

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c

NEW SERIES, VOL. 7, NO. 9.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1854.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 14, NO. 5.

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

E. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. SUNBURY, PA. Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

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—44.

M. L. SHINDEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. SUNBURY, PA. December 4, 1852—44.

N. M. Newnam's Beauty's Room, Norwegian street, Pottsville, Pa.

Plumbing Shop. HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A SUPPLY of all kinds of Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, Block Tin, Bath Tubs, Shower Baths, Hydrants, Hose, Double and Single Acting Pumps and Water Closets...

I. G. WORTH & CO., Door, Blind, Shutter, SASH DEPOT. East Side of Broad Street, below Wood, Philadelphia.

WM. McCARTY, BOOKSELLER, Market Street, SUNBURY, PA. JUST received and for sale, a fresh supply of EVANGELICAL MUSIC...

SHAMOKIN TOWN LOTS. THE subscriber is now prepared to exhibit and dispose of lots in the new Town Plat of Shamokin. Persons desirous of purchasing can ascertain the terms and conditions of sale by calling on the subscriber, at Shamokin.

LEATHER. FRITZ & HENDRY, Store, 29 N. 3d street. PHILADELPHIA. Morocco Manufacturers, Carriers, Importers, Commission and General Leather Business.

LAWRENCE HOUSE, SUNBURY, PA. THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that she still continues to keep the above named public house, and that she has engaged Mr. Weiser Ziegler to superintend the same.

MARIA THOMPSON. SUNBURY, PA. HARDWARE, Nails, &c. Books, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Coats, &c. Sunbury, Pa. Sunbury, Pa. Sunbury, Pa.

PARASOLS, in plain and fancy figured silk and Gingham—Cotton and Gingham Umbrellas—Trunks and Carpet Bags, just received and for sale by I. W. TENER & CO. Sunbury, Pa. April 28, 1854.

INDIAN CHOLERA.—An excellent medicine for the cure of Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever, Intermittent or Remittent Fever, just received and for sale by I. W. TENER & CO. April 28, 1854.

Original Poetry.

THE BIRDS OF APRIL.

Glimmering the dawn is breaking Through the clouds of misty sleep, Angry winds, the easement shaking...

Through the scene has changed so sadly, By the these billings are and gay, Each his wild note exalts gladly...

A Thrilling Sketch.

THE ARKANSAS COWARD.

A WESTERN SKETCH.

The beautiful town of Van Buren, on the Arkansas river, near the Cherokee line, during its early history, was famous for the number and ferocity of its desperadoes...

At this period, Thomas A. Myers emigrated to Arkansas, and opened a large grocery store in Van Buren, acting himself as keeper and retailer. Such an occupation, at that time required a man of the most determined courage...

For a while, however, Myers succeeded admirably. The half-breeds, loafers and chartered fighters, as they called themselves, held a caucus and voted unanimously that the new arrival was a dangerous subject, and had better be left alone.

At length a terrible affray occurred at Myers' grocery. Half a dozen fire-arms exploded in quick succession, and the deafening roar so frightened the keeper, that he took to his heels and fled from his own establishment...

"Let's drink his liquor and smoke his cigars, and not pay for them, 'cause as how he's a coward," said Jack Warhawk, a huge half-breed, and began to fill the glasses, and hand out cigars, crying—

"Toast to the brave; my boys; we'll never want while the world has chickens of the white feather." The firing in the grocery having ceased for more than an hour, being replaced by a din of the most boisterous mirth, Myers, by a great effort, managed the spirit to return.

On the contrary, Myers was unacquainted with fire-arms, and had always hitherto been deemed an unmitigated palton. And yet, singular to record, the duelist was nervous and agitated, almost trembling, while the reputed coward was calm, firm, steady as a rock, with that horrid smile on his curling lip, and a few scattered tear drops gleaming in the sun, on his cheek!

There was no such hesitation in the conduct of Jack Warhawk. Brandishing his knife in his right hand, he seized the flowing locks of Myers in his left, and roared at the top of his lungs—

"Dawn, cowardly bound, on your marrow bones, or by the blue blazes, I'll cut your throat!" Incredible as it may seem, Myers, still holding his deadly revolver loaded with six rounds, covered to the floor like a beaten dog, and begged most piteously for his life—a prayer which the mocking half-breed granted, on condition that he would treat the whole crowd for a week.

