

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 patent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eelsey.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, May 11, 1842.

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From *Crochet's Magazine for May*.
THE OLD WORLD.
BY GEORGE LENT.

There was once a world and a brave old world
Away in the ancient time,
When the men were brave and the women fair,
And the world was in its prime;
And the priest he had his gown,
And the scholar had his gown,
And the old knight stout, he walked about
With his broad sword hanging down.

Ye may see this world was a brave old world,
In the days long past and gone,
And the sun it shone and the rain it rained,
And the world went merrily on.
The Shepherd kept his sheep,
And the milkmaid milked the kine,
And the serving man was a sturdy foot
In a cap and doublet fine.

And I've been told in this brave old world
There were jolly times and free,
And they danced and sung, till the welkin rung,
All under the greenwood tree.
The sexton chimed his sweet, sweet bells,
And the huntsman blew his horn,
And the hunt went out with a merry shout,
Beneath the jovial morn.

Oh, the golden days of the brave old world,
Made hall and cottage shine;
The squires sat in his oaken chair,
And quaff'd the good red wine;
The lovely village maiden,
She was the village queen,
And, by the may, tripped through the grass
To the May-pole on the green.

When trumpets roused this brave old world
And banners flaunted wide,
The knight bestrode the stalwart steed,
And the page rode by his side,
And plumes and pennons tossing bright
Dashed through the wind and air,
And he who pressed amid them best
Was lord of all, that day.

And ladies fair, in the brave old world,
They rided with wondrous sway,
But the stoutest knight he was lord of right,
As the strongest is to-day,
The baron bold he kept his hold,
His fowling his bright lady,
But the foester kept the good greenwood,
All under the forest tree.

Oh, how they laughed in the brave old world,
And flung grim "Cave away!"
And when they were tired of working
They held it time to play.
The workman was a revolved wight,
With a studious face so pale,
And the curlew bell, with its sullen swell,
Broke duly on the gale.

And so passed on in the brave old world,
Those merry days and free;
The king drank wine and down drank ale,
Each man in his degree,
And some ruled well and some ruled ill,
And thus passed on the time,
With jolly ways in those brave old days
When the world was in its prime.

MAN.

BY J. G. FERRIVAL.

I feel a new life in every age,
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the soil,
Till of sereener hours,
Of hours that glide unnoted away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls
From his blue flame of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the walky break
Their slumbers and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide furze waves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light daisy of the west-wind play;
And the full-irising floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

A SHARPER SERVED OUT.—A man the other day got a crowd of countrymen around him near the old market, and attempted to "surprise the natives," by a few slights of hand. After accomplishing a feat or two, and winning some bets, he told one of the spectators, a tall, raw looking fellow, that he could turn a nine-pence into a dollar, if he could be furnished with one. The spectator out with his leather pouch, and handed the exhibitor a ninepence, which the latter readily, apparently, converted into a silver dollar—handed it to the spectator to examine. The countryman, on receiving the dollar, took off his hat and made a low bow to the exhibitor, exclaiming, "Well, I'll be darned if you haven't done it!" and then putting the dollar into the pouch from which he had taken the nine-pence, he added, "but you ain't going to turn it back into a nine pence, no how."—*Providence Chron.*

"Is that clean butter?" asked a grocer of a boy who had brought a quantity to market. "I should think it ought to be," replied the boy, "for marm and Sall were more than two hours picking the hairs out of it last night!"

Green.—When is a pound of butter like an Irish family? When it's made in little pats.

Dartmouth College Reminiscence.

A BEAR HUNT.

During the early years of the existence of Dartmouth College, an excellent and learned, but unfortunately, near-sighted professor, attached to that venerable institution, was accustomed to recreate himself very early every morning by long perambulations through the country. He thought the effect of it bracing, and that it was calculated to give him an appetite for his breakfast. As some doctors are of the same opinion, the reader may peradventure be induced to test the worth of the prescription himself; but if he be near-sighted, our request, as a loving brother, is, that before each walk he adorn his nasal organ with that intellectual appendage a pair of spectacles.—They not only confer a knowing look on the wearer, but, if the walk be commenced in the grey of the morning, when things at a distance are seen dimly, they may be the means of saving him a world of ridicule and mortification. But to return to our professor.—One morning he had taken for his solitary walk a new and circuitous route. Wandering into the forest from the main road, he essayed to traverse the entire section of the woods, and come out on a new and rather an unfrequented path, which would, however, lead him direct to the College buildings. Abstracted as he generally was, and thinking of the classic heroes of antiquity, he was but little prepared for the shock that awaited him. He had come to a kind of clearing, when lo! at some eight or ten rods distance, what should meet his eyes but an enormous bear, with several cubs! This not only put to precipitate flight his splendid day dreams with all the gods and goddesses of the Pantheon in their train, but the professor himself, who took to his legs, and made tracks towards home with such celerity that had the bear contemplated making a breakfast of him, she would doubtless have been disappointed. There was no wonder he ran, for all the stories he had ever heard of Bruin's ferocity, especially in the case of the female encountered with *swamp, dived* before his mind; and by the time he reached the College, he was all perspiration, and so out of breath that all he could utter was, "A bear and cubs—a bear and cubs!"

