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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.—JAYNESSON.
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THE FIGURE.
BY SCHILLER.

Youth's ray spring-time scarcely knowing,
Went I forth the world to roam—
And the dance of youth, the glowing,
Left I in my father's home,
Of my birthright, glad-believing,
Of my world-gear took I none,
Careless as an infant, cleaving
To my pilgrim staff alone.
For I placed my mighty hope in
Dim and holy words of Faith,
"Wander forth—the way is open,
Ever on the upward path,
Till thou gain the Golden Portal,
Till its gates unclose to thee,
There the Earthly and the Mortal,
Deathless and Divine shall be!"
Night on Morning stole and stealth,
Never, never shall I will,
And the Future yet conceal,
What I seek, and what I will!
Rise before the mountain-ridges,
Torrents hemmed me every side,
On the fallen trunk that bridges
O'er the rent abyss I glide—
Where the day breaks—lo! a river,
And I halt not by the shore;
Faith on danger can deliver,
And the wave shall wait me o'er,
Drifted in the whirling motion,
Seas themselves around me roll—
Wide and wider spreads the ocean,
Far and farther flies the goal,
While I live, is never given
Breeze or wave the goal to near—
Earth will never meet the Heaven,
Never can the TARES be HEAVEN!

Reason and Love.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Reason and Love, one summer noon,
Went out to rove together;
The wild lark sang their sweetest tune,
'Twas sparkling sunny weather,
Soon the wild boy began to play
Among the leafy bowers,
While reason warned him not to stray,
And talk'd of darkening hours.
Love laugh'd, he heeded not such things,
While all was bright about him,
But shook the sun-time from his wings,
And dared the lark to flout him,
'"Rash boy," cried Greybeard, "prythee move;
You see how fast day closes—"
'"How very glowingly," smiled Love,
'"The sun sets on the roses!"
Reason still argu'd—Love grew wam,
And every caution slighted;
Till Reason, yielding to the charm,
They staid and were benighted,
And thus the case will ever prove,
'To doubt the fact were treason;
Reason is of itself by Love,
Love never yields to Reason!

VENGEANCE AND DISCIPLINE.

A letter from Vienna states that at Wells, near Lintz, during some recent military maneuvers, two soldiers of a regiment of hussars having fallen in a charge, were obliged to remain behind. One of them, who was less injured than his companion, joined his corps shortly afterwards, but being unable from pain to perform his duty, the chief of squadron, the Chevalier de L—, condemned him to receive twenty-five lashes. When the hussar had undergone the penalty, he went up to that officer, as it were to thank him, according to military usage, and struck him in the face. The officer drew his sword and killed him on the spot: but at the same moment four soldiers left their ranks, and literally cut the chief of the squadron to pieces.
Boston Postscript.

MANNER IN MARSEILLES.

The inhabitants of this ancient French town have the unenviable reputation of being very ugly tempered and cross grained. Their character is illustrated in a proverbial story. A boy, walking peacefully down the street, receives from a Marseillais a rude kick, which leaves him sprawling. The boy rises, and with lamentation asks, what had he done to his aggressor to deserve such a blow. "What have you done to me?" responds the Marseillais. "Only imagine what a kick you would have got had you done any thing to me."

A PORCELAIN ANECDOTE.

The first Duchess of Roxburgh was possessed of two china vases of great value. One of these attracted the attention of her eldest son, John, Duke of Roxburgh, who in his admiration unsettled its equilibrium, and so shattered it to atoms. The duchess on returning from her morning drive, was aware of the destruction of her favorite ornament, and inquired concerning it, "Why, my lady," returned her second son, Lord Robert Ker, "it was caused alone by John. He took the vase into his arms, and grasping it thus he dropped it." Smiling the action to the word, Lord Robert dropped the second vase; fled to the woods, joined his brother there, and it was only after an anxious search, and promises of ample pardon, that the young delinquents consented to return to Floors.—Globe.

THE NEW YEAR.

Those who have not been accustomed to pay any accounts should now begin. January is the time for good resolutions, and that is why the House of Parliament never meet till February.—Punch for January.

PRESENTATION OF WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND FRANKLIN'S STAFF.

