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OLD SERIES VOL. 10, NO. 10.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN. THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance...

SELECT POETRY.

A CALL TO THE WRETCHED. (SUGGESTED BY MR. SIDNEY HEBBER'S ADMIRABLE LETTER UPON THE EMIGRATION OF POOR SEMPITERNESSES.)

would relent—would forgive him, although he had wed the poor and lowly Ella Morven. But! there are some hearts which will not relent; and woe! to those who come within their influence.

may obtain your forgiveness, and bless you ere he dies. 'And let us go Frank, let us go now, tho' sinning he shall not be sinned against.'

GRAPE CULTURE AT THE WEST.

A Western correspondent of the Portland Argus writes as follows respecting the culture of the grape in the valley of the Ohio:

THE ICE TRADE.

The business of exporting ice from the United States is said to have been commenced in 1805, by a Mr. Tudor of Boston, who made a shipment of the article from Saugus, a little village near that city, to the Island of Martinique, and suffered a loss of \$4,500.

A RIVER SPRING IN THE DESERT.

Major Emory writes to the Government an account of the remarkable river spring which broke out last summer in that portion of the country between the mouth of the Gila River and the mountains, usually called the "Desert," sometimes the "Journals." A river, 40 feet wide and more than waist deep, has appeared in the middle of this desert, affording delicious water to drink, making an oasis at the most convenient spot for the traveller.

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

JAMES COOPER, BRUCE CAMERON, COOPER & CAMERON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

WILL collect monies, attend to litigated cases, and act as agents in the management of Estates, &c.

CHARLES W. HEGINS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Pottsville, Pa.

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MEDICAL BOOKS, BIOGRAPHICAL & HISTORICAL BOOKS, SCHOOL BOOKS.

THE READING COTTON FACTORY, A quarrel has sprung up in regard to the location of the Reading Factory, which is likely to prove fatal to the enterprise.

MORE GOLD ROBBERIES.—Another robbery of gold dust to the value of \$5,000 has taken place on one of the Pacific steamers, and no clue to the metal is yet obtained.

A NEW THING UNDER THE SUN.—Messrs. Bosh & Jordan, over the river, (Covington), contemplate adding to their present business, in a few days, the manufacture of iron coated with copper, the invention of a Mr. Pomeroy now in this city, the patent of which is just issued.—Cincinnati Gaz.

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, alluding to the fact that Lord John Russell married two widows, called the diminutive Premier "the widow's mite that was cast into the treasury!"

THE GERMANS call a thimble a finger hat, and a glove a hand-shoe.

A WIT said that cold cheese is better than cold steel—because it is mightier than the sword!

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Daughters of poverty, laded and ill, So vainly prolonging the strife, Flow, scarce for to-day, the day's task to fulfill And, as for to-morrow, despondingly still In dread of the battle of life,—

Toiling in pain for a pittance of bread, Or starving, with nothing to do, And longing for rest to lie down with dead,— A word, my poor sisters, with you!

There is a fair land in a sweet southern clime Another year and England to be freed, Which God, in His Providence working sublime, Has kindly reserved till the fullness of time, To succeed His children in need;

A happy new home, which He wills you to seek, With plenty to have and to spare, And hope in your bosom, and health on your cheek, And human affections all eager to speak Of tenderness waiting you there!

The valleys are rich, and the mountains are green, And the woods in magnificent state To the distant horizon o'ershadow the scene, Where never till now Adam's footstep has been, And Ere is delaying so late.

Then haste for your happiness—joyfull haste From perils and pains to be free, For, Providence calls you to gladden the waste, And freedom, and plenty, and pleasure to taste In Houses that are over the sea!

