



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.

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TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

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

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

NEW STORE AT FOLLOWING RUN. At the Cross Roads, near J. D. Conradi's.

J. R. KAUFFMAN

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has just received and opened a new stock of goods...

DRY GOODS. Such as Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Merinos, &c.

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SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING. EVERYBODY should embrace this opportunity to buy CLOTHING for Men, Youth and Boys...

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TO ADVERTISERS. You are respectfully informed, that C. PIERCE, General Advertising Newspaper Agent, has the Agency.

NATIONAL HOTEL, SHAMOKIN, Northumberland County, Pa.

JAMES H. MAGEE. AS removed from his old Stand, No. 118 Vine Street, to No. 52 Dilwyn St., (bet'n Cal'hill & Willow), where he has constantly on hand.

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Lycoming Mutual Insurance Company. D. R. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the above Insurance Company...

JUSTICES' FEE BILLS. For sale by H. B. MASSER. Sunbury, April 26, 1851.

SELECT POETRY.

From Arthur's Home Gazette. JUNE.

BY ISO. B. DEFFEY.

She came—dear June—a maiden brown, Yet rosy as the blush of morn.

With step as lightning on the down, O'er autumn's crisp meadows borne;

A holy calm is on her brow— A mellow tinge of ripened thought;

Her deep, dark eyes, that chastely glow, With love and tenderness are fraught;

As silk of com her tresses fair— So smooth—so changed in their hue;

Her beautiful lips like rubies are, Or clever's moist with morning dew;

Her breath is sweet as fragrant pines, Or rises fresh from summer's shower;

Her voice is like the voice of bees, That humming woo the wild-wood flower.

That voice—it murmured music floats Through all the quiet realms of air,

And light and day its gentle notes Fall soothing on the ear of care;

It pierces through the busy hum That wraps the city in, and seems To speak the whispered words, that come From lips of angels seen in dreams.

Toil's pent-up, wan and sad-browed child Hears, smiles, and ope's his ear, athirst For sounds of far-off "wood-notes wild."

And waters that in cascades burst; And maidens that, with finger tips All worn, sit fasting day by day,

A moment pause, with parted lips. To drink its murmur as they stray.

The sick man hears it, and his quills His couch obedient to its call,

To linger where the bowen-thrush fits, And shade and sunlight mingling fall, The brood of crime, that in dark cells

The outer world no more may see, Hears and are gladdened, for it tells Of wilds and waves that wander free.

The greetings of the poor are thine, Sweet June—of all that toil below; For thou dost not thy love confine,

But blessings upon all bestow: The flowers in crowded courts that dwell, Beside the laborer's sunless door,

May never meet the smiles, yet still Thy tears the drooping ones restore.

Thou come, O heaven-born June, the woods For thee shall weave their branches green,

And all earth's towns and solitudes O'erglow with happiness serene;

Incessant and song the calm-eyed hours Shall pour about thy way like rain, And Childhood laugh from leafy bowers

As thy white feet skim over the grain.

And thou, O maid and thoughtful June, Mayst teach a lesson all should know,

That mirth, dearest, is the tone, Whose joy and sorrow tempering flow,—

That mirth and grief, and smiles and tears, By mingling, make the heart most green;

That life is best, and blessings bears, Who keeps with thee the golden mean.

A Sketch.

From the Lancaster Union and Tribune.

A FRAGMENT.

BY LIEUT. ROBERT CLAY ROGERS, U. S. A.

Pepita is a dear remembrance even now. No new face or tie of friendship, or change of scene have thrust her picture from the best place in memory...

Yet Pepita should be painted here, what though Life shades the cold colors the artist must use!

Yet, oh, people of America! that campaign was complete heroism. Every footfall over those high mountains and green spread valley brought your brothers nearer to death, and every footfall was a hero's.

On the evening of the 13th of September, our army that had been engaged since early morn, laid down to rest. Death and desolation were around, but the exhausted soldier forgot all in his dreams.

On the morning it was known, that the last blow would be struck that would give to the city that lay quiet before us—

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stretches the Palace, its hundred windows throwing out light from the chandeliers within; opposite is the Portal with its columns and arches and confectioner's shops; and on the right, the cathedral with its great dome—dark as darkest night, its deep niches wherein stood figures of mired priest and crazed saint—

It was there that Pepita and I have often wandered—when I would tell her of my far distant home, my past history, and together we would ponder on the future—wondering if the present fate that frowned over me like a thunder-cloud was to continue dark and end in complete nothingness.

