

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
HENRY B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND
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H. B. MASSER, Editor.

[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.]

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TO A LADY.

The heart has sorrows of its own,
And grief it veils from all;
And tears that hide them from the world,
In solitude will fall;
And when its thoughts of agony
Upon the bosom lie,
Even Beauty in her loveliness
Will pass unheeded by.
T'only on the happy, that
She never smiles in vain;
To them she wears the rainbow's hues
That mock the summer rain;
And their free hearts will worship her,
As one whose home is heaven—
A being of a brighter world,
To earth a season given.
That time with me has been and gone,
And earth's best music now
Is but the autumn's wind, that bounds
The leafless forest bough;
And I would wish, if that could be,
The light of those dark eyes,
That bring back hours I would forget,
And painful memories.
Yet, lady, though too few and brief,
They are bright moments still,
When I can free my prisoned thoughts,
And wing them where I will,
And then thy smile comes o'er my heart,
Like sunbeams o'er the sea,
And I can feel as once I felt,
When all was well with me.

New Orleans Bee, 1838.

The following beautiful lines, expressive of a devotedness truly Christian, are said to have been written by a young lady who was banished from her home for making a profession of religion.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shall be:
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.
Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art true, like them, untrue;
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.
Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain,
To thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain,
I have called thee Abba, Father—
I have set my heart on Thee,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.
Man may trouble and distress me,
T'will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me an easier rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me,
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear;
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of Heaven canst thou repine?
Mute thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission—
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Sixteen companies are now engaged in shipping ice from Boston to the East and West Indies and New Orleans. The Times says—

The best ice in the world is taken from Boston, one pound of which is worth two of the Ohio ice, being free from the pores or air holes which render the latter subject to the action of so much greater quantity of air, consequently, so much more easily melted. Little did the hardy Yankee, a quarter of a century ago, think, as he looked out upon his gloomy hills, assailed by winter's tempest, lakes congealed in blue mist and cold and lonely heaths, that this very cold was to contribute to his wealth almost as much as the fleecy cotton fields of the South, or their verdant sugar cane. The ice exported from Boston, amounts to \$600,000 a year; Massachusetts ice now sells in Bombay, so that it is in every day use there. A pound of ice will pay there for a pound of cotton.

BOUNTIES ON SILK.—Twelve of the States have by legislative enactments, granted bounties on the production of cocoons and raw silk, and the business is steadily, tho' slowly progressing. It is computed that more than 30,000 lbs of raw silk were produced in the U. S. during 1841. In 50 years, or less, Silk will be the second staple product of our country.

Messrs. Vickers and Brown have been lecturing to crowded houses in Danville, Ky; at which place 611 joined the temperance pledge.

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, March 12, 1842.

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WASHINGTON.

His person and personal appearance. Anecdotes of his great physical prowess. From the "Custis Recollections and Private Memoirs."

In person Washington was unique. He looked like no one else. To a stature lofty and commanding, he united a form of the manliest proportions, limbs cast in Nature's finest mould, and a carriage the most dignified, graceful, and imposing. No one ever approached the Pater Patrie that did not feel his presence.

So long ago as the vice regal court at Williamsburg, in the days of Lord Botetourt, Col. Washington was remarkable for his splendid person, the air with which he wore a small sword and his peculiar walk, that had the light elastic tread acquired by his long service on the frontier, and was a matter of much observation, especially to foreigners.

While Colonel Washington was on a visit to New York in 1773, it was boasted at the table of the British Governor that a regiment just landed from England contained among its officers some of the finest specimens of martial elegance in his Majesty's service—in fact the most superb looking fellows ever landed upon the shores of the new world. I wager your Excellency a pair of gloves, said a Mrs. Morris, an American lady, that I will show you a finer man in the procession to-morrow than your Excellency can select from your famous regiment. Done madam, replied the Governor. The morrow came, (the 4th of June) and the procession in honor of the birthday of the King advanced through Broadway to the strains of military music. As the troops defiled before the Governor, he pointed out to the lady several officers by name, claiming her admiration for their superior persons and brilliant equipments. In rear of the troops came a band of officers not on duty, of colonial officers, and strangers of distinction. Immediately on their approach, apparently indifferent to the scene around him. The lady now archly observed, I perceive that your Excellency's eyes are turned to the right object; what say you to your wager now, sir? Lost, madam, replied the gallant Governor. When I laid my wager, I was not aware that Colonel Washington was in New York.

To a question that we have been asked a thousand and one times, viz to what individual, known to any who are yet living, did the person of Washington bear the nearest resemblance? we answer, to Ralph Izard, Senator from South Carolina, in the first Congress under the Constitution. The form of Izard was cast in Nature's manliest mould, while his air and manner were both dignified and imposing. He acquired great distinction, while pursuing his studies in England, for his remarkable prowess in the athletic exercises of that distant period.

