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 & Eisely. **Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Nov. 19, 1842.** **Vol. 3--No. 8--Whole No. 112.**

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square	1 insertion,	- - -	-	$0 50
1 do	2 do	- - -	-	0 75
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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.

Machine Poetry.

Oh, 'there's a charm in a woman's eye,'
Sweet poison in her tear!
To see her weep and hear her sigh,
Makes a person feel about the gizzard rather queer.
[Turn steady, Nimrod.]

'O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,'
With breeches all torn and no sign of a vest;
His hat is most shocking—all tattered his shirt,
And his face is disguised by long whiskers and dirt.

'Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried,'
But we heard the squeel of the captured shoat,
And confess we felt flustered and flurried.

Whene'er you learn another's fault,
Bid your tongue to call a halt;
For the foremost one to censure,
May finger in a worse adventure.
We all are frail and apt to err,
And much more willing to confer
Reproof than honest fame.
If we should err, we would expect
Forgiveness for the same defect
In others that we blame.

GETTING HIGH.—The following is from a cold water song, written, we believe, by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont. It is good, the wit, as well as the moral:—

The sturdy oak toll many a cup
Doth hold up to the sky
To catch the rain then drink it up,
And thus the oak "gets high,"
By having water in its cups;
Then why not you and I?

Col. RICHARD M. JOHNSON.
AT WILLIAMSPORT.

☞ Col. Johnson's reception at Williamsport must have been highly gratifying:

After being addressed in the most flattering terms, by several gentlemen on behalf of the Military, Mechanics, and Youth of that place, the Hon. ELLIS LEWIS, in the name of the Ladies of Williamsport, made the following truly eloquent address to the Old Soldier—for a copy of which, we are indebted to the "Lycoming Gazette:"—

Richard M. Johnson! I address you by that name alone, as having more of honor in it than all the appendages titles can give. You have heard from the military; from the citizens; from the mechanics; and from the youths assembled around in thousands to bid you welcome. You are now to receive a kind greeting, and an offering of gratitude from their mothers and daughters, wives and sisters. As the carriage approached the triumphal arch under which you stand, this beautiful wreath was placed in my hands, accompanied with a letter from a Committee of the Ladies of Williamsport. I will read the letter, as expressing their object in language far better than any I can command:

TO THE HON ELLIS LEWIS:

You have been appointed by a committee of ladies of Williamsport to present the accompanying wreath to Col. Richard M. Johnson. Will you therefore in their behalf tender him this testimonial of their respect—and be their mouth piece on this occasion, to express the kind feelings which you are well aware they entertain for him. The flowers and living green of which it is composed, are fit emblems of the amaranthine virtues which cluster around the hero—and we have sought in the weaving of it so to arrange the *alphabet* of flowers as best to convey our sense of his bravery, his patriotism, his benevolence, his unimpeachable integrity, and his faithfulness in friendship. The name of Richard M. Johnson touches a chord in the heart of every true American woman, which vibrates in unison with the full strung *lyre* of patriotism. That the bright halo of glory which now encircles him may increase with every waning sun, is as sincere a desire of the ladies who offer this, as the conviction is strong that the remembrance of him will ever be as green in their memory as the *bays* which form a part of the wreath.

Signed by the Committee.

Lucretia J. Arms,	Rebecca H. McClintock,
Mary H. Armstrong,	Rosetta Van Horn,
Martha B. Anthony,	Mary Ann Hall,
Catherine Campbell,	Juliet H. Lewis,
Caroline Campbell,	Mary Green,
A. C. Maynard,	Maria Houston.

I am directed by the ladies to present this wreath to you as a testimony of their respect for your benevolence, patriotism, bravery, and fidelity in friendship. And who has a better right than our patriotic countrywomen to offer the meed of praise and gratitude to one of our country's boldest and bravest defenders? the heart that refuses to honor our country's heroes is ripe for treason, and he that would betray his country would forget his God.

