

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN,"
HENRY B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.
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[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.]
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A Sister's Grave.

Eye sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly ease,
The opening bud to heaven conveyed
And bade it blossom there.—CORINTHIANS.

The leaves by tranquil breezes fanned
In summer beauty o'er me wave,
While here, in loneliness, I stand,
And muse beside a sister's grave.
My Sister's grave! Ah! who can tell
The thoughts that through my bosom swell,
In naming one that was so dear;
While mournfully I linger round
This spot of consecrated ground,
And feel that now she slumbers here.

Five years have passed—five twilight years,
Since here, beneath this twilight shade,
With broken sighs and rushing tears,
That sister's lovely form was laid.
Five changing years—yet even now
I gaze, as then, upon her brow,
And seem to hear a soft low voice
That bids my very heart rejoice;
And then I start, and weep to find
That that which blessed my ear and eye
Was but a vision of the mind—
The echo of a voice gone by—
For here I see the long grass wave
Sally above a sister's grave.

Yet there is beauty here. The bee
Hum-sweetly through the summer hours,
And the soft breezes wander free
Mid bursting leaves and budding flowers;
And on the air is borne along
The lonely wood-bird's plaintive song;
While the mid-moonlight, like a spell,
Shimmers upon each hill and dell:
What wonder then that to my heart
This grave, which in such beauty lies,
Where earth and Heaven their charms impart,
Should seem a place of paradise,
Where Faith with her sweet smile of love,
Points to the glorious Heavens above.

And often thus, to this lone glen,
I will, with thoughtful footsteps turn
Far from the busy haunts of men,
The purposes of life to learn:
'Till, laid beside my sister's grave,
The same long grass o'er both shall wave.

From G. Hill's Poems.

When first you look upon her face
You little note her beauty,
The timidity that still betrays
The beauty it would hide:
But one by one they look out from
Her blue-eyes and her eyes,
And still the last the loveliest,
Like stars from twilight skies.
And thoughts go sporting through her mind,
Like children among flowers,
And deeds of gentle goodness are
The measure of her hours.
In soul and face she bears no trace
Of one from Eden driven,
But like a rainbow, seems, though born
On Earth, a part of Heaven.

On the Portrait of a Lady.
TAKEN BY THE DAGUERROTYPHE.
Yes, there are the features! her brow and her hair,
And her eyes, with a look so captivate,
Her nose, and her mouth, with a smile that is there,
Truly caught by the Art Photographic!
Yet why should she borrow such aid of the skies,
When, by many a woman's confession,
Her own lovely face, and the light of her eyes,
Are sufficient to MAKE AN IMPRESSION!

Serving Apprenticeship for a Wife.

The reader may remember that the Dowager Countess of Westmoreland was one of the titled personages who visited the United States last summer. A curious anecdote is related of her marriage. She was the only daughter of the eminent and immensely wealthy banker Child, who flourished in London, about the time of the French Revolution. When he died, he made a will, leaving all his property to his daughter on condition that she married she should marry a mechanic, (he commenced life, himself as a brewer) who had served a regular apprenticeship of seven years at his trade. If she married any other person, the whole estate was to alternate from her and her heirs. The then young Earl of Westmoreland met her by chance at a ball given at some public occasion by the Lord Mayor. He resolved, if she was willing, to marry her, and on her consenting to wait seven years, he bound himself apprentice to Mr. Pollock a highly respectable saddler in Piccadilly and actually learnt the trade. He served his seven years and exhibited a saddle, which he had made, to the entire satisfaction of the executor under the will and gave title for fortune; Miss Child became a Duchess and the mechanic's apprentice one of the wealthiest Earls of England. After all, he served only half as long as poor Jacob—who gave seven years for Leah—and did not get so much cash as his Lordship by a pretty considerable difference.—Boston Transcript.

LADIES, it is said that a quantity of green eggs, placed in the closet, will cause red ants to disappear. Try it.—Williamsport Eng.

A clergyman was censuring a young lady for tight lacing. "Why, sir," replied Miss, you would not surely recommend loose habits to your parishioners."

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.—JERFENSON.
By Masser & Eisely. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, April 30, 1842. Vol. 43--No. XXXI.

From the Chicago Democrat.

THE SPIRIT BLUFF.

A TALE OF ST. CHARLES.

When leaves by the wind of night are stirred,
When the quick wild bark of the wolf is heard,
When the owl his dismal warning hoots,
And a vivid flash the lightning streaks,
A spirit from the Indian say,
Is seen around the bluff to play.

