NEW SERIES VOL. 3, NO. 24.

THE RESERVE TO SERVE TO SERVE

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1850.

OLD SERIES VOL. 10, NO. 50.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per anomin to be paint but yearly in advance. No paper discontinued until state arrestages are poid.
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PRILABELPRIA. Musical Instruments, Fancy Articles and Toys. His prices are lower than those of any other store in Philadelphia. All kinds of Musical Instruments repaired in the best workmanship, and also

Among the rest, he used to recite the story An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead:

Among the rest, he used to recite the story An' the jurge settled out so detarmined an' of Shamus O'Brien's hanging, with great gusto. This poem has peen published in the July number of the Dublin University Magnzinc, whence we extract it, with a sequel to the story of poor Shamus, supplied to us by an old correspondent, who has kept up the An' they heard but the openin' of one prison spirit and the humor of the original with

SHAMUS O'BRIEN- A BALLAD- (begon in Ireland, and finished elsewhere.)

There was trial by pary goin' on by daylight, And the martial law hanging the lavins by

An' its many's the fine boy was then an his Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleep-An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to

bulletusheltered by night, and unrested by day, Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day, you, no:
With the heath for their barrack, towenge for But if you would ask me, as I think it like, their pay, An' the bravest an' bardiest boy iv them all

Was Simmus O'Brino, from the town iv Glin-His limbs were well set, an' his body was An' the keen-larged bound had not teeth half Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory An' father Malone lost his new Sunday hat so white,

of the red;
An' for all that he wasn't an egly young bye,
For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
Sort the divil himself couldn't blaze with his

An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made

A sharp you've schooner sailed out of the

Like a fire thish that crosses the depth of the An' he was the best mower that ever has In finein he may Patrick Mooney a cut, chiness iv fut there was not his peer,

For, by gorra, he'd almost outrun the red quare; him there. caught, An' it's often he cun, an' it's often he fought,

The quare things he done, an' it's often 1 heard will deer must rest. An' treachery prey on the blood is the best,

An' many a hard night on the mountain's blook side, An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast, In the darkness of night he was taken at last. Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful

MEDICINE, MEDICINE, PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW DIGHTS, WARRISHES, DEE STOVE, PATRIXT MEDICINES, MEDICINE CURSTS, SCREEK, ISSURENTS, &c., &c.; and manufacturers of the night— One look at the village, one look at the flood,

Au' one at the shelthering, far distant wood, Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill, Au' farewell to the friends that will think of von still : Farewell to the pathern the burlin', an' wake, And farewell to the girl that would die for

borough goal, An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the sthrong

hands wor bound. An' he had down his length on the could An' the dreams of his childhood kem over

Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start : An' he sprung to his feet in the dark prison

guve. the brave grave

His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost : MPORTER and Manufacturer of all kinds of His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd

The terrible day iv thrial kem on;

There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand, An' sogers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-in hand; An' the court house so full that the people

were bothered, An' attorneys an' criers on the pint iv bein' smothered; An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,

With his gown on his back, an' an illigant new wig; An' silence was called, an' themiante it was The court was as still as the heart of the

An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock. For one minute he turned his eye round on An' he looked at the bars so firm and so strong,
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the peofriend.

A chance to escape, nor a word to defend; An' he folded his arms as he stood there As calm and as cold as a statute of stone; And they read a big writin', a yard long at

An' the Judge took a big pinch iv snuff, an' he says, 'Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you place 15

An' all held their breath in the silence of An' Shamus O'Brien made nuswer and said, My lord, if you ask me, if in my life time thought any treason, or did any crime

That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone Though I stood by the grave to receive my death blow,

If in the rebellion I carried a pike, most hang:

An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to To night he, il be sleepin' in Aberloe Gliu. If in the rebellion I carried a rike, to the close, An' shed the heart's blood of our bitterest form,

that then In the cause I was willing my veins should run dhry. And his cheek never warmed with the blush An that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Lanswer you, yes, an' I tell you again,

oald chap,

Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry, Oh, judge, darlin', don't, say the word, The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord He was foolish, he didn't know what he was

