

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
HENRY B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS 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.

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.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, July 23, 1842.

Vol. II--No. XLIII.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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Sixteen lines make a square.



The Stolen Kiss.

Nav! 'tis a haughty glance, bright-eyed Lolotte,
Too stern for timid woman; and thy lip!
Its curl becomes a kingly conqueror,
And therefore may not woman's bright lip curl,
When coward man insults her?

Nav, Lolotte;
Thy spirit is too lofty for its frame; thine eye
Too wild for gentleness; thy angry words
Beyond a woman's diffidence with wrath!
I did but ask a boon—a silly boon—
To rest an instant on thy flashing lips,
And it has angered thee. Why, gentle coz,
Hath never kissed a man—an upright man—
Merely for poetry?

What! mute, sweet coz!
Silence, thou know'st, Lolotte, is full of speech!
And thine, frail, eloquent. The gu-h
Upon the marble temples, and the cloud
That hangs upon thine eye-lids; the bright flash,
Those rich blue orbs illuming—
All tell the anger that thou scornest to speak!
But 'tis in vain, sweet coz. Beauty's rebuke
Is inescapable to me. I can feast
On frowns from such a forehead, and be glad,
Thou wilt not let me kiss thee? It is well,
Moved from my purpose, I had not deserved
The first cool draught of nectar from those lips.
Nav, grow not passionate. The die is cast!
And though I die in that delicious stealth,
Still death should be my portion!

Never, coz?
Art sure, Lolotte, some seraph in thy sleep,
Hath not forgone e'en high empyrean,
To press those blushing roses—very sure!
Nay, never heed my raving, call me all
That such rich lips may utter—they will not
Say aught that would profane Diana's fame,
And I do love her music; and I love—
—Hush! hush! thou pert and worse than idle boy!
How sweetly shines the moon; and mask! her
—hush!

How silvery they make you flitting cloud,
Seeming a spirit's drapery. The stars—
Bright watchers of the night, —
Nonsense, coz!
The boon—the silly boon I told you of—
Thou hast subdued thine anger; and I crave
A brief abstraction from heaven's horoscope,
That I may read Don Cupid's—here, and—thus!
'Tis past, my seraph cousin; the wild dream
That made thy lips immaculate, is past;
And when those hallowed altars of the soul
Shall glow to other than these three blessed lips,
May gush by thy memory, Lolotte!
Nay, do not look bewildered. The wild tale—
Which my fond lips half uttered—shall be told,
I deeply love thee, cozina—thy young heart
With its rich glow of feeling, thy pure soul,
Diana-like in spotlessness—are all
My spirit covets in this lower sphere!
Henceforward thy sweet lip is sanctified;
To whom, I need not tell thee, 'tis love's shrine,
Beware 'tis not saluted. One more kiss!
And let it dwell in memory. It is well!
Thine arm, Lolotte; the dew's fall heavy now;
Thou art a fragile lily; let's away!
—All thou hast said to-night is true, it's not!"
Ay! all, as Heaven, Lolotte.

LORD MORFETH wrote the following poetic lines in the Album of Niagara Falls, during his visit in November last:

Niagara.
There's nothing great or bright, though glorious Fall!
Thou may'st not to the fan-y's sense recall—
The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap,
The stirring of the chambers of the deep,
Earth's emerald green, and many tinted dyes,
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies,
The tread of armies thick'ning as they come,
The boom of cannon, and the beat of drum,
The brow of beauty, and the form of grace,
The passion and the prowess of our race,
The song of Homer in its loftiest hour,
The unresisted sweep of Roman power,
Britannia's trident on the Azure sea,
America's young shout of liberty!

Oh! may the wars that madden in thy deeps,
These spend their rage, nor climb thy encircling
steeps;
And till the conflict of thy surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace!
Nov 2, 1841. MORFETH.

Sarah Nade.

We find the following exquisite lines in the last number of the New England Review. Who the author is we don't know; and, what is more, we don't care:

Vake, lady vake!—the moon are high:
The twinklin' stars is beamin';
While, now and then across the sky,
A me-te-or are streamin'!

