



H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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OLD SERIES VOL. 13, NO. 19.

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. Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

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

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

WM. M. ROCKEFELLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA. Dec. 13, 1851.—4f.

M. L. SHINDEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA. December 4, 1852.—5f.

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

WM. MCARTY, BOOKSELLER, Market Street, SUNBURY, PA. JUST RECEIVED for sale, a fresh supply of EVANGELICAL MUSIC.

Dilworth, Branson & Co. IMPORTERS OF DEALERS IN HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c. No. 59 Market St., 1 door below 2d St., PHILADELPHIA.

WANTED.—Pennsylvania lands from 100 to 20,000 acres—for cash or trade in exchange for City property.

Cornelius, Baker & Co., MANUFACTURERS OF Lamps, Chandeliers, Gas Fixtures, &c. Store No. 176 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Lycoming Mutual Insurance Company. DR. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the above Insurance Company.

CHURN PUMPS.—A small number of these excellent pumps have been received and are offered for sale by H. B. MASSER.

SELECT POETRY.

JOHN TUELL'S SHIRT.

A DOWN-EAST BALLAD.

BY MRS. B. F. FOSTER.

Tim Dickson was a Yankee lad, Farming his occupation, The town of Cooper, down in Maine, His birth place and location.

A quiet, simple folk it was, Whose good folks said their prayers, And thought they had enough to do, To mind their own affairs.

In foreign men and foreign things They took but small diversion, And deep as their religious faith, For England their aversion.

But Tim, he loved the marvelous, Phrenologists had said The organ wonder was, no doubt, The largest in his head.

One day it chanced, that Tim unto Machias town did come, To sell potatoes, and to fetch Some groceries "to hum."

And there arrived, he looped about, And gazed in every shop, Considering what he'd like to buy And what he had to swap.

At last he met a stranger lad, Who had a dog to sell; A curious little cur it was, And Tim to wourling fell.

And he'd never seen again before, And he'd never see again, For 'twas an English hound, the first That 'e'er set foot in Maine.

Much he admired the glossy skin, The limbs all strong and grace; The pendulous ears, that softness gave To that sagacious face.

But more, it wags he admired, Could he have seen the hound Spring forth o'er England's dewy fields To hail the bugle sound.

With tails erect, and nostrils spread, They cleave the morning air; And lead the joyous huntsman forth To chase the stag and hare.

Then, 'tis a gallant sight to see The young cur ride by, With scarlet coats and breeches white, On steeds of mettled fire.

To see far off the pack of hounds, O'er hills and valleys go, While still the winds bring back their cry, Their merry "yo-e-o!"

Of this Tim Dickson nothing knew, But much he liked the beast, And much he longed to show the folks An English hound, down East;

And being somewhat flush of cash, "I'll buy that dog," he said; The lad was poor, so glad to sell His favorite for bread.

The bargain made, his errands done, Soon Tim was late ere he arrived At Cooper with his dog.

He found the door all fastened up, The good folks gone to bed, And he had no alternative But sleeping in a shed.

But with an English cur lie down He would on no pretence, So took him in a neighbor's yard And tied him to the fence.

Then weary with his journey, Tim Spread straw upon the ground, And soon was wrapped in slumber deep; Not so, the captive hound—

In that strange place without a bed He stretched and yawned, and then broke out With his long loud "yo-e-o!"

"Get up, for God's sake! John, get up! All flesh against its doom, I hear the trumpet loud proclaim The day of judgment's come!"

Hark, hark! how near the awful peal That calls us all from hence, I'm sure the Angel of the Lord, Has parched upon the fence!

Ab! John, it is your hardened state, That makes him come so near, Get up, get up and dress yourself, I'm almost dead with fear."

But John he only turned him o'er And grunted; he would fain Have shut his ears to all she said And gone to sleep again.

But Mrs. Tuell's shriek and cry, And gave such earnest voice, Of man get up! the Judgment's come!" That he just opened his eyes.

And murmured, "Well, if Judgment day It is, as you assert, Just let me be, I can't show forth, For know I've no clean shirt!"

