

SUNBURY AMERICAN

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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GEMS OF POESY.

The Terrible Legend of the Kilkenny Cats.

O'Flynn she was an Irishman, as very well was known, And she lived down by Kilkenny, and she lived there all alone, With only six great large tom-cats, as know their ways about, And every body else besides, she scrupulously shut out.

Now on a dreary winter's night, O'Flynn she went to bed, The whiskey bottle under her arm, (the whiskey in her head),

The six great large tom-cats, they sat all in a dismal row, And horrible glared their hungry eyes, their tails wagged to and fro.

At last one grim Grimalkin spoke, in accents dire to tell, And dreadful were the words which in his awful whisper fell—

When all the other five tom-cats in answer loud did squall, "Let's kill her—let's eat her—body and bones and all!"

Oh horrible! Oh terrible! Oh deadly tale to tell! When the sun shone in the window hole, all there seemed still and well;

The cats they sat and licked their paws, all in a merry ring, But nothing else within that place, looked like a living thing.

When they quarrel'd savagely, and spit and swore and holler'd, Till at last these six great large tom-cats, they one another swallowed;

And naught but one long tail was left, in that once peaceful dwelling, And a very tough one too it was—it's the same as I've been telling.

[From Peterson's Magazine.] BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A lad was toiling up a hill, near the city under the weight of a heavy basket, on the afternoon of a sultry day in August.

He had been sent home with some goods to a customer who lived a short distance in the country. The boy was lightly built, and his burden seemed almost beyond his strength.

For a long time after this angry visitor had retired, did Mr. Mason cross and re-cross the floor with measured step. At last he rung the bell, and directed the servant who came, to say to Florence he wished to see her.

When Florence came, she was surprised to see that her father was strongly agitated. "Sit down dear," he said in a trembling voice, "I have something to say to you that must be no longer concealed.

Florence looked wonderingly into her father's face, while her heart began to sink. Just then a servant opened the door and ushered in a stranger. He was a tall, fine looking young man just in the prime of life.

Florence quickly retired, but not before the stranger fixed his eyes upon her face, and marked its sweet expression. "Pardon the intrusion, sir," he said as soon as the young girl had left the room, "but facts that I have learned this evening have prompted me to call upon you without a moment's delay. My name is Greer, of the firm of Greer, Miller & Co."

Mr. Mason bowed, and said—"I know your house very well, and now remember to have met you more than once in business transactions."

"Yes, you have bought one or two bills of goods of us," replied the visitor. Then after a moment's pause he said in a changed tone—"Mr. Mason, I learned to night from a source which leaves me no room to doubt the truth of the statement, that your affairs have become seriously embarrassed. That you are in fact on the very verge of bankruptcy—Tell me frankly, whether this is indeed so. I ask no idle curiosity, nor from a concealed and sinister motive, but to the end that I may prevent the threatened disaster, if it is in my power to do so."

Mr. Mason was dumb with surprise at so unexpected a declaration. He made two or three efforts to speak, but his lips uttered no sound.

"Confide to me, sir," said the visitor—"Trust me as you would trust your own brother, and lean upon me if your strength be indeed failing. Tell me, then, is it as I have said?"

"It is," was all that the merchant could utter.

"How much will save you! Mention the sum, and if within the compass of my ability to raise, you shall have it in hand to-morrow. Will twenty thousand dollars relieve you from your present embarrassment?"

"Fully,"

"Then let your anxiety subside, Mr. Mason. That sum you shall have. To-morrow morning I will see you. Good evening." And the visitor arose and was gone before his bewildered auditor had sufficiently recovered his senses to know what to think or say.

In the morning, true to his promise, Mr. Greer called upon Mr. Mason, and tendered him a check of ten thousand dollars, with his note of hand for thirty days for ten thousand more, which was almost the same as money.

While the check and note lay before him upon the desk, and ere he had touched them, Mr. Mason looked earnestly at the man who had suddenly taken the character of a disinterested, self-sacrificing friend, and said—

"My dear sir, I cannot understand this—Are you not laboring under some error?"

"Oh no. You once did me a service that I am now only seeking to repay. It is my first opportunity, and I embrace it eagerly."

"Did you a service? When?"

