

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

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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.—JERZANOW.

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THE DRUNKEN MOTHER'S CHILD.

A tender infant girl Lay in her shroud and coffin; Her cheeks were like the pearl, For tears had washed them often. Ah me! her lot was sad and wild,— She was a drunken mother's child. Some children seem, when dead, As though they were but sleeping; But her eyes, in her head Were sunken, as if weeping Had emptied out the fount of life In streams of agony and strife. Her fingers were as thin As a starving wren could make them— Mere bones enased in skin— The feeblest strain might break them; That wasted form her sorrows told, As she lay there so pale and cold. Her time was short,—who'd wonder Had time with her been shorter? God's love on her was kept— He claimed his suffering daughter— His goodness bade the child to die, His mercy took her to the sky. So delicate a flower Should have a kindly keeper; Say, who—had he the power— Would wake the little sleeper,— Recall her from her home above, To live where she had none to love! Oh! quietly she rests, In heaven sweetly singing; Those hands with joy are pressed That, yesterday, were wringing In helplessness and utter woe, Beneath a mother's cruel blow. No more she'll shed a tear Of bitterness and sorrow, Nor tremble with the fear Of suffering to-morrow; The anguish past that filled her breast, Her weary soul is now at rest.

Peace-Maker.

The "Peace-Maker" is the name which has been given to the great cannon which forms the principal armament of the U. S. steamship Princeton. A correspondent of the Boston Post, who recently paid a visit to the Princeton, off New York, was present at the trial of the gun, and says of it:—

"Instead of being placed on the ground in some remote corner, as is usual in proving guns of not one-third of her calibre, such was Captain Stockton's confidence in this wrought iron piece, that the proving was actually performed on board a small vessel of some twenty feet in length. This appears the more astonishing, when we consider that the charge was fifty pounds of powder; a charge that might well be required for the capacious maw of a gun fifteen feet long, with a bore of twelve inches, carrying a ball of two hundred and thirteen pounds weight, and itself weighing ten tons. The gun was placed on a slide made of strong timber, in which a groove was made to receive about one half of the vessel body, the slide being secured to the vessel by several strong hawsers passing round the same, and under the vessel's bottom, to prevent the terrible recoil which would otherwise open the vessel—the gun being placed astwardships.

The gun was fired off by means of a slow match that burned about half a minute, during which the boats containing the officers and crew had rowed away some two or three hundred yards from the vessel, to listen to the explosion and witness the effects of it, at a safe distance. The recoil of the gun, caused by the explosion of this immense charge of powder, gave the vessel a deep lurch to the opposite side, and the gun being placed near level, the huge two hundred and thirteen lb ball recoiled along the surface of the sea to a very great distance, touching the water at twelve different points, at each sending up a perpendicular column of white spray, exhibiting the appearance of a succession of water spouts, half a dozen of which were visible at the same moment of time. Notwithstanding the confidence entertained that the gun would stand the proof, we can readily imagine that the moment was one of intense excitement, and that no little pleasure was manifested by both officers and men to find the big gun without speck or flaw, and as bright and smiling as if it were not the most formidable engine of death and destruction on the face of the globe."

Dr. Rush was once asked by a student what per cent. he had added to the period of human life by the skill of practitioners of medicine; and he answered, "If by practitioners of medicine, you mean to include old women and nurses, I think the increase has been very considerable, but if you exclude them, very little."

The following letter from a gentleman, travelling in England, shews how well the Americans are able to compete with the British in the manufacture of various articles of trade. It proves also, that a protective tariff, in the end, invariably enables our mechanics to produce the article cheaper than it could be imported, in many instances even without any duty.

Imitation of American Cottons.

For some years a certain style of American printed cottons, as well as 4-4 sheetings have been imported regularly from Boston to this country for the East India trade, and a merchant of great distinction tells the amount is considerable. The goods have been imitated here, and counterfeit tickets and marks put upon them to make them as nearly like the American as possible, but the "Indians" soon detected the deception, and now they will only buy the goods of such parties as can be relied on. The explanation is this:—The goods white or colored, were wanted for robes, and the Americans use much better cotton than the English for that quality (size) of yarn; the manufacturers will not put as good cotton into coarse goods, as we do, but they size strongly to complete the deception, and to coarse goods they use poorer colors. The difference in wear soon told the story. A great fuss was made a short time since, about the Americans stealing their stamps and styles in a case when a large lot of these very goods belonging to Barings were seized because the pieces were stamped "Stark Mills, Manchester, N. H.;" but when they found there were no "Stark Mills" in Manchester, and that "N. H." meant New Hampshire, they let go, but still insisted that Manchester was fraud, as we had no right to such a name.