"But hear," she cried, "that solemn sound, You're like the wedding guests who all Began to make excuse!"

So out of bed with plume and push She thrust her doors half, Into a loud horse laugh—

"Why, look you!" she cried, "you often take Your husband for a hog, But now you hear an Angel in A ston' ugly dog!"

This story soon got wind, and when Dame Tuell walked abroad, Folks often asked, "when she'd heard The angel of the Lord?"

Nor held she forth again in prayer, But would some niche part Hot, "Judgment-day was coming, and She'd better wash John's shirt!"

Now, if Dame Tuell's piety Had really been sincere, I can't tell by the Judgment-day Had caused her so much fear.

But this I learn, she afterwards Left others' souls alone, And stayed at home to spin and cook, And get her washing done.

And farther still, that honest John, When in his home began Such pleasant change, in gratitude Turned quite a pious man.

A happy couple they, and could Their after life be seen, I doubt not they'd be ever found With shirt and conscience clean.

A Humorous Sketch. FROM THE CINCINNATI TIMES. THE REIGN OF PETTICOATS.

"Timothy Brown, stand up," said his Honor the Mayor, while trying the watch house cases this morning, to a slim nervous looking creature, in the prisoner's dock.

"Timothy stood up, but instead of casting his eyes towards the Mayor, he kept them fixed upon a short and somewhat corpulent lady, with a highly figured shawl thrown over her rather broad shoulders, and a bonnet covered with flowers upon her head, who sat on the opposite side of the court room.

"At the time Mr. Brown's name was called, she was engaged in packing sundry little articles in a highly ornamented reticule. As he raised his eyes, however, she raised her head, and their eyes met. A kick from a horse could not have shocked Timothy more severely, for he certainly would have fallen, had not his hands nervously grasped the railings of the dock.

"Mr. Brown," said the Mayor, "you are charged with abusing your wife."

"Yes—that's the charge," replied the lady, "for may it please your Honor, I am his better half!"

"Has he been abusing you, madam?" "I—I—never—did," stammered Brown, "as I—"

"Mr. Brown," cried Mrs. B., stamping her foot upon the floor, which apparently chilled the heart of her husband, "Mr. Brown, will you hold your peace while I am speaking. Remember, sir, that we are not now alone in our domestic, where peace once reigned supreme, but which, alas! is now under the protection of the law, and justice, with her blind eyes and unerring sword, shall decide the difference between us."

"Oh, pardon me, sir," replied Mrs. Brown, "but my troubles so distract my mind, that I know not what I say. Timothy, you will one day repent all this." Here Mrs. Brown rested her forehead upon her hand for a minute, as if in deep study, and then addressed the Mayor as follows:

"I will tell you all, though shame parch my lips. I have told you we were once happy, but a change in his habits has ruined our peace. For your better understanding, allow me to say, that woman naturally yearns to disseminate good among the children of Eve. Her heart, naturally more refined than man's, seeks to penetrate the recesses of darkness, and shed righteous light upon poor humanity. I am a woman, and have the feelings of a woman, and therefore seek to aid with my feeble powers, the various reforms which now agitate the world. I have attached myself to a sewing society for the relief of distressed—"

"Of domestic discord," again whispered Brown.

"Of internal knowledge, which meets every Wednesday evening. Being a member of the Female Improvement Association, I necessarily attend its sittings every Thursday evening, to—"

"Learn nonsense and the devil's mischief, softly whispered Brown.

"See that the important interests of the Association are not neglected. My Friday evenings are spent at Squire Hill's, making 'mischief among neighbors,' said Brown.

"Clothing for the suffering-hearted. Every Saturday evening, the Married Women's Debating Society meets, and being its mistress, it demands my attention, and about—"

"Your domestic duties," happily whispered Timothy.

"Every thing, said Sunday is the day of rest for us all."

"Except my," said Brown bravely. "For relaxation, I attend every Monday evening, the Rev. Mr. Longbreath's popular Lectures on human ideas."

