

SUNBURY

A MERICAN.

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.

NEW SERIES VOL. 2, NO. 1.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1849.

OLD SERIES VOL. 9, NO. 20.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.
 The AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

TO CLUBS.

Three copies to one address.	\$5.00
Five " " " " " " " "	10.00
Five Dollars in advance will pay for three years' subscription to the American.	29.00

Dis Square of 16 lines, 3 times, \$1.00
 Every subsequent insertion, 45
 One Square, 3 months, 2.50
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H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.
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 To which they respectfully invite the attention of the public.
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 Philad. April 1, 1848—

BASKET MANUFACTORY,
 No. 15 South Second street East side, down stairs, PHILADELPHIA.
HENRY COULTER,
 RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he constantly keeps on hand a large assortment of chairs, willow Coaches, 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,
 45 Chestnut St. 3 doors above 2nd St., Philadelphia
 Engraver of BUSINESS & VISITING CARDS,
 Watch papers, Labels, Door plates, Seals and Stamps for Old Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. &c.—Always on hand a general assortment of Fine Fancy Goods, 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

MEYER'S FIRST PREMIUM PIANO FORTE.
 THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS, at this place. 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. Suffice it to say that Madame Castellan, W. V. Wallace, Vieux Tromp, and his sister, the celebrated Pianist, and many others of the most distinguished performers, have given these 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 1843, was awarded to them, 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 an exhibition.
 Again—at the exhibition of the Franklin Institute, Oct. 1846, the first premium and 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, Sept. 1847, C. Meyer received the first Silver Medal and Diploma, 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 residence of the subscriber.
 H. B. MASSER.
 Sunbury, April 8, 1848—

THE CHEAP Brush, Comb and Variety STORE.
BOCKIS AND BROTHER,
 BRUSH MANUFACTURERS,
 AND DEALERS IN COMBS & VARIETIES
 No 96 North Third, below Race 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 Varieties 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.

FLIRTATION.
 By Major G. W. Patten, U. S. Army.
 We meet no more together!
 Yet do not think it strange—
 Since Fortune's fickle weather
 Is always fraught with change;
 The mis's which move at morning
 Are govern'd by no laws;
 And so both you and I, my girl,
 May break without a cause.
 If once I had the notion
 Love's wound could never heal,
 Such foolish fond devotion
 No longer now I feel;
 Since you proclaim'd that passion
 Is quite a thing of art,
 I find that I've become, my girl,
 A skeptic in the heart.
 Your eyes cannot annoy me,
 However bright they glow;
 Your words cannot annoy me,
 However smooth they flow;
 In sooth, by your example,
 So callous have I grown,
 I care not for your smile, my girl,
 Nor do I heed your frown.
 The play in full is over,
 Before it well began;
 I've acted all the lover,
 And now assume the man;
 But not in tragic story,
 To sigh upon the stage,
 Nor do I make for you, my girl,
 "An exit in a rage."
 Washington, D. C., March 24, 1849.

PRESS ON.
 Press on! there's no such word as fail!
 Press nobly on! the goal is near—
 Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
 Look upward, onward, never fear!
 Why should thou faint! Heaven smiles above,
 Though storms and vapor intervene;
 That sun shines on, whose name is Love,
 Serenely o'er Life's shadowed scene.

INTERNAL EVIDENCE.
 A man of subtle reasoning asked
 A peasant, if he knew
 Where was the internal evidence
 That proved the Bible true!
 The terms of disputable art
 Had never reached his ear—
 He laid his hand upon his heart,
 And only answered—HEAR!

THE ORPHAN.
 Friendless orphan and lone,
 There is one who hears thy moan,
 Kind to succor, strong to save,
 Though thine all is in the grave;
 Faith not then beneath his rod,
 Jesus is the Orphan's God.

OVERLOOKING TABLES.
 The kindest and the happiest pair
 Will have occasion to forbear,
 And something every day they live,
 To pity and perhaps, forgive.

TIME AND ETERNITY.
 Time's short, let there thy stake be small,
 In vast eternity embark thy all.

tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm a - bout— Faith you've

tear'd till I've put on my cloak in - side out." "O!

jew - el," says Ro - ry, "that same is the way You've

thra - tel my heart for this ma - ny a day, And 'tis

plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure— For 'tis

all for good luck," says bold Ro - ry O' - Moore.



ALLEGRO MA NON TROPPO.
 Young Ro - ry O' Moore court - ed Kath - a - leen Bawn, He was

bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn; He

wish'd in his heart pret - ty Kath - leen to please, And he

thought the best way to do that was to tease. "Now,

Ro - ry, be at - sy," sweet Kath - leen would cry, Ro -

proof on her lip, but a smile in her eye, "With your

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like, For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike; The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound"— "Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground." "Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go— Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so." "Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear, For dhramas always go by contraries, my dear— Oh! jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die, And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie. And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure, Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'Moore.

