

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

[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.]

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From an English Paper.

THE LOVER'S CONFESSION.

It is not for thy rosy cheek,
Nor for thy locks so sunny bright,
It is not for thine eyes that speak
In sparkling words of diamond light!
It is not for thy voice so clear,
Thy smile, all cold reserve disarming,
Thou I do love thee, Mary, dear,
I love thee, I confess that they are charming.

Thy thrilling glance, what's y, perchance
To find it softly bent on me,
When others in the maze dance
Poussette and ladies-chain with thee.
The quiet smile, that none perceive,
But he, whose bosom it doth fetter,
I like it much, but ah! believe,
There's something I like greatly better.

When winds breathe low, and twilight's calm
Subdues the weary earth to bliss,
Thy gentle voice falls like a balm
Upon a troubled heart like this.
Sweet, then, thy glances upward bent,
But ah! there's something, Mary, sweeter,
Thy money in the three per cent.
Consols strike me as greatly neater.

From the *Lyceum Gazette*.
Love and Friendship.
(AN EXTRACT.)

The following beautiful lines, we begged, borrowed from the author, and have taken "the responsibility" to publish the same. The versification is remarkably easy and flowing; the language simple, yet expressive; and the imagery good and strikingly true to nature. Like a true poet, the author appeals to the affections, and will find a ready and warm response from his readers. In this respect, how pre-eminently great was Burns, and what a striking contrast does he afford to the Byron and Shelley school. Still the heart may be touched, and the poet revel in all the dard of genius and originality in the vast fields of imagination:

And what is Paradise?
It's to be cradled in the tall treetop
In summer's sun-shine, with o'er hanging branches,
Waived by gentle zephyrs to and fro,
Spreading their shady bowers, and rustling leaves,
Like many thousand slaves, to fan the air we breathe
And give it healthful circulation.
But when the winter's storm approaches,
The zephyrs leave us to the whirlwind's rage,
The scyphonic leaves withdraw their shelter,
The branches no longer give their support,
But yield and break beneath our pressure,
Like human faith when most we need its stay.
What is there then in this broad world?
On which our best affections can repose?
Some gentle maiden with her bright, black eye,
Sparkling amid the crimson tide that gathers in her face.

As first she owns the deep emotions of her trust,
Looks archly up, and softly answers, "Love,"
And what is love?
'Tis the bright gleam of early morn,
Sending his radiance to the dew drops sound,
As freely as he lights the stars in Heaven,
And touching all the things of Earth
With Heavenly rainbow hues,
But when the evening comes,
The sparkling dew drops are exhaled and gone,
The sunbeams into his dusky grave,
And all the brightness of the glittering scene
That after tint is swept away.
With nought to stay the gathering gloom,
But dim reflections from the western sky,
Of light now passed from view—
The fading memories of our early lover,
Estranged, or trashed in death?
—Williamson, 1842. (E. L.)

Elephantine Proceedings.

Mobile in an uproar—A Wolf Storm—A broken Jail and a broken Bakery—Shop Lifting—Bread—Burglary—A Devouring Monster, &c. &c.
The elephant belonging to the large menagerie now in Mobile has been confined in jail, whether for debt, suspicion of debt, bigamy, burglary, or what not, we are unable to state; but on last Friday night, during a furious storm which burst over the city, elephantine prisoner took a notion to have a spree, and accordingly knocked down the wall of the jail yard, and walked off like a four-legged Samson, with the gates upon his back. The huge creature was scarcely at large before, enticing flames of fresh bread came penetrating the olfactory powers of the animal, and without more ado, a burglary was perpetrated—the elephant breaking into the store and devouring all the bread, crackers, cakes, &c. that came within reach. While thus interestingly engaged, a bread cart came up to the door for morning supplies, and the consternation of the horse, as well as the innocent driver, may be imagined when Mr. or Mrs. Elephant deliberately poked out a long nose and tumbled the cart over the horse's head—proving that there are more ways than one of putting "the cart before the horse." The driver, concluding that the Millennium was at hand, or that the Florida war was coming, to an end, soon made a transfer of his person to a respectable distance, followed by the horse with the remnants of the bread cart clattering about his heels. Satisfied then with so palatable and unusual a breakfast, the elephant quietly walked back into the jail yard, and concluded to await his examination before the Recorder, the result of which we have not yet heard. It was a most curious affair from beginning to end. (N. O. Picayune.)

