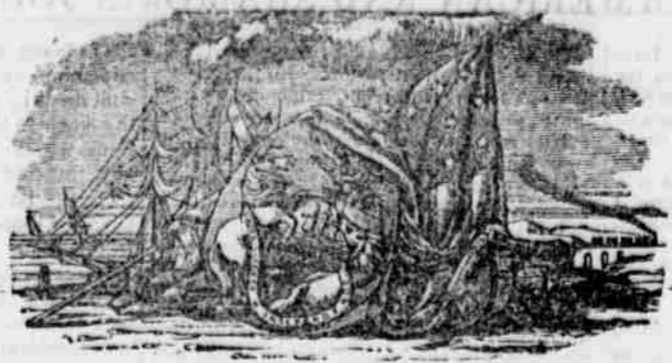


# SUNBURY



# AMERICAN

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.

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SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1851.

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### TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

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### SELECT POETRY.

From the Cincinnati Herald

Then Wert Another's.

BY KATE ALDEN.

Then wert another's when I met thee;  
Thou wert another's when I met thee;  
Now I strive not to forget thee,  
Wildly struggling with the spell—  
Words I whisper—words of madness,  
Chiding thoughts I fear to tell!

Then wert another's! did I listen  
To thy low and muffled voice,  
Brighter would my dim eyes listen,  
And my faint heart, how rejoice!  
Could I think it worth but friendship,  
Wert thou not another's choice!

Then wert another's! she did love thee—  
O'er her cheek might never move  
Like the lightest tone of thine;  
Thoughts of thee were precious jewels,  
Lighting up thy spirit's shrine.

Then wert another's! had I been thee  
Dismay'd I many an hour away;  
Time on a distance might divide thee  
From this throbbing heart to-day;  
For its pulses stand ere breathing  
With a mighty passion's play.

Then wert another's!—thou didst wonder  
Spring on so good and ill;  
Smiling, and my heart assuaging,  
While the pulse of life stood still;  
That I lived to look upon thee,  
Was not thy net or will.

Then wert another's!—had I never  
Risen from a world's frame,  
But had sunk to sleep forever,  
I for we must perish. I am willing to do  
anything—here she bent, in tears,  
O'er the little girl.

Then wert another's!—no emotion  
Ever may I have or know—  
Of a kindling deep devotion,  
Thou wert another's, never know!  
Though I still may wander near thee,  
Still shall hear thy whisper low.

Then wert another's!—thou wouldst seem it  
Couldst thou see this breaking heart;  
And this wretchedness, I've loved it  
That I might be where thou art;  
Worshipping when passing on thee,  
Weeping when I am apart.

Then wert another's!—oh! how weary—  
Is the soul that knows no ease!  
Wide, wide world, so sad and dreary—  
Still this sorrow never ceases!  
Still I hurry down life's stream  
Crying, holding no release!

nice to let the poor things stay in this winter, or at least until the woman gets stronger, and able to work. May they say, "Yes, dear mother."

"Oh, my son, that is asking too much. You do not know what kind of characters they may be. I will give them some money for you, and let them go."

"No, no, mother. Just look at the poor woman and the little girl first. May I bring for James to show them up! That's a dear mother." And, stooping, he kissed her cheek coarsely.

"Yes, Don Quixote, ring. You have commenced early sneering distressed females. When you next set out in search of adventures, don't billet them on me again, I beseech you."

The servant here, obeying the summons, was dispatched for Ashley's protegee, who soon afterwards entered the cosy and well-furnished room. Mrs. Courtenay was struck by the ladylike appearance of the woman; and, pitying her feeble look, requested her to take a seat near the fire, inquiring kindly, in her own language, into her condition.

"Madame," she replied, "I came to America to meet my husband, with my little daughter. He was a refugee from France, and has been teaching music in your country. I hear he is dead. I have exhausted all our money, and we cannot get back to our country. I have been to-day seeking some one who will undertake to have us conveyed back to my brother, who still remains to me; but I have met with no one who will listen to us. I know not what to do. Unless the good God will raise up friends in our great necessity, I fear we must perish. I am willing to do anything—here she bent, in tears, over the little girl.

