

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"
HENRY B. MASSEY, PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.
H. B. MASSEY, 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.—JEREMIAH.

By Massey & Eiseley.

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From the United States Gazette.

Death of Children.

BY JOHN G. ADAMS.

Sure, to the mansion of the best,
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel brighter than the rest,
The spousal ring's light attends.
On wings of ecstasy they rise,
Beyond where worlds material roll,
Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.
There, at the Almighty Father's hand,
Nearest the throne of living light,
The choir of infant seraphs stand,
And dazzling shine, where all are bright.
That unextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam,
The more it lingers upon earth.
Closed in this dark abode of clay,
The stream of glory faintly flows,
Nor unobserved the lucid ray
To its own native fount returns.
But when the Lord of mortal breath
Deceives his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death,
Which speeds an infant to the tomb,—
No passion fierce, no low desire
Has quenched the radiance of the flame;
Back to its God the living fire
Returns, unsoiled, as it came.

The Rich Old Buffer.

A MICHIGAN LITERIC.

Urge me no more! I must not wed
One who is poor; so hold your prattle,
My lips on love have never been fed,
With poverty I cannot battle;
My choice is made—I know I'm right,
Who wed for love, starvation's suffer,
So will I study day and night,
To please and wed a rich old buffer.
Romance is very fine, I own,
Reality is vastly better,
I'm twenty—past—romance is flown—
To Cupid I'm no longer donor.
Wealth, power, and rank, I ask no more,
Let the world frown, with these I'll rough
her—
Give me an equis and four,
Blood buys a page, and—rich old buffer.
My opera-box shall be my court,
Myself the sovereign of the women;
There moustached loungers shall resort,
While Elster over the stage is skimming.
If any rival dare dispute
The palm of ton, my seat shall buff her;
I'll reign supreme, make every more,
When once I wed a rich old buffer.
"The heart"—"the feelings"—"pshaw!" for
nought
They go, I grant, though quite enchanting
In salutations by school-girls wrought,
Nonsense! by me they are not wanting,
A "note, and, as I live, a ring!"
"Pity the sad suspense I suffer!"
Ails right, I knew to look I'd bring
Old Brown. I've caught—
A RICH OLD BUFFER.

From the North American.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Annexed you will find an extract which I have made from an original letter, written on the 1st of August, 1765, by Deborah Franklin, in Philadelphia, to her husband, Benjamin Franklin, then in London. This extract may merit a place in your paper, informing as it does of the state of affairs, in our then small town, in 1765, and exhibiting as it does a remarkable instance of female calmness and intrepidity on a trying occasion.

Yours, &c., READ.

"I am so poor a writer that I do not undertake to say any thing about the discord in this part of the world; but to me it seems that we are very wicked, and so are the people of London, and other places on your side of the water, and I pray God to mend them all.

You will see by the papers what has happened in other places, and something has been said relative to raising a mob in this place. I was for nine days kept in a continued hurry by people to remove, and our daughter was persuaded to go to Burlington for safety; but on Monday last, we had great rejoicings on account of the change of the ministry, and preparation for bonfires at night, and several houses were threatened to be pulled down.—Cousin Davenport came and told me, that more than twenty people had told him it was his duty to be with me. I said I was pleased to receive civility from any one, so he stayed with me some time. Towards night I said he should bring a gun or two, as we had none. I sent to ask my brother to come and bring his gun also. So we made one room into a magazine. I ordered some sort of defence up stairs, such as I could manage myself. I said, when I was advised to remove, that I was sure you had done nothing to hurt any body, nor had I given offence to any person at all, nor would I show the least uneasiness, but if any one came to disturb me I would show a proper resentment.

A head properly constructed can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

From the U. S. Gazette.
STILL LATER FROM TEXAS.
We are indebted to the Picayune and Tropic of New Orleans for the following interesting news from Texas, received in that city on the 17th inst.

The schooner Henrietta, captain Hurd, arrived on Saturday evening from Galveston, brought dates from that city to the 8th and from Houston to the 3d. The rumor of the burning of Austin by the Mexicans is, as we anticipated, erroneous.

The last accounts from the west represent General Wall as retreating from San Antonio, but report further stated that he fell back to meet a reinforcement of fifteen hundred men.

General Burleson, (vice president) had issued an order calling on volunteers to join him on the lines. Captain Caldwell in his official account of the battle already reported, confirms his singular success, and says he is able to maintain his position until a reinforcement shall come to his aid.

The Texan citizens taken prisoners at San Antonio, numbering one hundred or thereabouts have published an address to the people of Texas, saying that they have been treated with great leniency by General Wall—indeed as prisoners of war.