It is a matter of history and will go down to posterity, that you are the conqueror of the renowned TECUMSEH.—And who was Tecumseh? He was a Shawnee *chief* whose ancestor, gorged with blood but not satisfied at the massacre of Wyoming, had instilled into the heart of his son inextinguishable hostility to the white population of the United States.—He was *more* than a *chief*—he was a perfect Demosthenes in eloquence, and by visiting the different Indian tribes, and influencing their minds by powerful harangues against the whites he united them all under his command. They regarded him as a *Prince* over many tribes, whose warriors had been concentrated by his influence against our countrymen—But he was more than an *Indian Prince*. His brother was considered a Prophet, and through his influence Tecumseh himself, was esteemed as having a portion of the power of the Great Spirit. When Tecumseh led on to battle, the warriors followed, believing they were obeying one who was aided from on high. When he gave the word of command all were ready to do the work of death. Neither age nor sex was spared—the resisting and the non-resisting—the old and the young—the mother and the child—were swept away in the torrent of blood and carnage which marked the path of this terrible warrior. The cruelties at the River Raisin were but specimens of the sanguinary stream which overwhelmed the frontier. Prisoners who had surrendered, under an express stipulation that their lives and property should be protected, the wounded and the helpless—the sick and the dying were robbed even of the clothing on their backs—deliberately shot—tomahawked in cold blood—scalped—denied the right of burial—their bodies left to be devoured by wild animals—their bones to bleach upon the earth wherever they might chance to be scattered by the beasts of prey that came to feed upon the dead and the dying. Such was the warfare carried on under this blood stained Indian. When his voice was heard every mother clasped her child convulsively in her arms as she fled and shrieked in terror, while every father and husband and brother and son, seized his rifle and rushed to the conflict, in defence of all that was valued in life. The path of Tecumseh was a path of horror—the war-whoop and the rallying cry of contending hosts—the tears and shrieks and blood of mangled men and women and children marked his course of desolation. And who was there to stay the cruelties of the tomahawk and the scalping knife? Fired by indignation at British aggressions, you were among those who voted for the declaration of war. Inflamed by patriotism you were also among the brave and noble spirits who perilled their lives to carry on that war. At the head of 1000 Kentucky hunters you pursued the British and Indians, and overtook them on the banks of the Thames, on the 5th of October, 1813.—The British under Gen. Proctor were 700 strong situated on a narrow pass between the river and a deep marsh which extended in front and to the right of the Indians under Tecumseh, 1400 strong. One half of your mounted men were despatched to charge upon the British. These 500 men led on by Lieutenant Col. James Johnson, came upon the British like a whirlwind—dashed through their ranks—wheeled—charged them in the rear and took them prisoners without the loss of a single Kentuckian. The prisoners were conducted to Gen. Harrison, who was at the head of the Infantry, at a distance in the rear of the mounted men. Let no one understand me as censuring Gen. Harrison. On this occasion he proved himself a brave man, and was where his duty called him as commander-in-chief. But let no one attempt to rob the Hero of the Thames and his gallant Kentucky hunters of the laurels which are justly their due. The Battle of the Thames was fought by Richard M. Johnson and 1000 mounted men under his command. They received no aid from any quarter until the victory was won.—While Lieut. Col. James Johnson, with 500 men, were engaged in capturing the British, Col. Richard M. Johnson, with the remaining 500 were engaged in bloody battle with 1400 Indians. The ground chosen by the British and Indians was most judiciously selected. The pass of Thermopylæ, with its water, marsh and mountains, were scarcely better chosen for defence than the pass of the Thames, protected by its water and marsh and dense forest of trees and underbush. In the one case a gallant little handful of Greeks defended themselves for days against the overwhelming thousands of the Persian army. In the other, with every advantage of position, and under one of the most wiley and courageous leaders the world ever saw, 1400 Indians were unable to resist your cool and determined bravery, at the head of only 500 Kentucky hunters. You crossed the marsh on horseback with your gallant band. You found it was necessary to draw the fire of the Indians by offering a sacrifice. You called for twenty men to volunteer as a forlorn hope, to make a charge upon the Indians, in order to draw their fire, and with the expectation of being shot to pieces. Your call was not made in vain! Twenty of your best men came forth. Curtius like, to cast themselves into the jaws of death for their country's welfare, instead of shrinking from this fearful trial, you led on the charge. Instantly more than 500 rifle bullets were discharged at you and your forlorn hope. Every man of the 20, except one, was either killed wounded, or his horse shot from under him; and yourself were almost cut to pieces, while your clothes and accoutrements were pierced by more than 100 bullets! Finding it impossible to charge upon them effectually on horseback, sheltered as they were by trees, logs, and underbush, your men were ordered to dismount, and fight the indians in their own way. Twice were they driven back with great slaughter; but each time the loud voice of Tecumseh was heard above the din of battle, leading them back to conflict. As he was leading his men back the third time to the charge, you advanced to meet him. You met—you conquered him! When he fell, his companions fled, and the victory was won. This brilliant achievment saved thousands of women and their children from the barbarities of the savage. The ladies of Williamsport freely acknowledge your claims upon them for the protection you extended to their sex, and to the little ones so peculiarly the object of a mother's regard. The bare robe of Cæsar, perforated by the daggers of his assassins, roused up the patriotic feelings of the citizens of Rome. How much more should our warm hearted country women be excited with grateful and patriotic emotions, at beholding among them the scar covered body of a war worn hero, who had freely offered his life in their defence, and had shed more blood than any other man living. They are excited. They feel as ever woman feels when a good deed is to be done. They come here with warm hearts and willing hands, making no cold calculations of results, to offer you this token of their respect, and gratitude for the distinguished services you have rendered their sex.

