

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 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.

UMBRELLAS CHEAP

REST FENNER & CO. Manufacturers of UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, and SUN SHADES.

Philadelphia. Invite the attention of Merchants, Manufacturers, &c., to their 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 establishment, and will always be ready to entertain his guests.

His establishment is in the best location, and will afford full assurance, that his guests will be supplied with every comfort and accommodation; and while his house will be comfortable under such arrangements, as will secure a character for the first responsibility, and satisfactory entertainment for in juvenals and families.

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

To Country Merchants.

Boots, Shoes, Bonnets, Leghorn 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 Leighton and others, will be sold cheap, if application made soon to the subscriber. Sunbury, Aug. 31. H. B. MASSER.

FLAX SEED.

The highest price will be given for Flax Seed, by Aug. 31, 1844. H. B. MASSER.

COFFAGE BIBLES.

Five copies of the Cottage Bible, the cheapest book ever published, containing the commentary on the Old and New Testament, just received and for sale, for six dollars. 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 Ira C. Green'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' celebrated Water and Provision Chests, and Patent Premium Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, for preserving Books, Papers, D. eds, Jewels, Gold, Silver, &c., &c., made of Best Iron, (and not over Plank as many-five out of every one hundred now in use, and for sale made) with first rate Locks and David Evans' Patent Keyhole Covers, similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months in 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 soldiers, at the Delaware Canal Office, in Walnut street, above Third, but did not succeed.

Hoisting Machines, Iron Doors, superior Locks, and all kinds of Iron Rail Gages, Seal and Coasting 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 Lining Refrigerators with Slate, for which my Patent is dated 25th March, 1843, 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 \$5 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 & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Jan. 11, 1845.

Vol. 5--No. 16--Whole No. 224.

SHORT ALMANACK FOR THE YEAR 1845.

Being after the Fourth of July, the 69th of American Independence.

Table with columns for MONTHS (JANUARY to DECEMBER) and days of the month. Includes a small table for the days of the week.



Parody on the Old Arm Chair. THE OLD BLACK COAT.

BY W. ALIAS PUNCH, JR.

I love it, I love it, and on it I do.

Who can blame me for loving that old black coat.

To part with it now would cost me some tears.

It has worn me so well for the last ten years.

I bought it quite cheap at an auction sale.

On account of a hole that was slit in its tail.

I mended it neatly—did not cost me a groat.

And a good warm friend was that same black coat.

The first time I wore't with an innocent flirt.

I came near losing a part of the skirt.

I was struggling hard with a lovely Miss.

To obtain from her lips the boon of a kiss.

In vexation she said that when she got clear.

With her pretty hands my coat she would tear.

The words they no sooner had left her sweet throat.

Than she grappled and tore my then new coat.

I have passed since then thro' trouble and strife.

It has stuck to me close like a tender wife.

I keep it now for the good it has done.

The color's grown grey from time and the sun.

I gaze on it now and plainly can see.

The rent I got in it the night of the spree.

The remembrance is vivid, but ah! I must note.

And place in the closet that old black coat.

Jeremiah Higgins' Courtship.

Near Newtown dwelt a damsel fair.

With rosy cheeks and dark brown hair.

And near her lived a hearty youth.

The only son of mother Ruth.

The maiden's name it was Kesiah.

The youth's name was called Jeremiah.

A prettier pair was never seen.

In all their parts where I has been.

Now Jeremiah, young and sly.

On sweet Kesiah kept his eye.

At last he thought it best—says he.

"I wonder if she would have me?"

Then Jeremiah, in his best.

To put Kesiah to the test.

Right down he goes, clean shirt and shoes.

To ask Kesiah how she does.

Kesiah sat to him alone.

A wondrous where the banker was gone.

When Jeremiah walked right in.

And frightened her so, it was a sin!

He took a seat close by the window.

A great way off and right behind her.

Says she, "you'd better draw your chair close to the fire, you're freezing there!"

"I ain't pertickler," Jerry said.

But felt confused and hung his head.

"Oh, Jeremiah, what's the news.

Pray tell me something to amuse?"

"I ain't heard nothin' new of late.

"Xep Jimmy Hawkins broke our gate.

Our speckled cow has got a calf."

Then Jerry gave a chuckle laugh.

So there they sat, as mum as bricks.

While Jerry whittled up two sticks.

At last Kesiah did conclude.

That Jerry's conduct was too rude.

She screamed right out "Oh, let me go!

How, Jerry can you treat me so?"

Up started Jerry in a fright.

And stared at her with all his might.

"I ain't a touchin' you!" he cried.

