

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. 3, NO. 23.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1850.

OLD SERIES VOL. 10, NO. 49.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

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

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

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

ROOFT, DAGUERREAN ARTIST, No. 140, corner of Fifth & Chestnut sts., Philadelphia.

CITIZENS AND STRANGERS can have a sitting for Portraits or Miniatures, and receive them beautifully executed...

NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA JOURNEMEN Hatters Association, Cor. of 5th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

JOHN C. FARR & Co. IMPORTERS OF Watches, Jewelry, Plated Ware, and FANCY GOODS.

W. F. PEDDICK'S (LATE PARTNER OF C. SCHLACK) Varnish Manufactory and Paint Store.

LINN, SMITH & CO., Wholesale Druggists, AND DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINE, PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS, &c.

PHILADELPHIA WINE & LIQUOR STORE, BITTING & WATERMAN, Importers and Dealers in Liquors.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, CHAS. DUMMIG, No. 207 Chestnut Street, Front Arcade, Philadelphia.

SELECT POETRY.

THE POOR MAN'S RICHES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Poor! did you call me? My wants are but few, And generous nature Gives more than my due;

No close-handed miser That e'er had a hoard Could reckon such treasure As I can afford.

Wealth could procure me But pleasure and ease; I've both in my garden Beneath the green trees.

The rich and the mighty Have chaplains in pay; And I, too, have chaplains As pious as they.

In whispering foliage They soothe and persuade; They sing in the twilight, They talk in the shade;

Though gold has its friendships That cling to it well, Acquaintance and lovers Too many to tell;

All saints and apostles, All prophets divine, All sages and poets, Are teachers of mine;

My friends and my teachers Wherever I roam, The guides of my spirit, The lights of my home.

And, crown of all riches, Far better than pearl, 'Tis a true heart who loves me For sake of myself.

With these and my patience, And strength to endure, My health, and my honor, How can I be poor?

A Sketch.

CONFESSIONS OF A SWORD SWALLOWER.

I have been connected with the conjuring and tumbling profession, and every branch of them for forty-six years.

My mother when a child, and my father was a carpenter, and allowed me to go with the tumblers.

I first practiced sword swallowing against the celebrated Ramo Samee, who was then getting £25 or £30 a week.

I first practiced with a cane, and found it difficult to get the cane down.

There's an aperture in the chest which opens and shuts; and it keeps open and shutting, as I understand it; but I knew nothing about what they call anatomy, and never thought about such things.

At one time I used to swallow three words, a knife, and two forks, of course

CANT AFFORD TO TAKE THE PAPER.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Look here, Madam D., you can't afford to take a paper, what are you doing just now?"

"Why, what I do every week, making a few custards, some doughnuts, and cup cakes, two or three mince or apple pies, some bird's nest pudding for dinner, and getting up some little trifles for the children."

"Mercy! and how much of your time do these things consume?"

"Time! why it is such a pleasure, and I am so fond of niceties, that I don't think how the time passes. I have such low spirits, and this diverts my mind so readily that I often enjoy myself in making these things, when, I suppose, I don't really need them."

"Now do tell me what the materials of that bird's nest pudding will cost you? I am curious to know, as I never made one of the kind."

"Cost me? why it's not expensive at all; stop—let me see, the articles I have used to-day, cost—perhaps fifty cents, or may be a little more; my family is large you know."

"Then you use gauce." "Well, yes—generally. Husbands won't have any but the best, so I make it up cold with white sugar and butter."

"And do your puddings cost as much every day?" "Well, I must always have one for dinner, of some kind, sometimes more expensive, sometimes less. Husband will live well, if we don't save a penny. We have always managed to get along, and just keep our heads above the water."

"La! really, no, two dollars seems so much to give, just for a pastry paper. The children ain't fond of reading and husband's away evenings, most of the time, at neighbor Harris' sitting on the door stoop. There seems to be a magnetism there."