AMERICAN CUTLERY AND HARDWARE.—I was a short time since in one of the great tailoring establishments, and was shown by the master-cutter a pair of shears made by R. Heinisch, of Newark, New Jersey, 1838. The party told me he knew but of two pairs of them in London, and he would not sell the pair in question for £50, unless he had another; that he had been offered £10 for them; that they had been shown to the best London cutlers, who would not attempt to imitate them. One trial was made and proved a failure. He wants two pairs and if they can be sent to me by some steward of a London packet, I will cheerfully attend to it, get him a round price, and send the money by the same hand in return. I think, however, twenty pairs could be sold by him in a week, and perhaps ten times the number; he had better try through some commercial house. I could give you many instances of a like kind. One of your oldest hardware merchants, who would have disdained a domestic hardware business, brought over here some months since a variety of samples of American Hardware to be imitated for his trade in New York, and found they could not be made as cheaply here as in America. From this he went to Belgium, Holland and Germany, and found everywhere the same result.

TIN WARE, &c.—In almost every article (utensils) made from tin plate, or as they are called, tin ware, we are greatly before them in style, convenience and cost. Besides, we have a hundred conveniences in this way, for the kitchen and other household uses they know nothing of. Their prices are in general 100 per cent. above like wares in the United States. We see along the streets, something paraded on the walk, at others in the windows of the shops, an (out of date with) affair labelled "New American Baking Oven," &c. I am sure half a ship load of this order of Yankee notions would pay a handsome profit if shipped to London or any port in the kingdom.

TRUNKS.—Another article is trunks. You cannot get a good convenient leather trunk in London. Their solid leather "portmanteaus" are of good material and well made but small and will not stand the knocks like those made in New York. Besides for a trunk thirty inches long and twelve inches square at the ends, of solid leather you pay about thirty-five dollars. I have some trunks made by Catlatch that have caused me much annoyance. Gentlemen at the rail road stations and on post coaches will stop and examine the trunks with great care, and in a number of cases I have been asked where such trunks could be had. These trunks cost about \$17 each, and would sell here for £8 to £10 sterling. I would wager the trunks and straps they contain that they cannot be duplicated in London by an English artisan.

THE EYE OF A NATURALIST.—It is said that Audubon, when on a visit to see the natural bridge in Virginia for the first time, travelled a short distance with a farmer, who made a bet that Audubon could not tell when he came to it. Mr. A. seeing a Pee Weet, stopped and said, we are on the bridge now. The farmer was astonished to see him stop at the proper place. Mr. A. explained by saying that these birds build their nests under bridges, and seeing one of them in this place, presumed that the bridge could not be far away.

Musical Influences.

"Who never hath felt her hand assuasive steal Along his heart, the heart can never feel."

Who is there that hath not experienced the soft blandishments of sweet music stealing o'er his soul, and moving it to holy aspirations!—Many a time and oft has the hardened, reckless criminal, been seen to brush away a tear from his rough cheek, when listening to its soft and melting strains. We are lulled to sleep in our infant days by the melodies of the parent's voice; for full well the mother knows the gentle and soothing influence of music and sweet sounds upon her tender offspring. In riper years, its power still moves, ever awakening the tender sensibilities of the heart. In the house of God, when old age and tender youth bend the knees, side by side, in humble adoration to the great Parent of all, how thrills the organ's notes upon the heart, seeming the very tongue of Heaven speaking in deep and touching strains to earth's offspring. There is a close alliance between music and religion.

What were poetry without music! It is the medium through which poetry has ever wrought its chief effects—they are inseparable. How many emotions are there indigenous to the human breast that can only find vent in song!—Man could never have been without it, else he would not have possessed the soul capable of such emotions. Our earliest knowledge of the first tribes of the earth show us that they were no strangers to the art divine. Music had found an early home through all the world: even the wild Indian has his chant, his war song and his death-song. Let us duly appreciate an art which is so peculiarly calculated to add to our happiness, to assist in the cultivation of the better feelings of the heart; let us cultivate an amusement so rational and innocent, thereby adding to the pure, quiet, fireside enjoyments of home.

The Bible.

