

**TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."**  
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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 25, 1841.

Vol. II--No. XIII.



From the Democratic Review.

### THE FIRST LESSON.

OR, THE BOY AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

"How old art thou?" the sage began,  
The child, aroused from play,  
Toosing his fresh-plucked flowers aside,  
Sprang to his feet and gaily cried:  
"I am nine years old to-day—  
What long, long years! How I do wish  
The years would pass away!"

A blush of conscious earnestness  
Athwart his bright cheek ran;  
"Thou'lt find," the sage went on to say,  
"When manhood comes, a shorter day;  
When age, that life's a span—  
What earnest thou wish for now, my boy?"  
—"I wish to be a man."

"What wouldst thou do, wert thou a man?"  
—"I would a traveller be,  
And every curious thing I'd know,  
And over every land I'd go,  
And over every sea;  
And I would visit mighty kings,  
And they might visit me."

"But kings spurn common men," The boy  
Looked up with flashing eyes,  
I thought that kings were good great men;  
But I would be a monarch then,  
And have a palace high;  
For none I saw in all the world,  
Should be more great than I."

"But greatness is not happiness;  
My son, an emblem-see,  
How lowly grow these humble flowers!  
How peacefully they pass their hours!  
While yonder lofty tree,  
That braved the lightning in its pride,  
Was scathed most fearfully."

The boy upon the blasted oak  
Gazed long in earnest thought;  
"I'll pluck these flowers," at length he cried,  
"And they will die as that has died;  
And sooner, will they not?  
And ne'er a trace that they had lived  
Would stand to mark the spot."

"'Tis true, 'tis true," the old man cried,  
In accents low and mild,  
"The hand of man, or Heaven's decree,  
Alone can bow the stately tree;  
The finger of a child,  
Or step of senseless brute may press,  
—The flower is crushed or soiled!"

"And humble hopes, and lowly joys,  
What but a dream are these?  
A fable, framed by spiteful pride,  
To keep the many satisfied;  
While the choice few, with ease,  
Grasp the high trusts impartial Heaven  
As free to all decrees."

"Press on! my noble boy, press on!  
—As rivulets form the flood,  
The thoughts that swell thy simple heart,  
May guide thee to the loftiest part;  
But self must be withheld;  
And keep thy childish faith unchanged,  
—The Great are awe the good!"

A large family is expected, if we may judge from the following "Royal Colloquy," from a late London paper. No wonder the Prince was floured!

### A Royal Colloquy.

"If our next should be an heir,  
We'll call him Edward Albert, dear."  
"Not so fast," the Queen replies;  
"Those two names so much I prize,  
They shall ne'er be worn by one,  
Though he our eldest son;  
I'd have you, Albert, understand,  
The nomenclature I have planned:  
If our next should be an heir,  
The name of Edward he shall bear,  
In memory of my father King;  
Our second son, ('tis my intent)  
Shall take, of course, your own dear name.  
Our third I think may justly claim  
That of my uncle Sussex;  
Our fourth I'll name from Leiningen,  
My own half brother young and bold;  
Our fifth we'll christen Leopold;  
Our sixth shall Gothic—"Gracious Queen!"  
(Exclaim'd the Prince with awe-struck mien,  
"But if some girls should intervene?"  
—"Well," answered she, "suppose they do!"  
They go for nothing in my view;  
But to proceed—the sixth and seventh,  
And eighth and ninth and tenth and eleventh,  
"I'll thus baptize"—The Queen turn'd round,  
The Prince was stretch'd out on the ground,  
And look'd most ghastly wan.  
"What is the matter my lord?"  
"Oh! please your Majesty I'm floured;  
I'm no Solomon!"

### Stoves.

**BURNING OF ANTHRACITE COAL.**  
Much use is made of hard coal in stoves, and great use is also made of iron vessels for evaporating water to regulate the atmosphere of the apartments thus heated by coal fires. Instead of putting water in the iron vessels, put a quantity of dry sand, and in this sand set an earthen bowl containing pure water, and this renew every day, and at the same time rinse out the bowl, so that it is made clean. Water evaporated in iron vessels is very offensive, which renders the atmosphere of the apartments impure as well as disagreeable. For parlors where the atmosphere is desired to be pleasant and agreeable, a small quantity of Cologne or perfumed water may be added to the clean water, which will diffuse itself in the atmosphere of the room, and make it pleasant.—[N. Y. Jour. Com.]

### From the New York Sunday Mercury.

#### SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

NEW SERIES—No. LXXXVII.