After his fright had subsided, and the story was fairly understood, what a din of preparation was there for the bear campaign. Students, professors, president and all, thirsting for martial distinction in the warfare about to be undertaken, armed themselves so extensively, that let alone a bear and a few cubs a score or two of Indians would have stood a slim chance before them. Every thing in the shape of an offensive weapon was in requisition. These or four old muskets, some eight or ten pitchforks, an old rung of a wagon, axes, hoes, and, in fact, for want of better arms and accoutrements, the youngest of the warriors demolished an entire rail fence, from which they prepared themselves for the contemplated fun. The march through the woods was a cautious one—a sort of Indian file; for apprehensive that too much stir would induce the enemy to change quarters, stratagem in mode of attack was deemed necessary. The calculation was to circumvent her, and attacking her at all points; compel a surrender.—Well at length the advanced guard reached the afore-said clearing, and the worthy professor, who had hardly been able to contain himself for the prominence he bore in the glorious enterprise, was observed to come to a dead halt. Doubtless the reader will suppose it was occasioned by his unwillingness to come in very close contiguity with his formidable foe. No such thing. No fear of the kind came across him. The enemy was not in a situation to offer resistance, for the bear and cubs turned out to be the *stumps of one large and several small trees* which had been burnt over by the wood-cutter. The professor could hardly believe his eyes. (I mean his spectacles, for now he had them on,) and he would rather have faced a hyena than to have endured the laugh with which the woods rang again and again. The professor seasoned their jokes and jibes on him with that peculiar kind of salt peculiar to such dry old fellows, and the youngsters considering themselves without the pale of discipline had ample revenge for all the Greek and Latin he had inflicted on them. They laid on their sarcastic taunts and signed him most mercilessly. You may be sure there was but little solemnity during prayer that morning, and the old president, whether through design or accident, must needs stumble on the chapter in the old testament for the morning reading which tells of the prophet being mocked by little children; and when he came to be recorded of two *she bears* issuing from the wood and tearing forty and two of them, his was the only straight face in the assembly. It was already shrewdly suspected that the President selected this chapter by design, for with all his theology he was a regular wag and would grow fat on a good joke. Some days after the bear hunt, the professor who figured so largely in it possessed

a hit in a manner but little expected. He was lecturing a class on the passions, requiring of each student some outward exhibition of the various emotions which agitate the human breast; and thus, love, hatred, jealousy, revenge, grief, &c., were successfully depicted. At length it came to Sam Burton's turn to depict fear. Now Sam loved mischief far better than he did his books, and one night as well have looked for sublime sentiments from the mouth of merry Andrew as to have supposed that Sam would let slip such an opportunity for making sport. He hesitated a moment after the question was put, but those who knew him best thought that something extra was coming. Assuming all the terror his countenance was capable of expressing and rushing forward headlong through the room as fast as his legs could carry him, he screamed at the top of his lungs, "a bear and cub! a bear and cub! a bear and cub!" The students were of course all convulsed with laughter, and all that done that afternoon in the way of the passions was depicting mirth on the widest and broadest principle, that is, mouths stretched open from ear to ear. Sam was publicly reprimanded by the president to be sure, but the old gentleman did it with such humorous gravity that Sam's equanimity was not particularly disturbed.—As for the poor professor, he probably never forgot his bear hunt, for up in New Hampshire and Vermont the old folks in the region of the college tell the story over their apples and cider to this day, and no doubt enjoy it quite as well as in days of *old lang syne*.

Ladies' Daily Gazette.

Slight Circumstances.