"Well ain't you goin' to the job?" she sighed.

Then Jeremiah took the tone.

And laughed till he did almost choke.

Next Sunday in the church was read.

That Jeremiah meant to wed.

Kesiah blushed as red as fire.

And stole a look at Jeremiah.

About nine months, or a leetle after.

Sweet Kesiah, she had a darter;

This child so pleased the tender mother.

That in one year she had another.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A SERMON.—The following anecdote of Robert Morris, we find in an exchange paper.

"When Dr. Rush was a young man, he had been invited to dine in company with Robert Morris, Esq., a man celebrated for the part he took in the American revolution. It so happened that the company had waited some time for Mr. Morris, who on his appearance apologized for detaining them, by saying that he had been engaged in reading a sermon of a clergyman who had just gone to England to receive orders. 'Well, Mr. Morris,' said the Doctor, 'how did you like the sermon?' I have heard it highly extolled.' 'Why, Doctor,' said he, 'I did not like it at all. It's too smooth and tame for me.' 'Mr. Morris,' replied the Doctor, 'what sort of a sermon do you like?' 'I like, sir,' replied Mr. Morris, 'that kind of preaching which drives a man into one corner of his pew, and makes him think the devil is after him!'

N. O. Pic.

A Visit to Gen. Jackson.

We have been, says the Spirit of the Times, favored with a letter written by a highly intelligent lady, giving the details of a visit to the Hermitage, and an animated interview with General Jackson, the Old Hero of N. Orleans.

The letter is addressed to a relative of the President-elect, resident in Delaware, and is written in a very neat manner. We may add to this that the lady-writer is Democratic in her opinions, and her sentiments breathe the truly republican principles. We recommend the perusal of this letter as very interesting, and as furnishing a view of the habits, &c. of one of the most remarkable men of the age.—

"NASHVILLE, August, 1844.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I have just returned from a visit to the Hermitage and a chat with General Jackson, for in these times when all the ladies in the country have run wild with Whiggery, I thought it necessary to let it be known that some small spark of Democracy at least exists in the bosom of an American female, and for that purpose persuaded Mr. Mc. (whom you know would not need much persuasion on that score) to take me some hundred miles to see the old hero, and truly Andrew Jackson may not only be called the old hero, but the great man of the age. I cannot convey to you through the dull medium of the pen the beauty and sweetness of the impression that the sight and conversation of this great man produced upon my mind, but I will proceed to describe my visit. After passing a grove of beautiful oaks we entered the lawn immediately in front of the house, which is the largest and the most beautiful mansion that I saw in Tennessee, every thing around it bespeaks the simplicity of the taste and the refinement of the illustrious inmate.

After alighting from our carriage and naming the object of our visit, we were requested by the servant in attendance to walk into the Hall while he passed into his master's chamber to inform him of our visit, and to my great surprise we had not proceeded but a few steps through the Hall when the General appeared, and with an elegance and simplicity of manners all his own (for he borrows from none either his manners or sentiments) conducted us into his parlor. I had expected from the accounts I had heard of his exceeding debility of body that we should have to be contented with an interview of a few minutes, and that perhaps in his chamber, but with him the mind predominates over the weakness of the body, and during a lively conversation of nearly two hours he sustained a more than equal share, in fact after the first half hour we took the part of listeners almost entirely to the words of wisdom and patriotism which fell from his lips; he spoke with great interest on the subject of the annexation of Texas, and his views were clearer and sounder on that question than those of any politician whom I have heard discuss it, or whose writings upon it I have read, but I will not say more on this subject for you call me a lady politician, and that is a character for which you know I have little respect. I would rather speak of the man than the politician, and it is as the man I respect General Jackson for the love and respect he has paid to the memory of his wife. I visited her tomb, which is in the garden attached to the house, surrounded by flowers, and by the side of which is placed one intended for the receptacle of his own mortal remains. Upon the stone which covers Mrs. Jackson are engraved some beautiful sentiments, the last paragraph, after enumerating her virtues, concludes in the following beautiful words: 'A being so gentle, slender could wound, but could not dishonor, and when death tore her from the arms of her husband it was but to bear her to the bosom of her God.' The sweetness with which General Jackson has ever regarded the memory of his wife should entitle him to the respect and affection of our sex at least.

I was deprived of the pleasure of seeing the General's sword of service, as he told me he had sent it to Philadelphia to be repaired; but I saw several swords which had been presented to him, particularly the one presented to him by the New Orleans Volunteers; these swords together with several braces of pistols were in the drawing-room, and gave it a martial character, well in accordance with the dignified mien and still piercing eye of its occupant. During our interview, after a little blushing and sundry hesitations, I informed the General of my wish to possess some of his hair; he granted my request with the easy smile of a parent to a child, and indeed he must regard the more youthful part of this nation as his children, since Heaven has left him as Washington, without other offspring.