The following from Robert Burns, Esq., will compose my text for this occasion:

#### A man's a man, for a' that.

My hearers—in travelling about upon this dirty terraqueous ball, you come in contact with a great variety of individuals belonging to the human race; some white in skin but black at heart; and others all the way through of a color, like a firkin of June butter. Now the question is, how do you judge of the moral worth, goodness and nobleness of your fellow man? Is it by his duds or by his deeds? When you make your obeisance, do you bow to the dry goods upon his back or to the animated mass of sin and azyphany beneath them? I know that, in too many instances, you pay your respects to former, while the dirt of depravity may be found under his dickey, and his heart is covered with a thick coat of corruption.—while, at the same time you would scorn to grasp the hand that has grown hard in honest toil, especially if the homespun habiliments of humility were hung upon the corporeal frame. This is wrong, my friends. It shows a spirit of weakness, foolishness and vanity on your part, contemptible in the sight of your Maker, and ridiculous in the eyes of all good and intelligent people. Tell you a man is a man—whether his coat comports with the cleanliness of his character, or his vest with the value of his virtues; just as much as a potato is a potato, whether it be washed white and clean or covered with the dust of its native soil. For my part, I had rather associate with the person whose good and noble qualities are partially obliterated by a shabby exterior, than whose rotten reputation is patched up with broadcloth and buckram.

My friends—there was a time when a gentleman and a man were synonymous terms; but that period is past, forever. The moral material that then composed the one was embodied in the other; but now-a-days there is as much difference between them as there is between bone and ivory. A MAN is now made up, as he always was, of honesty, frankness, purity and plainness of apparel; but a GENTLEMAN is a compound of vanity, deceit, hypocrisy, gold, silver, shinplasters and brass. The truth is, my worthy friends, old Time has taken in to his capacious maw our whole lump of primeval virtue, which has soured upon his stomach; and he now vomits vice over the land, to soil the footsteps of the innocent and would be virtuous; and he that has bedaubed himself, immediately assumes the air, the attitude and the attire of a gentleman, in order that he may walk into respectable society, unsuspected of the moral filth that would otherwise cause his fame, if not his feet, to stink worse than a pot of bears-grease savored with the essence of pole cat.

My respected hearers—the difference that exists between men of the present day is not so great as that between men and monkeys, by a long chalk. I consider that man to be a gentleman who has in his heart the true principles and integrity—I don't care whether or not he be shod, shaved, shorn, or shirted; and I consider that gentleman to be a MAN, whose interior recommendations correspond with the niceness of his outside arrangements. But virtue, vice, conceit, corruption, integrity and confirmed rascality, have, of late, become so confounded together, under the garb of pretended piety and a whole pair of breeches, that it is difficult to determine the man from the monster. Ancient Esau, the favorite of his blind father, was a hairy man; yet his cunning and jealous brother contrived, by dressing himself in 'coon skins, to pass for Esau in the presence of the unsuspecting old gentleman; but, let me tell you, my friends, that if a scoundrel thinks a suit of good clothes and a false collar of religion are going to pass him safely within the walls of salvation, he will find himself as much deceived as the philosopher who undertook to amalgamate moonshine with metaphysics.

My dear friends—when I see man braving the bitter blasts of poverty, with christianlike fortitude and without a murmur—who had rather pick his precarious food from among the thorns of penury, and subject himself to the contumely of the proud, than dishonestly trespass upon the fields of wealth and plenty—I say, that man's a man for all that; and when I see an individual, rolling in affluence, reveling in the sweets of luxury, and at the same time robbing the widow of her mite, and snatching the bread from the mouth of poor orphans—I say, that gentleman's no gentleman, anyhow you can fix it. The world, dear friends, is growing corrupt and more corrupt, as each revolving year rolls round. Vice and venality are progressing with the march of intellect and refinement; and you might as well undertake to extinguish the fires of endless torment with a schoolboy's squirt gun as to prevent their ravages. Everybody is a gentleman who has money at control—everybody is a man who will

allow himself to be robbed—and every body is a loafer whose coat has been worn threadbare by industry. But, my hearers, act well your parts, as Mr. Pope says, for there all the honor lies; and though the world should not grant it you, you will still have the gratification of knowing that you hold a mortgage upon the good will and respect of your fellow men. So mote it be!  
DOW, JR.

#### A Couple of Stray Leaves.

"Ex uno disce omnes."

#### LEAF THE FIRST—SIX MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"Well my dear, will you go to the party to-night? you know we have a very polite invitation."  
"Why my love, just as you please; you know I always wish to consult your pleasure."  
"Well, then, Harriet, suppose we go—that is, if you are perfectly willing; now don't say yes because I do, for you know that where you are, there I am perfectly happy."  
"Why, my love, you would enjoy yourself there, I am sure; and whenever you are happy, I shall be, of course. What dress shall I wear, William!—my white satin, with blonde, or my ashes of roses, or my levantine, or my white lace—you always know better than I about such things."

