

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.

PETER LAZARUS, SUNBURY, Northumberland County, PENNSYLVANIA.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has taken the Brick Stand, formerly occupied by George Prince as a public house, (east of the State House, and opposite the Court House), where he is prepared to accommodate his friends, and all others who may favor him with their custom, in the best manner.

In short, no exertions nor expense will be spared to render his house in every way worthy of public patronage.

Sunbury, April 4th, 1846—6m

CARPETINGS AND OIL-CLOTHS At the "CHEAP STORE" No. 41 Strawberry Street.

Philadelphia.

OUR Store rent and other expenses being very light, we are enabled to sell our CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, &c., wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices in the city, and buyers will find it greatly to their advantage to call and examine the large assortment we offer this season.

Beautiful Imperial 3 ply Double Super fine logran Fine and Medium do Twilled and plain V. nition

together with a large stock of OIL-CLOTHS from 2 feet to 24 feet wide, very cheap, for rooms, halls, &c.; also, Mattings, Floor Cloths, Rugs, Cotton and Rag Carpets, &c., &c., with a good assortment of Ingrain Carpets from 25 to 50 cents, and Stair and Entry Carpets from 12 to 50 cts.

ELDRIDGE & BROTHER, No. 41, Strawberry Street, one door above Chesnut, near Second Street, Philadelphia. March 21st, 1846—3m.

A CARD.

TO THE CIVILIZED WORLD!!

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V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent. Editors throughout the United States for whom V. B. Palmer is Agent, will promote the advantage all concerned by publishing the above.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—V. B. Palmer is the authorized Agent for the "SUNBURY AMERICAN," in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Baltimore, of which public notice is hereby given. March 14, 1846.

ALEXANDER L. HICKEY.

'RUNK MAKER,

No. 130 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE all kinds of hats, 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.—1y.

SHUGERT'S PATENT WASHING MACHINE.

THIS Machine has now been tested by more than thirty families in this neighborhood, and a given entire satisfaction. It is so simple in its construction, that it cannot get out of order. It stains no iron to rust, and no springs or rollers to wear out. It will do twice as much washing, with less than half the wear and tear of any of the inventions, and what is of greater importance, it costs but little over half as much as other shing machines.

The subscriber has the exclusive right for Northumberland, Union, Leaning, Columbia, Berks and Clinton counties. Price of single machine \$6. H. B. MASSER.

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

Sunbury, Aug. 24, 1844.

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 of excellent invention. That, in washing, it will save more than one half the usual labor,—it does not require more than one third the quantity of soap and water; and that there is no rubbing, and consequently, little or no wear or tearing.—That it knocks off no buttons, and the finest clothes, such as collars, laces, tucks, &c., may be washed in a very short time, and without the least injury, and in fact without any wear and tear, whatever. We therefore respectfully recommend it to our friends and to the public, as a most useful and labor-saving machine.

CHARLES W. HIGINS, A. JORDAN, CHS. WEAVER, CHS. PLEASANTS, GIDEON MARKLE, Hon. GEO. C. WELKER, BENJ. HENDRICKS, GIDEON LEISENRING.

's HOTEL, (formerly Tremont House, No. 6 Chestnut street,) Philadelphia, September 8th, 1844.

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

I formerly kept two women continually engaged in washing, who now do as much in two or three hours, and it requires not more than one-third the usual quantity of soap. I have a number of other machines in my family, but so decidedly superior to every thing else, and so liable to get out of repair, that I would not without one if they should cost ten times the price they are sold for.

DANIEL HERR.

LAX NEED.—The highest price will be given for Flax Seed, at the store of HENRY MASSER.

g. 9, 1845

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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.—JAZZARON.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, July 25, 1846.

Vol. 6—No. 44—Whole No. 804.



ALICE GRAY.

She isn't what I painted her— A thing all hearts to win— I saw no beauty when I found She hadn't got the "tin." I loved her upward of a week— But found it would not pay; So I "took my hat and went ashore," And cut Miss Alice Gray. Her dark brown hair was all a sham— Her forehead, "Jones' white;" One eye an artificial one, The other far from bright; Oh, she may twine her purchased curls— She mustn't look this way— My heart is far from breaking For the love of Alice Gray. I've sunk a very pretty sum In rudes and sweetmeats past, And haven't now the first red cent— She drained me to the last. How green I was in earnest grave, I certainly must say; I shall be cut by all the "B'boys," For courting Alice Gray.

