



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. 6, NO. 3

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1853.

OLD SERIES VOL. 13, NO. 29.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

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

SELECT POETRY.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

Sweet human flowers, of passing loveliness, Bloom on life's pathway with celestial splendor!

Thou pluckest one to wear upon thy breast; To quaff the fragrance it is ever breathing!

'Twill flourish gaily in the light of smiles, And from each sunny healthy vigor borrow,

Let not the cold winds of mankind's sky, Chill its warm beauty, lest it droop and languish;

Showing the sweets of true and constant love, On all thy dear ones, make life ever vernal,

With brighter hues, unfading and eternal, Watch patiently for his coming—there is no

family circle of which he is the soul and the centre—there are no domestic affections in which he can participate and feel happy.

It is therefore we contend, that our correspondent has postponed a sacred duty too long. But better late than never!

There are still chances, many and tempting, and although at his time of life, he cannot expect to pick and choose among the fairy creatures who are so calculated to dazzle and bewitch,

He can no doubt readily discover a fitting partner, one suited to his habits, tastes, and circumstances, by resorting to the proper means.

Oh, watch lovingly thy bosom's guest, Its graceful tendrils round thy heart strings wreathing.

Thou pluckest one to wear upon thy breast; To quaff the fragrance it is ever breathing!

'Twill flourish gaily in the light of smiles, And from each sunny healthy vigor borrow,

Let not the cold winds of mankind's sky, Chill its warm beauty, lest it droop and languish;

Showing the sweets of true and constant love, On all thy dear ones, make life ever vernal,

With brighter hues, unfading and eternal, Watch patiently for his coming—there is no

family circle of which he is the soul and the centre—there are no domestic affections in which he can participate and feel happy.

It is therefore we contend, that our correspondent has postponed a sacred duty too long. But better late than never!

There are still chances, many and tempting, and although at his time of life, he cannot expect to pick and choose among the fairy creatures who are so calculated to dazzle and bewitch,

He can no doubt readily discover a fitting partner, one suited to his habits, tastes, and circumstances, by resorting to the proper means.

Oh, watch lovingly thy bosom's guest, Its graceful tendrils round thy heart strings wreathing.

Thou pluckest one to wear upon thy breast; To quaff the fragrance it is ever breathing!

'Twill flourish gaily in the light of smiles, And from each sunny healthy vigor borrow,

Let not the cold winds of mankind's sky, Chill its warm beauty, lest it droop and languish;

Showing the sweets of true and constant love, On all thy dear ones, make life ever vernal,

With brighter hues, unfading and eternal, Watch patiently for his coming—there is no

family circle of which he is the soul and the centre—there are no domestic affections in which he can participate and feel happy.

It is therefore we contend, that our correspondent has postponed a sacred duty too long. But better late than never!

There are still chances, many and tempting, and although at his time of life, he cannot expect to pick and choose among the fairy creatures who are so calculated to dazzle and bewitch,

He can no doubt readily discover a fitting partner, one suited to his habits, tastes, and circumstances, by resorting to the proper means.

Oh, watch lovingly thy bosom's guest, Its graceful tendrils round thy heart strings wreathing.

Thou pluckest one to wear upon thy breast; To quaff the fragrance it is ever breathing!

'Twill flourish gaily in the light of smiles, And from each sunny healthy vigor borrow,

Let not the cold winds of mankind's sky, Chill its warm beauty, lest it droop and languish;

Showing the sweets of true and constant love, On all thy dear ones, make life ever vernal,

With brighter hues, unfading and eternal, Watch patiently for his coming—there is no

family circle of which he is the soul and the centre—there are no domestic affections in which he can participate and feel happy.

It is therefore we contend, that our correspondent has postponed a sacred duty too long. But better late than never!

There are still chances, many and tempting, and although at his time of life, he cannot expect to pick and choose among the fairy creatures who are so calculated to dazzle and bewitch,

He can no doubt readily discover a fitting partner, one suited to his habits, tastes, and circumstances, by resorting to the proper means.

Oh, watch lovingly thy bosom's guest, Its graceful tendrils round thy heart strings wreathing.

Thou pluckest one to wear upon thy breast; To quaff the fragrance it is ever breathing!

