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SELECT POETRY.

SONG OF THE SOUTH.

BY A MISSISSIPPIAN.

For our Country, for the Union, Which our noble fathers made, Free and sovereign States United, We are ready, heart and blade, To battle till our bodies...

We have read and we remember How together once they stood, And Northern hills and Southern plains Were crimsoned with their blood, With the stars and stripes above them, And a Southern at their head, How they fought and how they struggled Till the haughty Briton fled.

There is much to warm our bosom, There is much to raise our pride, As we gaze upon that banner Under which they bled and died; And in safety, faith and honor, For our past and future fame, We would live and die united, Now and ever, still the same.

But by God, who rules the nations, By the blood our fathers poured, As a band of equal brothers, Of the proud invader's sword; By our one and common glory, Of the present and the past, When that Union brings oppression, We'll resist it to the last.

Aye, whenever and wherever Britic tyrannic force be used, When the bond of love that bound us Shall be cancelled and abused, To insult, and grind, and crush us, In defiance of our right, We will stand upon our thresholds, We will parry, we will smite.

If a coward be among us If a slave, with Saxon face, Let him fly, a Southern branded With submission and disgrace, We will scorn all timid counsels, We will laugh at bastard fears; And the Union, which our fathers made, May last a thousand years!

Miscellaneous Matter.

BRIDAL QUARRELS.

A trifling disagreement about a trifling matter may destroy a life of enjoyment. And it usually happens that when the married pair do quarrel, the occasion is so despicable that they are ashamed to think of it. Yet that silly circumstance, like a drop of ink discoloring a whole vessel of water, often spreads its influence over the whole of it. Just as...

I find an exceedingly painful illustration of these ideas in an English publication, for the truth of which the author pledges his word. A young couple had passed the first week of their marriage at the house of a friend. Having at length occupied their new home, they were taking their first breakfast when the following scene occurred:

The young husband was innocently opening a boiled egg in an egg cup. The bride observed that he was breaking the shell at what she thought was the wrong end. "How strange it looks," she said, "to see you break your egg at the small end, my dear! No one else does so; and it looks so odd."

"Oh, I think it's quite as good, in fact, better than breaking it at the large end, my love; for when you break the large end, the egg runs over the top," replied the husband.

"But it looks so very odd, when no one else does so," rejoined the wife. "Well, now, I really do think it is not a nice way that you have got of eating an egg. That dipping strips of bread and butter into an egg certainly is not tidy. But I do not object to your doing as you please, if you will let me break my egg at the little end," retorted the husband.

"I am quite sure my way is not so bad as eating fruit-pie with a knife, as you do, instead of using the fork; and you always eat up the syrup as if you were not accustomed to have such things. You really do not see how very bad it looks, or I am sure you would not do so," added the wife.

"The syrup is made to be eaten with pie, and why should I send it away in the plate?" asked the husband. "No well-dressed persons clear the plates as if they were stained, and the bride, with a contemptuous toss of her little head...

"Well, then, I am not a well bred person," replied the bridegroom angrily. "But you must be, if we are to be comfortable together," was the sharp answer of the fastidious lady.

"Well, I must break my egg at the small end, so it does not signify; and I must also eat the syrup."

"Then I will not have either fruit-pies or eggs at the table."

"But I will have them," peevishly exclaimed the husband.

"Then I wish I had not been married to you," cried the young wife, bursting into tears.

MUSCULAR STRENGTH.

The muscular power of the human body is indeed wonderful. A Turkish pica will trot at a rapid pace, and carry a weight of six hundred pounds. Milo, a celebrated athlete of Crotona, in Italy, carried on his back a man, a woman, and a child, and by degrees became a monster in strength. It is said that he carried on his shoulders an ox, 4 years old, weighing upwards of one thousand pounds, for above 40 yards, and afterwards killed it with one blow of his fist. He was seven times crowned at the Pythian games, and six at the Olympian.

He presented himself the seventh time, but no one had the courage to enter the list against him. He was one of the disciples of Pythagoras, and to his uncommon strength the learned preceptor and his pupils owed their lives. The pillar which supported the roof of the school suddenly gave way, but Milo supported the whole weight of the building, and gave the philosopher time to escape. In his old age, Milo attempted to pull up a tree by its roots and break it. He partly effected it; but his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree when cleft remitted, and left his hand pinched in the body of it. He was then alone; and being unable to disentangle himself died in that position.

