

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."  
HENRY B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND  
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.  
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THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.



From Blackwood's Magazine.  
**HOPE.**

If Hope be dead—why seek to live!  
For what beside has life to give?  
Love, Life, and Youth, and Beauty too,  
I hope be dead—say! what are you?

Love without hope! It cannot be.  
There is a vessel on yon sea,  
Beckoned and sailless as Despair,  
And know—'tis helpless Love floats there.

Life without hope! Oh, that is not  
To live! but day by day to rot.  
With feelings cold and passions dead:  
To wander o'er the world, and tread  
Upon its beauties; and to gaze,  
Quite vacant, o'er its flowery maze.  
Oh, think if this be life! then say,  
'Who lives when hope is fled away!'

Youth without hope! An endless night,  
Trees which have felt the cold spring's blight.  
The lightning's flashes and the thunder's strife,  
Yet pine away a weary life.  
Which older would have sunk and died  
Beneath the stroke their youth defied—  
But cursed with length of days, are left  
To rot at Youth and Hope bereft.

And Beauty, too, when Hope is gone—  
Has lost the ray in which it shone.  
And seen within this borrowed light,  
Has lost the beam which made it bright.  
Now what avail the silken hair,  
The angel smile, and gentle air,  
The beaming eye; and glance refined—  
Faint semblance of that purer mind—  
As gold dust sparkling in the sun,  
Points where the richer strata run:  
Alas! they now just seem to be  
Bestowed to mock at misery.  
They speak of days long, long gone by,  
Then point to cold Reality,  
And with a death-like smile, they say—  
'Oh! what are we when Hope's away!'

Then Love, Life, Youth and Beauty too,  
When seen without Hope's brightening hue,  
All sigh in Misery's saddest tone,  
'Why seek to live if Hope is gone?'

From the National Gazette.  
**MURDER OF MISS ROGERS.**  
This case continues, as in justice it should, to excite deep interest. The latest account of the unfortunate girl is in the following evidence given before Justice Parker day before yesterday. We copy from the Journal of Commerce.

CASE OF MARY C. ROGERS.—Daniel C. Payne, No. 47 John street, cork cutter, went yesterday the Police Office, at the request of Justice Parker, to give any information he might possess, or which might tend to throw any light upon the disappearance of Miss Mary C. Rogers, said to have been murdered at Hoboken, and made the following statement:—I have known Mary C. Rogers since October or November last, at which time I went to board at her mother's, at No. 126 Nassau street. During my stay there, (which was until about a few days of the time Mrs. Rogers gave up spinning boards,) myself and Miss Rogers formed attachment for each other, the result of which is, that we were engaged to be married. The time I saw her was on Sunday morning, the 17th July last.

About the hour of ten o'clock on that morning, she was shaving myself in my room, when she came and knocked at my door; upon which I opened the same, when she told me that she was going to Mrs. Downing's, when I replied, very well, say, I shall look out for you in the evening. At that time she appeared cheerful and lively as usual. During the time that I had been acquainted with her she had been at Mrs. Downing's some three or four times to my knowledge; and on two occasions, she returned from there, I had waited for her at Ann street, until she alighted from an omnibus, and then talked home with her. Mrs. Downing lives in one street, No. 68. I did not go to the corner of Ann street and Broadway on this occasion to wait for her, as I had done before, on account of a very easy storm coming on about dusk, and I feeling in my own mind that she would not leave Mrs. Downing's that night, but remain there as she had done on another occasion. Upon leaving the house on that morning, which was about 11 o'clock, I walked directly to my brother's John Payne's, in Warren street, No. 33, and remained in his company until one o'clock, part of the time in the house and part of the time out. When out of the house, we went to Scott's Bazaar, in Dey street, where we remained until about one, when we left there and walked up to Broadway and parted company near St. Paul's Church. I then walked up into James street, at Mr. Bickford's and read the newspapers until about 2 o'clock, and then came down, and took my dinner at Goslin's eating house, in Fulton street. I then went home, and at three o'clock was lying on my bed, and remained there until about six o'clock, when I dressed myself and walked down to the Battery, and remained there until about a quarter past seven o'clock. When I left, my brother was coming off the Battery with his children, to whom I spoke for a moment or two and then parted. I walked up Broadway, and when near Ann street, noticed a storm was fast coming up, and thinking it was too early to go to bed, I walked up to Bickford's, in James street, and remained there until nine o'clock, and then went home and retired for the night. I was under the

