



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. 45.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1854.

OLD SERIES VOL. 11, NO. 19.

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TO CLERKS.

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E. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
SUNBURY, PA.

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

P. & A. BARNES,
LAWYER & BARRISTER.
SUNBURY, PA.

Residence No. 100 Market St. Sunbury, Pa.

THE VERY LATEST CARNIVAL

NEW GOODS,

AT THE STORE OF

IRA T. CLEMENT,

WHO takes the method of informing his friends and customers, that he has just received and opened a splendid assortment of

NEW GOODS,

which he offers to the public at the lowest prices.

His stock consists of every variety and quality, necessary for the farmer, mechanic, and laborer, as well as the professional man, viz:—all kinds of

Mens' Apparel.

SUCH AS CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETTS, VESTINGS, &c.

Also:—A large assortment of

Clothes, Manilla De Laines, Aponeas, Merinos, Shirts, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, Cuffs, Collars, Caps, &c.

Also:—A large assortment of

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Gaiters, &c.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

A general assortment of Groceries, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Spices, Molasses, Serrano, &c.

An assortment of Hardware, Nails, Steel and Iron.

Liquors.

Such as Brandy, Gin, Rum, Whisky, &c.

Positive of all kinds will be taken in exchange, and the highest market price paid for the same.

Sunbury, Nov. 20, 1850—15.

CREAT ARRIVAL

NEW GOODS!

Market Street, Sunbury, Pa.

JOHN W. FRILING respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has just received a large and handsome assortment of

Dry Goods.

Consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, De Laines, Calicoes, Fancies and Staple Goods.

GROCERIES of every description,

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

QUEENWARE AND HARDWARE.

Fish, Salt, Plaster and a general assortment of all such goods as will suit all classes; the Farmer, Mechanic, Laborer and Gentleman of all professions.

The Ladies

Will find a great variety of all such articles as they will need for the present season.

Country produce of all kinds taken in exchange at the highest market price.

Sunbury, Nov. 9, 1850—15.

MORE NEW GOODS

At the New Store of

JOHN BUYERS & CO.,

Market Street, Sunbury.

WHO has just received and opened a large assortment of new and fashionable goods, of every variety, suitable for the fall and winter season, for all persons; and to which he calls the attention of friends and customers. His stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS.

SUCH AS

Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Merinos, De Laines, Calicoes, Shirts, Handkerchiefs, and all kinds of wearing apparel.

Hardware, Queenware,

Groceries, Fish, Salt and Plaster.

And all articles that may be wanted by the community.

The Ladies

Will find, by calling at his store, that he has not been unmindful of their wants, and respectfully invites them to examine his selection.

Country produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods at the highest market price.

Sunbury, Nov. 9, 1850—15.

NEW STAGE LINE

FROM POTTSVILLE TO SHAMOKIN.

A new line of stages is now running daily between the above places. A comfortable two horse stage will leave Mt. Carmel for Shamokin, immediately after the arrival of the Pottsville stage at that place, and will return the next day from Shamokin, so as to meet the Pottsville stage on its return to Pottsville.

From Shamokin to Trevorton there will be established a DAILY LINE by next spring, so as to connect with this line at Shamokin. In the mean time private conveyances will be in readiness at Shamokin on the arrival of passengers.

CONRAD KERSHNER,
Shamokin, Dec. 14, 1850—15.

NK.—Bourne's celebrated ink, and also Congress ink for sale, wholesale and retail.

H. B. MASSER.

December 25, 1850—

SELECT POETRY.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

A Ballad.

The dark moon had hidden her lover from view—

He sleeps where the long grass is bending with dew

The storm wind may waken and rush o'er the land,

Yet stir not the blossoms that drop from his hand.

Oh! sadly she smiled when he whispered adieu,

For her heart like his own to her country was true;

But she wept when the sound of the bugle had died,

That whistled him away from his love—from his bride!

Beneath the fierce sun on a Mexican plain,

Where the crimson hand life-drops were flowing like rain,

There the hot ball of battle beat down on his breast,

And he fell where he first drew his sword from its rest!

Not far from the sea-shore they made him a grave,

And laid him to sleep by the low-moaning wave;

In his hand are the blossoms he grasped as he fell,

And his shield is the banner he loved but too well.

She heard of the triumphs her country had won,

And bold deeds were sung that the brave hearts had done;

But naught of that one who was dearer than life

Whose footsteps were foremost when hottest the strife.

They dared not to whisper the truth in her ear,

The might of affection o'er came them with fear;

They told her to hope that the war-cry should cease,

And her lover return with the tidings of peace.