From this time, the unfortunate Myers was subject to every species of insult and outrage. The loafers would pull his nose for mere amusement, the half-breeds would spit in his face to make him treat, and Gen. Cole, when intoxicated, would strike him with his cane, to cure him of his cowardice, as he said. The miserable grocery keeper brooked all these gross indignities with the patience of a martyr, and would sometimes meekly remonstrate—

"Gentlemen, it is ungentlemanly to abuse me thus, for I confess I have no courage—I cannot fight." This continued for a whole year, when a change occurred that caused the invaders to rue their ignoble persecutions. He had a beautiful wife, whom he loved with the truest passion. One day when the husband was absent, the hideous half-breed, Jack Warhawk, instigated to the damning deed by the persuasion of Gen. Cole, went and maltreated his lady in the most shameful manner.

Myers returned home to find his beloved one drowned, as it were, in tears. He heard the harrowing tale without external manifestation of anger or emotion. His face, it is true, became somewhat pale; his lip quivered an instant, and settled to an expression rigid as a mouth of iron. And his wild, black eye, it may be, shot a few more beams of penetrating fire; but he did not mutter a word. He uttered not a whisper of menace—he did not even condole or sympathize with his afflicted wife. He only armed himself with a bowie-knife, fourteen inches in the blade, from hill to point, and started for the village.

There was but one opinion—that he had been insulted by a direct and gross public indignity, and must call his toe to the field of honor.

Accordingly, upon the following day, a challenge was despatched, which Mr. Myers very promptly accepted, and fixed the time at noon of the same day—the weapons to be double-barreled shot guns—the distance ten paces.

The parties met on the sand beach, under the bank of the river, above the town, and hundreds assembled to witness the issue. The mortal belligerents were placed in a position by their seconds, and the death-dealing guns—normous double-barreled, and yawning nozzles on the sand, in their hands. The spectators were much astonished by the strange contrast exhibited in their appearance. Gen. Cole was an old, experienced duelist, who had shot his man before he was eighteen, and had often been engaged in affairs of the kind.

Nothing more was heard of the matter, until a man named James Elliott appeared before Justice Osborne at the Tombs, and preferred a charge against three members of the Order, accusing them of stealing a leather trunk from his office, at No 81 Nassau street. In his affidavit he sets forth that the trunk contained 492 copies of the by-laws of the Order, besides other papers, and a considerable amount of money. The complainant assured the magistrate that he could bring a witness who saw the defendants carry the trunk out of the building. A warrant was then issued for their arrest, and was placed in the hands of officer Webb, who took them into custody in the course of that afternoon; but being responsible persons, the Court allowed them to go.

Yesterday the prosecutor again came into Court, and informed the Justice that his life was in danger. It seems he had received a package of anonymous letters, written in different styles, which were of a character calculated to shock his nerves. One of the letters went on to say—"You are an infamous traitor; depend upon it your course is known; for if you will yet suffer death!" In rather a milder tone the document then reads thus: "You of course remember the sudden disappearance of Morgan! who disclosed the secrets of the Masonic Order; and was thrown over the Falls of Niagara. Now look out for yourself, as your fate is sealed, and with you it will be the same as regards the cry of 'Where is Morgan?'" Again, the recipient is warned "To make himself scarce from the city before Friday night, as he will die if he fails to take his flight."

From another letter we quote the following: "Your coffin is ready, so beware and benefit by the timely warning given you.—On the afternoon of the night that you will receive the death blow, I will converse with you as usual, and nothing whatever will excite your suspicion. Do take caution, else your wife and children will be fatherless; for no man who acts the traitor in a secret organization, can or ought to live in a civilized community."

The language above quoted is the substance of all the letters exhibited to the Court, but strong doubts exist whether they were written with base intent. The affair will perhaps lead to "disclosures" more authentic.

A KNOW NOTHING EXCITEMENT.

The police of New York have had a 'Know Nothing' affair before them. The Times gives the following report of it:—

Yesterday morning, the Lower Police Office was the scene of an affair in which some members of this secret organization were involved in difficulty. A member, whose fidelity was soon after suspected, was admitted to the 'Order' not long since, and a close watch kept upon his movements. A few weeks ago, a letter was published in the Courier and Enquirer, which purported to be written by one Elliott, a member of the Native American organization. It was addressed to a Roman Catholic priest, and announced the wish of the writer to divulge all the 'secrets' of the Order, and to make a full exposure of the system. The consideration named for this act was ten thousand dollars.

