



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. 5. NO. 7.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1852.

OLD SERIES VOL. 12. NO. 33.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN. THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum...

E. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

JAMES J. NAILLE, Attorney and Counselor at Law, SUNBURY, PA.

WILL attend faithfully and promptly to all professional business, in Northumberland and Union counties. He is familiar with the German language.

HARRISBURG STEAM WOOD TURNING AND SCROLL SAWING SHOP.—Wood Turning in all its branches, in city style and at city prices.

Hardware, Cutlery and Guns. No. 51 & 53 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA.

WM. McCARTY, Bookseller. BROADWAY, SUNBURY, PA.

Men's Condensed Reports of Pennsylvania. Published and for sale by the subscriber—The Second Volume of Alden's Condensed Reports...

Spring Millinery Goods. JOHN STONE & SONS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS.

Men's Condensed Reports of Pennsylvania. Published and for sale by the subscriber—The Second Volume of Alden's Condensed Reports...

Spring Millinery Goods. JOHN STONE & SONS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS.

Men's Condensed Reports of Pennsylvania. Published and for sale by the subscriber—The Second Volume of Alden's Condensed Reports...

Spring Millinery Goods. JOHN STONE & SONS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS.

Men's Condensed Reports of Pennsylvania. Published and for sale by the subscriber—The Second Volume of Alden's Condensed Reports...

Spring Millinery Goods. JOHN STONE & SONS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS.

Men's Condensed Reports of Pennsylvania. Published and for sale by the subscriber—The Second Volume of Alden's Condensed Reports...

Spring Millinery Goods. JOHN STONE & SONS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS.

Men's Condensed Reports of Pennsylvania. Published and for sale by the subscriber—The Second Volume of Alden's Condensed Reports...

Spring Millinery Goods. JOHN STONE & SONS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS.

Men's Condensed Reports of Pennsylvania. Published and for sale by the subscriber—The Second Volume of Alden's Condensed Reports...

Spring Millinery Goods. JOHN STONE & SONS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS.

Men's Condensed Reports of Pennsylvania. Published and for sale by the subscriber—The Second Volume of Alden's Condensed Reports...

Spring Millinery Goods. JOHN STONE & SONS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS.

Men's Condensed Reports of Pennsylvania. Published and for sale by the subscriber—The Second Volume of Alden's Condensed Reports...

Spring Millinery Goods. JOHN STONE & SONS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS.

Men's Condensed Reports of Pennsylvania. Published and for sale by the subscriber—The Second Volume of Alden's Condensed Reports...

Spring Millinery Goods. JOHN STONE & SONS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS.

Men's Condensed Reports of Pennsylvania. Published and for sale by the subscriber—The Second Volume of Alden's Condensed Reports...

Spring Millinery Goods. JOHN STONE & SONS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS.

Men's Condensed Reports of Pennsylvania. Published and for sale by the subscriber—The Second Volume of Alden's Condensed Reports...

Spring Millinery Goods. JOHN STONE & SONS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS.

Men's Condensed Reports of Pennsylvania. Published and for sale by the subscriber—The Second Volume of Alden's Condensed Reports...

SELECT POETRY.

We have but little taste for paradise, unless good, the following which we copy from the last number of Sartain's Magazine is such a fine caricature of Edgar A. Poe's 'Haunted Palace,' that it almost makes us forget the poetry of the original.

THE RUINED TAVERN.

In the darkest of our alleys By the Ethiope tenanted, Once a dark and dingy tavern— Duskly tavern—where its head, Down in Small Street—this side Shippen— It stood there!

Strangers, wandering through that alley, Through two dusky windows, saw Sambo 'forward two' with Sally, To a fiddle's creaking saw. There, before a bar where, sitting (Dispensing gin)

A Select Tale.

THE TWO ISABELS.

OR, COQUETRY SEVENTEEN.

BY MISS S. C. HALL.

Oh, love, love, love, love—love is like a business, It will not let a poor man get out of it.

And as the good girl goes, And as the good girl goes, And as the good girl goes, And as the good girl goes.

The General put on his spectacles, and looked steadily at Isabel for at least two minutes.