"Twenty years ago," replied the man.—"I was a poor boy, and you were a man of wealth. One hot day I was sent a long distance with a heavy basket. While toiling up a hill, with the hot sun upon me, and almost overcome, with heat and fatigue, you came along, and not only spoke to me kindly, but took my basket and carried it to the top of the hill. Ah, sir, you did not know how deeply that act of kindness sunk into my heart, and I longed for the opportunity to show you by some act of kindness how grateful I felt. But none came. Often afterward I met you in the street, and looked into your face with pleasure. But you did not remember me. Ever since I have regarded you with different feelings from those I entertained for others and there has been no time that I would not have put myself out to serve you. Last night I heard of your embarrassments, and immediately called upon you.—The rest you know."

Mr. Mason was astonished at so strange a declaration.

"Do you remember the fact to which I refer?" asked Mr. Greer.

"It had faded from my external memory entirely; but your words have brought back a dim recollection of the fact. But it was a little matter, and not entitled to the importance you have given it."

"To me it was not a little matter, sir," returned Mr. Greer.—"I was a weak boy, just sinking under a burthen that was too heavy, when you put forth your hand and carried it for me. I could not forget it. And now let me return at the first opportunity, the favor, by carrying your burden for you, which has become too heavy, until the hill is ascended, and you are able to bear it out again in your own strength."

Mr. Mason was deeply moved. Words failed him in his efforts to express his feelings. The bread cast upon the water had returned to him after many days, and he gathered it with wonder and thankfulness.

The merchant was waded from ruin. Now was this all. The glimpse which Mr. Greer had received of the lovely daughter of Mr. Mason revealed a character beauty that impressed him deeply, and he embraced the first opportunity to make her acquaintance.—A year afterward he led her to the altar.

A kind net is never lost, even though done to a child.

BEANS.—Hobbes Hughes addressed a large meeting at New York, on the 15th inst., in behalf of the cause of Ireland. The following is the concluding portion of his speech:

Now, gentlemen, I present myself here not as a Bishop of the Catholic Church; I present myself here not as an Irishman, for I am a citizen of the United States, and I would do nothing contrary to the laws of the country which does protect me; but whatever those laws may be in the abstract, and however Statesmen may define limits, I know something which, perhaps, they do not know. I know that there is something in the human breast which knows nothing of their confederations—there is a responsive feeling in the human breast which, wherever it seeks redress, never studied national law, is waked. Whatever calls it forth in this manner brings with it the most earnest and deepest emotions of the human heart.

My contribution shall be for a shield, not for a sword—but you can contribute for what you choose.

Now, gentlemen, it is not for me to speculate on the chances. If I were to speak my own opinion, I fear I should damp the ardor with which your hearts are throbbing. I look upon the die as cast. I look upon that many a brave and gallant man of Irish birth, and who loves Ireland as you do, shall bite the dust before this contest is over. That is my anticipation. But at the same time I dare not—I shall not forestall the issue of events which a mighty Providence holds in its own hands.

I know something of human nature though nothing of politics, and I know that this nation will give out its money as the mother gives out her milk to the suckling on her bosom. I do not know what is to be done. I have unbounded confidence in your Directory.

What you have to do is, however constant persevering action, and if all the people of Ireland be swept off the surface of the land, and then to raise a better generation, and then we shall see if proud bloated England will still persevere in keeping her foot on the neck of her oppressed sister.

What then do we expect of Ireland? All that I expect is that since the British power has brought the crisis to the door of the Irish they shall act worthy, there shall be no cowards among them, that they shall fight like men, brave as the lion in the battle and gentle and humane as the dove after the battle is over.

In the language of the Poet: "When shall I see the sun sink in the eye of night, Here shall begin to peer over bright, As it were the lamp of God himself!"

When I am making up a plan of consequence," says Lord Bolingbroke, "I always like to consult with a sensible woman." Lord Bolingbroke was a great man.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—At the recent Convention of Women, held at Seneca Falls, N. Y., the following spirited piece of poetry, written by Maria W. Chapman, of Philadelphia, was read by Elizabeth W. McClintock, of Seneca Falls.

"THE TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS." Confusion has seized us, and all things go wrong, The women have leaped from "their spheres," And instead of fixed stars, about our heads are set, And are setting the world by the ears!

In confusion errate they're wheeling through space, In hazy confusion and misty clouds, In vain to our knowing eyes try to emigrate Their colors to the right assigned; They're glaucous at a moment, then, onward they shoot, And are neither "in orbit" nor "in bind"; So freely they move in their chosen ellipse, The "Laws of Creation" do not restrain them.

