

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

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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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LIFE.

Oh! what is life? a waste of years, Of joy and sorrow, smiles and tears, A catalogue of change;

Yes, while we look around, and see What has happened in our own brief span, Things, which seem'd to give life beauty, Even to ourselves, seem strange.

Then, what is life? 'tis like a flower That blossoms through one sunny hour; A bright effusive dream; A wave that melts upon the shore;

A lightning flash that straight is o'er; A phantom seen—then never more— A bubble on the stream!

Look on the church-yard's yellow skull— Is not the contemplation full Of various thought and deep? The owl's—but yet are fled The spirit, Love's child that had, And friends hung round a dying bed, To hide their eyes and weep.

This generation pass away— 'Tis renovation and decay— 'Tis childhood and old age;— Like figures in the wizard's glass, In lone succession on we pass, Act our brief parts—and then, alas! Are swept from off the stage.

Lament. O, ven the stars are shining, Kate, Some rain—others setting, And all are winking so fast rate, Like chaps I've seen a leetle— O, then I'm thinking on my fate, Which sets my eyes a weeting!

From the National Intelligencer. Love of the Marvellous.

That the progress of enlightenment has not yet entirely effaced that inclination for the supernatural which men in all conditions and in every age betray, the following, from a New York paper, may testify:

WITCHHUNT IN NEW ENGLAND.—We observe by the Nashua (N. H.) Gazette that a witch of extraordinary powers and diabolical propensities has appeared in that neighborhood. The daughter of Mr. Absalom Lawrence, Jr. of Pepperel, a girl of about thirteen years old, has been for months strangely afflicted, her knees drawn to her breast, her head backward, and her jaws set ten hours out of twelve, day in and day out. For months she was unable to swallow any thing but a little liquid sucked from a cloth prepared for the purpose.

The Gazette says:—"In the opinion of many, an old witch in that neighborhood is the cause of the trouble. The evidence in the case is, that the old hag got into the cream one morning and the butter would not come. The hot tongs were applied, and the old tormenter left the print of her hand upon the ceiling, where it can now be seen. A few days after this the old witch, in bodily form, applied to the family she had been tormenting for some time to bathe a burn with. The burn being exhibited, behold! there were the prints of the same old tongs that went sizzling into the cream. That was proof positive that the witch had been in the cream. Furthermore, the old woman's husband has been afflicted in a similar manner to the little girl, and the old woman says if he will let her have what money she wants, she will cure him in one month's time. And then, to make it certain Doctor Nevens, with his somnambulist, were called, and they saw wonders which astonished even them. The somnambulist saw when asleep the spirit of the old witch approach the house on a white horse on which a shoe had never been placed, and come in under the crack of the door, leaving the horse outside. The spirit appeared to be vexed, and the somnambulist said it was because the doctor was there endeavoring to thwart her plans by his mesmerick power. Witches fear magnetizers.—Being displeas'd at the appearance of things about the house, she soon left by way of the cellar, and while going down stamped terribly upon the stairs. Soon she passed the windows, breathing hard against them, making heavy groans, and went into the back room (which by the way was fastened) where the pots and kettles danced a hornpipe, and the door leading into the kitchen shook as if it was coming off its hinges and the devil himself was there. The Doctor wanted to go and see what was to pay, (for he did not believe in witches,) but the family would not let him. Other things are related quite as wonderful as the above, which we have not room to recount. We have related enough, however, to prove the existence of witches, if any evidence can; so we will leave the subject here.—The above is told with all sincerity by Dr. Nevens and he is backed in his assertion by Mr. Lawrence himself; and thus the public have it. Mr. Lawrence has moved out of his house into another, with another family, since which he says, his daughter has improved. The owner of the house says if the old hag comes there she will be the death of her. It is thought she will not venture."

THE UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

A BEAUTIFUL TALE.

'It must be, my child!' said the poor widow, wiping away the tears which slowly trickled down her wasted cheeks. There is no other resource. I am too sick to work, and you cannot, surely, see me and your little brother starve. Try and beg a few shillings, and perhaps by the time that is gone, I may be better. Go, Henry, my dear; I grieve to send you on such an errand, but it must be done.'

The boy, a noble looking little fellow, about ten years of age, started up, and throwing his arms around his mother's neck, left the house without a word. He did not hear the groan of anguish that was uttered by his parent as the door closed behind him; and it was well that he did not, for his little heart was ready to burst without it. It was a by-street in Philadelphia, and as he walked to and fro on the side walk, he looked first at one person and then at another, as they passed him, but no one seemed to look kindly on him, and the longer he waited, the faster his courage dwindled away, and the more difficult it became to muster resolution to beg. The tears were running fast down his cheeks but nobody noticed them, or if they did, nobody seemed to care; for although clean, Henry looked poor and miserable, and it is common for the poor and miserable to cry!

