



H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

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SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1853.

OLD SERIES VOL. 13. NO. 1

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

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

H. J. WOLVERTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE in Market street, Sunbury, adjoining the Office of the "American" and opposite the Post Office.

HENRY DONNEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office opposite the Court House, Sunbury, Northumberland County, Pa.

WM. M. ROCKEFELLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA. Dec. 13, 1851.—4f.

M. L. SHINDEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA. December 4, 1852.—4f.

J. H. & W. B. HART, WHOLESALE GROCERS. No. 229 North 3d St., above Callowhill, PHILADELPHIA.

HARRISBURG STEAM WOOD TURNING AND SCROLL SAWING SHOP.—Wood Turning in all its branches, in city style and at city prices.

WM. McCARTY, BOOKSELLER, Market Street, SUNBURY, PA. JUST received and for sale, a fresh supply of EVANGELICAL MUSIC.

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SELECT POETRY.

THE THREE PREACHERS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

There are three preachers, ever preaching; Filled with eloquence and power. One is old, with locks of white, Skinny as an anchorite;

The second is a milder preacher, Soft he talks as if he sung, Sleek and stoutheaded is his look, And his words, as from a book,

Mightier is the younger preacher, Genius flashes from his eyes; And the crowd who hear his voice, Give him, while their souls rejoice,

Lo! the world is rich in blessings— Earth and Ocean, Flame and Wind, Have numbered secrets still,

Lo! the world is rich in blessings— Earth and Ocean, Flame and Wind, Have numbered secrets still, To be made known to all;

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The cold wind found its entrance through a hundred crevices, and as its biting gusts swept through the room, the mother and her children crouched nearer to the few embers that still smouldered upon the hearth.

At length the sound of footsteps upon the snow-crust struck upon the mother's ears, and hastily arousing her children, she hurried them to their lowly bed, and hardly had they crunched away beneath the thin blankets, when the door was opened, and the man whom we have already seen before that pretty cottage, entered the place.

With a trembling step and downcast look, Thomas Wilkins entered Captain Walker's parlor.

"Ah, Wilkins," said the old captain, "what has brought you here?"

"Do you come for charity?" "No, sir," quickly returned Wilkins, while his eyes gleamed with a proud light.

"Then at dawn and out with it," said Walker, in a blunt and kind tone.

"Captain Walker," commenced the poor man, as he took the proffered seat, "I have come to ask you if you still own that little cottage beyond the hill?"

"No, sir," returned the captain, regarding his visitor with uncommon interest.

"No, my dear boy, we shall have no other present than food; and even for that we must thank dear father. Then lay your head in my lap again."

"The boy laid his curly head once more in his mother's lap, and with tearful eyes she gazed upon his innocent form."

"The clock struck eleven! The poor wife was yet on her tireless, sleepless watch.— But hardly had the sound of the last stroke died away ere the snow crust gave back the sound of a footfall, and in a moment more her husband entered. With a trembling fear she raised her eyes to his face, and a wild thrill of joy went to her heart as she saw all there was open and bold—only those many features looked more joyous, more proud than ever."

"Lizzie," said he, in mild, kind accent, "I am late to-night, but business has detained me, and I now ask a favor of thee."

"Name it, dear Thomas, and you shall not ask a second time," cried the wife, as she laid her hand confidently on her husband's arm.

"And you will ask me no questions," continued Wilkins.

"Then," continued the husband, as he bent over and imprinted a kiss upon his wife's brow, "I want you to dress our children for a walk, and you shall accompany us. The night is calm and tranquil, and the snow is well trodden. Ah! no question! Remember your promise!"

Lizzie Wilkins knew not what this all meant, nor did she think to care; for anything that could please her husband she would have done with pleasure, even though it wrenched her very heart-strings.

"In a short time the two children were ready; then Mrs. Wilkins put on such articles of dress as she could command, and soon they were in the road. The moon shone brightly, the stars peeped down upon the earth, and they seemed to smile upon the travelers from out their twinkling eyes of light. Silently Wilkins led the way, and silently his wife gazed upon her husband's countenance; but from the strange expression that rested there, she could make out nothing that tended to satisfy her."

At length a slight turn the road brought them suddenly upon the pretty white cottage, where, years before, they had been so happy. They approached the spot. The snow in the front yard had been shoveled away, and a path led up to the piazza. Wilkins opened the gate—his wife tremulously followed, but wherefore she knew not. Then her husband opened the door, and in the entry they were met by the smiling countenance of old Capt. Walker, who ushered them into the parlor, where a warm fire glowed in the grate, and every thing looked neat and comfortable. Mrs. Wilkins turned her gaze upon the old man, and then upon her husband. Surely, in that greeting between the poor man and the rich, there was none of that constraint which would have been expected.— They met rather as friends and neighbors. What could it mean?

"Hark! the clock strikes twelve! The old year has gone, and a new, a bright-winged cycle is about to commence its flight over the earth!"

Thomas Wilkins took the hand of his wife within his own, and then drawing from his bosom a paper, he placed it in her hand, remarking as he did so,

"Lizzie, this is your husband's present for the New Year."

The wife took the paper and she opened it. She realised its contents at a glance; but she could not read it word for word, for the streaming tears of wild, frantic joy would not let her. With a quick, nervous movement she placed the priceless pledge next to her bosom; and then, with a low murmur, like the gentle whisper of some Heaven-bound angel, she fell half fainting into her husband's arms.

