



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. 5, NO. 15.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1852.

OLD SERIES VOL. 12, NO. 41.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN. THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum...

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA. Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

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SELECT POETRY.

ANTI-STAY-AT-HOME SOCIETY.

MONDAY NIGHT.

Wife.—Oh, love, I'm glad you have come home.

The supper's almost cold; But here's a nice warm bit for you, I don't intend to scold.

Your office closed—all business done Your books laid on the shelves; How pleasant it will pass This evening by ourselves.

Husband.—My love, my dearest love, you know How happy I should be, If I could pass my leisure hours In sweet communion with thee.

But (here he sighs) you know we must Obey stern duty's call; And this night, dearest, just this one, I must be at the Hall.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

Wife.—My love, Miss C. takes, tonight, Her benefit, and so, As she is one I much admire, I'd really like to go.

Hus.—You shall, my love—stop, I forget, 'Tis Tuesday night, I swear; A special meeting's called to-night, I really must be there.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

Wife.—Dear Charles, it's been so dull to-day I wish you'd go to the fire, And have a game of chess.

Hus.—I would accept your challenge, love, And grant your sweet demand, But Wednesday is our Lodge, you know, And I must be on hand.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

Wife.—Well, love, what shall we do to-night, Read, or attend the play? Or have a little private talk, The first for many a day!

Hus.—Just as you please—I'll soon be back; Business of very great importance, love, comes off to-night, I must not let them wait.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

Wife.—My love, just clasp this pin for me, And, Charles, pray hand my shawl; You know you promised me to-day To take me to the ball.

Hus.—I know I did, but, really, love, I had forgot it all, And promised I would go to-night, Some members to install.

I hate to disappoint you, dear, I know it is provoking, But when you spoke of it to-day, I really thought you joking.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Wife.—Here, take the baby, Charles; all day He's lain upon my lap, This evening you can watch him while I take a little nap.

Hus.—Poor little thing, how pale he looks, I hope he won't get worse; There's an election held to-night, Else I'd stay home and nurse.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

Wife.—Dear Charles, here is your cloak and hat, And overshoes, all warm; I hope you won't stay late to-night, There's such a dreadful storm.

Hus.—Not stay out late! you don't suppose, I really could intend To leave my dearest wife alone, Her evening hours to spend!

Just place my slippers by the fire, And wheel that pleasant chair— Right by my cozy rocking chair— We'll stay at home to-night!

A Humorous Sketch.

HOW JIM BLANDER SALTED AND PICKLED THE QUAKER FRIEND.

There lived, in a certain neighborhood not far distant from here, a roystering rody-bully, Jim Blander. Jim was 'sum' in a fight, a kind of pugilistic Napoleon...

As the Quaker concluded, Jim began to show some signs of returning life. The first impulse of Jim, when he fairly saw his condition, was to turn Nathan off. He struggled desperately, but he was in a vice...

Friend, thou must keep still until I am done with thee," said Nathan. "I believe I am an humble instrument in the hands of Providence to chastise thee, and I trust when I am done with thee, thou wilt be a changed man. Friend James, does thee not repeat attacking me?"

"No," said Jim, "let me up and I'll show you." "I will not let thee up, thou impious wretch," replied Nathan, "darest thou profane the name of thy Maker—I will punish thee for that—I will check thy respiration for a moment."

Nathan, as good as his word, clutched his grip; as gurgling sound could be heard; Jim's face became distorted; a tremor ran through his frame. He was evidently undergoing a process of strangulation. The Quaker relaxed his hold, but not until the choking process had sufficiently, as he thought, tamed the perverse spirit of Jim. It took some moments for Jim to inhale sufficient air to address the Quaker.

"I will knock under," said Jim, "enough, let me up." "No, thou hast not got half enough," replied Nathan. "Thou art now undergoing a process of moral purification, and thou must be contented to remain where thou liest until I am done with thee. Thou just profaned the name of thy Maker,

peaceably," said the Quaker, "and I hope the better sense of the man of wrath will not permit him to molest me or allow him to do violence to my person." Nathan's calculations as to the lamb-like qualities of his adversary were doomed to be disappointed.

"O ho," thought bully, as he recognized Nathan, "I have him at last. Now I'll make mince-meat of Shad-belly. I will salt him and pickle him, too." "With thou please dismount from thy horse?" said Jim, seizing the bridle of Nathan's horse, and mimicking his style, "my soul yearneth above all things to give thee the biggest mauling ever man received."

