

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. 19.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1852.

OLD SERIES VOL. 12, NO. 45.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

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

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

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

J. STEWART DEPUY, 253 North 2d Street, above Wood.

HARRISBURG STEAM WOOD TURNING AND SCROLL SAWING SHOP.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND GUNS, PHILADELPHIA.

Endless Chain Pumps, a new article now getting into general use.

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

Wanted to Borrow, WELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS in two sums of six hundred dollars each.

Wanted to Borrow, K-Bourreau's celebrated ink, and also Conz ink for sale.

SELECT POETRY.

THE BEAUTIFUL CHILD JESUS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HEDDER.

[The following beautiful ballad we find in Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe."]

Among green, pleasant meadows, All in a grove so wild,

There oft on summer evenings A lovely boy would rove,

And now from the highest heaven He doth look down each day,

And sees whate'er thou doest, And hears what thou dost say."

Thus spake the tender mother; And on an evening bright,

When the red, round sun descended, 'Mid clouds and crimson light.

Again the boy was playing, And earnestly said he:

"I'll find thee flowers the fairest, And weave for thee a crown;

"O holy, holy Mother, Put him down from off thy knee!

Thus spake the boy so lovely; And while his mother heard,

That self same night she dreamed A lovely dream of joy:

And thus it was accomplished, In a short month and a day,

And thus he spoke in dying: "O mother dear, I see

And to his hand he beareth Bright flowers as white as snow,

He died, and that dear mother Her tears could not restrain;

A Select Tale.

KATE YALE'S MARRIAGE; OR LOVE AND LUXURY.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"If ever I marry," Kate Yale used to say, half in jest, half in earnest—

"First a fortune. Second, good looks. And thirdly, common sense."

I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three.

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Kate's heart.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors; but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example,

If this were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between these two favored individuals.

Our poor genius was not much of a genius, not very poor either. He was, by profession, a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably in exercise thereof—

without the most distant hope, however, of ever attaining to wealth. Moreover, Francis Minot possessed excellent qualities, which entitled him to be called by discreet elderly people a "fine character,"

Katie could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of a rival.

This Mr. Wellington (his companions called him the "duke") was no idiot or hump back, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story.

Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. F. Minot.

Therefore, the only thing on which Frank had to depend, was the power he possessed over Katie's sympathies and affections. The "duke" — although just the man for her in every other sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks, and common sense—

However, she said to him, one day, when he pressed her to decide his fate—and she said to him with a sigh—

"Oh, Frank! I am sorry that we have ever met!"

"Yes—for we must part now—"

"Part!" repeated Frank, turning pale. It was evident he had not expected this.

"Yes—yes," said Katie, casting down her eyes with another piteous sigh.

"Katie," said he, then, with a burst of passion, "I know you love me! But you are proud, ambitious, selfish! Now if you would have me to leave you, say the word, and I go!"

"You have decided?" whispered Frank. "I have!"

"Then, love, farewell!" He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully upon her beautiful, tearful face; then clasped her to his bosom.

"Shall I go?" he articulated. A feeble "yes," fell from her quivering lips.

To treat the tenacious root of love out of her heart, had cost her more than she could have anticipated; and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed, for the sacrifice she had made.

"Frank! oh, Frank, come back!" "Here I am," said a soft voice by her side.

"Asleep?" "And dreaming, too, I should say—not pleasantly, either."

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand. "You could not mean to send me away so cruelly, I know! So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking with him all of an hour."

"Oh, what a horrid dream!" murmured Katie, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality that I shudder now to think of it. I thought I was married!"

"And would that be so horrible?" asked Frank. "I hope, then, that you did not dream you were married to me."

"Then if you gave me your hand, it would be without your heart."

"No, Frank," said Katie, her bright eyes beaming happily through her tears—"and here it is!"

And soon there was a real marriage; not a splendid, but a happy one; followed by a life of love and contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Katie Yale.