Mr. G. W. SUMMERS rose, and addressed the Speaker, who recognised the honorable gentleman as in possession of the floor; and all eyes were at once turned to him, and the whole House was at once flushed into silence. The galleries were densely filled with an anxious and attentive auditory, which had collected in anticipation of the interesting proceedings which were about to be witnessed. Many Senators occupied seats amongst the members in the House, and some of the representatives of foreign powers, accredited to this Government in diplomatic relations, were ranged below the bar; and all listened with profound stillness, while the honorable gentleman from Virginia spoke as follows:

Mr. Speaker: I rise for the purpose of discharging an office, not connected with the ordinary business of a legislative assembly.—Yet in asking permission to interrupt, for a moment, the regular order of parliamentary proceedings, I cannot doubt that the proposition which I have to submit will prove as gratifying as it may be unusual.
Mr. Samuel T. Washington, a citizen of Kanawha county, in the Commonwealth of Virginia, and one of my constituents, has honored me with the commission of presenting, in his name and on his behalf, to the Congress of the United States, and, through that body, to the people of the United States, two most interesting and valuable relics, connected with the past history of our country, and with men whose achievements, both in the field and in the cabinet, best illustrate and adorn our annals.

One is the sword worn by George Washington, first as a colonel in the colonial service of Virginia, in Forbes's campaign against the French and Indians; and afterwards, during the whole period of the war of Independence, as commander-in-chief of the American Army. It is a plain cut-throat, or hanger, with a green hilt and silver guard. On the upper part of the scabbard is engraved "J. Baily, Fishkill." It is accompanied by a buckskin belt, which is secured by a silver buckle and clasp; whereon are engraved the letters "G. W." and the figure "1757." These are all of the plainest workmanship, but substantial, and in keeping with the man and with the times to which they belonged.

The history of this sword is perfectly authentic, and leaves no shadow of doubt as to its identity. The last will and testament of General Washington, bearing date on the 9th day of February, 1797, contains, among a great variety of bequests, the following clause.—"To each of my nephews, William Augustine Washington, George Lewis, George Stephae Washington, Bushrod Washington, and Samuel Washington, I give one of the swords or cut-throats of which I may be possessed; and they are to choose in the order they are named. These swords are accompanied with an injunction, not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defence or in defence of their country and its rights; and, in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands, to the relinquishment thereof."

In the distribution of the swords, hereby devised, among the five nephews therein enumerated, the one now presented fell to the share of Samuel Washington, the devise last named in the clause of the will which I have just read.

This gentleman, who died a few years since, in the county of Kanawha, and who was father of Samuel T. Washington, the donor, I knew well. I have often seen this sword in his possession, and received from himself the following account of the manner in which it became his property, in the division made among the devisees.
He said that he knew it to have been the side arms of General Washington during the revolutionary war—not that used on occasions of parade and review; but the constant service sword of the great chief; that he had himself seen General Washington wear this identical sword, (he presumed for the last time,) when in 1794, he reviewed the Virginia and Maryland forces, then concentrated at Cumberland, under command of General Lee, and destined to co-operate with the Pennsylvania and New Jersey troops, then assembled at Bedford, in suppressing what has been called "the whiskey insurrection."

General Washington was at that time President of the United States, and, as such, was commander-in-chief of the army. It is known that it was his intention to lead the army in person on that occasion, had he found it necessary; and he went to Bedford and Cumberland prepared for that event. The condition of things did not require it, and he returned to his civil duties at Philadelphia.

Mr. Samuel Washington held the commission of a captain at that time himself, and served in that campaign, many incidents of which he has related to me.

He was anxious to obtain this particular sword, and preferred it to all the others, among which was the ornamented and costly present from the great Frederick.

At the time of the division among the nephews, without intimating what his preference was, he joyously remarked "that, inasmuch as he was the only one of them who had participated in military service, they ought to permit him to take choice." This suggestion was met in the same spirit in which it was made; and the choice being awarded him, he chose this, the plainest and intrinsically the least valuable of any, simply because it was "the battle sword."

I am also in possession of the most satisfactory evidence, furnished by Col. George Washington, of Georgetown, the nearest male relative of General Washington now living, as to the identity of this sword. This information was derived from his father, William Augustine Washington, the devisee first named in the clause of the will which I have read, from his uncle, the late Judge Bushrod Washington, of the Supreme Court, and Major Lawrence Lewis, the acting executor of General Washington's will; all of whom concurred in the statement, that the true service sword was that selected by Capt. Samuel Washington. It remained in this gentleman's possession until his death, esteemed by him the most precious memento of his illustrious kinsman. It then became the property of his son, who animated by that patriotism which so characterized the "father of his country," has consented that such a relic ought not to be appropriated by an individual citizen, and has instructed me, his representative, to offer it to the nation, to be preserved in its public depositories, as the common property of all; since its office has been to achieve and defend the common liberty of all.

