

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
JOSEPH EISELY, Editor.
Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Masser's Store.

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 & Eisely.

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

Vol. 4--No. 9--Whole No. 165.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.
1 square 1 insertion, . . . \$.50
1 do 2 do 0.75
1 do 3 do 1.00
Every subsequent insertion, 0.25
Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half column, \$18; three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$5; one square, \$3.50.
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.



THE PRESS.

A prophecy not in the mouth of John VI. the reigning pontiff when the art of printing was invented.

(From the French of "Le Tyrtée du Midi.")

Come, Christian kings, awake, arise!
Prepare to fight as with one heart;
A child of him who's prince of lies,
Has just found out the printing art.
Aria, the danger threatens all;
Our future ills none can express.
If e'er our pow'r shall prostrate fall,
'Twill fall beneath that of the Press.

It is a Proteus, ne'er the same;
A hydra with a thousand heads;
A phoenix rising from the flame;
It is a tumor which misleads;
A monster which will swallow all;
'Tis anti-christ, come to oppress.
If e'er our pow'r shall prostrate fall,
'Twill fall beneath that of the Press.

The prospect sad my soul disarms;
Printing will give to journals birth,
And these will spread, a thousand ways,
Their subtle poison o'er the earth.
They'll leap o'er mountains, sea, and all
Their venom will the world possess.
If e'er our pow'r shall prostrate fall,
'Twill fall beneath that of the Press.

The press throughout the world will sound;
In thunder loud to us it speaks,
And there the people will be found,
Like Polyphemus when he wakes.
Come, let us haste; 'twill ruin all,
And our authority depress.
If e'er our pow'r shall prostrate fall,
'Twill fall beneath that of the Press.

Against this art let us unite,
And barriers to this flood oppose;
Let us combine, with all our might,
On the vain crowd our laws impose.
Punish the scribblers one and all,
Punish them and their wrongs oppress.
If e'er our pow'r shall prostrate fall,
'Twill fall beneath that of the Press.

From his high throne, on pow'r intent,
Vengeance he preach'd 't' insure success;
A chief who claims to represent,
A God who is a God of peace.
'The press,' he said, 'will level all,
Order destroy, produce distress.
If e'er our pow'r shall prostrate fall,
'Twill fall beneath that of the Press.'

From the New York True Sun.
AUTUMN.
Imperial Autumn waves her wand—the flowers of summer fade,
And gold is mingling with the green in every sylvan shade.
The wind has now an organ tone, the sun a solemn gleam,
And southward moves afloat the sky, the wild swan's flying team.
The mind, which from earth's changing scenes full oft receives its hue,
In the calm sabbath of the year grows calm and solemn too,
And thoughts come with the falling leaf, of dear ones passed away—
Leaves fallen from the tree of Love, its golden leaves are they.

But as when Autumn winds grow loud, and Autumn woods are bare,
With trumpet cry the wild swan seeks a bright home through the air;
So when the joys of earth are dead, the mourner's thoughts shall rise
To the soul's home of light and life, whose summer never dies.
J. B.

"DO SOMETHING.—Do something, young man, don't be a living corpse all your days, from which the active multitude shrink as from putrefaction. But stir your muscles, circulate your blood, and stretch your bones. God never made you for an automaton, or he would never have stamped his image on your brow; he made you for a man—living, active, energetic, immortal. Then do something—do it now; set next week, or next month, but now. Look up—stir yourself—shake off your lethargy—open your eyes—and spring to work—for your life—go at something, or you will corrode and perish with rust, to be worth nothing to mankind more than your flesh and blood will produce for enriching the ground.
"What shall I do?" you ask, as if your Maker had made a fool of you, and never intended you should labor. Do! Why there is every thing to do—whichever way you look, there is work enough to employ your heart and hands a thousand life-times. Fields to cultivate and men to elevate; sciences to be progressed and trades to be facilitated; minds to be untrammelled and civilization to be extended. Just possess the disposition, and be determined to do something, and you will never be at a loss what to engage in."

A woman should never take a lover without the consent of her heart, nor a husband without the concurrence of her reason.

THE PRESS—ITS POWER AND INFLUENCE.

