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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TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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[From the Nashville Gazette.]

PUTTING THE "GYVES" ON SANTA ANNA.

An Incident of the Texan War.

The eloquent and graceful style in which that heroic personage, General Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, has, on all suitable occasions, talked of making a martyr of himself, for the sake of his country, together with the ease and facility with which he has managed to elude the pains and consequences of the assumption of so interesting a character—thus appropriating all the glory without any inconveniences of martyrdom—will undoubtedly constitute one of the most remarkable features of the life of the "hero of Tampico." Had he died as often as he has expressed a resolution to do so, the nine lives appertaining to the feline species would be sudden annihilation in comparison. But luckily or unluckily, for himself and his people, all his resolves upon death have been met by counter inclinations to live, and so thus far, upon every approach of the king of terrors, he has contrived to give him the go-by. The world is beginning to suspect that the vain-glorious Mexican is not half so ready and willing to shuffle off this mortal coil, as he would have them believe; in which opinion I fully coincide—or rather the world coincides with me, as I have long been dubious of his courage. Having had the honor to be present myself, when Santa Anna was possessed of one of his deadly resolutions, I will endeavor to describe briefly that very affecting scene.

The writer served a campaign, and a pretty long one, too, in the Texan revolutionary army of 1836. The company to which he was attached, in conjunction with another, had charge of Gen. Santa Anna during the latter part of his imprisonment at Orazimbo, a short distance above Columbia, on the Brazos. While we were there, the army took it into their heads that in consequence of the many bloody massacres he had committed on their friends, Santa Anna deserved to be hanged, and they passed a resolution to that effect, and sent a request to Gen. Rusk that he would cause him to be brought to head quarters for the purpose of being executed. The General, however, happenped to entertain different views from those of his intelligent cohorts, and refused to comply with their wishes touching the life of the distinguished captive; but sent an order to have him ironed and kept in close confinement. The order came in a few days, and a neighboring blacksmith soon hammered out a rude pair of gyves, with which to put it into execution.

The senior officer being absent, the duty of superintending the iron operation developed upon our Captain, Dick Dawson, who was second in command. Dawson expressed some embarrassment as to how the order should be executed, as he was totally ignorant of the Spanish language, and every other under heaven, save the vernacular of the Cumberland mountains, and being purely a man of action, had never much occasion for even that. The captain, however, was not the man to hesitate long about any thing in which his duty was concerned—he would have undertook to chain the very devil had General Rusk ordered him. So, taking his great basket-hilted sword under his arm, followed by the grim visaged son of Vulcan, he proceeded towards the quarters of our illustrious prisoner. Without puzzling his brain any farther, he had fallen upon a plan peculiar to himself, and that was, to do the business in the plainest, straight-forward manner possible. Arriving at the door, they opened it without any great show or ceremony, marched into the room, where they found Santa Anna alone, sitting at his table apparently too much absorbed in writing to notice their entrance. Dawson tapped him gently on the shoulder to attract his attention, and immediately commenced manipulating the air with signs indicative to the object of his visit. The General stared at him with vacant astonishment. Meantime, the sturdy blacksmith knelt upon the floor, and depositing his "jewelry" by his side, he laid his immense paws upon the delicate shanks of the prisoner. Santa Anna's attention was attracted to his feet, where the smith was, with great deliberation, arranging his irons, preparatory to fastening them on. Instantly divining their attention, he made a single spring which placed him beyond their immediate reach, and getting the table betwixt him and them, snatched up a huge glass inkstand, which he flourished around his head, swearing all the time, by every saint in the Mexican calendar, that he would perish by a thousand deaths rather than submit to such an indignity.

Fortunately for Santa Anna, Col. Almonte, who spoke English remarkably well, attracted by the noise, came in to see what the matter was, just as about half of Dawson's sword had found its way from the scabbard. Almonte begged him to desist, with which he instantly complied, returning his sword to its place. Dawson told Almonte to say to Santa Anna that he did not wish to use force or violence, and that he should regret to be compelled to injure him in any way, "but," continued the captain, "my orders are to place him in irons, and I'll be —— if it shan't be done, that's certain."

