

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

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CARRIER'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE AMERICAN.

His views concerning the World, Van Buren and himself.

The world has run its annual race, And came out as heretofore, Starting, the usual time and place, It will run the same course o'er.

And as we live in running times, Don't think it passing strange, That I should run about with rhymes, Since I've run out of change.

Van Buren too has run behind, As many more have done; And as to day I'll speak my mind, I'll tell how THAT was done.

But first of all, fork o'er your DIMES, Then hear me through my bard, Nor think it strange I speak in rhymes, Since truth in prose is hard.

His views concerning the recent defeat of the Democratic Party.

The whigs and Anties far and near, Who grace your famous party, Just listen whilst I now declare How you defeated Marty.

Conceive yourselves quite lucky, When you trick'd so skillfully, The statesman of Kentucky.

He had a hard contested race, To fear we were no stranger, We lost the game we had in chase, Which long had been in danger;

He whigs got up an awful noise, With cider barrel forces, And drove the democratic boys, Clear off their ancient courses.

How you've read it in the prints, How Stevens once attempted To throw old Tip clear o'er the fence, But which the whigs prevented;

For Jemmy Todd received the shock, And thought the occasion lucky, To shake off Thaddy and his flock, Who clung to old Kentucky.

How you've heard how Florida Was overrun with savages, And whigs most horribly, In their bloody ravages;

How the whigs they made their brags, If Tip should chance to thrash us, To sew them up in cotton bags, And roast them all to ashes.

How we, tho' always wide awake, Were caught this time in napping, And got for once an awful shake, Instead of a gentle tapping;

How Tip himself got on the stump, And swore it was past endure, To lick'd the Indians in a swamp, And now could lick Van Buren.

How BANK was raised they thought it best, (The old one then was dying,) To lock the specie in a chest, And keep the bills a flying;

How Nick then reigned within its walls, And wound it up with cotton balls, By turning speculator.

How they seldom left their patience tire, Tho' long they watch'd for places, By keeping up a constant fire, They work'd finely in their tracks;

How they ran too near the brink, Before we thought to stop 'em, By Eighteen-forty-four, we think, We'll show you how to drop 'em.

How 'till that time 'tis vain to fight— We never fight for booty; But let the whigs prepare for flight, When we are called to duty.

How and lest new dangers should arise, By turning round our ladies, We'll send in time our gallant boys, And keep them from the FREDDIES.

Sunbury, January 1, 1841.

SORE THROAT IN SWINE.—Turn animals so affected into an open pasture, where there is fresh feed, and ground to root. It is a disease resulting generally from confinement. Pounded charcoal mixed with food, where pasture cannot be had, or room for exercise, is one of the best preventives of disease in swine.

SALT.—The Clearfield (Pa.) Banner states that Salt water has been discovered in that county, and urges capitalists to engage in the manufacture. It is said that the manufactured article could be floated to market very cheaply on the Susquehanna, in the proper seasons.

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 & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, January 9, 1841.

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PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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Yearly Advertisements, (with the privilege of alteration) one column \$25; half column, \$15; three squares, \$12; two squares, \$8; one square, \$5. Without the privilege of alteration a liberal discount will be made.

History of Hard Money.

The following brief history of hard money coinage we extract from an exchange:
"Copper was not coined in England until the time of Elizabeth—and then in small quantities, and not well received. In 1672, a greater coinage took place, of half pence and farthings, Silver pence, half pence and farthings, were coined down to the reign of Edward III, 1351; then groats and half groats; next a shilling. Henry VIII. coined crowns; Edward VI. half crowns, sixpence, and three farthing pieces. From 434 of Elizabeth to the present time, the coinage has remained the same. The first gold coin was under Henry III. 1257, in gold pennies. The guinea was coined in 1663, of Guinea gold, to go for 20s. but it never went for less than 21s., by tacit consent. It is computed that the whole coined cash of the kingdom passed through the Bank every three years."

Children Missing.

There are said to be seventy odd children missing in our city and vicinity within the last few days. We do not say that this fact accounts for the quantity of mince meat manufactured about those times, but it strongly reminds us of a little affair that occurred in Paris not long ago, near the Cafe Tortoni, as our neighbor the Standard would say. One of the gens d'armes, in taking a piece of pie, encountered a child's finger. The house of the pie-maker was instantly searched. In walking across the shop, a trap suddenly opened and closed, and one of the office was among the missing. Search was made, and he was found under ground with two children, all of whom, like hundreds before them, had been precipitated through the trap, and would probably have made their appearance in a day or two afterwards, in a suit of "paste" with trimmings to suit all tastes and a peevish.—Saturday Eve. Post.

Tables turned on Robbers.

