

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. 15.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1853.

OLD SERIES VOL. 13, NO. 41.

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.

Refer to: P. A. Kovod, Lower & Barron, Sonner & Snodgrass, Reynolds, McFarland & Co., Spring, Good & Co., Philad.

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

Prompt attention to business in adjoining Counties.

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

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

CLINTON WELCH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LEWISBURG, PENNA.

WILL practice in the several Counties of Union and Northumberland counties.

Refer to: Hon. James Burnside, Bellefonte, James T. Hale, do, E. C. Holmes & Co., do, Hon. A. S. Wilson, Lewisburg, do, A. Jordan, Sunbury, do, Saml. Calvin, Hollidaysburg, Lewisburg, April 20, 1853.—if.

DOCTOR I. W. HUGHES, OFFICE on Broadway, near the Episcopal Church, Sunbury, April 14, 1853.—if.

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.

MICHAEL THOMPSON, Sunbury Feb. 26, 1853.—if.

SLAYMAKER & HASLETT, Columbia House, Chestnut Street below 7th, PHILADELPHIA. Board \$1.50 per day. Philad., May 28, 1852.—

Dilworth, Branson & Co. IMPORTERS OF & DEALERS IN Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, CUTLERY, & C No. 59 Market St., a door below 2d St. PHILADELPHIA. 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.—ly.

R. CORNELIUS, I. F. BAKER, W. C. BAKER, Cornelius, Baker & Co., MANUFACTURERS OF Lamps, Chandeliers, Gas Fixtures, &c. STORE NO. 176 CHESTNUT ST., Manufactury No. 181 Cherry St., PHILADELPHIA. April 10, 1852.—if.

WM. McCARTY, BOOKSELLER, Market Street, SUNBURY, PA. JUST received and for sale, a fresh supply of EVANGELICAL MUSIC or Singing Schools. He is also opening at this time, a large assortment of Books, in every branch of Literature, consisting of Poetry, History, Novels, Romances, Scientific Works, Law, Medicine, School and Children's Books, Bibles; School, Pocket and Family, both with and without Engravings, and every variety of Binding. Praying Books, of all kinds. Also just received and for sale, Purdon's Digest of the laws of Pennsylvania, edition of 1851, price only \$6.00. Judge Reeds edition of Blackstones Commentaries, in 3 vols. 8 vo. formerly sold at \$10.00, and now offered (in fresh binding) at the low price of \$6.00. A Treatise on the laws of Pennsylvania respecting the estates of Decedents, by Thomas F. Gordon, price only \$4.00, and now offered (in fresh binding) at the low price of \$3.00.

Lycoming Mutual Insurance Company. DR. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the above Insurance Company, in Northumberland County, and is at all times ready to effect Insurances against fire on real or personal property, or renewing policies for the same. Sunbury, April 25, 1851.—if.

EMERSON'S ARITHMETIC Nos. 1, 2, 3, and Porter's Rhetorical Reader, just received and for sale by WM. McCARTY, Sunbury, May 1, 1851.—

FRESH Vanilla Bean of a superior quality just received and for sale by June 4, 1853 H. B. MASSER.

WRITING FLUID and self sealing Envelopes, just received and for sale by April 19, 1851.— H. B. MASSER.

SELECT POETRY.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

AN ACROSTIC.

Our Lord and King who reign'at enthroned on high,

FATHER of Light! Mysterious Deity!

Who art the great I AM—the last, the first—

Any righteous, holy, merciful and just—

In realms of glory, scenes where angelising,

HEAVEN is the dwelling-place of God our King.

HALLOWED thy name, which doth all names transcend.

Be thou adored, our great Almighty Friend,

Thy glory shines beyond creation's space;

NAMED in the book of justice and of grace;

Thy kingdom towers beyond thy starry skies;

KINGDOM satanic falls, but thine shall rise.

COME let thine empire, O thou Holy One,

Thy great and everlasting will be done!

WILL God make known his will, his power display?

Be it the work of mortals to obey.

DONK is the great, the wondrous work of love,

Oh Calvary's cross he died, but reigns above.

EARTH bears the record in thy holy word.

As heaven adores thy love, let earth, O Lord;

It shines transcendent in the eternal skies,

Is praised in heaven—for man the Saviour die.

In songs immortal, angels laud his name,

HEAVEN shouts with joy, and saints his love proclaim.

GIVE us, O Lord, our food, nor cease to give

Us proper food, on which our souls may live.

Teach us, O Lord, to-day, and day's to come,

DAY without end, in our eternal home.