Sir Walter Scott, walking one day along the banks of Yarrow, where Mungo Park was borne, saw the traveller throwing stones into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. Scott inquired the object of this occupation. "I was thinking," answered Park, "how often I had tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time had elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface." It was a slight circumstance, but the traveller's faculty frequently depended upon it. In a watch the unassuming forms a small portion of the works, but it impels and governs the whole. So it is in machinery of human life; a slight circumstance is permitted by the Divine Ruler to derange or so alter it; a giant falls by a pebble, a girl, at the door of an inn, changes the fortune of an empire. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, the condition of the world would have been different. The Mohammedans have a tradition, that when their prophet concealed himself in Mount Shur, his pursuers were deceived by a spider's web, which covered the mouth of the cave. We trace the same happy influence of slight circumstances in the history of science. Pascal was born with a genius for mathematical discovery; no disconcerting could repress his eager passion for scientific investigation; he heard a common dinner-plate ring, and immediately wrote a treatise upon sound. While Galileo was studying medicine in the University of Pisa, the regular oscillation of a lamp, suspended from the roof of the cathedral, attracted his observation, and led him to consider the vibrations of pendulums. Kepler having observed a second time, and resembling, perhaps the great Florentine astronomer in his partiality to wine, determined to lay in a store from the Austrian's yards; some difference, however, arose between himself and the seller with respect to the measurement, and Kepler produced a treatise, which has been placed among the earliest specimens of what is now called the *modern analysis*. The slight circumstance of Newton's observing the different refrangibility of the rays of light, seen through a prism upon a wall, suggested the astronomical telescope, and led to the prodigious discoveries in astronomy. The motion of a speck of dust, it has been said, may illustrate causes adequate to generate worlds.—*Asiatic Journal*.

WILD BULLOCK.—On Monday afternoon last, as Mr. John Poplow was driving a herd of oxen near Wharton market, one of them ran at several persons in the market, and afterwards cantered away across the fields towards Moyanensing. The infuriated animal ran at a fence, tore it out of the ground, and with a portion of it on its horns, started down the Passyunk Road, towards Moyanensing Prison. Here it was seen by Mr. Charles Brooker, who loaded his shot gun, and not having a bullet handy, put in a small marble, and killed the animal at the first fire.—*Phil. Chron.*

Doctor Franklin has some queer notions. For example, he thought the judges ought to be appointed by the lawyers; for added the alderwick old man, in Scotland, where the practice prevails, they always select the ablest member of the profession, in order to get rid of him, and to share his practice among themselves.

From the last Bentley.

HUNTING MONKEYS.

No country in the world, perhaps, offers such temptations for the true sportsman as India. The quantity of game, particularly in Bengal, exceeds the most sanguine ideas of an untraveled Briton. The sport itself is considerably more majestic and more imposing. The wild peacock, the florin, the black cock of India, are incomparably beyond the puny game of the West. The traveler, who has hunted the tiger, the lion, and the wild boar, may almost venture to look down on fox-hunting as a childish amusement. The very dangers which environ the Eastern chase give it an excitement superior to that of Great Britain, as the fox-hunt boasts of the capture of a tame cat, or the destruction of a harmless rabbit. Remember I am an Indian; I speak as an Indian; I write as an Indian. Were I an Ap- perly or Nimrod, I might then view the subject in a different light.

The whole face of the country in the East seems alive. A thousand species of birds unknown in Europe—a thousand different kinds of animals, omitted by some of our best zoologists—a thousand venomous, but beautiful reptiles, vivify the scene. With a gun over the shoulder, a host of objects, besides those which are styled "legitimate game," offer themselves to tempt a shot, (not that I ever had the craving desire which some men feel, merely to kill and destroy, for the sake of wanton cruelty,) from their gay plumage and curious form.

I was strolling through a wood high up the country, with my Mantou on my shoulder, my thoughts all entered in Europe, when I heard a curious noise in a tree almost immediately above me. I looked up, and found that the sounds proceeded from a white monkey, who skipped from branch to branch, chattering away with delight at beholding a fellow-creature of a larger growth; for so he decidedly seemed to consider me. For a few moments I took no notice of his antics, and walked quietly along, till suddenly a large branch fell at my feet, narrowly escaping my head. I again paused, and found that the missile had been dropped by my talkative friend. Without consideration I instantly turned round, and fired at him.

The report had scarcely sounded, when I heard the most piercing, the most distressing cry that ever reached my ears. The agonised shriek of a young infant burst from the little creature whom I had wounded. It was within thirty paces of me. I could see the wretched animal already stained with blood, point to its wound, and again hear its dreadful moan. The last agony of a hare is harrowing to the tyro, and I have seen a young sportsman turn pale on hearing it. The present cry was, however, more distressing. I turned round, and endeavored to hurry away. This, however, I found no easy task; for, as I moved forward, the unhappy creature followed me, springing as well as it could from bough to bough, uttering a low wailing moan, and pointing at the same time to the spot whence the blood trickled. Then regarding me steadily but mournfully in the face, it seemed to reproach me with my wanton cruelty. Again I hastened on, but still it pursued me.—When I stopped, it stopped; when I attempted to go forward, it accompanied me. Never in the whole course of my life did I feel so much for a dumb animal; never did I so keenly repent an act of uncal- led-for barbarity.

