

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

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.

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UMBRELLAS CHEAP

REST FENNER & CO. Manufacturers of UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, and SUN SHADES, No. 113 Market Street, Philadelphia.

INVITE the attention of Merchants, Manufacturers, &c., to our very extensive, elegant, new stock, prepared with great care, and offered at the lowest possible prices for cash.

The principle on which this concern is established, is to consult the mutual interest of their customers and themselves, by manufacturing a good article, selling it at the lowest price for cash, and realizing their own remuneration, in the amount of sales and quick returns.

Possessing inexhaustible facilities for manufacture, they are prepared to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of Merchants, Manufacturers and Dealers.

A large assortment of the New Style Curtain Parasols.

Philadelphia, June 1, 1844—ly

HERR'S HOTEL, FORMERLY TREMONT HOUSE, No. 116 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

THE SUBSCRIBER, recently of Reading, Pa., would inform the public that he has fitted up the above capacity and convenient establishment, and will always be ready to entertain visitors. His established reputation in the line is hoped, will afford full assurance, that his guests will be supplied with every comfort and accommodation; while his house will be conducted under such arrangements as will secure a character for the first responsibility, and satisfactory entertainment for individuals and families.

Charge for boarding \$1 per day. DANIEL HERR, Philadelphia, May 25, 1844—ly

To Country Merchants.

Boots, Shoes, Bonnets, Leghorns and Palm Leaf Hats.

G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR, at the S. E. corner of Market and Fifth Sts., PHILADELPHIA.

OFFER for sale an extensive assortment of the above articles, all of which they sell at unusually low prices, and particularly invite the attention of buyers visiting the city, to an examination of their stock.

G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR, Philadelphia, May 25, 1844—ly

LAND FOR SALE.

The small farm, containing about 100 acres, about 2 miles above Northampton, adjoining lands of Jesse C. Horton, John Leghorn and others, will be sold cheap, if application is made soon to the subscriber.

Sunbury, Aug. 31. H. B. MASSER.

FLAX SEED.

The highest price will be given for Flax Seed, by August 31, 1844.

H. B. MASSER.

STORAGE BIBLES.

Five copies of a Cottage Bible, the cheapest book ever published, containing the commentary on the Old and New Testament, just received and for sale, for six shillings.

June 15. H. B. MASSER.

REMOVAL.

DOCTOR J. B. MASSER, RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Sunbury and its vicinity, that he has removed his office to the white building in Market Square, east of Dr. Clement's store, and immediately opposite the post office, where he will be happy to receive calls in the line of his profession.

Sunbury, May 4th, 1844.

DAVID EVANS' Patent Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, Slate lined Refrigerators, with Filters attached when required.

EVANS & WATSON, No. 76 South Third St., opposite the Exchange, PHILADELPHIA.

MANUFACTURE and keep for sale DAVID EVANS' Refrigerated Water and Provision Chests, and Patent Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, for preserving Books, Papers, &c., Jewels, Gold, Silver, &c., &c., made of solid iron, and not over Plank as many-five feet of every one founded now in use, and for sale ready with first rate Locks and David Evans' Patent Keyhole Covers, similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months of the summer of 1842, when all the Keys were at liberty to be used, and the Chest not opened, although the experiment was tried by at least 1500 persons. One of the same Locks was tried by robbers, at the Delaware Coal Office, in Walnut street, above Third, but did not succeed.

Hoisting Machines, Iron Boilers, superior Locks, and all kinds of Iron Railings, Seal and Copying Presses, and Smithwork generally, on hand or manufactured at the shortest notice.

CAUTION—I do hereby caution all persons against making, using, selling, or causing to be sold, any Keyhole Covers for Fire Proof Chests, or Doors, of any kind similar in principle to my Patent, of 10th July, 1841, and also against using Refrigerators with Slate, for which my Patent is dated 26th March 1844, as any infringement will be dealt with according to law.

DAVID EVANS, Philadelphia, April 13, 1844—ly

FORESTVILLE BRASS EIGHT DAY CLOCKS.