# 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.—JERRISSON.

By Masser & Eisely. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, August 21, 1841. Vol. I.—No. XLVII.

impression that the omnibuses run on Sundays, and had the weather been clear, I should have waited for Mary on the corner of Ann street and Broadway, as usual. I have never known Mary, since I have been in the house, to keep company with any person but myself, and do not know of her ever having any male person to casually call upon her.

Her habits were very domestic, she scarcely ever leaving the house, and I do not think that she ever left the house in company with any other person but myself.

Daniel Payne, on his further examination, said:—On my return home on Sunday evening, about the hour of 9 o'clock, I was asked by Mrs. Hayes, the aunt of Mary, who was in the house, and who had come there after I left at 6 o'clock, where Mary was, when I replied that she had gone to Mrs. Downing's, when Mrs. Hayes replied that her mother was very much alarmed about her, and had gone to her house, (that is Mrs. Hayes' house,) to enquire for her. Nothing further upon the subject of Mary's absence then passed between us, excepting that Mrs. Hayes made the remark, that she supposed that she would be home in the morning. Mrs. Hayes then offered me a light to take to my room, I declined it, stating that I always went in the dark. When I took my breakfast on the following morning, Mrs. Rogers remarked that Mrs. Hayes had gone home to her house to see if Mary was there, and was to return immediately and let me know. I then went to work, presuming, if all was not right, that they would let me know at the shop.

I heard nothing more until I returned home to my dinner, and then heard that she had not been either at Mrs. Downing's or Mrs. Hayes', at which the family were much alarmed. I then commenced searching for her, and in the first place went to Mrs. Pitcher's, at Harlem, and made enquire there for her, when they informed me she had not been there. This was the only place that I knew of her being acquainted out of the family. I next went to Williamsburg to search for her. I did not know of any one there, and had no reason for going there any more than any other place, but thought I must make a general enquiry, and the next day proceeded to Hoboken, also to Staten Island, and also crossed over the South Ferry, and enquired of different persons at all those places, if they had seen any person of her description, describing her to them. On the evening of the same day, I carried an advertisement to the Sun newspaper, respecting her absence, &c.

On the following day, Wednesday, I made further enquiry and searched for her, and first of all called upon the keeper of a public house, on the corner of Duane and William streets, kept by Callas, owing to a note having been received at the house, by the mother, without signature, that they could tell something about her—when on enquiry, I ascertained that a young girl had called there and remained in company with a young man for three hours; but the description of this girl did not at all answer the description of Mary, and not only so, the girl who was there they stated was in the practice of chewing snuff while she was there, and was dressed in blue. I then proceeded to Hoboken, it being between 9 and 10 o'clock, and made enquiry about Hoboken, and also along the shore, as far as the Elysian Fields House. I did not make any inquiry at the last mentioned house, but did before I got there. I inquired for her at the ferry, and three times between the ferry and the house. These inquiries were made of two different persons whom I casually met on the road, and at a public house close to Van Buskirk's, but obtained no trace of her whatever. I then returned to the city about 1 or 2 o'clock, and in the afternoon went to my store, but did not go to work, and returned home again about 7 o'clock.

After having been in the house about a quarter of an hour, a gentleman, whose name I was informed by him was Luther, and residing at No. 90 Chambers street, came into the dining room, where myself and others were sitting, and informed me that a body had been found by him in the water near Hoboken, which he supposed, from the description of the dress, to be the body of Miss Rogers, who had been advertised in the newspapers. I did not go to Hoboken to identify the body at that time nor since.