Every body seemed in a hurry, and the poor boy was quite in despair, when at last he espied a gentleman who seemed to be very leisurely taking a morning walk. He was dressed in black, wore a three cornered hat, and had a face that was as mild and benignant as an angel's. Somehow, when Henry looked at him he felt all his fears vanish at once and instantly approached him. His tears had been flowing so long, that his eyes were quite red and swollen, and his voice trembled—but that was with weakness, for he had not eaten for twenty-four hours. As Henry, with a low, faltering voice, begged for a little charity the gentleman stopped, and his kind heart melted with compassion as he looked into the fair countenance of the poor boy, and saw the deep blush which spread all over his face, and listened, to the modest, humble tones which accompanied his petition.

'You do not look like a boy that has been accustomed to beg his bread,' said he, kindly laying his hand on the boy's shoulders, 'what has driven you to this step?'

'Indeed,' answered Henry, his tears beginning to flow afresh, 'indeed, I was not born in this condition. But the misfortunes of my father, and the sickness of my mother, have driven me to the necessity now.'

'Who is your father?' inquired the gentleman, still more interested.

'My father was a rich merchant of this city; but he became bondaman for a friend, who soon after failed, and he was entirely ruined. He could not live long after this loss, and in one month he died of grief, and his death was more dreadful than any other trouble. My mother, my little brother, and myself, soon sunk into the lowest depth of poverty. My mother has, until now, managed to support herself and my little brother by her labor, and I have earned what I could by shoveling snow and other work that I could find to do. But, night before last, mother was taken very sick, and she has since become so much worse that—here the tears poured faster than ever—I do fear she will die. I cannot think of any way in the world to help her. I have not had any work for several weeks. I have not had the courage to go to any of my mother's old acquaintances, and tell them that she has come to need charity. I thought you looked like a stranger, sir, and something in your face overcame my shame and gave me courage to speak to you.' O, sir, do pity my poor mother!

The tears, and the simple and moving language of the poor boy, touched a chord in the breast of the stranger that was accustomed to frequent vibrations.

'Where does your mother live, my boy?' said he in a husky voice, 'is it far from here?'

'She lives in the last house in this street, sir,' replied Henry. 'You can see it from here, in the third block, and on the left hand side.'

'Have you sent for a physician?'

'No, sir,' said the boy, sorrowfully shaking his head, 'I had no money to pay either for a physician or for medicine.'

'Here,' said the stranger, drawing some pieces of silver from his pocket, 'here are three dollars, take them and run immediately for a physician.'

Henry's eyes flashed with gratitude—he received the money with a stammering and almost inaudible voice, but with a look of the warmest gratitude, and vanished.

The benevolent stranger immediately sought the dwelling of the sick widow. He entered a little room in which he could see nothing but a few implements of female labor—a miserable table, an old bureau, and a little bed which stood in one corner, on which the invalid lay. She appeared weak and almost exhausted, and

on the bed at her feet, sat a little boy, crying as if his heart would break.

Deeply moved at this sight, the stranger drew near the bedside of the invalid, and feigning to be a physician, inquired into the nature of her disease. The symptoms were explained in a few words, when the widow, with a deep sigh, added, 'O, sir, my sickness has a deeper cause, and one which is beyond the art of the physicians to cure. I am a mother—a wretched mother. I see my children sinking daily deeper and deeper in want, which I have no means of relieving. My sickness is of the heart, and death alone can end my sorrow; but even death is dreadful to me, for it awakens the thought of the misery into which my children would be plunged if —' Her emotion checked her utterance, and the tears flowed unrestrained down her cheeks. But the pretended physician spoke so consolingly to her and manifested so warm a sympathy for her condition, that the heart of the poor woman throbb'd with a pleasure that was unthought of.

'Do not despair,' said the benevolent stranger, 'think only of recovery and of preserving a life that is so precious to your children. Can I write a prescription here?'

The poor widow took a little prayer book from the hands of the child who sat with her on the bed and tearing out a blank leaf, 'I have no other paper,' said she 'but perhaps this will do.'

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket, and wrote a few lines upon the paper.

'This prescription,' said he 'you will find of great service to you. If it is necessary, I will write you a second. I have great hopes of your recovery.'

He laid the paper on the table and went away. Scarcely was he gone when the elder son returned.