We make the subjoined extract from the Address of the Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE, delivered before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, in Yale College, on the 17th of August last. It claims an attentive perusal:

"We talk of the press till it has become a threadbare topic; and yet with all our talk, we have really no practical estimate of its importance. Time was when men's thoughts could be communicated only by being spoken; and some have conjectured that even the works of Homer were originally committed only to the memories of men, and that generations passed away before they were written on any material substance. And when Demosthenes thundered, and Virgil sung, it was for the few, and not for the many; and their lofty productions were indebted to the dogged labor of their transcriber.

But the art of printing has operated in respect to the ancients like the word which will accomplish the great resurrection—it has brought them up from the grave of ages, and pledged to the man existence every where and through all time. And the same art now advanced to a degree of perfection which casts into the shade the best improvements of the past, is embalming men's thoughts in our days; and giving them wings by which they fly all over the world. You may sit in your closet now, and without opening your lips, speak to those who dwell nearest the poles.—You may multiply yourself, in a single week, into ten thousand agents either for good or evil. You may scarcely ever look into the world, and yet even thrones and principalities may feel the influence of your thoughts.

The simplest view of a subject is often the most impressive. Estimate then the press, by the acknowledged influence of any great mind that has spoken through it. Do you see that man, in the eccentricity of his genius, prostrate upon the floor,—laboring to recall one of the noblest efforts in the annals of intellect? It is Robert Hall, busy with his sermon on modern infidelity.—His friends have asked him to publish it, and he will not decline, but as yet it has no existence except in his own mind; and though he lathers the labor of writing, he is turning his hand at intervals to the work. Wonder of the age as he was for modesty as well as for genius, he dreamed not of the influence that sermon was destined to exert; but when it came forth, the world recognized it as the masterpiece of a master mind; it put itself into communion with the greatest intellects of the age; it threw around christianity a new wall of fire; and infidelity, as she bent over its pages, resolved that silence was prudence.

Turn now your eye to yonder villa on the shores of the Mediterranean, and see another mighty mind pouring out upon paper its brilliant thoughts, to be given ere long into the printer's hands. It is Byron—the Heaven-favored, and yet foul-minded Byron—in the act of producing one of his licentious poems. Peradventure he is dreaming of nothing but his own fame;—but he is in reality opening a new fountain of death upon the world; he is making provision to perpetuate his existence as the enemy of his race; he is rendering the splendors of his genius subservient to the wild and desperate purposes of his heart. Both Hall and Byron are stars that must always shine; but in the beams of the one there is life—in the beams of the other is death.

I know not whether it is possible to gain a higher idea of the power of the press and the consequent responsibility of those who wield it, than by looking at the effects which it produces in connection with the political struggles which occasionally occur in our own history. A member of Congress may rise in his place, and speak five minutes by the watch,—and yet he may have said that which in one week shall well nigh convulse the whole nation. A convention may assemble to propose a candidate for the Presidential chair, and scarcely shall the result be announced, before the remotest village in the most distant state shall have responded to it, and millions of hearts shall be beating, and millions of hands busy, for the success or defeat of the nomination. An emergency may occur in the administration of our government that looks portentous of evil; and yet it shall scarcely have transpired from the councils of the cabinet, before the details of the whole matter have passed under the eye of the nation, and men of every class and every character are speculating in regard to the policy that should be pursued. And whenever the waves of public feeling, are wrought up like the mighty ocean in a storm, it will always be found that the press has had a principal agency in producing the commotion.

I cannot leave this branch of my subject without adverting briefly to our periodical literature; though I regret the necessity of dismissing so important and fertile a topic with a passing remark. What was at first a gentle rill that flowed so silently as scarcely to be observed, ere long became a majestic river; and that has been gradually widening until it has lost its distinct

character in a mighty deluge, that flows within no definable limits. If there is a single corner in any of the departments of human speculation or human action, which our periodical press does not cover, I know it not. You may be a philosopher, or a statesman, a physician or a divine, a farmer or a merchant, an artisan or an artist, a friend of the muses or a friend of the graces,—and you have only to step into one of our periodical depositories to supply yourself with the latest, if not the brightest, thoughts in the department to which you are devoted. And you are fortunate indeed if there is no attempt made to set aside your moral agency in this matter;—for it has come to pass, in these days, that periodicals come to us unbidden; and what comes at first with the editor's compliments, is followed up in due time by the publisher's bill.