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.—JERFISON.

By Masser & Eiseley,

Sunbury, Northumberland Co., Pa., Saturday, March 19, 1842.

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MCDONALD CLARKE.

The New York Commercial Advertiser gives the following interesting statement of the proximate cause of poor Clarke's death:

It is well known that the weakest point in Clarke's mental constitution, not excepting even his exaggerated idea of his poetical capacity, was an extreme susceptibility in the matter of the tender passion. In fact he was, or fancied himself, always in love with some real or imaginary charmer; and withal he had a strong inclination to believe the real or imaginary charmers as much in love with him. On this subject, if on no other, he was decidedly insane; and many of us no doubt remember the absurdities he committed and the mortifications he was subjected to, in former years, under the influence of this morbid feeling. It was at this weak point of his idiosyncrasy that the person above alluded to assailed him.

To intimations that some young and lovely lady had looked upon him with interest and favor, poor Clarke always listened with credulous avidity; and such intimations were poured into his excitable mind by the person above alluded to. The lady in question—young, beautiful and rich—was a daughter of one of our most respectable families, living in Broadway; of course we need scarcely say that the use made of her name was entirely false and unwarranted. But to Clarke the tale was given as a delightful and unquestionable truth; and the unworthy deception was carried out by the fabrication of a pretended correspondence. In process of time, Clarke naturally became eager for an interview; and one was promised him. On the appointed evening—Saturday, February 12—he went to the house in company with his deceiving friend; but on the way the latter, confessed that he had spoken falsely in claiming acquaintance with the lady—that he could not personally effect an introduction—but that he, Clarke, was expected, and would be admitted on sending in a token with which the friend provided him. Arrived at the door, the deceiver hastily withdrew, and Clarke, in undoubted confidence, requested to see the lady, replying to the answer that she was engaged, by sending in the token with which he had been furnished. Of course the admission he expected was denied him, and perhaps with some degree of harshness.

The immediate effect upon Clarke's mind and feelings we do not know; but at about nine o'clock he presented himself at the Carlton House, which he was in the habit of visiting, perfectly mad. The bar-keeper, whose name also is Clarke, and some of the gentlemen residing in the house, did all they could to soothe and quiet him, and finally took him to his own home. On Monday evening he appeared again at the Carlton, in much the same condition, and again on Tuesday evening, and both times he was kindly treated and taken home as before.

On Wednesday evening, at about 7 o'clock, he called again, but not finding there any of the gentlemen he knew, went away immediately. He was met soon after by a person who had some slight acquaintance with him, whom he addressed incoherently, and who, perceiving that he was laboring under excitement akin to insanity, called Bowyer, the officer, who happened to be passing, and advised that he should be taken care of. It was then raining violently. Bowyer took him to the watch-house at "the Tomb," and placed him in charge of one of the keepers. He was admitted into the general reception room for vagrants, &c., but making some disturbance and causing no little trouble, was in the course of the night, very improperly thrust into one of the small cells in the inner prison, where he remained until the next day, (Thursday,) at 11 o'clock; Justice Parker then heard that he had been taken up, or learned it from the watch returns, and immediately proceeded to the cell, where he found poor Clarke in a pitiable condition. The unhappy man, laboring under what mad hallucination we can never know, had stripped himself completely, and turning the soap stock, with which each cell is provided, had allowed the water to flow in upon him, probably all night. When Justice Parker opened the door, Clarke was standing, naked, in the corner of the cell, up to his ankles in the water, his clothes, which he had thrown upon the floor, were literally soaked, and he was shivering with mortal cold; but still a wild and raving maniac.