"Look up, look up, my own dear wife," uttered the redeemed man, "look up and smile upon your husband; and you too, my children, gather about your father—I will ever be a husband and a father henceforth. I will ever be. Look up, my wife. There! Now, Lizzie, feel proud with me, for we stand within our own house! Yes, this cottage is once

more every evening, and gone away before daylight every morning, and during that time she knew that he had drunk no intoxicating beverage, for already had his face begun to assume the stamp of its former manhood, and every word that he had spoken had been kind and affectionate. To his children he had brought new shoes and warmer clothing, and to herself he had given such things as she stood in immediate need of; but yet with all this, he had been taciturn and thoughtful, showing a dislike to all questions, and only speaking such words as were necessary. The poor, devoted, loving wife began to hope! And why should she not. For six years her husband had not been there before. One week ago, she dreaded his approach; but now she found herself waiting for him with all the anxiety of former years. Should all this be broken? Should this new charm be swept away? Eight o'clock came, and so did nine, and ten, and yet her husband came not!

"Mother," said little Charles, just as the clock struck ten, seeming to have awakened from a dreamy slumber, "isn't this the last night of the old year?"

"Yes, my son."

"And do you know what I've been dreaming, dear mother? I dreamed that father had brought us New Year's presents, as he used to. But he won't, will he? He's too poor now?"

"No, my dear boy, we shall have no other present than food; and even for that we must thank dear father. Then lay your head in my lap again."

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Mr. Packard was carried to the house and notwithstanding he is so terribly mutilated, is in a fair way to recover. He said this morning that he thought he would be up in a few weeks. Dr. Slaughter, of Pleasant Valley, dressed his wounds. They said to be one of the largest kind, and, in consequence of being wounded, had become ferocious. She has not been captured.

CAROL OF CROWNED HEADS.—It seems the Emperor Napoleon III has left Paris for Berlin, where the Emperor of Austria was expected on the 16th December. What France, Prussia and Austria are connecting, we do not yet see; but Napoleon is wide awake to strengthen his new throne, and to render permanent the re-established empire.

The new imperial crown of Napoleon III, is not only a masterpiece of the jeweller's art, but one which will surpass every royal ornament in its richness in pearls and precious stones.

Some wags in Wilmington got up a subscription for the burial of Mr. Oldyear, who it was alleged, died on Friday night last.— Several benevolent gentlemen subscribed a dollar each.

The Chicago Journal notices a shipment of a lot of 5,000 quails by express for New York. Game of all kinds is very plenty, being shipped East daily by the ton.

AGRICULTURAL. THE SHANGHAI BREED OF FOWLS. The Genesee Farmer makes the following Statement respecting the Shanghai fowls, and we republish it, in order that the opinion of a paper of so much respectability, on a subject just now in its zenith, may be known.— We give it for just what it is worth, neither subscribing to it fully or objecting to it fully.

"The Cochins China and Shanghai are much larger than our common fowls, probably averaging three times their weight. Of about fifty we raised last year, the smallest hen weighed six pounds, and the largest cock two pounds, at one year old. They produce many eggs than any fowls we have ever kept. The hens often commence laying in less than three weeks after hatching a brood, and continue laying every day regularly, at the same time taking care of the chickens until they are able to care for themselves. We made a present of a pair of Shanghai fowls to a gentleman well known to all agricultural and horticultural readers. After a few weeks, happening to be at his place, we inquire how the fowls prospered, and where told that the hen had not laid. Thinking this strange, we asked to see what eggs they had, when we found between two and three dozen eggs laid by our pullet, which we readily recognized. On pointing out her eggs to the friends he remarked; 'My wife has several times observed that the hen that laid the yellow eggs, laid more than all the others. He had some half dozen in all.'

"They are good mothers, but lay a large number of eggs before wanting to sit—generally from forty to sixty. The young chickens are very hardy—much more so than others we know of. In several cases, when raising very early chickens, we have had broods, part Shanghai or Cochin China, and part common chickens, and lost nearly all the common without losing one of the others."

"The eggs of pullets the first year are small. Indeed, these fowls do not arrive at full maturity in less than eighteen months. For this reason we think it would be better to raise crosses to kill in the fall. We killed a dozen crosses last year, at about six months old, the smallest of which weighed six pounds dressed. They were from common hens and a Shanghai cock. We also killed several Shanghai and Cochin China chickens at about the same age, taking a little pains to test the quality of the flesh, and disregarding the Scripture injunction to call in the 'chick, and lame, and the blind,' invited a few of our friends who are good judges of what a fowl should be, and they were unanimously pronounced first-rate, and no difference could be detected between the flesh of the crosses and pure bloods, as to fineness or flavor. There is some satisfaction in carving from a chicken that weighs from six to seven pounds!"

ONE MEAL AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR HAY.—A New York farmer says, he is not necessarily for selling cattle as winter approaches, if the farmers would only get in the way of using oil meal, which on account of its extra fattening qualities makes it cheaper and better for farmers at all times to buy this food for their cattle than to feed the produce of their farms. This has been thoroughly and successfully tried by all extensive dairymen in Orange county. The English and German farmers give it the preference over all other kinds of fodder even at a higher cost. In Pennsylvania, the Germans feed it largely during a very good pasturage. What is expended on oil meal is returned in the increased value of the cattle.

Within the only apartment of a miserable and almost broken-down hovel, sat a woman and two children—a boy and girl.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, For the last six days her husband had come