

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"
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[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.]

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From the New Orleans Pleasure.

Little Vic's First.
"Hush, now, my dear, how can you—dunt—
Its blessed heart, you'll wake it;
That's always just the way, when it's
Asleep you want to take it—
Good heavens!—just look at him!
Don't let him baby handle!
I never saw the like—you know
You don't know how to dandle."
"He-ee-ee!"—I told you so—
To go and make it cry.
Stop, give it nurse a minute first,
You needn't ask, now, why?
How is it nurse?—"He-ee-ee"
"It's done a blessed pet,
Did pappy tum—will take it then,
You'll break it's neck—good gracious—
And if it isn't laughing—oh—
It's mother's 'tite precious!
Clap hands for father—chi, chi, chi,
Coo-oo-oo-oo-oo—
It's father's eyes—and mother's mouth—
And father's nose too!"
"Did mammy love pappy—oh—
And go and bring him over;
And take nice rides, and talk with him,
And make him her true lover;
You rogue you, with mustaches you,
And yet you hate me because—
Well, then, a little kiss—hugh—
That'll do—now kiss the baby!"
"It's 'tite blessed pet—and yes
I shall be christened soon;
I'll have all the pretties from the tower,
And the gold tub, and spoon;
And it won't cry at all, it won't,
When the old Bishop rubs me;
And sprinkles the nice water as
We hold-e-er-er-er-er!"
Ah! you as think that Kings and Queens
Aint got no human feelin's;
Doesn't you hide your faces when
We make these 'ere revelations?
You see, spite of your sneer and doubts,
Your "hows!" and "whys!" and "maybes!"
That parents will be parents still,
And babies will be babies.

Home at Last.

A shivering child one winter's night,
(The snow was deep, and cold the blast!)
Hugging her ragged mother tight,
"Mother," exclaimed, "we're home at last!"
And as she spoke, poor little one,
A rained but she stood before,
Whence, ever since the morning sun,
They strayed to beg from door to door.
We're home at last! Sad home is this—
All lone without, all cold within;
The sadder face might furl and hiss,
Her poisonous web the spider spin—
But there's no fire to warm, no light,
And crevices are yawning wide.
Through which the storm, this freezing night,
May lay you stifled side by side.
And yet this wayward child has been
By many a gorgeous house—and past
Where mirth and music cheer the scene,
Nor envied for she's home at last!
Thus may the heart be trained below
To love the cot wherein was cast
Its fate of poverty and woe,
Like her's who cried—"we're home at last!"

ANOTHER USE FOR BEEF TALLOW.—Until
within a few months, the factories at the east,
used olive oil in their manufacture of wool. A
process has been found out to make a substitute
for it, from American beef tallow. Twelve
thousand gallons made from this material, was
used last year, in one factory in Lowell. The
same mill, last year, consumed over 1,000,000
pounds of American wool.

CURE FOR DISEASES IN PEACH TREES.—The
application to the trees consists of salt and sal-
tpetre combined, in the proportion of one part
of saltpetre to eight parts of salt, one-half pound
of the mixture to a tree seven years old and
upward, to be applied upon the surface of the
ground around and in immediate contact with
the trunk of the tree. This will destroy the
worm; but to more effectually preserve the
tree I also sow this mixture over my orchard,
at the rate of two bushels to the acre. The
size of the fruit is increased, and the flavor very
greatly improved, the worm destroyed, and the
yellows prevented.

CROWS.—This species of the feathered tribe,
although regarded generally with much aversion,
is a very useful animal, notwithstanding its
propensity to pull up corn. The Magazine of
Natural History says:

Every Crow requires at least one pound of
food a week, and nine-tenths of their food con-
sists of worms and insects; 100 Crows then in
one season destroy 4750 pounds of worms, in-
sects and larvae. From this fact some slight
idea may be formed of the usefulness of this
much persecuted bird to the farmer.

GOVERNOR DORR AND HIS SWORD.—Two officers
arrived in town, on Saturday, in pursuit of
the late hero of the Rhode Island revolution.
We do not know whether he has been here or
is taken. It is certain, however, that a pas-
port for some Mr. Dorr has been received here
from the State Department.—N. Y. Herald.