They've taken a notion to break free themselves, And are swarming the tongue and the pen; They've assumed the position, the foremost of elves, And, oh, how bold, are talking to men; With faces unshaded in our presence they come To terrify us, they say, in behalf of the dumb.

They insist on their right to petition and pray, That St. Paul, in Corinth, has given them rules For appearing in public; despite what they say When we're trained to instruct them in orthodox doctrine.

But such instruction, if we were to give, And quote texts of Scripture to favor their plan, Our grandmother's learning would be of no use, In reading the Bible, or in saying the Lord's Prayer, And obeying the will of their Lord; Now, missus may run 'n' talk, and debate, Till unparliamentary submission is quite out of date.

Our clergy have preached on the sin and the shame Of women when under "their spheres"; And, indeed, divinely, to rain her fame, And she then this horror avow, But for spiritual guidance, no longer they look, To Paley, or Whitby, or learned Parson Cooke.

Our wise men have tried to exercise in vain— The turbulent spirit's rebellious brain, In twining the devil, or in spicing the brew, And obeying the will of their Lord; Now, missus may run 'n' talk, and debate, Till unparliamentary submission is quite out of date.

Our patri fathers, of elegant fame, Whose laws were against tangible forms; Ay, their laws were men—and if our were the same, We might speedily quit their forms.

But, ah! their descendants enjoy not such ideas— The opinions of Britain were nothing to this. Could we but arm all our forces in the field, We'd crush these novices of power, That their boldly stirr'd feelings they should yield, And in presence of mankind should own; But, alas! for our tethered and impotent state, Claimed by notions of knighthood, we can not debate.

Oh! shade of the prophet Mahomet, arise! Place woman again in "her spheres," And teach that her and was not born for the skies, But to flutter a Jesus' name here.

This doctrine of Jesus, as preached by Paul, If twisted in its spirit, will ruin us all.

LOUIS DE CREATION.

A MAMMOTH NEWSPAPER ESTABLISHMENT.—A convention of the stockholders of La Presse, representing the property, have addressed a protest to the Executive Chief, and the President of the Assembly. Let me translate for you some of their statements; Our property is extremely injured by the sequestration. Of seventy thousand subscribers to La Presse, fifteen thousand at least, whose subscription expired on the 30th of June, have left us for other papers. The six or seven thousand whose subscriptions ends on the 15th of July will do the same. Thus and in other modes, we lost about thirty thousand subscribers, whose payments amounted to three hundred thousand francs, cash. Twenty editors, twenty-five clerks and bureau agents, seventy correctors and compositors, twenty mechanicians and mangers, sixty carriers, sixty folders, five hundred distributors, are deprivations of pay and of means of livelihood for their families. The Treasury loses two hundred thousand francs daily, and the paper and ink makers, and type foundry, a daily consumption to the value of four thousand francs.

Paris Cor. of Nat. Int.

THE IRISH SOLDIER AND WOLVES.—A soldier in Ireland having got his passport to go to England, as he went through the wood with a knapsack on his back, being weary, sat down, and fell to eating some victuals.—Upon a sudden he was surprised by one or two or three wolves, who coming towards him, he threw them scraps of bread and cheese as long as he had any, when the wolves having come nearer to him, he commenced playing a pair of bagpipes he had with him, and as soon as he began to play, away ran the wolves, as if they had been scared out of their wits. "The curse of Cromwell upon you all," said he, "if I had known that you loved music so well, you should have had it before dinner."

YESTERDAY saw sweet milk converted into butter in four minutes; probably a dash of ice-water would have brought butter in less time. This wonderful effect was produced by one of the most simple churning machines that we have ever seen. It consists of a square box, having a hollow perpendicular shaft with two hollow arms or tubes at the lower end. The shaft rests on a pivot and is turned by a small crank and cog-wheel, the motion causes the air to rush down the tube into the milk and produces a commotion like boiling water, the butter began to come immediately, and after a while the milk was as sweet as new.—N. Y. Mirror.

A PREVENTIVE OF THE FLY IN WHEAT.—The Pennsylvania Cultivator, the new publication noticed in the American a few days ago, publishes a communication from Jonah Oglesby, of Dauphin county, stating that the best, indeed the only preventive against the Hessian fly, is to destroy by fire the wheat, oat and rye stubble. He affirms that he never had a fly in any wheat which was sown in a field which had been just before fired over.