Vake, vovey son! The sky are clear,
Refreshin' is the breeze;
It blows my nose vile I sit here
A fiddlin' neath the trees!

Vake, Sally, dear! The bull-frog's note,
Are heard in yonder rushes;
And the warbling tree-toad swells his throat,
Singin' in trees are bushes.

Vake, Wenus, mine! The vipporvill,
Sings on that rail fence yonder,
Vite the owl pith for his hootin' shrill—
(Vy don't she vake, I vonder!)

Softly in the grassy leas,
The moon her beams are pourin';
The stars look down and sink at me—
(By gum! if Sal arn't snorin'!)

Vake, Sally, vake! and look on me,
Avake! Squire Curtis' daughter;
If I'll have you, and you'll have me—
(By George! who thers that vater!)

Oh! cruel Sally, thus to slight—
(Here comes the bull-dog now!)
"How-wow!" "Oh! I ow!" he's got a bite,
"Alas! -Bow, wow!" "oh! ow!"

Mr. Botta's Charges.

1st. I charge John Tyler with a great usurpation of power and violation of law, in attempting to exercise a controlling influence over the accounting officers of the Treasury Department, by ordering the payment of accounts that had been by them rejected, and threatening them with expulsion from office unless his orders were obeyed.

2d. I charge him with being guilty of a high misdemeanor in retaining men in office for months after they have been rejected by the Senate as unworthy, incompetent, and unfaithful to the great detriment of the public interests, and hazard of loss to the public Treasury; the Government having no security for the faithful application of the public lands passing through their hands, and he thereby defeating that provision of the Constitution which requires the advice and consent of the Senate to all nominations made by the President.

3d. I charge him with gross official misconduct in attempting, in a spirit of revenge, for a constitutional exercise of power by the Senate, in the rejection of one of his nominees to office, to remove a large number of faithful and meritorious subordinate officers from the Custom house of Philadelphia, with whom no fault was found save that of a supposed political preference for another, and who had discharged their duties with entire satisfaction to the collector of customs, and for attempting to substitute in their stead men having no other recommendation than that of a supposed acquiescence in his view.

4th. I charge him with the high crime and misdemeanor of endeavoring to excite a disorganizing and revolutionary spirit in the country, by inviting a disregard of, and disobedience to, a law of Congress, which law he has himself sworn to see faithfully executed.

5th. I charge him with the high crime and misdemeanor of office of withholding his assent to laws indispensable to the operations of Government, involving no constitutional difficulty on his part—of depriving the Government of all legal sources of revenue—of assuming to himself the whole power of taxation—and of collecting duties from our citizens without the authority or sanction of law.

6th. I charge him with the high crime and misdemeanor of open prostitution and profligacy in a willingness to barter away the offices of Government, and the principles he professed, obtain the support of one of the parties in Congress to which he has heretofore been opposed.

7th. I charge him with gross official misconduct, in having been guilty of a shameless duplicity, equivocation, and falsehood with his late Cabinet and Congress; such as has brought him into disgrace and contempt with the whole American people, which has disqualified him from administering this Government with advantage, honor, or virtue.

8th. I charge him with an arbitrary and despotic abuse of the veto power, to gratify his personal and political resentment, with such evident marks of inconsistency and duplicity as leave no room to doubt his total disregard of the interests of the people and of his duty to the country.

9th. I charge him with the high misdemeanor of arraying himself in open hostility to the Legislative department of the Government, by the publication of slanderous and libellous letters under his own signature, with a view of creating a false and unmerited sympathy for himself, and bringing Congress into disrepute and odium with the people; by which means that harmony between the Executive and Legislative departments so essential to good government and the welfare of the people has been utterly destroyed.

10th. I charge him with an abandonment of an acknowledged constitutional duty, in refusing to render such aid to the constituted authorities of Rhode Island, when called on, as he had himself previously promised in his letter to Gov. King, as a sacred constitutional obligation resting upon him.