Determined not to allow the poor monkey thus to linger in torture, and at once to end the annoying scene, I suddenly came to a halt, and lowering my gun, which was only single-barreled, I was about to re-load it for the purpose of despatching the maimed creature, when, springing from the tree, it ran to within about half-a-dozen paces of me, and began to cry so piteously, and roll itself in agony, occasionally picking up earth, with which it attempted to stanch the blood by stuffing it into the wound, that, in spite of my resolution, when I fired I was so nervous I almost missed my aim, inflicting another wound which broke the animal's leg, but not more. Again its piercing shriek ran in my ears. Horrified beyond endurance, I threw down my gun, and actually fled.

In about half-an-hour I returned, for the purpose of fetching my Mantou, fully expecting that the poor animal had left the spot. What, then, was my surprise to find a crowd of monkeys surrounding the wretched sufferer. As I advanced under the shade of some trees, I stole almost close to him before they perceived me. I took advantage of this circumstance to pause for a moment, and watch their movements. The stricken monkey was crying out in the most piteous manner; the others were busily employed in tearing open the wound, trying to destroy the already dreadfully maimed creature. A shout drove them all away, save they dying animal. I advanced—the little monkey was rolling in agony. I took up my gun, which lay beside him. I fancied he cast one look of supplication on me, one prayer to be relieved

from his misery. I did not hesitate; with one blow of the butt-end I dashed out his brains. Then turning round, I slowly returned to my quarters, more profoundly dispirited than I had felt for many months.

Take my advice, sensible reader, if you must live in India, never shoot a monkey.

Statistics of Labor.

ENGLAND.—In England the price of labor varies. The Nottingham stocking weavers, as stated by them in a public address, after working from 11 to 16 hours per day, earn only from four to five shillings per week, and are obliged to subsist on bread and water or potatoes and salt.

SCOTLAND.—Among the laboring classes of the industrious Scotch, meat, except on Sundays, is rarely used.

FRANCE.—Of the people of France, seven and a half millions do not eat wheat or wheaten bread. They live upon barley, rye, buckwheat, chestnuts, and potatoes. The common wages of a hired laborer in France, are \$37 50 for a man, and \$18 75 for a woman annually. The taxes put upon them are equal to one fifth of the net product.

NORWAY.—In Norway the ordinary food for the peasantry is bread and gruel, both prepared of oatmeal with an occasional mixture of dried fish. Meat is a luxury rarely used.

POLAND.—The common food of the peasantry of Poland, the working men, is cabbage and potatoes; sometimes, (not generally,) black bread and soup, or rather, gruel, without the addition of butter or meat. A recent traveller says, "I have travelled in every direction, and never saw a wheaten loaf eastward of the Rhine, in any part of Northern Germany, Poland or Denmark."

DENMARK.—In Denmark the peasantry are still held in bondage, and are bought and sold together with the land on which they labor.

RUSSIA.—In Russia the bondage of the peasantry is even more complete than it is in Denmark. The nobles own all the land in the empire and the peasantry who reside upon it are transferred with the estate. A great majority have only cottages, one portion of which is occupied by the family, while the other is appropriated to domestic animals. Few, if any, have beds—but sleep upon bare boards or upon parts of the immense stoves by which their houses are warmed. Their food consists of black bread, cabbage, and other vegetables, without the addition of any butter.

AUSTRIA.—In Austria, the nobles are the proprietors of the land, and the peasants are compelled to work for their master every day except Sunday. The cultivators of the soil are in a state of bondage.

SWEDEN.—In Sweden the dress of the peasantry is prescribed by law. Their food consists of hard bread and dried fish, without gruel and without meat.

HUNGARY.—In Hungary, their state is, if possible, still worse. The nobles own the land, do not work, and pay no taxes. The laboring class are obliged to repair all highways and bridges, are liable at all times to have soldiers quartered upon them and are compelled to pay one-tenth of the produce of their labor to the church and one to the lord whose land they occupy.

IRELAND.—The average wages of a laborer is from nine and a half to eleven cents per day. Their food is "milk and potatoes," occasionally varied, as one of them describes it, by "potatoes and milk." Truly may it be said that all over the world, "hard" is the fate of the laboring poor." Yet they are the producers of all the wealth in every country.—*N. Y. Era*.

Epitaphs.

