

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

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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SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1849.

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TO CLASSES.
Three copies to one address, \$2.00
Six copies, \$3.00
Twelve copies, \$5.00
Five dollars in advance will pay for three years' subscription to the AMERICAN.
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Merchants and others, advertising by the year, with the privilege of changing the price of advertisements weekly, as per agreement, \$10.00
Larger Advertisements, as per agreement.

H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.
Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.
Refer to:
P. & A. RAYBURN,
LOWE & BARBOUR,
SOMERS & SPOONER,
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THE CHEAP BOOK STORE,
DANIELS & SMITH'S
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North West corner of Fourth and Arch Streets
Philadelphia.
Law Books, Theological and Classical Books,
MEDICAL BOOKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL & HISTORICAL BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
SCIENTIFIC & MATHEMATICAL BOOKS,
Juvenile Books, in great variety.
Hymn Books and Prayer Books, Bibles, all sizes
Blank Books, Writing Paper, and Stationery,
of all kinds and Retail.
Our prices are much lower than the regular prices.
We have imported a large stock of books from Philadelphia, April 1, 1848.

PORTER & ENGLISH,
GROCERS COMMISSION MERCHANTS
and Dealers in Goods,
No. 3 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA.
Constantly on hand a general assortment of GROCERIES, TEAS, WINES, SEEDS, LIQUORS, &c.
To which they respectfully invite the attention of the public.
All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for Groceries or sent to Commission.
Philad. April 1, 1848.

BASKET MANUFACTORY,
No. 15 South Second Street, East side, above stairs
PHILADELPHIA.
HENRY CULTELL,
These BASKETS are made by his friends and the public, that he constantly keeps on hand a large assortment of baskets without exception. Chairs, Cradles, market and traveling baskets, and every variety of basket work manufactured.
Country merchants and others who wish to purchase such articles good and cheap, would do well to call on him, as they are all manufactured by him in the best manner.
Philadelphia, June 3, 1848.—1y

CARD & SEAL ENGRAVING.
WM. G. MASON,
46 Chestnut St. 3d door above 2nd St. Philadelphia
Engraver of BUSINESS & VISITING CARDS.
Watch papers, Labels, Door plates, Seals and Stamps for Old Friends, Sons of Temperance, &c. &c.—Always on hand a general assortment of Fine Fancy Stationery Gold pens of every quality Dog Collars in great variety. Engravers tools and materials.
Agency for the Manufacturer of Glaziers Diamonds.
Orders per mail (post paid) will be punctually attended to.
Philadelphia, April 1, 1848.—y

NEW PIANO FOR SALE.
THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED PIANO. These Pianos have a plain, massive and beautiful exterior finish, and for depth of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the United States. These instruments are highly approved of by the most eminent Professors and Composers of Music in this and other cities.
For qualities of tone, touch and keeping in tune upon Concert pitch, they cannot be surpassed by either American or European Pianos. Suffer us to say that Madame Castellan, W. V. Wallace, Views Temp, and his sister, the celebrated Pianist, and many others of the most distinguished performers, have given their instruments preference over all others.
They have also received the first notice of the three last Exhibitions, and the last Silver Medal by the Franklin Institute in 1845, awarded to the same source, which, with other premiums from the same source, may be seen at the Ware-room No. 22 South Fourth St.
Another Silver Medal was awarded to C. Meyer, by the Franklin Institute, Oct. 1845 for the best Piano in the exhibition.
Again at the exhibition of the Franklin Institute, Oct. 1846, the first premium medal was awarded to C. Meyer for his Pianos although it had been awarded at the exhibition of the year before on the ground that he had made still greater improvements in his Instruments within the past 12 months.
Again at the last exhibition of the Franklin Institute, 1847, another Premium was awarded to C. Meyer, for the best Piano in the exhibition.
At Boston, at their last exhibition, 8th Sept. 1847, C. Meyer received the first silver Medal and the highest premium for the best square Piano in the exhibition. These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturer's lowest Philadelphia prices, if not something lower. Persons are requested to call and examine for themselves, at the warehouse of the subscriber.
H. B. MASSER.
Sunbury, April 8, 1848.—y

THE CHEAP Brush, Comb and Variety STORE.
BOCKIUS AND BROTHER,
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS,
AND DEALERS IN COMBS & VARIETIES,
No. 90 North Third, below Rose St. and North East corner of Third and Market streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
WHERE they offer for sale a general assortment of all kinds of Brushes, Combs and Brushes, which they are determined to sell Lower than can be purchased elsewhere.
Country Merchants and others purchasing in the above line will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere as the quality and prices will be fully guaranteed against all competition.
Philadelphia, June 3, 1848.—1y

SELECT POETRY.