11. I charge him with pursuing such a course of vacillation, weakness, and folly, as must, if he is permitted to remain longer at the head of the Government, bring the country into dishonor and disgrace abroad, and force the people into a state of abject misery and distress at home.

12. I charge him with being utterly unworthy and unfit to have the destinies of this nation in his hands as Chief Magistrate, and with having brought upon the Representatives of the People the imperious necessity of exercising their constitutional prerogative of impeachment, or of surrendering the Government to him to be used as a plaything and a toy, for his sport on the one hand, and his malignity on the other.

SINGULAR.—A clergyman named Buffet, of Greenwich, Stanwick Parish, Conn., while preaching at Stamford, on Sunday afternoon last, was struck speechless by lightning, and has remained so ever since. Another clergyman in the pulpit with him was much injured, but has recovered.

From the Lancaster Intelligencer.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The undersigned, citizens of Lancaster, who were present at the experiments this morning, Friday, June 21, at the house of John L. Thompson, Esq. of this city, by Mr. C. P. Johnson, Professor of Magnetism, beg leave to state the result of the experiments, as well for the benefit of those who may doubt, as for the gratification of the public. The subject was a girl, fifteen years of age, living in Mrs. Tompson's family, who from her associations and the slender means within her reach to acquire an education, knew positively nothing, either about Magnetism or about Phreno-Magnetism. She had heard indeed considerable talk about Mr. Johnson and his experiments in Mr. Thompson's family, and took great delight in avowing her want of faith in them, expressing, at the same time, a strong wish to be magnetized herself, which she repeatedly asserted could not be done.—This wish led to the experiments above referred to, to-day when the undersigned, in company with Mr. Johnson, visited Mr. Thompson's residence, and witnessed, in company with him, the whole trial.

The girl being seated in a rocking chair, Mr. Johnson proceeded to apply the usual means to throw her into the magnetic sleep. After considerable time had elapsed, say forty-five minutes, during which she endeavored to resist the magnetic influence by keeping her eyes open, she gradually fell asleep, her eyes assuming a ladden dulness, and finally closing altogether. After some little time, during which the persons present began to believe she was only in a natural sleep, her arms were raised, when they remained in that position. Mr. Johnson then took tobacco in his mouth. The result of this was that she first seemed to be tasting something; and then her face assumed an expression of the greatest possible disgust; Mr. J.'s hair was then pulled, when she writhed in contortions of apparently great pain; he was pricked, the same result followed.—Her hand was then pricked with a pin and pinched; but she gave no signs of pain.—Mr. Johnson then fixed his attention upon one of the persons present, whom she could not see, when she stated the color of his dress correctly; stated what his business was, and pronounced his name on being asked to do so. The same experiments, with the same result, was tried upon another person. The experiments in Clairvoyance were highly and astonishingly successful. She had never seen Philadelphia; but on being taken there, as willed by Mr. Johnson, she described the United States Bank correctly; called it a marble building, and said it had six pillars in front, which was the number fixed by Mr. Johnson. She described Girard College as an unfinished marble building, she also described Chestnut street, and other public places.

It was in Phreno-Magnetism, however, where the results were eminently satisfactory—results which were considered perfect, as having been accomplished without any possible collusion, on a person who perhaps never heard the name of Phrenology mentioned, and was at least decidedly ignorant of it. The organs of mirth and wit being touched, conjointly, she laughed so heartily, that the tears flooded down her cheeks; and then, as quick as thought, on the organ of fear being touched, she changed the expression into one of the greatest possible alarm. The organ of tune caused her to sing. The organ of language induced very rapid and distinct conversation. The organ of combativeness likewise produced a great expression of anger in the countenance. These results, going to establish beyond dispute, the sciences of Phrenology and Mesmerism, were so decidedly and positive as to astonish all present.

When she was aroused from her stupor, Mr. Johnson first disputed the influence from her face and brain; leaving all the rest of the body magnetized. Her arms were then raised, and on being told to let them down, she declared her inability to do so, and they remained in that position until removed by Mr. Johnson. On being told to rise from the chair, she said she could not, as she could not move her feet, and it was only when the influence was removed from her feet that she rose.

