

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHER AND JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS. H. B. MASSER, Editor.

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance.

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.—JERFANOW.

By Masser & Eisely. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Sept. 9, 1843. Vol. 3--No. 50--Whole No. 154.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., 1 square 1 insertion) and Price (e.g., \$0 50).



DEATH, OR MEDORUS' DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ANACREON.

Here is a poem which is very likely to be judged by strange critical canons, i. e. not upon its own merits, but upon the merits of the administration at Washington.

"Spring laughing comes to-bless the verdant land, Sweet breezes kiss the glowing curls that lie Upon her blooming cheek: a lambent fire Plays from her radiant eyes."

The warbling notes that rise upon the gale Steal o'er the soul like voices of pure prayer.

Her shaly throne, With matron dignity She gazes round, and smiles in quiet pride.

Next Autumn comes, the sweet industrious maid, Who garners up the treasures of past days.

From the cold Arctic regions, where he sat 'Mong clouds and darkness, and vast misshap'd forms.

He comes, with frosts and howling winds, and hail, And the dark terrors of a sunless sky.

The beautiful scene between Anne and Gloucester was never better played.

At last, after a gallant ride of two hours, the horseman came in sight of a country graveyard.

The next morning some of the tragedians family heard a wild strain of laughter that seemed to proceed from his sleeping room.

With regard to their taste in the matter of food, it is sufficient to say that they would often scramble among themselves for the very scraps which the cook threw in a large bucket of dirty water.

Lord Nelson, in describing the inhabitants of a new island he had discovered, in one of his despatches to the admiralty, ironically portrayed them thus:—"Manners none; customs beastly."

The large circle of all beautiful things, that fill the world with perfume and with song, Hailing their bounteous mistress, virgin Spring.

Her shaly throne, With matron dignity She gazes round, and smiles in quiet pride.

Next Autumn comes, the sweet industrious maid, Who garners up the treasures of past days.

From the cold Arctic regions, where he sat 'Mong clouds and darkness, and vast misshap'd forms.

He comes, with frosts and howling winds, and hail, And the dark terrors of a sunless sky.

The beautiful scene between Anne and Gloucester was never better played.

At last, after a gallant ride of two hours, the horseman came in sight of a country graveyard.

The next morning some of the tragedians family heard a wild strain of laughter that seemed to proceed from his sleeping room.

With regard to their taste in the matter of food, it is sufficient to say that they would often scramble among themselves for the very scraps which the cook threw in a large bucket of dirty water.

Lord Nelson, in describing the inhabitants of a new island he had discovered, in one of his despatches to the admiralty, ironically portrayed them thus:—"Manners none; customs beastly."

THE ACTOR'S CHILD.

'Shade of Kemble!' ejaculated Ward, at that time manager for Jefferson & Mackenzie, in Baltimore, 'here it is past seven o'clock and 'crook'd back'd Richard' not in his dressing room.'

'My dear sir,' said the most original of all men, the importunate Thomas V. Garner, 'do not be so precipitate. When the late Daniel Reed—'

'An you love me Hal,' interrupted the stage manager, 'go to the —' and then the poor manager chattered, as was his wont, with his hands clasped in agony, from one side of the Holiday street stage to the other.

'Ring in first music, sir!' inquired the call boy, who scratched his head and seemed to enjoy the despair of his manager.

'Ring, you red-headed imp of Satan—you juvenile Calibani get out of my sight, or I'll ring your neck off.'

Away went the call boy, and away went the manager. Ward searched every bar-room in the vicinity of the theatre, for the great tragedian, but all in vain.

'Booth,' said the manager, imploringly, 'for Heaven's sake come! It's nearly eight o'clock and the audience will pull the theatre to pieces.'

'The tragedian fixed his dark eye on the intruder, and raising his right arm majestically, he thundered forth:

'I am seated on my throne! As proud a one, as you distant mountains, Where the sun makes his last stand!'

'Come, my dear fellow, let's go—we'll have a glass of brandy, and a supper, and all that. Come, please come.'

Booth descended gracefully from his yellow pine throne, and kissing the tip end of his fingers, replied with a smile, 'I attend you with all becoming grace. Lead on, my lord of Essex. To the Tower—to the Tower.'

