

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
HENRY B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.
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.—JEREMIAH.
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PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
Sixteen lines make a square.



Seminar of Angels.

BY RUTH DAWES.
The sceptic wonders those myriad orbs
That roll through the immensity of space,
Were formed—and while he thinks of this small earth
Is troubled, lest the infinity of worlds
Were made for that alone. Know, then, the truth:
Those countless spheres, "the poetry of Heaven,"
Were made for tribes unnumbered save by him,
Whose fit gave them their birth, and each apart
Is but a temporary school to train
The immortal soul for Heaven. Love divine
Wills and intends his creatures far that home,
So they co-operate with Him in willing.
And thus received his blessing: for mankind,
Is free to choose or not, and as the choice,
So is the lot of each. Who then can gaze
On this delightful nursery of angels,
Our beautiful earth, with all its lovely forms—
So lovely, that the merely natural eye
Drinks in delight with gazing—and not feel
Joyous that he is sent here as to school,
To learn the way to Heaven? As for me,
I've learned to look on man with better thoughts,
Since I have known this truth; and while I mourn
Over his infatuation and despair
Of his democracy, knowing it to be false;
And while I grieve at the dark drapery, hanging
Between his spiritual and natural being,
By which his inward senses are fast locked;
Yet do I know his march beneficent is onward,
Not as the petty politician thinks,
Amidst the sudden ruin of the system
In which he lives; but in a gradual progress
From natural science up to spiritual light,
Even to angelic brightness. Thus our earth,
With every other earth through boundless space,
Will be the birthplace of angelic choirs.
Their schools and seminaries. Would that men
Might even now believe it, and put off
Their evil loves as sins against high Heaven,
Then would their eyes be open, and the truth
Rush on their hearts; then would the world appear
Bright as the mid-day sun, and under it
Man would stand shadowless.

The Hour of Death.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.
Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meeting round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,
But all for thee, thou nightiest of the earth.
We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's fall shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?
Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music floats upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful hours,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.
Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

From the Lady's Gazette.

THE ROSE OF ST. CECILIA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.
There lived, in the year 1808, in the little village of Majorada, a Spanish muletter and a young girl, whose station in life was not more elevated than his, she being a servant in an inn, called the Golden Fountain. These two young people had been children together, and when they reached what is called in England the years of discretion, had loved, told each other their love, and the day on which our story commences the vows of eternal fidelity had passed between them. The time was fixed for the nuptials. In the mean time, Napoleon had sent a French army into Spain. Although favorably received at first, it was not long ere it met with resistance. The audacious, Francisco, was not the last to arm in defence of his country. In vain did Inizella entreat her lover not to leave her. Determined to perform his duty to his country, Francisco was inexorable. When the day of separation arrived, and the guerrilla went to pay his last visit to Inizella, he found her upon her knees before a little Madonna. He knelt at her side, and, after uttering a short prayer, bade her a white artificial rose.
'Arise!' said he. 'This is the rose of St. Cecilia. The Bishop of Barcelona gave it to my mother the day of her marriage. Keep it in remembrance of the poor muletter; it will bring happiness to us both.'
With these words the young Spaniard tore himself from the apartment. Oppressed with the weight of her grief, she fell upon her knees, pressing against her breast the sacred emblem of their love; and when Francisco turned his head, to take a last look, he saw the afflicted girl already praying for his return.
After the siege of Saragossa, the bands of guerrillas scattered through the mountains, were broken up, Francisco took the road to Majorada, and arrived the 2d October, 1801, at the village of Alcovendas. It was late when he reached the inn, at which fatigue compelled him to halt for the night. When he entered the 'posada,' he found it occupied by two officers of French dragoons, who, with their legs stretched upon the chairs, were silently smoking their pipes. The guerrilla frowned, as he recognized the

