

**TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN,"**  
HENRY B. MASSER, PUBLISHER AND  
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.

H. B. MASSER, Editor.

[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.]

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.  
No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.



**Time to Come.**

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

O, Death! a black and merciless pall  
Hangs round thee, and thy future state;  
No eye may see, no mind may grasp  
That mystery of Fate.  
The brain which now alternate throbs  
With swelling hope and gloomy fear;  
This heart with all the changing hues,  
That mortal passions bear—  
This curious frame of human mould,  
Where unrequited ravings play,  
This brain, and heart, and wondrous form  
Must all alike decay.  
The leaping blood will stop its flow,  
The horse death struggle pass; the cheek  
Lay bloomless, and the liquid tongue  
Will then forget to speak.  
The grave will take me; earth will close  
O'er cold dull limb, and ashy face;  
But whose, O Nature, there shall be  
The souls abiding place!  
Will it 'er live? for though its light  
Must shine till from the body torn;  
Then when the oil of life is spent,  
Still shall the taper burn!  
O, how-less is this struggling brain  
To read the mighty mystery;  
In dark, uncertain awe it waits  
The common doom to die.—*Dem. Review.*

**Marshall's Temperance Speeches.**

Among the lions of "ANNIVERSARY WEEK" in New York, the Hon. T. F. Marshall, member of Congress from Kentucky, this year stands pre-eminent. Mr. Marshall is certainly a man of eloquence, and has already won a reputation at Washington. In the early part of the session, he spoke in the House more than once, under the influence of liquor. He subsequently joined the Temperance Society. During the past week he has been in New York, speaking to overflowing houses nightly, on the subject of Temperance. The enthusiasm he has aroused, is shown by our cotemporaries in terms which speak of their having caught a portion of the enthusiasm of the audiences. We quote one of the honorable gentleman's speeches, in which he gives his experience. It is his humor is more remarkable, perhaps, than his eloquence, although the passage, in which allusion is made to the speaker's mother, is thrilling. He prefaced it by observing that he had been very frequently called on to address large bodies of the people in Kentucky, in political contests, was often elected to that Legislature and during the canvass it was a custom to eat and drink freely all round.  
"He did not mean by this—he said—to have any one suppose that his constituents were either an immoral, or a drinking or dissipated people—and as the reporters seemed to put down all he said, he wished this fact mentioned most particularly that he might not be misunderstood—and he would take this opportunity to say that there isn't a man, be he who he may who represents a prouder, a better, or more moral people than his constituents; still, it takes a heap of people to make a world; and a candidate must take votes as they come and not pick 'em. Well, I got in the habit of drinking with them, and it frequently happened that your humble servant would get most confoundedly drunk half a dozen times during the canvass. This was a source of vast uneasiness to my friends—they still voted for me—but they warned me—oh, how they warned me, I told them they needn't mind my cutting these capers, and getting into these spees, that if they sent me to Congress, I'd quit it. My mother too; and oh, if I've ever seen any mortal thing that had not a single taint of original sin, it was that some good old Presbyterian mother of mine; if she ever did have any of it at any time of her life, she had parted with it all before I'd formed any acquaintance with her or knew any thing about her. She warned me. When my elections were over, I retired to my closet, and was a hard student and roused from liquor for a long period.  
"And if I ever got into a frolic I staid away from home—from my mother—I've got no wife—till I got pale, till all the red went off; and under that parental roof I was always sober. Well, I pledged myself to my friends that if they would run me for Congress, I'd not frolic during the canvass. They run me and I kept my word; I didn't get drunk during the canvass. After it was over, however, I got into one of the most immodest spees. [Laughter.] I said my time's out. I've got my certificate in my pocket, and if I don't make up for all this lost time and abstinence, then it will be because I can find nothing to drink. Well, I did go into that spee about as heavy as a man well could, and live. Well, I came from Lexington to Washington in four days and nights, as I wanted to be in time to vote for Mr. White for Speaker; I didn't drink a drop on the road, I was so sick after the spee that I wouldn't leave till four days before Congress met; I came through in four days—didn't take my

# 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.—LITTLETONS.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, May 21, 1842.

Vol. 11—No. XXXIV.

clothes off—lept in the mail stage and was in time to vote. I resolved then in my new high station to keep sober; for two whole days I stuck to this resolve. I then went down to a nice little drinking shop—refectory they have under the house, and got a horn and another; and that was the commencement there. [Laughter.] Well, old Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, made a most tremendous speech, which I didn't much like, and I determined to answer him. Well, the idea of speaking for the first time in Congress, and answering so distinguished a man as Mr. Adams—for you know what a big man he is—I couldn't sleep all night, and the next day I thought I couldn't sustain myself through my task to speak in that great big barn of a place, the House of Representatives—for it's the very worst place to speak in that can possibly be in this world, without a little glass of brandy and water. [Laughter.]

