

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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TO MY OLD COAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ROSEBUD'S NEST.

And must we part—my good old friend? Ah me!—it grieves me sorely; I can no more thy tatters mend, The stitches hold so poorly.

A Hero's Fate.

An old Pole, between 70 and 80 years of age, was sent up to Blackwell's Island, some time since, as a convict. He could scarcely speak a word of English, and though he possessed a most soldierly and commanding appearance, his poverty, as a matter of course, prevented him from attracting any attention.

A MALE MALARIA.—A Charleston correspondent of the Columbia S. C. Chronicle enlightens the world with one or two anecdotes of a dignitary of the former city, which as Dogberry says, are 'most tolerable and not to be endured.'

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, May 11, 1844.

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From the Baltimore Republican.

THE LAST OF THE NANTICOKE.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

It has long been a matter of astonishment to me, as it should be to any man claiming common sense, to observe the waste of sympathy on the American savage.

I maintain that there is not a noble trait in the Indian character. "Noble son of the forest," indeed! And what are his noble qualities?

I have a tale which I will give as it was given to me by an old soldier, whose thread of life was cleft in twain some ten or twelve years ago, which will illustrate Indian character, in a measure.

Any person who has ever travelled along the Susquehanna river in the dead of winter, must necessarily have observed the bleak and cheerless aspect the country about Shamokin presents at that season of the year—and many a way-worn traveller, before civilization spread its broad pennant in that region, fell benumbed upon the crusted snow, and breathed his last, and the howling blast sang many a doleful dirge over his remains ere he was discovered.

It was in the depth of winter, and at a time when but two hardy pioneers had ventured to build their log cabins on the West Branch, that a part of the tribe of Delaware Indians, consisting of about two hundred warriors, with the usual accompaniments, settled where the beautiful borough of Lewisburg now stands, having left the main body at the Delaware river, in consequence of scarcity of provisions.

About two hundred miles up the river, lived the remnant of a fierce and reckless tribe, called the Nanticoke, numbering six hundred men, women and children. They were once a powerful nation, but their treachery and subtlety had rendered them outlaws to all other tribes.

Intelligence having reached the Nanticoke that the Delawares were encamped below, they immediately destroyed their lodges and took up their line of march, and in the course of a week encamped on the other side of the river, immediately opposite to the Delawares. These lawless and desperate characters were too well known by the Delaware chiefs, who gave orders that no intercourse or communication whatever should be held by the outlaws.

The refusal of the Delawares to smoke the calumet of peace, provoked the Nanticoke, and a council was called to form stratagems to avenge the insult. After a number of chiefs had given their opinion as to the most feasible manner of punishing their neighbors, Chut-ta-wee, a noble looking individual and a heartless libertine, (for an Indian,) arose, and with a voice "double like the Duke's," urged that the most satisfactory procedure to them, and the most execrating to the Delawares, would be to violate their women.

True to his word, he skulked about the Delaware camp until he met a dark-eyed dusky Delaware maid, who (alas! poor human nature,) was not able to withstand the honeyed accents of the handsome Nanticoke chief, who wooed and won, soon got from her all the information as to their movements, &c., he desired. He found that great preparations had been made for hunting in buffalo valley, and that they were only waiting to see the tracks of a herd when business would commence.

through the crusted snow some three or four miles up the valley.

Early the next morning the loud yell of rejoicing was heard in the Delaware camp, and all was bustle and commotion. The quivers were filled with arrows, and every man who could bend a bow started on the hunt. Their echoes had scarcely died away in the distance, before the Nanticoke crossed the ice, and commenced their work of destruction.

What a feeling for husbands, brothers and fathers. The council fire blazed high in the air—the chiefs assembled, and in each countenance was depicted anger, deep and damning, for the tenderest chord of the savage had been severed, and the looks of every chief seemed to be a determination to drink deep of the Nanticoke's blood.