Haller mentioned that he saw a man whose finger being caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported by that means the weight of his whole body, one hundred and fifty pounds, until he was drawn up to the surface, a distance of 6 hundred feet.

Augustus XI, King of Poland, could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse shoe asunder.

A Frenchman attached to Rockwell & Stone's Circus last spring, was able to resist the united efforts of four horses, as was witnessed by hundreds in New York and other places. A lion is said to have left the impression of his teeth upon a piece of solid iron. The most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by fish. The whale moves with a velocity through the dense medium of water, that would carry him, if continued at the same rate, round the world in little less than a fortnight; and a sword-fish has been known to strike his weapon quick through the oak plank of a ship.—Western Literary Messenger.

From the N. O. Delta. To My Friend Tom. Do you remember, Tom, the time When we were boys together, How much we cost our mums and dads, For sole and upper leather?

How, in the winter time, the snow Would almost freeze a fellow, And we'd slip up, and tumble down, Then rise again and "believe"?

How we would ride down icy hills On boards into the plain— How, when our boards would strike a stump, "Twould 'go against the grain."

How we would sometimes slogging go; And get a little "blue;" But we were not the first who went A slogging and "slow."

And when we did a slogging go, (I know as well as you,) We'd sometimes "saw" the other chaps, And sometimes we'd get "slew."

There's Charley B., and Mejer D, Who often have been "slayen;" Yet never were so badly hurt But rose to fight again.

Now Tom, I 'spose you're growing old, And the moon is rising too, Upon that old black head of yours— I've seen it when 'twas "blue."

Ah, Tom, this is a changeable world, 'Tis filled with care and sorrow, We know not, and some do not care, What change will come to-morrow.

AN APOLOGY. Old Mr. H—, who resides in a certain village in Maine, and who is a member of the church militant, got in a passion, one day, with Mr. M—, one of his brethren, and among other naughty things, declared he was not fit to carry swill to the hogs; whereupon M— had him arraigned before the church, on which occasion he was requested to make an apology. The proper time having arrived, H— arose, and addressed his brethren, as follows:

"My Christian friends, I do feel that I have deeply injured brother M—, for which I am heartily sorry. I did say he was not fit to carry swill to the hogs, and I now take it back, being firmly of the opinion that he is amply qualified to fill that office."

H— having made a clean breast, his apology was deemed satisfactory; by all but brother M—, who declares, to this day, that he heard H— say, in a low tone, that he was fit to carry swill, and for nothing else.

INCONVENIENT HATE.—A clam merchant, meeting one of his own fraternity the other day, whose pony might be considered as a beautiful specimen of an equine skeleton, demonstrated, with the owner, and asked him if he ever fed him. "Ever fed him? that's a good un," was the reply; "he's got a bushel and a 'alf o' oats at home now, only he ain't got no time to eat 'em!"

YOUR NEIGHBOR'S HENS.

Mr. A kept his hens shut up. He was not going to have his garden destroyed by his own or his neighbor's hens. One morning he saw a couple digging in his early potato bed and out he went with murder in his heart, but the hen flew over into neighbor B's garden; whereupon A called over to him very angrily that he would shoot the next hen he saw on his side of the fence, if he did not shut them up, which B declared he would not do, and if A was fool enough to shoot them, he might do it, for all that he cared.

A, was as good as his word, and day after day B was saluted with the smell of gunpowder, and a message thrown over the fence with every fat pellet. There's another chicken for your dinner until at length, not finding the usual supply, B called over one morning to neighbor A, to know the reason. This awakened inquiry, when it was discovered that A had been shooting his own hens as they occasionally escaped through a hole in the coop, and in his anger at his neighbor for the supposed trespass, had furnished him with sundry good dinners. No doubt he was a little mad at first, and thought any cunning trickster that better than shooting his neighbor's hens.