After a little persuasion, Ward led the tragedian to the theatre, got him dressed, the curtain rose, and the play went on—Just as the second act was announced to commence, a messenger, covered with dust, rushed behind the stage, and before he could be stopped, was in earnest conversation with the tragedian.

'What!' said Booth, as he pressed his long fingers on his broad white temples, as though he tried to clutch the brain beneath, 'dead, say you! Dead and buried? My poor little child—my loved—my beautiful one! And then seeing the curtain rise he rushed on, exclaiming:

'She has health to progress far as Cherisy, Though not to bear the sight of me, &c.'

The beautiful scene between Anne and Gloucester was never better played.

At last, after a gallant ride of two hours, the horseman came in sight of a country graveyard.

The next morning some of the tragedians family heard a wild strain of laughter that seemed to proceed from his sleeping room.

With regard to their taste in the matter of food, it is sufficient to say that they would often scramble among themselves for the very scraps which the cook threw in a large bucket of dirty water.

Lord Nelson, in describing the inhabitants of a new island he had discovered, in one of his despatches to the admiralty, ironically portrayed them thus:—"Manners none; customs beastly."

lying on his bed, gibbering in idiotic madness, and caressing the corpse of his little one—New Orleans Crescent City.

English Inns and English Servants.

An American, whose letters from England are published in the Richmond Enquirer, writes thus from Felton, in Northumberland county, England:

'I had cause to be surprised at the comforts to be had at the country inns of England, equaling as they generally do, those of the best hotels of London. I say surprised, because the terms, as compared with those in London, are so moderate. At this inn, the price of lodging, such as a prince might be content with, is only one shilling. Meals are not quite so cheap, but much lower than the same in London. You know the London hotels are proverbially high priced, the world over. This is not at all wonderful, when you consider in addition to the heavy taxes upon every thing that is used, the extravagance with which all their departments are conducted. The loss inevitable from this extravagance and waste, must come out of the pocket of the stranger who patronizes the establishment. Any one, too, who will look at the servants, and the manner in which they dress, will not be surprised that they want high fees from all upon whom they attend. Imagine, as is actually the case, the waiter dressed in fine broad cloth, a ruffled shirt, white cravat, elegantly worked collar, pumps, and occasionally white gloves, and what a contrast do we see to those we have been accustomed to have around us. This finery in which these servants dress, is no doubt borrowed from the servants of the nobility, who are very gaudily arrayed. The aristocracy seem to have quite a passion for handsome servants. Of course they are dressed in livery; but as livery is not confined to the nobility, but extends to many commoners as well, I cannot see its use, unless it be to distinguish the servant from the master. A stranger, without this distinction, would be at a loss to know who was the gentleman—the servant being in many instances the better and more intellectual looking man of the two, as I have often observed in Hyde Park.

'The practice of giving fees to servants in England, has become as much a part of her system, as the revenue laws themselves. It is a custom the more especially vexatious to Americans, because they have not been used to it. The evil does not consist in any thing so much as the uncertainty as to what you have to pay. If, when one's bill were presented at a tavern, the amount due to servants were added on, according to some fixed and general rule, there would not be much reason to complain. But, as it is, the traveller is often put to the necessity of paying more than he can afford, or than the services are worth, for fear of seeming to impose upon a menial by paying too little. At many public places, where no tickets of admission are sold, antique places, churches, noblemen's seats, &c., fees are regularly expected, and generally the gratification felt by the stranger is such as to make him feel that any little sum he may have to bestow, is well spent. I can tolerate a poor widow, making her livelihood by exhibiting the memorials of such a man as Shakespeare; I can excuse a workman, in a hot manufactory or foundry, toiling and sweating from day to day for lean wages, asking for the wherewith to buy a bottle of ale or some comfort for his family; but when I see noblemen, who are rolling in wealth, and splendor and superfluity, making, as it were, public places of their seats, grounds and galleries, permitting their establishments to be shown for money, which indifferently finds its way to their pockets, or else paying their housekeepers and porters with what is received, and thus permitting these "gentlemen in livery" to levy contributions upon the public, wherewith they may gamble, and carry on "high life below stairs," I can find no justification for such practices being carried on by men, who assume to be above every thing sordid, and, more than that, who style themselves "noble." I do not know how the practice of taking fees could have become so general, unless it be a sort of extension of the principle upon which John Bull has acted—that of taxing every thing that would bear it. You know that servants, the world over, will imitate the vices of their masters. I think the English menials, seeing what large sums their masters, who governed the country, raised by means of taxes and protective tariffs, only adding on a little to the price of every article, resolved that they would do the same, and protect themselves by screwing a small sum, or as much as he could give, out of every gentleman they met.'