Before I was out of my bed on the following morning, Mr. Crommelin came in and informed the family, that he had been to Hoboken, and the body there found was the body of Mary. I think it was about half past six (he afterwards said five o'clock) in the morning when I arose. Mr. Crommelin also informed us that the inquest had been held the night before, which did away with any necessity for myself or the family going to Hoboken.

We are very much surprised to note that this testimony is passed over by several New York journals with the opinion that nothing important was elicited from the witness. Now it appears to us that very grave questions arise upon sifting the statements of Mr. Payne, involving nothing less than a suspicion that he has not told a perfectly reasonable story. Cautiously as such a suspicion should be mentioned, it is nevertheless right to utter it upon proper grounds. These are presented by the New York Star, in which we find the annexed comments upon Mr. Payne's testimony.

"Narration of Mr. Payne before the police officers, contains statements and admissions which should lead to further scrutiny and examination. He says they were engaged to be married, and he

was a boarder in the house of her mother, where she also had resided up to the moment she left the house on the morning of her mysterious disappearance and destruction. He is the last person who saw her there on that fatal day. He says, "she came up stairs and knocked at my door." He opened it, and found her dressed for a walk. She said she was going to see Mrs. Downing. He said very well he would "come for her in the evening." The statement in another paper is that, he said "Very well, Mary, I will look out for you in the evening." If either be correct, here is a positive engagement to meet her to whom he was affianced, and which was not likely to be broken under such circumstances without any reasonable cause.

He says that "from 11 o'clock, A. M. until 1, P. M. he was at his brother's, or went with him to the Dey at Bazaar. He then walked up Broadway, and thence to Bickford's, in James street, until 2 o'clock—then went to Fulton street and dined at an eating house; went home about 3, and laid down until six, P. M., when he walked to the Battery."

The question may be here asked: Why did he pass his own boarding house (kept by Mary's mother) to dine at an eating house, in Fulton street, but a block from her own residence? And again, an important question may be suggested: From 3 to 6, when he alleges he was at the house, was he seen by the mother or any of the family? Or was he there without his usual intercourse with them—for it must have been about their usual tea time.

At 6, he says he walked to the Battery, and returning, on reaching Ann street, (which is but a few doors from his boarding house,) he saw the storm gathering, and walked to Bickford's in James street (a distance, perhaps, over half a mile,) and staid there until 9 o'clock and returned and retired for the night.

The two hours of this awful thunder storm are important, and his whereabouts should be most satisfactorily ascertained, and so should every hour of that melancholy day. He knew where she had gone, of which even her mother was ignorant.

He had promised to meet her in the evening; he went to the Battery at the very time he should have taken the contrary direction to fulfil his engagement with her who had confided herself to him, and at Ann street he turns off for Bickford's, when in the same space of time he could have nearly reached her, and thus shown a reasonable solicitude for her.

In the searches he made for her, it does not appear that he held any consultations with her mother or friends, as to the places they might deem proper to be searched.

After searching for her at Harlem, Williamsburg and Hoboken, without success, he was afterwards "informed by Mr. Luther, of No. 90 Chambers street that Mary had been found at Hoboken, and an inquest was to be held," but he did not go to HOBOKEN OR ATTEND THE INQUEST. A Mr. Crommelin went. And can it be that he was so lost to all feelings of humanity or affection for her who was his betrothed—a regard for the affections of her aged, widowed mother—that he could remain, and not rush to the spot and call down the vengeance of Heaven upon the seducer and murderer. It requires more explanation than has yet been given.

Is there not in the above suggestions sufficient ground for examining this witness again and calling upon him to substantiate his statements? His conduct, according to his account was to say the least very extraordinary from first to last, and requires explanation.

Colloquy.

