

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

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Mary's Constancy.

The moon's bright beams light up the grove,
As if 'twas touched by wand or fairy;
There, in a bower, sat my love,
The black-ey'd, sweet and gentle Mary.
Forth, on the wings of love I flew,
To this, our chosen place of greeting,
To bid her now a short adieu,
And sad and tearful was our meeting.
"From thee, my love, and these dear scenes,
For two years hence, I must be taken,
But when that long space intervenes,
I will return with love unshaken;
And Mary, will your faith be kept?"
"Will absence ever affliction sever?"
She leaned upon my breast and wept,
And gently whispered, "never, never!"
Two years elapsed. With heart de-
light, I sought my Mary's father's dwelling,
And there upon the porch she sat;
Gaze, bosom, cease thy joyous swelling;
I grasped her offered hand, and said,
"How does my dear and pretty Mary?
Ten thousand blessings on the head,
Of her whose love can never vary!
I'll make thee, dearest all my own;
The tears which we have long been shedding,
No more shall flow, say, pretty one,
Say—wax shall be our wedding!"
With laughing eye upturned, and lip
That curled with deep and roguish meaning,
She from my proffered arm did slip,
Then on her thumb her chain a leaning,
"She spoke—'So you've returned, my friend!
How glad I am, there is no telling;
And now I hope sometimes you'll bend
Your steps towards your pretty dwelling;
I live those now; as come and see,
We're happy, neat and snug as may be;
My husband will be home to tea,
And you shall see my little babe."

The Husband to his Wife.

I ask thee not to yield thy love;
For that even now is mine—
I ask thee not thy faith to prove,
Thy heart is truth's pure shrine,
Thou canst not point the lily fair,
Nor bid the mine's pure gold—
Nature has limned a richness there,
Which art can ne'er unfold.
But oh! I have one poor request,
Sanctioned by gods and men—
Thy power can give me love a zest,
Say will you grant it then?
She smiled assent—what is it—life!
The favor now disclose,
Said he—my own, my dearest wife,
Go WIFE THE BABY'S NOSE!

Exclusive Love.

Go—count the glance of every eye,
Forsake the touch of every lip;
Be free to all who flutter by;
I sip not where the many sip;
The blossom of my heart must be
A flower that blooms for one alone;
Divided charms are not for me—
No, all its sweets must be my own.
Go—spread thy charms to every sight,
Impart to all the favors sweet,
I am not like the bee, to light
On flowers where all welcome meet!
The blossom of my heart must be
A flower that blooms for one alone;
Divided charms are not for me—
No, all its sweets must be my own.

Cure for Consumption.

The following communication comes from a source entitled to the fullest confidence:

Messrs. Editors:—A letter from a distinguished friend in England, recently received, contains the following remedy for consumption, which a sense of duty impels me to give to your readers. My correspondent states that it was given him by an eminently skillful German physician, who had tested its efficacy on many patients; amongst others, on his own wife.

I mention it to you, says my correspondent, in the hope that it may be useful to some of those laboring under that afflictive, and, indeed, hitherto incurable malady, on your side the Atlantic. It was discovered in Russia, and has been tried with astonishing success in Germany. "Rub the body round and round from the neck low down on the body, for half an hour morning and night, with the fat of bacon cured in smoke. Flannel must be worn during the course of the cure, and not changed more than once a month at the soonest. The cure occupies from four to six months."

Should any of your readers be suffering under the above named disease, and be apprehensive of a hoax being practised in the remedy specified, you are at liberty to mention my name. Yours, &c.

REMEDY FOR THE HESSIAN FLY.—The editors of the American Agriculturist say: "To the many invaluable advantages of the roller may be added the perfect security it affords to the wheat crop from the ravages of the fly. Whenever this insect is discovered, whether in the spring or fall, the roller should be applied, and the effect of one or more applications will be entirely to destroy this troublesome enemy."

A wife who loses her patience, must not expect to keep her husband's heart.

There are two things in this country that want cutting down—high salaries and Canada thistles.

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.—JERFANON.

By Masser & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, March 25, 1843.

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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.

PERFECT SOCIAL FREEDOM.

Mrs. Child, in a late number of the Anti-Slavery Standard, tells the following pleasant little story.

Of perfect social freedom, I never knew but one instance, Doctor H—, of Boston, coming home to dine one day, found a very bright-looking handsome mulatto on the steps, apparently about seven or eight years old. As he opened the door, the boy glided in, as if it were his home.—"What do you want?" said the doctor. The child looked up with smiling confidence, and answered, "I am a little boy that run away from Providence, and I want some dinner; and I thought may be you would give me some."

