TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

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SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

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LATE FROM VERA CRUZ.

Murder of a Bearer of Despatches to Gen Scott—Santa Anna reported to be at Rio Frio—Election of Herrera—Movements of Gen. Scott—Mexicans Robbed by their own Countrymen—Death of Pennsylvanians—Sickness at Jalapa.

FREDERICKSBURG, (Va.,) June 11, 1847.

The steamer Fashion has arrived at New Orleans from Vera Cruz, bringing dates up to the 30th ult.

The robbery of the diligence and murder of the passengers are confirmed. Among the victims was Col. Sowers, the bearer of despatches to Gen. Scott. Their bodies were found atrociously mutilated.

Santa Anna was reported to be at Rio Frio, with three thousand men.

There is a report of the election of Herrera, but it is not traceable to any authentic source.

Gen. Scott was to leave Jalapa for Puebla on the 20th. General Twiggs' division had already left.

A party of Mexicans, who were coming into Vera Cruz from Santa Fe, had been attacked and robbed by their own countrymen.

Jalapa is now garrisoned by the First Artillery, the Second Pennsylvania Regiment, and three companies of the first, the balance of the latter being also ordered back from Perote. Privates Wilson and Charles Lytle of the first Pennsylvania regiment are reported as having died at Jalapa.

There are nearly eight hundred sick in the hospital at Jalapa.

The Fashion brought but a small mail. The steamship New Orleans was to have left Vera Cruz on the 31st ult., and the general mail will be brought by her.

Among the passengers in the Fashion are Lieutenants Murray, Kane and Feltmangle, and James Johnson, Quartermaster's Sergeant of the Pennsylvania regiment, with forty sick and discharged volunteers.

Col. Sowers was a bearer of despatches from the Government to Gen. Scott. He left Vera Cruz with an escort of five men, under Lieut. McDonnell, and two more were added at the town of Santa Fe. The murder was committed two miles beyond Puenta Nacionnel, the driver, and one soldier are all that escaped.

[The officer alluded to as having been murdered, is Col. W. Sour, Jr., of Lock Haven, Clinton County, in this State. A letter to a friend of his, in this city, dated the 12th, says he was to leave New Orleans on the 13th inst. —*Ledger.*]

The Presidency Declined.

Gerrett Smith, the wealthy abolitionist, declines being a candidate for the Presidency, as he says he is not qualified for the station.

If he were President, however, he says he would first stop the Mexican war, and ask pardon of God and Mexico for our wholesale murders of the Mexican people, returning the territory we have taken by force; 2. Utterly abolish the Army and Navy; 3. Abolish all customs or commercial restrictions whatever; 4. Establish a system of direct taxation alone; 5. Urge liberal expenditures for light houses, harbors, improving rivers, &c., but none at all for fortifications, ships of war, &c; 6. Interpret and apply the constitution as at deadly war with slavery; 7. Stop selling the public lands, allow every person who needs to take a portion without pay and render the homestead inalienable; 8. Discountenance distinction between native and adopted citizens; 9. Appoint no man to office who bases the right of suffrage on property or color; 10. Give no office to a slaveholder, any more than any other pirate; 11. Nor to any man in favor of the traffic in intoxicating drinks; 12. Nor to any adhering member of a secret society. When the people want a President on these principles, we think Mr. Smith may be induced to overcome his objections to the office.

THE MASONIC CEREMONIES, at the laying of the corner stone of the "Smithsonian Institute," in Washington City, on the 1st ult., were conducted by B. B. French, Esq., Grandmaster for the District of Columbia, who wore the apron presented to General Washington by the Grand Lodge of France, through General La Fayette. This apron is now the property of the Mount Nebro Lodge at Sheppardstown, Va., to which it was presented by a descendant of the immortal Washington. The gavel used on the occasion, was that *used by Washington himself in laying the corner stone of the Capitol of the United States.*

The stone having been squared, levelled and plumbed by the Grand master, was declared by him to be true and trusty for the purpose for which it was intended, and after having placed the corn, wine and oil upon it, he struck it with the gavel and pronounced it duly laid. He then presented to the architect, James Renwick, Jr. Esq. the working tools which were *presented by La Fayette when the corner stone of the Washington Monument was laid at Baltimore.*

A *Man* took off his coat to show a terrible wound he had received some years past. "O!" said he on not being able to find it, "I remember now, it was my brother Bill's arm."