The wily Nanticoke expected them—they were on the alert, and had prepared to meet them, so that their coming was greeted with a loud shout of derision. By common consent they marched to the mouth of Chillisquaque, (frozen duck) creek, both tribes leaving their wives, and children, and aged warriors in the lodges.

On their way thither the Delawares sang the legend of the battles they had gained—the Nanticoke sang boastfully of the artful trick they had played upon the Delawares.

As length they reached the battle ground, and the fierce massacre commenced. Loud were the yells and groans of the wounded and dying. The battle raged with savage fury, and the sweeping wind bore the shouts along the river like the roaring surge of the ocean. Fiercer and fiercer were the shouts and yells—but a calm succeeds a storm—fainter and fainter grew the noise until all was quiet, and even the wind was lulled into a sleep.

As the blaze ascended to heaven the piercing cries of the sufferers drowned in the victorious shouts of the sixty warriors, who never stopped until the heap of dying and dead was reduced to a pile of mouldering ashes, charred bones and roasted flesh—and thus passed from the earth the last of the Nanticoke, just victims to the avenging power of the Almighty!

Baltimore, April 15, 1844.

THE REAL CULPRIT.—The last number of Merry's Museum thus tells the story of the pearl necklace and the magpie's nest:

"A noble lady of Florence lost a valuable pearl necklace, and a young girl who waited upon her was accused of the theft. As she solemnly denied the charge, she was put to the torture. Unable to support the terrible infliction, she acknowledged that she was guilty, and without further trial was hung. Shortly afterwards Florence was visited by a tremendous storm, and a thunder bolt fell upon a figure of Justice on a lofty column, and split the scales, one of which fell to the earth, and with it the area of a magpie's nest containing the pearl necklace."

JOHN RANDOLPH.—The world is full of anecdotes of Mr. Randolph's sarcastic humor, but the following has not, to our knowledge, appeared in print: During one of the late years of his life, Mr. R. was an attendant on the sessions of the Virginia Legislature, when a bashful, back-country planter met the eccentric orator in the lobby and endeavored to introduce himself.

THE OLD WOMAN'S SPEECH.

Hon. George N. Briggs, now Governor of Massachusetts, delivered a temperance address some time since, in the course of which he related the following anecdote, with thrilling effect:

Mr. Briggs said this question (of the introduction of intoxicating drinks) assumed somewhat of a practical form, last spring in a thriving borough in Pennsylvania. The inhabitants had assembled, as was their usual custom, to decide what number of licenses the town should petition from the County Court, from whom they were issued. There was a very full attendance.

After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens of the borough rose, and after a short speech, moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licenses for the ensuing year. He thought it was not best to get up an excitement, by refusing to grant licenses. They had better license good men and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favor. It was so excellent a way to get along quietly, and one and then another, in turn expressed a hope that such a course would be adopted.

She had come because she had heard that they were to decide the license question. You, said she, all know who I am. You once knew me the mistress of one of the best estates in the borough. I once had a husband and five sons; and woman never had a kinder husband; mother never had five better, or more affectionate sons.

The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the president, who rose to put the question to the meeting—"Shall we petition the court to issue licenses to this borough for the ensuing year?" and then one unbroken "no!" which made the very walls re-echo with the sound, told the result of the old woman's appeal.

STRANGE ANOMALY OF FEELINGS.—The following fact is related by Napoleon with reference to one of his great actions in Italy, when passing over the field of battle before the dead bodies had been interred. "In the deep silence of a moonlight night (said the Emperor,) a dog peeping suddenly from the clothes of his master, rushed upon us, and then returned to his lodging place, howling piteously. He strenuously kicked his master's hand, and ran towards us; thus at once soliciting and seeking revenge whether owing to my own particular turn of mind at the moment, the time, the place or the action itself, I know not, but certainly no incident on any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression on me. I involuntarily stopped to contemplate the scene. This man, thought I, has friends in the camp or in his company, and here he lies forsaken by all except his dog! What a lesson nature has presented through the medium of an animal! What a strange being is man! And how mysterious are his impressions! I had, without emotion, ordered battles which were to decide the fate of this army! I had beheld with careless eyes the execution of those operations by which numbers of my countrymen were sacrificed, and here feelings were roused by the mournful howlings of a dog!"