THE subscriber has just received, for sale, a few of the above celebrated Eight Day Clocks, which will be sold at very reduced prices, for cash.

Also, superior 30 hour Clocks, of the best make and quality, which will be sold for cash, at \$4 50. Also, superior Brass 30 hour Clocks, at \$8 00.

Dec. 2, 1843. H. B. MASSER.

STONE WARE for sale.

225 Stone Jugs, from 1 quart to 3 gallons, 50 Stone Jars, from 2 to 6 gallons. For sale, cheap, by Oct. 14. H. B. MASSER.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Dec. 14, 1844.

Vol. 5--No. 12--Whole No. 220.



DIRGE IN AUTUMN.

The following exquisite verses, by the late Willis Gaylord Clark, were written during an autumnal eve shortly after he lost his wife. Their touching pathos will go to every heart. Though often published, they will be new to many, and we are sure even those who have seen them, will find a sad pleasure in recalling their music and feeling:

'Tis an autumnal eve—the low winds, sighing To wet leaves, rustling as they hasten by; The eddying gusts to tossing boughs replying, And ebon darkness filling all the sky; The moon, pale mistress, pallid in solemn vapour, The rack, swift-wandering through the void above, As I, a dreamer by my lonely taper, Send back to faded hours, the pain of love.

Blossoms of peace, once in my pathway springing, Where have your brightness and your splendour gone? And Thou, whose voice to me came sweet as singing, What region holds thee in the vast Unknown? Belost far brighter than the rest contains thee, Whelmed, departed—impress of my heart!

What bond of full beatitude enchains thee, In realms unveiled by pen, or prophet's art? Ah! loved and lost! in these autumnal hours, When fairy colours deck the painted tree, When the vast woodlands seem a sea of flowers, Oh! then my soul exulting bounds to thee! Spring, as to clasp thee yet in this existence, Yet to behold thee at my lonely side: But the fond vision melts as one to distance, And my sad heart gives echo—she has died!

Yes! when the morning of her years was bright, That Angel-presence into dust went down; While yet with rosy dreams her rest was lightest, Death for the olive wove the cypress crown; Sleep, which no waking knows, o'ercame her bosom, O'ercame her large, bright, spiritual eyes; Spared in her bowers carnal one fair blossom—Then bore her spirit to the upper skies.

There let me meet her, when, life's struggles o'er, The pure in love and thought their faith renew; Where man's forgiving and redeeming Lover Spreads out his paradise to every view. Let the dim autumn, with its leaves descending, Bow on the winter's verge—yet spring will come! So my freed soul, no more 'gainst fate contending, With all it loveth, shall regain its home.

A NEW WAY OF MANUFACTURING PAINE.—The following, says the Pensacola Gazette, was related to us by a person who was formerly a carpenter in the U. S. Navy:

"During a cruise in the South Pacific, we went into the harbor of Copumbay, and as the ship had been out a long time, she was covered with rust from stem to stern. It was the anxious wish of the commander that she should be restored to her pristine colors, but, on examining the store-room, 'twas ascertained that there was not a pound of white lead in the ship; in this emergency, I thought of an expedient which conduced an admirable substitute, composed of the following ingredients:

"Air-slacked lime, pulverized until it was of the consistency of flour, which was then passed through a sieve.

"Rice boiled in a large kettle until the substance was drawn entirely out of the grain; the water, then of a plastic nature, was strained to separate the grain, &c., and clear the liquid. A tub, about the size of a half-barrel, of the prepared lime and rice-water was mixed with a gallon of linseed oil, and the material had so much the appearance of paint that a novice could not have told the difference.

"The ship was painted outside and inboard with the above mixture (which cost next to nothing) and never presented a finer white streak than on that occasion, and no other kind of white paint was used during the remainder of the cruise."

REMEDY FOR THE BOYS.—Having seen many horses die with bots, and many remedies given without effect, I was induced by a merchant in Cambridge to try the following for a horse of my own, after I had tried most of the remedies in common use without effect, and had given him up for lost.

