

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
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JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.
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Lord Byron's Tribute to Washington.

In Byron's celebrated Ode to Napoleon, as published, two or three stanzas of the original, it is well known, were omitted by Gifford, or his bookseller, Murray; the manuscript having been entrusted to them jointly. One of these stanzas was the following noble recognition of Washington, and it is easy to perceive that fear of offending English Royalty prompted its suppression:

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath'd the name of Washington
To make man blush there was but one!

Byron's partiality towards our countrymen is well known, but perhaps never more strongly expressed than in the annexed extract from a letter to Moore.

"I would rather have a nod from an American, than a snuff-box from an Emperor."

POETRY.

Will any body doubt that there is only one step from the sublime to the ludicrous, after reading the following:

From the (VI.) Spirit of the Age.

There's beauty on thy changing cheek,
And in thy hazel eye,
There's beauty on thy laughing lip,
Like summer in the sky;
There's beauty in thy fair step,
There's beauty strange and rare,
When 'th' sunlight gleams like gold upon
Thy languid, curling hair!
Thou lo'st me yet, though time and tide
Have somewhat changed the boy;
And I am not exactly what
I was in childhood's joy;
Thy heart has known no other tie,
But true affection's law;
Such love as that is excellent,
Like oysters, steved or raw!

And I have loved thee well and true;
While time slong has flown,
I've turned, in joy, or grief, to thee,
My beautiful, my own!
Blest with your love, I still am young;
Though age my brow assails,
There are no marks except a few,
Made by your finger nails!

A correspondent of a village paper, in this State, appends the following to a marriage notice:

And now, dear youths, since you've essay'd,
The matrimonial road to tread,
May truth and virtue be arrayed,
To guide and guard each heart and head. K.
Whereupon the bard of the opposing paper thus responds:

And now, dear "K," since you've essay'd,
The "road," Parnassus-ward, to travel,
None would have known, had you not bray'd
How great an Ass was "scratching gravel."
TIMOTHY ROUSLER.

THE YANKEE'S VISIT.
I recently took up a number of the London United Service Journal, in which I found the article below, "The Yankee's Visit to Sir Joseph Banks." It bears internal evidence of truth, and I therefore send it to you for insertion. At what period the visit took place I cannot tell, but it must have been as much as five and twenty years ago. Mr. Shackford, the Yankee, is, I believe, now living in the western country, and used to possess all the marks of eccentricity ascribed to him in the interview. His son now commands a ship from this port. Previous to the visit to Sir Joseph, he built or purchased a small vessel, in which he embarked alone for, and navigated to Great Britain, and the manner in which he describes the voyage is the same which I heard from his townsman. When he arrived in port he was supposed to be a pirate; that he had murdered the crew of the vessel; and was arrested.—He produced his shipping papers, which contained one name only, and other documents to prove his character, and it was not until some persons in England were found who knew him in this country; that he was set at liberty. He made his return voyage to America in safety, and is supposed to be the only person who ever crossed the ocean without a companion.

THE YANKEE'S VISIT TO SIR JOSEPH BANKS.

Sir Joseph Banks, hearing that there was a man in London who had crossed the Atlantic in a boat alone, was desirous of seeing him, and got some American to go to the hotel, and contrive a way to bring him to his house.—This was easily effected. Shackford in company with Capt. Fellansbee, paid Sir Joseph a visit. They were asked into a room devoted to Natural History. Shackford looked around and was pleased to see so many things that were so many curiosities, preserved so well. At last he saw a crocodile in a tub of water, and

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.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, December 18, 1841.

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(BY REQUEST.)

From the Banner and Pioneer.

Excitement.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT?