"So I took it on an empty stomach—it went straight to my head, and I felt the smartest and greatest character living, and able to speak any where and answer to any body [laughter.] I was fuddled with one glass. In I went to the house; and when I first began, my manner, action and speech, showed that I was under partial excitement from liquor. But as I warmed with my subject, the perspiration rolled off me, and before I set down I was as sober as a judge. And a most capital speech I thought I had made. Well, there's a whole parcel of gentleman who came to Washington during the session, called letter writers, (laughter) and also a whole parcel of fellows called reporters; they of course are anxious to get all the news for their editors and papers, and they scow on every thing—there's some of 'em here now, I see, but I shall never say any thing against any of 'em again as long as I live; (roars of laughter) and now I've no doubt at all that they're the most talented, most useful, most gentlemanly, and most valuable body of men in the whole country. (Cheers and immense laughter.) But, I suppose, as this was my first session in Congress, and as they'd never seen exactly any such animal as me any where before, they took me up as a new case, (laughter) and a most remarkable case at that. (Laughter.) Now, I'd made a good many speeches in the Legislature of Kentucky, but none of 'em had ever been reported. We don't know any thing about those things there—not being in the habit of publishing a man's speeches. And this was quite a new sort of thing to me. [Laughter.] Well, gentlemen, when the papers came back containing the account of what I thought my most remarkably fine speech—whether it was that my style of speaking was an entire 'new novelty' to them or what it was, I can't say—but there never was a fellow who made such a *debut* upon the floor of that Congress in this world as I did. [Laughter.]

"Such a fuss as they made, and such a description as they gave of my actions, and my words, was perhaps never known before. Well, the next time I had to speak, which was soon after on the Land Bill, I determined to drink nothing; and I kept my resolve. Come, said I, it shall be right, and they shall have nothing to say this time. Well, I made my speech, and at the close I turned round and said—'Before I sit down I have one word to say to the reporters; if you wish to report speeches report your own, and not mine; I've been taught at a good deal of expense and pains to write English, and to speak it, too; and I do not wish you to write and publish your gibberish, and pass it off as mine; when I want my speeches reported, I'll do it myself.' And down I sat. Come thought I, I'm even with them fellows now, at any rate. [Roars of laughter.] But I reckoned that time without my host. For if ever there was an unequal content waged by mortal in the world, it was when I then with my one tongue attempted to contend with those claps, wielding their five hundred quills; (Shouts of laughter.) At any rate, I made the gentlemen mad; and every time that I had any thing to say in the House, when the papers came back to Washington, such an account as they gave of me and my actions—you would suppose that I had been an orange-ouster, and drunk at that! [Roars of laughter.] Well, the way this thing annoyed me no mortal can conceive. Historically thought they would drive me mad.

"Well, the next time I had to speak was on the Tariff, and then it was worse than all, in the account given by one paper. They wouldn't report me any more; I only wanted them to give what I said, that the public might judge for themselves, and I should have been satisfied. But no; this was the way they did it. Marshall of Kentucky spoke to-day—and I remember the words distinctly, for they were at the time seared into my brain, as with fire—and the House listened for an hour and a half to the eloquence of a tippler, who is often seen in the gutter; he drank while he spoke and at last got from complete intoxication! Now, it was true that I stopt from intoxication,

or that I was intoxicated while speaking. But I did drink most profusely afterward. And partly goaded to madness by this, helped on by old habits, I did drink, and drink, and drink, as I never did before. I thought it seemed as if all mankind was in a devilish conspiracy against me—that they were bent on my destruction. And I was goaded to madness to think that these things would go home—to think what that aged mother and that tender sister would feel when they read that I had become a perfect beast since I left the paternal roof? I thought I was ruined any how; and I felt for all the world like a fellow who has got into a piece of country where the bushes around him are stuck full of Indians, and they all the time shooting their devilish barbed poisoned arrows into his fellows, and he not knowing from what quarter to expect the wind and not able to find a foe any where. Such was my situation! And I did drink, and drink and drink in every desperation, till the infernal appetite seemed growing on me, and rendering it necessary; until at last I took one of the most immortal hard spees that ever I did have in the whole course of my existence. And that was the last.

It was the morning after this, Mr. Marshall signed the pledge.