"Ah! Harris takes the paper." "Yes, but they live dreadfully common, and keep a mean table."

"Oh! no, you are mistaken there; they have a plenty of everything that is good.—To be sure they have no pies, and seldom cake, and their desserts are simple rice, eaten with the richest of milk, or a plain apple or berry pudding. It is a real luxury to take a bit of their bread and butter; the bread so delicious and light, the butter so sweet and golden."

"But my husband couldn't get along without such things, and I confess it would come hard to me."

"Yet look at your children, neighbor D. See the yellow hue on that little, pale cheek, when, instead, the red rose of health should bloom here. Not one of your children looks healthy, neighbor D., and you say yourself, that you are sick half the time."

"La! food ain't got anything to do with that—it's constitutional." "Constitutional or not, the manner in which you live, is hurrying you all into an early grave. The children of neighbor Harris are bright and rosy, cheerful and intellectual. Take my advice neighbor D., talk with your husband, and urge him to give up these luxuries. In one week by disposing with such puddings as you have to-day, you save two dollars, the price of a year's subscription. By living more simply, your little Anna will not go fretting about you, with those unattractive blotches covering her face, the natural outlets of grease and indigestible food. You will not be obliged to send for Dr. Henry every little while because Henry has fit. You, yourself, will carry a clearer head, and a lighter heart, and take more interest in what is transpiring abroad and around you. It is this kind of food that makes you at all times so nervous and low spirited; banish it, and you restore health and happiness."

"Now tell me, in view of all these things, if you would then be too poor to take the paper. How nice it would be to hear James or John read some interesting story these long evenings!"

"La! you have such a way of talking; I suppose I might take the paper, but as to giving up what we've been so long accustomed to—"

"Poor neighbor D."

JENNY LIND.—A Poem, not intended for the Prize. On the wings of every wind Comes the loud fame of Jenny Lind— "Atlantic" steamer, favored of her kind, Will bear the treasure freight of Jenny Lind— Mermaids rejoice! long tailed and fin'd, To hear the notes of Jenny Lind; Neptune his coral shell doth wind, To welcome the fair Jenny Lind; The mighty whaler to sportiveness inclina'd, Spouts up his jet of brine for Jenny Lind! While all the fishes of the sea Leap up, to hear her minstrelsy!—N. Y. Post.

MAJOR SHERMAN'S BATTERY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

The drill of this battery on the common, on Friday afternoon, in the presence of some fifteen or twenty thousand persons, of which ladies constituted the majority, is the theme of praise from all lips to-day.

The sluggish movements which characterize the manoeuvres of ordinary artillery, are entirely dispensed with. Each cannon is drawn by four horses. All the men ride upon the guns or tumbrils, and every movement is made at full speed. The guns are unlimbered in the twinkling of an eye, placed in battery, loaded and fired, and limbered up again in almost as little time as it takes to write these words.

The men spring upon the guns like cats, start off at full gallop, wheel round, manoeuvre, change front and take new positions, with the swiftness of eavalry. They pitch the cannon from its carriage, pull away the wheels, take the wheel to pieces, put it together again, and mount the cannon with as much speed and precision as one could open and shut a snuff-box. Every movement displays the utmost perfection of discipline and accomplished drilling. The drilling is a severe one for officers, men, and horses; and serious accidents must of course be frequent, for every movement is executed at lightning speed. It is said that the gallant Ringgold lost twelve men, by fatal accidents, in drilling his Flying Artillery men to the same manoeuvres by Sherman's men, that were witnessed yesterday.

Several very narrow escapes were witnessed yesterday. One of the company was thrown over his horse's head by coming in collision with a tree; another was lamed in the foot in unlimbering before the carriage had stopped; and a horse was wounded, in wheeling, so that the blood flowed profusely; yet all these little accidents did not in the least check any movement. The horses were admirably trained to their work, and appear to understand the word of command and the sound of the bugle, equally as well as the men.