But without hazarding any speculations upon the trade, I may say with confidence that the man who conducts a widely extended periodical, presides at one of the chief fountains of public influence. He keeps himself in constant, though invisible, contact with thousands and thousands of minds. They may take little note of the effect which he produces upon them, and may even silently congratulate themselves that their opinions are their own; and yet he may be holding them spell-bound under his magic influence. While he determines the manner in which no small part of their time shall be spent, he imperceptibly helps to mould their taste, guide their judgment, fix their prejudices, and give complexion to their character. Yonder is the respectable quarterly, devoted to the interest of science and literature of philosophy or religion. It goes abroad to do a glorious work; and posterity will see that the name of its editor has a place on the list of the world's benefactors. Yonder is a weekly sheet, designed as a vehicle of slander and falsehood, of pollution and impiety. Its issues are like the opening of a cage of unclean birds. The vulgar herd together at the corners of the streets, to glut themselves over it. Its editor is a scourge to his generation.

Who then can estimate the influence for good or evil of the periodical press? Who can estimate the number of individuals whom it reaches, the amount of time which it engrosses, the expenditure of thought and feeling to which it leads, the decisive bearing which it has upon our individual, social, and national interest? It is not a small matter, my friend, to be the conductor even of a country newspaper; and I would say to every man who aspires even to that vocation, "Sit you down first, and count the cost."

CURIOUS RELICS.

At the corner of Bayard and Bowery, New York, is a hotel called the North American, and on the top thereof you may spy a wooden image of a man with ragged knees and elbows, whose mother doesn't know they are out. That image commemorates the history of a yankee boy, of the name of David Reynolds. Some fifty years ago he came here at the age of 12 or 14, without a copper in his pocket. I think he had run away; at all events, he was alone and friendless. Weary and hungry he leaned up against a tree, where the hotel now stands, every eye looked strange upon him, and he felt forlorn and disheartened. While he was trying to devise some honest means to obtain food, a gentleman inquired for a boy to carry his trunk to the wharf; and the yankee eagerly offered his services. For the job he received twenty-five cents; most of which he spent for fruit to sell again. He stationed himself by the friendly tree, where he had first obtained employment, and soon disposed of his stock to advantage, and with increased capital he increased his stock. He must have managed his business with yankee shrewdness, or perhaps he was a cross of Scotch and Yankee, for he soon established a respectable fruit stall beneath the tree, and then he bought a small shop that stood within the shade, and then he purchased a lot of land, including several buildings round; and finally he pulled down the old house and built up the large hotel which now stands there. The old tree seemed to him like home. There he had met with his good luck in a strange city, and from day to day, and from month to month, those friendly boughs had still looked down upon his rising fortune. He would not desert that which stood by him in the dreary hours of poverty and trial. It must be moved to make room for the big mansion, but it should not be destroyed. From its beloved trunk he caused his image to be carved, as a memento of his own forlorn beginnings, and of his grateful recollections. That it might tell a truthful tale, and remind of early struggles, the rich citizen of New York caused it to be carved with ragged trousers, and jacket out at the elbows.

A HIST.—"You charge me fifty sequins, said a Venetian nobleman to a sculptor, for a bust that cost you only ten days' labor." "You forgot," replied the artist, "that I had been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days."

Reviving the Dead.

Mantecini, the famous charlatan of Paris, was a young man of good family, and having in a few years squandered a large estate, and reduced himself to beggary, he felt that he must exercise his ingenuity or starve. In this state of mind he cast his eyes round the various devices which save from indigence, and are most favored by fortune. He soon perceived that charlatanism was that on which this blind benefactress lavished her favors with most pleasure, and in the greatest abundance. An adroit and loquacious domestic was the only remaining article of all his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold laced livery, mounted a splendid chariot, and started on the tour under the name, style, and title of "the celebrated Dr. Mantecini, who cures all diseases with a single touch, or a simple look."

