

The Sunbury American

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The Sunbury American,

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BY H. B. MASSER,
Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

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One year, 8.00
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E. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming, Montour and Columbia.
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Messrs. J. B. Traylor, Secy. & Brokers, East-Linn, Smith & Co.

WHITE ASH ANTHRACITE COAL
FROM THE LANCASTER COLLIERY,
Northumberland county, Pa.

WHERE we have very extensive improvements, and are prepared to offer to the public a very superior article, particularly suited for the manufacture of iron and making Steam.

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DRESSING CASE MANUFACTURER,
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A CARD.
GEORGE BROWN, Inspector of Mines, tenders his services to land owners and Mining Companies, in making examinations, reports &c., of Mines and Coal lands.

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!
IRA T. CLEMENT, respectfully informs the citizens of Sunbury and vicinity that he has been appointed agent for the sale of the celebrated red ash coal, from the Mines of Boyd Ross & Co.

Do you want a Bargain?
IF SO, THEN CALL AT
J. YOUNG'S STORE,
WHERE you will find the cheapest assortment of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

HARDWARE—Table Cutlery, Razors, Pocket Knives, Hand saws, Wood saws in frames, Axes, Chisels, Door Locks, and Hinges, Hand Bells, Waiters, &c., just received and for sale by
W. TENER & CO.
Sunbury, Dec. 2, 1854.

COAL BUCKETS, stove shovels, Amey shovels, forks, Doors and pad locks, curvy combs, &c., at
J. YOUNG'S STORE,
Sunbury, Nov. 18, 1854.

VANILLA BEANS just received by
WEISER & BRUNER,
Sunbury, May 19, 1855.

WINE and Liquors for medicinal purposes at
WEISER & BRUNER'S,
Sunbury, May 19, 1855.

Select Poetry.

From Household Words.
THE FLOWERS' PETITION.

We flowers and shrubs in cities pent,
From fields and country places rent,
(Without our own kind friends' consent),
In desperate condition,
Yet on no wilful outrage bent,
Do humbly here petition.

Whereas: against our silent will,
With loss of sun and purring rills,
Coupled up in pots, on window sills,
In rickety old boxes—
The city's breath our beauty kills,
And makes us gray as foxes.

Condemned in walls of brick and lime,
In narrow beds of clay and slime,
To open our buds and shed our prime—
We need no kind of friend;
We pray, oh, let us live our time!
And be as very tender!

Oh, cheat us not of Heaven's dew;
No air (however stilted) refuse;
God knows 'tis little we can use,
So choked are all our vitals;
No slightest care will we abuse,
Nor fall in fond requests.

We'll breathe our delicate perfumes;
We'll glad your eyes with choicest blooms;
But do not shut us up in rooms,
Or stifling, crowded places—
If you, or any, will, assume
To us far lovelier faces.

Our sooty and bedraggled fate,
(Our garments turned chocolate),
Do we ascribe to spite or hate?
No; we are sure you love us;
Yet, half ashamed, we beg to state
We love the sun above us.

Then treat us in your gentlest ways
And next unto the sun's own rays,
With beauty's homage, incense-praise,
We ever will receive you;
And to the end of our days
In grateful silence bless you.

Select Tale.

From Graham's Magazine, for August.
THE OLD BONNET.

BY HARRIET N. EARR.

"I do wish Sallie Curtis would not wear that old bonnet," exclaimed a lady as she entered the parlor of a fashionable boarding-house, which some half dozen families miscalled home—that sweet word, which the heart can only apply to the place that shelters our own household gods!

"Why does Miss Curtis' bonnet trouble you?" asked her husband laughingly.

"Trouble me? indeed it does—it takes away all my comfort in church! It looked badly enough in the early part of the season, but now that all the ladies in the pews around her have such elegant new hats, Sallie and her mother do look most forlorn in their old straw!"

"Is for mother's as bad as hers?"

