

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance.

No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

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.—Jazzanov.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Oct. 14, 1843.

Vol. 4--No. 3--Whole No. 159.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, \$0 50
1 do 3 do, 0 75
1 do 3 do, 1 00
Every subsequent insertion, 0 25
Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half column, \$18; three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5.



The following sublime Ode, to the Supreme Being, is translated from the Russian. It was written by one of their most distinguished Poets, Derzhavin.

GOD.

O Thou ETERNAL ONE! whose presence bright All space doth occupy—all motion guide; Unchanged thro' Time's silencing flight,

In its sublime research, Philosophy May measure out the Ocean deep—may count The sands, or the Sun's rays; but God! for Thee

Thou, from primeval nothingness, didst call First Chaos, then Existence; Lord, on Thee Eternity had its foundation; All Springs forth from Thee: of Light, Joy, Harmony,

Thy chains the uncreated universe surround. Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath, Thou the beginning, with the end hast thou; And beautifully mingled life and death;

A million torches lighted by Thy hand Wander unweary'd through the boundless sky; Thy own Thy power, accomplish Thy command, All gay with life all eloquent with bliss;

Thou art a drop of water in the Sea, All this magnificence in Thee is lost; What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee? And what an I, when Heaven's unnumbered host,

Thou art a drop of water in the Sea, All this magnificence in Thee is lost; What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee? And what an I, when Heaven's unnumbered host,

Thou art a drop of water in the Sea, All this magnificence in Thee is lost; What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee? And what an I, when Heaven's unnumbered host,

Thou art a drop of water in the Sea, All this magnificence in Thee is lost; What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee? And what an I, when Heaven's unnumbered host,

Thou art a drop of water in the Sea, All this magnificence in Thee is lost; What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee? And what an I, when Heaven's unnumbered host,

Thou art a drop of water in the Sea, All this magnificence in Thee is lost; What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee? And what an I, when Heaven's unnumbered host,

Thou art a drop of water in the Sea, All this magnificence in Thee is lost; What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee? And what an I, when Heaven's unnumbered host,

Thou art a drop of water in the Sea, All this magnificence in Thee is lost; What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee? And what an I, when Heaven's unnumbered host,

Thou art a drop of water in the Sea, All this magnificence in Thee is lost; What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee? And what an I, when Heaven's unnumbered host,

LETTERS FROM MR. WREED—NO. XXIV.

London, Aug. 24, 1843.

In walking up Regent-street yesterday I witnessed a scene of anguish, new to me, but not so to those better acquainted with the abodes of destitution.

Observing a crowd gathering upon the opposite side of the street, I crossed over and saw an infant that had just breathed its last in the arms of its mother, who had been sitting or standing all day in that street, endeavoring to sell matches.

The child died for the want of food and nourishment, and the mother, who was still pressing her dead infant to her bosom, was a picture of destitution and despair.

There was scarcely strength enough in her trembling limbs to bear her into an Apothecary's shop, where the restoratives tried in vain upon the child, where needed by the fainting mother.

This poor woman, by her language and deportment, excited much sympathy. She was evidently in a greatly debilitated state from the want of food.

She had only received two half pence for matches in two days, and had no other means of support. Regent-street, where this Mother and Child sat, starved, dazzles the eye and bewilders the imagination with its wealth and magnificence.

The Queen came in state to-day, from Buckingham Palace, (having arrived there from Windsor yesterday,) to prorogue Parliament. This is one of the great Pageants of Monarchy.

Having witnessed it once, in all its magnificent pomp, I am content to let that curtain fall. Having no friend at Court, by whose favor I could get into the gallery of the House of Lords, I hired a chair (for seven shillings sterling, by way of vindicating the proverb that a fool and his money are soon parted,) in a balcony midway between the Horse-Guards and Westminster-Hall, where I sat patiently for three dismal hours, watching the reality of our Royal Processions which we have so often mimicked in Theatricals and personified on canvases and paper.

The middle-class, ever anxious to see these Royal shows, began to assemble in the avenue, leading to Westminster-Hall at 11 o'clock. Every description of vehicle, from the Coaches with embazoned Arms and liveried Servants, to the plebeian Cab, filled with fashionables, were stationed in lines extending more than a mile along the streets through which Her Majesty would pass.

ther than such as is derived from position in the Queen's Household, in the Procession; and among the few I observed our Minister, Hon. Mr. EVERETT, with his daughter, in a bright yellow Coach, with Coachman and outriders in rich livery, and Mr. E. himself (instead of the plain Republican garb with which BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, JOHN ADAMS, and JOHN JAY used to appear on such occasions,) in full Court Dress, with gold and embroidery. I don't half like this departure from the simplicity which distinguishes our form of Government though it is certain that the American Minister has acquired great popularity here, and perhaps augments his influence, by his conformity in matters of display and etiquette.

