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.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eisely. | Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Jan. 8, 1848. | Vol. 8--No. 16--Whole No. 380

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

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GOLD Levers, full Jewelled,	$45 00
Silver do. do.	23 00
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For sale, eight day and thirty hour brass clocks, at LEWIS LADOMUS'
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☞ I have some Gold and Silver Levers, still much cheaper than the above prices.
Philadelphia, Dec. 26, 1846.—1y

To The I. O. of O. F.
J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
Manufacturers of Premium Odd Fellows' Regalia,
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First Clothing Store below 6th Street.

THE subscribers having taken the premium at Franklin Institute, at the last exhibition, for the best Regalia, they invite the attention of the order to their establishment, where they will find a splendid assortment of P. G. and Encampment Regalia. They also make to order for Lodges and Encampments, Regalia, Sashes, Costumes and Robes, and furnish every thing requisite for the convenience of new Lodges or Encampments.
J. W. STOKES,
E. D. STOKES.
Philadelphia, Dec. 19, 1846.—1y

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SALE EVERY EVENING, of a general assortment of Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Trunks, Locks, Latchets, Bolts, Saws, Saddlery, Whips, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Guns, Pistols, Trimmings, Clothing and Fancy Goods.

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N. B. Purchasers can have their Goods packed. Several invoices of Goods have been received to be sold at private sale.
Philadelphia, Dec. 19th, 1846.—1y

Counterfeiters'
DEATH BLOW.

The public will please observe that no Brandreth Pills are genuine, unless the box has three labels upon it, (the top, the side and the bottom) each containing a fac-simile signature of my handwriting, thus—B. BRANDRETH, M. D.—These label 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 procure the medicine in its purity, is to observe these labels.

Remember the top, the side, and the bottom. The following respective persons are duly authorized, and hold

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For the sale of *Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.*

Northumberland county: Milton—Mackey & Chamberlin. Sunbury—H. B. Masser. M'Ewensville—Ireland & Meixell. Northumberland—Wm. Forsyth. Georgetown—J. & J. Wells.

Union County: New Berlin—Bogar & Winter. Selinsgrove—George Gundrum. Middleburg—Isaac Smith. Beavertown—David Hubler. Adamsburg—Wm. J. May. Mifflinsburg—Mensch & Ray. Hartleton—Daniel Long. Freeburg—G. & F. C. Moyer. Lewisburg—Walls & Green.

Columbia county: Danville—E. B. Reynolds & Co. Berwick—Shuman & Rittenhouse. Catawissa—C. G. Brobts. Bloomsburg—John R. Moyer. Jersey Town—Levi Bisel. Washington Robt. McCay. Limestone—Balliet & McNinch.

Observe that each Agent has an Engraved Certificate of Agency, containing a representation of Dr BRANDRETH'S Manufactory at Sing Sing, and upon which will also be seen exact copies of the *new labels now used upon the Brandreth Pill Boxes.*

Philadelphia, office No. 8, North 8th street.
B BRANDRETH, M. D.
June 24th, 1843.

WASHINGTON IN LOVE.

In 1756—twenty years before the brilliant era which shines like a rich gem in the pages of the world's history—a gentleman named Beverly Robinson occupied a dwelling (situate in New York) which, at that time, was considered a model of elegance and comfort, although, according to the prevailing tastes of the present day, it was nothing of the kind. It was standing, very little altered from its original condition, six years ago, on this side of the Hudson River, within two or three miles of West Point. Mr. Robinson enjoyed all the luxuries known to the colony, and some, beside, which the other colonists did not know—for instance, a rich and massive silver tea urn, said, by the gentleman's descendants, to be the first article of the kind, and for a long time the only one, used in this country. In this dwelling, so much admired, the space between the floors and ceiling was exceedingly low, and in many of the rooms (set off, about the fire-places, by polished tiles.) the rafters were massive and uncovered, and all things else in the structure were exceedingly primitive. In this house were born or reared a brood of the most prominent and inveterate foes to the patriots of the American Revolution, and the object of that struggle, that history mentions of the Robinson family bore arms and held office in the armies of the English King, and fought determinedly against our sires and grandsires.

