



H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

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EVANGELICAL MUSIC. Singing Schools are immediately opening at times, 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. Prayer Books, of all kinds.

NOTICE. The Directors of the Bank of Northumberland give notice that they intend to apply to the next Legislature of this Commonwealth, for a renewal of its charter with the same capital, and with its present title, location and privileges.

NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given, that application will be made to the next Legislature of Pennsylvania, for the incorporation of a company, with discounting privileges, to be located in the borough of Sunbury, in the county of Northumberland, with a capital of One hundred thousand dollars, to be called the "Susquehanna Savings' Institute."

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

WHITING FLUID and self-sealing Envelopes, just received and for sale by H. B. MASSER.

SELECT POETRY.

[From the Boston Post.] A RUSHING MELODY. THE FEAST OF TURKEY AND THE FLOW OF RHYME.

So far as I can reason down The complex "Eastern question"— A Turkey, done exceeding brown, Would suit the Czar's digestion. Be trodden it must with bayonets first, And peppered well with powder; Then, sliced out into provinces, 'Twill make a famous chowder.

He prays to Mecca, but he finds The "mecca" mine is rusty. His prayer cannot unlock the gate, And so the "Porte" is "crusty"; His Viziers put their "visors" down, And will not face the tussle; Alas! the faithful Mussulmans, Have neither brain nor "muscle."

Though England promised men and money, now she goes for "snacks," Sir, Pleading Turkey independence. To fighting with Cosaks, Sir, Old Nick may set his "series" to fight From Kastrama and Kasardz-White Louis in the "Pare aux Cerfs," Is shooting "turkey"-buzzards.

The Turks gave shelter to Kosuth— For this esteemed their souls are; May they ne'er know a "Hungary" day "Partitioned" as the "Poles" are. May Allah and the Christian's God Confound unchristian Czars, Sir— And may the "Crescent" moor be gilt With bright Columbian stars, Sir.

A Humorous Sketch.

DODGING THE BILL.

One pleasant morning in June—some two or three years since—four of the crew of the United States ship—then lying in the port of R—, obtained permission of the first lieutenant to have a day on shore. The roads were in good travelling order; they determined to hire a "steam," and run down to B—, a distance of ten miles.

Water, bring a couple of bottles of champagne—your best! said Jack Waters—as good a sailor as ever floated this side of Davy Jones' locker? After finishing their dinner leisurely, they went down into the bar-room, called for cigars, lit them, told the landlord they were going to take a stroll around the city, and should return at about five o'clock.

Historical.

THE CLAY AND RANDOLPH DUEL.

A long extract from Col. Benton's "Thirty Years in the United States," shortly to be published, has found its way into the newspapers, giving a circumstantial account of the duel between Clay and Randolph in 1826. Col. Benton was present at the meeting and knew every step that was taken by the parties, or their friends, from the day of the challenge to the day of reconciliation—all of which he relates with great particularity, and, no doubt, with equal accuracy.

Every expedient that could be thought of to prevent a hostile meeting, was exhausted by the friends of the parties in vain. As the next best thing, the seconds agreed to so arrange the terms of firing that if either party got hit it would be as near an accident as possible.

The place was a thick forest, and the immediate spot a little depression or basin in which the parties stood. The principals saluted each other courteously as they took their stands. Col. Tatnall had won the choice of positions, which gave to Gen. Jessup the delivery of the word. They stood on a line east and west—a small stump just behind Mr. Randolph.

Another pistol was immediately furnished; an exchange of shots took place, and happily, without effect upon the persons. Mr. Randolph's bullet struck the stump behind Mr. Clay, and Mr. Clay's knocked up the earth and gravel behind Mr. Randolph, in a line with the level of his hips, both bullets having gone so true and close, that it was a marvel how they missed.

At the second round, Randolph received the fire of Mr. Clay, which knocked up the gravel in the same place as the first—then raising his pistol, and firing it in the air, he said, "do not fire at you, Mr. Clay." As he said this, he advanced and offered his hand. He was met in the same spirit. They came together, half-way, and shook hands, Mr. Randolph saying, "You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay," the bullet having passed through the skirt of the coat, very near the hip, to which Mr. Clay promptly and happily replied, "I am glad the debt is no larger."

On Monday the parties exchanged cards, and social relations were formally and courteously restored. Col. Benton, in conclusion, says this was about the last high-toned duel he ever witnessed, and he attributes its fortunate issue to the noble character of the seconds, as well as to the generous and heroic spirit of the principals.

Poetry.

THE ART OF BOOK KEEPING.

"How hard, when those who do not wish To lend—that's loss—their books, Are snared by anglers—folks that fish With literary hooks:—

"Even Glover's works I cannot put My frozen hand upon; Though ever since I lost my Foote, My Bunyan has been gone.

"My life is wasting fast away— I suffer from those shocks; And though I've fixed a lock on Gray, There's gray upon my locks

"They still have made me slight returns, And thus my grief divide; For oh! they've cured me of my Burns, And ended my Akenside.

"But all I think I shall not say, Not let my anger burn; For as they have not found me Gay, They have not left me Sterne."