'Clear up, dear mother,' said he, going to her bedside affectionately kissing her. 'See what a kind, benevolent stranger has given us. It will make us rich for several days. It has enabled us to have a physician, and he will be here in a moment. Compose yourself now, dear mother, and take courage.'

'Come nearer, my son,' answered the mother, looking with pride and affection on her child.

'Come nearer that I may bless you. God never forsakes the innocent and the good. O may he still watch over you in all your paths! A physician has just been here. He was a stranger, but he spoke to me with a kindness and a compassion that were a balm to my heart. When he went away he left that prescription on the table; see if you can read it.'

Henry glanced at the paper and started back—he took it up, and as he read it through, again and again, a cry of wonder and astonishment escaped him.

'What is it my son?' exclaimed the poor widow, trembling with an apprehension she knew not what.

'Ah, read, dear mother! God has heard us.' The mother took the paper from the hand of her son, but no sooner had she fixed her eyes upon it than 'my God!' she exclaimed, 'it is Washington!' and fell back, fainting upon her pillow.

The writing was an obligation from Washington, (for it was indeed he,) by which the widow was to receive the sum of one hundred dollars, from his own private property, to be doubled in case of necessity.

Meanwhile the expected physician made his appearance and soon awoke the mother from her fainting fit. The joyful surprise, together with a good nurse with which the physician provided her, and a plenty of wholesome food, soon restored her to perfect health.

The influence of Washington, who visited them more than once, provided for the widow friends who furnished her constant and profitable employment, and her sons, when they had arrived at the proper age, were placed in respectable situations, where they were able to support themselves and render the remainder of their mother's life comfortable and happy.

Let the children who read this story remember, when they think of the great and good Washington that he was not above entering the dwelling of poverty, and carrying joy and gladness to the hearts of its inmates. This is no fictitious tale, but it is only one of a thousand incidents which might be related of him, and which stamp him one of the best of men.

IVORY NET.—A nut has recently been brought to England, and a few of them thence to this country, resembling the horse chestnut in its exterior appearance, but the interior is solid, and white, as hard as ivory, and resembles the elephant's tooth so exactly that none would suspect it of being anything else. It is so hard as to receive a polish, even superior to ivory and can only be cut in a lathe. When taken from the tree it is a milky pulp, and may be reduced to that state again in warm water. We have a sample of the article on our desk, made into a match box. N. Y. Jour. Commerce.

Execution of a Christian of Constantinople.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 23.

A short distance from where I am now writing lies the headless trunk of a man who has just been decapitated for no other crime than that of professing the faith of nearly the whole of Europe. He was an Armenian by birth, and after arriving at the age of manhood, in an evil hour, under the influence of too much strong drink, as it is said, he renounced his religion, and became a Mussulman.

He had no sooner recovered possession of his mind, than he saw the madness of the step he had taken, and embracing the first opportunity he fled to Greece.—How long he remained there, I do not know; but assuming the European dress he returned to this city, where he was soon recognized, and thrown into prison.

Every effort was made by threats and promises to induce him to return to the faith of the false prophet, but in vain. He was, on several different occasions, led out in chains to different parts of the city, for execution, and with the sword of the executioner drawn over his head, he was required to renounce the Christian religion and believe in Mahommed; but he resolutely persisted in declaring that he was ready to die rather than deny Christ.

On each occasion he was remanded to prison, and some say that torture was there used to effect what the threat of instant death could not. To-day, however, the victim of Mahommedan fanaticism received the crown of martyrdom, in the midst of one of the most frequented streets of the city. And, as if with express intention of throwing all possible indignity on the name of Christian, and on the Christian governments of the world, he was executed in his European dress, and after decapitation, the head, with a Frank cap upon it, was placed between the legs.

It is a public and most outrageous insult upon all Christian nations. Every European here feels the indignity, but yet no one seems to know what is the proper remedy. It is currently reported that previous to this inhuman murder, both the Russian and English ambassadors made strong remonstrances to the Government against the anticipated acts of barbarism, but without the slightest effect. The only reply was that this is a matter of religion, which it belongs to Sheik Islam to manage, and that the Government could not interfere. I do not vouch for the truth of this story, although every body here believes it.

