

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"

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SUNBURY AMERICAN AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

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THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has commenced the manufacture of Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, in all its various branches, at Selinsgrove, Pa.

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WHERE all kinds of leather trunks, valises and carpet bags, of every style and pattern are manufactured, in the best manner and from the best materials, and sold at the lowest rate.

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.

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

anna's Hotel, (formerly Tremont House, No. 116 Chestnut street,) Philadelphia, September 21st, 1844.

I have used Shugert's Patent Washing Machine, my house upwards of eight months, and do not hesitate to say that I deem it of the most useful and valuable labor-saving machine ever invented.

From "Tea and Coffee: Their Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Effects on the Human System." By Mr. Wm. A. Alcott.

From the Water-Cure Journal.

COFFEE—ITS ORIGIN AND EFFECTS.

'O coffee! thou dispellest the cares of the great; thou bringest back those who wander from the paths of knowledge. Coffee is the beverage of the people of God, and the cordial of his servants who thirst for wisdom.

'Coffee is our gold, and in the place of its liberties we are in the enjoyment of the best and noblest society. Coffee is even as innocent a drink as the purest milk, from which it is only distinguished by its color.

'Every care vanishes when the cupbearer presents thee the delicious chalice. It will circulate fleetly through thy veins, and will rankle there: if thou doubtest this, contemplate the youth and beauty of those who drink it.

'Coffee is the drink of God's people; in it is health. Let this be the answer to those who doubt its qualities. In it will we drown our sorrows, and in its fire consume our sorrows.

The foregoing encomium, or rather tirade, on the virtues of coffee, was taken by the Transylvania Journal of Medicine from a German Journal for 1834; for which it is said to have been translated from the Arabic of Sheikh Abdalkader Anasari Djizeri Haubali, son of Mohammedi.

Coffee was introduced into Europe and America, as a common drink, much later than tea. It was indeed brought there more than two centuries ago; but it is only one hundred and seventy-one years since the first coffee-house was opened. This was in Paris.

Coffee is a native of Abyssinia. From thence it found its way into Arabia, in the sixth century; probably as a substitute for wine, when that liquor was first prohibited by the Koran.

Opposition to it was, however, soon excited, and a sentence of condemnation pronounced against it, at Mecca, by an assembly of mufis, lawyers and physicians. They declared coffee drinking to be contrary to the law of their prophet, and alike injurious to soul and body.

From Cairo this suspicious liquor passed to Damascus and Aleppo; and thence, in 1554, to Constantinople. Here, as at Cairo, it was opposed by the dervises and others, who regarded its use as prohibited by the prophet.

Coffee appears to have been first introduced into Italy in 1615; and afterwards, in 1657, to France; in both instances, however, as a curiosity. It was evidently beginning to be used at Marseilles in 1679; for during that year, the medical faculty, in that city, made it the theme of a public disputation.

It has been already seen that the first coffee-house in Europe was opened in Paris, in 1672. The coffee was first sold at 2s. 6d. a cup. The shop-keeper being unsuccessful in Paris, afterward removed to London.

Here the new drink was destined to meet with a more powerful opposition than in Asia or Africa. Ministers, as well as others, declaimed against it, some of them with much violence. Probably it was seen to be used chiefly, if not wholly, for the sake of its nervous excitement.

From the New Orleans Picayune. An Unwelcome Serenade. The remarkably quiet and peaceable citizens residing in a certain portion of Baronne street were awakened from their slumbers a few nights since, and from the enjoyment of divers and sundry dreams of Elysian fields, murder attacks storms at sea, tumbling down long flights of stairs, or of vain and repeated efforts to accomplish some desired object...

Dr. S. A. Shurtleff, a physician of Boston, says—Of all the common beverages drunk in society, coffee is decidedly the worst.

London, a distinguished French writer on health, classes coffee among the drinks which stimulate, but do not nourish. He says—It accelerates the functions only by shortening their duration. It doubles the energy of the organs only by doubling the debility which follows.

Linnaeus, in his 'Medical Botanical System,' represents coffee as being 'drying, exciting, heating, expelling, carminative, diuretic, antivenereal and anhelminthic.' He speaks of it, moreover, as of known usefulness in that long list of nervous complaints, at the head of which stand hypochondriasis and hysteria.

