

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.
1 square 1 insertion, . . . \$0 50
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Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half
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Advertisements left without directions as to the
length of time they are to be published, will be
continued until ordered out, and charged accord-
ingly.
Sixteen lines or less make a square

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.—JENNINGS.

CHEAP WATCHES.

The Cheapest Gold and Silver Watches
IN PHILADELPHIA.

GOLD Levers, full Jewelled, \$45 00
Silver do. do. do. 35 00
Gold Levers, Jewelled, 30 00
Silver do. do. do. 25 00
Silver Quarters, fine quality, 10 00
Gold Watches, plain, 15 00
Silver Spectacles, 1 75
Gold Pencils, 2 00
Gold Bracelets, 4 00

Also, on hand, a large assortment of Gold and
Half Bracelets, finger rings, breast pins, hoop ear
rings, gold pens, silver spoons, sugar tongs, thim-
bles, gold neck, curb and fish chains, guard keys
and jewellery of every description, at equally low
prices. All I want is a call to convince custom-
ers.

All kinds of Watches and Clocks repaired and
warranted to keep good time for one year; old
gold or silver bought or taken in exchange.
For sale, eight day and thirty hour brass clocks,
at
LEWIS LADOMUS,
Watch, Clock and Jewellery Store, No. 413 1/2
Market street, above Eleventh, north side, Phila-
delphia.

I have some Gold and Silver Levers, all
much cheaper than the above prices.
Philadelphia, Dec. 26, 1846.—1y

CHEAP WATCHES & JEWELRY.

"Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store,"
No. 96 North SECOND street, corner of Quarry.
GOLD Lever Watches, full
jewelled, 18 carat cases, \$45 00
Silver Lever Watches, full
jewelled, 23 00
Silver Lever Watches, se-
ven jewels, 18 00
Silver Levers, jewelled, finest
quality, 14 00
Superior Quartz Watches, 10 00
Imitation Quartz Watches, not warranted, 5 00
Gold Spectacles, 4 00
Fine Silver Spectacles, 1 75
Gold Bracelets with topaz stones, 2 50
Ladies' Gold Pencils, 16 carats, 2 00
Gold Finger Rings 3/4 ct to \$8; Watch Glas-
ses, plain, 12 ct; patent, 18 ct; Lunet, 25 ct
articles in proportion. All goods warranted
to be what they are sold for. O. CONRAD,
On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers, Levers
and Quarters, lower than the above prices.
Philadelphia, Dec. 5, 1846.—1y

IMPORTANT TO ALL COUNTRY HOUSEKEEPERS.

YOU may be sure of obtaining, at
all times, pure and highly flavored
TEAS.
By the single pound or larger quantity, at the
Pekin Tea Company's Warehouse,
30 South Second street, between Market and Ches-
nut streets.
PHILADELPHIA.
Heretofore it has been very difficult, indeed, al-
most impossible, always to obtain good Green and
Black Teas. But now you have only to visit the
Pekin Tea Company's Store, to obtain delicious
and fragrant Teas as you could wish for. All teas
can here be suited, with the advantage of getting a
pure article at a low price.
June 27th, 1846.

PREMIUM PIANOS.

THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent,
for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELE-
BRATED PREMIUM PIANO WOOD PI-
ANOS, at this place. These Pianos have a plain,
massive and beautiful exterior finish, and for depth
and sweetness of tone, and firmness of workman-
ship, are not surpassed by any in the United States.
The following is a recommendation from Capt.
Dray, a celebrated performer, and himself a man-
ufacturer:
A CARD.
Having had the pleasure of trying the excel-
lent Piano Fortes manufactured by Mr. Meyer, and
exhibited at the last exhibition of the Franklin In-
stitute, I feel it due to the true merit of the maker
to declare that these instruments are quite equal
in some respects even superior, to all the Pi-
ano Fortes, I saw at the capitals of Europe, and
during a sojourn of two years in Paris.
These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturer's
lowest Philadelphia prices, if not something lower.
Persons are requested to call and examine for
themselves, at the residence of the subscriber,
Sunbury, May 17, 1845. H. B. MASSER.

