

# SUNBURY AMERICAN.

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. 10.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1850.

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## TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

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## H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

SUNBURY, PA.

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

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P. & A. RUTHERFORD,  
LOWE & HANCOCK,  
ROBERT & HARRISON,  
REYNOLDS, McFARLAND & CO.  
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## W. M. ROSENFELDER, Attorney at Law.

Minersville, Schuylkill Co. Pa.

BUSINESS will be promptly attended to in the counties of Schuylkill, Northumberland, Union, Columbia and Montour.

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A. Jordan, H. Bell, & H. B. Masser, Esqrs., Sunbury—Wm. De Haven, Edward Hughes, & Solomon Shindler, Minersville—C. M. Hall, M. Merimer, Pottsville  
Oct. 5, 1850—ly.

## CHARLES W. HEGINS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Pottsville, Pa.

Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care.

June 16, 1849.

## J. H. ZIMMERMAN, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Sunbury, Pa.

Office in Deer Street, immediately opposite the Public School House.

Minors collected and all business promptly and carefully attended to.

April 20, 1850.

## NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA JOURNEYMEN Hatters Association.

Cor. of 6th and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

CONTINUE to make and sell a finer and more durable Hat for the money than any other establishment in the United States—standard price of Hats \$3.00. Gents and Boys' Cloth and Glazed Caps, Umbrellas, Carpet Bags, Calfskin and Straw Hats at equally low prices.

May 25, 1850.—ly

## JOHN C. FARR & Co. IMPORTERS OF Watches, Jewelry, Plated Ware, AND FANCY GOODS.

118 Chestnut St. between 3d & 4th Streets. PHILADELPHIA.

ALWAYS keep on hand an excellent assortment of the above articles, which they will sell on terms as low as any in the city.

June 15, 1850.—5m

## WM. MCCARTY, BOOKSELLER.

Broadway, SUNBURY, PA.

HAS recently received, among other articles, a great variety of New, Cheap and Entertaining publications, such as:

Cheaper novels, complete or separate.

Hazlitts Do Rodwell,  
Dumas do Trollope,  
Russets do Halliburton,  
Sneydes do Maryatts,  
Jackson do Grey,  
Maxwell do Marsh,  
Jeroid do Ainsworth.

Morris do

At the low price of from 25 to 50 cts per volume. Sunbury, Sept. 28, 1850.—4t

## JACOB REED'S CLOTHING ROOMS.

Southwest Corner of Fifth and Market Streets, PHILADELPHIA.

WHO always keeps on hand a large stock of every variety of clothing made up of good materials, and in the latest and best styles. He would also inform the public, that he pays considerable attention in getting up Military Clothing, in good style and at reasonable terms.

June 15, 1850.—ly

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. CHAS. DUMMIG.

No. 207 Chestnut Street, Front Arcade, PHILADELPHIA.

IMPORTER and Manufacturer of all kinds of Musical Instruments, Fancy Articles and Toys. His prices are lower than those of any other store in Philadelphia. All kinds of Musical Instruments repaired in the best workmanship, and also taken in trade.

Philadelphia, May 25, 1850.—ly.

## EDWIN HALL, (Late of the Firm of WATERMAN & HALL.)

No. 54 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

IS PERFECTLY informed his old friends and customers, as well as the public generally, that he has opened an entire new stock of elegant styles of

Spring & Summer Dress Goods.

His assortment consists of the latest and most desirable styles of French, German, French & American Goods. Such as Delaines, Tricots, Bertrams, Silks, Lawns, Mullins, Shawls, Hosiery, Gloves, and every variety of Dress and Fancy Goods.

Philad. March 16, 1850.—ly

## ROBT. L. SEITH, THOS. P. B. SEITH, SEITH & BROTHER, WHOLESALE GROCERS AND Commission Merchants.

No. 63 PRATT STREET, (Near Bowler's Wharf), BALTIMORE.

Will pay particular attention to the sale of GRAIN and all other produce of the farm.

Baltimore, January 26, 1850.—ly

## SELECT POETRY.

### A Thriving Family.

BY MRS. LUDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Our father lives in Washington,  
And has a world of cares,  
But gives his children each a farm,  
Enough for them and theirs.  
Thirty and one grown sons his heir,  
A numerous race indeed,  
Married and settled all, day see,  
With boys and girls to feed.  
So, if we wisely till our lands,  
We're sure to earn a living,  
And have a penny, too, to spare  
For spending on our giving.  
A thriving family we've got,  
Nor longing need desire us,  
For we know how to use our hands,  
And in wit we pride us.  
Hail, brothers, hail!  
Let naught on earth divide us.

