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SELECT POETRY.

OCTOBER. BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. Selam, yet beautiful to view, Month of my heart! thou dawnest here, With sad and faded leaves to strew...

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice; When but to live was to rejoice, When earth was lovely to my gaze! Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours! I ask my spirit's avowed powers— I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature, and behold Her life's dim emblems rustling round, In hues of crimson and of gold— And sighing with the wind's I feel, While their low pinions murmur by, How much their sweeping tones reveal Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightsome moments shone, They came in zephyrs from the West, They bore the wood-lark's melting tone, They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast; Through Summer, fainting in the heat, They lingered in the forest shade; But, changed and strengthened now, they beat, In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast When life is fresh and joy is new, Sult as the halcyon's downy nest, And transient all as they are true! They stir the leaves in that bright wreath, Which Hesperus about her forehead twines, Till grief's hot sighs around it breathe, Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas for Time, and Death, and Care, What gloom about our way they fling! Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air, The burial pageant of the Spring; The dreams that each successive year Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride, At last like withered leaves appear, And sleep in darkness side by side!

ROMANTIC STORY.

We cut the following from a recent foreign paper published in the New York Evening Post:

A most singular story has come out by a death which took place at a monastery near Paris, last week.

Several years ago, a rich miller, living in one of the provinces, became so unhappy by the death of his wife, that placing his own child, a girl of ten years of age, in a convent he repaired to the monastery near Paris, and became a monk. During six or seven years he led a most pious life, but from the gloom of his cell he thought often of his daughter. The desire to see her grew so much upon him, that he at last resolved to open a correspondence with her; the answers he received to his letters were such as to re-awaken all the affections of other days within his bosom.

The young girl on her side, was no less eager to see once more a parent whose early tenderness she still remembered. With a resolution surprising in one of her age, she quitted the convent, dressed herself in male attire, and sought the monastery in which her father resided. She there assumed the habit of the order, and was named Brother Robert. She was then but seventeen years of age. She took care not to reveal herself to her father until the irrevocable vows had been pronounced; when at last she followed him to his cell and told her story. The joy he expressed at folding his beloved child once more to his heart, and the regret which her act of devotion caused him, brought on a fever which ended his life in a few days.

The young girl found herself now in a situation which nothing but the religious education she had received, could have enabled her to bear. Deprived of the support which the daily sight of her father would have given her, she valiantly mortified herself in every possible way in order to keep down the worldly regrets which arose in her heart. She became the example of the convent; and the sanctity of Friar Robert was spread abroad in all France. The most holy offices were confided principally to her; it was she who was sent to pray by the bedside of the dying, and to console the afflicted. But she did an immense deal of good among the young girls of Paris, whom the world and its pleasures had drawn from the path of duty.

To these she never wearied of talking; her humility surprised them; the simplicity of her soul, and the sweetness of her voice, charmed them completely, and Friar Robert rarely failed in bringing these wanderers back to the right way.

At last, however, slander attacked the fair fame of Friar Robert, and he was accused of being too fond of visiting female sinners. The Abbe of the monastery imposed upon the pretended brother, as penance, to serve the whole community, and to do the most repugnant and the roughest work. She did all without a murmur, and during three years accomplished the rude duties laid upon her, without failing in a single one.

Last week she died, and the remorse of the monks may well be imagined, when it was discovered that it was a sister instead of a brother whom they had been punishing so long.

There is a man up country, says an exchange, who always pays for his paper in advance. He has never had a sick day in his life; never had any corns on his toes, his potatoes never rot, the wheat never eats his wheat, the frost never kills his corn or beans, his babies never cry in the night, and his wife never scolds!

THE FRENCH BRICKLAYER.

The following anecdote of the French bricklayer, who has recently been elected a deputy to the French National Assembly, is related by a Paris correspondent of the London Atlas. It well illustrates some fine traits in the character of the common people in France.