From the N. Orleans Delta.

The Poisoning Case in Shelby County, Texas.

Of this case, so fiendish in its conception, so diabolical in its execution, and so mornfully fatal in its results, we have the following further particulars from Mr. Stille, who was the first to inform the public of the tragic occurrence, through the Delta. Many at the time doubted its truth, for it was hard to conceive how any mind could be so totally depraved, so lost to all the feelings of nature and humanity, as to perpetrate on innocent and unsuspecting victims such wholesale murder. Yet true it is, too true, bearing about it though it does all the and frightful features of the first account. Old Wilkinson, it would now seem from Mr. Stille's letter, is the demon incarnate who did the deed—this is circumstantially evident, from the fact of his sending so goodly a share of the poisoned wedding meats to Spot Sanders, whom he deemed his enemy, or at least, whose enemy he was:—

BAYOU SARA, May 23, 1847.

Dear—I returned from a flying visit to Hamilton yesterday, and learned some more particulars in relation to the poisoning—fifteen are dead, and some eight or ten, are expected to die daily—some got better, but took a relapse and died. The poison was arsenic. I will relate the circumstances as I heard it.

It appears that old Wilkinson was a man of bad character—a notorious hog thief—and Morris, the groom, had been twice whipped in Mississippi for negro stealing. Wilkinson was accused of stealing the hogs of Spot Sanders, and you will perceive, from what follows, how he revenged himself. He sent to the house of Sanders, who lives two or three miles from him and was not at the time friendly, a half of a shoat, one turkey, three chickens, some chicken pie, butter, pound cake, &c., enough to last the family a week all *poisoned*, even to the butter, which was elegantly moulded. The family ate of it—Mrs. Sanders, three children, and a negro boy, are dead—the other and only child left, was dying when I was at our friend Kerr's. Mr. Sanders and seven negroes are yet sick—some, it is thought, will die. Poor Mrs. Sanders did not know that her children were dead or dying, and told her husband to rear them in nurture and admonition of the Lord. She requested, when dying, that her negroes should come and bid her farewell—they could not, all being poisoned. Mr. Sanders' mother, an old lady of seventy, was a victim also. Allen Haley lost a negro man—the man's wife was one of the servants at the wedding, and took him a piece of the pound cake; he ate two mouths' full, and, not liking the taste of it, ate no more—yet that killed him. An old lady, by the name of Endens, made the cakes, and she was poisoned, together with her son and a negro girl. The girl is dead, and her son not expected to recover. The butter that was left at Sanders' was thrown out, and some fowls ate of it and died in a few minutes. Allen Haley and his mother were the only persons at the wedding not poisoned. They came late, after the *guests* were served, and ate with the family partaking of the same food they did—even to the *cake*. Old Wilkinson insisted on cutting a fresh cake for them, but they refused to partake of it, and escaped death by their refusal.

The lady that made the cakes, Mrs. Edens, went on the morning of the wedding day to look at the cakes, in the smoke house, where she had put them, and found that the covering she had put on the top of them was removed from all the cakes but *one*, that was covered with a custard pie—they looked dark and discoloured, and she took some loaf sugar which she grated and put over them, thinking it strange that they were so disarranged. Old Wilkinson and his wife, and Morris' wife, were arrested and examined before Squire Saunders, who committed them to prison. Charles Alexander bailed the women, and Wilkinson was taken out by a writ of habeas corpus before the Probate Judge, Lester, and set at liberty. He was afraid to leave the house during the day, as there were persons determined on killing him. During the night he escaped on Morris' horse, which Morris brought to him. Eight persons are in pursuit of him who have sworn to kill him on sight. Morris is Wilkinson's agent—he was ordered to leave, or he would first be whipped and then hung. He refused to go, and we may, therefore, expect that he will be made short work of.

