

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."  
HENRY B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND  
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H. B. MASSER, Editor.  
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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.—JERFSON.  
By Masser & Eisely. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, February 19, 1842. Vol. II—No. XXI.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.  
1 square 1 insertion, - - - \$0 50  
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### THE PRISONER OF GENET.

By R. SIMMONS.  
"GENET, May 5, 1841.  
"On Monday last, the Nestor of captives died here in prison. Pierre Joseph Soete was condemned in 1773 to be broke on the wheel for having murdered a young girl. He was then seventeen years of age. The Empress Maria Theresa commuted his punishment to imprisonment for life. In 1814 he was set at liberty by Count Blichard, the lieutenant of the Cossacks, whose headquarters were in this city; but being destitute of the means of subsistence, of relations and friends, he requested to be allowed to return to the same prison which had been so long his abode. The request was granted, and he remained in the Reclus twenty-seven years more, (in all sixty-three years) and died on Monday, at the age of eighty." London Times.

STAND FROM my path, you solemn pair,  
Nor block the gateway to the dead—  
Dull Priest, and sleek Mediciner,  
With bowl and Bible at my bed!  
I taste not that—I touch not this;  
The one my loathed life would stay,  
The second, 'er you black abyss  
Guide to a realm, no doubt, of bliss.  
Like that I quit to-day.  
Where I may once again be born,  
May know what means the breeze of morn,  
That shews as it before befall—  
Some blinding dungeon's endless hell.  
See through my cell's life opened door,  
That mingles the gloomy night, before  
I guess the solitary spair.  
Of daylight, that from broad blue skies  
And wild free woods has struggled in,  
Marking the porch where Pity sits—  
Where Hope, the long-sufferant, dies  
And leaves the keys to Sin.  
Gray monk!—my countless years have pass'd  
One straight, sure'd level, black and vast  
As that grim gallery, with a ray  
Of sunshine on their opening way.  
Say thou, who preachest man was sent  
Into this God-created world  
With high beneficent intent,  
Why my unquench'd soul was hurl'd,  
Just as it started in the race—  
Ere Reason's cup had cool'd my lips—  
I could sunder guilt from grace—  
Drown, down where demons have their place  
In Death's ungodly lair?  
One hour was mine of lovely things,  
Flowers, waters, forests, glancing wings,  
Then sudden night!—and slimy steaks,  
Shut me and Malice up alone!  
They said 'twas Mercy saved me so—  
The slaves!—I could but bray my feet  
Their bustling mace's ponderous blow,  
Sir'd'd on the limb-dividing wheel,  
I should not then have died the death  
Which takes a century to slay,  
When whelm'd, enchain'd and choked beneath  
One marble mass, the charnel's breath  
Its victim rots away.  
I should not then have felt my mind,  
From lonely horrors scared and blind,  
Whirl into savage frenzy's rage,  
Like captive tiger round his cage.  
Who that had heard me strive to break  
With shouts that ceaseless solitude,  
Till my faint gurgled response to shriek,  
And mine became the lull's moan;  
When strength of youth and manhood's might  
To moaning, soul-enslaving terror grow,  
And the sick undecaying night  
Of lurid only knew;  
Who then had don'd the driver's robe—  
Plough'd by the Avenger's fiery share—  
Of love, life, light, once drank his fill,  
As the lithe roe-drinks the rill?  
Yes!—give me back one year of bloom,  
And though remorseless was my fall,  
And fiercely due my monstrous doom,  
Yet I will face it all!  
So once again I may but rove  
With her the fair and evening eyed—  
That thing of radiance and of love—  
Sweet Maude, who in the chestnut grove  
"No print and prepared died,  
Oh! but to watch her on this breast,  
Smile like a folded flower to me,  
Once—only once—in that time—  
She free from falsehood—I from crime!  
The bow of heaven had loss of grace  
In woe, woe, woe, true love, to know—  
The very glory of her face  
Fresh lustre to creation lent.  
This heart with fire was all too full;  
By wounding look and moony stare,  
And thunderous wave, and woodwind lull,  
I loved with her the beautiful,  
And lived for her alone.  
I sought one eve our resting-tree,  
The linden bough was budding true,  
That wild December strait it bare  
Before again she met me there.  
She came at last, I drank the start,  
The blush her treacherous cheek betray'd  
Enough—the life tide of her heart  
Was crimson on my blade.  
I had a right—who taught her first  
Earth's only boon, true love, to know—  
When wrong'd in every dream I court,  
To watch her from the last, the worst  
Of tortures here below.  
Not a woe went out early hours,  
Beneath the happy chestnut flowers,  
When wore that first red night away,  
When I and Murder watch'd her clay!  
You know the rest—ye felon's friends!  
The sands of hideous grief are run;  
Nor tell me, when Earth's thralldom ends,  
That Heaven's is but begun.  
I dare not dream of the dread divine,  
That from this parting hour would tear  
The trust, that honors like to mine  
May from the Judgment-scales hold's shine  
The list of bloodshed woe!  
From my life's page, the hand of shame  
Sweep hope, love, memory, fortune, name,  
The rest—R. horse, fear, frenzied woe—  
Remember Thou to whom I go!

