

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."  
HENRY B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND  
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.  
H. B. MASSER, Editor.

# SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

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[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR PEER.]  
THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrearages 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.

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, March 5, 1842. Vol. II--No. XXIII.



FROM THE UNITED STATES GAZETTE.

Human lives are river courses,  
Running to one common sea,  
Varying in their size and sources,  
Landscape and rapidity.  
Some boil up on crazy mountains,  
And go madly down their side;  
Others fed by summer fountains,  
Mirror meadows in their tide.  
Here a silver brook winds errant  
Through the flowers and fragrant grass;  
There a slow and slimy current  
Threads the frowning wilderness.  
Human griefs are shadows, gliding  
Where the deepest waters gleam;  
When the Autumn cloud is riding  
High above the sullen stream.  
Human joys are sunny billows,  
Sporting by a garden side,  
Where no yews or weeping willows  
Rustle o'er the smiling tide.  
Onward, sternly onward fleeing;  
Onward to that shoreless sea,  
River, brook and torrent meeting  
In one calm eternity.  
Philadelphia, February 18th, 1842. E. S. M.

### SPEECH OF A REFORMED DRUNKARD.

The following address was delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, by Mr. Hawkins, one of the Reformed Drunkards from Baltimore, who are now travelling as agents for the Temperance Society.

#### Mr. Hawkins's Address.

When I compare the past with the present—my days of intemperance with my present peace and sobriety—my past degradation with my present position in this Hall—the Cradle of Liberty, I am overwhelmed. It seems to me holy ground. I never expected to see this Hall. I had heard of it in boyhood. 'Twas here that Otis and the elder Adams urged the principles of independence, and we now meet here to declare ourselves independent; to make the second Declaration—not quite so lengthy as the old one, but promises of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Our Forefathers pledged their lives, and fortunes, and sacred honors; we, too, will pledge our honor, our life, but our fortunes have gone for Rum! Poor though we drunkards are, and miserable, even in the gutter, we will pledge our lives to maintain sobriety.

June 13th, last, I drank and suffered awfully. I can't tell you how much I suffered in mind—my body every thing, but in mind more. I drank dreadfully the two first weeks of June—bought by the gallon, and was about taking my life—drank all the time. On the 14th I was a wonder to myself—astonished that I had any mind left; and yet it seemed in the goodness of God uncommonly clear. I laid in bed long after my wife and daughter were up, and my conscience drove me to madness. I hated the darkness of the night, and when light came I hated the light. I hated my life, my existence. I asked myself, "Can I refrain? is it possible?" Not a being to take me by my hand, and lead or help me along and say "you can." I was friendless; without help or light; an outcast. My wife came up stairs, and knew I was suffering, and asked me to go down to breakfast. I had a pint of whiskey and thought I would drink; and yet I knew it was life or death with me as I decided. Moderate drinkers beware! Take care you don't get into this awful condition! Well, I told my wife I would come down presently. Then my daughter came up and asked me down. I always loved her—because she was the drunkard's friend; my only friend. And then she said, "Father, don't send me after whiskey to-day." I was tormented before, but this was an unexpected torture. I told her to leave the chamber, and she went down crying, and said to her mother, father is angry with me. My wife came up again, and asked me to take some coffee; I told her I did not want any thing of her. I soon heard some one enter the room, and I peeped out and saw it was my daughter.

I then thought of my past life; my degradation; misery of my friends; and felt bad enough. So I called her and said, "Hannah, I am not angry with you, and I shall not drink any more." She cried and so did I. I went up and looked to the cupboard and looked at the enemy, my whiskey bottle, and thought, "is it possible I can be restored," and then I turned my back upon it. Several times while dressing, I looked at the bottle but thought I should be lost if I yielded. Poor Drunkard! There is hope for you! You cannot be worse off than I was; not more degraded, or more a slave to appetite. You can reform if you will. TRY IT—TRY IT. I felt badly I tell you. There are some here who know how I felt. I know you feel bad enough. I have talked with some of you. Some say we feel bad. Some say we feel better, and some say we feel FIRST RATE. Well, Monday night I went to the society of drunkards, and there I found

