

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"

H. B. MASSER, JOSEPH EISELY, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. H. B. MASSER, Editor. Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Masser's Store.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Dec. 28, 1844.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

Franklin and the Lightning.

It is a singular fact, that even when electricity had assumed a scientific aspect and had to a certain degree been identified with lightning, the art of protection by conductors was utterly unknown. It was not till Franklin had demonstrated the identity of these two powerful agents, and had actually brought down lightning from the clouds by the conducting string of his electrical kite, that he conceived the idea of applying a thunder rod to the protection of buildings.

While the achievement of Prometheus was thus repeated in the New World, the fate of Tullus Hostilius was about to be suffered in the Old. The fame of Franklin's sublime experiment passed rapidly through Europe and various philosophers had the courage to repeat it.—some with kites, and some with thunder-rods. In 1753, M. Romes received a severe shock from the string of his kite; and two French philosophers were struck down by the lightning, when they were drawing sparks from their apparatus.

No sooner had Franklin performed his experiment than he applied conductors to the protection of public and private buildings. An apparatus constructed according to his direction was placed in the house of Mr. West a merchant in Philadelphia; and it is a remarkable circumstance that this conductor was actually struck with lightning as if to display the value of the invention. An iron rod, more than half an inch in diameter, and tapering to its upper end, was raised about nine and a half feet above the chimneys of the house.

MAGNETIC LAUGHTER.—The wonders of the Magnetic Telegraph will never cease. The last is mentioned by the Baltimore Argus—

What Next?—The other day, being in the Telegraph office at the Depot, Pratt street, Mr. Rogers, the attentive and gentlemanly superintendent of this station, transmitted an amusing incident to Mr. Vail, at the Washington terminus, to which Mr. Vail replied, ha! ha! ha! that is—laughed at it. Now if that don't beat anything of modern date, we'll give it up!

allowed but two hours to make what pillage he could in the town of Ebristen, before he proceeded onward to greater and more glorious victories.

'Well, there was a jeweller of great wealth whose house, which was pointed out to me by an Austrian prisoner, we entered, but in which neither jewels nor portable valuables could we find. The servants fled on our first entrance; the wife and daughter alone remained. The latter had locked themselves in a room, which we soon burst open; we demanded of them their valuables; the trumpets had already sounded 'To horse!' and I was preparing to leave the house, when a gold chain around the neck of the elder female attracted my attention. There was attached to it—

'A portrait!' asked the stranger, in a tone of ill-concealed anxiety. 'Don't interrupt me,' said the narrator; 'the story is drollier than any one would imagine.'

The blood of the stranger came and went rapidly, and putting down his pipe he was observed for the moment feeling about his pockets, as if in search of some missing articles.

'You're right; it was a portrait, and in a most valuable setting. Provoked at obtaining no booty, I demanded it of her; she should have had the worthless miniature, but she was obstinate. I tried to force it from her, but she resisted, nay, more, she tried to seize a pistol from my belt, and in the heat of my passion—I stabbed her.'

'Have you that portrait still?' asked the German.

'I have; though it has been taken from the setting in which one of my own now glitters. You said you knew Ebristen?'

'I did, years ago.'

'And probably the original of this picture?' said the officer, producing it.

'Well, well?'

'Ah, is she alive?'

'He is—to be the Avenger!' And before a movement was observed, Paul Kimmayer had, with fatal precision, levelled a pistol at the French officer, and shot him in the breast.

Mortally wounded, but not dead, he who had braved the heat of a hundred battles, and whom death had spared, that he might make a more suitable atonement for his guilt, was carefully removed to a more private apartment.

Paul, who might have escaped in the confusion, did not attempt to do so; and he was of course taken into custody, and incarcerated in one of the dungeons of the police.

The following morning he was led forth for examination; the wife of the fallen officer, he was told, would be his accuser. But he walked with a firm step and a lighter heart than usual. One portion of his mission had been accomplished—he had avenged his wife's murder, but he had found no trace of his daughter.

On reaching the place of examination, he was commanded to stand forth; a shriek—a long, agonizing shriek—was heard, and the prosecutor fell senseless on the floor.

Restoration was applied, and on her recovery the cause of her agitation was soon apparent.

'It is my father!' she said, and breaking through the crowd, she again fell senseless in his arms.

The impetus of the fall caused a locket to drop from her breast, where it was still sustained by a chain. Paul Kimmayer snatched it up. Yes, it was the same—the same circle of brilliants; but now it contained the portrait of whom—of his daughter's husband—the murderer of his wife!