A person of the same name was secretary of the order; he was believed to be the individual who addressed this letter to the priest; and arrangements are said to have been made to secure the constitution and by-laws which were in his possession. Nothing more was heard of the matter, until a man named James Elliott appeared before Justice Osborne at the Tombs, and preferred a charge against three members of the Order, accusing them of stealing a leather trunk from his office, at No 81 Nassau street. In his affidavit he sets forth that the trunk contained 492 copies of the by-laws of the Order, besides other papers, and a considerable amount of money. The complainant assured the magistrate that he could bring a witness who saw the defendants carry the trunk out of the building. A warrant was then issued for their arrest, and was placed in the hands of officer Webb, who took them into custody in the course of that afternoon; but being responsible persons, the Court allowed them to go.

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SELECT POETRY.

THE THREE CALLERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Mourning has called fondly to a fair boy stray— Mid golden meadows rich with clover She call—but he still thinks of nought but playing, And so she smiles and waves him an adieu!

Whist he, still merry with his flow'ry store, Deems not that morn, sweet morn! returns no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy to manhood grows, Heeds not the time, he sees but one sweet dawn.

One young fair face, from bow' of jessamine grows, And all his loving heart with bliss is warm;

So noon unnoticed seeks the western shore, A man forgets that noon returns no more.

Night tapers gently at a casement gleaming, With the thin fire-light flick'ring faint and dim;

By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming, O'er pleasures gone, as all life's pleasures dim.

Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door, Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

A TRUTH FOR PARENTS.

The Rev. Dr. Duff, a man of eminent practical wisdom, as well as of eminent piety, says, "I am prepared from experience to say, that, in nine cases out of ten, the hoards of accumulated money given to children, by whom they were never earned, and who acquired no habits of industry, or thrift, or laboriousness, prove a jinx point of fact, rather a curse than a blessing. I am prepared to substantiate that as a matter of fact, not merely from my own knowledge of the subject, but from the statement of men who have cultivated not only in great Britain, but in America."

But it is a melancholy fact that so little do parents know of the mass of misery they are accumulating for their children in heaping these hoards for them—so little do they think how big with misery these hoards are! Let parents think of this solemn truth, and do good for their children.

DIRECT TRADE BETWEEN LAKE ONTARIO AND EUROPE.—The Toronto Leader of the 5th inst. says Messrs. Lamb, Playfair & Co. of Glasgow, have chartered the splendid new bark Acadia, and taken 360 barrels flour and 14,000 bushels of wheat at Toronto—the remainder of her cargo she will take in at Montreal. This will be the first ship direct from Lake Ontario bound to Glasgow, Scotland.

MORE BLOODED IN KENTUCKY.—A difficulty occurred near Williamsburgh in Washington county, Ky., on the evening of the 26th of April, between Mr. Hagan and Mr. Samuel Haden, in which Hagan stabbed Haden in the left breast, which killed him instantly. Hagan has not been arrested.—Monteville Eagle.

A MATRIMONIAL SPECULATION.

An Auvergnat, named Poupillard, 22 years of age, and a cobbler by trade, who has not long been in Paris, was possessed with a burning desire to take unto himself a wife; but being extremely ugly and of excessive timidity, he feared to address himself to any woman. He, however, consulted his friends as to what he should do; and they after having greatly deliberated, told him that he ought to station himself in some public place, and distribute to the females who might pass a prospectus, setting forth his name and address, and his desire to marry. The scheme was solemnly assented to; and the friends solemnly assured him that it could not possibly fail. At his request, therefore, they drew up a prospectus, which was thus conceived:—

"Mademoiselle, if you wish to make my acquaintance for marriage or otherwise, I am named Francois Rene Poupillard, a shoemaker by trade, 22 years of age, and with about 3000 francs savings; I live in Rue Neuve St. Victor 5, and am to be seen before six o'clock in the morning and after nine o'clock in the evening." Poupillard was delighted with this paper, and having caused several copies of it to be made, he went to the gate of the Luxembourg garden and distributed them to every woman who passed, who seemed to him likely to be matrimonially inclined.—Five days flew away, and, to his astonishment, he received no reply.