Dr. Percival, Mulgrave and Miilengen, recommend coffee in cases of asthma; and the latter, in speaking of its medicinal effects, says, it is liable to produce febrile heat, anxiety, palpitations, trembling, weakness of sight, and predisposition to apoplexy.

Dr. Grindal, of Russia, in his attendance at the hospital at Dorpat—has used a preparation of raw coffee in intermittent fevers, as a substitute for Peruvian bark, with great success. In eighty cases, scarcely one resisted its power.

The Encyclopaedia Americana, in an article which was probably written by Dr. Lieber, one of the editors, says, 'As a medicine, strong coffee is a powerful stimulant and cordial; and in paroxysms of the asthma, is one of the best remedies; but it should be very strong.'

Dr. Bardell, of New York, has made many curious experiments on small animals, not only with what he calls the extract of coffee. He says—By experiments upon animals, it is shown that there is more excitement of the nervous system produced by coffee than by tea; but death does not ensue so quickly.

The testimony of Mr. Cole should not be forgotten. The learned surgeon believed coffee to be liable to bring on all the diseased action which he referred to tea; so that in his view there is really a coffee disease abroad, as well as a tea disease; or rather, according to him, coffee and tea produce symptoms nearly the same. On this point I shall say more presently.

Dr. Hahnemann, the father of the homoeopathic system of medicine, and the author of an essay on coffee, gives the following testimony:—'Coffee is strictly a medicinal substance. All medicines, in strong doses, have a disagreeable effect on the feelings of a healthy person. No one ever failed to be disgusted the first time he smoked tobacco. No healthy palate ever found strong coffee, without sugar, palatable on the first trial.'

The Iron Trade of Pittsburgh.—A late number of the Pittsburgh publishes the names of fifty iron furnaces for smelting iron, located on the Allegheny river, and states that the list is not quite complete. This list contains none of the furnaces on the canal, and only those which run their metal to market on the river.

There are now twelve Rolling Mills, eleven in operation, and the other in market for metal—These work up 75 to 100 tons per week, say 75 all around, or 900 tons per week. Then there are the host of Foundries, one of which has melted 25 tons per day, and will average probably 100 tons per week. Should the Mills run full time till spring, the supply is a tolerable one and no more; and were the new Tariff not directly brought in as a weight on the market, it would speedily be cleared of all the iron on it.

The amount of iron in the shape of Pig Metal and Blooms annually marketed in Pittsburgh is about forty thousand tons; all of which is here manufactured and distributed over half the Union, in iron fabrics of every description.

Probably no market out of Europe is capable of bearing so great an amount of iron at once as Pittsburgh, and there is none on this continent where as much iron is consumed as here. Elsewhere he avows the belief that its long continued use sometimes produces palisies.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

An Unwelcome Serenade.

The remarkably quiet and peaceable citizens residing in a certain portion of Baronne street were awakened from their slumbers a few nights since, and from the enjoyment of divers and sundry dreams of Elysian fields, murder attacks storms at sea, tumbling down long flights of stairs, or of vain and repeated efforts to accomplish some desired object...

'To ladies' eyes a rosy boy, We can't refuse, Though bright eyes so abound, boy, 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose, For thick as stars that lighten You airy bowers, you airy bowers, The countless eyes that brighten This earth of ours, this earth of ours. But fill the cup—where'er, boy, Our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We'er sure to find love there, boy, So drink them all—so drink them all.'

At this precise juncture, when the singer's voice reverberated in the drum of some nervous gentleman's ear, a window was heard to open suddenly and a loud crash, as of broken crockery, followed. 'Halloo, old gentleman,' said the singer, 'you came very near my head, then. I wish you would be a little more particular when—when you shower your favors upon public singers. I say, aint you a member—member of the temperance so-ci-ety? you must be a president of some so-ci-ety. I don't mind a little cold water myself, but I like it—in small doses—and never take it pitcher and all!'

'Hail Columbia, happy land, Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band.' 'Who's that making all that noise down there?' said a querulous voice from a second story window.

'What was that last inter—interrogatory you were pleased to pre—pound?' said the musical man a ure.

'Who's making all that noise there?' repeated the voice.

'If you mean to characterize my vocal execution as a noise, sir, then, sir, allow me to observe, sir, that it is me that is making all that noise, as you are so facetious as to denominate it.'

'Well, you'd much better go home than be disturbing people at this time of night,' retorted the voice, as the window was slammed down.

'If he don't go soon I'll call the watch,' said the first voice, following his neighbor's example.