up in his cloak, took a seat at the further end of the room.
The youngest of the two officers laid his pipe upon the table.
'Here we are at last, said he, in Spain, which our university dreams clothed in so much poetry. Well, well, I must confess the women are beautiful.'
'Yes,' replied the other, 'but you will confess that you have been deceived in them. It is hard that a rose, with so much skill as you possess, should be compelled to capitulate before the virtue of the servant of a Spanish inn.'
The guerrilla became more attentive.
'Not so, my friend,' said the one who had commenced the conversation, 'the fortress was well defended, but it was it, and not I, that capitulated. However, upon my honor, that servant should have been entitled to the crown of white roses at Majorada.'
The glass that Francisco held, cracked between his fingers. He stretched his hand over the table next to him, and taking up a knife carefully examined its point.
'Have you a proof of your victory?' asked the other dragoon.
'A proof,' muttered Francisco, between his teeth.
The officer turned his head towards the guerrilla; when he saw his pale and disordered face, his flashing eyes and trembling lips, he hesitated a moment. It seemed to him that the presence of Francisco forbade him.
'Here it is,' said he, at length, drawing from the folds of his cloak a white rose.
Francisco, with a single bound, leaped the space which separated him from the table of the two officers, and with a threatening look, and eyes flashing fire, stood before them.
'That rose is mine!' he cried, in a voice of thunder, 'mine, the betrothed of Inizella.'
With these words, he seized his rival by the throat, and buried the knife in his breast before the witness of this scene had time to stay his arm.
When he was arrested he made no resistance and was conducted to Madrid for trial. Being interrogated by Joseph Bonaparte, whose forehead had just been encircled with the thorny crown of Ferdinand, that Prince saw with regret that he should be obliged to order the death of Francisco. Not wishing to give publicity to the matter, for he really pitied the poor youth, he commanded that the execution should privately take place the following morning, within the enclosure of the palace.
Six o'clock had just struck. A young girl, who seemed exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, traversed Madrid from the Convent of San Lorenzo to the gates of Buen Retiro. The officer of the guard, when he saw the distracted air of the poor girl, was moved with compassion, and had not the heart to forbid her entrance into the palace. But scarcely had she taken twenty steps in court, when a file of grenadiers crossed her path. In the centre of the soldiers walked Francisco; his head erect, and his arms crossed over his chest. Inizella recognized her lover. Breathless—her hair dishevelled—she threw herself upon her knees before the Frenchman, who halted, moved, at the sight of such deep despair.
'Oh! pardon, pardon Francisco!' cried the poor girl, stretching her hands supplicatingly towards the condemned; 'I am more unfortunate than guilty. Violence alone made me faithless.'
Then seeing the file moving forward, she rushed after her lover, and entwining his body within her arms, exclaimed, 'some word of pardon, Francisco! Oh! say that you feel neither hatred nor anger—!'
The guerrilla looked at her with sorrow.
'Neither hatred nor anger,' he replied, drawing from his bosom the white rose of St. Cecilia. 'There is thy rose, Inizella. It is faded; like thy virtue; it is withered, like my heart. 'Now,' added he to the soldiers, 'do your duty. Vive l'Espagne!'
Of the fate of the betrothed of Francisco we are ignorant. As to the officer, he recovered from his wounds, and a short time after the incidents we have just related, gained the epaulette of a captain of cavalry at the second siege of Saragossa. Now, he bitterly reproaches himself for what he calls the follies of his youth; and it is from his own lips we heard his story.
An old lady living on the line of a rail road in Michigan, lost her pigs and cattle, by their being run over. She demanded payment of the directors for the loss of her property; this they refused to make. In revenge, she greased the track for some distance, which at once put an end to all locomotion, and it was only by a free use of sand on the rails that the train could proceed. She continued this daily for a short time, when the directors were glad to compromise the affair by paying her the amount of damages claimed. He who contends with a determined woman, will always in the end come off second best.—Telegraph.

Eloquent Extract.