The history of Major Sherman is a happy illustration of the democratic character of our institutions, and of the fact that true merit will work its way in spite of obstacles. Some twenty years since he was a poor boy at Newport, R. I., and worked out on the farm with his father. Our informant has often seen him going his morning rounds, with his milk cans, serving his customers. He possessed, however, the adventurous spirit of a Yankee, and determined not to go barefoot and carry milk all his days. He saved up his small change, accordingly, until he had accumulated enough to pay his expenses on to Washington.

Armed with a simple certificate of good moral character from one of his good customers, who was known at Washington, he put his trunk in a wheelbarrow, and trundled it down to the steamboat landing, and started, in the humble accompaniment of a farmer's boy, for headquarters. Arriving at the seat of government, he found the means of presenting himself to Andrew Jackson, President of the United States. That keen-sighted old soldier recognised in the enterprising bold-spirited youth the qualities that lead to trust and advancement. The result of the interview was an order for Sherman's admission to duty and good natural ability soon placed him at the head of his class. He graduated with the highest honors of the institution. His career since has been brilliant and successful; and his name will be henceforth found on one of the brightest pages in the military annals of his country.—Boston Transcript.

A FIGHTING MAYOR.—The Brownsville (Tex.) correspondent of the New Orleans Delta sends the following:—"Within the last week our Chief Magistrate has twice exhibited his pugilistic power in the shape of rough and tumble fights—once with a Justice, and once with a member of the learned profession. In the last case he is said to have got the worst of it, as he was not seen in the streets for four days afterwards, and a certain druggist reports having sold a quantity of sugar of lead. The people are satisfied that the Mayor has turned out to be a perfect horse."

THE MARRIAGE.—An India paper one day began its editorial thus:—"The Gorham case;—d—n the Gorham case." A few days after the editor apologized for the unseemly language by saying that during a temporary absence, his paper had been left in charge of a clergyman.—N. Y. Post.

SOME SCHOOLMASTERS are in the habit of drawing their words very badly. We have heard of one who called up a little fellow in school and said to him, "When! parse child?" To which the little fellow replied, "No, I ain't! I am mother's!"

QUEL'S SAYS that a married woman, without children, is inconceivably behind the time.—Boston Post.

AN EPICURE.—Punch having been prohibited at Koenigsburg, C. T. B., in the Literary World, translates an epigram, which appeared in the Leipzig Charivaria, thus:—"We Germans get our rights, to be sure, As far and as fast as we need 'em— We have the freedom of caricature, And a caricature of freedom."

BISHOP BASCOM, who has been sick in Louisville, is improving. His physicians pronounce him convalescent.

A TALE OF HORROR.

BY C. W. HORNER, M. D., OF PHILADELPHIA.

While travelling a couple weeks since, we heard from the lips of a friend one of the most heart-rending recitals we have listened to for a long time. He was put off from a steamboat at or near Wolf Island, about twenty-five miles below the mouth of the Ohio, for the purpose of collecting a debt from a man living about five miles back in the country, on the Missouri side, we think. With a narrow path about three miles, when he came across a small cabin. Yet "cabin" would not describe the place of habitation, for such it proved to be. It was a little dilapidated shed with no boards on one side and great crevices on the other sides and in the roof. He would have passed it by, but moans from the inside told that it was occupied. Wishing to inquire his road, he stopped, and stood before the open side of the shed, and gazed upon a spectacle, which, as he said, was present before his eyes days afterwards and haunted his sleep. We describe what he saw, as he told us, only saying that strange as the story may seem, full reliance can be placed upon his words.