'Twill flourish gaily in the light of smiles, And from each sunny healthy vigor borrow,

Let not the cold winds of mankind's sky, Chill its warm beauty, lest it droop and languish;

Showing the sweets of true and constant love, On all thy dear ones, make life ever vernal,

With brighter hues, unfading and eternal, Watch patiently for his coming—there is no

family circle of which he is the soul and the centre—there are no domestic affections in which he can participate and feel happy.

It is therefore we contend, that our correspondent has postponed a sacred duty too long. But better late than never!

There are still chances, many and tempting, and although at his time of life, he cannot expect to pick and choose among the fairy creatures who are so calculated to dazzle and bewitch,

He can no doubt readily discover a fitting partner, one suited to his habits, tastes, and circumstances, by resorting to the proper means.

Oh, watch lovingly thy bosom's guest, Its graceful tendrils round thy heart strings wreathing.

Thou pluckest one to wear upon thy breast; To quaff the fragrance it is ever breathing!

'Twill flourish gaily in the light of smiles, And from each sunny healthy vigor borrow,

Let not the cold winds of mankind's sky, Chill its warm beauty, lest it droop and languish;

Showing the sweets of true and constant love, On all thy dear ones, make life ever vernal,

With brighter hues, unfading and eternal, Watch patiently for his coming—there is no

family circle of which he is the soul and the centre—there are no domestic affections in which he can participate and feel happy.

It is therefore we contend, that our correspondent has postponed a sacred duty too long. But better late than never!

There are still chances, many and tempting, and although at his time of life, he cannot expect to pick and choose among the fairy creatures who are so calculated to dazzle and bewitch,

He can no doubt readily discover a fitting partner, one suited to his habits, tastes, and circumstances, by resorting to the proper means.

Oh, watch lovingly thy bosom's guest, Its graceful tendrils round thy heart strings wreathing.

Thou pluckest one to wear upon thy breast; To quaff the fragrance it is ever breathing!

'Twill flourish gaily in the light of smiles, And from each sunny healthy vigor borrow,

Let not the cold winds of mankind's sky, Chill its warm beauty, lest it droop and languish;

Showing the sweets of true and constant love, On all thy dear ones, make life ever vernal,

With brighter hues, unfading and eternal, Watch patiently for his coming—there is no

family circle of which he is the soul and the centre—there are no domestic affections in which he can participate and feel happy.

It is therefore we contend, that our correspondent has postponed a sacred duty too long. But better late than never!

There are still chances, many and tempting, and although at his time of life, he cannot expect to pick and choose among the fairy creatures who are so calculated to dazzle and bewitch,

He can no doubt readily discover a fitting partner, one suited to his habits, tastes, and circumstances, by resorting to the proper means.

Oh, watch lovingly thy bosom's guest, Its graceful tendrils round thy heart strings wreathing.

Thou pluckest one to wear upon thy breast; To quaff the fragrance it is ever breathing!

'Twill flourish gaily in the light of smiles, And from each sunny healthy vigor borrow,

Let not the cold winds of mankind's sky, Chill its warm beauty, lest it droop and languish;

Showing the sweets of true and constant love, On all thy dear ones, make life ever vernal,

With brighter hues, unfading and eternal, Watch patiently for his coming—there is no

family circle of which he is the soul and the centre—there are no domestic affections in which he can participate and feel happy.

It is therefore we contend, that our correspondent has postponed a sacred duty too long. But better late than never!

There are still chances, many and tempting, and although at his time of life, he cannot expect to pick and choose among the fairy creatures who are so calculated to dazzle and bewitch,

He can no doubt readily discover a fitting partner, one suited to his habits, tastes, and circumstances, by resorting to the proper means.

Oh, watch lovingly thy bosom's guest, Its graceful tendrils round thy heart strings wreathing.

Thou pluckest one to wear upon thy breast; To quaff the fragrance it is ever breathing!

'Twill flourish gaily in the light of smiles, And from each sunny healthy vigor borrow,

Let not the cold winds of mankind's sky, Chill its warm beauty, lest it droop and languish;

Showing the sweets of true and constant love, On all thy dear ones, make life ever vernal,

With brighter hues, unfading and eternal, Watch patiently for his coming—there is no

family circle of which he is the soul and the centre—there are no domestic affections in which he can participate and feel happy.