An officer of the Life Guard has been often heard to observe, that the Commander-in-Chief was thought to be the strongest man in his army, and yet what thews and sinews were to be found in the army of the Revolution. 1781, a company of riflemen from the county of Augusta, in Virginia, reinforced the troops of Lafayette. As the stalwart band of mountaineers, defiled before the General, the astonished and admiring Frenchman exclaimed: Mon Dieu! what a people are these American; they have reinforced us with a band of giants!

Washington's great physical powers were in his limbs; they were long, large, and sinewy. His frame was of equal breadth from the shoulders to the hips. His chest, though broad and expansive, was not prominent, but rather hollowed in the centre. He had suffered from a pulmonary affection in early life, from which he never entirely recovered. His frame showed an extraordinary development of bone and muscle; his joints were large, as were his feet; and could a cast have been preserved of his hand, to be exhibited in these degenerate days, it would be said to have belonged to the being of a fabulous age. During the last visit of Lafayette to Mount Vernon, among many and interesting relations of events that occurred in olden days, he said to the writer: 'It was in this portico that you were introduced to me in 1784; you were then holding by a single finger of the good General's remarkable hand, which was all that you could do, my dear sir, at that time.'

In the various exhibitions of Washington's great physical prowess, they were apparently attended by scarcely any effort. When he overthrew the strong man of Virginia in wrestling, while many of the finest young athletes of the times were engaged in the manly games, Washington had retired to the shade of a tree, intent upon the perusal of a favorite volume; and it was only when the champion of the games strode through the ring, calling for nobler competitors, and taunting the student with the reproach that it was the fear of encountering so redoubtable an antagonist that kept him from the ring, that Washington closed his book,

and, without divesting himself of his coat, calmly walked into the arena, observing that fear formed no part of his being; then grappling with the champion, the struggle was fierce but momentary, for, said the vanquished hero of the arena, in Washington's lion-like grasp I became powerless, and was hurled to the ground with a force that seemed to jar the marrow in my bones; while the victor, regardless of the shouts that proclaimed his triumph, leisurely retired to his shade, and the enjoyment of his favorite volume.

The power of Washington's arm was displayed in several memorable instances. In his throwing a stone across the Rappahannock river below Fredericksburg, another from the bed of the stream to the top of the Natural Bridge, and yet another over the Palisades into the Hudson. While the late and venerable C. H. Peal was at Mount Vernon in 1772, engaged in painting the portrait of the provincial Colonel, some young men were contending in the exercise of pitching the bar. Washington looked on for a time, then, grasping the missile in his master hand, whirled the iron through the air, which took the ground far, very far, beyond any of its former limits—the Colonel observing with a smile, "You perceive, young gentlemen that my arm yet retains some portion of the vigor of my earlier days." He was then in his fortieth year, and probably in the full meridian of his physical powers; but these powers became rather mellowed than decayed by time, for "his age was like a luscious winter, frosty yet kindly," and up to his sixty-eighth year, he mounted a horse with surprising agility, and rode with ease and gracefulness of his better days. His personal prowess that elicited the admiration of a people who have nearly all passed from the stage of life, still serves as a model for the manhood of modern times.

With all its development of muscular power, the form of Washington had no appearance of bulkiness, and so harmonious were its proportions that he did not appear so posing tall as his portraits have represented. He was rather spare than full during his whole life; this is readily ascertained from his weight. The last time he weighed was in the summer of 1789, when having made the tour of his farms, accompanied by an English gentleman, he called at his mill and weighed. The writer placed the weight in the scales. The Englishman, not so tall, but stout, square built, and fleshy, weighed heavily, and expressed much surprise that the General had not outweighed him, when Washington observed that the best weight of his best days never exceeded from 210 to 220. In the instance alluded to he weighed a little rising 210.

Of the portraits of Washington, the most of them give to his person a fullness that it did not possess, together with an abdominal enlargement greater than in the life, while his matchless limbs have in but two instances been faithfully portrayed. In the equestrian by Trumbull of 1790, a copy of which is in the City Hall of New York, and in an engraving by Losier, from a painting by Cogniet, French artists of distinguished merit. The latter is not an original painting, the head being from Stuart, but the location of the limbs is the most perfect extant.

Of the remarkable degree of awe and reverence that the presence of Washington always inspired, we shall give one out of one thousand instances. During the cantonment of the American army at the Valley Forge, some officers of the 4th Pennsylvania regiment were engaged in a game of five. In the midst of their sport they discovered the Commander-in-Chief leaning upon the enclosure and beholding the game with evident satisfaction. In a moment all things were changed. The ball was suffered to roll idly away, the gay laugh and joyous shout of excitement were hushed into a profound silence, and the officers were gravely grouped together. It was in vain the Chief begged of the players that they would proceed with their game, declared the pleasure he had experienced from witnessing their skill, spoke of proficiency in the manly exercise that he himself could have boasted of in other days. All would not do. Not a man could be induced to move, till the General finding that his presence hindered the officers from continuing their amusement, bowed, and wishing them good sport, retired.