As the General conversed with so much animation we were afraid of exhausting him, especially as he had scarcely recovered from the fatigue occasioned by receiving 600 visitors on Friday last, being the day after the Democratic Convention at Nashville. On our getting up to retire, the General saluted me, and we left his presence highly pleased with our visit to this venerable statesman and warrior.

Yours affectionately, M."

From the St. Louis Reveler Swallowing Oysters Alive.

BY SOLITAIRE.

A Sucker—His First Oyster—Swallowing it Alive—Terrible Situation—The Rescue—Disappearance.

At a late hour the other night, the door of an oyster house in our city was thrust open, and in stalked a hero from the Sucker State. He was quite six feet high, spare, somewhat stooped, with a hungry, anxious countenance, and his hands pushed clear down to the bottom of his breeches pockets. His outer covering was hard to define, but after surveying it minutely, we came to the conclusion that his suit had been made in his boyhood, of a dingy, yellow liney woolsey, and that, having sprouted up with astonishing rapidity, he had been forced to piece it out with all colors in order to keep pace with his body. In spite of his exertions, however, he had fallen in arrears about a foot of the necessary length, and, consequently, stuck that far through his inexpressibles. His crop of hair was surmounted by the funniest little seal skin cap imaginable. After taking a position, he indulged in a long stare at the man opening the bivalves, and slowly ejaculated—"Ieters!"

"Yes, sir, responded the attentive operator 'and fine ones they are, too.'

"Well, I've heard tell of isters afore," says he, "but this the first time I've seen 'em, and prehaps I'll know what thar made afore I git out of town."

Having expressed this desperate intention, he cautiously approached a plate and scrutinized the unopened shell fish with a gravity and interest which would have done honor to the most illustrious searcher into the hidden mysteries of nature. At length he began to soliloquize on the difficulty of getting them out, and how queer they looked when out.

"I never seed any thim' hold on so—takes an amazin' size of screwin' loss, to get 'em out, and aint they slipry when they does come. Smooth as an eel! I've a good mind to give that feller lodgins,' jest to realize the effects, as uncle Jess used to say about a spekelation."

"Well, sir," was the reply, down with two bits, and you can have a dozen."

"Two bits!" exclaimed the Sucker, 'now come, that's stuck' it on erit strong, hoss, for isters. A dozen on em aint nothin to a chicken and there's no gittin' more'n a picayune apiece for them. I've only realized 45 picayunes on my first venture to St. Louis. I'll tell you what, I'll gin you two chickens for a dozen, if you'll conclude to deal."

A wag, who was standing by indulging in a dozen, winked to the attendant to shell out, and the offer was accepted.

"Now mind," repeated the Sucker, 'all fair—two chickens for a dozen,—you're witness, mister,' turning at the same time to the wag; 'none of your tricks, for I've heard tell that you city fellars are mity slipry coons!'

The bargain being fairly understood, our Sucker squared himself for the onset,—deliberately put off his seal skin, tucked up his sleeve, and, fork in hand, awaited the appearance of No. 1. It came—he saw—and quickly it was bolted! A moment's dreadful pause ensued. The wag dropped his knife and fork with a look of mingled amazement and horror—something akin to Shakspeare's Hamlet on seeing his father's ghost—while he burst into the exclamation:

"Swallowed alive, as I'm a christian!"

Our Sucker hero had opened his mouth with pleasure a moment before, but now it stood open. Fear—a horrid dread of, he didn't know what—a consciousness that wasn't right, and ignorant of the extent of the wrong,—the uncertainty of that moment was terrible. Urged to desperation, he faltered out—

"What on earth's the row?"

"Did you swallow it alive?" enquired the wag.

"I swallowed it just as he gin it to me!" shouted the Sucker.

"You're a dead man!" exclaimed his anxious friend; the creature is alive and will eat right through you!" added he, in a most hopeless tone.

"Git a pizen pump and pump it out!" screamed the Sucker, in a frenzy, his eyes fairly starting from their sockets. "Oh, gracious!—what'll I do!—It's got hold of my innards, already, and I'm dead as a chicken!—do somethin' for me, do—don't let the infernal sca-toad eat me afore your eyes."

"Why didn't you put some of this on it?" enquired the wag, pointing to a bottle of strong pepper sauce.