There was not a bed or chair in the shed, but stretched upon the bare ground lay the body of a youngish looking woman, who had evidently just died. Her form was almost a perfect skeleton, yet the face was that of a refined and beautiful woman. On her breast lay an infant of about six months age, with its mouth to the breast of its mother, and dead. And sitting up in a corner of the shed, and staring the traveller in the face with glazed eyes, was what he thought another corpse, but life was yet in it. The figure was that of a girl apparently about ten years old. She could not rise to her feet, and yet she was not sick. She was literally dying of starvation. By the side of the woman, and clasping her hand, lay a man covered with blood, and apparently in a dying state. Add to this the filth of the room and the half naked condition of the sufferers, and we wonder not that the scene long haunted the observer. He went in. The girl could not speak, but the man cried "water" in a feeble voice, and pointed to the girl as if to attract the stranger's attention to her. The traveller, Mr. J., of Cincinnati, hastened away, taking with him a tin pan, and says he never ran harder in his life than he did about a half mile to a small stream he had passed.

On his return, he found the man still alive, and gave him water, which he eagerly drank. He could then speak in a whisper. He pointed to the girl and said—"she's starving." Mr. J. gave the girl some water, which appeared to revive her, and she tried to talk, but could not. With much difficulty he learned from the man that there was a house about a mile distant, to which he hurried.—

On his arrival there, he found only a negro. While getting some provisions and hastening back with the man, the latter informed him that the cholera had broken out in that neighborhood, and the family owning him had left for the time being. He said the little girl of the shed had daily made her appearance there for provisions until about three days back—that the man and woman had been sick for a long time, &c. On their return, the man was dying, and lived but an hour—the little girl was revived by food, and before they took her away could talk. She said she had been sick herself and could not walk to the house for food, and that her mother died the day previous, and the baby about the same time—and that her father had tried to kill himself when they died. It was horrid.

The child was taken in the house, and the rest of the unfortunate family buried. The child afterwards stated her name was Mary Williams, and Mr. J. thought, from what he could gather, the family had formerly lived in New Albany, but in what New Albany he could not ascertain, more than as the child said, there were a great many houses there, and it was evidently New Albany, N. Y.—

The negro said the family had been there several weeks, and came, directly after his master had left. As there was not a family in the neighborhood, the person having also gone whom Mr. J. wished to see, the girl who was sick and exhausted, was left with the negro, who promised faithfully to attend to her. Yet there was but little hopes of her recovery. It has never been our misfortune to hear a more horrible tale of reality than this.—Evansville (Ind.) Journal.

WATTS STREET.—A Frenchman stopped a lad in the street to make some inquiries of his whereabouts. "Mon fren, wat is ze nome of zis street?" "Well, who said 'twant?" "Wat you call zis street?" "Of course we do!" "Pardonez! I have not ze name you call him?" "Yes, Watts you call it?" "How you call ze name of zis street?" "Watts street, I told yer." "Zis street?" "Watts street, old feller, and don't yer go ter make game o' me?" "Sacre! I ask you one, two, tree several times often, vill you tell me ze name of ze street—eh?" "Watts street, I told yer. Yer drunk, ain't yer?" "Mon little fren, vere you lif, eh?"

A CLEVER JEW.—A foreign paper states that lately a deputation on Sir Moses Montefiore, to ask his assistance in their efforts to build a church. "You know my religious opinions," replied the excellent Jew, "I cannot give you money to build a church—there are five hundred guineas for you to do what you like with."

PHYSICIANS IN AMERICA.—A correspondent of the Limerick Examiner, writing from Cincinnati, says that in that town there are over two hundred doctors, and, "I am sorry to add, all doing well; but this must not be attributed entirely to disease, as an American will consult a doctor for a pain in his little finger."

CASE OF LACTATION IN A MALE.

BY C. W. HORNER, M. D., OF PHILADELPHIA.