Near the flourishing village of St. Charles rears one of the most majestic bluffs, which are so frequently found on the banks of the Fox River, and which add so much to the beauty and scenery of its silver waters. It is situated, a little south east of the village. Along this summit, are several ancient mounds, which have, probably for ages, been the burial places of the natives, and one recently has been chosen as the resting place of the dead of this village and immediate vicinity. The south and east sides are washed by a brook called the Cedar or Bluff run; while, a distance along its base, at the west, rolls the river in its lone and silent grandeur, its shores, still untouched by the hand of civilized man; on the east and south-east sides rises the beautiful rolling prairie, dotted here and there with the fields of the emigrant settler. The beauty of the scenery from this point, is such that travellers, who have gazed with delight at other bluffs and points on the river are struck with uncommon interest, on beholding this spot; and on leaving it, often turn and linger still, as if enchanted, to gaze at its beauty. It is called the 'Spirit Bluff,' and a tale is told of it, so much interest, that a heart is made sad at its recital. For a number of years no Indian has been seen to cross its summit; but, by a circuitous path they all go round it, for a dark-eyed Indian maid, they say, is seen to hover around it. Some forty years ago, there was in the nation of Pottowatomies, an aged chief, whose name was Wayshikee, and who was in 1836 still remembered by the old Indian traders of Chicago and other points on that beautiful lake. It was in the time of this chief, that one of the most melancholy transactions that ever occurred among the Pottowatomie nation took place near this bluff. Ononibidga, the only daughter of Wayshikee, was dear to her parents, and the boast of her tribe. Contrary to the wishes of her family, she had formed an ardent attachment to a young hunter of the tribe, and one whom she knew was very strongly attached to her. But when asked in marriage of her parents, he was astonished to find himself refused, and likewise to learn that their daughter was intended by them for another, a young brave of distinction. The latter had acquired a fame by deeds of valor, rendered his nation, and the many captive whites he had taken along the shores of Lake Erie, and even among the nation of the Senecas. At the mention of the young hunter wishing Ononibidga in marriage, her family pressed the brave to urge his suit with her, which he did with ardor and increasing assiduity; but she refused him, and persisted in her preference for the young hunter. To the recommendation of her friends in favor of the brave, she replied that she had chosen one after her own mind—one who would spend his life with her, and, by his profession, would provide for her subsistence and secure her comfort and happiness; but if she accepted the brave, he would be constantly bent on some deed of bravery or exploit, he would be absent from her, exposing himself to danger, and perhaps death on a distant battlefield, leaving her a widow to tread alone the path of this unfeeling world. Ononibidga's expostulations were of no avail with her family or friends. They at length by stratagem and other means succeeded in driving the hunter to some distant land, from which he never returned; or at least, was never more seen among his tribe; and then, by harsh means, began to compel her to accept for her husband the brave, whom they had chosen. But to all her expostulations and assertions that she could never love any but her young hunter, and that rather than have the brave whom she so much disliked, she would live alone in the depths of the solitary forest, they paid no regard. Ononibidga, to this time had been the joy and delight of her family, and had been indulged more than was usual for the females of her tribe. Her brothers had expressed a wish that she might if possible be persuaded rather than compelled to accept the brave for a husband. In order to remove some of her objections, they took measures to make some provision for her future maintenance and presented to the brave all in their simple mode of living an Indian could desire.

At about this time a party was formed to go to Red Pipe Stone, on the shores of the Mississippi, above the falls of St. Anthony, to procure some of the charmed stone for their pipes. The parents and brothers of Ononibidga were of the party, and she herself was also one with them.—It was on their assembling at this bluff, previous to their departure, that they offered their presents to the brave. Encouraged by these, he again renewed his suit; but was, as heretofore unsuccessful. Her family and friends

angry at what they supposed unjustifiable obstinacy on her part, remonstrated severely, and even used threats to compel her to obedience. "Well, then," said Ononibidga, "you have left me no hope. I told you I did not love him, and that I would not live with him. I now wish to remain single, but you will not even allow me that poor boon. You say you love me and that you are my parents, my brothers; yet you have driven from me my hunter, and I will never love another.—You have forced him to roam an outcast from village, and from tribe to tribe, and this moment, perhaps, he is alone, far from his native tribe, none with him to assist in building his wigwams or spread his skins for his bed, none to wait upon him when faint and weary with the labor of the chase, sighing to the night winds for his Ononibidga. Is not this enough! Would you have me joyful when my hunter is far away!"

But she could not repress her passion even here, and before others could speak, she resumed.— "What! I marry another one on whom I can never place my affections, and with whom I can never be happy! If this is your love for me, be it so! But soon you shall have reason to regret your course." Saying this she withdrew, and while they were making preparations for the festival, (determined upon uniting her with the brave that day,) she would her way to the top of the bluff; and calling to her friends, addressed them thus:— "You were not satisfied with driving away my hunter, but you would have me wed another. You thought to compel me, but you shall see how certain I can defeat your plans." She then commenced singing her death song, sweeter by far than the dying echo of the evening vesper, as the still breeze wafted it softly towards the regions of the blest. She then rushed with the swiftness of the deer towards the river. Her friends to rescue her, rushed with all possible haste; calling on her name with hearts ready to burst with anguish; assuring her that her hunter should be restored, if she would desist. "It is in vain. You are too late," she replied, as she paused a moment on the brink of the precipice. Then with a mighty bound, she plunged into the river; its crystal waters had closed over her forever.