You don't know him, my lord, ob, don't give him to min He's the kindliest crather, the tendheresthearted---

part us forever, we that's so long Judge, mayourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord, An' God will forgive you, oh, don't say

That was the first minute that O'Brien was When he saw that he was not oute forgot or An' down his pale cheeks at the word of his mother, The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther th

spake, But the sthrong manly voice used to falthur But at last by the strength of his high-mounting pride,

your poor heart. For, somer or later, the dearest must part ;

To lie in the grave, where the head, heart shall rest. Then mother, my darlin', don't cry may Doot! make me seem broken, in this, my No true man can say that I died like a cra-

Then towards the judge Shamus bent down An' that minute the solemn death sentence was said The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky-But why are the men standin' idle so late ! An' why do the crowds gather fast in the What come they to talk of? what come they 10 800

An' why does the long rope hang from the th! Shamus O'Brien pray fervent and fast, May the saints take your soul, for this day is Pray fast and pray sthrong, for the moment When sthrong, proud an' great as you are you must die Au' fasther an' fasther, the crowd gathered

Boys, horses and gingerbroad, just like a fair; An' whiskey was selling, an' cussamuck too, An' ould men and young women enjoying the view.

An' ould Tim Mulyany, Le med the remark, There wasn't sich a sight since the time of An' be gorry, 'twas thrue for him, for divil he added such a scruge,
Sich divarshin and crowds was known since ment."

For thousands were gathered there, if there but she strove to smile, and said : Waitin' till such time as the hangin'id come At last they threw open the big prison gate,

An' a cart in the middle, and Shamus was Not paler, but prouder than ever, that min-

A Family Dewspaper-Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic Dews, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

ervin'; A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees, thro' trees. On, on to the gallows, the sheriffs are gone,

Now under the gallows, the cart takes its stand, An' the haugman gets up with the tope in his hand;
An' the priest havin' blest him, goes down no fear that we shall starve, God sent the in himon the ground,

ple grew still. Inru chill An' the tope bein' ready, his neek was made the day laborer, the humblest farmer is sure of his food and raiment; but I after

years besides waiting for practice, and now when all my fortune is gone, if I resort to his last prayer,
But the good priest done more, for his hands other means of sivelihood, I less all that I And with one daring spring, Jim leaped on must forever abandon the idea of my prothe ground: fession. It is too hard !" and he arose and

Bang bang! goes the carbines, and clash walked the room with rapid strides. goes the sabres, after a moment or two she arose, went up him neighbors. Through the smoke and the herses he's into to him, and fondly encircling him with her arm she said:

hear poverty, I know, or you would not take it so hard; but a woman never regards such things when she loves. A crust of Before God and the world I would answer Vour swords they may glitter, your carbines bread, a log cabin, would be preferable to me if I shared them with you, than a pal-But if you want hangin', its yourself you are with any other. But it will not come to this. Something within assures me that you will be great and rich. Have patience only for a little while longer. Therethere is a knock at the door now-it may

be for you." An' the sherids wor both of them posished little girl their only servant appeared at saverely. this crisis, and said the doctor was wanted

So droll an so wicked, so dark and so bright, By ey sowl, its himself was the crabbed And the Captain left word he was goin' to In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black | But the devil a bit-he was bound to New Then Shames' mother in the crowd standin' And that very night she can so near land;

Gultimore strand ;

ved a dodger. The very next Spring—a bright morning in Just six months after the Egreat hanging day

her husband, yet still be came not. At A letter was brought to the tawn of Kildare, And on the outside was written out fair last darkness sat in and she began to feel "To ould Mrs. O'Brien in Ireland or else- uneasy. She was about rising to go to the door when she heard her husband's feet on And the inside began -"My dear good ould

I'm safe and am happy-and not wishing to You in the radio'-(with the help of the long ago, and now my lortune is made,32

To this "LAND OF THE PERS AND BRAVE"-ASTRIKA-Here you'll be happy, and never made cryin So long as voulte mother of Sharous O'Brien; He conquered and masthered his grief's Give my love to swate Biddy and tell her be

And just say to the judge, I don't now care a And God knows it betther than wandering in fear.