"Does your husband attend you to all these places, madam?" inquired the Mayor. "Bless you! no, thereby lays my complaint. Formerly he objected not to my doing good; but lately he seems disposed to forbid me all these privileges. Last evening, when I put on my bonnet, preparatory to accompanying my particular friend, Mr. Adams, to the lecture, he threw down the baby, and declared openly that he would neither nurse the babe or clear up the supper dishes. My feelings were so shocked that I nearly fainted; for in six years of married life, Mr. Brown never before refused to perform his share of our domestic duties."

"What did he do after that? coolly asked the Mayor.

"Nothing, sir, but obstinately refuse to do his duty. After persuading him in vain, I called in the officers of the law and had him arrested. I intended to show him that law and justice will sustain me."

"You are mistaken, madam. He has not offended the law, however much he may have offended you! I discharge him!"

"Discharge him! Heavens! is there no remedy for our sex? and will even the law insult us when we ask for redress? Oh! woman! woful, indeed, is the condition of society!"

She looked the Mayor in the eyes for a few moments, as if expecting response, but getting none, turned to her husband. She gave him a glance which almost melted him in his seat; and then, with a stamping of her little foot, she said to him: "Timothy, begone! I'll seek redress among those who deal out justice."

Mr. Brown obeyed, but with a trembling step. His wife followed him, amid the laughter of all who had witnessed the rich scene.

ADVANTAGES OF PRINTING.—Mr. B. a well known metropolitan printer, once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old bible in her hand. "I want," said she, "that you should print it over again; it is getting a little blurred, sort of, and my eyes isn't what they was. How much do you do?" "Fifty cents." "Can you have it done in half an hour?—live good ways out of town?" "Certainly." When the old lady went out, he sent round to the office of the American Bible Society, and purchased a copy for fifty cents. "Lor' sakes a-massy!" exclaimed the old lady, when she came to look at it, "how good you've fixed it!—it's a'n't no more as good as new! I never see nothin' so curious as what printers' is!"

A JOKE.—A well known physician, in a certain town, is very much annoyed by an old lady, who is always sure to accost him in the street for the purpose of telling over her ailments. Once she met him in Broadway, as he was in a very great hurry. Ah! I see you are quite feeble, said the doctor; "but your eyes and show me your tongue."

She obeyed, and the doctor, quietly moving off, left her standing there for some time in this ridiculous position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the funny scene.

NEW CURE FOR FEVER AND AGUE.—The Huntsville (Texas) Item, says:—"Take a raw egg, break it in a tumbler, cover with vinegar, and drink altogether an hour or two before the chill's time of coming. Mr. D. says he has seen it tried for years and never yet saw a failure. It may seem a hard dose, but is not so bad as that vil-lainous French medicine, quinine."

The severity of Silver or small change is so severely felt in Boston, that petitions to Congress to supply the deficiency, have been put in circulation by all the banks and traders of that city. This is a universal inconvenience, for which a remedy would very gladly be hailed by all communities.

HOW TO PLAY THE PIANO.

The other evening, we were at a party of a friend of ours, and among the lot was a gay miss who had just returned from boarding-school, when after many solicitations and apologies, she seated herself at the piano, rocked to the right, then to the left, leaped forward, then backward, and began. She placed her right hand about midway on the keys, and her left about two octaves below. She now put the right to a brisk center upon the treble notes, and her left after it; the left then led the way back, and the right pursued it in like manner.

The right turned and repeated its movement, but the left outran it this time, hopped over it, and flung it entirely off the track; it came in again, however, behind the left, in its return, and passed it in the same style. They now became highly incensed at each other, and met furiously on the middle ground—

Here a most awful conflict ensued for a short space, when the right, whipped off all of a sudden, as we thought, flung vanquished, but we were in error, it had only "fallen back to a stronger position." It had mounted upon two back keys, and commenced the note of a rattlesnake; this had a wonderful effect upon the left, and placed the doctrine of snake-charming beyond dispute—

