

# SUNBURY AMERICAN.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—7

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Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—7

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for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELE-

BRATED PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS,

at this place. These Pianos have a plain, mas-

sive and beautiful exterior finish, and, for depth

## SELECT POETRY.

### THE SONG OF LIGHTNING.

BY G. W. CUTLER.

Could I embody and subsume now  
That which is most within me—could I wreak  
My thoughts upon expression and, not thus thro' soul,  
Heart, mind, passion, feelings, strong and weak,  
All that I would have sought, and all I seek.  
Dear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one word,  
And that one word were LIGHTNING, I would speak.

—(Byron.)

Away, away, through the sightless air—  
Stretch forth your iron thread;  
For I would not dim my scandals fair  
With the dust ye tamely tread;  
Aye, rear it up on its million piers—  
Let it reach the world around,  
And the journey ye make in a hundred years  
I'll clear at a single bound!

Theo' I cannot toil like the groaning slave  
Ye have fetter'd with iron skill,  
To ferry you over the boundless wave,  
Or grind in a noisy mill;  
Let him sing his giant strength and speed:  
Why, a single shaft of mine  
Would give that monster a fright, indeed,  
To the depths of the ocean brine.

No, no! I'm the spirit of light and love,  
To my unseen hand 'tis given  
To pencil the ambient clouds above,  
And polish the stars of heaven,  
I scatter the golden rays of fire  
On the horizon far below—  
And deck the skies where storms expire,  
With my red and dancing glow.

The deepest recesses of earth are mine—  
I traverse its silent core;  
Around me starry diamonds shine,  
And the sparkling fields of ore;  
And oft I leap from my throne on high  
To the depths of the ocean's caves,  
Where the feeblest forests of coral lie,  
Far under the world of waves.

My being is like a lovely thought,  
That dwells in a sinless breast:  
A tone of music that is never caught—  
A word that was ne'er expressed.  
I burn in the bright and burnished halls,  
Where the fountains of sunlight play—  
Where the curtain of gold and opal falls,  
O'er the scenes of dying day.

With a glance I cleave the sky in twain,  
I light it with a glare,  
When fall the boiling drops of rain,  
Through the darkly curtain'd air;  
The rock-built towers, the turrets gray,  
The piles of a thousand years,  
Have not the strength of potter's clay,  
Before my glittering spear.

From the Alps' or the highest Andes' crag,  
From the peaks of eternal snow,  
The dazzling folds of my fiery flag  
Gleam o'er the world below:  
The earthquake heralds my coming power,  
The avalanche bounds away,  
The howling storms, at midnight hour,  
Proclaim my kingly awe.

Ye tremble when my legions come—  
When my quivering spears leap o'er  
O'er the hills that echo my thunder-drum,  
And rend with my joyous shout:  
Ye quail on the land or upon the seas,  
Ye stand in your fear aghast,  
To see me burn the stalwart trees,  
Or shiver the stately mast.

The hieroglyphics on the Persian wall,  
The letters of high command,  
Where the prophet reads the tyrant's fall,  
Were traced with my burning hand;  
And oft in fire I wrote since then,  
What angry Heaven decreed—  
But the scaled eyes of sinful men  
Were all too blind to read.

At last the hour of light is here,  
And kings no more shall blind,  
Nor the bigots crush with craven fear,  
The forward march of mind;  
The words of truth and freedom's rays  
Are from my pinions hurled,  
And soon the sun of better days  
Shall rise upon this world.

But away, away, through the sightless air—  
Stretch forth your iron thread;  
For I would not soil my sandals fair  
With the dust ye tamely tread;  
Aye, rear it upon its million piers—  
Let it reach the world around,  
And the journey ye make in a thousand years  
I'll clear at a single bound!

—(From an English Paper.)

### COPY OF A LETTER TO MR. METHUEN, FROM HIS GARDENER.

Honored Sir—My wife and I have taken

the ian from Winsor. Jenny Cedar has lost

her head, the rest of the Scrubs are all well.