On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,

For him, or his wig, or his dirty black cop.

And as for dragoons—(them paid men of slaughter.) Say I love them, as the divil loves boly wa-

From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever And now, my good mother, one word of ad-Fill your bag with pertaties, and whiskey And when ye start from ould Ireland, take last hour.

For I wish when my head's lyin' unither the And come strate over to the town of New And there ax the Mayor the best way to me To the State of Sinsuaty, in the town of Ohio

For 'tis dare you will find me, widont much At the "Harp and the Eagle," kept by Shamus O'Brien.

A Select Cale.

her arm around his neck and kissing bim.

He looked up with a sad smile, and rewhen hope seemed gone. From that day Earnest Linwood was a made man. The fame of his skilful operathink of all pursuits, a physician's profer- tion was in every one's mouth; and by the understood that certain individuals in this city prize; and three years after the same quession is the worst. Here I have been week | nid of his patient, who now became his pa- are and have been inciting Apprentices em- tion was again published for competition. after week and month after month-and I trou, he stepped at once into practice played in the Paixtine Business in the coun- A very modest man, who for more than may soon say year after year-waiting for among the best families of the place. try, amond and about Philadelphia, to absound twenty years had gathered and searched for practice, yet without success. A lawyer Wealth as well as reputation flowed upon from their masters. This being in violation these matters, sent his answer (a volume may volunteer in a celebrated case, and so him; but he always attributed his success make himself known but a physician must to his wife, whose affection, he said, had sit patiently in his office and, if unknown, cheered and sustained him when out of

he added bitterly "if I do not get employ- for this life depends upon her. If she is

he put this roll of notes in my hand."

An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in as soon as you get a start. And depend as our happiness, depends chiefly upon our upon it," she added with a cheerful look, wives. Let a man marry one, therefore, "it will come when you least expect it." "equal to either fortune," who can adorn "So you have told me often; but the his riches, or brighten his poverty; and lucky hour has never come," said her hus- who, under all circumstances, will be truly band despondingly, "and now every cent of my little fortune has been expended and

A Sketch.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

Ernest was in a mood which the most

inguine sometimes experience, when dis-

appointment had crushed the spirit and the

voice of hope is no longer heard within.-

ravens to feed Elijah, and He will interpose

spoke and answered less despondingly.

The husband felt rebuked, as she thus

"But really Mary, this want of success

would try the stoutest spirit. The mechanic

have spent, both of time and money and

cheerfully

BY PREDRIKA PREMER.

if she had been alone, but she felt the ne-I saw him but twice, the hero of the cessity of sustaining him, and answered Mexican war, the chief man in power in the United States, the late President Zach-"And what if every cent is gone ! Have any Taylor; but enough to feel that I saw park, bordered with country seats, is, as it

An honest man, the mobiest work of that?"

The Potomac glistened in the setting sun, a | ed by centuries. band of music in the grounds was playing with nurses and negroes, were walking about, enjoying the evening, the music, the green grounds, and the view of the noble river, with the Washington Monument in

His wife sighed and remained silent, but the citizens around him, the greatest part a piece of green wood, the first three or four of them strangers to him. Yet he seemed betters of the alphabet, for the use of his to feel that he was among friends, and his grand-children, as the first elements of read-"ilear Ernest you must not worry youronest face, and his unasuming bearing, self so. You think it painful for me to his straight-forward, friendly manner, the firm and cordial pressure of his hand, made a friend even of the stranger who was for the first time introduced to him. He stood per and then putting them in his pocket. In there serene, smiling to the children, who the evening, while sitting in the midst of the were running about and tumbling in the family circle, Koster had entirely forgotten grass in unconstrained liberty. He spoke his word engravings, nor did he dream of of the pleasure they gave him.

those we would fain see more often on took the little package out of his pocket, and earth,-where all distance between men, oh, how great was his astonishment when all difference of rank and fortune are done As if her words had been prophetic the away with, and life is again full of innocence and beauty in the lap of great na- printed on the paper wherein he had wrapture. May the star-spangled binner float ped them up. in a great hurry. With an exulting smile his wife ray dor his hat, and then sat down, banquets of life ! wider and wider over such scenes, such I