Her robes, green and silken, the spring had unrolled,

And hill-side and meadow, were dotted with gold.

The couples were claimed in their caverns and deeps,

And music and gladness swept over the deeps.

They watched for him morning and evening in vain,

Till the sickle was thrust in the tall ripening grain.

Till the harvest was ended the summer was o'er,

And the wheel-shafts lay loose on the white threshing floor.

The hope in her bosom drooped, sickened and died,

And death gently came to the soldier's young bride;

He breathed on her beauty and blighted her bloom,

And folded her arms in the night of the tomb.

It is said that afar by the Mexican wave,

Where the star spangled banner ensurroundeth the brave,

When the moon's at her full and the heavens are bright,

Two spirits are seen at the dead of the night.

They whisper like lovers—like lovers they seem,

And walk in the moonlight like ghost in a dream.

Each sunny-browed maiden their story can tell,

And point out the spot where the young hero fell.

A Select Tale.

THE DANGEROUS BEAUTIES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. STOLLE.

The lovely Wilhelmine, just in her eighteenth year, the daughter of the poor clergyman's widow, hung upon my neck and wept. I tried to comfort her in vain. At last I grew a little impatient, and exclaimed: "But I don't exactly see what this great misfortune is which you lament so."

"Crue!"

"A week is not an eternity."

"The daughters of the Counsellor are very beautiful," said she.

"And if they were angels, just come down from the seventh heaven of Mahomet, what then? I'll only look at them, and then away!"

"They are rich, too," she sobbed again.

"Hanker not after riches, which the moth corrupts," I replied, strongly in Scripture.

"I have the most melancholy forebodings," said Wilhelmine, mournfully.

"It is always so at separations," returned I; "one is prone to fear the worst."

"Your uncle is inexorable."

"Stone and iron are nothing to him! I could not possibly marry either of the Miss Jungheaus." "Just see them once," said he, and I wavered just a moment.

"There it is!" cried Wilhelmine sorrowfully, and clung anew around my neck; "do not leave me, Frank!"

"But what can I do?" I answered; "my uncle's wish is not unreasonable; if I refuse to accede to it, it will excite suspicion. My second father is persuaded that I dislike those ladies, only because I have never seen them; all he desires is that I should see them, nothing more. Cannot I grant him this satisfaction? Besides, this autumn weather is fair and mild; I get free from the counting-room for a week, and have a pleasant time of it."

"And you will forget me," said the dear girl reproachfully.

"My heart and my thoughts are with you always," I said in a soothing tone, "no matter how far away fate bears me."

When Wilhelmine saw that I was resolved to comply with my uncle's wishes, and start the next day for W—, where the rich Counsellor Jungheau with his three fair daughters resided, she resigned herself to the inevitable. I was obliged, however, to promise over and over again that nothing should shake my fidelity.—With all possible solemnity, and my right hand raised on high, I swore, in the light of the evening sky, where only a few stars were visible, to be true to her. Then followed a long embrace, an endless kiss, and the parting went off more happily than I had expected.

The next morning I set out in a one-horse vehicle for the beautiful country.—But first I had a grand audience with my honored uncle. "You will not regret this trip, Frank," said he; "the maidens are beautiful, intelligent and well read. You will find there no silly little geese, such as are gadding about in our streets. You may take all your learning with you. And remember, too, they will have each her thirty thousand dollars; just take care and bring me home a nice little golden daughter-in-law, and I will take you into the firm. In a year or two I shall retire, and you are a made man, and may sit snug and laugh at all the world. My tried old friend, the Counsellor, has set his heart too on this connection. Every word is not so highly favored. I had to run my legs off to get my wife. The old people were opposed to it, and spit fire and flames. Fortune lies right before you—size it at once!"

"Size it at once," said I to myself, as I retired; "that is one said, but my hands are tied, good uncle, and so is my heart too; and even if it were not so, I could not consent to make my fortune in this way.—These forced marriage ties, woven by a third hand, I hate them; it is a degradation of that union which should be formed only by loving hearts. As I am determined to go to W—, and please my uncle so far, I will just amuse myself with this trivial review. So much I owe to my benefactor, to whom I am indebted for everything. I am not forced to marry one of the maidens; I will merely look at them—that will not cost any thing."

In these soliloquies, my little carriage rolled along the road. It was a lovely forenoon in autumn; the sun shone on the hills, on which the vintage was just beginning. The most fertile landscape flew past me; the boughs of the fruit trees were bent heavily to the earth. From tree to tree, planted on both sides of the road, the busy spiders had during the night woven their silken webs, on which the dew drops glistened like diamonds.