Book of books! deep, wonderful mine, whose shafts ages have assailed, ages have traversed, and will yet traverse! Holy lineage-roll, displaying the record of the eternal unfolding of the race of man from the hour of his birth—gigantic drama of life's beginning and end! Drama with dark episodes and bloody scenes, but whose mornings are in light, which commences with man's infancy, and ends where begins a new life after death and the grave. History of histories! how often have I not descended into its depths with an ardent and inquiring heart. Long—long was it to me dark, mysterious, and incomprehensible, and I could not separate the precious metals from the dross and earth which adhered to it; the great pulse of reconciliation steadily bearing beneath the varying weal and wo of earthly life, amid the solemn blessings and curses of the wailing mind, was concealed from me; long have I strayed and doubted, often despairing of the way and the truth. Yet the eye became, by degrees, used to see by twilight; and even for the least of his inquiring children, does God let his light shine! Now I will walk securely on the wonderful course; and, to my last hour, will I journey on, searching and praying. To effect man's reconciliation with the true life, and with God, the development of his nature and his farther progress he must, in the present age, especially, become reconciled with the scriptures.—Frederika Bremer.

Properties of Charcoal.

A gentleman fattened a turkey in a month by placing him in a box some four or five feet square, made as dark as it could be and allowed ventilation, and feeding him six kernels of corn per day during the time. In addition he had plenty of pulverized charcoal, and pounded brick, and fresh clear water.

"What stuff," says one—"Humbug," says another—"Book farming," says a third.

Not too fast, my friends. I do not know that the turkey was fattened, because I did not see it; but this I do know,—a gentleman who had great faith in the use of charcoal to feed all fattening animals, once took two pigs of the same litter, and as near alike as he could get them. One he fed with clear meal; the other he fed with half meal and half pulverized charcoal. At the end of the month, the one fed with clear meal was perceptibly losing whilst the one fed with the charcoal continued to gain. Desiring to try the experiment thoroughly, but being compelled to leave home for some time, he put his pigs in the especial care of his hired man. On his return, some four or five weeks after, he found, very much to his surprise, that his meal pig was decidedly ahead of his coal pig. They had been fed just alike, and his instructions followed to the letter,—except the man had made a mistake, and fed the meal and coal to the wrong pig! Will some of our young friends try the experiment on one or two of their fowls, and give us the results! Let it be done faithfully and fairly.—New Genesee Farmer.

A wit and a fool in company are like a crab and an oyster—the one watches till the other opens his mouth, that he may catch him up.

Curious Agricultural Experiments.

The following novel and interesting experiment has been successfully made by Mr. A. Palmer Cheam Surrey: In July, 1842, he put one grain of wheat in a common garden pot. In August the same was divided into four plants, which in three weeks were again divided into twelve plants. In September these twelve plants were divided into thirty-two, which in November were divided into fifty plants, and then placed in open ground. In July 1843, twelve of the plants failed, but the remaining thirty-eight were healthy. On the 19th of August they were cut down, and counted 1962 stems, with an average of fifty grains to a stem giving an increase of 98,000! Now if this be a practicable measure of planting wheat, it follows that most of the grain now used for seed may be saved, and will infinitely more than cover the expense of sowing, as the wheat plants can be raised by the laborer in his garden, his wife and children being employed in dividing and transplanting them. One of the stems has been sent to us as a sample which is rather more than six feet long, stout in proportion.

London paper.

Churning Butters.

Every good housewife knows that at times for some peculiar causes, (most generally extra sourness or bitterness of the cream,) much difficulty is experienced in making the cream into butter. A lady writer in the Indiana Farmer recommends the following course to such cases. We have, says the Western Farmer—for years used soda or salaratus for the purpose, and found them usually successful:

"I wish to inform my sister butter-makers of the means I used, which so successfully removed the difficulty. I churned, perhaps three hours, to no purpose, and then tried to think of something that I had read in the Indiana Farmer, or some other periodical. I could not remember precisely, but I recollected the reason stated was the cream being too sour. I then thought of soda, (pearlash, I presume, would do as well,) and dissolved a large tea-spoonful in a pint of warm water, and as I poured it in, churning at the same time, it changed in a moment, and gradually formed into a beautiful solid lump of sweet butter."

Small Produce Farm.

I raised, the past year, from 30 acres of land, 700 bushels of potatoes, 80 bushels of barley, 25 bushels of beets, 15 bushels of wheat, 10 bushels of beans, 4 tons of mowed oats, 6 tons of English hay, 10 tons of mow hay, 10 bushels of corn, 20 bushels of carrots, 75 chickens, and a great variety of garden sauce.