In the evening of the sixth day, however, as he was returning home, he was stopped in the Rue St. Victor by a man. "Are you Francois Rene Poupillard?" said he. "Yes." "You are a shoemaker?" "Yes." "Twenty-two years of age?" "Exactly." "And have saved up 3000 francs?" "About that sum." "And you desire to marry?" "That would give me the greatest pleasure!" "Well, then, M. Poupillard, here is something to teach you not to propose to my wife!" And so saying, the man began to cudgel poor Poupillard without mercy. The victim roared for help, but the man continued to ply his cudgel until the guard arrived and arrested him. Yesterday the man was taken before the Tribunal of Correctional Police to answer for the assault. Poupillard told his pitiable tale, and demanded the severe punishment of the aggressor. The Tribunal, however, thinking that defendant had some excuse in the fact of his wife having been insulted by the presentation of one of Poupillard's prospectuses, only condemned him to 25 francs.

THE EASTON CONSPIRATORS.

A trial for conspiracy to extort money from an old man, named Green, has been concluded at Easton, Northampton county, and the parties have been convicted. The case is an infamous one. It was proved that the defendants, Lachenour, Field, Dech and Stevenson, took advantage of a weakness old Mr. Green had for the softer sex, to introduce him to a woman of bad character, and then worked upon his fears to induce him to pay large sums of money to avoid exposure. The court, on the 12th inst., sentenced the parties as follows: Daniel Lachenour to pay a fine of \$2500, and to undergo an imprisonment of three months in the county jail. Dr. C. C. Field to pay a fine of \$2000; and undergo an imprisonment of one year in the Eastern Penitentiary. Aaron S. Dech to pay a fine of \$1000 and to undergo an imprisonment of one year in the Eastern Penitentiary. Stevenson, who pleaded guilty, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$1, and to undergo an imprisonment of one year at hard labor in the Eastern Penitentiary.

SUFFERINGS OF COLONEL FREEMONT.

A letter to the editor of the Salt Lake News says:— On the 6th of February, the man on the look out at Parowan reported a company, supposed to be Indians, coming into the north end of the valley, twenty miles distant from Parowan, and about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 7th, Col John C. Fremont, with nine white men and twelve Delaware Indians, arrived in Parowan in a state of starvation; one of his men had fallen dead from his horse the day previous, and several more most inevitably have shared his fate had they not had succor that day. They reported that they had eaten twenty seven broken down animals; that when a horse or mule could go no further, it was killed and divided up, giving one-half to the Delawares, and the other to the Colonel and his men; the hide was cut in pieces and cast into the fire. They were burned, and carried along by the men for luncheon. The entrails were shaken, and then made into soup, together with the feet and eyes; thus using up the whole meal. They stated they had travelled forty-five days on this kind of fare.

Although Colonel Fremont was considered by the people an enemy to the Saints, and had no money, he was kindly treated and supplied on credit with provisions for him and his men, while at Parowan, and fitted out with animals and provisions to pursue his journey, and went on the way rejoicing on the 20th of February.

The Colonel was sanguine in his opinion that he had found the best route for the great national railway.

"Know Nothing."—This political organization, it is said, dates further back than the Masonic fraternity. Abolition was the head, or leader of the first party. See II. Samuel, xv. 21. "And with Abolition went two hundred men out of Jerusalem, that were called— and they went in their simplicity, and they knew not anything!"

RUSSIANS DESTROYED BY THE CLIMATE OF TURKEY.

The last accounts from the banks of the Danube describe the Russian army in the Dobruza as suffering considerably from sickness. Entire companies were daily carried off by dysentery, and the mortality was so great in several newly arrived regiments that they were ordered to cross the Danube.