He wore a Flashing Waistcoat. He wore a flashy waistcoat on the night when first we met, With a famous pair of whiskers and imperial of jet, His air had all the haughtiness, his voice the manly tone, Of a gentleman with eight thousand dollars of his own. I saw him but a moment, and methinks I see him now, With a very flashy waistcoat, and a beaver on his brow. And once again I saw that brow—no neat "Legacy" was there, But a shocking "bad un" was his hat, and matted was his hair, He wore a brick within that hat—the change was all complete, And he was flanked by constables—who march him up the street. I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now, Charged by those worthy officers with kicking up a row.

Selected from the Balt. American of 1815.

Impromptu.

A lady lightly, sweetly fingered o'er "The Legacy," a favorite song by Moore; Another lady sat reclining by, So that a bean right opposite could spy A finely fashioned limb! "Pray sir," said she, "Tell me; do you admire the Legacy?" "Oh yes!" he quickly answered, full of glee, "Fair maid, I much admire the Leg I see!"

Peculiarities of Literary Men.

JOHNSON used to bite his nails to the quick, an intimation of his dogmatism and earnestness. ANDERSON was remarkable for the irregularity of his pulse, but his heart was believed to be in the right place and of proper dimensions.

POPE was of a frame so feeble that he was accustomed to brace himself up with stays padded with cotton. He occasionally found time also to lace his enemies!

HUME, the historian usually composed while reclining upon a sofa. He did not search for fame, but she came to visit him.

MENAGE, while sciences covered his head with laurels, used to cover his feet with several pair of stockings.

BEN JOHNSON used to sit silent in learned company, and suck in, as Fuller says, "not only his wine, but their several humors." Like Shakespeare he held the mirror up to nature, but chose sometimes to look into the glass himself.

MAGLIABECCHI, librarian to the grand duke of Tuscany, and a very learned man, was fond of petting spiders, the webs of which he would not suffer to be molested. He seldom left his books, ate, drank, and slept among them, thus imitating the domestic propensities and industry of his strange favorites.

ROMANOV used to knit lace strings when in the company of illiterate people, for the purpose of concealing the uselessness which their gabble gave him. He preferred his lace strings to their long yarns.

COWLEY boasted with much gaudy of the versatility of his passions among many mistresses, but wanted even the confidence to address one. To his tender fair one, he made no tender.

BRANDE constantly preached economy to others, but forgot to practise it himself. He was always in debt, and once pulled the nose of an acquaintance who hesitated to lend him a large sum of money. Certainly a curious way of obtaining a draft!

BLOOMFIELD wrote most of his poem, the "Farmer Boy," with chalk, upon the top of a pair of bellows—a wind instrument until this time probably unknown to the choir of the Muses.

THE PATENT CHURN.

Or the Butter Speculation.

I only think with every son of chivalry and song, that a night without a mistress is like a sky without a star. [Anne of Gierstein.]

Patience Peabody was a perfect paragon of poetical personification—light as a fairy, blooming as a rose, eyes like a gazelle's, and beautiful as a Psyche. Is it to be wondered then that I soon became over head and ears, wig and whiskers, in love? I saw her first in church, and nothing could or would have contented my soul but a wind up in this same sacred place.

I requested Obed Doolittle to introduce me to Ephinetus Cise; Ephinetus in time made me acquainted with Sy Stokes; Sy with Joe Palmer; Joe with Madison Mason; Madison with Ichabod; Ichabod with John Peabody, the cousin of Patience; and he in true succession with Patience, the to kalon of all my hopes. I ought to have won her, for never did mortal strive so hard to gain the presence of earth's potentates, as did I to try Patience. She, it must be confessed, was rather repulsive towards me; indeed, so much so, that I took an early occasion of requesting her to show a cause.