Such was the story told by an aged Indian in 1836. And while telling it, the stiffness of age forsook his limbs, and the feeling of youth again renewed his age, while tears trickled down his furrowed cheek.

And he was the beloved hunter, who had once more, and for the last time, returned to behold the sacred spot where he had trod the last steps of his Ononibidga.

HANDY ANDY.

But, though Andy's functions in the interior were suspended, his services in out-of-door affairs were occasionally put in requisition. But here his evil genius still haunted him, and he put his foot in a piece of business his master sent him upon one day, which was so simple as to defy almost the chance of Andy making any mistake about it; but Andy was very ingenious in his own particular line.

"Ride into the town, and see if there's a letter for me," said the squire one day to our hero.

"Yes, sir."

"You know where to go?"

"To the town, sir."

"But do you know where to go in the town?"

"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid thief?"

"Sure I'd find out, sir."

"Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do, when you don't know?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why don't you?"

"I don't like to be troublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the squire; though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.

"Well," continued he, "go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, where they sell gunpowder."

"You're right for once," said the squire; for his Majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. "Go then to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember,—not gunpowder, but a letter."

"Yes, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his back, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster, (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gunnits, broadcloth, and linen-draperies.) Andy presented himself at the counter, and said,

"I want a letter, sir, if you please."

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life; so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

"I want a letter, sir, if you please."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get a letter here,—that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The master, sir."

"And who's your master?"

"What concern is that of yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of axing' impudent questions, because you think I'm simple."

"Go along out of this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impudence!" said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yes; have you any thing to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith then you'll never see me agin if I have my own consent."

"I won't give you any letter for the squire, unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy, "it's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vaulted to the postmaster that he might give Andy the squire's letter. "Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one,—fourpence."

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the squire," said the postmaster, "you've to pay me clevepence postage."

"What! did I pay clevepence for!"

"For postage."

"To the devil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Durfy a letter for fourpence this mornin', and a bigger letter than this? and now you want me to pay clevepence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No; but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welkin to be sure, sure—but don't be delayin' me now; here's fourpence for you, and g' me the letter!"

"Go along, you stupid thief," said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mousetrap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Well you g' me the letter?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The squire in the mean time was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"

"That would chate beyant in the town,—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated! It's not a double letter at all; not above half the size of one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence."

"You'd provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you onanidam! and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter!"

"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence a-piece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horsepond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each, from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time twenty sleep customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letter," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The master's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murther me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter; so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and, having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the massive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his back, and in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattled along the road homeward as fast as the best could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the squire, saying,

"Well! if he did make me pay clevepence, by gor, I brought your honor the worth of your money any how!"

From an Oration delivered before the American Institute in New York, by Rev. J. O. Choules. It is a production of much merit, and although the work of a scholar, is well worthy the attention of the practical man. The subject of Agriculture is treated of in this lecture with singular felicity—and it contains many passages which would interest and prove useful to the farmer. The following passage respecting the life of a farmer, expresses just sentiments:— "I wish I could see in all our farmers a disposition to magnify their calling; but I have been grieved in many a farm house, to listen to lamentations over what they term their 'hard lot.' I have heard the residents upon a noble farm all paid for, talk about drudgery, and never having their work done; and few or no opportunities for the children; and I have especially been sorry to hear the females lament over the hard fate of some promising youth of seventeen or eighteen, who was admirably filling up his duties, and training himself for extensive usefulness and influence. They have made comparison between his situation coarsely clad and working hard, and coming in fatigued, with some cousin at college, or young man who clerked in a city store, till at length the boy has become dissatisfied, and berged off from his true interests and happiness.

I am conversant with no truer scenes of enjoyment than I have witnessed in American farm houses, and even log cabins, where the father, under the influence of enlightened Christianity and sound views of life, has gone with his family, as the world have termed it, into the wood. The land is his own, and he has every inducement to improve it; he finds a healthy employment for himself and family, and is never at a loss for materials to occupy his mind. I do not think the physician has more occasion for research than the farmer; the proper food of vegetables and animals will alone constitute a wide and lasting field of investigation. The daily journal of a farmer is a source of much interest to himself and others. The record of his labors, the expression of his hopes, the nature of his fears, the opinions of his neighbors, the results of his experiments, the entire sum total of his operations, will prove a deep source of pleasure to any thinking man. If the establishment of agricultural societies, and the cattle shows of our country, should have the effect of stimulating one farmer in every town to manage his land and stock upon the best principles of husbandry, there would be a wonderful and speedy alteration in the products of the earth, because comparison would force itself upon his friends and neighbors; and his example would be certainly beneficial, for prejudice itself will give way to profit."

