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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.—JAZZBOOX.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, May 20, 1843.

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ingly.
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SPRING.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft,
She wows the tardy Spring:
Till April starts and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.
New born flocks in rustic dunes,
Frisking, ply their feeble feet,
Forgetful of their winty trance,
The birds his presence greet;
But chief the sky lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling melody;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.
Yesterday the snail-year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The head stood drooping by:
Their raptures now, that wildly flow,
No yesterday or morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy desires
With forward and reverted eyes.
Smiles on past misfortunes brow
Soft reflections hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace:
While hope prolongs our happiest hour,
Or deepens shades that dimly lower,
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.
Still where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue,
Behind the steps that misty tread
Approaching comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chasten'd by sadder tints of woe:
And blended, form, with awful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.
See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigor lost
And breathe and walk again.
The meane floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

A Victim and his Victim.

A correspondent of the Boston Bee gives the following account of one of the inmates of the Vermont Lunatic Asylum, at Brattleboro':
Born of wealthy parents, idolized in youth, gratified in the indulgence of her fondest hopes, and perfected in every accomplishment of the day, she was the pride of her family and the belle of the social circle, whose destiny she controlled. One of those enthusiastic beings, who are never satisfied with divided affection, her mind was so exquisitely strung that the least discord afflicted it, and marred the music of the whole. Some three years since, she was introduced to a young naval officer, who soon wooed and won her, but villain like, having sported awhile with the choice flame which nothing but summer and sunshine should gladden, and after having by sedulous attentions appropriated the rare gem to himself, left it exposed to the rude blast of winter, until chilled and crushed, it has fallen to the ground, seared and blasted like the withered leaf of autumn.
The story of his perfidy reached her ears, but woman-like, she would not credit aught as near the idol of her heart, till her own eyes perused in the papers of a neighboring city his marriage to another. The news came like a thunderbolt upon her, withering and destroying her. In vain did her friends endeavor to cheer her desponding heart by travel and the kindest attention. Now a blighted and spirit-broken thing, she no more bounded on the green like the fawn, or carolled in the sunshine like the lark winging its flight to heaven's gate; a fearful change had come over her, and reason soon deserted its throne, leaving her a maniac. She takes no interest in the movements of the other patients, but sits apart, all the day, looking from a window, upon the boundless prospect before her. Every attempt to direct her mind has been, as yet, unsuccessful, and though passionately fond of music in her moments of reason, the least sound is now displeasing to her, and she retires to her apartment, closing the door after her, as if to seclude herself from the society of others. What has the man to answer for, who has thus destroyed a virgin flower in the pride of its bloom and beauty!

EVERY INCH A MAN.—The Louisville Kentuckian has been furnished with the following item by the gentleman who is taking the census of the city. He came across a man who is 55 years old; he has been married three times; by his first wife he had eleven, by his second wife ten, and twelve by his last wife, making thirty-three children, and his wife now in a most interesting state. Twenty-three of his children were boys, and ten girls; nineteen boys and six girls are living. He married in his eighteenth year, and remained in a state of celibacy three years.

A man cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.

From the Boston Traveller.

Curious Method of Planting Corn.
Mr. John W. Sweet, of Tyringham, Berkshire co., informs us that he plants his corn, in the following manner, and has realized 110 bushels of shelled corn to the acre.

He spreads what manure he intends for the field on the surface of the green sward; then he ploughs the land into ridges about 3 feet apart in the fall—each ridge or row being made of two back furrows turned upon a narrow strip of sward which is not disturbed. In the spring he rolls and harrows these ridges, and on the top of each ridge, 12 or 14 inches apart, he plants his hills of corn, 3 or 4 kernels in the hill, and cultivates it through the season with the hoe, cultivator and plough as much as he deems necessary. In this method, he remarked that he was not troubled with weeds or drought.

In the Fall, as soon as his corn is ripe, he gathers the ears, then pulls up the corn stalks and lays them down lengthways between the furrows, and then splits his ridges with the plough and covers these stalks up completely. Thus is made his ridges for his second crop of corn, to be planted the succeeding spring. The 110 bushels was the second crop, planted over the buried stalks. The above is sufficient to give the reader an idea of this system. He contends after the first crop he wants no manure for his corn, except the stalks applied as we have described.

It is quite probable, the sods and manure being under the corn the first year, that while these are undergoing decomposition, being the whole period of the growth of the corn, the crop will suffer less from drought than it would were there no vegetable matter beneath it to attract and detain moisture until this decomposition is completed.