"Yes; and a hundred times worse. It is shameful for ladies in their position to dress so meanly. I told your pardon, Mrs. T.—I did not see you," said the last speaker, with a blush.

"Oh, you need not apologize to Ma, she sees cousin Sallie's hat in the same light in which you do, and aunt's too!" spoke up a young lady, at the side of the person addressed.

"Yes, indeed; and I am not surprised at their being the subject of remark. I told them it would be so, when I saw them fixing up their bonnets, for they trimmed them with ribbons that Sallie had in the house; but I hoped they would only be worn for a few weeks, until cold weather set in; but they are bent on making them such a foolish notion as my sister-in-law has in her head, and she is a hard winter, and business men are cramping for money, she is determined to save a dime wherever she can, without causing edification to herself and family! I am lecturing her continually on the absurdity of her course, but I cannot persuade her to buy a new bonnet, she will not do it. A married lady, you know, may occasionally enjoy the privilege of being careless about her own dress; people take it for granted that in her anxiety about her family she has forgotten herself—but it is absolutely necessary for a young lady to be always well dressed, and I am sure I am ashamed of Sallie, this winter! My Julia wouldn't wear her best hat, even for 'a huck bonnet.'"

"No, that I would not!" said the young lady. "I should be afraid of losing caste, if I did so."

"But I thought Mr. Curtis was a man of wealth!" said an intimate friend to Mrs. T.—in a lower tone.

"He is considered so; but now even the wealthiest men are embarrassed, you know. My husband says that one dollar this winter, is worth more than two were last year!" she said, laughing.

"But you are not obliged to economize?"

"Me! oh, I can't do it; and if I could, where would be the use of worrying and slandering myself to save a little here, and a little there? What would all that amount to, in the end? A few hundred dollars, which, if my husband is going to fail, could not prevent him, and which I may as well enjoy while I can! My sister-in-law says that if her husband becomes involved, it shall not be through any extravagance of hers; and that she is resolved to make no unnecessary purchases this winter. I represented to her that with all her efforts, she could not save more than a trifle, and that she had better give up the struggle and take things as they come; but her earnest answer was—'No, Elizabeth, though the sum may be ever so trifling, I am resolved to exercise self-denial, in order that I may have the satisfaction of feeling that I have done what I could. It has been a long time since a man with her, and Sallie is just like her mother. Whenever I tell her of anything she needs, her reply invariably is—'I can do without it at present, for we wish to economize,' or 'we are trying to retrench.'"

"What a pity! she is such a fine-looking girl, when well dressed!"

"I know it; and I am so glad you alluded to her dress, for I mean to tell her it has been remarked upon, and I shall do my best to prevent her pretty face being again seen under that old bonnet."

The ladies who carried on the above conversation had a listener, of whom they little dreamed. Mr. R.—, a wealthy and elegant gentleman, who had spent several years in Europe, and had lately returned home, with nothing to do but to seek enjoyment and a wife, lay on a sofa in the adjoining parlor trying to read, but unceremoniously taking in all that the ladies said.

"So Miss T.— would be afraid of losing caste, if she wore an old bonnet as her cousin's, would she?" he repeated to himself, sneeringly. "How finely her position in society must be established, if so slight a thing as a straw hat could hurt her from her place!—When will our women have that noble independence which should be their birthright?" and as the voices died away, he lay musing for some time upon the old straw bonnet and its wearer.

"Despite the eloquent way in which Mrs. T.— reported to her niece the remarks that had been made upon her old bonnet, Sallie's pretty face was still seen under it at church, and on the street.

"You foolish child!" the aunt persisted, "what are ten or fifteen dollars to your father, in his business, when he has thousands of dollars in his pocket almost every day?"

"Very little, I know; but then the consciousness that I am trying to lighten his cares, is a great deal to me; and mother says that the feeling of independence, which we call forth by our self-denial, will be of lasting benefit to me."

"Pshaw! you don't know the disadvantage it may prove to you! Just at an age when the appearance you make will have a great influence on your future destiny; it is all-important that you should look as well as possible; and what girl can appear well in an old bonnet?"

