



H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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JUSTICE'S FEE BILLS. For Assize by H. B. MASSER Sunbury, April 26 1851.

SELECT POETRY.

HERE is a capital picture of the fashions of seventy years ago. It is drawn to the life, and is worth preserving to keep in mind of the madcap frocks of Madame Fashion:

Ant Hetty's Toilet in 1780.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

Come listen, girls and I will tell About Ant Hetty's toilet; 'Twas one that graced her passing well— Don't laugh and make me sport it,

Her hair above her reverence bump, Was always neatly tied, And o'er a nice neck cushion drawn, And fastened on one side;

Long strings of pearls of milky hue Hung carleless from her neck, O'er her vanities, cut square before, Or muslin without speak.

The ample sleeve the elbow reach'd, And fastened by a band; And gloves with frills six inches deep, Adorned each pretty hand.

Spangled kid shoes, with peaked toes, Adorned her little foot, With heels full out three inches high, And made of cork to boot.

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A Select Tale.

THE JEWELLED WATCH.

Among the many officers who, at the close of the Peninsular war, retired on half pay, was Captain Dutton, of the 1st Regiment.

It happened that the general under whom he had served, and who had lost sight of him since his retirement from the service, came to spend a few months at the watering place near which the Duttons resided,

They took up their abode near a pleasant town in the south of England, and for a time got on pretty well; but when at the end of the first year a sweet little boy made his appearance, and at the end of the second an equally sweet little girl, they found that nursemaids, baby linen, doctors, and all the expenses pertaining to the introduction and support of these baby visitors, formed a serious item in their yearly expenditure.

For a while they struggled on without falling into debt; but at length their giddy feet slipped into that vortex which has engulfed so many, and their affairs began to assume a very gloomy aspect.

They were in this predicament, when one day a young man, who had been in the army, and who had been in the army, and who had been in the army, came to them and offered them a large sum of money for the watch.

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of the business transmitted to Captain Dutton were most flourishing, and he and his gentle wife fondly thought they were about to realize a splendid fortune for their little ones; but at length they began to feel anxious for the arrival of the cent-per-cent profits which had been promised, but which never came; and Mr. Smith's letters suddenly ceasing, his partner one morning set off to inspect the scene of operations.

Arrived at L., he repaired to the street where the manufactory was situated, and found it shut up! Mr. Smith had gone off to America, considerably in debt to those who had been foolish enough to trust him; and leaving more rent due on the premises than the remaining stock in trade of the unpronounceable lamp would pay.

But strength is often found in the depths of adversity, courage in despair; and both our hero and his wife set resolutely to work to support themselves and their children. Happily they owed no debts. On selling out, Captain Dutton had honorably paid every farthing that he owed in the world before entrusting the remainder of his capital to the unprincipled Smith; and now this upright conduct was its own reward.

He wrote a beautiful hand, and while seeking some permanent employment, earned a trifle occasionally by copying manuscripts, and engrossing in an attorney's office. His wife worked diligently with her needle; but the care of a young family, and the necessity of dispensing with a servant, hindered her from adding much to their resources.

It was Mrs. Dutton's pride to preserve the respectable appearance of her husband's wardrobe; and often did she work till midnight at turning his coat and darning his linen, that he might appear as usual among his equals. She often urged him to visit his former acquaintances, who had power to befriended him, and solicit their interest in obtaining some permanent employment; but the soldier, who was as brave as a lion when facing the enemy, shrank with the timidity of a girl from exposing himself to the humiliation of a refusal, and could not bear to confess his urgent need.

It happened that the general under whom he had served, and who had lost sight of him since his retirement from the service, came to spend a few months at the watering place near which the Duttons resided, and hured for the season a handsome furnished house. Walking one morning on the sands, in a disconsolate mood, our hero saw, with surprise, his former commander approaching; and with a sudden feeling of false shame, he tried to avoid a recognition.

What, Dutton! is that you? It seems an age since we met. Living in this neighborhood, eh?

Yes, General, I have been living here since I retired from the service.

And you sold out, I think—to please the mistress, I suppose, Dutton! Ah! these ladies have a great deal to answer for. Tell Mrs. Dutton I shall call on her some morning, and read her a lecture for taking you from us.