MUSINGS.
O I wish I was to Eden
Where all the beauties is feeding,
The Pige and doves an' oses,
And the long tale Bull wot tosses,
The Bull-dog and the rabbit,
accuse it is his habit,
Where Lions, Tigers, Monkeys,
an' them long ear'd things called Donkeys
Meat all together dayle
With Crocodiles all skaley.
Ware sparrows on the bushie
Sing their mates the thrushie,
an' Haws and little Rens
Walk about like Cocks and Ens,
One looking at the tatter
For all the World like a bratter,
Ware no quart in or Phytin,
its true what it aiten!
O for a wank at even,
somevare about 6 or 7,
When the Sun be going to bed,
With his face fyne red,
O for the grapes and rezing
Wot ripens at all seezins;
the apples and the plumbs
As big as my 2 thumbs;
the haypecks and peechis,
Wot all within our reach is,
And wot might pick and beat
paying nothing for our treat,
O for the poety flours
A bloom in all ogra,
So that a large Bockay
Yew may gather any day
Of ev'ry flour that Rose,
From colleyder to Blose.

THE WIDOW BEDOTT.

DEAR MELISSY—I now take my pen in hand to tell you that I rather guess you'll be considerably astonished when you read what I set down to you. I've not some time to tell you that you may as well give it up first as last before you begin. And you want to let on a word about it only to Jobber and Kier and Selvay. Come to think, I don't care if you tell Sam Pendergrass wife, bin as how she's a particular friend of mine. But don't you open your head about it to any other body. I want to surprise the Wiggleton folks, and make 'em open their eyes a little. Come to consider, I guess you'd better not tell Miss Pendergrass, for I'm afraid she can't keep it to herself. She might let it out to the Kenips, and they'd tell the Crosbys, and the Crosbys they'd carry it straight to Major Coon's wife, and she'd be sure to tell Old Dawson's wife, (the widdler Jinkins that was—she 'twas Poll Bingham), and she's the very unpretentious person I want to keep it from till it busts upon her all of a sudden, like a thunder clap. I guess he'll never know it. I can hold my head as high as henn in future, for who did she get but a decrepited old bunz head that she wouldn't a had if she could get anybody else. I guess on the hull you hadn't better say nothing about it to Kier's wife, for fear she'll tell her folks, and they'll surely tell her, you make her promise she won't hint a syllable about it to her stepmother—she 'twas Kesler Winkie—nor to nobody else. You must all keep it a profound secret till I come. If nothing happens to prevent, we shall be in Wiggleton next week a Saturday, on our bride trower. A Sunday morning we walk to go to meeting long a you and Jobber, and in the afternoon we shall tell the Baptist meeting. I tell ye, wot her be some starrin' in Wiggleton that day. I guess they'll find out that I'm as good as eny on 'em if not a little better. I shan't get on none of the things they've ever seen me wear. My riggin is to be entirely new. Yew uncle Magwire has made me a present of a handsome green merino dress, and yew aunt Magwire has given me a new brown velvet bunnet, and yew cousin Jefferson has presented me a elegant plaid shawl, and I calculate to come out in 'em all in Wiggleton.
Speakin' of my new wardrobe, reminds me to tell you that if Jobe Clark comes your way a peddlin', not to trade a cents worth over him. You remember how he come it over me about the shoes dot yet? Well it's amazin' I should ever be such a fool as to be took in by him agin—but so 'twas. He come along here a spell ago, and sarved me the awfulest trick that ever yew heard on. I was alone in the house—yew aunt had went to a sick nabor's, and the way he cheated me was perfectly droll. My blue biles now a think on 't. He pretended he'd experienced religion, and lamented over the way he used to cheat and lie; and as true as I live and breathe, he actively got round me so he persuaded me to swap away a elegant ston colored silk, that cost me a dollar a yard, for a miserable slazy striped consarn, that he said was all the fashion now—called it "grody flewry"—and what makes it more aggravatin, made me pay tew dollars to boot. But that wot the wot on 't, for come to onroll it, we found that three or four yards away at tother end on 't was all dammaged and stained up—twant fit for nothing. Yew aunt was mad at me for bein so took in, and yew uncle he lafft and hector'd me, and went on about it—you know what a critter he is to bother a body. At last I busted out in a cryin, and went off and shot myself up in my room, and staved there till tea time—and when I come down, lo and behold, yew uncle stept up and handed me a new green merino dress—he'd ben off to the store and bought it a purpose for me, fringed and buttons and everything to trim it with; and I've got it made up, and it sets like a dandy

MR. BENTON'S PLAN OF A ROAD TO THE PACIFIC.