As to the fact that corn-stalks are the best manure for corn, the idea is strictly philosophical, and is fully sustained by chemical analysis. The doctrine seems to be well settled, that each crop requires its own peculiar food, and unless the soil contains this, the crop will not flourish. Hence the necessity of rotation of crops or the well established fact with particular men, that potatoes will not thrive for many years in succession on the same piece, because the crop has almost exhausted the soil of the peculiar food of the potato, while some other crop, requiring a different kind of food from what the potato requires, will succeed well on the same land where the potato crop has failed—thus as the ox and the sheep, when put to the same stack of hay, the one will eat what the other leaves: so it is with plants.

Now, if you shoot a partridge, and cut open his crop and find in it corns and buds you at once infer that acorns and buds are the natural food of the bird. So when by chemical analysis you ascertain precisely what kind of food the corn crop requires. Now, as corn stalks contain the very elements of the food required by the corn crop, and return to the soil, the substances of which they exhausted the soil, the chemistry of agriculture teaches us that corn stalks, while undergoing decomposition, furnish the growing crop with those very gases required for the elaboration of the solid stock and ears.

But this is not the only conclusion of science, but a universal law of the vegetable world, by which an all wise and bountiful God has provided that each precise species of plants shall be reproduced and perpetuated. Thus the forest land, for centuries subject to a mighty growth, from year to year, not only increases in fertility, and an annual top dressing, fitted to the very purpose for which it is wanted, and composed by the unerring hand of Deity, but also, from year to year, has something to spare for the good of man and beast.

Thus, in the vegetable as in the animal world, there is a wise provision, that each shall be sustained and reproduced; and as these natural laws are more and more developed by science, we may expect the progress of Infinite Wisdom, as to the vegetable world, will be less and less frustrated by the hand of unskillful culture.

TREES.—It is a custom in Turkey, says Dr. Walsh, to plant a *platanus orientalis* (button-wood-tree) on the birth of a son; and a cypress on the death of one. Were this custom adopted in the United States, it would give us, at the end of forty years, about twenty millions of trees more than we shall probably have; a consideration of no mean importance to posterity. And were the trees to be planted by the roadside, most of our public highways would at the end of that period, be converted into delightful avenues. Let it be remembered that the road from Strasburg to Munich, a distance of 250 miles, is already an avenue of fruit trees.

We find the following conundrum in an exchange paper: it contains more truth than wit: "Why is a newspaper like a tooth-brush? D'ye give it up! Because every body should have one of his own, and not borrow his neighbor's."

Six Reasons for Planting an Orchard.

Orchards.—We have recently met with the following "Six Reasons for Planting an Orchard," which will apply, with some modification, to planting trees of all sorts:

1st. Would you leave an inheritance to your children?—plant an Orchard. No other investment of money and labor will, in the long run, pay so well.

2d. Would you make home pleasant—the abode of the social virtues?—plant an Orchard. Nothing better promotes among neighbors a feeling of kindness and good will, than a treat of good fruit, often repeated.

3d. Would you remove from your children the strongest temptation to steal!—plant an orchard. If children cannot obtain fruit at home, they are apt to steal it; and when they have learned to steal fruit, they are in a fair way to learn to steal horses.

4th. Would you cultivate a constant feeling of thankfulness towards the great Giver of all good!—plant an orchard. By having constantly before you one of the greatest blessings given to man, you must be hardened indeed if you are not influenced by a spirit of humility and thankfulness.

5th. Would you have your children love their home—respect their parents while living and venerate their memory when dead—in all their wanderings look back upon the home of their youth as a sacred spot—an oasis in the great wilderness of the world!—then plant an orchard.

6th. In short, if you wish to avail yourself of the blessings of a bountiful Providence, which are within your reach, you must plant an orchard. And when you do it, see that you plant good fruit. Don't plant crab apple trees, nor wild plums, nor Indian peaches. The best are the cheapest.

A NEW AND VALUABLE GRASS.—A gentleman connected with the British expedition under Capt. Ross, to the southern polar seas, has published the description of a new grass found at the Falkland Islands, and called Tussac grass, which promises to become a most valuable addition to the farmer's store of food for all seasons, especially in these northerly latitudes and in the colder and moister lands.

It is very possible that this Tussac grass may be among the valuable things brought home by our own exploring expedition in the same seas.