The most remarkable member of the new Assembly is Naudaud, a common working mason and bricklayer, without any pretension to talent, and who defends himself from the imputation of having sought the distinction thus gratuitously thrust upon him. The history of this singular choice is most curious. Naudaud, who is one of the most honest creatures in existence, walked from the department of the Creuse some few years since, with no other baggage than his hod and trowel, to seek employment in Paris. Fortune favored him, and being found to be a steady, hard-working fellow, he was held in high estimation by his employers. His wife meanwhile had endeavored to assist in obtaining a living by keeping a stall from which she distributed fried potatoes, at a small profit to the hungry comrades of her husband.

The commerce succeeded better than the handicraft of Naudaud, and it was soon found that she could earn more in one day by her frying pan, than he could do in a week by the most assiduous labor. Madame Naudaud, thus encouraged by success, opened a small shop on the Place des Panoramas, which became the resort of all the masons and bricklayers in that quarter. The library building of St. Genevieve was then in progress and sometimes as many as 300 workmen would assemble in the shop of the good mother Naudaud, to eat their soup and talk over the affairs of Government, when work was over. During the longest occasion by the revolution of February, the distress among the masons was greater than among any other class of work-people. Public employment was suspended entirely, while private individuals, no longer eager for the fulfillment of their contracts, dismissed the greater portion of their workmen; and thus thousands were left without money, without employment, and almost without hope.

In this dilemma Naudaud stepped forward, unable to bear the sight of the misery around him, and with the consent of his wife, announced his intention of continuing to furnish dinner and supper as heretofore, to those of his comrades whom the hardness of the times had deprived of resources. You can judge with what degree of enthusiasm such an announcement was received. "It was indeed a small amount," said Naudaud to the assembled workmen, "but it was not ever so small a pittance must bring it to the end. Let us help each other and all will go well." Of course this proposition was agreed to in an instant, and it is believed that in no case was it deviated from during all the troublous times.

Naudaud certainly never expected any other acknowledgment of his generous conduct than that afforded by the esteem and gratitude of his friends; but his wife, who participates with all French women in that same ambition and self-confidence which make the whole country subject to petulant rule, entered into a private arrangement with her customers, by which all obligations due to her were to be cancelled by the nomination of her husband to the Assembly. Most of the masons who work in Paris come from the Department of the Creuse, and the affair was soon arranged; the popularity of Naudaud among this class being so great that he might have been elected President had the vacancy occurred. They say that the surprise, however, far exceeded the delight with which he greeted the announcement of the distinction of which he had been made the object, and that it is merely to satisfy the ambition of his wife that he consents to take his place in the Chamber.

He persisted in going to work until the very day of the meeting of the Assembly, and presented himself at the door in the blouse and cap which he had been accustomed to wear. The officer on duty refused to admit him, whereupon Naudaud, with the greatest sang froid, turned back exclaiming, "do as you please my friend—I'll go to work again! What a good excuse I shall have now! I need only tell my fellows that they won't admit me." The speech was overheard by the bystanders, and presently the officer came running after the unhappy broussard, and led him all sheepish and ashamed to the seat he was to occupy during the ensuing session. It is confidently asserted that, had Naudaud been thus compelled to withdraw, the incident would have caused a serious riot in Paris. "How will you manage a discourse," said his neighbor on the bench. "I shan't speak at all," replied Naudaud, "but I shall content myself with voting for those who uphold the constitution."

A FORT in the Keene Republic, celebrating the works of Dame Nature, has an idea which comes very near being original, if it be not quite so.

"Sh—next mad woman—the story goes— With an improved material and art! Gave her a form, the choicest one of those That make aught beautiful, and to her heart."

A power to soften man's—and forced the heart. Its blushing tint to her soft cheeks impart, Then chopped the rainbow up, and with the chips She went to work—and finished off her lips!"

A NEW WORK, from the pen of Mrs. Trollope, "The Old World and the New," has just been published in London and seems likely to create a great sensation.

ENGLISH INNS.

