind they want; those they take home, and mix so much of this kind and so much of the other, as will make the tea up to the quality they are accustomed to make each particular chop.

Thus it appears that all the black teas are the produce of the same tree, taking the trees of the same district. The general quality will depend very much upon the season.

The Chinese character for Souchong are "small and heavy," meaning something of a small quantity, but very valuable, I suppose.

Souchong is the best quality of black tea imported by the Company.

There is also the Powchong, which may be selected leaves; this takes its name from the Pow, or the parcel that it is doubled up in.

There is also Compo, the Chinese characters of which are "keen puney," which means carefully fired, or that the process of drying has been done with a great deal of care; it is also sometimes called "keen sener," or carefully selected. We generally reckon the Powchong better than the Souchong.

Pekoe, means white hair. There are no districts named but Twankay and Single.

LIGHT AND GOOD BREAD.—A Recipe in the New Hampshire Patriot directs that cream of tartar, or some similar acid in the form of a powder, in sufficient quantity, be rubbed dry into the proper quantity of dry flour. Then wet the flour and put in a little saleratus; and the effervescence will not take place until the loaf is baked, and the bread, of whatever meal or flour made, will be excellent. It is worth trying.