A paper in Texas recommends the settlers not to run in debt. Having run in debt to get here, says he, there can be no greater folly than running into it when here, beyond which there is no place to run.

'Millions for defence,' as the darkey cried when the farmer's dog was after him.

A Sorrowful Tale.

The New York Sun gives the following history of the unfortunate Christiana Gilmour, who is now about to be sent to Great Britain, to answer for the crime of murder:

The history of this unfortunate young woman should operate as a warning to parents, and teach them to beware of an unrelenting opposition to an honorable attachment formed by a daughter, or even a son, merely because the object favored by such is not of equal worth or rank in life with themselves. It were better—far better—to raise one than to destroy the other. Mr. Cochran, the father of this young woman, is a wealthy farmer in the shrine of Renfrew, near Paisley, in Scotland. She received a passably good education; and we have seen a letter written by her to her parents since her arrival here, couched in sweet and affecting language, and written in a practised, pretty hand. About five years ago, it appears, she being still in her "teens," she became acquainted with a young man in the neighborhood by the name of Anderson, and a mutual attachment sprang up between them. Although of excellent character, and of good moral conduct, he was in humble life, being a gardener in the employment of a gentleman in his native parish. They made no secret of their attachment; but it was bitterly opposed by her parents, particularly as her father, and the father of her future husband, had already decided that she and the unfortunate John Gilmour were to be united. The great object of her parents, from the time of discovering her attachment to Anderson, was to keep them apart; and with this view, she was at times confined in the attic of her father's dwelling, and a most rigid system of coercion applied to her, with a view to compel an abandonment on her part of the object of her affection; but without effect, although stripes, and at times, severe beatings were resorted to. "Oh, father," she exclaimed, (as we are informed,) one day, "I cannot marry John Gilmour—I have nothing to say against him, but I do not love him—permit me to marry John Anderson, whom I know is attached to me, as I love him—and I will go down on my knees and bless you. He and I can take the farm, which will in a short time be vacant, and my little sisters can live with me, and we shall all be happy in each other's society. John Gilmour can find another girl, who will love him and make him a good wife; but oh, father, I cannot—I cannot marry him."

The appeal was unheeded, and served but to make her situation worse, and she determined upon escape, to wander, she knew not whither. Watching her opportunity, she fled, but was soon pursued by her father and all the servants of his household. She took shelter in a thicket, where she remained for some time undisturbed, although her pursuers often passed the spot where she lay, till her little favorite dog found out his mistress and came fondly upon her. This led to her detection, and she was taken back to the house and severely beaten. Finally, goaded almost to madness, or to what has been claimed in regard to her, "insanity," she gave a consent, so far as the law required, to an union with Gilmour; and after being bedecked in bridal robes, was brought as an ox to the slaughter, or a lamb to the sacrifice, from her place of confinement, and her destiny interwoven, for life or death, with that of John Gilmour. The parents had given them £1000, or about \$5000 each, making \$10,000 in all, and they were settled on the farm at Inchinnon, which became their property. In about five weeks from the marriage, the unhappy husband, after a short illness, in which he experienced severe torture, perished. Circumstances came to light which afforded but too much ground for suspicion that he had been murdered, and that this his unfortunate, but now, it is feared, guilty wife, had caused his death. The subsequent events are known—she fled to this country in protection of a young man, and passing as his wife, but occupying distinct berths, and both assuming a fictitious name. Anderson is still living at Renfrewshire, and is said to be of good character. Christiana declares that she did not murder her husband. If so, the prayer of all will be, that God will permit her to pass in safety through the terrible ordeal which she will be called soon to encounter.

Jeremy Taylor's nightly prayer, for himself and his friends, was for God's merciful deliverance and preservation from the violence and rule of passion, from a servile will, and a commanding lust; from pride and vanity; from false opinion and ignorant confidence; from impudence and profligacy; from envy and the spirit of slander; from sensuality; from presumption and despair; from a state of temptation and hardened spirit; from delaying of repentance and persevering in sin; from unthankfulness and irreligion, and from seducing others; from infatuation of soul, folly and madness; from wilfulness, self love, and vain ambition; from a vicious life and an unprovoked death.