There is a class of men in every community who go about with vinegar faces, growling because somebody feels above them, or because they are not appreciated as they should be, and who have a constant quarrel with their destiny. These men, usually, have made a very grave mistake in the estimate of their abilities, or are unmitigated asses. In either case, they are unfortunate. Wherever this fault finding with one's condition or position occurs there is always a want of self-respect. If people despise you, do not tell of it all over town. If you are smart, show it. Do something, and keep doing. If you are a right down clever fellow, wash the wormwood out of your face, and show your good-will by your deeds. Then, if people feel above you, go straight off and feel above them: If they turn up their noses because you are a mechanic or a farmer, or a shop boy, turn yours up a notch higher. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yourself, and if this does not "fetch them," conclude very good-naturedly that they are unworthy your acquaintance, and pity them for missing such a capital chance to get into good society.

Society never estimates a man at what he imagines himself to be. He must show himself to be possessed of self respect, independence, energy to will and to do, and a good sound heart. These qualities and possessions will "speak him through." Who blames a man for feeling above those whose mean enough to go around like babies, telling how people abuse them, and whining because society will not take them by the collar and drag them into decency.

THE SECOND EXHIBITION of the World's Industry, to take place in 1851 is already engaging the attention of the New York press.—The New Yorker says, in its most amiable mood:—"Boston and Philadelphia are moving to secure this Fair, but it must centre in New York. Parties, already alluded to by us, propose to assume the responsibility to the amount of \$700,000 of preparing the great exhibition building and making every arrangement for the Fair. They have secured Governor's Island, the finest spot in America for a location, and if they are not thwarted by the miserable selfish policy of encouraging nothing that is likely to benefit anybody in particular. New York will secure the Fair, and secure to itself the influx of from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. It will be worth to our hotels, boarding, and eating houses, a million of dollars, and will be a harvest of profit to all classes of trade, and of credit and fame for our city.

WHEN the sturdy Quaker, William Penn, was introduced to Charles II, he kept on his hat. "Friend Penn," said the good-natured monarch, "it is the custom of this court for only one person to be covered at a time;" and then his Majesty took off his hat.

A BEAUTIFUL mansion, within a few miles of Cincinnati, has been built entirely with unburnt brick.

LIKING AND DISLIKING.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

You who know the reason, tell me How it is that instinct still Prompts the heart to like—or not like— At its own capricious will! Tell me by what hidden magic Our impressions first are led Into liking—or disliking— Or before a word be said!

Why should smiles sometimes repel us? Bright eyes turn our feelings cold? What is that which comes to tell us All that glitters is not gold? Oh, no feature, plain or striking, But a power we cannot shun Prompts our liking or disliking, Ere acquaintance hath begun!

Is it instinct—or some spirit Which protects us, and controls Every impulse we inherit By some sympathy of soul? Is it instinct? Is it nature? Or some freak or fault of chance, Which our liking or disliking, Limits to a single glance?

Like prevention of danger, Though the sky no shadow flings? Or that inner sense, still stronger, Of unseen—monied things? Is it—well, can no one tell me— No one show sufficient cause, Why our likings—and dislikings— Have their own instinctive laws?

DESCRIPTION OF A FIGHT OUT WEST.— They fit and fit, And gougled and bit, And struggled in the mud, Until the ground, For miles around, Was kicked with their blood; And a pile of nose, ears and eyes, Large and massive rendered the sky.

A MODERN TELL.—The Meredith Bridge (N. H. Gazette) is responsible for the following story: Mr. Nathaniel Whittier, of Lake Village, the celebrated "sharp shooter," made two "capital shots," a few days since, with his "Kvanteke Rifle," near the Province Road Meeting House in Gilmanton.—The first mark was the bowl of a clay pipe held by the stem of the same in a gentleman's mouth, which was hit by the ball and quickly dispatched at a distance of 80 yards. The second shot, the same distance was an apple laid upon the head of a gentleman, which was as readily dispatched. This is no fiction.

HERE'S TILLYE, JEMMA.—An Irishman had been sick for a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would again come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked him—"An' how'll we know, Jemmy, when you're dead—your'r after waking up every time?" "Bring me a glass o' grog, an' say to me—Here's tillye, Jemmy, an' if I don't rise up an drink, then bury me!"

TO native genius would you prove a friend? Point out his faults, and teach him how to mend!