"Mother, just think of it," exclaimed Julia T.—, a few days after, "Sallie fancies she can go to that party in the white dress that she has worn, I don't know how many times. 'You don't mean to say that she has not a new dress for this occasion?'"

"So she says."

"So I told her, myself. I wouldn't go into society in an old dress, if I were wavered at all, for I should not expect to receive the least attention! But let me tell you the funniest thing you ever heard of, Mr. R.—," continued the young lady, laughing immoderately, as if she had just recalled something excessively ludicrous.

"She thinks she can't even afford a new pair of gloves, and she has had so much to do what do you suppose she has done? Taken soap and milk and cleaned the pair she wore to Mrs. C.—; I laughed ready to kill myself, when she showed them to me with the assurance that they were just as good as new!"

"How did they look?"

"I couldn't see for laughing; and just think, mother, they have dismissed the seamstress, and Sallie is going to do the family-sewing, and her mother, she says, she will do it."

"Why, is there anything especially wrong in her father's affairs?"

"Oh, no; only the old story of the 'is embarrassed, and I wish to do what I can!'"

"It is said 'stone walls have ears'; I do not know how true that is, but I am sure you can appreciate her, take her, and may God bless you in proportion as you make her happy!"

"Thank you for the precious gift!" said Mr. R.—, much affected; "and now, sir, may I talk a little about business?"

"I have lately received, from a relative, an unlooked-for gift of thirty thousand dollars, upon condition that I will go into some kind of business. I have been puzzled to know how to invest it, for, as a business matter, I am not so expert, and too low for our case. You have experience and patience to bear with my want of knowledge; now are you willing to consider my ready cash equal to your practical information, and so take me as partner?"

The business arrangement being satisfactorily concluded, Mr. R.— was urgent to have the wedding to take place as soon as possible.

"Why didn't you offer him the use of your money before, if it might have saved his failure?"

"I did long to do so, but was afraid to have the girl I loved feel that she was under obligations to me! I never could have hoped to win her affections then!"

"Pshaw! that would have been the very way to get her!"

"When Mrs. T.— and other friends were offering their congratulations to the blushing Sallie, her husband said—

"By the way, aunt, did I ever tell you what caused me to fall in love with your niece?"

"Her excessive loveliness, of course, drew out your love!"

"No such thing! It was her old straw bonnet!"

"Why, aunt, you told me, I don't know how many times, that my old bonnet would prevent my ever marrying!"

"How had that fright of a hat anything to do with your admiration?"

view of teaching, so that they can thus continue her little sisters at the expensive schools they are attending.—Just think of her stooping to become a teacher; isn't it absurd?"

"I confess, I should prefer seeing her occupy a different position," said Mr. R.—, with emphasis.

"As long as her father lives he ought to be able to support her, and I told her that if I were in her place, I would reserve that degradation for some greater emergency; but she said she would rather prepare herself, by her own exertions, for any position now!"

"I suppose they see company now?"

"Oh yes, just the same as usual."

Mr. R.— called on Sallie that evening, and to his delight found her alone. He was really relieved at seeing no one on her young face, but instead, such a joyous expression as only springs from a happy heart.

In a manner not to be misunderstood he told her how glad he felt at seeing her thus, and she answered frankly—

"Why should I not be happy? My father is rich, but he can never be dishonest. Perfect integrity and uprightness have characterized all his dealings, and if he has been unfortunate, the way in which he bears up under it makes me more proud of him than ever, and tears filled her eyes as she spoke. I don't know how to thank you for what you have added, with a smile—but I am told that all her father's liabilities are to be met, so that no one else is to suffer through his failure."

"But do you not shrink from the changes that must take place?"

"I have thought to myself why it was that she felt so perfectly free with Mr. R.—, it seemed as if they had known each other all their lives, as she answered—

"Oh, no, there is nothing very hard in that! Cousin Julia has been trying to convince me that I ought to be very wretched, but she did not succeed in her mission."