Two men were shot at the time of the capture; but contrary to report young Van Ness was not among them, nor does it even appear that he was among that number of prisoners. The Texan spies report having seen several prisoners taken out to be shot, but were at too great a distance to distinguish persons, but think that Mr. Smithers and John W. Smith were among the number.

Galveston is fully prepared for any emergency that may happen. Col. Hockley is in command, and he is assiduously engaged in making preparations to give the enemy a warm reception should they visit the coast. Six hundred men are now under arms there, and if the war cry is heard, two thousand men will, within thirty six hours, rush to the defence of their country.

A gentleman arrived in town, says the Houston Star of the 4th inst., yesterday from the west, bringing the mortifying intelligence that General Wall has effected his retreat in safety, to the Rio Grande, and that Col. Caldwell has disbanded his forces and returned home. Only one hundred men are left near San Antonio, who are waiting in the hope that a party would be raised to march to the Rio Grande. Col. Caldwell overtook the Mexican army on the Medina, on the 23d ult. and captain Hays with his company attacked the rear guard and took possession of the Mexican cannon and held them for ten minutes, but not being well supported by the forces under Caldwell and Mayfield, was compelled to retreat. He made a second attack and killed six Mexicans, but having five of his men wounded and not being joined by the main army, he was again compelled to retreat. He noticed ten Indians with the Mexicans and a number of Mexicans of San Antonio. He thinks his men are wounded by the Indians. The Mexicans retreated on the road to Matamoros.

Gen. Burleson has issued a proclamation declaring that if five hundred men will join him within thirty days, he will march to the Rio Grande, and many of the western troops have returned to their homes for the purpose of making preparations to join the expedition. Many of the planters of Washington and other counties are going out to join Burleson, and it is thought he will be prepared to start within the time prescribed, with a thousand men.

This news is also confirmed by a letter received yesterday morning from Washington.

The late hour at which we received our papers last night, precludes our giving any further details of the taking of San Antonio, and the two or three engagements that preceded the retreat of the Mexicans. We have just room for one more extract, from the Houston Star, written before the retreat of the Mexicans was known:

"The number of Mexicans already killed by our forces is estimated at 400 or 500. The Mexicans packed off their dead that fell at a distance from camp, but many were left on the field so near the Texan camp that they dared not venture to burn. Col. Moore counted 48 dead bodies of the Fayette band lying near where they fell. There were no dead bodies of the Mexicans near, but the practice was all covered with blood around a within rifle shot distance, and showed that a very large number of wounded or dead Mexicans must have been packed off. Provisions had become so scarce in Col. Moore's camp that the soldiers commenced eating horses, but they still are in high spirits and confident of victory. They delight in being so near the enemy and join in the frequent skirmishes as cheerfully as they would run out to a ball or play."

N. H. Watrous, representative elect of Travis county, died at Austin on Monday, the 19th ult., of congestive fever.

Wm. Garrick, one of the aldermen of Galveston, died on the 30th ult.
The French barque Grand Conde arrived at Galveston with a large number of emigrants.

From a London Paper.

Final Explosion of the Socialist Communists in Hampshire and Flight of Robert Owen.

Socialism is at last, by the confession of its dupes, declared to be impracticable. The whole scheme in Hampshire has failed, and after having spent £37,000 in the half-formation of their Grand New Moral World establishment that during the present year was to astonish us all, they are at length compelled to admit that the whole matter was founded in folly. The workmen have been discharged—Robert has fled—and the parties sent down to wind up the affair, announce that Robert Owen is "childish and unfit for the office of New Moral World manufacturer. He left the New World on Sunday, the 10th July, driving himself off in the fine carriage presented to him by two silly women, named Pierce, whom we have before referred to, and whom he has left minus £7,000. They make the most bitter lamentations, and declare themselves completely ruined by the loss. Owen, it is believed, has taken himself off to America, from which place he is not likely to return to England. We sincerely pray it may be so, and that even yet, although with him the harvest is past and the summer ended that now, in the eleventh hour, he may be led by God's grace to see his awful condition, and like the "thief on the cross," seek the Saviour's intercession.—We also learn that, after all their boast of possessing land and estate, they have not even paid the deposit money for Rosehill! A farming gentleman living in the same parish writes in reference to the bad state of their crops:—

"To those who may have observed the manner in which they dressed and behaved to their land, it must be evident that some extraordinary power must have been exerted to prevent their prospering—or, at least, that His blessing, without which nothing prospers, has been withheld in the present instance. No expense was spared in cultivation, and all that human labor and human skill could do was done, yet are the crops singularly bad. They, like the fig tree, bear no good fruit; there are they dried up and withered. They are now so completely destitute of funds that they cannot even employ laborers on the necessary farming operations. Thus have all their prospects been nipped in the bud. They have not been permitted so much as to enter upon the new arrangements, but they have been permitted to see all their strength in erecting what they never can enjoy." Verily "There is that which maketh rich, but it tended to poverty." "Oh, that they were wise, that they understand this, and would consider their latter end."

