

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"

H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHER AND JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS. H. B. MASSER, Editor.

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H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Levington and Columbia.

SHUGERT'S PATENT WASHING MACHINE.

THIS Machine has now been tested by more than thirty families in this neighborhood, and has given entire satisfaction.

The following certificate is from a few of those who have these machines in use.

Sanbury, Aug. 24, 1844. We, the subscribers, certify that we have now in use, in our families, Shugert's Patent Washing Machine.

CHARLES W. HEGGINS, A. JORDAN, CHS. WEAVER, CHS. PLEASANTS, GIDEON MARKLE, HOE, GEO. C. WELKER, BENI. HENDRICKS, GIDEON LEISINGING.

Herr's Hosiery, (formerly Tremont House, No. 116 Chestnut street,) Philadelphia, September 21st, 1844.

I have used Shugert's Patent Washing Machine in my house upwards of eight months, and do not hesitate to say that I deem it one of the most useful and valuable labor-saving machines ever invented.

UMBRELLAS & PARASOLS, CHEAP FOR CASH.

J. W. SWAIN'S, Umbrella and Parasol Manufactory.

ALWAYS on hand, a large stock of UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS, including the latest new style of Pinked Edged Parasols of the best workmanship and materials.

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THIS Medicine is offered to the public generally, from a full conviction that it is superior to any other medicine now in use, for the cure of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility or Bilious Weakness, &c.

DR. GEORGE W. ALLEN, LANCASTER CO., March 18.

Dear Sir—It is with great pleasure that I inform you of the success attending your Dyspeptic Medicine, while employed in my practice.

For sale at the store of H. B. Masser, agent for the Proprietor, Sunbury, Pa. October 26th, 1844.—ly

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, August 16, 1845.

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From the N. Y. Mirror. WILLIS' LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

NUMBER SEVEN.

July Weather in London—Present Wearables of the bred Men of England—French and English Fashions—Morier, the author of Hajji Baba—Copyright Law—American Writers—National Literature—The exhibition of Cartoons—Effects of a moist Climate—British and Foreign Institute—The Countess Calabrella, &c.

MY DEAR MORRIS—The summer is with you I hope. With me, in England, there has been little signs of it, except the very elegant white hat from Beebe & Costor, which, with a continuance of the present weather, is not likely to fulfill its destiny.

And, talking of hats, suppose I cater for our dressy friends, by sending you a letter on the present wearables of the thorough bred men of London. They will regret to know, for one thing, that white cravats, at dinner and evening parties, are as indispensable as they were fifteen years ago—quite as few people, as then, looking tolerably in them, or knowing how to tie them.

Hats are no longer carried into the drawing-room at parties, but delivered to a servant below stairs, who tickets them, and gives the owners numbers by which they are to be called for.

If Englishmen were not by so much the finest figures of men in the world, they would certainly pass for the most ill-dressed. It is strange how they stick to their defective fashions.

I fancy that the extravagance of canes and fancy cravats of expensive satin, which prevailed in America the last year or two, were borrowed by us from the French, and never "obtained" in England.

I don't also whether our late fashions of long hair is not copied from the French or exclusively American. You can hardly see a young man in Broadway whose head is not shrouded by a single hair, around the neck, made by the curling tongs of the hair dresser.

I breakfasted, or rather lunched this morning, at a very celebrated table, with some very charming and celebrated people. One of the guests was Morier, the author of "Hajji Baba," a writer who delights me exceedingly in a book, and whose lips and manners are as graphic as his pen.

dy, perfectly at his ease in all society, and ready to supply the topic, or listen, as the occasion calls for either. This is a kind of man, by the way, much prized in London—wholly unrecognized (as to value) in America.

I had a little talk with Morier on copyright. I told him that the English novelists, spite of our injustice to them, were "dogs in a manger."

There was one topic touched upon that will be interesting to artists. The exhibition of cartoons opened yesterday, and some of the company had been to see them.

The moist climate is beginning to do its usual work on me—that of relieving me of my outer skin, and permitting me to walk abroad in an under one that more resembles the one I sported in my youth.

"How doest thou do?" kindly inquired the Quaker. "Perhaps thou dost not know me?"

"Oh no!" said the gentleman, blushing slightly; you must be mistaken in the person. It cannot be me that you wish to find."

"Yes," said the gentleman, appearing suddenly to recollect himself; "I do remember now the circumstance to which you allude.—Yes, yes—I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Philadelphia, and you may depend on my doing so."

"The proper signal here brought the constable into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astonished at the appearance of the functionary, who immediately began to execute his part of the drama."

"What?" exclaimed the rogue in an angry tone; "you surely haven't sued me!"

The tailor having signed the receipt, placed it in the hands of his creditor, with feelings such as may be readily imagined.

HOW A TAILOR COLLECTED A DEBT. A TRUE STORY.

