

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

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ND 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 & Eiseley.

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Sixteen lines make a square.



SATURDAY NIGHT.

The Blubbing Boy's Appeal to his Merciless Mama.

Oh! why must my face be washed so clean, And scrub'd and drench'd for Sunday. When you know very well (as you've always seen) 'Twill be dirty again on Monday.

My hair is stiff with lathery soap That behind my ears are dripping; My smarting eyes I'm afraid to ope, And my lips the snails are sipping.

They're down my throat, and up my nose, And to choke me you seem to be trying; That I'll shut my mouth you need not suppose, For how can I keep from crying.

You rub as hard as ever you can, And your hands are hard--(to my sorrow;) No women shall wash me when I'm a man, And I wish I were one to-morrow.

I WONDER WHY!

He press'd my hand, I can't tell why-- I'm sure I wonder why he did it; And then I heard--oh such a sigh! As quite alarmed me for a minute, I wonder why he pressed my hand-- I wonder why he sighed so sadly-- I'm sure if I could understand The cause, I would remove it gladly.

He told me he had lost his heart, And whispered something about "Hope;" I wonder why it did depart-- Or why hearts ever do elope-- I'm sure, if I his heart had been, I never would have left his side, But stay'd a happy, joyous thing, And loved the place till I had died.

An After Scene in Battle.

The late disaster on board the Princeton gave us scarcely a glimpse of actual warfare--and from an account written by a clergyman, of what he witnessed just after the battle of Sol-den, I will quote a pretty fair specimen of what war is.

"At one o'clock" says he, "the cannonading ceased--and I went out on foot to Solder in order to learn to whose advantage the battle had turned out. Towards evening, seven hundred of the Russian fugitives came to Solder, a pitiful sight, indeed--some holding up their hands, cursing and swearing--others praying, and praising the King of Prussia--without hats, without clothes--some on foot, others two on a horse, with their heads and arms tied up--some dragging along by the stirrups, and others by the horses' tails.

"When the battle was decided, and victory shouted for the Prussian army, I ventured to the place where the cannonading was. After walking some way, a Cossack's horse came running full speed towards me. I mounted him, and on my way for seven miles and a-half on this side the field of battle, I found the dead and the wounded lying on the ground, sadly cut to pieces. The farther I advanced, the more these poor creatures lay heaped upon one another.

"The scene I never shall forget. The Cossacks, as soon as they saw me, cried out, 'Dear Sir, WATER! WATER! WATER!' Righteous God, what a sight! Men, women and children, Russians and Prussians, carriages, horses and oxen, chest and baggage, all lying upon one another, to the height of a man! Seven villages around me in flames, and the inhabitants either massacred or thrown into the fire!

"The poor wounded"--what a horrid exhibition of war spirit!--were still firing at one another in the greatest exasperation! The field of battle was a plain, two miles and a half long, and wholly covered with dead and wounded, there was not even room to set my foot down without treading on some of them! Several brooks were so filled with Russians, that I do affirm it, they lay heaped upon one another as high as two men, and appeared like hills to the even ground!

"I could hardly recover myself from the fright occasioned by the great and miserable outcry of the wounded. A noble Prussian officer, who had lost both his legs, cried out to me, 'Sir, you are a Priest and preach mercy; pray, show me some compassion, and despatch me at once.'

Here is war--and can the disciples of the Prince of Peace sanction such methods of settling disputes between nations and civilized and Christian men--between nations any more than between individuals? In all this what is there which the gospel can approve, or on which the God of love can look with complacency? Yet such things are inseparable from war--a part of its legitimate, designed and inevitable results.

From the Boston Press and Post. THE LAST SEA FIGHT--THE AMERICAN FLAG TRIUMPHANT.

The brig Pandora, Capt. Paxton, sailed from this port early last March on a trading voyage to the island of St. Domingo. Nothing requiring particular notice occurred until she arrived at Port au Prince, where her cargo, (consisting chiefly of provisions), was purchased by President Riviere, who stipulated that it should be landed at Azua, and that the vessel should also call at Jacmel and there receive on board some military for the use of the southern division of the army. Agreeably to this engagement, the Pandora touched at Jacmel, took on board a deck load of field pieces, powder, shot and about twenty Haytian soldiers, and proceeded to Azua, where she arrived on the 14th of April. On the afternoon of the same day a sloop arrived, and reported that she had been fired at by one of three armed schooners that were cruising in the offing. The master of the sloop also informed Capt. Paxton that the schooners belonged to the Spanish faction, then in arms against the government, and had no doubt received intelligence of the service on which the Pandora was employed, and would probably make an attempt to capture her. Capt. Paxton inclined to the same opinion, and made arrangements accordingly. That night he discharged his deck load into the sloop, which belonged to the government, and received on board two twelve pound cannonades and a long brass French nine pounder, which, with two short sixes belonging to the Pandora, were ranged on the starboard side. Next morning, Monday, April 15, there being no vessel in sight in the offing, Capt. Paxton commenced discharging the cargo, which had to be boated ashore. About 10 A. M., two schooners were seen standing in under a press of sail before the sea breeze.