### Some of our dars the sharp north-east;

Some clover fields are moving;  
And others tread the cotton plants,  
That keep the loom a-going.  
Some build and steer the white wing'd  
ships,  
And few in speed can mate them.  
While others rear the corn and wheat,  
Or grind the corn to freight them.  
And if our neighbors o'er the sea,  
Have'er an empty lanier,  
To send a loaf their babes to cheer,  
We'll work a little harder.  
No odd nobility we've got,  
No want to ride us;  
Our sages in the Capitol  
Enact the laws that guide us.  
Hail, brothers, hail!  
Let naught on earth divide us.

### Some faults we have, we can't deny,

A loible, here and there;  
But other households have the same,  
And so we won't despair.  
We'll do our best to farm and frown,  
And call our names, you see,  
And what a shame 'twould be to part  
So fine a family!  
'Tis but a waste of time to fret,  
Since nature made us one,  
For every quarrel cuts a thread  
That heedful love has spun.  
Then draw the cords of union fast;  
Whatever may betide us,  
And closer cling, through every blast;  
For may a storm has tried us.  
Hail, brothers, hail!  
Let naught on earth divide us.

### THE PILOT'S REVENGE.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was towards night on the 21st of Sept., 1833, a small English war-ship, which had been fitted out for the suppression of smuggling, was lazily creeping along over the heavy monotonous swell of the coast of Galway, and on her deck it was being enacted a scene of somewhat more than common interest. The day before she had captured a small boat laden with contraband articles, together with an old man and a boy, who had charge of them; the captain of the brig, whose name was Draucut had ordered that the smuggler should be put in irons. To this indignity the old man made a stout resistance—and in the heat of the moment he had so far forgotten himself as to strike the captain a blow which laid him upon the deck. Such an insult to an English officer was past endurance, and, in punishment of his offence, the smuggler had been condemned to die.

A single whip was rose at the starboard yard arm, and all hands were called to witness the execution. The rope was noosed and slipped over the culprit's head, and the running end was rove through a small hatch-block on the deck. Until this moment not a word had escaped the lips of the boy. He trembled as he beheld the awful preparations, and as the fatal noose was passed and drawn tight, the color forsok his cheeks, and he sprang forward and dropped upon his knees before the incensed captain.

"M-rey, sir; mercy!"  
"For whom?" asked the officer, while a contemptuous sneer rested upon his lips.  
"For that old man whom you are about to kill."  
"He dies, boy."  
"But he is my father, sir."  
"No matter if he were my own father, that man who strikes an English officer while in the performance of his duty, must die."  
"But he was manacled, he was insulted sir," urged the boy.  
"Insulted!" repeated the Captain; "who insulted him?"  
"You did, sir," replied the boy, while his face was flushed with indignation.  
"Get up, sir," and be careful you don't get the same treatment, said the Captain in a savage tone.

The old man heard this appeal of his son, and as the last words dropped from the lips of his captor, he raised his head, and while a look of utmost defiance passed over his features, he exclaimed—  
"Ask no favors, Robert. Old Karl Kintock can die as well now as at any time—let them do the worst."  
Then turning to Captain Draucut, he changed his tone to one of deep supplication and said—  
"Do what you please with me, sir, but do not harm my boy, for he has done no wrong. I am ready for your sentence, and the sooner you finish it the better."  
"Lay hold of the whip," shouted the Captain—"Lay hold every man of you and stand by to run the villain up!"

In obedience to this order the men ranged themselves along the deck and each laid hold of the rope. Robert Kintock looked first at his father, and then he ran his eyes along the line of men who were to be his executioners. But not one sympathizing or pitying look could he trace. Their faces were all hard and cold and they all appeared anxious to consummate their murderous work.

"What!" exclaimed the boy, while a tear started from his trembling lip, "is there no one even who can pity?"  
"Up with him," shouted the captain.  
Robert buried his face in his hands, and the next moment his father was swinging at the yard arm. He heard the passing rope and the cracking block, and he knew that he was fatherless!

Half an hour afterwards the boy knelt by the side of a ghastly corpse, a faint prayer escaped his lips. Then another low, mourning sound came up from his bosom; but none of those who stood around knew its import. It was a pledge of deep revenge.

Just as the old man's body slid from the gangway into the water, a vivid flash of lightning streamed through the heavens, and in another minute the dread artillery of nature sent forth a roaring long and loud that the men actually placed their hands to their ears to shut out its deafening power. Robert Kintock started at the sound, and what had caused dread in other's bosoms sent a thrill of satisfaction to his own.

Oh, revenge, revenge! he muttered to himself as he cast his eyes over the foam-crested waves which had already risen beneath the power of the sudden storm. The darkness had come as quickly as did the storm, and that could be distinguished from the deck of the brig, save the breaking sea, was the fearful, crazy shore, as flash after flash of lightning illuminated the heavens.

"Light, ho," shouted a man forward, and the next moment all eyes were turned to a bright light which had suddenly flashed up among the rocks.

