

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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TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday... Three copies to one address...

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

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THE CHEAP BRUSH, Comb and Variety STORE.

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SELECT POETRY.

TO SPRING.

Written by Abby Walters, a little girl aged ten years. She was born without hands, and wrote it with her mouth, having acquired an extraordinary facility in that mode of recording thought.

Now the wintry signs are going, Fast from stream and sod and tree.

Warmer airs are mildly blowing, Spring is here with face of glee.

Flowers are blooming, birds are singing, In the sunshine of her glances.

Souls of verdure, youth and beauty, Genius of the road of roses.

Who delays to pay thee duty, Who but in thy lap reposes?

Earliest born! thy blush superna! Gave their tints to Eden's flowers.

Clad the globe with glories vernal, Fitted scenes for heavenly hours.

Changeless, though that globe is changing, Youthful, though our forms grow old.

As of yore thy feet some ranging, Bringing beauty to the mould.

Behold to breezes, light to skies, Life and freedom to the fountains.

To the woodland emerald eyes, Moss and goldfinch to the mountains.

Order to uncultured lands, Music to returning birds.

Labor to the farmer's hands, Hope to hearts, and cheer to souls!

Glorious, gentle, genial Spring, Could we ever to thee cling.

Never more a sign for Summer, Should a human bosom leave:

He should be a noxious corner, Nor a look of love receive.

For thy ways are ways of grace, Freshness, peace and purity:

Paradise adorns thy face, With its sweet simplicity;

And though Summer's robes imposing, Ampler seem and bolder dyed.

Thine are evermore disclosing, More of peace and less of pride.

Only in thy walks I'd wander, Other seasons sacrifice.

And when dust and spirit sunder, Leave thee only for the skies.

TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND.

J. Bayard Taylor, author of an interesting book, entitled "Views Afloat," estimates his expenses for travelling two years in England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Germany and Italy...

NUMEROUS SKETCH.

TAKING THE STARCH OUT OF 'EM. A COLD WATER SKETCH.

A knot of idlers stood upon the end of a pier which ran into the Hudson River, in one of the small towns near Albany, a few days ago, amusing themselves with hurling stones into the broad stream...

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

ARTILLERY IN THE SANCTUARY.

"Do you mean guns?" Yes, verily; and a heavy report they give.

"I have heard that our Pilgrim Fathers carried their fire-arms with them to their places of worship, so as to be ready for their Indian foes; but as for guns in our modern sanctuaries, I never dreamed of the thing."

Well, there is no dream about this—certainly there is no dreaming when these explosions take place.

"But you don't say they fire them off in church?" Yes, my friend, even in prayer or sermon-time!

"And all this in this land?" Verily, in this land; and in some of our most respectable congregations too.

"Well I am confounded!" And most certainly you would be, if you were to be as near one of those pieces of artillery as I have been while in church when it exploded.

But I perceive that I must explain—Well, you know that the human face divine has a handle—a nasal promontory—a nose, you know. And people carry it with them to church. Only now and then a case to the contrary. And some people pay attention to it, when they get it there—aye, very great attention. It seems as if some had not done much with it during the week, and in a sense had saved up their doing for it till that very convenient and leisure time, public worship! And then they take hold of the thing in earnest. And then they are great guns, and no mistake. There is a captain of this species of artillery of my acquaintance. He is blessed with a piece of this kind of ordnance of rarest endowment in regard to the massive grandeur of its report. It is always with him at church, and when he pulls out that red pocket handkerchief, and claps it upon his face, know ye that the pillars of the temple are about to tremble. The captain in sermon-time. The preacher must "fetch up," as a matter of course, till the explosion is over. And our preacher has got the hang of the thing so well that, on certain signals being visible, he lets the gospel trumpet be blowing drop, pro tempore, and resumes when the reverberation is over. I do not know but the captain thinks the sermon needs a touch, and then, of this kind of thunder, to supply the speaker's lack of emphasis; and so he hands him over a clap or two in every discourse.

"Done!" said the Yankee; and drawing forth an X (upon a broken downcast bank!) he covered the bragger's shin-plaster.

"Like a duck, feller!" "Like a duck," said green jacket—without further parley, the Vermonteer seized the knowing Yorker stoutly by the nape of the neck and seat of his pants, jerked him from his foothold, and with an almost superhuman effort, dashed the bully heels over yards out into the Hudson River.

A terrific shout rang through the crowd, as he floundered in the water, and amidst the jeers and screams of his companions, the ducked bully put back to the shore and scrambled up to the bank, half frozen and shivering with involuntary cold bath.