Passing her to one of the attendants, the old man snatched his breast, and called aloud in his trouble—

'Was it for this they wert preserved, my beautiful—my pure?'

In consequence of the state of the witness, the examination was postponed, and the same evening the dying man requested that the prisoner, together with the chief of the police, might attend him.

On their arrival life was ebbing fast. The confession of the officer was brief; he admitted the murder of Paul's wife, and the justice of his retaliation; he further confessed that the daughter, being almost a child, was carried away by the common soldiers to the rear of the scene; that she was forced from the apartment previous to, and knowing nothing of her mother's fate; and that, repeating of his act, he had her conveyed to Paris, and educated at his own charge. With her years her loveliness increased, and she knowing him only as a benefactor, at last consented to marry him.

This confession was attested and forwarded to the Emperor. Meanwhile the friends of the officer came forward as prosecutors, his wife refusing to do so. The murder in the latter case was fully proved, and Paul was sentenced to death.

On the morning appointed for his execution he was deprived, and suffered to enter a monastery, where he soon sunk under a broken heart.

THE BRILLIANT LOCKET.

It was in the autumn of the year 1800, when the republican army under Ney, Moreau, Lamb, Cyr, and other of its bravest generals was pursuing its victorious career, and laying waste some of the most important towns in Germany, the circumstance that we are about to relate took place.

The frequent want of stores, ammunition and money in the republican armies, and the hope of plunder, then so frequently held out to the French soldiers, as the reward of victory, caused no inconsiderable alarm in the breast of the more peaceable inhabitants of those places which were likely to become the theatre of hostilities.

Among these, the inhabitants of a German town of considerable importance—and which for distinction, we will call Ebristen—had ample reasons for their misgivings: the daily, almost hourly, approach of the French being expected.

The family of Paul Kimmayer, a merchant citizen of great wealth, was amongst those most agitated by the afflicting intelligence. His household consisted of his wife, an only daughter, and a few domestics in whom he could place confidence. His daughter was the spring which regulated every action of the merchant's life; she was the apple of his eye, the sunshine of his shady places: for her he had accumulated his wealth, that her rare beauty might win with it a station of rank and influence; and now the hope of a whole lifetime might be wrecked in a few brief hours.

His wife was the first to suggest a plan for the concealment of their treasures. Their mansion was situated near the extremity of the town, and from it a secret passage communicated with a bower in the garden adjoining; from thence, in the evening a man might easily steal unperceived to the adjacent woods; and there she proposed that the merchant should at night-time, bury his treasure; or, at any rate, that he should proceed through the forest, and deposit it with a relation who was to be trusted, who would not be suspected of possessing so great wealth, and who resided about two days' journey from the place.

For a time, Paul Kimmayer resisted every importunity of his wife. Who would protect them should the anticipated attack take place in his absence? the domestics were old and infirm, and they would be too much alarmed for their own safety to care much for others not akin to them. But when his wife spoke upon the future, when she impressed on him that it was wealth only that would be required of them and that deprived of that, all for which they had so long struggled would be scattered in a moment, his resolution gave way.

'I go,' he said, 'and I leave you in the trust of one whose all-powerful hand will protect you; unless indeed, in his infinite wisdom, he deems it fitting that the innocent should fall as an example and terror to the guilty.'

Collecting all that was most valuable into a small packet, as the evening approached, the merchant was prepared to depart. One jewel remained behind—it was his own miniature, set in a locket with diamonds of great value. It was his wedding gift to Amelia, and with it he hesitated to part; and he placed it again around her neck, with the same fervor and affection that he felt when he first presented it. To her and his daughter, the namesakes of her mother, he gave some necessary directions for their welfare during his absence, and taking an affectionate farewell, he departed, unknown to any but themselves.

It was on the evening of the fourth day after the merchant had departed that the roll of the drums, and the shrill voice of the trumpet calling to arms, and the tumult among the inhabitants without, proclaimed to the inmates of the mansion, that the enemy was fast approaching. The town was, indeed, filled with Austrian troops, but these had been so often and lately harassed and defeated by the victorious arms of the French, that it was not without reason the citizens felt strong misgivings in their prowess.

All chance of the merchant being enabled to reach the house, or even to obtain admittance within the town previous to the termination, was now entirely shut out. The wife had but little doubt that her reputed wealth would not permit the house to pass unrobbed, and after casing the doors to be barricaded and the windows and shutters secured, she proceeded with her daughter to the innermost apartment of the mansion.