"Harriet, dearest, you look beautiful in any thing, now take your own choice to-night—but I do think you look very well in the white satin."  
"There, William, dear, I knew you would think just as I did—oh, how happy we shall be there to-night!—and you must promise not to leave me a moment, I shall be sad if you do!"

"Let us then depart leave thee!  
No, by yonder star I swear!"

Oh, William, dear William, how beautiful that is—you are always learning poetry to make me happy!"

"And Harriet, my own priz'd Harriet! would I not do any thing in this world to give you one moment's happiness? Oh! you are so very, very dear to me, it seems at times almost too much happiness to last."

O do not say so, dear William, it will last—and we shall see many happier years, even than this; for will not our love be stronger and deeper every year; and now, dearest I will be back in one moment, and then we will go."

"There she has gone! bright and beautiful that she is! Oh! how miserable I should be without her! She has indeed cast a strong spell around my heart, and one that never, no, never can be broken; she is the only star of my existence, guiding me to virtue and happiness; and, can I ever love her less than now! Can I ever desert her, can I ever speak of her other than in terms of praise! O no, it is impossible; she is too good, too pure—happy, happy man that I am."

#### LEAF THE SECOND—SIX YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

#### "Finia coronat opus."

"My dear, I'll thank you to pass the sugar—you didn't give me but one lump."  
"Well Mr. Snooks, I declare you use sugar enough in your tea to sweeten a hoghead of vinegar. James keep your fingers out of the sweetsmeats, Susan, keep still bawling; I declare it is enough to set one distracted—there take that, you little wretch!"

"Why, Harriet, what has the child done? I declare you are too hasty."  
"I wish Mr. Snooks' you would mind your own business, you're always meddling with what does not concern you."

"Well Mrs. Snooks, I want to know who has a better right, if I have not? You are always fretting and fuming about nothing."  
"Pa, Thomas is tearing your newspaper all up."

"Thomas, come here, how dare you abuse my paper; I'll teach you to tear it again—there, sir, how does that feel!—Now go to bed!"

"Mr. Snooks, you horrid wretch! how dare you strike a child of mine in that way; come here Thomas, poor fellow! did he get hurt!—here's a lump of sugar—there that's a good boy."

"Mrs. Snooks let me tell you, you will spoil all the children—you know I never interfere when you see fit to punish a child; it's strange that a woman can never do any thing right."

"Never do anything right! Faith Mr. Snooks, if nobody did any thing right in this house but yourself, I wonder what would become of us."

"Let me tell you, madam, this is improper language for you ma'am, and I'll bear it no longer. You are an snappish and surly as a she—she dog; and if their is a divorce to be had in the land, I'll have it. You would wear out the patience of a Job."

"O dear! how nald the poor man is! well good night my dear—pleasant dreams."  
"There, she's gone—thank heaven I'm alone once more. Oh! unhappy man that I am, to be chained to such a creature.—She is the very

essence of all ugliness, cross and peevish. Oh that I could once more be a bachelor! curse the day and hour I ever saw the likeness of her. Yes, I will get a divorce; I can't live with her any longer—it is utterly impossible.  
[New England Galaxy.]

#### Chinese Version of the Attack upon Canton.

The following verses accompany a wood-cut, representing a steamer and a ship of war, which was hawked about the streets of Canton soon after the attack upon it, and was eagerly purchased by the Chinese, at four cash, (about one farthing,) per copy. It is amusing to see the efforts made by the Chinese to represent the affair at Canton as favorable to them, although we can hardly think that any of the inhabitants of that city will soon forget what did really happen.

#### MODEL OF A FIRE-SHIP AND OF A WAR-SHIP.

They are long upwards of thirty chang, (120 yards.)

They are high and broad upwards of three chang, (twelve yards.)

They are bound about with iron to make them strong.

And their whole hull is painted black.

They come and go like a weaver's shuttle.

To their two sides are fixed two wheels.

They use coal to make a fire.

Then she turns about like a race horse.

They have sails of white cloth for sun and shade.

They sail whether the wind be fair or adverse.

On the ship's bow is a figure of the god of the waves.

On both stem and stern are guns which traverse all round.

Truly her appearance is enough to frighten people!

The jade-stone void (i. e. Heaven) displayed its spiritual efficacy (in sending bad weather.)

The stone-dragon (i. e. earth) got the steamer on shoal (alluding probably to the Atalante.)