2.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teas'd me enough, And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff; And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste— So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest." "Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck, So soft and so white, without freckle or speck! And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light; And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was right!" "Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more— There's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before." "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure— For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'Moore.

3.

The foregoing song was written and adapted to an Irish melody by SAMUEL LOVER, the painter, poet, composer, novelist, actor and singer. Lover's career was commenced in Dublin, as a miniature painter. He then became known as the writer and composer of some national songs, which have enjoyed great popularity. At the death of Tyrone Power, the stage was left without a representative of Irish Character. Lover was immediately looked upon as the only person who could supply the vacuum. He played a short engagement, but was not successful—the talents for an actor being essentially different from those required for an author. His tales and novels have had a great run, and have been republished in this country. Following the example of Dibdin and Mathews, he gave entertainments in London, illustrating Irish character by story and song, depending upon his individual efforts alone. In this he was successful. About one or two years ago, he came out to this country, and has continued his Irish exhibitions with considerable success. He has written several songs, etc., since his arrival in this country, where he still remains.

* Paddy's mode of asking a girl to name the day.

There are some amusing words used in the conversation of the native Mexicans. A kiss is called *tetamini pediatli*. The Hartford Courant says it feels just as it is spelt.

A razor paper has been invented, on which, if the razor is wiped after shaving, its edge is restored.

VERMILLION ENEMY.—It is decreed, in the London and Paris courts of fashion, that Mousselines de Laine dresses shall be made without flounces.

THE MICHIGAN JURY WHO ONLY WORKED FOR READY PAY.

From the Michigan State Journal.

Mn. Editor—There has been a great deal said and written of late years about cheap justice, and at length our sapient legislators, or the majority of them, imagined that they had obtained the desired object when they modeled the present "County Court." Now I have nothing to say pro or con of the merits of the system, but I have a story to tell of the working of it.— A few weeks ago I was on a tour west, and during my absence I spent a few days in Jackson, and was very much amused while there by hearing some of the stories which friend Joe, the proprietor of the American hotel, is such an adept at telling. I do not vouch for its truth, but "till it is told to me," and after hearing it, I assure you that I left with the impression that "returning justice lifts aloft its scale" in this part of the country, if no where else. The story ran thus:

The County Court was in session, and Judge May presided with his accustomed gravity and dignity. The case before the court was one in which the jury had been demanded, and friend Lew, the Sheriff, proceeded to summon twelve good and lawful men (heaven save the mark), at the head of whom was old Major G—, one of the veterans. The proceedings of the trial having been gone thro' with, and the charge of the Judge delivered, the jury departed to the jury room. What transpired there has not come to light, but after a short absence they returned to the court room, when the following dialogue ensued between the court and the foreman, (the Major):

Judge—Have you agreed upon a verdict?
 Major—Young man we have.
 Judge—Well, sir, for whom do you find?
 Major—For ourselves.
 Judge—What do you mean, sir?
 Major—We mean to say, sir, that we have found a verdict for one of the parties, which you can have by paying our fees.
 Judge—But, sir, you have been regularly empanelled, and you must now deliver your verdict and look to the county for your pay.
 Major—Judge, I'll be — if you can have the verdict until you pay us our fees. We understand how to get our pay in the circuit court, but this one-hour court we don't understand.
 Here the court interposed and threatened to commit the valiant Major and his compeers to jail for contempt of court, and ended his tirade by peremptorily commanding the foreman to say what the verdict was.
 "Well," said the Major, "if you insist upon it, I'll put it to vote;" and turning to his fellow jurors with an air of venerable gravity, which just then was extremely ludicrous, he addressed them thus:
 "Comrades, you have heard what the Judge says; now all of you that will stand by me and not give a verdict till the pay is forthcoming, raise the right hand;" and simultaneously eleven right hands were elevated above the heads of their respective owners. "Judge," continued the Major, "you see how it is, and by —, I'd like to see you send us to jail!"

Here the counsel for the defendant rose and read some law to prove that the jury must give their verdict at this stage of the proceedings, whether they were paid or not; but in the midst of his harangue he was interrupted by the old Major, something after this sort:

"Young man, stop, and let me speak you needn't read any such law to me: it is a rule and a maxim, both of scripture and of common law, from time immemorial, that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and so is the juror, and you can't have the verdict until you pay us."

Thus a triangular discussion was continued for some time, the judge insisting on the dignity of the court, the counsel for the plaintiff that the jury must give their verdict, and the Major resting upon the firm foundation of his immemorial maxim that the laborer is worthy of his hire.

