

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.

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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.—JERFENSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

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THE WATER CURE.

To Malvern Well come Mary Bell, To nurse poor Peter Head; For he was lying sick and sore, All in his warty bed.

"Oh! do not fear for me," he said, "For, like the ocean's tide, Full five-and-thirty tumblers now Are washing my inside."

"Dear Mary Bell, no words can tell How sorry I'm amazed; And can you a wet blanket throw Upon the hopes you've raised?"

"If you get well, O Peter Head, Go seek a maid more bold; I fear you'd be as very damp, You'd strew the grave with gold."

"Then down he hung his dripping head He closed his watery eye; And, wringing close his cold lamp sheet, He turned him round to die."

"Farewell!" he said; when Peter Head Is gone, you'll know his mortal fate; And so he left this warty world, For another world of spirits."

To make good Coffee. First, procure the best coffee in the market; wash it very clean, and roast it to the color of a golden brown, but not a deeper shade by any means.

A knave always detests children—their innocent looks and open brows speak daggers to him—he sees his own villainy reflected from their countenances as from a mirror.

LETTERS FROM MR. WEED—NO. XX.

GLASGOW, Aug. 9, 1843.

We have just returned from a visit to the birth-place of ROBERT BURNS. We lingered for hours around objects made classic by his genius.

The Glasgow and Ayr Railway enables visitors to go to Alloway in three hours and a half. The cottage in which the Poet was born is about 2 1/2 miles from Ayr.

While standing upon the "Auld Brig," looking toward its gay rival, it required but a slight effort of the imagination to endow it with the powers of speech, and to suppose it exclaiming:

"Conceit'd gawk! puff'd up w' windy pride! This morn'g year I've stood the flood on 'tide; An' tho' w' crazy old I'm sair forrain, I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn."

It is a little singular that the poetic prophecy of Burns, that the Old Brig would be a Brig when the new one became a "shapeless cairn," is about to be realized.

Before leaving the "Brig" my attention was arrested by what with us would be regarded, if not patented, as an "Improved Washing Machine."

Within a mile of the village of Tarbolton, near the river Ayr, is the scene of BURNS'S last truly affecting interview with MARY CAMPBELL.

"Oh ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains, Draw near with pious reverence and attend; Here he the loving husband's dear remains, The tender father, and the generous friend."

"Thou lingering Star with lessening ray, That lovest to greet the early moon, Again thou usher'st in the day, My Mary, from my soul was torn."

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he once took refuge when hard pressed by a superior force.

"The Tower of St. John's Church, erected in the 12th century, but converted into an Army and Fortification by Oliver Cromwell, in 1652, is a venerable relic.

"The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough, Learning his tuneful trade from every bough."

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SALT.

Take caustic soda one ounce, pour over it one ounce of muriatic acid, the product will be our common table salt.

Salt is so essential to human existence, that man can scarcely live without it. It preserves his meats. We mix it with our bread.

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TAKING THE CENSUS.

J. Scene in Alabama.

We rode one day to the residence of a widow rather past the prime of life—(just that period at which nature supplies more abundantly the oil which lubricates the hinges of the female tongue)—and hitching to the fence, walked into the house.

"Good morning, madam," said we in our usual bland, and somewhat insinuating manner.

"Mornin'," said the widow gruffly. Drawing our blanks from their case, we proceeded—I am the man, madam, that takes the census, and—

"The mischief you are!" said the old termagant. "Yes, I've been of you; Parson W. told me you was coming, and I told him just what I tell you, that if you said 'cloth,' 'soap,' 'her chickens,' to me, I'd set the dogs on ye.—Here, Bell! here, Pomp!"—Two wolfish curs responded to the call for Bull and Pomp, by coming to the door, smelling at our feet with a slight growl, and then laid down on the steps.

"Now," continued the old she-savage, "them's the severest dogs in this country. Last week Bill Stonecker's two year old steer jumped my yard fence, and Bull and Pomp tuk him by the throat, and they killed him afore my boys could break 'em loose, to save the world."

"Yes, ma'am," said we, meekly; "Bull and Pomp seem to be very fine dogs."

"You may well say that; what I tells them to do they do—and if I was to sick them on your old horse yonder, they'd eat him up afore you could say Jack Roberson. And it is just what I shall do, if you try to pry into my concerns. They are none of your business, nor Van Buren's nether, I reckon. Oh, old Van Buren! I wish I had you here, you old rascal! I'd show you what—I'd make Bull and Pomp show you how to be sendin' out men to take down what little stuff people's got, jist to tax it, when it's taxed enough a'ready!"

All this time we were perspiring through fear of the fierce guardians of the old widow's portal. At length, when the widow paused, we remarked that as she was determined not to answer questions about the produce of the farm, we would just set down the age, sex, and complexion of each member of her family.

"No sich a thing—you'll do no sich a thing," said she; "I've got five in family, and that's all you'll git from me. Old Van Buren must have a heap to do, the drotted old villian, to send you to take down how old my children is. I've got five in family, and they are all between five and a hundred years old, they are all a plaguy sight whiter than you, and whether they are he or she, is none of your concerns."