Counterfeiters' DEATH BLOW.

The public will please observe that no Brand-
reth Pills are genuine, unless the box has three
copies of the (the top, the side and the bottom)
each containing a fac-simile signature of my hand-
writing, thus—B. BRANDRETH, M. D.—These let-
ters are engraved on steel, beautifully designed,
and done at an expense of over \$2,000.—Therefore
it will be seen that the only thing necessary to pro-
duce the medicine in its purity, is to observe these
marks.
Remember the top, the side, and the bottom.
The following respective persons are duly author-
ized, and hold
CERTIFICATE OF AGENCY
For the sale of Brandreth's Vegetable Universals.
Northumberland county: Milton—Macey &
Jambolin; Sunbury—H. B. Masser; M. E. Con-
nolly—Irland & Maxwell; Northumberland—Wm.
Coryth; Gettysburg—J. & J. Wills.
Union County: New Britain—Boggs & Win-
ter; Selingsgrove—George Gundrum; Middle-
burg—Jesse Smith; Beavertown—David Hubler.
Adamsburg—Wm. J. May; Millersburg—Mench-
e & F. C. Moyer; Lewisburg—Wells & Green.
Columbia county: Danville—E. B. Reynolds;
Co. Berwick—Shuman & Bittenbous; Gar-
winn—C. G. Booth; Bloomberg—John R.
Lover; Jersey Town—Levi Bissel; Washington
Co.—M. C. Linn; Gettysburg—Baltz & M. Bissel.
Observe that each Agent has an Engraved Copi-
e of Agency, containing a representation of
B. BRANDRETH'S Manufactory at Sing Sing,
and upon which will also be seen exact copies of
the same labels now used upon the Brandreth Pills
boxes.
Philadelphia, Office No. 5, North 4th street.
B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
June 24th, 1845.



From the Temperance Standard. The Loster's Reflection.

We're anchored on the curb-stone, Jim,
Where oft we've sat before;
When the patch was on your eye, Jim,
And both were half-sees o'er—
When rum was free as air, Jim,
And every man could take
A little of the "critter," Jim,
For his gnawing stomach's sake.
Ah, those were pleasant time, Jim,
Before the people grew,
So much opposed to drinking, Jim,
Afraid of getting blue;
For rum was then in fashion, Jim,
And you and I could lay
And soak ourselves in liquor, Jim,
From morn till close of day.
Things are different now, Jim,
From what they once have been—
Our country is infested, Jim,
With crazy temperance men,
Who are prowling through our city, Jim,
Like wolves in search of prey;
And against the sale of liquor, Jim,
They are preaching every day.
But you and I have rights, Jim,
For which our father's fought;
And some would deprive us now, Jim,
Of liberties they bought;
They'd stop the sale of liquor, Jim,
If once they had the power,
And take forever from us, Jim,
That precious drink of ours.
But there's one little item, Jim,
I wish you'd keep in view—
We've great men in office, Jim,
Who think with me as you,
That temperance, as they term it, Jim,
It is a very dangerous cause—
And think it quite imprudent, Jim,
To put in force the laws.
These men are friendly to us, Jim,
As their every act denotes;
And all who love good liquor, Jim,
Should cast for them their votes—
To keep from the Council, Jim,
These vile cold-water men;
Then you and I can guzzle, Jim,
On whiskey, now and then.
Buffalo, Oct., 1847.

From the N. Y. Despatch. A Sketch from the Captain.