Most persons boil hams. They are much better baked, if baked right. Soak for an hour in clean water, and wipe dry, and then spread it all over with thin batter, and lay it in a deep dish with a stick under to keep it out of the gravy.

A JURY on Monday, 16th inst., at Kenosha Wisconsin, gave a mulatto woman a verdict of one hundred dollars, against Capt. Landy, of the steamboat Baltic, for turning her out of the common cabin, on account of her color.

MENTAL HALLUCINATION—REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

A gentleman of high respectability, residing on Sixth street, in this city, whose name as well as those of the other parties below mentioned, we do not, agree to the request disclose, had on the 8th inst., an adventure we have never known equalled only in the imagination of the novel writer; thus showing that in the real life the most fictitious pictures occasionally drawn may be realized.

"You do not care for me," he cried—"then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affections you have met with coldness?"

"Yes, I know it!" said her husband, fiercely. "It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed that seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart? Who became a sharer of my fortune, but gave me no share in sympathy? Who devoted me to the fate of a loving, unloved husband—Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands and sigh and sob with such desperation of impatience, for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

"Very well," said Katie, calming herself. "I will not say your reproaches are undeserved. But granting that I am the cause, do tell me what you call me—you know this state of things can not continue."

"Yes, I know it." "Well?"

"I have made up my mind," said he—"that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free."

"The world will!" shrieked Katie, trembling.

"The world will admire you the same—and what more do you desire?" asked her husband bitterly. "This marriage of hands, and not of hearts, is mockery. We have played the farce long enough. Few know the conventional meaning of the term husband and wife; but do you know what it should mean? Do you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy?—Then enough of this mockery. Farewell. I go to consult friends about the terms of a separation. Nay, do not tremble, and cry and cling to me now—for I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire."

"He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish she shrieked aloud:

"Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?"

She lay upon the sofa sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her breathing became calm; her eyes and cheeks dry. Her head lay peacefully on her arm over which she kept her disheveled tresses—until with a start she cried:

"Frank! oh, Frank, come back!" "Here I am," said a soft voice by her side.

"Asleep?" "And dreaming, too, I should say—not pleasantly, either."

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand. "You could not mean to send me away so cruelly, I know! So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking with him all of an hour."

"Oh, what a horrid dream!" murmured Katie, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality that I shudder now to think of it. I thought I was married!"

"And would that be so horrible?" asked Frank. "I hope, then, that you did not dream you were married to me."

"Then if you gave me your hand, it would be without your heart."

"No, Frank," said Katie, her bright eyes beaming happily through her tears—"and here it is!"

And soon there was a real marriage; not a splendid, but a happy one; followed by a life of love and contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Katie Yale.

Most persons boil hams. They are much better baked, if baked right. Soak for an hour in clean water, and wipe dry, and then spread it all over with thin batter, and lay it in a deep dish with a stick under to keep it out of the gravy.

A JURY on Monday, 16th inst., at Kenosha Wisconsin, gave a mulatto woman a verdict of one hundred dollars, against Capt. Landy, of the steamboat Baltic, for turning her out of the common cabin, on account of her color.

THE BALLOON ASCENSION.

M. Petit who made a successful balloon ascension from Bridgeport, on Thursday afternoon, the 15th inst., has published an account of it. His balloon was 70 feet in diameter, and the boat attached was twenty feet long. In it were Mons Gustave Regnard, of France, and Mr. Wood of Bridgeport. Sixty-four men held the ropes until the signal was given to "let go." He says:

"With the rapidity of an arrow we were, in a few minutes, to a height of 10,000 feet. We yet heard the huzzas which were sent to us from our friends below, and felt the vibrations in the ropes of our balloon. We now saw the cities, villages, woods, and rivers, as an unsurpassed landscape. In a beautiful frame of green we saw the public buildings and churches of the city of Bridgeport, whose domes and towers, and spires, gilded by the sun, shone like gold and pearls beneath us. We saw the city of New Haven, with its pleasant greens, and on the other side the villages of Fairfield, Westport, Southport, Norwalk, Stamford, New Rochelle, and a thousand other scenes of domestic tranquility and happiness so highly favored by the Creator of the world.