The undersigned repeat that this subject was a person entirely and unquestionably unacquainted with anything relating to the experiments performed upon her.

WM. B. FAHNESTOCK,
JOHN L. THOMPSON,
JAMES BOON,
JOHN W. FORNEY.

Similar experiments with similar results to the above, we witnessed in connection with the above gentlemen, this afternoon.

GEORGE M. STEINMAN,
P. CASSIDY.

June 24, 1842.

The editor of the Richmond Aurora says it is so hot here, that he expects to run away before the summer is over.

Essence of Shoemakers.

The N. Y. Mechanic publishes the following brief catalogue of Shoemakers who have afterwards risen to eminence in Literature and in Science. It might be greatly extended, but is sufficient in itself to show that those devoted to the cure of *soles* have themselves been by no means deficient in understanding. We cannot forbear mentioning the name of JACOB BOHMEY one of the most learned and genius-gifted men who have ever lived—who followed for years, even while writing his wild, strange books, his cobbler's trade.

LANSKUN, the founder of the science of botany was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Sweden, but afterward taken notice of, in consequence of his ability, and sent to college.

DAVID PARKES, the elder, who was afterwards a celebrated professor of theology at Heidelberg Germany, was at one time apprenticed to a shoemaker.

JOSEPH PENRELL, who died some time since at Gray's buildings, London, and who was a profound and scientific scholar, leaving an excellent library, was bred and pursued through life the trade of a shoemaker.

HANS SACHS, one of the most famous of the early poets, was the son of a tailor, served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker, and afterwards became a weaver, in which he continued.

BENEDICT BADDOTIK, one of the most learned men of the 16th century, was a shoemaker, as likewise was his father. This man wrote a treatise on the shoemaking of the ancients, which he traced up to the time of Adam himself. Thus Adam was a shoemaker, and Eve a tailoress—"the sewed fig-leaves together,"—thus proving truly the antiquity of these two branches of industry and skill.

To these may be added those ornaments of literature, HOLCROFT, the author of the Critic, and other works; GIFFORD, the founder, and for so many years the editor, of the London Quarterly Review, one of the most profound scholars and elegant writers of the age; and BLOODFIELD, the author of the Farmer's Boy, and other works; all of whom were shoemakers and the pride and admiration of the literary world.

JOHN BRAND, Secretary of the London Antiquarian Society, and author of several learned works, was originally a Shoemaker, but fortunately found means to complete his studies at Oxford.

WINKLEMAN, the learned German antiquarian, was the son of a shoemaker, and was for some time engaged in the same employment, but finally burst from his obscurity, and became a professor of belles lettres. He was the friend and correspondent of the most learned men of his time.

FOX, the founder of the sect called Quakers, was the son of a weaver, and apprenticed to a shoemaker and grazier.

ROGER SHERMAN, the American statesman, was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and found ample time during his minority to acquire a stock of knowledge that assisted him in the acquisition of fame and fortune.

Sagacity of a Dog.

On Tuesday last, a young man about eighteen years of age, residing near Tapley's Brook, in Danvers, left his father's house in the morning, with his dog and gun, &c., for the purpose of shooting. About noon the dog entered the house, and appeared in a state of extraordinary agitation, making many motions, which were afterwards understood to be invitations to follow him, but which at the time occasioned some apprehensions that he was about to suffer an attack of hydrophobia. Finding that no attention was paid to his wishes, he finally left the house, and was not seen afterwards for several hours, when he again entered, and recommenced his attempts to induce the family to follow him.

A person then in the house, but who was not there at the dog's previous visit, observing his strange conduct, and learning that it was similar to what had been exhibited before, concluded that there was sufficient method in his madness to constitute him a safe companion, and accordingly following him out to see what would come of it. At first, in his eagerness, the dog ran out of sight of the man who followed him, but being recalled by a whistle, kept himself afterwards only a short distance in advance. The man following "through brake and through briar," but was rather daunted when the dog plunged into the recesses of a swamp. Determined to see it out, however, he went in after him, and there discovered the young man lying upon the ground insensible and with his face dreadfully shattered by the discharge of his gun. He was taken home immediately, the dog following in triumph, and although, as we learn, still insensible yesterday morning, was not considered in a hopeless condition.—Salem Gaz.

