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SELECT POETRY.

The American Flag in 1851.

BY WM. ROSS WALLACE.

We regard the American Banner as already secured!

It is not severed! No! as soon

The sister stars by tempest wrack

Shall be divided in their sky—

And startle into chaos back!

No! it there floats, with every hue

Undim'd as when at first unfurled

Against the storm and ponderous throe

Of rivets rolled from sea to sea,

And still the awful Bird that wheels

Around the tempest wildly swelling,

And calmly leans the thunder peals

Within its storm god's misty drape!

Ave, start the guards from traitor fold

The glories of that standard sheet,

And boasts it in his guardian hand

Resplendent o'er Freedom's Land!

Clime of the Valiant and the Tried!

Where Marston fought, and Warren

did!

Where Mowmouth still to Guilford calls,

And Valor walks through Vernon's hall!

Whole Honor mass in the gloom

And glory of the Hero's tomb!

Ornaments that grand old lay site made

Accompany the dark blue seas,

That murmur mid where Freedom laid

Her lion-souled Atlantes!

Land of the Forests and the Gem!

Thou land of heroes and of men!

Land of the Mountain and the Lake!

Or rivers rolled from sea to sea,

In that broad gulch fit to make

The symbols of eternity:

O, forest! O, demerit Land!

Who shall thy banded children sever!

God of our Fathers! how we stand

From Plymouth's rocks, to Georgia's

strand!

Heart pressed to heart, hand linked in

hand—

And swear "the Union lives forever!"

Then flash, flash on, thou Banner bright

With glory from the olden fight!

And when at home thy shadow falls

Along the Army's trophies wall,

The ancient Trumpets long for breath

The dimmed sabres fiercely start

To vengeance from each slanging sheath

As if they sought some Traitor's heart!

O sacred Banner of the brave!

O standard of a thousand ships!

O guardian of the Patriot's grave!

Come let us press thee to our lips!

There is a trembling of the rocks—

New England feels the Patriot shocks

There is a trembling of the Lakes

The West, the mighty West awakes;

There is a noise amid the pines—

The white magnolias winter bloom,

Upon the South new glory shines,

Shedding its glory o'er Pinckney's tomb!

Behold! the troubled air is dark

With martial ghosts—the hills are bright

With bands of living men and hosts!

Their voices come in mingled night

Their Right shall live while Nation dies!

The traitors draw a fleeting breath,

But Patriots drink from God's own eyes

The light of Truth that conquers Death!

Thou fairest Flag! Thou dearest Land!

Who shall thy banded children sever!

God of our Fathers! how we stand

From Plymouth's rocks, to Georgia's

strand!

A Select Tale.

FROM SUMNER'S MEMOIRS.

THE DANGEROUS BEAUTIES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. STOLLE.

(Continued.)

"But, I exclaimed in utter amazement,

show me your fair daughters, sir, to take

up such strange pursuits, so abortive, one

would think, to their very nature?"

"I will tell you, my young friend," said

Junghaus, "the fact is, the girls early

lost their mother, a fine woman, whose

portrait also you may see hanging there. I

could not attend to their education; I

thought I had done my best when I

procured for them a master, who was most

highly recommended to me, and who

brought them up like boys. Their only

company was my son Bernhard, who was

unhappily drowned at the High School,

where he was studying medicine. From

him his sisters have learned and inherited

their respective pursuits; Louise her fish-

ing, riding, and shooting; Emilie her sur-

gery, and Ernestine her natural science.—

However, I live in the hope, that when

my daughters have found husbands to their

hearts these strange passions will die away.

House-keeping will leave them little time

for hunting, amputations, or scientific

inquiries. I admit I ought to have endeav-

ored to correct the evil earlier, but the thing

is done and can't be helped; we will hope

for the best."

The more I thought over these singular

qualities of this beautiful tribe, the more

I was pleased with their pursuits, as these

wish a more charming sight than this bold,

handsome rider, in her rich hunting-dress.

Every movement was full of grace; and

yet I could not suppress a certain dread at

the sight of the strange maiden.

After Louise had ridden up and down

several times, she leaped out of the saddle

and hastened towards the front door.

"Now you will see the madcap a little

nearer," said her father, who had been

watching her, not without evident delight,

from the window.

As he prophesied so it happened; the

door was flung open and Louise rushed in,

and without regarding my presence in the

least, flew to her father and threw her arms

around his neck.

"You wild girl!" exclaimed he, with dif-

ficulty disguising his delight under a tone

of severity, "do you not see who is present,

—a very dear friend of mine?"

The beauty, still glowing with the exer-

cise of her ride, drew up her lovely form,

and measured me with a look in which no

friendly welcome was visible. A slight

expression of scorn appeared round her

beautiful mouth.

