

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."  
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND  
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Touchin' these Bunker Hill Proceedings.  
BY "STRAWS."

Trizes in astonishment!  
Indignant I've bin sittin';  
If granite could get rabid, why  
I'd swear you'd all bin bitten!  
Such momentary raptures! such  
A bilva's elation!  
Cold water's all you'll get from me,  
I'veed in this 'ere position!

Just state the case. Old Mrs. Bull,  
As lives across the waters,  
In course of law and natur', gets  
A set of saucy daughters;  
A regular boker's doz'n—all  
The world declares 'em beauties—  
First thing they does, they takes and sets  
Their faces 'gainst their duties!

Well, Mrs. Bull of course is vexed,  
As most of mothers would be,  
To find her galls a turnin' out  
No better than they should be;  
She flares up 'bout authority,  
They fleet in contradiction,  
And Mrs. Bull goes ravin' and  
To strengthen her conviction!

Next, just to do 'em good of course  
She just begins to fother;  
And blessed if they don't turn about  
And pitch into her, rather!  
You talk about your 'Lexington'—  
My feelin's I can't smother;  
It beats the quaker gentleman  
As took and kicked his mother!

They keep on not a-mindin', push  
From bad to worse, you see;  
And having tap'd her claret, why  
Next thing they spills her tea;  
Abuse her on the corners, and  
Wot's more outrageous still,  
Got up anoth'r precious fight,  
On this here Bunker Hill!

I wonder you're made of! is  
There any here a parent!  
Or any as soon as may be! I  
Should say at once there we'n't.  
This crown' ov' Mrs. Bull,  
Who 'right divine' could show, ton—  
As a werry distinguished Yankee statesman  
might observe.

"Where d'ye expect to go to?"  
And wot a nice example! Since  
Just see the jolly rows;  
There's not a regal dame alive  
Can keep a quiet house!  
It's 'Charter,' 'Constitution,' 'Right  
Of Suffrage,' 'common weal,'  
And last, and loudest, rood the world,  
Swells Ireland's cry, 'Repeal!'

Just 'no ahead,' as Shuckpeare says,  
Keep on your celebrations,  
You'll have it your own way at last,  
No doubt among the nations;  
With freedom your religion—why,  
You'll soon convert the planet;  
Each land may boast its sacred hill,  
Capp'd by its spire of granite!

Or,  
Your sin's a very catching one,  
East, west, and north, and south, sirs;  
And they may pile granite next  
Upon the Hill of Houth, sirs!

DEATH FROM EATING PHOSPHORUS.—Yesterday, the infant daughter of Mr. Newman, on Frank street, died in consequence of having eaten the day previous, a considerable quantity of phosphorus. The phosphorus was eaten about 12 o'clock on Friday, and the mother immediately gave it an emetic, after which it remained perfectly easy and apparently well until the next Saturday morning, when it was seized with terrific pains, which continued until she died, 6 o'clock, P. M. A post mortem examination disclosed extensive burns through the whole course of the intestines; and it is matter of surprise that the child should have remained undisturbed until the next morning. The only explanation suggested is, that the phosphorus did not meet the oxygen immediately, and that it did not take fire until the next day. The smoke of the phosphorus escaped freely from the bowels during Saturday, and probably combustion was then going on. The proper antidotes were given freely, and other means used, but with no apparent effect.—*Rochester Post.*

COCKROACHES.—The following method of destroying these detestable intruders is at once simple and effective.—Procure from the apothecary a small quantity of that odorous vegetable called *yoke root*. Boil it in water until the juices are extracted, and mingle the liquor with good molasses; spread the mixture in large platters or soup-plates; place these wherever the cockroaches visit, and the enemy will be found slain by fifties and hundreds on the following morning. A gentleman to whom we are indebted for this information, states that he slaughtered 575 cockroaches in one night, by the above process, and that the root which had been boiled being thrown into a closet thickly infested by the enemy, the place was quite entirely in a few days, great numbers being left upon the field.—*Boston Gaz.*

COMFORTABLE.—The chairs in the cars of the Eastern railroads are provided with rockers. They only need pillows to be perfect; a man could then easily sleep away the tedium of travel.