drink one as the other. Thirty years ago, we drank everywhere, on all occasions, and the question we asked was, "does he keep a good bottle?" and when we could not get a good one, a poor one would do.  
I was born of respectable parents, and was educated by a minister, and then bound out to the hating business, in as perfect a grog-shop as ever existed. But a few days before I left Baltimore, I found the old books of my master; there was the names of sixty men upon it, and we did not recollect but one that did not go to a drunkard's grave. Another latter says it was just so on his books. At one time there were twelve of us as apprentices—eight of the twelve have died drunkards; one is now in the almshouse in Cincinnati, one in the almshouse in Baltimore, and here am I.

For a while I was prosperous, notwithstanding I drank on; I did not expect the appetite to conquer me. Well, when 22 years old, in 1818, I went to the West. As soon as away from parental care, gave way, all went by the board, my suffering commenced. For 6 months I had no shoes, and only one shirt and two pair of pantaloons; and then I was a vagabond indeed. But I returned, ragged and bloated to my mother's home. When I got to the edge of the town, I was ashamed even to walk on the ground of my nativity. In the dusk of the evening I crept along to my mother's, and was soon dressed up decently. My mother only said, "John, I am afraid you are bloated." I then drank nothing for a while; but it was so hard to do without, that at length I took a glass of ale, and all was over with me again—my appetite rushed on like a flood and carried all before it. And for fifteen years, time after time, I rose and fell; was up and down, would quit all, and then take a little glass. I would earn \$15 a week, be happy and well, and with money in hand start for home, and in some unaccountable way, imperceptibly and irresistibly, fall into a tavern, and think one glass only would do me good. But I found a single glass of ale would conquer all my resolutions. I applied to all my fellow drunkards if it is not exactly so—if the one glass of intoxicating drink does not annihilate, by revival of the appetite, all resolutions to resist drinking on. I am satisfied this appetite is rooted in me, and I never expect to get rid of it. It is like mercury in the thermometer—keep heat away from it and it will not rise, but apply the heat of your finger and it will rise at once.

The next thing was to determine what was to be done. My mind was blunted—character gone; was bloated and I was getting old; but men who had slogged me came to my help again and took me by the hand, held me up, encouraged and comforted me. I'll never slight a drunkard as long as I live; he needs sympathy and is worthy of it, poor and miserable as he is; he did not design to become a drunkard; and people have too long told him he cannot reform; it's no use; he must die a drunkard. But we now assure him he can reform, and need not live or die so, and we show ourselves, 2000 in one year, as evidence of the fact. The poor wretch here is crammed into the poor house or prison, and when he comes out, he meets temptation at every step—he begs you to succor him; but he is led by appetite and neglect, straight to the grog-shop. Drunkard! come up here, you can reform—take the pledge in this Cradle of Liberty, and be ever free! Delay not. I met a gentleman this morning, who reformed four weeks ago, rejoicing in his reformation. He brought a man with him who took the pledge, and this man has already brought two others. This is the way we do the business up here. We reformed drunkards are a COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE ON THE STATE OF THE UNION; are all missionaries—don't slight the drunkard, but love him. No! we nurse him as the mother does her infant learning to walk. I tell you, he kind to him and he will never forget you. He has peculiar feelings when the boys run after him and hoot at him; take his part and he'll never forget it. He has better feelings than the moderate drinker; don't lay a stumbling block in his way. One man—poor, miserable, wretched, ragged; a REAL WRECKED RAT; (I suppose you have such here, we had plenty of them in Baltimore, but much lessened now) he was a buster; about a year ago, his clothes not fit for paper rags, his family had nothing to eat, no fuel, nor even clothes. Well, he told his brother he was going to quit, and wanted him to go his security for a horse and cart, but he would not. Our men went to his brother and he was persuaded. He has paid for his horse and cart, his family and himself are well clothed, cellar full of wood, a barrel of flour, and he has become a gentleman and a christian. And all this in one short year.