## THE SCHOOL MISTRESS AND HER CANINE FRIEND.

ONE of the most touching instances of canine attachment, of which we ever heard, was related to us the other day, by a matron of the neighborhood who the finale of the melancholy event transpired.

"A young lady of one of the northern towns of this country, whilst engaged in teaching school the past summer, a few miles from her home, was singled out towards the close of her engagement, without any apparent inducement, by the dog of one of her employers, as the peculiar object of his regard, which was soon unconsciously increased to such a degree that he could scarcely be beaten from her side, or prevented from entering the school house, to which he daily repaired. At the termination of her school, which she left in fading health, when about to start for her parental residence, the dog gave signs of his determination to follow her, which perceived, she turned to the owner, and soon effected a purchase of the animal which, row joyously attended her home. Her first words on entering the house, were—'Mother, I have come to die, and have brought a friend to watch over my grave.' After making this announcement, she immediately took to her bed, and sank rapidly in a typhoid, which in about a week, terminated in her death. During her whole sickness, the faithful and evidently devoted creature, never, but for a few moments at a time, left the sick room, constantly lying dejectedly near the head of her bed, and seeming but to best when permitted to lick her fevered hand, which was occasionally extended for his tender caresses. As her final hour drew near, he became indifferent about food and soon refused it altogether. After her death, which he seemed to comprehend, he continued to watch by the corpse, only at one time leaving it; and that was when the coffin came, which having arrived with the coffin, was carried and placed by the side of the grave, previously dug in an enclosure near the house. He then, having somehow been made aware of what was going on, came out of the house, went to the case, and with his paws on the side, looked in, and seemed to examine it attentively. He then jumped down into the grave, and appeared to inspect that also, with equal care and attention. He then came out and hurried back to his post by the corpse, which he continued to watch, till it was brought out for interment, when he closely followed the coffin, and looked sorrowfully on, as it was lowered to its final resting place, and the grave filled up. When his human fellow mourners retired however, he remained behind, and lying down at the head of the grave, could not be induced to leave the spot, refusing for the first few days, all food, then, for a week or two sparingly receiving it when brought to him, and at last going occasionally to the house for it, but only to despatch in haste what was set before him, and to return to his sad and lonely vigil, which night and day, he still continues to keep up over the remains of his beloved mistress.

"The more honestly a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint; the affection of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
'When shall I feel he banded his head,  
'Tis better to be honest and poor,  
Than to be false to all the world above.'  
Sweet Kate was laid on my day to sigh,  
'With beauty that I'd want to die.'  
'Oh, no!' said Tom, with humor quaint,  
'Not worth to see but surely PAINT.'

One of our exchanges makes mention of a Jenny Lind Tea Kettle, which, being filled with water and placed on the fire, commenced to sing in a few minutes.—*Lawrence Courier.*

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"Light, ho," shouted a man forward, and the next moment all eyes were turned to a bright light which had suddenly flashed up among the rocks.

The wind had now reached its height, and with its giant power it set the inflated, rock directly upon the surf found shore of rocks and reefs, and every face save one was blanched with fear.

In vain did they try to fave the brig to the wind, but not a sail would hold for an instant, until at length the men managed to get up a fore and main storm sail, and then the brig stood for a short time bravely up against the heaving sea. But it was evident that should she succeed in keeping to the shore, she must eventually be driven to the shore, for the power of the on-coming waves was greater than that of the wind.

"B y, do you know what light that is?" asked the Captain, as he stood holding to the main rigging to keep his feet.  
"Yes, sir," replied Robert, it is Dolly-moore's flag."  
"What is it there for?"  
"It marks the entrance to a little harbor, which lies in the back of it."  
"And can it be entered by a vessel of this size?" asked the Captain, while a gleam of hope shone across his face.  
"O, yes, sir, a large ship can enter there."  
"And do you know the passage?"  
"Yes, sir; I have spent my whole life on this coast, and I know every turn in it."  
"Can you take the brig in there in this storm?"  
"Yes, sir," answered the boy, while a strange light shone from his eyes.  
"And will you do it?" eagerly asked the Captain.  
"On two conditions."  
"Name them quickly."  
"The first is that you let me go in peace and the next, that you trouble none of the smugglers, should they happen to be there."  
"I will promise," said the Captain.  
"And now set about your work. But mark me, if you deceive me by St. George I will shoot you on the moment."

The brig was soon put before the wind and Robert Kintock stationed himself on the starboard fore-yard arm, from whence his orders were passed along to the helmsman. The bounding vessel soon came within sight of the rugged crags, and the heart of every man leaped with fearful thrills as they were swept past a towering rock which almost grazed them as they passed. On flew the brig, and thicker and more fearful became the rocks, which raised their heads on every side.