On the 8th inst. three villains made an attempt to rob a boat lying on the Mississippi river, near Vicksburg. They entered the boat 12 o'clock at night, when the captain and crew were asleep. At their approach the captain soon awoke called on his men, and assumed the defensive. The sturdy captain quickly drew a pistol and discharged it at the nefarious posse. The bold lodger in the hip of one of the low named Godfrey, James Huston. The captain followed this with a plunge of his bow-knife, which entered the body of the same individual. The robbers, at finding themselves thus sternly met, made their escape by jumping one after another into the water, and swimming for the shore. The wounded man soon began to fail, and cried out most lustily to his companions, "help me or I sink!" It is said there is honor among thieves, and in this instance it seems so, for they immediately turned about and dragged the poor devil ashore, and took themselves off as fast as their legs could carry them. Here the miserable wretch lay until morning, wounded and bleeding profusely, drenched to the skin in the turbid waters of the Mississippi, and expiring all night in the cold damp dew, he presented a most pitiable spectacle. He was placed in jail and his wounds attended to.—Ocean.

Our Opinion too.

The following from the P. Beacon proves the editor to be a gentleman of taste: "If man was made in the image of his maker, surely woman was designed to keep him still in remembrance of heaven. When a man reflects upon paradise and asks his mind for something earthly that resembles it, he can think of woman, lovely woman, and nothing else. Picture innocence, youth and beauty in woman, and if you do not see paradise, go to an occult immediately, for depend upon it, there is something the matter with your eyes."

A CASE.—In Washington county Court, Pennsylvania, a man named Andrew Miller was recently tried for stealing a gallon measure, with whiskey from the distillery of J. Gabley, and sentenced to 2 years imprisonment. This individual was but recently discharged from the penitentiary, where he had been confined for stealing from the same distillery the same gallon measure, with whiskey, three years since.—Nat. Int. cl.

COST OF A BIBLE.—In the year 1272 a laboring man in England was paid only three and a half pence or a little more than three cents a day, for his work, and in 1272 a Bible, with marginal notes, sold for thirty pounds or about one hundred and thirty-three dollars. It then required the entire wages of thirteen years' labor to purchase a Bible. What a change hath been wrought by means of the art of printing and Bible Societies.—Phila. North Amer.

STAMMERS.—The New York Star says:—The operation for the cure of squinting is performed, we believe, in from two to four minutes—and the charge is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars. The discovery is a very important one, and we think the benefit derivable from it should not be confined solely to the wealthy. Could not the practitioners who have introduced the operation in this country afford to perform it at a less exorbitant charge?

GOONS. An individual went before Justice McDonald yesterday and voluntarily took oath to abstain from the use of all spirituous liquors for one year or 12 o'clock last night. He said he was determined to find out what had become of the old fly.—Balt. American.

where the soil has enough manure and lime to feed the crop. [Agriculturalist.]

Winter Butter.

If milk cows were fed with roots, butter might be made during the winter. Some dairy women, however, complain that it is almost impossible to churn their cream into butter in cold weather. Mr. Van Emberg, [See N. E. Farmer, vol. ii. p. 124, 125.] directs to keep the milk till it begins to change, and then to churn it. He advises to mix the night's milk with that of the next morning, and "in summer this change generally takes place about ten o'clock; in cold weather it requires to be kept longer for this purpose, say in spring and autumn, the milk of the first mess may be kept till the day following, and then requires the addition of warm water to the milk to bring it to the right temperature for churning." Others advise in cold weather to pour as much boiling water into the cream as will bring it to about the temperature of milk just from the cow. It is said that cream managed in that way will require but very little churning, and is attended with no disadvantage, except that the butter will be white a day or two.

It is said in Hunter's Geographical Essays, that good butter may be made from cows fed on turnips as follows: "Let the vessels which receive the milk be kept constantly clean, and well scalded with boiling water. When the milk is brought from the dairy, with every eight quarts mix one quart of boiling water, and then put it up to stand for cream." This, it is asserted, will destroy the taste of the turnip, and perhaps may facilitate the process of churning.

Dr. Deane's N. England Farmer states that "a strong rancid flavor will be given to the butter, if we churn so near the fire as to heat the wood in the winter season. In churning for butter always have an orifice sufficient for the air to have access to the cream. Butter is produced by the union of oxygen with cream, and more butter will be produced, and of a finer flavor, if the churn is sufficiently open.

It is recommended by some writers to shorten the operation of churning by mixing a little distilled vinegar with the cream in the churn. A tablespoon full or two to a gallon of cream is advised, and the acid may be carried off by washing the butter in two or three changes of water.

In Scotland dairy women give their butter a fine yellow color, by grating some orange carrots, straining the juice and mixing it with the cream previous to churning. Butter thus made acquires not only a beautiful yellow color, but a flavor which adds greatly to its value. The quantity of carrot juice to be used, must be ascertained by experiment and the judgment of the manufacturer. [Pessenden.]