Well—in this house, which will already have attached itself to the interest of the reader—the only victory that was ever gained over George Washington, took place.

In 1756, Colonel George Washington, of Virginia, a large, stalwart well-proportioned gentleman, of the most finished deportment and careful exterior; a handsome, imposing, ceremonious and grave personage—visited his firm and much esteemed friend, Beverly Robinson, and announced his intention of remaining his guest for many weeks. A grinning negro attendant, called Zeph, was ordered to bring in his master's portmanteau, additional fuel was cast into the broad and cheerful fireplace, an extra bottle of prime old Madeira was placed upon the table, whose griffin feet seemed almost to expand to twice their original size at the prospect of an increase of social hilarity, and Colonel Washington was duly installed as a choice claiment of old fashioned and unrestrained hospitality.*

Seated with Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, overwhelmed with attention, and in possession of every comfort, the visitor evinced unquiet and dissatisfaction. Every sound of an opening or closing door aroused him from apathy, into which he relapsed when it was ascertained that no one was about to enter the apartment. His uneasiness was so apparent that his host at last endeavored to rally him, but without effect.—Mrs. Robinson finally came to the rescue, and addressed the colonel in direct terms.

"Pray, friend Washington, may we be made acquainted with the cause of your dullness?—There is some reason for it, and that reason lies with us. Tell it."

In vain the colonel argued that nothing had occurred to vex him—that he was not in want of any further inducement to present or future happiness; his entertainers would not regard his words, but continued their pertinacious endeavors to solve his mystery. At length, wearied by importunity, Washington—then twenty years before his greatness, leaned over the table, played with his glass, attempted to look unconcerned, and whispered to Mr. Robinson the single word 'Mary.'

'Yes?' responded Mr. R. interrogatively, as if unable to comprehend Washington's meaning.

'Is she well? Does she still abide with you?'

'She does,' replied the lady of the mansion.

Washington again became apathetic and contemplative, while several significant glances passed between the gentleman and his wife.—Some five minutes were spent in perfect silence, which was only interrupted by the exit of Mrs. R. from the apartment. She speedily returned, accompanied by a beautiful young lady, whom Washington, with a countenance beaming joyfully, arose to greet with becoming respect.

The young lady was Mary Phillipse, sister of Mrs. Robinson, and daughter of the owner of the Phillipse estate.

It was perhaps singular; but the time of her appearance and the period of the return of Washington's cordiality, was identical. Strange as it was too, midnight found this young lady and the Virginia colonel alone. The conjugal twain who had kept them company in the early part of the evening had retired to their bedchamber. More remarkable than all, daylight found this couple still together. The candles were burned down to the sockets of the sticks, and the fireplace, instead of exhibiting a cheerful blaze, barbored only a gigantic heap of ashes and a few dying embers. What could have prolonged that interview. Not mutual love; for the parties preserved a ceremonious distance, and the young lady evinced a hauteur that could be matched only by her companion in after years. And yet the truth must be told. There was love on one side; the colonel, smitten by the graces and rare accomplishments of a lady as beautiful as nature's rarest works, was endeavoring to win her heart, in exchange for his own. He made his confession just as the cold grey of the dawn of morning broke up the dark clouds in the east. He confessed, in cautious and measured terms, it is true, the extent of his passion, and avowed what it was his earnest hope would be the result: that was the gain of her hand. The lady hesitated. Was it the modesty of the maiden who dares not to trust her lips with the confession of affection it is her heart's desire to make? No! She respected, although she did not love her interlocutor, and she felt diffident in making known to him the true state of her feelings. At last candor triumphed over delicacy, and she informed Washington in set terms, that she loved another!—She refused him! The greatest of modern men was vanished, and by a woman! He was speechless and powerless.