Sam Slick in England.

[Those who have read Dickens' ill-natured thrusts at our manners and customs will not fail to relish the following extracts, from the new publication of "Sam Slick in England."]

SAM'S OPINION OF DICKENS. "What is the temper," he replied, with much warmth, "that they visit us in! Cuss 'em! Look at Dickens; was there ever a man made so much of, except Lafayette! And who was Dickens? Not a Frenchman that is a friend to us; not a native that has a claim on us; not a colonist, who, though English by name, is still an American by birth, six of one and half a dozen of 't'other, and, therefore, a kind of half-breed brother. No! he was a cussed Britisher; and what is was, a British author; and yet, because he was a genius, because genius has the 'tarnal globe for its theme, and the world for its home, and mankind for its readers, and been a citizen of this State or that State, but a native of the universe, why, we welcome him, and feasted him, and loved him, and escorted him, and cheered him, and honored him; did he honor us? What did he say of us when he returned? Read his book.

"No, don't read his book, for it ain't worth readin'. Has he said one word of all that reception in his book? that book that will be read, translated and read again all over Europe—has he said one word of that reception? Answer me that, will you!—Darned the word—his memory was bad; he lost it over the tariff when he was sea-sick. But his note-book was safe under lock and key, and the pigs in New York, and the chap the rats eat in jail, and the rough man from Kentucky, and the entire raft of gals imprisoned in one night, and the spittin' boxes, and all that stuff, warn't trusted to memory; it was noted down and printed."

ENGLISH CIVILITY. "There's plenty of civility here in England, if you pay for it; you can buy as much in five minutes as will make you sick for a week! but if you don't pay for it, you not only won't get it, but you get scarce indeed of it, that is if you are fool enough to stand and have it rubbed in.

"They are as cold as Presbyterian charity, and mean enough to put the sun in eclipse, are the English. They haynt set up the brazen image here to worship, but they've got a gold one, and that they do adore, and no mistake; it's all pay, pay, pay; parquisite, parquisite, parquisite; extortion, extortion, extortion. There is a whole pack of yelpin' devils to your heels here, for everlastingly a cringin', fawnin', and coaxin', or sardin', grumbin', or bullyin' you out of your money. There's the boatman, and tide-waiter, and porter, and customer, and truck-man as soon as you land; and the servant-man, and chamber-gal, and boots, and porter again to the inn. And then on the road, there is trunk-litter, and coachman, and guard, and beggar-man, and a critter that opens the coach-door, that they call a water man, cause he is infernal dirty, and never sees water. They are just like a snarl o' snakes; their name is legion, and there ain't no end to 'em.

"The only thing you get for nothin' here is rain and smoke, the rumatiz and scorny airs. If you could buy an Englishman at what he was worth, and sell him at his own valuation, he would realize as much as a nigger, and would be worth tradin' in, that's a fact; but as he ain't worth nothin', there's no market for such critters; no one would buy him at no price. A Scotchman, is was, for he is prouder end meaner. Pat ain't no better nother; he ain't proud, cause he has a hole in his breeches and another in his elbow, and he thinks pride won't patch 'em; and he ain't mean cause he ain't got nothin' to be mean with. Whether it takes nine tailors to make a man I can't exactly say, but this I will say, and take my days to it too, that it would take three such gomeys to make a pattern for one of our real genuwine free and enlightened citizens, and then I wouldn't swap without large boot, I tell you. Guess I'll go and pack up my fixins, and have 'em ready to land.

THE NELSON MONUMENT. "There he is, as big as life, five feet nothing" with his shoes on. Now, examine that monument; and tell me if the English don't know how to brag as well as some other folks, and whether they don't brag, too, sometimes, when they haynt got no right to. There is four figures there, representin' the four quarters of the globe in chains, and among them America a crouchin' down and a beggin' for life, like a mean Judgin'. Well, just do the civil now, and tell me when that little braggin' feller ever whipped us, will you? Just tell me the day of the year he was able to do it, since his mammy cut the apron-string, and let him run to seek his fortin'. Heavens and airth, we'd a chawed him right up!