# 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 & Eelsey.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, July 15, 1843.

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### From the Alabama Monitor.

#### PORTRAITS OF THE 14th CONGRESS.

In the speech of Mr. WILDE, of Georgia, delivered in the House of Representatives in 1832, on the Tariff, he thus introduces, in a style of beauty peculiar to his own classic genius, a sketch of some of the distinguished men of the Fourteenth Congress. (1816.) Mr. Wilde says: The restrictive system is more plainly to be traced to the embargo, non-intercourse, non-importation, war, and double duties. When peace came, these duties were about to expire. A new system of revenue was to be devised, and the manufacturers, threatened, as they believed, with ruin, earnestly and humbly entreated that the amount required as revenue should be so imposed as to enable them to stand the shock.

It was under such circumstances that the fourteenth Congress assembled. At that time I had the honor to be a member of this House. It was an honor then. What it is now, I shall not say. It is what the twenty-second Congress have been pleased to make it. I have neither time, nor strength, nor ability, to speak of the legislature of that day as they deserve; nor is this the fit occasion. Yet the coldest or most careless nature, cannot recur to such associates, without some touch of generous feeling, which, in quicker spirits would kindle into high and almost holy enthusiasm.

LOWNDES.  
Pre-eminent—yet not more proudly than humbly pre-eminent—among them, was a gentleman from South Carolina; now no more; the purest, the calmest, the most philosophical of our country's modern statesmen. One no less remarkable for gentleness of manners, and kindness of heart, than for that passionate, unclouded intellect, which rendered him deserving of the praise—if ever man deserved it—of merely standing by and letting reason argue for him. The true patriot, incapable of all self-fish ambition, who shunned office and distinction, yet served his country faithfully, because he loved her. He, I mean, who consecrated, by his example, the noble precept, so entirely his own, that the first station in the republic was neither to be sought after nor declined—a sentiment so just and so happily expressed, that it continues to be repeated, because it cannot be improved.

PINKNEY.  
There was, also, a gentleman from Maryland, whose ashes now slumber in your cemetery. It is not long since I stood by his tomb, and recalled him, as he was then, in all the pride and power of his genius. Among the first of his countrymen and contemporaries, as a jurist and statesman, first as an orator, he was, if not truly eloquent, the prince of rhetoricians. Nor did the soundness of his logic suffer any thing, by a comparison with the richness and classical purity of the language in which he copiously poured forth those figurative illustrations which adorned it. But let others pronounce his eulogy. I must not. I feel as if his mighty spirit still haunted the scene of its triumphs, and when I dared to wrong them, indignantly rebuked me.

These names have become historical. There were others, of whom it is more difficult to speak, because yet within the reach of praise or envy. For one who was, or aspired to be, a politician, it would be prudent, perhaps wise, to avoid all mention of these men. Their acts, their words, their thoughts, their very looks have become subjects of party controversy. But he whose ambition is of a higher or lower order, has no need of such reserve. Talent is of no party exclusively; nor is justice.

RANDOLPH.  
Among them, but not of them, in the fearful and solitary sublimity of genius, stood a gentleman from Virginia—whom it were superfluous to designate. Whose speeches were universally feared. Upon whose accents did this habitually listless and unlistening House hang, so frequently, with wrapt attention!—Whose fame was identified with that body for so long a period! Who was a more dexterous debater? a ripper scholar? better versed in the politics of our own country? or deeper read in the history of others? Above all who was more thoroughly imbued with the idiom of the English language—more completely master of its strength, and beauty, and delicacy? or more capable of breathing thoughts of flame in words of magic, and tones of silver?