I have killed one hog, weighing 300 lbs., made 400 pounds of butter, kept three cows, a pair of oxen, two heifers, two steers, eight sheep and four hogs. I have been on the place but two years, and have laid six acres of land to grass; the land a clay loam, easy to work. I have no convenience for my hogs to graze, neither do I believe it economy, for the extra manure that can be made by yarding them, will pay the extra feed. I mix lime with my compost, and plaster my corn, potatoes and grass. I sort my potatoes before sale, and by that means save half a peck per bushel, which would be lost to me if not sorted. Finally, I cook every thing I give my hogs, and feed warm, and keep warm.

A. T. PERKINS, Genesee Farmer.

PUMPKIN PIES.—We copy the following recipe for making the genuine Yankee Pumpkin Pie, from a Massachusetts paper:

The almost universal mode in New England of preparing pumpkins for pies, (a kind which is universally admired,) is that of stewing the pumpkin after it has been cut in pieces, and passing through one or two other processes before it is in a state of baking—thereby making much labor.—I think a more preferable mode of preparation, and one which I believe will be highly gratifying to all housewives, is that of *goussing* the pumpkin; after grating add the milk, eggs, &c., of the same proportions as when stewed. Your domestic readers will find that pies made in this way are equally nice and even more delicate with one third the labor.

A HOUSEWIFE.

Bees.—It is a well attested fact, that when 2 or 3 distinct hives of bees are united in autumn, they consume but little if any more than one would in the winter, and send forth the earliest and best swarms.

Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. 'Tis the most exquisite beauty in a fine face—a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in a landscape, harmonizing with every color; mellowing the glories of the bright, and softening the hue of the dark.

"Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be." "No—she's left that off, and become ex-pensive."

A Tale of a Turkey.

As a certain learned Judge in Mexico, some time since, walked one morning into Court, he thought he would examine whether he was in time for business; and, feeling for his repeater, found it was not in his pocket.

"As usual," said he to a friend who accompanied him, as he passed through the crowd near the door—"As usual, I have again left my watch at home under my pillow."

He went on the bench and thought no more of it. The Court adjourned and he returned home. As soon as he was quietly seated in his parlor, he bethought him of his timepiece, and turning to his wife, requested her to send for it to their chamber.

"But, my dear Judge," said she, "I sent it to you three hours ago!"

"Sent it to me, my dear! Certainly not."

"Unquestionably," replied the lady, "and by the person you sent for it!"

"The person I sent for it!" echoed the Judge.

"Precisely, my dear, the very person you sent for it! You had not left home more than an hour, when a well dressed man knocked at the door and asked to see me. He brought one of the very finest turkeys I ever saw; and said, that on your way to Court you met an Indian with a number of fowls, and having bought this one, quite a bargain, you had given him a couple of reals to bring it home; with the request that I would have it killed, picked, and put to cool, as you intended to invite your brother Judges to a dish of malle with you to-morrow. And, 'Oh! by the way, Senorita,' said he, 'his excellency, the Judge, requested me to ask you to give yourself the trouble to go to your chamber and take his watch from under the pillow, where he says he left it, as usual, this morning, and send it to him by me. And, of course, *mi querido*, I did so."

"You did!" said the Judge.

"Certainly," said the lady.

"Well," replied his Honor, "all I can say to you, my dear, is that you are as great a goose, as the bird is a turkey. You've been robbed, madam;—the man was a thief;—I never sent for my watch;—you've been imposed on;—and, as a necessary consequence, the confounded watch lost forever!"

The trick was a cunning one; and after a laugh, and the restoration of the Judge's good humor by a good dinner, it was resolved actually to have the turkey for to-morrow's dinner, and his Honor's brothers of the bench to enjoy so dear a morsel.

"Accordingly, after the adjournment of Court next day, they all repaired to his dwelling, with appetites sharpened by the expectation of a rare repast.

Scarcely had they entered the *sala* and exchanged the ordinary salutations, when the lady broke forth with congratulations on his Honor upon the recovery of the stolen watch!

"How happy an I!" exclaimed she, "that the villain was apprehended!"

"Apprehended!" said the Judge with surprise.

"Yes; and doubtless convicted, too, by this time," said his wife.

"You are always talking riddles," replied he.

"Explain yourself, my dear. I know nothing of that watch, or conviction."

"It can't be possible that I have been again deceived," quoth the lady, but this is the story:

"About one o'clock to-day, a pale, and rather interesting young gentleman, dressed in a seedy suit of black, came to the house in great haste—almost out of breath. He said he was just from Court;—that he was one of the clerks;—that the great villain who had the audacity to steal your Honor's watch had just been arrested;—that the evidence was nearly perfect to convict him;—and all that was required to complete it was 'the turkey,' which must be brought into Court, and for that he had been sent with a potter by your express orders."