An English Inn has always been described as the model of neatness, comfort, and as possessing a home-like air, which could not be found in houses of similar description in any other country. But Kendall, of the N. Orleans Picayune, gives a very different account of them. He says:

"There is no country in world where the science of tavern keeping is as little known as in England—no country where the service is so deficient, and where at the same time you are obliged to pay so high for it. A French inn can be had at least a dozen bill ropes being jerked vigorously in my neighbors' apartments, and the perfect indifference with which the servants listen to these comparative operations is most surprising. Such a ding dong would raise a revolution in the St. Charles, the Astor or the Tremont, and Jones of Philadelphia would go crazy, were such a clatter raised about his ears. Some enterprising Yankee should come over and start an undertaking in the way of tavern keeping in London. The opening is extensive and would pay."

HEROISM IN A BOY.

A few days ago, an incident occurred at Biloxi, in which a boy named Garabean, between ten and eleven years of age, evinced extraordinary intrepidity and presence of mind. Two little fellows about ten years old, one of them the son of Capt. Saml Griffin, of the steamboat California, were fishing on the edge of the wharf, when, overreaching themselves, they fell into the water, which was of considerable depth. They were unable to swim, and of course in imminent danger of being drowned, when Garabean, who stood near, threw a plank toward them, stripped, and plunged off the wharf to their assistance. With admirable presence of mind, he avoided getting in front of them, thereby preventing either from locking him in an embrace which would have proved fatal to all three; but grasping behind the shoulder the first he came to with one hand, and swimming with the other, he pushed them toward the plank, and thus enabled him to sustain himself. After this he returned to the shore and repeated the maneuver. When he found they had both firm hold of the plank, the young hero went behind and pushed it toward a fish car, which was thirty or forty yards off, when, having gained it, he aided them to mount thereon, and thus placed them out of all danger. Young Garabean's noble action is the theme of universal admiration at Biloxi, and, taken in connection with his tender age, is, perhaps, as fine an example of devotedness as can be found in the records of the Humane Society.—N. O. Picayune.

WOMEN UNDER A MONARCHY AND A REPUBLIC.

The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger writes:—

In Vienna, where soldiers abound, women dig cellars and carry hods. These are Lutheran beauties. I have before me a medical work, which speaks of death simply when a woman carries a hod and a child together. Imagine an apotheosis to this effect. In Paris, women clean the streets. In Calais, they descend into pools of filth in wharf laying—nean reciting before the immensity of the Augean-like task. If in England women only drink gin, and work in turnip fields for sixpence a day, it is because Democracy has in a degree degraded the influences of privileged orders, so degrading to them.

While on this topic, one of the last importance, let me remark that it is impossible to conceive the difference which women are held and treated in America compared with Europe, without living in the latter country. The democratic principle shows its most marked influence in this particular. As a standing rebuke to pride and insolence, it saves the more feeble part of human kind from degradation and tyranny. It to the same extent, idealises their character and defines their rightful action. They are not made coarse and despised drudges, of while men waste and dissipate their means and time. The extreme parasitic functions, in a moral view, which they are forced to play here, owing to the disorganized forces of social life, are almost unknown in America. Under free institutions, persons and things are elevated to their level—if not immediately, prospectively. In Europe, the social sear shows one high up in the air, careering joyously in the sun and air, and the other groveling hopelessly and wretchedly in the dark and in filth.