It wrote you in my last that the negroes were suspected of having been hired to poison the food. Such is not the case, as the negroes were all poisoned, they not belonging to Wilkinson.

At the last accounts the pursuers were but a few miles behind Wilkinson, headed by Mr. Castleberry, who was one of the poisoned; and lost his sister; he swore he would follow him to the end of the world, being bent on taking his life. I have seen some of the survivors—they are black under the eyes, and their finger nails and the ends of their fingers are black—they look like walking ghosts. They all think that health and strength are gone, being every one unable to do any laborious work. Poor souls!

Wonderful Vision in a Child.

The New Orleans Delta of the 2d inst. has a letter giving an account of the discovery of a child, in the interior of Louisiana, the son of a blacksmith, with telescopic powers of vision.—The writer stopped to have his horse shod, and was attracted to the child, of which he gives this account. He says he does not give the name for *obvious reasons*:

"Drawing the child near me, I found his eyes unusually large, but not remarkably prominent. The iris, which is of a light hazel color, encroached more than ordinarily on the sclerotic coat, and the widely dilated pupil, on examination, proved to have no contractile energy. In a conversation with the mother, she observed that her son could discover objects at inconceivable distances, but when they were within range of ordinary vision, he appeared as blind as an owl at noontide. This communication gave a solution to the "stubborn awkwardness" of this interesting child. As I had a desire to test the acuteness of his sight by an observation on the satellites of Jupiter, you may judge of my pleasure when I received an invitation to remain for the night.

Having with me a small telescope, of power sufficient to observe the satellites of Jupiter, I directed the boy's attention to this planet, at the same time requesting him to inform me if he saw any small luminaries in its vicinity, and to state how they were situated with regard to the primary body. In a moment he asserted that he saw "three bodies like golden marbles, one above the planet, one on the right, and the other on the left hand." I then asked him their apparent relative distances from the main body, and he answered that the upper one was the most remote, and that on the left hand the least. I immediately pointed the telescope to the spot, and found to my indescribable astonishment, that the boy was minutely correct in every particular.

His attention was next drawn to the planet Saturn, when he announced that he could plainly discern four small bodies similar to those adjacent to Jupiter, but of an inferior size; in this instance I was not prepared for an investigation, the power of my instrument being too limited. I instituted other experiments that proved, to a demonstration, the telescopic vision of the child.

Franklin, St. Mary's Parish, La., May 21 1847.

GEN UREA A TENNESSEEAN.—The Memphis Enquirer says, we have heard a singular story, to the effect that the renowned Mexican chief who has so recently so far outrun Gen. Taylor is a native of Tennessee! It is said that his real name is *Ury*, and that he was born and 'raised' to near manhood, in Middle Tennessee—Sumner or Smith county, we think. He was a wild, roving, devil-may-care sort of fellow, and about twenty or twenty-five years since strayed off from the paternal roof and went to Mexico. The story is so far probable as this: that it is known to some of our citizens that there was one of the young *Urys* of the character described, who did; about the time mentioned, go to Mexico, from whence he has never returned. It may be long residence there has raised him to high rank in the army, and that he is in truth identical with the officer referred to. The change of name would be slight, and the story in itself is not at all improbable.—The *Urys* of this State are, we believe, a highly respectable family.

THRILLING INCIDENT.—At a Temperance meeting in Philadelphia some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favor of wine as a drink; demonstrating it quite to his own satisfaction to be scriptural, gentlemanly, and healthful. When the clergyman sat down, a plain, elderly man rose and asked the liberty of saying a few words.—"A young friend of mine," said he, "who had long been intemperate, was at length prevailed on, to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept the pledge faithfully for some time, though the struggle with his habit was fearful; till one evening at a social party, glasses of wine were handed round. They came to a clergyman present, who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. 'Well,' thought the young man, 'if a clergyman can take wine, and justify it so well, why not I?' So he also took a glass. It instantly rekindled his fiery and slumbering appetite; and after a rapid downward course, he died of *delirium tremens*—a raving madman!"

