



H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

NEW SERIES VOL. 3, NO. 24.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1850.

OLD SERIES VOL. 10, NO. 50.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

The American is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance...

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

ROOF, DAGUERREAN ARTIST.

No. 130, corner of Fifth & Chesnut sts., Philadelphia, and 363 Broadway corner of Franklin Street, New York.

NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA JOURNEMEN Hatters Association.

CONTINUE to make and sell a finer and more durable Hat for the money than any other establishment in the United States...

JOHN C. FAIR & Co. IMPORTERS OF Watches, Jewelry, Plated Ware, &c.

112 Chesnut St., between 3d & 4th Streets, PHILADELPHIA.

W. F. PEDDERICK'S Varnish Manufactory and Paint Store.

No. 78 North Fourth Street, A FEW FEET ABOVE CHERRY, WEST SIDE, PHILADELPHIA.

LYNS, SMITH & Co. Wholesale Druggists.

No. 213, Market Street, above 5th St., PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA WINE & LIQUOR STORE.

BITTING & WATERMAN, Importers and Dealers in Liquors.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. CHAS. DUMMIG.

No. 207 Chestnut Street, front Arcade, PHILADELPHIA.

SELECT POETRY.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN IN AMERICA.

How many remember with pleasure, says the N. Y. Express, the touching recitations of Samuel Lover, while in this country.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN—A BALLAD—(begun in Ireland, and finished elsewhere.)

Just after the war, in the year '98, As soon as the boys were all scattered and late,

'Twas the custom, whenever a pisan was shot, To hang him by thiall—barrin' sich as was shot.

There was thiall by jury goin' on by daylight, And the martial law hangin' the lains by night.

It's them was hard times for an honest gait, If he missed in the judges—he'd meet a dia-goon!

An' whether the soldiers or judges gait sen-tence, The divil a much time they allowed for re-pentance.

An' it's many's the fine boy was then an his Wil small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin'.

An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it, A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet,

Un-thought by night, and un-nestred by day, With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay.

An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glin-glin.

His limbs iv well set, an' his body was light, An' the keen-edged hand had no teeth half so white.

But his face was as pale as the face of the dead, And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red.

An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young boy, For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye.

So small an' so wicked, so dark an' so bright, Like a fire flash that crosses the depth of the night.

An' he was the best mower that ever has been, An' the ill-fated under that ever was seen.

Called on to the judge with a pitiful cry, "Oh, judge, darlin', don't say the word, For the crathur is young, have mercy, my lord."

He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin'— You don't know him, my lord, oh, don't give him to min'!

He's the kindest crathur, the tenderest hearted— Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted.

Judge, maavoreen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord, An' God will forgive you, oh, don't say the word!

That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken, When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken.

An' down his pale cheeks at the word of his lord, The big tears were runnin' fast, one after the other.

An' two or three times he endeavored to speak, But the strong manly voice used to falter and break!

But at last by the strength of his high-mountain pride, He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide.

"An'," says he, "another, darlin', don't part your poor heart, For, sooner or later, the dearest must part; And God knows it better than wanderin' in fear."

On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer, To lie in the grave, where the heart, heart and breast

The terrible day iv thiall kem on; There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,

An' sagers on guard, an' dragoons sword-in-hand; An' the court house so full that the people were bothered,

An' attorneys an' criers on the pint iv bein' smothered; An' consellers almost gey over for dead, An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;

An' the judge settled out so determined an' big, With his gown on his back, an' an illigant new wig;

An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said, The court was as still as the heart of the dead.

An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock, An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock. For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,

An' he looked at the bars so firm and so strong, An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,

A chance to escape, nor a word to defend; An' he looked at his arms as he stood there alone,

As calm and as cold as a statue of stone; And they read a big writin', a yard long at last,

An' Jim didn't understand it, nor mind it at all, An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, an' he said,

"Are you guilty, or not, Jim O'Brien, av you please?" An' all held their breath in the silence of death,

An' Shamus O'Brien made answer and said, "My lord, if you ask me, if in my life time I thought any treason, or did any crime, That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,

The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear, Though I stood by the grave to receive my death blow, Before God and the world I would answer you, my lord,

But if you would ask me, as I think it like, If in the rebellion I carried a pike, An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,

An' shed the heart's blood of our bitterest foes, Lavever you, yes, an' I tell you again, Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then,

In the cause I was willing my veins should run dry, An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled and bright, An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;

By the way, his own self was the crabbed old chap, In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.