O Christian patriot, Men of mighty heart! One added word to you: 'the hour is ripe! Thousands are thronging eager to depart From this fierce rivalry in Mammon's mart To happier shores, where penury's hard gripe

On earth's rich zone is loosened'; hasten then Pour out your offerings with a liberal hand Earnest in zeal to help your fellow-men, And from Old England this reproach to wipe

That, crowded up in corners of the land, Virtuous toil can starve in sorrow's den! Up! use your wealth aright; and prove its worth By generous aid to yonder homeless band, Who look to you to find them homes on earth.

A Select Tale. WOMAN'S CONSTANCY. CHAPTER I.

'Twas night—a dark and terrible night in mid-winter. The snow was falling thick and fast, and the rude north wind played many a strange and fantastic game with its fairy flakes.

And they danced about, till like a wearied child, they slept at last upon the bosom of their mother earth. Not a sound, save the fury of the storm king, disturbed the gloomy hours.

The village clock had just tolled the hour of ten, when a man, wrapped in a cloak, and with a muffled face issued from a low hovel by the way side. As the door closed after him, a soft voice murmured, "God help you, Frank; and again all was still. With much effort the man braved the pitiless storm, and crossing to another street ascended the steps of an elegant brick building. He hesitated a moment and then rung the bell. A servant obeyed the summons.

'Is your master within?' asked he in a disguised voice. 'He is; your name, sir.'

'Tell him a gentleman wishes to speak to him.' Soon the servant returned, saying his master would wait on him directly.

With a trembling step he entered the room and not daring to look around him, sunk upon the nearest seat and covered his face with his hands. Soon an approaching step and the opening door announced the expected inmate.

'Is your business with me, sir?' asked the old gentleman, approaching the visitor who had involuntarily risen on his advance. 'It is, sir.'

'Then please to be expeditious, as company awaits me.'

The young man did as he was desired, and throwing aside his disguise revealed a pale and haggard countenance, which at first made the beholder start with horror. But immediately recovering himself, he exclaimed in a harsh voice:

'Frank Delavat, this is no home for you; begone!'

'Oh! father, spare me not from you now. Help! my help!' and as he said this, he threw himself on his knees before him.

'Call me not father!' exclaimed Mr. Delavat, in a voice suffocated with rage. 'I no longer acknowledge you as a son.'

'But,' replied the young man, 'hear me for humanity's sake—for the sake of Ella, my wife!'

'Breathe not her name,' exclaimed the old man, striking his clenched fist, 'let her suffer; she deserves it; and shutting the door violently, he left the room.

CHAPTER II. To tempt unshuddering all the blows of fate, Not dream that woe, which them can't feel is still Borne with him—this is woman's love.

On a scanty bed, in a cold and dreary room, slept an infant. A smile was playing on its dimpled chin, and his hands were clasped as if in sportive glee. Bending over it, with a pale and anxious eye, was the wasted form of the once beautiful Ella Morven. A tear was on her cheek as she kissed the fair forehead of the child, and hushed it quietly to rest. Then rising she exclaimed:

'Rest thee there, my child, and may thy young heart ne'er know the sorrows of thy mother.'

Wearily, wearily passed the time to this lone and silent watcher. The clock purred its unceasing course from hour to hour, and yet she was alone—alone! and he that should have been with her there, sat at the gaming table over the wine cup. O! man, where is thy heart!—where is thy yow fondly pledged scarce three years since when thou didst lead that gentle girl to the bridal altar! Alas! where many others have them! Vengeance will follow thee.

The clock struck three, and as its last ringing died away, a step was heard approaching the door. The wife flew to open it, and clasping her arms exclaimed: 'Oh! I am so glad you have come, Frank, for I have been lonely, very lonely, and the bright tears gathered in her eyes.

The husband gazed upon her a moment, then casting her from him, exclaimed in a harsh voice, 'Why have you waited my coming? Did I not bid you otherwise?'

'But I thought you would be cold and hungry,' she meekly replied. 'Hungry! Ella, hungry! no; I've had enough for one night. I'm ruined, utterly ruined.'