The splendid Tussac grass is the gold and glory of these islands. It will, I hope, yet make the fortune of Orkney and Irish landowners of peat bogs. Every animal here feeds upon it with avidity, and fattens in a short time. It may be planted and cut down like the guinea grass of the West Indies. The blades are about six feet long, and from 200 to 300 shoots spring from one plant. I have proved by several experiments that one man can cut 100 bundles in a day, and that a horse will greedily devour five of these in the same time. Indeed so fond of it are both horses and cows, that they will eat the dry tussac thach from the roofs of the houses in preference to good grass. About four inches of the root eats like the mountain cabbage.

All the smaller Islands here, though some of them are as large as Guernsey, are covered with tussac, which is nutritious all the year.

We cut the following item from under the head "Married," in the Concord (N. H.) Courier:

"In this town, by Deacon John B. Chandler and Miss Maria French, Deacon John B. Chandler to Miss Maria French—two non-resistants married by themselves to themselves—all on the Sabbath day at the breakfast table, calling upon God and the family present to bear witness to the act.
[The lady who has in this case adopted the creed of Fanny Wright, affording a most striking illustration of the old maxim, that "extremes meet," is a highly respectable young lady, formerly a resident of this town, and a member of the Rev. Mr. Campbell's church.]

THE HUNTER AND MONKEY SPORTSMAN.—A singular and diverting occurrence took place near Taunton in Somersetshire. Some time ago, a favorite old hunter, belonging to Joseph Parsely, Esq. being locked in the stable, on hearing the noise of a French horn, and cry of the hounds, began to be very restive: the ostler going into the stable, judged that the spirited animal wanted some sport; he instantly saddled him, to which he affixed a large monkey and turned him loose, who, following the sound, joined the pack, and was one of the first in at the death of poor Reynard; but the amazement of the sporting gentlemen was greatly heightened, by observing the monkey holding the reins with all the dexterity of a true sportsman.

"Girls! remember that the man who bows, smiles, and says soft things to you, has no genuine love; while he who loves most sincerely, struggles to hide the weakness of his heart, and frequently appears decidedly awkward."

The Slaver of the Isle of Pines.

The following is taken from the New York Commercial Advertiser. The character of the vessel chased by the Boxer, is still a mystery, and whether she is what she has been represented to be, or whether she is indeed the missing Texian vessel, the companion of the would be pirates of the Somers, the San Antonio, her capture alone can determine. That vessel has never been heard of; she has been reported as lost, but no evidence of her loss has yet been seen.

Extract from a letter received from an officer of the United States brig Boxer, Lieut. Commanding Oscar Bullus.

The detailed account of our chase of the pirate off the Isle of Pines was furnished you in my last. In a New York paper I observe that our report of the character of the craft in question (based upon ocular demonstration, viz: her build, armament, crew, her evident attempt to overhual us and then bearing away when our disguise was detected,) is objected to, on the ground that a slaver had arrived in Cuba reporting they had been chased by a United States brig.

Our belief as to the character of 'The Chase' has been strengthened from various sources, and recently confirmed by the relation of a deserter from her, with whom I conversed, as also by the captain of a vessel who spoke her in a heavy gale of wind, and such a sea as rendered it dangerous to float a boat. Their description corresponded in every particular with our observations of her. The former stated that when he shipped he was led to believe he was entering on board a Texan man of war—that she is armed with a long 32 pounder amidships on a pivot, six carronades, and a crew of 80 men—appendages unusual for a slaver.

A gentleman who comes passenger in the Adelaide informs us that a vessel arrived from the Canaries a day or two before she sailed, with 75 passengers. She reports when off the Bahama Banks, she was chased a whole day by a piratical looking schooner, manned by blacks, and nearly overhauled, when at last the Captain of the Spanish vessel mustered all his passengers as well as the crew upon deck, armed as thoroughly as possible, and prepared for a conflict, when the suspicious stranger, seeing her decks crowded with armed men, hauled off hoisting Haytian colors.—The Spanish Captain has no doubt that she was a pirate. If so, we shall doubtless hear from her.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE PIRATES OFF CUBA.—The following extract from a letter dated at Mansanilla, April 6th, gives another story of the pirate or pirates lurking at the south of Cuba:

"A Fisherman from the Twelve League Keys, (the first to the westward of Cape Cruz,) came here last evening to inform the Captain of the port, that about the 14th of March, a pirate brought a vessel (hermaphrodite brig) close into the Keys, and in the course of the night burnt her. What became of the men he knows not. Saw her burning in the night, and nothing in sight next morning."