He was instantly removed to a warm bed, dry clothes were procured for him from the Carlton House, and as soon as possible he was placed in a carriage and taken to the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island. There his maniacal excitement was so great that it was necessary to put on him a strait waistcoat and strap him to his bed. So he continued until Friday, the 4th of March, when he became partially sensible, but was so reduced that he could not speak save in monosyllables and with great difficulty—merely answering yes or no to the questions that were asked him. On being informed by the physician that he would probably soon die, he feebly muttered that he

was willing and ready—that death would be a blessing—and on Saturday morning at five o'clock he expired.

The immediate cause of death was erysipelas of the head, but the remote cause was undoubtedly the cruel artifice played off upon him by the person whose name we as yet suppress.

Mr. Catlin, in his new work on the North American Indians, relates the following interesting anecdote of his horse "Charley," a noble animal of the Comanche wild blood:

"On this journey, while he and I were twenty-five days alone, and where I could get no food, he was my only resource, and the best of circumstances, under which to learn what we had as yet overlooked in each other's characters, as well as to draw great pleasure and real benefit from what we already had learned of each other in our former travels.

"I generally halted on the bank of some little stream, at half-an-hour of sunset, where feed was good for Charley, and where I could get wood to kindle my fire, and water for my coffee. The first thing was to address 'Charley,' and drive down his picket, to which he was fastened, to graze over a circle that he could inscribe at the end of his leg. In this wise he busily fed himself until nightfall; and after my coffee was made and drunk, I uniformly moved him up, with his picket by his head, so that I could lay my hand upon his lasso in an instant, in case of any alarm that was liable to drive him from me. On one of these evenings when he was grazing as usual, he slipped the lasso over his head, and deliberately took his supper at his pleasure, wherever he chose to prefer it, as he was strolling around. When night approached, I took the lasso in hand and endeavored to catch him, but I soon saw that he was determined to enjoy a little freedom; and he continually evaded me until dark, when I abandoned the pursuit, making up my mind that I should inevitably lose him, and be obliged to perform the rest of my journey on foot. He had led me a chase of half a mile or more, when I left him busily grazing, and returned to my little solitary bivouac, and laid myself on my bear-skin and went to sleep.

"In the middle of the night I waked, whilst I was laying on my back, and on half opening my eyes, I was instantly shocked to the soul, by the huge figure (as I thought) of an Indian standing over me, and in the very instant of taking my scalp! The chill of horror that paralyzed me for the first moment, held me still till I saw there was no need of my moving—that my faithful horse 'Charley' had 'played shy' till he had filled his belly, and had then moved up, from feelings of pure affection, or more instinctive fear, or possibly from a due share of both, and taken his position with his fore-feet at the edge of my bed with his head hanging directly over me, while he was standing first asleep!

"My nerves, which had been most violently shocked, were soon quieted, and I fell asleep, and so continued until sunrise in the morning, when I waked, and beheld my faithful servant at some considerable distance, busily at work picking up his breakfast amongst the cane-brake, along the bank of the creek. I went as busily to work, preparing my own, which was eaten; and after it I had another half-hour of fruitless endeavours to catch Charley, whilst he seemed mindful of success on the evening before; and continually tantalized me by turning around and around, and keeping out of my reach. I recollected the conclusive evidence, of his attachment and dependence, which he had voluntarily given in the night, and I thought I would try then in another way; so I packed up my things, and slung the saddle on my back, trailing my gun in my hand, and started on my rout. After I had advanced a quarter of a mile, I looked back, and saw him standing with his head and tail very high, looking alternately at me and at the spot where I had been encamped, and left a little fire burning. In this condition he stood and surveyed the prairie around for a while, as I continued on. He at length walked with a hurried step to the spot, and seeing everything gone, began to neigh very violently, and at last started off at full speed, and overtook me, passing within a few paces of me, and wheeling about at a few rods' distance in front of me, trembling like an aspen leaf.