A. W. Crane, of Newark, N. J. has taken out a patent for an improved clock. It runs 378 days with one winding, and is said to be a most ingenious piece of mechanism.

Awfully Genteel.

We happened the other day to hear a young woman,—very pretty she is too,—expressing the most profound ignorance respecting domestic economy. Credit her own words, and you would believe that she does not know how a potatoe looks before it is cooked,—or whether it grows upon trees with a shell like a walnut, or is a domestic animal, fed on corn, and slaughtered for the table. She would have her friends—or perhaps we should say her acquaintances—suppose that she was never nearer a kitchen than in the hall on the lower floor; and that she has no more idea of culinary operations than Robinson Crusoe's man Friday possessed. Yet we are ready to stake our life upon the fact that if she was not born in a kitchen, she was educated as a scullion,—and that her fingers were in her earlier youth—she is young yet—much more familiar with the brasses on the area palings, and with the interior of the stew-pans, and with the ashes in the grates, than with the piano forte keys, or with cambric needles. Nothing but a ridiculous desire to conceal what would be no disgrace to her, if known, could tempt her to such ridiculous and lying affectation. No true lady is ashamed of a knowledge of the details and duties of a

household—but on the contrary, would be extremely mortified at ignorance of such essentials. It is no matter if fortune has so blessed her that she need not soil her fingers in domestic occupations. A knowledge of them is absolutely necessary to procure their performance by servants. She is a wretched butt of kitchen malice, and a victim of wanton waste, who cannot detect servants in their misdoings by her own knowledge. To command the respect and obedience of servants, a housekeeper should be so well informed, as to be able to answer them upon questions sometimes maliciously put. Her eye should never long lose sight of any part of the domestic establishment; and she should be qualified to oversee understandingly also. Else might a man rich as Croesus be beggared by his kitchen, and still be fare none the better for it. [N. Y. Tattler.]

Progress of Father Matthew.

The Irish Apostle of Temperance was still, at the last date, engaged in the earnest and successful prosecution of his pious and philanthropic labors. He recently visited the north of Ireland, where he made thousands of converts. He then visited the city of Dublin, for the third time, where during the short period of three days he distributed Temperance Medals, and administered the pledge to no less than thirty-three thousand persons. Lord Morpeth, and several other Government Dignitaries cheered him on in the good work, by their presence on the platform, and he announced at the close of the third day, that the Irish Temperance Society then consisted of over three millions of members.

As a further illustration of the success of this delightful reform, we give the following sketch from Mrs. Hall's Ireland.—Phila. Inq.

"We entered one day a cottage in a suburb of Cork: a woman was knitting stockings at the door; it was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous district of England. We tell her brief story in our own words, as near as we can recall them. 'My husband is a wheelwright, and always earned his guinea a week; he was a good workman, and neither a bad man nor a bad husband, but the love for the drink was strong in him, and it wasn't often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one pound on a Saturday night; and it be like my heart to see the poor child then to be sent to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. We, I, God be praised, he took the pledge; and the next Saturday he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. Oh! didn't I give thanks on my knees! I didn't know that night? Still, I was fearful it wouldn't last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I was used to, saying to myself, may be the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week, he brought me the same, and the next, and the next until eight weeks passed; and glory be to God! there was no change for the bad in my husband, and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his hard earnings; so I felt there was no fear for him; and the ninth week when he came to me, I had the table laid, and these six chairs, one for myself, four for my children, and one for himself. And I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new cloths and shoes and stockings, and upon his own chair I put a bran new set; and upon his plate I put the bit and resin for them all. Just the eight shillings they cost that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always before went for drink. And he cried, good lady and good thanks to God, he cried like a baby—but 'twas with thanks to God; and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the county Cork, or a happier wife than myself, or decent or better fed children than our own four?'"

Whitefield.

Once upon a time, when the celebrated Whitefield was addressing an immense crowd with his accustomed fervor and eloquence, under the shade of a venerable tree in the Meadows at Edinburgh, a poor creature, thinking to turn him into ridicule, had perched himself on one of the overhanging boughs right above the preacher's head, and, with monkey-like dexterity mimicking his gesticulations endeavored to raise a laugh among the audience. Guided by the looks of some of his hearers, Whitefield caught a glance of him, but without seeming to have noticed him, continued his discourse. He was expatiating at the moment on the power and the sovereignty of Divine grace. With gathering force and earnestness he told of the unlikely objects it had often chosen, and the unlooked for triumphs it had often achieved. As he rose to the climax of his inspiring theme, and when in the full sweep of his eloquence, he suddenly paused, and turning round, and pointing slowly at the wretch above him exclaimed in a tone of deep and thrilling pathos—"Even he may yet be the subject of that free, that resistless grace." It was a shaft from the Almighty. Winged by the divine Spirit, it struck the scuffer to the heart, and realized in his conversion the glorious truth it conveyed.—Scottish Guardian.