There is much beauty as well as truth in the following passage on the subject of beautifying a farm house:

"It is to be deplored, that in many parts of the country the farm houses makes so little pretension to external beauty, and that it is destitute of those attractions which are always at the command of the occupant.

How many shades do we know that are almost without gardens, and quite without flowers. It is the part of wisdom to make our habitations the home of as many joys and pleasures as possible, and there ought to be a thousand sweet attractions in and around the sacred spot we call our homes.

This feeling is perfectly philosophical. The fragrance of the rose that is plucked at the door of the cottage, is sweeter in odor to the poor man, who has assiduously reared it there amid difficulties and discouragements, than if it were culled from the 'parterre' of the palace; and the root which he has dug from his own little garden is more grateful to his palate than if it were the purchased product of unknown hands; and this argument, if it be true when applied to individuals, is equally valid on the broad principle of nations.

O, we greatly need something more of the sweet and beautiful about our houses and cottages, that shall make childhood, youth and age all cry out, 'there is no place like home.' In your summer rambles away from the hot city, you go to the farm houses of this and other

States; now just think how differently your memory calls up various houses at which you have sojourned. You can think of spots like paradise, and there are others that you recollect, and there are only the capabilities for improvement and fine opportunities for the hand of industry and good taste. How well we recollect to mind the pretty white cottage, the deep green blinds, the painted trellis, the climbing shrub, the neat garden fence, the sweetly scented flowers, the entire air of comfort, and how we long again to enjoy the bliss of quietness and repose. I believe a garden spot exerts a salutary influence, not only in early life, but in the advanced periods of human existence."

Important to Farmers.
A few weeks since we published a communication from a correspondent, giving the results of an experiment in planting corn, by Hart Massey, Esq., of this village. Mr. Massey called upon us on Saturday last to correct an important error in said communication, and invited personally to examine the said field, which we accordingly did, and now give the results of our observation.

Mr. Massey took the seed corn with which he planted the field, a small quantity, and soaked it in a solution of salt nitre, commonly called salt petre, and planted with the seed thus prepared. The remainder of the field, we believe, was planted by the same individual. Now for the result. The five rows planted with corn prepared with salt nitre, commonly called salt petre, will yield more than twenty-five rows planted without any preparation. The five rows were untouched by the worms, while the remainder of the field suffered severely by the depredations. We should judge that not one kernel, saturated with salt nitre, was touched—while almost every hill in the adjoining row suffered severely. No one who will examine the field can doubt the efficacy of the preparation. He will be astonished at the striking difference between the five rows and the remainder of the field.

Here is a simple fact, which if seasonably and generally known, would have saved many thousand dollars to the farmers of this country alone, in the article of corn. It is a fact, which should be universally known, and is, in all probability, one of the greatest discoveries of modern times in the much neglected science of agriculture. At all events, the experiment should be extensively tested, as the results are deemed certain while the expense is comparatively nothing.

Mr. M. also stated as to the result of another experiment tried upon one of his apple trees last spring. It is a fine, thrifty tree, about twenty-five or thirty years old, but has never in any one year produced over about two bushels of apples. While in blossom last spring, he ascended the tree and sprinkled plaster freely on the blossoms, and the result is, that it will this season yield twenty bushels of apples. Now if the plaster will prevent the blast, it is a discovery of great importance. Mr. Massey was led to make the experiment by reading an account of the production of trees adjoining a meadow where plaster had been sown, at a time when there was a light breeze in the direction of the orchard, the trees contiguous to the meadow bearing well, while the others produced no fruit.—[Watertown (N. Y.) Standard.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—It has been recently discovered that if water be permitted to run out through a hole in the bottom of a vessel that contains it, a vortex will be formed in a direction contrary to the course of the sun. This is said to be invariably the fact; and if the water be forcibly made to whirl round in the opposite course, yet as soon as the opposing power is removed, it will begin to turn contrary to the sun. The discoverer of this phenomenon imputes it to the rotation of the earth on its axis, and deduces from it a method of finding the latitude of places.

YOUNG MEN.—There can hardly be a more sublime spectacle presented for our admiration, than that of a young man, who, urged by the impulses of struggling intellect, starts boldly from the treacherous ranks of obscurity and want, determined to battle his way through every obstacle to honor and renown. Thank heaven, that though the gifts of fortune are denied to such, they possess that god-like principle within, before the irresistible energy of which the most formidable obstacle becomes as cobweb barriers, in the path which honorable ambition points out.

[Irving.]

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