We told her we should report her to the Marshal, and she would be fined, but it only augmented her wrath.

"Yes! send your Marshal, or your Mr. Van Buren here, if you'd be off to—let 'em come—let Mr. Van Buren come, (looking as savage as a Bengal tiger), I wish he would come, and her nostrils dilated, and her eyes gleamed, 'T'wixt her head off!"

"That might kill him," we ventured to remark, by way of a joke.

"Kill him! kill him—oh if I had him here by the years I reckon I would kill him. A pretty fellow to be eating his vittles out'n gold spoons that poor people's taxed for, and raisin' an army to get him made king of Ameriky—the audacious, nasty, stinking, old scamp!" She paused a moment, and then resumed, "And now, jist put down what I tell you on that paper, and don't be telling no lies to send to Washington city. Jist put down Judy Tompkins, ageable woman, and four children."

We objected to making any such entry, but the old hag vowed that it should be done to prevent any misrepresentation of her case. We however were pretty resolute, until she appealed to the couchant witch, Bull and Pomp. At the first glimpse of their teeth our courage gave way, and we made the entry in a bold hand across a blank schedule.—Judy Tompkins, ageable woman, and four children.

tunately, by the fangs of Bull and Pomp, who kept up the chase as long as they could hear the cheering voice of their mistress—S-i-c-k, Pomp—s-ick, sick, s-i-c-k him, Bull—s-ub-o-y! s-ub-o-y! s-uboy!

Margaret Davidson. Says her mother: "About three weeks before her departure, I one morning found her in the parlor, where, as I before observed, she spent a portion of her time in retirement; I saw that she had been much agitated, and seemed weary. I seated myself by her, and rested her head on my bosom, while I gently pressed my hand on her throbbing temples to soothe the agitation of her nerves. She kissed me again and again, and seemed as if she feared to trust her voice to speak lest her feelings should overcome her. As I returned her caresses, she silently put a folded paper into my hands. I began to open it, when she gently laid her hand on mine, and said, in a low, tremulous tone, 'Not now, dear mother!' I then led her back to her room, placed her upon the sofa, and retired to examine the paper. It contained the following lines:

TO MY MOTHER. Oh mother, would the power were mine To wake the strain thou lov'st to hear, And breathe each trembling, new-born thought, Within thy fondly listening ear; As when in days of health and glee My hopes and fancies wander'd free.

But, mother, now a shade has past Athwart my brightest visions here; A cloud of drear'et gloom has wrapt The remnant of my brief career! No song, no echo, can I win, The sparkling fount has died within.

The torch of earthly hope burns dim, And faintly earth her wings no more; And O, how vain and trivial seem The pleasures that I priz'd before. My soul, with trembling steps and slow, Is struggling on through doubt and strife; Oh may it prove as time rolls on, The pathway to eternal life!

Then, when my cares and fears are o'er, I'll sing thee as in days of yore. I said that hope had passed from earth. 'Twas but to fold her wings in Heaven; To whisper of the soul's new birth, Of sinners saved, and sins forgiven. When mine are washed in tears away, Then shall my spirit swell its lay.

When God shall guide my soul above, By the soft cords of Heavenly love, When the vain cares of earth depart, And tuncful voices swell my heart; Then shall each word, each note I raise, Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise; And all not off'd at his shrine, Dear mother, I will place on thine.

"It was long before I could regain sufficient composure to return to her. When I did so, I found her sweetly calm, and she greeted me with a smile so full of affection, that I shall cherish the recollection of its brightness until my latest breath. It was the last piece she ever wrote, except a parody of four lines on the hymn, 'I would not live away,' which was written within the last week of her life."

BRITISH VESSELS TAKEN BY THE AMERICANS DURING THE LATE WAR.—The number of vessels taken by the Americans during the late war, from the English, is estimated at two thousand four hundred and fifty-three—mounting nine thousand six hundred seventy-nine guns. Of this number 354 were ships, 610 brigs, 520 schooners, 135 sloops, 750 recaptured, 63 national ships, and 31 ships of war lost at sea.

A bootmaker has been mulcted in a fine of \$20, in Madison, for practicing medicine. Really we cannot see why the man who heels one piece of calfskin shouldn't be permitted to heal another.

A negro was pelted with rotten peaches at the Lower market on Saturday, for driving his cart over a dog belonging to a fruit seller. He was compelled to leave the cart and take to his heels to escape the "soft in peachment."

Cincinnati Message. A young woman never looks so interesting as when at her devotions; a mother never so well as when nursing and adorning her first born; a son never so well as when in the discharge of an act of filial kindness; and a father never better than when he gives proof of his love for the wife of his bosom. So says the N. Orleans Picayune.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A MODERN LADY.—To be able to thump a piano (without playing any tune,) yawn over a novel, and turn up the nose at any thing approaching usefulness.

Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and be very productive.

WORSE THAN THE D.—"It's quite too bad of ye, Darby, to say that your wife's worse than the devil." "An't plaze your reverence, I can prove it by the Holy Scripture—I can by the powers! Didn't your reverence, in the sermon yesterday, tell us that if we resist the devil he'll flee from us! Now, if I resist my wife she flies at me!"