Grace, says Lessing, is beauty in motion.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal left to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEREMAS.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, June 4, 1842.

Vol. II—No. XXXVI.

From the Nova Scotian.

THE BABES IN THE WOODS.

Most children who can read have read the touching little Nursery Tale of the Babes in the Woods, and thousands who cannot read have wept over it as better informed playmates, nurses, or grandmothers, poured it into their infant ears, with variations, embellishments and exaggerations, which, if all duly preserved, would fill a book as large as Robinson Crusoe. We have seen all the touching incidents of the scene so often portrayed in woodcuts and engravings, that at any moment we can conjure up the bedroom in which the dying parent consigned the innocents to the cruel but fair-spoken uncle—the wild glen in which the ruffians quarreled, upon the point of conscience as to whether they should be murdered or left to perish in the wood—and then the wood itself in which they wandered so long, hand in hand, quenching their thirst in the running brook, gathering sloe-berries to satisfy their hunger, and sleeping at night beneath the trees, in each other's arms. Truly this little legend has enjoyed a popularity more extensive than thousands of tales of more complicated plot and elaborate execution. The boys and girls of the present generation read and listen to it with as much delight and as tender a sympathy as the boys and girls of the past; and who can say how many centuries may pass before it shall cease to be remembered, or be shorn of any portion of the popularity it now enjoys?

We have had, of late, our 'Babes in the Woods'; and the object of this little sketch is to record some incidents in humble life, in which the people of Halifax, Dartmouth, and the settlements in their vicinity, take at the present moment a very lively interest, and which it is probable will be held in painful remembrance by hundreds until their dying day. Our story lacks something of the dramatic cast of the old one, there being neither avarice, cruelty, nor crime in it; and yet 't is pitiful—'t is wondrous pitiful.

At a distance of some four miles and a half from the Ferry lived John Meagher, a native of Ireland, his wife and a family of four children. His house is prettily situated on an upland ridge between two lakes, and overlooking the main road. His cleared fields were chiefly in front, the rear of his lot being covered by a thick growth of bushes and young trees, which had sprung up in the place of the original forest, long since leveled by the axe or overran by fire. Behind the lot, in a northerly direction, lay a wide extent of timber and scrambling woodland, and granite barren and morass, the only houses in the neighborhood lying east or west on ridges running parallel with that on which Mr. Meagher lived, and which are separated from it by the lakes that extend some distance in rear of his clearing.

On Monday morning, the 10th day of April, Meagher, his wife, and two of the children, lying sick with measles, the two eldest girls, Jane Elizabeth, being 6 years and 10 months, and Margaret, only 5 years old, strolled into the woods to search for lashing, the gum of the black spruce tree, or tea berries. The day was fine, and the girls, being in the habit of roaming about the lot, were not missed till late in the day. A man servant was sent in search of them, and thought he heard their voices, but returned without them, probably thinking there was no great occasion for alarm, and that they would by and by return of their own accord. Towards evening the family became seriously alarmed, and the sick father roused himself to search for his children, and gave the alarm to some of his nearest neighbors. The rest of the night was spent in beating about the woods in rear of the clearing, but to no purpose, nobody supposing that girls so small could have strayed more than a mile or two from the house. On Tuesday morning, tidings having reached Dartmouth, Halifax and the neighboring settlements, several hundreds of persons promptly repaired to the vicinity of Meagher's house, and, dividing into different parties, commenced a formal and active examination of the woods. In the course of the day the tracks of little feet were discovered in several places on patches of snow, but were again lost; the spot at which the children crossed a rivulet which connects Lake Loon with Lake Charles was also remarked. A colored boy named Brown, who dwelt lay about three miles to the north and west of Meagher's, also reported that he had heard a noise, as of children crying, the evening before, while cutting wood; but that, on advancing towards it, and calling out, the sound ceased, and he returned home, thinking, perhaps, it was a bird or some wild animal.

