



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. 27.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1850.

OLD SERIES VOL. 11, NO. 1.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

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

SELECT POETRY.

Tennyson has given the world a new poem, entitled In Memoriam, which is just published in London...

knocked for admission. The door was opened by a man.

Now I am not a person to believe in presentiments, misgivings and all that sort of thing, but I certainly saw something in that man's countenance that I did not like...

"He won't eat that quarter of meat in there, will he?"

"Oh no," I answered. "You are quite right—he won't eat it. He never takes anything that's not his."

The door was opened, but the "credur" didn't stick his head out.

Emboldened by not hearing anything, the door was gradually opened. Now was the time. With a terrific howl, Lion leaped over the head of the woman...

REMINISCENCE

Of Fulton's First Steam Voyage and the Reception of his First Passage Money.

EARLY DAYS OF SILAS WRIGHT.

A friend, who was on his acquaintance of the late Hon. Silas Wright, related to us an anecdote of that distinguished man...

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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

ROOT, DAGUERREAN ARTIST.

No. 140, corner of Fifth & Chestnut sts. Philadelphia, and 363 Broadway corner of Franklin Street, New York.

CITIZENS AND STRANGERS can have a sitting for Portraits or Miniatures, and receive them beautifully casted, in Morocco, Silk velvet, Paper, Machine, or other fancy colors...

NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA JOURNEMEN Hatters Association.

CONTINUE to make and sell a finer and more durable Hat for the money than any other establishment in the United States...

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

ALWAYS keep on hand an excellent assortment of the above articles, which they will sell on terms as low as any in the city.

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

Constantly on hand and for sale, at reduced prices, and of superior quality, the following articles, viz:

Crack, Cabnet, Jamnour's and Oil Cloth Varnishes; Drying Japan; Red and Havana Varnishes; Brown, White and Red Spirit Oil; Transfer Oil; Artists' House and Coach Paints; and Varnishes; PUTTY IN QUANTITIES; PAINTS, OILS, AND PREPARED FOR IMMEDIATE USE; Milliners' Varnish; Glass and Putty; and Wood Glue; Artists' Colors; Dry and in Tubes; New's Foot Oil; Fish, Silver, and German Lead; Oil of Sassafras; and other articles. Also, very superior Blue, Blacking and Writing Ink.

LINN, SMITH & Co., Wholesale Druggists and Dealers in DRUGS, MEDICINE, PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS, VARNISHES, DYE STUFF, PATENT MEDICINE, MEDICINE CHESTS, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, &c., &c.; and manufacturers of the celebrated Congress Ink.

Black, Blue and Red. The quality of this Ink is unsurpassed, and we are now prepared to furnish it of all sizes, neatly packed in boxes from one to three dozen each.

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Importers and Dealers in Liquors, No. 220 Market Street, Philadelphia.

OFFER for sale, the cheapest and best assortment of Liquors in Philadelphia, such as Champagne, Sherries, Port, Steek, Claret, Burgundies, Sautern, Brack, Madeira, Lisbon, Teneriffe and Sicily Wines.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. CHAS. DUMMIG.

IMPORTER and Manufacturer of all kinds of Musical Instruments, Fancy Articles and Toys. His prices are lower than those of any other store in Philadelphia.

A Sketch.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

THE PEDLAR AND HIS DOG.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Some years ago I travelled through a portion of Michigan. I went on foot or rode as best suited my purpose. I carried rich silks and jewelry, for those disposed to buy.

When I travelled, he trotted along by my side and when I stopped to trade, he seated himself near me, and watched all my movements with a business-like expression.

He really took a strong dislike to those who were disposed to find fault with everything, and my price in particular.

One day, in the summer of 1840, I found myself in a small German settlement on the border of a small lake, anxious to get forward to the next one, which was about eight miles distant.

The road—if road it could be called—was very bad, and passed through the most gloomy forest in that part of the country.

The darkness was upon me before I was aware of it. It seemed to me that I had already walked eight miles, but could see no signs of a settlement.

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In a short time I was glad I had made this resolution, for I saw a light glimmering from a cabin. I approached it as soon as possible. It was rather above the medium size. I thought I might be accommodated there very well. It had the appearance of being very comfortable within.

THE PEDLAR AND HIS DOG.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A kind of telegraphing took place between the two, after which I was informed I could "stay."

The man was set upon the table at last. I was invited to partake of it, which I did with my host, who had been absent, and had returned a few minutes before my arrival.

