

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

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H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA. Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Leocoming and Columbia.

ALEXANDER L. HICKEY, TRUNK MAKER, No. 150 Chesnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

Removal. DR. JOHN W. PEAL. RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Sunbury and its vicinity, that he has removed to the Brick House, in Market street, formerly occupied by Benjamin Hendricks, east of the store formerly occupied by Miller & Martz, and now by Ira T. Clement, where he will be happy to receive calls in the line of his profession.

NEW CARPETINGS. THE subscribers have received, and are now opening a splendid assortment of the following goods: Saxony, Wilton and Velvet Carpetings, Brussels and Imperial 3 ply do, Extra superfine and fine Ingrains do, English shad-d & Damask Venetian do, American twisted and fig'd do, English Druggists and Wooden Floor Cloths, Stair and Passage Bookings, Embossed Plinths and Table Covers, London Cheville and Tuffed Rugs, Door Mats of every description.

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CHARLES W. HEGINS, A. JORDAN, CHS. WEAVER, CHS. PLEASANTS, GEORGE MARKLE, Hon. GEO. C. WELKER, BENJ. HENDRICKS, GIDEON LEISENBERG.

Superior Port wine, Madeira and Lisbon wines. Also superior Brandy and Gin, Lemon Syrup. Also a few barrels of Blue Peas, for sale. HENRY MASSER, Sunbury, July 19th, 1844.

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.—JASSARON.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, March 7, 1846. Vol. 6--No. 24--Whole No. 284.

SNUFF; OR, THE LAST PINCH OF THE GAME.

BY CHARLES F. LADLEY.

'Take a pinch, sir!' The querist was a hale, hearty old man, with whom time had dealt very leniently, confining his ravages to the silencing of the hair, leaving the ruddy cheeks without a furrow to betray his footsteps. We found ourself a travelling companion with the old gentleman some years since in a stage coach, and rarely have we fallen in with a more agreeable one. He was very communicative—had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes to draw upon—was a keen observer of man and things, and had experienced largely of the vicissitudes of life.

'Take a pinch, sir!' and he tapped the highly burnished lid of his golden snuff-box with the peculiarly graceful touch of a veteran snuff-taker. 'Prime Maccaboy—a choice article!' 'I thank you, sir, I do not use snuff.'

'Not Well, some call it a bad habit, but I must confess a strong love for it'—and to prove the assertion the old gentleman took a bountiful pinch of the titillating dust. 'I love it, sir.'

'So I perceive.' 'You do not understand me, sir; my regard for it springs not merely from its ministering to my sensual gratification.'

'I could not repress a smile at the enthusiastic tone in which he spoke of his favorite luxury. 'You smile, sir, at the strong regard I manifest for it. What will you think sir, when I tell you that to this much abused article I am indebted for my life? Yes, sir, I should have been a dead man long ago had it not been for snuff—and such a death!' and he tapped his box in a most emphatic manner.

'You have good reason, then, for regarding it favorably. What was the nature of the complaint, sir?' 'Wrong again, my dear sir—never was sick in my life—do I look like an ailing man? No, sir, though I owe my life to snuff, here he took a large pinch, 'I am not in the least indebted to its medicinal properties.'

'This is singular.' 'Not so singular as you may suppose. But you shall hear my story and judge for yourself.'

Settling down cozily in our seats (we were the only passengers, by the way,) the old gentleman, fondling the richly chased though somewhat smoothly worn box, and fortifying himself with a capacious thumb and finger full of his greatly prized maccaboy, commenced his story.

'Some thirty years ago I was travelling in the upper part of Vermont, near the Canada line. It was in the early spring, and I was on horseback. Just at dusk one evening I arrived at a small cabin in an out-of-the-way place, where I concluded to stop to get something to eat, if possible, for I was sharp set, having travelled a pretty good spell that day. Well, I dismounted at the door, and taking my saddle-bags on my arm, entered the house. The appearance of things was not very prepossessing. I assure you. However, I asked the man of the house, a dark browed fellow with a sullen aspect, if he could furnish me with a supper. He very freely offered to give me what the house afforded, and ere long his wife, a considerable tidy-looking woman, invited me to partake of her hospitality.

the dangers to be apprehended from wolves were less than those which I had to fear by passing a night in that house. There had been a number of flying reports of travellers being made way with, in such solitary places, and this appeared to me the place of all others for such kind of work. So bidding good by to my entertainers, I put spurs to my horse, and was soon out of sight.