Bright and joyous in the *tarjetas*, or evening party was sat-eyed Pepita—through the mazes of the *confidante* she went, flashing like a sunbeam in that silver star-spangled dress I so well remember; while from her shoulders dropped the deep fringed *rebozo*, that floated, gossamine, behind, and the light foot-falls went hand in hand with the guitar harmony—in perfect measure, and surrounding eyes showered soft praise-smiles over her lithe and graceful figure.

Now for a surprise, compassionate reader. Did you think I was hymning a creature of mine own love? of my love, yes! but of mine less than that of another. She wrote words of hope and affection and remembrance in my heart-book—illuminated words that will remain bright and undimmed through all years, such a record though, as a *sister* would write, and as only such was she to me. Yet she had a lover—an officer, a gallant fellow, very unlike most of his countrymen. How it was that I became dear enough to her for such heart-revelings as she made to me of Don Carlos, my modesty permits not a relation. I had done him a service, and no more it becomes me to add, and it is not strange that beauty and tenderness and sensibility like her's should find an admirer and that she should be grateful to me that I had stood between her admirer and peril. Perhaps I regretted I was a foreigner—aye, worse—an enemy, over whom swooped a destiny, seeming inexorable, like the old Greek Fatalism. And this very incident, this uncommonness of event, together with the life service done her lover, broke down all conventional form and phrase, and made us soon

"It is well nigh over—I shall go soon,"—and Pepita's voice, as she said this was tremulous, but clear, low-toned and inexpressibly plaintive. I could not reply—I only looked with tearful eyes on the meek face that was turned to me.

"He has gone before," she resumed, "and something whispers to me to follow. Nay, no tears! I would not live, now that all is over with hope and love." Here she looked to her mother, whose weeping was audibly painful. Pepita turned to her, and struggling to reach her, said: "Kiss me mother," and then there was silence again, broken only by the sobs that could not be stifled.

A little while after a priest arrived, arrayed in an habiliment of white, on the front of which was embroidered a scarlet cross. I had heard the tinkling of the bell that announced the coming of the *Host*, and as it ceased at the door, I knew that the impressive *exorcism* was about to be celebrated.

Knowing all, the solemn rites began—Pepita's face wore a strangely serene look, yet a smile struggled through—richer in promise of the immortality to which she was hastening, than cred or cross, or priest. Solemn combination of the poor, impatient bark to the sea of Eternity, was that farewell! and oh! in that other world, I believed that the love creature knew here, would be perpetuated forever—holier, and dearer, and intense, and it was more than mere belief to the sad, hopeful heart that struggled before me. It was *confiding*, that took all terror from death, making it the truest good angel to us—though human fear and mystery and ignorance give it to the proportions of a Devil, that must necessarily be encountered—Strange! that men should make a horror of that which is the supreme good.

The last act was performed that Romish Faith requires that the devotee should believe as necessary to the repose of the soul, and we were again alone—Pepita, her mother and I.

Yet why should I lift higher the curtain to disclose the last interview I had with that dying girl—although so touching and sad in all things that make life beautiful! It was a scene of common tragedy and yet the solemnest that humanity is called upon to act. What reader is there that has not witnessed an occasion not all unlike? That bosom knows least of joy that has never felt the sorrow of a friend's departure from this world. I pity the heart that has no tie that tends heaven-ward.

Pepita talked to me of one of that one whose life was the all of the joy-promise that earth offered her—he had gone and she wished not to linger on, surviving him. She spoke calmly of her own death, in tones that were only regretful when she looked to the bent form of her mother—She gave me a memento of herself, and in accents of deep, earnest feeling, begged me never to forget her.

The night was far gone when I uttered my farewell. I gently kissed her forehead, and so we parted forever.

Two days afterward I saw her laid in the silent grave that had been prepared for her. As I strewed flowers upon the sod, and dashed the tears away that gathered not unmanfully to my eyes, I thought that if earth had lost one so beautiful, heaven had gained an angel.

A simple braid of hair I preserve still in memory of "Poor Pepita."

PROGRESS OF A POUND OF COTTON. The following is an account of the travels of a pound of manufactured American cotton:

"The cotton was sent from the United States to London; thence to Manchester, where it was spun into yarn; thence to Paisley, where it was woven into a broad cloth, to be tamboored; and then to Darnbury, where it was handwoven. It was then again sent to Paisley; whence it was conveyed to a distant part of Renfrew to be bleached, and then returned to Paisley. It was afterwards sent to Glasgow, and finished; and from Glasgow it was taken to London. From its shipment in America, till its arrival in the London warehouse, it must have journeyed 3000 miles by sea, and 920 by land. Its value was increased by the processes of the manufacturer 2000 per cent, whilst no less than 150 persons were engaged in its carriage and preparation."

THE ENGLISH CENSUS RETURNS.