"Half pint vinegar, half pint soft soap, half pint gin and half pint of molasses, well shaken together and poured down while foaming. To my great surprise, he was in five minutes wholly free from pain, and ate very freely—the next morning I was on my journey. I have since recommended and given the same in perhaps fifty cases, with the same good effect; not in one instance has it failed to effect a perfect cure.—Cor. Albany Cultivator.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

RICHARD III. AS DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND KING OF ENGLAND. BY CAROLINE A. HALSTEAD, AUTHOR OF LIFE OF MARGARET BEAUFORT, &c., PHILADELPHIA: CAREY & HART.

The following apt quotation from Thucydides is on the title page of the volume before us—"For men are accustomed to receive from each other the reports of events which have happened before their time without accurate investigation, even although they relate to their own country." And Richard Plantagenet of England, of all the great names which have come down to us in history, stands alone as the most wonderful instance of the power of rumor, tradition, nursery tale, and poetry, to blacken name and fame in the minds of people at large—of their power to metamorphose right into wrong, virtue into vice, heroism into fendishness, light into darkness, an angel into a devil. Instances of the brightening power of tradition and poetry we have many, and perhaps, in the present relation, the name of Richard Cœur de Lion may be most fitly adduced as a specimen. But there is not nearly the difference, on the one side, between the real Richard and the honorable King of Scott, as there is between the world's Richard III.—the Richard of the stage and the real hero, warrior, and statesman who, unhappily for his country, fell on Bosworth's field.

We are glad to see the volume before us. Walpole and Bulwer have done something for Richard of Gloucester, and the glorious portrait of the latter, in "The Last of the Barons," is probably very near the real truth. But here is a royal octavo of 400 pages exclusively devoted to the subject—Ingeniously, faithfully, and nobly has the authoress completed her task. The "Richard III." of Shakespeare is proved to be one of the most imaginative of that writer's creations, formed from the falsehoods of the Tudor writers, grown into tradition, under the favor of the reigning family; and the enormities of the stage monster of malignity are shown to have little more connection with the real prince than the crimes of a Borgia with the virtues of a Washington.

It is impossible for us, of course, to enter much into the details of such a work as the one before us. We commend it to all readers, as both interesting and instructive—capable of enlightening most of them with regard to the much abused character of its hero. But we cannot refrain from touching upon several points in the life of Richard, and contrasting them with the appearance and actions of the tyrant of Shakspeare. Richard was not thirty-three years old when he was slain at Bosworth—the Richard of the stage is a weatherbeaten warrior of fifty. At the time of the supposed scene between Gloucester and Lady Anne, the former was but nineteen the latter but seventeen years of age. How are both represented at the theatre! Anne as a mourning widow, Richard as a dissembling fiend. The truth is, that Anne had never been married, but had been beloved by Richard for years, although she was affianced to Edward, the Lancastrian prince of Wales.—At the death of that prince, Richard asked her openly of the king and parliament.—They were married, and lived happily together for thirteen years, having but one Son, Edward, who died greatly lamented when nearly twelve years of age. The stage Richard kills Lady Anne for the purpose of marrying his brother's daughter, afterward queen to Henry VII. Lady Anne died, in fact, for grief at the loss of her son, and was sincerely mourned by Richard, who openly disclaimed, "before the mayor and citizens of London," all intention of marrying his niece. Moreover, he chose his nephew for his successor, and afterwards, on account of that youth's incapacity, he selected his cousin, the Earl of Lincoln, as heir apparent to the throne. The cause of Henry of Richmond, upon the stage, is that of virtue and right—in truth, Richard was chosen king by the parliament, and confirmed by the people—Henry had no more claim to the throne than any private gentleman of the realm—and Richard fell by the most cold blooded treason of Lord Stanley and the Earl of Northumberland. Richard was followed to the field by the first chivalry of England—he fought to the last as a good general and a brave soldier, and died with the words, treason! treason! upon his lips. When Stanley and Northumberland joined his enemies, and when his own troops were flying on every side, he refused to escape, saying:—"Not one foot will I fly, so long as breath abides within my breast; for by him that alpheth both sea and land, this day shall end my battles or my life, I will die King of England." His enemies had long sworn his ruin, and craftily took advantage of the proper moment to accomplish it.