The difficulty of excelling in this department of literature, has caused it to be neglected by most of our American writers. Indeed, few authors have had the courage even to squint towards this line, since Doctor Johnson brought one of his great guns to bear upon the subject; for it is pretty notorious that this literary artillery, battered down the reputation of every Epitaph maker who had preceded him, or was so presumptuous as to have the misfortune to be his contemporary. Thus much by way of a preface to the following Epitaph, heretofore unpublished; which a friend of mine professes to have copied from a grave stone in Scotland, albeit his memory does not point him to the Church Yard or neighborhood in which repose the bones of the heroic defunct, whose name and fate are enshrined in these words:

Here lies the body of Alexander McPherson,
Who was a very extraordinary person;
He was two yards high in his walking top,
And kept his acquaintances very clean and tight;
He was five
At the battle of Waterloo;
He was shot by a bullet,
Plunged through the goblet;
It was in the throat,
And came out the back of his neck!

N. Y. American.

"Come out here and I'll lick the whole on you, as the boy said ven he seed a little fall of sugar sticks in a shop window.

The result of a long Law Suit Personally.

Yesterday morning, a short time before the Circuit Court went into session, a man entered the Court room, whose appearance was as miserable as the imagination can well conceive. His face was pale and emaciated, and his beard was apparently unshaved for many weeks, if not months. On his head was the remains of a hat, without a crown or brim to it; the remnant of the coat which he wore had but a sleeve to it, and the sleeveless side of it exhibited a naked arm. Of his pantaloons there scarcely remained a fragment, and half the lower part of his person was covered by the tattered remains of what was once a shirt. The remainder of his apparel was composed of a pair of something like old shoes, which were tied to his feet to prevent them falling off. He entered the court room with a large bundle of papers in his hand and mounted a bench and commenced reading one of them. But he had scarcely begun, when an officer of the court led him very unwillingly out of it, and a person who was in the court followed him, to ascertain something about one whose appearance was so appalling. In reply to a question put to him, the unfortunate maniac for such he evidently was, said that he wanted to make a motion before the court in order to ascertain the result of a long law suit that he was engaged in.

It said a bystander, he could only see himself in a mirror, he would behold the result of a long law suit, personally.—*N. Y. Jour. of Commerce*.

THE WAGON PASSENGER.—There are it appears on the Criminal Docket of the General Sessions for the present term, two men of the name of Abraham Johnson, and three men of the name of William Taylor. Yesterday one of the Abraham Johnson's was tried for the other, and although he asserted that it was all a mistake, and that he was not the man, it was not until the evidence had cleared that it was ascertained that he was not the real Simon Pure. The same thing occurred with one of the William Taylor's yesterday. One Billy Taylor was charged for another. There's something in a name. It is one thing to be tried for horse stealing and another thing to be tried for the larceny of a turnip.—*Phil. Chron.*

FISH WITHOUT EYES.—Mr. J. F. Hanks, in describing the Mammoth Cave in Edmonson County Ky., mentions the fact that many fishes, without eyes, have been taken in the river Styx, which runs through the cave. "We were not fortunate enough to see one," says he, "as none had been caught for several weeks. I conversed with Dr. Porter, of Bowling Green, on the subject, who informed me that he had one of them in his possession; that he had dissected the head, and examined every part of it with a microscope, and no traces of any organs of vision could be detected. They are called blind fish, are about four or five inches long, and are white and transparent. The bones, circulation, &c. are readily discerned by the naked eye through their whole substance." Doubt not, reader! for there are more wonders in heaven and earth than were ever dreamed of in your philosophy.—*Nashville Whig*.

CORN OIL.—We observe, by a western paper, that a number of barrels of corn oil have been sent on from Ohio to New York. It is said to be an excellent commodity—burning as brilliantly as the purest sperm, without emitting any of the offensive odor of ordinary oil. If this new discovery should prove successful—as those best acquainted with it contend that it will—the vast surplussage of corn which is now raised in this country, and so much of which is made into alcoholic poison, may be converted into a profitable and beneficial use.—*Rochester Democrat*.

WHALING IN OUR HARBOR.—The bark Dragon, which arrived at this port yesterday, now lays in the stream, her crew engaged in cutting in and frying out the blubber of four sperm whales, caught by her off the coast of North Carolina. The Captain states that if all the ships in New-Bedford had been on the ground, they might each have had a whale, so numerous was the school.—*Barstabile Bulletin*.

The Liberia Herald of the 31st of December says:

"Within the last five weeks, at least eighteen thousand gallons of oil have been shipped from this place alone, in addition to the usual quantities of camwood, ivory, &c. We hear that large quantities have been shipped from Bas-sa also.

"His honor, the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint Thursday, the 6th proximo, a day of public thanks, giving.