After Capt. Paxton had surveyed them through the glass, he gave orders to clear the decks for action. A large quantity of bread in bags, with which the decks were lumbered, was stowed amidships, in the place usually occupied by the long boat. Behind this wall of bread he stationed the Haytian soldiers, in case their service should be required as small-arm men, preferring to have the brig's crew alone to manage the great guns. As before remarked, her guns were all on the starboard side. When the decks were cleared, Capt. Paxton clapped a spring on his cable and brought the vessel's starboard broadside to bear seaward. The guns were next loaded with round and grape, the American ensign displayed at the peak, and the pennant at the main. In the meantime the two schooners had approached within a mile of the Pandora, side and side, wing and wing, steering right towards her. They still kept on, until they were about half a mile distant; then, quick as thought, they brailed their foresails up, came to the wind on opposite tacks, threw out Spanish flags, and, without hailing the Pandora, poured the contents of their broadsides into her. Capt. Paxton, with coolness and decision, ordered the men stationed at the guns not to fire until the smoke had cleared away, and then to take good aim, and let the enemy have it. No sooner had the smoke passed away than the Pandora's broadside was fired with terrible effect. Not a shot was thrown away, and even above the din of battle were heard the screams of the wounded and the dying. Without returning another broadside, the enemy tacked in succession, and brought their other broadsides to bear; but before they could discharge them, the Pandora's guns were re-loaded, and the three vessel's fire almost at the same instant. The enemy's guns appeared to be elevated too high to injure the Pandora's hull, but they cut her running rigging in many places. After the second broadside, the schooners edged down upon the Pandora, and discharged a volley of musketry, which riddled her bulwarks and rigging, but wounded no one. The Haytian soldiers, behind the bread bags, were ordered to return the fire, but they were so ignorant of the use of fire arms as to place in jeopardy the lives of their friends, instead of their enemies. Their services, therefore, during the rest of the engagement, were dispensed with. Another broadside from the Pandora made the schooners haul off, and play at long balls with their long toms. But even in this they were matched, for the brass piece on the fore-castle returned their fire with interest. Again they approached, and now the action became general. Load and fire on both sides as fast as possible was the order of the day. In this manner the action continued nearly an hour, when another schooner was discovered close at hand. When she came up, boats filled with men were sent from her on board of the other two schooners. Then all three bore down towards the Pandora, evidently with the intention of attacking her on both sides. But Capt. Paxton, who had foreseen such an event while they were manoeuvring, hoisted his fore-top-sail yard to the mast-head, and stationed a boy aloft to let the sail

fall if it should be necessary. Seeing the disposition of the enemy, he gave them in succession a raking shot, as his guns bore, then cut away his spring and cable, set the fore-top-sail, and ran in before the wind. Being perfectly acquainted with the harbor, he laid his vessel broadside on the beach, still presenting the starboard side to the enemy. The guns were once more brought to bear on them, and another, the last broadside was discharged. They did not return the fire, but hauled their wind out of the bay, leaving the Pandora unvanquished, even though she was ashore. Capt. Paxton and his crew gave three cheers for the American flag, and thus closed this glorious encounter.

The crew of the Pandora, all told, consisted of eight men and a boy; of these one man had a toe torn off by the recoil of a gun, and another's face was burned with gunpowder; these were the only accidents which befel the crew. The vessel had her starboard side riddled with musketry--the main rail shot away, amidships--running rigging and sails cut--long boat shot away--the quarter of the jolly boat stove--one maintopmast backetay on the starboard side of the main rigging shot away.

The three schooners were vessels of about 100 tons, and mounted six cannonades and a long tom each. The two who bore the brunt of the battle must have suffered severely in the loss of men, besides having their hulls cut up. Subsequently Capt. Paxton was informed that they had over forty killed, and a large number wounded.