"And you gave it to him."

"Of course I did—who could have doubted him, or resisted the orders of a Judge?"

"Watch—and turkey—both gone—pray, what the devil, madam, are we to do for a dinner?"

Brantz Mayer's Mexico.

QUESTIONS IN NAVIGATION.—Suppose a canal boat heads west-north-west for the horse's tail, and has the wind abeam, with a flaw coming up in the south, would the captain, according to maritime law, be justified in taking a reef in the stove-pipe without asking the cook?

QUESTIONS FOR A DEBATING SOCIETY.—Were the stars made to be fared to death with second rate poetry of the first class asses, or were they intended to guide canallers on their lonely way above the nine locks?

A man down east has invented a machine to renovate old bachelors. Out of a good sized, fat greasy old bachelor he can make quite a decent young man, and have enough left to make two small puppies, a pair of leather breeches, and a small kettle of soft soap! Surely this is an age of improvement.

Bottled Thunder.

One of the editors of the New Orleans Picayune, who has recently returned from a tramp through the prairies, gives the following amusing incident.

"These Indian warriors remained with us during the night, and the next day they were invited by Capt. Stewart to take a shock from an electrifying machine that he had brought with him.—This was about the newest 'machine' that the Sioux had heard of. Bottled lightning! The man that shades the sun turned pale when he heard of it. A few of us stood around and received a shock before the Indians; and they might gain something of an understanding of the affair and witness what effect it would produce. But though they manifested great wonder at the clinking of the sparks and at our simultaneous start, it was evident that no true intelligence had glimmered upon their comprehension in regard to what it all means. They, however, readily arranged themselves, as we directed, and we set the Medicine Machine in operation upon them. Nothing could have been more comical than the effect produced when the shock took place. The Solitary Dog thought the White Bull struck him, and at once commenced pummeling back in furious fashion.—For a moment the thing looked as if we had kicked up a desperate row among the Brutes.—They shouted and jumped and tossed their arms in the air. The Bull roared, the Dog howled, Little Thunder rumbled, Gray Eyes twinkled. The Flying bird fluttered, Nit-to-kee (the untranslatable) looked indescribable and the Cause of Eclipses blushed blue at finding himself eclipsed.

What surprised them most was the fact of the shock starting them all at once with such instantaneous rapidity, while their unsophisticated notion was, that if the bottled lightning had to get through one man on its road to strike another, the man struck first ought to feel first.—They expressed this to us, at the same time acknowledging that the dose of lightning we gave them was 'great medicine.'

ANAGRAM.—Pilate's question to our Lord, "What is truth?" in the Latin Vulgate stands thus: *Quid est veritas?* These letters transposed, *Est ver qui adest*—signify, "It is the man before thee."

The editor of the Ohio Statesman asks the following question:—If a fellow has nothing when he gets married, and the gal has nothing, is her things his, or his things hers? We should guess they are.

A St. Louis paper tells a story of a disconsolate widow, who on seeing the remains of his wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed with tears in his eyes:—"Well, I've lost hogs, and I've lost cows, but I never had anything to cut me like this."

The following inscription is literally taken from a show board:—"Wrighton and Readlen and trow Spellen and also Merchants Accounts with double Entry Post-Script, Girls and Boys Boarded, and good Yoozitch for children."

The editor of 'The Oasis,' asks the following question: Did you ever know a young man to hold a skin of yarn, for his favorite to wind, without getting it strangely tangled? We never did, says an exchange, but one, and he turned out to be an old Bachelor.

"Patrick, you fool, what makes you stare after that rabbit, when your gun has no lock on it!"—"Hush! hush! my darlin' the rabbit don't know that!"

There is so much opposition among the religious societies in a certain village in Vermont, that the weather-vane or churchee went point in one direction at the same time. This is what we call the height of prejudice.

The Mercantile Journal says that Mr. Graves of the Massachusetts Legislature, presented the petition of Mr. and Mrs. Death, and their family, for a change of name. They should feel much obliged to him for *undertaking* the office.

An irregular apprentice frequently keeping late hours, his master at length took occasion to apply some *weighty arguments* to convince him of the "error of his ways." During the chastisement, he continually exclaimed, "How long will you serve the devil?"—"The boy replied whimpering—"You know best, Sir—I believe my indenture will be out in three months!"

CONDENSED MORALITY.—An exchange says, "Getting into debt, without intending to pay, is only an improvement in stealing."

A young lady, who had been severely interrogated by an ill tempered counsel, observed, leaving the witness box, that she never before fully understood what was meant by cross examination.