CALHOUN.  
There was, also, a son of South Carolina, still in the service of the Republic, then, undoubtedly, the most influential member of this House. With a genius eminently metaphysical, he applied to politics his habits of analysis, abstraction, and condensation, and thus gave to the problems of Government something of that grandeur which the higher mathematics have borrowed from astronomy. The wings of his mind were rapid, but capricious, and there were times when the light which flashed from them as they passed, glanced like a mirror in the sun, only to dazzle the beholder. Engross-

ed with his subject—careless of his words—his loftiest flights of eloquence were sometimes followed by colloquial or provincial barbarisms. But, though often incorrect he was always fascinating.—Language with him, was merely the scaffolding of thought—employed to raise a dome, which, like Angelo's, he suspended in the heavens.

CLAY.  
It is equally impossible to forget, or to omit, a gentleman from Kentucky, whose party has since made the fruitful topic of unmeasured panegyric and detraction. Of sanguine temperament, and impetuous character, his declamation was impassioned, his retorts acrimonious. Deficient in refinement, rather than in strength, his style was less elegant and correct, than animated and impressive. But it swept away your feelings with it, like a mountain torrent, and the force of the stream left you little leisure to remark upon its clearness. His estimate of human nature was, probably, not very high. It may be that his past associations had not tended to exalt it. Unhappily, it is, perhaps, more likely to have been lowered than raised by his subsequent experience. Yet then, and ever since, except when that imprudence, so natural to genius, prevailed over his better judgment, he had, generally, the good sense, or good taste, to adopt a lofty tone of sentiment, whether he spoke of measures, or of men, of friend, or adversary. On many occasions he was noble and captivating. One, I can never forget. It was the fine burst of indignant eloquence with which he replied to the taunting question, 'what have we gained by the war?'

WEBSTER.  
Nor may I pass over in silence a representative from New Hampshire, who has almost obliterated all memory of that distinction, by the superior fame he has attained as a Senator from Massachusetts.—Though then but in the bud of his political life, and hardly conscious, perhaps, of his own extraordinary powers, he gave promise of the greatness he has since achieved. The same vigor of thought; the same force of expression; the short sentences; the calm, cold, collected manner; the air of solemn dignity; the deep, sepulchral, 'unimpassioned' voice; all have been developed only, not changed, even to the intense bitterness of his frigid irony. The piercing coldness of his sarcasm was indeed peculiar to him; they seemed to be emanations from the spirit of the icy ocean. Nothing could be at once so novel and so powerful—it was frozen mercury, becoming as caustic as red iron.

EXCITING ORDINATION SCENE IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Eleven young men were, on Sunday, ordained at St. Stephen's church, by the Rev. Bishop Onderdonk. The service was read by the Bishop. After he had concluded, the eleven candidates stood around the altar, when he announced, as is customary, that he was about to ordain them, and requested that if there were any person or persons who had any objections to make, or knew ought against them, they would now announce the same. A moment of silence ensued, when the Rev. Hugh Smith (of St. Peter's) rose in the middle aisle, and stated that he had by letter yesterday informed the Bishop that he should protest against the ordination of one of the candidates, Mr. Carey in consequence of his holding opinions favorable to Romanism; and he did now accordingly protest. When he sat down, the Rev. Mr. Anthon, of St. Mark's church in this city, who had been sitting in the same pew with Mr. Smith, also rose, and in like manner protested against the ordination of Mr. Carey, for the same reason.

Bishop Onderdonk stated that he had received the objections of the Rev. gentleman, and had in consequence appointed six competent and worthy persons to examine into the charge which had been made against Mr. Carey and that they had unanimously reported to him that it was unfounded; and that also was his own conviction, and that he should proceed to ordain all the candidates. He then commenced reading the prayer, and during the ceremony Messrs. Smith and Anthon both arose and left the church.

It is supposed that the objections to the ordination of Mr. Carey arose from the idea that he held an opinion similar to those propounded in the celebrated Oxford Tracts and for which Dr. Pusey has been recently suspended in England. It is indeed a continuation of the same controversy which has divided the Episcopal church on the other side of the Atlantic.—*N. Y. Express.*

FATHER MILLER is afflicted like Job, with "sore bilis;" he says he has twenty-two, from the bigness of a grape to a walnut, on his shoulder, back, arms and side. He has now fixed upon the Fall as the time of the Second Advent. He closes his letter as follows: "If this should be true, we shall not see his glorious appearing until after the autumnal equinox. A few months more of trial and calamity and then all will be over. I wish I could see you once more; but do not leave your work to gratify me. Mine I expect is done."