"Port!" shouted the boy.  
"Port it is,"  
"Steady so,"  
"Starboard, quick!"  
"A y, ay, starboard it is."  
"Steady so,"  
"Steady it is."  
At this moment the vessel swept on past an over-hanging cliff, and just as a vivid flash of lightning shot through the heavens and revealed all the horrors around, a loud shout was heard from the young pilot, and in a moment all eyes were turned towards him. He stood upon the extreme edge of the yard and held himself by the left. In a moment he crouched down like a tiger after his prey, and then with one leap he reached the projecting rock.

"Revenge! revenge!" was all that the doomed men heard, and they were swept away into the boiling surge beyond.  
"Brothers! a reef!" screamed the men forward.  
"Starboard quick!"  
But 'twas too late! Ere the helm was hallooed, a low tremendous grating of the brig's keel was distinctly felt, and the next instant came a crash which rumbled high above the elements, and the heavy masts, bowing sweeping away to the leeward, followed in a few moments by large masses of the inflated vessel's wreck and cargo.—Shrick after shriek went up from those doomed men, but they were in the grasp of a power that knows no mercy. The Stern King took him all for his own!

The next morning a small party of wreckers came down from the rocks, and moved along the shore. It was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and here and there were scattered along the bruised and mutilated forms of the ship's crew.—Among the party was Robert Kintock, and eagerly did he search among the ghastly corpses, as though there were one he had found. At length he stopped and

steepled over one upon the shoulders of which were two golden epaulettes. 'Twas the Captain of the brig—the murderer of his father! The boy placed his foot upon the prostrate body, and while a strange light beamed from his eyes, and a shudder passed over his countenance, he muttered—  
"Father, you are fearfully revenged."  
The boy spoke truly. Fearful in his conception, and fearful in his consummation had been that *Pilot's Revenge!*

Mary, the sweetest of female names, may not inappropriately stand at the head of our list. It is from the Hebrew, and signifies created. Its French form is Marie. It is, we hardly need say, a famous name in both sacred and profane history. The name has, literally, been exalted. It has been linked with tales and powers—with crowns and comets—and adorned by coolness and beauty. Mary has ever been a favorite name with the poets. Byron, as he has assured us, felt an absolute passion for it. It is involved with some of his sweetest verses. The peasant poet, Burns, seems to have been much attached to it as the author of Child's Harold. It is still the theme of bards and bardsingers.—*Verona Freeman.*

## LIFE ON THE TURNING OF A CARD.

A friend related to us, a day or two since, an anecdote of early times in West Tennessee, which we will attempt to repeat even at the risk of losing the graphic simplicity of his conversational narrative.

Some eighteen or twenty years since, a well-known resident of Tipton county was put on his trial, charged with the murder of his wife. As usual in such cases, popular feeling was largely against him, and all the eloquence and ingenuity of his counsel were required to make any impression in his favor upon a jury, which, however impartial it might desire to be in the consciousness of sworn duty, could not but see, the waves of popular prejudice surging in upon it.

The case was ably argued. The counsel for the defence made most vigorous and impassioned appeals. The case was submitted to the jury, and they retired to make up their verdict. Time passed, and as the setting sun warned all of the approaching night, the large throng in attendance, the judge, counsel, &c., retired, all anxious, the accused not least, to learn the verdict of the jury, and some wondering that the jury hesitated for one moment to bring in a verdict of guilty. In the meantime the jury had come to a point beyond which they could progress no further.

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## THE PILOT'S REVENGE.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"What!" exclaimed the boy, while a tear started from his trembling lip, "is there no one even who can pity?"  
"Up with him," shouted the captain.  
Robert buried his face in his hands, and the next moment his father was swinging at the yard arm. He heard the passing rope and the cracking block, and he knew that he was fatherless!

Half an hour afterwards the boy knelt by the side of a ghastly corpse, a faint prayer escaped his lips. Then another low, mourning sound came up from his bosom; but none of those who stood around knew its import. It was a pledge of deep revenge.

Just as the old man's body slid from the gangway into the water, a vivid flash of lightning streamed through the heavens, and in another minute the dread artillery of nature sent forth a roaring long and loud that the men actually placed their hands to their ears to shut out its deafening power. Robert Kintock started at the sound, and what had caused dread in other's bosoms sent a thrill of satisfaction to his own.

Oh, revenge, revenge! he muttered to himself as he cast his eyes over the foam-crested waves which had already risen beneath the power of the sudden storm. The darkness had come as quickly as did the storm, and that could be distinguished from the deck of the brig, save the breaking sea, was the fearful, crazy shore, as flash after flash of lightning illuminated the heavens.

"Light, ho," shouted a man forward, and the next moment all eyes were turned to a bright light which had suddenly flashed up among the rocks.

The wind had now reached its height, and with its giant power it set the inflated, rock directly upon the surf found shore of rocks and reefs, and every face save one was blanched with fear.

In vain did they try to fave the