It is therefore we contend, that our correspondent has postponed a sacred duty too long. But better late than never!

There are still chances, many and tempting, and although at his time of life, he cannot expect to pick and choose among the fairy creatures who are so calculated to dazzle and bewitch,

He can no doubt readily discover a fitting partner, one suited to his habits, tastes, and circumstances, by resorting to the proper means.

Oh, watch lovingly thy bosom's guest, Its graceful tendrils round thy heart strings wreathing.

Thou pluckest one to wear upon thy breast; To quaff the fragrance it is ever breathing!

'Twill flourish gaily in the light of smiles, And from each sunny healthy vigor borrow,

Let not the cold winds of mankind's sky, Chill its warm beauty, lest it droop and languish;

Showing the sweets of true and constant love, On all thy dear ones, make life ever vernal,

With brighter hues, unfading and eternal, Watch patiently for his coming—there is no

family circle of which he is the soul and the centre—there are no domestic affections in which he can participate and feel happy.

It is therefore we contend, that our correspondent has postponed a sacred duty too long. But better late than never!

There are still chances, many and tempting, and although at his time of life, he cannot expect to pick and choose among the fairy creatures who are so calculated to dazzle and bewitch,

He can no doubt readily discover a fitting partner, one suited to his habits, tastes, and circumstances, by resorting to the proper means.

Oh, watch lovingly thy bosom's guest, Its graceful tendrils round thy heart strings wreathing.

Thou pluckest one to wear upon thy breast; To quaff the fragrance it is ever breathing!

'Twill flourish gaily in the light of smiles, And from each sunny healthy vigor borrow,

Let not the cold winds of mankind's sky, Chill its warm beauty, lest it droop and languish;

Showing the sweets of true and constant love, On all thy dear ones, make life ever vernal,

With brighter hues, unfading and eternal, Watch patiently for his coming—there is no

family circle of which he is the soul and the centre—there are no domestic affections in which he can participate and feel happy.

It is therefore we contend, that our correspondent has postponed a sacred duty too long. But better late than never!

There are still chances, many and tempting, and although at his time of life, he cannot expect to pick and choose among the fairy creatures who are so calculated to dazzle and bewitch,

He can no doubt readily discover a fitting partner, one suited to his habits, tastes, and circumstances, by resorting to the proper means.

Oh, watch lovingly thy bosom's guest, Its graceful tendrils round thy heart strings wreathing.

Thou pluckest one to wear upon thy breast; To quaff the fragrance it is ever breathing!

'Twill flourish gaily in the light of smiles, And from each sunny healthy vigor borrow,

Let not the cold winds of mankind's sky, Chill its warm beauty, lest it droop and languish;

Showing the sweets of true and constant love, On all thy dear ones, make life ever vernal,

With brighter hues, unfading and eternal, Watch patiently for his coming—there is no

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.

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

WM. M. ROCKEFELLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

M. L. SHINDEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

WM. MCARTY, BOOKSELLER, Market Street, SUNBURY, PA.

JUST received and for sale, a fresh supply of EVANGELICAL MUSIC or Singing Schools.

BURTON & LANING, MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS, No. 121 Arch Street, second door above Sixth Philadelphia.

WHERE may be found the largest and best assortment of COUPLERS may here be accommodated without the inconvenience of looking further, and may be assured that they will receive the advantage of their money.

BURTON & LANING, 124 ARCH STREET, above Sixth, Philadelphia, March 12, 1853.—3m.

LAWRENCE HOUSE, SUNBURY, PA.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends, and the public generally, that he has opened the "Lawrence House" and will do his best endeavors to please the public.

SAMUEL THOMPSON, Sunbury Feb. 26, 1853.—4f.

Dilworth, Branson & Co. IMPORTERS OF DEALERS IN Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, CUTLERY, & C.

Where they always keep on hand a large stock of every variety of Hardware, Cutlery, &c.

Wm. Dilworth, Henry D. Landis, Samuel Branson, James M. Vance, October 16, 1852.—1y.

Cornelius, Baker & Co., MANUFACTURERS OF Lamps, Chandeliers, Gas Fixtures, &c.

PHILADELPHIA, April 10, 1852.—4f.