### MR. LEGARE.

Mr. Justice STORY, in the course of one of his customary Lectures to the Law class under his charge, spoke with much eloquence and feeling of the late Attorney General. His remarks have been published in the Boston Daily Advertiser; we extract from them the following: "When I last met you, I little anticipated the calamitous event, which has since occurred in the death of a distinguished man who expired in the city of Boston on Tuesday morning last. Whoever considers the principles of the Constitution can never forget him; for he was firm and true to its doctrines, and exhibited that elevated and comprehensive statesmanship, which the Constitution demands of its real friends. I refer, of course, to Mr. Legare, the late Attorney General, with whom I had the happiness to be intimately acquainted; whom I knew not only as an accomplished gentleman, but also as a great lawyer. I speak of him to you here, not merely to pay a deserved tribute to his worth, but because I know of no man whom I would sooner propound as an example to young men entering the profession, which he has so much adorned. I had indeed looked to him with great fondness of expectation. I had looked to see him accomplish what he was so well fitted to do, what, I know, was the darling object of his pure ambition—to engraft the Civil Law upon the jurisprudence of this country, and thereby to expand the Common Law to greater usefulness and a wider adaptation to the progress of society.

It is a most singular circumstance, that eminence in general literature should, in the public mind, detract from a man's reputation as a lawyer. It is an unworthy prejudice, for certainly the science of jurisprudence may borrow aid as well as receive ornament from the cultivation of all the other branches of human knowledge. But the prejudice exists—and yet one would think that the public had witnessed so many examples of men who were great scholars and great lawyers likewise, that the prejudice might be at this day disarmed of so much of its quality, as is apt to do injustice to the reputation of living men. Lord Mansfield was a most eminent scholar in general letters; but he was also unsurpassed in jurisprudence. Sir Wm. Blackstone was so elegant a scholar, that his Commentaries are models of pure English prose; but they are none the less the invaluable mine of the laws of England. Lord Stowell, the friend and Executor of Dr. Johnson, was, in various attainments, exceeded by few; but his knowledge of general jurisprudence was greater than that of any man of his day. Some of the proudest names now on the English benches are some of England's best scholars. But there as well as here—though certainly it is far greater here—the public prejudice almost denies to a great scholar the right to be eminent as a jurist. Dr. Johnson has said: And mark what ills the scholar's life assail  
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the gaol.

None of these were the evils of our friend. His only evil was, that his reputation as a lawyer was sometimes underrated, because of his great general attainments.—But nothing could be more unfounded than this idea. He considered the Law as his pursuit; as his object; as the field of his ambition. Fifteen years ago, I knew him as an eminent lawyer; he afterwards went abroad in a diplomatic capacity; and, at Brussels, where he resided, devoted himself anew to the study of the Civil Law, with a view to make it subservient to the great object of his life, the expansion of the Common Law, and the forcing into it the enlarged and liberal principles and just morality of the Roman jurisprudence.—This object he seemed about to accomplish; for his arguments before the supreme Court were crowded with the principles of the Roman Law wrought into the texture of the Common Law with great success. In every sentence that I heard, I was struck with this union of the two systems.

At the same time, the whole was wrought in a style beautiful and chaste, but never passing from the line of the argument nor losing sight of the cause. His argumentation was marked by the closest logic; at the same time he had a presence in speaking, which I have never seen excelled. He had a warm, rich style, but he had no declamation; for he knew that declamation belongs neither to the jurist nor to the scholar. It was only during the last summer, that he wrote to me that he intended to translate Heineccus's Elements; for he wished, he said, to entice the American Lawyer to the study of the Civil Law. He added, that he had nothing to gain by undertaking such a work, but that he would undergo the labor as a homage to his country. Knowing his eminent qualifications for the task, I advised him to make the translation, and to add to it notes of his own, so as to adapt the principles to the existing state of the Common Law; telling him that he would thereby confer a benefit on his country, which no man of the age would be likely to exceed. A few years