'How is it, Miss Peabody, that one who strives so hard to ingratiate himself in your good opinion, meets so many rebuffs and crosses? What is the cause, my dear Miss? I had asked this question sotto voce at a quilting frolic, but the fractions little jade not seeming disposed for a whisper, cried out loud enough to fix all eyes on me—

'Gals and boys, only hear this tralny parady dandy, what curious questions he pokes at me; he wants to spark with me, but rather guess we Bangor girls don't of your city dandies, what's got more coat tail than brains, any day.'

'How! how! how!' was roared out in regular down-east chorus.

'I guess, Mr. Jenkins,' said one of the beaux of the party, 'you've missed a figure with our Patience; that ere speculation ain't no go!'

'How! how! how!' was repeated.

'Perhaps, squire, you think we're only half baked in these parts—but you'll find your bread all dough.'

'How! how! how!' re-echoed through the room.

'You won't stand no more chance here with our gals, than you would to cut down a raft of white pines with a penknife!'

The chorus was decapitated.

'Gingerbread and molasses,' exclaimed the fair Patience, 'did any one ever look so starchy as he does, He looks about as mean and little as the small end of nothin' whittled down! But no matter, Mister, don't be down in the mouth. I begin to think I'll take compassion on you; so as they are going to have a hop, why you shall be my partner.'

I thought this a favorable symptom; soon I was somewhat relieved from my previous unpleasant predicament, and in an incredible short time the room was cleared by putting the tables against the walls, and thereon piling the chairs as we stood out in couples. A negro, the Dick Hamilton of the village, rolled into the room with a fiddle in his hand, and we were soon immersed in all the mysteries of 'set to your partner, cut out, cross over, down the middle, up again.'

Patience was in excellent spirits, and seemed to kindle with the exercise of dancing, as if her tiny little feet, (for they were the sweetest little loves of feet I ever saw,) as if, I say their buoyancy had communicated itself to the head and heart. I seized the lucky moment, and poured into her ear all the soft nonsense I was master of. I told her irresistible was her smile, how like meteors were her eyes, how like the down of the turtle dove were the fringes that encased them, how much whiter than pearls were her teeth—how much more fragrant than the rose her lips—how cupid might nestle in her dimples, and drink love's intoxication in her sighs—in fine, I exhausted the vocabulary of compliments, and had the satisfaction to find that I was making an impression. There was a fascination in her glance which I could not resist—my eyes followed her in the mazes of the dance, enraptured! Sure she knew no more of a mazurka, or a galopade, than a cow does of a sugar dish; but native holiness was in every elastic motion—other dancing might be poetry of motion, hers was poetry of grace itself. As she put up her sweet little face, and peering into my eyes while addressing her, I thought I could gaze and talk forever. I quite forgot all her former quizzing, and was carried down the stream of feeling, full freighted with hope, and ballasted with love, amounting to an eternal constancy of nine days.

In one of the sets of the contra dance, I took occasion to retain the soft white hand which the figure had given me right of possession, and gently squeezing I sighed into her left ear:

'Lovely Patience, present kindness has bound me to you forever; will you add to my obligation by giving me an opportunity of declaring, in private, my affection for you, and permit me to ease my heart of its load of love, which like a

pent up earth quake, is tearing this fond soul to pieces.'

'As soon as the young folks are a little tired of his stomp down, I guess they'll be after falling to work on the mince pies and mulled cider, which are laid out in the next room. So do you start to go home after this, but come back as soon as you hear Jack stop his fiddle; give a rap on the window, and I will be here to meet you; for all the rest will be in the other room, and too busy eating and drinking to watch me.'

I was about to vent my thanks, when a look of hers put me on my guard, and with difficulty I restrained my expression.—An opportunity soon presented itself to leave the company. I pleaded business, and made a bow. After gaining the garden gate, I looked up at the moon and thought it never shone more beautiful; every thing was so pure and soft and calm, I felt as if I could gaze forever. At length a step approached; it was my valet, Simon, whom I ordered to stop for orders about this hour. To him I communicated my little arrangement, and settled that he should go back with me to the house, as his presence might be necessary in case Patience should consent to an immediate elopement.

The fiddle ceased! Oh love! Oh rapture! born on my ark of promise, like the wondering dove of Arrarat, I curbed my impatience for a few moments, as a matter of precaution, and then tapped on a pane of glass. The door opened almost immediately.

