



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. 22.

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

OLD SERIES VOL. 12, NO. 48.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

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

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

H. J. WOLVERTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE in Market street, Sunbury, adjoining the Office of the "American" and opposite the Post Office.

J. STEWART DEPUY. AT 223 North 21st street, above Wood, (Barnt District) Philadelphia, would respectfully call the attention of his friends and the public in general...

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

HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND GUNS. Nos. 31 & 33 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA.

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

WANTED TO BORROW. ELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS in two sums of six hundred dollars each, for which free-hold security will be given.

SELECT POETRY.

THE HUSBAND'S PETITION.

Come hither, my heart's darling, Come, sit upon my knee, And listen while I whisper...

I feel a bitter craving— A dark and deep desire, That glows beneath my bosom...

Nay, dearest! do not doubt me, Thou'lt mostly thus I speak— I feel thy arms about me...

And deem not that a shadow Hath fallen across my love; No, sweet, my love is shadowless...

Thou wilt not deny me My first and fond request; I pray thee, by the memory...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

By that great woe which bound thee For ever to my side, And by the ring that made thee...

THE MAIDEN AND THE HERO.

On the night of the Battle of Brandywine, I was sent with a message from Gen. Green to Count Pulaski...

"Mary, my lass, Mary!" In an instant a rosy-cheeked girl entered, her face beaming with joy...

"How often have I told you, my little love," he said, bending his tall form to kiss her cheek...

"But you are a Count, sir, when at home, and they say you come a long way over the ocean to fight for us..."

"Yes, Mary, very true, I did come a long way, but one reason why was, I had to come, in a measure..."

"Certainly, sir," and she went out of the room like a fairy.

"A fine, pleasant girl," said Pulaski, "would that I had the wealth that I once had, I would give her a portion that would send half the youth hereabout after her sweet face..."

On the morning of the eleventh of September, 1777, the British army advanced in full force to Chadd's Ford...

It soon happened that during the raging of the conflict, in carrying orders I passed immediately in the direction of Pulaski's quarters...

Here we entered invisible space, and soared to worlds on high. She repeated with fine pathos, the beautiful legend current among the peasantry on her native mountains...

We spoke of the special care which God takes of little children, how many instances are recorded in our weekly journals of children being lost in the woods...

Having read the story of the young boy, who had been found in the woods, she put several explanatory questions about the yellow fever, and other scenes recorded, &c.

Here the fountain of the great deep was broken up, a big tear overflowed his banks, I caught the infection. Now, I never saw a tear on a woman's cheek but I longed to kiss it from its resting place...

Here the fountain of the great deep was broken up, a big tear overflowed his banks, I caught the infection. Now, I never saw a tear on a woman's cheek but I longed to kiss it from its resting place...

A BROKEN HEART.

The interesting case of a literally broken heart we subjoin, was related by Dr. J. K. Mitchell, of the Jefferson College, Philadelphia...

In the early part of his medical career Dr. M. accompanied as a surgeon a packet that sailed between Liverpool and one of our southern ports...

On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible...

On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible...

On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible...

On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible...

On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible...

On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible...

On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible...

On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible...

On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible...

On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible...

On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible...

On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible...

A KNOT OF EEL-GRASS.

The Oswego River isn't navigable far up; for it is cut off by a bridge about half a mile from the lake, and a mile further up it is cut off again by a dam.

Between this bridge and the dam there is a rift, which is a famous place for catching fish in weirs, built into the middle of the river...

They used to catch lots of eels there, and a rousing fellow as big as a boy's leg, and as long as stick of wood was thought dear in Oswego at fourpence...

I told Mrs. Werts, the young widow that I boarded with, what I was going at; and I reckon she was up to them games, for she furnished me with a pillowcase to bag my game...

When I came abreast of the weir, I discovered that the skiff I had seen there at sundown was gone; but as I knew the water wasn't more'n up to my arms, I didn't care much...