You will see the Queen's Speech in the newspaper account of the Pageant. As a show it was all it is represented, in gorgeousness and magnificence. But for every useful or practical purpose and end, it was the vainest and the iddest thing imaginable. The Parliament had virtually prorogued itself. There were not thirty, if even twenty, Members of either House present. The Speech is an unmeaning form of words, done up in sentences by Sir ROMNEY PEER, and read by the Queen, as Hamlet's Players read what was "set down" for them, not as "trippingly," perhaps, and certainly with less effect upon the auditors.

This Royal demonstration exhibited in bold and striking relief, the contrast that exists between the rich and the poor of England. The trappings upon the horses that drew the Queen's Coach, would have furnished the whole Poor of London with a sumptuous repast. The livery of the fat Coachman who held the reins, would have made the infant I yesterday saw die in its starving Mother's arms, comfortable for the ordinary term of human existence.

The solid gold with which that Coach is so expensively and ostentatiously adorned, would raise a thousand families from indigence and suffering to a competency and to happiness. I wished most devoutly that the whole American People could have seen this vainglorious display of the expenses of sustaining a Monarchy. Nothing could have been better calculated to make us love and cherish our own Government and Institutions.

The Old Bailey Assizes are now sitting at Newgate, whither I went to have a peep at their Worship in Wigs and Gowns. The absence of Lawyers in a Court of Justice, struck me with surprise, until I reflected that very few of the involuntary suitors in these Assizes have either money or friends, and are unable, therefore, to pay Counsel. It is due however, to the Bar of our own State, to say that accused persons there never go to trial without Counsel, however destitute or friendless. The law is administered here most rigorously in all cases of larceny and forgery. They gave a girl yesterday a year's imprisonment for stealing a handkerchief; and to another, for a petty larceny, it being the second offence, twelve years' transportation, while a man convicted of bigamy, got off with two months in the Penitentiary!

Having heard and read much of the extent and magnitude of the "London Times" Printing Office, I asked and obtained permission (by informing a Proprietor that I belonged to the "Craft") to look through the establishment. Over one hundred persons are employed in the Compositing and Press Rooms. The Paper is worked upon two Machines that throw off 5,000 sheets an hour. Thirty Compositors are employed during the day, and twenty during the night, on Advertisements. The new and original matter begins to be put in hand at 6 o'clock P. M., and the Papers gets to Press at A. M. They pay Journeymen but nine pence (eighteen cents) a thousand for bourgeois and minion composition, and ten pence for non-pariel. The Salaries paid to Editors, Reporters and Foreign Correspondents, are enormous, though not half so enormous as the profits of the Establishment. Upon learning that I was acquainted with the "Genève Traveller," their American Correspondent, the gentleman who accompanied me through the office remarked that his Letters were highly appreciated by Statesmen, Capitalists and Mechanics on this side of the Atlantic.

There are no Subscribers here, as with us, to Newspaper Offices. The papers are bought and distributed by Agents and Newsmen, who have their Rooms and Depots in various parts of the city. Each Advertisement pays a duty of eighteen pence to the Government! We are packing up for a contemplated departure to France by to-morrow's Steamer; so London, Fare thee well, and if I see ever, Still for ever fare thee well.

SAM SLICK'S MODE OF TREATING WOMEN.—Any man that understands horses, has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are just alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. Encourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blazes.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

The following history of William Bancroft in revolutionary days, may be read by some with satisfaction, and is worthy to be kept in remembrance among the noble deeds of those times. It was related to me some time since by Mr. Bancroft, a slight notice of which I had in Gordon's History of the American Revolution.

When on a tour to the West, I met with the subject of this treatise at Utica, New York. The grateful remembrance of the soldiers of the Revolution by our country, became the subject of conversation. After there had been an interchange of opinion among us, Mr. Bancroft observed that he had applied to Congress for a pension, but, owing to the circumstance that his name was stricken off the roll before he had served nine months, to serve Gen. Washington in a more hazardous relation, he could not obtain it; though he thought his circumstances and his claims for consideration were as great as any soldier's. He then related the following history of his life:

I was born in Woburn, north of Boston. At the age of fourteen I was sent to Boston and put behind the counter. I was warmly attached to the Whig cause, and at the age of sixteen was obliged to leave town. I then enlisted in the army as a soldier for three years. I studiously endeavored to understand my duty in my relation, and thought I was a proficient, at least as much so as other soldiers. One day, immediately after Washington's arrival at Brooklyn, I was detached by the officer of the day among the guard. It so happened that I was placed as a sentinel before the General's quarters at nine o'clock. About ten o'clock, the General's carriage drove up, which I knew as a soldier, but not as a sentinel. I hailed the driver—

"Who comes there?" He answered, "Gen. Washington." "Who is Gen. Washington?" He replied, "The commander of the American army."