Soon after the revolutionary war, Capt. P., a brave Yankee officer, was at St. Petersburg, in Russia, and while there, accepted an invitation to dine—there was a large number at the table, and among the rest an English lady, who wished to appear one of the knowing ones. This lady on understanding that an American was one of the guests, expressed to one of her friends a determination to quiz him. She fastened on him like a tigress, making many enquiries respecting our habits, customs, dress, manners, and mode of life, education, amusements, &c. &c. To all inquiries, Capt. P. gave an answer that satisfied all the company, except the lady; she was determined not to be satisfied, and the following short dialogue took place:

Lady.—Have the rich people in your country any carriages? for I suppose there are some that call themselves rich.

Capt. P.—My residence is in a small town upon an island, where there are but a few carriages kept, but in the large towns and cities upon the main land, there are a number kept in a style suited to our republican manners.

Lady.—I can't think where you find drivers—for I should not think the Americans know how to drive a coach.

Capt. P.—We find no difficulty on that account, madam; we can have plenty of drivers by sending to England for them.

Lady.—[Speaking very quickly.] I think the Americans ought to drive the English instead of the English driving the Americans.

Capt. P.—We did, madam, in the late war; but since peace, we permit the English to drive us!

The lady half choked with anger, stood mute a minute, and then left the room whispering to her friend—the Yankees are too much for us in the cabinet, as well as in the field.

**The Very Latest.**  
In these days of trouble, the necessities of men have prompted almost every method of raising the wind. So many queer ways have been reported, that we had concluded there was no means of gouging which remained uncovered. But acknowledge our error; mortal ingenuity has made another improvement in rascality and impudence. A simple minded and honest countryman while walking upon the levee yesterday, observed a well dressed gentleman, a few yards in advance of him drop his pocket book. He picked it up and hailed the careless stranger, who turned with apparent surprise and waited until the other approached.

"Isn't this your pocket book?" said the countryman. "I thought I saw you drop it."

"Well, my soul it is, I owe ten thousand thanks: you are an honest man. There is a large amount of money here, and had I lost it beyond recovery I should have been ruined for ever."

The worthy rustic was delighted beyond conception. The feelings of deep gratification which always arise in consequence of performing a praiseworthy action, were much increased by the thanks so plentifully bestowed upon him.

"Ninety-nine persons in every hundred," said the loser of the pocket book, "would not have acted as you have done. I feel compelled to evince my gratitude in a substantial manner—you must permit me to make you a present of twenty dollars." He fumbled over the roll of notes, and said: "I have nothing smaller than a fifty dollar bill; can you give me thirty dollars in change?"

"O yes, easy," said the other.

The transaction was completed and the poor dupe walked away, not a little elated with his good fortune. Two hours afterwards, the unfortunate countryman was arrested for attempting to pass a fifty dollar counterfeit note. It is almost needless to add that it was the note he had received from his worthy friend, who so strangely dropped his pocket book.—[N. O. Picayune.

**The Meeting.**  
We have already stated that six females, rescued from the "William Brown," had arrived at Germantown, their place of destination in this neighborhood. We are told that one of the company was not of the family that had come to make their home in Germantown. She was a young woman whose mother fourteen years before had come from Scotland to this country, and the daughter thought she had only to come to America to find her parent. Their common sufferings had attached her to the other five females, and they took up their abode in Germantown, the young woman ascertaining very soon that she was not likely to find her mother quite as ready as she had supposed. She accordingly looked about for work to earn her living. Shortly after her arrival, she was visited, among many others, by an elderly lady from Manayunk, who came to enquire after the rescued sufferers generally, and to hear more particulars of those who were lost with the ship and from the boat. Having heard the oft repeated story, the old lady ventured to make one particular enquiry:

"Was Mary—on board the William Brown?"

"Yes, she was."

The next question dropt tremulously from her lips:

"Was she saved?"

"Yes, I am she."