The left rushed toward it repeatedly, but seemed invariably panic struck when it came within six keys of it, and as when it attacked with a tremendous roar down the bass keys; continued its assaults, sometimes by a zigzag movement, but all its attempts to dislodge the right from its stronghold proved ineffectual, it came close up to its adversary and expired. Any one, or rather none, can imagine what noises the piano made during the conflict; certain it is that we shall not describe them, and, therefore, we one can attempt it. The battle ended; Miss Jane moved as though she would have risen, but this was protended against by a number of voices, at once. "One song, my dear Jane," said Mrs. Small; "you must sing that sweet little French air you used to sing, and which Madame Piggle-squawk is so fond of." Miss Jane accordingly squawked herself for a song; she brought her hands into a capus this time in fine style, and they seemed to be perfectly reconciled to each other; they commenced a kind of cooing, the right whispering tremble very softly, and the left responding bass very loudly. The conference had been kept up until we began to desire a change upon the subject, when our ears caught, indistinctly some very curious sounds which appeared to proceed from the lips of Miss Jane; they seemed to be a compound of dry cough and a hiccup, and it appeared to us as interpreters between the right and left. Things had progressed in this way for about fifteen seconds, when Miss Jane made a fly-catch- ing grab at half a dozen keys in a row, and the same instant she fetched a long squall, at the conclusion of which she grappled at as many of bamboo briars; our nerves had not recovered until Miss Jane repeated the movement, accompanying it with the squeal of a pinched cat. This threw us into an ague fit, but from respect to the performer we maintained our position. She now made a third grasp with her right, and at the same time raised one of the most unearthly howls that ever issued from the throat of any human being. This seemed the signal for universal uproar and destruction; she now threw away all reserve, and charged the piano with her whole force. Her neck-veins swelled, her bosom heaved; she screamed, she yelled, and was in the act of drawing upon the note of a screech-owl, when we took the St. Venus' dance, and rushed out of the room. "Goodness! what a bystander," "if this be her singing, said a mystic brothering."

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S MARRIAGE, HIS MIS-TRUSTS, &c. A letter dated Paris, Dec. 13th, to the N. Y. Express, says: You of course are aware, that if Louis Napoleon marries, it is with solely political objects. He wants a wife that she may be a mother. The marriage of an Emperor can be nothing but a State affair. It is natural, therefore, that the retainers of the court, here, the aides-de-camp, the whole household in fact, should allow themselves to talk and jest very freely upon the subject, and to speak of the Princess Wassa in a tone anything but respectful. I have heard of son-dry epigrams at her expense, which are positively brutal. Information of this has reached the lady concerned. But this not all, a French doctor has been sent to Vienna charged with the very delicate mission of discovering whether she would breed!—

Of course, he was to keep perfectly dark upon the nature of his errand. He penetrated into the intimacy of the lady, scanned her proportions, measured her length and breadth, and finally reported against her. He gave in a verdict of "Tendency to consumption and general weakness in the chest and lungs." This also came to the ears of Lady Caroline, and her indignation and offended jealousy were very warmly expressed.

Thus far there is no doubt of the voracity of the press. All this has positively occurred to be a refusal to proceed on the part of Louis Napoleon, and a rupture on the part of the Princess, also. Add to this that she has been of late rather frightened at the accounts—the herself is very straight laced—of the immorality of his court, and the general laxity of morals that pervades the French capital. The match is said to be certainly broken off, and our Benedict is thought to be looking towards the sister of the King of Naples. He bankers after King Bomba for a brother-in-law. In the meantime he is paying desperate court to a little Spanish Countess, who with the usual Castilian type of feature and complexion, possesses very blue eyes and fair hair. The French go crazy after such combinations, and Louis Napoleon is French by his mother's side. The Spanish lady is a glorious horsewoman, and was in at the death of the wild boat, a month ago, at Fontainebleau. She is to make one of the parties at Clichy this week. But she has already signified to his majesty that he cannot have her without marrying her. Ten millions even would not do. I am afraid the republic will have to do without the Senora.

What Mr. Howard is influential in preventing the Emperor's marriage, I cannot say. I only know that she remarked yesterday that the Princess Wassa at least would not do. I am afraid the republic will have to do without the Senora.

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BECOMING A MEDIUM.

