

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

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

PIECES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, \$0 50
1 do 2 do, 0 75
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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 or less make a square.

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.
No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

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

By Masser & Eiseley.

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

Vol. 6--No. 3--Whole No. 263.

H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.
Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.
Refer to:
P. & A. BROTHER,
LOWEN & BARON,
SNYDER & SNYDER,
REYNOLDS, McFARLAND & Co.,
SPRING, GARD & Co.,
Philad.

ALEXANDER L. HICKEY.
TRUNK MAKER.
No. 150 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
WHERE all kinds of leather trunks, valises and carpet bags, of every style and pattern are manufactured, in the best manner and from the best materials, and sold at the lowest rate.
Philadelphia, July 19th, 1845—1v.

CASH STORE.
CHEAP FOR CASH OR COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Twenty Per Cent. Saved.

THE subscriber having purchased the store of H. B. Masser, has just replenished the same with a new stock of goods, which being purchased at cash prices, will be sold for Cash or Country Produce, twenty per cent. cheaper than usual. Call and judge for yourself.
The following are among the articles—
Barred cotton drilling, at 12 1/2
German linen, at 12 1/2
Muslin, at 6 1/2
Calicoes, East colors, at 7 1/2
Writing paper, at 12 1/2 per quire
Sugar, at 6 1/2
do good at 8
Coffee, at 10 to 12 1/2
Glass 8 by 10, at 33 cts per dozen
Elastic cotton gloves, at 6 1/2
Mohair mitts at 6 1/2
Brass Eight day clocks, warranted, at \$9
" Thirty hour " " \$6
" Alarm " " \$7
Besides, I have and Groceries of all kinds, Leghorn, Fur and Silk Hats, Tanned Casimere, Cotton Yarn, Carpet Chain, Upholstery, P. rasels, and Lamps, &c.
HENRY MASSER,
Sunbury, July 5, 1845

TO ALL CONCERNED.
H. B. MASSER, respectfully informs his old friends and customers, that he has sold out his store to Henry Moser, and respectfully requests all those indebted to him, to settle their accounts without delay, as they will be placed in the hands of a Justice for collection, without respect to persons, on the 1st of August.
Sunbury, June 28, 1845. H. B. MASSER.

SHUGERT'S PATENT WASHING MACHINE.
THIS Machine has now been tested by more than thirty families in this neighborhood, and has given entire satisfaction. It is so simple in its construction, that it cannot get out of order. It contains no iron to rust, and no springs or rollers to get out of repair. It will do twice as much washing, with less than half the wear and tear, of any of the late inventions, and what is of greater importance, it costs but little over half as much as other washing machines.
The subscriber has the exclusive right for Northumberland, Union, Lycoming, Columbia, Luzerne and Clinton counties. Price of single machine \$6.
H. B. MASSER.
The following certificate is from a few of those who have used this machine, to wit:
Sunbury, Aug. 24, 1845.
We, the subscribers, certify that we have now in use, in our families, "Shugert's Patent Washing Machine," and do not hesitate saying that it is the most excellent invention. That, in washing, it will save more than one half the usual labor.—That it does not require more than one third the usual quantity of soap and water; and that there is no rubbing, and consequently, little or no wearing or tearing.—That it knocks off all buttons, and that the finest clothes, such as collars, laces, tucks, frills, &c., may be washed in a very short time without the least injury, and in fact without any apparent wear and tear whatever.—We therefore cheerfully recommend it to our friends and to the public, as a most useful and labor saving machine.
CHARLES W. HEGINS,
A. JORDAN,
CHS. WEAVER,
CHS. PLEASANTS,
GIBSON MARKLE,
HEN. GEO. C. WEAVER,
BENJ. HENDRICKS,
GIDEON LEISINGER.

HERB'S HOTEL (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. I formerly kept two women continually occupied in washing, who now do as much in two days as they then did in one week. There is no wear or tear in washing, and it requires not more than one-third the usual quantity of soap. I have had a number of other machines in my family, but this is so decidedly superior to every thing else, and so little liable to get out of repair, that I would not do without one if they should cost ten times the price they are sold for.
DANIEL HERR.