"Friend James," replied Nathan, "thou must not molest me, but let me go my way in peace. Thy better judgment will surely tell thee that thou can not possibly be benefited by personally injuring me."

"Get down in a moment," thundered Jim; "get down, you canting, lying, mischief-making, cowardly hypocrite. I'll drag you down if you don't dismount."

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

FRANKLIN AND THE BARBER.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

We are indebted to one of our distant contemporaries for the following interpretation of the language of flowers. It will be found useful in courtship carried on by mystic signs.

Dahlia, is—Forever thine. Hyacinth—Affection, returned. Jonquil—First love.

Blue Violet—Faithfulness, or I must be sought to be found. White Violet—Modest virtue. Althea—I would not act contrary to reason.

Bachelor Button—Hope even in misery. Cape Jessamine—My heart is joyful. Cedar—You are entitled to my love.

China Aster—You have no causes for discouragement. Ray—I change, but in death. Broom Corn—Industry.

Hearts ease—Forget me not. Locust—Sorrow endeth not when it seemeth done. Magnolia—Perseverance, or you are one of our nature's nobility.

Myrtle—Love withered; I love betrayed. Peach Blossom—Here I fix my choice. Pink, variegated—You have my friendship as no more.

Evening Primrose—Man's love is like the changing moon. Rosebud—Thou hast stolen my affections. Rosemary—Keep this for my sake; I'll remember thee.

Adonis—Self-love is the besetting sin. Ladies Slipper—You are too will for sober company. Oak—I honor you above all others.

White Rose—Art has spoiled your beauty. Tansy—I mean to insult you; I declare war against you. Wheat—Take care of your ears; they are the best part about you.

Mimoso—Your irritability hides your other good qualities. Wall Flower—My affection is above time or misfortune. Yewling—Now thy art is known, thy spell binds not.

Holly—Come hear it if you dare. Butter Cup—Deer is often thus covered. GENTILITY.

The London Comic Annual has some exceedingly acute remarks on the characteristics of a gentleman—showing what he may, and what he may not do, as follows. Those who make it the apex of their ambition to "do the genteel thing," always, and who are shocked at nothing so much as being thought "vulgar" in any sense, will, of course, make these hints the subject of profound study:

"He may carry a brace of partridges, but not a leg of mutton. He may be seen in the omnibus, at the opera, but not on the box of an omnibus. He may be seen in a stall inside the theatre, but not at a stall outside of one. He may dust another person's jacket, but must not brush his own."

"He may kill a man in a duel, but he mustn't eat peas with his knife. He may thrash a coal-heaver, but he mustn't ask twice for soap. He may pay his debts of honor, but need not trouble himself about his tradesman's bills. He may drive a horse as a jockey, but he mustn't exert himself in the least as to getting his living. He must never forget what he owes to himself as a gentleman, but he need not mind what he owes, as a gentleman, to his tailor. He may do anything, or anybody, in fact, who is within the range of a gentleman—go through the Insolvent Debtors' Court, or turn billiard-maker; but he must never, an any account, carry a brown paper parcel, or appear in the streets without a pair of gloves."

A BOLD BOY AND A COWARD. Two boys were one day going home from school, when on turning a corner of a street the bigger of the two called out, "A fight! a fight! let's go and see."

"No," said the other, "let us go home; we have nothing to do with the quarrel, and may get into mischief."

"You are a coward and afraid to go," said the other, and off he ran. The younger went straight home, and in the afternoon went to school as usual, when the boys laughed at him a great deal for not going to the fight. But he had learned that true courage was shown most in bearing blame when it is not deserved, and he ought to be afraid of nothing but sin.

A few days after, these boys were all bathing when one of them got in too deep, and began to drown. The boys were afraid to go near him, and all got out of the water as fast as they could. The lad would very soon have been lost, had not the boy who would not go to the fight, and who had been laughed at as a coward, just come up. He at once threw off his clothes, and springing into the water, just reached the sinking boy in time, and by great effort brought him to shore. The boys were all ashamed, and confessed that he had more courage than any of them.

DRENKENNESS IN LONDON.—If Prince Albert were drunk, he would be called elated; if Lord Triam were drunk, he would be called elevated; if Mr. Pious, the rich merchant, were drunk, he would be called inebriated; if a respected tradesman be drunk, he would be in intoxicated; but if a workman be in liquor, it would be said: that the nasty beast was as drunk as a pig.