There was a pause, and then the conversation was renewed by Mr. R.—, but we are not going to tell the reader what he first said, though all the light that he can get upon the subject from the remarks that follow, he is not so ignorant, and too low for our case. Ten minutes in an earnest tone, Sallie, at length, looked down, and then raised her eyes to his face with an inquiring glance. At length she said—

"Had you spoken so, to me, half an hour ago, I should have supposed you ignorant of the change in our circumstance; but you know all."

"I do!" was the answer, and he went on to tell Sallie of the effect that knowledge had produced upon him, and again the conversation was renewed by Mr. R.—, but we are not going to tell the reader what he first said, though all the light that he can get upon the subject from the remarks that follow, he is not so ignorant, and too low for our case. Ten minutes in an earnest tone, Sallie, at length, looked down, and then raised her eyes to his face with an inquiring glance. At length she said—

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Poetry.

"DARN IT!"
BY PHIL. SPENCER.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"Who perchance should bump his head,
Darn it!"

Lives there a lady with a mate,
Who, if he chauce to stay out late,
But would use these words to vent her hate,
Darn it!"

Where is the man that would not say—
If his suspenders gave away,
While dancing brisk with ladies gay,
Darn it!"

Suppose, when dancing at a ball,
The pumps you were most too small,
Would not these two words tell fall—
Darn it!"

Or who, when shaving in morning cold,
Hath gashed his chin with razor old,
And cussed these powerful words withhold—
Darn it!"

Or, if a fellow with love is smitten,
And letters to his love has written,
And after all should get the mitten—
Darn it!"

Or, when one's notes or bills fall due,
And banks are hard and won't renew,
In these two words there's comfort true—
Darn it!"

Or if when riding in a sleigh,
Your horse takes fright and runs away
And tucks you out, who would not say
Darn it!"

Where's the man who, on ice or slippery
stone,
Hath fallen and jarred his crazy bone,
And not exclaimed in angry tone—
Darn it!"

We used this brilliant exclamation
When candidate for election—
'Tis said he cried in desperation,
Darn it!"

When one is bent in writing rhymes,
And tried in vain a hundred times,
How well these words with any chimes—
Darn it!"

To all young ladies we appeal,
Who haven't a hole in their stocking heel,
If these two words are not gentle—
Darn it!"

In short, when things have gone past bear-
ing,
All into threads one's patience wearing—
These words are better far than swearing—
Darn it!"

Beautiful lines these on a very touching
subject—the early dead—from the pen of a
lady:

The blessed little children!
Who die in early years,
Their gentle lives are never dimmed
By misery and tears.

The happy little children!
Who brighten earth awhile,
And then clasp gladly death's cold hands,
And leave us with a smile.

The blessed little children!
They sin and suffer not,
Nor live to mourn in later years,
Their dark and weary lot.

The glad and the true earth!
The gladness and the sun,
And then, with smiles upon their lips,
Their pilgrimage is done!

Souls of the blessed children!
I envy you your rest,
That ye so quickly could be down
In earth's warm, quiet breast.

I wish my hands had long been bound,
As strictly as your own,
And that your silent company
Were all that I had known.

O dead and blessed children,
Why did I draw my breath?
Why were my eyes not gently closed?
In sleep that brought me death?

Why where your hearts so calmly stilled,
And why upon my lips was set
The seal of silence set?

O blessed angel children!
I cannot join you now,
Earth's cares are beating in my heart
And throbbing on my brow.

And bitter words are on my lips,
(Alas! they draw their breath!)—
And worldly passions light my eyes,
While these are calm with death.

And now, oh blessed children!
I cannot leave the earth,
Alas! that still I seek for love,
For happiness and worth—
I am not pure enough to die,
I am too worldly now;

I wish I were a blessed child,
Who perished long ago.
O happy, blessed children!
Your hearts are calm, in rest,
While mine beats wild and wailing still
In my unquiet breast;
And yet, earth's joyance is so sweet,
Earth's love and hope, so dear,
That for its sake we still would live
To love and sorrow here.