CANNIBALISM.—Captain Sir Edward Belcher, in his book just published on voyages round the world, says of the Feejee Islands:—

"Cannibalism to a frightful degree still prevails among this people, and as it would seem, almost as one of their highest enjoyments. The victims of this ferocious slaughter were regularly prepared, being baked, packed and distributed in portions to the various towns which furnished warriors, according to their exploits; and they were feasted on with a degree of savage barbarity nearly incredible! They imagine that they increase in bravery, by eating their valorous enemy.—Garingaria is a noted cannibal, and it is asserted that he killed one of his wives and ate her. This he denied, and accounted for her death (which took place violently by his order) on other grounds. He did not attempt a denial of his acts at Bangor nor did Phillips.—These occurrences are of late date. I am told they threw one or more of the heads (which they do not eat) into the missionary's compound. The population of the Feejees are very tall, far above the height of any other nation I have seen. Of five men assembled in my tent, none were under six feet two inches. It was rather an awkward subject to tax Garingaria with in his own house and solely attended by his own dependent, our interpreter; but he took it very quietly, and observed that he cared not for human flesh, unless it was that of his enemy, and taken in battle. When he used this expression, I could not help thinking his lips were sympathetically in motion, and that I had better not make myself too hostile. I therefore bid him good evening.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The last "modern instance" is that of a Vermont wagoner going to market, who lifted his horse into the wagon, and tackled himself up in the traces, and he did not discover his error until he endeavored to neigh.

A philosopher asserts that the reason why ladies' teeth decay sooner than gentlemen's is because of the friction of the tongue and the sweetness of the lips.

"Locust Year."

The Hartford Courant contains the following communication in relation to Locusts:

We frequently see it announced in the newspapers, that this year has been "Locust Year," followed by the story of their returning only once in seventeen years; and as these announcements appear in different parts of the country oftener than once in seventeen years, it has been stated that there are different tribes of Locusts, and that although the appearance of Locusts in different places, may be oftener, yet each tribe appears but once in seventeen years. What people in general think of these stories I do not know; but I should think they would be read with doubt and indifference, at least.

I well remember three "locust years," in the years 1792, 1809, and 1826, and my father told me that he remembered one in the year 1758, another in 1775.—There being seventeen years between each of these dates, is strong evidence that they return once in seventeen years, and accordingly the present year 1843, may be expected to be a locust year. I wish you to publish this at this time, that the etymologists may have an opportunity to make observations, and if it should be a locust year, publish the result of their observations. "If a prophet prophesy, and that which he prophesieth cometh to pass, then shall ye know that he is a true prophet."

The Richmond Whig has an article on this subject, a portion of which we subjoin:

THE SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUSTS!—This is the year and this the month, for the appearance of the 17 year Locust. In a few days the woods will be thronged, and he who hears their accumulated hum for the first time, will be astonished. Unless prepared for it, he will not know how to account for it. Formerly, they appeared in such countless multitudes as to fatten the swine of the country, to whom they are as a chosen food, as they are also to foxes, raccoons, squirrels, cows, and every forest bird. At their two last appearances, in 1826, and 1809, their numbers had much diminished, compared with former periods, owing doubtless to the clearing up and cultivation of the face of the country.

This remarkable insect is fully described by naturalists. It closely resembles our autumnal fly of the same name.—Its wings have the appearance of a W, and hence appearing in the midst of the Revolution, the superstitious interpreted those venous resemblances of a W to imply "War and Want." The gentleman's Magazine for 1781, contains an exact cut of the insect, and an accurate description of its habits. It bores through the earth in the chrysalis state, and, climbing the next tree or fence, there deposits its shell and takes wing.

The singular part of its history, is its appearance only once in 17 years—no fact is better established than this. Why it should be so—whether the eggs require that period of incubation, or whatever the cause, the fact is certain. The writer of this remembers them in 1826, and in 1809—His father and grandfather remembered them in 1792 and in 1775—His grandfather in 1758—They appeared at no other time in the intervals of these periods, except a few stragglers in the succeeding year, left by chance or injury.

This theory has been doubted. This year will test its truth, and as assuredly verify it, as that the sun will set to night.

A STRANGE MEETING.—A letter from Alexandria says: A curious meeting took place last month in the desert between Suez and Cairo. A Mr. Fawcett, who arrived here by the Oriental, on his way to India, when at Cario, heard that his brother was expected by that month's steamer from Bombay. The two brothers had never seen each other, the one being born in England whilst the elder brother was in India, where he had lived thirty-two years. As the younger Mr. Fawcett was proceeding across the desert on his donkey, he called out to the groups of travellers he met coming from Suez, whether Major Fawcett was among them, and towards midnight a voice answered to Mr. Fawcett's call, and the two brothers shook hands in the dark; they both expressed a wish to see each other's face; but no light was to be had, and the two parties they belonged to having gone on, they were obliged to part again, not having been together more than three or four minutes.