He has, in like manner, requested me to present this case to the Congress of the United States, deeming it not unworthy the public acceptance. This was once the property of the philosopher and patriot, Benjamin Franklin. By a codicil to his last will and testament, we find it thus disposed of:—"My fine crab-tree walking stick, with a gold head, curiously wrought in the form of the cap of liberty, I give to my friend, and the friend of mankind, General Washington. If it were a sceptre, he has merited it, and would become it."

General Washington, in his will, devises this case as follows:—"Item, To my brother Charles Washington, I give and bequeath the gold-headed cane left me by Dr. Franklin, in his will."

Captain Samuel Washington was the only son of Charles Washington, the devisee, from whom he derived, by inheritance, this interesting memorial; and having transmitted it to his son, Samuel T. Washington, the latter thus seeks to bestow it worthily, by associating it with the battlesword, in a gift to his countrymen.

I cordially concur with Mr. Washington in the opinion that they each merit public preservation; and I obey, with pleasure, his wishes in here presenting them, in his name, to the nation.
Let the sword of the hero and the staff of the philosopher go together. Let them have place among the proudest trophies and most honored memorials of our national achievements.
Upon that staff once leaned the sage of whom it has been said "He snatched the lightning from heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants."

A mighty arm once wielded this sword in a righteous cause, even unto the dismemberment of an empire. In the hand of Washington, this was "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." It was never drawn, except in defence of the public liberty. It was never sheathed until a glorious and triumphant success returned it to the scabbard, without a stain of cruelty or dishonor upon its blade. It was never surrendered, except to that country which bestowed it.

[Loud and long-continued plaudits followed the delivery of this address.]
The Sergeant-at-arms advanced to the seat of the honorable gentleman, and received into his custody the interesting relics.
Mr. ADAMS then rose to submit a resolution in relation thereto. He said:

Mr. SPEAKER: In presenting this resolution to the House, it may, perhaps, be expected that I should accompany it with some remarks suitable to the occasion; and yet, sir, I never rose to address this House under a deeper conviction of the want of words to express the emotions that I feel. It is precisely because occasions like this are adapted to produce universal sympathy, that little can be said by any one, but what, in the language of the heart—in tones not loud, but deep—every one present has literally said to himself. My respected friend from Virginia, by whom this offering of patriotic sentiment has been presented to the Re-

presentative Assembly of the nation, has, it seems to me, already said all that can be said suitable to this occasion. In parting from him, as after a few short days we must all do, it will on my part be in sorrow, that in all probability I shall see his face and hear his voice no more. But his words of this day have been planted in my memory, and will there remain till the last pulsation of my heart. The sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! Oh, sir, what associations are linked in adamant with those names.—Washington! the warrior of human freedom.—Washington! whose sword my tread has said was never yet drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when needed in his country's cause!—Franklin! the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing press, and the ploughshare.

What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of mankind!—Washington and Franklin! What other two men, whose lives belong to the 18th century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all aftertimes! Washington, the warrior and the legislator! In war contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race—ever manifesting, amidst the horrors of war, by precept and example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity. In peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord among his own countrymen into harmony, and giving to that very sword now presented to his country a charm more potent than that attributed in ancient times to the lyre of Orpheus. Franklin, the mechanic of his own fortune, teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence the way to wealth; and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness: in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal bolts, and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflicting sceptre of oppression; while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic ocean; braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze; bearing in his hand the charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form; and tendering, from the self-created nation, the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace on the pathless ocean from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war; and, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters on his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the Chief Magistrate of his adopted Commonwealth, after contributing, by his counsels, under the Presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to God, to that Constitution, under the authority of which we are here assembled as the Representatives of the North American people, to receive in their name, and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated Republic these sacred symbols of our golden age.

May they be deposited among the archives of our Government; and may every American who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world, and of prayer for the continuance of those blessings, by the dispensations of his providence to our beloved country from age to age, till time shall be no more. (Great applause.)