'Oh, ho!' laughed the vocalist, 'go to bed, old gentlemen—go to bed; you've no ear for music, so don't be exhibiting your greed by listening to what you don't understand.'

'Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind, Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days o' auld lang syne! Should auld—'

'Watch! watch!' cried a shrill female voice from the next door above. 'Where in the world is all the watch? I do believe they are eternally a goin', for they'll never stop when a body waits 'em.'

'They're not stop watches, ma'am,' said the gentleman who had expressed himself so forcibly against forgetting old lang syne and acquaintances formed at that period.

'None of your impudence, you leaver you!' retorted the lady with the shrill voice, protruding her nightgapped head from her window and looking 'sharps' and 'betweens' at the amateur.

'Well, ma'am, you needn't be so pointed in your remarks, or shake your head so violently, for you might shake off that remarkable fine nightcap you've got on, and disturb them curl papers, which would be a pity, but—'

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young gentlemen, in a shirt, appearing upon the aforesaid balcony—I like music!

'Oh how can I be blithe and glad, Or how can I gang briak and braw When the bonnie lass that I lo'e best, Is o'er the hills and far awa'—'

'Monsieur! Monsieur!' said a full faced head appearing at another window—Monsieur Amateur, would you be so please as to come some ozer time an' 'chante for our satisfaction. We are so much oblige for you sing now zat we do not know how to express myself, mais we do not desire to put a you to too much exertion, an' so you will be please not sing any more a present. I have one little baby—zat is my wife have one little baby—and he cry vare moozs all ze time; je just a now go to sleep and if he wake a up zen I sall no go to sleep any more to-night.'

'I'm much obliged to you for you compliments old fellow, but I'm not singing to oblige you, but to oblige myself, and to oblige that lady in her shirt there—I mean that gentleman in his shirt. An'n for your baby, sir, or your wife's baby, d—n the baby! What do you s'pose I care about a dirty-nosed little brat, sir! Let it cry and be d—d. Spank it, sir! spank it!'

Rap! rap! went a watchman's club at a neighbor'ng street corner, and immediately after three windows were heard to open, and three male voices and one female voice cry 'Watch!' in different keys.

'Good night, good night, my dearest, How fast the moments fly; 'Tis time to part, thou hearest That hateful watchman's cry.'

Past twelve o'clock! Good night! Haunted the musical genius in a rich voice. 'Watch!' bawled the tenor. 'Watch!' cried the bass voice. 'Watch!' piped the falsetto. 'Watchmen!' echoed the Frenchman; during the songster was favoring the company with the second verse of Moore's melody, and the watchman was rapidly approaching the spot.

'What's the row?' pertinently enquired the watchman. 'Why,' said the bass voice, 'that 'ere fellow's a disturbin' of the whole neighborhood with 'is singin'.'

'That he is,' said the tenor. 'And has been doing it for an hour! A pretty set of watchmen we've got to be sure.'

'Ei you say anythin' ag'in the watchmen you may tote him off yourself, for I won't!' said the watchman with commendable esprit du corps. 'Oh, do take him away!' cried the tenor—'I've been sick for a week, and I shan't sleep a wink to night if he keeps a goin' on in that way.'

'For mercy's sake, put him in in the calaboose, watchman!' exclaimed the female in the cotton nightcap.

'Then fare thee well, my own dear love, This world has now for us No greater grief, no pain above The pain of parting thus, dear love! The pain of parting thus!'

sang the persevering musician, spreading his legs very wide apart, and with his hand on his heart, extending his head towards the lady. 'Come, let's have no more of that old feller,' said the watchman. 'We'll just take a small somnambulation together, my nightingale, for these 'ere people seems to believe as you're no more musical than a turkey,' and he linked his arm is his new friend's.

'Ah, ha, Monsieur Amateur. 'You sing another song to-morrow when you be bring before the Recorder—he make a you sing upon de ozer side of your mouze! Ha! ha! you dem my little baby—by dam I dam you too, an' to-morrow I sall go appear an' make a complaint against you—dam if I don't!'

'Go to the d—l, old fellow,' said the musical man, 'and let watchman and me fight our owa' battles,' and away they started down the street, the watchman's companion roaring out the flourish song of Bulwer's, beginning—

'In a box of the stone jug, I was born—'

'The last faint sounds of the inebriate's voice died away and quiet resumed its way.