UMBRELLAS & PARASOLS, CHEAP FOR CASH.
J. W. SWAIN'S
Umbrella and Parasol Manufactory.
No. 37 North Third Street, two doors below the CITY HOTEL.
Philadelphia.
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, at prices that will make it an object to Country Merchants and others to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.
Feb. 22, 1845.—1y
SUPERIOR Port wine, Madeira and Lisbon Wines. Also superior Brandy and Gin, Lemon Syrup. Also a few barrels of BEST FISH, for sale by
HENRY MASSER,
Sunbury, July 19th, 1845.



From the Sprikerbocker. M. A. N.

I stood with the goatherd at his door,
Beside the mountain rills,
And I thought his tranquil visage bore
The noblesse of the hills.
It said: I am bred of purer air
And lighter clay than thou;
I do not languish on scanty fare,
Nor fable on the mountains brow.
And methought, though rude his looks and ways,
Thus dwelling from all apart,
That reason spoke in his cheerful gaze,
And a light and kindly heart.
I sat with the criminal in his cell,
And my very soul grew chill,
As I saw him flush with the fires of hell
When he told of his deeds of ill.
The strain of triumph o'er him swept—
Fiercely and darkly he smiled;
It ceased; the murderer turned and wept;
He had spoken of his child.
The mountain maid stood in the wind,
In natural loveliness;
And in her face I read her mind
Was simple as her dress.
Her feelings knew no artful check,
Her life and soul were true;
The heart and cross hung on her neck,
And they were all she knew.
I saw the wanton child of sin
In gaudy beauty dress:
Defilement dwelt her lips within,
And horror in her breast.
The net of vanity and youth
She spreads with eager hands,
When lo! the holiest son of truth,
Jesus, before her stands.
The withering roses leave her hair,
The bold smile disappears,
She bows before him in despair,
She lathes his feet with tears.
Thank God! thou blessed human heart,
There is ever hope for thee;
Thou hearest whosoever thou art,
His stamp of majesty.
Could man but love the guilty one
As the just God loves him still,
The race of crime would soon be run,
And crushed the power of ill.
Could we but pray as Jesus prayed:
"They know not what they do,
Forgive them, Father!" hearts were made
And earth were born anew.

The Use of Flowers.
BY MARY BOWTIN.
God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small—
The oak tree and the cedar tree—
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.
The ore within the mountain mine
Requires none to grow,
Nor does it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.
And clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dew's might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have deen them all.
Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night—
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?
Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth—
To comfort man, to whisper hope
When'er his faith is dim,
For whom careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for Him?

A SHORY OF THE SOUTHWEST.
How the Mountain Blacksmith was Converted.
The scene is laid in the mountainous regions of Georgia. Mr. Forgeron, a blacksmith, had a great antipathy against all Ministers, and Methodist Ministers in particular. His shop was in a narrow mountain pass, and he declared his determination to whip every Method at preacher that passed his shop. The Rev. B. Stubbleworth, however, readily consented to go there, and the following describes his ride through the mountains:
Forgeron had heard of his new victim, and rejoiced that his size and appearance furnished a better subject for his vengeance than the attenuated frame of the late parson. Oh, what a nice beating he would have! He had heard, too, that some ministers were rather spirited, and hoped that this one might be provoked to fight. Knowing that the clergyman must pass on Saturday, in the afternoon, he gave his striker a holiday, and regaled himself on the beauties of Tom Paine, awaiting the approach of the preacher. It was not over an hour before he heard the words—
"Oh, how happy are they who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!"
sung in a full, clear voice; and soon the vocalist, turning the angle of the rock, rode up with a continued smile on his face.
"How are you, old Stebsides! Get off your horse, and join in my devotion," said the smith.
"I have miles to ride," answered the preacher, "and I haven't time, my friend. I will call when I return."
"Your name is Stubbleworth?"
"Yes," he meekly replied.
"Didn't you know my name was Ned Forgeron, the blacksmith that whips every Methodist preacher that comes along?" was asked with an audacious look; "and how dare you come here?"
The preacher replied that he had heard of Forgeron's name, but presumed that he did not molest well-beloved travellers.
"You presume so! Yes, you are the most presumptuous people, you Methodists, that ever trod shoe leather, anyhow. Well, what'll you do, you beef-headed disciple, you?"
Mr. Stubbleworth professed his willingness to do any thing reasonable to avoid such a penance.
"Well, there's three things you have to do, or I'll maul you into a jelly. The first is, you are to quit preaching; the second is, you must wear this last will and testament of Thomas Paine next to your heart, read it every day, and believe every word you read, and the third is, that you are to curse the Methodists in every crowd you get into;" and the blacksmith "shucked" himself, rolled up his sleeves, and took a quid of tobacco.
The preacher looked on during these novel preparations, without a line of his face moving, and at the end he replied that the terms were unreasonable, and he would not submit to them.
"Well, you've got a whaling to submit to, then, I'll tear you into doll-rags corner ways! Get down you cussed long-faced hypocrite!"
The preacher remonstrated, and Forgeron, walking up to the horse, threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount; whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of necessity and alighted.
"I have one request to make, my friend—that is, you won't beat me with my overcoat on; it was a present from the ladies of my last circuit, and I do not wish to have it torn."
"Off with it, and that suddenly, you business man!"
The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his overcoat, as the blacksmith continued his tirade of abuse of him and the sect, and throwing the garment behind him, he dealt Mr. Forgeron a tremendous blow between the eyes, which laid that person on the ground, with the testament of Tom Paine beside him. Mr. Stubbleworth, with the tact of a connoisseur in such matters, did not wait for his adversary to rise, but mounted him with the quickness of a cat, and bestowed his blows with a courteous hand on the stomach and face of the blacksmith, continuing his song where he had left off on his arrival—
"Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort," &c. until Forgeron, from having experienced "first love," or some other sensation equally new to him, responded lustily—
"Enough! enough! take him off!"
But unfortunately, there was no one by to perform that kind office, except the preacher's old roan, and he munched a bunch of grass and looked on as if his master was happy at camp meeting.
"Now," said Stubbleworth, there are three things you must promise me before I let you up."
"What are they?" asked Forgeron, eagerly.
"The first is, that you will never molest a Methodist preacher again."
Here Ned's pride arose, and he hesitated; and the reverend gentleman, with his usual benign smile in his face, renewed his blows and sang—
"I then rode on the sky, freely justified I,
And the moon it was under my feet."

This oriental language overcame the blacksmith. Such bold figures, or something else, caused him to sing out, "Well, I'll do it; I'll do it!"
"You are getting on very well, said Mr. Stubbleworth. "I think I can make a decent man of you yet, and perhaps a christian."
Ned groaned.
"The second thing I require of you is, to go to Pumpkin creek meeting house and hear me preach to-morrow."
Ned attempted to stammer out some excuse, when the divine resumed his devotional hymn, and kept time with the music, striking him over the face with the fleshy part of his hand.
"I'll do my best," said he, in a humble voice.
"Well, that's a man," said Stubbleworth. "Now get up and go down to the spring and wash your face, and tear up Tom Paine's testament, and turn your thoughts on high."
Ned rose, with feelings he never experienced before, and went to obey the laudatory injunctions of the preacher, when the latter person mounted his horse, took Ned by the hand and said—
"Now keep your promise, and I'll keep your counsel. Good evening, Mr. Forgeron; I'll look for you to-morrow."
And off he rode with the same imperturbable countenance, singing so loud as to scare the eagles from their eyrie in the overhanging rocks.
"Well," thought Ned, "this is a nice business. What would people say if they knew Edward Forgeron was whipped by his own door, and that too by a Methodist preacher?"
But his musings were more in sorrow than in anger. His disfigured countenance was, of course, the subject of numerous questions that night, among his friends; to which he replied with a stern look they well understood, and the vague remark that he had met with an accident.
Of course they never dreamed of the cause. Ned looked in the glass, compared his black eye from the recent scuffle, to the rainbow shipwreck scene—bleeding every color into one. Or perhaps he never read the story, and muttered to himself "Ned Forgeron whipped by a Methodist preacher!"
From that time his whole conduct manifested a change of feeling. The gossip of the neighborhood observed it, and whispered that Ned was silent, and had gone to meeting every Sunday since the accident. They wondered greatly at his burning the books he used to read so much. Strange stories were circulating as to the metamorphosis of this jovial dare-devil blacksmith into a gloomy and taciturn man; some supposed, very sagely, that a "spirit" had entered him into the mountains, and, after giving him a glimpse into the future, had misled him to a crag where he had fallen and bruised his face.—Others gave the prince of darkness the credit of the change, but none suspected the Methodist preacher; and the latter having no vanity to gratify, the secret remained with Ned. The gloomy state of mind continued until Forgeron visited a camp meeting. Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth preached a sermon that seemed to enter his soul and relieve it of a burden; and the song of
"How happy are they who their Saviour obey," was only half through when he felt like a new man. Forgeron was from that time a shouting Methodist! At a love feast, a short time subsequent, he gave his experience, and revealed his conviction and conversion to his astonished neighbors.
The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, who had faithfully kept the secret until that time, could not contain himself any longer, but gave vent to his feelings in convulsive peals of laughter, as the burning tears of joy coursed their way down his cheeks.
"Yes," my brethren, said he, "it is a fact—I did man the grace into his unbelieving soul, there is no doubt."
The blacksmith of the mountain pass himself became, soon after, a Methodist preacher.

A NOVEL COFFEE POT.—We saw at Woolworth's yesterday a most ingenious apparatus for making coffee, which strikes us as the very perfection of collectricity. It consists of two crystal vases, one above another, on a marble base. In the upper is placed the coffee, as it comes from the mill, and the lower one is filled with cold water. Thus prepared it is ready to place on the table, when by lighting a small spirit lamp underneath the lower vase, one may supply himself in about five minutes time with a cup of coffee, the richest and purest that can be made; for by this peculiar process all the aroma of the berry is preserved, and the coffee, when poured into the cup, throws around the most delightful fragrance. Besides the great advantage of obtaining a cup of coffee in its utmost perfection, and the economy too—for it requires not so much of the raw material as by the old method—the operation is quite interesting, for the machine being entirely of glass, you see the whole process of distillation.—N. Y. Mirror.

THE "HOLY COAT"—A Second Reformation.
WASHINGTON, Sept. 22, 1845.
To the Editor of the Union:
The "Holy Coat" is represented to be the identical one in which our Saviour was apparelled, from early boyhood to the period of his crucifixion. It was made by Mary. The material was of so peculiar a quality, that the garment expanded in dimensions as the wearer advanced in years and increased in stature. "They parted his garments, casting lots among them what every man should take;" and the coat became the property of a soldier, who, placing no extraordinary value upon it, sold it to one of the females, (for a trifling consideration,) who believed in his divinity, and witnessed his sufferings on the cross. It was faithfully placed in the vault of a christian family, where it remained until the beginning of the fourth century, when Constantine—son of Constantine Chloris—was destined by the Almighty to terminate the bloody persecution of the Christians. His mother, Helena, had followed him to Orient; and in the year 326 she made a pilgrimage to Palestine, and, after diligent search, found this precious relic. She returned soon afterwards, and carried it in triumph to Treves, the oldest town in Europe, and the then seat of the Occidental emperors. It was not long before it mysteriously disappeared, causing thousands to wait; and, notwithstanding the most rigid examination and inquiries, no trace could be ascertained by which to lead to its recovery. One of the chroniclers of Treves, speaking of the year 1196, remarked that "it would be memorable in all coming time as the era of which the incomparable treasure of the holy coat of Christ was rediscovered." It seems to have been deposited between two steeples, in an altar dedicated to St. Nicholas. The Archbishop John, when he was repairing the dome and erecting new altars, opened the boxes and chests which he found in the progress of the work, and from one of them drew forth the "holy coat" from its tenement of eight centuries! On the 1st of the following May, the fête of the apostles Philip and James, it was publicly exhibited amid the rejoicings and congratulations of the multitude.
In the year 1512 the Emperor Maximilian the 1st was solicited to favor the world with an opportunity of beholding the "holy coat" in the cathedral at Treves. Permission was accordingly asked of Pope Leo X. who graciously consented to the granting of this high boon, upon the condition that every spectator should contribute freely towards rebuilding the old edifice, then nearly in ruins, rendered doubly dear to Catholics from the sacred relic which it contained. The experiment succeeded well. Vast sums were realized, and it was exposed to public view subsequently in the year 1531, 1545, 1553, 1585, and 1591. It was then removed to Ehrenbreitstein, (head-stone-of-honor,) the strong fortification of Drusus, before Christ, and the present Gibraltar of Germany, where it was exhibited again in 1734 and 1765. During the year 1794, it was foreseen that the French would secure the commanding position on the Rhine, the "holy coat" was secretly conveyed to the interior of Germany, where it was kept hidden until 1808, when a new Bishop of Treves (Carl Monny) caused it to be taken back to that city. The year following it was exhibited to nine hundred thousand persons; when the bishop announced that henceforward it could only be opened once in thirty-four years (the length of time our Saviour was upon earth) to public examination. In pursuance of this declaration, it was exhibited in 1844 in the cathedral at Treves, under the personal superintendance of the bishop, from the 15th of August until the 30th of September, to upwards of two millions of people!