Poor Dutton's look of confusion, as he pictured the general's visit surprising his wife in the performance of her menial labors, rather surprised the veteran; but its true cause did not occur to him. He had had a great regard for Dutton, considering him one of the best and bravest officers under his command, and was sincerely pleased at meeting him again; so, after a ten minutes' colloquy—during the progress of which the ex-soldier, like a war horse who pricks up his ears at the sound of the trumpet, became gay and animated, as old associations of the camp and field came back on him—the general shook him by the hand, and said—

You'll dine with me to-morrow, Dutton, and meet a few of your old friends? Come, I'll take no excuse; you must not turn hermit on our hands.

At first Dutton was going to refuse, but on second thoughts accepted the invitation, not having, indeed, any good reason to offer for declining it. Having taken leave of the general, therefore, he proceeded toward home, and announced their reconnoitering to his wife. She, poor woman, immediately took out her well saved sin, and occupied herself in repairing, as best she might, the cruel ravages of time; as well as in stretching and ironing an already snowy shirt to the highest degree of perfection.

Next day, in due time, he arrived at General Vernon's handsome temporary dwelling, and received a cordial welcome. A dozen guests, civilians as well as soldiers, sat down to a splendid banquet. After dinner, the conversation happened to turn on the recent improvements in arts and manufactures; and comparisons were drawn between the relative talent for invention displayed by artists of different countries. A watchmaking happening to be mentioned as one of the arts which had during late years been wonderfully improved, the host deified his valet to fetch a most beautiful little watch, a perfect chef-d'œuvre of workmanship, which he had lately purchased in Paris, and which was less valuable for its richly jewelled case, than for the exquisite perfection of the mechanism it contained. The trinket passed from hand to hand, and was greatly ad-

mired by the guests; then the conversation turned on other topics, and many subjects were discussed, until they adjourned to the drawing room to take coffee.

After sitting there awhile, the general suddenly recollected his watch, and ringing for his valet, desired him to take it from the dining room table, where it had been left, and restore it to its proper place. In a few moments the servant returned, looking somewhat frightened; he could not find the watch. General Vernon, surprised, went himself to search, but was not more fortunate.

Perhaps, sir, you or one of the company may have carried it by mistake into the drawing room?

I think not, but we will try.

Another search, in which all the guests joined, but without avail.

What I fear, said the general, is that some one by chance may tread upon and break it.

General Vernon was a widower, and this costly trinket was intended as a present to his only child, a daughter, who had lately married a wealthy baronet.

We will none of us leave this room until it is found! exclaimed one of the gentlemen with ominous emphasis.

That decision, said a young man, who was engaged that night to a ball, might quarter us on our host for an indefinite time. I propose a much more speedy and satisfactory expedient: let us all be searched.

This suggestion was received with laughter and exclamations; and the young man, presenting himself as the first victim, was searched by the valet, who, for the nonce, enacted the part of custom-house officer.

The general, who at first opposed this piece of practical pleasantry, ended by laughing at it; and each new inspection of pockets produced fresh bursts of mirth. Captain Dutton alone took no share in what was going on. His hand trembled, his brow darkened, and he stood as much apart as possible. At length his turn came; the other guests had all displayed the contents of their pockets, so with one accord, and amid renewed laughter, they surrounded him, exclaiming that he must be the guilty one, as he was the last. The captain, pale and agitated, muttered some excuses, unheard amid the uproar.

Now for it, Johnson! cried one to the valet.

Johnson, we're watching you! said another; produce the culprit!

The servant advanced; but Dutton, crossing his arms on his breast, declared in an agitated voice, that, except by violence, no one should lay a hand on him. A very awkward silence ensued, which the general broke by saying—

Captain Dutton is right; this child's play has lasted long enough. I claim exemption for him and for myself.

Dutton, trembling and unable to speak, thanked his kind host by a grateful look, and then took an early opportunity of withdrawing; General Vernon did not make the slightest remark on his departure, and the remaining guests, through politeness, imitated his reserve; but the mirth of the evening was gone, every face looked anxious, and the host himself seemed grave and thoughtful.

Captain Dutton spent some time in wandering restlessly on the sands before he returned home. It was late when he entered the cottage, and his wife could not repress an exclamation of delight when she saw his pale and troubled countenance.

What has happened? cried she.