Mr. Marshall then adverted to some remarks which had appeared in one of the daily journals, charging him with having been a notorious drunkard. He denied the charge with warmth. He said that he had never been a confirmed inebriate, that it was only occasionally that he had indulged to excess. In alluding to the speech he made in Congress under the influence of liquor, and the report of his weakness in the papers, he spoke in high terms of his constancy, and said their astonishment must have been great in reading the account of his conduct. He then continued in the following strain.

"Time was when this world have wounded me to the quick. It was not the first time it was done—but it did, when first done, wound me to the very quick—not on account of myself, but on account of others whom I love. That's gone, and thank God it can wound me no longer. (Cheers.) And that sacred and holy pledge of the Washingtonians is the blessed shield that preserves me harmless from these poisoned arrows. (Cheers.) I had relations and connexions in Kentucky, and there was clinging around my heart all those tenderest, dearest feelings, and all the hopes that are connected with the relations of brother and son. These arrows, poisoned and barbed, aimed as they were at me alone, (for I cannot believe the man demon enough to have intended that for others,) these arrows glanced all scathless from my heart, but lodged in the heart of those dear connexions, where they quivered and rankled in dreadfull agony. It is a terrible thing for a son six hundred miles from his mother, who clings with all a mother's fondness to him, to see all those paragraphs, and to know that they will all go to that mother. When she is looking out anxiously for every thing that will say aught of that son's career at a distance, when the sound of the rolling mail is listened to with feverish eagerness, that she may hear something glorious or useful which that darling son has achieved, it is a terrible thing that such oil and such balm as this should be all that is poured into her fond heart to reward her for all her care and holy love. Then even the drunkard's heart can feel—that can feel nothing else—the agony that nothing I know on earth can equal. [A silence as of death through that great hall attended the delivery of these remarks—which were responded to by tears from almost every one in the house.]

"But that time has gone by, and I feel this no longer. That pledge is my shield. That pledge is a shield which can convert even calumny into defence. (Cheers.) Do you all sign that pledge! Let every man who drinks and who does not drink—sign it. I dare any man to try it. [Laughter and cheers.] Put your bond and seal to the thing in the eyes of all men, and friends and enemies will applaud you. It is a perfect talisman against all harm."

**WOMAN'S LOVE.**—As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so is the nature of women to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.

Folly, says Locke, consists in the drawing of false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false principles.

**LIAR.**—The advantage of living does not consist in length of day, but in the right improvement of them.—*Montaigne.*

**HONOR AND HONESTY.**—The difference there is between honor and honesty, seems to be chiefly in the motive: the mere honest man does that from duty; the man of honor does that for the sake of character.

**Physical Debility of American Women.**

But the second and still greater difficulty, peculiar to American women, is delicacy of constitution which renders them victims to disease and decay.

The fact that the women of this country are usually subject to disease, and that their beauty and youthfulness are of shorter continuance than the women of other nations, is one which always attracts the attention of foreigners, while medical men and philanthropists are constantly giving fearful notions as to the extent and alarming increase of this evil. Investigations make it evident that a large proportion of young ladies from the wealthier classes have the incipient stages of curvature of the spine, and of the most sore and faithful causes of future disease and decay. The writer has heard medical men, who have made extensive inquiries, say that probably one of every six of young women at boarding-school, are affected in this way, while many other indications of disease and debility exist, in cases where this particular evil cannot be detected.

In consequence of this enfeebled state of constitution, induced by a neglect of their physical education, as soon as they are called to the responsibilities and trials of domestic life, their constitutions fail, and their whole life is rendered a burden. For no person can enjoy existence when disease throws a dark cloud over the mind and incapacitates her for the discharge of every duty.

It would seem as if the primal curse, that has written the doom of pain and sorrow on one period of a young mother's life, in this country has been extended over all; that the hour never arrives when "she forgetteth her sorrow for joy that a man is born in the world." Many a mother will testify, with shuddering, the most exquisite sufferings she ever endured, where not those appointed by nature, but those which, for weeks after weeks, have worn down health and spirits when nourishing her child. And medical men teach us that this in most cases, results from debility of constitution consequent on the mismanagement of early life. And so frequent and so mournful are these and the other diseases that result from the failure of the female constitution, that the writer has repeatedly heard mothers say that they had wept tears of bitterness over their infant daughters for the sufferings which they were destined to undergo; while they cherished the decided wish that these daughters should never marry. At the same time, many a reflecting young woman is looking to her future prospect with very different feelings and hopes from those which Providence designed.