It was almost the first summous the was in one of the splendid rooms of his and blessing have spread over the whole mansion, and with him his beautiful daughoung physician had received, although he had resided in the village for more than a year. The place too, was large and populations to which he was called Political questions, to which he was called and over again, made such improvements lous, but there resided medical men of large to attend, detained him for some time from that, after some time, he was able to print practice, and all these combined to put us. When he came, he was cordial and simple in his manner, as before on the

cheered and encouraged him, though sometimes her own heart felt ready to give up. all blessings a good wife; she sympathized of the Indians, among whom he had been | Behondenis-Mirror of our Salvation. much, and whom he knew well. And as Koster, not capable of doing all this work most, and by her sanguine words chased dehe spoke he brightened, and his speech flowed on so pleasantly and so cheerfully, Hour after hour she sat there awaiting that, had we been egotists, we would have orgotten how time flowed on, as we forgot the storm which gathered without, and rat-

It was a few days afterwards that I heard, the step, and harrying out she met him in "God bless you, Mary, for an angel as you are," were his first words. "If it had ing on, to announce that "a great mistornot been for you, I should have given up dent of the United States was dving-was not expected to outlive that day. And Breathless with anxiety to hear all, yet that very evening, how changed was the mindful of his probably wearied condition. gay scene in the White House! Death Mary horried her husband into the little was there, was laying his heavy hand on Koster. diting room where the tea things were laid, the beloved father of the family-on the and began to pour out the refreshing bey- elected head of the Republic of the United

erage, with a trembling hand, while Er- States. Yet serene was he even now. In death "I found" he mid, "I was sent to old he grasped the hand of his wife, and said: Governor Houston's-the richest and most "My dear wife, I am not afraid to die. I influential man, you know in the country have tried to do my duty?" And that -and when I got there I learned to my stern monitor -so fearful to many-came surprise that the Governor had been thrown to him on his death bed, as a comforter, as from his carriage and was thought to be a soothing angel. But he had long, long dying. All the physicians of the town since made of him a friend. Duty had were sent for, one after another, but none been and was the spring of his life and accould aid him. In despair, his wife with- tions. His friends and his foes (and he out orders had sent for me. I saw his only had such in war and in politics,) must join chance for life depended upon a new and in acknowledging that truthfulness and condifficult operation, which none of the older scientiousness were the unswerving quali- Please read a few lines more. physicians had ever seen performed. ties of his mind. In these virtues he was

Luckily I had assisted at one when a stu-dent. I stated what I thought could be I saw him but twice, and for a little done. The old Governor is a man of iron while, but as I saw him, and with what I nerves and quick resolution, so when he have heard of him, I can well understand heard the others say they could do nothing that brave men, his companions on the batfor him, he determined to commit himself the-field, have went as children at his death; to my hands. I succeeded beyond my and that there is, within the White House, hopes; even the other physicians were a heart who, after that death, never more forced to acknowledge my skill, and there will feel the joy of life,

is nothing now but care required to make Yet happy is she, who can live and glory my patient as well as ever. On parting in such memories! And happy the man ble golden medal (worth about five hundred who lived and died as be, who, on his death-Mary was in tears long before her hus- bed, looking over a life of great military the question, "Whether there was any ground band had fluished his narration; but her and civil import, could serenely say, "I heart went up in thankfuiness to God for am not airsid to die; I have tried to do having thus interposed just at the crisis my duty,"-Sartoin's Alagazine for Sep-

> Caution to Runaway Apparatices .- It is them were considered to merit the offered them prosecuted to the full extent of the be Jacobus Koming. He was the man who law .- Ledger.

