TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
HENRY B. MASSER, } PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY. } PROPRIETORS.
H. B. MASSER, Editor.
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SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

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

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☞Sixteen lines make a square.

Some mental earthquake hath moved a rustic mountain of thought, and in due time brought forth the following mo-o-nstrous nice thing:—*Rich. Star.*

A Ballad.

SORROWFUL DEATH OF PETER GRAY AND LIZIANNY QUERL.

My song is of a nice young man,
Whose name was Peter Gray,
The State where Peter Gray was born
Was Pennsylvani-a.

This Peter Gray did fall in love
With such a nice young girl;
The name of her I'm positive,
Was Lizianny Querl.

When they were going to be wed,
Her father he said "no,"
And brutally did send her off
Beyond the Ohio.

When Peter found his love was lost,
He knew not what to say;
He'd half a mind to jump into
The Susquehani-a.

A trading he went to the West,
For furs and other skins:
And there he was in crimson drest
By bloody In-ji-ins.

When Lizianny heard the news,
She staight-way took to bed,
And never did get off of it
Until she di-i-ed.

Ye fathers all a warning take—
Each one as has a girl—
And think upon poor Peter Gray
And Lizianny Querl.

'I have no Influence.'

What if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields—
I'll tarry in the sky!

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day!

Doth not each rain drop help to form
The soul refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beau ify the flower!

The following we find in the Boston Post:

To———,

Thine eyes are black like Schuylkill coal;
Thy teeth are white like letter paper;
Thy bustle's like—my darling soul,
'Tis like a curved Carolina tater.

Here is a conceit:—

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

In trance of love
I swooned away;
Within her arms
I buried lay.
She waked me gently
With a kiss;
Her eyes revealed
A heaven of bliss.

THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

'Mr. President,' said a short, stout man, with a good-humored countenance, and a florid complexion, rising as the last speaker took his seat,—'I have been a tavern-keeper.'

At this announcement there was a movement through the whole room, and an expression of increased interest.

'Yes, Mr. President,' he went on, 'I have been a tavern-keeper, and many a glass have I sold to you and to the Secretary there, and to dozens of others that I see here'—glancing around upon the company.

'That's a fact,' broke in the President—many a gin-toddy and brandy-punch have I taken at your bar. But times are changed now, and we have begun to carry the war right into the enemy's camp. And our war has not been unsuccessful, for we have taken prisoner one of the rum-seller's bravest generals! But go on, friend W——, let us have your experience.'

'As to my experience, Mr. President,' the ex-tavern-keeper resumed, 'in rum-selling and rum-drinking—for I have done a good deal of both in my day—that would be rather too long a story to tell to-night, and one that I had much rather forget than relate. It makes me tremble and sick at heart, whenever I look back on the evil I have done. I therefore usually look a-head with the hope of doing some good to my fellow men.

'But there is one incident that I will relate. For the last five years a hard-working mechanic with a wife and several small children, came regularly, almost every night, to my tavern and spent the evening in the bar-room. He came to drink, of course, and many a dollar of his hard earnings went into my till. At last he became a perfect sot—working scarcely one-fourth of the time, and spending all he earned in liquor. His poor wife had to take in washing to support herself and children, while he spent his time, and the little he could earn, at my bar. But his appetite for liquor was so strong, that his week's earnings were usually all gone by Tuesday or Wednesday, and then I had to chalk up a score against him, to be paid off when Saturday night came. The score gradually increased, until it amounted to three or four dollars, over his regular Saturday night's pay, when I refused to sell him any more liquor until it was settled. On the day after I had refused to sell him, he came in with a neat mourning breast-pin, enclosing some hair—no doubt, I thought—of a deceased relative. This he offered in payment of what he owed. I accepted it, for the pin I saw at once was worth double the amount of my bill. I did not think or indeed care about the question, whether he was the owner or not; I wanted my own, and in my selfish eagerness to get my own, I hesitated not to take a little more than my own.