WHY IS THERE NO FROST IN A CLOUDY NIGHT?—The remark is frequently made that "there will be no frost to-night, for it is too cloudy." A correspondent thus explains this phenomenon, so familiar to all, but the why and wherefore of which few have taken the trouble to ascertain:—

All bodies emit heat in proportion as they contain it; two bodies of equal temperature placed beside each other will mutually give and receive equal quantities of heat, therefore one will not gain of the other. But a piece of ice placed in a warm room will receive much more heat from the surrounding objects than it imparts—it will therefore gain in temperature and melt. The earth during the day receives much more heat from the Sun than it imparts to the surrounding space in the same time. But during a clear night, the surface of the Earth is constantly parting with its heat and receiving none; the consequence is, that it becomes so cold that the humidity combined in the surrounding air becomes condensed and attaches itself to objects in the form of dew, in the same manner that a tumbler or a pitcher containing cold water "sweats" as it is called, in a hot day—the surface is cooled by the water, and this surface condenses the humidity of the contiguous air. If the surface of the earth, after the formation of dew loses heat enough to bring it to the freezing point, the dew becomes frozen and we have frost. But if it be cloudy, then the heat, radiating from the earth, will be received by the clouds, and by them the greater portion of it will be returned to the Earth; thus the surface of the Earth very nearly retains its temperature, which not only prevents a frost, but almost always prevents the formation of dew.—Buffalo Com.

BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT WITH A PLANT.—The Brooklyn News gives the following interesting bit of information:—"Cut a small branch of Oleander from a thrifty plant, place it in a vial partly filled with rain water, so the lower end of the branch may be immersed about half an inch in the water. Place this in the sun in an open room, and in about fifteen or twenty days small roots will shoot out from the end of the branch, presenting a beautiful appearance. After these roots are extended two or three inches, the branch may be set out in moist earth, and if frequently watered, it will grow rapidly and soon form a large thrifty stalk.—Ladies who are fond of flowers may easily propagate Oleanders in this manner, and in a few months multiply these beautiful plants to an indefinite extent."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF MACAULAY.—A

correspondent of the Richmond Compiler, writing from Edinburgh describes an examination of the pupils of the "High School" of that city. In the course of his remarks, he says:

"Mr. T. Babington Macaulay held the chair and participated with the masters in their examination upon the Latin and Greek classics. Macaulay is a man of an exceedingly benignant expression of countenance, and with intellectual though his face does not betoken fire and enthusiasm of character. He is of the usual stature, and portly. In fact, he possesses more the appearance of non-vivant than that of a man who has undergone so many labors of the head, and produced dissertation after dissertation of the most elaborate and nicely studied character. As he sat there, almost filling a large arm chair, how little did he look like one who had but a few days before passed through the labor of composing an elegant and well-weighted criticism of sixty pages upon the life and writings of Addison! I allude to the closing article in the July number of the Edinburgh Review. And while, too, this beef-eating, unpoetical looking man was sitting in one apartment of the building, there was a batch of emulous youths in the other, contending for the prize of eloquence, by reciting passages from his legends of Rome, and other poetry. Doubtless, too, his name was at that moment on the lips of many upon the other side of St. George's Channel, in consequence of his elaborate speech upon the Irish question and against the ministry now in power."

A BROKEN DOWN, SPAVINED HORSE.—John Randolph, says the Baltimore Patriot, who had intuitively a knowledge of the powers and capacities of man and beast, when asked his opinion of John Tyler, replied—"he is too lean for the plough, and too slow for the saddle"—having neither speed nor bottom; good for nothing except to eat and drink. The last number of the Democratic Review has an article on the subject of the Loco Foco National Convention, in which the writer, likening the Presidential election to a great match race, and examining the characters of the horses in the Loco Foco stable, that are training for the contest, thus describes Mr. Tyler, and the attempt which is making to put him into the Loco Foco steed:

A noisy but ineffectual attempt is made to introduce into the stable a very sorry hack, which came indeed out of good blood, though a degenerated steed whom even the most favorable early breeding could make nothing of. It is, however, perfectly understood that he only seeks shelter from a common on which he has been turned out, because no one would now either mount or harbor an animal at once so feeble and so vicious. Hopelessly spavined and weak in the knees, besides being so blind as not to be able to see an impassable stone wall just before his own eyes, he is also evidently so thoroughly diseased, that he could only breed mischief, and introduce perhaps dangerous contagion into the stable. He cannot be let in; and it is only a pity, for his own sake, that some friend does not put him out of his pain—a service we have endeavored to render on a former occasion.

CRANBERRIES.—This pleasant fruit is now received in large quantities from the West. The crops at the East are said to have been cut off in a great measure by frost, and the markets are now supplied by the Western Railroad and the connecting links Westward; and no doubt Michigan cranberries will be eaten in the very head quarters of cranberries, Barnstable. We had no idea until to-day of the quantity sold in this city.—One house in Front street sold within a few days 250 bbls. received from Michigan at \$6 a 650 per bbl. and has had application for more than they can supply. Of the same lot 300 bbls. went over the Western Railroad to Boston, and were there sold as soon as received. From this source we shall no doubt soon receive ample supplies of this delightful fruit, for the plains of Michigan are inexhaustible.