Trembling, with compressed lips and a countenance ashly pale, he crept from the place just as the old negress of the household entered to make preparations for the breakfast. He sought his room, threw himself upon his couch, dressed as he was, and lapsed into a troubled sleep.—The only VICTORY ever won at his expense penetrated him to the soul. He was unhappy—supremely wretched!—The future conqueror of thousands of brave men suffered because he had been rejected by a female. This was his first, but not his last wooing.

Years rolled on upon the mighty tide of time. George Washington was the commander-in-chief of the American forces opposed to the royal government. The friend of his early manhood, Beverly Robinson, was the Colonel of the Loyal American regiment raised in this State, and his son was the Lieutenant Colonel. The house we have spoken of was in possession of the 'rebels,' and was occupied by Arnold, the traitor. It was afterwards the temporary residence of Washington.† At the same time the husband of Miss Mary Philipse, Roger Morris, was a prominent tory, and a member of the council of the colony.‡ Few of the parties, were occupied by any reflections of an amorous nature. Time in its progress had worked mutations which had severed the closest ties, both of friendship and consanguinity. Those who were most intimate previous to the commencement of the war, were now studied strangers, with drawn swords at each other's breasts—Even sons and fathers were estranged and arrayed in opposite ranks—even the child of that illustrious statesman, Dr. Franklin, was a bitter and uncompromising tory. It must not be supposed that the loyalist friends of the Colonel, George Washington, shared any better fate, so far as the acquaintanceship of the Father of his Country was concerned, than others. His old Hudson River friends he had not seen for years. The husband of Mary Phillipse was personally unknown to him—Beverly Robinson, grey and careworn, would scarcely have been recognized.

Andre was taken and condemned to death, and while under General Woodhull's charge, was visited by Robinson as a species of commissioner which protected his person. What was the surprise of Washington, a few days before the time of the execution, to receive a letter from his old friend and entertainer, referring to past events, and claiming, on a score of reminiscence, a secret private interview. The claim was acknowledged, and, late at night, Mr. Robinson, accompanied by a figure closely muffled in a cloak, was admitted to the General's apartment. For a moment these two men—their positions so widely different—gazed at each other in silence. Recollections of days gone by—of happy days uncorroded by cankering care—prevailed, and they abruptly embraced. Washington was the first to recover his self-possession. Suddenly disengaging himself, he stood erect and clothed in that unequalled dignity which was his attribute, and said—

'Now, sir, your business.'

'Is,' replied Robinson, in a choking voice, 'to plead for Andre.'

'You have already been advised of my final determination,' replied Washington, sternly.

'Will nothing avail?' asked Robinson, in smothered accents.

"Nothing! Where he my own son he should pay the penalty due to his offence. I know all that you will say: you will speak of his virtues—his sisters—his rank, and of extenuating circumstances; perhaps endeavor to convince me of his innocence.'

Robinson struggled with his emotions a few seconds, but unable to repress his feelings, he spoke but a single word, with such a thrilling accent that he started at the sound of his own voice. That word was *George!*

'*General* Washington, *Colonel* Robinson,' responded the great patriot, laying great stress on each military title.

'Enough,' said the other. 'I have one more argument—if that fails me I have done. Behold my friend!'

'Your friend! Who is he? What is his name?'

One other single word was spoken as the heavy cloak in which the mysterious friend was clothed, fell to the floor and exposed the mature figure of Mrs. Morris, and that word, uttered with a start by Washington, was *Mary!* The suspense was painful but brief.

'Sir,' said Washington, instantly recovering, 'this trifling is beneath your station and my dignity. I regret that you must go back to Sir Henry Clinton with the intelligence that your best intercession has failed. See that these persons are conducted beyond the lines in safety,' continued he, throwing open the door of the apartment, and addressing one of his aids.