Then Shamus' mother in the crowd stanlin' up, Called on to the judge with a pitiful cry, "Oh, judge, darlin', don't say the word, For the crathur is young, have mercy, my lord."

He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin'— You don't know him, my lord, oh, don't give him to min'!

He's the kindest crathur, the tenderest hearted— Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted.

Judge, maavoreen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord, An' God will forgive you, oh, don't say the word!

That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken, When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken.

An' down his pale cheeks at the word of his lord, The big tears were runnin' fast, one after the other.

An' two or three times he endeavored to speak, But the strong manly voice used to falter and break!

But at last by the strength of his high-mountain pride, He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide.

"An'," says he, "another, darlin', don't part your poor heart, For, sooner or later, the dearest must part; And God knows it better than wanderin' in fear."

On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer, To lie in the grave, where the heart, heart and breast

An' out came the sheriffs and soders in suits,

An' a cart in the middle, and Shamus was in it; Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.

An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien, Wid prayin' and blessin', an' all the girls cryin';

A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees, Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' thro' trees.

On, on to the gallows, the sheriffs are gone, An' the cart an' the soders go steady on;

An' at every side swellin' around of the cart, A wild sorrowful sound that id open your heart,

Now under the gallows, the cart takes its stand, An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;

An' the prier havin' blest him, goes down on the ground, An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look round.

Then the hangman threw near, an' the poor prier gait still, Young Jim looked sickly, and warm hearts ivn chill;

An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare, For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to prepare;

An' the good priest has left him, havin' said, "The good priest done more, for his hands he unbanded,

And with one daring spring, Jim leaped on the ground; Bang bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres,

He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him neighbors, Through the smoke and the horses' heels into the crowd,

By the heaven's head! he's free! than thunder more loud, One shout from the people the heaven's were shook;

One shout that the dead of the world might avow, Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,

But if you want hangin', its yourself you must hang; To night you'll be sleepin' in Acheris Glin,

An' the divil's in the dice if you catch him again, The soders ran this way, the sheriffs run that,

An' father Melmo lost his new Sunday but; An' the sheriffs wore both of them punished severely,

An' fard, like the divil, because Jim done his duty fair, A week after dis time—without firin' a cannon—

A sharp yankees schooner sailed out of the bay, An' the captain left word he was goin' to Cork;

But the divil a bit—he was bound to New York, And that very night she ran so near land;

That some thought she would strike upon the rocks, But before the day-light, like a winged sea mew,

As swift and as fleet to the westward she flew, "Bad luck!" said the police—"bad luck!" said the sagers,

"We're not to see him,"—"but 'Jim' proved the very next Spring—a bright morning in May—

Just six months after the great hanging day!" A letter was brought to the town of Kildare, And on the outside was written out fair,

"To ould Mrs. O'Brien in Ireland or elsewhere, The inside began—"My dear good ould mother,

I'm safe and am happy—and not wishin' to bother You in the radin'—(with the help of the priest)—

I send you enclosed in this letter at list Five guineas, my dear mother, to let you see; To this "LAND OF THE FREE AND BRAVE"—

as soon as you get a start. And depend upon it,"

"It will come when you least expect it." "So you have told me often; but the lucky hour has never come," said her husband despondingly,

"and now every cent of my little fortune has been expended and our credit will soon be gone when it is found that we do not pay. What then is to become of us?"

Ernest was in a mood which the most sanguine sometimes experience, when disappointment had crushed the spirit and the voice of hope is no longer heard within—

His wife would have given away to tears, if she had been alone, but she felt the necessity of sustaining him, and answered cheerfully:

"And what if every cent is gone? Have no fear that we shall starve, God sent the ravens to feed Elijah, and He will interpose for our aid. Trust in Him, dear Ernest."

The husband felt rebuked, as she thus spoke and answered less despondingly.

"But really Mary, this want of success would try the stoutest spirit. The mechanic the day laborer, the humblest farmer is sure of his food and raiment; but I after having spent years in study, have wasted when all my fortune is gone, if I resort to other means of livelihood, I lose all that I have spent, both of time and money and must forever abandon the idea of my profession. It is too hard!" and he arose and walked the room with rapid strides.