The tracks, the colored boy's report, and the subsequent discovery of a piece of one of the children's aprons, stained with blood, at the distance of three miles from the house, gave a wider range to the researches of the benevolent, who began to muster in the neighborhood of the place in which the piece of apron was picked up, and to deploy in all directions, embracing a circle of several miles beyond and

in rear of it. Monday night was mild, and it was pretty evident the children survived it. Tuesday night was colder, and about two inches of snow having fallen, the general conviction appeared to be, that, worn out with fatigue and hunger, and having no outer clothing, they must have perished. Still, there was no relaxation of the exertions of the enterprising and benevolent. Fresh parties poured into the woods each day, and many persons, overpowered by the strength of their feelings, and gathering fresh energy from the pursuit, devoted the entire week to the generous purpose of rescuing the dead bodies, if not the lives of the innocents, from the wilderness.—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday passed away, and no trace was discovered of the Babes in the Woods; every newspaper that appeared was eagerly searched for some tidings; every boat that crossed the harbor was met by anxious and inquiring faces. Dartmouth was the centre of excitement, and the Preston Road was constantly occupied with vehicles and pedestrians moving to and fro.

On Sunday morning it was quite evident that the interest had deepened rather than declined. A load seemed to hang upon the mind which was excessively painful. Many who had been confined all the week unable to join in the good work, determined to spend the Sabbath in searching for the babes, in imitation of Him who went about doing good, and who gave example of active benevolence even on the day set apart for rest and devotion.

We strolled into Meagher's early in the forenoon. The sick husband was in the woods. The bereaved mother, whose agony must have been intense throughout the week, while there was a chance of her little ones being restored to her alive seemed to have settled into the sobriety of grief which generally follows the stroke of death, and when hope has been entirely extinguished. One sick child rested on her lap. Friendly neighbors were sitting around, vainly essaying to comfort her who could not be comforted, because her children 'were not.' All they could do was to show by kind looks and little household attentions, how anxious they were to prove that they felt her bereavement keenly. We plunged into the woods, and at once saw how easy it might be for children to lose themselves in the dense thickets and broken ground immediately in the rear of the house, and how exceedingly difficult it might be to find their bodies, had they crept for shelter in any of the fir or alder clumps, through hundreds of which they must have passed, or laid down beneath the spreading roots of any of the numerous windfalls, which lay scattered on either hand. We wandered on, occasionally exchanging greeting, or inquiries with parties crossing and recrossing our line of march.

As we went on, and on, clambering over windfalls, bruising our feet against granite rocks, or plunging into mud-holes, the sufferings of those poor babes were brought fearfully home to us, as they must have been to hundreds on that day. If we who had slept soundly the night before—were well clad, and had a comfortable breakfast, were weary with a few hours' tramp; if we chafed when we stumbled, when the green boughs dashed in our faces or when we slumped through the half frozen morass, what must have been the sufferings of those poor girls, so young, so helpless, with broken shoes, no coverings to their heads or hands, and no thicker garments to shield them from the blast or keep out the frost and snow, than the ordinary dress with which they sat by the fire or strolled abroad in the sunshine! Our hearts sunk at the very idea of what must have been their sufferings.

We were pushing on, peering about and dwelling on every probability of the case, when, just as we struck a woodpath, we met a lad coming out, who told us that the children were found, and that they were to be left on the spot until parties could be gathered in, that those who had spent the forenoon in search of them, should have the melancholy gratification of beholding them as they sunk in to their final rest on the bleak mountain side.