Dear Sir.—According to your request, I send the particulars of the case of lactation in an adult male. It occurred in the person of an athletic American, named Charles Collins, aged 22 years, a blacksmith, working at his trade in New York. About the 10th of February last, his attention was first drawn to his left breast, which appeared to be enlarging, and continued to increase in size for three weeks, when he came to Philadelphia. After being in this city for three weeks, he became quite anxious in regard to his condition, for, although he suffered very little pain, the mamma had become quite as large as that of a female nursing. He, therefore, through the persuasion of an aunt, was, on the twenty-third of March, induced to apply at the Clinic of the Jefferson Medical College, to consult the faculty of that Institution.—

His case came up before Prof. Mutter, who, upon examination, found the mammary gland largely developed, and filled with the lactal secretion, which differed in no wise from that of a mother. He could assign no cause for this freak of nature; his health was very good, and the other breast natural. A soap plaster was prescribed, and compression ordered to be kept up, which he persisted in for full six weeks, when the gland returned to its usual size; and when I saw him this morning at Fairmount, where he now resides, it was in every respect like the other.—Ledger.

ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURES.—The Madison Bank Robbery, &c.—Among the victims of the cholera on Monday night last, was a convict in the Indiana penitentiary, at Jeffersonville, named Root. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for six years, under a charge of having robbed the bank at Madison, Indiana, of some \$28,000, and his sentence would have expired next month. Our readers will recollect that this robbery took place about seven years since, and created great excitement at the time, and suspicion was cast upon some men occupying high places. The money was never found, and to this day, as has been ascertained by memoranda kept by the bank not a dollar of the stolen notes has never been put in circulation. Root was a man of bad character, and as he was at Madison about the time of the robbery, he was pursued, arrested, and, on trial, was convicted of the crime, although nothing positively was proven against him, and notwithstanding he almost positively proved an alibi. On his death bed on Monday night, he freely confessed to a number of forgeries and crimes, and implicated, as being connected with him in his forgery transaction, a person who is at present a resident of this city, and who is now reputed to be worth his hundred thousand dollars! He, however, most earnestly and solemnly denied having ever had anything whatever to do with the Madison Bank robbery, or of knowing anything about it, either directly or indirectly. As we have already said, he freely acknowledged to many other crimes, but with a full knowledge that death would soon claim him as a victim, he asserted to be the last that he was suffering the penalties for a crime of which he was entirely innocent. The confession were made to his physician, Dr. W. F. Collum; and from all the attending circumstances, his statements are believed to be true.—Louisville Courier, Aug. 14.

FRENCH POLITENESS.—In a battle between the French and Neapolitans, during the French revolution, the soldiers on both sides were instructed to give no quarter. A Neapolitan soldier having been disarmed by a petty French officer, the former knelt and begged his life. "Ah, Monsieur!" says the Frenchman, "I pity you very much, and would be extremely happy to serve you—ask any other favor, and it shall be granted." Upon saying which, he plunged his sword into his heart.

GETTING INSURED.—The Troy Post relates a "good one" of Jacob Barker, the Quaker, who hearing of the loss of one of his vessels which he had omitted to get insured, wrote to a broker with whom he had spoken on the subject, as follows:—"Dear Friend:—"If it has not filled up the policy which I bespoke on Saturday, the need not, as I have heard from the vessel."

The broker, in fact had not filled up the policy, but presuming from the tenor of Jacob's note that his vessel was safe, and tempted by what seemed a good chance to clutch his per centage without risk, he filled it up forthwith and sent it to Jacob with the assurance that it had been made all ready for him on Saturday. On Monday morning the first thing that met his eyes on opening his newspaper was the loss of Jacob's vessel, which he had wickedly insured on Sunday.—Then also he discovered the cunning ambiguity of Jacob's note—"he had heard from the vessel!"

A CLEVER JEW.—A foreign paper states that lately a deputation on Sir Moses Montefiore, to ask his assistance in their efforts to build a church. "You know my religious opinions," replied the excellent Jew, "I cannot give you money to build a church—there are five hundred guineas for you to do what you like with."

PHYSICIANS IN AMERICA.—A correspondent of the Limerick Examiner, writing from Cincinnati, says that in that town there are over two hundred doctors, and, "I am sorry to add, all doing well; but this must not be attributed entirely to disease, as an American will consult a doctor for a pain in his little finger."