"I am a little curious about these daughters of the Counsellor," I continued in my soliloquy; "my uncle seemed at a loss for words in praising their beauty; but I don't exactly understand how they have remained so long unmarried if they are such miracles. I suppose my good uncle has been somewhat blinded by the hard dollars, as is often the case with those old speculating men of business."

I had set my heart upon meeting with some little adventures on the way; but here I was disappointed. The journey had passed off without incident. All the numerous roads the adventures that were to befall me when I reached my destination.

It was ten o'clock on the next forenoon when I reached the large and handsome estate of the rich Counsellor. The morning was so beautiful, the country so delightful, that I resolved to leave my horse at a little inn about a quarter of a league from W—, and pursue the rest of the way on foot.

Having paid due attention to my toilette, I put my resolve into execution, and tripped along the nice footwalk like a young god.

Soon the stately buildings of the Counsellor's estate rose before me. I had only a little birchen grove to pass through before reaching the ample garden that adjoined the mansion.

I looked round in all directions, hoping to descry one perchance of the Graces whom I was to take for a wife, but in vain. In a field to the right a couple of women, peasants, were at work. I was just entering the grove when a slender female figure, clad in a graceful hunting-dress, with a fawn-skin piece in her hand, emerged from the green shade. She paused, and leaning on her gun seemed to survey the landscape with delight.

"If that is one of Jungheau's daughters," thought I, "my uncle was not so much out of the way; she is certainly very beautiful!"

As I did not wish to disturb the lovely vision, I passed on as if I had not observed her; but I had scarcely proceeded a few steps, when a clear, woman's voice called out, "Halt!" "That can't possibly be meant for me," I thought, and continued on my way. Suddenly I heard a click, there was a crackling among the leaves, and a ball whistled just over my head.

I stopped instantly of course.

"The woman must be crazy," thought I, and cast a shy glance at the desperate shooter. She came slowly towards me. I was impressed in increasing degree with her extraordinary beauty. A figure which the ornamental hunting-dress set off to the greatest advantage, with blonde locks waving in rich fullness round her blooming countenance.

"What awaits all this beauty?" said I to myself, "if the mind is astray?"

The huntress had now come within fifty feet of me.

"Who told you to go on," she demanded in a tone authoritative yet musical, when I bid you halt?"

"My gracious—" stammered I, quite bewildered by the angry beauty.

"I am not gracious," she quickly interrupted, "only God is gracious. What do you stop for now?"

"If I am not mistaken, a ball flew over my head—"

"Are you afraid of balls?"

"Well, of—"

"By! a man ought not to be afraid."

"But accidents may happen."

"At no accident should a man show fear, and least of all, at a lady. You were afraid, I suppose, that I should hurt you?"

"The lead whistled near enough."

"How? Do you think I sought your poor life? Do you take me for a murderer?"

"By no means, my lady."

"Do you question then my skill in shooting?"

"Certainly not."

"Well then, you shall know my skill—Over your head hangs an apple. Take it in the palm of your hand, and stretch your arm out: I'll shoot the apple off. Will you wager anything?"

"I don't like betting of this sort."

"Afraid again?"

"Man has his weak hours."

"Coward?" scornfully exclaimed the terrible creature, instantly taking aim again directly over my head. Click went the cock.

"Are you mad?" I cried horror-struck; at the same moment there was a flash, and again the leaves crackled. I thought I should have fallen to the earth in my terror; the monster most certainly have hit my hat.

"Take your hat off?"

"Mechanically I obeyed. The extraordinary hunter had shot at a leaf of it. I trembled to every limb."

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Not to enter the frightful maiden anew, I answered as politely as possible, 'To visit your Counsellor Jungheau!'"

"Then take care of the Counsellor's daughter," said she with a laugh, and vanished in the wood.

I gave wings to my feet, in order to get out of the vicinity of this strange being as speedily as possible.

"The deuce?" thought I; "have I got into Turkey and the Middle Ages, where they shoot at people merely to while away the time? Who is this dangerous woman? A spectre that frightens people, or a living being, with flesh and blood? I guess the former. Would a human maiden practise her skill and criminal rashness, by making a mark of the head of a quiet traveller?"

Beautiful, it is true, divinely beautiful; but heaven keep me from such beauty, which is all ready, will ye, my eye, to blow one's brains out. No, command me to my Missus, even if she is not quite as beautiful as this second William Tell.