A gentleman with a glass eye was about to exercise the right of suffrage a short time ago, when he was accosted by a political opponent, with, "I say, master, what are you doing here? you can't vote, you're not natural eyes'd." The joke was taken in good part and created general merriment.

A Rich Practical Joke.

A friend told us a joke a few evenings ago, and though it was told us in confidence we cannot resist the temptation of laying it before our readers, let the consequence be what it may.

In the western part of this city live and flourish two jolly young fellows who follow sign painting for a livelihood, and who are sometimes in the habit of cutting up what are termed 'high shins.' It so occurred a few days ago that one of the partners had some out door business to attend to, and left the shop in charge of his partner and a little boy who was employed to grind paints.—During his absence, the partner remaining went to work and painted the boy's neck so as to represent a large shag, and a cut over the eye. He then took red paint, bespattered it over the floor and clotted the boy's hair and made him lay down in a corner.—He then painted a great gash on his own cheek, bared his bosom, disordered his dress, dipped a long bladed knife in a red pot, and patiently waited the coming of his partner. Directly he heard him at the door, the performance commenced. The partner stuck his head into the room door; one glance was sufficient—the boy was prostrate on the floor, with his throat cut, groaning and crying murder—chairs, tables, benches, jugs, and pint pots, were strewn around the room in dire confusion, while the murderous looking partner, with the bloody looking knife in his uplifted hand, was running through the room uttering wild and incoherent expressions. It was evident to the partner at the door that his partner had killed the boy. The thought was horrid.—Swift as lightning he flew to his father and informed him of the circumstances. A number of friends were mustered who repaired forthwith to the scene of action.—The crowd augmented as it neared the shop—and in walked the whole posse—but what was their astonishment to find the boy, without a mark of any kind, the room in perfect order, no marks of blood perceptible, and the partner engaged in lettering a sign!—and utter ignorance of any transaction of any kind avowed by both him and the boy, to the other partner's great mortification—more especially as the persons he brought there hinted to one another that during his absence he might have indulged too freely in "fire water!"

SHORT BUT EFFECTUAL DIRECTIONS FOR VARIOUS ENDS.

To embitter domestic life—maintain your opinion on small matters at the point of the bayonet.

To secure yourself against a candid hearing call men hard names before you have signified them.

To keep yourself in a state of discontent—set your heart on having every thing exactly to your mind.

To involve yourself in inextricable difficulty—shape your course of action not by fixed principles, but by temporary expedients.

To provide for yourself abundant matter for shame and repentance—act under the influence of passion.

To die without accomplishing any thing—always intend to do something great hereafter, but neglect the present innumerable opportunity of usefulness.

To gain extensive usefulness—seize the present opportunity great or small, and improve it to the utmost.

To govern children (and men too)—commend them often than you blame them.

To be a successful reprover—first convince men by substantial deeds of kindness that you love them.

To be always contented—consider that you will never in this life be free from annoyances, and that you may as well bear them patiently as fret about them.

When religion is made a science, there is nothing more intricate; when a duty, there is nothing more easy.

We love women a little for what we do know of them, and a great deal more for what we do not.

Let no man ever expect to prosper in this life, or gain the respect and esteem of others, without an undeviating course of integrity and virtue.

Never look for ancestors of your titles, in the imperfect records of antiquity; look into your own virtues and the history of those who lived to be benefactors of society.

The greatest pleasure of life is love, the greatest treasure contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep, and the best medicine a true friend.

A HEART.—What a curious thing a heart is, ain't it young lady! There is as much difference in hearts as in faces. A woman's heart is a sacred thing and full of purity.—How proud a man ought to be to have a pretty girl love him, and tell him she loves him more than any other. Isn't it so ladies! We might say of the hearts as the old lady did of the first rabbit she ever saw—"La! how very funny it is!"