They say in their note that you are benevolent. When the *poor settler* planted his first stake in the forest—when he struck the first blow with his axe in commencing his humble settlement on the public lands, he stood greatly in need of a friend to secure him his preemption right; and he had no friend more active and untiring than Richard M. Johnson. When he was in danger by forfeiture of losing all his improvements and all the money he had paid, because he was not able to pay the price of the whole tract he had selected, you stood by him as his last friend and originated a proposition to secure him land to the value of of the payments he had made, and thus saved him from being turned out of the house he had erected, poor, destitute and broken hearted. When the *public debtor*, poor but unfortunate, was confined in prison because he was not able to pay his debts, you came forward with your proposition to abolish imprisonment for debt—you loosened his fetters—set him at liberty, and restored him to the society of his wife and little ones. When the *poor soldier* of the Revolution and of the late war sought at the hands of his country a small pittance as a compensation for the perils he had encountered and services he had rendered in defence of that country, you were ever his sincere and active friend. No man was more vigilant—none more energetic—none more industrious than you in endeavoring to obtain justice for the old soldiers, their *widows* and their *children*. When any act of benevolence or any deed of charity is to be performed no man is more ready and willing than you. The ladies desire to honor you for your bravery and patriotism. As stars bespangle the whole Heavens, deeds of self devotion and of noble daring gem your whole life.—Your honors have never been derived from Executive power—the marks of public confidence which you have received have been conferred by the free suffrages of a noble hearted and intelligent people. For nearly forty years you have been kept in the most exalted stations of public trust, by the abiding confidence of those who knew best how to appreciate your merits. The ladies also honor you for your fidelity in friendship. Who does not remember to have heard of the parting scene between your brother James and yourself when you came up with the British and Indians?—The British were small in numbers compared with the Indians, and occupied ground far more accessible. The British could be taken without much or serious danger—but a charge upon the Indians was the work of death and carnage. You said to him, "Brother! you have a wife and family—I have none. If you fall you will leave a widow and orphans unprotected—take half the men, charge upon the British—you can take them without serious loss. With the other half I will lead on the more dangerous attack upon the Indians. If I fall there is none to mourn for me." James obeyed and won an easy victory over the British without the loss of a man. You embarked in the work of death—crossed the deep marsh—dismounted, so that retreat was no longer in your power—led on your gallant band against nearly three times their number—exposed yourself to perils scarcely ever equalled—lost many of your brave companions in arms, and when the victory was won, your faithful steed expired by your side, while you yourself, pale and full of wounds, lay upon your blanket on the ground almost floating in a sea of blood. Where can be found a friend that sticketh closer than such a brother!

Those I have the honor to represent offer you this token of approbation because it is richly deserved by your services, and because they feel a glowing consciousness of rectitude in being allowed to render honor where honor is so justly due. But they also have higher objects in view.—They desire that the youth clustered around in thousands shall witness this reward to bravery and patriotism, in the firm hope that the ceremonies of this day will plant a spirit in each youthful breast which will produce another JOHNSON in the hour of our country's need.

The patriotic ladies who have honored me with the office of presenting the wreath state in their letter, that "the *flowers* and *living green* of which it is composed are fit emblems of the virtues which cluster around the Hero." *Evergreens* are here as a token that your name will ever be fresh in the memory of your grateful country women; *Autumn flowers* are here to signify that you are no *summer* friend, deserting them when the frosts of adversity approach, but that the hour of your patriotism sends aloft its brightest flame. The *laurel* is here, fit emblem to crown the brow of the victor. I recognize also in this wreath the leaves and branches of an *arbor vitæ*, an evergreen that grew at the Falls of Niagara. The waters of the Thames, charged with the blood that flowed in torrents from your veins, commingling with the mighty mass, moistened its roots as they swept onward to the Atlantic. The TREE has been nourished by your blood: its *leaves* and *branches* are here to honor you as their noble kinsman; to substitute for the ROAR of the mighty WATERFALL the LOUD PLAUDITS of a GRATEFUL PEOPLE: to exchange the beautiful RAINBOW that constantly crowns that magnificent cataract, for the bright HALO of glory that surrounds the name of RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

Letter of Franklin.