Far beneath us shining like molten silver, lay Long Island Sound, dotted with vessels, which appeared like specks upon its bosom, while Long Island appeared in the distance, and far beyond, the broad expanse of ocean. We observed the direction of our currents, it was the fifth time we changed them—and we found a constant current 15,000 feet from the earth, from east to west, which would take us over the American continent; a current known already to extend over 13,000 miles. Below and above 4000 feet from the earth, is a current in the opposite direction, which would take us to Europe in less than four days, if it were the will of the Supreme Being. At the height we now were (13,000 feet) the Balloon appeared to us like a vast ruby, framed by the azure. It threw its large shadow on the clouds, and gave us the image of an aerial Venice. I threw out more ballast, and we ascended nearly as far as it is possible for human beings to exist; we had reached the height of 22,000 feet.—The earth appeared a chess-board, and a heavy hail storm, held in the air by a power unknown to us, but probably an electric power, enveloped us in a thrilling and awful manner. Respiration was almost impossible and we could not hear each other speak.

One of our companions, being benumbed, fell into a profound sleep. We felt so weak that my other companion and myself were hardly able to open the valve. At last we succeeded in opening it, and we descended rapidly to an altitude of 13,000 feet. The imagination of one exalted to such extreme height, grows vivid and warm, as the body becomes dull and chilled. For us no reality no limits, were existing. The dreams of Benardine and St. Pierre were realized; universal peace seemed to be on earth, and the whole globe were united states. But a strong condensation of the gas brought us back to the reality of terrestrial objects, and we descended to the ground.

I leave you free fields of universal space, but when I touch the earth, it is but to take new powers, to conquer, and overcome you entirely.

We landed at River Head, L. I., fifty miles from Bridgeport, and ninety from Brooklyn, where we found the kindest assistance from the inhabitants." M. PETIT.

A WINDFALL.—A young lady of Brooklyn, named Payne, has recently received a legacy amounting to \$75,000 from a Don Juan Emanuel Hernandez, a wealthy West India planter. This lady, it is said, was married to the planter in 1846, when she was scarcely 15 years old, but the marriage having proved an unhappy one, it was never proclaimed. Shortly after he left her and took up his residence in New Orleans. In 1848 he received information of his father's death— he returned to his estate in South America, and succeeded in increasing his already large fortune to \$150,000. As he was about to embark for Havana, he was taken with the cholera, and died on his estate, bequeathing \$75,000 to his wife (if living), and the whole if she never married and resided on his estate, which will render her the wealthiest heiress in the United States.—N. Y. Post.

A singular wager came off at Antwerp, recently. The master of a merchantman bet another 400l. that one of his sailors would reclaim to the steeple of Notre Dame, and remain seated on the weathercock for six hours. A sailor executed this dangerous feat. He climbed on to the cock at three o'clock, and remained seated till nine. A large crowd assembled, and remained until the man came down.

An animal of a different species from any before seen in California, has been taken by Mr. Hill, of Nevada. It is called the California cat. It is described as being very beautiful, and bearing a resemblance to the marten; different from it, however, in color, being a dark gray, enriched with bright brown rings similar to the racoon: its body is about the size of the gray squirrel, but about fifteen inches long, and its tail sixteen inches long.

The Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, from Pittsburgh to Massillon, is said to be now paying 7 per cent.

Poaches begin to make their appearance in market.

The lately appointed Bishop of Nova Scotia applied to the government of that province to allow the soldiers of that garrison to present arms to him, which Sir John Harvey permitted until he heard from the Commander-in-Chief. The old Duke's answer was, "The only attention the soldiers are to pay the Bishop, is to his sermons."

THE BATTLE OF THE BEES.