The following is the very eloquent conclusion of Mr. Marshall's speech, delivered before the Congressional Total Abstinence Society, February 25th, 1842:
Sir, if there be within this hall an individual man who thinks that his vast dignity and importance would be lowered, the laurels which he has heretofore won be tarnished, his glowing and all conquering popularity at home be lessened, by an act designed to redeem any portion of his colleagues of fellow men from ruin and shame, all I can say is, that he and I put a very different estimate upon the matter. I should say, sir, that the act was not only the most benevolent, but, in the present state of opinion, the most politic, the most popular (looking down at Mr. Wise, who sat just under the clerk's stand, Mr. M. added with a smile,) the very wisest thing he ever did in his life.
Think not, sir, (said Mr. M., still regarding Mr. W. with great earnestness,) think not that I feel myself in a ridiculous situation, and like the fox in the fable, wish to divide it with others by converting deformity into fashion. Not so, by my honor as a gentleman, not so. I was not what I was represented to be. I had and I have shown that I had full power over myself. But the pledge I have taken renders me secure forever from a fate inevitably following habits like mine—a fate more terrible than death. That pledge, though confined to myself alone, and with reference to its only effect upon me, my mind, my heart, my body, I would not exchange for all earth holds of brightest and of best. No, no, sir, let the banner of this temperance cause go backward or go forward—let the world be rescued from its degrading and ruinous bondage to alcohol or not—I for one shall never, never repent what I have done. I have often said this, and I feel it every moment of my existence, walking or sleeping. Sir, I would not change the physical sensations—the mere sense of animal being which belongs to man who totally restrains from all that can intoxicate his brain or derange his nervous structure—the elasticity with which he bounds from his couch in the morning—the sweet repose it yields him at night—the feeling with which he drinks in through his clear eyes the beauty and the grandeur of surrounding nature;—I say, sir, I would not exchange my conscious being, as a strictly temperate man—the sense of renovated youth—the glad play, with which my pulses now beat healthful music—the bounding vivacity with which the life blood courses its exulting way through every fibre of my frame—the communion high which my healthful ear and eyes now hold with all the gorgeous universe of God—the splendors of the morning, the softness of the evening sky—the bloom, the beauty, the verdure of the earth, the music of the air and waters—with all the grand associations of external nature, reopened to the fine avenues of sense—no, sir, though poverty dogged me—though scorn pointed its slow finger at me as I passed—though want and destitution, and every element of earthly misery, save only crime, met my waking eye from day to day;—not for the brightest and noblest wreath that ever encircled a statesman's brow—not, if some angel commissioned by heaven, or some demon rather sent fresh from hell, to test the resisting strength of virtuous resolutions, should tempt me back, with all the honors which a world can bestow;—not for all that time and all that earth can give, would I cast from me this precious pledge of a liberated mind, this talisman against temptation, and plunge again into the dangers and terrors which once beset my path. So help me heaven, sir, as I would spurn beneath my feet, all the gifts the universe could offer, and live and die as I am, poor but sober.
MARRIAGE AND BLOOD.—We copy the following from the La Grange (Penn.) Gatherer: "We are pained to learn that on Thursday evening last, a most horrible transaction took place in this county, nine or ten miles from this place, which resulted in the death of David Jarnegan, Esq., and the wounding of several other persons. The general facts we will state as we heard them. It appears that a Mr. Morgan had arranged a matrimonial elopement with a daughter of the deceased, which with the aid of friends was accomplished on Tuesday; the parties having repaired to a house in the neighborhood where the marriage ceremony was legally performed. Upon learning the fact of the elopement, Jarnegan became very indignant and determined to go in pursuit. Taking a few friends, he soon reached the house where the marriage party was assembled. We learn that he forced the door and entered, when an attack commenced, in which the deceased received sundry wounds, which produced his death early yesterday morning. Some others were wounded, among them Mr. J. F. Simmons, who we understand is seriously, if not dangerously injured. With the deceased we were well acquainted. He was a wealthy planter, and possessed many fine points of character. His untimely end is much regretted by his numerous friends."