ESCAPE OF SIXTY SLAVES AND A FIGHT.—The Cincinnati Commercial of Thursday has information that sixty slaves escaped from their owners in Kentucky, on Tuesday last, and concentrated at a point, (agreeably, as is supposed, to a pre-concerted plan,) opposite to Ripley, Ohio, preparatory to a start. They were found at that place by some seventeen armed men, and a portion of the slaves being armed a skirmish was the consequence, in which two of the white men and one of the slaves was seriously wounded. The latter succeeded in driving off their pursuers, and are now thought to be on the high road to Canada. The Lexington Observer confirms the report of the escape, and says five of the negroes, together with a white man, had been taken near Cythiana, and lodged in jail. The information further is, that the whole country in that direction was aroused, and that no doubt was entertained that the whole of the negroes would be taken. \$5000 reward has been offered for their capture. The number is estimated from fifty to seventy-five persons.

ELDER KNAPP'S PARISH.—Elder Knapp is about to take up his residence in the West. In an advertisement, offering for sale his house, he says: "The celebrated dwelling-house of Jacob Knapp, in the village of Hamilton, N. Y., together with ten acres of land, on which the house stands, will be sold very low, as he is about to locate his family in Illinois, that he may be near the centre of the parish, which extends from the shores of the Atlantic to the shores of Oregon, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth."

AN ACHIEVEMENT.—A New York paper states that Bristow, the celebrated writing master of that city, taught a lawyer in a course of twelve lessons, to read his own hand writing! We wish some newspaper correspondents would try a course, and see if similar results could not be attained.

SOME of the finest glue is destroyed of its value and proper utility from the manner in which it is dissolved. The cakes should be put into at coarse piece of cloth and hammered into small pieces then immersed in clear water, and afterwards put into the kettle: if dissolved with boiling water a regular fire should be kept. In this condition it should remain two days at least, until it assumes a thick glutty appearance. Many consider it fit for use when simply dissolved, and then use it, hence so many broken joints and veneerings, and delays and stoppage in public works, &c. By adding about one spoonful of ground rosin to a common sized kettle of glue the cohesive qualities will be improved, and less liable to be affected by dampness.

A SURGEON of Leeds has announced, as the result of a series of experiments with either chloroform, and other anæsthetic agents, that by immersion in a small quantity, or by the local application of the vapour, parts of the body may be rendered insensible to pain without affecting the brain.

OLE BELL, the celebrated Norwegian violinist, is an English paper says, now working as a journeyman in the manufactory of M. Vuillaume, a Parisian musical instrument maker, in the hope of being enabled to make a violin that shall equal the tones of those made by the celebrated Stradivarius, of Cremona, and for this purpose he has brought from Norway wood more than 200 years old.

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.—The following pretty thought is by ISABELLE ATHELWOOD—"I love it—I love it—the laugh of a child, Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild; Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush, Like the toll of a bell at the twilight's soft hush; Floating upon the breeze like the tones of a shell, Or the music that dwells in the heart of a bell, Oh! the laugh of a child, so light and so free, Is the merriest laugh in the world for me!"

THE "DIVINE RIGHT" EXPUNGED.—Among the features of the new constitution of Prussia, not the least important is that the royal title is to be altered from that of Konig der Preussen (King of Prussia) to Konig der Preussien (King of the Prussians) like the royal title of France in 1820. The formula, "by the grace of God," is to be expunged altogether. He is to be king by the grace of the People.

ENGLISH SPORTS.—Two gentlemen in high life have arranged a wager for one thousand guineas, that one of them shall sell more than four boxes for one penny, and not exceed more than six penny worth to one individual; to commence on the 21th of July, 1848, at York, and finish in Hull, 24th of July, 1850.—Liverpool Mer.

"One of them" will be obliged to work pretty sharp to sell his "million" in two years. He works 20 hours a day, and sells a box a minute, he will still lack over a hundred thousand boxes of winning the bet.

The adulteration of bread is said to be done with blue earth (sulphate of copper) white copperas (sulphate of zinc), carbonate of potash, plaster of Paris, and pipe clay, all of which are more or less poisonous. Soap, alum, carbonate of magnesia, and strolling salts (ammonia) are used for the same purpose.

I DO NOT APPROVE of shades in painting," said Queen Elizabeth to Daniel Myers, "you must strike off my likeness without shadows." N. B. Her Majesty, when she spoke thus, was near sixty, and the "shadows" as she humbly called them, were wrinkles big enough to have rolled Dutch cheese in.