Nothing, replied her husband, throwing himself on a chair, and laying a small packet on the table. You have cost me very dear, he said, addressing it. In vain did his wife try to soothe him, and obtain an explanation. Not now, Jane, he said; to-morrow we shall see—to-morrow I will tell you all.

Early next morning he went to General Vernon's house. Although he walked resolutely, his mind was sadly troubled. How could he present himself! In what way would he be received? How could he speak to the general without risking the reception of some look or word which he could never pardon? The very meeting with Johnson was to be dreaded.

He knocked; another servant opened the door; and instantly gave him admission. This man, at all events, he thought, knows nothing of what has happened. Will the general receive him? Yes; he is ushered into his dressing room. Without daring to raise his eyes, the poor man began to speak in a low, hurried voice.

continued he, "who must ask pardon of you all. In a fit of absence I had dropped it into my waistcoat pocket, where in Johnson's presence, I discovered it white undressing."

"If I had only known," murmured poor Dutton.

"Don't regret what has occurred," said the general, pressing his hand kindly. "It has been the means of acquainting me with what you should never have concealed from an old friend, who, please God, will find some means to serve you."

In a few days Captain Dutton received another invitation to dine with the general. All the former guests were assembled, and their host, with ready tact, took occasion to apologise for this strange forgetfulness about the watch. Captain Dutton found a paper within the folds of his napkin: it was his nomination to an honorable and lucrative post, which insured competence and comfort to himself and his family.

THE FOLLOWING RECIPE is from Lawrence Reid, Professor of Chemistry in the New York Hospital.—"I would wish, through the medium of your paper, to give publicity to the fact, that I have seen instant relief given in cases of Diarrhoea, by the use of hydro sulphuric acid, a teaspoonful of a saturated solution being mixed with four times its bulk of water. Also in a case of cholera infantum, in which the child was very much reduced, and the stomach in an extreme state of irritability so that nothing would be retained, this remedy was administered with ease, and the child immediately improved, and has since recovered. I believe that this is a new remedy, and that there is no reason to apprehend any bad effects where it does not produce a cure, and I believe that it has some specific effect in counteracting the cause, and immediately arresting the disease."

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE YOURSELF MISERABLE!—Take a daily walk in the burying-ground, continually saying to yourself, "When shall I be buried here!" Endeavor a note for a friend, and never forget the kindness, and every five minutes whisper to yourself, "I wonder if he will pay that note!" Think every body means to cheat you. Let the alms-house be ever present in your mind, and finally believe that your days will end there. Get angry with your neighbors and think you have not got a friend in the world.

BROOKER DRESS IN JERSEY SHORE.—A lady appeared in the new costume on Friday last in this place, and those who seen it admired very much. Owing to our illness we were prevented, from getting a peep, but we are not discouraged, for we have the promise from a very handsome lady in Jersey Shore, "that she will put on the new dress expressly for us to see it, no other person to be admitted."—Jersey Shore Republican.

A MARRIED lady, alluding in conversation to the 118th psalm, observed, that while "young men and maidens, old men and children," were expressly mentioned, not a word was said about married women. An old clergyman, whom she was addressing, assuring her that they had not been omitted, and that she would find them included in one of the preceding verses, under the description of "wives and sisters."

It is said that a young artisan of Cincinnati, has succeeded in the art of japauning fire stone slabs with enamel of a kind of glass, which will resist the action of all common acids, thereby making the stone to represent perfectly the finest Egyptian marble, and that at a very trifling cost. Slabs for counters, &c., can be furnished by the inventor at about the same cost as that of common wood.

A Scotch paper tells us of a pensiveurchin, who said to his instructress.—Aunt, what comes of the auld moons?—"Deed, ladder, I am no very sure," was the tardy reply; "they'll may be clip' them doon and make stars of them."

Our funny friend of the Albany Dutchman says: "We tasted some brandy the other day that ought to come under the head of 'fighting liquors.' For over an hour, we could not tell whether we had swallowed a cocktail or a torch light procession."

Seen a farmer to his son, "John, don't give cousin Simm's horses too many cats; you know they have hay."

"Yeth, thir," said John, moving towards the barn.

"And hark ye, John—don't you give them too much hay; you know they have oats."

Case of Conscience.—The Postmaster General announces having received, under cover of a letter signed "Romulus," one hundred dollars, in two notes of the Bank of Washington, part of all of which sum, the writer says, is due to the Post-office Department.