THE PRECINCT OF GENIUS.—Scene in a Grammar school.
Master.—Robert, compare the adjective cold.
Robert.—Positive cold—comparative colder—superlative coldest!
Master.—That's a good boy, Bobby.—Now Bobby tell me how you know an adjective from a noun.
Robert.—By its having degrees of comparison.
Master.—Right! now give me an example.
Robert.—Positive degree alloy gate; comparative, allegator.
Master.—Very well, Bobby, you may sit down.

"That Unruly Member."

An extraordinary case of slander was lately determined in the Supreme Court of Ohio, which illustrates the necessity of woman holding their tongues, and that iron rule of the law, which makes the husband responsible in damages for the slanderous expressions of his wife. About three years ago Mrs. Copeland charged Mrs. White with stealing her "geranium pot," and published the words to several persons. Mr. White and wife commenced an action against Mr. C. and wife in an inferior court, and obtained a verdict for one thousand dollars—the defendant's counsel moved upon a bill of exceptions, alleging that no slander would lay in the words, because the geranium was in the nature of a tree, and the taking of a tree was only a trespass, and not a felony. The cause was sent down again—was tried, and the counsel for the plaintiff waived the tree and went for the pot.

The jury on the second trial were incensed at the quibble, and gave a vindictive verdict—\$3000 damages and costs!—it being proved to them that he received \$10,000 by his wife on his marriage. The defendant, by his counsel, moved for a new trial on the ground of excessive damages, and a rule was granted, on payment of the plaintiff's whole costs, which amounted to over one thousand dollars. The cause was again tried, and by an untoward fatality, which his eminent counsel could not control, although every effort was made in his behalf, the jury returned a verdict of three thousand five hundred dollars damages, and costs.

By this time the defendant was heartily sick of the law, and not willing to agree with his adversary, determined to avoid the payment of the judgment, by transferring his property to his brother-in-law. The powerful flings of a bill of discovery drew out the fact of the transfer, and the perjury of the defendant's answer put this affair in a new, but more fearful light. When the truth flashed on his mind that ruin was fast gathering around him, he had a conference with the plaintiff, and settled their difficulties by paying him the verdict and costs, \$7529 31, besides the fees of his own counsel.

Terrific Accident.

We learn from the Boston papers that on Monday evening, in that city, as the Catholic Mutual Relief Society, which had held a public meeting in Montgomery-Hall, was about adjourning, the floor gave way, and precipitated the assembled crowd, near 300 in number, into the apartment below, occupied by Mr. Jas. D. Riddle as an Auction Store. During the descent some threw themselves out of the windows. When all were taken from the ruins it was found that but three men were severely injured; one of them a Mr. Burns, of South Boston, had both legs broken, and the other two had received some serious bruises. Three or four others were reported to have had their arms and legs sprained; these, as far as could be ascertained, were all the accidents.

Cannibal Felicity.

A stout, hearty vender of small wares, of genuine 'Jerry Sneak' aspect, made his way into the office, and after peeping cautiously about, as if to be sure some object of dread was not present, walked up to the magistrate, and in an alarmed whisper said, 'I want to swear my life, your worship.'

Magistrate. 'Against whom?'
Applicant. (Looking about carefully) 'against—against my (softly) wife.'

Magistrate. 'What has she been doing?'
Applicant. 'She's always a hiding me. There was only this morning she smacked my face because I put another lump of sugar in my tea, when I thought she was 'nt looking.'

Magistrate. 'Well, you know you took her for better or worse.'
Applicant. 'Yes, but she's all worse. I'm so miserable, that I'm sure I shall do something shocking. I think I could manage her if I could separate her from the gin bottle.'

Magistrate. 'Lock it away from her.'
Applicant. 'She's got all the keys.'
Magistrate. 'Don't let her have any money.'
Applicant. 'She keeps all the cash.'
Magistrate. 'Part from her.'
Applicant. 'She won't let me.'
Then, said the magistrate, in a tone of perplexity, 'I don't know what to do. There's only one course—run off to America, for that is the land of promise for every rogue, fool, and discontented person here.'—[London Life.