Lycoming Mutual Insurance Company. D. B. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the above Insurance Company, in Northumberland county, and is at all times ready to effect Insurance against fire on real or personal property, or renewing policies for the same.

CHAIN PUMPS.—A small number of these excellent pumps have been received and are offered for sale by H. B. MASSER. Sunbury, Nov. 6, 1852.—

Miscellaneous Matter. OR A BACHELOR IN A DILEMMA.

A correspondent, who describes himself as "an Old Bachelor," and who appears to be somewhat nervous on the subject of MATRIMONY, asks for a few hints or suggestions in relation to courtship.

He desires to change his condition, but that he has so long lived a life of single blessedness, that he feels awkward and uncomfortable in the society of ladies, and is constantly apprehensive lest he should commit some mistake.

He has discovered, moreover, that he has made one sad error, in having postponed the most important act of his life till so late a period—for he now perceives that the chances are decidedly against him.

In other words, he is puzzled, and distinguished by the *real* from the *artificial*, and is annoyed, lest in his efforts to obtain a wife at his time of life, he shall secure the hand but not the heart—or that the marriage on the part of the lady shall be one of convenience, and with the object of obtaining an establishment, rather than one of feeling or affection.

Our correspondent is evidently in a dilemma. His case, moreover, is by no means rare; it is one of many like character.

He describes himself as in the neighborhood of fifty, and yet not more than forty-five by appearance, or in comparison with men generally of that age.

Nevertheless he hopes or expects to get a wife who is twenty or thereabouts—we quote his own language. This seems to us a very extravagant expectation, and one that is neither sensible nor natural.

Let the case be reversed, and our bachelor will at once see his true position. He desires a young lady of twenty to marry a man of fifty, or one who is thirty years her senior!

Now let us suppose that he were twenty, and that a lady-love of fifty should present herself—What would be his indignation! True, there may be some disparity, and in favor of the former, but it should not be beyond ten years at the utmost.

The laws of nature, as well as of good taste, revolt at a farther difference, and matches that exhibit a greater, are seldom harmonious or happy.

No wonder that our correspondent finds it difficult to get along with the gentler sex, with such views and expectations to regulate his conduct.

No wonder that he occasionally finds younger society preferred to his, although he may possess advantages of position and wealth.

There are mercenary parents who are willing to sacrifice their children upon the altar of Mammon, and who regard any match as a good one that secures a flourishing establishment, no matter what the relative ages of the parties—but alas! for the victim wife.

Alas! for the young creature who is bound for life to an old man, comparatively speaking, or to one who must soon become old, and who, finding no kindred sympathy or association in her liege-lord and legal partner, is induced by the necessities of the case to flutter in the fashionable world, to seek new excitements for her thoughts and feelings, and to be subjected to the most fearful temptations.

Early marriages are advisable in the great multitude of cases, and especially where the husband is of settled character, and actively and prosperously engaged in some regular occupation.

This regularity of occupation should be the first object of every sensible young man, of all, indeed, who desire to maintain an independent position. Any other policy is fraught with a thousand vicissitudes.

Some formal profession or calling, some regular avocation, by which the time, the thoughts and the energies may be actively and profitably employed, is in a country like this, absolutely essential to good character, to correct habits, to social position, and to worldly prosperity.

And then—matrimony, as it seems to us, is the next important step. It gives us a new life, a fresh excitement in the partner of our choice, and it also imparts a new incentive to industry an ambition. It elevates us in our own esteem, makes us feel that we are responsible, not only for our own destiny, but for that of another being, who has confided all that is valuable upon earth, to our care and keeping.

It is, it is the fountain of many new blessings. How lonely, how desolate, how petulant in most cases, is the old bachelor! If poor, he is too often neglected and deserted—if rich he is too often envied, but there is no heart that will look up to and love him—there are no eyes that will watch patiently for his coming—there is no

A Thrilling Incident.

The first settlers in Maine found, beside their red faced owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger. The majestic forests, which then waved where now is heard the hum of business, and where a thousand villages stand, were the homes of innumerable wild and savage animals.

On a night when the farmer's family awoke from sleep by the noise without, which told that ruin was storming the sheep pen or the pig sty, or was howling about upon some unlucky call—and often, on a cold winter evening, did they roll a larger log against the door, and with beating hearts draw closer around the fire as the dismal howl of the wolf echoed through the woods.