"I'll take that ten-spot, if you please," said the shivering loafer, advancing rapidly to the stakeholder. "You took us for green horns, eh? Well, show you how we do things down here in York!"—and the fellow claimed the twenty dollars.

"Well, I rock'n you want take no ten-spots 'jst yet cap'n."

"Why? You've lost the bet?" "Not edzackly. I didn't calculate on deuin it the first time—but I tell you. I kin deu it,"—and again, in spite of the loafer's utmost efforts to escape him, he seized him by the scruff and the seat of his overalls, and pitched him three yards further into the river than upon the first trial.

Again the bully returned, amid the shouts of his mates, who enjoyed the sport immensely.

"Third time never fails," said the Yankee, stripping off his coat; "I ken deu it, I tell ye!"

"Hold on!" said the almost petrified victim—

"And I'll deu it—if I try till to-morrow mornin'!"

"I give it up!" shouted the sufferer, between his teeth, which now chattered like a mad bragger's—take the money.

The Vermonteer very coolly pocketed the ten-spot, and as he turned away, remarked:

"We aint much acquainted with you smart folks down he re'n York, but we sometimes take the starch out of 'em up our way—and 'p'raps you wunt try it on to strangers again. I rock'n you wunt," he continued, and putting on a broad grin of good humor, he left the company to their reflections!—Flag of Our Union.

THE NEWSPAPER BOY.

BY REV. JOHN G. SPEAR.

Entering the Police Court, at Boston, one morning, I noticed among the prisoners a youth who was poorly clad, and who was bathed in tears.—Sitting down by his side, I said to him.

"Why are you here, my son?" "I am accused of selling newspapers, sir, without a license."

"Are you guilty?" "Yes, sir."

"Have you been arrested before?" "Yes, twice."

"What for?" "For selling newspapers."

"Why do you persist in doing it?" "Because I don't know what else to do to get a living."

"Have you a father?" "No, sir, my father is dead."

"Is your mother living?" "My mother is a drunkard; she does not take care of me, and I don't know where she is now."

As the thought of his loneliness came over him, he wept as though his heart would break. I was much moved.

"Where do you lodge?" "Near Union street, sir. I pay ninepence a night for my lodging, in advance, and I buy two plates of beans in the corner of the day, for which I pay as much more."

"How do you spend your evenings?" "I walk about the streets or go into the auction rooms."

"Cannot you sit down in the house where you lodge, by the fire, and read?" "No, sir, the woman of the house is poor. She has no room for me at her fire."

"Would you like to go into the country and work, if a place could be obtained for you?" "Yes, sir, I would be glad to go and work for my living. I don't want to stay in Boston any longer; but I have nobody to get a place for me. I don't want to go down to the jail again."

I now spoke to the Judge respecting the prisoner. One of the officers of the court said "It is no use for you to try to do anything for him, for he has been sent to the jail twice for doing the same thing, and it did not do him any good."

"That is a good reason," I said, "why he should not be sent there again."

After some conversation with the Judge, I agreed to pay the costs of the prosecution, and he agreed to call the fine one cent.

Taking the boy by the hand to my house, he was supplied with food, shoes and stockings were put upon his feet, and a good place was immediately obtained for him in the country, where he is now doing well.

THE OLD MAID.

TO TIM CRUSTY.

DEAR MR. CRUSTY:—I read, last week, your sad complaint, and, lo! it almost made me faint; to see you plunged in gulf despair.

And how you kick'd and scabbled there, or, if you'd only let me know, I'd have you thirty years ago!

When I was blooming bright as May, And you were young, and spry, and gay, I'm sure it's wicked quite and wrong, That we should live apart so long.

That we should shrivel up and die, And not "increase and multiply"— The wisest sure and first command That we to do should take in hand.

"You're not the same you us'd to be"— Well—just so, sir, it is with me—I've scarce a tooth in all my head, And one sheet only to my bed, My face has forty wrinkles in't, My cap and bonnet out of print.

"But, sir, what you resolve to do, I'm sure like as well as you; And cannot think what harm 'twould be, Should you conclude to marry me. Should you be either deaf or dumb— I'll cure you up for time to come; In stacking holes I'd take up stitches, And wash your shirt and mend your breeches; Nay, make you bed, and keep out cold, And tuck you up when you grow old; I'd make you look so smart and clever, You'd want to live with me for ever.