LITTLE HELL, one of the Winnebago chiefs of the Upper Mississippi, pretends to practice medicine. He has some sort of an old bone, which is considered worthless, of which he scrapes a little as an infallible specific, charging for his prescription sometimes as high as \$100.

MONEY is a good servant, but a bad master.

A REJOINDER.

Many readers will remember, Miss Martineau's anecdote, in her "Home," of a Kentucky stage-driver, who "reign" in a violent thunder storm at the gate of the far-scattered houses of a western forest, into which he ran, leaving the passengers, a burly English and two querulous "stuck up" daughters to follow him as best they might.

The doughty John Bull came in after him leading his daughters, with rufled faces and sad-bagged skirts, all three looking grouchy and glum enough. "I say," said the Englishman to the driver, who had ensconced himself in a warm and cosy seat by the fire, "I say, that luggage ought to be brought in, ye know?" "Wal, I should think so too. It 's mine, I should bring it in, any how. 'Tmay get spilt." "Well, fellow, why don't you bring it in?"

"Why don't I bring it in?" said the other slowly, and with an unmistakable sneer: "why, I ain't your servant, be I? Guess not—that's a berry that don't grow on the bushes about these diggins. I drive you, Squire, and I don't do nothin' else!" This incident came to mind a few moments ago, on hearing a friend relate the following anecdote. He said that soon after the revolutionary war, a brave Yankee officer, a captain in the service, happened to be at St. Petersburg, in Russia, and while there was invited to dine at the table of a distinguished merchant. There was a large number of guests at the table, and among the rest an English lady, who was anxious to appear as one of the "knowing ones."

On understanding that an American was sitting near her, she expressed to one of her friends a determination to quiz him. She fastened upon him like a tigress, making numerous inquiries touching our habits, customs, dress, manners, modes of life, education, amusements, &c. To all these queries the officer gave courteous answers, which seemed to satisfy all the company with the exception of the lady herself. She was determined not to be satisfied, and went on: "Have the rich people in your country any carriages?—for I suppose there are some who call themselves rich." "My residence," replied the captain, "is in a small town upon an island, where there are but few carriages kept; but in the larger towns and cities on the main land there are quite a number maintained, suited to our republican manners."

"Indeed!" replied his fair questioner, in a tone that was both interrogative and exclamatory, "I can't fancy where you find coachmen; I shouldn't think the Americans knew how to drive a coach." "We find no difficulty on that account, Madam," calmly rejoined the Captain; "we can have plenty of drivers by sending to England for them."

"To England!" exclaimed the lady, speaking very quickly; "I think the Americans ought to drive the English, instead of the English driving the Americans." "We did, Madam, in the late war," rejoined the officer; "but since the peace, we have permitted the English to drive us!" There was no more "quizzing" of the American during the dinner. He waited in vain, like Sam Weller in "Bardell vs. Pickwick," for the next question.

There have neither a School-house, nor a Fire-engine in Tunkhannock, the county town of Wyoming.—The County officers, it is said, have surplus funds on hand, but cannot decide upon which institution to expend it.

AN EPITAPH.—The Lockport Courier gives an epitaph in Washington for a little boy, who fell a victim to a prevailing disease:—"The little hero who lies here, Was conquered by the diarrhoea."

The Bishop of Salisbury was once asked by a person for permission to fly from the spire of his church. "No," said the Bishop, "you are welcome to fly to the church, but I cannot encourage any to fly from it."

MORE REMOVED FEATURES.—It is rumored at Washington that two more frauds upon the Mexican commission have been discovered, and that an investigation is about being gone into.

When you speak of a man's wife, you should not say "lady." Suppose a woman should speak of this or that acquaintance's "gentleman." How odd it would sound.

The Devil's three names, Satan, Lucifer, and Beelzebub, says H. Walpole, were given to him in his three capacities, as president or chief of the priests, the lawyers, and the physicians.

MEMPHIS RAILROAD.—The Washington (Pa.) Reporter, states that 6000 shares (\$50.00) have been subscribed in that borough alone to the stock of the Hemphill Railroad.

"I WILL HAVE ORDER!" shouted the captain of a down-east schooner to his refractory cook. "If you won't cook the dinner, I'll do it myself—I swear. I will have order aboard this vessel."