The bible presents many cases of excitement, and the history of the Church, as well as the experience of every Christian will show that religion is an exciting subject. If there is no contest, no struggle, no difficulty, no excitement, why did the Saviour say, Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for I say unto you many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able? Why are we required to forsake all, father and mother, brother and sister, houses and lands, and to take up the cross and follow Christ. Can all this be done without excitement? "I speak as to wise men—judge ye what I say." To let go all, to give up our carnal reasonings, to come out from the world and to embrace the Saviour requires sacrifices too great, and a change too wonderful to be effected without intense feeling. Can the heart be pierced with deep anguish at its own ingratitude and depravity? Can the sinner see and feel that he is working out his own destruction with greediness, and yet feel no excitement for his undone condition? Will he not, with the deep emotions of the publican smite upon his bosom, and in the anguish of his heart, cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" When like the jailor they see themselves lost, will they not cry out, "What shall I do to be saved?" or can all these things exist without any excitement of mind? Those who discard all feeling and excitement on the subject, will find it a difficulty to reason themselves into religion and heaven: sooner or later they will reap the fruit of their doings. While you look on and pass through revivals with indifference, we would exhort with the apostle to "beware, therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in the prophets, behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you."

Religion, in its very nature, is exciting; its declaration of our immortality, its denunciations against the wicked, its exhibition of mercy through the peace-speaking blood of Christ, its invitations, its consolations, its joys and its prospects beyond the grave are all spirit-stirring and exciting truths, well calculated to strike the sinner's heart with consternation: to fill the Christian's heart with great joy, and to woo an angel's love and admiration. We are opposed to all morbid excitement, to exhibitions of mere animal feeling; we regard these as the effervescence of an ardent and excitable temperament, that is injurious to religion; but we are the friends of that excitement which is produced by the influence of the true and undefiled religion upon the heart, which humbles the heart, exalts the Saviour, and brings the soul into a state of union and communion with the Redeemer. We can then truly say, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures."

We fear that the opposition of many to all religious excitement has its origin in the deep depravity of the human heart. They do not oppose the excitement of the chase, of the social circle, the cotillon party, the theatre and other amusements which are kept alive solely by excitement; they like to hear or read a spirit-stirring adventure, and throw aside that matter of fact book called the Bible, for the plays of Shakspeare, the works of Scott, or some other novelist; they love not only the excitement produced by the realities of life and intellect; but even that which is imaginary and solely the work of fiction; they admit that life would be dull and dreary without something to excite and invigorate the mental faculties. Yet in religion, the spirit-stirring truths of the Gospel must not excite their kindred emotions in the soul.

Look at the practical influence of your reason; cool reflection and opposition to excitement, has it made us or any of our friends Christians? I think not, and if no other influence is exerted upon our hearts, we shall reason and reflect until we are lost—forever lost! On the other hand, look at the influence of the ardent and devoted Christian; their hearts are excited with love to God and their fellow men, and as the fruit of their zeal, their prayers, and their labors of love, God has brought their children and friends to know the

Lord. So much, then, for the influence of religious excitement. Is it possible, however, for us to escape the excitement? I think not, unless we die, as the fool dieth—our carnal reason and cool reflection will forsake us, when the world shall fade from our view, and eternity begin to dawn upon us—unless reason has forsaken her throne, we shall feel deeply excited when we take the fearful leap into an awful eternity.

"In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement;
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help
But shrieks in vain, and dies."

Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues him close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track; but presses on,
At once he sinks in everlasting ruin."

If we escape the excitement of the dying hour, we cannot escape the excitement, the great excitement of the judgment day; an account of that day may be found in the 6th chapter of Revelation: "And they said to the mountains and rocks, fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb."

Now the thought,
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him. Round he throws his baleful
eyes,
That witness huge affliction and dismay.

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
But tortures without end."

Beautiful Extract.

I have seen the infant sinking down, like a stricken flower to the grave; the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field of battle; the miserable convict standing upon the scaffold with a deep curse quivering on his lips; I have viewed death in all its forms of darkness and vengeance, with a tearless eye; but I never could look on woman, fading away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountain of life turned to tears and dust. Death is always terrible; but when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of the sleepers, the heart feels that something lovely is ceasing from existence, and breathes with a sense of utter desolation over the lonely thoughts that come up, like spectres from the grave to haunt our midnight musings.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon the wave, and then sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that the aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied. Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set so far above the reach of our limited faculties—forever mocking us by their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in cold and alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber in the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions, stay in our presence forever. Bright creature of my dreams! in that realm I shall see thee again. Even now thy lost image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes floating upon the dreams that linger around my pillow, and stands before me in its pale, dim loveliness, till its own quiet spirit sinks like a spell from heaven upon my thoughts, and the grief of years is turned to dreams of blessedness and peace.—[Geo. D. Prentice.