There are moments of despondency,—when Shakespeare thought himself no poet, and Raphael no painter: when the greatest wits have doubted the excellence of their happiest efforts.

From the N. Y. Cultivator.

"Charcoal as a Manure."

We wish to call attention to a paper under this title in the Transactions of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, furnished by J. H. Hepburn, Esq. of Lycoming, Pa.—The facts there stated, agreeing as they do with what every one must have witnessed to a greater or less degree, should secure for charcoal as a manure, a greater degree of consideration than it has yet received. As it is probable some of our readers may not meet with the "Transactions," we shall condense some of his statements for the benefit of such.

"During the last autumn, business called me into Hartford Co. Maryland. While there I was surprised at the exceedingly luxuriant growth of a crop of grain, but lately seeded into a field on Deer creek, and also at the peculiar appearance of the soil. The soil upon which the grain was growing had a remarkable dark appearance, and appeared to be so mellow and friable as nearly to bury the feet at every step.

I enquired if the field had not been covered with charcoal and was told that it had been. I enquired when it was done, and was told that it had been spread upon it more than 20 years ago! I then asked what was the general quality of the crops raised upon it, and told they were invariably fine, both as to quantity and quality." Mr. Hepburn gives, among other experiments, one made by a gentleman in the iron business. "He had a large quantity of coal that had become too fine to be used in his furnace, and not knowing what to do with it, concluded as the easiest way to dispose of it, to haul it out, and spread it on his grass field. He spread it late in the fall, and for many years he informed me he observed the most astonishing effect produced upon his yield of grass. The quantity was nearly doubled, and the good continued as long as he owned the property, which was at least ten years." Mr. Hepburn also states the important fact, that "wherever charcoal has been applied, *rust never affects the growing crop of wheat.*"

Every coal burner is aware that a vigorous and healthy vegetation always surrounds the old hearths, or coal beds, as the place where the coal has been burned is called.—We have known a blacksmith who made his own coal, that always used the hearth for an onion bed and his uniform success justified the use to which he appropriated those places. In another instance a farmer who was remarkable for his gardening operations, told us that his practice was to make his garden beds for his onions, carrots, &c., and then spread over them a layer of straw some ten or twelve inches in thickness which was burnt on the ground. The charcoal and ashes made by this dressing was slightly raked in, and then the seeds sown. In this way his crop never failed.

Improvement in the Quality of Wheat.

COL. LE COUETIER, the most skillful grower and improver of wheat in England, in some tables lately published in one of the English periodicals, has given the results of some of his long continued experiments in improving wheat by crossing and selections. By continuing to select and propagate only those varieties that gave the most and best flour with the least bran, he now obtains over 2400 pounds of superfine flour to the acre, and so thin is the skin of his wheats that from an acre of 52 bushels, only 542 lbs. of bran, middlings, and shorts were given. One hundred pounds of this flour, as repeated and careful experiments have proved, will make from six to twelve per cent. more bread, of the first quality, than the same quantity of the best common market flour. The beauty, purity, and weight, of some of the specimens sent by the Colonel to the Fair of the Royal Ag. Society, surprised all who noticed the samples, and most strikingly proved the improvement that skill and perseverance can effect in most common cultivated plants.

GROCERIES IN THE CITY.—It is subject of frequent remark in this city, that a very extraordinary change has taken place within five years, among the retail grocers. A gentleman of leisure within the last month has made a tour of inspection throughout New York, and reports that nearly half the retail grocers are in the hands of Germans. Many corners that from 1832 to 1835, had a variety of unsuccessful occupants, came at last in possession of the German proprietor, and that the last has been successful. To the rigid economy, industry and extraordinary civility of the German, is mainly attributable the success which every where attends his efforts. It is also well known that the Dutch German carpenters form a very important proportion of the carpenters now employed in this city.—N. York Amer.