Twenty years ago I made the acquaintance
of Lieut. —, then a passed midshipman in a very
saucey little craft, which has not been undistin-
guished in the recent naval movements on the
coast of Mexico. The acquaintance was made
under circumstances so singular, that their re-
lation, even at this late day, can hardly fail to
interest the reader.
It was in Gibraltar. I was passing a coffee
house much frequented by English and Ameri-
can officers, when hearing my name called, I
turned and saw standing in the door a young
man in the uniform of our service. He ap-
proached me, saying—
"Captain—, of the brig Monmouth, I be-
lieve?"
"The same, sir," I replied.
"I am Mr. —, passed midshipman of the
United States sloop of war —, now laying at
Port Mahon. I am here on leave, and none
of my brother officers are at hand to render me
that service which I must request of you, as a
fellow countryman, to perform."
"I shall be glad to learn how I can be of ser-
vice to Mr. —," I replied, with rather a for-
mal bow, for our young officers in the Mediter-
ranean were too much in the habit of getting
into silly scrapes, and I suspected for a moment
that it was one of this character in which I was
asked to figure.
"It is a little affair which will detain you only
a few minutes, Captain —, the young officer
remark, with a smile. "The fact is that I have
one duel to fight, and perhaps more, within five
minutes, and so that coffee house. I was going
out to meet up a countryman to act as my sec-
ond, when you passed."
He hastily explained the origin of the diffi-
culty, proved to me that he was right, and I re-
solved to see him through. We entered the
house, in the public room of which I was intro-
duced to seven or eight English naval officers,
one of whom held in his hands a pair of fine
duelling pistols. He was the second of the o-
ther party, and we stepped aside to make the
necessary preparations. While the prelimina-
ries for the fight are being arranged, the gen-
eral may as well be enlightened as to its cause.
The English naval officers, for several years
after the conclusion of the last war, omitted no
opportunity to insult our officers and provoke
them into quarrels. When they could not get
a representative of the flag from the govern-

Col. Fremont's Celebrated Ride in California.

The National Intelligencer has the following
account of the ride of Col. Fremont, which has
been alluded to in the trial:—
It was at daybreak on the 22d March, 1847,
that Lieut. Col. Fremont, his friend Don Jesus
(pronounced Haisoon) Pico, and his servant Ja-
cob Dadaon, set out from La Ciudad de los Ange-
les (the city of the Angels) in the southern
part of Upper California, to proceed in the short-
est time to Monterey, on the Pacific ocean, dis-
tant full four hundred miles. The way is over
a mountainous country, much of it uninhabited,
with no other road than a trace, and many dif-
ficulties to pass, particularly the maritime defile of
El Rincon, or Punto Guido, fifteen miles in ex-
tent, made by the jutting of a precipitous moun-
tain into the sea, and which can only be pass-
ed when the tide is out and the sea calm, and
even then in many places through the waves.
The towns of Santa Luis Obispo, and occasion-
al ranchos, are the principal inhabited places on
the route. Each of the party had three horses
nine in all, to take their turns under the saddle.
The six loose horses ran ahead, without bridle
or halter, and required some attention to keep
to the track. When wanted for a change, say
at distances of twenty miles, they were caught
by the lasso, thrown either by Don Jesus or the
servant Jacob. None of the horses were shod.
The usual gait was a sweeping gallop. The
first day they ran one hundred and twenty-five
miles. The next day they made another one
hundred and twenty-five miles, passing the for-
midable mountain of Santa Barbara, and count-
ing upon it the skeletons of some fifty horses,
part of near double that number which perished
in the crossing of that terrible mountain by the
California battalion on Christmas day, 1846, a-
midst a raging tempest and a deluge of rain and
cold snow killing than even the Sierra Nevada
—the day of severest suffering, my Fremont and
his men, that they have ever passed.

