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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 have read and we remember How together once they stood, And Northern hills and Southern plains...

There is much to warm our bosom, There is much to raise our pride, As we gaze upon that banner...

But by God, who robes the nations, By the blood our fathers poured, As a band of equal brothers...

Eye-sight never and wherever Britic tyrannic force be used, When the bond of love that bound us...

If a coward be among us If a slave, with Saxon face, Let him fly, a Southern branded...

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...

I find an exceedingly painful illustration of these ideas in an English publication, for the truth of which the author pledges his word.

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...

"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."

"The syrup is made to be eaten with pie, and why should I send it away in the plate?" asked the husband.

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

"Then I will not have either fruit-pies or eggs at the table." "But I will have them," peevishly exclaimed the husband.

This domestic quarrel was followed by other equally trifling in their origin and disgraceful in their character; until the silly couple made themselves so disagreeable to each other that their home became unendurable, and they separated.

MUSCULAR STRENGTH. The muscular power of the human body is indeed wonderful. A Turkish potté will trot at a rapid pace, and carry a weight of six hundred pounds.

FATAL SOOTHING SYRUP. Indisputable facts prove the extent to which this system is adopted. Walking about Manchester and Birmingham, advertisements of "Mothers' Quietness," "Soothing Syrup," arrest the attention of every turn.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.—The N. O. Bulletin states that Gen. Calhoun, in the course of a speech made by him before the great Union meeting on the 27th ult., stated upon his personal knowledge, that Mr. Calhoun had undertaken the project of amending the Constitution, so as to have two Presidents of this Union—one for the North and another for the South.

SAV JONES, the Seminole chief, whose wives and children have run away, and gone to the other side of the Mississippi, still refuses to go West. He says, to use his own language—"Don't care about aquaw and papoose going 'way—plenty more squaw in bush."

MEMBER OF A MASTER BY A SLAVE.—Mr. William Smith, of Johnson county, N. C., who is described as a man of "unusually habits," recently took a runaway negro girl, belonging to him, from Wilmington jail.

A STORY is told in the New York papers of a wit at the opera who the other evening thus interrupted an auctioneer of that city, who was joining the rest of the audience in calling out "Fort! Fort! Fort!"

A WOMAN.—About two weeks ago I came home about 10 o'clock and went to bed. Pretty soon after I got in bed my wife said—"Why, husband, what is the matter with you? You act very strangely."

"There's nothing the matter with me," said I, "nothing at all." "I'm sure there is," said she, "you don't act natural at all. Shant I get up and get something for you?"

"I knew there was something strange about you!" she said, "why you are sober!" Now this is a fact, and my wife will swear to it; so don't you slander me any more by saying that I haven't been to bed sober in six months, 'cause I have.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.—Taking "a wee dray" of brandy for the "acidity of the stomach," and preaching temperance for the applause of the church!

WHEN FOURDRINER'S INVENTION of machinery for making endless paper was patented, owing to a mistake, the word "machines" was written "machine."

WHEN Mr. Thomas Sheridan, son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was a candidate for the representation of a Cornish borough, he told his father that if he succeeded he should place a label on his forehead with the words "To Let," and side with the party that made the best offer.

A YOUNG VOLUME.—"Dr. Parr," said a young student once to the old linguist, "let's you and I write a book." "Very well," replied the doctor, "put in all I know and all that you don't know, and we'll make a big one."

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.

HALTER 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.

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" it?

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."

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

There's Charley B., and Major D. Who often have been "slayed," 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.

"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."

THE IMPROVEMENT of the cultivation of the egg plant, so as to grow chickens, is mentioned as the latest specimen of artistic skill.

A correspondent of the New York Englander relates the following:—"A fact which I came in possession of a couple of years ago, may illustrate the character of the New Englanders, and reveal the origin of some branches of their profitable business. S. W. was the son of our country clergyman, and was accustomed to laboring on a farm in summer and keeping school in the winter.

Soon another entered into partnership with him, and invented the machinery to do the work. Then the plain lasting was changed to velvet, and satin and twist. Improvement on improvement in the machinery was made, till they equalled the English, or French, or German buttons. S. W. now owes one of the sweetest villages in the Connecticut valley, and almost supplies the United States with coats and overcoats.

DESCRIPTION OF A FIGHT OUT WEST.— They fit and lit, And gougled and bit, And struggled in the mud, Until the ground...

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.

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?"

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.

SOUTHERY 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."

EPITOLARY.—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 you are you."

John Fowl I 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."

"No, my love, you are the sweet with a dash of the acid, and no small portion of the spirits."

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?

YOUR NEIGHBOR'S HEENS. Mr. A kept his heens shut up. He was not going to have his garden destroyed by his own or his neighbor's heens. One morning he saw a couple digging in his early potato bed and out he went with murder in his heart, but the heens flew over into neighbor B's garden, whereupon A called over to him very angrily that he would shoot the next heen 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 heens 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 heens.

GROWLERS. 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 him self 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.

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 foot-steps 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.—Edw. 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.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

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The late Mrs. Glenny, 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.

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.