His radiant face, and childlike freedom operated like a charm. He had a good dinner, and remained several days; becoming more and more the pet of the whole household. He said he had been cruelly treated by somebody in Providence, and had run away; but the people he described could not be found. The doctor thought it would not do to have him growing up in idleness, and he tried to find a place, where he could run errands, clean knives, &c. for his living. An hour after this was mentioned, the boy was missing. In a few weeks, they heard of him in the opposite part of the city, sitting on a door step at dinner-time. When the door opened, he walked in, smiling, and said, "I am a little boy, that run away from Providence; and I want some dinner; and I thought may be you would give me some."

He was not mistaken this time, either. The heart that trusteth so completely received a cordial welcome. After a time, it was again proposed to find some place at service; and straightway this human butterfly was off, no one knew whither.

For several months, no more was heard of him. But one bright winter day, his first benefactor found him seated on the steps of a house in Beacon street. "Why, Tom, where did you come from?" said he. "I came from Philadelphia."—"How upon earth did you get there?" "I heard folks talk about New York and I thought I should like to see it. So I went on board a steambark; and when it put off, the captain asked me who I was; and I told him I was a little boy that run away from Providence, and I wanted to go to New York; but I hadn't any money. 'You little black rascal,' says he. 'I'll throw you overboard!' I don't believe you will, said I; and he didn't. I told him I was hungry; and he gave me something to eat, and made up a nice little bed for me.—When I got to New York, I went and sat down on a door-step; and when the gentleman came home to dinner, I went in, and told him that I was a little boy that run away from Providence, and I was hungry. So they gave me something to eat, and made up a nice little bed. Then I wanted to come back to Boston, and everybody gave me something to eat, and made me up a nice little bed. And I sat down on this door step, and when the lady asked me what I wanted, I told her I was a little boy that run away from Providence, and I was hungry. So she gave me something to eat, and made me up a nice little bed; and I stay here, and do her errands, sometimes. Everybody is good to me; and I like everybody."

He looked up with the most sunny gayety, and striking his hoop as he spoke, went down the street like an arrow. He disappeared soon after, probably in quest of new adventures. I have never heard of him since.

Old bachelors do not live so long as other men. They have nobody to darn their stockings and mend their clothes. They catch cold, and there is nobody to make them sage tea; consequently they drop off.

To say that a man expands the truth, is the latest fashion of telling a man he is a liar.

INDEPENDENCE.—Independence—the freedom allowed a man to think as his party does, but not otherwise.

EVILS.—An aching tooth, and a crying child in church. Remedy—take them out.

His nature and ill words, make a woman but a sorry companion.

"Can't you draw an inference," said a teacher to a rustic pupil. "Wall, aw don't know; perhaps aw could; but if aw couldn't dad's got a team at home what could?"

"Why are a pair of boots that have undergone repairs, like dead men?"
Because they are men-ded! (men dead)

THE EARTHQUAKE AT GAUDALOUPE.

A slip from the Norfolk Beacon states that the brig Sarah Jane, Capt. Gill, at that port, from St. Johns, P. R. brings advices to the 22d ult. Capt. G. reports that nearly 4000 bodies had been dug from the ruins at Point Petre, Gaudaloupe, and were lightered off and thrown into the sea.

Vessels had arrived at St. Thomas from the windward islands, imploring supplies for the inhabitants who escaped destruction—they are without provisions of any kind.

Capt. G., further reports that Bassaterre, (Gaud.) Nevis, St. Pierre, and Port Royal, (Martin) were nearly all destroyed.

The U. S. brig Bainbridge, Lieut. Com. Jorjesson, from New York via St. Jago de Cuba, arrived at St. Johns about the 15th or 16th ult; officers and crew well. Lieut. J. informed Capt. Gill that he distinctly felt the shock—the noise resembling the rolling of shot fore and aft the deck.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.—Captain Knowles, of schr. Ellen, at New York, from St. Thomas, states that before he left, news had been received from Point Petre, Gaudaloupe, that by the great earthquake of the 8th of February, every building was thrown down, and from tea to fifteen thousand persons killed. The American Consul was killed at Point Petre.

The scene was terrific. It was breakfast hour with the inhabitants. Capt. Fisher, of an Am. vessel, when the shock commenced, was sitting in the lower story of a store fronting the water, and sprang for his boat at the end of the wharf. In an instant he and the boat both rocked so furiously that he hesitated. Just then the ground opened beneath his feet, and with a leap he reached the boat and was saved. Several other Captains were with Captain Fisher at the time, and all saved. Vessels were so much shaken as to be in great danger.