OUR needy souls supply from day to day,

DAILY assist, and aid us when we pray;

BREAD though we ask, yet, Lord, thy blessing lend.

AND make us grateful when thy gifts descend.

FORGIVE our sins, which in destruction place

Us—the vile rebels of a rebel race.

OUR follies, fruits and trespasses forgive—

DEBTS which we ne'er can pay, or thou receive.

As we, O Lord, our neighbors' faults overlook,

We beg thou'd blot ours from thy memory's book.

FORGIVE our enemies: extend thy grace,

OUR souls to save, e'en Adam's guilty race.

DEBTORS to thee in gratitude to love,

AND in that day paid by saints above.

LEAD us from sin, and in thy mercy raise

Us from the temptor and his hellish ways;

NOY in our own, but in his name who bleed,

Into thine ear we pour our every need.

TEAR thy fatal chains from our feet and shun,

But may we conquer through thy conquering Son.

DELIVER us from all which can annoy

Us in this world, and may our souls destroy;

FROM all calamities which men believe,

EVIL and death, oh turn our feet aside.

FOR we are mortal worms, and cleave to clay;

THINE 'tis the rule, and mortals to obey.

IS not thy mercy, Lord, forever free?

THE whole creation knows so God but thee.

KINGDOM and empire in thy presence fall;

THE King Eternal reigns the King of all.

POWER is with thee—there be glory given.

AND BE thy name adored by earth and heaven.

THE praise of saints and angels in thy own,

GLORY to thee, the Everlasting One,

FOREVER be thy triune name adored.

AMEN! Hosanna! blessed be the Lord!

Miscellaneous Matter.

APLEY HOUSE—A PEEP AT WELLINGTON'S STUDIO.

In this his studio, all the tools and means of a consummate artist who knows the value of time were at hand; while all show and tinsel are absent, everything present is solid and substantial, and indicative of a masculine nerve and sinew, of the energy and intention of one who could bear anything but idleness, and to whom occupation was happiness. In truth he was the nation's servant of all work, from the clerk to the commander in chief, who never stinted counsel or labor, whether called for by a friend or foe, when the honor and welfare of his printing might be forwarded. His secret of getting through each day's work was simple: He rose early to attend to the things in hand, one at a time, well knowing that those who run after two hares catch neither. He sat down with a fixed tenacity of purpose, bringing to bear on his subject patience, industry, capacity, tact, and every blossom of good sense. He had in perfection the rare faculty of abstraction, and could concentrate all his powers into one focus.

"Other men," said Mr. Arbuthnot, when near his end under his roof—"other men may have had particular talents in high perfection, but I don't believe there ever was any man that had the same gift and habit of getting through each day's work as simple: He rose early to attend to the things in hand, one at a time, well knowing that those who run after two hares catch neither. He sat down with a fixed tenacity of purpose, bringing to bear on his subject patience, industry, capacity, tact, and every blossom of good sense. He had in perfection the rare faculty of abstraction, and could concentrate all his powers into one focus.

Everything in his workshop is calculated to insure quiet and exclude draught; for the Duke, however hardy out of doors, was chilly, and loved warmth when chained down to the daily desk. With every rack we see the books he most frequently consulted, chiefly historical; nor is there any lack of easy chairs for his student.—That in which a medal is inserted was made of the elm under which he stood at Waterloo. It was given him by Mr. Child—that gentleman having in 1818, purchased the tree of the farmer Papillote, who cut it down because plagued by visitors, just as Shakespeare's mulberry was dealt with by the Rev. Goth Gastrell. In another chair made from the oak of the Tenebris, Mr. Arbuthnot usually sat; the duke's place was naturally in front of the fire, where his own habitual chair with red leather cushions, and moveable desks still remains. In it he was wont, when his work was done, to amuse himself with the papers and lighter literature of the day, of which last, when out of office, he was a diligent devourer and evictor of marrow and meaning—and occasionally a nap,

DR. KANE AND THE GRINNELL EXPEDITION.