From the N. O. Presbyteria LAURENS JANSZOON KOSTER, THE REAL

INVENTOR OF PRINTING. GENTLEMEN-You would oblige me by inserting in your valuable paper the following ines, which may prove not unmteresting to

the friends of science and historical truth. Under the head of "Discoveries and inventions 1 1 read in the Family Christain Almanac, for 1850, page 56, as an historical fact, "Printing Invented by Faust, 1441; made public by Gottenburg, 1458; brought to England by Wm. Caxton, 1471." This is not correct, the invention of printing dating

as far back as the year 1423, In Holland, for more correctly the Netherlands,) called Haarlem. A beautiful forest or were, the common garden of all the citizens of Haarlem, and seems, in the warm season, to The first time was a beautiful evening, on | invite one to walk under the shady foliage of the green grounds around the White House, oak trees, the age of which must be count-

On a beautiful afternoon, in the summer of the "Star spangled Banner," and a gay the year 1143, a citizen of Haarlem, named crowd of men and women, and children, Laurens Janszoon on Kester, a man little over fifty years old, accompanied by two or three of his grand children, went to the above mentioned park. Having come to a certain giant proportions rising on its banks. | spot -which is to this day "the eight point," President Taylor was among them, not as because it is the central point of eight lawns the kings of Europe when they come down which cross the park in all directions-grand, mong the people, surrounded by guards or father Koster took possession of one of the ar-span-led attendants; no, but unattend- benches planted on this beautiful spot. The ed, alone, plain in attire as the plainest of pass the time, he cut with his penknife from

ing. These letters were so well finished that he thought it worth while to preserve them, by wrapping them carefully in a peace of pahe consequences of his sitting upon them. It was truly a republican scene-one of Bat going to bed, and undressing himself, he upon opening it he beheld his letters plainly

This simple event created in Koster's ingenions mind that sublime idea, through which The next time I saw President Taylor it the art of printing originated, and since light

Laurens Koster, practising the matter over green grounds. Yet he seemed to me, not resting, and wiser by experience every day. quite well and if he was trying to cast off he brought it in a few years so far that he from his mind a cloud. And so he did, as could print a book with moverble metallic a gallant man and a true American gentle- types. The first one printed by him was a man attending to ladies. He spoke to us school book, under the title of Spiegel onzer

alone, got some hands to assist him, and one of them left his house on a certain night and set off for Mentz, taking with hin a great many of the instruments, types, &c., and brought, by this dishonest act, the art of printing over to Germany; where Faust and Gut* in the Senate, the low, thrilling tones of tenburg made so many further improvements. Daniel Webster interrupt the discussion go- that every one who beholds the blessed resalts of the art of printing, in diffusing knowme threatened the land," that the Presi- ledge and wisdom over all the earth, will honor their memory with praise and gratitude, conscious that the honor of the invention is not theirs' but belongs to Laurens Janszoon

Koster was born in the year 1370, and died in the year 1430. It is said that he was the Kester (i. e. Sexton) of the Cathedral of Haarlem, his name being Laurens, the son of John (annsaoon) adding to this the name of his emlovment, which was a very customary thing n that century. His house was standing scar the Cathedral, and on an open plain or market place, just between the church and is house, his grateful fellow citizens erected. ome time after his death, his statue, which standing there till this day.

But now some say, "This is all a fine story, but where is the proof of its truth ?

More than two centuries passed away, and ot a single soul in Haarlem or in the whole country doubted that L. Jz. Koster was the inventor of printing. But in following times Germany, aided by the French, attempted to undermine the foundation on which the invenion, as only belonging to Koster was grounded. Holland saw this, and anxious to bring he truth to light, the Haarlem Society of cience, in 1808, offered a premium of a douguilders), for the best written dissertation on to deay Haurlem the invention of printing with moveable types, by Laurens Janszoon Koster, before the year 1440 !"

Three unswers were recieved, but none of

of the laws of this Commonweal's, notice is about two inches thick) in 1814, to the Haarhereby given, that all such absconding Ap- 1cm Society of Science. His work underwent prentices will be apprehended and imprisoned a most critical examination; but "praise and until the arrival of their respective masters glory" was the utterance of the said Society to reclaim them; and all persons harboring in 1816, to the author whose came proved to had gloriously defended the honor of Haarlem and Koster; who had called a host of THE ENGLISH JOURNALS say that it will not witnesses from the grave, by old books, old Koster had vanished forever.