'I laid the breast-pin away, and all things went on smoothly for a while. But he gradually got behind again, and again I cut off the supply of liquor. This time he brought me a pair of brass andirons, and a pair of brass candlesticks. I took them and wiped off the score against him. At last he brought a large family bible, and I took that too—thinking, no doubt I could sell it for something.

'On the Sunday afterwards, having nothing to do—for I used to shut up my bar on Sunday, thinking it was not *respectable* to sell liquor on that day—I opened this poor drunkard's family Bible scarcely thinking of what I was doing. The first place that I turned to was the family record. There it was stated that on a certain day he had been married to Emily———. I had known Emily when I was a young man very well, and had once thought seriously of offering myself to her in marriage. I remembered her happy young face, and suddenly seemed to hear the tone of her merry laughter.

'Poor creature!' I sighed involuntarily as a thought of her present condition crossed my mind—and then with no pleasant feelings I turned over the next leaf. There was the record of the birth of four children; the last had been made recently, and was in the mother's hand.

'I never had such a strange feeling as now came over me. I felt that I had no business with this book. But I tried to stifle my feelings, and I turned over several leaves quickly. I suffered my eyes to rest upon an open page; these words arrested my attention:

''Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; whoso is deceived thereby is not wise.'

'This was just the subject that, under the feelings I then had, I wished to avoid, and so I referred to another place. There I read—

''Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath wounds? Who hath babbling? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine. At last it biteth like a serpent, it stingeth like an adder.'

'I felt like throwing the book from me. But once more I turned the leaves, and my eyes rested upon these words:

''Woe unto him who giveth his neighbor drink; that puttest the bottle to him and makest him drunken.'

'I closed the book suddenly, and then threw it down. Then for half an hour I paced the room backwards and forwards in a state of mind such as I never before experienced. I had become paintully conscious of the direful evils resulting from intemperance, and still more painfully conscious, that I had been a willing instrument in the spread of these evils. I cannot tell how much I suffered during that day and night, nor describe the fearful conflict that took place in my mind, between the selfish love of the gains of my calling, and the plain dictates of truth and humanity. It was about 9 o'clock, I think, on that evening that I opened the drunkard's Bible again, with a kind of despairing hope that I might find something to direct me. I opened at the Psalms and read two or three chapters. As I read on, without finding anything that seemed to apply directly to my case, I felt an increasing desire to abandon my calling, because it was injurious to my fellow men. After I had read the Bible, I retired to my bed but could not sleep. I am sure that during that night I thought of every drunken man to whom I had sold liquor, and to all their beggared families. In the brief sleep that I obtained, I dreamed that I saw a long lot of tottering drunkards, with their wives and children in rags. And a loud voice said 'who hath done this!'

'The answer, in a still louder voice, directed, I felt to me, smote upon my ear like a peal of thunder—'

''Thou art the man!'

'From this troubled slumber I awoke to sleep no more that night. In the morning the last and most powerful conflict came. The question to be decided, was—

'Shall I open my tavern, or at once abandon the dreadful traffic in liquid poison!'

'Happily I decided never to put to any man's lips the cup of confusion. My next step was to turn the spigot of every keg, of every barrel of spirits, wine, beer or cider, and let the contents escape on the floor. My bottles and decanters were likewise emptied. Then I came and signed your total abstinence pledge, and what is better, never rested until I had persuaded the man whose Bible had been so much use to me to sign the pledge likewise. And now, Mr. President, I am keeping, at my old stand, a Temperance Grocery, and am making restitution as fast as possible. There are at least half a dozen familes that my tavern helped to make poor and wretched, to whom I furnish a small quantity of groceries every week, in many cases equal to the amount that used to be spent at my bar, for liquor. Four of my oldest customers have already signed the pledge by my persuasion, and I am not going to rest until every man that I helped to ruin, is restored to himself, his family and society.'

A round of hearty applause followed his address, and then another of the reformed drinkers took the floor.