Certainly no man of the age has graduated in such a course of preparatory discipline as he to whom is now entrusted the search for the long lost navigator. He has taken his diploma in the College of Dangers. In the brief enumeration of his studies, we find him tramping for several weeks on foot, through the orange-groves of Brazil; then for a month, chasing the tiger near Bombay; then, a surgeon of the American Legation to China, where, after numerous unavailing endeavors to penetrate the forbidden portions of the Celestial regions, he goes to the Philippines, and succeeds through the good offices of the monks of the interior of Manila, in visiting its fastnesses and exploring its volcanic wonders; then, with bamboo cord around his waist, descending two hundred feet below the brink, into the great crater of Taal, returning with a bottle of its sulphur water, and leaving his crisped boots amid its cinders and lava; then again, visiting China and encountering shipwreck, he passes to India as physician of the Dremendhar Dagore, and for three months, from his palanquin, looks out upon the glories of that country which displays, in prodigality, its physical wonders, and gathers around it the most romantic associations; then, we trace him in Upper Egypt and Abyssinia, imprinting the temporary footsteps of the camel on the shifting sands, traversing the Sahara to the base of Jupiter Ammon, carrying the risk of life, applying his ear to the lips of Memnon, that speak their morning words high in the clouds—for several weeks with Professor Lepsius, disturbing the ancient dust of the Pharaohs; again wrecked as he descends the Nile—wounded in a combat near Alexandria—then hunting out each scene of interest in classic Greece, and sleeping under the sky that arches the shores of Marathon—then whirling through Italy, France and England—cruising on the coast of Africa, he avails himself of his Brazilian acquaintance, and is permitted to penetrate the interior and examine the whole machinery of the slave trade—then fighting with the coast fever, and though a conqueror, yet so disabled as to be obliged to return home an invalid—then volunteering for Mexico, carrying despatches to Gen. Scott in a mad race through the country out troops had left; at Perote obtaining an escort of a miscreant spy company, and becoming involved in a series of fights, he received the swords of Gen. Gaona and Gen. Torrejon; had his horse killed under him, and was himself desperately wounded in protecting the lives of prisoners against his own men—then engaged in hydrographic service on the Coast Survey—then as Surgeon of the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin; spending a long and dismal winter in the frozen waters of the Polar Sea—then returning amidst the congratulations of his countrymen, he descends from the attitude of an iceberg to the heat of the lecture-room, and lays before the people the results of his northern investigations—and we now see him thus familiarized with every peril and acclimated in every region; having successfully struggled with the rice fever in the Canton River, with the plague in Egypt, with the yellow fever at Rio, with the congestive at Puebla, with the African fever on the coast, with an organic disease of the heart, which has from boyhood been assailing the citadel of life, with dangerous wounds. Thus disciplined and accredited, we see this young, slender and plastic American, under aid of a benevolence that stretches beyond home and country, freighting his stout ship on our harbor, with the implements and means of subsistence which are necessary, to enable him to undertake a second and novel expedition, to find, if it be possible, amid the ice of the Pole, the form, living or dead, of the gallant Explorer whose unknown fate attracts the liveliest interest of the nations.

where safe, whether in lonely marches, isolated and frozen, on snow shoe or sledges, or amidst those gigantic bergs whose heavy touch splinters his little ship like a thing of straw.

Let us wish all success to the gallant spirit, who, with his gallant company, is now preparing to assault the North. We hope he may restore the lamented Franklin to his constant wife and to the world. Dr. Kane, more than another man, deserves such fortune; deserves the honor of revealing the secrets of those regions where the storm blast whistles the wildest, of standing alone with the genius of Frost, and of carving his solitary name on the icy knob of the North Pole.—N. Y. Times.

A HUGE ANATOMICAL DEMONSTRATION.

A Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, amuses himself with the anatomical dissection of alligators, his object being, as he alleges, the demonstration of certain new physiological views that he entertains. On a recent occasion he cut up three of these monsters in the presence of a large number of scientific gentlemen, with the following results, according to a reporter:

"He divided the spinal marrow in three places—at the base of the neck, in the middle, and at the base of the back; may, he divided the nerves emerging from the spine—and still, on irritating the nerve between the section and the extremity, he demonstrated that the animal possessed a diffused sensibility, a capacity to recognize pain, and even an intelligent power to act against, or attempt to escape the cause of the pain.—Cutting of the head of the animal, jobbing out the spinal marrow, dividing the nerves coming from them, and irritating them along their distal portions, they still retain this independent sensibility, and the mutilated limbs of the headless animal would make intelligent motions for getting rid of the local torture. These are curious and important discoveries.