"I called him by his familiar name, and walked up to him with the bridle in my hand, which I put over his head, as he held it down for me, and the saddle on his back, as he actually stooped to receive it. I was soon arranged, and on his back, when he started off upon his course as if he was well contented and pleased, like his rider, with the manœuvre which had brought us together again, and afforded us mutual relief from our awkward positions. Though this alarming freak of 'Charley's' passed off and terminated so satisfactorily, yet I thought such rather dangerous ones to play, and I took good care after that night to keep him under my strict authority; resolving to avoid further tricks and experiments till we got to the land of cultivated fields and steady habits."

A Painful Transaction.

On Monday last the term of service of one of the convicts in the Auburn State prison, named Philip Crater came to an end. But before he had been suffered to taste for a moment the breath of freedom in the open air, an officer was ready to take him again into custody. It seems that he was sent here four years ago, from Tioga county, having been found guilty of theft, and that during his term of service, he had told three of the sober convicts, either by way of confession or of braggadocio, we know not which, but likely the latter, that he had, while keeping a tavern about twelve years since, murdered a pedlar—that his body had first been deposited under his wood house, but was afterwards buried near the Susquehanna river, about six miles from Owego. And that the pedlar's wagon had been by him broken to pieces, and the iron worked up for him by a blacksmith in the vicinity.

These circumstances were soon related by the convicts to the keeper, who thereupon took some pains to inquire into their truth. On searching on the spot designated as the one on which the corpse had been buried, the slim bones of a man were found, the river having so far washed away the bank as to exhibit them about fifteen inches below the surface,—the feet bones were washed off and gone; and on inquiring of the blacksmith, it was ascertained that he had, not far from the time designated, worked up old wagon iron from this individual.

The corroboration being thus strong, the sheriff of that county was here; and by a little after eight on the morning of his release he was moving out of the village in the Ithaca stage towards the place of his former residence, as a murderer!

This same being boasts (to the convicts) also of having "knuck'd over" a fellow in the Allegheny Mountains and robbed him of \$100 or 1400—says the "chap" said he had \$8000 with him, but after killing him he found, one convict says \$400, another says \$1400. Crater at this time owns a large farm worth from \$7000 to \$10,000.—[Auburn Journal.]

From the National Intelligencer. Remedy for Rheumatism, &c.

Brown's Hotel, March, 1842.
Messrs. Editors: I leave at your hands an insertion of the enclosed receipts for RHEUMATISM and SCIENCO-RHEUMATISM pains. I have known them to effect cures, after proper preparation, when all other means have failed. They have been a long time in the hands of an empiric, and I have gotten possession of them by the death of the original holder. I deem it my professional duty to have them published, and for this purpose, need not appeal to your well known humanity. I append my name, that I may give them its feeble authority, and enable sufferers to have them more fully explained.

Very respectfully,
THOMAS G. CLINTON, M. D.

RECIPE FOR MAKING THE PYREAN OF CALAS.

Take 12 ounces of Sarsaparilla, 2 drachms of Calomel, 1 ounce of Senega, 6 drachms of Coriander seed, 1 drachm of Alum. Take the Sarsaparilla and Calomel, wrapping the latter in a linen towel, and put them in a suitable bell-metal or copper pot. (Throw in five bottles of water, and mark the height; one-fourth higher make another mark, and then add ten bottles more of water. Boil these down to the higher mark, and then put in, wrapped in another towel, the three remaining drugs. Boil all down to the lower mark; take them then from off the fire, cool, strain, and put the decoction in five bottles.

Replace the drugs in the pot, with ten bottles of water; let down to the lower mark; cool, strain, &c. as above, and you have prepared the second potion.

Directions.—Take a bottle of the first potion during a day; that is, morning, before dinner, and evening.—Take also, at pleasure, during the same time, a bottle of the second potion. If they operate too powerfully, cease taking No. 2. If in 30 days you are not cured, discontinue the potions for some time, and then recommence for 20 days more, and so on.

Let no salt crude or onip, &c., &c., &c.; drink no strong liquors.