MR. BENTON'S Bill to provide for the construction of a Railroad to the Pacific, contemplates a magnificent enterprise. It commences at St. Louis, and runs to San Francisco.
A breadth of one mile from the frontier of Missouri to the Pacific is to be reserved for the purpose of laying down, at once, one track of railroad—room being left for other tracks hereafter, and for other sorts of roads. A per centum of the proceeds of the public land sales is to be applied to the construction of the work. It is to be an undertaking by the Government, without the cooperation of individual stockholders. The Government is to build the road, and to own it when built. A branch road is to run to Oregon and to connect with the Columbia river.
In submitting this plan, Mr. Benton made a most eloquent speech, of which the following is an extract:
"The road I propose is necessary to us, and now. We want it now. The state of our possession on the Pacific demands it. The time to begin has arrived. All the necessary information is on hand. The means are ready. The title to Oregon is settled, and a government established there, and population is growing up. California is acquired, people are there, and a government must follow. We have a fleet on that coast: troops there, and going. Streams of population are concentrating there. Since the discovery of the new world by Columbus there has not been such an unsettling of the foundations of society. Not merely individuals and companies, but communities and nations are in commotion, all bound to the setting sun—to the glittering horizon of western America.
"For want of an American road, they take foreign routes, far round, by sea, and land, to reach by an immense circuit, what is a part of their own land. Until we can get a road of our own, we must use and support a foreign route, but that is a temporary resource, demanded by the exigency of the times, and until we can get our own ready. Never did so great an object present itself to the acceptance of a nation. We own the country from sea to sea, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and upon a breadth equal to the length of the Mississippi, and embracing the whole temperate zone. Three thousand miles across the continent of our domain. We can run a national central road, through and through, the whole distance, under our flag and under our laws. Military reasons require us to make it; for troops and munitions must go there. Political reasons require us to make it; it will be a chain of union between the Atlantic and Mississippi States. Commercial reasons demand it from us; and here I touch a boundless field, dazzling and bewildering the imagination from its vastness and importance. The trade of the Pacific, of the western coast of North America, and of eastern Asia, will all take its track; and not only for us but our posterity. That trade of India which has been shifting its channels from the time of the Phoenicians to the present, is destined to shift once more, and to realize the grand idea of Columbus. The American road to India will also become the European road to that region.
"The European merchant, as well as the American, will fly across our continent on a straight line to China. The rich commerce of Asia will flow through our centre. And where has that commerce ever flowed without carrying wealth and dominion with it? Look at its ancient channels and the cities which it raised into kingdoms, and the populations which upon its treasures became resplendent in science, learning and the arts. Tyre, Sidon, Babylonia, Palmyra, Alexandria, among its ancient emporiums, attest the power of this commerce to enrich, to aggrandize, and to enlighten nations. Constantinople, in the middle ages, and in the time of the time of the crusades, was the wonder of western Europe; and all because she was then a thoroughfare of Asiatic commerce. Genoa and Venice, mere cities in later time, became the match of kingdoms, and the envy of the kings, from the mere divided streams of this trade, of which they became the thoroughfare. Lisbon had her great day, and Portugal her pre-eminence during the little while that she discovered the Cape of Good Hope put her in communication with the east. Amsterdam, the city of a little territory rescued from the sea, and the Seven United Provinces became great in arms in letters, in wealth, and all upon the East India trade.
And London, what makes her the commercial mistress of the world—what makes an island no larger than one of our first class States, the mistress of possessions in the four quarters of globe, a match for half of Europe, and dominant in Asia? What makes all this or contributes most to make it, but this same Asiatic trade! In no instance has it failed to carry the nation or the people which possessed it, to the highest pinnacle of wealth and power, and with it the highest attainments of letters, arts, and sciences. And so it will continue to be. An American road to India, through the heart of our own country, will revive upon its line all the wonders of the western wilderness, from the Pacific to the Mississippi, will start into life under its touch. A long line of cities will grow up. Existing cities will take a new start. The state of the world calls for a new road to India, and it is our destiny to give it, the last and greatest. Let us set up in the greatness of the occasion

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YOUR AFFECTIONATE MARRIAGE.