Mr. Speaker, I submit the following joint resolution:
Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, That the thanks of this Congress be presented to Samuel T. Washington of Kanawha county, Virginia, for the present of the sword, used by his illustrious relative, George Washington, in the military career of his early youth, in the seven years' war, and throughout the war of our national independence; and of the staff bequeathed by the patriot, statesman, and sage, Benjamin Franklin, to the same leader of the armies of freedom in the revolutionary war, George Washington.

That these precious relics are hereby accepted in the name of the nation; that they be deposited for safe-keeping in the Department of State of the United States; and that a copy of this resolution, signed by the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House of Representatives, be transmitted to the said Samuel T. Washington.

This resolution was adopted unanimously, and with loud acclamation.

Speaking of a heavy wind, Prof. H. remarked, that it was literally a mathematical wind, as it had extracted several roots.

Bill Johnson and Daughter again.

The famous Bill Johnson, the Canada Patriot, and hero of the Thousand Isles, is a citizen of Iowa. We learn from the Dubuque Express, that he is a resident of Buchanan county, where he cultivated a farm, and was accompanied in his retirement by his equally celebrated daughter. One or two hired men formed his establishment. It does not seem to be his lot, however, to be at peace any where, for last month he was attacked and lincbed in a most villainous manner, the circumstances of which are thus stated:—

"On one of our coldest nights, (the 14th of last month) his house was attacked by an armed party of a dozen men, headed by a fellow named Bennett, who formerly resided in Buchanan county. They dragged him from his bed, and tied him to a tree for the purpose of flogging him. His heroic daughter flew to his rescue, and while the guns were levelled to shoot her, she cut the cords with which he was tied. They tied him a second time, and threatened her life if she approached, but she cut the cords a second time, although every trigger was pulled to fire, declaring that she was prepared to die, rather than see her father suffer, and all the time demanding the cause without avail. They tied him a third time, and having secured her, they laid fifty-six lashes on his bare back with a cowhide. Then gearing up his own horses, they put him and her on a sled, and drove them off, with a positive charge, never to come back but at the risk of his life. Bennett being the only settlement near, they had to go twenty miles that night to the next nearest house, a night which was one of the coldest this winter. These desperadoes then searched his house, and took away some money—all that they could find.

Johnson having laid a complaint before the authorities of Lyon county, the Sheriff went with a posse, but was forced back by Bennett and his party. A second posse went out, headed by a man who was driven from the Bennett settlement, because he would not unite with them; but before the second posse arrived, Bennett and some of his gang had fled, and three or four of those that remained behind were taken prisoners, amongst whom was the fellow who flogged Johnson. They are now in confinement. Of the Bennett party who escaped, three or four were frozen so badly that one or two of them have since died. Bennett passed through this town last week in disguise and by a letter received here last Sunday, from Dixon on Rock River, he was at that place on Friday night last, on his way to the southern part of Illinois. A fear that Johnson would succeed in getting the seat of justice for Buchanan county located at this place in the geographical centre, was the only cause of the outrage, as Bennett claimed it for his location, only four miles off, at the rapids of the Wapsipicon.

Four of the depredators are confined at Iowa City awaiting their trial. Bill Johnson and his daughter are in attendance at the Capitol as witnesses.

PAINE'S BIRTH DAY.—The 106th birthday of Thomas Paine was celebrated at the Pantheon, in Boston, by a public dinner and ball. The following characteristic toast was drunk:—"By E. Upton, of Salem. Infidelity—a term of reproach in its original import—an honorable appellation since its adoption by liberal freemen."

A WELL-FIGHTED BATTLE: "SCIENCE AGAINST NUMBERS."—The Olive Branch says that sometime since, on a Saturday, the people passing a granite store on Front street, heard an unusual noise.—They stopped and looked in, and beheld a wassail fighting rats. He fought bravely, and some fifteen of the rats fell successively before the heroic wassail; every part of the store was sprinkled with blood; at last, however, the wassail became exhausted from the very labor of slaughtering his enemies, who, being almost insurmountable, dashed on their foe and killed him.—Boston Trans.