The Oxen are com down to praise the Gods.

From your humble servant, &c.

What he meant to say was:

Honored Sir—My wife and I have taken

the influenza. The Virginia Cedar has lost

its head; the rest of the shrubs are all well.

The Auctioneer came down to appraise the goods.

A Washington letter in the N. Y. Journal

of Commerce says—

"I learn that Mr. Clay's health is improved

and that he will be a candidate for the seat

in the U. S. Senate, made vacant by Mr.

Crittenden's resignation. He so said himself

to a Senator now here. The legislature will

take place immediately. Governor Metcalf

holds the seat in the meantime, under the

Governor's appointment.

Gen. Cass is also to be elected to the Sen-

ate."

## A FOREST TALE.

### THE CHIEFTAIN'S OATH.

BY G. W. CUTLER.

A bright and joyous creature was Ella Corwin at the age of fifteen, a laughing hoydenish and thoughtless maiden, but a beautiful one withal, who delighted when summer came on, to romp over the green hills and rocky sea shore of her native village, which although it bore its present title, at the time of which we are speaking, in the year 1671, was called by the people generally by its Indian name of Nauenkeag. The place has changed since that date, from a quiet village to a populous city, and the improving hand of time passing heavily over it, had caused many of its green hills to be covered with busy workshops, whose occupants have been found adepts in turning nature into art, by levelling hills into valleys and destroying vestiges of the former, as fast and sometimes faster than was absolutely necessary.

But there is one spot which neither time nor improvement has altered, a little grass covered hill, situated not a great way from Hawthorn's Point, near what is now called the Salent Neck.

It was on top of the little hill mentioned above that Ella Corwin had chosen rest, in company with a female companion, whom we shall call Annette Arnold, after reveling and romping about the green fields for the greater part of the afternoon of a warm day in August.

"This is a beautiful spot to rest upon, do you not think it is, Annette?" said Ella, after the two had remained seated for a few minutes in silence.

"I certainly do think so, dear Ella," replied Annette, "for here we have an excellent view of the broad bay, and the fair islands which rest upon its now tranquil bosom, and—"

"A picturesque view of several Indian wigwags," is laughingly interrupted Ella, "whose very interesting occupants, the squaws and papooses you can observe, are now busily engaged in sunning themselves in the glade below."

"Oh, Ella," answered Annette sadly, "how can you so delight to turn every thing into ridicule!"

"That's just what father tells me," replied Ella, in the same light tone as before, "so I suppose it is so—but there, I declare I cannot help it, although, perhaps, as I grow older I shall grow wiser, and leave my wild talk, at the same time that I drop my wild actions."

"I hope, sincerely, the time will soon come," replied Annette, who was more staid, more sincere, and somewhat older than her companion.

"Perhaps it may come sooner than you expect it, dear Annette," responded Ella, as a slight shade of sadness momentarily covered her fair brow, "as next year I sail for England, there to be—"

"What?" interrupted Annette.

"Married," answered Ella.

"Ha—you are going to be married," repeated Annette, with astonishment—"you must be joking now."

"On the contrary," said Ella, "I was never more serious in my life."

"Did you not tell me no longer than yesterday," said Annette, earnestly, "that you had bidden your troth to Kamara, the young chief of the Narragansetts, who has lately come here to learn something of the manners of the English?"

"Certainly, Annette," replied Ella, "I did tell you that I engaged myself to Kamara, and that is the truth, but it was all in fun you know."

"What was all in fun, maiden?" exclaimed a strange voice, which proceeded from the lips of a tall, but handsome Indian youth, who had approached the girls unperceived, from the opposite side of the hill.

"For goodness sake, Kamara, where have you come from?" asked Ella, somewhat startled at the chieftain's sudden approach before her.

"From below," answered Kamara, with a bitter sneer, "where the squaws and papooses are busily engaged in the interesting occupation of sunning themselves."