A SCORPION IN LOGWOOD.—A man called on Dr. Devan, on Monday morning, in great anxiety, says the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, bringing with him a scorpion four or five inches long, that came out of the hollow end of a stick of logwood, which he was sawing, and bit one of his fingers. The finger was a good deal swollen and the inflammation was rapidly increasing. The circumstance shows that some caution is necessary in dealing with hollow wood from the climate of vipers.

A curious piece of gold, of twisted workmanship, said to be worth as old gold £20, was lately found by a farm servant in ploughing a field belonging to Mr. H. Lillywhite, of Ropley, Hants, England. It is supposed to be a collar worn by the Romans of very neat workmanship, in a good state of preservation, and is now in the possession of the Rev. S. Nuddeck vicar of Ropley.

THE WIDOWED MAN.—The Scotch are a

very inquisitive people; if possible, still more so than the Yankees. Their curious questions are frequently deemed obtrusive, and are carried to a great length. Two gentlemen fell in together, both travellers on horseback, and strangers to each other, when the following conversation took place:—

'Raw evening, sir, rather,' observed the one with an Aberdeen accent.

'Yes, rather,' replied the other.

'You will likely be a stranger in these parts,' continued the Aberdeennian.

'If I can,' ironically replied the other, looking neither to the right hand nor the left.

'Perhaps, like myself, you may be going on to the Bauff!'

'Perhaps,' responded the other, yawning.

'In that case, perhaps, you will put up at Cullen?'

'I may or may not,' answered his companion.

'Pardon me the liberty of the question, sir, may I ask if you are a bachelor?'

'No.'

'Oh! married?'

'No, no.'

'Sir, I beg your pardon, I may unintentionally have touched upon a painful subject; your black dress ought to have checked my inquiries. I beg your pardon, sir—a widower?'

'No, no, no.'

'Neither a bachelor, nor married man, nor widower—then what can you be?'

'A divorced man, since you must know!' exclaimed the stranger, clapping his spur to his horse, and dashing out of sight in an instant.

CRANBERRIES.—The N. E. Farmer says that

a gentleman paid \$1000 for a cranberry meadow near Boston; built a dam so as to flow it at his pleasure, (for \$150,) and thereby protect the vines from frosts; and this season has a crop of 700 bushels, worth \$1400 in this market.

A HOME THREAT.—The Rev. Rowland Hill was celebrated for his talent, his boldness, his piety, and his conscientiousness. He would never suppress his feelings, or modify his language through fear of giving offence, and was never known to omit an opportunity of illustrating a sentiment, or administering a deserved reproof, however embarrassing it might prove to individuals who might happen to be present. It is related of this good, but eccentric preacher, that on one occasion when speaking of the sin attendant upon dress, and conformity to all the fashionable folleries of the day, he observed—"I am well aware many of you are ready to say—'Mr. Hill, look at home, look at your own wife.' It is all true, look at her, for she is;" and then applying himself to her, in the presence of the congregation he said with astonishing effect, "You know, Mrs. Hill, I have often pointed out to you the sin and folly of pursuing extravagance when you could relieve so many of your fellow creatures, in place of wasting your money in this way."

WHERE YOU OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN.—A clergyman who is in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, happened to be at an inn where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in an honest man, by imposing upon him a broken winded horse for a sou of one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, to bid him be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey quite nettled, observed, "Parson, I had much rather hear you preach, than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way." "Why," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach." "Where was that?" enquired the jockey. "In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.

GOING INTO PAPER.—A western man was treading the upper deck of a steamer, with measured strides, on which, chained to a post almost in his path, was an ugly, ill-natured cur, who as the man passed, would show his teeth and snap at him. "Stranger," says he at last, when his patience was exhausted, "I should like to own an interest in this here dog, and if I didn't shoot my share of him don't tell me!"

Boswell records that an unhappy man who having totally lost his character, committed suicide, a crime which Dr. Johnson reprobated very severely. "Why, sir," urged Boswell, the man had become infamous for life; what would you have done with him?" "Do, sir, I would have him go to some other country where he is not known, and not to the devil where he is known."

Don't believe that hot whiskey punch cures a cold—that printers are rich—that wine cures the gout—that love ever killed a man—that an old bachelor is happy—that a widow dislikes a second marriage—or that a lady means "yes" when she says "no."