The hint wag enough—the Sucker, upon the instant, seized the bottle and desperately wrenched out the cork, swallowed half the contents at a draught. He fairly squealed from its effects, and gasped, and blushed, and pitched and twisted, as if it were coursing through him with the electric effect, while at the same time his eyes ran a stream of tears. At length, becoming a little composed, his waggish adviser

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, \$12; half column, \$8; three squares, \$5; two squares, \$3; one square, \$2 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.

approached almost bursting with suppressed laughter, and enquired.

"How are you old fellow—did you kill it?"

"Well, I did, hoss,—ugh-ugh-o-o my innards. 'If that ister critter's dyin' isn't a ruction in me equal to a small airthquake then 'tain't no use saying it—it squirmed like a sarpent when that killin' stuff touched it, but—"

and here, with a countenance made up of suppressed agony and present determination, he passed as if to give force to his words, and slowly and deliberately remarked.

"If you git two chickens from me for that live animal I'm—d!" and seizing his seal-skin, he vanished.

The shout of laughter, and the contortions of the company at this finale, would have made a spectator believe that they had all been 'swallowing oysters alive.'

THREE OF THE MOST WEALTHY BUSINESS MEN IN NEW YORK.

It is stated in Hunt's Merchants Magazine, that Preserved Fish commenced life as an apprentice to a blacksmith, and his next situation was that of a scummen on board a whaling ship. From being a hand before the mast, he rose to be a mate, and finally commander, and in this hazardous pursuit he amassed the foundation of his fortune. Saul Alley was bonded, when he was a small boy, apprentice to a coachmaker. During his apprenticeship his father died, and left him totally dependent on his own exertions. The very clothes he wore he was obliged to earn by toiling extra hours, after the regular time of leaving off work had passed. The foundation of his fortune he acquired by the exercise of frugality and prudence while a journeyman mechanic. Cornelius W. Lawrence, late Mayor of New York, and now President of the Bank of the State of New York, was a farmer's boy, and worked many a long day in rain and sunshine on Long Island.

There were few men within twenty miles of him that could mow a wider swath or turn a neater furrow. These men have been the architects of their own fortunes; they have earned them by the sweat of their brows; and their very wealth, besides the other means of doing good to their fellow men which it puts in their power, is in itself a perpetual stimulus to the mechanic and artisan to earn a similar reward by similar frugality, industry, and perseverance.

PETRIFFACTION.—A water in the New Hampshire Patriot, from Iowa Territory, relates some curious incidents of petrification in that soil.

"There is something in the nature of the soil which petrifies many substances, such as shells, wood, bark, fish, leathers, insects and reptiles. I have seen them in all these various kinds—some very natural fish and insects, and I saw one complete wing with all the feathers. The citizens have built a new cemetery and have removed many of their friends from the old graveyard to it. Many of the coffins have been found to be unusually heavy, even of small children.

Yesterday in attempting to remove a Mrs. Evans, who had been dead about five years, they found it difficult to get the coffin out of the grave, and curiosity excited them to open it, and they found the body in a state of petrification. The nose and some parts of the face were decayed, but the neck and the wrinkles in the flesh were perfectly natural. The flesh on one of the legs had the appearance of what is usually termed goose flesh. Petrification was not entirely complete except on the exterior. I did not see the body, but I saw some pieces taken from it. They had the appearance of limestone. So much for the marvelous. But singular as it may be, it's true."—Eastern Argus.

SCENE AT A POST OFFICE.—The Hartford Times tells the following good one:—A colored man lately went to the post office, and putting his nose close up to the delivery box, cried out "Loudier!" The clerk, supposing the negro to be deaf, and that he was making a request of him to speak louder, so that he could hear, asked him in a very loud tone the name of the person for whom he wanted the letter.

"Loudier!" cried the negro.

"What name?" yelled the clerk.

"Loudier!" again bawled the negro, who now supposed the clerk to be deaf.

The clerk took a long breath, and with all his might again bellowed out in the negro's face the same question, "what name?"

This was done in so loud a tone that the echo seemed to return from the far off hills.

The negro started back in alarm, shouting at the very top of his big lungs, "Loudier, sir, Loudier! I told you Loudier! my name is nothin' else!"

"Oh, ah! oh, no!" said the clerk, "your name is Loudier, eh! Didn't think of that—here's your letter, Mr. Loudier, here's your letter!"

THE FRENCHMAN IN LONDON.—A Frenchman, visiting London, very sagaciously remarked that he did not at all wonder at the spread of conservative principles. "For," said he, "such education must produce effect, and I observed all the schools for preparing a-tory—not you I see but preparing a-vig."