The November number of the Southern Literary Messenger publishes the following excellent and interesting letter written by Dr. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN to a minister of the Gospel in New-Jersey, among whose papers it was recently discovered. It has never before been published.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1765.

DEAR SIR:—I received your kind letter of the 2d inst., and am glad to hear that you increase in strength. I hope you will continue mending until you recover your former health and firmness.—Let me know whether you continue the cold bath, and the effect it has. As to the kindness you spoke of, I wish it could have been of more real service to you; that you would always be ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance, and so let good offices go around; for mankind are all of a family. For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favors, but as paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men, to whom I shall never have an opportunity of making the least direct return, and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefitted by our services. For the kindness of men I can therefore only show my gratitude to God by a readiness to help his other children and my brethren; for I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less to our Creator.

You will see in this my notion of good works, that I do not expect to merit heaven by them. By heaven, we understand a state of happiness infinite in degree, and eternal in duration; we can do nothing to deserve such a reward. He that, for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a great plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world, are rather from God's goodness than our merit—how much more so the happiness of heaven? For my part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, or the ambition to desire it; but content myself to submitting to the disposal of that God who made me, who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well confide, that he never will make me miserable, and that the affliction I may at any time suffer, may tend to my benefit.

The faith you mention has doubtless its use in the world. I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I desire to see it lessened in any man; but I wish it were productive of more good works than I have seen; I mean real good works—works of kindness, charity, mercy and public spirit—no holyday-keeping, sermon hearing, or reading, performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity.

The worship of God is a duty; the learning and reading may be useful; but if man rest in hearing and praying, (as too many do,) it is as if the tree should value itself on being watered and putting forth leaves, though it never produced any fruit.

Our Good Master thought less of these outward appearances than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the doers of his word to the hearers: the son that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet performed his commandments, to him that professed his readiness but neglected his work. The heretical but charitable, those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, who never heard of his name, he declares shall, in the last day, be accepted when those who cry Lord, Lord! who value themselves on their faith though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be neglected. He professed that he came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance, which implied his modest opinion, that there were some in his time so good that they needed not to hear even for improvement; but now-a-days, we have scarcely a little parson who does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministration, and that, whoever omits this, offends God. I wish to such more humility, and to you health and Firmness—being your friend and servant,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

The London Athenæum, in a notice of Mrs. Trollope's recent Tour in Italy, quotes a portion of the book in which the authoress describes her visit to Powers, the sculptor, and her former acquaintance with him in the West. The passage quite redeems the old vulgarities she was guilty of, when her authorship first won its notoriety:

"Rather more than ten years ago, I became acquainted at Cincinnati, in Ohio, with a young man of the name of Powers; he was at that time an assistant to a Mons. Dorfeuille, the ingenious proprietor of a whimsical museum in which curious objects of Natural History, North American antiquities, and historical groups of wax figures, were blended, and daily exhibited, for the amusement and edification of the *beau monde* of the western metropolis. The wax figures were moulded, or at any rate finished by this Mr. Powers, and there was a degree of talent displayed in this, that struck us all very forcibly, as being something greatly out of the common way. Encouraged, perhaps, by the opinions expressed by the European party, of his skill in modelling, he undertook a bust in such clay as he could find, and produced what struck us as the most wonderfully perfect likeness we had ever seen.—But we moved on, and heard no more of him. A few days after we arrived in Florence, we were invited to visit the studio of some of the most distinguished artists at present working there. 'A young American, called Powers, was among the names first mentioned, and the instant I heard the name, felt not the slightest doubt that by my going to his studio I should meet my old acquaintance. Nor was I disappointed. There indeed I found the highly gifted Hiram Powers, fully emerged from the boyish chrysalis state, in which I had last seen him, into a full-fledged and acknowledged man of genius, in high fashion, overwhelmed with orders from worthy patrons of all quarters of the globe, and with his rooms filled with admirable busts, all of them with more of that inspired air of life about them, which was [illegible] the excellent sculptor [illegible] marbles that I have [illegible]