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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DINING WITH THE PRESIDENT.

Colonel Crocket gives the following account of his dining with the President:—

"Well, I walked all round the long table, looking for something that I liked. At last I took my seat just beside a fat goose, and I helped myself to as much of it as I wanted. But I hadn't took three bites, when I looked away, up the table, at a man they called Wash (attaché.) He was talking French to a woman on the other side of the table. He dodged his head, and she dodged her's, and then they got drinking wine across the table. But when I looked back again, my plate was gone, goose and all. So I just cast my eyes down to the other end of the table, and sure enough, I see a white man walking off with my plate. I says, 'Hallo, Mister, bring back my plate.' He fetched it back in a hurry, as you may think; and when he sat it down before me, how do you think it was! Licked as clean as my hand. If it wasn't, I wish I may be shot. Says he, 'What will you have, sir?' And says I, 'You may well say that, after stealing my goose.' And he began to laugh. Then says I, 'Mister, laugh if you please; but I don't half like such tricks upon travellers.' I then filled my plate with bacon and greens; and whenever I looked up or down the table, I held on to my plate with my left hand. When we were all done eating, they cleared every thing off the table, and took away the table cloth. And what do you think? There was another cloth under it. If there wasn't, I wish I may be shot. Then I saw a man coming along, carrying a great glass thing, with a glass handel below, something like a candlestick. It was stuck full of little glass cups, with something in them that looked good to eat. Says I, 'Mister, bring that thing here.' Thinks I, let's taste them first. They were everlastin' sweet and mighty good, so I took a dozen of 'em. If I didn't I wish I may be shot."

A QUEER SERMON.—Every number of the Sunday Morning Visitor, published in N. York, contains a sermon; but whether the preacher is a Christian, a Turk, or a Nothwegian, remains uncertain. He takes his text where he can find it. His last sermon is founded on a stanza of Dr. Girdley, who died some years ago.

"When a few more years are wasted, When a few more springs are o'er, When a few more griefs I've tasted, I shall fall to bloom no more."

And in moralizing thereupon, he urges parents to take especial care of their children; to keep their sons from writing poetry till they can read the Testament; to give them a flogging when they need it, and let them go a fishing occasionally. As to daughters, he thinks they should be disposed of in the matrimonial market as early as convenient, because "soon after five and twenty they fall to bloom no more;" and he adds, with great emphasis, "paint, gun, whale-bone, bog's bristles, and false hair don't make a lovely lass of sixteen out of an old maid, no how you can fix it."

AN ECDOTE.

TAKE YOUR TIME TO DIE.—The following is a capital anecdote, which actually occurred some years since, in one of the theatres in Dublin:

During the performance of a play, that was of course never repeated, the last scene was the death of a powerful monarch, who, in his dying moments, was dictating his will—such an one was to succeed him to the throne—another was to be vicerey here—another there—and in keeping with a king of such vast possessions, he consumed a great deal of time in dying, so much so indeed, that one at least of the audience got out of all patience, and cried out—

"I say, Mr. King there, I wish you'd die, and bad luck to ye—for ye'll be after keeping us all night here to see the end of ye!"

"Pat Dooly! how'd yer tongue for a blackguard," shouted one on the opposite side of the theatre, fiercely shaking a good shillalah at Mr. Dooly—how'd yer tongue, I say, for a blackguard, or I'll bate ye worse nor I did at Killybeg fair." Then turning to the dying monarch, he addressed his majesty with the utmost earnestness thus:—

"Tak yer time to die, yer worship, if it be an hour yet, and never a bit mind Pat Dooly, the spalpeen boyant!"

A travelling Yankee lately put up at a country inn, where a number of loungers were assembled, telling large stories. After sitting some time, and attentively listening to them, he suddenly turned, asked them how much they supposed he had been offered for his dog, which he had with him. They all started, and curiosity was on tiptoe to know; one guessed five dollars, another ten, another fifteen, until they had exhausted their patience, when one of them seriously asked how much he had been offered. "Not a cent," replied he.