Forty years of experience in government is worth a century of book reading.—JEFFERSON.

SHAVING.
Shaving's a paradox,—but thus 'tis clear'd,
Some shave to get,—some to get off a beard.

BATHING.—It is said that John Q. Adams

washes his body every morning when he rises, both summer and winter. This practice he has observed for years, and is no doubt one thing that gives the old gentleman that degree of health and activity for which he stands pre-eminent for one of his age.—Pennsylvaniaian.

USEFULNESS OF SNAKES.—A writer in the

Genesee Farmer advises those who are in the habit of destroying snakes, to let them alone, as they are early risers, and at work in the field by break of day, picking up those little predators, the *corn worm*, which infest corn fields.

CHEAP TRAVELLING.—The fare from New York to Boston has been reduced to \$2 25—to Providence \$1 50, and to Newport \$1. The Hartford boat runs for 30 cts.

TO PRESERVE MILK.—Put a spoonful of horse-radish into a pan of milk, and it will remain sweet for several days, either in the open air or in a cellar, while other milk will sour.

THE DORR WAR.—A man named Hiram Chappell, on his examination before the Commissioners, at Providence, on Tuesday, avowed that he was the man who spiked the guns when the attack was contemplated on the arsenal. He says, he was placed on guard over the guns and drove pine in the touch-holes of three cannon silly, and brushed the priming over them. This accounts for the failure of the attack.

SEVEN YEARS AT CHURCH.—There resides in Western county, State of New York, an aged man, a member of the respectable society of friends, and who rode from Sleepy Hollow up to the Chippewa Meeting, a distance of seven miles—or fourteen miles going and coming—twice a week, for the space of fifty years. In doing this, he has ridden a distance of seventy two thousand and four hundred miles—or almost three times the circumference of the earth. Allowing him five hours each meeting expedition, seven years and forty five days.

HERCULES OUTDOSE.—The New York Courier and Enquirer gives an account of the most remarkable feat of strength ever performed. Mons. Paul, on a bet of two thousand dollars, pulled against two strong Pennsylvania horses in the daily habit of drawing from two to three tons a load. He was stretched on a ladder, and all the efforts of the horses could not force him from his hold. This evening he pulled against four horses. Mons. Paul attained his 18th year in March last.

SWIFTESS OF MEN.—It is said that men who are used to it, will outrun horses, by holding their speed longer. A man will also walk down a horse, for after he has travelled a few days, the horse will be quite tired, but the man will be as fresh for motion as at the beginning.—The king's messengers walk in Persia, 108 miles in 14 hours. Hotentots outstrip lions in the chase, and savages who hunt the elk tire it down and take it—they are said to have performed a journey of 3,000 miles in less than six weeks.—Hope's British Monthly Magazine.

Charles the Second's parliament passed an act that only twenty printers should practice their art in the kingdom.—About six shillings current was paid for one and a half hours' reading in 1685.

A queer fellow reprimanded his friend for speaking severely of himself, because, he said, it was *slandering the ladies behind their backs.*

A FACT.—Two Frenchmen boarding in this place, went out with their guns the other day; but as game here is about as scarce as money, they returned with a crow and a screech owl, only.—Passing our office, we accosted one of them.—"Monsieur, what in the world are you going to do with these birds?" "Me eat dem, sir!" "Why they are not fit to eat, Monsieur!" "Ah ha, sir, dey be very good, sir—*berry ting's in de cooking!*"—Germantown Tel.

A poetical friend of ours has a paper folder with the following line from Gray, marked on it:

"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way."
On looking at the quotation, it occurred to him, that it might be expressed in various ways without destroying the rhyme or altering the sense. In a short time, he produced the following eleven different readings. We doubt whether another line can be found, the words of which will admit of so many transpositions, and still retain the original meaning!

The weary ploughman plods his homeward way.
The weary ploughman plods his homeward way.
The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way.
The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way.
Weary the ploughman plods his homeward way.
Weary the ploughman homeward plods his way.
Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way.
Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way.
The homeward ploughman weary plods his way.
The homeward ploughman plods his weary way.