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OLD SERIES VOL. 10, NO. 22.

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

SELECT POETRY.

JEANNETTE AND JEANOT. The following song is all the rage in Paris. The words are by Charles Jeffreys.

Or, when glory leads the way, You'll be madly rushing on, Never thinking if they kill you, That your happiness is gone!

A Select Tale.

THE TWO BRIDES' FORTUNES.

When I had been wandering upon the continent for many months, and on my return to my native land, I hastened to the house of my father...

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The service was performed, and Pamfrett handed his bride, with a great deal of ceremony, to an elegant carriage and four, which stood waiting at the church porch.

"I have no carriage, Emily," whispered Mr. Effingham, "into which to hand you!" but the smile of his bride declared more than words could do...

The happy pair turned from the church, and I saw them winding slowly up the hill, till I had lost them beneath the eaves and eaves-hung porch of Effingham Villa.

One fine evening Effingham and I sat together on a hill, which threw its shadow over the placid lake, where the quiet stars were counting their bright shadows.

A Clever Sketch.

BARNHILL, THE FREEDROVER; OR, A RAT TRAP ON A LARGE SCALE.

At the foot of an assemblage of beautiful picturesque rocks, called Mingo Crags, that overlook the vale of Teviot, there are the remains of an old square tower of prodigious strength...

The first movement in Barnhill's contrivance to effect the purpose alluded to, was to have similar fastenings attached to the outside of the door which led into the courtyard spoken of with those by which it was secured on the inside...

I left this happy pair, and the following evening visited the Pamfretts. "A sovereign bid!" exclaimed the dashing officer, "for which of us can drink the most champagne, or ride to the sixth milestone first?"

"I excused myself, and Pamfrett declared I was a fool. Mrs. Pamfrett presided at the dinner table that evening with the state and majesty of an Eastern queen. Can this, I mentally exclaimed, be sister to the gentle Emily?"

"I replied that I had enjoyed that pleasure the evening before. "Cleanness!" cried the lady. "O, dear, to think of it! It is three months, I fancy, since I saw her; she quite offended me by marrying that poor melancholy man. She must be miserably dull. I could not live without my partner; and Pamfrett is the king of all games. I have quite my own way, and am admired by all; whilst Effingham is very eccentric, sullen, proud, and bearish. The ladies are all envying me, and wonder how I succeeded in obtaining the hand of one whom they had vainly tried for; but Emily, poor dear! they wonder how she could possibly have married such a dreary creature as Effingham."

"I left the two brides thus enjoying their fortunes, and went again touring on the continent. It was four years before I returned to Windermere. Four years! what changes occur in that time. A day or two after my return, I sought the cottage on the hill, where I had left Emily and her husband in the enjoyment of all the human heart could wish. A beautiful boy was sitting on the grass before the door, placing a wreath of wild flowers round the curly head of a lovely little girl. "Bless the sweet creatures!" I exclaimed, as I stood watching them; and for some time endeavored to trace a likeness between them and the happy pair whose children I at once concluded they were.

"Is papa at home?" I at length inquired, when the little fellow looked up at my play, pointing to the door. "Yes sir, in there." "And I heard both laugh the unchilled laugh of infancy, as I turned towards the house. Mr. Effingham received me as a long absent brother, but on inquiring for Mrs. Pamfrett, I was startled to hear that she was dead. "Yes," continued Effingham, "Pamfrett was always gay and wild, and he was at length induced to gamble on a great scale, and was ruined. One night he embarked for America, leaving a letter for Caroline, wherein he stated that she had always been her own mistress, and might continue so; and that if it had not been for her pride, his fortune would not have been wrecked. "Poor Caroline was now destitute," continued Mr. Effingham. "We forgot her conduct towards ourselves, and did everything in our power to alleviate her sorrow and heartful degradation. Emily at length induced her to come and reside with us. I managed her affairs, sold the estate, and paid what debts had been incurred, from the exception of those of dis-honor," from which her husband had fled. But Caroline's pride had received too deep a wound to be healed; she pined and faded, and within six months of her husband's departure, died. All that now remains of that once grand, proud family, is the deaf boy in the garden, who is playing with the little girl."