'But, Frank, why do you play?' 'And what would you have me to do, Ella. Work I cannot—beg I will not.—There is no other alternative. And my father has done it—he has made me what I am, and he may—'

'Stay, stay, Frank, curse him not; he is thy father yet. But say, only say that you will relinquish the gaming table, and all will be well.' Saying this, she led him to the bedside of the sleeping child. For a moment his heart seemed softened, then again in his fury returned.

'And my father can know this,' muttered he through his clenched teeth, 'and withhold his helping hand.'

His wife perceived the change, and gently leading him away placed before him a neat but simple repast. He ate but little for his heart was full, and soon retired.—Ella kneeled by his bed side and offered her nightly prayer. It seemed to touch his heart, and made him resolve to live a different life. But alas! for man's resolutions! How often are they broken.

CHAPTER III. 'I go with thee. I will be thine. In weal, in want, in woe.'

'Yes, Frank, where you go, there will I go, your home shall be my home; and she threw her arm around his neck, and wept in the very fullness of grief.

The officer pitied her distress, but duty compelled him to the task. Frank was conveyed to prison, and the wife followed. There like a ministering angel she hovered about him. Once, and once only, did the father visit them, and then it was to upbraid.

'You were ever a curse to me!' exclaimed he, 'and now may the law avenge me.'

In vain the wife pleaded with the eloquence of affection and impassioned sorrow. He left them and hope seemed fled. Still the wife clung to him with a woman's true love; and together with the sportive laugh of his child served to keep his heart from despair.

'Oh, Ella,' he would often say, how have I wronged you! 'Say not so, Frank, 'tis yourself you have wronged. But return now to the path of duty; 'tis not too late.'

Thus did this gentle wife, with her deep love and persuasive tones, strive to win back the erring one. Her's was no force of law, but the simple dictates of the heart—love's assuasion if you will.

But the husband's health and spirits sunk beneath his misfortunes; and ere one week had passed away, he was in the grasp of a raging fever. Delirium seized him, and it was truly heart-rending to hear his calls for mercy and lamentations for the past.

'Oh, my father!' he would exclaim, 'hold thy work! With one word of kindness you might have saved me! but now I go down—down; and shuddering, he would conceal his face beneath the bed clothes.

All this time Ella stood over him. But the fever spent its rage, and he recovered.

CHAPTER IV. 'The cloud may be dark, but there's sunshine beyond! The night may be o'er us, but morning nears.'

In a neat and comfortable dwelling was seated a woman and child. The latter slept, but the former was engaged in reading. Soon the door opened noiselessly, and an arm was gently laid on her shoulder, ere the intruder had been perceived.—'Ah! Frank you have returned early, but how is your father?'

'He will die Ella; he will die; and oh! such a death! His only consolation seems to be that he is able to leave me an immense property. But it little eases his reproaching conscience. He is continually speaking of his wrongs against you, and begging me to bring you hither, that he

POPULATION OF PENNSYLVANIA. The Septennial list of taxables is now complete from every county, and it shows an aggregate of taxables of 486,733 which would be equivalent to a population of 2,677,000. In 1840 the population was 1,724,000. The list of counties is as follows:

Table with 3 columns: COUNTY, 1855, 1842, 1849. Lists counties from Adams to York with population figures.

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION OF A HOG.—The Eastern Whig relates that a hog belonging to George Hower, Esq., of Allen township, was accidentally buried under a stack of straw in his yard on the 13th of October last.

THE PIG IN THE CORNER.—On a dismal, stormy afternoon, says the Tribune, a short time since, a stage of the — line was passing up Broadway with eleven men, and at the corner of Chamber st. drew up for a lady, who seemed to be very thankful for the shelter thus afforded. There was a seat for one, but on that side in the upper corner was an individual of the masculine species, calling himself a gentleman by the grace of a fine coat.

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'Fashion,' says Hazlitt, 'is gentility running away from vulgarity, and afraid of being overtaken by it. It is a sign two things are not far asunder.'

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