OREGON.—The Oregon fever is raging in almost every part of the Union. Companies are forming in the East, and in several parts of Ohio, which, added to those of Illinois, Iowa and Missouri will, make a pretty formidable army; the larger portion of these will probably join the companies at Fort Independence, Missouri, and proceed together across the mountains. It would be reasonable to suppose that there will be at least five thousand Americans west of the Rocky Mountains by next autumn.

A philosopher asserts that the reason why ladies' teeth decay sooner than gentlemen's is because of the friction of the tongue and the sweetness of the lips.

Personal Appearance.

This is one of the things of accident, resting with nature. No man or woman can form their own person, and none should be praised or blamed on this head. The disposition for looking well, is ruining half the young people in the world—causing them to study their glasses, and paint or patch, instead of pursuing that which is lasting and solid—the cultivation of the mind. It is always a mark of a weak mind, if not a bad heart, to hear a person praise or blame another on the ground alone, that they are handsome or homely. Actions should be the test—and a liberal source of conduct pursued to all. It matters little whether a man is tall or short—whether the blood stains the cheek or runs in another channel. Fashion makes the difference as to the beauty. The lily is as sweet, if not so gay, as the rose, and it bears no thorns about it. As to appearance, fashion should not bear upon that which cannot be changed, except by deception, and what indeed, in reality, is not worth the trouble of being so, even if it could. The sight of a white man in Africa, is much more homely than that of an African here: and in Scotland at one time, according to Walter Scott, the fashion to judge of a handsome man, was in a broad face and red nose.

TRUE FEMALE NOBILITY.—The woman, poor and ill clad as she may be, who balances her income and expenditure—who toils and sweats in unremitting mood among her well trained children, and presents them, morning and evening, as offerings of love to her husband, in rosy health and cheerful cleanliness, is the most exalted of her sex. Before her shall the proudest dame bow her jewelled heart, and the bliss of a happy heart dwell with her for ever. If there is one prospect dearer than another to the soul of man—if there is one act more likely to bend the proud, and inspire the broken-hearted—it is for a smiling wife to meet her husband at the door, with his host of happy children. How it stirs up the tired blood of an exhausted man, when he hears a rush of many feet upon the staircase—when the crow and carol of their young voices mix in glad confusion—and the smallest mounts or sinks into his arms amidst a mirthful shout. It was a halo from every countenance that beamed around the group! There was joy and a blessing there.—London Journal.

MANAGEMENT.—You will always observe one thing among inferior women. They will make more noise in endeavoring to keep their children quiet than the children themselves, and yet the little ones will be forever in an uproar; while a woman of intelligence not only keeps her family quiet, but herself also.

If you meet a man who is your debtor, don't abuse him—but take him kindly by the hand, evince an interest for him, part with him good humored. If he is not a scoundrel, he will resolve to pay you the earliest possible moment. When shall we all learn that kindness ever accomplishes more than anger!

As sore throats are somewhat prevalent at present, we give the following remedy which we find in an eastern paper. If a gentleman be affected, "let him take the sleeve of a young lady's dress, and pass it gently round his neck." To give greater efficacy to the remedy, there must be a soft, white arm in the sleeve.

As a looking-glass is true, and faithfully represents the face of him that looks in it, so a wife ought to fashion herself to the affections of a husband, not to be cheerful when he is sad, nor sad when he is cheerful.

An editor of one of our city papers was recently in the midst of a crowd, gazing at some passing pageant, when the juvenile namesake of the father of evil, (i.e. Printer's Devil), belonging to the office, found him, after edging his way for some time through the crowd, and demanded "copy." "Ab," said the editor, "how did you know me among so many people?" "Oh! yer honor," said a little Patlander standing by, "sure the divil always knows his own."

NEW HERESY.—"Ab, John," said the minister, "what is the matter with you that you've been so remiss in attending the kirk of late; is it atheism, or deism, or that sad rowdiness that's the cause?" "Faith, no sir," said John, "it's something a thousand times worse than a' that!" "Save us," exclaimed the minister, "what can it be?" "Ab! sir," replied John, in a spasmodic agony, "it is a rheumatism!"

STAY LAWS.—"What do they mean by the 'Stay Laws,' the papers are talking about so much?" said a young married lady to her better half the other evening.

"It is a law against wearing corsets my dear."
"Well, they may pass it and re-pass it as much as they please, but I'll never give up mine. What business has legislators to meddle with such affairs, I should like to know?"
Picayune.