P. S. I've written an elegy on my marriage that Jeff thinks is one of my best poems—He's gwine to send it to be printed in the Scrabble Hill Luminary, right under the marriage notice. He's a keeping it from his par and mar, cause they haint no sense of poetry—yew aunt especially has always discouraged my writin for the papers. But she can't help herself. P. P. B.
From the Scrabble Hill Luminary.
MARRIED.—In this village on Wed., the 20th inst., by the Rev. Elder Yawpers of Slabtown, the Rev. O. SHADRACK SMITH, of Scrabble Hill, to Mrs. PRISCILLA P. BEDOTT, eldest of the late deacon Hezekiah Bedott, of Wiggleton.
The fair bride has sent us the following morceau—which our readers will unite with us in pronouncing equal to a former effusion from the same gifted pen. We wish the happy pair all the felicity which their distinguished abilities so richly merit.—E. S. L. V.
TO SHADRACK.
Priscilla the fair and Shadrack the wise,
Have united their fortunes in the tenderest ties;
And being mutually joined in the matrimonial con-
tract, have begun to live as man and wife.
Have bid adieu to their previous affliction.
No more will they mourn their widdered situation.
And contemner to the without mitigation,
But partners for life to be parted no more,
Their sorrows is ended, their troubles is o'er.
O Shadrack, my Shadrack! Priscilla did speak,
While the rosy red blushes surrounded her cheek,
And the tears of affection bedewed her eye,
O Shadrack, my Shadrack! I've now you I did die!
The heart that was scornful and cold as a sun,
Has softened at last to the fornicus one;
Fairwells to the miseries and griefs I have had,
I'll never desert thee, O Shadrack, my shad!

MANUFACTURE OF COFFEE MILLS.

The Boonsboro, Md., Odd Fellow states that no less than eighteen hundred coffee mills per week have been manufactured lately, at Mr. Bent's factory, near that place, of three hundred per day.

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Speakin' of my new wardrobe, reminds me to tell you that if Jobe Clark comes your way a peddlin', not to trade a cents worth over him. You remember how he come it over me about the shoes dot yet? Well it's amazin' I should ever be such a fool as to be took in by him agin—but so 'twas. He come along here a spell ago, and sarved me the awfulest trick that ever yew heard on. I was alone in the house—yew aunt had went to a sick nabor's, and the way he cheated me was perfectly droll. My blue biles now a think on 't. He pretended he'd experienced religion, and lamented over the way he used to cheat and lie; and as true as I live and breathe, he actively got round me so he persuaded me to swap away a elegant ston colored silk, that cost me a dollar a yard, for a miserable slazy striped consarn, that he said was all the fashion now—called it "grody flewry"—and what makes it more aggravatin, made me pay tew dollars to boot. But that wot the wot on 't, for come to onroll it, we found that three or four yards away at tother end on 't was all dammaged and stained up—twant fit for nothing. Yew aunt was mad at me for bein so took in, and yew uncle he lafft and hector'd me, and went on about it—you know what a critter he is to bother a body. At last I busted out in a cryin, and went off and shot myself up in my room, and staved there till tea time—and when I come down, lo and behold, yew uncle stept up and handed me a new green merino dress—he'd ben off to the store and bought it a purpose for me, fringed and buttons and everything to trim it with; and I've got it made up, and it sets like a dandy

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From the Scrabble Hill Luminary.
MARRIED.—In this village on Wed., the 20th inst., by the Rev. Elder Yawpers of Slabtown, the Rev. O. SHADRACK SMITH, of Scrabble Hill, to Mrs. PRISCILLA P. BEDOTT, eldest of the late deacon Hezekiah Bedott, of Wiggleton.
The fair bride has sent us the following morceau—which our readers will unite with us in pronouncing equal to a former effusion from the same gifted pen. We wish the happy pair all the felicity which their distinguished abilities so richly merit.—E. S. L. V.
TO SHADRACK.
Priscilla the fair and Shadrack the wise,
Have united their fortunes in the tenderest ties;
And being mutually joined in the matrimonial con-
tract, have begun to live as man and wife.
Have bid adieu to their previous affliction.
No more will they mourn their widdered situation.
And contemner to the without mitigation,
But partners for life to be parted no more,
Their sorrows is ended, their troubles is o'er.
O Shadrack, my Shadrack! Priscilla did speak,
While the rosy red blushes surrounded her cheek,
And the tears of affection bedewed her eye,
O Shadrack, my Shadrack! I've now you I did die!
The heart that was scornful and cold as a sun,
Has softened at last to the fornicus one;
Fairwells to the miseries and griefs I have had,
I'll never desert thee, O Shadrack, my shad!