"I don't know him," advance, and give the counter-sign." The driver put his head within the carriage, and then came and gave the counter-sign. "The counter-sign is now pass," I replied; "General Washington can now pass."

The next morning the officer of the guard came to me and said, "Gen. Washington has commanded me to notify you to appear at his quarters precisely at nine o'clock." "What does he want of me?" "I don't know," replied the officer.

In obedience to this order, I went to his quarters at the time appointed; but my mind was greatly harassed to know whether I had discharged my duty right, the night previous. I gave the alarm at the door, and a servant appeared.

"Inform Gen. Washington," said I, "that the person he ordered to his quarters at nine o'clock is now at the door." The servant made the report, and immediately came and bade me come in, and conducted me to the General's room. When I entered he addressed me—

"Are you not the sentinel who stood at my door at 9 o'clock last night?" "Yes, sir, and I endeavored to do my duty." "I wish all the army understood it as you do," said the General. This relieved the burden on my mind.

The General then continued, "Can you keep a secret?" "I can try." "Are you willing to have your name struck from the roll of the army, and engage in a secret service at the hazard of your life, for which I promise you forty dollars a month?" "I am willing to serve my country in any way you may think best."

"Call here precisely at seven o'clock this evening, and I will give you further instruction." I then retired; and, precisely at seven o'clock I returned. The General presented me with a sealed letter without any superscription. He asked me if I had ever been on Roxbury heights. I told him I had, and, at his request, I described the level ground on the top. He gave me the counter-sign, lest I should not be able to return before the sentinels received it; and charged me on the way to converse with no one, and endeavor not to pass any person, if possible; and if I should observe any person who appeared to notice me particularly, not to go on the height until out of his sight. And when I ascended the height I must look around carefully; and if I discovered any person, I must keep at a distance from him, and suffer no one to take me. If every thing appeared to be quiet, I must go to the west side of the plain; there I should see a flat rock which I could raise by one hand, and a round stone about four feet from it; I must take the round stone and place it under the edge of the flat rock, which would raise it high enough to put the level gage in it; then you must feel under the rock; and the General, "if you find a small hollow; if there is a letter in it, bring it to me, and put the letter in the same place."

Having received my instructions, I made my way to the height; and nothing occurred worthy of note, except I found the rock and the stone as described, and in the hollow a letter sealed, without any superscription. I then adjusted the rock, and placed the stone as I found it. I returned to the General's quarters, and delivered the letter I found under the rock. The General broke the seal and read it to himself. He then said:

"You may retire, and appear at 7 o'clock to-morrow evening." This I did for some time, carrying and bringing letters, without being annoyed in any respect. At length I observed a person at some distance travelling the same way I was going and he eyed me with more attention than was pleasing to me. I took rather a circuitous route, and when I came on the height, I was confident I saw two persons, if not more, descended the hill on the opposite side among the savins. I went even to the savins to make the discovery, but could see none. This I told the General on my return.

He upbraided me for my presumption. He said, "they might have sprung on you and taken you. Never do the like again." When I returned the next evening, he gave me stricter charge than before. There was nothing occurred till I ascended the height; I then plainly saw three persons dodge behind savins. I hesitated what to do. I placed my head to the ground, to obtain a clearer view of the opposite side. In an instant three men rushed from behind the savins on the other side full run to take me. I rose and ran with all my speed. No Grecian in their celebrated games exerted himself more than I did. I found one of the three was near a match for me. When I came to the sentinel, he was not more than six rods from me. I gave the counter-sign without much ceremony. The sentinel then hailed my pursuer who turned on his heels and fled. I went to the General's quarters, and, on presenting his letter, said:

"Here is the letter you gave me," and then related the above story to him. He said I might retire, and need not call on him again till he should give me notice. He strictly charged me, when in company, or in camp, to make myself a stranger to the movement of friends or foes; never enter into any dispute about the war or the army, but always to be an inquirer.

In about a week the General sent for me; and I repaired for his quarters at the usual hour. He inquired if I was ever down on what was then called Cambridge Neck. I told him I had been there twice. He then handed me a letter as usual, and said:

"Go to the lower house and enter the front door; and when you enter the room, if there be more than one person present, sit down, and make yourself a stranger. When all have gone out of the room but one, then get up and walk across the room repeatedly. After you have passed and re-passed he will take a letter out of his pocket and present it to you. I charge you not to speak a word to him, on the peril of your life. It is important you observe this."

I went to the house; and, on entering the room, I found but one man in it; and he was at the corner of the room. He rose at my entering. I immediately commenced my travel across the room, and eyeing him attentively—the third time I passed, he put his hand into his pocket, took a letter out, and extended it toward me; and I took my letter, and extended it toward him. With his other hand he took hold of my letter, and I did the same with his. I then retired, with a bow, and returned to the General. We two could well recognize each other, though we were not allowed to speak. This mode of communication continued for some time.