The wolf was the most ferocious, blood-thirsty, but cowardly of all, rarely attacking man, unless driven by severe hunger, and seeking his victim with the utmost pertinacity.

The incident which I am about to relate, occurred in the early history of Biddeford. A man who then lived on the farm now occupied by Mr. H., was one autumn engaged in felling trees at some distance from his house. His little son, eight years old, was in the habit, while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the fields and woods around the house, and often going where the father was at work.

One day, after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual, and started for home. Just by the edge of the forest he saw a very curious pile of leaves. Without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there fast asleep! 'Twas but the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, carefully replace the leaves, and conceal himself among the nearest bushes, there to watch the result.

After waiting a short time he heard a wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by another and another, till the woods seemed alive with the fearful sounds.

The howls came nearer, and in a few minutes a large, gaunt, savage looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly upon the pile of leaves and scattered them in every direction. Soon as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most abject fear. He shrank back, covered to the ground, and passively awaited his fate; for the rest, enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him to pieces, and devoured him on the spot.

When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled around, plunged into the forest, and disappeared; within five minutes from their first appearance, not a wolf was in sight. The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy.

The boy, after playing till he was weary, had lain down and fallen asleep, and in that situation the wolf had found and devoured him with leaves until he could bring his comrades to the feast; but himself furnished the repast.

A Bit of Romance. About six years ago, a Dr. H., having become involved in debt, left his home and wife in another State for Texas, for the purpose of improving his fortunes in a place where he would be free from the demands of clamorous creditors.

In the course of time he went with the army to Mexico, and finally wended his way to California. After residing there sometime, he met a young man from the place of his former residence, who however, he did not know, and inquired of him if he knew his wife, whom he described without, however, telling him the relation he bore to her.

The young man replied that Mrs. H. was his sister, and the last he heard of her she was in St. Louis. After accumulating a competence, Dr. H.—left for St. Louis, for the purpose of seeking his wife, who had long since given him up as dead. In St. Louis he learned that she had left that place some time previously, and was believed to be in New Albany. He came hither, and upon inquiry learned that she was earning a livelihood by sewing. He learned that she also believed her brother to be dead, but having heard from him for many years, Dr. H.—went to the house where he understood his wife was living, but found she had left there a few days before, he found her at another place, which he had also been unexpectable. She spoke but little of her husband, but told every one that she considered him dead. The lady of whom Dr. H.—was making inquiries discovered that he was the long lost husband, and offered to accompany him to the house where his wife was sewing. Upon arriving there she said to her, "Mrs. H.—, here is a gentleman who saw your brother in California." She appeared astonished, looked at the visitor, but apparently did not recognize him. He brushed back his hair, and said quickly, "Eliza, don't you know me?" Mrs. H.—immediately swooned away, and fell on the floor. In the same moment a husband and brother, both supposed to be dead, were restored to her. Dr. H.—as we have said, has returned with a competence, and the supposed widow, it is presumed, will no longer sew for a livelihood.

THE BIG BELLIED BOTTLE THAT LIES ON THE SHELF.

From the Boston Post. AIR—"The Old Oaken Bucket."

How dear to this heart is the bottle of brandy! When fond recollection presents it to view, That stood in the cupboard, so neat and so handy,

With its neck tapered off, and its belly of pine, The old cottage walls now are crumbling in pieces,

As I, who am old, soon must crumble myself— But, ah!—every woe and embitterment

When I think of the bottle that stood on the shelf, The big bellied bottle—the long tapered bottle—

The bottle of brandy that stood on the shelf, The loosely corked bottle, I held it a treasure,

For often, when weary I came from the field, I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

Such pleasure as brandy and weariness never give! The "harlequin" I seized it, and hastily bringing

Some spice from the closet, I mixed me a bowl, And soon was my weariness changed into

And the dust of my labor was washed from my soul, By the big bellied bottle—the taper necked bottle—

The bottle of brandy that stood on the shelf, How sweet from the thin crystal-prim to receive it,

As I turned up my finger and moistened my lips; Nor a fountain of diamonds could tempt me to leave it,

Nor all the cold water that lies under ships! And still though in Maine is my new stimulant