Combe, the phenologist, is preparing a work on the United States.

From a London Paper.

Sam Scott, the American Diver.

This extraordinary man on Monday afternoon gave a flying leap from the top-gallant yard of the coal brig Wakefield, of Blyth, lying off Rotherhithe, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators, who lined the shores on both sides of the Thames. He astonished the spectators for upward of an hour on the top-gallant yard by his feats, although it was blowing a gale at the time. On mounting aloft he fixed himself on the top-gallant-mast head, and with his feet kicking in the air, and his head on the top of the mast, remained in that position for some time. He then descended to the yard which was braced taut, and although the ship was anything but steady, ran from one end of the yard to the other, without holding on by any rope, occasionally haling round the people. He made a noose, which he placed round his neck, and threw himself off the yard. He remained suspended for a few seconds, with the rope under his chin, and raised himself with great dexterity on to the yard, when he exclaimed, "Come here to-morrow and you will see me hang myself again." He then hung to the yard by one foot, with his head downwards, and exhibited many other antics.

All this was done with the greatest apparent indifference, and indeed he appeared the only unconcerned person present. He stated that he had jumped off a place below the falls of Niagara, a height of 197 feet from the water, and amongst his other exploits he had leaped from a cliff at Port Isaac, in Cornwall, 347 feet high, into the sea; from Bangor bridge, the highest in Great Britain, 210 feet high, and repeatedly from the top-gallant-mast of English and American line of battle ships. At last he prepared for his leap, first making fast a handkerchief round his head, and securing one of his hands with a rope, which he twisted about his wrist and fingers. After doing this he held up his arm, and exclaimed, "I only use one hand; the other is tied up, and I can't move it." He told the people that his head was as hard as iron, and to convince them that it was so, he rattled it against the top-mast until he actually made the lower mast shake. He then made his last address previous to the leap, by exhorting the people that it was erroneous to suppose that a man's breath was taken away by falling from a great height, for while he was descending he would speak something which he hoped would not be forgotten. He then pulled off his shoes, held them up above his head, and exclaiming, "Now, here goes," he made a flying leap from the end of the yard into the water, calling out as he descended, "God bless, don't forget me as I come ashore." When he fell into the river the spray rose above him to the height of 12 or 14 feet, and in an instant his head and arms appeared above the surface of the water, waving the silk handkerchief which he had fastened about his head while on the yard. Loud cheers greeted him from all quarters, and he swam ashore; the people as he landed rewarded him with money, which he deposited in his shoes, and in a box carried by a man on crutches, for his benefit.

FLORIDA.

There is nothing of interest by the latest dates from Florida except the following paragraphs: "It is reported that Wild Cat (Cassowary) and Tiger Tail have had a fight, and that Wild Cat was killed in the fray."

"I saw a few days since, continues our correspondent, Wild Cat's little daughter Chin-me-chatter, who was recently taken by the Dragons on the W. I. I. She is a smart active child of nine or ten years, and evinced ardent education by paying little or no attention to her fellow prisoners, whom she regards as plebeians. Of the latter class was a male child of four or five years of age, whom his companions designated as Joe. Joe is of a sturdy disposition, and by no means a favorite. Chin-me-chatter, when she first saw him, after his capture, remarked that she could not see the use of keeping him a prisoner, that he could not fight a fire or bring water, and that they ought to dash his brains out."—Globe.

Magnificent Donation.

We learn that our fellow citizen, Mr. NATHAN DENN, a friend to liberal education, has recently given to the Managers of Haverford School, the only Quaker College, we believe, on the continent, the sum of TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, which establishes that interesting institution on a durable basis.

It has seldom, if ever, been our happy lot to record so magnificent a donation, during the life of the donor; and what renders it still more gratifying is that this sum was voluntarily paid to Mr. Denn by Mr. Joseph Archer, the only surviving son and representative of our late benevolent townsman, Mr. Samuel Archer, who at the time of his death was largely indebted to Mr. Denn. This noble act is an earnest that the son inherits the virtues of his departed parent, who truly was a friend to the friendless and a father to the fatherless.—Phila. North Amer.

Size of London.

London is probably the largest city in the world, at least if we set down as doubtful the exaggerated accounts of the population of some of the Chinese and Japanese cities. We can form some idea of its size when we are told it contains as many inhabitants as do the five states of Massachusetts, Maine, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Vermont.

THEATRE. The curtain drew up at the Park on Saturday night to our audience, he ab-quawit-ed, and the performance ceased.