THE NICHOLAS MARE.

The "Nicholas Mare" was a beast of extraordinary speed and endurance. Like most rare animals, whether human or brute, she was eccentric in her habits. It matters not who owned her at the time of the incident we are about to relate, suffice it to say her owner was a sensible man, and a thorough horseman; his predilection for horse-flesh, more than anything else, having driven him into a lively business. Next to the wife of his bosom he loved the "Nicholas Mare," a fact which both females were sensible, without being at all jealous of each other.

For this reason the mare was hired only for particular customers; and, when let, the party hired was always carefully instructed as to the peculiarities of the animal, in particular her habits, and troubled with an impediment in his speech, as well as with a native infirmity of temper, which prevented him exercising any charity for living creatures of slow and tardy motion, once applied to our lively mare for a horse, for a journey of a dozen miles or so, taken for the purpose of bringing his wife home from her father's house, whether she had been on a visit. The contract runs thus:

"I will start a horse—a good 'un—on one that'll set-start the minute you s-s-a-say 'Pw-pw-pwhiat! a-an-and'll go like thunder."

"Well, you, I guess," was the reply.

"We-w-w-will, on with her, then."

The mare was put between the hills of a nice light buggy, her harness thoroughly adjusted by the owner, the reins carefully laid over the dashboard, and the usual chapter of advice offered concerning her management.

"O-g-g-get out with your directions, I can drive, I guess," interrupted the lessee; and picking up the reins, he sprang for the seat, but landed heels up upon the buggy bottom. The mare was off! but the driver being gone, had the command, as he thought, through recovery of the lines, upon which he pulled as though resolved "to do or die." A slight smile was visible upon the demure face of the lessee as the vehicle receded from sight at a lively pace, and nothing more was known until the next day, when our friend with the impediment made his appearance with the mare, but without his wife. As he drove up a cloud overspread his face as he saw the lessee at the stable door.

"W-w-well, I guess, after this morning, you'll know father's door yard—half a mile wide?"

"Yes, well?"

"W-w-well—old man—my—b-br-br-brother the mill waster, he was riding broke by the decent of a piece of timber."

Another man, whose name could not be ascertained, was running beside Patrick Pushe when the latter was knocked down. He stopped to pick up his fellow workman, and the remains of the victims. One or two horses were killed.

The engineer, William Mitchell, was seated at his post reading a newspaper when the explosion took place. He saw a barrel of powder explode, and started to secure his safety behind the chimney stack, which a second exploded. The barrel of powder struck him on the head, fracturing his skull in such a manner as to render his recovery doubtful.

Thomas Mullen had got a short distance from the mill when he was broken by the decent of a piece of timber.

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EXPLOSION OF GARRIHER'S POWDER MILL BY WILMINGTON, DE.

Four Persons Killed!—Several Wounded! Wilmington, Aug. 3.—A terrible calamity occurred this morning at the Powder Mill, near this city. At eight o'clock, a tremendous explosion, which seemed to convulse heaven and earth, announced that another of these fearful accidents had taken place, which can only result from the ignition of an immense quantity of the most dangerous material in existence. Several tons of gunpowder had, in fact, exploded, scattering death and desolation around.

Trees, buildings, fences were levelled with the earth, and every movable object was dashed to an immense distance and shattered in its flight. The sight presented, when the catastrophe was fully evident, was pitiable indeed. It has been ascertained that not less than four persons were killed outright.

The explosion occurred in the Drying House, and extended from thence to the Packing House and Grinding Mill, standing near by. All the workmen connected with its operations in the drying-house were killed at once. They were blown to a thousand fragments, as their remains lay scattered in operation for forty years within a radius of a dozen miles or so, taken for the purpose of bringing his wife home from her father's house, whether she had been on a visit. The contract runs thus:

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