### From the Hampshire Gazette.

English Orthography.  
Mr. Hawley: Your correspondent 'S' has been very liberal in bestowing praise on me for what I have done in furnishing the means of instruction in the English language. That his general view of the subject is just, there is reason to believe; and it is a source of pleasure that I have been the humble instrument of good in one department of learning.  
But it abates this pleasure to find that much of the good I have done is to be lost, and that further efforts to amend and improve the language to be unavailing. The first thirty years after I began to write for our youth, I had no opposer of any consequence, and my improvements were received and adopted. These have been the means of stamping some degree of uniformity on the pronunciation of our language. This is visible in Congress, most of the members having received their elementary instruction in my books.  
But within the last twenty years, I have had competitors, who have brought into market different systems, fortified with English authorities. Walker's Dictionary, containing a variety of useful criticisms, accompanied with an obsolete orthography, and a multitude of fashionable dandyisms, has been circulated in the United States, and trumpeted as a standard of orthography; and many Spelling-Books on his plan have been published and used in schools. One-hundred of the State of New-York fell under Walker's influence, and a large part of that State and of the State of Massachusetts are yet under that influence.  
But a few years elapsed before Walker's scheme of pronunciation was assailed by British writers. His sound of short i and y in eleven thousand syllables was condemned, and his *adjective, asperter*, was declared to be not merely wrong, but ludicrous. After a few years another author condemned his *adjective, his companion*, and his *ingrunt*, affirming such pronunciation, in a solemn discourse, *intolerable*. The same author condemned his *natural, congratulation, and flatulence*; while a still later writer alluded to his *vulgarity and absurdity*. Indeed, Walker's *pleas* for *plenteous, exchequer* for *countours*, and *froncheer* for *froncher*, is no more genuine English than it is the language of the Choctaws. Yet probably a hundred thousand children in this country are yet instructed in this pronunciation.  
One of the greatest obstacles to the correction of errors in our language proceeds from the love of custom, or fashion, or from the influence of British authorities. The people of this country are disposed to think the English understand the language better than any American. My researches and my visits to England have shown this to be a great mistake. Instead of being in advance of us in philology, they are half a century behind us, although on other subjects they have the advantage of us. But I know that the English have not thoroughly investigated the origin and history of their own language. In *Etymology*, not only the English and French, but the Germans are very far behind us. The great attention to the modern sciences has, for half a century, absorbed all other subjects.  
But the English have not given to their language the care and study which its importance has commanded. This language is to be used probably by more people than any other language on the globe, and is to be the principal instrument of civilizing and evangelizing the world. In preparing the language to be this instrument, the labor of the lexicographer are far more important than the writings of a Scott or a Southey.  
Yet how surprisingly has this language been corrupted! Without positive evidence before our eyes, who could believe that the American Congress, or an American Legislature should make such a blunder as to write *Comptroller*, when they meant *Controller*, and continue the use of such nonsensical words year after year, and age after age!  
Who could believe the evidence of every common Bible, could believe that such abominable blunders, as *disannul* and *unbosc* would find a place in nine passages in that book—words expressing a sense directly contrary to what is intended—and continuing *uncorrected* for more than three hundred years! and what is perhaps more extraordinary, intelligent men now clamoring against any attempt to correct such outrageous mistakes!  
Who could believe that *handy-work*, a mere vulgar mistake for *hand-work* should disgrace the common version of the sacred oracles, and such an intelligent nation as the English should blunder over the mistake for centuries, without discovering the fact!  
Several other corruptions of our language must be omitted for the sake of brevity. They occur in spelling books, in dictionaries, grammars, and in the writings of the most distinguished scholars. In one of the ablest productions of the present age, I have recently seen the nonsensical word *disannul*, for *annul*, in five or six passages.  
In England there seems to be not even the beginning of a reformation. On the other hand Richard's Dictionary retails the errors of the old etymologists, many of which are as false to deduce the word *hail* from the word *honor*, or *call* from *salvatum*.  
To crown the wide series of blunders, Mr. Brande, the editor of the *Dictionary of Science, Literature and Art*, now in the press in London, assisted by one of the most learned men in England, deduces *chemistry* from a Celtic word signifying *secret*,

