

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"

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

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UMBRELLAS CHEAP

REST FENNER & CO. Manufacturers of UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, and SUN SHADES, No. 143 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.

HERR'S HOTEL

FORMERLY TREMONT HOUSE, No. 116 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA. THE SUBSCRIBER, recently of Reading, Pa., would inform the public that he has fitted up the above capacious and convenient establishment, and will always be ready to entertain visitors.

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

PLANK FOR SALE.—The small farm, containing about 100 acres, about 2 miles above Northampton, 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.

PLANK SEED.—The highest price will be given for Flax Seed, by Aug. 31, 1844. H. B. MASSER.

COTTAGE BIBLES.—Five copies of the Cottage Bible, the cheapest book ever published, containing the commentary on the Old and New Testament, just received and for sale, for six dollars, by June 15. 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 Ira T. Clement's store, and immediately opposite the post office, where he will be happy to receive calls to 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 Premium Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, for preserving Books, Papers, Deeds, Jewelry, Gold, Silver, &c., &c., made of Bolt Iron, (and not over Plank as ninety-five out of every one hundred now in use, and for sale are made,) with first rate Locks and David Evans' Patent Keyhole Covers, similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months in the summer of 1842, when all the Keys were at liberty 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 Rubbers, at the Delaware Coal Office, in Walnut street, above Third, but did not succeed.

Hoisting Machines, Iron Doors, superior Locks, and all kinds of Iron Rods, Seal and Copying Presses, and Smithwork 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 Lining Refrigerators with Slate, for which my Patent is dated 26th 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 \$5 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.

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.—JAYNESON.

By Masser & Eisely. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, March 15, 1845. Vol. 5--No. 25--Whole No. 233.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY, DECEMBER 4th, 1783.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be, And freedom find no champion and no child, Such as Columbia saw arise, when she Sprang forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefied? Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild, Deep in the unpruned forest 'midst the tear.

The Revolution was over. The eight years' conflict had ceased, and the warriors were now to separate forever, turning their weapons into ploughshares, and their camps into workshops. The spectacle, though a sublime and glorious one, was yet attended with sorrowful feelings!—for, alas! in the remains of that little gallant army of patriot soldiers, now about to disband without pay—without support, stalked poverty, want and disease—the country had not the means to be grateful.

The details of the condition of many of the officers and soldiers at that period, according to history and oral tradition, were melancholy in the extreme. Possessing no means of paternal inheritance to fall back upon—thrown out of even the perilous support of the soldier at the commencement of winter, and hardly fit for any other duty than that of the camp—their situation can be as well imagined as described.

A single instance, as a sample of the situation of many of the officers, as related of the conduct of Baron Steuben, may not be amiss. When the main body of the army was disbanded at Newburgh, and the veteran soldiers were bidding a parting farewell to each other, Lieutenant Colonel Cochran, an aged soldier of the New Hampshire line, remarked, with tears in his eyes, as he shook hands with the Baron:

"For myself, I could stand it; but my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern, and I have no means of removing them."

"Come, come," said the Baron, "don't give way thus, I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochran and her daughters."

When the good old soldier left them, their countenances were warm with gratitude, for he left them all he had.

In one of the Rhode Island regiments were several companies of black troops, who had served throughout the whole war, and their bravery and discipline were unsurpassed. The Baron observed one of these poor wounded negroes on the wharf, at Newburgh, apparently in great distress.

"What's the matter, brother soldier?" "Why, Master Baron, I want a dollar to get home with, now the Congress has no further use for me."

The Baron was absent for a few moments, and returned with a silver dollar, which he had borrowed.

"There, it is all I could get—take it." The negro received it with joy, hailed a sloop which was passing down the river to New York and, as he reached the deck, took off his hat, and said—

"God bless Master Baron."

These are only single illustrations of the condition of the army, at the close of the war. Indeed, Washington had this in view, at the close of his farewell address to his army at Rocky Hill, in November, 1783.

"And being now to conclude these, his last parting orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the army he has so long had the honor to command, he can only again offer, in their behalf, his commendations to their country, and his prayer to the God of armies."

"May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others."