since he published a paper in the New York Review, on the Origin, History and Influence of Roman Legislation, and afterwards printed it separately from the Review itself. Whoever reads that essay—and I hope you will read it—will perceive his vast attainments in the Civil Law. You, who have not heard him, cannot judge of his attainments in the Common Law; but I, who heard his arguments, know that he devoted himself to the Common Law with a wise perception of its defects, and a purpose to ameliorate them with the riches of the Civil Law; and I may say of him, having seen his mastery of both systems of jurisprudence—that he walked with them triumphantly, the one in one hand, and the other in the other hand, in the path of a great jurist. Although he might have had other places in the gift of the Government—as I have been told—he yet desired only the office of Attorney General, and he desired that for the sake of the Law. When, therefore, the question is asked, was he eminent as a lawyer? I answer, no man more so. Do you ask what was the secret of his eminence? I answer, it was diligence, profound study, and withholding his mind from the political excitements of the day. To me, his loss is irreparable. How few do I see around me, of severe studies in jurisprudence, willing to devote their days and nights to the mastery and improvement of it as a great science; and looking for the fame that comes of devotion like him. Such study is not fanned by the breath of popular applause and so it is rare. But in him it shone most brilliantly. I pronounce him a great loss, as one of the most valuable lights of jurisprudence that it has been my happiness to know; my misfortune to lose.

### WASHINGTON.

The following tribute is from an English work recently published, entitled Reminiscences of a trip to the United States. But we must leave the habitation of the living and stand by the narrow house of the dead. The tomb of General Washington is situated somewhat behind the house, in a clump of trees surrounding a small grass plat. The original sepulchre is completely in a state of decay, having been rudely and unsuitably built.—The present vault, which is built of red brick, is as plain and ungraceful as if the inmate were the most ordinary and commonplace of men.—The marble sarcophagus, presented by the hard but reverential hands of a Philadelphia Mason, stands about a foot from the floor, and there, separated from the gazer by a few iron rods, lie the ashes of one of the noblest chiefs of humanity. See! there is a flower cast by loving hands from the cold marble.

Who would smile at the enthusiasm of the heart at such a time and place, though I bent the knee in reverence for the noblest of a race created a little lower than the angels; for a soldier who never drew his sword but in the cause of justice; for the ruler, who wielded the sceptre but to save! What shall we not say of such a man, of so noble an emanation from the Almighty Father of all. The husband, the friend, the soldier, the dictator, the chief magistrate, and the powerful citizen—did he not dignify them all! The hand has ceased to write, and the heart to beat, and the form that trod the council chamber and the battle field with the same steady glance and the same unwavering step, is but dust and ashes; but the life that was concentrated in that great heart, vibrates, though it be but feebly, in that of the whole nation. As the rose gives forth a perfume which lingers long after the flower is withered and dead, so from the ashes of George Washington arises an influence which is borne on every breeze that sweeps across the public mind, and every discussion upon the capacity of our race for true freedom.

### The following bit of drollery is from the Pivoyage:

There was a droll subject—an Irishman—up before the Criminal Court yesterday, on the charge of having in his possession forged notes, knowing them to be counterfeit.  
"Do you know your rights?" said the judge.  
"Not so well as I know my wrongs, said he, for we haven't been such intimate acquaintances, of late."  
"Well, you have the right to challenge the twelve men who will be called up to try you," said the judge.  
"Pon me sowl, thin," said the prisoner, "I'm not going to exercise it—d—! a one—but that's a nice job you'd be after givin' me this mornin', to challenge, and fight them too—one down and another come on, I suppose—oh, no, you can't come it, Judge!"  
The jury acquitted him, more for his drollery than for the clearness of his case, we believe.