"Said this witch, or wood-spirit, or whatever she was, said she not," continued I, in my soliloquy, "that I must take care of the Counsellor's daughters? If she is one of those dangerous beauties, the sooner I leave W— behind me the better. I can't understand how this wood-witch is a Miss Jungheau. Impossible! only a spirit, a wicked fairy, could behave so."

Although I kept my eyes about me, the fearful apparition did not again appear; and I got out of the grove without harm.—One thought never to be pre-empted, I had longed for some interesting adventure, and had been vexed that my journey had passed off so prosaically. I had nothing now, forsooth, to complain of. A more romantic adventure could hardly well be.—Alas! I was to be punished still more for my presumption. One sins against his fate when he murmurs at it.

Still greatly decomposed, I passed along the wall which surrounded the beautiful garden of the Counsellor. I entered a spacious courtyard, and inquired of some laborers after the gentleman of the house.

"Peter?" cried one of the workmen to a little boy, "lead the gentleman to your master."

Peter ran forward; I followed, and soon found myself in the presence of the Counsellor, who seemed to me as hale and hearty as when I had seen him years before at my uncle's. He recognized and saluted me with great cordiality.

"Right welcome to W—," he cried; "I have long hoped to see you, and have written repeatedly to your uncle to express that hope."

I bowed respectfully.

"Make yourself at home," he resumed; "I will have you shown to your room. But first let us break a bottle of genuine Johannisberg together."

The man pleased me. A servant appeared at his summons, with wine and refreshments. We took our seats. From the window, near which we sat, a delightful prospect was presented.

"It is a pity," began my worthy host, "that, just at the moment of your arrival, my daughters should all be absent. I should be happy to present you to them.—I trust they will return by the afternoon."

"I suppose they are out, visiting," said I.

"No," replied Jungheau, "they are out upon business."

"Business?" thought I; "what business can young ladies have?"

"However," resumed the Counsellor, "that you may have some acquaintance with my family, at least in appearance, please to step into the next room, where their portraits hang."

I followed him. But how was it with me, when from the richly gilt frames, the three Graces of Greece seemed to smile down upon me, so beautiful were the portraits. But at the same instant, what horror seized me as I saw that one of the Graces was no other than the wood-witch, spectre, or William Tell, who, a little hour before, had almost shot my head off.

"This blonde here," observed Jungheau, "is my Louise, the eldest of the daughterly trio, a really wild one and a rover; a fine lad is spoiled in her. I call her my Nimrod, because she is so fond of hunting. I don't approve of girls having such tastes, but she will outgrow it; and as the child is at heart a real angel, I wink at her knightly exercises."

"A young lady wrote to her brother, who is a farmer in Ohio, to ask whether he had as good furniture now, as when at home. He replied that she must not bother him with such questions, but to give her some idea of his style of living, would state that his entire farm was wholly fenced with black walnut."

"Knightly exercises?" asked I.

"Certainly," continued the good papa; "Louise fishes, rides, shoots, like an old student; as I say a fine boy is spoiled in the girl."

"As to the young girl's shooting," said I, "I believe I have already, this very morning, helped her to some proof of it. She shot a leaf off my hat."

"Ah, indeed?" exclaimed Jungheau with surprise, you have already made her acquaintance, then?"

"I related my adventure."

"A madcap," said the Counsellor, with a smile; "I recognize her. But you had nothing to fear; Louise has a sure eye."

"Allow me to remark that such manly employments hardly seem fitting for a young lady."

"True, true," confessed the doting father; "you are right. I preach to her daily, but it is in at one ear, and out at the other. If I get severe, and knit my brows, the child throws herself sobbing on my neck, promises improvement by all the saints in the calendar, and does not leave me until I look pleasant again. Then away she goes, and all her good resolutions are forgotten; one cannot resist her, I give it up."

We passed now to the portrait of the second daughter, Emilie, by name, as beautiful a brunette as I ever set my eyes on,—high commanding beauty; but here, in the lineaments of the countenance, a certain manly resolution was discernible. I stood with delight before the picture, and could not tear myself away. The Counsellor observed with evident pleasure the interest I took in the picture, and remarked,

"That is my Diethrich!"

"Diethrich?" I asked, with surprise.

"Diethrich," he repeated with a smile, "Emilie is the most skilful surgeon and operator in the county round. At this very time, she has gone to manipulate the arm of a poor fellow—it was the only way of saving his life."

"A very elevated calling!" I observed, although it seemed to me hardly the thing for a charming young lady.