"O, Lord! wasn't I sick! For twenty minutes I tried to turn myself wrong side out like a stocking; and then I pillow-cased the old eel, waded ashore, and mizzled for home feeling as if I had swallowed a land-crab...

Next morning, before I turned out, I heard the little "widdler" snoring out in the back entry, where I'd slung my bag of eels—

"Oh, Charley! Charley! come here, quick!" Well, I did; and, as I'm a live sinner, there on the floor, among the eels, and the biggest of them all, was a thundering great black WATER SNAKE, with his nose but off just about the eyes!

These two pigs in back yard had an eel breakfast that morning, and Clewline swore an oath never to go wading about in the night after other people's eels again—Carpenter Bag.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS PUPILS.—"Joseph, where is Africa?" "On the map, sir."

"I mean, Joseph, what continent—the Eastern or the Western continent?" "Well, the land of Africa is in the Eastern continent; but the people, sir, are all of 'em down South."

"What are its products?" "Africa, sir, or down South!" "Africa, your blockhead!" "Well, sir it hasn't got any; it never had any."

"How do the African people live?" "By drawing." "Drawing what—water?" "No sir; by drawing their breath!" "Sit down, Joseph!" "Thomas, what is the equator?" "Why, sir, it's a horizontal pole running perpendicularly through the imagination of astronomers and old geographers."

"Go to your seat, Thomas. William Siggs what do you mean by an eclipse?" "An old race horse, sir." "Silence. Next Jack, what is an eclipse?" "An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon gets in a hole, and runs agin the sun; consequently the sun blacks the moon's face!" "Class is dismissed."

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

We are indebted to a writer in the Chicago Journal for the following sketch of a domestic scene that cannot fail to touch a chord in every parent's heart:

"Yesterday we saw a wagon loaded with wheat coming into town—nothing strange in that, certainly. And a man driving the team, and a woman perched on the load beside him, and a child throned in the woman's lap—nothing strange in that, either—

And it required no particular shrewdness to determine that the woman was the property,—personal, of course—of the man, and that the black-eyed, round-faced child was the property of both of them. So much we saw—so much we suppose everybody saw, who looked. It was a fair inference that the wife came in to help her husband to 'trade out' a portion of the proceeds of the wheat, the product of so much labor, and so many sun-shines and rains.

The pair were somewhere on this side—a fine point of observation, isn't it?—this side of forty, and it is presumptive, if blessed like their neighbors, they left two or three at home "to keep house," while they came to town—perhaps two girls and a boy, or, as it is immaterial to us, two boys and one girl. Well, follow the pair, in and through, until the wheat was sold, the money paid, and then for the trade. The baby was shifted from shoulder to shoulder, or sat down upon the floor, to run off into mischief, like a sparkling globe of quicksilver on a marble table, while calicoes were priced, sugar and tea tasted, and plates "trung." The wife looks askance at a large mirror that would be just the thing for the best room, and the roll of carpeting, of most becoming pattern but in wasn't do, they must wait till next year. Ah! there is music in those next year, that orchestra cannot make. And so they look, and price, and purchase the summer supplies, the husband the while eyeing the little roll of bank notes growing small by degrees and beautifully less. Then comes an "aside" conference, particularly confidential. She takes him affectionately by the button, and looks up in his face—she has fine eyes, and through his head till they met, and the big eel dropped quietly down, leaving part of his guttural, bit off somewhere about the eyes, in my mouth. I spit it out quicker, and about all my inside "skins" with it.

"O, Lord! wasn't I sick! For twenty minutes I tried to turn myself wrong side out like a stocking; and then I pillow-cased the old eel, waded ashore, and mizzled for home feeling as if I had swallowed a land-crab, and been ridden for months by a double and twisted attack for Maumee fever."