A SECOND DAVY CROCKETT.—The mantle of Davy Crockett has certainly fallen upon Mr. Arnold of Tennessee. During an amusing speech the other day upon the Tariff, Mr. Arnold remarked among other things, that he did not wish to give the vagabonds of the country a chance to drink champagne, &c.
A Member.—'Are you a tea-totaller?'
Mr. Arnold.—'No, never, by a jug full. But as a friend near me has remarked, with a good horn of 'white face,' I can swallow New Hampshire at a mouthful, if her granite hills were well greased.' (Laughter.)
Another Member.—'It would give you the gravel, old fellow.' (Renewed laughter.)
A Third.—'If he swallowed the GRANITE State, he would surely have the STONE.' (Roars of laughter.)

'My dear, come in and go to bed just,' said his wife to a jolly son of Erin who had just returned from the fair in a decidedly 'how come you so' state. You must be dreadful tired sure, with your walk of six miles.' 'Arrah! get away with your nonsense,' says Pat. 'It was 'nt the length of the way at all that fatigued me, but the breadth of it.'

A SHORT SERMON ON LONG ONES. TEXT "BE SHORT." Cotton Mather.

My friends, I have forty reasons against long sermons—but for the sake of brevity, I shall omit all but two.

1st. Long sermons seldom effect the object of preaching. The design of the preacher is to convince, instruct, and persuade.
Now to convince, it is not necessary to dig a channel to the understanding as long as the L-r-o-c-a-l—and, generally, two good reasons, clearly presented, and powerfully urged, will produce more convictions than twenty. To instruct—neither a whole system of theology, nor a world of illustration, nor a vocabulary of words are necessary. Such sortering, the mind rejects. To impress, it is not necessary to thunder long and loud—the oak is riven by a single stroke of lightning; and to persuade—the man who cannot be moved in half an hour, will not be teased into submission in an hour and a half. So that all beyond a sermon is lost, and worse than lost; the lover of truth leaves the house of God with a weary body, a jaded mind, and a heavy heart, not because the preaching was not Evangelical, or was inappropriate, but because of its unreasonable length.

2nd. Long sermons drive not a few from the house of God. How often is the excuse made, 'I would attend church—but—bet—who can endure an endless sermon!'
Such an apology may indeed arise from an aversion to truth; but let the cause be removed, and this excuse at least will die.

2. TWO REMARKS. I. We see why some ministers are so unsuccessful in their preaching.—Were they to condense their thoughts, and urge them home briefly, vividly, and fervently, with the blessing of God, glorious results would follow.
2nd. Let no minister complain that hearers sleep, nor of inattention, when they take the very way to produce it.—Lutheran Observer.

BANCROFT AND DICKENS.—We have seldom read a more eloquent or a more complimentary notice of Dickens, the author, than is contained in the following paragraph of a letter from the pen of George Bancroft, the American historian:
"His clear mind and sunny disposition, his prolific powers of invention, his pathos and humor, are so charmingly blended with genuine love for his fellow man that wherever he finds a human being he finds a companion for his imagination, and can trace the choicest pictures of humanity even on the gate of a poorhouse. Like every man of truly great endowments, he loves freedom for its own sake, and man for his capacity for it. In this he resembles the two greatest poets of our century, Byron and Schiller; and I quote from Schiller when I ask leave to propose as a sentiment:
GENIUS, kindling with right affections; it can hold the millions in its embrace, and throw a kiss to the whole world."

CHURCH FLOODED.—A cry of fire was raised on Friday night, on the North river side, when the ever-ready fireman preceded with their engines in all possible haste. Some mischievous bystanders directed them to a church where were assembled a large congregation of our colored population in the act of divine worship. The church being well illuminated tended to confirm the statement, and without stopping to make further inquiry, the unconscious firemen directed the hose pipe to the windows, and before the mistake was discovered; the worshippers were drowned out, and the church half filled with water.—[N. Y. Express.

A LUCKY THOUGHT.—A loafer was lately being sold out, a propria persona, in St. Francis county, Arkansas, under the act for the benefit of such "varmints," usually called the Vagrant act. He was hoisted on the block, and at the moment he was about being keeled over by the auctioneer's hammer to the highest bidder, he claimed the benefit of the valuation law. After a little consideration this was granted him; and a committee appointed to appraise him according to law, though not exactly for such a case made and provided. He was valued at 37 1-2 cents, and again put up to the highest bidder, and knocked down at 20 cents. Not bringing two-thirds of his appraised worth, the fellow actually got clear.

A GOOD ONE.—We copy the following from the Philadelphia North American.
DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CLERGYMAN AND ONE OF HIS FEMALE PARISHIONERS.
Parishioner.—It amazes me ministers don't write better sermons. I'm sick of their dull party affairs.
Parson.—But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons.
Parishioner.—Yes, but then you are so long about it. I could write one myself in half the time, if I only had the text.
Parson.—O, if a text is what you want, I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon: It is better to dwell on the housetop than in a broad house, with a brawling woman.
Parishioner.—Do you mean me sir?
Parson.—Oh my good woman, you will never make a good sermonizer; you are too soon in your application.

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