"His busts are life-like in a [illegible] made me look at him with wonder. When we left him at Cincinnati he was a lad who had seen nothing of any art but the art Divine which led formed the living creatures around him; and nothing but that intuitive faculty, without which, I presume, genius cannot exist, could have hurried him forward to the place he now holds among living artists. Having examined all he had to show me, with equal surprise and pleasure, I ventured to ask him if he had ever tried his hand upon my ideal work. 'In marble?' he replied. 'Yes,' said I, 'some group, not merely consisting of a portrait, but something imaginative?' He shook his head. 'I am married, and have two children,' he said. 'For busts I have as many orders as I can execute—I must not risk the loss of this lucrative business, in order to indulge myself in works of imagination.—If my success continue, I may perhaps, in time, venture to attempt something of the kind—But I cannot afford it yet.' 'But do you not sometimes imagine compositions?' said I. 'Do you not fancy things that you would like to execute?' 'Why yes,' he replied, smiling, 'I certainly have fancied things that I should like to execute—and I will show you one of them.' He then led the way to another room, and there, behind a screen, was a figure mounted on a pedestal, and I saw at once that it was a full length as large as life, though it was veiled from head to foot with a cloth. 'Here,' said he, pausing before he uncovered it, 'it is a figure in clay, on which I have bestowed some labor, and more thought—but I dare not do it in marble—I dare not try my chisel upon it, unless I could get an order for the statue, and I cannot hope for that as yet—I mean it as a representation of Eve.' He then withdrew the drapery that concealed it, and displayed an undraped female figure that I gazed upon with unfeigned astonishment. I have no words of art at my command which might enable you to conceive all the blended dignity and simplicity of this beautiful figure. In size, it is not beyond nature, but is nature in very full perfection, and admirably well accords with the idea that it seems natural to conceive of the universal mother, and the model of woman, as she came from the hand of her Creator, before any accident of earth had tarnished her perfection. In her right hand she holds the fatal apple athwart the still heavenly composure of her fair face, one may trace a slight shade of incipient anxiety, just sufficient to make one feel that she is not divine, but human. But what struck me in the composition, still more than the grace and loveliness, was the almost severe simplicity with which it is conceived and executed. There is in it something that gave me the idea of the pride of genius, that could not stoop to borrow a charm from look, or attitude, but trusted all to beauty, and to truth alone. Powers watched, almost wholly in silence, the impression that his work made upon us; and when at length we turned away from it, he threw the veil again over it, saying with something like a sigh, 'I should like to do it.' Most heartily do I wish that some one may ere long look upon that Eve of clay with a sincere admiration as I did, and with money enough to boot, to command that she should immediately receive the immortality of marble, for well does she deserve it!"

DUELLING.—When Dr. Franklin was in England, prior to the American Revolution, he was one night in one of the coffee houses of London, in company with a number of literary and scientific gentlemen, who greatly admired his conversational powers, both for its force and originality. A stranger who was afflicted with a most offensive odor, but liked the Doctor's conversation, came into the box in which the party were assembled. Franklin proposed that his friends should remove to another box to escape the horrid smell; they did so, but the stranger followed them—again at Franklin's instance they removed, and again he followed; when, the Doctor's patience getting threadbare, he said to the stranger that he would be obliged to him not to follow them again for his scent was so offensive that it could not be borne. He of the smell took it as a gross insult, and challenged the Doctor the next morning, who replied by saying to the offended party, "if I accept your challenge, we fight, and you kill me, I shall in a few days smell as badly as you do now; if I kill, you will *if possible* smell worse than you do at present; in neither case can I see how any benefit can result to ourselves or others, and therefore decline the challenge.

LAW, POETRY AND FANCY SOAP.—The St. Louis Organ tells the following: On Friday last, in the Court of Common Pleas, a jury of men and a large auditory were highly edified for a couple of hours, with the details of a case touching the manufacture and quality of Fancy Soaps. The lawyers threw hot shot—we mean soap suds, at each other valiantly.—In the course of [illegible] "a block of lath [illegible] crush of words" [illegible] P. perpetrated the following [illegible]

[illegible] at the [illegible] soaps
From which [illegible] be only gathered,
The [illegible] one heeds [illegible] and hopes
The other will be duly lathered.

Nothing can be more irksome to a generous mind than to discover that it hath thrown away all its good offices on a soil that bears no other fruit than ingratitude.

A young lady named Mary Ann, recently went to a ball with a bladder tightly blown up for a bustle. A gentleman accidently ran against her and burst the bladder, restoring her chaotic form in its usual proportions. The report was heard all over the town.

A patent has just been taken out in Boston for cleaning fish, by giving them snuff—when they *sneeze* their scales off.

HOW TO CUT MUTTON.—"Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddlewise?" said a gentleman "No," said one of his guests; "cut it bridlewise, for then I may chance to get a *bit* in my mouth."

"Daddy, why do they call the war in Rhode Island a *civil* war?" "Because, child, they took care not to hurt each other."