His wife sighed and remained silent, but after a moment or two she arose, went up to him, and fondly encircling him with her arms she said:

"Dear Ernest you must not worry yourself. You think it painful for me to hear poverty, I know, or you would not take it so hard; but a woman never regards such things when she loves. A crust of bread, a log cabin, would be preferable to me if I shared them with you, than a palace with any other. But it will not come to this. Something within assures me that you will be great and rich. Have patience only for a little while longer. There—there is a knock at the door now—it may be for you."

As if her words had been prophetic the little girl their only servant appeared at this crisis, and said the doctor was wanted in a great hurry. With an exulting smile in a wife's face, and then sat down, with a beating heart to await his return.

It was almost the first summons the young physician had received, although he had resided in the village for more than a year. The place too, was large and populous, but there resided medical men of large practice, and all these combined to put down their young rival. More than once heretofore Ernest would have abandoned the field in despair but his young wife cheered and encouraged him, though sometimes her own heart felt ready to give up.

Mary Linwood, was indeed the greatest of all blessings a good wife; she sympathized with her husband, economized to the utmost, and by her sanguine words chased despondency from the seat.

Hour after hour she sat there awaiting her husband, yet still he came not. At last darkness sat in and she began to feel anxiety. She was about rising to go to the door when she heard her husband's foot on the step, and hurrying out she met him in the hall.

"God bless you, Mary, for an angel as you are," were his first words. "Oh it had not been for you, I should have given up long ago, and now my fortune is made."

Breathless with anxiety to hear all, yet mindful of his probably wearied condition, Mary hurried her husband into the little sitting room where the tea things were laid, and began to pour out the refreshing beverage, with a trembling hand, while Ernest told the history of his day's absence.

"I found," he said, "I was sent to old Governor Houston's—the richest and most influential man, you know in the country—and when I got there I learned to my surprise that the Governor had been thrown from his carriage and was thought to be dying. All the physicians of the town were sent for, one after another, but none could aid him. In despair, his wife without orders had sent for me. I saw his only chance for life depended upon a new and difficult operation, which none of the older physicians had ever seen performed."

Luckily I had assisted at one when a student. I stated what I thought could be done. The old Governor is a man of iron nerves and quick resolution, so when he heard the others say they could do nothing for him, he determined to commit himself to my hands. I succeeded beyond my hopes; even the other physicians were forced to acknowledge my skill, and there is nothing now but care required to make my patient as well as ever. On parting he put this roll of notes in my hand."

Mary was in tears long before her husband had finished his narration; but her heart went up in thankfulness to God for having thus interposed just at the crisis when hope seemed gone.

From that day Ernest Linwood was a made man. The fame of his skillful operation was in every one's mouth; and by the aid of his patient, who now became his patron, he stepped at once into practice among the best families of the place—wealth as well as reputation flowed upon him; but he always attributed his success to his wife, whose affection, he said, had cheered and sustained him when out of heart.

"There is nothing," he would say, like a faithful wife: under God our weak our woe for this life depends upon her. If she is desponding, your own sanguine spirit catches the infection; but if she is full of hope and energy, her smiles will cheer you in the darkest hours and enable you to achieve what you at first thought impossible. Our success in this world as well

as our happiness, depends chiefly upon our wives. Let a man marry one, therefore, equal to either fortune," who can adorn his riches, or brighten his poverty; and who, under all circumstances, will be truly his helpmate."

From the N. O. Presbyterian. LAURENS JANZSOON KOSTER, THE REAL INVENTOR OF PRINTING.

GENTLEMEN—You would oblige me by inserting in your valuable paper the following lines, which may prove not uninteresting to the friends of science and historical truth.

Under the head of "Discoveries and inventions" I read in the Family Christian Almanac, for 1850, page 55, as an historical fact, "Printing Invented by Faust, 1441; made public by Gutenberg, 1458; brought to England by Wm. Caxton, 1471." This is not correct, the invention of printing dating as far back as the year 1423.

In Holland, (for more correctly the Netherlands) called Haarlem. A beautiful forest or park, bordered with country seats, is, as it were, the common garden of all the citizens of Haarlem, and seems, in the warm season, to invite one to walk under the shady foliage of oak trees, the age of which must be counted by centuries.