On the return of the merchant, the French army was evacuating the place, carrying with them the trophies they had wrested from the vanquished Austrians, and a large supply of stores and plunder from the devoted town.—Paul's heart died within him as he stealthily entered the suburbs, and proceeded towards the place of his own residence.

Within the town all was confusion and dismay; here were open storehouses; rifled of all their contents, the very doors torn from their hinges; there, the trim gardens of the richer classes broken down and trampled over; in the market places were groups of the middle and lower classes, loudly complaining of the excesses of both Austria and France. Still Paul stopped not to join in the general outcry; his only anxiety was his own home. At length he reached his dwelling. With what a pang of intense anxiety he rushed through the open portal. The servants had evidently fled; the stairs bore the marks of heavy footsteps. Paul stopped not to examine them, or he would have seen that they were traced with gore.

With the speed of thought he rushed into their accustomed sitting room, and there a horrid spectacle awaited him. On the ground lay his wife, stabbed through the heart; one hand had fallen back as if to protect her from the attack of the assassin, while the other grasped tightly a few links of the slight gold chain to which had been attached the diamond-mounted portrait.



It is not Death.

It is not Death—it is not Death, From which I shrink with coward fear; It is, that I must leave behind All I love here.

It is not Wealth—it is not Wealth, That I am loth to leave behind; Small store to me, (yet all I crave,) Hath fate assigned.

It is not Fame—it is not Fame, From which it will be pain to part; Obscure's my lot; but mine was still An humble heart.

It is not Health—it is not Health, That makes me fain to linger here; For I have languished on in pain This many a year.

It is not Hope—it is not Hope, From which I cannot turn away; Oh! earthly hope has cheated me This many a day.

But there are Friends—but there are Friends, To whom I could not say, "Farewell!" Without a pang more hard to bear Than tongue can tell.

But there's a thought—but there's a thought, Will arm me with that pang to cope; Thank God! we shall not part like those Who have no hope.

And some are gone—and some are gone— Methinks they chide my long delay— With whom, it seems, my very life Went half away.

But we shall meet—but we shall meet, Where parting tears shall never flow; And when I think thereon, almost I long to go.

The Saviour wept—the Saviour wept O'er him he loved—the corrupting clasp? But then he spoke the word and Death Gave up his prey!

A little while—a little while, And the dark Grave shall yield its trust; Yea, render every atom up Of human dust.

What matters then—what matters then? Who earliest lays him down to rest? Nay, "To depart and with Christ," Is surely best.

From the Massachusetts Ploverman.

The Farmer.

"The Farmer's life is the life for me,"— We love its quiet scenery,

We love its shades, its hills and dales, We love the cheerful fireside tales, We love to tend the flocks and herds

We love to hear the singing birds, We love the sweet salubrious air, We love the prospect, wide and fair,

We love to plough, we love to sow, We love to gather, love to mow, We love the new mown grass to smell,

We love to hear the tinkling bell, We love to tread the grassy lawn, Along the brook—among the corn,

We love—the whole, but can't rehearse His pleasure all, in prose or verse.

AN UNGALANT HERO.—At the time of the disastrous explosion of the baler of the Lucy Walker, on the Mississippi, a few weeks ago, two ladies, impelled by the momentum of the danger, precipitated themselves into the water. They fortunately succeeded in seizing the coat-tail of a gentleman who clung to the wreck. The paper which records the incident says—

"The latter was not born under the star of Venus. Fearing that he would be drawn under water, he begged them earnestly to free him from their grasp. They naturally refused to do so. His position admitted of little movement, and he was compelled, despite of himself, to support the ladies. When luckily rescued, this Parolite did not hesitate to boast loudly of his self-denying gallantry, which impelled him to risk his own life to save two interesting ladies. His discomfiture was very amusing when the ladies communicated the true state of the case."

PICKLE FOR HAMS.—To 1,000 lbs. of hams take three pecks of salt, three pounds of saltpetre, two quarts of hickory ashes, two quarts of molasses, and two teacups of red pepper; mix all well together on a salting table; rub the rind or skin of the ham well, and sprinkle with the balance; let it lie from five to six weeks, then hang up and smoke with green hickory wood for five or six weeks; a little sawdust also, is convenient. The red pepper prevents the skipper, I think. If the hogs are very large, I think more salt would be required. I generally put the large hams at the bottom of the tub—Ellsworth's Report.