THE YANKEE PADDY.—The excavating machine now in operation in Brooklyn, is called the Yankee Paddy. Mr. Cochran, the inventor of the Repeating Cannon, is the agent for this machine, which is said to perform wonders. It is stated that this excavator, with the attendance of four men, will excavate and place in carts 1000 cubic yards of earth per day. The machine has been in operation about two years, and employed on the Western Railroad, where it has given great satisfaction.

The Duke of Wellington.

The following account of the Duke is from Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ONLY MAN KNOWN TO LONDON.—Thousands and tens of thousands of individuals are known in London, but it is curious enough that there is only one man now in existence known to London; to the city, the west end, Marylebone, Southwark—every point in short, of the metropolitan compass. Much of this notoriety the illustrious individual in question owes to his glory, and much also to his nose; nor would he, perhaps, with all his victories, have ever been enabled to achieve this signal conquest over the indifference of universal London, if his features were not in some sort the heralds of his fame. When this distinguished person appears out of doors, there is a general commotion—well dressed people, forgetting their business or pleasure, run after him like little boys trotting at the heels of a showman: "Hats off," is the word wherever he makes his way; carriages stop without orders, that the ladies, coachman, and John may have a stare: "There he goes," you'll hear the people say, but nobody asks who goes there, for to every body he is as well known as the monument. When he goes down to the House, crowds assemble to wait his coming, and crowds await patiently to see him coming away. How he looks is the general topic of discourse, and he is the only person in London or the world, who, for twenty-five years, has occupied the same large portion of the public eye without fatiguing the sight or escaping the memory—without diminution or decay of a respect as universal as extraordinary. Need we say that there must be more than popularity in this? When we said that the illustrious person in question is as well known as the monument, we forgot for the moment that he is a monument himself—a living, moving trophy of the might and majesty of England—of her bravery and glory. We do not name him; to name him were to detract from that universal fame that accompanies his footsteps; let it be enough that every one knows, and no one can mistake him. He is the single solitary exception to the rule we have laid down, that no living man is large enough to fill the universal eye of so vast a body as London.

Napoleon's Sacrifice of Human Life.

Never was there a conqueror who fired more cannon, fought more battles, or overthrew more thrones, than Napoleon. But we cannot appreciate the degree and quantity of his glory without weighing the means possessed and the results which he accomplished. Enough for our present purpose will be gained if we set before us the mere resources of flesh and blood, which he called into play from the rupture of Austerlitz in 1804 down to his eventual exit. At that time he had, as he declared to Lord Wentworth, an army on foot of 480,000. Here follows a detail of the different levies made from 1804 till 1814. [Total of men, 2,985,965.] This detail, which is derived from Napoleon's Journal, the *Moniteur*, under the several dates, is deficient in the excess which was raised beyond the levies; but even if we deduct the casualties as well as the 300,000 men disbanded in 1815, we shall be under the mark in affirming that he slaughtered 2,500,000 human beings, and those all Frenchmen. But we have to add thousands and tens of thousands Germans, Swiss, Poles, Italians, Nepolitans, and Illyrians, whom he forced under his eagle, and at a moderate computation, those cannot have fallen short of 5,000,000. It is obviously just to assume that the number who fell on the side of his adversaries was equal to that against which they fought. Here then are our data for asserting that the latter years of his glory were purchased at no less expense than 6,000,000 human lives. This horrible inroad on the fairest portion of the population of Europe, resulted in the abandonment of every conquered territory, the bringing of foreign enemies twice within 24 months under the wall of Paris and the erasure of his name from the records of dominion.—[Paris paper.