When the enemy had disappeared, Capt. Paxton ordered the jolly boat, the only one left, to be manned, as he intended to go ashore, and if possible procure the means of still defending his vessel, should she be again attacked. The poor Haytian soldiers were so terrified at the idea of seeing the boat depart, that they jumped overboard and nine of them perished. To calm the fears of those who were saved, Capt. Paxton returned on board and assuring them that he had no thought of leaving them.

The next day no enemy appearing, the Pandora was lightened, and a day or two afterwards was hoave aloft, without having sustained any material damage under water. On the 22d she was once more under canvass on her way to Port au Prince, where she arrived on the 28th, and was greeted by the inhabitants with measureless applause. On the passage home the crew subscribed for a piece of plate to be presented to Capt. Paxton, as a testimonial of their respect for his gallant conduct.

Of Capt. Paxton and his crew it is not necessary to make a single remark in their praise. Their actions, though imperfectly sketched, speak for them. The facts that, during the hour and a quarter the action continued, they discharged over fifty rounds, and kept at bay two vessels having the advantages of being under way, possessing superior armaments and numbers, and finally out-manoeuvring three vessels, stand alone in the annals of mercantile warfare.

"WHO HATH REDNESS OF EYES."--This interrogative "portion of divine scripture" is illustrated by an anecdote, related with most effective dryness by a friend of ours. An elderly gentleman, accustomed to "indulge," entered the bar room of an inn in the pleasant city of H-- on the Hudson, where sat a grave friend toasting his toes by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for a glass of brandy toddy, he seated himself by the grate; and as he did so, he remarked to Uncle Broad-brim that his "eyes were getting weaker and weaker, and that even spectacles did not seem to do 'em any good." "I'll tell thee, friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. I think if there was to wear the spectacles over thy mouth for a few months, thy eyes would get sound again."

To keep preserves for years, bottle them up and place them on some conspicuous shelf labelled "arsenic." We have kept the best preserves for years in this manner, even in a house full of boarders and apprentice boys. It beats cool cellars all to smash.

For whitewash that will not rub off, mix half a pail of lime and water ready to put on the wall; then take a gill of wheat flour, mix it up well with a very little cold water, then pour boiling water over it till it thickens. Pour it into the white-wash while hot, and stir the whole well together.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT IT AGAIN.--We see the following outrage going the rounds of the papers--the name of the guilty person has not come to our knowledge:

Schoolmaster.--A passive verb is expressive of the neutre of receiving an action--as, Peter is beaten. Now, what did Peter do?

Boy.--Well, I don't know, said the urchin, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, 'unless he holter'd.'

From the Boston Evening Gazette. THE MINER'S BRIDE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"No shadow of decay Had touched those pale bright features, yet he wore A mien of other days, a garb of yore. Who could unfold that mystery?"

MES. HEMANS.

In one of the villages of the north of France in the midst of a population entirely occupied with the labors of the mines, dwelt Pierre and Marguerite. Pierre was the son of a miner. His little feet could scarcely bear him when he ran to the mines. He descended into them, and by his playfulness and frolic lightened the labors of his father. And after that, when the fair traces of children were effaced by those of youth, Pierre became a good workman, and next to his father, it was he who could best direct the miners to their toil.

He knew the place where the laborer could strike with safety; he had wandered the subterranean galleries, and fearless of the dark, he would examine gaily, and by natural causes, the mysteries which affrighted his companions.

One night when the father of Pierre was returning from a neighboring village he heard a low moaning: he stopped, he searched the bush that skirted the sides of the road he was travelling. What was his surprise! an infant, covered with a few rags moved in the grass and lifted its little hands to Heaven as if imploring the hoarse sound of its voice announced that either by chance or wickedness it had been for some time abandoned to the pity of the passing traveller.

The miner's heart was softened at the unexpected sight. He thought of his son of his dear Pierre, and he knelt down towards the little one.

As if his words could comfort it he talked to it; he promised it his aid, and endeavoring to soothe it he gathered up the shreds that protected it from the cold air, he wrapped it in his leather apron, and carried it with him--kissing it to quiet its sad moaning.

"Wife, said he, as he opened the door of his house 'guess what I have brought you; Providence has chosen us, of all the inhabitants of the village, to do good to one unfortunate, I am sure for I know your heart.'

For her only answer the mother of Pierre extended her hand towards her husband.

She heard by what a strange chance a pretty little girl had entered the house; she regarded it as her own child. Thus it was that Marguerite was restored to life and home, she who had lost all, and seemed destined to become the prey of the wild animals that ranged the woods and fields.

The two children grew up together, and as they thought only of each others happiness, they soon loved each other tenderly. To the names of brother and sister succeeded those more dear. Their hearts were mingled and they dreamed only of a happy future. Pierre asked Marguerite of his father--for his bride.