At sunset the party stopped to sup with the
friendly Capt. Dana, and at nine at night, San
Luis Obispo was reached, the home of Don Je-
sus, and where an affecting reception awaited
Lieut. Col. Fremont, in consequence of an in-
cident which occurred there, that history will
one day record; and he was detained till 11
o'clock in the morning receiving the visits of
the inhabitants, (mothers and children included),
taking a breakfast of honor, and waiting for a
relief of fresh horses to be brought in from the
surrounding country. Here the nine horses
from Los Angeles were left, and eight others
taken in their place, and a Spanish boy added
to the party to assist in managing the loose hor-
ses. Proceeding at the usual gait till 8 at night,
and having made some seventy miles, Don Je-
sus, who had spent the night before with his
family and friends, and probably with but little
sleep, became fatigued, and proposed a halt for
a few hours. It was in the valley of the Sal-
inas, (Salt River, called Buena Ventura in the
old maps), and the haunt of marauding Indians.
For safety during their repose, the party turned
off the trace, issued through a cañada into a
thick wood, and laid down, the horses being put
to grass at a short distance, with the Spanish
boy in the saddle to watch. Sleep, when com-
menced, was too sweet to be easily given up,
and it was half way between midnight and day,
when the sleepers were aroused by an estampo-
do among the horses, and the calls of the boy.

The cause of the alarm was soon found—not
Indians, but white bears—this valley being
their great resort, and the place where Col. F.
and thirty five of his men encountered some
hundred of them the summer before, killing
thirteen upon the ground. The character of
these bears is well known, and the bravest hun-
ters do not like to meet them without the ad-
vantage of numbers. On discovering the en-
emy, Col. F. fell by his pistols, but Don Jesus
desired him to lie still, saying that people could
scarce bears; and immediately hallooed at them
in Spanish, and they went off. Sleep went off
also; and the recovery of the horses frightened
by the bears, building a roaring fire, making a
breakfast from the hospitable supplies of San
Luis Obispo, occupied the party till daybreak;
when the journey was resumed. Eighty miles
and the afternoon brought the party to Mon-
terey. The next day, in the afternoon, the party
set out on their return, and the two horses rode
by Col. F. from San Luis Obispo, being pre-
sent to him from Don Jesus, he (Don Jesus) de-
sired to make an experiment of what one of
them could do. They were brothers, one a
grass younger than the other, both of the same
color, (cinnamon), and hence called *Colo*
los canabos; (the cinnamon, or the cinnamon-
s). The elder was then taken for the trial;
the journey commenced upon him at leaving
Monterey, the afternoon well advanced.

Thirty miles under the saddle done that eve-
ning, and the party stopped for the night. In
the morning the elder *canabo* was again under
the saddle for Col. F., and for ninety miles he
carried him without a change and without ap-
parent fatigue. It was still thirty miles to San
Luis Obispo, where the night was to be passed,

and Don Jesus insisted that *canabo* could easily
do it, and so said the horse by his looks and ac-
tions. But Colonel F. would not put him to the
trial, and, shifting the saddle to the younger
brother, the elder was turned loose to run the
remaining thirty miles without a rider. He
did so, immediately taking the lead and keep-
ing it all the way, and entering San Luis in a
sweeping gallop, nostrils distended, snuffing the
air, and neighing with exultation at his return
to his native pastures, his younger brother all
the while running at the head of the horses un-
der the saddle, bearing on his bit, and held in
by his rider.

The whole eight horses made their one hun-
dred and twenty miles each day, (after thirty
the evening before) the older cinnamon making
ninety miles of his under the saddle, that day,
besides thirty under the saddle the evening be-
fore; nor was there the least doubt that he
would have done the whole distance in the same
time, if he had continued under the saddle. After
a hospitable detention of another half day at
San Luis Obispo, the party set out for Los An-
geles on the same nine horses which they had
rode from that place, and made the ride back in
about the same time they had made it up;
namely at the rate of 125 miles a day. On this
ride the grass on the road was the food for the
horses. At Monterey they had barley; but
these horses, meaning those trained and domesti-
cated, as the *canabos* were, eat almost anything
in the way of vegetable food, or even drink, that
their master uses, by whom they are petted and
caressed and rarely sold. Bread, fruits, sugar,
coffee, and even wine (like the Persian horse)
they take from the hand of their master, and ob-
ey with like docility, his slightest intimation.
A lay of the whip on the saddle springs them
into action; the check of a thread rein (on the
Spanish bit) would stop them; and stopped short,
at speed, they do not jostle the rider or throw
him forward. They leap on any thing—man,
beast, or weapon, on which their master directs
them. But this description, so far as conduct
and behavior are concerned, of course, only ap-
plies to the trained and domesticated horse.