By this may be seen the truth of Heaven's justice.

The foreigners were unable to do anything.

Which greatly delighted the hearts of all men!

#### THE ATTACK OF THE BARBARIANS.

The English barbarians raised disturbance, and rebelled against the reason of Heaven; on the 3d day of the 4th moon (23d May) the rebels off-ended attacked the city of Rams (i. e. Canton).

But the jade-stone void displayed its spiritual efficacy, and the stone-dragon got a ship on the shoals!

They also ascended the river to Neisheng, but their war-ships got aground on the sands!

And the devil's soldiers got a great defeat.

So matters went on till the 6th of the moon (26th of May.)

When fire arrows (i. e. rockets) were shot into the city!

One gun gave three cracks, and it looked as if the Heavens were sending down red rain.

Our guns and powder were quite exhausted, when the country people to the north of the city.

Suddenly and valorously pressed forward to fight!

From the top of Pakwanshan (the mountain behind Canton City.)

The master of Heaven sent down a shower of rain!

Several hundred of the devil-foreigners were killed!

The head of their chief-man was cut off and stuck upon a pole.

His name was called Bremer!

The hearts and livers of the foreigners grew cold from fear, and they cast off their clothes and fled!

Our country-people drummed up their courage, and cut them off and massaged them a tall points.

Until the whole of them were slain.

The foreign ships retired, and have now sailed far beyond the Beca Tigris.

The providence of Heaven could not bear their wickedness!

At that season the climate was most unhealthy, and numbers died of the plague, all of which was caused by the anger of the gods!

Peace followed from this, and every one enjoys a life of glory, to the great delight of the people of this district.—[London Morning Herald.]

**SUNSET.**—The sun sets—and the earth closes her great eye like that of a dying god. Then smoke the hills like altars—out of every wood ascends a chorus—the veils of day, the shadows float around the enkindled, transparent tree-tops; and fall upon the gay, gem-like flowers. And the burnished gold of the west throws back a dead gold on the east, and tinges with rosy light the hovering breast of the tremulous lark—the evening bell of nature.

### Cranberries.

The cultivation of the cranberry (*Oxycoccus macrocarpus*) has not, we believe, received much attention in this region.

Most of these usually exhibited in our markets, are gathered by the country people from the bogs and swamps where they grow wild, and without any assistance whatever from the hand of man.

Like all our native fruits, however, the cranberry is susceptible of being greatly exalted by cultivation. In Massachusetts many farmers cultivate from one to a dozen acres, and as the fruit brings readily a dollar per bushel in the Boston market, they find them the most lucrative crop they can raise. It is stated in the New England Farmer, Vol. ix. No. 18, that Mr. F. A. Hayden, of Lincoln, in that state, raised, in 1830, four hundred bushels, for which he received four hundred dollars in cash. This is profitable farming.

Kenrick, asserts Sir Joseph Banks, who had taken pains to obtain the *oxycoccus macrocarpus* from America, harvested in 1851, from a square of eighteen feet each way, three and a half Winchester bushels, being at the rate of four hundred and sixty bushels to the acre.

The soil most suitable to the culture of this plant, is a low, moist and swampy muck, but large crops have been taken from lands in every respect precisely the reverse of that in which they flourish in their natural state. Even light sandy loam, and in which there is a predominance of vitric or silicious matter, if manured with compost composed of clay, muck and swamp mud, and kept uniformly and moderately humid, will produce excellent cranberries. It is even asserted by those who have had ample experience in the business of cranberry culture, that the vines, under this treatment, will not only be much more thrifty and prolific, but that the fruit will also be much larger, fairer, and of better flavor than that gathered from vines in their natural state. On most farms, however, there are numerous low places which might be advantageously devoted to this plant, and wherever such places are to be found on a farm, they should unquestionably be selected in preference to artificial or compounded soils. The method of planting, in such locations, is to dig holes in the turf, from one to two, or two and a half feet deep, and two feet over. Into these holes are placed the sods or compact turfs containing the roots, which are then carefully covered with the soil and a sprinkling of beach-sand thrown over the hill. The hills should be four feet apart each way, which gives ample scope for the vines to trail or branch out. Plants cultivated in this manner, come rapidly into bearing, after which nothing more is requisite for several years, than merely to give them a slight dressing, occasionally, and to supply new plants where the old ones have decayed, or died out.

A plantation, managed in this way, is a most valuable appendage to any farm; and in this section of the country, where the fruit brings one dollar and fifty cents, and often two dollars per bushel, it would be peculiarly so. The labor of harvesting the cranberry is very simple, and very expeditiously performed by means of a rake, constructed exclusively for the purpose, and with which, in favorable seasons, a skillful hand will gather, with ease from fifty to a hundred bushels a day.—[Maine Cultivator.]