NEW ARM OF THE MILITARY.—We find the following extracts from the volume of the British Naturalist's Library concerning BEES, in a late number of the London Quarterly. They contain the only application of the anger of bees to useful purposes, which we have ever seen recorded:—"A small privateer with forty or fifty men, having on board some hives made of earthen ware full of bees, was pursued by a Turkish galley manned by 200 seamen and soldiers. As soon as the latter came alongside, the crew of the privateer mounted the rigging with their hives, hurried them down on the deck of the galley. The Turks, astonished at this novel method of warfare, and unable to defend themselves from the stings of the enraged bees, became so terrified that they thought of nothing but how to escape their fury; while the crew of the small vessel, defended by masks and gloves, drew upon the enemy sword in hand and captured the galley almost without resistance."

INDIAN MODE OF SWIMMING.

The mode of swimming among the Mandans, as well as among most of the other tribes, is quite different from that practiced in most parts of the civilized world. The Indian, instead of parting his hands simultaneously under his chin, and making the stroke outward in a horizontal direction, causing thereby a serious strain upon the chest, throws his body alternately upon the left and right side, raising one arm above the water, and reaching as far forward as he can to dip it, whilst his whole weight and force are spent upon the one that is passing under him, and, like a paddle, propelling him along; whilst this arm is making a half circle, and is being raised out of the water behind him, the opposite arm is describing a similar arch in the air over his head, to be dipped in the water as far as he can reach before him, with hand turned under, forming a sort of bucket, to act most effectively as it passes in its turn underneath him. By this bold and powerful mode of swimming, which may want the grace that many would wish to see, much of the fatigue and strain upon the breast and spine are avoided, and a man will preserve his strength, and breathe much longer in this alternate and rolling motion than he can in the usual mode of swimming.

NEW METHOD OF GROWING ASPARAGUS.

The Editor of the Horticulture Magazine recommends a trial of the following method of growing asparagus, which is practised at Nice, and of which a high account is given in the London Gardener's Chronicle. Take a quart wine bottle; invert it over the head of a stalk of asparagus just rising from the ground, and secure it by three sticks so that it cannot be knocked over. If left in this state, the asparagus will grow up into the interior of the bottle and, being stimulated by the unusual heat and moisture it is then exposed to, will speedily fill it. As soon as this has taken place, the bottle must be broken, and the asparagus removed, when it will be found to have formed a thick head of tender delicate shoots, all suitable as compact as a cauliflower.

The Plaindealer is responsible for the following outline of a political speech delivered at Cleveland within the past few months. After having given his whiskers a brush, the dandy commenced:—"Mr. Chamion—Oho! for ostracising them dem'd Lokah Fokah! Ome for shepping them to foran cloimes—dem on Mr. Chamman, what is a Lokah Fokah! A Lokah Fokah, Mr Chamman, is a crotch, a monstah, a howid fallah, a wulgh crotch, a crotch, Mr. Chamion, who larv habits decididial of the inferish ordah."

We dislike what the world calls a dignified man—one whose intense vanity and egotism makes him inaccessible. Such a precious piece of mortality is like a hedgehog—approach him as you may the bristling quill of self stands out in such bold relief, that even though you offer the fellow food, you are certain to get your fingers pricked.

ENJOY IT WHILE IT LASTS.—A goodly lady in a neighboring village, a recent convert to Miller theory, has cut up a rich and costly dress for kitchen window curtains. She says, "It's no use to keep things to be burnt up; we might as well enjoy this world while it lasts." Essex Transcript.

QUITE TENDER HEARTED.—An old looking fellow in New Hampshire brags upon having two of the most tender-hearted sons in the world. He says that when he asks them to bring in an armful of wood, or do any little "chore," they begin to cry about it in a minute.

During the late disturbances in Ireland, the following was written by an officer of the army:—"This town is all in an uproar expecting the rebels every hour, I am in a great hurry. While I write you these few lines, I hold a pistol in each hand and a sword in the other!"

"Hallo, Ned, what's the matter?"
"Matter enough—John Jones called me a liar, and I'm looking for him to cane him."
"But Ned, Jones is much the largest man of the two, and it may prove a somewhat dangerous operation."
"True enough, I dont think I can cane Jones, but darn him, I'll stone his dog."

Lord Erskine declared in a large party, in which Lady Erskine and Mr. Sheridan were present, that a wife was only a tin canister tied to one's tail; upon which Sheridan gave Lady Erskine the following lines:
Lord Erskine, presuming at woman to rail,
Calls a wife a tin canister tied to one's tail,
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison,
But wherefore degrades he? consider! a right
A canister's pot bed and useful and bright;
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied!