

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"

H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS AND 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, Leaning and Columbia.

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Sunbury, July 5, 1845.

NOTICE TO ALL CONCERNED. H. B. MASSER, respectfully informs his old friends and customers, that he has a full and complete stock of goods, which he has purchased at cash prices, will be sold for Cash or Country Produce, twenty per cent. cheaper than usual.

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The subscriber has the exclusive right for Northumberland, Union, Leaning, Columbia, Luzerne and Clinton counties.

The following certificate is from a few of those who have used the machine in use.

We, the subscribers, certify that we have now in use, in our families, Shugert's Patent Washing Machine, and do not hesitate to say that it is a most excellent invention.

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HERN'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.

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 Parasols of the best workmanship and materials.

SUPERIOR Port wine, Malaga and Lisbon Wines. Also superior Brandy and Gin, Lemon Syrup. Also a few barrels of Blue Fish, for sale by HENRY MASSER.

Sunbury, July 19th, 1845.

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, Nov. 8, 1845.

Vol. 6--No. 7--Whole No. 267.

A STORY OF RUSSIAN MILITARY LIFE.

We translate the following horrible narrative, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, from the French paper of Saturday morning, into which it is copied from the Paris Gazette des Tribunaux.

Horrid Detail of the Execution of a Whole Regiment.

On the 22d of May, 1811, a battalion of the military colony which the Russian Government has recently established at Novogorod, and which closely resembles in many respects the landwehr of Prussia, was drawn up on the parade ground adjoining the extensive barracks constructed, a few years since, in the most ancient and solitary portion of the city, near the Church of Saint Sophia.

In front of the ranks stood General L.—off a tall man of fifty, remarkable for his erect carriage, his meagreness, his sallow complexion and his grey, restless eye. He was known throughout the army for his bravery, of which he had given many brilliant proofs in the campaigns of Turkey and Persia, but, whether it was that domestic infelicities had soured his temper, or that his heart had become hardened by the frequent application of a discipline, degrading in its nature and often horrible in its effects, General L.—off had become a terror to the soldiers, and scarcely a day passed in which his command was not signalized by acts of such severity as well deserved to be called ferocious.

It was known, however, that this man cherished a profound attachment for a young girl, the daughter of an old companion in arms, who had been killed in battle. He had adopted the orphan child, brought her up with care, and never allowed her to be separated from him. And she, though grateful for the kindness and affection of her father by adoption, was not less governed by an irresistible feeling of constraint while in his presence, the result of his stern brevity of speech, his imperious manner and the cold severity of his aspect.

Solowiova, to please the general, always appeared at the reviews and drills; and on the day when the incidents took place which are hereafter to be related she was sitting at a window of the general's quarters, in a room on the ground floor, whence her eye ranged along the extended ranks—and a bright blush might be seen to overspread her features, as her glance rested for a moment on the handsome features of a young surgeon-major, named Ivan Polow, whose manly form was set off to rare advantage by the simple uniform of his military grade.

General L.—off had passed and repressed along the front rank of the battalion without uttering a word, but with a frowning brow and an angry expression on his features, for he perceived that some of the men were absent. Suddenly he heard the slow and muffled beat of a drum, and from the extremity of the plain was seen advancing a band of soldiers, each carrying in his hand one of these long rods which are still used in the Russian service as the tools of a hateful punishment.

A sergeant, conspicuous by his scarred and livid countenance, darted before the general, snatched from him his sword, struck him in the face, and answered coldly, "You!"

At these words an electric shock seemed to pass along the ranks, and a gleam of hate lighted up the habitually passionless features of the men. By a spontaneous movement the officers advanced from the line to the rescue of their commander, but in a moment they were seized, thrown to the ground, and menaced each by half a score of bayonets.

Ivan, the surgeon-major, was alone exempted from his gentleness and humanity had won for him the affection of the troops. A grenadier who stood near whispered in his ear, "Whether the nightingale sings or remains silent, do not move. A word, a single step and you are dead."

Recovering from his stupor General L.—off had grasped with each hand one of the bayonets pointed at his breast, turned them aside with a powerful effort, and cried out with a ferocious glance along the line, "To your knees vile brutes; to your knees and beg for mercy; or there will not be skin enough upon your backs to expiate your crime."

A savage chuckle was the answer to this threat, and the sergeant, with the frightful tranquility which indicates a settled purpose, "Every one of us knows the doom that awaits him, and is prepared to sacrifice his life. When your sentence is fulfilled we shall go before General Suroff, the Governor of Novogorod, who shall lay at his feet your sword, your belt, your orders and what remains of your body, and we shall say to him, 'General L.—off was a

tiger—we have slain him; here are our weapons, we await our punishment.' And thus saying the sergeant tore away the general's epaulettes and trampled them under his feet. "These decorations belong not to you," he continued, "a knout should be borne by the executioner. Remember the soldier Betsakoff, scourged with rods for having been a moment too late in presenting arms. Remember that old subaltern who, for a spot upon his uniform, was ordered by you from the ranks, and struck upon the face with your whip until the blood ran down his cheeks. The unhappy man, frantic with rage and pain, lifted his hand in resistance—and for this he was flogged and sent maimed and dying to Siberia."

The sergeant while he spoke had continued with a terrible composure to strip the general of his belt, his coat, and his under garments. He went on: "That subaltern, like myself bore the name of Guedenoff; we were born in the same hotel—he was my brother."

Spite of his indomitable firmness, the general could not refrain from shuddering as he listened to this fearful accusation, so eloquent in its calm simplicity, so passionless in its vengeful brevity. As for Solowiova, she had looked on at first with vague wonder, unable to comprehend the scene that passed before her; but when she saw the general deprived of his sword, his uniform torn away, his form exposed, then she began to conceive the purpose of his assailants, and to understand that he was doomed to receive the degrading punishment he had so often caused to be inflicted. Seized with horror she rose to her feet, clasped her hands in supplication and shrieked aloud in terror and despair.

Ivan, the surgeon-major had till this moment stood motionless and silent; but he could not resist the anguish of her love. He forgot the stern excitement of troops, the hopelessness of his interference, and made a step forward; but the loud ringing of a musket was heard, Ivan threw up his arms, turned on his heel convulsively and fell to the ground a corpse. The bullet had pierced his heart.

A gigantic soldier stepped forward from the ranks, lifted the body and bore it to the window where Solowiova stood; he threw it at her feet and said, "Nightingale, this belongs to you." White as marble, Solowiova gazed upon the corpse of her lover, bent toward it, wiped the body forehead with her handkerchief, gave forth one terrible cry, and fell lifeless by its side.

Meantime, General L.—off had been bound to a gun carriage, dragged through the ranks, and scourged with rods, the torture of which was but the beginning of his punishment. He had scarcely reached the extremity of the line when a voice exclaimed, "To the ovens!"

The unhappy General, although half dead with agony, heard these words, and knew their horrid meaning. A hundred voices repeated, "To the ovens!"

A mortal painedness overspread his features, his courage gave way; he groined and begged for mercy. But the hurrahs of the battalion drowned his voice, and Sergeant Guedenoff, approaching him once more, replied, "I, too, begged for mercy when my brother fell dying under the blows you ordered."

We will not pursue the hideous details of the scene that followed, only adding that General L.—off and the superior officers of the battalion, shut up in the ovens, which the vengeful soldiers took care to heat slowly, were literally baked alive.

This crime presented a fearful originality, and it was deemed next that its expiation should be likewise. The tidings were borne to the Emperor, and eight days afterwards several battalions of artillery marched through the streets of the ancient Russian capital; they had been preceded by a Major general, who had won for himself in the Polish campaign, the title of the Warsaw executioner. One of his aids appeared at the barracks of the outposts, and ordered them to parade the next morning, in fatigue dress and without their weapons, in the small square at the Western end of the city.

They replied by their invariable *kaucha*, (good,) put in their long grey coats and their round caps, and led their muskets as for an ordinary field day; then pale, silent and with white lips, but keeping perfect order in their ranks, they traversed the city between the triple files of Cossacks, followed by the terrified and mournful gaze of the inhabitants. On their arrival in the square they posted themselves in solid columns, noiselessly and without confusion.

The drums beat—the bells of the Churches pealed forth a solemn clang—and batteries of cannon, planted in the avenues that led into the square, opened upon them a deadly fire of grape shot. Each discharge was succeeded by a shout, by a multitudinous groan, with which were mingled the wild songs of those who prided themselves on dying like men who knew no fear. Three hours the fire was kept up; and when at this close the executioners, at this awful

sentence traversed the place through a lake of blood, they found but five whom the grape shot had not reached; among these was the sergeant Guedenoff. They all perished under the murderous blows of the knout. The sergeant maintained his firmness and composure to the end. Stretched on the fatal plank, he seemed unconscious of the lash that tore his bleeding flesh, and addressing the executioner, coolly asked if his allotted number of blows would soon be completed. "They are finished now," said the executioner. "So much the better," replied Guedenoff "for I am hungry."

Character of Aristides and Themistocles.

Eventful and alarming periods call forth extraordinary abilities, and great occasions produce great men. After the battle of Marathon, two illustrious Athenians, Aristides and Themistocles, attracted the expectations of their countrymen, whose subsequent rank in history merits an intimate knowledge of their characters.

Aristides was descended from a family of the highest class. An admirer of the Spartan constitution, he had carefully studied the laws of Lycurgus; and hence, both from birth and education, became attached to the aristocratic party at Athens. Justice was the prevailing feature in his character, and the rule of his conduct, both in public and private life. Delicately disinterested, he refused to accept of employments from the recommendations of his friends, lest it should lay him under a dangerous obligation. Discerning the merits of others but unconscious of his own, it was he who first resigned his day of command to Miltiades, in the former war. Contented with a small fortune, he rejected the offers of his friends; and from his simple manner of life, might have been a citizen of Sparta. Indifferent about popularity, he acquired real fame. When a play of Eschylus was performing, and the actor was repeating a verse which describes the character of Amphiarus, "He does not desire to appear a virtuous man, but to be so,"—the whole audience turned their eyes to Aristides.

Themistocles was a plebeian by birth. Born with great abilities, ambition was the ruling passion. In early youth he showed such symptoms of a bold and fiery, and at the same time shrewd disposition, that his master predicted that he would either be a blessing or a curse to his country. Humble from ambition, he courted the multitude, because he knew it was only by them he could rise. Affable and complaisant, he was always ready to oblige; he knew all the citizens by name; and solicitous to procure friends, paid little regard to the means by which they were acquired or retained. But if his moral qualities were doubtful, his political character was univalued; and in this regard as Thucydides, a good judge of human nature, has observed, no person was more worthy the admiration of posterity. He possessed that natural sagacity, the rarest and happiest talent for the management of public affairs, which, resembling the perceptions of sense more than the operations of intellect, seizes its object by intuition, and follows it with the certainty of instinct.

These two characters stood at the head of the different parties in the city. From their childhood they had been at variance, even in their sports; a proof that their contrariety of opinion proceeded from a disbalance of nature. Themistocles was the bolder genius; Aristides the gentler spirit. Forming great views, Themistocles looked to the end; conceiving humble intentions, Aristides regarded the means. The former was the greater statesman; the latter the better man.

The battle of Marathon had suggested a bold enterprise to the active mind of Themistocles. Revolving his scheme, he named the streets at night, and told those he met, that the trophy of Miltiades would not allow him to rest, while the Athenians, after their victory over the Persians, abandoned themselves to joy, or renewed their old dissensions. Themistocles considered that success as the prognostic of a coming storm, and repeated daily in the ears of his countrymen, that the Persian war, so far from being ended, was but just begun; but before he made preparations for a danger that was distant, he thought it necessary to rid himself of a rival, who was ready on all occasions to thwart his views.

The Ostracism.—This statute was introduced into the Athenian code in the early state of Greece, though by whom, or in what period, is unknown; by it, men eminent to such a degree as to threaten the state with danger, were banished for ten years. The exile was not a punishment for a crime, but a kind of honorable retirement, and employed as a curb to the growing power of a dangerous citizen. Something similar prevailed in many of the ancient republics, and perhaps was necessary in small states, where equality prevailed; though, among the Athenians in particular, it was frequently abused. The method of proceeding was this: The citizens took shells, and by writing upon them the name of the person they wished to banish, carried them to the place appointed

by law—then the magistrates numbered the shells; if they amounted to six thousand, the sentence of exile took place, leaving, however, to the banished person the disposal of his estate.

It will appear surprising, that Themistocles could raise the popular resentment against a man so respectable and so amiable as Aristides; he effected it, however, by making that very title which attested his virtue, his accusation. He whispered about that Aristides, having assumed the name of Just, and frequently acting as judge between contending parties, had insensibly established a monarchy, though without the title; and erected a throne, though without pomp or guards. "For what constitutes a tyrant," said he, "but giving laws?" On a sudden, and when it was least expected, the citizens and countrymen flocked to the forum, and demanded the Ostracism. A peasant who could not write, and knew not Aristides, applied to him to write the name of "Aristides" upon his shell. "What injury has that man done you?" said the virtuous citizen of Athens. "None at all," replied the rustic, "only I am weary of hearing him every where where called the Just." Aristides wrote his own name upon the shell, and delivered it to the peasant. The six thousand suffrages were given; he received his sentence with magnanimity; and departing from the city, besought the gods that the Athenians might never see the day which should force them to remember Aristides.

This unworthy stratagem would have left an indelible stain upon the memory of Themistocles, if it had not been effaced by his subsequent splendid and meritorious services. Delivered now from his rival, who always opposed, and often obstructed his designs, he applied to his grand project, putting his country in a state of preparation for a war with Persia, which he beheld at no great distance. He saw the weakness, and examined the resources, of Athens. Happily situated for a marine, their fleet was inferior to that of the Egyprians, their neighbors. By becoming a maritime power, Athens would increase her wealth, and extend her dominion.

Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. Mrs. Caudle expecting that Mr. Caudle has made his will, is "only anxious as a wife" to know its provisions.

"There, I always said you'd a strong mind when you liked, Caudle; and what you've just been doing proves it. Some people won't make a will, because they think they must die directly afterwards. Now, you're above that, love, aren't you? Nonsense; you know very well what I mean. I know your will's made, for Scratchley told me so. What! You don't believe it? Well, I'm sure! That's a pretty thing for a man to say to his wife. I know he's too much a man of business to talk; but I suppose there's a way of telling things without speaking them. And when I put the question to him, lawyer as he is, he hadn't the face to deny it."

"To be sure, it can be of no consequence to me whether your will is made or not. I shall not be alive, Mr. Caudle to want anything: I shall be provided for a long time before your will's of any use. No, Mr. Caudle, I shan't survive you; and—though a woman's wrong to let her affection for a man be known, for then she's always taken advantage of—though I know it's foolish and weak to say so, still I don't want to survive you. How should I? No, no; don't say that: I'm not good for a hundred—I shan't see you out, and another husband too! What a gross idea, Caudle! To imagine I'd ever think of marriage again. No never—What? That's what we all say! Not at all; quite the reverse. To me the very idea of such a thing is horrible, and always was. Yes I know very well, that some do marry again—but what they're made of, I'm sure I can't tell! Fight!

"There are men, I know, who leave their property in such a way that their widows, to hold it, must keep widows. Now, if there is anything in the world that is mean and small, it is that. Don't you think so too, Caudle? Why don't you speak, love? That's so like you! I never want a little quiet rational talk, but you want to go to sleep. But you never were like any other man! What! How do I know? There now—that's so like your aggravating way. I never open my lips upon a subject, but you try to put me off! I've no doubt when Miss Prettymann speaks, you can answer her properly enough. There you are again! Upon my life, it is odd; but I never can in the most ancient way mention that person's name that—Why can't I leave her alone? I'm sure—with all my heart! Who wants to talk about her? I don't only you always will say something that's certain to bring up her name."

"What was I saying, Caudle? Oh, about the way some men bind their widows. To my mind, there is nothing so little. When a man forbids his wife to marry again without losing what he leaves—it's what I call selfishness after death. Miss to a degree! It's like taking his wife into the grave with him. Eh? You never want to do that? No, I'm sure of that,

PIECES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., 1 square 1 insertion, 1 do 2 do, etc.) and Price (e.g., \$0.50, \$0.75, \$1.00, etc.).

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.

lows; you're not the man to tie a woman up in that mean manner. A man who'd do that, would have his widow burnt with him, if he could—just as those monsters, that call themselves men do in the Indies.

"However, it's no matter to me how you've made your will; but it may be to your second wife. What! I shall never give you a chance!

"Hah! you don't know my constitution after all, Caudle. I'm not at all the woman I was. I say nothing about 'em, but very often you don't know my feelings. And as we're on the subject, dearest, I have only one favor to ask. When you marry again—now it's no use your saying that. After the comforts you've known of marriage—what are you sighing at, dear!—after all the comforts, you must marry again; now don't forsake yourself in that violent way, taking an oath that you know you must break—you couldn't help it, I'm sure of it; and I know you better than you know yourself. Well, all I ask is, love, because it's only for your sake, and it would make no difference to me then—how should it!—but all I ask is, don't marry Miss Prett—There! there! I've done; I won't say another word about it; but all I ask is, don't. After the way you've been thought of, and after the comforts you've been used to, Caudle, she wouldn't be the wife for you. Of course, I could then have no interest in the matter—you might marry the Queen of England, for what it would be to me then—I'm only anxious about you. Mind, Caudle, I'm not saying anything against her; not at all; but there's a flightiness in her manner—I dare say poor thing, she means no harm, and it may be, as the saying is, only her manner after all—still, there is a flightiness about her that, after what you've been used to, would make you very wretched. No, for if I may boast of anything, Caudle, it is my own property of manner all my life. I know that wives who're very particular, aren't thought as well as those who're not—still, it is very little to be virtuous, if people don't seem so. And virtue, Caudle—no, I'm not going to preach about virtue, like a child with a drum making all sorts of noises with it. But I know your principles. I shall never forget what I once heard you say to Prettymann; and it's no excuse that you'd taken so much you didn't know what you were saying at the time, for wine brings out men's wickedness, just as the fire brings out spots of grease. What did you say? Why you said this—'Virtue's a lovely thing in women, when they don't make so much noise about it; but there's some wrong, who think virtue was given 'em, as clocks were given to cats'—yes, cats was the word—to do nothing but scratch with! That's what you said. You don't know a syllable of it! No, that's it; when you're in that dreadful state, you recollect nothing; but it's a good thing I do."

"But we won't talk of that, love—that's all over; I dare say you meant nothing. But I'm glad you agree with me, that the man who'd tie up his widow, not to marry again, is a mean man. It makes me happy that you've that confidence in me to say that. You never said it? That's nothing to do with it—you've just as good as said it. No; when a man leaves all his property to his wife, without binding her hand from marrying again, he shows what a dependence he has upon her love. He proves to all the world what a wife she's been to him; and how after his death, he knows she'll grieve for him. And then, of course, a second marriage never enters her head. But when she only keeps his money so long as she keeps a widow, why she's aggravated to take another husband. I'm sure of it, many a poor woman has been driven into wedlock again, only because she was spilt into it by her husband's will. It's only natural to suppose it. If I thought Caudle, you could do such a thing, though it would break my heart to do it—yet, though you were dead and gone, I'd show you a spirit, and marry again directly. Not but what it's ridiculous my talking in such a way, as I shall go long before you still, mark my words, and don't provoke me with any will of the sort, or I'd do it—as I'm a living woman in this bed, I'd do it."

"I did not contradict her," says CATHER, "but suffered her to sleep in such assurance."

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.—A wife should be Amiable, artless, affable, and accomplished; Beautiful, benign, benevolent; Clever, Charming, candid cheerful, complaisant, charitable, civil, constant, dutiful, dignified; Easy, elegant, engaging, entertaining; Fond, fearless, free; Good, graceful, generous, governable, gay, good-humored, hardy, harmless, healthy; Intelligent, interesting, industrious, ingenious; Just; Kind; Lively, liberal, lovely; Modest, merciful, mannerly; Neat, noble; Obedient, obliging; Pretty, peacable, pure; Quiet; Righteous; Sincere, submissive, sensible; Temperate, true; Useful; Virtuous; Well-informed; and Young.

It is proposed to have the laws printed on India rubber paper, so they can be stretched a bit, when a rich culprit is to be hauled over the coals.