A Strange Recipe.

Take of Sarsaparilla 12 ounces, Cassia 6 ounces, Guaiacum 6 grains, Calomel 2 grains, Coriander 6 ounces, Alum 30 grains, Senega 2 drachms. Boil the two first drugs in fifteen bottles of water down to ten; put in the other four and boil down all together to five bottles.

Remember to wrap the calomel and alum, and suspend them so as not to touch the pot.

A late British traveller states the exact measurement of the great pyramid of Egypt to be 764 feet on each side. The angle formed by the sides of the pyramid is about 51 1-2 degrees. It is 116 feet higher than St. Paul's Church, London.

Cheese made of Potatoes.

Cheese, it is said, of an extremely fine quality, is manufactured from potatoes in Thuringia and part of Saxony, in the following manner: After having collected a quantity of potatoes of a good quality, giving the preference to the large white kind, they are boiled in a cauldron, and becoming cool, they are peeled and reduced to a pulp, either by means of a grater or a mortar. To five pounds of this pulp, which ought to be as equal as possible, are added a pound of sour milk and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together, and the mixture covered up, and allowed to remain for three or four days according to the season. At the end of this time it is kneaded again, and the cheese placed in little baskets, where superfluous moisture is allowed to escape. They are then allowed to dry in the shade, and placed in layers of large pots or vessels, where they must remain for fifteen days. The older the cheeses are, the more their quality improves. Two kinds of them are made. The first, which is the most common, is made according to the proportions above indicated; the second, with four parts of potatoes, and four parts of cow or ewe milk. These cheeses have this advantage over every other kind, that they do not engender worms, and keep fresh for a great number of years, provided they are placed in a dry situation, and in well closed vessels.—[Doncaster Chronicle.]

Rice Cement.

This useful and elegant cement, which is beautifully white, and dries almost transparent, is made by mixing rice flower intimately with cold water, and then gently boiling it. Papers pasted together with this cement will sooner separate in their own substance than at the joining. It is therefore an excellent cement in the preparation of curious paper articles, as tea trays, ladies' dressing and work-boxes, and other articles which require layers of paper to be cemented together. In every respect, it is preferable to common paste made with wheat flour. It answers well for pasting into books the copies of writing taken off by copying machines on unsized silver paper. With this composition, made with a small quantity of water, that it may have a consistence similar to plastic clay, medals, busts, statues, basso relievos, and the like, may be formed. When dry, the articles made of it are susceptible of a high polish, they are also very durable.

SECKLE PEAR.—The original pear tree of this most delicious species, was a seedling which sprung up on the farm of Lawrence Seckle, about a mile above the confluence of the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, in the vicinity of Philad. It was still standing and bearing a few years since, though somewhat decayed on one side. The name of the person on whose grounds it grew, was given to the pear. The name is frequently misspelt and pronounced, (it is not Seckle nor Seckle, nor Seckle, but Seckle).

A NEW SERIES OF MANUFACTURE.—We learn that Mr. Stearns of Woodstock, Vt., is about to establish at the State Dam in this city, a manufactory of satinnet out of wollen rags, and the usual amount of cotton warp, flannel rags, and woolen stockings, old carpets, and every kind of wollen rags excepting burlap and cassimere will be used. These rags are converted by a certain process into a substance resembling wool, and are then spun into yarn. Rags of broadcloth and cassimere cannot be used on account of their being degraded of the adhesiveness necessary to form a fine thread. [Troy Wing.]

A CURIOUS CASE.—The New York Sun states that Mr. William O. Fiske, crockery merchant of Rochester, left his family on Saturday evening in a state of partial derangement, induced by the extreme personal sufferings undergone by him for three months past.—He proceeded as far as Cananah, where a few days before, in consequence of a disease in the jaws, Mr. F. was compelled to have twenty-three teeth, the most of which were, in an ulcerated state, extracted at one operation.