American women are exposed to a far greater amount of intellectual and moral excitement than those of any other land. Of course in order to escape the danger resulting from this, a greater amount of exercise in the fresh air, and all those methods which strengthen the constitution, are imperiously required.

But instead of this it will be found that owing to the climate and the customs of this nation, there are no women who secure so little of this healthful and protecting regimen. Walking, and riding, and gardening in the open air, are practiced by women of other lands to a far greater extent than by American females. Most English women in the wealthier classes, are able to walk six or eight miles in a stretch, without oppressive fatigue; and when they visit this country, always express their surprise at the inactive habits of the American ladies. In England the regular daily exercise, in the open air, is very commonly required by the mother, as a part of daily duty, and is thought by young women an enjoyment.

In consequence of a different physical training, English women in those circles that enjoy competency, present an appearance which always strikes American gentlemen as a contrast to what they are at home. An English mother at thirty or thirty-five, is in full bloom of perfect womanhood, as fresh and healthy as her daughters. But where are the American mothers who can reach this period unaged and unworn? In America young ladies in the wealthiest classes are sent to school from early childhood, and neither parents nor teachers make it a definite object to secure a proper amount of fresh air and exercise, to counterbalance their intellectual taxation.

As soon as they pass their school days, dressing, visiting, evening parties, and stimulating amusements, take the place of study, while the most unhealthful modes of dress add to the physical exposures. To make morning calls, or do a little shopping, is all that can be called their exercise in the fresh air; and this, compared to what is needed, is absolutely nothing, and on some accounts, is worse than nothing. In consequence of these, and other evils, the young women of America grow up with such a delicate constitution, that probably eight out of ten become subjects of disease, either before or as soon as they are called to the responsibilities of domestic life.—*Extracts from Miss Beecher's Treatise on Domestic Economy.*

**A Monkey's Memory.**

Authors generally seem to think that the monkey race are not capable of retaining lasting impressions, but their memory is remarkably tenacious when striking events call it to action. A monkey which was permitted to run free, had frequently seen the men servants in the great country kitchen, with its huge fire-place, take down the powder horn that stood on the chimney-piece, and throw a few grains into the fire, to make Jimms and the rest of the maids jump and scream, which they always did on such occasions very prettily. Pug watched his opportunity, and when all was still, and he had the kitchen entirely to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well-filled powder horn, perched himself very gingerly on one side of the horizontal wheel placed for the support of saucapans, right over waning ashes of an almost extinct wood fire, screwing off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate. The explosion sent him half way up the chimney! Before he was blown up, he was a snug, trim, well conditioned monkey as you may wish to see in a summer's day; he came down black, carbonated nigger in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot. The thump with which he pitched upon the hot ashes in the midst of the general flare up, aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house close staged, and looking scared and devilish. He recovered with care, but, like some other personages, never got over his sudden elevation and fell, but became a sadder if not a wiser monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself and was troublesome, you had only to take down the powder-horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and clattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.

**Shocking Occurrence.**

**HORRIBLE ATTEMPT AT MURDER.**—Late on last Wednesday evening, our citizens in the neighborhood of the corner of Water and Jackson-streets were startled from their slumbers by the most frightful shrieks for help, accompanied with appalling cries of murder!—Several persons, hastily armed with bludgeons, hurried instantly to an old out-building in the vicinity, whence the alarm proceeded. One of those who had repaired to the scene of terror was for rushing at once to the rescue of the suffering individual, but was forcibly restrained by his companions, as in their haste they had forgotten a light, and were apprehensive that the murderer was armed with pistols, dirks, and other deadly instruments, which, in the dark, might be turned against themselves! In the meantime the shrieks fearfully increased, now accompanied by the agonizing entreaty, "OH! COME QUICK! HE'S EATING ME UP!" A light was at length procured, and all rushed forward to the scene of action, and oh horror! what a spectacle presented itself! The unfortunate victim lay stretched upon the earth, with pallid countenance, teeth chattering and eyeballs starting from their sockets. One side of his face was covered with—*steer.* His only companions were found to be a pair of black and white twin calves, one of which was engaged in sucking his ear, while the other was very quietly inspecting the operation, probably wondering which of the twin was most badly sucked. Upon inquiry, it appeared that the individual in question—a loafer who had been hanging about the place for sometime—had gone into the building in search of quarters for the night, and had composed himself to rest, from which he was awakened by the tugging at his ear, when he commenced the uproar above noticed.—*Sandyhook Clarion.*