The entrance of Emily prevented any further reference to her sister's melancholy history. She looked, if possible, more handsome than ever. Her face wore the beautiful expression of habitual content. "So good hearts live! And may they live and prosper; eternal sunshine dwelling over their heads!" A secret society of seventy thieves has been discovered in Catalonia, comprising many persons of respectable station. The greater part have been taken, and are to be judged by a military commission.

THE HERO AND THE PRINTER.

When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering in steel, with his battle-axe on his shoulder, till his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and new carnage, the pale looker-on might have fancied that injure was to her death throes; for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth...

We wish, for the credit of Barnhill, that the story had finished in the same spirit of humor which it begins, and with which it is marked throughout; but we are sorry to say this is not the case. Reversing the usual conduct of dramatic exhibitions, Barnhill gives us, on this occasion, at any rate, tragedy after farce. When that fierce Borden and his men had exhausted their mirth, and the joke of the captured invaders had become stale, these ferocious outlaws might be seen coolly preparing, even with the smile yet on their faces, to finish in blood what had begun in laughter and glee...

The noblest men I know on Earth, Are men whose hands are brown with toil; When, backed by no ancestral graces, How down the world and till the soil, And win thereby a prouder name Than follows kings or warriors tame.

THE WARRIORS OF DEER. The deer is the most acute animal we possess, and adopts the most sagacious plans for the preservation of its life. When it lies, satisfied that the wind will convey to it an intimation of the approach of its pursuer, it gazes in another direction. If there are any wild birds, such as crows or ravens, in its vicinity, it keeps its eye intently fixed on them, convinced that they will give it a timely alarm. It selects its cover with the greatest caution, and invariably chooses an eminence from which it can have a view around. It recognizes individuals, and permits the shepherds to approach it. The stags at Tor-napress will suffer the boy to go within 20 yards of them, but if I attempt to encroach upon them they are off at once. A poor man who carries pain in a creel on his back here may go "chuck by jowl" with them; but I put on his panner the other day, and attempted to advance, and immediately they sprung away like antelopes. An eminent deerslayer told me the other day of a plan one of his keepers adopted to kill a wary stag. This animal had been known for years, and occupied part of a plain from which it could perceive the smallest object at the distance of a mile. The keeper cut a thick bush, which he carried before him as he crept, and commenced stalking at eight in the morning; but so gradually did he move forward that it was five in the afternoon before he stood in triumph with his foot on the antlered king of never-fail so much for an inferior creature; said the gentleman, "as I did for this deer. When I came up it was panting life away with its large blue eyes firmly fixed on its slayer. You would have thought, sir, that it was accusing itself of simplicity in having been so easily betrayed."—Inverness Courier.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING. Thousands of men breathe, move and live; pass off the stage of life, are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in this world; and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled; and they perished, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O! man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy; on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. Not your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

A villainous fellow, in one of the western counties of Virginia, who had whipped his wife, was ducked by a party of youngsteers, whereupon he sued for damages. The jury, after retiring ten minutes, returned a verdict to the court, in the form following: "Verdict of the Jury—served him right—John Simpson, Foreman!"

ENCOUNTER WITH THE ELEPHANT.

Major Rogers had just had capital sport with a herd of elephants; his four guns had all been discharged, when an elephant made a charge at him from the skirts of the jungle. There was no help for it except to run, and for four hundred yards the major kept just ahead, feeling at every step the animal's trunk trying to insinuate itself round his loins. A turn round a tree gave him a momentary advantage, which he made most of by springing up the branches, (he was as nimble as a cat and as strong as a lion) one foot higher, and he would have been out of the elephant's reach but before he had time to draw up his legs the elephant had got him firmly clenched in the coils of his proboscis. Still Rogers pulled against him, thinking it better to have his leg wrenched from the socket than to fall back bodily into the power of the animal. The struggle however, did not last long, for to the delight of the pursued and the chagrin of the pursuer, the Wellington boot which the former wore slipped off, extricated the leg, and saved the leg of poor Rogers. The dilemma, however, did not end here, for the elephant, finding himself balked of his prey, after destroying the boot, took up his quarters beneath the branches, and kept his anticipated victim in the tree for twenty-four hours, when a tapal, or country postman, happening to pass by, Rogers gave him notice of his position; and on this being intimated to the nearest village, the elephant was frightened away by tom-toms and yelling. Had this occurred in a deserted part of the jungle, poor Rogers would undoubtedly have been starved to death in the tree.—Sporting Magazine.