QUAINT DIALOGUE IN THE BACK WOODS OF AMERICA.—A passing traveller meets with a settler near a house and enquires—Whose house? Mogg's—Of what built? Logg—Any neighbors? Frogg—What's your diet? Bogg—The climate? Fogg—Your soil? Hogg—How do you catch them? Dogg.

A contemporary out West is about to enlarge his printing office in order to afford accommodation to the loafers that daily throng his premises. Not a bad idea.

SOUTHEY said that a sweeter verse never was composed than this: "Verse composed till, however rude the sound: All at her work the village maiden sings, Nor while she turns the giddy wheel around, Receives the mad vicissitudes of things!"

EPISTOLARY.—The following sweet epistle and soft answer, endorsed on the back of it, was picked up in Williamsburg, a day or two since: "Mary McCracken—John Fowl wants to know if you will marry him to-night and he will serenade you Rose is Red the Violet Blue the sugar sweet and so are you."

John Fowl would not marry you for one hundred dollars. As it is not probable that John Fowl is the children that can raise a hundred dollars, his may be considered a gone case, and he will have to scratch somewhere else.

"How can you, my dear, prefer punch to wine?" "Because, my dear, 'tis so much like matrimony—such a charming compound of opposite qualities."

"Ay, my lord, I am the weak part I suppose!" "No, my love, you are the sweet with a dash of the acid, and no small portion of the spirits."

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man is the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre of the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home, but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labor.—The roof which shelters was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his fathers hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from his window the voice of the sabbath bell, which called his fathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart they are life springs of a fresh healthy and generous national character.—Edu. Everett.

A telegraphic despatch asserts that the attempt to light Lowell with red-haired girls has been abandoned.

It is stated that steam communication will be opened next spring between Iceland and Leith, the vessel calling at the Shetland and Ferroe Isles.

Dr. TRUMBULL has discovered a remedy for shortsightedness, by the application of the extract of ginger to the forehead, so as to effect the fifth pair of nerves.

The number of Public Houses in Liverpool is 1480, and of beer-shops, 700, or, in all, 2180. Taking the population at 350,000, this is one public house or beer-shop to every 160 individuals—men, women and children.

The late Mrs. Glenn, of Cincinnati, a great wit as well as a very lovely woman, being asked by one of her numerous admirers, why she was called the Great Western, replied, "Because I have so many flats in town."

TAKING THE NORTH.—The Governor of Virginia, in his message, recommends a tax upon all products of non-slaveholding States offered for sale in Virginia.

PREPARATIONS have been made for bringing the mineral Lands in the Lake Superior region into market early next summer, at the reduced minimum provided by law.

FROM THE PULPIT TO THE BAR.—On Thursday, in the Court of Common Pleas, at Boston, the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith was admitted as an attorney and counsellor at law.

THE "MILLER BRIDGE" over the Mowhawk River, at Utica, broke down on Wednesday with a drove of 54 cattle and two men. One man and 17 of the cattle were drowned.

HENRY BIRD, a fugitive slave is going to start a newspaper at Sandwick, Canada West, to be called the "Voice of the Fugitives."

In a virtuous course, not to proceed is certainly to go backward; there is no estate between advancing and retreating.

PRIVATE letters from Charleston will give an unqualified assurance that the Legislature will recommend immediate secession.

AMONG the Jenny Land charities to be dispensed by a committee for that purpose, are appropriations to the Jersey City and Newark Ophan Asylums.

There is a hotel in Cincinnati so leaky, that in rainy weather the boarders are compelled to take umbrellas to bed with them.

There are four thousand acres in vineyards within a radius of nine miles from Cincinnati.

Mrs. PARTINGTON wonders why the releg men don't impose the Pope's bulls, if they commit such trespasses as the English papers attribute to them.

THE FROST.

The Frost says the pretty flower, and sought to marry it. "Wilt thou?" said the Frost, and the Flower smiled.

The cost of a single copy of Kendall's forthcoming work on the Mexican War will be \$35.

At Savannah, on Friday, the thermometer stood at 80 degrees.

GENTLE society is not always good society.

The forests surrounding Cincinnati are filled with squirrels.

The latest improvement is a patent saw filing machine.