Abashed and mortified, Mr. Robinson and his sister-in-law took their leave. The woman had gained a conquest once, but her second assault was aimed at a breast invulnerable.—*Jersey City Telegraph.*

*The owners of this estate—which was vast—having opposed the Americans, they became victims to the confiscation act, and a great portion of the property was confiscated. The reversionary interest was not effected, however, and in 1809, John Jacob Astor bought it for $100,000. For this Mr. Astor received from the State 19 years after, the small sum of $500,000.

† Before Sir Henry Clinton, or any other person, knew of Arnold's defection and Andre's projects, Beverly Robinson was in possession of all the facts. A great grand-son of his own practices law, or did, not long ago, in this city.

‡ He had been an aid of Braddock, and had been the companion in arms of General Washington.

RATTLE SNAKES AND ASH TREES.—It is a curious fact, perhaps not generally known to those unacquainted with this reptile, that it has a great aversion to a white ash tree. Strike it with a twig of this tree, and the rattle snake becomes convulsed. And with such a wand in his hand, a person may travel through the habitation of this venomous reptile without fear of molestation. The Indian, aware of the virtues of this tree, strews his couch and his wigwam with its leaves, and the hunter fills his boots and his pockets with them. A gentleman who was in the habit of hunting in the Pequnkett county, not long since, gives us the following illustration of the effect of white ash upon the rattle snake:

"On returning from their traps one day, one of the party caught a rattlesnake and brought it alive into camp. Accordingly, a winnow of leaves was gathered together, in form of a circle; a segment of the circle being composed entirely of the leaves of the white ash, the remaining part of the leaves of the maple. The rattlesnake was placed within the circle, which was fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. The rattlesnake, in great fear and trembling, retreated towards the maple leaves; but here the experimenters met him with their ash twigs, and he was glad to stop his course, and laid his head down in quiet submission. After this manner had been essayed for some time, the segment of maple leaves was set on fire, and the hunters turned his head towards the burning leaves, coiled himself for a throw, gave his shrill rattle, and plunging into the flame, escaped from the circle.—*Manchester Democrat.*

QUICK WORK.—We had occasion yesterday to telegraph a friend whom we believed to be in Philadelphia. The communication was left in the office in this city about 10 o'clock—sent to New York, where it was received, copied and carried to Jersey City, where it was forwarded to Philadelphia. The person addressed was hunted and reported at Carlyle, *within thirty miles of St. Louis!* The lightning was again called into requisition, the communication forwarded, the person found, and an answer received at 12 o'clock! Thus was a message, under these disadvantageous circumstances, transmitted 2500 miles in two hours! Verily, after all, this telegraph arrangement is, as they say out West, "some pumpkins."—*Albany Eve. Journal*

ZINC—NEW DISCOVERY OF ORE.—Dr. Wm. H. Fahnestock has discovered, near the lead mine of Mr. Shenk, in this county, a large body of carbonate of zinc, (Calamine.) This ore had been pronounced by chemists and others to be lime. Dr. F., however, by analysis, has proved it to contain upwards of 60 per cent. of zinc. Specimens of the ore may be seen at the office of Dr. F.—*Lancaster Tribune.*

A REMARKABLE CASE.—We yesterday saw a letter from a distinguished physician in London to another in this city, in which the writer alluded to one of his patients, a lady of 35, who had 32 children at 13 births, namely—4 twice, 3 three times, while most of the others were twins. This beats the case of the German mother who had 32 daughters at 16 births.—*Inquirer.*

INTERESTING TO WINE DRINKERS.—Galignani's Messenger states that 103 hogsheads of adulterated wine were brought out from the entrepot at Paris, and their contents spilt into the Seine. Immediately after this operation, the surface was covered, to the distance of two hundred yards with an immense quantity of fishes, poisoned by the deleterious liquor.

Van Amburg and Dreisbach;
THE LION TAMERS.

The great lion tamers of modern times, are both, I believe, living. Although they are the only persons who have achieved eminence in their profession—the mastery of wild beasts—it is a singular coincidence in their history, that they are both of *Dutch* origin—one by descent, the other by birth—and that the State of New York, the natal place of one, was also the residence of the other, at the commencement of his professional course.