HUSBANDS.—"Miss Lucretia Elvira," said a comical fellow, to an old young maid, "have you heard of the recent act of parliament by which all ladies with small mouths are to be provided with husbands?" "Indeed! no," replied the lady, screwing up her mouth with a pucker.—"It is a fact, however," continued the wag, and another clause of the act provides that all those who have large mouths shall have two husbands each!" "O my!" exclaimed the lady, opening her mouth as wide as a bucket, "what a wonderful curious law!"

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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Sixteen lines make a square.

The Russian Serf—His Condition.

The following is extracted from a lecture delivered by Mr. Dallas, late Minister to Russia. It pictures to the life the character of the Russian Serf. Of them, there are no less than forty millions, twenty of whom belong to the Emperor Nicholas.

"Imagine a human being covered, we cannot say clothed, in undressed sheepskin, the wool turned inward, that which should be a coat resembling a loose gown—having no collar, and a cape lapped over by a piece of rope or other materials, as a belt around the waist. His neck is uncovered, red, rough and hard, his beard long matted, his moustache hanging down and covering his mouth. He wears a bell shape cap of woolen stuff, trimmed with dirty fur, and shoes, either pieces of hard wood scooped out, or a kind of sock of pebbled pliable bark—he has hung at his back a kind of axe or hatchet, and his exterior is altogether harsh, soiled or dirty, and repulsive. A man thus characterized and habited suddenly appearing in our streets, or in any part of the country, would awaken at once alarm and pity, as some escaped wanderer from the cells of lunacy or crime. In the moral and mental qualities of the Russian serf, there are mingled traits of good and evil. He is mild and amiable, but imbecile and servile. To the profoundest ignorance and vilest superstition, he unites a Chinese imitation quickness, and an abject reverential faith in the dogmas of the church. He crosses himself at every flash of lightning, and faces death fearlessly under a priestly promise of paradise. He endures without complaint the most frightful extremes of physical exposure and privation. He is content with a block of wood or stone for a pillow, a plank for his couch, and some black bread and onions for daily meals. Like our western savage, he yields at every opportunity to allurements of intoxicating drink. In the presence of power he falls prostrate in the dust, propitiating safety or kindness from his superiors, in the most disgusting servility. Yet, notwithstanding the rigor of his destiny, he is utterly unconscious that there exists happier or fairer regions on the earth, he loves his country with enthusiastic and unbounded ardor, and when fighting his battles abroad, he is almost a willing victim to the enemy, in the confident belief that after death, but before he takes his final flight to heaven, he is suffered to visit for three days his native cottage."

The Box-Tunnel.

The Great Western Railway, England, is a magnificent work, and is marked by many extraordinary indications of labor and enterprise. It is the largest independent line of railway completed in England. The Box Tunnel, which forms one of its principal features, pierces through Box hill, between Chippenham and Bath—part of which is 400 feet above the level of the railway. The Tunnel is 9680 feet long, 39 feet high, and 95 wide to the outside of the brick work. The excavation amounted to 511,000 cubic yards, and the brick work and masonry to more than 55,000 cubic yards. About 30,000,000 bricks were used. A ton of gunpowder and a top of candles were consumed every week for two and a half years; and 1,100 men and 250 horses were kept constantly employed. For a considerable distance the Tunnel passes through free stone rock, from the fissures of which there was at times an immense influx of water. This formed such an impediment, that the work was on one occasion discontinued for a long time. But the water was finally pumped out through the agency of a steam engine of fifty horse power, which threw it at the rate of 32,000 hogsheads a day.

PITY LOGIC.—If there be any map who opposes the cause of Temperance from conscientious motives, I will ask him, and I will endeavor to convince him of his error; I will bring him to a gutter in a loathsome lane, and I will show him a corner where I and my wife and family used to lie on a wad of straw, almost naked, without food or fire for days; and then I will lead him to a respectable street, and on arriving at the drawing room, I will show him a well dressed female and two children, fat and healthy, surrounded by all that can produce human happiness, and I will tell him that these were the people who lived in the garret I showed him; tetotalism took them by the hand, and brought them here; and would you ad-