In a few moments after we met others rushing from the woods, with the painful and yet satisfactory intelligence, hurrying to spread it far and wide. We soon after hove in sight of Mount Major, a huge granite hill, about six miles from Meagher's house, and caught a sight of a group of persons standing upon its topmost ridge, firing guns, and waving a white flag as a signal of success. The melancholy interest and keen excitement of the next half hour, we shall never forget. As we passed up the hill-side, dozens of our friends and acquaintances were ascending from different points; some, having satisfied their curiosity, were returning with sad faces, and not a few with tears in their eyes. As we mastered the acclivity, we saw a group gathered round in a circle, about half way down on the other side. This seemed to be the point of attraction. New comers were momentarily pressing into the

ring, and others rushing out of it overpowered by strong emotions. When we pressed into the circle, the two little girls were lying, just as they were when first discovered by Mr. Currie's dog. The father had lifted the bodies, to press them, cold and lifeless, to his bosom, but they had been again stretched on the heath, and their limbs disposed so as to show the manner of their death. A more piteous sight we never beheld. There were not the holiday dresses of the Babes in the Woods, for their parents were affluent, and it was for their wealth their wicked uncle conspired against them. Jane Elizabeth and Margaret Meagher, were the children of poor parents, and they wore the common dress of their class, and scanty enough it seemed for the perils they had passed through. The youngest child had evidently died in sleep or her spirit had passed as gently as though the wing of an angel of death had seemed but the ordinary clouds of night overpowering the senses. Her little cheek rested upon that of her sister—her little hand was clasped in hers—her hair, almost white, unkempt and disheveled, strewed the wide heath upon which they lay.—The elder girl appeared to have suffered more. Her eyes were open, as though she had watched till the last—her features were pinched and anxious, as if years of care and of anguish had been crowded into those two days. If life is to be measured by what we have to bear, and do and suffer, and not by moments and hours, that poor girl must have lived more in those two days than some people do in twenty years. From the moment that she found herself really bewildered and began to apprehend danger, until that in which she threw the remains of her little apron over her sister's face to keep the snow out of her eyes, pilloved that cold cheek upon her own, and grasped the hand by which she had led her for long wearisome hours, what a world of thoughts must have passed through that youthful brow—how must that young spirit have been o'er informed, that young heart been tried!

Neither of the girls had any thing on their heads. Their legs were dreadfully torn and lacerated—the large toe of the elder, which protruded from her boot when she left home, was much out. To this wound, or to one upon her leg, occasioned by a fall, it is probable that a piece of apron, which directed the search so far into the wilderness, had been applied. We pity the man who could have stood over them for an instant without shedding a tear, for their fate and for their sufferings. There were few who did.

The hill on which the children were found, was the last place any body would have thought of looking for them, and yet when upon it, the reason of their being there seemed sufficiently clear. A smooth platform of rock, clear of underbrush, and looking like a road, approaches the bottom of the hill, from the direction in which the children probably came. They doubtless ascended, in order that they might ascertain where they were; and it is more than likely that when they saw nothing but forest, bog and wide barren, stretching away for miles around them, without a house or clearing in sight, that their little hearts sunk within them, and they laid themselves down to refresh for further efforts, or, it may have been in utter despair, to cling to each other's bosoms and die.

There was one thing which brightened the scene, sad as it was, and seemed to give pleasure even to those who were most affected by it. "In death they were not divided." It was clear there had been no desertion, no shrinking, on the part of the elder girl from the claims of a being even more helpless than herself. If she had drawn her sister into the forest, as a companion to the sports of childhood, she had continued by her in scenes of trial and adversity that might have appalled the stoutest nature and broken the bonds of the best cemented friendship. Men and women too have been selfish in extremities, but this little girl clung to her sister with a constancy and fidelity worthy of all praise. From the tracks it was evident that she had led her by the hand, changing sides occasionally as the little one's arm was weary. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and the tenderness and constancy of this poor girl, no less than the sufferings of them both, seemed to speak but one language to every heart on that wild hill-side, no matter what garment covered it, and to call forth the same responses: "Thank God, there was no desertion—in death they were not divided, the 'Babes in the Wood' lay in each other's arms.

The bodies have been buried in a rural and quiet little grave-yard, about two miles from Dartmouth. It is proposed to build a monument over their remains, to which the person who found them has contributed the sum offered as a reward for their discovery. We trust a liberal subscription will enable the committee to put up such a one as will do credit to the good taste and liberality of the Capitol and its neighborhood. A rude cairn was hastily e-

rected on the hill where the babes were found, but we understand that it is in contemplation to smooth the front huge granite boulder near at hand, and point out, by a suitable inscription, the spot which will, we venture to prophesy, be a resort of our youth and strangers, during the summer months, for whose information this simple narrative has been prepared.

