

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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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.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

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LOVE AND CARE.

Love sat in his bower one summer day— And Care, with his train, came to drive him away. "I will not depart," said Love: And, seizing his lute,—with silvery words, He ran his bright fingers along the chords, And played so sweet, so entrancing an air, That a grim smile lit up the face of Care.

"Away—away!"—said Love: "Nay nay! I have friends!" grim Care replied: "Behold, here is one—and his name is Pride!" "I care not for Pride," said Love: Then touching the strings of his light guitar, Pride soon forgot his lofty air; And seizing the hand of a rustic queen, Laugh'd, gamboll'd and tripp'd it o'er the green, Aha, aha!" said Love!

"Away with your jeers!" cried Care, "if you please; Here's another—lank, haggard, and pale Disease!" "I care not for him," said Love: Then touched a strain so plaintive and weak, That a flush pass'd over his pallid cheek; And Disease leap'd up from his couch of pain, And smil'd, and re-echo'd the healing strain—"Well done for Disease!" said Love: "Pshaw! pshaw!" cried Care—"this squalid one see! How lik'st thou the gaunt look of Poverty?" "I care not for him," said Love!

Then struck such a sound from his viol's string, That Poverty shouted aloud, "I AM KING!"—The jewell'd wreaths round my temples shall twine,— For the sparkling gems of Golconda are mine!" "Ay, ay!"—very true!" said Love: "Nay, boast not," said Care—"there is fretful Old Age, Beware of his crutches, and tempt not his rage!" "I care not for Age!" said Love!

Then swept the strings of his magic lyre; Till the glad eye sparkled with youthful fire; And Age dropp'd his crutches, and, light as a fay, Laugh'd, caper'd, and danc'd, like a child at play! "Bravo, Sir Eld!" said Love!

"A true," cried wrinkled Care, "with thy glee! New look on this last one—his Jealousy!" "Ah me! ah me!" said Love! "Her green eye burns with a quenchless fire—I die! I die!" Then dropping his lyre, Love flew far away from his cherish'd bower, And never returned from that fatal hour! "Alas, for thee, blighted Love!"

STANZAS TO MY LUTE.

"Stanzas to my Lute," in one of the Annuals. Boot! thou art silent now! Thy nails which on the pavement rang In thy young days with echoing clang, No longer make a row; Thy beauties sunk into decay, The nails and heels have worn away, Boot! thou art silent now! Boot! thou hast lost thy sole! Thy trusty welts no longer meet; I feel the wet against my feet— Sad witness of a hole; No more thou'lt press the russet plait, Or sweep the cords which form the mat, Boot! thou hast lost thy sole.

THE GREAT WESTERN IRON WORKS, the Pittsburg American says, including about 2000 acres of land, was sold on Monday last, at Kittanning, by the Sheriff of Armstrong county, for \$171,000, which covered a mortgage of \$120,000.—the judgment creditors and some other claims in the hands of attorneys. The purchaser was Mr. Pray, of Boston. An application has already been made in the District Court of the U. S. to have the sale set aside, probably upon the ground of insufficient notice to the stockholders of the intended sale, and possibly other causes.

MILLERISM.—The last number of the "Midnight Cry" thus coolly notices the failure of their last prediction. Our position as to Time.—We have now light on the prophetic period. Our time ends with this Jewish year. If time be continued beyond that, we have no other definite period to fix upon; but, henceforward, shall look for the event every hour till the Lord shall come. Others can give their views on the termination, of the periods, on their own responsibility. If it be necessary, we shall give ours in full on the point. Let us all be ready; "having our loins girt about, and our light burning, that when the Master cometh we may open to him immediately." J. V. HINES. New York, March, 1844.

Looking into a beautiful woman's eyes by moonlight, is taking a lunar observation, and by sunlight, a solar observation.

The ants are so large in the State of Maine that they climb trees and bark.

ELOCUTION.