"With these wishes, and this benediction, the commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene to him will be closed forever."

The closing of this "military scene," I am about to relate.

New York had been occupied by Washington on the 25th of November. A few days after, he notified the President of Congress, which body was then in session, at Annapolis, in Maryland, that as the war was now closed, he should consider it his duty to proceed thence, and surrender to that body the commission which he had received from them more than seven years before.

The morning of the 4th of December, 1783, was a sad and heavy one to the remnant of the American army in the city of New York. The noon of that day was to witness the farewell of Washington—he was to bid adieu to his military comrades for ever. The officers who had been with him in the solemn council, the privates who had fought and charged in the 'heavy fight,' under his orders were to hear his command no longer—the manly form and dignified countenance of the "great captain," was henceforth to live only in their memories.

As the hour of noon approached, the whole garrison, at the request of Washington himself, was put in motion and marched down Broad st. to Francis' tavern, his head quarters. He wished to take leave of private soldiers alike with the officers, and bid them all adieu. His favorite light infantry were drawn up in line facing inwards, through Pearl street, to the foot of White Hall, where a barge was in readiness to convey him to Fowels' Hook.

Within the dining room of the tavern were assembled the general and field officers to take their farewell.

Assembled there were Knox, Greene, Steuben, Gates, Clinton and others, who had served with him faithfully and truly in the "tented field," but, alas! where were others who had entered the war with him seven years before. Their bones crumbled in the soil from Canada to Georgia. Montgomery had yielded up his life at Quebec. Wooster at Danbury, Woodhull was barbarously murdered whilst a prisoner at the battle on Long Island, Mercer fell mortally wounded at Princeton, the brave and chivalric Laurens, after displaying the most heroic courage in the trenches at Yorktown, died in a trifling skirmish in South Carolina, the brave but eccentric Lee was no longer living, and Putnam, like a helpless child, was stretched upon the bed of sickness. Indeed, the battle field and time had thinned the ranks which entered with him into the conflict.

Washington entered the room—the hour of separation had come. As he raised his eye, and glanced on the faces of those assembled, a tear coursed down his cheek, and his voice was tremulous as he saluted them. Nor was he alone—

"Albeit unused to the melting mood," stood around him, whose uplifted hands to cover their brows, told that the tear, which they in vain attempted to conceal, bespoke the anguish they could not hide.

After a moment's conversation, Washington called for a glass of wine. It was brought him—turning to his officers he thus addressed them:

"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my final leave of you, I most devoutly wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." He then raised the glass to his lips, drank, and added, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you, if each of you will take me by the hand."

General Knox, who stood nearest, burst into tears, and advanced—incapable of utterance—Washington grasped him by the hand, and embraced him. The officers came up successively and took an affectionate leave. No words were spoken, but all was the "silent eloquence of tears." What were mere words at such a scene! Nothing. It was the feeling of the heart—thrilling, though unspoken.

When the last of the officers had embraced him, Washington left the room, followed by his comrades, and passed through the lines of light infantry. His step was slow and measured—his head uncovered, and the tears flowing thick and fast, as he looked from side to side at the veterans to whom he now bade adieu for ever. Shortly an event occurred more touching than all the rest. A gigantic soldier, who had stood by his side at Trenton, stepped forth from the ranks, and extended his hand.

"Farewell, my beloved general, farewell."

Washington grasped his hand in convulsive emotion, in both of his. All discipline was now at an end, the officers could not restrain the men, as they rushed forward to take Washington by the hand, and the sobs and tears of the soldiers told how deeply engraven upon their affections was the love of their commander.

At length Washington reached the barge at White Hall, and entered it. At the first stroke of the oar, he rose, and turning to the companions of his glory, by waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu—their answer was only in tears—officers and men, with glistening eyes watched the receding boat, till the form of their noble commander was lost in the distance.

Contrast the farewell of Washington to his army at White Hall, in 1783, and the adieu of Napoleon to his army at Fontenoy, in 1814! The one had accomplished every wish of his heart. His noble exertions had achieved the independence of his country, and he longed to retire to the bosom of his home—his ambition was satisfied. He fought for no crown or sceptre, but for equality and the mutual happiness of his fellow beings. No taint of tyranny, no breath of slander, no whisper of duplicity, marred the fair proportions of his public or private life—but

"He was a man, take him for all in all, We never shall look upon his like again."