Hoarding Specie.

The Village Record relates the following: 'A deposit of between 1100 and 1200 dollars of gold, all eagles and half eagles, was made at the bank of Chester county, last week, belonging to the estate of Mrs. Marshall, widow of the late John Marshall, Pennsylvania township, we believe some 8 or 10 miles south of this borough. This gold was found after a long search, in an old desk, which had in it several small chambers, and is supposed to have been secreted by John Marshall some time prior to his death, twenty-eight years ago! The desk was curiously constructed, of great antiquity, and it appears on raising the lid, presented a series of pigeon holes. The desk and its contents were bequeathed by the old man to his wife, and at her death left it to her friend and relative Mrs. Way, as a family relic, and without any idea of its contents, as is supposed. A few days since, but many months after the death of Mrs. Marshall, the desk was carefully examined in search of treasure, as it was an old belief in the neighborhood, that the old gentleman, Mr. M. had a "tin-cup full" of gold; but after his death, no one knew what had become of it. The desk was ransacked; a small crevice in the bottom attracted attention—on inserting the blade of a knife it flew open, and several hundred dollars in silver were found! This magnificent discovery stimulated curiosity; and further search was made. Pigeon holes were tried—they drew out—and behind them was a series of secret boxes. On examining these boxes, lo! the long-tailed of gold was brought to light. The El Dorado, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, was discovered, and a great mystery revealed.

Courageous Conduct.

We find in the Cincinnati Chronicle the following statement respecting the courageous deportment of a youth of that city: Last night the drug store of W. Q. Hodgeson, corner of Sixth street and Western row was attacked by three robbers, who were resisted and at length taken. The particulars, we understand were these:

The robbers had succeeded in getting a window open, when the young man in the store Mr. Marsh, went out the door to attack them. He was struck in the back with a knife and wounded. He then fired a pistol at them without any effect; but assailed them with it as a cudgel, and very severely wounded one of them. He continued his efforts till he got them down, called the watch, and arrested two of them. The street above Sixth, had we understand considerable blood in it, as evidence of the desperate nature of the conflict.

One of the prisoners, who we learn is recently from the penitentiary, is so badly wounded, that he is not expected to live. He was struck by Mr. Marsh in the forehead, in which the cock of the pistol struck so deep as to break off.

Both the prisoners are so insensible, that they cannot be tried at present. The robbers fired at Marsh through the window before he got out. They had him down, at one time, and all this contest took place after he was severely wounded with a butcher's knife.

Mr. Marsh, we hear is about 19 years of age, fought this battle in his shirt and remains with a deep cut.

A Busy Fellow.

The New Era says there is an editor down east, who is not only his compositor, pressman and devil, but keeps a tavern, is village school-master, captain in the military, mends his own boots and shoes, makes patent Brandreth's pills, peddles essence and tin ware two days in the week, and always reads sermons on the Sabbath when the minister happens to be missing. In addition to all this, he has a wife and sixteen children.

The Boston Post says this is not all. He owns a schooner, and came to Boston with a cargo of onions and potatoes last fall, raised by himself, and gave notice to his subscribers when he left, that the issuing of the next number of his paper would depend on the wind.

In addition to the above, he undertook to become a poet, and after suspending the publication of his paper for three weeks' he produced the following, which has had a prodigious run:

I love to see the waving grass,
Just before the mower mows it;
I love to see the old blind horse,
For when he goes he goes it.

"What will you take?" asked the sheriff of a culprit he was about to hang. "Not a drop," was the reply.

Indolence is often mistaken for patience.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, \$0 50
1 do 2 do 0 75
1 do 3 do 1 00
Every subsequent insertion, 0 25
Yearly Advertisements, (with the privilege of alteration) one column \$25; half column, \$18, three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Without the privilege of alteration a liberal discount will be made.
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.