**YONKUM.**—A desperado of this name has been found and killed by a party of citizens of Texas. He was the leader of a band of cut throats, who murdered for lust and pleasure. This man was a rich planter in Texas, and lived in a most magnificent manner; kept a splendid equipage; owned more than a hundred negroes, a large tract of land; had constantly about a hundred breeding mares; made a yearly sale of fifteen hundred cattle, and had a large revenue coming in from other sources. He was in fact the richest man in all Texas. He was shot with two of his gang.

The United States Bank has State stocks pledged in Europe for borrowed money, to the amount of \$17,500,000. The market value of these stocks is now about 6,000,000, but they are constantly depreciating; so that the loss of the bank, or of the European bankers who have advanced upon its securities, will be over 11,000,000.

### PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion	50 cts
1 do 2 do	0 75
1 do 3 do	1 00
Every subsequent insertion	0 50

Yearly Advertisements, (with the privilege of alteration) one column \$20; half column, \$15; 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.

### A Turkish Beauty, and how to procure a white Alabaster Skin.

I enjoyed the pleasure this morning of being introduced to a very handsome Turkish lady, in order to give me an opportunity of witnessing a perfect specimen of Oriental beauty. After a good deal of persuasion she allowed me to copy her profile. Her eyes and eyelashes were intensely black; though I suspect the latter were stained of a deeper dye than the natural one. Her complexion was beautifully fair! with the slightest taint of carnation suffused over the cheek. Her lips' sweet lips! that make us sigh even to have seen such. Her glossy hair, which was hung with a kalenker or painted handkerchief, representing a whole warrior of flowers, fell in loose curls upon her shoulders, and down her back; she wore a short black velvet jacket, embroidered with gold lace; trousers of sky blue silk; an under jacket of silk ermine, and one of those beautiful transparent slirts which ravish the beholder, and still reveal the charms they are so old hide! A magnificent Persian shawl encircled her waist, which had nature's own form, never having been compressed by the cruel bandage of stays. Her feet were in slippers, and two or three ugly rings deformed her white and slender fingers, the nails of which were dyed with henna. Around her neck she wore a double row of pearls, from which hung an amulet. Her skin was very white and beautiful, the constant use of the dry vapor bath having reduced it to a finesse, which I can only compare to a highly polished marble, and it looked as glossy and as cold. She was well pleased with the drawing I made, and on rising to go away, she put on her yellow boots over the beautiful white foot and ankle which it was a sin to conceal; then donning her cashmack and cloak, she bade us adieu with a grace and elegance which few English ladies could equal. No wonder the Turks sigh for paradise, when they believe heaven to be peopled with hours such as these.—[Auldjo's Visit to Constantinople.]

**The Government owns large tracts of land on the streams falling into the Gulf of Mexico, covered with live oak timber.** For years a lot of fellows have cut this, and sold it to others for 15 cts. a cubic foot, and the latter have sold it to the Government, from whom it was stolen, for 165 cents a cubic foot.

**IRON IN OAK.**—It is a well known fact that oak contains a considerable portion of iron in its composition. A modern writer supposes this circumstance to account for the fact that the oak is more frequently struck by lightning than any other tree of the forest.

**STOVES AT WHOLESALE.**—It is stated in the Peeksville, N. Y. Republican, that not less than 20,000 stoves have been made at the several foundries in that thriving village, during the past year; and they will average, at least, \$5 each.

**THE CONSTITUTIONAL ARMY.**—The boys and girls in our common schools—the true standing army. These soldiers are in citadels which rise up around us the noblest bulwarks against ignorance, that worst enemy of human race. Whoever builds a schoolhouse, or teaches a good school, is creating the strongest monument to freedom. If the time shall ever come, when the great government shall totter, when this Beacon, now the wonder of the world, shall wax dim, the cause will be found in the ignorance of the people, "and the people perish for the lack of knowledge."

A clergyman was one day reproving a young person for being so laughing and laughing character. "There are times for all things," said the pious man—"a time to laugh and a time to weep, as the good book tells us."

"Sir," replied the arch young angel, (or young arch angel, as you like,) "did not you tell us in your sermon on Sunday, that heaven itself was all smiles; that there was neither tears nor grief, nor sighing there; and that saints and angels would feast eternally on the smiles of God?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Well, then," said the little piece of sainted carnation, "may not I do on earth what's done in heaven—can't I have my giggle, too?"

The parson thought this a "time to laugh," and laugh he did.