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

H. J. WOLVERTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE in Market street, Sunbury...

M. L. SHINDEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, (Office in Market street Sunbury, opposite Weaver's Hotel)

HENRY DONNEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office opposite the Court House, Sunbury, Northumberland County, Pa.

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SELECT POETRY.

WEBSTER. BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

"When I and all those that love me shall have gone to our last home, and when the mould may have gathered on our memories as it will on our tombs..."

"The mould upon thy memory! No, Not while one note is rung Of those divine, immortal songs..."

"No let the flood of Time roll on, And men and empires die; Genes enthroned on lofty heights, Can its dread course defy..."

"What though he stand where Balbec stood, Gigantic in his pride, No voice comes o'er that silent waste— Lone, desolate, and wide..."

"They lived their little span of life, They sank ignominiously beneath Oblivion's silent reign, As sank beneath the Dead Sea wave The Cities of the Plain..."

"The honeyed words of Plato still float on the evening air, The thunder of Demosthenes Egean waters bear..."

"And thus thy memory shall live, And thus thy fame remain, Wins for thy future ages roll Thy solemn eulogy round..."

Came from the flowers in the garden, un- doubtedly to greet my waking, and I said, with a singular feeling of terror—"The grass, the flowers, and the shrubs do not give out their perfumes in the night..."

"At Vienna, I was installed in the hospitable house of the Countess. The servants pressed around me; my friends of the French embassy visited me every morning..."

"One day, after dinner, the Countess conducted me mysteriously into my chamber, and I was placed in an immense chair, which served me as a couch for repose..."

"No, my friend; I come to see you with the most celebrated physician of Germany. He is before you; he is looking at you; he thinks he can and he will cure you..."

"The physician lifted my eyelids; and almost at the same moments, two dreadful punctures, two wounds from a dagger, sharpened to needle's point, exerted for a moment on my forehead..."

"The next day, at evening, the Countess lighted a single watching lamp in my room. She came to place herself before me, the doctor was not far off, undoubtedly..."

"'Will you allow me to see for you, Mr. Frederick?' 'I thought I was still dreaming in the chamber of the inn—that the illusions of a vision were about me. Was it a reality? It seemed to me that I kissed with tears the hand of this woman—young, pretty, rich, undoubtedly; and who found nothing better to do with such treasures than to lend her strength to an unfortunate traveler..."

"'I should like to see you, Mr. Frederick,' said the Countess to me, 'alter God who has protected you, here is your saviour; thank God in the first place and then thank Dr. Mohldorff.'" "Why should I thank the doctor? He had cured me, but the Countess alone has saved me. My first look belonged to Rose and I had hastened to give it to her as to say, 'To my deliverer my grateful eyes.'" "Oh, my friend! what a surprise, what shame, what grief! This Rose, so pretty, Rose, well-beloved, was a woman already faded and wrinkled by age. I confess it to you, I almost fainted as I knelt at her feet; I resumed my precious bandage soon; I became blind again by the orders of the doctor; and I found again in my heart, with the image of the lovely person I had imagined, the illusions of my dream."

"Every evening, at the same hour, they accustomed me to restoring to me my sight; to bear the light of the watching lamp. A lamp afterward took the place of this dim light, and I waited patiently the time when this lamp too should be replaced by the sun."

"'A strange thing, singular vision, which could only be an accident of love and light. Every evening, in looking closely at her, I thought I discovered in the age of my proctress a grace which was not too old, a smile which had a certain charm, glances which did not lack coquetry, a mysterious treasury, that love had forgotten to resume in lying away with her youth. Oh! every day brought more brilliant than that of the previous one; and, at the same time, the days, the minutes, seemed for my pleasure to make the noble face of the Countess grow younger. A secret voice murmured in the bottom of my heart—'Yet one magic stroke, one touch on this new picture, on this face which is undergoing a metamorphosis, and the wonder will be complete. The Countess of fifty will disappear, and the Rose of hardly twenty-five will re-appear to remain forever.'" "One fine morning the sun illuminated the spectacle with a rare and charming prodigy. This day, for the first time, I had received from my doctor the delicious privilege of contemplating the splendors of the celestial light. I had just returned to the saloon of the Countess after a long and magnificent walk. I approached Rose who was alone, and perhaps expecting me. I trembled as I seated myself near her; I cast down my eyes down for fear of seeing her, or rather I feared and wished at the same time to look at her."

"'Frederick,' asked the Countess, 'do you remember a pleasant scene which passed between us in my travelling to Berlin? You were blind, and, exactly because you were so, you desired greatly to see the face of your Antigone. It is not true, every one adores the impossible!'" "I remember it madam; and I am ashamed of my curiosity, of my audacity."