"I wish you would speak as loud as you generally do to your husband," said a learned and probably henpecked counsel to a married female witness, whom he could not persuade to speak above a whisper.

TOMATO FIGS.—The re-publication of the following recipe, will prove acceptable to some of our readers at the present time: Take six pounds of sugar to one peck (or 16 pounds) of the fruit. Scald and remove the skin of the fruit in the usual way. Cook them over a fire, their own juice being sufficient without the addition of water, until the sugar penetrates and they are clarified. They are then taken out, spread on dishes, flattened and dried in the sun. A small quantity of the syrup should be occasionally sprinkled over them whilst drying; after which, pack them down in boxes, treating each layer with powdered sugar. The syrup is afterwards concentrated and bottled for use. They keep well from year to year and retain surprisingly their flavor, which is nearly that of the best quality of fresh figs! The pear-shaped or single tomatoes an-er the purpose best. Ordinary brown sugar may be used, a large portion of which is retained in syrup.

TOMATO PICKLES.—Take tomatoes when about two thirds ripe; prick them full of holes with a fork; then make a strong brine, boil and skim it. When cool, put your tomatoes in; let them remain eight days, and then take out and put them in weak vinegar. Let them lay twenty-four hours; then take them out and lay a layer of tomatoes, then a thin layer of onions, with a tea-spoonfull each of cinnamon, cloves and pepper, and a table-spoonfull of mustard; then pour on sharp vinegar. You may put them in jars, if you like.—Michigan Farmer.

THE DIFFICULTY WITH FARMERS generally is that they have too much invested in land, and not spare capital enough to manage anything to advantage. Too many think if they can but get a farm, they will leave the rest to take care of itself, instead in the first place of securing the means of managing the farm to advantage. Hence follows the practice of buying on credit at high prices and paying in produce at half price, or of making forced sales to meet obligations which need not have existed, had the farmer in the outset had his spare capital proportioned to the size of his farm.—Boston Tran.

MORMON, is a Greek word. According to the Baptist Register, "Donegan and other authors of Greek dictionaries define it, 'A bugbear, a hobgoblin, a raw head and bloody bones, a hideous spectre, a frightful mask, something to frighten children.' It is thus used by the Greek author Theophrastus, and the Greek author Aristophanes the comic poet. Salomon Spalding, having tried to preach three or four years and failed, being a classic Greek scholar, and out of all business, wrote for his amusement what he called the 'Book of Mormon,' i. e., as he understood it, the 'Book of Spectres.' After his death, the ignorant Joe Smith and J. Rigdon, coming into possession of the book, and ignorantly pretending that Mormon was a sacred Jewish name, have used the book for deceptive purposes, as all the world know, and have attempted to clothe the word Mormon with a sacred meaning. Above is the definition and origin of the word, as well as of the book.

MORMON, then, the anglicised word, or the derivative as comprehending the people, may be defined "Devotees to bugbears, hobgoblins and spectres." Seventeen thousand of such devotees, it is said, are now residents in Nauvoo.

AN AWARD BATHING PREDICAMENT.—The Liverpool Mercury describes an amusing incident which recently occurred at the far-famed town of Redcar. A lady and gentleman on a visit to the water place, not satisfied with the restrictions and forms attended on bathing from a machine, started early in the morning in their phaeton to a favorable spot two miles up the sands; the lady provided herself with a bathing dress, the gentleman as gentlemen often do when bathing, declining such inconvenience. After undressing on the sand, and placing their clothing in the carriage, they took to the water, but had scarcely recovered from the first 'dip,' when to their dismay, they observed the horse start away at a smart trot with the carriage, dresses and all—leaving them in the primitive state of our first parents! After some time it was arranged for the lady to proceed in her picturesque and scanty costume, to Marzke, where she arrived barefoot and bare-headed, and after relating the unfortunate but laughable account of the horse, succeeded in borrowing a dress for herself and husband, which was forwarded in all speed to him; and he was soon recognized by the messenger, patiently enduring his woful plight, though up to the chin in the water.

A Fuddleometer has been invented out West, by which a man can tell when he is getting too drunk to walk.

Woman is said to be like a jewsharp, for the sole reason that she is nothing without a tongue and must be pressed to the lips.