"If I do not err," said she coldly, "I have

already made the acquaintance of this gen-

tleman."

"I was so happy," I replied with a bow,

"to serve you for a target."

"I could wish that you would behave

more becomingly," said her father repro-

vingly; "but you are incorrigible, Louise."

"Tattling indeed!" said the maiden in a

tone which sounded sufficiently contemptu-

ous. Turning then to her father—"Only

think, father," she added with a laugh, "the

young gentleman thought I had a design

upon his life!"

"When you speak again," said the old

gentleman with some sternness, "I request

that you pay to a guest, whom I esteem, due

respect."

Louise answered not, but turned angrily

to the window, where she stood fanning

herself. After some moments she stepped

quickly to me.

"Are you practised in pistol shooting?"

"Some years ago," I confessed, "I used to

shoot with an old pistol at a mark in our

shooting-ledge."

"Well, then," said she quickly, "come

with me to my shooting-stand; you will

shoot for a wager."

"But, my daughter," interposed her father,

"let our guest rest to-day; to-morrow, or

the day after, you can shoot to your heart's

content."

"But you are not tired?" she asked, turn-

ing to me.

However I may have felt I had to dis-

claim any fatigue.

"But," I objected, "I shall be thrown quite

in the shade by your skill."

"No matter for that," she replied, and

drew me away almost against my will.

"But it will soon be dinner time," cried

her father after us.

"You have only just breakfasted," replied

the eager shooter, "who would be so unrea-

sonable!"

I soon found myself with the beautiful

blonde at the shooting-ground she had had

prepared for herself. The maiden was so

expert at firearms that I was but a Hans

Taps in comparison. I had not touched a

The old gentleman came towards me.—

He appeared to perceive my annoyance.

"Nimrod," said he, "has put you into a

little fright again."

"Sure enough," I replied, a good deal dis-

turbed, "the young lady is no doubt an ex-

cellent shot, but I am not fond of such mili-

tary exercises."

"You have not the slightest reason for

that?"

"The deuce I haven't!" thought I, and

replied: "No one can have the direction of

the deadly lead completely in his power;

a quicker movement of the pulse, the tick-

ling of a fly, may give a turn to the musket

not intended."

The Counsellor appeared to assent to the

truth of my words. He made no reply,

but turned the conversation.

We walked through the garden, and

passed before a gigantic sun-flower, which

arrested our attention.

"I do not remember ever having seen so

large a flower of the kind as this," I remark-

ed. The Counsellor thought that still more

beautiful ones were to be found in other

parts of the garden.

While we stood looking at the flower a

shot was heard, and a ball whistled by us

within a couple of feet, and the flower fell

as if cut off from its stem by a knife.

The Counsellor himself was now really

irritated.

"You are right," said he, "the girl goes

quite too far!" and turning to Louise, whose

angel face appeared among the shrubbery,

he commanded her to put away the fol-

lowing-piece, and not touch it again for four-

and-twenty hours.

Nimrod vanished.

"I hope," said her father as we approach-

ed the house, "that my Emilie will efface

the unfavorable impression made by her sis-

ter by her certainly very rough humor.—

She is quite the opposite, and while the

other frightens everybody with her shoot-

ing, Emilie is, through her more useful art,

the benefactor of the suffering."

We reached the room where the dinner

was served in the most elegant fashion.—

There were five covers, for Junghaus, his

three daughters, and my humble self. A

servant entered and inquired whether we

were ready for dinner.

"Have Emilie and Ernestine returned?"

inquired their father.

"Not yet."

"And Louise?"

"Miss has just ridden away."

"Well, then," replied the Counsellor,

without further expressing his dissatis-

faction, "we will dine alone."

"I don't understand," said he, after we

were seated, "what the madcap would be at.

I have never seen her quite so wild as to-

day."

The absence of Nimrod was by no means

disagreeable to me. Had she been there I

don't think I could have eaten a morsel;

she would certainly have brought a couple

of pistols with her to the table.

The dinner was most excellent. The

terror which the shooting maiden had

thrown me into left me particularly hun-

gry. I was just on the point of setting to

when the door opened, and the dark-haired

Emilie entered.

The portrait had not fled. The maiden

"Set to, my friend," said her father to me

encouragingly, as he observed that I played

with my fork without putting it to my

mouth.

"As I did not wish it to appear that the

amputated limb had frightened away my

appetite, I drew out my handkerchief and

held it before my mouth.

"Is anything the matter?" asked the

Counsellor anxiously, and Dieffenbach look-

ed inquiringly at me.

"My bad tooth begins to twinge," said I.

"Do you suffer from a bad tooth?" asked

Emilie hastily.