Mr. Ridgely, a comedian from Philadelphia, was on the lower floor of a hotel, and sprang into the street. On all sides he saw men throwing themselves upon their faces on the ground. In another instant the stone walls fell and buried all beneath them, except a few who were so fortunate as to find themselves above it. When Mr. R. recovered himself, he was unharmed, though all the persons he had just seen were hopelessly buried. His little son, a lad of seven years of age, was the first object he saw, springing to embrace his father.

How they came so near together Mr. Ridgely could not understand, as the lad was, at the commencement of the shock, in the third story of a house four squares off. The boys say that all he remembers is, that when he heard the cry—Earthquake! he jumped out of the window. The boy was sitting at breakfast with the family, and all the family perished, except a small girl who, after the shock, was standing by the side of young Ridgely.

The earth rocked so that a man could not keep his feet. It opened in several places and closed again, swallowed up people and buildings, and in some instances the water flew up sixty and seventy feet.—Many large openings remained. About two thirds of the inhabitants perished. Of the garrison of eight hundred men, only seventy survived.

A furious fire broke out immediately after the earthquake, which raged for some days, adding greatly to the horror of the scene.

Four thousand bodies had been dug out of the ruins of Point Petre by the sailors in the harbor, and taken out to sea in boats, in order to prevent a pestilence.

Among the killed is the American Consul. He was taken from under the ruins with both legs broken and put on board an American vessel in the harbor, but died the next day.

The massive fortifications were a heap of ruins, and the mouth of the harbor was completely choked up by rocks forced from the bottom of the sea. It was feared that the vessels in port would never get out.

At St. Barts, the church and several other buildings were thrown down, and the earth opened in the centre of a street to the width of a foot, the fissure extending 600 yards in length.

Only 10 lives were lost at Antigua, although almost every building in St. Johns was thrown down.

At St. Eustatia the damage was confined mainly to buildings, some being very badly injured.

At St. Christopher's several of the public buildings were utterly destroyed. Only one person lost her life, but some others were badly hurt.

At Nevis and St. Bartholomew's the earth opened and water with a sulphurous smell issued from the crevices.

Nothing farther had been heard from Montserrat.—When last seen the island was enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke or dust. The sea around was violently agitated.

At St. Vincent the shock was felt but slightly.

Hero of the Earthquake.

The New York Commercial Advertiser publishes the following letter dated

POINT AU PETRE, Gaudaloupe,
February 17, 1843.

You will probably hear of the dreadful calamity which has befallen this city, before this reaches you; nevertheless I will give you a brief account of one of the most destructive earthquakes which we have on record.

It commenced on the morning of the 9th, ten minutes before eleven, with a tremendous rattling noise; in a few seconds the earth began to rock to and fro, leaving at the same time an upward and downward motion; then followed the tumbling of the buildings all over the city, coming down with a mighty crash, resembling no noise I ever heard; in about thirty seconds the city was in ruins.

A few hours after, fire broke out in various parts of the city, and before the morning of another day, had swept entirely over it, destroying what remained after the earthquake. So that nothing is to be seen but the broken walls and a few old wooden buildings in the outskirts of the town. It was called by many the handsomest city in the West India islands. It contained a population of 18,000, and the buildings were of stone, three and four stories high.

But the most awful thing to be described is the loss of human lives, and the poor human creatures who were taken from the ruins, mutilated in every possible shape, which I will not attempt. About 2,000 were killed and 1,500 wounded, 300 of the latter suffering amputation of one or more of their limbs. The public square was literally filled with the dying; every vessel in the harbor has more or less of them on board. The contents of the apothecaries' shops were destroyed, and the physicians lost many of their instruments in their houses, so that it was many days before some could be reached for amputation. The Governor General from Bassaterre arrived here the next day, took up a French ship, put as many of the wounded on board as could be moved, and sent them to the hospital at Bassaterre.

He ordered at once that no vessel should leave port without his permission, and the next day put a price upon all the necessaries of life, that he who attempted to sell above that price should be imprisoned. He despatched at once messengers to Bassaterre and Martinique, and before three days a supply of provision came.—Every vessel in the harbor was continually surrounded with persons begging for bread. The port is now open. I cannot learn how long this order is to last, but no charges on cargo or vessel are now made; since which have arrived, the brig Eclipse, of Bath, and a brig from Sandwich, which with the lumber in the yards is sufficient for immediate supplies.

On the 15th two French frigates, two brigs of war, two schooners and a steambark from Martinique, arrived with men, who at once set themselves at work digging out the dead, and pulling down the broken walls which remained standing. There are no banks here, and no particular place for the deposit of money, each merchant having his iron safe. The circulation here is doubloons, dollars and francs. A large amount of specie lies buried under the rubbish, and the first night while the fire was raging, no order was taken to protect it, consequently large amounts were stolen.