One Source of 16 lines, 3 times,

vent, with the private weekly. ferent advertisements weekly. Ego Larger Advertisements, as per agreement. ATTORNEY AT LAW. attended to in the Counties of Nor

thumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia. Refer to:

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Philadelphia, June 15, 1850.—6m PHIALADECPHIA WINE & LIQUOR STORE.

No. 220 Market street, Philadelpha,

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Philadelphia, May 25, 1850 .- 1y

SELECT POETRY.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN IN AMERICA. How many remember with pleasure, says the N. Y. Express, the touching recitations of Samuel Lover, while in this country. We always thought them decidedly the best of the varied entertainments he gave us .-

Jist afther the war, in the year '98, As soon as the boys wor all scattered and Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was To hang him by thrial-barrin' sich as was

It's them was hard times for an honest gos-If he missed in the judges-he'd meet a dra-An' whether the soldiers or judges gov sen-The divil a much time they allowed for re-

sell it, A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the

But his face was as pale as the face of the

ligantest hurler that ever was seen. ' in jumpus' he bate Tom Malowney a fat:

An' his dancin' was sich that the men used An' the women turn crazy, he done it so An' by gorra, the whole world gev it into An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be An' it's many the one can remember right

How he feedkened the magisthrates in Cahir-An' escaped through the sodgers in Aberlee Valley; As' leathered the yeoman, himself agin' four, An' stretched the two strongest on old Galti- An' two or three times he endeavored to But the fox most sleep sometimes, the wild Afther many a brave action of power and

For the door of the prison must close on you

your sake, An' twelve sodgers brought him to Mary-

him there, As gentle no' soft as the sweet summer air; An' happy remembrances crowding on ever As fast as the foam flakes dhrift down on the Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by, Till the tenes gathered heavy and thick in But the tears didn't fall, for the pride at his

An' he swore with the fierceness that misery By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of That when he was mouldering in the cold His enemies never should have it to boast

Weil, as soon as a few weeks was over and

An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'-Brien,
Wid prayin' and blessin', an' all the girls our credit will soon be gone when it is found that we do not pay. What then is to become of us?". Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin'

An' the eart an' the sodgers go steadily on; An' at every side swellin' around of the eart, A wild sorrowful sound that id open your His wife would have given-away to fears,

An' Shannes O'B., on throws one last look for our aid. Trust in Him, dear Ernest. Young faces torned sickly, and warm hearts

For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to having spent years in study, have wasted An' Jim dada't understand it, nor mind it a An' the good priest has left him, havin' said

He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to By the heaven's he free! than tunniler more The hot blash of shame, or the coldness of By one short from the people the heaven's One shout that the dead of the world might

> An' the divid's in the dice if you eateh him The sudgers ran this way, the sherid's ran that, An' fined, like the divil, because Jim done

with a beath, heart to await his return.

heretofore Ernest would have abandoned But before the day-light, like a winged sea the field in despair but his young wife "Bad luck," said the police-"bad luck" said Mary Linwood, was indeed the greatest of "We tot dat we had him,"-but "Jim" pro- with her husband, economized to the ut-

spondency from the heart.

priest)I send you enclosed in this letter at laist

to pay him and to fetch you away "An," says he, "mother, darlin", don't break Of that spalpeen—who calls himself "Lord nest told the history of his day's absence, your poor heart. "I have?" he said "I was sent to old

"Why so sad, Earnest ?" said the young wife to her husband, affectionately twining

has thrue for him, for divil starving. And it will soon come to that," faithful wife; under God our weal our weel

OUT OF HEART.

"I am almost out of heart, Mary. I see men without half of his acquirements heart. rolling in wealth, while perhaps he is

An unbidden tear stole in the wite's eye, "Do not despond, Ernest; I know you you in the darkest hours and enable you to have been unfortunate so far, but you have achieve what you at first, thought impossitalents and knowledge to make your way bilities. Our success in this world as well to New York and back !"

desponding, your own sanguine spirit catches the infection; but if she is full of

"There is nothing" he would say, like a

hope and energy, her smiles will cheer