POPULATION OF GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.—The population within the ancient burgh and parliamentary city of Glasgow, on the night of the 30th of March, was as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Males, Females, Total. Rows include Total population, Males, Females, Total.

At the census of 1841, the government made the population of Glasgow 267,463.

Population of Glasgow, including the remaining portion of the burgh parish beyond the parliamentary boundary, and being now, with the exception of two small districts, called Shettleston and Maryhill parishes, and also Govan:

Table with 3 columns: Males, Females, Total. Rows include Glasgow, per first table, Shettleston, Govan, Total.

Of the population of 358,926, there are 283,503 Scotch; 8,929 English; 64,185 Irish; 1,065 foreigners; 815 colonists, British subjects; and 429 not ascertained.

The result of the present census appears to be that the Irish bear to the gross population 2.37 per cent more than they did in that of 1841; but this latter figure gives no adequate idea of the increase of those who may be strictly considered as belonging to Ireland, and who are domiciled within the limits of Glasgow and its suburbs.

Within the last ten years the children born of Irish parents have been very numerous; but those, of course, are all put under the head of Scotch. While, therefore, there appears only to be an increase of 2.07 per cent in the present enumeration, above that which the Irish bore to the population of 1841, the real number of inhabitants who are imbued with Irish characteristics, habits, feelings, and religious sentiments, is infinitely greater.

It is probable that this class amounts to between one-fourth and one-fifth of the whole population. The excess of females over males amounts to 10,674, which shows that there are 109.7 females for every 100 males. It likewise appears that of the population within the parliamentary city and burgh of Glasgow, exclusive of those belonging to public institutions, and amounting to 327,965, there are 584 to each family; while the population of the whole city and suburbs, also without public institutions, and amounting to 358,195, shows 5.16 to each family.

MISSION OF THE MORAVIAN CHURCH.

According to the published accounts of this body of devoted Christians, we find they have thirteen mission establishments, as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Established Stations, Missionaries. Rows include Danish West Indies, Greenland, North America, Surinam, South America, Jamaica, Antigua, Barbadoes, Labrador, St. Kitts, Tobago, Central America, New Holland.

Making a total of 69 stations, on which are employed 282 missionaries, male and female; being one station and one missionary more than in the previous year. The report of this year does not give the number of members; but in 1848 they were nearly seventy thousand. The Moravian church has more members in its missions than in its domestic churches.

GOOD ADVICE.

Look over the corn-field, and if there are many "bills" missing,—re-plant. If the ground is good and well cultivated, a fair crop of corn may yet be grown. Or, if you please, fill up the vacancies with beans, pumpkins, squashes, water-melons or cucumbers. On planting either of the above named seeds, at this season, soak them overnight.

Dig your cabbage ground two "spits" deep, and place the manure between the upper and lower spits while the diggings are going on. If you will take a little extra trouble to dig your gardens deep, the roots of your plants will find it out when dry weather comes and fully repay the expense.

When the ground is prepared for late cabbage, sow radish seed all over it, and rake it lightly. The radishes will not interfere with your cabbage crop,—they will fit to pull before the second hoeing of the cabbage.

Artificial Coal.—In the French Academy of Sciences, some interesting experiments have been made in producing mineral coal by an artificial process, which it is expected will throw much light on the subject of geology. Wood is put into an iron or glass cylinder, and closed against any escape of air, and applied to a heat of 600 degrees. The result has been, that the wood was melted and reduced to mineral coal—Old wood of dry fibre produced dry coal; but young wood, or that which was put in wet, produced a glauinous coal.

Six Fletcher Nortons had the reputation of not adhering strictly to the truth. It was imputed to him that he said, "My dear lady is the most unfortunate player at cards I ever knew. She has played at a trump for twenty years, and never had a win!" "Nay," said somebody, "how can that be? She must have had a trump when she dealt." "O, as to that," said he, "she lost every deal during the whole twenty years!"

THEORY OF THE RIFLE.

The theory and fact of the superiority of the rifle barrel gun over the smooth bore, is as follows: in the smooth bore the ball when discharged from the muzzle, acquires a rotary motion by friction against one or the other of its sides, the axis of which motion is always at right angles with the line of its flight, but may be with respect to the earth, either vertical, horizontal, or inclined. It is obvious that, as the axis of rotary motion is at right angles to the line of flight, therefore one side of the forward half of the bullet revolves in the direction of its progressive motion, and the other half the reverse. Such being the case, the ball meets with much more resistance from the air on the side revolving forward than on the side revolving backward, and is, in consequence, deflected from a right line to the right or left, upward or downward, according to the direction of its axis of rotation.