Not finding that he obtained as much practice as his daring genius anticipated, he determined to resort to still higher flights. He left Paris, and modestly announced himself at Lyons as "the celebrated Dr. Mantecini, who revives the dead at will." To remove all doubt he declared that in fifteen days he would go to the common church-yard and restore to life its inhabitants, though buried for ten years. This declaration excited a general rumor and murmur against the doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the magistrate and requested that he might be put under guard to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. The proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult the clever empiric, and purchase his *bonne de vie*. His consultations were most numerous, and he received large sums of money. At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valet tearing for his shoulders, began to manifest signs of uneasiness. "You know nothing of mankind," said the quick to his servant, "be quiet." Scarcely had he spoken these words when the following letter was presented to him from a rich citizen:—"Sir, the great operation you are going to perform, has broken my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury, and I am unhappy enough already, without her resurrection. In the name of Heaven do not make the experiment. I will give you fifty louis to keep your secret to yourself." In an instant after, two dashing beaux arrived, who, with the most earnest supplications entreated him not to raise their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as in such an event, they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of fifty louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance. Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony threw herself at the feet of the quack, and, with sobs and sighs, implored his mercy. In short, from morn till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess, which absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and others by curiosity, so that the chief magistrate of the city waited upon the doctor, and said:—"Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience of your talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our church-yard the day after tomorrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe that our city is in the utmost uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution the success of your experiment must produce in every family; I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore the tranquillity of the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation, in due form, under our seal, that you can revive the dead, and that it was our own fault that we were not eyewitnesses of your power." This certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Dr. Mantecini left Lyons for other cities to work new miracles. In a short time he returned to Paris, loaded with gold, where he laughed at the popular credulity.—*Physic and Physicians.*

A GENIUS AND NO MISTAKE!—We have frequently heard of the evidence of more than ordinary talent exhibited by a little fellow in this place, of humble origin, but who rejects in the capacious and classic names of MILTON MOORE. He has from his childhood, given indications of cleverness not very common, and though at this time but thirteen years of age, he has exhibited specimens of intuitive art and mechanical skill which are not often met with, such as miniature fire engine, drawings, paintings, &c. More recently he has turned his attention to sculpture, and the little but rough slabs of marble, in his persevering and skillful hands have been reduced to shape, and represent flowers with a beauty and truthfulness to nature, which proves beyond a doubt that Milton Moore is an embryo Cleaver or Greenough. What he has done, so far, may be regarded as mere *child's play*—it is his way of enjoying his hours of leisure, and if the man equals the promise of the boy, "Milt" will go ahead and no mistake.

Chambersburg (Pa.) Whip.

From Atkinson's Casket.

COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.

A heartless disciple of Themis rises and thus addresses the Court:—

"May it please your Worship, and you gentlemen of the Jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never before befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked and malicious assault—a more wilful, violent, dangerous, and murderous battery, and finally a more diabolical breach has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it has seldom been your duty, to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings as this, which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county, but you will hear from the witnesses." The witnesses being sworn, two or three being examined and deposed—one that he had heard the noise and did not see the fight—another that he saw the row but did not know who struck first—and a third, that he was very drunk and could not say much about the scrimmage—

Lawyer Chops.—I am sorry gentleman, to have occupied so much of your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance, who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed on your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn. So forward comes the witness, a fat shuffly looking man, a "leetle" corned, and took his corporal oath with an air.

Chops.—Mr. Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has been already wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compedious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.
Harris.—"Exactly," giving the lawyer a knowing wink, at the same time clearing his throat—Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she mou't go; I told Sally Dilliard, that my wife was poor, being as how she had a touch of the Rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately, but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mou't go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then asked me if Mose, he mou't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that Mose, he was the foreman of the crop, and the crop was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mou't go.