"My child!" exclaimed the mother. And so the old lady supplied her daughter with a home, which she was about to earn among strangers. [U. S. Gazette.

**CRANE'S PATENT TWELVE MONTHS CLOCK.**—A model specimen of this Clock is now at the house of Mr. Van Boskerck (Congress Hall) for public inspection. They require no more space, weight or strength of spring than eight day clocks; will run one year without once winding up; are perfectly silent other than striking the hour. The whole simple, easily adjusted and regulated, and when so, the time will not be altered as in other clocks, by winding, by the difference of temperature, or by an increase of friction or weight, a desideratum in time keeping which has long been sought, and next in importance to the first discovery of the pendulum.—[Paterson, N. J. Intel.

**Revolutionary Anecdotes.**  
It is well remembered that a reward of £500 was offered for the head of John Hancock. When he signed the Declaration of Independence, he did it with a bold hand, in a conspicuous manner, and rose from his seat, pointing to it, and exclaimed, "There—John Bull can read my name without spectacles; he may double his reward, and I put him at defiance."

When I visited Mr. Adams in November, 1818, his hand trembled similar to Stephen Hopkins, the Quaker patriot of Rhode Island, who had been afflicted with a paralytic stroke. Mr. Adams acted as his amanuensis, and asked him if he should sign his name to the Declaration of Independence for him. He replied, "No! I will sign it myself,—if we are hung for signing it, you shall not be hung for signing it for me." Mr. Adams, then in imitation of Hopkins, took his pen, clasped his wrist with his left hand, went through the tremulous motion of signing his name, and in the language of Hopkins, emphatically said, "If my hand trembles, John Bull will find my heart won't!" which, Mr. Adams said, electrified all Congress, and made the most timid firm in their purpose.

**A River on Fire.**  
It can no longer be doubted that the Alabamians are waking up, as it will appear, by the following article, that they have succeeded in setting their principal river on fire:

**THE TOMBIGEE RIVER ON FIRE.**—While Mr. J. M. Cooper was prosecuting the removal of McGrey's Shoals, after boring to the depth of 375 feet his auger suddenly dropped and entirely disappeared. In the space of several moments a deep hollow sound was heard, resembling the rumbling noise of distant thunder from the chasm below, and at the same instant gushed forth from the shaft thus made a clear transparent, oleagenous substance or liquid, which boils up very similar to the effervescence of a boiling pot; and owing to the sluggishness of the current, has gradually diffused itself over the surface of the river. A quantity has been collected, and upon application of fire, it is found to burn equal to the present sperm oil.

To gratify curiosity and make further tests, fire has been applied to the oil on the water, and the whole surface of the river is now burning, emitting a flame of most beautiful appearance, about 6 inches high, and has already extended about half way down to Fort Stoddard, the reflection of which upon the horizon at night, presents a most sublime spectacle, far surpassing in grandeur and beauty of appearance the aurora borealis.—[Mobile Journal.

**A Natural Curiosity.**  
A late English paper recommends all who are fond of seeing the freaks of nature, to gratify their penchant by paying a visit to Master T. Jones, the "porcupine youth," as it facetiously terms him, exhibiting at the Cosmorama Rooms.

This singular production of nature is a healthy and interesting youth, about ten years of age, and three feet three inches in height, with the exception of his face and the palms of his hands, his whole body is covered with dark horny thorns, resembling the coat of a hedgehog or porcupine. They are very thickly set, and at stated periods come off gradually without the least pain; indeed, they may be cut or burnt off without injury. The roots remain in the flesh, and grow again by degrees, increasing to the length of half an inch, underneath which, the skin is soft and healthy. The youth is of Welsh parents, and the youngest of ten children, all of whom, except himself, have a fair and clear skin. The appearance is similar to that caused by the plica polonica, a disease well known in Poland.