### Delirium Tremens—A Sketch.

The delirium tremens is one of the most frightful consequences of intemperance.—When the wretched victim of unbridled appetite, has indulged to a certain extent in his accustomed stimulant, his reeling brain conjures up a multitude of fancies, far more horrible than ever tantalized the wildest maniac. The concluding scene with such an individual is indelibly fearful. Death in all its Protean variety, has never affected me with such sensations as I have experienced when standing by the wretched inebriate, suffering with this terrible disorder. One case to which my mind reverts, was marked with circumstances of painful interest. Esquire Lang was a wealthy gentleman farmer of extensive repute. He was a worthy member of the State Legislature, an excellent neighbor, and in days when a periodical level was rarely accounted an evil, a man of irreproachable moral character. Few, even in his own domestic circle, referred the blotted corpulency of his naturally large system, and the fiery flush of his full face, to the legitimate cause. His daily draughts of Cogniac and his regularly retiring to bed every day after dinner, were the only practices which the most scrupulous whispered to his discredit. But abused appetite forces us sooner or later to pay the forfeit. Mr. Lang was arrested in his intemperate course by a fit of strong apoplexy. He had been partially recovered by the energetic application of the usual restoratives and all stimulating food and drinks, strongly interdicted as certain hindrances to entire convalescence. His brain now tortured with emptiness as it had before been with plethora, was giving birth to all the wild and horrible imaginations of delirium tremens. I tied my horse under one of his ample sheets and entered without ceremony. He sat bolt upright in his bed, and his countenance was the image of despair. His eyes were alternately fitfully glancing, or fearfully rolling in their strained sockets, as if in pursuit of ever changing objects, now advancing, now retreating, and now flitting with electric rapidity over the field of vision. Startled at my entrance, he looked up and vehemently exclaimed, "Would you rob me?" Again, recoiling from my proffered hand, he shrieked, "you would murder me!" and sprang from the opposite side of his couch with superhuman energy.—The injudicious opposition of his friends to his whims, had plienized him to an alarming degree. He utterly and obstinately refused analgesics, and was only restrained by force from leaping from the windows of his apartment to escape these visionary yet to him real tormentors. Grasping the clothes convulsively as we replaced him in bed, he buried himself beneath a half-dozen blankets. "Had there yet?" he muttered in stifled tones, and flung the covering from himself to the floor with startling suddenness. Soothing words calmed him occasionally, but he seldom lost sight for a moment of the phantom's dancing attendance upon his unthroned imagination.—Now, terror beamed from every lineament. "Friends!" he exclaimed, shrinking backward and elevating his hand for defence.—Again his face exhibited every mark of strong loathing and disgust. "Snakes!" said he, "see them crawl!" "See! they are on my body!" "Keep them off!" raising his voice with each successive exclamation. Now his eyes rapidly traversed the circumference of a circle which was rapidly lessening.—"See! they are on me!" he exclaimed, when his person was embraced within the narrowing limits. "Why don't you keep them off!" The expression of his features, his intense agitations, his motions were all those of one upon whom ten thousand reptiles were trailing their scaly bodies.  
Again, fixing his eyes upon a retired corner of the room, he shook with an unearthly shudder, as if some new horror had greeted his vision. "What do you see there?" inquired his anxious and distressed wife.—"Two!" he whispered. "Two what?" said I. "Two horrid, horrid fellows!" He shuddered conclusively. "Keep them away!" said he faintly, after another half hour of anxious silence. Our hopeless task of beating the air was resumed with equal success. "Take them away!" he groaned, "they are coming!" I threw myself into a posture of defence. He grew calm for a few moments. Then, suddenly starting up, he clenched his fists, raised them to his right shoulder in boxing attitude, glared fear and fury from his bloodshot eyes, howled in agony, "THEY COME! THEY COME!" struck three several times with appalling energy at the approaching phantoms, and fell back upon his couch.—A QUARTER CORPSE.—[Boston Recorder.