Well, sir, I jogged along at a middling brisk pace, the road being tolerably good, thinking more of the little cabin I had just left than the road before me. I may have wronged its inhabitants—trust I did—in allowing myself to indulge in such unfavorable surmises in regard to them. They may have been the most worthy couple that ever existed for aught I know, still I could not get the idea out of my head that they were not better than they should be, and as my memory called up the many instances of lonely travellers being murdered at these stopping places, imagination converted this man and woman into those heartless wretches whose trade is blood, and I shuddered as I thought of the fate that might have overtaken me had I yielded to their importunate request to tarry with them that night.

Right glad was I to be well clear of them. 'Wolves—tut!' said I, 'they only tried to excite my apprehension to induce me to remain with them. The story might do to frighten children with, but they should have hatched up something more plausible than that to gull a man like me.'

By this time I had got over the open road and was entering the woods. The path was hemmed in on either side with tall trees, spruce pine and hemlock, with no undergrowth, leaving a narrow passage. However, the full moon threw its unbroken light along the path that stretched before me, save where an overhanging tree obstructed its rays. It was a still, calm night, as I have said, and no sound broke the monotonous clatter of the hoofs of my horse as he went along on an easy trot. I was settling down in a very comfortable frame of mind indulging in those fanciful reveries natural to youth, and which the quiet and lonely scene around me was so calculated to inspire, when my attention was aroused by a faint, distant cry, coming as it seemed from the depth of the forest. I listened intently for a few minutes, and presently, a prolonged howl, still faint in the distance, followed. The attention of my horse was evidently attracted by it, for he pricked up his ears and gave a low snort.

Finding, after listening awhile, that the cry was not repeated, I gave no heed to the circumstances, presuming it to be some roaring wild creature in the woods. Presently, however, the same cry was repeated, and an answering cry immediately followed in another direction, each of them apparently nearer than the one that first attracted my attention. My horse now began to show evident signs of uneasiness, pricking up his ears and tossing his head wildly from side to side, snorting occasionally and quickening his pace.

Again came that howl, still more distinct, and this time it was repeated in different quarters, principally in my rear. Turning in my saddle, I saw, far in the road behind me, what appeared to be a dark speck. At first I concluded it was the shadow of a branch of a tree; but presently I detected two or three others, which seemed to spring directly from the woods. Could they be wolves? Had the man then not deceived me in regard to their attack on a traveller? A feeling of alarm began to creep over me, which was shortly painfully increased, and all my doubts were removed by a fierce yell which rose in the rear as if the whole pack had opened upon me.

As those unearthly yells swelled on the night air and echoed through the forest, my poor beast shook in every limb, and a cold shudder passed through my frame. I put spur to my horse, which bounded forward at the utmost stretch of his speed. Casting a hurried glance behind, the whole road seemed to be filled with the troop of demons, whose ferocious howls swelled louder and fuller every moment. To my dismay the distance between us was considerably lessened. What would I not have given at this moment to have been safely back in the cabin again! Vainly did I deplore my folly in not giving heed to the warnings I had received. As yet all yells pealed upon my ears, every moment drawing nearer, horror for a while overpowered me, and I did nothing but plunge the spurs into the panting sides of my horse, madly shouting to urge him forward. The poor animal, nearly knocked up by a long day's journey, dashed on at the top of his speed, flinging the froth from his mouth, while neck and flanks were flaked with foam; and even at the tremendous rate he was going, at every fresh yell of the fiends I would feel him tremble in every limb.

'Ah, sir, that was an agonizing moment to me! Collecting my senses, I calculated the distance before me, and the possibility of outriding my pursuers. There were some four miles before me, and if my jaded horse could but hold out—but that I felt would be impossible.