"Dr. Cartwright contends, against long odds, it is true, that in the lungs, not the heart, resides the motive power of the circulation; that literally, as Moses asserted, the blood is the life of the flesh, and the air the life of the blood. He affirms that after death, when the pulse has stopped, the heart is still, and the body is insensible to pain; by producing artificial respiration, by inflating the lungs, the blood can be started anew, its life revived, and the body resurrected absolutely from the cold abstractions of death. Both of his alligators had their windpipes tied, one of them had his chest opened, with his heart, lungs and stomach, &c., exposed. In the course of two hours both animals were dead, pulseless, and quiet over flames of fire. Then, a bellows-nozzle being inserted into the trachea, inflation was begun, and continued for some minutes. We saw the motionless heart throb, the blood beginning to flow from the lungs to that organ—the eyes of the alligator opened, & the hapless "victim" lived again! The alligator whose chest was exposed, had his carotid artery accidentally cut, thereby losing a considerable quantity of blood, and hence it was not made so briskly alive as the other, who retained all its vital fluid."

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.—A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a month, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at 1800 miles from its mouth, only about 800 feet above the level of the sea—about twice the height of St. Paul's in London, or the height of Arthur's Seat, in Edinburgh—and to fall these 800 feet in its long course, the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for 1900 miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance; above the commencement of the 1000 miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean, that, in Paraguay, 1500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone—that is to say, which, on the beautifully inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires.—Arnott's Physics.

ALL funerals in Paris are performed by our chartered, registered company. They have got a privilege, a concession, a monopoly from the government. If you die in the Catholic religion, nobody else can bury you. They have an office that is open fourteen hours out of the twenty-four; they own five hundred black horses, eighty hearse of various sizes, (one expressly for giants,) drivers, mourners, bier-carriers, carpenters, drapers, without number; they have shields and armorial bearings, ready paid for the titled families in Paris; they have hangings for doorways and churches, with every combination of embroidered initials in the alphabet; they supply water, whether blessed or not, makes no difference; they undertake everything with nothing, do the whole, and then send you, or rather your executors and survivors, a swinging bill. The tariff of prices shows that there are pompes from 3,967 francs down to 5f.—Home Journal.

FOREIGN COAL.—It is estimated that during the last twelve months there have been imported into New York, from England and colonies, 100,000 tons of bituminous coal, which, at \$10 a ton, would amount to \$1,000,000.

THE LONGEST PSALM.

The remarkable perfection of the several parts of the one hundred and nineteenth psalm, are well entitled to our admiration.—In the language of Calvin, "Wherever we begin, we seem to be at the commencement; and wherever we stop the sense is complete; and yet the poem does not consist of detached sentences, but is whole, consisting of many parts, all of which seem necessary to its perfection."

It is another peculiarity of this psalm, that long as it is, and various as it is, the uniform and consistent object is to extol the law—the word of God. There are in the entire one hundred and seventy-six verses, not more than two or three in which there is not some word or other signifying the law of God. Ten different terms, correctly represented in our authorized version, are employed for the purpose—the Law, the Testimonies, the Statutes, the Commandment, the Judgments, the Precepts, the Righteousness, the Ordinances, the Word, and the truth of God. And sometimes two of these terms present themselves in the same verse. These terms partly apply, to, or rather, they comprise the intercourse between God and the soul of the believer which give to it a law of spiritual life. In them there is doubtless a primary reference to the written Law—the Word of God. And what was that at the time this Psalm was written? It could have comprised little more than the five books of Moses. These to a pious Jew might be, and where, when rightly understood, full of heavenly instruction. This portion, however, comprises not quite one-fifth of the Word of God as we have it in our possession. We have beside it the Historical and Poetical books, and Prophecies, the Gospels, the Epistle; and of the Psalmist, knowing only so small a portion of the sacred Scriptures, was so deeply impressed with a sense of its incalculable value—with what intensity of appreciation—with what strong emotions of thankfulness and gratitude should we not regard our richer treasure, in the completed Word! It may not be that the expression of our reverence should surpass those of the Psalmist, or our feelings of love and joy be more intense than his. It is enough, if with far greater or at least far riper, cause, we can but come near to him in his sense of the unutterable value of the Lord's testimonies; if they had become to ourselves as to him, "A light unto our feet, and a lamp to our path; and if we can but say with him, "Oh, how I love thy law; it is my meditation all the day." But we are left without excuse, if, with the greater blessing, our thankfulness be less than his; and if, with our higher obligations, our emotions, in the completed manifestation of God's will and way, are but faint compared with his.

DRUNKEN FOLK.

The largest distillery in the United States is said to be in New Richmond, Ohio. From it 125 barrels of whiskey are turned out, daily. Another in the same place turns out 85 barrels per day. They are distinguished as the upper and lower distilleries—the upper being the larger one.