A FRIGHTFUL EXPERIMENT

Was tried with gunpowder at Belvidere, in Warren County, N. J. on Friday afternoon, which threatened the most fatal consequences to several individuals. The case as stated by the Journal shows remarkable temerity on the part of the persons concerned, and the result is fraught with profitable warning:

It appears that a large hollow iron shaft for a water wheel was cast some months since at the foundry of David P. Kenyon, in Belvidere; which proving defective, was removed to a hollow about a quarter of a mile from the village for the purpose of being burst to pieces with powder, in order that the fragments might be melted down and cast over. This was attempted on Friday afternoon.—Mr. K. and some of his workmen charged it with several pounds of powder and forced in an iron ball weighing some 28 lbs., by the side of which they drove in a large iron wedge, supposing that when the powder should be exploded the ball would be forced along the wedge, until becoming obstructed, the expansive force of the powder would burst the shaft asunder. Having no idea that the ball could possibly escape, they were careless, and in the opinion of most persons, blameably careless, of the direction in which the cylindrical shaft was pointed. As it happened, it was aimed towards the village. The match was applied; an explosion followed.—But instead of bursting the shaft, the ball and wedge were forced out with irresistible violence, the ball being hurled in the direction of Mr. Craig's Hotel. In its route it passed near the head of one of the persons who had been concerned in loading the shaft; struck the earth in the street south of the Court House, near were some boys were playing; thence glanced upward, passed through the roof of the shed in the rear of Mr. Craig's premises; dashed through a window in the second story of the house, through the partition which separates the back and front rooms, forced its way out through the front of the house, and fell to the ground a few rods distant. Near where it fell some persons were passing, and some children were playing, but none of them was injured. In the front room through which the ball passed, George W. Smyth, Esq., his lady, and a young lady, were sitting at the time. The ball went a little to the front of Mr. Smyth, and directly over the head of Mrs. Smyth, missing her by only a few inches. She had just resumed her seat, having the minute before been standing in point blank range of the shot which would certainly have dashed her to pieces. As it was, her head was covered with dust and fragments of the shattered wall, and she was stunned with the concussion of the air, which was so great as to force out several panes of glass from the window near her. On the whole, however, she sustained no serious injury; a most providential circumstance.

The conduct of Mrs. Smyth on this trying occasion was cool, calm and collected, affording an example worthy of imitation by her sex. She neither screamed, fainted, nor went into hystericks, but seemed less anxious for her own personal safety than for that of her husband. The first word she uttered was to enquire whether he was hurt, even before she could determine whether or not she was herself seriously injured.

'A STRANGE MEDLY'—The Hindoo gods congregate in the heaven of India to the number of 330,000,000! They are of all colors, some white, some red, some blue, and so through all the blending shades of the rainbow. They exhibit all sorts of shape, size and figure, in forms wholly human, or half human, wholly brutal, or variously compounded with four, or ten, or hundred eyes, heads, and arms. They ride through the regions of space on all sorts of animals—elephants, buffaloes, lions, deers, goats, peacocks, vultures, geese, serpents and rats! They hold forth to their multitudinous arms all manner of offensive and defensive weapons—thunderbolts, scimitars, javelins, spears, clubs, bows, arrows, shields, flags, and shells!—*India and Indian Mission.*

HOW TO MOUNT A HORSE.—In Peru a knot is tied to the horse's tail, into which the lady introduces her foot as into a stirrup.

The following chapter on little troubles is from the last number of the Knickerbocker:—

Little Troubles.