Just let me tell you about one of our reformed men. We all changed a great deal in our appearance; some grew thin; some pale; but a dark complexioned man grew yellow, and the grog-seller, noticing the change in others, and seeing his old customer not becoming white, said he did not believe he had quit altogether. The man heard of it, and prepared

himself for an interview; so happened in his way.  
These taverns are apt to complain and say we do them an injury, because we shared our money for the support of our families. Quite villainous to be sure! And so they charge us with drinking a little; but I tell you we keep close watch of each other, and are very loving and we take good care to get along side of the mouth, and know pretty well what has been going on there.  
As I was going to tell you the taverner said to the member, "it appears to me you don't alter quite so much as some of the rest." "Don't I," said he, "well, why don't I?"—"Why, you don't look pale, you grow YELLER." "I grow yellar you think?" "Yes." "Well," said the man drawing out a handful of gold pieces from his pantaloons pocket, "these look yellar too, but you don't get any more of them, they belong here," returning them to his pocket—"and my wife will have them—that is the trouble with you."

These grog-sellers know how to fix the drunkards—they understand their business—they keep a platter of salt fish—cheese, herring and crackers to fix the appetite—all free—don't ask anything of course, for them; but when they see a man take hold and eat a little, they think they have him, he'll want to wash it down; he'll get started and he'll do well enough yet. Well, the stuff is very apt to stick in the throat, so it was washed down, and the breath must be changed, and a little more fish or cheese is taken, and that must be washed out of the throat, and so it goes. But if a man eats and don't drink, he is pretty sure to be told that that will not do.

This drinking has killed more men, women and children, than war, pestilence, and all other evils together. You cannot bring upon man so awful a curse as alcohol; it cannot be done; no machinery or invention of death can work like it. Is there a moderate drinker who says he can use a little, or 'much, and quit when he pleases? I tell you from experience he can't do it. Well he can if he will, but he won't will, that is the difficulty and there is the fatal mistake. Does he want to know whether he can? I ask him to go without his accustomed morning bitters, or his eleven o'clock, to morrow, and he will find how he loves it! We have come up out of the gutter to tell him he loves it, and how he can escape. It is the moderate use—the little, the pretty drink, the genteel and fashionable, that does the mischief; the moderate drinker is training to take the place of the drunkard.

Go to Baltimore and see now our happy wives and families. Only look at our procession on the 25th of April, when we celebrated our anniversary. Six thousand men, nearly half of them reformed within a year, followed by 2000 boys of all ages to give assurance to the world that the next generation shall all be sober. But where were our wives on that occasion! at home, shut up with hungry children in rags as a year ago! No, No! but in carriages, riding round the streets to see their husbands.

My family were in a back and I carried apples, &c. to them, and my wife said 'how happy all look, why there is—all dressed up—and only think I saw old—in the procession as happy and as smart as any of them, and so she went on telling me who she had seen. And where do you think the grog-seller's wives were? were they out? Not they!!! Some of them peeped out from behind the CURTAINS!  
We cut down the rum tree that day in Baltimore, underground; not on the top of the ground leaving a stump, but under ground roots and all!!  
We have not seen six drunkards staggering in the streets since we have been in Boston, and we have been all round, even in Ann street. They must hide themselves. If they are put into the house of correction, I don't wonder they hide. I said when I talked to them on the Sabbath, over there, that I wished I had a distiller at my right hand, and a runner at my left, & let them answer the question, what brought all these here! And would have had the answer rum. This making the drunkard by a thousand temptations and inducements, and then shutting them up in prison, is a cruel and horrible business. You make the drunkard, and then let him come into your house and you turn him out; let him come to the church and you turn him out; friends cast him off; the grog-seller turns him into the streets when his money is gone, or midnight comes. When he serves his time out in prison, he is turned out with the threat of a flogging if he is ever caught again; and yet you keep open the place where he is entangled and destroyed. We are bound to turn the whole tide of public opinion against the traffic. The sellers will pour down your son's throat a tide of liquor, and you do so to his son and he would cut your throat. Ask him if he is willing you should make his daughter a drunkard! And why should he make your son one!