In the mean time the plaintiff, having some how got an inkling that the verdict was in his favor, proceeded to borrow money from his friends present, in order to come to the Major's terms, to wit; "fork the needful." He succeeded in raising six dollars, which he offered to give for the verdict. The Major, with a greater regard for his constituents than most of the representatives of the sovereign people are wont to have, proceeded to take another vote of the jury, in order to ascertain whether they would accede to the proposition; having stated it distinctly, he called for a showing of hands on the part of those who were in favor of accepting the proposition, and all raised their hands with but one exception, and the Major concluding that the majority ought to rule, said that whenever the plaintiff paid the six dollars the verdict was ready. This having been done, the Major announced the verdict. Now all seemed to be getting on smoothly, when Pugh, the counsel for the defendant, interfered, like the spirit of discord, and demanded that the jury should be polled. The clerk being absent, the sheriff proceeded to perform that duty, and to the question whether that was his verdict, each juror answered in the affirmative until the last, who replied rather tartly that "that was not his verdict by a d—d sight." Oh, then it was terrible to see the awful frown which the Judge put on. The nod with which Jupiter shook the eternal foundations of the universe was no comparison to it; he thundered out, "Sheriff, take that jury back, and don't give them any sustenance, not even bread and water, until they agree; I'm going home" and seizing his chapeau he left as if the fiends were in hot pursuit.

The troubles of the sheriff were not over yet. The jury said they would not leave the court room, and the sheriff, in order to relieve himself from the dilemma, began to

urge the refractory jurymen to agree with the others, and after a little hesitation he concluded to do so. The sheriff then began to poll them again, and had got nearly thro' with that operation, when the counsel for defendant suggested that he might as well wait till the court returned. So out ran the sheriff in search of the judge, whom he found wending his way home, nursing his wrath to keep it warm. He returned to the court room, and this time the jury were fairly agreed, the jurymen who had raised the rumpus, however, saying that that was not his verdict, but he would agree with the others for the sake of harmony, though it was not his arrangement about the pay.

Our informant says the last thing he observed as he was leaving the court room, was the judge reading after this sort:

"Sheriff, keep this matter still, and when the Legislature meets we will have this law fixed so we can understand it, but I'll tell you, sir, don't summon such another set of jurors for my court."

KISSING TO SOME PURPOSE.—A story has reached our ears of a singular scheme for raising funds; which was hit upon and put in practise at a donation party held not more than a thousand miles off. It appears that some of the kissable ladies present actually allowed their sweet lips to be tasted at the rate of fifty cents a kiss—this being considered a suitable price for the privilege! If we are not misinformed, one gentleman of the party took five dollars' worth.

Sandwich Observer.

IMPARTIALITY:
 The following is from a chapter on "impartiality," in the last Knickerbocker.
 I must tell you a "good one" which happened this summer on the same day that I went up the North River on board the Hendrick Hudson. After the passengers had retired to their berths, the following dialogue ensued in the ladies' cabin, of which, the door was left partly open to promote the circulation of air. A rheumatic lady and an asthmatic old lady could not each be satisfied with reference to the door. They kept singing out in alternate strains from their night-caps. The rheumatic lady first:—
 "Chambermaid, shut the door! I shall die."
 "Chambermaid, open that door—I shall die."
 So the contention went on for some time, and the yellow maid, with a bandanna handkerchief of her head, was fairly flustered.— At last an old gentleman, disturbed by the altercation, and not willing to show any partiality, sang out from his berth:—
 "Chambermaid, for Heaven's sake open that door, and kill one of those ladies and then shut it and kill 't'other!"

A PURE SLANDER NO DOUBT.—It is stated, as a reason why the farmers of Berks county are opposed to the erection of the new county of Madison, that they had already far enough to go to the Philadelphia market without going through another county?

MEXICANS AND THE POPE.—The Legislature of Jalisco has appropriated \$4,000 for the relief of Pius IX, which is rather surprising in a country always straitened in its finances.

COCKNEY COLOQUY.—"I say, Jim are you going to see that man hung to-morrow?"
 "I don't know, Dick; vot's he got to be hung for?"
 "Vy, bless you for 'orse stealing."
 "For stealing a 'orse? Vot a fool! Vy didn't he buy von on trust, and never pay for him?"

"Have you got a letter for my boss?"
 "Who is your boss?"
 "The one that I works for."
 "What's his name you idiot!"
 "Robert Brown, sure."
 "There's none here for him."
 "It aint for him I wants it; it's a letter for myself, but I ask for him becase his name is better known than mine."

If twelve dozen make one gross, how many will make one grocer?
 If fourteen pounds make a stone, how many will make a pebble?
 If twenty four sheets of paper make an octavo, how many will it take to make an orchestra?
 If one must have three scruples to every dram, how many must he have to a regular spree?

BEST PRESERVATION.—Whenever a young man has acquired a love of reading, and of course a healthful relish for intellectual pleasures, he has become possessed of one of the best preventatives against dissipation.

THE RULING PASSION.—A general on the point of death, opening his eyes, and seeing a consultation of three physicians, who were standing close by his bedside, faintly exclaimed, "gentlemen, if you are by platoons, it's all over with me!" and instantly expired.