The good parents wished it. How did their young hearts beat when the father of Pierre said to them--fix upon a day to complete your happiness.

And that was not a distant day, they were so much beloved, and merited it so well that the day appointed for their wedding was a festival for all their neighbors. They left their work the mines were deserted, the tables were spread, bouquets adorned the bosoms of the girls and the coats of the young men. All around were heard cries of joy, and the music of instruments, regulated the movements of the dancers on the green.

In the midst of the fete Pierre was seen to embrace his pretty bride. Then he said mysteriously to his young companions, Keep her here, now is the time for the surprise! Now I will get the presents.

He went away, smiling, placing his finger on his mouth, as though to enjoin secrecy, and passing round the house appeared to take a crooked path which led to the old mines. They saw him no more.

He did not return that night, he came not on the following day. They searched for him, they called him, they waited for him! Three days, four days, eight days, a month, a year passed away, and Pierre returned not.

On the day of the wedding, as soon as his long absence was perceived, the sports were suspended. The bride wept and rung her hands. The miners, led by the father searched through every passage in the mines leaving no passage were a man could be, unexamined--but nothing gave them any hope of discovering the remains of their companion, of their friend.

Marguerite came near to death! She returned to life to consecrate it to the father and mother of Pierre. They had so much to weep for, and she also, but gratitude endowed her with

supernatural courage. She took off her bouquet and her bridal wreath, and kissing them said-- "I will wait his return."

Sixty years after this terrible and singular adventure, many changes had taken place in the village.

Marguerite had closed the eyes of her benefactors. Nearly all those that had been present at her wedding had disappeared from the earth. The children who leaped for joy as they accompanied the bride had become old men. A new generation had arisen and the recollection of the adventure of Pierre and of his disappearance, existed only in those traditions, which passing from age to age furnish food for the reflections and dreams which superstition inspires in the minds of the unenlightened.

They spoke of Pierre as of a supernatural being. He was accused of having made a compact with evil spirits. During the cold season, when the winds chased the hoar frost through the air, and made the dry branches of the elms and the beeches crack or roaring in the chimneys, they seemed to resemble a melancholy groan, the old women pretended that it was Pierre who came to ask for prayers and a last asylum. They could hear his voice in the rumbling of the thunder storm when the snow had left the smiling fields and the sun ripened the grain, or tinged the vine leaves on the hills.

In the heat of the summer when the light vapor brightened in the air, they thought it was the soul of Pierre.

The cry of the night bird, rustling of the leaves, the adder darting through the thick grass, the far off howl of the wolf, all brought terror to the heart of the villagers when they were obliged to quit their homes. The men at the sound of the ill omen hastened their steps knit their brows and casting inquiet looks around them as if they thought that the cold hand of Pierre was stretched over them and threatened their innocent ones.

Pierre was every where. Prayers were addressed to him and wax tapers burned in honor of him. The terrified imaginations of the villagers made them regard as one intent upon injuring them, the shade of him who during his too short career had only thought of doing good to his fellow creatures.

At length it happened after having exhausted all the veins of the mines, and all the old parts, it became necessary to dig new pits in another place. The proprietor came upon the grounds and his arrival was the rejoicing. He was humane and beloved by all the miners.

For four days they had labored; the young ladies and the gay cavaliers, who had come with the proprietors to assist in the festival of the opening of the mines, and who danced under the spreading branches, had returned to the city; none remained but the engineers and those interested in the mines.

On a sudden, a strange noise was heard. It was a low murmuring like that which announces the distant thunder storm. It was a cry of voices in distress. The ground trembled, the bells sounded loudly, every cord was in motion. He wished to leap into a basket to go to the relief of the wretches whose death he thought inevitable, all had assembled, and the terrified miners were pale and trembling, cold drops of sweat hung upon their brows.

"What is the matter!" cried the proprietor as pale, as trembling as those animated spectres.

"A man! an apparition! a miracle! Death!" Such were the exclamations that escaped from the mouths of whom fright made almost cold and powerless.

Soon, however, the proprietor was enabled to collect together a few words and formed an intelligible sentence out of all those exclamations of terror.

In endeavoring to open a communication between the new mines and old ones, the laborers had discovered a place that was less difficult to work than before. The stones and the earth did not form thick masses, and the strange substance which were found seemed to prove, that at some time not long previous, an immense caving in of the earth had happened at this place. The labor was not hard. With a single blow of the pick the miners brought down large quantities of earth. They had advanced some distance; all at once a portion which was unsupported fell down of itself; a gas rushed out and became a flame; and what was the surprise of the workmen when by the brightness of this sudden light, they saw descend on this strange couch, a young man, who seemed to be asleep.