HOT WATER is supplied to the Locomotives instead of coal, on the Boston and Providence railway. It is kept always boiling and ready for use by using the refuse Anthracite coal under a large boiler at the watering stations. This saves the necessity of carrying much of the fuel ordinarily used; and the speed of the engine is not retarded, because the water when thrown into the boilers, is in the act of conversion into steam. I have seen this simple and highly useful improvement nowhere else.—[Maine Cultivator.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, \$0 50
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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.

American Tailors.

The New York Sun contains the following broad hints to our "Knights of the Shears." A good tailor is certainly a rare article, and so scarce have they always been in this country, that the name of a certain "Professor of the Art" in Philadelphia was a few years since as familiar to well dressed men in Boston, Charleston, or St. Louis, as it was in Chestnut street.

GOING ABOARD FOR DRESS.—The Baltimore American States that a French tailor, lately on a visit to Philadelphia, carried home with him to Paris six hundred orders on American account. This is scarcely to be wondered at. In nine cases out of ten, the tailors of this country spoil garments instead of making them, and charge a great deal more for putting upon a man's back a coat that would as well become his grandfather, as in Paris he can have an entire suit made for. In no branch of business is reform more loudly called for than in tailoring, and we hope its professors will pick up their enterprise as well as their ears when such announcements as the above are made to them.

PLINY'S WIFE.—What a good wife Pliny must have had. She was one of the right stamp, though she lived long before any of our modern improvements in female education. She cared not for parties, picnics, and ice creams; her thoughts ran on other and better themes. She knew where her happiness lay—in whom—and converted her willing dependence into a source of happiness. Let our ladies catch the lesson which her few, so truly conjugal and becoming, teacheth. Of his wife, Pliny says, "She loves science because she loves me. She carries with her writings, she reads them, she commits them to memory. She sings my verses, she composes her own melodies to them and needs no other teacher than love."—A good wife that of Pliny!—[North American.

"RESTORE THE DEAD TO SEA!"—There are five hundred vessels wrecked annually on the coast of England, and property sunk worth \$20,000,000. Who, after this will say with Middleton,

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lodg'd up in a woman's love."

DR. JOHNSON AND MILLER.—When Dr. Johnson had finished the copy of his Dictionary, which had wearied Miller, the bookseller, exceedingly, the latter sent the following card to the doctor:

"Andrew Miller sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him."

The doctor sent the following brief reply: "Mr. Samuel Johnson sends his compliments to Andrew Miller; he has received his note, and is happy to find that Andrew Miller has the grace to thank God for ANY THING."

SCRIPTURE AUTHORITY.—A Quaker was married by a Vicar, to a lady of the Church of England. The Vicar demanded a fee of five shillings. The Quaker was astonished, but said if the Vicar would prove that five shillings was the proper fee, he would pay it. The Vicar directly turned to the passage, "A virtuous woman is a crown (5s.) to her husband." "Thou art right," replied the Quaker. "Solomon was a wise man." So saying, he paid the five shillings, and presented the Vicar with a pair of new gloves, besides.

NOT VERY PARTICULAR.—A writer in the "Demosthenian Shield," conducted by negroes, in Philadelphia, says, "If a white girl is virtuous, pretty intelligent, and doesn't get drunk he would just as soon marry her as a black girl." [Pittsburg Chron.

GOING IN.—"You treat me worse than you do a haunch of venison," said a young clerk to his employer the other day.

"How so?" demanded the merchant with surprise.

"The venison is taken into your FAMILY—I never am," replied the young man.

"Sup with the young ladies this evening, if you like," said the merchant, "they will cut you up worse than I do venison."

"Are you not going to educate your children?" was asked of an old German farmer in Pennsylvania.

"No, my oldest son learned to write and he forged my name."

The reasoning of the farmer was just, if learning be the whole of education.

A CONVENIENT DAY.—When Charles Fox stopped payment, his creditors had a meeting, as is usual, and desired him to name a day when he would be able to settle with them. They offered him his own election, and he chose the day of judgment.

"That," said the creditors, "will be too busy a day with us."

"Well, then," said Fox, "let us name the DAY AFTER; that'll suit all parties!"

No man fares better than a tailor, for he has not goose every day.