Mrs. Courtenay was a feeling woman; and, with tears in her own eyes, endeavored to comfort her. She assured her that she was welcome to stay in her yard, and should be fed from her table until she could hear from her brother.

"I would offer you money to reach France, my poor woman; but you must get more strength before you set out. A long sea voyage you would not be able to stand. Come, cheer up; God will always raise up friends to the deserving. Tell me, what can I do for you now?"

"May the Father bless you, kind lady! was all, at that moment, she could say. But the little girl, with an impulse of gratitude, crossed the room and knelt, with childish grace, to kiss the white hand of her benefactress; and then, with tears subsiding the brightness of her wild eyes, returned again to the side of her mother.

"Ashley," said his mother, "tell James to bring some wine and biscuits here; and send Ann to me."

While Mrs. Courtenay spoke, with her servant, Ashley had pressed the wine and biscuits on the poor creature. The mother seemed too unwell to feel hunger; but the little girl ate ravenously. Whilst so doing, he stood by questioning her.

"Natalie Du Verrier," was her reply, when asked her name. "When mamma is better, I will sing for you. I know many beautiful songs; and I can play, too, on the piano. But poor, poor mamma is so sick! She must lie down and rest; for I know she is tired." And she smoothed, with her little hand, the wan cheek of her mother.

"I have sent my servant-woman to put some necessary articles in the room, which, I expect, are now ready. You can go to rest now, with your little daughter, and rest. I will send you something to eat. I hope you will soon be better—Ashley, my son, show them the way to the office."

She kindly extended her hand to the sick woman, as she stood humbly there, endeavoring to thank her, and ended by endeavoring on the little Natalie, who, in her gratitude, said—

"I will sing prettily for you, kind lady, when mamma is better."

"Very well, little one. Now go, and take care of your mother."

Mrs. Courtenay was an intelligent and wealthy widow, and perfectly devoted to Ashley, her only child. He was, indeed, her petted and beautiful boy, upon whom she lavished her wealth of love. And well did he deserve it. From his infancy, he had loved her with the gentle, clinging love of a girl, and was ready to sacrifice, in his wild boyhood, his wishes to her own.

Time passed on, and the little Natalie, with her frank, fearless nature, made herself perfectly at home. Ashley always treated her with the tenderness of one who protects some dependent and weak object; and, notwithstanding her vagrant life when he met her, and the pauper condition she now held, his offerings to her were always such as might be bestowed on a playmate and an equal. But, then, Natalie was no common pauper; and her delight in books, flowers, pictures, and her music far exceeded that of the refined and intellectual boy—She was not a pretty child, at least to every one; but sometimes there was a strange, wild, gipsy beauty about her that was wonderful. When excited by music, her swarthy face seemed to clear up, and the wild eyes to look poetically beautiful. Her thick dark locks hung in heavy masses on her shoulders; for she, poor thing, had no one to arrange them in tidy plaits, and that detracted much from the comeliness of her appearance. Her aspect was forgotten, however, in the charm of her naturalness, her grace, her loving, winning manner; and she soon endeavored herself to Ashley as a playmate, and to Mrs. Courtenay as a protegee.

Her mother had written to her brother; but she was herself rapidly declining. Her only hope now, as she told Mrs. Courtenay, was to see her brother, and to consign to his fostering care her child. Three months had they been dependent on the bounty of their kind benefactress, when

Madame Du Verrier died. Mrs. Courtenay took Natalie into her own house, where she was treated as a plaything both by mother and son. In the midst of her deepest sorrow for her mother, whilst the little girl quivered and her eye still glistened with its tears, did Ashley but tell her not to give up to such sorrow, she would endeavor to obey him—would dash off the briny drops, and, snatching her sob, would play for him some of her wildest and merriest pieces. How grateful, too, was she to Mrs. Courtenay—anticipating every little service of love she could render her; arranging her bouquets, her *jacquines*, which no one could do so well, or so tastefully, as the little French girl. Every day would she, in her grateful love, seek some delightful surprises to one or the other of the objects of her devotion. The old proverb, "love begets love," held good in this case; for the tender affection for this engaging little creature sprang up in the hearts of her two protectors.