The "becoming" spiritual tapping is without a doubt gaining strength among us, and some very ludicrous incidents often grow out of it at times, as well as more serious and deplorable ones.

A few nights since, within this week, a young male friend of ours, who from a sceptic had become a devout believer, retired to rest, after having his nervous system partially destroyed by the information, through the spirit of his grandfather, that he would very shortly become a powerful medium. He was in his first comfortable swoon, when a clicking noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He listened intently; the noise was still going on—very like the raps of the spirits on the table, indeed.

"What is there?" "There was no answer, and the queer noise stopped.

"Anybody there?" "No answer.

"I must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "If there is a medium in the room, it will signify by saying 'aye'—no, that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room, will it please to rap three times?"

Three different raps were given in the direction of the spirit.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?" "No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother?" "Three raps.

"Are you happy?" "Nine raps.

"Do you want for anything?" "A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give me a communication if I get up?" "No answer.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?" "Raps very loud again, this time in the direction of the door.

"Shall I ever see you from the outside of the door? He waited long for an answer to his last question, but none came. The spirit had gone, and after thinking on the extraordinary visit, he turned over and fell asleep.

On getting up in the morning, he found that the spirit of his mother had carried off his watch and purse, his pants down stairs into the hall, and his great coat off altogether.

AN INGENUOUS TRICK.—has been twice practiced upon the famous and fashionable house of the Stewarts, in New York. About a year since, a well dressed lady called in and selected a shawl, the price of which was \$600. She handed out a thousand dollar bill, which the clerk questioned. She took it back, and appeared to be indignant, when on reflection she handed over another and genuine bill on the same bank, and requested that it be taken to a bank. This was done, and the bill pronounced to be genuine. The lady then put it into her purse, shaking her pretty head ominously at the clerk who had dared to insinuate that her money was not good. She started to go out, the poor clerk making all sorts of apologies. But on reflection, she returned—the shawl pleased her—it was so very beautiful—she would permit her excited feelings to deprive her of an article that pleased her so well—

She would have the shawl put up. The smiling clerk had it ready in a jiffy.— She handed out the thousand dollar bill on the same bank. The clerk thought it was the same. She gave her \$400 change, and the fair one left with the shawl and the change. On making a deposit in the afternoon, however, they found that the bill was a hoax, out of counterfeit. The lady had shifted the good and bad to suit her own purposes, coolly having the bad one in the hands of the Stewarts, carrying off their \$400 of good money and their rich shawl. A few weeks since, we are informed, the same fine trick was again played on the same house, the only difference being that the beautiful lady on this occasion took two \$700 shawls, and left two one thousand counterfeited notes, and received back \$600 in good cash in change.—Harford Times.

"SCHEIDTAN SCHAFFERS."—This article is highly recommended by the "facely," and by clergymen and others, as very "aromatic," "invigorating," and medicinal in its effects. It is said by some to be a very excellent quality of gin, which, in any pure state, is hard to be obtained in any other form.

"What are these 'Scheidtans' and who has got them? Dr. Holmes tells us that the Pilgrim Fathers, in his afterwards came to Plymouth.

"Hated punch and preety— And so it was preety, They went to London, where they found Conventicles and Seinsaps."

It is evident, therefore, that it is an article "known to the ancients"—but it has possibly been left to this wiser generation to bring out its "aromatic" virtues.

HIGH GRADUATE.—In his speech delivered at the National celebration at Wheeling, the President of the Baltimore and Ohio Road said:—"As to the power of overcoming high grades, Mr. Mayor, we claim to have taught a lesson to the world. During the whole of the past summer, this company carried the United States Mail over a grade of 530 feet to the mile, without the aid of assistant power, and every bar of iron which was laid upon the track, between the Kingwood Tunnel and Fairmount, was passed over the same summit."

RAVAGES OF RATS.—The San Antonio (Texas) Ledger says that the ferrymen at the Seguin crossing on the Guadalupe river, in one day, killed over thirteen hundred rats, and adds: "These modernizing creatures, are travelling westward in an immense body, are having aggregated in a vegetable nature in their route. Many theories are suggested for their emigration. We have heard of no plausible one."