"Ha!" said Ella, "so you have been listening to our conversation. That was mainly business certainly."

"Manly or not, I did listen to your conversation—and now, if you will deign to listen I will tell you how I came to listen."

"Oh, I'll listen fast enough, if that's all you want," as her voice rang out in a clear loud laugh, at the young chieftain's solemn earnestness.

Folding his arms and regarding her with a look in which revenge, contempt, and love seemed to be strangely blended, Kamara addressed Ella thus:

"But a little time ago Kamara left his native tribe, and came here to Nauenkeag, to learn the language of the pale faces, their manners and customs. Here he had not been long before he saw the pale face maiden who now sits before him, and loved her. Aye, Kamara loved the pale face maiden because her feet were as those of the mountain deer, her voice was as soft as the summer nightingale's, and because her features were as beautiful as those of an angel, whom he had dreamt of as dwelling in the spirit land.

Kamara told the maiden of the great love he bore her, told her that he for her sake would forsake his Indian habits, and try to become in language and manners, even as the white man, and she, what answer did she return to all this?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Ella, "I suppose that means me. Well, good Kamara, go on and tell the answer I did return to your long love story."

"Did you not tell me," bitterly replied Kamara, "if I waited patiently the lapse of three years that you would then become my wife?"

"Yes," answered Ella, "and I have perhaps told a dozen others the same story, but what of that? It was all in fun."

"In fun! and pray what may that mean?" asked the Indian.

"Why, it means," said Ella, carelessly, "that I did not mean what I said, that's all."

"That's all, it is!" said Kamara bitterly. "It is as I have suspected. You have said enough, Ella Corwin; now listen to the Chieftain's oath:—By yonder sun that is about to set over the graves of my fathers—by the wild forests which the white man has ruthlessly torn from the red Indian—by the grass which nature has spread profusely under my feet—by the red blood which courses freely through the veins of my tribe, I swear on this spot, and in your presence, that the life of either your future husband or your first-born, shall be the forfeit of your broken faith! Now will Kamara go to his tribe, cursing, scolding, hating the white man and his faithless brood." Kamara was gone.

"Oh, I'll risk it," said Ella peevishly, "I'll warrant he will forget all about it in less than a week."

"An Indian never forgets," replied Annette earnestly.

"Well, I shall forget if he don't," answered Ella.

Five years passed away like a dream, and in the interim, Ella Corwin had become a wife and mother.

She had left her home for England a short time subsequent to the occurrence, above narrated, where she was married to a young physician, to whom, through the agency of her parents, she had been previously betrothed.

Five years passed away, and then Ella Corwin, rather Ella Mason, accompanied by her husband and infant boy, returned to Nauenkeag and became located in a small cottage near the Point, before mentioned, which had been built for them on their arrival.

It was a bright moonlight night in the month of August, 1676, when as the old house-clock told the hour of eleven, Dr. Mason was called from the side of his much loved wife and child, to attend upon a dying patient.

No sooner had he got clear of the house, than the tall form of an Indian warrior emerged from the concealment which had been afforded by the dark shadow of the building upon the grass, into the moonlight, and stealthily approached the cottage. He tried the latch and found that the door was left unfastened. Smiling triumphantly, the Indian with light and wary footsteps entered the house. The next moment he stood by the bedside of her whom he had once known as Ella Corwin.

Her first bow rested by her side. They both slept soundly, quietly, and sweetly—Kamara stooped over them. Gently, very gently did he lift the infant in his arms, the next moment he was gone. Still the mother slept on, as did the infant in Kamara's arms.

Two hours passed on and then the husband and father returned to his home—Ella still slept, and as he gazed admiringly upon her beautiful features, he whispered her name.

She awoke, looked tenderly up, and smiled.

"Where is our child, Ella?" asked the father, as he missed it from its accustomed place.

"The child is here my love," answered Ella, as she confidently reached out her hand to clasp it to her bosom.