One lady lost from her safe one thousand doubloons and a number lost less amounts; but the next morning a strong military guard surrounded the city, since which no theft had occurred. The store-houses and shops were well filled with merchandise, no part of which was saved, so that the loss of property, independent of buildings, is very great. It is said there is not a single instance where insurance was effected, and this has continued as a practice for many years. The Moule, a small place fifteen miles from this, was laid in ruins and many lives were lost. Bassaterre suffered somewhat, but lost no lives. The probability is that Antigua, Monserrat, St. Kitts and Nevis have suffered, as the earthquake took a N. W. direction.

Definitions from "Punch."

WEALTH.—Wealth is that which we can exchange for something else, and consequently an old pair of pantaloons must be considered wealth when exchanged for a gold finch, and the old men who walk about with birds on their fingers, offering them for old trousers, are consequently practising political economy.

A shirt is wealth, if it is only changed once a month, but the fact of its being changed at all gives it, according to political economists, a certain and uncertain value.

OF VALUE.—That quality of an object which renders it capable of gratifying our desires is value; therefore if we desire to catch a flea and the flea is caught it becomes valuable.

Before political economy came into vogue, it was thought the value of any thing was exactly what it would fetch; but this doctrine is exploded; for if we send a servant to fetch a pound of mutton chops, we are not to consider the chops the value of the servant.

THE FAR WEST.

A short time before the adjournment of the late Congress, a Report was transmitted to the Senate embracing an account of an Expedition made to the Rocky Mountains, during the last year by Lieutenant FREMONT of the Topographical Corps. In making the motion to print the Report, Mr. LINN of Missouri supported it in the following terms. We shall look with much interest for this valuable document:

"Mr. LINN said that in the course of the last summer a very interesting expedition had been undertaken to the Rocky Mountains, ordered by Col. Abert, chief of the Topographical Bureau, with the sanction of the Secretary at War, and executed by Lieut. Fremont of the Topographical Engineers. The object of the expedition was to examine and report upon the rivers and the country between the frontiers of Missouri and the base of the Rocky Mountains; and especially to examine the character, and ascertain the latitude and longitude of the South Pass, the great crossing place in these mountains on the way to Oregon. All the objects of the expedition have been accomplished and in a way to be beneficial to science, and instructive to the general reader, as well as useful to the Government.

Supplied with the best astronomical and barometrical instruments, well qualified to use them, and accompanied by twenty-five voyagers, enlisted for the purpose at St. Louis and trained to all the hardships and dangers of the prairies and mountains, Mr. Fremont left the mouth of the Kansas, on the frontiers of Missouri, on the 10th of June; and, in the almost incredibly short space of four months, returned to the same point, without an accident of a man, and with a vast mass of useful observations and many hundred specimens in botany and geology.

In executing his instructions Mr. Fremont proceeded up the Kansas river far enough to ascertain its character, and then crossed over to the Great Platte, and pursued that river to its source in the mountains, where the Sweet Water (a head branch of the Platte) comes from the neighborhood of the South Pass. He reached the pass on the 8th August, and describes it as a wide and low depression in the mountains, where the ascent is as easy as that on the hill on which this Capitol stands, and where a plainly beaten wagon road leads to the Oregon through the valley of Lewis's river, a fork of the Columbia.

He went through the Pass, and the headwaters of the Colorado of the Gulf of California, and, leaving the valleys to indulge a laudable curiosity, and to make some useful observations and attended by four of his men climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains; until then untrdden by any known human being; and, on the 15th August, looked down upon the ice and snow some thousand feet below, and traced in the distance the valleys of the rivers which, taking their rise in the same elevated ridge flow in opposite directions to the Pacific ocean and to the Mississippi. From that ultimate point he returned by the valley of the Great Platte, following the stream in its whole course, and solving all questions as to its navigability, and the character of the country through which it flows.

Over the whole course of this extended route, barometrical observations were made by Mr. Fremont, to ascertain elevations both of the plains and of the mountains; astronomical observations were taken, to ascertain latitudes and longitudes; the face of the country was marked as arable or sterile; the facility for travelling, and the practicability of routes, noted; the grand features of nature described, and some presented in drawings; military positions indicated; and a large contribution of geology and botany was made in the varieties of plants, shrubs, trees and grasses, and rocks and earths, which were enumerated.