At last I feigned sleep, and snored most musically; but I did not fail to look through the crevice to see what my host and hostess were doing.

After she had done this, she motioned for him to come and lift it, which he did, with apparently as much satisfaction as his other half had experienced.

"A fine dog," said the man, thinking it probable I might hear the remark. "I reckon he wants to go out—he growls as though he did."

"Nice dog," the woman added, after a moment, "nice dog," and then she offered him a piece of meat, and attempted to fondle him. Contrary to her expectations, Lion utterly refused the meat, and put an end to all familiarity by showing his teeth again in a very testy manner.

By this last act of hostility on the part of my dog, they had appeared not a little disconcerted. She retreated almost behind my chair, and shook her skinny fist at him; but he did not condescend to express any uneasiness at that rather decided and energetic expression of her feelings.

"I don't think it time to wake up, which I can't say but I left a little dry about the throat then. I looked towards old Lion. I could just discern his great eyes through the darkness. He was still upon the alert. The perspiration began to roll down my face in great drops, not that I felt absolutely afraid—but I did not like the idea of taking human life. I was confident I could defend myself yet even that confidence was not enough to make me feel altogether comfortable.

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AN ECCENTRIC OLD BACHELOR.

A letter dated Woodbridge, New Jersey, July 4, gives the following singular account of an eccentric old bachelor.

An old bachelor has died lately in this place, having a fortune of \$80,000. From what I learn of him he must have been one of the most eccentric and curious claps that ever lived.

Should he be in the road and spy a wagon in the distance, he would run for his life for fear that a speck of dust should chance to fly upon him. The village belles have enjoyed many a laugh at him when returning from church, to see him take to his heels and run at the sight of a carriage or a cloud of dust, and although he would take no notice of them at the time, yet they were not forgotten. He always endeavored to keep as clear of the ladies as possible, and particularly the widows, whom he looked upon as something very dreadful; and was never caught walking in the road with one if he knew it.

With all his oddities he was miserly to a cent, and often seen at the store exchanging a quarter of a dollar for twenty-five pennies, thereby saving a copper over every twenty-five.

A terrible explosion followed the fearful pause. A storm of slugs poured into my bed perforating the wig, and scattering the pumpkin in every direction.

"He won't never tell no stories," I heard the assassin say, as he dropped the breach of the gun heavily to the floor. "Now for the dog."

During these operations, Lion had placed himself by my side, with his fore-feet upon the bed, while, to keep him still, I put my hand over his mouth. He knew well what I meant, for I had kept him quiet so before. At the moment of the discharge he gave a low growl. I pointed towards the door.

"I will open the door a little, and when the credur sticks his head out, shoot him," said the she-wolf.

THE PROGRESS OF COMFORTS.

In the first period of occupation of England by mankind, there is no doubt as the flesh of animals served for food, so their skins served for clothes.

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THE ASTOR HOUSE, N. Y., has raised the price of board to \$2 50 a day.

SONNET ON A MOSQUITO.

The little mosquito, the blood-sucking scamp, How demurely he sits till you slouch out the lamp;

Then he stretches his wings and lights on your nose, And does all he can to disturb your repose; And if he can't bleed you with gnat's or blade, He will try the effect of his sweet serenade.

Mr. T. BICELOW LAWRENCE is Acting Secretary of Legation in London, ad interim, in the absence of Mr. Davis, who had gone to the Continent.

MR. MORE LIKELY.—The North American says the proposed line of steamships between this and Liverpool will make the passage in twelve days not seventeen. This looks more like keeping up with the progress of steam.

TAMAQUA, Schuylkill county, has a population of 3,079. The population of Tamaqua is supposed to have decreased at least 600 during the last 18 months.

FREDERICK BREMER, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. James Rosel Lowell, arrived in Buffalo on Thursday last.

ARKANSAS ELECTION.—The Legislature stands as follows:—Senate, 21 Democrats and 4 Whigs. House, 51 Democrats and 24 Whigs.

PRICE OF ELOPING.—Dingham, tried for petty larceny in stealing the wearing apparel of Mrs. L. A. Sears, with whom he eloped, was convicted at Troy, and sentenced to six months in the penitentiary, and a fine of \$50.

THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY have issued orders suspending all work on iron steamers until further instructions from their lieutenants.

SUSPENSE.—A writer lately, in attempting to describe the agonies of suspense, calls it the "toothache of the mind."