It now proved that he had nothing whatever to do with the death of Henry VI, and the duke of Clarence, and there is nothing but rumor to establish the fact of the young princes' having ever died in the tower, much less that they were murdered by Richard. The latter lived

all his days in the love of his mother, the old duchess of York, who would scarcely have approved the murderer of her own grand children. Richard took every care of his nieces, the sisters of the young princess, and was in constant and loving connection with them. It is proved that Buckingham was a traitor, and deserved his fate, and that, by the state of the parties at the time, either Rivers or his comrades must die, or Richard himself be sacrificed. The latter was no more to blame in ordering their execution than was Napoleon in condemning George Cadoudal, or Louis Philippe, for guillotining Fieschi. But enough—We have recurred to the prominent crimes with which Richard of Gloucester is accused, in play and tradition. It remains but to speak of his personal appearance and general character. In the former he has been nearly as much maligned as in the latter. He was of small stature, it is true, but with handsome and intellectual features, and was well shaped, with the exception of having rounded shoulders. In character, he was cool and cautious in resolve, but daring and determined in execution. His feats of arms at Barnet and elsewhere, from the early age of nineteen, are proofs of his bravery and military ability—the laws bearing his name still attest his capacity as a statesman among the statutes of England—the heralds' college yet in existence, the endowments of various schools and professorships of universities, still prove his enlightened zeal in the cause of education—and all these when England was just emerging from the dark ages, in the intervals of civil war, bloodshed, and anarchy. Before his elevation to the throne, Richard was a kind husband, a beneficent master, a faithful brother, and a knight incorruptible by the bribes of the French king, when all the rest of England's chivalry were found wanting. After becoming king, he proved himself an able monarch in every particular, while his private virtues remained undimmed.

Of course we do not mean to say that he was exempt from the vices of the age. As compared with a fopling lord of the nineteenth century, he was doubtless rough and rude, and has undoubtedly killed men where now-days are killed pheasants; but we mean to say that Richard was truly one of the lights of the age, mild, intellectual, and foreseeing in a great degree, and as much before Henry his fortunate rival, as the genius of Napoleon was before the talent of Wellington. At present it would seem impossible for lying tradition and popular report to thus paint over truth and history with their falsehoods, and yet the character of some among us is made and broken to future generations by the political ribaldry of the day. In the almost absence of printing and of general education, to obtain the favor of a ruling, but aspiring dynasty, (as to male descent) and a love all by the undying creation of the greatest poet the world had ever seen, called by his name and surrounded by his competitors, Richard the Third, of England, has had his glory stolen from him. But it is time to spread the truth.

For our own part, we acknowledge a deep interest in the subject of one of so much good and of so much adverse fortune—of one who entered upon public life as a general in his first battle, at the age of nineteen, and who was cut off at thirty-three in the fullness of his virtues and in the esteem of his people. For us, at least, "the crook-backed tyrant" has been but a creation of the brain. Would that all could so consider him, and think of the Richard as a star of intellect shining brightly amid the blood, sensuality and brutality of the wars of the Roses.

Boston Post.