Van Amburg was born in 1812, at Fishkill, New York State, thirty miles from the city of that name, from one of the original Dutch settlers of the State. At the age of fifteen, with a fine constitution and great good temper, he left his native home for New York, where he resided several years, as clerk in the house of a relative. Van Amburg was, however, not calculated for the drudgery of the business pursuits of that city, and found more congenial employment, after setting out on his rambles, in a company which was engaged in taking a caravan of wild beasts through the principal cities of the United States. He had now become twenty years of age, with a fine figure, iron frame, and herculean strength, which admirably suited this developement of his peculiar faculties. He is singularly made, and one of the most athletic of his size in the world. His body is nearly round, but greater in thickness than in breadth; his bones large and firmly set, and his flesh almost mucle. Nevertheless, for his singular conformation, he is remarkable for the lightness and grace of his movements.

His first intercourse with lions, &c., was purely accidental. At Jersey City, opposite New York, a caravan of live animals was exhibited. The lion was uncommonly good tempered, and as a part of the exhibition, one of the keepers was in the habit of entering his cage. On one occasion, this individual was absent, the audience impatient, no one to enter the cage, and a regular row in perspective. In this extremity of distress, Van Amburg had compassion, while he felt his latent energies roused to action. "I'll go into the cage," said he to the manager. He took a cane, entered the cage, walked up to the lion, talked to him, and in a few seconds they became quite intimate. "In approaching wild animals," says Van Amburg, "courage is every thing."

This was but the commencement of his course. The lion died, and the company dispersed. He joined a caravan, the Zoological Institute, in New York, which comprehended the rarest specimens and fullest assortment of wild beasts obtainable at that date. Here he prosecuted his favorite pursuits, studied the temper and proceeded in their civilization, step by step until they were all perfectly subjected to his orders.

He first associated in one cage a lion and a tiger. This presented remarkable scenes.—These two animals would fight whole months, and sometimes he would give over one of them for dead. On such occasions, Van Amburg, after they had exhausted each other, would enter the cage and begin his course of discipline to control both.—Gradually he added animal to animal, till he got as many as ten animals in one cage. On many occasions, he had severe conflicts, with the tiger particularly, but nothing dangerous. When he talks of these animals, he is highly interesting. The tiger, says Van Amburg, is like a reckless, good-for-nothing, drunken rascal, who spends his time carelessly at taverns, and fights at a moment. Tigers all have bad, spiteful tempers. The lion is not so rascible; he is slower and cooler, but there are not the generous feelings about him which he has been cracked up for. The leopards are like cats—playful, but easily provoked.—There is nothing hardly more interesting than to hear this history of his intercourse with these animals from his own lips.

Van Amburg has a novel and practical theory to account for his power over them. From the first moment of his intercourse with them he talked with them as he would to a human being. 'They believe,' says he 'that I have power to tear every one of them to pieces, if they do not act as I say. I tell them so, and have frequently enforced it with a crowbar. The personal strength, the peculiar cast of his eye, the rapidity of his movements, the tone of his voice, all tend to present to these animals an idea of superior power, which in sudden bursts of passion makes them crouch in one corner of the cage. Van Amburg's eyes are peculiar, one of them has a remarkable cast, which rather brightens the effect of his expressive face. On one occasion, in New York, the tiger became ferocious. Van Amburg very coolly took his crowbar, and gave him a tremendous blow over the head. He then said to him in good English as if he was a human creature, 'You big scoundrel, if you show me any more of your pranks, I'll knock your brains out!' accompanying it with loud menaces and strong gesticulation.—After this the tiger behaved like a gentleman for a couple of months.

On visiting England, Van Amburg was separated from the animals for several weeks. They arrived in London, he in Liverpool. As soon as he reached London, he went to see them.—On his appearance outside the cage, one of the strangest scenes was presented that was ever beheld. The lions, tigers, leopards, all recognized him at once. When he entered among the group, they crouched, they crawled, they lashed their tails, with every demonstration of delight in beholding him once more. He scratched the neck of the great male lion, and his majesty growled forth his gratification in notes which sounded like distant thunder.