The other great soldier was the disciple of selfish ambition. He raised the iron weapon of war, to crush only that he might rule. What to him were the cries of the widows and orphans? He passed to a throne by making the dead bodies of their protectors his stepping stones. Ambition—self, were the gods of his idolatry, and to them he sacrificed hecatombs

of his fellow men for the aggrandizement of personal glory. Enthusiasm points with fearful wonder to the name of Napoleon, whilst justice, benevolence, freedom, and all the concomitants which constitute the true happiness of man, shed almost a divine halo round the name and character of Washington.

Health and Cleanliness.

A newspaper can do better service to humanity in general, and its readers in particular, than recommending personal cleanliness. We are very much afraid that we are not as clean a people as we might be. True, we are in advance of the Chinese, with whom soiled linen is no crime, or the Poles, (vide some of the specimens of the poorer order,) or sundry European people—but nevertheless there is great room for improvement. A class of persons who have leisure, as it is called, to bestow upon their dress, certainly do wash themselves daily; but we have a shrewd suspicion that the great mass of the community do not. Now one of Franklin's maxims was, "strict attention to habits of personal cleanliness," and this when he was a very busy working man. What he did as a working man, in this regard, all others can do. With a clean skin comes improved health, temper and morals. The thief is invariably dirty in his person, even though he may sport a clean shirt by way of demonstration.

In Boston there is much written about all matters of mental and physical improvement. Reformers are the reigning idea there. The virtues of cold water is particularly insisted upon in that quarter. From our authority, the Boston Social Reformer, we extract the following paragraph on this subject:

"From one to five pounds of decayed animal matter pass off daily, by insensible perspiration from a human body. The white dust which collects on the skin, sometimes called 'goose flesh,' is refused matter of the system. Viewed with a solar microscope, it looks like a butcher's cart of putrid meat. If the pores of the skin are closed and impervious to perspiration is stopped, this corrupt matter is thrown upon the lungs, liver, or intestines, causing colic, consumption, fevers, &c., &c."

The remedy is to be found in the specific that will restore the system to its proper balance, upon the natural avenues, for the discharge of poisonous accretions, and relieve the internal organs from burdensome clogs that are thrown upon them.

Cold water has been proved to be this remedy in a pre-eminent degree. It is nature's own remedy. And nothing but its simplicity, its commonness, and the almost universal hydrophobia which prevails, could have kept its virtues so long concealed.

These are as important considerations to individuals, indeed more so, than any of the political questions of the day. Without health, life is not worth having, and health is dependent on cleanliness. It is very common to observe small pot-house politicians taking the deepest interest in the affairs of the nation, and neglecting their dearest personal interests by their filthy and intemperate habits. A man will think more of Texas and Oregon than he will of his teeth, skin and stomach; but what is either comparable to health, to the wondrous joy, and exaltations of spirit which that alone confers! The same observation applies to the pursuits of trade and all occupations. Men are kept in getting a living as it is called, when they are digging their graves by neglecting the rules for life. Philo. Ledger.

THE BIBLE.—A French officer, who was a prisoner on his parole at Reading, met with a Bible. He read it, and was struck with its contents, that he was convinced as to the truth of Christianity, and resolved to become a Protestant. When his gay associates rallied him for taking so serious a turn, he said in his vindication—"I have done no more than my school-fellow, Bernadotte, who is become a Lutheran."

"Yes; but he became so," said his associates, "to obtain a crown."

"My object," said the Christian officer, "is the same. We only differ as to the place. The object of Bernadotte is to obtain a crown in Sweden; mine, to obtain one in heaven.—English Paper.

CARRIERS' Addresses are generally magnificent eulogiums; but that which the Hartford Courant presented to its readers this season, is the rarest specimen of the sublime. We give an extract:

"But lo! Palmote's chivalrous zeal! Her bottled ire burst cork and seal! She foams and raves, in rampant spunk, Like dog distraught or monkey drunk! Swears she'll hitch on a red-eyed Dragon, To dire Bellona's carriage-wagon: And pull, slam bang, war's dreadful trigger, Ere she'll give up one single nigger."