ESSENCE OF COFFEE.—Mr. E. L. Szadeczny the New York Journal of Commerce says, has commenced in that city the manufacture of this article, which he says is already in extensive use in Europe among the higher classes. A quart bottle of this essence costs but six shillings, and will make from one to two hundred cups of excellent coffee, according to the size of the cup, and taste of the drinker.

YANKEE CUNTERS.—A selfish custom observed in this city, and indeed in many towns and other cities, of searching the records of the Probate Courts for the amount of fortune possessed by the heirs of deceased parents, and the selection of wives by young aspirants for wealth according to the said records, is not only reprehensible and mean, but ludicrous and contemptible, and places the character of young men who continue the practice in a most unenviable light, in the eyes of all persons of nobler views and of mature judgement.—Boston paper.

Well, this is romance—the romance of the dollar with a vengeance. So, when a young Boston bloater takes it into his head to fall in love, he first searches the records of the Probate Court to ascertain the exact amount of his Dulcinea's attractions, and then hissing and love sonnets bear an exact unmathematical ratio to her prospective dowry. Romantic Bostonians! Enthusiastic lovers!—Pic.

REVEREND ON THE WATER-CURE.—In the new Monthly Magazine for September you will find the cause of all the excitement about Hydrophaty, to which I have alluded in a previous letter. The number opens with a long, finely-written and powerful article from the pen of Bulwer, entitled "Confessions and Observations of a Water-Patient."
Bulwer * * * felt that his frame was breaking under him by constant literary labors, but as fast as he sought to escape from them the reading world demanded further efforts, till he was reduced to a mere skeleton; one year since his constitution was thoroughly shattered—he tried all the learned doctors, but their drugs brought no relief—he was advised to travel—he did travel, but still no relief—he accidentally met a work on Water Cure—he studied it—he found some new and some absurd statements in it—he winnowed the whole, separating the chaff from the wheat—adopted the advice when it was not inconsistent with common sense—repaired to a Hydropathic establishment—went through a regular course there practised, and came out entirely renovated in health of body and mind. He then resolved to give the suffering world the benefit of his experience and the able and interesting article in the New Monthly is the result. He reminds the editor that he is employed in preaching up the education of the mind and neglecting the education of the physical man—the latter being far more important than the former, for without health the mind will decay. Bulwer threw physic, however, to the dogs, and went to the Hydropathic establishment at Malvern. He says that the time will come when the drug-doctor will not be wanted—for there are cases in which the Water Cure seems, to Bulwer's mind, to be an absolute panacea. He goes into these cases at much length—in prolonged and complicated rheumatism the cure is rapid and permanent—in the case of gout, it takes up the disease "by the roots"—in that "wide and grisly family of affliction," classed under the common name of dyspepsia, the cure is rapid and certain. The Water Cure can "convert existence from a burden to a blessing." Bulwer says he was never a twelvemonth without pain; but now he compares his past and present state to the poverty of a man who has a shilling in his pocket and whose poverty is a struggle for life, with the occasional distress of a man of five thousand a year, who sees but an appendage endangered, or luxury abridged. He says, We ransack the earth for drugs and minerals—we extract poisons from the deadliest poisons, but around us and about us NATURE, the great mother proffers the fount unsealed and accessible to all. "Nature yields the benignant healing." The cold water fountains are to be hereafter the great panaceas for the cure of nearly all diseases that flesh is heir to. The influence of Bulwer's name will make the subject of Hydrophaty popular in England and America.—London cor. Jost. Traveller.

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