In ancient and modern history, instances are known of attempts made to tame single animals; but till the present era there is no such mighty exhibition of human over animal power as Mr. Van Amburg presents. Yet the feats of familiarity performed in London are nothing, it is said, to those performed in the United States.

A writer in a Cincinnatti paper, describing a midnight visit to the animals of Raymond & Waring's Menagerie, in their winter quarters in that city, with Dreisbach, the famous keeper, says: 'It was a sight worth walking ten miles. We found, contrary to the assertion of natural historians, an elephant lying down. It has always been asserted that these animals sleep standing. The different caged animals were reposing in the most graceful and classical attitudes. The lion and the tiger, the leopard and the panther, were lying with their paws affectionately twined about each other, without regard to species or nativity. In cages containing more than one animal, it is a never-failing custom for one to keep watch while the others sleep. The sentry is relieved with as much regularity as in a well regulated camp of soldiers, although not, probably, with as much precision in regard to time. The sentinel paces back and forth, and is very careful not to touch or do any thing to arouse his comrade. Occasionally he lies down, but always with his head toward the front of the cage, and never sleeps until he is relieved. This singular custom, Her Dreisbach informs us, since his connection with the Menagerie, he has never known to be violated.

BUTTER was not known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, in cooking. The ancient medical writers do not mention it as an article of *food* though they, as well as written on agriculture, have given us particular notices of milk, cheese and oil. It is very little used in Spain, Portugal and the south of France, but in England its consumption is very great, both for food and for culinary purposes. It is believed that in London the yearly consumption, for each individual, is no less than 26 pounds; and supposing the metropolis to contain 1,450,000 inhabitants the total consumption would be 16,830 tons. Add to this 4,000 tons for victualing ships, and we arrive at a total of 21,000 tons, which, at 10 pence per pound, would be worth $8,002,400.

It is estimated that a good cow will produce in a year 168 pounds of butter, on which calculation 280,000 cows would be requisite for the supply of the London market, alone, in this one article of food and luxury.

THE LAZIEST MAN.—A worthy old citizen of Newport, Mass. who had the reputation of being the laziest man alive among 'them hillocks,' so lazy indeed, that he used to weed his garden in a rocking chair, by rocking forward to take hold of the weed, and backward to uproot it—had a way of fishing peculiarly his own. He used to drive his old-white faced mare down to the spot where the tautog might be depended upon for any weight from two to twelve pounds, back his gig down to the water, put out his line, and when the tautog was safely hooked, start the old mare and pull him out.

THE STUBBORNEST ANIMAL IN THE WORLD.—A crowd about a tavern door was busy discussing what animal, of all others, was the most contrary. Some contended that a mule was, some a hog, some a yoke of oxen. A Dutchman, who had very gravely listened to the conversation, gave his experience:—"Te mule, te hog, and te ox, is very stubborn, but te hen is te stubbornest animal in the worlt. I had von and I vanted to hatch some eggs. I made von fine leetle nest, and put him in it, and she gets up and runs away. I den makes anoder leetle nest, and puts her on it, and she runs away again. I den makes von nice leetle box, and puts it all over de hen, and for all the trouble mit I have, ven I peeped under te leetle box, te hen was settin standing.'

MEAT AND MUSTARD.—A poor emancipated Irishman, having called in a physician as a forlorn hope, the latter spread a large mustard plaster, and clapped it on the poor fellow's breast. Pat, with a tearful eye and countenance, looked down upon it, and exclaimed—'Doctther! docther dear! it strikes me that this is a deal of mustard *for so little mate!*

'Revelling in the Halls of Montezuma,' is said to mean literally, getting up at *reveille*, without any breakfast, after having been on duty all night without any supper.

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, $5. Half-yearly: one column, $18; half column, $12; three squares, $8; two squares, $5; one square, $3 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.