There are people in the world who are continually speaking of their ill luck. One of these discontented beings was passing through our streets the other day. Something glistened on the sidewalk, and he stopped to pick it up. "Dang it," he exclaimed, in a tone of petulant disappointment, "if anybody else had found it, it would have been a quarter dollar."

### PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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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.

### From the Richmond Star.

Terrible Encounter with a Pirate.  
Capt. Robinson, now a wealthy and much respected citizen of New York, while in command of a ship many years ago, at a time when several of the European powers were at war, discovered one day just as night was setting in a suspicious looking sail under his lee; but as the stranger made no movement towards him, he concluded that she was probably one of the many privateers which then swarmed the ocean. The next morning he discovered the strange sail nearer to him and very soon became satisfied that she was not only hostile but a pirate. He had one gun, and an abundance of small arms and ammunition on board, and fortunately a good number of passengers, mostly men. When satisfied that he had no alternative but to fight or surrender, he assembled the passengers in the cabin and told them that they must decide whether they would surrender and be themselves murdered, and give their wives and daughters to the brutality of the fiends then pursuing them, or stand upon their defence like men. If they choose the latter alternative, he gave them a fair warning, that it must be a desperate conflict, and that boarding the pirate was probably their only chance of success.

Most of the passengers responded promptly that they would fight to the last, if fight they must. Although to the windward, it was found that the superior sailing of the pirate was more than a match in a long chase for this advantage, and Robinson resolved at once to meet the crisis and decide the matter while his position gave him the choice of commencing the engagement. He steered at once to meet the foe, thus giving him to understand that he was prepared for him. As he neared him the pirate gave him a broadside from the guns, three in number, that crippled him badly, killed two of his best seamen and one passenger. Still he kept on receiving broadside, that injured him more, but not as badly as the first. In a few moments he was near the pirate, and by a skillful manœuvre got a raking position, and taking good aim, he for the first time discharged his gun, loaded heavily with canister and grape. The effect was tremendous, the vessel being much cut up, and the slaughter among the pirate crew prodigious. This created confusion among them and enabled Robinson to plant his bow against the pirate, just where he preferred.

In an instant the bowsprit was crowded with the devils, looking like very fiends, who dashed upon the forward deck in large force. A bloody struggle then ensued, hand to hand, in which the ship's defenders were driven back by the overwhelming force, and the prospect for an instant was that they would be annihilated, beyond the chance of hope. At this moment, some of the passengers situated in English to their friends to 'clear the way—stand brick for the gun!' The Spaniards raised a yell of triumph, as they saw their foes, who had met them so stoutly, rush back, and were in the act of springing forward as the murderous charge of the gun met them with sweeping carnage—leaving but few alive and covering the deck with the mangled remains of more than a score of the wretches. But a fresh force supplied their place and for several times the good gun cleared the deck of the blood-thirsty villains. As they went leaping back the fourth time, Robinson shouted to his men to 'board!' and in a moment the strife was upon the pirate's own deck.

The force of the pirate had been terribly cut down in the previous contest, and after a short but desperate struggle—in which Captain Robinson received a shocking wound from a cutlass, passing from his forehead between his eyes, across the cheek and down to the back of the neck—yet he killed the man who wounded him, and two others after receiving the slash—they were all driven below and secured. The cabin was then cleared of every thing valuable, the vessel scuttled, and in a short time she sank, carrying with her every soul on board—the wounded, dying and dead. Captain Robinson was wounded in many places, besides the last shocking wound across his face, the scar of which he yet bears, and many of his force had fallen or were desperately wounded; but he carried his ship safely through her voyage, and was able to tell of one of the most gallant and desperate actions, of which we ever heard, or which history can show.

THE END OF THE MILLER TEST.—A terrible storm occurred near Rochester, last Friday. The rain came down in streams. The Rev. Mr. Hines, one of the Miller prophets, was delivering a fiery exhortation to about 300 in the big tent, when "the rain descended, and the floods came, and the tent was cast away, because it was built on the sand." The whole concern was rent in twain, the women were frightened, but most luckily few persons were hurt. The tent is destroyed altogether, and that we suppose is the last vestige of Millerism.