'Hush!' said Patience, 'come in gently; they are all at the good things—but who is this?'

'Divine essence of female beauty and condensation,' replied I, 'only my trusty servant Simon.'

We walked in tip, tip—as soft as mice after cheese—I seized the hand of Patience and covered it with kisses; she was yielding and loving. After a reiteration of my love I proposed immediate flight—to which she replied:

'Ah sir, you must be generous; but are you not about to deceive a poor simple country girl?'

'No, by heaven,' I exclaimed, 'may I perish if ever I plant in that boom a thorn.'

'Well then,' said she, 'let me steal slyly up stairs, and get a bundle, and I will be down in a minute; should you hear any body coming, hide—but don't go out of doors, as they may see you from the window.'

On she went like a winged messenger of life, and I was in an ecstasy of joy—she however, instantly returned, almost breathless, exclaiming:

'Hide, hide, cousin Jack Peabody's coming, and if he sees you, we're done up as slick as a bee in clover time without a honey bag;—hide, hide!'

'Where! where! let me go out of doors.'

'No, no, some of them are looking out of the window, thinking they heard the dogs bark.'

'Well, where the deuce shall I hide?'

'And where I?' echoed Simon.

'I have it, I have got it,' said Patience such an idea, 'here get into this large patent churn that Jack sent home to-day; its large enough to hold two of you.'

I strenuously objected, but at last the sound of approaching footsteps warned me that no time was to be lost, and in spite of a bran new suit of black clothes that adorned my outward man, I plunged in, and bade Simon follow; but the poor fellow couldn't pack down with me, and we were reduced to a second stand.

'Up the chimney, up the chimney,' said Patience, and Simon scrambled, leaving many a spot of soot upon his white pants and blue roundabout.

Scarcely had we esconced ourselves snugly, when the door opened, and in the whole party rushed, arguing and betting. High above all the rest was heard the voice of cousin Jack.

'I tell you its the tarriest fine churn you ever did see, and Sy may say what he chooses, but he ain't going to budge me one inch from the consent I've got of the patent; so now back again.'

'Well Jack,' retorted Sy, 'you needn't carry skirth so long—don't I know something about churns; ain't an uncle of mine in Connecticut got a mill, and if you put a cedar post in at one end, it will turn out a patent churn at the other. So now, back again.'

'But boys,' said another voice, 'the proof of the pudding is eating the bag,—so let's try Jack's churn. Patience, run and bring the large basin of cream, and tell Dorothy to light a fire, that we may mull some more cider—quick now.'

My heart was beating against my ribs, I was in a trap; but cogitation was out of the question; there I was, and the cream of the joke was, there I had to remain.—I soon heard Jack exclaim:

'Ah, here comes the cream—now Sy, take off the river, and Patience, help me to cant over the butter; now boys see how quick I'll make the stuff come—pour away.'

A splash! a shriek! and sudden bound brought

me to the middle of the room, and bump against Simon, who had been roused from his roof by Dorothy's fire; he black as an incarnate devil—and as beautiful a cream color as ever was seen.

We stood a moment as we encountered each other—then simultaneously sprung towards the door, and as we begged the winds in the swiftness of our retreat, the evening breeze joined in the laugh against us, as it bore the sound of their merriment after us, for nearly a mile.

Special Correspondence of the Picayune. MATAMORAS, June 18, 1846.

Still no mail from New Orleans. As there is nothing stirring in camp of much importance, it may not be amiss to treat you to a few items descriptive of the life led in camp.

SAND BAR.—Among the annoyances experienced by the volunteers during their encampment at the Brazos Santiago, previous to their march to Barita, is the light sand, which is agitated like dust by the sea breeze, and fills the eyes, tents, and food of the volunteer forces. The water, which is execrable, frequently produces painful diseases of the bowels, such as dysentery, &c., &c., which sometimes enervate and discourage the men. Most of them, however, bear up under it with great fortitude, and joke over their pains, thus lightning their own burdens and cheering their comrades. One brawny-looking fellow, pale and haggard from suffering reported himself to his Captain the other day as a decidedly used-up individual.