THE CHOLERA.—Advices from St. Petersburg say that the Cholera was beginning to diminish in that city. On the 14th there remained 3,792 patients under care; the same day there were 525 new cases, 218 recoveries, and 312 deaths.

TETE-A-TETE OF THE MILLEMAIDS.—BY ANGELINA ANICIL. Becky, see the sunset glowing, O'er the fields a radiance throwing Golden, pure, and steady, O, its beams illustrious spirit! (That's our cow-bell I don't you hear it! Get the milkpails ready!)

Yes, dear Sally, look and listen! Now the dew begins to glisten—Hark! the night bird's sonnet! What a balmy breeze is blowing! (Head the bridled cow! she's going! Run—I'll hold your bonnet!)

Becky, does the twilight hour, By its bland and soothing power, With sweet musings fill you? Peace hangs round us, like a mantle—(Soh, now, Sukey, come be gentle! Stop that kicking, will you?)

Earth with music is overflowing! (There, the hungry calves are lowing! How these tins do rattle!) But I fain would wander, Sally, To some green and quiet valley; Mine's a horned cattle.

Becky, life's a fleeting hour! Joy brings grief, and cream will sour, Yet 't is vain complaining, Mortals nor get milk and honey Only by hard work or money! (Set the pans for straining!) Vine Lodge, Illinois.

DEVIL FISH.—The Georgetown Observer of Wednesday says: These strange aquatic animals made their appearance near the entrance of our harbor, and near the light house on Wednesday, and on Saturday our old sportsman, Col. Charles Huggins, with the assistance of B. H. Wilson and Frederick W. Ford, succeeded, we understand, in taking one of them. The dimensions of the one taken are as follows: 18 feet 9 inches in length, and 13-1/2 feet in height, and 4-1/2 feet broad, with a mouth 4-1/2 feet wide. The taking has been described to us as rare sport—the fish having put all locomotives in the shade as to speed. There was a school of two hundred or more.

A FEW EVENINGS SINCE, says a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, at a social party, a young gentleman selected for his partner in the dance a young lady whom he had never seen before. The waltz went merrily round, admiration increased and before the parties resumed their seats, the question was popped, the offer accepted by the fair one, and it was determined that on the conclusion of the entertainment, the enamored pair should proceed, to the house of a clergyman and be united in the bonds of wedlock. On withdrawing from the scene, however, the plan was frustrated by the want of a license which could not be there obtained, and one or two little *et ceteras*. It was deferred until the next evening, when the blissful pair, attended by happy friends, presented themselves at the altar and were married. Well might the bride exclaim immediately after, "well, who would have thought this time last evening, that at this hour I should be a married lady!" Prosperity attend them.

MARRIAGE IS LIKE A cat of nine tails. Happy indeed, his lot Who gets a good wife, wife of morals pure, And without any tetter, but slight odd A walking, a sitting, a creeping, a crawling, And heaven's driver there!

In consequence of the low prices of grain and cotton, the farmers of Texas are turning their attention to the raising of sheep. It is estimated that more than 30,000 sheep have been taken into Texas this year.

The New York Sun says that some three years since, a single gentleman took a fancy to a married lady with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and told her he should never marry until her husband died, and then he should come for her, asking her if she would have him. In a joking way she gave him her hand, and said she would. About a week since, the gentleman hearing, through a false report, that the husband was dead, presented himself after an absence of three years, and to the surprise of the not yet a widow, reminded her of her promise, and demanded the fulfillment. In her confusion she confirmed the impression that her husband was really dead, especially as she was dressed in mourning, and she could only stammer out, "please call to-morrow and all will be right!" Away went the impatient would be bridegroom, and the next day he came again, punctual to the hour appointed,—when the lady, who had never supposed the thing more than a joke, introduced him to her live husband. The reader may fancy the rest.

THE POTATO ROT.—The Germantown, Pa., Telegraph says that Mr. John Good, of that borough, upon examining, recently, a potato vine that had prematurely died found it to have been destroyed by a worm penetrating the heart of the vine; and eating out its vitality for nearly twelve inches down nearly to the potato itself, and one inch beneath the surface of the ground, where the worm died. Other vines are affected in the same way; and the opinion is expressed, that this is the real cause, not only of the blight in the potato, but of the rot itself.