PRESENTS TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.—The Berlin correspondent of the Wurtzberg Gazette writes from that city, on the 10th inst. that Queen Victoria had sent the following presents to the King and Queen of Prussia:—1st. A cradle, with the figure of a nurse holding in her arms an infant, resembling the Prince of Wales, all of pure gold. 2d. A pistol, which, when the trigger is pulled, opens and exhibits a completely furnished dressing case. 3d. A gold mosaic snuff-box, upon which are to be seen allegorical souvenirs relating to the baptism of the Prince of Wales. 4th. Four boxes containing snuff. 5th. A dozen of knives and forks of gold, except the handles of the knives, which are made of Damascus steel, and the handles ornamented with a crown set in brilliants. 6th. A stone vase, containing the rarest Indian fruits. 7th. Two extraordinary large legs of mutton.

ROYAL VISITOR EXPECTED.—Extract from a letter of an officer to his brother in Cleveland, dated on board U. S. ship Vincennes, of the U. S. Exploring Expedition:—"We have on board, Vindoba, the King of the Pepee Islands, a prisoner, who killed and ate eleven of the crew of a Salem vessel, in 1835. I suppose he will be shown about like Black Hawk, and then be sent home. He says I am his best friend, and wishes to live with me when we reach the United States. He is a fine looking fellow, very tall, and wears hair half a yard long. He would be worth \$5000 to show about the country."—New Bedford Mercury.

A REPLY TO A CHALLENGE.—The following is the reply of Col. Gardiner, a British officer of distinction and tried valor, to a challenge sent him by a young adventurer.

"I fear not your sword, but the anger of my God. I dare venture my life in a good cause, but cannot hazard my soul in such a bad one. I will charge up to the cannon's mouth for the good of my country, but I want courage to storm the citadel of Satan.

GRADUATIONS OF DRUNKENNESS.—There is a Jewish tradition, that when Noah planted the vine, Satan attended and sacrificed a sheep, a lion, an ape, and a sow. These animals were to symbolize the gradations of ebriety. When a man begins to drink he is meek and ignorant as the lamb, then becomes bold as a lion; his courage is soon transformed into the foolishness of the ape; and at last he walks in the mire like the sow.

How many men are there in this world who have all the ability to have been great! They knew not their strength and neglected to perfect it.

THE HEART.—The heart is a living forcing pump; a hollow muscular engine, with its cavities and their outlets, its contractile walls, and their strength and thickness so admirably adjusted, that the healthy balance of the circulation is continually maintained under many untoward influences and inward emotions which tend to destroy it.—[Dr. Watson in the Med. Gazette.

INGENUOUS DEFEENCE.—A soldier on trial for habitual drunkenness was addressed by the President—"Prisoner, you have heard the prosecution for habitual drunkenness, what have you to say in your defence?" "Nothing please your honor but habitual thirst."

HOOSIER CONVERSATION.—Hullo, stranger you appear to be travelling.
'Yes, I always travel when on a journey.'
'I think I have seen you somewhere.'
'Very likely; I have often been there.'
'And pray what might be your name.'
'It might be Sam Patch but it isn't.'
'Have you been long in these parts?'
'Never longer than at present, five feet nine.'
'Do you get any thing new?'
'Yes I bought a new whatsome this morning.'
'I thought you were the cheapest blabber I've seen on this road.'
'I don't see that any thing is the matter with the plumb pudding,' said a fellow at a Thanksgiving dinner.
'Well who said there was?' growled his neighbor.
'I concluded there was, as you all seem to be putting it down.'

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.—In the village of Rockford, Rock river, Illinois, there lives a son of St. Crispin, an emigrant from the Isle of Man, who has painted on his signboard the following beautiful lines—no not in D'Ireland:
Blow, O Blow, ye heaven's breezes,
All among the leaves and trees!
Sing, O sing, ye heavenly muses,
While I mend your boots and shoes!
Phil Gaz.

Franklin says: Laziness travels so slowly that poverty overtakes him.

Circumstances are not so much the slaves of men as men are of circumstances.