The New York Tribune gives the name of "The Yankee Geologist" to the ingenious and very useful machine which it describes in the annexed article.
We paid a flying visit on Saturday last to 'Otis's Steam Excavator,' in Brooklyn, where it is at work digging down the hill known as 'Fort Green,' and filling up the shallow inlet and quagmire entitled 'the Wallabout,' or so much of it as lies above the old road to Flushing. The 'Geologist' is surely a great curiosity. He walks right into a mountain as though it were a plate of hot cakes, and digs it up a cart load at a shovel, as fast as you please. He cuts right and left a path some six rods wide through the hill, and then takes a new swath. He is locomotive, and advances by his own steam-power, whenever the earth has receded before him, grades and stakes down for himself, and only requires one man to tend shovel and another to look after the fire and engine, though one or two others are generally employed to smooth the track before him, &c., besides tending the carts, which approach to be filled on one rail-track and go off loaded by another.
If he comes to a stone weighing only a ton or such a matter, the 'Geologist' makes no bones of it, but pitches it into the cart like a peck of gravel. If he comes to a stone weighing some four or five tons, he takes him up more carefully and lays him out the other side of his path. All this is effected by an immense shovel with a sliding bottom, the end of an immense and complicated arm, worked by much ingenious machinery.
The inventor is now dead; the company spent thirty thousand dollars upon the invention before the first machine was made, and much more afterward. The patent (which is now secured throughout Europe), is now probably worth a million of dollars. An 'Excavator' complete costs about \$6,000, and will dig and load 1,000 cubic yards of earth per day—equal to the labor of 150 men—cares nothing for cold or heat, or rain or fair weather, but goes ahead and minds its own business through all.
The excavator is about a mile from the Fulton Ferry (where carriages are abundant, and we recommend those who have leisure and rational curiosity to look over, and see this modern Hercules at his labors. Such a chance for those interested in Geology has rarely been afforded. Fort Green was entirely a marine deposit, and nearly every variety of rock has been disclosed by the excavation—including large masses from Westchester, Connecticut, and regions far more distant. Under fifty feet of soil are found boulders and pebbles which must have been subjected to the action of waves and currents for hundreds if not thousands of years, and thus have been worn round and smooth as lap stones. Pretty extensive Geological Cabinets may be made up here with hardly a touch of the hammer. Who will neglect the opportunity to see a machine which is to work a revolution in Railroad, Canal and all extensive excavation whatever?

God Seen in all His Works.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.
In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which as you travel on the western banks of the river, you see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself. About forty years ago, there lived in that castle a nobleman, whom we call Baron—. The Baron had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.
It happened on a certain occasion, that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the Baron. As soon as the gentleman came into the castle, he began to talk of his Heavenly Father, in terms that chilled the old man's blood; of which the Baron reproved him, saying, 'Are you not afraid of offending God who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?' The gentleman said that he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him. The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about his little castle and grounds, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much and said, "Whoever drew this picture, knows very well how to use his pencil."
'My son drew this picture,' said the Baron.
'Then your son is a very clever man,' replied the gentleman.
The Baron went with his visitor into the garden and showed him many beautiful flowers and plantations of forest trees.
'Who has the ordering of this garden?' asked the gentleman.
'My son,' replied the Baron; 'he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall.'
'Indeed,' said the gentleman, 'I shall think very highly of him soon.'
The Baron then took him into the village and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so innocent and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle, he said to the Baron, 'what a happy man you are to have so good a son.'
'How do you know I have so good a son?'
'Because I have seen his works, and I know he must be good and clever, if he has done all you have showed me.'
'But you have never seen him.'
'No, but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works.'
'True,' replied the Baron, 'and this is the way I judge of the character of our heavenly Father. I know from His works that He is a being of infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness.'
The Frenchman felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the good Baron any more by his remarks.
Wouldn't take Twenty Dollars.
Some waggish students at Yale College, a few years since, were regaling themselves one evening at the 'Tontine,' when an old farmer from the country entered their room (taking it for the bar room) and inquired if he could obtain lodging there. The young chaps immediately answered him in the affirmative, inviting him to take a glass of punch. The old fellow was a shrewd Yankee, saw that he was to be made the butt of their jest, but quietly laying off his hat and telling a worthless dog he had to be under the chair, he took a glass of the proffered beverage. The students anxiously inquired after the health of the old man's wife and children, and the farmer with affected simplicity, gave them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes regarding his farm stock, &c., &c.
'Do you belong to the church?' asked one of the wags.
'Yes, the Lord be praised, and so did my father before me.'
'Well, I suppose you would not tell a lie,' replied the student.
'Not for the world,' added the farmer.
'Now what will you take for that dog?' pointing to the farmer's cur, who was not worth his weight in Jersey mud.
'I would not take twenty dollars for that dog.'
'Twenty dollars! why he is not worth twenty cents.'
'Well I assure you I would not take twenty dollars for him.'
'Come, my friend, said the student, who with his companions was bent on having some fun with the old man, 'now you say you won't tell a lie for the world, let me see if you will not do it for twenty dollars.' 'I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog.'
'I'll not take it,' replied the farmer.
'You will not? Here, let us see if this won't tempt you to tell a lie,' added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars, from which he commenced counting numerous small piles upon the table. The farmer was sitting by the