His violent panting and his drooping head too plainly told that he was nearly used up.

I could now hear the rush of the ferocious troop behind me, and at times imagined I could feel their foul hot breath around me.—What harrowing thoughts flashed through my brain! I recalled the many instances I had read of travellers similarly situated, and of the vain efforts they had made to avert their terrible fate. I tried to disengage my saddle-bags, in the hope that they might for a moment check pursuit by diverting the attention of the wolves, but was unable to do so. I threw my cap in the road for the same purpose, but an angry growl almost at the heels of my horse told that it had availed nothing.

I now bethought me of my pistols. Hastily cocking one I turned and deliberately fired at a large black wolf which was within a few feet of me. I kept my eyes in the direction after the discharge. Thank God, the shot took effect and the nearest animal dropped in the road. In a moment the whole pack was upon him—the entire path behind me seemed piled with a stack of wolves, each one striving with more eagerness to outdo the other.

I had prepared my other pistol and waited to be sure of my shot. With a calmness I can hardly account for, I selected the foremost pursuer, and gave him the contents of the second pistol. This time, unfortunately, I was not so successful; I only wounded him, and I saw the animal limping off into the woods, beset with three or four of the troop, while the remainder came on in hot haste after me.

I thought then my moments were numbered, for although we were then nearly out of the woods, I could feel the poor beast reel and stagger under me, and every moment I was fearing his fall, in which case I knew that my fate would be sealed. A cold, clammy sweat stole over me, and a prayer involuntarily rose to my lips—for Omnipotence alone I felt could save me.

In the hour of danger, with a dreadful death staring him in the face, man instinctively turns to his Maker for relief. He even who denies the existence of a God, when brought to the fearful verge of life, involuntarily acknowledges his error—the last struggle wrings a cry for mercy from his lips!

I prayed, sir—not for rescue from the devouring beast—that I did not look for—but in the near prospect of death I asked forgiveness.—With lightning-like rapidity my thoughts sped through the past—every incident of my mind, the evil done and the good left undone. Busy in these reflections I forgot the perils which surrounded me, and was only called to a sense of my situation by a sharp growl at my side. Turning my head I observed an unusually large wolf snapping at my legs, while others were leaping at the haunches of my horse.

I well knew that wolves preferred the flesh of man to that of any other animal, and finding myself in this extremity; every hope of escape being cut off—feeling moreover an affliction for the beast I betook, for he was an old family favourite, ite, I was on the point of springing among the pack, trusting that while engaged in devouring me the poor horse would get out of harm's way. Believing, too, that my case was entirely hopeless, I made up my mind it would be as well to meet my fate at once.

I grew desperately calm. I even calculated the probable time I should live after the first attack—how long sensation would continue in my mangled limbs. In fact a kind delirium seized upon me—my mind wandered strangely, and I have a faint recollection of looking back upon the hungry pack and giving utterance to a long Ha! ha! ha!—a wild howl of derision. This was but for a moment's duration, however. At the end of that brief period, a sudden thought struck me—a faint hope dawned upon me.

A grocer in the village to which I was bound had commissioned me to purchase a couple of pounds of Scotch snuff—take a pinch, sir—which I had done up in a bundle, in my saddle-bags. With trembling hands I took out the bundle—tore open the parcel, and grasping a handful of the subtle powder, I dashed it into the face of the ferocious animal at my side. Without stopping to witness the effect of it, I turned and threw a cloud of it, by a sort of scattering fire, into the gaping mouths and glaring eyes of those in my rear! Sir, the effect was beyond my hopes—it was decisive. You should have heard the unearthly howls that arose, as blinded and maddened with pain, the pack rushed upon one another, snapping and biting each other in their rage! It was a sight to behold! There they were rolling over in their fury, a regular wolf fight, all too much engaged in battle to heed me. Well, sir, I kept a piece, and then drew up my horse, who could barely stand upright. He was completely blown, and seeing that all danger was over, I dismounted and led the panting animal by the bridle, soothing him by the way, for the fearful howls and maddening yells of the infuriated wolves made him shake in every limb.

the outskirts, when I applied for admittance, which was readily granted me. First seeing my horse taken proper care of—the poor creature absolutely neighed with delight, as I led him to the stable—I detailed to the astonished residents my hair-breadth escape. They had heard the howls of the wolves, and had got their dogs ready for an attack, little dreaming a human being was exposed to such imminent peril.