Drawings of some grand and striking points, and a map of the whole route illustrate the report, and facilitate the understanding of its details. Eight carts drawn by two mules each accompanied the expedition; a fact which attests the facility of travelling in this vast region. Herds of buffaloes furnished subsistence to the men, a short, nutritious grass sustained the mules and horses. Two boys, (one twelve years of age, the other eighteen,) besides the enlisted men accompanied the expedition, and took their shares of the hardships; which prove that boys as well as men are able to traverse the country to the Rocky Mountains.

The result of all his observations, Mr. Fremont had condensed into a brief report—enough to make a document of some ninety or one hundred pages; and believing that this document would be of general interest to the whole country, and beneficial to science, as well as useful to the government, I move the printing of the extra number which has been named.

In making this motion, and in bringing this report to the notice of the Senate, I take a great pleasure in noticing the activity and importance of the Topographical Bureau. Under

its skillful and vigilant head, (Col. Abert,) numerous valuable and incessant surveys are made; and a mass of information collected of the highest importance to the country generally as well as to the military branch of the public service. This report proves conclusively that the country, for several hundred miles from the frontier of Missouri, is exceedingly beautiful and fertile; alternate woodland and prairie, and certain portions well supplied with water. It also proves that the valley of the river Platte has a very rich soil, affording great facilities for emigrants to the west of the Rocky Mountains."

THE PARRICIDE WHITE.—Benj. D. White, recently convicted at Le Roy, Genesee Co., of the murder of his father, has been sentenced to be hung on the 29th day of April next. The Le Roy Gazette Extra gives a full report of his trial, from which it appears that his father was a pious man, possessed of some property, and universally esteemed. The son had conceived a strong hatred of him for supposed ill-treatment and especially because he was a christian, the son being a Deist. Several quarrels had occurred between them, and on the 10th of March, 1842, the son went to the woods where the father was, had a dispute with him, and soon after followed him home. As he was entering the house his father attempted to exclude him, when he drew a pistol and shot him. After his conviction, White made a long rambling address to the Court, in abuse of Christianity and his deceased father, whose murder he confessed. He manifested no penitence, and was anxious only that a narrative he has written in support of Deism should be published.

Second Advent Poetry.

The following curious specimen of the poetical genius of Brother Miller's adherents, is copied from the Second Advent Hymn Book, published by them. That bomb has a passive notice.

The devil's mad and I am glad—
He's lost a soul he thought he had;
It's good enough, good enough, I long to sing Hosanna!
Good enough, good enough, I long to sing Hosanna!

With red hot ball, and bombshell's fire,
By faith in war you'll never tire.

When the Lord called Adam,
When the Lord called Adam,
When the Lord called Adam,
Isn't this a trying time!

He was hid behind the bushes!
He was hid behind the bushes!
He was hid behind the bushes!
Isn't this a trying time!

Hail you! where did you come from! Hallelujah!
Hail you! where did you come from! Hallelujah!
O, I come from the land of Egypt; Hallelujah!
O, I come from the land of Egypt; Hallelujah!

Hail you! what is your cargo? Hallelujah!
Hail you! what is your cargo? Hallelujah!
O, religion is my cargo; Hallelujah!
O, religion is my cargo; Hallelujah!

TAPPING.—After a short consultation, several physicians decided that a dropsical patient should be tapped. Upon hearing of the decision of the doctors, a son of the sick man approached him and exclaimed, "Father! don't submit to the operation, for there never was any thing tapped in our house that lasted more than a week."

A SAUSAGE STORY.—A New York paper, states that a dog going along near the Market House flew at a coil of sausages, and began tearing them furiously to pieces, and why? Because, it seems, they were made of a dog that he had had a fight with the day before! Such "canonical" stories are horrible in the extreme.

SMART LAD.—A negro boy being sent by his master to borrow a pound of lard from a neighbor, thus delivered his message: "Missus Thompson, massa sen me over to borrow or beg a pound of hog tallow; he says he got de old sow up in de pen, fatten'm, he gwine to kill her day before yesterday, and he come over week 'for last, and pay all you owe us."

A FAIR REPLY.—A fugitive Slave undergoing an examination at Northampton, Conn., when asked if his master was a Christian, replied, "No, sir; he was a member of Congress."

To the question, by a lady, "Why is the steamer Brilliant like a gentle maiden?"—Major Reilly, of the Bayou Sara Chronicle, answers—"Because she stoics a good deal of cotton aft."

Lady Blessington has said that a love match is an alliance formed by people who pay for a month of honey with a life of vinegar.

Keep it before yourself, Mechanic, that punctuality is a virtue; that work promised should always be done at the time, and well done, and then you need give yourself no fears of want of business.

There is a man down East so tender-hearted that he refuses to take milk, because it deprives the innocent calves of it. He is thus unconsciously refuting his own theory.