It is Dr. Johnson, we believe, who says that little vexations are more trying to the temper, and harder to be borne, than greater troubles. We heard the other evening a querulous-looking little manufacturer illustrate the truth of the remark, by a ludicrous narrative of small annoyances, that made an aggregate of large misery. 'I went,' said he, 'into my barber's this morning, with my temper soured by letters from the attorneys of five bankrupt creditors at the South west; postage unpaid of course—oh! yes; bankrupts don't pay postage to their dupes—oh no! I was vexed too, at a painter, who had received half-pay in advance to paint me a new sign; but he must go a-sailing on the bay a-Sunday, and get drowned—just like as not on my money: anyhow he 'died' and *made no sign.*' I was in a dreadful hurry, for I had to raise money to take up the note, and was short full one half. There was a young sprig in the barber's chair, who passed me and got into the shop about a yard before me, by acting as if he wanted to speak to a man ahead of me—a contemptible trick! Well, Sir, there he sat feeling of *his* chin after every round of the razor, and 'asking for more' till his beard was 'close'-reaped into the middle of next week; reading the whole time the only paper that I ever *do* read, which he continued to do all the while the man was curling his hair and whiskers, evidently just to spite me. It was an hour before I got away from the barber's; and *then* the friend who would have loaned me fifty dollars, in my strait, had taken the morning cars for Newark. After attending to some necessary business at the store, I sailed out for a 'shin'-dy in Wall-street. Every body was 'short,' though each one 'could have done it *yesterday*,' which struck me as rather curious. It was not far from three, and the day was of the nastiest August kind; hot as molted lead, muggy and *sticky*. I had on a pair of new boots, which my shoe-maker, for the first time I really believe in twenty years, had been made too small. Heavens! how they bit in the heels, blistered as they were from slipping up and down in them! My stock was continually twisting round, hindside-afore. My shirt, too, seemed possessed. I could'nt keep it down behind. It kept crawling up, and finally rolled into an inaccessible lump, saturate with perspiration, and rested in the small of my back. This annoyed me almost as a flea, the first I had felt this summer, that was nipping me at his leisure, in a secure position which he had taken up between my shoulders. At this interesting juncture, I was seized by the button by perhaps the most perfect specimen of *a bore* that can be found in New-York; not one of your big pod-auger sort, but a fellow that twists a gimlet into you with his right hand, while he detains you by the button with his left, taking it out now and then, when he thinks it is going rather hard, to blow off the chips, and forthwith inserting it in another place. He was telling me, in a loud voice, of a shabby trick that he had lately been served him by a man that had just passed us, and what he had that morning said to him: 'Said I' Sir, you are a d—d liar and scoundrel!' etc.; and I could see, as the passers by turned round to look at us, that they thought he was addressing this complimentary remark to *me*. I din't wonder, either, that they *should* think so, for my face must have been a good deal inflamed with impatient endurance. Well, when I could stand it no longer, I broke away, to drop in upon the only friend who I thought would help me out; and what to do you think? He had 'just lent every dollar he had' to the man whom my button-holder had been serving up to me in parcels his 'particular friend!' As I came out of his office, the clock struck three. I went home more annoyed, more grieved, than I remember ever to have been in my life. I was now brought up to the highest pitch. I went straight to my bed-room, and after a long search, I found the little black rascal that had covered my back and shoulders thick with oblong welts of blotches; and was glancing at the demoniacal revenge depicted in my countenance as I passed by the looking-glass, rolling my prisoner 'as a sweet morsel' under my thumb and finger, when the door-bell rang, and the girl came to say that 'a gentleman wanted to see me.' I stepped below, with something of exultation in my manner, and in the hall found the Notary. He handed me a protest and walked out; and when he *had gone* I said to him, "You and your bank may go to the d—l! I'd rather have the pleasure of torturing this little torment to death, than to have the stamped note in my pocket!" After manipulating my victim with due economy of enjoyment, I thought I'd see how he bore it. Now would you b'lieve it!—it *wasn't* the flea, it was a piece of black lint from the lower side of my stock.—This was the bitterest disappointment of that unlucky day!"

Levity is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than each of them appear.

The Great Britain Iron Steamer, the largest in the world.