### Savage Rencontre.

A most savage and murderous combat occurred a few days since, near Lewisburg, Conway county, Arkansas, between Dr. Nimrod Menefee, and Nelson Philips. They met in the woods, (having previously quarrelled,) without any witness except a negro boy who happened accidentally to pass—and the result is thus stated in the Little Rock Gazette:—Philips discharged his pistol first, and missed his antagonist. Menefee then fired and shot Philips through the back. The latter then drew his knife and attacked M. with it, and at the first thrust, gave him a frightful cut in the abdomen which let out his entrails. Menefee having no weapon except his empty pistol, and being inferior in size to Philips, defended himself the best way he could, by warding off the blows of his antagonist, with his pistol. The first knife used by Philips broke off at the handle, when he drew another, and renewed the combat. In this way they fought for near half an hour, sometimes on their feet and sometimes on the ground until both became so completely exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood, that they were compelled to desist for want of strength to continue the contest.

On assistance coming up, the parties were found stretched on the ground, weeping in their blood, and both supposed to be mortally wounded. Dr. Menefee, we understand, was horribly cut to pieces, having no less than 31 cuts and stabs. He survived only a few days.  
Mr. Philips received only one serious wound, a pistol shot through the region of the kidneys, and no hopes are entertained of his recovery.

### Sam Slick's Difference between a Sweetheart and a Wife.

This must be an everlasting fine country beyond all doubt, for the folks have notion to do but to ride about and talk politics. In winter, when the ground is covered with snow what grand times they have a slaying over these here mashes with the gals, or playin' ball on the ice, or goin' to quilting frolics, of nice long winter evenings, and then a drivin' home like mad by moonlight. Natur meant that season on purpose for courtin'. A little tidy scrumptious looking sly, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of onions round his neck, and a sprig on his back, looking for all the world like a bunch of apples at gatherin' time, and a sweetheart alongside, all muffled up but her eyes and lips, the one looking right at you, is c'en almost to drive on ravin, tarin, distracted mad with pleasure, aint it? And then the dear critters say the bells make such a din there's no hearin' one's self speak; so they put their pretty little mugs close up the face, and talk, talk, till one can't help looking at them instead of the horse, and then whap you get capsize into a snow drift together, skins, cushions, and all. And then to see the little critter shake herself when she gets up, like a duck landing from a pond, a chattering away all the time like a canary bird, and you haw-hawing with pleasure, is fun alive, you may depend. In this way blue-nose gets on to offer himself as a lover, before he knows where he is. But when he gets married, he recovers his eyesight in little less than half no time. He soon finds he's tired; his flint is fixed then, you may depend. She larns him how vinegar is made; "Put plenty of sugar into the water aforehand, my dear," says she, "if you want it real sharp." The lark is on the other side of his mouth. If his sly gets up it's no longer a funny matter, I tell you; he catches it right and left. Her eyes don't look up to his'n any more, nor her little tongue ring like a bell any longer; but a great big hood covers her head, and wappin' great muff covers her face, and she looks like a bag of old clothes agoing to the brook to be washed. When they get out, she don't want any more for him to walk lock and lock with her, but they march like a horse and a cow to water, in each gutter. If their aint a transmigration, it's a pity. The difference between a wife and a sweetheart is near about as great as there is between new and hard cider—a man never tires of puttin' one to his lips, but makes pluggy wry faces at t'other. It makes me so kinder wabblefoot when I think on it, that I'm afraid to venture on matrimony at all. I have seen some blue-noses most properly bit, you may depend. The marriage yoke is playin' apt to gall the neck, as the ashbow does the ox in rainy weather, unless it be most particularly well fitted. You've seen a yoke of cattle that warn't properly mated; they spend more time in pullin' again each other than in pullin' the load. Well, that's apt to be the case with them as chooses their wives in slaying parties, quilting frolics, and so on, instead of the dairies, looms, and cheesehouse.