Isabel Montford, although an acknowledged beauty, was as amiable as she was admired.

Isabel did so with much dignity; she certainly was exceedingly handsome.

Had Isabel Montford been an uneducated young lady, she might have flounced out of the saloon, in obedience to her displeasure.

'You solicited my candor, young lady—you challenged comparison between you and your compars, and the passing belles whom I have seen.'

'That is so perfectly a copy of her poor aunt!' he murmured.

'I assure you, sir,' remonstrated the offended Isabel.

'What do I care for the woman?' exclaimed the General, indignantly.

'I not memory!'

POETRY.

'Can you not teach me?' said Isabel, amused and interested by his earnestness. 'I teach you!—No; the courtesies which captivated thousands in my youth were more an inspiration than an art.'

POETRY.

'Your aunt, Miss Montford, was graceful. Ah! there are no such women now a-days.'

And, after the not very flattering observation, the General moved to the piano.

Isabel's brows contracted and her cheeks flushed; however, she glanced at the looking-glass, was comforted, and smiled.

'How long ago!' he said, looking at the General's face, placed the seat with the grave gallantry of an old courtier.

'Do her justice, with prompt politeness; she was not without hope that there, at least, the old gentleman would confess she was triumphant.'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

'Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning!'

POETRY.

'A son of old Admiral Manderville's?' 'The youngest son,' she sighed, 'that is my aunt's objection; were he the eldest, she would have been too happy. Oh, sir, he is such a fine fellow—such a hero!—lost a leg at Cabool, and received I don't know how many stabs, from those horrid Afghans.'

POETRY.

'Lost a leg!' repeated the General, with an approving glance at his own; 'why he can never dance with you.'

'No, but he can admire my dancing, and does not think my curtsy a dip, a shuffle, a bend, a bob, a slide, a canter.'

'By the immortal duke,' thought the General, 'the young divinity is laughing at me.'

'My aunt only objects to his want of money; now I have abundance for both; and your recommendation, dear sir, at the Horse Guards, would at once place him in some position of honor and of profit; and even if it were abroad, I could leave my dear aunt with the consciousness that her happiness is secured by you, dear guardian angel that you are.'

'Oh, yes, I have!' sighed the General. 'Bless you!' she exclaimed enthusiastically. 'I thought you would recall the days of your youth, and feel for us; and when you see my dear Harry—'

'With a cork leg?'

'Ay, or with two cork legs—you will I know be convinced that my happiness is as secure as your own.'

'Women are riddles, one and all!' said the General, 'and I should have known that before.'

'O! do not say such cruel things and disappoint me, depending as I have been on your kindness and affection. Hark!' she continued, 'I hear my aunt's footsteps; now dear General, reason coolly with her—my very existence depends on it. If you only know him! Promise, do promise, that you will use your influence, all powerful as it is, to save my life.'

She raised her beautiful eyes, swimming in unshed tears, to his—she called him her uncle, her dear noble-hearted friend; she read her snowy hand lovingly, imploringly on his shoulder, and even murmured a hope that, her aunt's consent once gained, it might not be impossible to have the two weddings on the same day.

The General may have dreaded the banter of sundry members of the 'Senior United Service Club,' who had already jested much at his devotion to the two Isabels; he may have felt a generous desire to make two young people happy, and his good sense doubtless suggested that sixty-five and seventeen bear a strong affinity to January and May; he certainly did himself honor by adopting the interests of a brave young officer as his own, and avoided the banter of the club, by pledging his three-fold vows to his 'old love' the same bright morning that his 'new love' gave her heart and hand to Henry Manderville.

POETRY.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, OR WHAT THE OLD WOMAN SAID TO HER DAUGHTER.

Somebody, and a very clever somebody too, has been writing for 'The Olive-Branch' a piece of poetry entitled, 'When I was a young man, or what the old woman said to her daughter.' Among the things in 'her day,' she mentions that

'The man that was a bankrupt called was kind of shunned by men, and hardly dared to show his head among his townfolk then!'

But now-a-days, when a merchant fails, they say he makes a penny, The wife don't have a gown the less, and his daughters just as many; His sons they smoke their choice cigars, and drink their costly wine, And she goes to the opera, and he has folks to dine.