**Shooting a Sweetheart's Father.**

At Beaver Dam Depot, Virginia, on Friday last Mr. James Hamilton, formerly of Richmond, was shot by a Mr. Musgrove, who was engaged to Mr. Hamilton's daughter, but the engagement was broken off in consequence of some misunderstanding, growing out of hoary feelings and excitement. Some alleged injustice towards her, on the part of Musgrove incurred her father's highly, and an interview took place, in which the charge was denied.—Hamilton then went for a witness and wrote to Musgrove that he would come, bringing the proof with him, and threatening the young man's life.—In consequence of this, Musgrove prepared for him with a loaded gun, and a six barreled pistol. When the cars stopped, Hamilton and his friend got out and approached the place where Musgrove had his gun and called to him, warning him that if he approached he would shoot him; to which he paid no attention but kept on, telling him to shut or something to that effect. When he was within about fifty yards Musgrove fired, and Hamilton fell, shockingly wounded, having received the ball charge in his face, breast and arms. The wounded man was taken into a house; and Musgrove, telling the persons to keep off at their peril, went and surrendered himself to a neighboring Justice of the Peace. Mr. Hamilton was alive at the last accounts, but was not expected to survive long.—*Exchange.*

**PRICES OF ADVERTISING.**

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A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—Mr. Adam Mott gives the following statement in the Maine Farmer:

"A friend of mine who resides in Industry, in this State, told me that his wife was sick of what the doctors called Consumption. She was visited by four physicians, who gave her over. She was very sick—was unable to sit up—had a very severe cough—and grew no better, but rather worse—she failed very fast. She recollected that she had before received benefit from the use of St. John's wort; her husband procured some of it, it was steeped, and she made it her constant drink—for four or five days there appeared to be but little alteration; but after this she grew better very fast; her health was so much improved that in the course of six or eight weeks she was able to resume her customary occupations—she commenced weaving, and wove about 40 yards of cloth. During this time she made constant use of St. John's wort tea. What has been done may again be done. It helped her: it may help others.

The tea may be made as you would make peppermint or any herb tea to drink—by merely steeping the herb in water. The herb may be gathered any time after it is large enough—but the best time for gathering it is during the seventh month. A supply may now doubtless be found in almost every hay mow where there is any hay. I much approve of this simple remedy.  
A. MOTT."

**EVAPORATING THE ESSENTIAL OILS BY ELECTRICITY.**

Some very interesting experiments have lately been tried by Mr. J. A. Powers, in evaporating the essential fluid. A metallic cup, partly filled with spirits of turpentine, was placed on the prime conductor of a large electrical machine, and after a few revolutions of the cylinder the room became so impregnated with the turpentine, that the bystanders were obliged to close their eyes from the most excruciating pain. In performing a series of experiments, Mr. Powers ascertained that the evaporation would be materially increased by partly filling the cup with water, and putting the turpentine or oil on the top. By connecting the prime conductor with the inside of a Leyden jar, and holding one end of the discharge directly over the cup, it was found that a discharge could be obtained at several times the ordinary striking distance, a circumstance which at first sight appears very remarkable. In placing the machine between the spectator and a strong light, as for instance a window, the spray could be seen rising from the fluid in the cup, gradually expanding and presenting the most beautiful appearance.—[N. Y. Sun.]

**CHOKE PEAR.**—This term is used figuratively to denote an unanswerable objection. We are also told that this name was given to a machine formerly used in Holland by robbers and burglars. It was of iron, and was shaped like a pear. This was forced into the mouths of persons from whom they intended to extort money, and on turning a key, certain interior springs thrust forth a number of points in all directions, which so enlarged it that it could not be taken out of the mouth; and the iron, being case-hardened, could not be filed; the only methods of getting rid of it were either by cutting the mouth, or advertising a reward for the key. These pears were also called pears of agony.  
[Boston Courier.]

**A JACK TARS IDEA OF A LOCOMOTIVE.**—Why, blast the thing, says he, there is nothing ship shape above board, or nearly about it. Watch a ship now with her canvass bellying out, laying down to it just enough to show she feels the breeze, tossing the spray from the bow, and lifting her head over the sea as if she stepped overboard—there's something like life there. There's something noble about a horse; he steps as if he was going, and proud of his duty and able to do it. But that gibber—bah! that mere censure comes insinuating, sneaking along—crawling on its belly like a thundering lung snake with a pipe in its mouth!

Some one with more truth than poetry, has remarked that the difference between a great rascal and a small one, is only this: the former goes to Europe or Texas, the latter goes to the penitentiary.—*New Bedford Register.*

**PREJUDICE.**—Prejudice is an equivocal term and may as well mean right opinions taken upon trust, and deeply rooted in the mind, as false and absurd opinions so derived and grown into it.