**THE INDIAN'S OPINION OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.**—An old Indian having attended a Mormon meeting, and heard one of its advocates extol Mormonism; was requested to give his opinion of its merits. He began by detailing the great good which had been done by the Bible, of which God was the author. And said he, the devil, seeing this, determined that he would have a Bible of his own, and accordingly, he wrote the book of Mormon. But on examination he felt ashamed of his work, and so he hid it in Ontario county, N. Y. But Jo Smith dug it up, and published it as a revelation from God!

**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, (with the privilege of alteration) one column \$25; half column, \$15, three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Without the privilege of alteration a liberal discount will be made.	
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.	

**Anagrams.**  
An anagram is the dissolution of any word or sentence into letters as elements, and then making some other word or sentence upon it, applicable to persons or things named in such original word or sentence. There are words of the description, both of ancient and modern application, which exhibit coincidences that are surprising, and afford a very peculiar fund of amusement. The following is a selection of some of the best transpositions:

Astronomers,	Moon Stargers.
Democratical,	Comical Trade.
Encyclopedia,	A nice cold pie.
Gallantry,	All great sins.
Lawyers,	Sly wares.
Misanthrope,	Spare him not.
Monarch,	March on.
Old England,	Golden Land.
Presbyterian,	Best in Prayer.
Punishment,	Nine Thumps.
Penitentiary,	Nay I repent it.
Radical Reform,	Rare mad frolic.
Revolution,	To love Ruin.
Telegraphs,	Great Helps.

**DIARRHOEA.**—People need not be long troubled with that disorder, so generally prevalent at this season, commonly known as the summer of bowel complaint, when the certain remedy therefor may be found on every man's dinner table, in the shape of salt and vinegar. Two tea spoonfuls of the former, dissolved in half a gill of latter, and swallowed at a draught, will in most cases effect an instant cure. The second dose, if needed, will assuredly accomplish it. We are ready to give our certificate in the premises, for we witnessed the proof. The recipe should be published annually, every summer. [Nantucket Enquirer.

**MUSQUITO BITES.**—A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser recommends the following solution as a cure for mosquito bites:

Dissolve sal soda (bleaching powder) in water, and with the tip of your finger apply it to the bite, letting it dry, the cure is complete. A teaspoon full of the solution is sufficient for hundreds of bites.

**AS OLD BACHELOR** is a poor, lonely, forsaken, woe begone, unprovided for being, the child of misanthropy and the ridicule of society. Who cares for him! Who will mourn for him when dead! For what does he live, dig, toil, sweat and endure all the ills that flesh is heir to? His heart must be that of adamant to behold the sufferings of old maids, as they writhe under all the agonies of celibacy—wasting their sweetness upon the desert air, and scattering their charms prematurely to the bleak winds of disappointment. An old Bachelor! Pray, what is he? A mere 0 in the world, signifying nothing when alone, but increasing tenfold when placed upon the right side of 1; since in this country a good smart man and wife with their little ones seldom count less than 10 in the population of the world. How much happiness does the old bachelor lose! No smiling angel stands at the door to welcome him as he returns,—"My dear, are you come!" No lispng cherub climbs his knee, and in tones of love cries out, "Daddy give me thum tugar kitheth." Oh, who would not marry, after having once tried it, and thereby have a companion for a cold winter—a comforter through life to sympathise with your misfortunes and rejoice at your prosperity—to join the dance with you at your parties of pleasure, and finally to bedew your grave with those chrysaline tears which spring from a pure fountain that one in a state of celibacy knows not of. [Chicago Dem.

No human being was ever known before to have been on the Island near Niagara Falls, from which a man was rescued last week. The first and second of these Islands, named the Sisters, is rarely visited; the third is so near the Falls as to be inaccessible. He was got off by a boat sent over by a rope, and in pulling it back the boat swept within a few feet of the precipice.—[Exchange.

Multiply the figure 9 by any other single figure, and the two figures composing the product, added together, will make 9. Thus, 9 multiplied by 4, make 36, which two figures added together, make 9, and so with all the other figures.