CIGARS AS LIFE PRESERVERS.—The Philadelphia Sentinel states that a Mr. Johnson, who had just returned from sea, was going home in the evening he was assaulted by a man who demanded his money. Mr. J. being too old to be caught, pulled a large regalia cigar from his breast pocket; and making a noise with his mouth like the cocking of a pistol the man wheeled about and took to his heels.

So in Havana, an American gentleman, was stopped by another cigar-smoker at midnight, and asked for a light. The *Habanero* was long in lighting his *principio*, and inhaled his breath till the two cigar ends gleamed fiercely, while by the ruddy light each surveyed the other's face. "Pass on," said the *Habanero*. "Your cigar has saved your life—you're not the man I took you for."—N. O. Com. Bulletin.

A student of the hospital Necker of Paris, died lately of glanders, contracted from a patient, who caught the disease from a horse. It is thus proved incontrovertibly, that this fatal disease can be transmitted from the brute to man and from man to man. A horse which was inoculated with the matter discharged from the tumors of the student, died, exhibiting every appearance of glanders in its most acute form. The Parisian physicians think that the disease is transmitted by a miasmatic infection, similar to that of scarlatina or variola. They recommend, therefore, that every horse attacked by the disease, should be at once destroyed.

Temperance is a sober reality. If men are temperate they will be industrious—if industrious they will be economical—if economical they will save money—if they save money they will have a wherewithal on a rainy day—and if they have a wherewithal on a rainy day, economy industry and temperance the exports will always regulate themselves, whatever the revenue laws are.

The idea of a mermaid standing over a kettle of boiling water, cooking her own tail, is rather incongruous. In such a case we think she must be reduced to the last extremity.

Consumption—its Causes—its Cure.

The Victims.—The thousands who perish annually by consumption, not only in this, but in most other countries, form a larger body of victims from year to year, than perish by any other disease—except perhaps epidemics. The annals of consumption abound with the most heart-touching cases. Who cannot point to youth and beauty seized by this relentless disease, and hurried away to the tomb in the course of a few months or a few years. The weak and the feeble constitutionally are not the only victims.

We have known cases of strong men, with none of the symptoms about them, seized suddenly as it were, prostrated in a few weeks, and weakened from hour to hour, until they became mere skeletons, and death was a relief. But a few days since we passed in the streets, a female of eighteen, who two years before was in the bloom of youth and beauty, in the enjoyment of high health, and with a long and apparently bright career before her. She is now pale and thin, and will soon be lost to friends and relatives on this earth. In a climate like ours it seems almost impossible to guard against this insidious disease. It conceals itself in a damp atmosphere, and sometimes is to be found even in the gayest circles of pleasure—on sleigh rides, in ball-rooms, or along our fashionable promenades.

A slight cold, an ugly cough, a pain in the chest—and then follow all the terrible and heart-touching symptoms. The victim, if young and sanguine, nurses a thousand delusive hopes in the mind, indulges many a vague and unsubstantial expectation, fancies the affliction of any disease but the real one, and only yields to the dreadful conviction, as physicians abandon all hope, and life ebbs rapidly away. In 77 deaths which occurred in our city last week, 9 were by consumption. In New York 33 perished by consumption in 179 deaths.—We believe the proportion in New England cities is still greater.

According to a statistical paper which was recently read at Manchester, one death by consumption occurs in that town, out of 34 families—in Liverpool 2 deaths out of 49 families—in Birmingham, 1 death out of every 36, and in London, 2 deaths out of every 105. In the agricultural districts of England, the proportion of consumptive cases to deaths is 4 in every 21—and in the Factory Districts, 3 in every 19. The victims by this disease in every year must form quite an army of martyrs—many we fear, martyrs to fashion, others to poverty, exposure, occupation or climate.

It seems to us, that when we consider the immense mortality and the few cases of restoration, little attention, comparatively speaking, is paid to this disease, its causes and cure, by the medical profession generally. Doubtless many have abandoned the possibility of cure, except in the early stages. But when victim is added to victim every hour—when all sexes, ages, conditions of life, are swept away by thousands each year, more than ordinary attention should in our view be bestowed upon the subject, not only by physicians individually, but by our Medical Colleges and Universities.—*Phila. Inquirer*.