Near the close of the last century, a Quaker knight of the shears and thimble, who exercised his avocation in Philadelphia, was imposed upon by an adroit scoundrel, who contrived to get a suit of clothes on credit, and afterwards sloped without paying for them.

He immediately prepared an advertisement, in substance as follows, which he inserted in the Philadelphia Gazette:—"If J. C. —, who was in Philadelphia about the month of —, in the year 1795, will send his address to the editor of this paper, he will hear of something to advantage."

Having instructed the Editor not to disclose his name to the rogue if he should call, but to request the latter to leave his address, the Quaker patiently awaited the result of his experiment.

The tailor lost no time in preparing a transcript of his account, not forgetting to charge interest from the time that the debt was incurred.

The Quaker now rang the bell, and, when the servant appeared, requested him to inform the gentleman of whom he was in search, that a friend wished to speak with him at the door.

"Oh no!" said the gentleman, blushing slightly; you must be mistaken in the person. It cannot be me that you wish to find."

"Yes," said the gentleman, appearing suddenly to recollect himself; "I do remember now the circumstance to which you allude.—Yes, yes—I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Philadelphia, and you may depend on my doing so."

"The proper signal here brought the constable into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astonished at the appearance of the functionary, who immediately began to execute his part of the drama."

"What?" exclaimed the rogue in an angry tone; "you surely haven't sued me!"

The three went into the house together, and the slippery gentleman having ascertained the amount of the bill, paid it in full.

which was "for advertising," when he broke forth— "Halloo! what's this? 'For advertising?' That's an odd charge in a tailor's bill. You're cheating me!"

"You told a ——— lie in it," quickly retorted the rogue.

"You art mistaken," immediately responded the Quaker; "I only promised that thou shouldst hear of 'something to advantage,' and is it not to the advantage of a poor tailor to collect an old debt?"

"Nonsense," now said the quaker; "if thou really intendest to do any thing of that sort, we had better stop out into the back yard and finish the business at once."

The rogue was completely non-plused by the coolness of the Quaker, and stood speechless and almost petrified.

"Now," said the tailor good-naturedly, "let me give thee three pieces of advice. When next thou hast occasion to get a suit of clothes, thou had better not attempt to cheat the poor tailor, but pay him honestly, for then will thy conscience not disturb thee and thy sleep will be sweet and refreshing."

A dear friend of ours had, when about twenty years of age, a front tooth that turned black gradually, crumbled, and so broke off piecemeal.

Every one knows that charcoal is an antiputrescent, and is used in boxing up animal or vegetable substances, to keep them from decay.

There is no danger in swallowing it; on the contrary, small quantities have a healthful effect on the inward system, particularly when the body is suffering from that class of complaints peculiarly incident to summer.

MARRIAGE AND POTATOES.—After a marriage the other day in a country town in Connecticut, the bridegroom took the parson aside, and very mysteriously whispered to him, "Can't You take the pay out in taters?"

PIECES 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.

Potatoe Blight. To THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE.—Knowing that you feel a deep interest in the welfare of the farmer, I send you a few observations on the cause of the disease among potatoes, so prevalent last year, which I think I have discovered, and perhaps a remedy.

This morning for the first time, I observed a few tops of the potatoes in my garden beginning to wither and curl up. Supposing that the cause might be near at hand I commenced a critical examination of several withered tops, to discover if possible, I soon found a green fly about one fourth of an inch in length, upon every top that had begun to wither, and on most of them two; some had four, a few six.

This insect, I thought, must be the cause of the disease, commonly called the Curl-Top or Potato Rot, since I found it on every diseased top in 20 or 40 cases, and usually on the part of the plant which had begun to wither near the healthy part of the stem.

Does this liquid exude from the plant and attract the fly which is innocently sipping his nectar? or does he perforate the stem and cause the exudation, that like a malicious parasite he may extract the life from this root?

In almost every case two flies were found upon the same plant, differing a little in size and color, the less being of a darker green, and the large containing many eggs, which it appeared to be depositing.

From the above observations these conclusions appear to be evident, that the sting of this fly causes the curl-top—that it breeds upon the stem and the numerous progeny live upon the plant, sucking up its juices and destroying its vitality.

The flies can perhaps be driven out of the field with a bush where it is not convenient to shower them. Yours, &c., E. B. POWREY, N. Y., July 14, 1845.

Corn Stalk Sugar. A Cincinnati paper gives us a most encouraging account of the manufacture of sugar from corn-stalks.

When the ears begin to form, they are pulled off. When the leaves are dead about half way off, the stalk is stripped of all leaves, cut up at the root, the top cut off, and then ground in a sugarmill.

An ANTIPORE FOR BED BREAK.—A correspondent of the Express says that the following recipe for extirpating bed-bugs has been long and successfully used in the City Hotel: "Take a quantity of white oil of turpentine the same quantity of lard or tallow, simmer them a few minutes together, to as they will mix. Apply the mixture with a feather or fine brush to the crevices and joints of the bedstead, and these vermin will not only desert the bed, but leave the room."