To obviate the irregularity in the flight of the bullet, caused as above stated, the rifled barrel was invented, and effect the desired object with great certainty. The twisted grooves formed in the bore of the rifle—which, in the most approved rifles, make about one turn in the length of the barrel—cause the ball to rotate about an axis which lies in the same direction as the line of flight; hence its forward half meets on all sides an equal resistance from the atmosphere and is not deflected from a right line otherwise, than by the force of gravity.

EARLY CUTTING OF GRAIN.

In advance of the time of harvesting the wheat crop, we desire to impress those truths upon all wheat growers. By cutting your wheat from seven to ten days before it is ripe, the following beneficial results will flow: your straw will be heavier, brighter, more nutritive, and make food for your stock; while, to a certainty, your crop will escape injury from that fatal disease—the Rust.

We take time by the forelock to give this short notice; but shall in our next month's conversation, treat the subject more at large.

When intended for seed, should, we think, not be cut before it may have ripened. This, however, is an unsettled point.

Had our advice been followed last year, we are confident that wheat growers would have spared the loss of thousands of bushels of wheat, which they sustained through the rust, owing to their delaying cutting until the grain was ripe.

We will here add, that it would be consistent with enlightened economy, to harvest all descriptions of small grain, before they are fully ripe.

Some degree of excitement has exhibited itself in Pottsville the past week, by the presence of Henry Hill, high sheriff of Livingston county, New York, and another gentleman, in quest of horses said to have been stolen some months since from citizens of that county. A number of the carriage horses, in the possession of gentlemen here, were identified as among those stolen, and upon affirmation 2 of them were delivered up. There is a presumption, based upon circumstances which have transpired, that a combination exists between certain horse dealers in New York State and in the northern portion of this State, with a gang of unprincipled men, who are parties to a wholesale swindling operation, of which innocent purchasers are made the dupes.—Mining Register.

SLAVERS CAPTURED.—Capt. Soule, of the bark Gen. Taylor, which arrived at Salem on Monday, reports from Sierra Leone, that April 19th, the British brig Penguin, captured at sea an Eastern built brig with 400 slaves on board, and 200 had died. The brig had no papers or name, and the officers refused to furnish any. She was brought into Sierra Leone on the 22d March. April 8th a brig, Baltimore built, without papers or name, with slave decks, &c., was taken in a small bay, at the southeast of Sierra Leone. The crew of the captured vessel afterwards mutinied, and were lodged in jail. The vessels were to be broken up and sold.—Salem Freeman.

TRUTH WILL OUT.—Many people have wondered why women have not beards.—Read the following and then be enlightened:

"Nature, regardless of the ROBBING RACE, Planned no beard upon woman's face. Not for aught's reason, though the very best, Could shave a chin that never is at rest."

A GEM OF A TOURIST.—"I am sorry," said a Kentuckian to an English lady tourist, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye—"I am sorry you haven't time to visit the Mammoth Cave; it's the greatest hole in this air; it is true as you've got a note-book in your hand there. The very first chamber you go into, is where the bats of the United States pass the winter. Millions of them assemble there, madam.—The furthest apartment madam, is called the Antipodean chamber—from the fact that you can walk just as easily upon the ceiling as upon the floor. And what is more singular, madam, in the same apartment there is a natural fountain of pure brandy." The lady noted it down.

THE OLDEST SAVEBERG IN EUROPE, is Ernest, King of Hanover. This day, June 5th, completes his 80th year. He is the only surviving son of George the Third, and was formerly known as the Duke of Cumberland.—He, in addition of Victoria, acceded to the throne of Hanover on the death of his brother, William the Fourth, in June, 1837, on which day the thrones of England and Hanover were separated—the prevalence of the salic law preventing the accession of females.

THE PANAMA HERALD says that "about one hundred miles from this, within the province there exists a native child, which was born with two distinct heads. The child is a male, and is now about ten years old. It has been seen by persons residing in this city, and their statement in relation to the extraordinary information is authentic." Where is Barum?

PRACTICAL SATIRE.—At Syracuse, New York, on Saturday, a fat negro woman, rigged out in the new Turkish style, with a dress reaching just below her knees flowing trousers and a gipsy hat, with streaming ribbons, promenaded the streets, attracting considerable attention. The dress was given to her by some young gentlemen of the city.

A QUAKER, on hearing a man damn a particularly bad piece of road, went to him and said: "Friend, I'm under obligations to thee. What thou hast done I would have done, but my religion forbids it. Don't let my conscience, however, baffle thee. Give thine indignation wings, and suffer the prejudices of others to paralyze the tongue of justice and long suffering—yes, verily, a-um!"

A man that hath no virtue in himself, enveth it in others.