The extract can only be exceeded by the following, written in celebrated author:

"Oh, Burr! oh, Burr! what have you done! You shot dead Great Hamilton! You sneaked behind a bunch of thistles, And shot him dead with a pair of loss pistols."

Ups and Downs of Life.

It is useful as well as interesting to notice the changes, for the better or worse, which ten or fifteen years serve to operate in a community. Mr. Cost, of the Cincinnati Advertiser furnishes the following instances in that city:

I knew a business man on Main street, who was refused credit, in 1830, for a stove worth twelve dollars. He is now director in one of the banks, and is worth \$150,000 at least.—Every cent of this has been made in Cincinnati during that period.

I know another business man, also on Main street, and was refused credit, in 1825, by a firm in the drug line, for the amount of five dollars. In 1830, that very firm lent that very man \$5,000 upon his endorsed note.

I know an extensive dealer in the city, now worth \$100,000, and who can command more money, on a short notice, for sixty, ninety, or one hundred and twenty days, than almost any man in Cincinnati, to whom I, as clerk for a grocery house, here, in 1830, sold a hoghead of sugar, with great misgiving and reluctance, under some apprehension of not getting the money when it became due.

I know a man whose credit, in 1830, was such, that when I trusted him for a keg of salt-petre, my employer told me I might as well have rolled it into the Ohio. Since that period he was worth, in 1837, \$100,000. Again a bankrupt in 1841, and now worth \$20,000.

I know a man, good for \$30,000, who, ten years ago, exhibited a monkey through the streets of Cincinnati for a living.

I know a heavy business man a bank director, who sold apples, when a boy, through the streets.

I know one of the first merchants in our city in 1825, who could at that period have bought entire blocks of the city on credit, a director in one of the banks, who, within ten years of that period, died insolvent and intemperate.

Another individual, who was considered in 1837, worth half a million of dollars, has died since, leaving the estate insolvent.

Another individual, of credit equal to all his wants, and worth, at one time, twelve thousand dollars, and a Judge of the Court, died in our city hospital, and was buried at the public expense. I have seen him once and again presiding at public meetings.

The founder of the Penitentiary system in Pennsylvania, and well known in that State and elsewhere as a public man, died a pauper in the Commercial Hospital in that city. I have seen him addressing the Legislature of that State, at Harrisburg, and listened to with the attention and deference that would have been paid to John Quincy Adams, or any other public man of his age.

I know a lady, the descendant of a distinguished governor of Massachusetts, who supports herself by her needle, and the niece of a governor of New Jersey, still living, who washes for subsistence.

I know a lady, who thirty years ago, in the city in which I then lived, was the cynosure of all eyes, one of the most graceful and beautiful of the sex, and moving in the first circles of wealth and fashion, now engaged in drudgery and dependence, at one dollar and fifty cents per week. All these reside in this city.

What are the fluctuations of romance writers compared to some of the realities of human life!

FROM DR. FULLER'S COUNSELS AND CAUTIONS.—Let no service done thee pass unwarded, at least by good looks and words; which may beget an expectation of real benefits, when time shall serve.

When thou art with superiors, or with proud conceited persons that would fain be thought so, endeavor not to show them hast more understanding and abilities than they.

At all houses wherever thou goest, take care to leave the servants pleased; especially if thou art never to come there again. For their tongues are generally loose hung.

Let thy carriage be friendly, but not foolishly free; An unwariness causes contempt, but a little reservedness, respect; and handsome courtesy, kindness.

Make thy chief design, and thy great business, not to be rich and great; but to live in this world, as thou may'st reasonably believe thou hast God for thy friend.

A candidate for medical honors, having thrown himself almost into a fever, from his incapacity for answering questions, was asked by one of the professors, "how would you sweat a person for the rheumatism?" He replied, "I would send him here to be examined."

Character is a phoenix which can expire but once—from its ashes there is no resurrection.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, - - - \$0 50 1 do 2 do - - - 0 75 1 do 3 do - - - 1 00 Every subsequent insertion, - - - 0 25 Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$66; half column, \$18, three squares, \$18; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$5; one square, \$3 50.

Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly. Sixteen lines make a square.

MAROMEDAN VIEWS OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

A learned friend, says the Picayune, who speaks of getting up a polyglot upon the principle of Ericsson's propeller, has furnished us with a free translation, from our Constantinople files, of an article upon the subject of the late Presidential election. The followers of Allah and the Prophet have taken some interest in American affairs since Eckford, the ship Constructor, visited their country and built ships for the Sultan. The progress made in the knowledge of our concerns may be gathered from the following extract. The barbarians have not quite got the hang of things yet; but all due allowances considered, they are as well informed as some Christian folk who do decent upon Uncle Sam's business with great freedom and self-satisfaction.

"Of the three candidates," says the Constantinople editor, "now seeking to be Caliph of America, two are men of remarkable endowments and the other is naturally popular in the Southern States. In the North, where there are fewer people of color, the struggle will be a close one between Mr. Kai and Mr. Pulk; but in the South, Mr. Birnee, he being a black man, will of course carry every thing before him. Should either of the former be chosen, it is understood that the friends of the other will hang themselves in order to escape proscription—a species of guillotine very much dreaded by politicians, and said to be an improvement upon the bowstring. In case Mr. B. should triumph, there appears to be no doubt that the whole white population will be put to the sword. Of course the success of either of the first named gentlemen will insure the decapitation of the negroes, and produce a foreign war, as Great Britain has sworn to protect a race of people from which she gathers so much wool to pull over other people's eyes."

LIEBIG WHEN A BOY.—Liebig was distinguished at school as 'booby,' the only talent then cultivated in German schools being verbal memory. On one occasion, being sneeringly asked by the master what he proposed to become, since he was so bad a scholar, and answering that he would be a chemist, the whole school burst into a laugh of derision. Not long ago Liebig saw his old schoolmaster, who feelingly lamented his own former blindness. The only boy in the same school who ever disputed with Liebig the station of 'booby,' was one who never could learn his lesson by heart, but was continually composing music, and writing it down by stealth, in school. The same individual Liebig lately found at Vienna, distinguished as a composer and conductor of the Imperial Opera-house. I think his name is Reuling. It is to be hoped that a more rational system of school instruction is gaining ground. Can any thing be more absurd or detestable than a system which made Walter Scott and Justice Liebig 'boobies' at school, and so effectually concealed their natural talents that, for example, Liebig was often lectured before the whole school on his being sure to cause misery and broken hearts to his parents, while he was all the time conscious, as the above anecdote proves, of the possession of talents similar in kind to those he has since displayed.—Pneurological Journal.

THE BLOOD FISH.—Our Indians caught with a hook the fish known in the country by the name of caribe or carabito, because no other fish has such a thirst for blood. It attacks bathers and swimmers, from whom it often carries away considerable pieces of flesh. The Indians dread extremely these caribes, and several of them showed us the scars of deep wounds in the calf of the leg and in the thigh made by these little animals. When a person is only slightly wounded, it is difficult for him to get out of the water without receiving severe wounds. The blood fish lives at the bottom of the rivers; but if once a few drops of blood be shed upon the water, they arrive by thousands on the surface.

When we reflect on the number of these fish, the most voracious and cruel of which are only four or five inches long; on the triangular form of their sharp cutting teeth, and on the aptitude of their retractile mouth, we need not be surprised at the fear which they excite in the inhabitants of the banks of the Apure and Orinoco. In places where the river was very limpid, and where not a fish appeared, we threw into the water little morsels of flesh covered with blood, and in a few minutes a cloud of caribes came to dispute the prey. The belly of this fish has a cutting edge indented like a saw; its body, towards the back, is ash colored, with a tint of green; but the under part, the gill-covers and the pectoral fins are of a fine orange. The caribito has a very agreeable taste. As no one dares to bathe where it is found it may be considered as one of the greatest scourges of those climates, in which the sting of the mosquitoes and the consequent irritation of the skin, render the use of baths so necessary.—Humboldt.

To be great is not in every one's power, but to be good is in the power of all.