Liberty without obedience, is confusion.— Obedience without liberty, is slavery.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Odd Fellowship indulges in no idle mummery; her mystic emblems, and solemn ceremonies, without meaning to the initiated, are pregnant with important recollections. From the first step of initiation, through all the various degrees, the candidate is taught the most solemn truths by regular and progressive steps. They are taught in a manner calculated to make the most lasting impression, and while they improve the mind, make him at heart a better man. His duty to his Creator, his family, his neighbor and himself rank among the first of his lessons; while the great principle of charity presents itself at every step, not that charity which proclaims itself from the house top, but charity which doeth good by stealth, and blushes to find its fame. A case came under the immediate eye of the writer in a neighboring city, which may prove of interest to our readers. In 1846, a gentleman from the North, who was an Odd Fellow, came South on some urgent business; on his way down the Mississippi, he fell dangerously sick of typhus fever. The captain and crew, being desirous to get rid of such a charge, determined to thrust the sick man ashore. On reaching the landing the mate and hands were ordered to take him off on a litter, and put him in one of the miserable doggeries, which, to the disgrace of civilization, infest nearly all our river towns. The rude hand of the mate was laid upon the frame of the stranger and his gruff voice as he bellowed out, "Go ahead," partly roused him from his stupor, and he faintly asked what they would do with him—he was told they were putting him ashore at ——. He enquired care there any Odd Fellows here? A brother standing on the wharf, who had been gazing on the inhuman scene, replied instantly, "Yes, there are many, and true." "Then," said the sick stranger, "put me down, put me down tight here, I shall be taken care of." He was taken care of; though a stranger in a strange land, ready friends clustered around him—they tested him, he was an Odd Fellow, and in good standing in his lodge; it was enough, he was taken upon brother's hands—supported on friendly bosoms—he was provided a place in the best hotel; the best medical aid was called in; he was nursed by friends whose eye never slept over his couch of anguish. For many weeks, his case was considered almost hopeless, but by strict attention he got well. He returned home to gladden the eyes of his aged mother and infuse new joy into the warm heart of his young and beautiful wife. Odd Fellowship is not only charitable, but philanthropic; it gives the initiated brother in good standing a passport in every land where the order is known. Although a stranger in a strange land, he will have that which will gain him admittance into the Lodge, where his hand will be pressed by the hearty responding grip of a brother, and his desire and necessities be attended to. It is also sympathetic. It never heard the widow sigh, or saw the orphan weep, and not relieve. Indeed, in all lodges, there is a fund especially set apart for the widows and orphans of deceased members; a committee is appointed from each lodge, whose duty it is to see that the orphans are properly fed, clothed and educated.—Iris.

STRANGE CALCULATION.

Toss of MEAT AND DRINK USED UP BY ONE MAN.—Some genius has perpetrated the following calculation: I have been married 32 years, during which time I have received from the hands of my wife three cups of coffee each day, two in the morning and one at night, making about 35,040 cups of half pint each, nearly 70 barrels of thirty gallons each, weighing 17,520 pounds, or nearly nine tons weight. Yet from that period I have scarcely varied in weight myself from 160 pounds. It will therefore be seen that I have drunk in coffee alone, 218 times my own weight. I am not much of an eater, yet I presume I have consumed about 18 ounces a day, which makes 5860 pounds, or 10 oxen. Of flour I have consumed in 32 years about 50 barrels. For 20 years of this time I drank two wine glasses of brandy each day, making 900 quarts. The port wine, Madeira, whiskey punch, &c., I am not able to count, but they are not large. When we take into account all the vegetables in addition, such as potatoes, peas, asparagus, strawberries, cherries, pears, peaches, raisins, &c., the amount consumed by an individual is most enormous. Now, my body has been renewed more than four times in 32 years; not taking it for granted that the water, of which I have drunk more acts merely as a dilutant, yet, taken together, I conclude I have consumed in 32 years about the weight of 1100 men of 160 pounds each.

THE TRANCED CHILD AT BANGOR.

Readers probably remember the story of a little girl at Bangor, who apparently died of cholera, but, revived, and said she had been to Heaven, where she saw her mother, and where she was to go again on the following Sunday. The Bangor Whig of the 12th gives the sequel, as follows: On Sunday afternoon Mr. Daniel Warren, a very worthy religious man, who has been much among the cholera patients, feeling, perhaps a little moved by curiosity, called to see the little girl, and addressing her cheerfully told her that she appeared better and would soon be well, and get out in a day or two.

"But I'm going to mother again at four o'clock," she quietly and softly said. "When to-morrow?" "No to-day."