How the Yankees make a Living.

A writer in the Boston Recorder, who has
 lately travelled through Connecticut, thus de-
scribes the way in which the people gain a liveli-
hood:
Beginning in the north western part of the
State—where, by the way, some of nature's
true noblemen dwell—we find many furnaces
smelting down iron ore of the best quality, from
their own mines, making each from two to three
tons of pig iron per diem, and each consuming
at a single blast of eleven months a million bu-
shels of charcoal. There is a shop manufactur-
ing some of the most delicate and best cutlery;
and another making huge anchors and chain ca-
bles for our navy, from iron wrought at their
own puddling furnaces. Fifteen miles eastward
lies a village of 1500 people, situated at the
outlet of a splendid sheet of water, which in its
descent of 150 feet, carries all needed machin-
ery. Here the business is sythe-making. An-
other town is famous for its brass kettles; an ar-
ticle made nowhere else in the nation; and the
trade of making which, it is said, was stolen
from England. Hard by, are two contiguous
towns, made densely populous even on their
rugged hill-sides, and independently rich by the
manufacture of brass clocks. These articles of
the ordinary kind, costing from nine shillings to
two dollars, are sold over the world at an ad-
vance of 500 or 1000 per cent. Coming farther
eastward into Hartford county, you find a gang
of hands digging copper ore from the bowels of
mother earth. Then you enter a town of 1000
people supported entirely by making axes. Fol-
lowing the Farmington River, and passing many
establishments, you arrive at a town of 1500
inhabitants, right in the gorge, where the river
is in its dashing freaks, like a lover, without eyes,
instead of making its way easily and honestly
down to New Haven, breaks its way through
the Talcott mountain for the purpose of making
a union with the Connecticut. These people are
Scotchmen, making carpets. But this is only
a part of the establishment; the remainder
is located ten or fifteen miles north east,
where is found a community of 1800, from the
same country, and engaged in like business.
Observe here, in these two towns, are three very
old-fashioned Presbyterian churches. Pass-
ing by a community of Shakers, who supply
the land with garden seeds and brooms; and
Hazard's well known powder mills, where the
"villainous sulphure" is made into an abomination
to cast missiles at the Mexicans, and also some
distilleries, too detestable to blot paper with,
you enter a growing town where are made pa-
per, cloth of different kinds, iron ware and card
teeth; the last set to order, and in quantities
sufficient to straighten all the fibre which ever
grows on a sheep's back, or a cotton plantation.
Passing through the city of Hartford, which our
bird's eye view seems to make only a mart for
trafficking in the workmanship of other and hon-
est hands, you find a town of 3000 inhabitants,
manufacturing various sorts of brass-ware, to

mention which kinds would be to write half the names of articles on the shelves of a hardware shop. Hooks and eyes must be particularized, enough to hook together all the ladies' dresses in the land, besides those of one half Queen Victoria's subjects.