Chops.—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rignarole.
Witness.—Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she mou't go, I told cousin Sally Dilliard—

Chops.—Stop, sir, if you please: we don't want to hear any thing about cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife—tell us about the fight at Rice's.
Witness.—Well, I will sir if you will let me.
Chops.—Well, sir; go on.
Witness.—Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house, and asked me if my wife she mou't go—

Chops.—There it is again—witness, witness please to stop.
Witness.—Well sir, what do you want?
Chops.—We want to know about the fight and you must proceed to this important story—do you know any thing about the matter before the court.
Witness.—To be sure I do.
Chops.—Will you go on and tell it and nothing else?
Witness.—Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat—

Chops.—This is intolerable, may it please the Court—I move that this witness be committed for a contempt—he seems to be trifling with the court.
Court.—Witness you are now before a court of Justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail, so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.
Witness.—(alarmed).—Well gentleman Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard—

Chops.—I hope this witness may be ordered into custody.
Court (after deliberating).—Mr. Attorney the Court is of opinion that we may save time by telling the witness to go on his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.
Witness.—Yes, gentleman, well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she mou't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife she was poorly being as how

she had the Rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mou't go.—Well cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose he mou't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard as how Mose, he was the foreman of the crop, and the crop was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mou't go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife and cousin Sally Dilliard, and they comes to the big swamp, and the big swamp was up as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dilliard and Mose, like genteele folks they walked the log, but my wife like a fool, waded, and gentlemen that's this height of what I know about it!

A Broken Heart.

People talk an everlasting sight of nonsense about wine, women, and horses. I've bought and sold 'em all, I've traded in all of them, and I tell you, there ain't one in a thousand that knows a grain about either on 'em. You hear folks say, Oh, such a man is a ugly grained critter, he'll break his wife's heart; just as if a woman's heart was as brittle as a pipe stalk.—The female heart, as my experience goes, is just like a new Indian rubber shoe; you may pull and pull as it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you, there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em.

I never knew but one case of a broken heart, and that was in tother sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough so spit down on the heads of your granddads, and near about high enough to wade across Charleston river, and as strong as a tow boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law and catechism too. He was a perfect picture of a man; you could't fault him in no particular; he was so just a made critter, folks used to run to the winder when he passed, and say there goes Washington Banks, he's a beauty! I don't believe there was a gal in the Lowell factories, that want in love with him. Sometimes at intermission, on Sabbath days, when they all came out together, (an amazin hansom sight too, near about a whole congregation of young gals) Banks used to say, I vow young ladies, I wish I had five hundred arms to reciprocate one with each of you; but I reckon I have a heart big enough for you all, it's a whapper, you may depend, and every mite and morsel of it at your service. Well how do you do, Mr. Banks, half a thousand little clipper-clapper tongues could say, all at the same time, and their dear little eyes sparklin, like so many stars twinklin of a frosty night.

Well, when I last see'd him, he was all skin and bones, like a horse turned out to die. He was totally defeshed, a mere walkin skeleton. I am dreadful sorry, says I, to see you, Banks, lookin so peaked, why you look like a sick turkey hen, all legs; what on airth ails you? I am dyin, says he, of a broken heart. What, says I, have the gals been gittin you? No, no, says he, I beant such a fiol as that neither. Well says I, have you made a bad speculation? No, says he, shakin his head, I hopes I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that. What under the sun is it, then? said I. Why, says he, I made a bet the first part of summer with Lieutenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bowler of the Constitution frigate. I won my bet, but the Anchor it was so eternal heavy that it broke my heart. Sure enough he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heard tell of a broken heart.—*Sun Slick.*

WHERE YOU OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN.—A clergyman who is in the habit of preaching in the different parts of the country, happened to be at an inn where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in an honest man, by imposing upon him a broken wretched horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey quite nettled, observed, "Parson I had much rather hear you preach, than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way." "Why," replied the parson, "if you would have been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach." "Where was that?" enquired the jockey. "In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.

HOME PROTECTION.—Passing by Lafayette Square last evening, we heard two fellows, who sat on one of the benches, discussing very profoundly the leading party political measures of the country.
"You is in favor of home protection, isn't you Jim?" said one of them.
"Well, I reckon I is, Bill," said the other, but that what the whigs tell about home protection is all gammon—there aint no home protection.—Does you think it there was, that my old woman 'ud give me goss as she does? No, Bill, all that are about home protection is a wagner idea.—There aint none for fellers like me."
N. O. Pic.