The following, which we copy from the Times, is a more complete description of this gigantic vessel than has yet appeared. The Great Britain is built entirely of iron, with the exception of the flooring of her decks, and the flooring and ornamental parts of her cabins. She is 324 feet in length aloft, or upwards of 100 feet longer than our largest battle ships. Her extreme breadth is 51 feet, and the depth of her hold 32 feet. She is registered 3200 tons, so that her bulk far exceeds that of any two steamers in the world. She has four decks, the lowest of which is of iron, appropriated for the reception of the cargo. The upper deck, with the exception of a small break in the forecastle, is completely flush from stem to stern, without building or elevation of any kind, so that, besides the masts and funnel, there will be nothing above deck to offer resistance to a head wind.

The two intermediate decks are appropriated exclusively to the use of passengers and the equipage of the ship, and consists of four grand saloons, forming together a length of dining room of 350 feet, two large ladies' cabins or family rooms, and 180 state rooms, each containing two spacious sleeping berths, so that besides the portion appropriated to the crew, steward's department, &c., the immense number of 360 passengers can be accommodated each with a separate bed without requiring a single sofa to be made up in any of the saloons. The principal saloon is 108 feet long by 32 feet wide, and 8 feet 3 inches high. Besides the vast space appropriated to the passengers, crew, &c., and that occupied by the engines, boilers, &c., she has sufficient room for the stowage of 1000 tons of coal, and 1200 tons of measurement of goods. There are three boilers, capable of containing 200 tons of water, which will be heated by 24 fires, and she has four engines, each of 250 horse power, making in all 1000 horse power. Some idea may be formed of her vastness, when I state that 1400 tons of iron have been used in her construction.

The most novel feature about the Great Britain is her mode of propulsion, which is by the newly improved screw-proppeller, patented by Mr. Smith, of London, (with improvements made upon it,) and applied by that gentleman with complete success to the Archimedes. The Great Britain will be fitted with six masts, on five of which a single fore and aft sail only can be carried, the mainmast alone being rigged with yards and topmast. These masts will be low as compared with the size of the vessel, although the mainmast will be 95 feet long, and the quantity of canvass, though inconsiderable to what she should carry as a full rigged ship, will still be as much as would cover three quarters of an acre of ground.

It is difficult to ascertain the precise limits of the speed which she is calculated to perform at sea.—Probably the expectations of the directors are greater on this point than they choose to confess until an actual trial, but something considerably exceeding that of any sea-going steamship at present afloat may be looked for. The rate at which the Oriental steam vessels accomplish their voyages does not average more than eight miles an hour; the Atlantic about nine, and the most rapid sea voyage yet accomplished has not yet exceeded 10 miles an hour. It is estimated that the Great Britain will accomplish from 10 to 16 miles an hour, according to the nature of the weather and the sea, and no doubt is entertained that her average will be at least 12 to 13 miles per hour; taking the lowest of these rates, there would be an amazing increase over the greatest triumphs of steam navigation hitherto heard of.

SINGULAR CLOCK.—M. Schwilgue has recently completed the astronomical clock for the Cathedral of Strasburg, to the repair of which he has devoted himself with an indefatigable assiduity for the last four years.

It was to be finished about the end of September, and its inauguration will make a part of the festivals which take place at the scientific Congress. Every one who has been allowed to penetrate into the sanctuary of M. Schwilgue's labors agree in saying that it will be an admirable piece of workmanship, and in its whole and its parts will form one of the wonders of modern Europe. The revolutions of the sun, the moon, and the planets, figure there with scientific precision, and the most ingenious mechanism gives motion at the appointed time to the different figures.

Seven figures represent the seven days in a week; each appears in turn and occupies a particular place according to the hour of the day. The four ages strike the quarters, and the hideous skeleton, Death, employs himself in striking the hours. At noon the twelve apostles come in succession to bow before the figure of Jesus Christ, who gives them his blessing. And finally at the same hour, the cock raises his wings three times, and three times makes the vaults of the Cathedral resound with his crowing.—*Foreign paper.*

A WONDER OF PATIENT TOIL.—An Italian artist, Signor Andrea Gambassini, is now exhibiting in London a model of St. Peter's at Rome, on a grand scale, showing both the interior and exterior of that wonderful edifice to the minutest degree of accuracy. It is on the scale of one to a hundred, being twenty-one feet in length and six feet four inches in height. The signor was engaged *fourteen years* in its construction.