Galligani's Messenger, published in Paris, says a curious circumstance occurred recently at Guilleville, in France. A small farmer had in a field about two hundred and fifty beehives, containing a vast number of bees. He sent a man with a cart, drawn by five horses, to remove some earth from the wall near which the hives were placed. The cartier having occasion to go to the farm house, left the horses to a tree. Almost immediately after, a multitude of bees, either irritated at the shaking of their hives, or by the removal of the earth from the wall, or excited by the electricity with which the atmosphere happened to be charged, issued from their hives, as if in obedience to a given signal, and with great fury attacked the horses. In an instant the poor animals were entirely covered with bees from head to foot; even their nostrils were filled with them. When the cartier returned he found one of his horses lying dead on the ground and the others rolling about furiously. His cries attracted several persons; one of them attempted to drive away the bees, but they attacked him, and he had to plunge into a pond, and even placed his head under water for a few seconds in order to escape from them. The cure of Guilleville also attempted to approach the horses, but he too was put to flight by the enraged insects. At length two fire engines were sent for, and by pumping on the bees a great number were killed on the horses or put to flight. The horses, however, were so much injured that they died in an hour. The value of the bees destroyed was 1,500l., and of the horses 2,500l. A few days before bees from the same hives killed seventeen goshawks.

I believe that kicking against custom, and spitting in the face of fashion, is a futile and foolish endeavor. Both may need correction—but they must and will have their own way.

I believe that if the devil be the father of liars, he has a plugged large family to look after, and that it is rapidly increasing.

I believe girls are like kittens—gently smooth them the right way, they rub and purr most affectionately; but give them the contrary brush, and their back is up in the most disdainful manner. They like to be kissed, but shun a delicacy about the operation.

I believe human flesh is hard to digest—Jonah didn't sit easy on the stomach of the whale.

I believe that simple honesty, the naked truth, pure virtue, and a straight up and down way of dealing with the world, have as much advantage over the vices, tricks and stratagems in the long run, as a good square-trotting horse has over a pacing pony or a racy that goes his mile or two like the mischief, and is done for the rest of the journey.

More of the Chinese.—The influx of Chinese continues as great as ever, and will probably not slack off until the advents sent home by their countrymen resident here are received. Within the past ten days, five vessels have arrived from China, bringing 1,656 passengers. They seem to be making their way to the Southern mines, as the Stockton boats carry up crowds of them every afternoon. Americans are beginning to employ them. We have heard of one instance in which a gentleman offered a large number of them steady work at \$2 a day and found.—San Francisco Herald.

There were giants in those days.—Mr. Gideon Miles, of West Chester, Pa., is the father of seven sons and two daughters, all of whom are living except one, who died within a year. The following is the weight of the survivors:—252 lbs., 238, 200, 219, 190, 230, 190, 200 and 291. The father still lives at the good old age of 76. The joint weight of the father and eight children is 2133 lbs. A weightier family than the nine Miles will not be found in fifteen miles.

Religious persecution in Italy.—Mr. and Mrs. Malai have been condemned, the former to four years and ten months, the latter to three years and ten months, imprisonment in Florence, for the crime of reading the Holy Scriptures in their house, and teaching the Word of God within the limits allowed by the constitution. Many other persons were sentenced to banishment for different terms, for having listened to the teachings.

An Empty Treasury.—The New Orleans Delta says that the treasury of the State of Louisiana is in a deplorable condition of emptiness, it containing but sixty dollars when last heard from. There was no money to meet the expenses of the constitutional convention, then in session, nor could any be raised on loan, the existing constitution prohibiting the borrowing of money while the State debt amounted to \$100,000.

It is said that common mullen, and also garlic bulbs, sprinkled in stacks, or where they frequent, will drive away rats and mice; elder and walnut leaves, both in their natural state, and as a decoction, will prevent the attacks of flies, both on animals and meat, and drive them away.

"There's a great demand," says a Yankee pedler, "for a species of plaster which will enable gentlemen to stick to their business."

There were over one hundred professors of religion on board the frigate Independence during her late cruise.