

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
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SUNBURY AMERICAN
AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

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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.—JERFENSON.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Oct. 17, 1846. Vol. 7—No. 4—Whole No. 316

PETER LAZARUS,
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 patronage, in the best manner.

Philadelphian.
OUR State has an abundance of light, and is well supplied with 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, of Beautiful Imperial 3 ply Youth Superior Ingrain Fine and Medium do CARPETS Twilled and plain (Yield) together with a large stock of OIL-CLOTHS from 2 feet to 24 feet wide, very cheap, for rooms, halls, &c; also, Matings, Floor Cloths, Rugs, Cotton and Rag Carpets, &c., &c., with a good assortment of Ingrain Carpets from 25 to 50 cents, and State and Entry Carpets from 12 to 50 cts.

A CARD.
B. PALMER, the American Newspaper

Editor: throughout the United States for whom V. B. Palmer is Agent, will promote the advantage of all concerned by publishing the above.
PUBLIC NOTICE.—V. B. Palmer is the only authorized Agent for the "Sunbury American," in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Baltimore, of which public notice is hereby given.

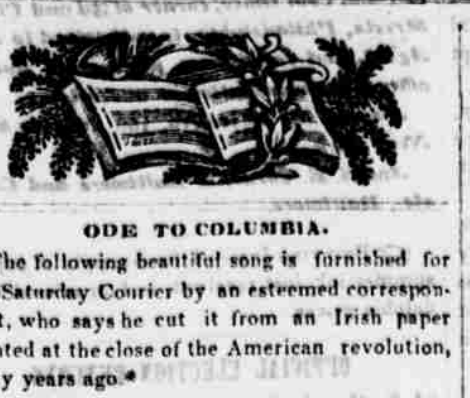
ALEXANDER L. HICKEY, TRUNK MAKER,
No. 150 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

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 half as much as other washing machines.

CHARLES W. HIGGINS,
A. JORDAN,
CHS. WEAVER,
CHS. PLEASANTS,
GIDEON MARKLE,
HON. GEO. C. WELKER,
HENR. HENDERICKS,
GIDEON LEISENRING.

MR. HERR'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.

FLAX SEED.—The highest price will be given for Flax Seed, at the store of HENRY MASSER, Aug. 9, 1845



ODE TO COLUMBIA.
The following beautiful song is furnished for the Saturday Courier by an esteemed correspondent, who says he cut it from an Irish paper printed at the close of the American revolution, sixty years ago.

Columbia's shores are wild and wide, Columbia's hills are high, And rudely planted side by side, Her forests meet the eye; Yet narrow must those shores be made, And low Columbia's hills be laid, Ere Freedom leaves her fields, For 'tis the spot where rude and wild, She played her gambols when a child.

Let Britain boast the deeds she'd done, Display her trophies bright, And count her laurels bravely won, In well-contested fight. Columbia can array a band To wrest that laurel wreath, With keener eye and steeper hand To strike the blow of death. For whether on the land or sea, Columbia's fight is victory.

Horrible.—The trial of Peter Hittcock, for the murder of his father, at the Greene (N. Y.) Circuit, week before last, disclosed some horrid effects of drunkenness. We see it stated that it appeared in evidence before the court that when the neighbors went to the house, after the murder, they found the wife of the deceased sitting intoxicated by the body of her dead husband, plunging her fingers into his eyes, almost if not quite tearing them from their sockets, exclaiming, with horrid oaths, that it was just what he deserved, and he ought to have been killed long since.

PROVIDED FOR.—Capt. Elliott, the celebrated "man with the white hat," has been appointed Governor of the Island of Jamaica in place of Lord Elgin, promoted as Governor General of Canada. Captain Elliott certainly earned his reward by a series of unparalleled intrigues in Texas.

The following letter from Mr. Borritt—the learned blacksmith, so called—now in England, contains matter for reflection:

An Hour with Nature and the Nailers.
I was suddenly diverted from my contemplation of this magnificent scenery by a fall of heavy rain drops, as a prelude of an impending shower.

It was a great comfort to him to think that James could take into his heart so many verses of the Testament which he could not read. He intended to teach all his children in this way. It was all he could do for them; and this he had to do as all the other hours he had to be at the anvil. The nailing business was growing old, and his family large. He had to work from four o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night to earn eighteen pence. His wages averaged only about seven shillings a week; and there were five of them in the family to live on what they could earn. It was hard to make up the loss of an hour. Not one of his hands, however, could be spared. James was going on nine years of age, and a helpful lad he was; and the poor man looked at him dolefully. James could work off a thousand nails a day, of the smallest size. The rent of their little shop, tenement and garden, was five pounds a year, and a few pennies earned by the youngest of them was of great account.

CHINESE DINNER.—An officer of the U. S. ship Vincennes, now on the coast of China, was invited by others to a formal dinner at Canton. The courses were 23 in number, and he thus describes them:
1, bird's nest soup; 2, pork fat, fried with potatoes; 3, hogs' heads; 4, mushroom, stewed; 5, bird's nest salad; 6, giblet soup; 7, kitten hash; 8, fried Irish potatoes; 9, rat hash; 10, tea; 11, shark's fins; 12, fried ducks; 13, dog stew; 14, stewed chickens; 15, ham stew; 16, pork stew; 17, fried cucumbers; 18, pate of rats; 19, feline ragout; 20, ham stewed with pork; 21, sucking pig; 22, snail pate; 23, snail soup. I tasted the first dish, and became so disgusted that I could not proceed. They were brought on, one dish at a time, in exquisitely beautiful china bowls, with a top very much resembling a saucer, which fitted into the former—all the time the tables were covered with a variety of sweetmeats, of which watermelon seeds seemed to be the greatest favorite.