MANUFACTURE OF COFFEE MILLS.

The Boonsboro, Md., Odd Fellow states that no less than eighteen hundred coffee mills per week have been manufactured lately, at Mr. Bent's factory, near that place, of three hundred per day.

MR. BENTON'S PLAN OF A ROAD TO THE PACIFIC.

MR. BENTON'S Bill to provide for the construction of a Railroad to the Pacific, contemplates a magnificent enterprise. It commences at St. Louis, and runs to San Francisco.
A breadth of one mile from the frontier of Missouri to the Pacific is to be reserved for the purpose of laying down, at once, one track of railroad—room being left for other tracks hereafter, and for other sorts of roads. A per centum of the proceeds of the public land sales is to be applied to the construction of the work. It is to be an undertaking by the Government, without the cooperation of individual stockholders. The Government is to build the road, and to own it when built. A branch road is to run to Oregon and to connect with the Columbia river.
In submitting this plan, Mr. Benton made a most eloquent speech, of which the following is an extract:
"The road I propose is necessary to us, and now. We want it now. The state of our possession on the Pacific demands it. The time to begin has arrived. All the necessary information is on hand. The means are ready. The title to Oregon is settled, and a government established there, and population is growing up. California is acquired, people are there, and a government must follow. We have a fleet on that coast: troops there, and going. Streams of population are concentrating there. Since the discovery of the new world by Columbus there has not been such an unsettling of the foundations of society. Not merely individuals and companies, but communities and nations are in commotion, all bound to the setting sun—to the glittering horizon of western America.
"For want of an American road, they take foreign routes, far round, by sea, and land, to reach by an immense circuit, what is a part of their own land. Until we can get a road of our own, we must use and support a foreign route, but that is a temporary resource, demanded by the exigency of the times, and until we can get our own ready. Never did so great an object present itself to the acceptance of a nation. We own the country from sea to sea, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and upon a breadth equal to the length of the Mississippi, and embracing the whole temperate zone. Three thousand miles across the continent of our domain. We can run a national central road, through and through, the whole distance, under our flag and under our laws. Military reasons require us to make it; for troops and munitions must go there. Political reasons require us to make it; it will be a chain of union between the Atlantic and Mississippi States. Commercial reasons demand it from us; and here I touch a boundless field, dazzling and bewildering the imagination from its vastness and importance. The trade of the Pacific, of the western coast of North America, and of eastern Asia, will all take its track; and not only for us but our posterity. That trade of India which has been shifting its channels from the time of the Phoenicians to the present, is destined to shift once more, and to realize the grand idea of Columbus. The American road to India will also become the European road to that region.
"The European merchant, as well as the American, will fly across our continent on a straight line to China. The rich commerce of Asia will flow through our centre. And where has that commerce ever flowed without carrying wealth and dominion with it? Look at its ancient channels and the cities which it raised into kingdoms, and the populations which upon its treasures became resplendent in science, learning and the arts. Tyre, Sidon, Babylonia, Palmyra, Alexandria, among its ancient emporiums, attest the power of this commerce to enrich, to aggrandize, and to enlighten nations. Constantinople, in the middle ages, and in the time of the time of the crusades, was the wonder of western Europe; and all because she was then a thoroughfare of Asiatic commerce. Genoa and Venice, mere cities in later time, became the match of kingdoms, and the envy of the kings, from the mere divided streams of this trade, of which they became the thoroughfare. Lisbon had her great day, and Portugal her pre-eminence during the little while that she discovered the Cape of Good Hope put her in communication with the east. Amsterdam, the city of a little territory rescued from the sea, and the Seven United Provinces became great in arms in letters, in wealth, and all upon the East India trade.
And London, what makes her the commercial mistress of the world—what makes an island no larger than one of our first class States, the mistress of possessions in the four quarters of globe, a match for half of Europe, and dominant in Asia? What makes all this or contributes most to make it, but this same Asiatic trade! In no instance has it failed to carry the nation or the people which possessed it, to the highest pinnacle of wealth and power, and with it the highest attainments of letters, arts, and sciences. And so it will continue to be. An American road to India, through the heart of our own country, will revive upon its line all the wonders of the western wilderness, from the Pacific to the Mississippi, will start into life under its touch. A long line of cities will grow up. Existing cities will take a new start. The state of the world calls for a new road to India, and it is our destiny to give it, the last and greatest. Let us set up in the greatness of the occasion

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