'Cap'n,' said he, touching his hat, 'I'm in a bad way—there ain't much fight left in me, I'm afeard—do you think the doctor has anything that will cure a sand bar?'

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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, \$6. Half-yearly: one column, \$18; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$6; one square, \$5 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.

shown it to our countrymen in captivity to allow us to form any other opinion of them. Of their beauty, however, I must confess that little can be said, if we speak of them collectively. I have seen hundreds of them, here, of all shades and conditions, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, have found them as ugly as a hedge fence. Even the prettiest female I have seen here, would hardly pass muster in Louisiana as 'a good-looking' girl. Very many of them, however, possess countenances of angelic sweetness, and all have excellent teeth. In truth, perfect teeth may be said to be characteristic of the Mexicans, as far as I have known them. The employment of the women around Matamoras is varied, as in all parts of the world, and much more so than in the United States. They milk the cows, make bread, sew, sell at the market, peddle among our troops, and attend mass regularly. There is one occupation in which much of their time is spent, and at which they are remarkably expert, viz: searching each other's heads for vermin. It seems to be a general understanding among them, that all have to go through with this kind of exercise daily, and it matters little to them who witnesses the interesting operation.

TONGVA INDIAN'S TAIL.—A few Indians, some twenty or thirty, have been hanging round camp for some days, begging, holding war-dances for pay, and getting drunk. The other evening a rather good-looking, athletic fellow came to me, and patting me on the shoulder, called me bobby-shilly, and asked for a picayune. His hair was long, and a braid reached almost to his feet. This was ornamented with several old suspender buckles. 'What will you ask to cut off that braid and give it to me?' said I to him, thinking of course that he prized it very highly. 'Four bits,' he promptly replied. 'Cut it off,' I handed him a knife. He commenced untying it, close to his head, and not wishing to allow him to crop himself too close, I told him to cut it longer. 'No, me cut him good,' and the words were hardly out of his mouth, before he handed me his braid, which I soon saw had been ingeniously tied on, and that it was made of horse-hair!

BATTLE PICTURE.—Two painters, of known and acknowledged artistic ability, M. Chutillon, of Paris, and M. Deville, the scene painter, of the Orleans Theatre, are about to proceed to the Rio Grande, with the view of visiting the battle-grounds of the 8th and 9th of May, and making themselves accurately acquainted with what transpired while the two armies were engaged, and giving to the world an accurate picture of the same. They will also take portraits of Gen. Taylor and his principal officers, who were engaged in the battles, and group the different corps of the two armies according to the positions they occupied in the engagement of the 9th. The dimensions of the picture not to be less than eight or ten feet in length, by a proportionate height. The chief personages on the scene will be a foot and a half high, which will amply suffice to preserve the resemblances.

N. O. Pic.

INVERTED SMOKERS.—A correspondent of the Troy Whig, writing from Cuba, says: 'The entire population smoke cigars. In returning from the theatre, the other night, where I went to see the Ravens, I saw ladies genteelly dressed smoking their cigars as they were walking home through the streets.'

The barber smokes while he shaves you, the negro smokes as he waits upon you, the servant girl smokes as she sweeps or cooks, the children smoke; and, over the way are two or three pretty girls who smoke the day through, and cease not when the sun gives away to the moon.'

A JUG AN EMBLEM OF THE HUMAN HEART.—The jug is a most singular utensil. A pail, tumbler, or decanter, may be rinsed, and you may satisfy yourself by optical proof that it is clean; but the jug has a little hole in the top, and the interior is all darkness. No eye penetrates it—no hand moves over the surface. You can clean it only by putting in water, shaking it up and pouring it out. If the water comes out clean, you judge you have succeeded in cleaning the jug, and vice versa. Hence the jug is like the human heart. No mortal eye can look into its recesses, and you can only judge of its purity by what comes out of it.

A lady asked Mr. Jekyll the difference between a solicitor and an attorney? 'Precisely the same' he answered, 'as between a crocodile and an alligator.'

Dean Swift says a woman may knit her stockings, but not her brow; she may darn her hose, but not her eyes; curl her hair, but not her lips; thread her needle, but not the public streets.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has, the more he is able to accomplish for his less—so economize his time.