Soon after the Copernican system of astronomy began to be generally understood, an old Connecticut farmer went to his parson with the following inquiry: "Dr. T. do you believe in the new story they tell about the 'curly moving round the sun'?" "Yes, certainly." "Do you think it is according to the Scriptures?" "If it's true, how could Joshua command the sun to stand still?" "Umph!" quoth the Parson, scratching his head, "Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, did he not?" "Yes." "Well, it stood still, did it not?" "Yes." "Very well. Did you ever hear that he set it going again?"

The St. Louis Organ, of the 22d ultimo has the following:—"A friend tells us that in coming down the Mississippi river, a short time ago, on a steambot, one of the passengers one night attracted his attention, by exclaiming in his sleep. "Can bear that dive, any way you can fix it!" Our reporter immediately looked towards the man, when lo! he saw him tumble head-foremost from his berth on the floor. "That!" said he, "it touched bottom, anyhow!" and then climbed up into his berth again without waking.

THE LAST SPEECH OF MRS. PARTINGTON.—"Fifty-two Spoons of Temperance!" exclaimed the old lady and twenty-five Daughters too! Why bless me, how many children has aunt Temperance got!—And I hear them talk about Cakes of Temperance. What sort of debts are these? But no wonder she owes debts when she has so many children to maintain—how I pity the old creature!" And the old lady pulled her spectacles down on her nose and resumed her knitting.

GRATUITOUS PRINTING.—The Salem Gazette has the following paragraph on the subject, which we commend to the notice of gentlemen in this city who are in the habit of asking for gratuitous printing:—"There is no such thing as doing any thing gratuitously in a printing office.—Somebody must pay for everything that is done. Not a line can be set that does not cost money for setting. Either the printer must pay the whole, or the advertiser must pay his share. The only questions to be asked by the publisher are: Who is to pay the money for the labor? What ground has this party or individual to require one to pay for the promotion of its or his object?"

IF YOU DON'T wish to fall in love, keep away from calico. You can no more play with girls without losing your heart, than you can play at roulette without losing your money. As Dobb's very justly observes, the heartiness of a woman, like the tendrils of a vine are always reaching out for something to cling to.—The consequence is, that before you are going, you are "gone," like a one-legged stove at direct attraction.

A negro boy in Louisiana, during the cholera, hearing his father say that the disease would soon be along that way, left his work and looked himself to the woods. Being found by his overseer fast asleep, he excused himself on the ground that not being "prepared in mind to die," he had gone to the woods to "meditate." But said the overseer, "how was it that you went to sleep?" "Well, I don't know, maister, how dat was 'zactly, but I speck I ever prayed myself."

OTCROTAGES.—The Cambridge Presbyterian Church, at Lebanon, Ohio, was entered recently by some villains, who tore the Bible on the pulpit to fragments, defaced the seats and furniture, and then entered the Baptist Church, where they perpetrated similar outrages. The people were much excited on the subject, and great efforts were making to discover the rascals.

A Poor Devil.—A man who has no friends but those who profess to be such through self-interest.

E. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA. Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia. Refer to: P. & A. HAYWARD, Lower & Barron, ROBERTS & SHORRERS, REYNOLDS, McLELLAN & Co. SPERRY, GORD & Co.

CHARLES W. HEGINS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Pottsville, Pa. Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care. June 16, 1849.

JAMES COOPER, BRVA CAMERON COOPER & CAMERON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, POTTSVILLE, Schuylkill County, Pa. Will collect monies, attend to litigated cases, and act as agents in the management of Estates, &c. Persons desiring their services, may refer to the following gentlemen: PHILADELPHIA, Isaac H. Brown, John H. Davis, Gustav O. Westcott, Henry White, Francis N. Hook, Wm. H. Reed, J. M. Abbott Lawrence, Harvey John Allen, Esq., Lowell S. Thompson, Esq., &c.

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TEAS, from the New York Canton and Pekin Tea Company. For sale by J. W. FREILING. Sunbury, Dec. 7, 1848