His brow is calm, his cheeks fresh and even rosy, but his mouth and eyes are motionless. Instead of approaching him, instead of endeavoring to assist him, for perhaps he needed assistance, the miners fled with precipitation from this unexpected apparition. Fear, during the short space they had to traverse to join their comrades, had already caused them to exaggerate their story.

It was not a man, it was a spirit which had appeared to them in the midst of thunder and lightning; it was the spirit of the mines! His form was colossal. They had seen him rise up and stretch forth his fearful arm.

The proprietor listened to these tales of terror, his face became calm. He cast a look around him. The miners had all left the mine and their eyes were fixed on him; all in a fright seemed to await his decision what course to pursue.

"To the mine!" After having spoken in a low voice to the engineers and friends who surrounded him, he rushed forward.

Soon the truth was known, the bright light of day explained this extraordinary scene.

They brought up and placed upon the grass-plot which surrounded the entrance to the pit the cold and damp body of a young man.

His clothing indicated other times and other fashions. It was tasteful and even seemed to have been worn on some festive occasion. A small box was dug out near the body which on being opened was found to contain jewels, a gold cross, a chain, a medallion on which a cypher was engraved, but time had blackened these tokens which love had perhaps destined for some adored mistress.

All the villagers ran to the scene, and while the authorities of the village were lost in conjectures, each inhabitant sought in his memory for some means of arriving at the truth, but all in vain.

"Margaret!" cried a young girl, with a voice which indicated astonishment at the sight of an immense circle which awaited with anxiety the explanation of the mystery.

"Room for Margaret," said many of the young people at once.

And the old woman approached where the authorities and the proprietor were assembled. She paid no attention to the crowd that surrounded her, and scarcely thanked those who opened for her a passage. Her face, ordinarily pale, had become very bright, her eyes were flashing, and it could be seen that something strange was passing through her mind.

She pushed aside the proprietor, who was before her, with a violent and convulsive movement. She stooped down, and fell upon her knees by the side of the body.

"Pierre!" cried she, and her feeble hands, grown thin with age, were passed over the face of the dead man.

She parts the damp hair, she implants a kiss upon the forehead which for sixty years had been buried in the earth, and which owed to this premature burial the appearance of youth on a body which age would have bent and wrinkled.

"It is Pierre!" cried she, it is the friend of my childhood, it is my betrothed," and tears, which seemed now of joy, and now of grief, inundated her faded cheeks. "I have waited for thee. Oh, I could not have died without embracing thee for the last time.

They tried to lead her away, to tear her from the horrid spectacle on which she gazed with a joy, which weakened her strength, which killed her; but in vain. She clung to the body of Pierre, she pressed it in her feeble arms. She wished to die upon that heart which she could not reanimate, but which in life had beat for her alone. Then all these mysteries were explained. Poor Pierre! he had wished to surprise his betrothed, and had doubtless, hidden the presents which he had worked. How horrible must have been his long agony! What a frightful end! His thoughts perhaps carried him back to the sports that were going on so near him to the side of his anxious bride, of his father and mother! And he could see them no more, his last groans could not be heard; he was suffocated, full of life and strength, beneath a whole mountain of earth!

Margaret had well said "Pierre, I shall await thy return;" for she did not survive the violent emotions which she experienced. She passed away murmuring the name of Pierre. But doubtless when she made that vow she did not expect that her bridal bed would be the cold bed, she did not think that the icy hand of her lover would be placed in her's only when she had ceased to live.

"NO TIME FOR SWEEPING HORSES."--A capital story, although it may be an old one, was recently related at a political meeting in Philadelphia. It was told for the purpose of making a point against the claims of one of the many candidates for the Presidency, but is a good story even when robbed of its political learning. An Indiana man was travelling down the Ohio on a steamer, with a mare and a two year old colt, when by a sudden career of the boat all three were tilted into the river. The Hoosier, as he arose puffing and blowing above water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would carry him safe ashore. The old mare took a "bee line" for the shore, but the frightened colt swam lustily down the current with its owner still hanging fast. "Let go of the colt and hang on to the old mare," shouted some of his friends. "Pirates, both!" exclaimed the Hoosier, spouting the water from his mouth and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog; "it's all very fine your telling me to let go the colt, but to a man that can't swim this ain't exactly the time for sweeping horses!" N. O. P.