The exterior of the models is of itself a surprising effort of ingenuity; it is constructed of maple, and is admirably regarded as a piece of joinery merely: the architectural forms are sharply defined, the columns and capitals accurately cut, and the statues delicately carved in ivory. The model is made to open, like a cabinet, to show the interior; being divided down the centre, one side is detached from the other; and the visiter is thus enabled to form a conception of the surpassing splendor and richness of the *coup d'oeil*, and to examine in detail the plan of the structure and its decorations. The gray marble columns, the inlaid floor, the gilded ceiling, the painted dome, and walls enriched with the treasures of painting and sculpture, are exposed to view; the East and the transepts also open, and by means of a mirror every recess of the chape becomes visible. The mosaic pavement is composed of various woods resembling colored marbles, but the marble panneling of the walls are painted by hand; the statues are carved in ivory, and the mosaic alter-pieces and other pictures of the dome and ceiling are executed on copper, in the most finished style of miniature-painting; not a statue is omitted, not a slab of marble but is faithfully represented.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

MILK.—The Erie Railroad brought to the city 93,000 quarts of milk, during the month of September. The milk is bought in Orange county at two cents, and sold to dealers on arrival here, at four cents a quart. The road earned in the whole, during the month $10,000 of which 6,600 was received for freight, and $4,200 for passengers. The milk produced at half a cent a quart, $468. The weight of the milk was ninety-three tons.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

IMMENSE FLOCK OF GEESE.—While visiting Hampton Beach on Friday last, we saw a flock of geese, about two miles from shore, numbering more than twelve hundred. They were pursuing a southerly direction, and moved forward in line with the utmost regularity. They flew in nearly a straight line, and the extreme ends of the flock, were estimated by several persons present to exceed one mile and a half.—*Exeter Newsletter.*

COMICAL NAMES.—The names of Newfoundland hills, harbors, coves, creeks, and bays, have greatly amused us. The Blow-me-down-Hills, the Come-by-Chance-Brook, the Seldom-come-by-Harbor, the Funk Islands, imply a mode of nomenclature primitive if not always elegant; and highly expressive, if not attractive, as Bloody Beach, Damnable Bay, Dead-man's Point, Ragged Islands, Bay Despair, The Frying Pan, Cape Broil, Hell Hill, Mount Misery, Wolf Bay, the Bishop's Falls, Lion's Den, Bay of Fair and False, Muddy Hole, Pope's Harbor, Goose Cove, Gander Bay!

When Thebes was burnt, Alexander saved only the house of the poet Pindar. When Buffalo was burnt, the British officers saved only the house of an old woman, as a reward for her brave defence of it with a broomstick.

In the Pickwick papers a plot is formed for getting Mr. Pickwick out of prison, and smuggling him off to America, until he could return in safety. In urging the plan to his son Samuel, Mr. Weller makes the following very sage remarks:

'The 'Merikens vill never give him up, Sammy, ven vance they finds he's got *money* to spend,' and 'ven he returns can write a book about 'Merikens as 'll pay his expenses, and more too, *if he only blows 'em up enough.*'

SINGULAR NOTICE.—On a sign of an inn bearing the Duke of Atholl's Arms, upon his Grace's estate, says the Inverness Herald, are the following words:—

"The Duchess leaves the Duke's Arms every morning at five o'clock for Glasgow"—meaning a coach called the *Duchess.* His grace being informed of this, pleasantly remarked, 'I assure you it is nearly true: although not for Glasgow, but to attend to such concerns as relate to my happiness, and I sincerely wish many other wives would do the same."

The celebrated Locke, when in France in the year 1676, speaks of parasols, the first we know of them, in a journal which he kept 'as a pretty sort of cover for women riding in the sun, made of straw, something like the tin covers for dishes.'

A high churchman was once asked what made his library look so *thin.* His reply was, 'My books all keep *Lent!*'