But, don't deen, pray don't hang yourself. "You are not liable to perform military duty," said the secretary, with his mouth close to the wag's ear.

"I know that," said the fellow, coolly. "His hearing improves," ventured the sergeant.

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"But, sir, what you resolve to do, I'm sure like as well as you; And cannot think what harm 'twould be, Should you conclude to marry me. Should you be either deaf or dumb— I'll cure you up for time to come; In stacking holes I'd take up stitches, And wash your shirt and mend your breeches; Nay, make you bed, and keep out cold, And tuck you up when you grow old; I'd make you look so smart and clever, You'd want to live with me for ever.

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"He may go, Mr. Sergeant." "You can go," said the under-officer, pointing to the door. But our friend took no notice of the order.

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"Go—go!" screamed the judge— "there's nothing to pay. The Lord pity the general who had a regiment like you to command! Show him the door, major, and our hero soon found himself at liberty. He was never summoned again to train, during his residence in Taunton!

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HOW JOHN GOT MARRIED.

A few evenings since, the passenger train on the — railroad arrived at a quite small village, and, on stopping at the depot, a loving couple got out and inquired "the way to the minister's."

"On reaching the house, John made known his errand, which was no other than to have the rite of holy wedlock performed. The reverend gentleman was just leaving to perform a service of another kind, and suggested that the parties should wait his return. But John was in a hurry, and the minister thinking that he could make a short case of it consented to tarry. But the Bridegroom was not quite ready.—His trunk was out on the platform, and said he, addressing the minister: "I suppose you just help me in with it."

"On getting it into the house he added: "Just help me up stairs with it, Elizabeth wants to dress."—This also was done "And now," said he to a young lady present as he descended, "I suppose you just go up and help Elizabeth dress." Surely such a request could not be denied. The lady was dressed, and her toilet duly made: as she was about to descend she bethought herself that John's wedding "rig" was in her trunk, and she would thank the kind lady if she would "take it into John's room and call him to get ready."

The rig was accordingly taken into an adjoining chamber, and the bridegroom showed "where he might make ready."—This occupied time. But at length the parties descended, and, taking their stations, the service was about to commence. At this instant John filed off to a distant part of the room, where the young lady was sitting, and said "Come, now, 'spose you just go and stand up-side of Elizabeth, it will make her feel better." The lady acceded. The two were soon made "one flesh," and the clergyman left. It was expected, of course, that the unhappy couple would take the later train and proceed on their way that night. But all hurry was over. The parties seated themselves and seemed at home. At length, John spying a piano, said to the young lady, still in the room—"Come, now, 'spose you give us a tune on that thing there."

The lady complied. It was a sentimental song, and the bridegroom was in raptures—"Never heard such a right down good thing in all my life—and now, 'spose you go right straight through it again." It was repeated. About the time the car whistle announced the approach of the train. They were informed, but John said he "had no thought of going from such a confounded good place that night." They staid. In the morning they took the early train, and, just as they were leaving, the generous and grateful bridegroom slipped a silver dollar into the hand of the clergyman, his eyes opening all glistening like the rising sun—"Here," said he, "take that, I'm going up to —, I've a brother there—he's going to be married—I'll send him right down here, for you do the thing up so handsome!"—Post.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE LEADER: Gentleman—

I have been in New York for a few days, and joined a company called the Overland Mutual Protection Company. I would be glad to call the attention of the citizens of Philadelphia to a route. The company is building a flatboat in Cincinnati that will cost each member \$20, by which the Ohio, Mississippi and Arkansas rivers will be navigated. The company will get within 300 miles of Salt Lake, at a cost of \$50; and as ponies can be had there for \$20 each, it is calculated that the company will get to the head waters of Feather River in seventy days for less than \$80, including three months' provisions. I would recommend all persons going to California, to read Pike's Travels, and they will be convinced of the practicability of the route. The company are only bound for mutual protection—every member is his own treasurer. The company will leave Cincinnati on the 15th proximo. I shall endeavor to give you an account of our progress and the incidents we meet with on the route. I remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant, JOHN COX.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

TO MAKE A GOOD DOMESTIC YEAST.—One pound of good flour, brown sugar, quarter of pound, a little salt and two gallons of water. Boil briskly for an hour. When milk warm bottle and cork closely, and in thirty minutes it will be fit for use. One pound of this will be sufficient quantity for eighteen pounds of bread.

APPLE JELLY.—Slice one dozen large, fine apples very thin, without removing the peel, cover with water, boil and strain.—To