Mr. Warren endeavored to turn her attention to hopeful prospects of recovery; but the little sufferer was fast sinking away—the death rattle was heard, and she soon ceased to breathe, her pulse stopped, and the fixedness of death was impressed upon her beautiful countenance. She was dead. Mr. Warren looked at the town clock, in the distance from the window, for there was no clock in the house, and it was four o'clock.

While pondering upon it, the singular coincidences in the case, and about half an hour had passed, new signs of life appeared, and again the spirit of the sweet girl returned. She asked for water and said she was tired and sunk away into a quiet sleep.

Since then she has been gradually recovering, but the elder sister, who watched her so tenderly and who would so willingly have accompanied her to live with her mother in Heaven, was the next day taken with the cholera and the following day died and was buried.

MR. CALHOUN WRITING A BOOK.—John C. Calhoun, it is announced, has devoted the past summer to the preparation of a Treatise on the Elementary Principles of Government and the Constitution of the United States. It is so nearly complete that he expects to prepare it for publication in his leisure hours during the coming session of Congress.

FIVE MILES OF LOADED WAGONS.—On Thursday of last week the receipts of wheat in this city, as near as can be estimated, were, say, 21,000 bushels, allowing 40 bushels to be brought by each wagon and 325 wagons were required to bring this quantity. The receipts on flour and other kinds of produce were also heavy; allow 175 tons loaded with wheat, a total of 700, which is doubtless within the true number; allow a space of 45 feet for each team, and we have a procession of five miles of wagons, laden with the produce of the soil, coming into our city in one day.—

A LAW QUESTION.—"The estate that was left," said an Irishman to his lawyer, "was a pig and a bushel of potatoes, which were to be divided between the heirs, myself and brother. The Executors shut the pig up in the potatoes, and during the night he eat them all up, and now we want to know how to divide the property."

THE POTATO CROP OF THE WEST, the Cincinnati Gazette says, has been of the most gratifying character. The yield is large and of an excellent quality.

GOLD has been found in Indiana. The gold is found in a tract of country which borders eleven miles on White river, and extends back to distances of from two to six miles.

MISS FILLMORE, a daughter of the Vice President of the United States, recently received an appointment as teacher in one of the public schools of Buffalo, and is now acting in that capacity. How striking an illustration of the simplicity of our Republican institutions! Miss Fillmore received her education at the State Normal school.

THE BROTHERS OF MACAULAY, the historian, has been presented with a living worth \$5000 a year.

LOSS TIME.

I threw a hauble to the sea, A billow caught it hastily; Another billow quickly came Successfully the prize to claim: From wave to wave, unlocked, it passed, 'Till tossed upon the strand at last, Thus glide into the unknown shore, These golden moments we deplore: These moments which not thrown away, Might win for us eternal day.

THE TIME TO READ.

How often do we hear men excuse themselves from subscribing to a paper or periodical, by saying they have no time to read.—When we hear a man thus excuse himself, we conclude he has never found time to confer any substantial advantage either upon his family, his country, or himself. To hear a freeman thus express himself, is truly humiliating and we can form no other opinion than that such a man is of little or no importance to society.

"I wouldn't marry an eastern man if I had to live an old maid all my life," exclaimed a buxom country lass. "Why not," demanded an astonished companion. "Because every paper you pick up contains an account of the failure of the eastern males!"

The members of the French Assembly receive about five dollars a day. If they are disorderly, the President can stop their pay. We think the adoption of such a rule in our House of Representatives would stop some of the bear-bating and other disgraceful scenes occasionally exhibited there.

"What do I consider the boundaries of my country, sir?" exclaimed a Kentuckian. "Why, sir, on the east we are bounded by the rising sun—on the north by the aurora borealis—on the west by the precession of the equinoxes—and on the south by the day of judgment."

The Washington Republic says that Col. Fremont has accepted the appointment of chief of the Mexican Boundary Survey, in the place of Col. Weller, removed.

THE VALUE OF NEWSPAPERS.—Hayard Taylor, who is at San Francisco, says 1500 Tribunes were sold in that city at one dollar apiece, and at the mines five dollars is the price for late papers.