THE HUNGARIAN REGALIA. The official Tevesar Zeitung, gives a particular account of the recent discovery of the royal insignia of Hungary—

"It was fully shown at the outset, by Adjutor T. Von Karger, that Kosuth first took the insignia to Alt Ogova, but being anxious, with any due degree of security, to conceal them there, he took them to the Hercules Baths at Mehadia. Finding, however, still less opportunity to hide them there, he retired forthwith to Alt Osova, placed them in the house of a certain George Theodor, and finally, by the assistance of trustworthy persons, forwarded them at night, across the Czerna, toward the Wallachian boundary, on horses bought for the purpose. It was also rendered certain, that companions of Kosuth, had purchased on the same day, at Alt Osova, tools for digging, and had, at night, left for the Czerna. The winter on the lower Danube having come on very early, and covered the earth with snow a foot in depth, no search could be made for some months, in the ground about Alt Osova, until when in April, 1850, the snow and ice melted, all traces of any excavation had disappeared, and further research in this quarter was prevented, and the attention of those engaged in it turned to another part of the kingdom, by the shrewdness of the Kosuth party, who secretly removed the private marks and signals to a different place.

THE BATTLE SNAKE BITE.

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In one of my hunting exercises abroad on a fine morning, I was accompanied by my wife. I left my companion for a short time, in pursuit of game, and in climbing a rugged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick grating rattle. I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a rattle snake, coiling himself up as if for a deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me, and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he uncoiled his coil, as if relenting from his purpose of hostility, and raising his head he fixed his bright fiery eyes directly upon my own. A chilling and indescribable sensation, totally different from anything I had ever before experienced, followed the movement of the serpent; but I stood still and gazed steadily and earnestly, for at that moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His form seemed to grow larger and his color brighter. His body moved with a slow, almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of music came from him—or at least it sounded so in my ear—a strange, sweet melody, faint as that which issues from the throat of a humming bird.

Then the tint of his body deepened, and changed to a beautiful kaleidoscope—green, purple, and gold; until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and I only saw wild, curiously-voiced circles of strange colors, quivering around me like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great prism—a world of mysterious colors—and the tints varied and darkened and lighted up again around me; and the low, sweet music went on, without ceasing, until my brain reeled, and fear, for the first time, came like a shadow over me. The new sensation gained rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat gushing from my brow. I had no certainty of danger in my mind—all definite ideas of peril were vague and clouded, like the unaccountable terrors of a dream; and my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed along my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to bear myself from the spot—I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind—not a muscle stirred and I stood still as if my feet had grown to the solid rock, and the infernal music of the tempter in my ear, and the baneful coloring of his enchantment before me.

Suddenly a new sound came upon my ear—it was a human voice, but it seemed strange and awful. Again—again—but I stirred not; and then a white form plunged before, and grasped my arm. The horrid spell was at once broken. The strange color passed from before my vision. The rattle snake was coiling at my feet, with glowing eyes, uplifted fangs, and my wife clinging with terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim. The fatal fangs pierced deeply in her hand, and screams of agony as she staggered backwards from me, told the dreadful truth.

Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw the fang serpent stealing away from his work of death, reckless of danger I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him to pieces on the rugged rock. The groans of my wife now recalled to her side, and to the horrid reality of her situation. There was a dark, livid spot on her hand, and it deepened to blackness as I lead her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling; and after wandering for a short time, the pain of the wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhausted as I was, I yet had strength remaining to carry her to the nearest rivulet and bathe her brow in the cold water. She partially recovered and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom. Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us—and there, in the great wilderness, she died.

The following toast was given at a railroad dinner in Detroit, recently: "Eurons—Ladders on which politicians climb to power—pioneers in all great enterprises—the only class whose labor is its own reward—the hardest worked—the poorest paid—the most self-sacrificing and best abused of all professions.

A boy two years of age, son of Amos Miller of E. Brunswick, Schuylkill county, died from the bite of a mad dog on Tuesday last.

Rev. David Kennedy, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, has been suspended at Pittsburgh, for singing Watts' instead of Rouse's version of Psalms.

There is a deep feeling of hostility between Fred. Douglas on one side, and Wendell Phillips and other prominent abolitionists on the other. Fred. turns out to be more of a freeman than they bargained for.

The Sentinel says the receipts of grain in Milwaukee, on the 4th, amounted to 40,000 bushels. Every road leading to the city was lined with teams loaded with grain.

A Parisian has bought a span of horses at Cincinnati for \$800, and shipped them thence to Paris via New Orleans.

The Louisville Courier of Tuesday notes a sale of 4000 hogs at 44 cents net.

COUNTERFEIT \$3, on the City Bank, New Haven, Ct., are in circulation.

REMINISCENCES.

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In 1828, the following synopsis of the principal products of the following county appeared in the Harrisburg Chronicle

Table with 3 columns: Product, Quantity, Value. Includes Wheat, Cloverseed, Whiskey, etc.

Wheat 190,000 3,500 2,000
Centre, 180,000 5,000
Union, 150,000 6,000 2,800
Columbia, 100,000 3,000 3,000
Lycening, 100,000 — 250
Luzerne, 90,000 — 500
Tioga, 10,000 —
Clearfield, 8,000 —

Total, 823,000 18,400 10,250