On a beautiful afternoon, in the summer of the year 1143, a citizen of Haarlem, named Laurens Janszoon Koster, a man little over fifty years old, accompanied by two or three of his grand children, went to the above mentioned park. Having come to a certain spot—which is to this day "the eight point" because it is the central point of eight lanes which cross the park in all directions—grand father Koster took possession of one of the benches planted on this beautiful spot. This pass the time, he cut with his penknife from a piece of green wood, the first three or four letters of the alphabet, for the use of his grand-children, as the first elements of reading. These letters were so well finished that he thought it worth while to preserve them, by wrapping them carefully in a piece of paper and then putting them in his pocket. In the evening, while sitting in the midst of the family circle, Koster had entirely forgotten his wood engravings, nor did he dream of the consequences of his sitting upon them. He took the little package out of his pocket, and oh, how great was his astonishment when upon opening it he beheld his letters plainly printed on the paper wherein he had wrapped them up.

This simple event created in Koster's ingenious mind that sublime idea, through which the art of printing originated, and since light and blessing have spread over the whole earth.

Laurens Koster, practising the matter over and over again, made such improvements that, after some time, he was able to print with wooden types and ink on paper. Not resting, and wiser by experience every day, he brought it in a few years so far that he could print a book with moveable metallic types. The first one printed by him was a school book, under the title of Spiegel onzer Bedroeven—Mirror of our Salvation.

Koster, not capable of doing all this work alone, got some hands to assist him, and one of them left his house on a certain night and set off for Meutz, taking with him a great many of the instruments, types, &c., and brought, by this dishonest act, the art of printing to Germany; where Faust and Guttenberg made so many further improvements, that every one who beholds the blessed results of the art of printing, in diffusing knowledge and wisdom over all the earth, will honor their memory with praise and gratitude, unconscious that the honor of the invention is not theirs' but belongs to Laurens Janszoon Koster.

Koster was born in the year 1370, and died in the year 1450. It is said that he was the Koster (i. e. Sexton) of the Cathedral of Haarlem, his name being Laurens, the son of John, (Janszoon) adding to this the name of his employment, which was a very customary thing in that century. His house was standing near the Cathedral, and on an open plain or market place, just between the church and his house, his grateful fellow citizens erected, some time after his death, his statue, which is standing there till this day.

But now some say, "This is all a fine story, but where is the proof of its truth?" Please read a few lines more.

More than two centuries passed away, and not a single soul in Haarlem or in the whole country doubted that L. Jz. Koster was the inventor of printing. But in following times Germany, aided by the French, attempted to undermine the foundation on which the invention, as only belonging to Koster was grounded.

Holland saw this, and anxious to bring the truth to light, the Haarlem Society of Sciences, in 1808, offered a premium of a double golden medal (worth about five hundred guilders), for the best written dissertation on the question, "Whether there was any ground to deny Haarlem the invention of printing with moveable types, by Laurens Janszoon Koster, before the year 1440?"

These answers were received, but none of them were considered to merit the offered prize; and three years after the same question was again published for competition.

A very modest man, who for more than twenty years had gathered and searched for these matters, sent his answer (a volume about two inches thick) in 1814, to the Haarlem Society of Sciences. His work underwent a most critical examination; but "praise and glory" was the utterance of the said Society in 1816, to the author whose name proved to be Jacobus Koning. He was the man who had gloriously defended the honor of Haarlem and Koster; who had called a host of witnesses from the grave, by old books, old manuscripts, paper marks, escutcheons, &c.; and all doubt concerning the invention of Koster had vanished forever.

The English journals say that it will not be long before their walls are placarded with announcements of cheap monster excursions to New York and back!

A Sketch.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

BY FREDERICK PRIMER.

I saw him but twice, the hero of the Mexican war, the chief man in power in the United States, the late President Zachary Taylor; but enough to feel that I saw in him—

An honest man, the patient work of that? The first time was a beautiful evening, on the green grounds around the White House, the Potomac glistened in the setting sun, a band of music in the grounds was playing the "Star Spangled Banner," and a gay crowd of men and women, and children, with nurses and negroes, were walking about, enjoying the evening, the music, the green grounds, and the view of the noble river, with the Washington Monument in giant proportions rising on its banks—

President Taylor was among them, not as the kings of Europe when they come down among the people, surrounded by guards or star-pangled attendants; no, but unattended, alone, plain in attire as the plainest of the citizens around him. Yet he seemed to feel that he was among friends, and his honest face, and his unassuming bearing, his straight-forward, friendly manner, the firm and cordial pressure of his hand, made a friend even of the stranger who was for the first time introduced to him. He stood there serene, smiling to the children who were running about and tumbling in the grass in unobscured liberty. He spoke of the pleasure they gave him.