Mrs. Courtenay had already attended to her toilette, and was about entering her into an excellent school, when her uncle arrived in the city to carry her and her mother back again to France, dear native France. Poor little Natalie! what a struggle to that young heart! Her uncle had but a sufficiency, upon which, with economy, he alone could live; but, like all the French, he was willing and eager to share to the last with those who needed it. How much more than willing was he now to take as his own his dear mother's orphan!

He resisted, but with gratitude—the entreaties of Mrs. Courtenay that he would allow the child to remain with her, promising to have her reared respectably.

Second Natalie Du Verrier's first cry, for she accompanied her uncle to France, bearing thither, in her grateful little heart, the most undying affection for Mrs. Courtenay and for her son. Indeed, child as she was, her feelings towards Ashley were a *deluge* of love, gratitude, and veneration. (Concluded next week.)

### A SERIES OF VILLANIES CONTINUED.

A Confederate of Monroe Edwards.—The San Francisco Herald contains the confession of Robinson, one of the three men lately hung at Sacramento by the people, which is an account of a series of successful villanies, without a parallel, in Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia and other cities. The following, embracing his operations in Baltimore, is interesting.

November, 1837, I was in Albany. I then became acquainted with Monroe Edwards, at the Exchange Hotel; he inquired for M. Hunt, he said he was very anxious to find him; I told him he was at the Howard House, New York. I went with him and found him there; they consulted together for some time, and concluded to make one of their partners, as I was a very good scriber. I was dressed rather rough; they expended about \$300 in jewels and clothes, to make me look genteel, and not suspicious; then we went to business; we forged a check on Hodges, Reals & Co., I presented the check; they told me the firm had not as much money on deposit as the check called for; I returned to my partners and told them what had happened.

Mr. H. took \$200 and made a deposit in the name of H. B. & Co., by this means he ascertained the amount; he drew another check to the amount of \$20,000; I presented it; they paid it without any hesitation; I got three \$1,000 bills and the balance in \$500 bills; I took it to our room, and my partners gave me \$2,500 of it, April 4th. I met them in Philadelphia at Jones' Hotel, in Chestnut street, above Sixth street; after being there two days they asked me to write *Natalie's* name; I partitioned three or four bills every day; by this time I could count pretty well; there was laid before me twenty bank checks; I wrote on them all, and out of the number got one with a perfect signature of Mr. Ridgway; I filled the check for \$20,000; then Mr. Edwards finished the check by writing Brown & Co., at the end of Ridgway, which made the firm Ridgway, Brown & Co. Hunt took the check very coolly and put it in his pocket and drew on his gloves and walked out; presented it to a certain bank and drew \$20,000 all in \$100 and \$50 notes; he came with his wallet full; it was divided; I got \$6,000; I sent \$4,000 to my mother, and wrote to her that I drew it in a hurry.

Mr. Edwards said we must put the Baltimore bank through next; on the 16th of May we met in Baltimore; Mr. Edwards and I drew a check for \$25,000, signed Rods, Colles & Co., he gave it to me and told me to get the money for it; I refused to do it; says he what are you afraid of; I am afraid of nothing, but will not take this check there, by that says Edwards, I will go into the bank and get some gold for some paper money; I then agreed to go and take the check; he told me to let him go and get some gold, and when they are paying me the gold, you present the check. I did so; the cashier merely looked at the check, and told the teller to pay me; he gave me two thousand dollars in one hundred dollar notes; the rest in five hundred dollar notes; Edwards said there some time afterwards in order to detect any suspicion; we separated, met in Wheeling, Cumberland and Chambers; we were in Cincinnati in January, 1841; remained there about four days, Edwards and myself forged a check on the Gas Light Company Bank, belonging to Hodges & Co. I signed Hodges, as President, and Edwards signed Will's name; an across the back of the check, which had to be done before the check was good; Hunt signed the cashier's name; Hunt took the check and drew the money; Edwards said he despised a check that was drawn for less than twenty thousand dollars; he either wanted to make a big raise or none at all.