The old man paused for utterance; and was just able to add—"That young man was *my only son*; and the clergyman was the *Reverend Doctor who has just addressed this assembly!*"—*Banner of Temperance.*

GOOSEBERRIES.—One of the most fatal diseases to which this berry is subject, is the mildew. A correspondent of the *London Gardener's Chronicle* says that he has found soot an excellent remedy for this evil. He applies it in the morning, while the dew is on, or after a rain while the foliage is wet. It is to be applied at the time of blossoming.

[From the Dublin Nation, April 3.]

THE FAMINE.

THE EFFECT OF AMERICAN SYMPATHY IN IRELAND.—While English statesmen are devising daily plans for the increase and protection of pauperism in this long loyal and long suffering Providence of Ireland, American statesmen, regarding this country as, even its wreck, worth being saved, are accumulating their voluntary tributes for the relief of our necessities. While the chief journals of the English capital are daily teeming with invectives against our people, high and low, American journals, from Houston down to Eastport, are reviving reminescences of Irish merit, in order to hasten the kindly interference of their country in behalf of ours. While the popular divines of England can see in pestilence and famine only judgments from an angered Deity smiting Ireland on her both cheeks for her idolatry, the favorite preachers of America perceive but an opportunity for the exercise of active charity.

This nation's position resembles that of the man in the Gospel who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. America is our Samaritan. When our wounds are bound up, and we are able to go our own destined way, we will know to whom our gratitude is due. "A certain Levite" shall also be remembered.

Out of this famine will come many results, one of which may be, if we desire it, the establishment of a "cordial understanding" between us and the United States of America.

It is an axiom of the closest observers of human nature, that conferring benefits endears the object to the benefactor; so, in domestic life, adopted children are usually the dearest. And, at this hour, America, like the Grecian daughter, feeds from the warm bosom of her youth, the aged, and alas! shackled nation, to which her infancy owes protection and support. Never, indeed, did the world behold a finer spectacle. Sentence of death had gone forth from Babylon on millions of our people. The European continent was dumb, except where, near the extreme south, the Pontiff Liberator of Rome searched in his hollow coffers after a mite for Ireland. France was silent, Austria was silent, Russia did not cry out "shame!" A diplomatist rules in Paris; and the ancient friendship between the countries of Sarsfield and Count Saxe, of Hoche and of Tone, has withered beneath his rule. A diplomatist rules at Vienna, and the services of our great soldiers at Austria—our Cavanaghs, Macs and O'Reilleys—never weighed a feather on the power-balancing brain of Metternich. Even the Bear of the Pole has turned diplomatist, and grumbles in cartels.—Italy, except Rome, and all Spain, lies the helpless and bleeding prey of this same accursed diplomacy. From Continental Europe then, we could gain no aid against England; for Europe is ruled by heads, not hearts—by profits, not principles—by "the laws of nations," not "the laws of God."

But America, happily, has thus far escaped the infection; and America, in a national sense has become Ireland's friend—her chief friend among the Nations.

Now England, our governor, alternately hates and fears America, and America returns hatred for hatred, and scorn for scorn, but feels no fear of any earthly power.

Let us follow the three nations into the future, as far as human sense can see. To begin:

England, in the year 1846 and 1847, had the government of Ireland in her own hands. In those years 2,000,000 of the Irish people died for want of food, while there was plenty of money and credit in England, and plenty of food for the fetching beyond seas.

America, in the spring of 1847, hearing of Ireland's distress, made a magnanimous effort to save her, and succeeded in preserving nearly 1,000,000 of Irish lives, by assistance rendered in Ireland, or to Irish emigrants in America.

All ye who may survive this English famine, note down in the new leaf of your memories this contrast.