In the pens of the upper one are kept 9,000 hogs, and in lower 7,000, to be fattened on the slops and grains after the alcohol is extracted. The "slops" have enough of alcohol in them to keep the animals well stimulated continually, and many of them die from disease produced by it. About 100 hogs per week die at these distilleries; of these 100 are manufactured. Last year 3000 of these victims were thus disposed of, and their value was \$12,000. No hogs that are confined in these pens and fed on the refuse of the distillery, die, or are killed, without being diseased, and the pork bears in it the seeds of disease almost as surely as the vile liquid manufactured.

NEWSPAPER FILES.

Even the poorest newspaper published in the world is worth being filed away for future reference. They are sure to come up some day as important reminiscences, and even as evidence in important lawsuits. We see this daily illustrated. Persons are constantly calling to examine your files, and not a circuit court is held but that some one—and often two or three—connected with our office, receive a summons to attend with the file of the paper, to be used in evidence.—This subjects us at times to no little annoyance, besides loss of time. We do not notice the matter, however, for the purpose of complaining, but to suggest that the archives of every county in which a newspaper is published, should contain a file of such paper, and that some provision should be made by law, to make it the duty of the probate judge or clerk of the circuit court, or both, to provide and preserve these files. Such is the law in several of the States of the Union, and such a law should be established in Alabama.—Montgomery Advertiser.

WOLVES.—The Bangor, (Me.) Mercury says that David Moore, Esq. of Burlington, on the night of the 28th ult., lost 23 sheep and lambs, being the whole of his flock except six sheep and four lambs. They were all killed by wolves. The wolves tapped their jugulars, and sucked their blood without otherwise mauling them.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—In a country graveyard in New Jersey, there is a plain stone erected over the grave of a beautiful young lady, with only that inscription upon it: "Julia Adams, died of thin shoes, April 17, 1839, aged 19."

One stone more conspicuous than the rest, has this singular inscription upon it: "Here lies the body of John Jones, who never held an office. An honest man."

BEFORE the days of the Teetotalers, a neighbor of Mr. Bibeau saw that gentleman at an early hour of the day crawling slowly homeward on his hands and knees over the frozen ground.

"Why don't you get up, Mr. Bibeau! Why don't you get up and walk?" said his neighbor.

"I w-w-would, b-b-but it's so almighty thin here that I'm a-a-afraid I shall b-break through!"

A Dictator.—A member of the Indiana Legislature was, one day at dinner, asked by a wag, what, in his opinion, ought to be done with a man who would deliberately commit suicide for love. The law-giver looked puzzled, but soon gathered himself together, and replied, "I go in for making him pay fifty dollars to the State, and marry the girl!"

STRAWBERRY CULTURE IN GEORGIA.

COLUMBUS, Ga., May 16th. Having heard much of Mr. Peabody's Strawberry culture, through a controversy he once had with Mr. Longworth, Dr. Warter and others, of Cincinnati, I paid him a visit yesterday, and spent the time most pleasantly with his family. They have a very healthy location on a hill in the pine woods—over 600 acres; and when they went on it, thirteen years ago, not a tree had been cut. He cleared a space for his house, and they moved in the next spring. He has proved the most successful cultivator of many kinds of fruits, berries and melons, in this country. I saw 1000 hills of watermelons, on which will be ripe fruit by the 10th or 15th of June; he says he has frequently picked them weighing 50 pounds. His great peculiarity with Strawberries, is the quantity of fruit, its size and flavor, and the constant bearing of the vines; always has plenty of fine berries for six months—frequently eight—and last season he had them every month in the year. Recollect this is in the open air—in his open fields. I saw yesterday eight acres of Strawberries; the vines are very small, and covered the ground literally foot deep, with most delicious, large Hoveyberries. These vines have been in just as full bearing since the 10th of March, and he says will continue until middle of September, and as much longer as frost keeps away, if he chooses to attend them.

Mr. P. sends to this market from 150 to 200 quarts per day, and says he could pick double the quantity if the market was larger.—The opening of the Railway through will give him the Macon market, and he expects to send to Savannah. Nobody else has succeeded with them; his are about the only berries brought to market. People say it is all owing to his locality; he says it is no such thing—that any of them can have the same results if they will pursue the same course; and he has given to the public all his knowledge upon the subject, through the columns of the horticultural journal which he edits.—His wife is just as much of an enthusiast in horticulture, and they have six or eight pieces of plate, received as premiums from various societies.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The Washington Monument is now 130 feet high.