### The Weather.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette enumerates the following facts in relation to the weather in years past, for the purpose of showing that the extraordinary mildness of the present winter is not unlike others which have preceded it:  
The month of January, 1790, was so warm, that boys went into the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers to swim. And such was the mildness of the winter of 1792-3, that the river Delaware was not closed by ice during the whole season. The winter of 1765-6, was mild until the 23d January, when the river closed.—the winter of 1801-2 was remarkably mild; the Delaware did not close until the 3d of February. The winter of 1809-10, was very mild until the 19th of January, when the Delaware closed, and the weather became intensely cold for several weeks. There was a good deal of mild weather during the winters of 1811, '12, '13 and '14. The winter of 1817-18 was very mild until the 2d of February, after which it was intensely cold. The winter of 1823-4 was very mild, although there were a few days which were real stingers. The autumn of 1827 was one of the coldest ever remembered, but it was followed by one of the mildest winters which had occurred for twenty-seven years; peach and apricot trees were in full bloom on the 20th of February. The winter of 1829-30 was mild until the 23d of January, when the Delaware closed, and the weather became intensely cold. The month of January, 1836, was mild until the 10th, after which there followed five weeks of severe cold. The winter of 1837 and '38 was remarkably mild, and the Delaware was as free from ice as in November, until the 30th of January, when winter commenced in good earnest, and the Delaware river was frozen completely over on the morning of the first of February. The weather continued intensely cold for a great part of the time until the 5th of March, and every vessel would have been blockaded from the first of February to the 10th of March, but for the ice boats, which rendered essential service to the egress and ingress of the shipping. The month of April which followed was very cold. There was ice on ten mornings during the month. As we have before observed in some of our reviews, we now repeat, that after a very mild winter a cold backward spring and cool summer generally succeed, and vice versa.

### From the Sunday Mercury.

A SHORT PATENT SERMON.  
BY "DOW, JR."  
I have selected as the words of my text for this occasion:  
Alas! how soon the heart forgets  
The deepest, wildest pain;  
The tear an hour the eyelids weep,  
And all is joy again;  
Still rushes on the tide of men;  
As though the past had never been.  
My friends!—In order to see how soon the heart forgets its most poignant griefs, you have only to observe a thing or two in our journey through life. For instance a man—after a blissfully tedious and execrably delightful courtship—enters into a matrimonial partnership with a young and beautiful and affectionate creature of the fancy sex. Suddenly death stalks into their blooming bower of love, and upsets all their arrangements, and bears off the lovely object of the husband's affection in his cry, narrowness arms; or, in other words, she dies—yes, dies like the flowers of the field, cropped by the mower's scythe. The fond husband pours out his sorrow in flooding tears upon her new made grave, and seeks no comfort this side of the threshold of heaven. Life to him hath no pleasure; for he has been robbed of that which he thinks can never be replaced by any substitute the earth can afford the shape of feminine worth. He deposits his love in the urn that contains her ashes—wanders sad and disconsolate along the gloomy way of widowhood, and resolves never to marry till soul wedded at the altar of the Omnipotent. But, my friends, this thick coat of misery soon wears off from his heart, in spite of the care he takes to have it remain. It won't stick any how it can be fixed. His bitter grieflessens to pensive sorrow—to sad regret—his regret to partial forgetfulness; and soon behold him revelling again in hymenial sweets, as happy as a hawk at a hen roost and as gay and cheerful as though he had never experienced any conjugal purification.  
My friends!—When a friend accidentally takes a slide from time to eternity, what do we do? Why, shed a few formal tears over his mortal remains, deposite him in his narrow home—shovel gravel and graubout our business. Aye we even run over his grave to pick up pennies, and care no more for the sacredness of the dust on which we tread than a cat does for a carpet. "The ever rolling tide of men still rushes on as though the past had never been." When a poor fellow being flung from the car of existence, a few merely look back from idle curiosity, to behold the damage, but they interest themselves no further. If a shade of sadness come over the heart for the moment it is soon dispelled by a change of scene, location or circumstances. The becoming word for man in his mad career is onward, which he instinctively obeys, even though it lead him as straight as a chalk line to the devil. So note it be.