Let us speculate a little farther:

Suppose, in the year of our Lord 1850, that Ireland, with a population reduced to 3,000,000, begins to recover from this awful ordeal, that her peasants till the land again, and her artisans resume their labors. Suppose this done under a wiser policy among Irishmen, and less injurious imperial laws, this island will even then be a power in Europe, though still a province. But suppose it then being or about to be, a free nation, governing itself by certain moral and national laws, having and cultivating certain foreign relations, what will be its position in regard to America? Why, this:

America needs friends in Europe, and our relations have always been of a friendly kind; but from this year forth no Irishman will willingly draw a trigger against her. Our harbors are nearer to America than England's, and more accessible. The merchants of New York and New Orleans alone have lost millions of dollars in St. George's Channel, because they followed the arbitrary current of British commerce, flowing into the sink of the old slave-trade Liverpool. Until the late abolition of the corn laws, Great Britain could in a measure control America's commerce; but now America, the great producer at once of the materials of manufacture and the food of the manufacturer, can turn not only her own, but British commerce, into such channels as she pleases. Moreover, she must be, before many years, the intermediate agent between Asia and Europe. From London to Canton, round Cape Horn, is more than 6,000 miles—from the same place to the same, via Panama or Oregon, less than 5,000. America will then more and more require an ally and a depot on the west of Europe; and we hereby, after a full deliberation, advertise Ireland as a candidate for that employment, whose qualifications excel those of all others.

Our object in this speculation is to keep the Irish in Ireland. If we are starved, colonized or otherwise swindled out of it, the English will quietly move here their government and other machinery, even as the Tyrians of old remove to Carthage, or Duke William and his vassals from Normandy to England, and they will become to Europe all that we might have been.—The Irish name and nature will fade from the face of the earth, and the island of our ancestors become the home of a new people, ruling and enjoying where we have starved and died.

Good Providence, to think of this! To think that our oppression is to end only in banishment, and our struggles to cease but in death. To think of this land, sprinkled all over with the blood of freedom's martyrs—gemmed with fields of glory like an Emperor's shield—monumented, sainted, songs-famed through the world, given up at last to men without one sympathy for it in their memories!

Tradesmen, tenant-league, landlords, clergymen—Irishmen, must this be!

INFAMOUS SENTIMENTS.—There is a newspaper in Boston called the Chronotype, which professes to be a friend of humanity, and yet utters the following infamous sentiments:

"If there is in the United States a heart worthy of American liberty, its *impulse is to join the Mexicans*, and hurl down the *base, slavish, mercenary invaders*, who, born in a Republic, go to play over the accursed game of the Hessians, on the tops of those Mexican volcanoes. *It would be a sad and woful joy, but a joy nevertheless, to hear that the hordes under Scott and Taylor were*, every man of them, swept into the next world. What business has an invading army in this?"

The editor of the Chronotype should receive a commission in the Mexican Army.

A FARMER'S BAROMETER.—A writer in the Georgia Farmer gives directions for making a cheap barometer, to aid in foretelling the weather. He takes a stick three feet long, and attaches to the butt end a phial full of air, of course, and corked tight. The stick is then suspended in a horizontal position on a pivot, where it will readily turn, say on a thread tied near its centre. When the storm is coming on the air outside is lighter than that within the phial; of course the phial sinks, and indicates a change in the atmosphere. Such barometer may be made in ten minutes, and some of our young philosophical farmers will incline to have barometers of their own manufacture.

EXHAUSTION OF TALK.—How long the lamp of conversation holds out to burn, between two persons only, is curiously set down in the following passage from Count Gonfallonier's account of his imprisonment:

"I am an old man now; yet by fifteen years my soul is younger than my body! Fifteen years I existed, for I did not live—it was not life—in the self same dungeon ten feet square! During six years I had a companion; during nine I was alone! I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together! we related our past lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year, we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection! The fourth at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to look each other if it were indeed possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth we were silent. The sixth, he was taken away, I never knew where, to execution or to liberty; but I was *glad* when he was gone; even solitude was better than the dim vision of that pale vacant face. After that I was alone; only one event broke in upon nine year's tediety. One day, it must have been a year or two after my companion left me, the dungeon door was opened, and a voice—whence proceeding I knew not—uttered these words: 'By orders of his imperial majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago.' Then the door was shut, and I heard no more; they had but flung this great agony in upon me, and left me alone with it again."