"My God, Herbert!" she exclaimed after a few moments of terrible silence, "four child is gone!"

"Where?"

"I know not," exclaimed the frantic mother, as she jumped from the bed, and eagerly tore off its covering. "Tis not here, 'tis not here! O God, my child, my boy! where is he! come to me, my Herbert; let your mother hear you, and ah! a light flashes on my mind, a recollection—a horrid remembrance—the Indians, Herbert, the Indians have got our child."

The bereaved parents ran to the point which looked out upon the calm waters of the harbor. About forty rods from the land a dark object met their view.

The dark object was an Indian canoe—the form that rose proudly from its mist, was that of Kamara, the chieftain of the Narragansetts. Lifting the tiny form of the infant boy high above his head, in a loud, clear voice, Kamara shouted—

"This is not fun."

A light splash disturbed the calm serenity of the waters, as the light drapery of the infant boy sank beneath their level!

### GENERAL TAYLOR'S RESIGNATION.

We take the following from the New Orleans Delta:

We learn that General Taylor has sent in his resignation as Major General commanding the Western Division of our army, and that it will take effect after the 1st of February next. It is a remarkable coincidence, that the late order of the War Department to Gen. Taylor, in relation to the transfer of General Twiggs from his post on the Rio Grande to the command lately filled by Gen. Kearny, at St. Louis, was dated 7th November, the day upon which the people ordered the General to prepare to assume, on the 4th of March next, the office of President.

A SENTIMENT.—The following was one of the regular toasts given at the anniversary of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society:

WOMAN:

A smiling spring from Adam's side,  
A most celestial shade,  
Because of Paradise she pride,  
And bore a world of fruit.

Sigmund, Emperor of Germany being one day asked what was the surest method of remaining happy in this world, replied: "Only do in health what you have promised to do when you are sick."

## THE GOLD REGION.

### THE GOLD MINES OF CALIFORNIA.

We make the following copious extracts from Col. Mason's despatch, dated Monterey, August 17, 1848, describing the visit he made to the gold mines of the Sacramento, in the beginning of July. Col. Mason left the garrison at Monterey on the 17th of June. He says:

We reached San Francisco on the 20th, and found that all, or nearly all, its male inhabitants had gone to the mines. The town, which a few months before was so busy and thriving, was then almost deserted.

On the evening of the 24th, the horses of the escort were crossed to Sonoleto in a launch, and on the following day we resumed the journey by way of Bodega and Sonoma to Sutter's fort, where we arrived on the morning of the 2d of July. Along the whole route, mills were lying idle, fields of wheat were open to cattle and horses, houses vacant, and farms going to waste. At Sutter's there was more life and business. Launches were discharging their cargoes at the river, and carts were hauling goods to the fort, where already were established several stores, a hotel, &c. Captain Sutter had only two mechanics in his employ, (a wagon-maker and a blacksmith) whom he was then paying ten dollars a day. Merchants pay him a monthly rent of \$100 per room; and whilst I was there, a two-story house in the fort was rented as a hotel for \$500 a month.

At the urgent solicitation of many gentlemen, I delayed there to participate in the first public celebration of our national anniversary at that fort, but on the 5th resumed the journey, and proceeded twenty-five miles up the American fork to a point on it now known as the Lower Mines, or Mormon Diggings. The hill sides were thickly strewn with canvas tents and bush arbors; a store was erected, and several boarding shanties in operation. The day was intensely hot, yet about two hundred men were at work in the full glare of the sun washing for gold—some with tin pans, some with close woven Indian baskets, but the greater part had a rude machine, known as the cradle. This is on rockers, six or eight feet long, open at the foot, and at its head has a coarse grate or sieve; the bottom is rounded, with small cleats nailed across. Four men are required to work this machine; one digs the ground in the bank close by the stream; another carries it to the cradle and empties it on the grate; a third gives a violent rocking motion to the