No branch of education can be more successfully and advantageously applied to the great and practical purposes of life, than Elocution. It is in the most frequent use of any other faculty with which our nature is endowed. Whenever we exercise the organs of speech, whether in conversation, reading, or public speaking, we employ some of our powers of elocution. Throughout all the diversities of rank and sex, including kings and beggars, all individuals begin to practice it, the second, if not the first year of their existence. It is but another word for the faculty of speech,—a faculty which elevates man above the brute creation, and which should not be permitted to rust on unused.

and unimproved. That the reading or speaking voice, as well as the singing voice, is susceptible of almost an unlimited degree of cultivation, is a truth, with a conviction of which, men have been deeply impressed, in all ages of the world. Especially is this true of the citizens of Greece and Rome. They paid great attention to the art of elocution, as it was called in ancient times; now, elocution; which is "the rose by another name," and we learn from history, that their labors were rewarded with beneficial results.

Passing over in silence, other great and immortal names, let us direct our attention for a moment, to Demosthenes, Cicero, and Pericles. Nature did not very liberally provide Demosthenes with power of speech. He, however, possessed genius in an eminent degree. And yet, without industry, his name would have "mouldered in oblivion." By undying perseverance in the pursuit of oratory, and by unremitting attention to the principles upon which good speaking is founded; he acquired an elocution which "astonished all Greece." We may say of him without any poetical license, he spoke, "Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar stood ruled."

Cicero, by close application, reading, and declaiming, rendered his voice so melodious, powerful, and thrilling, that it hushed the Roman Senate into silence, and made "great Caesar" himself tremble on his seat. Pericles so successfully cultivated the noble art of elocution, that with him, manner was almost matter. An incident is related in history, which may serve to give us an idea of the power of his elocution. Thucydides, although an enemy to Pericles, when asked which was the best wrestler, answered: "Whenever I have given him a fall, he affirms the contrary, in such strong and forcible terms, that he persuades all the spectators that I did not throw him, though they themselves saw him on the ground." Those three renowned orators adopted in early life, the excellent motto, that "nothing is given to mortals without indefatigable labor." Discarding the absurd notion, that the Gods made orators, or that they were born so, they acted upon the true principle, that however much or little nature had done for them, they would rely exclusively and entirely upon their own exertions.

The docility of Demosthenes, Cicero, and Pericles, through life, and the care and success with which they cultivated the science of speaking well, afford examples worthy of universal imitation, from the President of the United States, members of congress, and of State legislatures, lawyers, clergymen, conductors of literary institutions, and other gentlemen of public consideration, down to the humblest citizen of our republic. Those peerless orators immortalized their names by "patient labor, and patient labor only." If they excelled Americans, or any other men that the world ever produced, it is because they devoted time, money, and labor to the improvement of their manner of speaking.

Who does not know that inattention to a subject, is tantamount to ignorance of it? Knowledge is not intuitive. The infant grasps alike the near flame, which would burn him, and the bright orb of day, which he cannot reach. It is a truism, but, nevertheless, one which is too often practically disregarded, that we know little or nothing, except what we learn. Why, then, talk so much of "nature's orators?" Cicero says, that the "poet is born, but the orator is made." Nature, doubtless, makes a great difference in the capacities with which she endows her children; but art makes a still greater difference. In an excellent letter addressed to a young man engaged in the study of law, the late Hon. William Wirt, truly observes, that "it is a fiat of fate, from which no genius can absolve youth, that there is no excellence without great labor."