### MADEIRA TEA.—We learn from Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.

—The February number of which, by the by, is one of the most interesting and instructive we have yet perused—that the tea plant is successfully cultivated on a large scale in the island of Madeira, at an elevation of 3000 feet above the sea, by Mr. Henry Veitch, British Ex-Consul. The quality of the leaf is excellent; the whole theory of destroying it is merely to destroy the herbaceous taste, the leaves being perfect, when like hay, they emit an agreeable odor. But to roll up each leaf as in China, is found too expensive, although boys and girls are employed at 5 cents per day. This difficulty is represented as an insuperable obstacle to the successful competition of the new tea plantations in Assam (British India) with the still cheaper labor of China. The enterprising Ex-Consul is now engaged in compressing the tea leaves into small cakes, which can be done at a trifling expense, so as to enable him to export to England immense quantities, at lower prices than would import it from China. Compression would have one important advantage over rolling the leaves. It is performed when the leaf is dry; whereas the rolling requires moisture, and subsequent roasting on copper plates is necessary to prevent mustiness. In this process the acid of the tea acts upon the copper, and causes the astringency which we remark in all the China teas. The olea fragrans, the flower of which is used to scent the teas, especially the black, grows luxuriantly in Madeira.

### WARTS.—These troublesome and often painful excrescences, covering the hands sometimes to the number of a hundred or two, may be destroyed by a simple, safe, and certain application.

The writer discovered it accidentally, while performing some chemical experiments with soda. The matter is merely to dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up, then wash the hands or warts with this for a minute or two, and allow them to dry without being wiped. This repeated two or three days, will gradually destroy the most irritable wart. Its theory appears to be that of warts having a lower power of vitality than the skin, so that the alkali is sufficient to produce the disorganization of the former without affecting the latter. The warts never return.—[Phil. Chron.

### SAGE OBSERVATIONS.—It has been remarked by a friend of ours, a shrewd observer of human nature, that millers, when they speak, use flowery language.

That carpenters are, for the most part, plain men.  
That shoemakers are remarkable for their charity, as they generally give their awl when they see a case of real distress.  
That sawyers are good pay, for they generally flank the amount of their bills.  
That batters, if at all thwarted, are furious fellows.  
That watchmakers are bad customers to the grocers, for they generally go on rick.  
That printers generally make good lawyers, from their previous acquaintance with cases.  
That barbers always succeed in making love to vain women, owing to their knowledge of soft soap.  
That gunsmiths are the only honest men who deal in stocks.  
That doctors are living paradox, for though they deal in scruples they have no conscience.

### EPICRAM.—There is a smart epigram made by some wit on the circumstance of a card-playing young lady marrying her gardener:—

Trump's ever ruled the charming maid—  
Share all the world will pardon her:  
The destinies turned up a spade—  
She married John, the gardener!

### EPICRAM.—In "Don Juan" there is a great number of excellent epigrams, but so mixed up are they with the reflection of the poet, that separation would materially dull their point.

I never gave a kiss, says Prue,  
To naughty man, for I labor it:  
She never gave a kiss 'tis true,  
She'll take one though—and thank you for it.

### AGONY.—Nothing is more sublime in nature than a war-horse, half frightened to death, and a village poet laboring under a vision. To feel this in all its vigor, one should turn poet and be delivered of something like the following rather stanzas, which we find in some papers:—

TO SALLY.  
BY DAPHNIA STALING.  
Sally! Daphnia is the gal,  
What I do or say and more I  
I know not—she is the gal,  
And I'm but Ze, haish!

### DEAR KISS.—A curious trial was recently held at Middlesex Sessions, in England. Thomas Saverland, the prosecutor, stated, that on the day after Christmas, he was in the tap room where the defendant, Caroline Newton, and her sister, who had come from Birmingham, were present. The latter jokingly observed that she had promised her sweetheart that no man should kiss her while absent. It being holiday time, Saverland considered this a challenge, and caught hold of her and kissed her. The young woman took it as a joke, but her sister, the defendant, said she would like as little of that kind of fun as he pleased. Saverland told her if she was angry, he would kiss her also, he then tried to do it, and they both fell to the ground. On rising, the woman struck him; he again tried to kiss her, and in the scuffle she bit off his nose, which she spit out of her mouth. The action was brought to recover damages for the loss of the nose. The defendant said he had no business to kiss her, if she wanted kissing she had a husband to kiss her, a better looking man than ever the prosecutor was! The jury without hesitation acquitted her; and the chairman said, that if any man attempted to kiss a woman against her will, she had a right to bite off his nose, if she had a fancy for so doing.