table with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned. 'There,' added the student, 'there are twenty dollars all in silver, I will give you that for your dog.'
The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and then as quick as thought scraped all the money into it except one half dollar, at the same time exclaiming—'I won't take your twenty dollars! Nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth—he is your property!'
A tremendous laugh from his fellow students showed the would be wag, that he was completely 'done up,' and that he need not look for help from that quarter; so he good naturedly acknowledged himself beat—insisted on the old farmer's taking another glass, and they parted in great glee—the student retaining his dog which he keeps to this day, as a lesson to him never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially to be careful how he tries to wheedle a Yankee farmer.
Uncle Sam.
SOMETHING NEW.—Another use for India rubber, has been devised at the South. Ninety-three bales of cotton, stored in bags of this article, were floated down the Tombigbee and Alabama, to Mobile, and arrived in a perfectly safe condition.—The bales weighed five or six hundred pounds each, and drew only three and a half inches of water.
NOVEL CLOCK.—A Frenchman named Rabies, at Chalillon, has invented a self-winding clock. The weight is raised whenever the hour is struck. The Yankees must look out sharp, or the people on the other side of the big pond will bear away the palm in inventing and constructing labor-saving machines.
A MONUMENT TO WILLIAM PENN.—A number of members of the Society of Friends contemplate erecting a monument to William Penn on the site of the old Elm Tree, in Kensington. They have, as we are informed made a proposition to purchase a lot of ground in the locality named, having a front on Beach street of 70 feet, and it is probable that they may secure it on fair terms from the present owners. Should they succeed in their negotiations, they will cause a monument to be erected which shall be two hundred feet high, with a square base of forty feet, and with a flight of steps on the inside leading from the base to the top. The undertaking is a praiseworthy one, and we hope it may prove successful.—Philed. Ledger.
Female Character.
Daughters should be thoroughly acquainted with the business and cares of a family. These are among the first objects of woman's creation; they ought to be among the first branches of her education. They should learn neatness, economy, industry and sobriety. These will constitute their ornaments. No vermilion will be necessary to give color or expression to the countenance; no artificial supports to give shape or torture to the body. Nature will appear in all her loveliness of proportion, of beauty; and modesty, unaffected gentleness of manner, will render them amiable in the kitchen and dining room, and ornaments to the sitting room and parlor. How enviable the parents of such a daughter! How lovely the daughter herself! How happy the husband of such a wife! Thrice happy the children of such a mother! They shall rise up and call her blessed, and her memory shall live.
The influence of the female character cannot be estimated. It is decisive of the character of the other sex. If her character be pure and elevated, and without reproach, such will be the character of the other sex. There is no man such a monster that he would dare to be vicious in the presence of a virtuous woman. Her character is a shield against even the seducation of vice.
Every thing, domestic or social, depends on female character. As daughters and sisters, they decide the character of the family. As wives, they emphatically decide the characters of their husbands, and their condition also. It has been unmeaningly said, that the husband may ask the wife whether he may be respected. He certainly must inquire at her altar whether he may be prosperous and happy. As mothers, they decide the character of their children. Nature has constituted them the early guardians and instructors of their children, and clothed them with sympathies suited to this important trust.
HEAR BOTH SIDES.—'Why, it's good to get drunk once in a while,' said a runner, 'for it clears a fellow out.'
'That's a fact, it does,' replied a Washingtonian; 'but cleanest huncut of house, home money and friends.'