THE ICE TRADE.—A New York paper says, now that winter is approaching, we presume the various companies will prepare for the ice campaign, and send their hardy axe men in the neighborhood of Rockland Lake, to be prepared with sled and hachel, railroad and barge, to cut the solid slabs from their beds and transport them to this city. It is a singular fact that our ice companies appear to be content to supply the city; they look not beyond Sandy Hook for a market, while our Boston friends have been coining in money by the article. There are in Boston sixteen companies engaged in transporting ice to the East and West Indies, New Orleans and to other warm climates. In 1830 the quantity of ice shipped from Charleston to distant ports amounted to 20,000 tons. No less than 50,000 tons were exported from Boston. The expense to the shippers was \$12,340, or about a quarter of a dollar a ton. The average receipts were \$2,570,000; a single firm in Boston freighted one hundred and one vessels, and a cargo was sent to the East Indies and exchanged pound for pound for cotton, which was sold at a handsome profit in England. Saw dust for packing sells at three dollars per cord. Formerly, ice sold in New Orleans for six cents per pound, and now sells for one cent, but more money is made from the increased consumption at one cent than was made at six cents. The ice is sawed into blocks by a machine, and is packed on board the vessel with straw and hay, in thin timber boxes, air tight. One company expended \$7,000 for hay alone. The annual crop of ice is good at 200,000 tons, and can be cut and housed in three weeks.

Value of a Lawyer's Opinion.

The U. S. Gazette says, in the third number of the 'Revue Francaise des Families,' the first and second not having come to hand, we find a story about a lawyer, which we thought worthy a translation.

To come to Rennes, without consulting a lawyer, would appear as much impossible to a Breton, as it would have been to a Greek to approach the temple of Delphos, without consulting the oracle.

This was as much the case towards the end of the last century, as it is now, especially for the country people, a timid race by experience, and accustomed to great precautions.

It happened that a farmer named Bernard, having come to market in Rennes, took it into his head, when his business was accomplished, and there were a few hours of leisure, that it would be a capital use of that spare time to consult a lawyer. He had often heard people speak of Mr. Potier de la Germondaie, whose reputation was so great, that the people thought a suit already gained if he undertook it. Bernard asked for his address, and went immediately to his office, in St. George's Street.

The clients were numerous, and Bernard had to wait for a long time. At length his turn came, and he was introduced. Mr. Potier de la Germondaie pointed him to a chair, laid his spectacles upon his table, and asked what brought him there.

"Pon my word, Squire," said the farmer, twirling his hat round, "I heard so much talk about you, that, finding myself at leisure in Rennes, I thought I would take advantage of the circumstance, and come and get an opinion of you."

"I thank you for your confidence, my friend," said M. de la Germondaie; "but you, of course, have a law suit?"

"A law suit! a law suit, indeed!! I hold them in utter abomination; and more than that, Peter Bernard never had a dispute with any man living."

"Then you wish to settle some estate, or divide the property among the family?"

"Beg pardon, Squire, my family and I never had any property to divide; we all eat from the same dish, as the saying is."

"It is about some contract for the purchase or sale of something?"

"Not at all; I am not rich enough to purchase any thing, nor so poor as to sell what I have."

"What, then, do you want of me?" asked the astonished lawyer.

"What do I want? Why, I told you at first, Squire, I came for an opinion, for which I will pay, of course, as I am in Rennes now, at leisure, and it is necessary to profit by the circumstance."

M. de la Germondaie took pen and paper, and asked the countryman his name.

"Peter Bernard," answered he; happy, indeed, that he had succeeded to make himself understood.

"Your age?"

"Thirty years, or thereabouts?"

"My profession?"

"Oh, yes—that is, what do I do. Oh, I am a farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded up the paper, and gave it to his client.

"Is it done already?" cried Bernard. "Very well, that's right. There is no time to get rusty here, as they say. How much do you charge for this opinion, Squire?"

"Three francs."

Bernard paid without disputing, made a grand scrape with his foot, and went out delighted with having 'profited by the occasion.'

When he arrived home, it was already four o'clock. The joint had fatigued him, and he went into the house for some repose.

Meanwhile his grass had been cut four days, and was completely dried, and one of his lads came to ask whether he should get it in at once.

"Not this evening," said Mrs. Bernard, who had just joined her husband; "it would be too bad to set the people at work so late an hour, when the hay can be got in to-morrow just as well."