Almonte stated the matter as ordered, and endeavored to remonstrate, but the General impatiently waved him off with one hand, whilst with the other he flourished the big glass inkstand.

Capt. Dick Dawson's patience was entirely exhausted—remonstrance was at an end—he had already said more than he had ever been known to say to a mortal man whenever there was a prospect of a row. Perfectly cool, however, he stepped to the door, and ordered in a file of men; whereupon a couple of fellows entered with muskets in their hands—one of whom was a fierce looking Kentuckian, the most deadly hater of every thing in the shape of a Mexican, and particularly Santa Anna, I ever met with.

"Shoulder arms!" ordered the captain, in an exceeding calm and steady voice.

"Ready!"—up went the muskets to the eye—"click"—"click," went the locks.

"Aim!"—a dead silence here ensued, whilst an expression of supreme satisfaction settled upon the stern features of the Kentuckian as his eye glanced along the bright barrel. Santa Anna grew deadly pale, and seemed to totter. Dawson held in his hand a pondrous silver watch. "I give you half a minute to consider—if at the end of that time you do not submit you are a dead man," saying which his eye rested again on the dial of his watch. Thoroughly frightened by this time, he made a gesture of submission, sat down in a chair, and leaned his head on the bed, over which he drew a blanket, and placed his feet in a position to be shackled. When the irons were fastened on, he divested his head of his blanket, and asked if we were not ashamed to use the President of the great Mexican nation thus?

"The President of the great Mexican nation be ——!" growled the Kentuckian, as he brought his musket to his shoulder.

"Right face—march!" cried the captain, in a quick, sharp voice. The room was cleared in an instant, and the captive President was left to his own melancholy reflection.

The next day we ironed Almonte—but Almonte was a philosopher of the right stamp, and took the matter in perfect good humor. He made a joke at the expense of the smith who was rivetting his chains, which set every one in a roar, and so tickled the Cyclop, himself, as to render him unfit for business during several minutes. It was the opinion that Almonte slipped his irons off the moment that our backs were turned—in fact, he put them on and took them off at pleasure; but nobody ever inquired into the matter closely, for Almonte was a favorite with us all.

CHINAMEN ON A RAILROAD.—Among the guests of the Farmer's Club on a recent 'excursion to Greenport, Long Island, were Hesing and Sum Teen, the two principal dignitaries of the Chinese junk, who with their robes of tea green silk and long queues stirred up an immense sensation all along the route both going and coming. Hesing and Sum Teen, for the first time since their arrival, exhibited astonishment and delight.—When the train plunged into the tunnel they thought they were going to take a short cut through the bowels of the earth, home again to Canton. They exhibited every symptom of alarm; and nothing could exceed their delight on emerging into daylight. The speed of the train brought their queues to complete perpendicular with fright, and their respective owners held on to the cars to prevent being spilled out. The whole railroad contrivance was a complete riddle to them. They could not make anything at all out of it, though they instituted several investigations to that effect. Hesing laughed outright at the idea of feeding the iron horses on blocks of wood.

A WASH FOR FRUIT TREES.—A good deal has been said about the application for this purpose—one recommending lime, another solution of soft soap, and another a solution of potash—I have tried the solution of black salts, the application of soap, and also that of wood ashes; for large trees with rough bark, the latter is quite as good, if not better than the former. A wash of ashes, and water can be made as strong as you please, and if put on some dry day, a good deal of the ashes will remain adhering to the bark, which the subsequent rains wash into crevices. This wash if applied in the summer time will, while the ashes remain on the tree, make it offensive and disagreeable to the insects, and deter them from lightning on it, also ultimately makes the bark smooth and healthy.

Miner's Journal.

REMARKABLE PROPERTIES OF GUANO.—A native of 'Down East,' describing with characteristic exaggeration, the remarkable properties of Guano, as a promoter of vegetation said, that a few hours after planting cucumber seeds, the dirt began to fly and the vines came up like a streak; and although he started off at the top of his speed, the vines overtook and covered him.

And on taking out his knife to cut the 'darned things,' *he found a large cucumber gone to seed in his pocket!*

An Hour in the Penitentiary.