Sir, if ever there existed a grateful man, I was one that night! With my whole heart could I echo the thanksgiving of the Psalmist: 'Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler—the snare is broken and we are escaped.' Worn out as I was with fatigue, yet little rest could I obtain. If for a moment I lost myself, I was transported immediately to the scene in which I was so lately engaged. Again was I in the midst of the howling wolves, flying for my life, and when just on the point of falling a victim to them, I would spring up in terror, my forehead beaded in sweat, and every limb quaking with fear. I could see the hungry eyes, gleaming with that terrible greenish light, glaring at my bedside—and that horrid howl would ring in my ears, even after I awoke. With difficulty could I persuade myself that it was but a frightful dream—that I was indeed sheltered in safety beneath a friendly roof. It was long ere these fantasies ceased to trouble my sleeping hours.

The next morning we visited the scene of action. Signs of the conflict could be traced all around. The snow was trodden down in all directions and stained with gore, and by the side of the road we found the mangled carcasses of three of my overnight enemies, one of which was the veritable wolf, I have no doubt, that received the first charge, for his muzzle was all begrimed with snuff, and it seems the rascal had completely bitten his tongue off in his agony.

Well sir, that advantage taught me a lesson, never to travel through such a path of woods in the night time again, and always to keep a good supply of the article which saved my life about me. Won't you take a pinch now, sir? So saying the old gentleman tendered his box to me, and out of respect for the good service it had performed for him I ventured to comply with his invitation, and soon gave sneezing proof of my regard for his favourite Maccaboy.

An Extraordinary Case of Somnambulism. The writer of the following letter, addressed to the Editor of the "Christliche Zeitschrift," is a respectable minister of the German Reformed Church. No one acquainted with him, would doubt the correctness of his statements. At his request we have translated his letter for insertion in our own columns. It describes a very extraordinary case of somnambulism; and furnishes matter for reflection and investigation, to those who make the human constitution a subject of special study. Similar cases have heretofore occasionally occurred, so that their reality cannot be doubted, however unable we may be satisfactorily to account for them. It is evident from the circumstances that generally attend them, that they are in the same way more or less connected with a diseased state of the system at the time.—Weekly Messenger.

BOALSBERG, Centre Co. Pa., Jan 21st 1846. On the 12th of November last, a son of Mr. Christian Hoffer of Potter township, of this county, who is about 21 years of age, was attacked with the bilious cholera, but soon afterwards recovered so far as to be able to attend to usual employment. Nine days after this, as he returned to the house in the evening from his labor, he was agnized with such a violent pain, that his system began evidently to sink under it. By prompt medical treatment, however, he was relieved of his pain in the course of a few hours. A fever followed. His conversation continued to be perfectly rational. On the fourth or fifth day following, he began to speak, exhort, sing and pray in his sleep. When he awoke, he had no recollection of what had happened during his sleep, except that he had dreamed. He soon recovered his bodily health to such an extent, that his physician pronounced him well. He however had some kind of a sentiment, just something extraordinary would shortly transpire in his case, which the result has shown was by no means unfounded.

On the evening of the 11 of December, after he had been reading for a short time in the Bible, he complained of having very unpleasant sensations in his head, and as he attempted, in accordance with the advice of his friends, to seat himself upon the bed, he fell suddenly upon the floor. For a short time he was insensible, and when he recovered his senses, he was unable to speak a word, yet not so much as to utter the least sound. His countenance was calm and by signs he gave those present to understand that he desired paper, ink and pen to write. As these were handed him, he took them and wrote various things with readiness, and amongst others, that on the fourth or fifth night following he would either die or speak.