It was truly a republican scene—one of those we would find more often on earth—where all distance between men, all difference of rank and fortune are done away with, and life is again full of innocence and beauty in the lap of great nature. May the star-spangled banner fold wider and wider over such scenes, such banquets of life!

The next time I saw President Taylor it was in one of the splendid rooms of his mansion, and with him his beautiful daughter, the sister of the Graces, Mrs. Bliss—Political questions, to which he was called to attend, detained him for some time from us. When he came, he was cordial and simple in his manner, as before on the green grounds. Yet he seemed to me, not quite well and if he was trying to cast off from his mind a cloud. And so he did, as a gallant man and a true American gentleman attending to ladies. He spoke to us of the Indians, among whom he had been much, and whom he knew well. And as he spoke he brightened, and his speech flowed on so pleasantly and so cheerfully, that had we been egotists, we would have forgotten how time flowed on, as we forgot the storm which gathered without, and rattled at the windows.

It was a few days afterwards that I heard, in the Senate, the low, thrilling tones of Daniel Webster interrupt the discussion going on, to announce that "a great misfortune threatened the land," that the President of the United States was dying—and not expected to outlive that day. And that very evening, how changed was the gay scene in the White House! Death was there, was laying his heavy hand on the beloved father of the family—on the elected head of the Republic of the United States.

Yet serene was he even now. In death he grasped the hand of his wife, and said: "My dear wife, I am not afraid to die. I have tried to do my duty?" And that stern monitor—so fearful to many—came to him on his death bed, as a comforter, as a soothing angel. But he had long, long since made of him a friend. Duty had been and was the spring of his life and actions. His friends and his foes (and he had such in war and in politics,) must join in acknowledging that truthfulness and conscientiousness were the unswerving qualities of his mind. In these virtues he was great.

I saw him but twice, and for a little while, but as I saw him, and with what I have heard of him, I can well understand the brave man, his companions on the battle-field, have wept as children at his death; and that there is, within the White House, a heart who, after that death, never more will feel the joy of life.

Yet happy is she, who can live and glory in such memories! And happy the man who lived and died as he, with on the death-bed, looking over a life of great military and civil impart, could serenely say, "I am not afraid to die; I have tried to do my duty."—Sartain's Magazine for September.

CAUTION TO RUNAWAY APPRENTICES.—It is understood that certain individuals in this city are and have been teaching Apprentices employed in the PRINTING BUSINESS in the country, and in about Philadelphia, to abscond from their masters. This being in violation of the laws of this Commonwealth, notice is hereby given, that all such absconding Apprentices will be apprehended and imprisoned until the arrival of their respective masters to reclaim them; and all persons harboring them prosecuted to the full extent of the law.—Ledger.

A Select Tale.

OUT OF HEART.

"Why so sad, Ernest?" said the young wife to her husband, affectionately twining her arm around his neck and kissing him.

He looked up with a sad smile, and replied: "I am almost out of heart, Mary. I think of all pursuits, a physician's profession is the worst. Here I have been week after week and month after month—and I may soon say year after year—waiting for practice, yet without success. A lawyer may volunteer in a celebrated case, and so make himself known but a physician must sit patiently in his office, and, if unknown, see men without half of his acquirements rolling in wealth, while perhaps he is starving. And it will soon come to that," he added bitterly "if I do not get employment."

An unbidden tear stole in the wife's eye, but she strove to smile, and said: "Do not despair, Ernest; I know you have been unfortunate so far, but you have talents and knowledge to make your way

A Select Tale.

OUT OF HEART.

"Why so sad, Ernest?" said the young wife to her husband, affectionately twining her arm around his neck and kissing him.

He looked up with a sad smile, and replied: "I am almost out of heart, Mary. I think of all pursuits, a physician's profession is the worst. Here I have been week after week and month after month—and I may soon say year after year—waiting for practice, yet without success. A lawyer may volunteer in a celebrated case, and so make himself known but a physician must sit patiently in his office