During our sojourn in Philadelphia, last summer, we one day accepted an invitation to visit the penitentiary, there. We had letters to the kind-hearted warden, Mr. Scattergood, (a most appropriate name, by the way,) who extended to us all the courtesy we could have desired. We were conducted through the prison, and in company with Mr. S. we entered several of the cells. The superintendent learning we were from Boston, informed us that a prisoner was confined there, for passing counterfeit money, who hailed from Massachusetts. He had been there two or three year, and we found him a very intelligent man. His cell was exceedingly cleanly, and upon the table in the corner, we discovered several standard books, a Bible, &c. which gave evidence of having been thoroughly read by the prisoner. He was said to be very industrious, and certainly appeared comfortable, under the circumstances. His name was Geo. ——. He remarked that he was very glad to see any one from Boston, and seriously regretted that he should have been one of the few Bostonians, comparatively, who had disgraced the honored name of the "Old Bay State." He was happy, apparently, and as we parted, we shook his hand, and remarked that it was possible we might call upon him again, in a few weeks. 'You will be sure, sir, *to find me at home,*' said he, with a smile, as we left the door of his cell!

As we entered the reception room once more, a bulky despatch was handed to the warden by one of his deputies, and upon opening it he informed us that it was a *pardon* for one of the convicts. We enquired if it would encroach upon the prison rules, under such circumstances, to accompany the warden to the cell, while he should read it to the prisoner, and were kindly informed that we could join him. We soon reached the cell, where we found a fresh-faced young man, of perhaps twenty-four, who was busily engaged at a little loom, weaving.

'Good morrow, John,' said the warden.

'Good morning, sir.'

'Thee keeps busy, John!'

'O, yes, sir—but it's very dull.'

'Does thee tire of work, John?'

'No, sir—but *I think of home.*'

'And thee would like to visit home once more?'

'Oh, sir—if I could but do so.'——

'And thee would not return again!'

'I would try to deserve better, sir.'.

'Well, John, what would thee say, if I should tell thee I had a pardon for thee?'

'Oh, sir, such news would be too good.'

'But thee would like to hear it?'

'I care not for myself so much,' said the poor prisoner, and tears filled his eyes—'but for my wife and child, I would be so happy'——

'And thee would shun wicked company, John?'

'Oh yes—and I would labor for my wife and little one'——

'Well, John, here *is* thy pardon,' continued the good old man—and he read the document, which freed this unfortunate being, who had been the dupe of other knaves. We had the pleasure of seeing him released, after a three years' confinement, and of learning that he joined his young family, to whom he has since been a faithful guardian.

We passed out to the ante-room again, where we encountered a new comer, who had just reached the prison as we re-entered. He had been sent up for five years, on a charge of embezzlement.

He was elegantly attired in the latest style of fashion, and possessed all the nonchalance and devil-me-care appearance of a genteel rowdy. He twirled his watch chain, looked particularly knowing at a couple of ladies who chanced to be present, and seemed utterly indifferent about himself or the predicament he was placed in!—The warden read his commitment, and addressed him with—

'Charles, I am sorry to see you here.'

'It can't be helped, old fellow!'

'What is thy age, Charles?'

'Twenty-three.'

'A Philadelphian?'

'Well—kinder, or kinder not.'

'Thee hast disgraced thyself sadly.'

'Well, I sin't troubled, old cock.'

'Thee looks not like a rogue.'

'Matter of opinion.'

'Thee was well situated.'—

'Yes—well enough.'—

'In good employ.'

'Well—so-so.'

'And thee has parents?'

'Yes.'—

'Perhaps thee hast *a mother*, Charles?'—

The convict had been standing during this brief dialogue, perfectly unconcerned and reckless, until this last interrogatory was put. Had a thunderbolt struck him, he could not have fallen more suddenly than he did when the name of 'mother' fell on his ear! He sank into a chair—a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes—the very fountain of his heart seemed to have burst, on the instant! He recovered partially, and said imploringly to the warden—

'Don't you, sir—for God's sake *don't* call *her* name in this dreadful place! Do what you may with me, but don't mention that name to me!'

There were tears in other eyes besides the prisoner's, and an aching silence pervaded the group who surrounded the unfortunate convict.