"'I have forgiven you. It was not easy for a blind man to see well the face of a woman. You remember in what way you sought to find it out, to discover to see it.'" "I remember it, madam."

"'You said to me with a singular fatuity, 'I know you, I have looked at you, I have seen you.'" "I spoke the truth, madam."

"'You repeated to me every moment, 'Madam, you have beautiful black hair, great blue eyes, a mouth always smiling, lips very fresh, every thing most lovely. Madam, your beauty is admirable.'" "I admired you, madam."

"'Alas, my dear Frederick! what are you going to do with your complaint admirations. The blind man proposes, and the clear sighted man disposes. Look at me!'" "I looked at the Countess. 'Rose, Rose, cried I, prostrating myself at her feet, 'there is a God protects the blind. I know you now, I look at you and see you again. Yes, yes, you have the beautiful black hair, the great blue eyes, the ever fresh lips, a mouth ever smiling, every thing most lovely; and I have found again all which appeared admirable to me, I understood all, madam; you have done for my sick heart what the doctor has done for my weak eyes. The doctor protected my eyes from the strong rays of light; you have spared my love the radiant glory of your beauty.'" "And now you know," concluded my friend, "the wonderful story of my misfortune, of my marriage, of my happiness. You know the secret of the charitable defence, which surprises many persons; you know the mystery of some smiling charities, which Rose and I drop into the hands of the poor blind, or give with the charity of memory, our eyes turned towards the light of heaven."

"The Canal Commissioners have given notice that the water will be drawn off the Delaware division of the Pennsylvania Canal on the 10th of December, whether closed or not by the ice, for the purpose of commencing necessary repairs and alterations required for the next year's business."

Dr. Fitch in his excellent work on consumption, groups together quite a number of remarkable cases of longevity. Thomas Parr was born in 1483, and died in 1635, aged 152 years. He died not from the disease or decay of a single organ, but from too great fullness of blood, caused by more than usual indulgence in eating and drinking. He had led an active country life, enjoying country air and exercise; but was invited to London, where luxurious eating and drinking soon finished him. His body was examined by the celebrated Dr. Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who has left an account of the examination. Parr enjoyed good health for a century and a-half. Thirty-five years after the death of Parr, Henry Jenkins, of Yorkshire, England, died, aged 160. He was born in 1501, and died in 1670. His age is fully authenticated, and is the greatest among the moderns.—John Ellingham, of Cornwall, England, died aged 147 years. James Lawrence, a Scotchman, lived 140 years. About the year 1790, Joseph Sunnington died at Bergen, Norway, aged 160 years. In 1772, a man named Drakenburg died in Denmark, in the 147th year of his age.

In 1825, Pope Leo XII. granted to a poor man living near Lake Thrasimene, in Italy, a pension on account of his great age; he was then 125 years old. He died aged 130 years. In 1830, a man died at St. Petersburg, aged 180 years. I knew a man in the island of Cuba, who was 120 years old; he was able to ride on horseback 60 miles in a day, and return home the next. We will now come to our own country. In 1820, a man named Henry Francisco died a Whitehall, in the State of New York, aged 134 years. He beat the drum at the coronation of Queen Anne, and was then 10 years of age; he did not die of old age, but of ague and fever. I forgot to mention the name of Dr. Mead, who was consulting physician to Queen Elizabeth, and died at the age of 148 years. John Hightower, residing in Maryland county, Alabama, died January, 1845, aged 126. William Pridden, of Maryland, died October, 1845, aged 123 years. The Rev. Mr. Harvey, a Baptist clergyman, residing at Frankfurt, in the State of New York, is now in the active and useful discharge of his clerical duties, at the age of 111 years.—This very year he presided at a convention of the Baptist clergy, and is perhaps the oldest clergyman in the world who is able to discharge his clerical duties.

A Mr. Blackwell, residing near Greenville, North Carolina, was living a short time since, at the age of 136 years. A colored man named Slyphs, in fine vigorous health, was living last year in Cumberland county, Virginia, at the age of 117 years. The Montreal Times, October, 1846, translates the following from the Revue Canadienne:—"An old man died at Wexford, Upper Canada, a short time since, named Daniel Atkin, but rejoiced in the soubriquet of Black Dan. At the time of his decease he was 120 years of age; and during his life had contracted seven marriages, by whom he had an incredible number of children, grand-children and great-grand-children, in all about 570—370 of whom are boys, and 200 girls." Mr. John Van Hooser, of Jefferson county, Tennessee, died at his residence, about the 1st August, 1850, aged 122 years. A great many men are now living in this country (the United States) who are over 100 years of age.