A medical journal gives some curious details on the losses sustained by the Russian army in the campaigns of 1828 and 1829 against Turkey. Out of the 115,000 Russians, who at that time crossed the Pruth, only from 10,000 to 15,000 returned to their country, the remainder having fallen, not on fields of battle, but in the hospitals, from intermittent fevers, dysentery and plague. Scarcely had the Russian soldiers in 1828, entered Bulgaria, where the temperature between the day and night varies as much as 16 degrees, and where the dews fall like fine and searching rain, than their health began to suffer; they were attacked with a contagious fever, which the most rigid precaution could not check. In less than one year the number of patients in the hospitals and field hospitals reached to 210,108, in consequence of many having been attacked more than once with the same disease. Many of those who recovered from the fever were afterwards carried off by scurvy, which reigned amongst the troops to a frightful extent. During the march of the army on Adrianople the soldiers were suddenly attacked with violent fevers, prostration of strength and delirium, which carried them off in a few days. At Adrianople more than a fourth part of the disposable forces were ill. The plague carried off all the medical men, and out of 6000 men who were in the hospitals 5200 died.—This mortality, it should be said, was chiefly due to the infamous neglect of the soldiers by their government and their officers.—Nicholas is said to have shed tears when he learned how horribly the troops had suffered at Adrianople.

THE DEAD OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Sarah E. Sawyer, of Kentucky, Ky., and of the passengers on board the unfortunate boat John L. Avery, thus closes an interesting letter descriptive of the scenes on board the sinking vessel:—

"To indulge in anticipation of that harmony of interest, which must eventually emancipate the world from the thaliam of manumission, may we not suppose that when the earth shall again have undergone one of those changes, designed to fit it for the abode of beings more typical of the Divine nature; when in process of general fertilization, the mountains shall be sunk, and rolled over by the ocean, whose present depths, with all their treasures, shall be thrown up and explored as historical reminiscences; while the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies, in their turn, sink into channels for mighty streams of water, and the bed of the Mississippi be elevated, forming a track over hills and dales,—that then will open to the naturalist and the geologist, a vein of curious and doubtful inquiry? It is natural to man, whenever he finds a vestige of the human form, to associate with the relic some idea of religious worship; and will not two thousand miles of the narrow path of the Mississippi, which is now being rapidly paved with human bones, and skulls, and other evidences of intelligent beings having inhabited the earth, suggest to the mind of the contemplative, a lengthened pilgrimage, where life sacrificed in the hardships of the way, was supposed to be a passport to immortal bliss? And will not the track be followed, with all the world intent upon the result, expecting the labor to be crowned with a discovery of the ruined temple of the Juggernaut of their idolatrous worship?

Surely an order of beings, advanced but a grade beyond ourselves heavenward, will never, without other record than is to be found in the strata of the earth, be able to furnish to one-half the present world has been sacrificed to the recklessness of competition.

A HUSBAND IN TROUBLE.

A few days since, a lawyer in this city was seated in his office, busily employed in studying out a plea, when the door opened, and a young, stout man, who he desired to take an advice of "his honor." The lawyer bade him sit down, and inquired his business.

"Share," he replied, "I want a divorce from my wife Biddy." The lawyer asked what was the trouble but Pat seemed loth to tell. "Does she not treat you well, does she not take care of your horse, has she deserted you, or does she like any one better than yourself?" were inquiries made by the lawyer, who understood for some little time in vain to pump out the reason of the desire for a divorce. At last, weary of investigation, the disciple of Coke informed his would-be client that he should do nothing for him, without knowing the facts of the case.—"Well, if I must, I must," replied the husband; "Share there's a little duelist I lose better than Biddy." The lawyer could hardly refrain from laughing, sufficiently to inform the husband that the law could not touch such a case as his, and Pat left with a countenance "more of straw than of sugar."

WAR PREPARATIONS AT HAVANA.

The Governor-General of Cuba is preparing to defend himself against the combined forces of the filibusters and Creole insurrectionists. A letter from Havana says:— "The artillery companies have been sent to Moss Castle, and guns have been mounted on the different fortifications around Havana, and the Governor has at last decided on arming 4000 blacks. These troops are to be offered by whites, and the sergeants are to be white also. These regiments are to come from Potosi River, which, with the 4000 black troops, will raise the force here to 15,000."

SECRET GALE AT BUFFALO.

There was a great storm here last evening, and the mud blew a perfect hurricane. A house at Black Island was struck by lightning during the storm, and demolished. The inmates escaped unhurt.

BUFFALO, May 18. There was a great storm here last evening, and the mud blew a perfect hurricane. A house at Black Island was struck by lightning during the storm, and demolished. The inmates escaped unhurt.