DEFINING A POSITION.—A Connecticut editor defines his position to be the same as that of an animal which was carried through the country in a menagerie. "Ladies and gentlemen, this 'ere animal as you see here, between the lion and the jackass, is AMBIGUOUS.—HE CAN'T LIVE IN THE WATER, and he DIES ON THE LAND!"

### Wonderful Contrast.

About 47 years ago, in 1795, Allegheny, Washington and Fayette counties, were full of distilleries, and an immense quantity of whiskey was made and sold. The United States, in order to raise a revenue, made a law to tax it. The people refused to pay, rebelled and raised an army called the Western Insurrection army, and marched to Pittsburgh. Gen. Washington sent an army of about 3000 U. S. troops and volunteers to suppress it. They arrived when the Whiskey army disbanded. In the year 1815 and '16, the United States put on a direct tax, and perhaps then, we had 1500 stills in Washington and Allegheny counties. Now there is not perhaps 15 stillhouses in operation in the two counties. A few days ago a gentleman, who was U. S. Deputy Collector in Washington county in 1816, informed us that there was then 976 still-houses taxed, and \$76,000 collected of taxes for the United States; and now, perhaps, there is scarce ten distilleries in that county.  
[Pittsburgh Gazette.]

CAUTION TO THE INTEMPERATE.—A man in his cups entered a house in Pitt street, between Aisquith and Canal, on Sunday afternoon, and made an attack on three women, who happened to be alone; they retreated into the kitchen and armed themselves with pots, kettles, broomsticks, &c., and then met the intruder and gave him such a beating that he could scarcely take himself from the battle ground. As there was no office at hand, the women gave the rascal what he deserved, and when he recovered he was perfectly sober, but could not give any account of the battle, or the cause of his numerous wounds.  
[Balt. Sun.]

A New Yorker visiting Philadelphia during the present excitement, went into a barber's shop in the morning to get shaved, and offered a one dollar bill for change. The barber shook his head, and told him to pay next time. He went into a refectory, and eat a shilling's worth, and received the same answer. Curious to see how far the experiment could be carried, he went about for several hours, treated all his friends on the credit of the dollar, and at night gave it to a beggar, telling him that if he made small purchases it would last the longer.—[Boston Mail.]

All very probable, except the giving away the note! That part of the story is rather tough.

WESTWARD HO!—A HOUSE TRAVEL.—We were struck yesterday afternoon with the queer appearance of an emigrant's "outfit," which went by our office on its westward way. Upon the running part of an ordinary wagon, with rather a long reach, was constructed a cabin, well-roofed and clap-boarded, with curtained windows—while a stovepipe protruding through the roof betokened that appliances and means for warmth and cookery were not lacking—the apparent comfort and snugness of the whole arrangement forming an agreeable contrast with the hardships usually encountered by the venturesome pioneer to western wilds.

This nondescript dwelling was drawn by three horses, driven very conveniently from within, and thus sheltered from the inclement elements, the enterprising emigrant, while sitting by his own fire, with all his household goods around him, was pushing onward to the new home he had chosen, with scarcely a deprivation, while in TRANSIT, of the comforts of the one he had left behind.—[Buff. Com. of Wednesday.]

### Shon, Shon, Trive on Shon.

A serious old Dutchman, in days gone by, stopped in the vicinity of a boiling spring to rest his team, and bathe his fevered brow. Having left his son John at the horses' heads, he proceeded, with his bucket, and began to dip the water. At the first dip his pail dropped from his hands, and he returned to his wagon, on the full run, shouting—"Shon! Shon! trive on Shon! he'll ish not you mile from dish place." We consider President Tyler to be pretty much in the condition of the old Dutchman, he has plunged his hand into a pool of hot water; and, unless he drives on at a faster rate than he has seemed disposed to of late, he may say, with truth, that he is in the neighborhood of Belzebub's back kitchen, and that a whole Congress set together, by the ears, is not such a political millenium after all.—[Index.]