

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c

NEW SERIES, VOL. 7, NO. 5.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1854.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 14, NO. 31.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN. THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at 10 CENTS per annum in advance...

SELECT POETRY.

THE BURIAL OF THE BELOVED.

Come to her bier, oh! come— Scatter flowers fair and bright On her grave of parent white...

Lowell Stearns made no reply to his mother. He said that she was unhappy, and he knew that he himself was unhappy...

[From the National Intelligencer.] GOV. WM. P. DUVAL. The late Wm. P. Duval, whose death took place at Washington the 19th instant...

school before he had learnt beyond the rule of three. "Never mind," said he to himself, "I am a terrible fellow for hanging on to any thing when I've once made up my mind..."

TERRIBLE SHIPWRECKS. ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY LIVES LOST.—The severity of the late gale on Saturday and Sunday the 15th and 16th inst., proved the most destructive one experienced along the New Jersey coast for a number of years.

SEVESTOPOL AND THE RUSSIAN FLEET.—Mr. Oliphant, in his agreeable work entitled the "Russian Shores of the Black Sea," furnishes some account of Sevastopol, its harbor and fortifications.

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

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.—

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

DOCTOR I. W. HUGHES, OFFICE on Broadway, near the Episcopal Church, Sunbury, Sunbury, May 14, 1853.—

N. M. Newnam's, caddy's Row, Norwegian street, Pottsville, Penna.

Plumbing Shop. HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A SUPPLY of all sizes of Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, lock Tin, Bath Tubs, Shower Baths, Hydrants...

CRITTENDEN'S Commercial Institute, 140 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

WM. McCARTY, BOOKSELLER, Market Street, SUNBURY, PA.

LEATHER. FRITZ & HENDRY, Store, 29 N. 3d street, PHILADELPHIA.

LAWRENCE HOUSE, SUNBURY, PA. THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that she still continues to keep the above named public house...

HARDWARE, Nails, Ac. Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Cider ware, Brooms, Brushes, Fish Hooks and Paper put and sold for sale by L. W. TENNER & CO.

Call to the sorrowing one, That she may bid the dead farewell, Ere we bear her away to dwell In the darkness tomb alone...

WEEP, mornher, shed the tear! Shive not to hide it, 'twill be shed; Thou know'st thy much-lov'd one is dead...

Hark! 'tis the solemn call, 'Tis the toll of death that bids us haste The lov'd one on to her resting place...

THE GRAVE awaits thee now, And gently we lay thee down to rest; Press the turf lightly on her young breast, And smooth it o'er her brow...

An Affecting Sketch. "FORGIVE HIM." BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Forgive him," said Mrs. Stearns, "O, Lowell, forgive him!" The speaker was an aged woman and a widow.

"And have not you wronged him?" asked the widow, reproachfully. "Wronged him! How?"

"By withholding from him your love, by treating him harshly and causing him to sin," answered his mother, kindly. "Cease, mother. When you say that I have caused him to sin, you are mistaken."

"No, no, Lowell," quickly interrupted his mother, "not beyond reparation." "Yes—he has injured my feelings by the most fatal darts of malice and ill-will. He has lied about me to my friends, and even assailed my private character."

"And can you not forgive him all this?" she asked, tenderly. "Perhaps I might," returned Lowell Stearns, "but he added in a hoarse tone, while his frame quivered with deep feeling, 'he has done more than that. He has spoken of my wife, and—' But I will not tell it all. I cannot forgive him this."

"The strong man sank into a chair as he spoke and for some moments his mother was silent. At length she approached him and laid her hand upon his head. 'Forgive him!' she whispered. 'Never!' uttered Lowell.

"Forgive him, and be happy. Alas, my son, you are not happy now, nor can you be, so long as you are at enmity with your brother. O, why will you let this breach grow wider? You know that all this commenced from a mere misunderstanding between you, and now you are helping to make it worse. I know you will tell me that you have done nothing to harm John, but if you will look into your own bosom, you will find that it is ranged towards him. He knows this, and he acts accordingly. He is more impulsive than you are, but his heart is as kind as yours, and he is all generosity and love to his friends. John's hasty, and during all this time he never spoke one unkind word to his poor mother!

"Hush, my mother," uttered the stout man, trembling like a reed. "Say no more now. This evening I will speak to you myself."

John Stearns sat in his easy chair in his own cozy parlor, and about him were his wife and children. Everything that money could procure towards real comfort was his, but yet he was not happy.

"When will you come back?" said his sister, as she hung round his neck weeping. "Never, by heavens! till I come back a member of Congress from Kentucky. I am determined to show that I am not the tail-end of the far side."

Such was the launch forth in life of a youth but a little way in his teens. His pedestrian journey had his hardships. He was at one time in danger of being stopped as a runaway apprentice; after which he avoided houses as much as possible, lighting a fire at night in some wood or ravine, and sleeping before it in hunters' style.

At length he arrived at Brownsville, leg-weary, way-worn, and in shabby plight, having "scumped out" for several nights. The landlord of the inn was unwilling to receive a vagrant boy beneath his roof; he was about to turn him off, when his wife interferred.

"Where can you be going my lad?" said she. "To Kentucky." "What are you going there for?" "To hunt."

She looked earnestly at him for a moment or two. "Have you a mother living?" said she, at length. "No, ma'am; she has been dead for some time."

"I thought so," said she, warmly; "I knew if you had a mother living you would not be here." From that moment the good woman treated him during his sojourn with a woman's kindness.