He walks the streets, he drives his gig, men show him all civilities, And what in my day we called debts, are now his liabilities, They call the man unfortunate who ruins half the city, In my day 'was his creditors to whom we gave the pity;'

But then, I tell my daughter, Folks don't do as they'd ought to, They had no ought-er do as they do, Why don't they do as they'd ought to?

'When I was young, crime was a crime, it had no other name, And when 'twas proved against a man, he had to bear the blame; They called the man that stole, 'a thief,' they wasted no fee feeling; What folks call 'petty larceny,' in my day was called stealing; They did not make a reprobate the theme of song and story, As if the bloater were his hands the brighter was his glory; And when a murder had been done, could they the murderer find, They hung him up as they would a crow, a terror to his kind, But now-a-days, it seems to me, whenever blood is spilt, The murderer has our sympathy proportioned to his guilt; And when the law has proved a man to be a second Cain, A dozen jurors can be found to bring him in 'guilty'!

And then petitions will be signed, and texts of Scripture twisted, And pious will grow eloquent, and ladies interested; Until the man who's proved to be as blood-thirsty as Nero, Will walk abroad like other men—only a greater hero!

But then I tell my daughter, Folks don't do as they'd ought-er, They had no ought-er do as they do, Why don't they do as they'd ought-er to?

Be charitable, religion has humanity for a basis, and they who are not charitable cannot be Christians.

A Humorous Sketch.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER.

A rich trial took place before Esquire Dannelott a few days since. One Micky O'Scranigan, the keeper of a second hand store, was brought before him upon the accusation of purchasing a lot of stolen iron, knowing at the time that it had been stolen.

Several attorneys (of that class who are always to be seen lounging around 'magistrate's' offices) offered to attend to his case for a very small fee. Michael indignantly spurned their services. He said he had practised at the bar, (an anti-temperance one guess,) in the 'old country,' and being conversant with the principles of law, he would conduct his own case.

Hauling a quire of paper out of his pocket and a huge lump of red chalk out of another, he placed himself in a position to take notes and then ordered the 'Squire to proceed.'

All the witnesses for the State were examined, each of whom Mike questioned in his own peculiar way, to the great amusement present. We would like to follow him through his cross examinations, but space forbids. The State being through with its witnesses, the following dialogue took place:

Michael—Plaze yer worship, I've a witness to prove the bloody liars perjurers, an' thin I'll be witness for meself.

Squire—You can't be a witness for yourself, Mr. O'Scranigan.

Michael—Faith an' I can, Misher Lord Mayor. The law rades (turning over his blank paper) 'no man shall take the advantage of his wrongs.' Put that in yer pipe an' smoke it. I know the law. Now I'll call me witness. Misher McCormick!

(at the top of his voice) Misher McCormick!

McCormick—(outside the bar,) here sir.

Michael—Walk in, sir; take of yer hat and behave yerself like a gentleman, as ye are.

The witness, a very rough looking specimen of the natives of the 'gem of the seas,' walked inside the bar, threw his ragged cap upon a desk, and raised his hand for the administration of the oath, just as natural as if he was used to it. Having been duly sworn, he was questioned as follows:

Michael—Misher McCormick, answer me question. How long have ye known me?

McCormick—Before ye were born, sir.

Michael—When did ye know me first?

McCormick—I knowed your father first, sir.

Michael—Can ye tell me age, Misher McCormick?

McCormick—Faith an' I can to a minute, sir.

Michael—How old am I, Misher McCormick?

McCormick—The same ages as Paddy O'Genegee—he was born o' a Sunday, and yerself on the next Friday mornin' after that.

Michael—How old is Paddy, my boy?

McCormick—Ould enough sir, he's dead—rest his soul in pace.

Michael—When did ye first see meself, Misher McCormick?

McCormick—I seees ye now, sir.

Michael—O, the devil, don't ye seee me every day, sir?

McCormick—Yes sir, that is I seee ye ould lady, and she's a bether man than ye dare be.

Michael—Be careful, Misher McCormick; remember yere oaths, sir. Are ye a judge of this article, sir? (holding up a lot of old iron.)