SEVEN FOOLS.—1. The Envious Man—who sends away his pension, because the person sent to him is eating venison. 2. The Jealous Man—who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps in it. 3. The Proud Man—who gets wet through sooner than ride in the carriage of an inferior. 4. The Litigious Man—who goes to law in the hope of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself. 5. The Extravagant Man—who buys a horse and takes a cab to carry it home. 6. The Angry Man—who learns the opine-acle because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbor's piano. 7. The Ostentatious Man—who illuminates the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark.—Punch.

ANECDOTE OF COL. CROCKETT.—Once upon a time, during a debate in the U. S. House of Representatives, on a bill for increasing the number of hospitals, one of the Western members arose and observed: "Mr. Speaker—My opinion is, that the generosity of mankind—in general, are disposed to take the disadvantage—of the generosity—of mankind in general." "Sit, down, sit down," whispered the Col. who sat near him, "you are coming out at the same hole you went in at."

THE LITTLE HIDING THING. Sweet laughing child, the cottage door stands open, and open, too, its windows; its windows give no more the glances of thy brow! Thy merry step hath passed away! Thy laughing spirit is hushed for aye! Thy mother by the fountain side, And listens for thy call! And slowly, slowly, as she knits, Her quiet tears drop fall! Her little hiding things are gone, And undisturbed she sits work on.

Mr. GEORGE SPICES, of New York, has made a match, in which he bets \$1000 against \$2000, that he will produce a horse who will perform one hundred miles in nine hours. The feat never has been accomplished.

The best line of business for a medical man to follow is a railway line.

A Select Tale.

THE BLIND LOVER.

A correspondent of the "Courier des Etats Unis," gives in that paper a series of papers, which he heads the Secrets of Charity. The "To-day," a Boston literary journal, translates from one of these the following pleasing story: There are in Paris two charitable persons, rich, young and happy, who give especially to blind beggars, out of pity to those mendicants, and not on account of their dogs. I have seen them a hundred times pause before these poor people, smile sadly at their misfortune, and assist them with full hands. The poor blind people seem come to know them; they learn the way which leads to their home; they are never repulsed by the porter of this noble house; they are always certain to reach the charity of that dwelling, with closed eyes. I have no right to mention the names of these two kind hearts of whom I write; only, as I must give them some name, I shall baptize them at will in a story which reveals the secret of their best charities—the charities of a tender recollection."

"What I am about to tell you is not a fiction," said to me, one day, Frederick d'Arnay, a college friend of mine—a friend who does not hate me. "What I am about to tell you is not a romance; it is a history—my history—that of my wife. That day, since our separation on the benches of the Law School, I have been blind,—entirely blind. Try to listen and follow me; I will carry you to Switzerland,—and I begin: "It was in that beautiful country about Balest of a summer evening; I had been running all day; I was exhausted. My eyes had seen and admired so many natural beauties, that they were dazzled with light. I stumbled about in dizziness which seemed like a painful intoxication. I knocked at the door of an excellent inn—I lay down, and immediately fell asleep in a good bed. I dreamed, and my dreams were charming. My friend, I only believe now in the beautiful dreams which we have when awake."

"I awoke that day at the loud sound of a village song. I imagined, immediately, that the sun was up. Alas! no, my friend; the sun was still asleep, and the night began to seem to me very dark, very terrible. I heard suddenly, the song of birds warbling in the fields; and I said to myself, with a kind of anxiety. 'Do throw thyself into the parlor, and by chance; and, feeling my way, gliding along the wall, my hands at last reached the panes of a window. I hastened to open it. I seemed to breathe the odorous air which came from the flowers in the garden, un- doubtedly to greet my waking, and I said, with a singular feeling of terror—"The grass, the flowers, and the shrubs do not give out their perfumes in the night..."

"At Vienna, I was installed in the hospitable house of the Countess. The servants pressed around me; my friends of the French embassy visited me every morning; the voices of singers and the sound of instruments inundated me every evening with floods of Italian music.—Rose appeared to me, a poor blind man, more young and more pretty than ever.—Nothing was wanting to my happiness but one ray of sun; less than that, one bit of light."

"One day, after dinner, the Countess conducted me mysteriously into my chamber, and I was placed in an immense chair, which served me as a couch for repose.—In a short time, two persons, one of whom walked like Rose, and the other more slowly, like an old man, approached my chair without speaking a word. They were commiserating my misfortune; and this silent pity troubled me."

"Who is there?" asked I, with a voice trembling with emotion mingled with anger. "No, my friend; I come to see you with the most celebrated physician of Germany. He is before you; he is looking at you; he thinks he can and he will cure you."

"Rose, it is not your hand which is now touching my forehead." "Do not talk, Frederick; and keep perfectly still under the hands of the doctor." "The physician lifted my eyelids; and almost at the same moments, two dreadful punctures, two wounds from a dagger, sharpened to needle's point, exerted for a moment on my forehead. A handkerchief belonged to Rose, perhaps; and there was nothing more to be said till the next day."