A "FAST" DAY.—The "droll one" of the N. Y. Spirit, says—"In this city the owners of trotting horses have petitioned the Governor to appoint a 'fast' day. That's a 'racy' pun.

UMBRELLAS CHEAP

REST FENNER & CO. Manufacturers of UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, and SUN SHADES, No. 113 Market Street, Philadelphia.

INVITE the attention of Merchants, Manufacturers, &c., to their very extensive, elegant, new stock, prepared with great care, and offered at the lowest possible prices for cash.

The principle on which this concern is established, is to consult the mutual interest of their customers and themselves, by manufacturing a good article, selling it at the lowest price for cash, and realizing their own remuneration, in the amount of sales and quick returns.

Possessing inexhaustible facilities for manufacture, they are prepared to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of Merchants, Manufacturers and Dealers.

A large assortment of the New Style Curtain Parasols.

Philadelphia, June 1, 1844.—ly

HERN'S HOTEL, FORMERLY TREMONT HOUSE, No. 113 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

THE SUBSCRIBER, recently of Reading, Pa., would inform the public that he has fitted up the above establishment, and will always be ready to entertain his guests with every comfort and accommodation; while his house will be conducted under such arrangements as will secure a character for the first responsibility, and satisfactory entertainment for individuals and families.

Charge for boarding \$1 per day.

DANIEL HERR, Philadelphia, May 25, 1844.—ly

To Country Merchants.

Boots, Shoes, Bonnets, Leghorn and Palm Leaf Hats.

G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR, at the S. E. corner of Market and Fifth Sts., PHILADELPHIA.

OFFER for sale an extensive assortment of the above articles, all of which they sell at unusually low prices, and particularly invite the attention of buyers visiting the city, to an examination of their stock.

G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR, Philadelphia, May 25, 1844.—ly

FARM FOR SALE.

The small farm, containing about 100 acres, and 2 miles from Northum Island, adjoining lands of Jesse C. Horton, John Leghorn and others, will be sold cheap, if application is made soon to the subscriber, Sunbury, Aug 31.

H. B. MASSER.

PLAN NEED.—The highest price will be given for Plan Need, by Aug 31 1844.

H. B. MASSER.

REMOVAL.

DOCTOR J. B. MASSER.

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Sunbury and its vicinity, that he has removed his office to the white building in Market Square, east of Ia. Clement's store, and immediately opposite the old office, where he will be happy to receive calls of the line of his profession.

Sunbury, May 4th, 1844.

DAVID EVANS.

Patent Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, Slate lined Refrigerators, with Filters attached when required.

EVANS & WATSON, No. 76 South Third St., opposite the Exchange, PHILADELPHIA.

MANUFACTURE and keep for sale David Evans' celebrated Water and Provision Chests, and Patent Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, for preserving Books, Papers, D. C. Jewels, Gold, Silver, &c., &c., made of every one hundred now in use, and for sale at a small price. Also, David Evans' Patent Keyhole Covers, similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months the summer of 1842, when all the Keys were taken to be used, and the Chest not opened, although the experiment was tried by at least 1500 persons. One of the same Locks was tried by others, at the Delaware Coal Office, in Walnut street, above Third, but did not succeed.

Having Machines, Iron Doors, superior locks, and all kinds of Iron Railings, Seal and Copying Presses, and Sawdust generally, on hand or manufactured at the shortest notice.

CAUTION—I do hereby caution all persons against making, using, selling, or causing to be sold, any Keyhole Covers for Fire Proof Chests, or Doors, of any kind, similar in principle to my Patent, of 10th July, 1841, and also against Imitating Refrigerators with Slate, for which my Patent is dated 25th March 1844, as any infringement will be dealt with according to law.

DAVID EVANS, Philadelphia, April 13, 1844.—ly

FORESTVILLE BRASS EIGHT DAY CLOCKS.

THE subscriber has just received, for sale, a few of the above celebrated Eight Day Clocks, which will be sold at very reduced prices, for cash. Also, superior 30 hour Clocks, of the best make and quality, which will be sold for cash, at \$4 50. Also, superior Brass 30 hour Clocks, at \$8 00.

Dec. 2, 1843. H. B. MASSER.

STONE WARE for sale.

225 Stone Jugs, from 1 quart to 3 gallons. 50 Stone Jars, from 2 to 6 gallons. For sale cheap, by Oct. 14 H. B. MASSER.