Vocal music is more gratifying than instrumental, because the human voice, whether its notes are heard in song or speech, is the noblest and sweetest instrument of music in existence. It, however, differs from a musical instrument in this respect, among others: it is capable of producing an infinite variety of sounds. By the tones of the voice, may be expressed, not only all the operations of the mind, but every emotion implanted by the hand nature, in the heart

of man. The best readers and speakers are not governed by particular rules. They read and speak "right on." They do not stop to give a rising inflection of voice, here; a falling, there; and a circumflex, elsewhere. Dr. Goldsmith says, that "to feel our subject thoroughly, and to speak without fear are the only rules of elocution." It is certain, that in order to be eloquent, we must surrender ourselves to the spirit which stirs within us, and the "mouth" must speak "from the abundance of the heart." Being perfectly satisfied with NATURE'S system of elocution, the author has not presumed to lay down a series of artificial rules in the shape, either of marks of inflection or rhetorical notation, in the vain hope of attempting to make a better. Those extraordinary endowments of intellect, of imagination, and of sensibility, which are derived from nature, and without which, pre-eminence in oratory is unattainable, are possessed by few men in any age or country. But all may learn to read and speak correctly and impressively, by becoming familiar with the elementary sounds of our language, and the other important principles of elocution, and by engaging in practical elocutionary exercises.

It is gratifying to know, that elocution is beginning to secure a portion of attention, corresponding, in some degree, with its importance. But still it is too much neglected, not only by community generally, but even by public speakers and teachers of youth. There are, as yet, few or no distinct professorships of elocution in our literary institutions. The bishop of Cloyne says, "that probably half the learning of these kingdoms is lost, for want of having a proper delivery taught in our schools and colleges." Is not half the learning of these United States, "lost for want of having" elocution properly and thoroughly taught in our "schools and colleges?" Does not religion suffer in the hands of those who, owing to their ignorance of elocution, and their want of those feelings of love to God and love to man with which the gospel inspires all who believe and practice its precepts, present that solemn and surpassingly important subject to the world, in a cold, lifeless, and bungling manner? It is, as Dr. Blair observes, "a poor compliment, that one is an accurate reasoner, if he be not a persuasive speaker." Why may not the people of the United States, become as much distinguished for their elocution, as for their free and glorious institutions? Is not elocution as valuable now as it was in ancient times? Is not freedom's soil adapted to its growth? And would it not be "glorious to excel" other nations, as well as other individuals, "in that article in which men excel the brute?" The Supreme Being has kindly allotted to us our portion of human existence, in a country, the constitutions and laws of which recognize in every citizen, the right to form, to cherish, and to express his opinions on all subjects interesting to our common welfare,—a country where the opinion of a majority prevails, and where elocution creates public opinion. Here, as in the free States of antiquity, "every man's opinion should be written on his forehead." Here, too, the noble science and art of elocution should receive, at least attention enough to elevate the standard of public speaking, particularly among our representatives and senators in congress. Then, when foreigners visit the city of Washington, as they often do, they would witness something more than "The flag of the Union floating over the capitol," they would hear within its walls, specimens of elocution the power and grandeur of which, they could not otherwise than admire. They now animadvert very severely upon the manner in which our congressional orators are accustomed to speak. After crossing the Atlantic, they visit the seat of Government, in the expectation of hearing some of the most eloquent speakers in the United States. In that respect, they are not disappointed. And not only so, but they hear in the Senate, if not in the House of Representatives, orators, compared with whom, the best speakers in England or any other country, are not superior, if equal. The cavaliers undervalue the merits of American speakers. In their books, they criticize too severely those who have seats in congress, as well as other citizens of the United States. But if we would entirely escape censure, let us endeavor to avoid destroying any portion of it. Let American speakers unite elegance of language, with force of reasoning, so perfectly, that even the inhabitants of other countries will be constrained to say, with regard to them, as Milton did in another case: "That their words drew audience and attention, Still as night and summer noon-tide air."

American young men are, then, called upon by considerations of national honor, to become good speakers. In order to accomplish so desirable an object, that honorable enthusiasm for the art of elocution, by which the great men of antiquity were characterized, should pervade "their minds." "The torch of genius," be it remembered, "is lighted at the altar of enthusiasm."