But to return over to Connecticut river, for
in our rapid flight we have already crossed it
twice, and in making our way into Tolland co.,
we enter the region of cotton and woolen. And
here, at the outlet of a beautiful lake, rendered
memorable by the 'Life of poor Sarah,' who died
on its banks, you must stop to see a village of
1200 people, grown up in the course of a dozen
years, having some six or eight mills making
rattinets and the nicest casimers in the coun-
try. In other sections of the county are furna-
ces, cotton and woolen mills, machine shops.
Here, too, is a town, and it is our own dear
'Mantua,' with four or five silk factories, where
the great part of your tailors obtain their *Italian*
sewing silk and twist. Here the screw-washer
was invented. But time will fail to speak of all.
Hard by, in Windham county, is a population
of 1800, making cotton cloth. In the eastern
part of the county, in the valley of a single
stream, in the space of twenty miles, are at least
twelve cotton factory villages. In New Lon-
don county is manufactured India-rubber in a
variety of forms. In Norwich, woolen and
cotton mills abound. And here one single pa-
per mill, the owner informed me, made \$200,
000 worth of paper per annum. New London
and Stonington are growing rich out of the whale
fishery. Lyme, situated at the mouth of the
Connecticut, furnishes sea captains for the Lon-
don and Liverpool packets, and seamen to man
their yards. Sailing up that river, new filled
with seines for shad, you pass a quarry of
free stone. Then you enter a shop, a branch of
a large establishment located in Meriden, which
monopolizes the whole business of manufactur-
ing ivory. Here you find ivory combs, piano-
forte keys, umbrellas tips, dice, and all kinds of
ornamental work made of elephant's tusks.—
Then you need not smile at a veritable estab-
lishment for making patent ink-stands, employ-
ing thirty men. Next you will find a shop turn-
ing out axe helvets, next a screw factory. Then
you pass, on the bank of the river, another quar-
ry, a rich vein of gneiss, splitting about as readi-
ly as chestnut timber, a vein about twenty rods
wide, from whence have been sent vast quanti-
ties of stone, to various parts of the Union and
to the West Indies. And then another quarry
of red sandstone, employing 300 Irishmen and
their overseers. I had almost forgotten a whole
town, made rich by the manufacture of all kinds
of bells, such as sleigh, horse, clock and cow
bells. In this city it is no easy task to tell what
is manufactured, except coaches, clocks, intel-
lect, theology, law and physic. Farmington fur-
nishes the whole of New England and some
portions of New York with Oysters. Water-
bury, with almost 4000 inhabitants, makes bot-
toms, brass wire and pins by the ton. And then
there is Birmingham and Andia, two contiguous
villages, making cutlery, pins and hardware.
Just above them, a large establishment making
sawyers, axes, and the like. Thence you will
pass westward into the north part of Fairfield
county, and here you make an acquaintance with
the batteries in abundance. Here it is
the superb hats for the New Yorkers are made.

TALL SHOOTING.

The editor of the Boston
Herald, tells a marvellous story of the shooting
exploits of the late Col. Martin Scott, his personal
friend. He says—'We saw him throw two
potatoes into the air and bore them both in the
air with a single bullet. We saw him do this
with both rifle and pistol. We saw him take
down five swallows successively on the wing
with his rifle, with single ball. We saw him
plant for successive balls in the centre, so close-
ly that but one hole could have been detected.
At the fifth shot, his rifle hung fire. Neverthe-
less, the half of the diameter of the ball was
within the hole. We saw him shoot at living
objects at least a thousand times, but never
saw him draw trigger in vain, never knew his
bullet to vary a hair's breadth from the spot
where he had previously said he would place it.'

From the Day Book.

The Ladies.
BY E. W.

God bless the ladies! may they make
A rustle in the world;
With their fine bonnets, and their shawls
Like crimson banners furled!
And may their hearts be lighter far
Than their white frills be;
Oh! may they catch the dullest eyes,
With their food with hery!
And every ball that they attend,
With powder for the fray—
And care well set for anxious men—
(More anxious still than they.)
May their smiles, enchanting grow
Beneath the gorgeous light—
And sweetest hearts be made to know,
To rule it is their right!
God bless the ladies! they will make
A rustle in the world—
With their fine bonnets, and their shawls
Like crimson banners furled!
"Why is Gen. Taylor like a stack of wheat?"
Because he has never been thrashed."