Next morning, before I turned out, I heard the little "widdler" snoring out in the back entry, where I'd slung my bag of eels—

"Oh, Charley! Charley! come here, quick!" Well, I did; and, as I'm a live sinner, there on the floor, among the eels, and the biggest of them all, was a thundering great black WATER SNAKE, with his nose but off just about the eyes!

These two pigs in back yard had an eel breakfast that morning, and Clewline swore an oath never to go wading about in the night after other people's eels again—Carpenter Bag.

A NEW NOSE.—Mr. Edward Clarke, of Pittsburgh, publishes a statement describing a new nose, made for him by Dr. Hancock, of this city, to supply the one he had lost some 16 years ago. A piece of flesh from the forehead was sewed into the cheeks; a gutta percha mould of his father's nose was placed over it to give it the proper shape, and gold tubes were inserted for the nostrils. He says he has now a new nose, and well-formed, with the senses of feeling and smell as fine as they ever were.

A WRITER in the London Lancet recommends pure lime juice (two to six ounces per diem) as an almost certain cure for the acute rheumatism. Hooper, of the L'Esperance (Ala.) Tribune, says he once had a friend in Montgomery afflicted with the disease, who used the following compound:—Lemon juice, about one tablespoon full; sugar, two do.; water, oil of Turpentine, half a wine glass; dash with old Jamaica rum—and swallow. He never got well, though.

BAMES.—The delight of the days—the torment of the nights—elegant in full dress but horrible in dishabille—beautiful on the smile, but madness on the yell—exquisitely in place in the nursery, but awfully detestable in the parlor, stage or railroad car—the fountains of all joy, and something else—the well-springs of delight, and the recipient of unlimited spanking—the glory of "pa," the happiness of "ma"—who would not have em?

A schoolboy being asked to repeat twenty-six words beginning successively with letters of the alphabet, in one sentence, said:—"A boy cannot dig easily for gold; hence if just keeping lead melted needs oxygen, put quicksilver, rapidly saturated, timidly under vitriol, when xbees yearn, zeolite.

POWER OF ELECTRIC FLUID.—A few days ago, a tree was struck with lightning, under which was lying a bull and a cow, that were thrown thirty feet from the tree, in opposite directions—the bull falling on the top of a fence.

GOOD BUSINESS RULE.—If you want to buy anything—if you want to sell anything—if you want to hear anything—if you want to tell anything—if you want to do anything—if you want anything done—ADVERTISE!

THE MAIDEN AND THE HERO.

On the night of the Battle of Brandywine, I was sent with a message from Gen. Green to Count Pulaski...

"Mary, my lass, Mary!" In an instant a rosy-cheeked girl entered, her face beaming with joy...

"How often have I told you, my little love," he said, bending his tall form to kiss her cheek...

"But you are a Count, sir, when at home, and they say you come a long way over the ocean to fight for us..."

"Yes, Mary, very true, I did come a long way, but one reason why was, I had to come, in a measure..."

"Certainly, sir," and she went out of the room like a fairy.

"A fine, pleasant girl," said Pulaski, "would that I had the wealth that I once had, I would give her a portion that would send half the youth hereabout after her sweet face..."

On the morning of the eleventh of September, 1777, the British army advanced in full force to Chadd's Ford...

It soon happened that during the raging of the conflict, in carrying orders I passed immediately in the direction of Pulaski's quarters...

Here we entered invisible space, and soared to worlds on high. She repeated with fine pathos, the beautiful legend current among the peasantry on her native mountains...

We spoke of the special care which God takes of little children, how many instances are recorded in our weekly journals of children being lost in the woods...

Having read the story of the young boy, who had been found in the woods, she put several explanatory questions about the yellow fever, and other scenes recorded, &c.

Here the fountain of the great deep was broken up, a big tear overflowed his banks, I caught the infection. Now, I never saw a tear on a woman's cheek but I longed to kiss it from its resting place...

Here the fountain of the great deep was broken up, a big tear overflowed his banks, I caught the infection. Now, I never saw a tear on a woman's cheek but I longed to kiss it from its resting place...