* * * * The black cap was drawn over his head, he was lead to an adjoining apartment and stripped, and shortly afterwards he re-appeared upon the corridor. He passed silently on, in charge of a deputy keeper, to a lonely cell in a distant part of the prison, the door creaked on its hinges, he disappeared, the chain dropped from the outside bolts, and Charles —— was a close prisoner for five years to come!

We left the prison with heavy hearts, relieved, however, by the reflection, that this was one of the best devised institutions of its kind in the world, (notwithstanding the libels of Charles Dickens,) and that its administration in the hands of Mr. Scattergood, secured to its unfortunate inmates, the most 'equal and exact justice.'

Boston Times.

COL. MAY'S OPINION OF GEN. TAYLOR.—Col. Charles May, of the regular army is a democrat. He got his original appointment in the army from Gen. Jackson. Said the old General, 'Well, young man, what can you do in Florida? Can you kill an Indian?' 'Yes, General, and eat him afterwards.' 'Enough said; call up to-morrow and get your commission.'—Since that time, May has been in the service with old Zack—in the everglades of Florida—in the prairies of the West, and in the chaparrels and among the Mountains of Mexico. The Colonel was at the President's last night, and we met him at Coleman's on his return. A number of gentlemen from the States were also present, and the Presidency became the theme. And they who have imbibed the idea that May can fight, but not talk, are mistaken. Just express a doubt of old Zack, and the man is eloquent. Said he, 'I know the man, and I love him: a mere friendship for my old General, won't answer; but I love *him.* I know him well. I am a democrat. He is no politician; but he is a patriot from the crown of his chapeau to his spurs; and I'll trust him even with the Presidency. He is no party man, but he is a republican. When he promises a thing, it is as sure as truth, and his word is as good as gold. If there is one thing in which he is really ignorant, it is his ignorance of his own solid worth. I am a democrat. I believe a national bank a national evil. I hold to the principles of my party; yet I go for General Taylor. He is as good as any party man we could get. I would trust him as I would trust Washington, who was no party man. I believe he will conduct the government after the plan of Washington. If I were to select a man as the best impersonation of institutions, as the best living sample of a sturdy, substantial American, I would lay my hand upon the shoulder of my old General, and I would say, 'gentlemen, this is the man.' I tell you, gentlemen, when you express a doubt of Gen. Taylor's honesty of political independence, I feel bound to give him my feeble defence. You may talk about not going for any man excepting the democratic nominee, and going for the nominee, any how, and for no other man. But, gentlemen, you will excuse me, if I decline to be handcuffed. A freeman likes to have the free use of his hands, and the free exercise of his opinions.'

Such are substantially, if not to the letter, the opinions of Col. May of the 2d Dragoons, as we heard him express himself last night; and although we have no authority to report him, but that he will be surprised to find his words in print, yet, as his sentiments are in every way creditable to the man and the soldier, we have chosen to give them a wider hearing than the half dozen persons who were present during this interview. It is useless to say that the National Convention waved all further litigation of the merits of the nominee over every other candidate.—*Wash. Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

DISINFECTING FLUID.—A report on Mr. Ledoyen's "Disinfecting Fluid," by Dr. Southwood Smith, R. D. Grainger, and Joseph Toynbee, Esqrs., has just been presented to Parliament. According to Mr. Ledoyen's statement, the fluid disinfects night-soil, not destroying, but increasing vegetation, more particularly as regards agriculture, completely preventing the disease in potatoes, when the land is manured with disinfected night-soil. It disinfects hospital wards of miasma, also cellars, water-closets, and buildings infected by impure gases. It disinfects sailors suffering from fever on board of vessels; it will also disinfect ships at sea and under quarantine. It disinfects patients suffering with infectious disorders and wounds, also dead bodies, so that they may be kept nearly a month; also different parts of the body can be kept for the purpose of dissection, for coroner's inquests, &c.—*Liverpool Times.*

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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1 do 2 do	0 75
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Yearly Advertisements: one column, $25; half column, $18, three squares, $12; two squares, $9; one square, $5. Half-yearly: one column, $18; half column, $12; three squares, $8; two squares, $5; one square, $3 50.

Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

☞ Sixteen lines or less make a square.

The Countryman and Clam Soup.

A few days ago, just before dinner time, a hungry looking man entered the Refectory of Mr. Warner—and then propounded the usual interrogatory.

'Is this the place where they keep Clam Soup?

'Yes, sir,' said Mr. Warner, 'how much will you have?'

'Well replied the customer, 'I guess I'll take three cents worth.'

Three cents worth!' exclaimed the astonished host; 'why man alive, where are you going to put three cents worth? You certainly wont pretend to eat that much at a time!'

'How do you sell it?' asked the astonished countryman.

'One cent a gallon!'

'Well, I'll try a gallon!' said the countryman, he leisurely took a seat in one of the boxes.

Mr. Warner, who felt in the humor for a joke, measured out a gallon of Clam Soup, and had it carried to the customer. He commenced devouring it, and after several temporary suspensions in order to wipe away the perspiration, and breath free, he at length found the bottom of his soup dish. Mr. W. enquired of the customer whether he didn't want more? He replied negatively, and enquired of Mr. Warner—

'How, in the world do you manage to make soup so cheap?'

'Why, said Mr. Warner, 'in the spring we buy about a hundred clams—put them into a hogshead of water, and by occasionally throwing in a few crackers, and sufficient pepper and salt, in few weeks have the soup ready for use, and keep it the whole year round.

'Well now! ain't that fust rate? What d'you ask for the receipt?'

'For a country right, I ask $50, $30 for a township, and $3 for family right!'

'That'll just suit us, for we don't get clams what I live, more than once a year. The next time I come down, I guess I'll buy a family right! I'm desperate fond of Clam Soup myself.—*Trenton State Gazette.*

AMERICAN MECHANICS IN RUSSIA.—A correspondent of a New Haven paper gives the following account of the manufactory of Messrs. Harrison, Wyman, and Eastwick, three enterprising Americans, who have made a contract with the Imperial Government for the construction of the engines and cars for a great rail-road from St. Petersburg to Moscow, under the superintendance of Major Whistler. Their factory, covering several acres, is at Alexandrosky, near St. Petersburg, and in the agreeable company of the gentlemen of the firm, I have been through the whole establishment, visiting the model room—the foundries—the engine and car departments—and finally the immense warehouses erected to receive the finished work and where there are now 134 locomotives and 1200 cars of different kinds stowed away ready for the road. By their contract they are to make between two and three hundred engines and several thousand cars. Six steam engines were in operation, moving the most beautiful machinery, (the invention for the greater part of the ingenious proprietors themselves,) and near 2000 serfs were employed in the several departments—the establishment turning out five complete locomotives in a month, as many cars a day—or as some of the company expressed it, "*a mile of cars a month!*"

The passenger cars, by the way, are built after the manner of those in general use through the United States—that is, long and not cut up into apartments for six or eight persons only, as are those upon all other European railways—This innovation when first proposed was not well received by the Russians, but its advantages were so strongly urged by our mechanics that the "Yankee notion" was finally allowed to prevail. I was also shown the model of an Imperial car, which is to be 70 feet in length, divided into a *saloon*, chambers, apartments for servants, &c., &., and fitted up with Imperial splendor.

The London Spectator, adverting to the recent deplorable exposure of official venality in France, makes the following ominous comment:

"The corruption is not the only alarming symptom. A wide and deep-rooted revolutionary spirit no doubt exists in the capital; it has been aggravated by this exposure, and by the ill-timed fete which the Duc de Montpensier gave, as if to contrast with the official crime, and the scarcely ended popular distress. The expression of the people in face and word, is noticed to be like that which characterised their aspect in 1830. A great 'reform banquet,' lately held, called forth a strong show of such feeling. A curious and startling anecdote of the Duke's fête is current in Paris. In a carriage returning from it, was a lady who was reputed to have reciprocated favors with royal gallantry; the mob stopped the carriage; the lady was made to alight, and was compelled to go the round of her captors, each exacting a kiss, and was then suffered to re-enter the carriage, overcome by fright, and disgust, amidst derisive epithets, and cries of hostility against princes."