We were, a day or two since, very much amused in a hotel with a joke which Wyman, the ventriloquist, played on a countryman who had called for a julep. He had no sooner raised the glass to his lips than he thought he heard a dog at his heels—he turned around to look, but discovered nothing—the second attempt with the glass had the same effect, except that the supposed dog growled more savagely—the countryman started more wildly than before, exclaiming, "What's that?" A voice was heard from the glass, saying "I'm rum, and rum is the devil." Down dropped the glass of rum, the countryman crying out, "By hoky, I'll not take rum again." We think that Wyman deserves a premium for his aid in the temperance cause.—*Belt. Clip*.

Some years ago, a chap arrived at Augusta, with one of those great curiosities, an *Egyptian Mummy*, which he desired to exhibit. It was requisite then, that before the exhibition, permission should be obtained from the Judge of some of the inferior Courts. Accordingly, the showman proceeded to the Court House, where a Court was in session, and applied to the Judge for a license, stating that at infinite trouble and expense, to say nothing of danger, he had been fortunate enough to procure the greatest curiosity ever seen in the United States.

"What is it?" asked the Judge.

"An Egyptian Mummy, may it please the Court, more than three thousand years old," said the showman.

"Three thousand years old?" exclaimed the Judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the damned critter alive?"

Dr. Johnson in his *Rambler* says: "Let no man anticipate uncertain profits."

Smith, the American Diver.

We noticed a short time since, a daring but successful leap made by this fortune-achieving and dauntless young American from the lamp-post on Sunderland Bridge, England. From our papers by the Britannia, we perceive that he had taken another leap from the same place which came near losing him his life. The height from which he jumped, it will be remembered, is 110 feet. A correspondent of the Northern Times, gives the following particulars of the result:

"When Smith arrived at the surface of the water, the shock was tremendous. It appeared that his right lower extremities first touched the water. He disappeared for about two or three seconds, and then commenced to swim most gallantly. I ordered the boat to make for him with all speed; but another boat being nearer to him, dragged him into it. I then saw that he lay against one of the boatmen in a state of inaction.—The two boats approached side by side, and I observed that he was insensible; that the blood had left his lips. I ordered them to change his position to the angle of 45 degrees, and opened the collar of his shirt, which was firmly buttoned. There was no sign of respiration, and pulsation at the wrist had ceased. I opened his hands, and struck them with my own open hands several times, when he appeared to return to animation, and in a few seconds he spoke to me. I asked him if he was hurt in any part of the body, when he told me faintly, "upon the right thigh and leg, and to a certain extent upon the breast." He stated, also, that the current of wind which was much greater than he expected, "slew" him round in his descent, and that the wind was taken out of him. I begged that he would go as quietly to his quarters as he could, and that every care would be taken of him. I returned to his quarters, at Winter's Hotel near the bridge, and found him harrassing the people who were assembled in the street in front of the house. This I did not approve of, and with some entreaty he walked into an adjoining room. I had him stripped, and found much extravasation on the right thigh. My friend, Dr. Ogden, was with me in the boat, and spared no pains at the moment of danger. About an hour and a half after this tremendous leap, i. e. at the moment of writing this hurried report, his pulse mounted to 130, though all his faculties appeared to be restored to him, and he was in high spirits, which I restrained, and told him that he should be kept quiet, and no curious friends should be permitted to interfere with the needed tranquility. I expressed to Smith an earnest wish that he would never again make such a fearful experiment; but I am afraid that this is not to be the last."

More pernicious even than such fool-hardy courage, is the force of the bad example it produces. We read in the Tyre Mercury, that John Thompson, a tailor, of Sunderland, declared that he would that night rival Smith, the diver, by jumping off Sunderland bridge, which rash act he performed. He was followed by a person who had heard him boast of his intention who strove to persuade him not to do so, at the same time considering that Thompson was not sincere, and that he would not attempt it. In this, however, he was mistaken, as Thompson pulled off his coat, and ascended the railing on the bridge, while his companion and adviser was a short distance behind him. Assistance was called for, but before it could be effective he jumped down from the bridge into the river upwards of 100 feet. He was picked up by the police boat and taken to a neighboring public house, and a surgeon sent for. He died the same night.—*Boston Transcript*.