In view of the whole subject, it is proper to

remark, in conclusion, that whatever may be the perfection in which an individual possesses the faculty of speech from nature, it is susceptible of acquiring much additional power, smoothness, and flexibility, by cultivation and practice. Lord Bacon took "all knowledge to be his province." Mrs. Sigourney advises us to "take all goodness for our province." Let us take both. To be wise and good, is the highest object to which our hope can aspire. Those in whom wisdom and goodness are combined in the greatest degree, will participate the most largely in all social pleasures of this life, and in the unspeakable joys of that which commences, never to end, beyond the darkness and silence of the tomb. It is the will of Him who built the heavens and the earth, that man should be the instructor of his fellow man. We are commanded by Him who "spoke as never man spoke," to do all that in our day and generation may be done, "to teach all nations," and thus to swell the triumphs of knowledge.

Elegant Extracts. The following is an extract from an oration delivered by Dr. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, before the Literary societies of Dickinson's College. The orator opens with the following fine passage:

"There is a story told somewhere, of one who came back after a long absence, to the scenes of his youth. He had gone forth in early adventure to distant lands, and the hope of return had cheered his many years of foreign toil, until the moon of life found him drawing near once more to the only spot that he could call his home. His heart beat more and more quickly as the mountains around the village arose in a distance; then as he saw the spire of the village church, or the well remembered trees grown old but still green; and then as he entered the cheerful street, many a dwelling was familiar though touched by time; but among the groups about their thresholds, and those who met him on the walk, there was not a face that he knew or that knew him. He passed on through the abodes of the living to the resting place of the dead; and there he found graven on stones, many names that were written on his soul.—All whom he had hoped to meet again were buried, or had forgotten him. He was alone, a stranger in his early home. He paused to look around him. There stood the venerable edifice within which his young mind had been trained to learning. There was the green where he had leaped and shouted with his fellows. There flowed the little stream from the shaded spring which had so often slaken his summer thirst. He followed it to the path deep beaten in the sod. He stopped and took one long cold draught—his tears fell on the water's face—he raised his hat from his head and breathed a prayer, and departed to return no more.

"With some such emotions does your orator address you now. A score of years has passed since he left, for the urgencies of mature life, these academic shades, dear to a thousand memories of happy youth. They were then populous with his friends, and their classic exertions were directed by the kind and paternal solicitude of teachers of whose skill and fidelity gratitude can never make sufficient payment. He has trodden the college halls again today, and has seen within them many happy faces in the bloom of youth, but those whom he once loved to greet with frank regard, are gone. Some are in the grave; the rest widely scattered through a cold world, never to know again the buoyant happiness and careless wealth of affection that here blessed them and him. But thanks be to God! the fountain of truth at which they drank, still pours forth its living waters; the path to it still beaten by youthful feet, and I have come to take one draught of it with you; to send up a prayer to the Father of lights, who causes it to flow—and to go my way."

MEDICAL.—Every new invention or improvement in the science of medicine merits a passing paragraph. Dr. Junod, of Paris, has invented a new method, which he terms *Hemospasie*, for the treatment of a number of diseases. This method consists in the employment of a pneumatic apparatus of a peculiar construction, in which the arm or leg is so placed as to attract the blood to the extremities, without diminishing the mass of this liquid.

PARIS.—Louis Philippe is the only monarch who has discovered that Paris is France. The walls around the city are completed, and are garrisoned by 100,000 men. Strange that the sagacity of Napoleon should have been wanting on this important point. No allied army can now get possession of the city, nor can the people rise and overturn the government, while the soldiers control the cannon from the walls.

MORE RECRUITS FOR JOE SMITH.—The steamer Maid of Iowa passed up yesterday, on her way to Nauvoo, with about 200 passengers on board, all Mormons, emigrants from England, per ship Fanny, arrived at New Orleans a few days since from England. There are said to be 1000 more coming.—Natchez Cour.

A Great Dog.