We then went to Louisville together; Hunt and Edwards forged a check on Hiram Goodrich for twenty thousand dollars; Ed. went presented it at an exchange office at a heavy discount for the money, the banker said he did not have that much money in his office; (this was after banking hours was the reason he offered it at a discount) but would take him to the cashier of the bank it was drawn on; we went to the Cashier; I presented it; he told me he would go to the President, we saw him; I presented it, and he ordered it paid; they would not give me any of that money; we quarreled and separated; they went to New Orleans and I went in another direction.

They forged checks on the New Orleans and Mobile Banks; they returned to New York, and forged a note there, which caused his conviction; I was not interested in the three last crimes; not having time, I am compelled to close my confession in reference to Edwards and Hunt.

On the scaffold, this fellow made another confession, implicating some of the most respectable men in California in his villanies. His last confession we believe to be occasioned by spite, because those persons did not interfere to save him. In his last confession, he said his name was Wm. Benjamin Heppel.

It appears that Robinson was found indicted in the mounted rifles, on his way to Oregon, which seems rather strange, after years of successful villany, making his thousands.

### PICKLING MEAT.

Prof. Reffensque denounces the use of salt-petre in brine intended for the preservation of flesh to be kept for food. That part of the salt-petre which is absorbed by the meat, he says, is nitric acid or agnifaris, a deadly poison. Animal flesh, previous to the addition of pickle, consists of gelatinous and fibrous substances; the former only possessing a nutritious virtue; the gelatine is destroyed by the chemical action of salt and saltpetre, and as the professor remarks the most becomes as different a substance from what it should be, as leather is from the raw hide before it is subjected to the process of tanning.

He ascribed to the pernicious effects of the chemical change all the diseases which are common to mariners and others who subsist principally upon salted meats—such as scurvy, sore gums, decayed teeth, ulcers, &c.—and advises a total abandonment of the use of salt-petre in the making of pickle for beef, pork, &c., the best substitute for which, he says, sugar, a small quantity rendering the meat sweeter, more wholesome, and equally as durable.

SALT IN COAL REGIONS.—It has long been the opinion of the most intelligent mining engineers, who have examined the coal region of Allegheny county, Md., that salt might be obtained by boring. The *Mine's Journal* says:

It is a well known fact that large quantities of salt are obtained from the new Castle established in England, and from the coalfield of the Kanawha in Western Virginia. To strengthen the idea that salt will ultimately be found in the Cumberland region—perhaps somewhere about the mouth of Savage river—we will state that during the war with Great Britain, there were extensive borings for salt at Paddytown, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and that after reaching a depth of 600 feet, the supply of salt water was abundant, from which large quantities of this article were manufactured. Why the borings were abandoned we have never been able to learn.

### SLIGHTLY PROVED.

His Holiness the Pope, was passing at the time in his red coach and four, blazing with scarlet liveries, and this spontaneous burst of Italian feeling, in view of the passing pontiff, was overheard and reported, and the prompt interposition of influential friends, and the absence of any evidence of seditious circumstances, the astonished lady was let off with a reprimand and a caution—too thankful to find herself at night surrounded by a sympathizing family, rather than the nameless vermin of a dark dungeon.

Tyrants and slaves are twin-born foes; and hence the hatred of this people towards their rulers has no limits but their capacity to hate. Out of a population of 160,000, the Government can scarcely claim a friend, beyond the 5,000 priests and official persons connected with it. Of this well informed resident, I believe, entertains a doubt. So that when the hour of vengeance comes, a terrible retribution may be looked for.—With all its vigilance the police cannot wholly repress or forestall the wrath of the people, and assassination, or secret attempts at personal revenge, are of almost nightly occurrence. One man is sometimes unfortunately mistaken in the dark for another, and several sad wounds have thus been inflicted upon innocent persons. Society is thus daily becoming more and more demoralized.—There is no hope but through a total change in the character and conduct of the Government. Instead of being the nursing mother of the people, its present policy is driving madness. And

"These whom she sweetly smokes,  
Will bite as wolves do, in the grape clustering  
Of adverse interests."