The lad urged that there might be a change in the weather, that everything was in order, and the people were doing nothing.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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

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

Sixteen lines make a square.

haste with the wagon, the girls and the boys, and let us get the hay in."

His wife offered some more objections, but Bernard declared that he was not going to pay three francs for an opinion, and then not follow it; so he set the example and led all hands to the field, and they did not return to the house until all the hay was in the barn.

The event seemed to prove the sagacity of Bernard's movement for the weather changed in the night. A terrible storm came on, and the next morning the streams had overflowed their banks, and swept off every particle of new mown grass. The hay harvest of every other farmer in the neighborhood was utterly destroyed. Bernard alone saved his hay.

The first experiment gave him such confidence in the opinion of the lawyer, that ever after he adopted it as a rule of conduct, and became, thanks to his order and diligence, one of the richest farmers in the country. He never forgot the service which M. de la Germondaie had rendered him, and he brought every year to that lawyer, a pair of good fat chickens; and when they were talking of the lawyers, that next to the commands of God and the church, the most profitable thing in the world was a lawyer's opinion.

The Oak—Curious Experiment.

Take an acorn in the fall of the year, tie a string round it in such a way that when suspended, the blunt end of the acorn where the cup was, is upward. Hang it thus prepared in the inside of a bottle, or haycathin glass, containing a little water, taking care that the acorn does not reach the water, within an inch; wrap the bottle all over in flannel, so as to keep it dark and warm, and put it in a warm place. In three or four weeks the acorn will have swollen, its coat will have burst, and a little white point will make its appearance at the end opposite the water. This point is the root; the acorn is now changing its nature and becoming an oak; still, however, it must be stationed in the dark, still it must be kept clear of the water, and so it must continue till the young root is at least half an inch long.

Then the water may be allowed to rise higher; but it is only when from the neck on the root, a little point begins to turn upward, that it is safe to allow the water to touch it. At this time, the acorn has ceased to be an acorn, and has really become a young oak; for the little point directing itself upward, is the beginning of that great trunk which a century later may form the timber of a frigate. As soon as the young stem begins to shoot, the oak will require a dose of light, a little every day; and it also yearns for more food, so that its root, which in reality is its mouth, must be allowed to touch the water and drink it.

After these events have come to pass, our little nursing bristles, and must have air; digest and must have light; sucks greedily, and must have fresh water given to its root, which, however, should never be permitted to be wholly covered; just that point where the stem begins, should be kept out of the water. The pet having been brought to this, its first state of existence, must be kept in the window. At first it will be a stout thread, whitish, and covered with tiny scales, then the scales will expand a little, and the end will become greener.

Next will appear some little leaves; hair will begin to grow, veins will branch; the old scales will fall off, and by slow degree the leaves will arrange themselves upon the stem, each unfolding from the bosom of the other. And thus, out of a little starch and gum, for the acorn was not much more,—manifold parts will be curiously produced by the wondrous creative powers of nature.—Gardner's Chronicle

MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.—By a statement in the National Intelligencer of yesterday it appears that it is the intention of the Washington National Monument Society to expend the fund now standing to the credit of the Society (about \$49,000) in the erection of a Monument to Washington. It is to be regretted, however, that the amount is so small, both as it respects the reputation of the country and the glory of him to whose memory the structure is to be reared.

WHITE NATIVE STRAWBERRY.—A Goodwin, Ashfield, Mass., describes a kind of strawberry which he thinks is a native of the Berkshire Hills. He says: "It is larger than the common field strawberry, very hardy, and yields a great quantity of fruit, producing in succession three or four weeks. When ripe it is of a yellowish white, contrasting beautifully with the red strawberry. It has a fine flavor, and when packed, comes from the hull."

A ROUND BILL.—"Why, Tom, it strikes me that you have made out a pretty round bill here, eh?" "I can see that it is round," quoth Tom, "and I have come for the purpose of having it squared."

ON MISS ANNE BREAD "There's any girl but her," said Ned, "With every other fustler: I'll be contented with ANNE BREAD, And won't have any but her."