Col. Hooper, of the "East Alabamian," has a dog named "Ponto," whose sagacity and exploits deserve to be handed down to posterity in "immortal verse," as much as the exploits of Achilles or the intrigues of Paris. During the late hunt, which he describes at length in the "New York Spirit," they were encamped on the Oakehumbatches Creek, where Ponto's sagacity and his new plan of catching wild ducks were both shown. "About night fall," Hooper says, "immense flocks of ducks descended into the little stagnant pools around us, and excited greatly the admiration and astonishment of Ponto, who has a mortal antipathy for ducks, growing out of the ill-treatment he generally receives at home from several individuals of that species, who help themselves out of his dish when at his meals. Here was a chance for revenge, which the sagacious animal did not let slip. About midnight he awakened us, and giving us to understand that he had something on hand, he silently crept into the nearest lagoon, and with stealthy tread, came upon a fine flock as they roled at anchor near the shore, like a fleet of little boats. He gently touches the tail of one with his fore paw—the duck takes its head from under its wing—in an instant Ponto seizes the head in his mouth, crushes it before the note of alarm could be sounded. Thus he despatches one by one, the whole flock! In the morning he piled up before us twenty-seven fat ducks. We instantly voted him a silver collar."

A SINGULAR TASTE.—An English gentleman of education, and so far as we know, of irreproachable character, left England some eighteen months since, with the intention of spending some years in a solitary cell in one of our prisons. He applied at the Eastern Penitentiary, but was denied admission. He insisted upon a place in the cells, and while he avers that he abhorred the idea of committing a crime, stated that he would do so to ensure the accomplishment of his wishes. He was of course arrested upon this threat, and required by the Mayor to give bail. In default of bail he was committed to the Moyamensing prison where he has remained for thirteen months.—The prison doors are, and have long been open to him, but he refuses to leave his cell; and, as his daily labor supports him, he is permitted to remain. He is in full possession of his faculties; is cheerful and performs all the labor of an ordinary convict. But though engaged ten hours each day at the loom, he pursues his mathematical and other studies with great perseverance and energy. He converses with great intelligence and is obviously, from education and association, a gentleman. This is a singular instance of voluntary and self-inflicted penance, if such it be; and the satisfaction, which it seems to confer upon its subject, proves that the discipline of that excellent institution is far from cruel.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.—MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.—The Richmond (Va.) Star of Friday says, an extraordinary affair occurred in that city the day previous. A box, about two feet long and a foot and a half wide, was left at Mr. S. S. Denoon's shop, by a drayman, marked "M. A. Lipscomb, care of S. S. Denoon"—and brought from the schr. David Rogers, from New York. Mr. Denoon not being able to find any such person as it was directed to, opened the box. Luckily he did so at the bottom. Had he opened it at the top, his life would probably have paid the forfeit. Upon opening the box, he found a brace of horseman's pistols, one of which was loaded heavily with buckshot, and cocked, and so placed that any person opening the box at the top would have been likely to receive the charge. The triggers of the two were both secured to a string, and the pistols were covered over by cases, so that a person taking hold of them would have caused the weapon to discharge. For whom this infernal contrivance was intended is not known.

ACCIDENT.—As Mr. Bear, the political orator, and J. J. Taylor were returning from Gochland, Va., on Monday, in a buggy, the horse took fright, ran off into the woods, and taking the vehicle between two trees, brought the whole concern up "all standing," laying the blacksmith on his back, and Mr. Taylor, about twenty feet from him, speechless. Both of them however, being somewhat of the toughest sort, got nearly whole again, and are yet able to do full duty. Both were considerably bruised.

IMMENSE GUN.—The largest gun ever made in England has been landed at the Arsenal, at Woolwich. It weighs nearly 18 tons. This gun is made on the Howitzer principle and is about twelve feet long. The diameter of the bore is within about one tenth of sixteen inches. The weight of solid shot with which it will be fired is 455 lbs., by shells 300 lbs. This gun was cast and bored for Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt; and two other large guns, 130 pounds, were landed at the same time, to be proved for service in Egypt.