Dr. Baird left some few days ago for Paris and London on his return to the United States. If any thing of moment occurs while we remain, you shall hear of it.—*Newark Advertiser.*

### WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel may be of interest to some of our farming friends:

- Of wheat, sixty pounds.
- Of shelled corn, forty-six pounds.
- Of corn, on the cob, seventy pounds.
- Of oats, thirty-five pounds.
- Of barley, forty-eight pounds.
- Of potatoes, sixty pounds.
- Of beans, sixty pounds.
- Of bran, twenty pounds.
- Of clover-seed, sixty pounds.
- Of timothy-seed, forty-five pounds.
- Of grass-seed, fifty-five pounds.
- Of hempseed, forty-four pounds.
- Of buckwheat, forty-two pounds.
- Of blue-grass seed, fourteen pounds.
- Of castor-beans, forty-six pounds.
- Of dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.
- Of dried apples, twenty-five pounds.
- Of onions, fifty-seven pounds.
- Of salt, fifty pounds.
- Of mineral coal, seventy pounds.

### THE GERMAN SETTLEMENTS IN TEXAS.—

A paper, published in Western Texas, speaking of the German settlements on Spring Creek, Spring Branch, at New Braunfels and Fredericksburg, and in the counties of Austin, Colorado and Fayette, says universal evidences of thrift prevail. Five samples of cotton unsurpassed by any are brought to market from several of their settlements. The Spring Creek settlement is producing as good cotton as the State affords and the industrious Germans of that neighborhood are entitled to the credit of establishing the reputation of Spring Creek lands for the production of as ample a crop and as fine a staple of cotton as any other uplands in the State.

Russell Hood has obtained a verdict of \$3,400, damages and costs, of the New Haven Rail Road Company. He bought a ticket at New Haven for Collinsville, and on the 10th of the cars, took a check there from the conductor, which entitled him to a seat in the stage to his place of destination, the stage broke down, Mr. Hood's right leg was broken, he proved carelessness, and thus the verdict.

THE TELEGRAPH.—The news from Paris, of the debate on the new Ministerial Election Bill, was transmitted by submarine telegraph to London, and the despatch was received in London in a half hour. The operation of the telegraph in Europe, is destined to produce important results in times of political excitement.

IMMENSE WATERFALL.—There is a perpendicular waterfall on the Sonomas river, some distance above where it empties into Puget's Sound, of 260 feet. It has been measured, recently by a small party who have been exploring that river.

A NEW LIFE OF WM. PENN, written by Samuel M. Joinery, of Loudoun county, Va., is now in the press, and will shortly be published.

### SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING

EVERYBODY should embrace this opportunity to buy CLOTHING for Men, Youth and Boys, at such prices as have never been before known in this city, at GEORGE CHILDS' CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT, 100 North Third Street, between Market and Second Streets, Philadelphia, embracing a choice of the best, most desirable, and fashionable.

### DRESS AND FROCK COATS.

Habit Cloth do, Linen, Duffel do, Tweeds, &c., &c., together with a great variety of Boys' Clothing.

### Furnishing Goods.

Consisting of Shirts, Frocks, Handkerchiefs, &c., of which are selected at the lowest possible price, and as cheap as any other Clothing store in the Union.

### IGNITING ROPE.

THE subscriber has constructed a LIGHT-NING ROD on the following plan, which is perfectly perfect, and as cheap as any other Lightning Rod in the Union.

### TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

Country Merchants Buying BOOTS & SHOES can save 20 per cent by calling on

### W. E. KING,

36, N. 2nd St., (between Arch and 2nd St.) PHILADELPHIA.

### W. H. B. MASSER, Agent.

Sunbury, Aug. 16, 1851.

### NATIONAL HOTEL,

SHAMOKIN, Northumberland County, Pa.

### JAMES H. MAGEE

AS removed from his old Stand, No. 118 Vine street, to

### BROWN STOUT, PORTER,

Ale and Cider, FOR HOME CONSUMPTION OR SHIPPING.

### Common Mutual Insurance Company.

H. B. MASSER is the local agent for the above Insurance Company, in Northumberland County, and is at all times ready to effect insurances against fire on real or personal property, or to issue policies for the same.

### WILLIAM WEAVER,

Sunbury, April 19, 1850.—d.

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