Honfires in the Neighborhood of Edinburg.
Among the numerous modes by which the Scottish nation testified their loyalty and affection to their beloved Sovereign, none were so grand and magnificent, or on such an extensive scale, as the large fires on the summits of the mountains. These fires were all preconcerted throughout Scotland, and so judiciously arranged, as to take place simultaneously that Wednesday night, by which time it had been confidently believed that Her Majesty would have been landed in her Scottish dominions.

From the state of the wind, that event could not take place out of doors on Thursday morning. But the large fires on the hills had the most splendid effect during the night of the royal squadron heading up the Frith of Forth, and illuminated the waters during the night, all the fires being visible by the equalities for about fifty miles around. Their effect is stated to have been magnificent, as bonfire after bonfire blazed forth in streams of light, to cheer and welcome the Sovereign during the night, and served to lighten up the Forth and pilot the royal squadron to their moorings near Leith. These large fires, therefore, served both to welcome Her Majesty during the night along the Scottish shores and illuminate and guide her course up the Frith of Forth, the effect of which was most imposing from the ocean.

The numerous beacon fires on Wednesday night were lighted up as testimonials of joy, affection, and loyalty. That on the rugged and craggy top of Arthur's seat, which is eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, was beautiful and sublime, and, from the darkness of the night, shed a flood of light over the whole surrounding romantic and picturesque scenery of Salisbury Crags, and also to a very great distance. Arthur's Seat beacon was got up by the Earl of Haddington, as the Keeper of the King's Park. The noble earl caused to be prepared the most splendid fire we have ever seen blaze forth on that romantic peak.—This fire was erected on a circular area or base, of which the diameter was forty feet, and the height of the pile varied from eight to ten feet. It was composed of about one hundred and eighty barrels, besides those of turf-pine, twenty-five tons of coals, about forty cart-loads of wood, besides tarred canvas, yarn, ropes, &c., and was seen about fifty miles distant. His lordship's beacon was the signal to the whole mountains within sight, which in their turn telegraphed to more distant hills, and thus the beacon fires were simultaneously kindled throughout Scotland. From Arthur's Seat and the Calton Hill about fifty beacons were seen lighted up all around, taking their signals simultaneously from the romantic peak of the Scottish metropolis. To enumerate all these would be impossible. We may venture to assert that an equal number of beacons, and of such size and such an extended scale, never occurred simultaneously in Her Majesty's Scottish dominions.—*Exchange*.

Polly Peablossom's Wedding.

Under this title the Georgia Family Companion relates a story which has by this time caused the loss of several "buttons." It is too long for our paper, but we give the closing scene. The justice of the peace called to marry the parties, was long on his way—got lost—stalled, and what not, and was not taken up after he arrived, in relating his impediments, that he forgot the marriage ceremony as prescribed by the church.

He thought over every thing he had ever learnt 'by heart,' even

"Thirty days hath the month of September,
The same may be said of April, June, and November."

but all in vain—he could recollect nothing that suited such an occasion. A suppressed titter all over the room admonished him that he must proceed with something, and in the agony of desperation, he began:—

"Know all men by these presents, that I—here he paused and looked up to the ceiling while an audible voice in a corner of the room was heard to say, 'He's drawing a bead to a tract of land,' and they all laughed.

"In the name of God Amen!"—he began a second time, only to hear a voice in a loud whisper say, 'He's making his will now; I thought he couldn't live long, he looks so powerful bad.'

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord."

was the next essay, when some erudite gentleman remarked, 'He's not dead, but asleep.'

"Oh yes! Oh yes!" continued the squire.

But the squire was an indefatigable man, and kept trying. His next effort was—

"To all and singular, the sherr"—Let's run!
He's going to level on us" said two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the face of Squire Tompkins. That dignity looked around all at once, with self satisfaction and a grave and dignified manner, 'Mr. Hodgkins, hold up your right hand.' George Washington obeyed and held up his hand. 'Miss Polly hold up yours' Polly in her confusion held up her left hand. 'The other hand Miss Peablossom,'—and the squire proceeded, in a loud and composed manner, to qualify them. "You and each of you, do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, and the present company, that you will perform all and singular the functions of husband or wife, as the case may be, to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God!"

"Good as wheat," said Capt. Peablossom. "Polly, my gal, come kiss your old father, I never felt so happy since the day I was discharged from the army, and set out for home to see your mother."

A Mr. Joseph Case was recently married in Illinois, to a Miss Susan Snarl. For Jo! What a pity that a Jo-Case a fellow should be caught by a Snarl!

It is better, upon the whole, to mind one's own concerns, than to be concerned concerning concerns that concern others.

Fools it is said are the greatest thieves; they rob you out of your time and temper.

"The noblest Roman of them all," said John Tyler, looking at his nose, in the glass.