A Philosophical Loafer.—With only two Cents.

An evening or two since, as we were passing up Broadway, our attention was arrested by a soliloquising loafer, who stood leaning against the railing of the Park, and holding forth to himself in the following rather odd, amusing and philosophical manner: "I've got two whole cents—I'd give them and bust myself, if any body'd tell me where I'm going to sleep to night. Here I am, with only two cents, half-past nine, and a severe night! Werrily I am a victim of misfortune! I don't see how 'tis I've vegetated so long as I has. General Jackson says every body's born equal—except me; I know I isn't and yet I'm just as good as any body what's better. I don't understand the philosophy of human nature—If I was other folks, and other folks was me, I wouldn't let myself stand here frizzing with only two cents, and no chance for lodging. There goes a couple of dandies—they ain't nobody—I wouldn't be a dandy for two shillin's. Them omnibus chaps ain't nobody neither—if they was they'd let a feller ride for two cents. Nobody don't take no notice of me, because they knows a man in my situation despises all such mean critters. Why couldn't I had the good luck to be born a boss!—if I had I s'pose I'd been a clam boss, and fed on shavings. If I was an oyster, 'twould be my misfortune to be a first-rate plump fat feller—the first one to be peppered, salted, and swaller'd. My eyes! these is scrutinous times—only two cents, and a lousy look for lodging!"

We gave the unfortunate philosopher a sixpence for which he took off his hat and thanked us very politely; but sang out as we left him—"Look ere I say, old boss, Could't you make this a shilling?"

LOVE LETTER EXTRAORDINARY.—The following very touching epistle, was found in Woodside, carefully folded in a piece of dirty colored blue paper, like that used by grocers. An epistle so cloyingly sweet, can only have emanated from the pen of one of the fraternity. "Mr. Derrest—, I was very much struck with your unsearchly beauty the other Sunday in the place of worship. T'd me ere you an Angel from the Realm of Bliss come here to lay waste soft bars, like mine, so susceptible to Love. Those blue eyes of yours, which expresses love so strong, and also those sweet lips and cheeks would melt a Sampson, and oh if you resist my employings, I shall desolve away and be no more. Excuse this dearest—, Love to your sisters. English Paper.

Wise Savings.—When you rise to make a speech, look at any thing but the audience, until your steam is up, when you may look whither you please; and "look unutterable things."

When you "pop the question" to a lady, do it with a kind of laugh, as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very well; if she does not, you can say "you were only in fun."

Whenever a female friend begins to backbite an acquaintance, run your hand behind your coat collar, and scratch with vehemence. Guess she will take the hint.

When you would borrow a sum of money, never ask an old friend. Not one in a hundred "can stand it."

Speak deliberately; and in a hard case put your finger on the side of your nose, and wink, but say nothing.

TO CURE THE TOOTHACH.—We have never tried either of the following recipes, but the cotemporary from whom we extract them thinks that either would prove infallible. For a raging toothach, throw a Somerset through a window and light on a pitchfork. If that don't do, get somebody to pound you on the head till it drops out.

A boy once complained of his bed fellow for taking half the bed—"And why not," said his mother, "he's entitled to half, ain't he?" "Yes mother," said the boy, "but how should you like to have him take all the soft for his half! He will have his half right o' the middle, and I have to sleep both sides of him."

A LADY.—Every female is a lady now a days—applied to the Alms House yesterday for a load of wood. "We can only give you half a load," said the commissioner. "Half a load," exclaimed the lady in a huff; "it would not look respectable to have half a load of wood dumped down before a house!" With that, Lucretia Mac Tab, pride and poverty, bounded off.

GOING ON TIEK.—At New Brunswick, on the 9th inst., 98 American clocks were seized for passing the Custom House without paying duty.

A TRAVELLING MESMERIZER having said he was ready to answer any question that might be asked him, a Kentuckian desired to know "how much it cost per week, to 'paste' Nebuchadnezzar during the time he was out on grass."