THE TOMB OF GEN. HARRISON.—The editor of the Cincinnati Nonpartisan having visited North Bend speaks thus of Gen. Harrison's tomb:

On a recent visit to the tomb of Harrison, situated on one of the most beautiful sites in the Western country, at North Bend, we were pained at beholding the little attention bestowed upon the ground covering the last resting place of the old hero. The lot selected, in which are deposited the remains of "old Tippecanoe," is inclosed around the base in a circular form with a board fence, roughly white washed. The long grass has all been trodden down shrunken broken, trees cut, and even the wooden door leading to the vault has been defaced and mutilated, while the rough bricks on each side of the mound have been loosened and scattered over the ground for yards around. The earth on the mound has been ploughed up, as though the hogs had been rooting there. The tomb, and all the once beautiful and enhancing scenery, have lost all their interest, and a visit to the spot is now any thing but pleasant. Thus expressing ourselves, we only echo the general feeling of all who have visited the burial place this spring.

A drunken loafer was picked up in the street by the watchman, when the following decision was made:—There is no sense in his head, no cents in his pocket, and a powerful scent in his breath; he was of course sent to the watch house.

WHIPPING A SCHOLAR.—A man named Wilson, school teacher in Charters township Alleghany county, was on Monday, held to bail in \$200 for whipping a child in his school.

LOST AND WOUND.

ACREDORE.

UNDER THE HEAD OF A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

Under the head of a "Revolutionary soldier," the Auburn Advertiser publishes a notice of the marriage, on the 7th inst., of Mr. Asaph Morse and Mrs. Cynthia Whitaker.

Mr. Morse is one of the few surviving soldiers of the Revolutionary War, and is 92 years of age. Having served his country faithfully during the "times that tried men's souls," he has now retired to the "shades of private life," to spend the remainder of his days under the soft blandishments and smiles of beauty. Mrs. Whitaker was a blooming widow of 82.

"Well, Sambo, how do you like your place?" "O, berry well, massa." "What did you hab for breakfast this morning?" "Why you see missus biled tree eggs for herself, and gib me de beef."

A cultivated mind and a humane disposition never fail to render their possessor truly polite.

Happy Families.—When the late Lord Erskine, then going the circuit, was asked by his landlord how he had slept, he replied, "Union is strength—a fact of which your inmates seem to be unaware; for, had the stone been unanimous last night, they might have pushed me out of the bed." "Fias!" exclaimed Boniface, affecting great astonishment, "I was not aware that I had a single one in the house." "I don't believe you have," retorted his lordship, "they are all married, and have uncommonly large families!"

"Sonney, where's your father?" "Father's dead, sir." "Have you any mother?" "Yes, I had one, but she's got married to Joe Doklin, and doesn't be any mother any longer; cause she says she's got 'nough to do to tend his young 'uns."

"Smart boy; here's a dime for you." "That's ye sir; that's the way I gits my livin'."

"How?" "Why, by tellin' big yarns to groonyes like you, at a dime a pop."

"John," inquired a dominion of a hopeful pupil, "what is a tailor?" "A man who makes nails," said John. "Very good. What is a tailor?" "One who makes tails."

"O, you stupid fellow," said the dame, biting his lips, "a man who makes tails!" "Yes, master," returned John, "if the tail or did not put tails to the coats he made, they would be all jackets!"

"Sit down, John, you're an honor to your maternal parent!"

A WILD MAN.—The newspapers of Memphis Tenn., and of Arkansas, have, during a year past had frequent accounts of a wild man, said to be roaming through the great Mississippi bottom in the latter State. Numerous travellers and hunters have asserted that they have seen him, but none have ever been able to get near enough to give particulars concerning the strange being. The story is just revived again. The creature is said to be unimpeachably a human being, over seven feet high, but with all the shyness and habits of a completely wild animal.

"Ma," said a little girl to her mother, "did men want to get married as much as the women do?" "Pshaw! what are you talking about?" "Why, ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married, the men don't do so."

"I'm forced into this measure," as Tom Thumb said when they crammed him into a quart pot.

A new Episcopal Church is about to be erected in Chicago—the fifth in that city.

QUESTION IN ORNITHOLOGY.—What bird is most like a hen stealing? A cock-robin.

Ohio has this season produced 170,000,000 eight feet eight inches in height.

Rice and ryeism are two prominent institutions of New York City.