One evening, as this man was presenting his letter, he whispers to me— "Tell General Washington the British are coming on the Neck to-morrow morning at two o'clock." When I delivered the letter to Gen. Washington, I addressed him thus:

"General the person who delivered this letter to me, whispered and said, 'Tell General Washington the British are coming on the Neck to-morrow morning at two o'clock.'" The General started, and inquired— "Was it the same person you received letters from before?" "Yes, sir."

He then broke the letter, and read it; after which he asked— "Did you speak to him?" "No, sir."

"Then saying, 'Stop here till I return,' he took his hat and cane, and locked the door after him. He was gone nearly an hour and a half. When he returned, he said, 'I do not know what I shall need your services any more; you will continue about the encampment, and I will show you the same way you now have.'" Having nothing to do, I had the curiosity to ramble about the army and vicinity, to find the

man who whispered to me, but I never saw him. Whether that whisper was fatal to him, I know not. The injunction on me was tantamount to it, in case of disobedience. I continued with the army till they left Cambridge; then I was discharged.

Massacre of the Nestorian Christians by the Turks.

The Nestorian Christians, who for centuries have maintained their independence among the mountain fastnesses of the East, dwelling in native simplicity, have fallen victims to the ferocity of the Turks, and the machinations, it is asserted of other sectarian influences, and been barbarously massacred. A correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle (writing from Constantinople under date of 13th August) says they have been sacrificed to the religious quarrels of American Independents, English Wesleyites, and French Roman Catholics.

The first western traveller who succeeded in penetrating into the fastnesses of these people was Dr. Grant, an American missionary. His object in visiting them was the establishment of schools and other means of instruction. The Americans established themselves first in the mountains, and their efforts were successfully directed to the improvement of the inhabitants, without any ulterior political design. But the jealousy of the other two influences, sustained as one was by British politicians, and the other by the British local Authority; was excited, and they endeavored to have the Americans ejected. A report began to prevail that the Americans were assisting the Nestorians to build forts in their mountains. The ignorant inhabitants of the surrounding country, and their Governor, the Pacha of Mosul, readily believed the assertion. For some time access to the mountains, from the west, was denied to the American missionaries. A combination between the Pacha of Mosul and several powerful Kurdish chiefs for the examination of the Nestorian Christians, or Chaldeans, was entered into, and an attack on the United Troops was mediated.

They penetrated into the centre of the Tigris district, burnt the villages and churches, destroyed the crops, and put the inhabitants of both sexes to the sword. Three, or according to other accounts, five brothers of the Patriarch have been slain, his mother was cut in half, and his sister horribly mutilated. The Patriarch himself had fled to Mosul, and taken refuge in the British Vice-consulate. The number of persons who have perished has not been ascertained. The population was about one hundred thousand. Neither age, sex nor condition met with mercy. All were sacrificed by the savage Turks.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Peel ripe tomatoes, stem them as apples for sauce, and season with salt and pepper. If you add butter, salt will not be necessary. This sauce is not too tart to use with meat, but when not used in this way it is improved for the taste of some persons by adding a little sugar or molasses.—Boston Cultivator.

TOMATO JELLY.—Peel the tomatoes and squeeze them through a fine cloth, and their weight in sugar, boil to a jelly, and then bottle it tight, and keep it in a cool, but not freezing place.—Id.

TOMATO DUMPLINGS.—Skin carefully without breaking the meat, then make, cook and use sauce same as you would apple dumplings.—Id.

TOMATO OMELET.—Peel a quart of ripe tomatoes—cut them up and simmer about twenty minutes. Chop a few onions fine, and throw in with crumbled bread and a lump of butter, and when nearly done beat up four eggs and stir them in, and in a few minutes it will be done.—Id.

RAW TOMATOES.—Slice up the ripe fruit in vinegar, like cucumbers, with a little pepper and salt, or it may be used like other fruit without seasoning.—Id.

DRIED TOMATOES.—Take them fully ripe, scald that they may skin easily. After this operation, boil them with a little salt and sugar, but no water, then spread out this in shallow pans and dry in the sun. They will soon dry enough to pack away in bags which hang up in a dry room. When wanted to use, soak in warm water.—Id.

TOMATO FOR A COUGH.—The tomato has been used for a cough with decided success, says a writer in the Farmer's Register. In one case the cough was from a diseased state of the liver, in another from the lungs. It mitigates and sometimes effectually checks a fit of coughing. It was used after having been dried as last above named, with a little sugar added to make it palatable. In a gross state, they may be made into a syrup for this purpose.—Id.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Peel and slice them up, and fry in Butter, or without butter if you choose.—Id.