LYCOMING COUNTY, PA.—There are nearly two hundred mills in operation in Lycoming county, and a half million of dollars invested in the lumber trade.

TALLOWS.—Among the other curious changes which the late English census returns exhibit, is a falling off of about a third in the number of working tailors.

The Black Tongue is prevailing to a considerable extent in Jersey Shore—but it has not in a single instance proved fatal.

A GREAT CHEESE MILL.

The St. Louis Reveille tells of an extensive cheese manufactory in Tennessee. Some idea of its magnitude may be gathered from the following conversation: "Two men were seated at a table in Nashville, drinking ale and eating crackers and cheese. Their conversation at length turned upon large cheese."

"That was a very large cheese presented to Andrew Jackson," said one.

"Yes, it weighed nine hundred pounds and upwards," answered the other.

"That is about half as large as some that my father makes in this county," was the young man's reply; "his cheeses generally average two thousand pounds."

"Two thousand pounds!" exclaimed the stranger, in perfect astonishment. "Why, how does he manage a dairy capable of making such an enormous cheese?" inquired both simultaneously.

"Very easy," replied the young man; "he has an extensive trough, leading down the side of a large hill on his place, and half down, there is an immense vat; the cows are milked in the trough, and the same runs into this reservoir, about middle way on the side of the hill."

Leaving the strangers to digest this description, the young man coolly laid down the paper and walked off. Presently the landlord stepped in.

"Do you know that young man who left his room a few minutes since?" inquired one of the strangers.

"Yes, sir," said the landlord; "he is the son of a dairy owner in this country."

"What is his character for truth and veracity?" inquired the stranger.

"I never heard it doubted," replied the landlord.

"My reason for asking you," said the stranger, "is, that he has been telling us that his father manufactures cheese at his dairy, in this county, which average two thousand pounds."

"I don't know anything about the weight of his cheese," answered the landlord, "but I know that his old man runs, at the bottom of the hill, two saw mills, which are driven the whole year round by the whey which runs from his cheese press."

"Will you be so kind as to order our horses?" quietly remarked the traveller.

AN ORCHARD THAT WILL PAY.—Messrs. Morse & Houghton, of Cleveland, have 93 acres in one orchard, 34 miles east of the city. They have 6,500 peach trees of the best varieties 2,000 apple, 400 cherry, 750 quince, and about 7,000 pear, apricot, nectarine plum trees, and grape vines. There will be several thousand baskets of peaches, and as they are rather scarce this year, speculators in Cincinnati and Buffalo, have already offered three dollars per bushel for the crop. This, we should think will pay—as it ought.

THE discovery of the Saratoga Springs was made only fifty-nine years since, though it is probable that the Indians knew of their virtues. John Taylor Gilmore, some time Governor of New Hampshire, but then a member of Congress, while shooting in the neighborhood, in the summer of 1792, found the effervescent water gushing from the cliff of a rock, and the spring almost immediately afterwards became famous.

BEVERLY RIDGES.—The Chicago papers say within the past week some 8000 buffalo robes have passed through the warehouse of Messrs. Neely, Lawrence, & Co., of that city. They belong to the American Fur Company, and are en route for New York city.

A LARGE STEAMER.—The Eclipse, a steamboat now on the stocks at Louisville, Kentucky, is three hundred and fifty-nine feet long. Her water wheel will be forty-two feet in diameter. She is to ply between Louisville and New Orleans.

There is a capital story told of some one, who prayed that the Lord would "bless the potato crop which seemed to have been smitten in his displeasure, and regard with special smiles the few planted in our back garden."

A "SOUTHERNER," speaking of Maine, says that one half of the farms are so barren that you might mow them with a razor, and rake them with a fine tooth comb, and yet not get enough to fodder a grasshopper for a month.

The Mayor of Washington city, was recently ordered by a countryman to hold his horse, as he did. Whether he pocketed a tip or not for his trouble, when the man returned, is not stated.

The peach harvest has commenced in Delaware, and it is stated that there is a prospect of more than an ordinary crop.—Some of the farmers have 150 or 200 acres planted with peach trees.

The Night-Blooming Cereus, the most magnificent of all the floral beauties, is now in bloom in many of the gardens of Cincinnati.

When Socrates was asked whether it were better for a man to marry or live single, he replied: "Let him do either as he will repent it."