Embarking at Wheeling on a flat-bottomed boat, called a broad horn, he floated down the Ohio past Cincinnati, then a mere group of log cabins, and the site of Louisville, where then stood a solitary house, until, after a voyage of several days, he landed near the mouth of Green river, and struck for the interior of Kentucky. He had relations in Lexington and other settled places, but he resolved to keep clear of them all, being resolutely bent on making his own way in the world without assistance or control.

Like an electric shock came this speech upon the ears of John Stearns. A moment he stood half bewildered, and then the tears broke forth from his eyes. He reached forth his hand, but his words were broken and indistinct. He had not expected this from his stern brother, but it came like a heaven-sent beam of light to his soul, and in a moment more the brothers were folded in a warm embrace. When they were aroused it was by feeling a trembling hand laid upon their heads, and when they looked up they found their aged mother standing by them.

"Bless you, my children, bless you," murmured the white-haired parent, as she raised her hands towards Heaven, "and O, I pray God, that you may never be unhappy more."

John Stearns knew that his mother had been the angel who had touched the heart of his brother, and it did not alter his forgiveness. "Oh," he murmured, "I have been very wrong, I have abused you my brother—but if you can forgive me, I will try to make it all up."

"Your love will repay it all, John. Let me have your love, and I will try never to lose it more."

"Now I am truly happy," said the aged mother, as she gazed with pride upon her sons. "Now I can die in peace, O, my boys, if you would have your children sure of happiness in after life, teach them that forgiveness will heal social wounds which can be healed in no other way. Many a heart has been broken from the simple want of that talismanic power."

Both brothers tried to bless their mother for the healthful lesson she had taught them, and they failed not to teach it to their children as one of the best lessons that could be given them for life.

Ex-Senator John Davis died, at his residence, in Worcester, Mass., on the afternoon of the 19th inst., of bilious cholera, after a few hours' illness.

THE STEAMER CITY OF GLENOW.—The steamer Asia brings on tidings of this long missing steamer, which has been out over fifty days from Liverpool, bound to Philadelphia. She is now supposed to be lost, with all on board, numbering near four hundred souls including her crew. She had also a very valuable cargo.

SHANGHAI A FREE PORT.—The United States Vice Consul at Shanghai, China, has issued a notice to American citizens resident there that he will deliver up the papers of United States vessels on their leaving port without requiring the production of Chinese Custom House clearances, as long as vessels enter and leave port without reporting and paying duties at the Custom House, as is at present the case. This step is founded upon the right to claim every advantage enjoyed by the most favored nations, secured to the United States citizens by Article II of the American Treaty with China.

THE WRACK OF THE UNDERWRITER. By the last accounts from this vessel, we learn that all her passengers were landed in safety and sent on to New York. The Underwriter was a first class vessel of 1200 tons, and had upwards of five hundred passengers on board. At the time she went ashore, she was under reefed sail, moving at eight knots an hour; and it being very dark, the first warning of danger was the shock of the vessel striking upon the bar. The counteraction among the passengers was beyond description, and the efforts of the officers were unavailing to quiet their apprehensions that the vessel would immediately go to pieces.

The hand of the steamboat Delaware, from this city, whom we announced in yesterday's News, by telegraph, as having been drowned while attempting to get a line on board the Underwriter, was named Barney Island, and resides in Brown street, New York. His body has been recovered.—Daily News.

COLUMBIAN six inches long, were sailing in the Cincinnati market, on Friday, at 20 cents a piece.

DEBTS OF EUROPE.—The funded debt of all the European States is, in the aggregate, about \$9,500,000,000, or \$40 for each inhabitant. Switzerland is the only European country out of debt. As a war is imminent, all these countries are in the market as borrowers, some with and some without credit, so that the people have the prospect of a considerable addition to their already burthenome taxes.

MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT is now singing in Berlin, and shortly goes to Vienna, where she will remain two months, and during that time give several concerts. She will then, probably, if not hindered by the war, go to Sweden, and pass a part of the autumn in England.

The Population of Cleveland, which numbered in 1850, 17,600, is now put down at 30,000. A mammoth bouquet, composed of 10,000 violets arranged in the form of a dome, and surrounded by 300 carnations, was recently presented to the Empress of France by the Horticultural Society of Toulouse.

As a member of Congress he acquitted himself with ability and credit; but, after a time, retired voluntarily from political life, and resumed his profession. He was now appointed judge in the court of Florida, and subsequently Governor of that Territory.

Here he was an ex officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs, which he administered with great judgment and humanity. He appreciated the daring and heroic characteristics of some of the Florida chieftains, gained their confidence, and exercised a surprising influence over their tribes. He resigned this office of his own accord, after filling it for twelve years.

Most of his children having settled in Texas, he was persuaded, five or six years since, to remove to that State. Business recently brought him to Washington, where he was attacked by paralysis, which ultimately was the cause of his death, when about seventy years of age.

Few men who have led such a varied life have left behind so pure and spotless a name. His public services, and the integrity and ability with which he acquitted himself in his public trusts, are widely known; his dauntless courage, too, has been proved on various trying occasions. But it is among his intimates that his loss will be more especially lamented; among those who delighted in his simple, unaffected goodness, his genial humor, his devoted and unwavering friendship, in the kind and generous qualities of his heart, and the manly independence of his spirit. To such it will be a satisfaction to learn that throughout his illness he was exempt from suffering, and although nearly hopeless he was cheerful to the last; and as he closed his eyes in death a smile played upon his venerable and beloved countenance, seeming to reflect good will to the world he was leaving and hopes of a happier state in that to which he was going.

In concluding this hasty sketch we cannot but repeat the words with which it commenced—he was a type of the genuine American character.

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