Contrary to his wishes, his physician put a large blister upon him, to which he submitted only after much persuasion.—On the second day following he wrote to the physician, that he esteemed him highly; and that his sickness was not that which he thought it was; that his liver was not swollen, as his physician thought—if it were so, he would certainly experience something of it, &c. He urgently entreated his physician not to put another blister upon him, and also not to give him any other medicine, at least not before Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock, when, should he yet live and be unable to speak, he would cheerfully comply with his prescriptions, to which request the physician assented.

On Sunday the 14th of December, he wrote that he wished to see me on Monday evening and requested that I should hold a prayer-meeting at his father's house, with which request I complied. After the prayer-meeting had closed, he fell into a sleep, and from the motions of his hands it could be perceived that his mind was exercised in a very extraordinary manner. He made a sign for something. A bible was handed to him, and also a German and English hymn book. He opened the bible, and with his eyes closed, he speedily ran his fingers over certain passages and pointed out one. He did the same thing with the hymn books, pointing to a German and also to an English hymn. When he awoke, he pointed out to me the passage of Scripture to which he had pointed when asleep, viz: Ezek. 11, 10, as also the hymns, and I must acknowledge, that had I taken the greatest possible pains, I could not have selected in either of the hymn books, hymns more suitable to the text pointed out, than those which he had selected. At 11 o'clock the same evening, he wrote to me among other things, that in the course of four or five hours, it would be known whether he would die or speak? Before the time fixed upon arrived, he again fell into a sleep, and at the time itself, he became so weak that it was believed he would die. His strength however returned again—he began to speak—opened the bible—read a passage of Scripture, John 1, 29, and discoursed upon it very correctly and powerfully about forty minutes in the English language. When he had ended his discourse, he appeared to be in a deep and quiet sleep, and in about fifteen minutes afterwards he awoke and was quite calm.

PIECES OF ADVERTISING.

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Several days after the occurrence, he informed his friends, that on Sunday afternoon the 18th inst., between 12 and 1 o'clock, he would be placed in a similar condition. In the meantime he was calm, attended church, Sunday school, &c., but he often spoke, sang and prayed in his sleep. I was with him on last Thursday and Friday. He still insisted on Friday, that what he had before said would certainly take place at the specified time, and for some time he was quite cut down, not knowing whether or not he should recover his power of speech, in case he should live. Still he endeavored to console himself with the promise, that 'All things shall work together for good to them that love God.' I gave him and his parents all the counsel and consolation which it was in my power to give them. On Sunday at the appointed time, whilst he was engaged with his parents and brothers in reading useful books, and proposing and answering questions about edifying subjects, he sank down some minutes before 1 o'clock. It was believed that he was dying. For some time he was insensible. At length he opened his eyes, but could not speak a word or move a limb. About an hour afterwards he was able to move, and made signs for pen and ink. He wrote amongst other things, that in seven or eight hours he would either speak, or die. When the specified time had elapsed, he became again so weak whilst he slept, that it was thought he would die. After some time, however, he recovered his strength, and began to speak, exhort, sing, &c., both in the English and German languages. When he had finished, he appeared again to sleep, and when he awoke, he was cheerful and calm. He is now to all appearance well and relieved in mind.

I was several times present when he spoke in his sleep, and can truly say, that I did not hear an unbecoming word from him; on the contrary, all he said was very appropriate, rational and scriptural. Of the instruction of youth in the Catechism, he spoke so rationally, and commendably, that I was much astonished, and he prayed so fluently and powerfully, that I felt quite humbled. What appeared to me very remarkable in his addresses both in the English and German languages, was that the language he employed was so pure, fluent and correct, that he was capable of maintaining when awake, even in the exercise of the utmost care.

Permit me to add, in conclusion, that this young man, has been for the last five years a worthy member of the Church, and is highly esteemed by nearly every one on account of his exemplary conduct. May the promise, 'All things shall work together for good to them that love God,' be verified to him, to his parents, brothers, sisters and others.

Your sincere friend and brother, P. S. FISCHER.

P. S.—It has been stated in one of the public papers, that he also had administered the Lord's supper. This statement is altogether unfounded, and could only have had its origin from the fact, that in his addresses he repeated the words of the institution.