From the St. Louis Reveille.
A Yankee in a Coal Screen.
BY JOE MILLER, JR.
In order to load the coal boats on the Lehigh canal, a short but steep inclined plane of about one hundred and fifty feet in length, is made at the chute which runs from a station house on the side of the mountain, to a large circular revolving screen. To the loaded car is attached a rope which draws up an empty car, and, arrived at the screen, the lower end of the car is suddenly unbolted, and the coal is shot with great velocity into a hopper; this conveys it directly into the screen, which has three large chambers, through which coal of as many sizes is riddled out, and shot, by scuppers, into just as many boats, waiting for different descriptions of the article.

He had but little time to read, it when the sun was up, and it took him long to read a little, for he learned the letters when he was old. But he laid it beside his dish at dinner time and fed his heart with it, while his children were eating the bread that fell to his share. And when he had spent out a line of the shortest words, he read them aloud, and his eldest boy, the one on the block there could say several whole verses he had learned in this way.

But, continued the father, speaking cheerily, I am not the one to complain. Many is the man that has a harder lot of it than I, among the nailers along these hills and in the valley. My neighbor in the next door could tell you something about labor you may never have heard the like of in your country. He is an older man than I, and there are seven of them in his family; and, for all that, he has no boy like Jimmy here to help him. Some of his little girls are sickly, and their mother is not over strong, and it all comes on him. He is an oldish man, as I was saying, yet he not only works eighteen hours every day at his forge but every Friday in the year he works all night long, and never lays off his clothes till late of Saturday night. A good neighbor is John Stubbins, and the only man just in our neighborhood who can read the newspaper. It is not often he gets a newspaper; for it is not the like of that that can have newspapers and bread, too, in our houses at the same time.

Suddenly the car moved off, and our friend found the speed so fearful, and the declivity so great, that he was forced to stoop down and grasp the sides of his vehicle for support. The place where the laborer had leapt off was reached, but the Yankee was not in the position to jump; he had to hold on, and, running down a descent three times as steep as that which he had come, a sudden click shot the bolt, and, with a violent force, out went the contents, Yankee included, into the hopper.
'Murder! get me out! stop the consarn!' shouted our hero, as he felt himself sliding down the hopper to the cylinder. 'Murder! stop the consarn!—I'll be killed!' But the motive power of the consarn was water, which had no sympathy with those who pursue knowledge under difficulties, and those who saw were too distant and too much convulsed with laughter to yield assistance. Into the screen he slid, landing on the top, and as he felt himself revolving with the coil, he grasped the wires in desperation, to prevent himself from being rolled to the bottom—around the wheel he went, and our friend's sensibilities were touched up by a plentiful shower of fine coal dust riddled through from all the chambers. He managed to get one eye open, and saw with delight that the cylinder was only about fifteen feet in length, and he forced his way forward to the opening with desperation, but it was not altogether successful; another revolution of the wheel had yet to be borne, and the next time he reached the bottom he was shot out of the scupper into the boat beneath. To the screams of laughter with which his advent was hailed, our hero said not a word, but getting out an old handkerchief, rubbed the dust out of his eyes and surveyed his torn apparel and bruised, battered, scratched and cut limbs, he raised his veins, to know as what quality of anthracite he had been delivered—when, smothering his remnant of a hat over his eyes, he stumped off, muttering 'broken and scerved, by thunder!'

INTERESTING IN RELATION TO THE JEWS.—The London Jewish Chronicle, of June 12th, publishes the contents of an interesting letter from Jerusalem. The brethren of the ten tribes, it seems, are to be hunted out, and for this purpose the Jews in England intend to exert a hearty co-operation with those settled in other lands. On the 16th of May, a letter arrived in London from the synagogues authorities of Sapheth, saying that in consequence of important information having reached them as to the country where the brethren of the ten tribes are to be found, a resolution was immediately passed to elect from their congregation a man ready and capable for a mission to that country. They appeal to the Jerusalem Jews for co-operation, and also to select in Jerusalem one from the Sephardim (Portuguese) Jews, and one from the Ashkenasim (German and Polish) Jews, and to send the three messengers together, who will have to travel for several months through enormous deserts.

On the trip out to Point Isabel, on one of the boats the volunteers officers occupied the cabin—the men the lower deck. After dining sumptuously, it was the practice of the young officers to slip down and exchange coats with their companions below, who would march up and dine at the cabin table with great sang froid.—The steward never could detect the trick, but was amazingly puzzled at the multiplication of officers.

PHILANTHROPY.—There are cases on record in the office of the British Judge Advocate, wherein delinquent soldiers have been sentenced to receive three thousand lashes!

TEA.—A private in the army, writing to a friend from Cerralvo, near Monterey, says that he has drunk real China tea, grown on that soil, nearly equal to any imported from the Celestial Empire.

LAST AND WORST.—So, San, Santa Anna has gone to Mexico to fight us! Not a bit of it—he's going a courting! 'Gene a courting, say you! How do you make that out?' Easy enough. Don't the papers say he has gone to Sall (Sial)?

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It is said that these ten tribes constitute an empire of their own, have their own King, and possess great quantities of ammunition. They are of high stature, and have altogether an athletic appearance. They are generally occupied with the Kabala, are strictly religious, and very wealthy, being in possession of many gold mines. They do not permit a foreigner to settle among them; even the sojourn of a few days can be obtained only by the payment of an enormous tax, with the exception of Israelites, who are received as friends, permitted to reside among them, and are altogether recognized as their own brethren. The synagogues authorities of Jerusalem have consented to the mission, though they will have to incur a heavy expense which so long a journey requires.—Boston Transcript.

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