

The Sunbury Courier

NEW SERIES, VOL. 10, NO. 46.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1858.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 18, NO. 20

The Sunbury American.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. MASSER.

Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM in full half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

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Select Poetry.

THE PASS OF DEATH.

It was a narrow pass,

Watered with human tears,

For death had kept his eagle gate

Almost six thousand years,

And the ceaseless tread of the world's feet

Was ever in my ears—

Thronging, jostling, hurrying by,

As if they were only born to die,

A steady long slow march,

Around him hung a gorgeous robe,

And a crown was on his head;

But death, with a look of withering scorn,

Arrested him and said,

"Thou hast done must the king draw near,"

"For the crown and the purple are useless here."

Next came an eye of wrath,

And his eye was great and bold,

And he bore in his hand a lengthy scroll,

Telling of sins untold:

But death, who careth not for man,

Smiled a little for good reason,

"Here thou shalt find a scroll of sin,"

"For the good of the richest is powerless now."

Another followed fast,

And a book was in his hand,

Filled with the names of burning thought

That are known in many a land;

But the child of genius quailed to hear

Death's words, for he knew not where

"Here that book cannot enter with thee,"

"For the bright flash of genius is nothing to me."

Next came a maiden fair,

With that eye so deeply bright,

That stars within you strange, sweet eyes,

Should you meet on a summer night;

But death, ever the death-maid passed through,

Scathed away its light—

"Beauty is power in the world," he saith,

"But what can it do in the Pass of Death?"

A youth of sickly mien,

Followed in thoughtful mood,

Whose heart was filled with love to God

And the early brotherhood;

Death, who hath no countenance the heart

"That lived for others' good—

"I own," cried he, "the power of love;

"I mean, let it pass to the realm above?"

And he passed on.

And he passed on.

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Turkish Contrasts.

Turkey is rich in overflowing population

meek in all the power of intolerance.

The loveliness of every landscape is broken

by the most hideous public misery.

The climate is fine, for the air is fresh and soft!

The temperature generally moderate. It is

bad, because it is both cold and wet, foggy

and rainy.

The Turk proverbially loves his ease; yet

he lives in the most inconvenient manner.

He smokes his chibouque or narghile on sofas

without back; he uses his knees for a writing

desk, and the floor for a seat. He is fond

of visiting his friends in state, but has

no carriage; his streets are neither

named nor numbered. Turks are both clean

and dirty. They are always dabbling with

water, but they eat with their hands; they

heap their refuse in the streets, and they

leave dogs to do the office of scavengers, and

allow dead carcases to rot beneath the

windows of their palaces. They are both

quick and slow in business; they have few

negotiables; yet they have always got a score

of speculators in every city, and they

neglect the most important affairs of industry,

bringing to satisfy every body on some occasion,

and jump at conclusions with simplicity and

good faith almost affecting upon others.

The Turk's views are muddled up that they

cannot see where they are walking; and they

roll about like barrels, from the length of

their dresses and the largeness of their shoes.

He veils and impresses; yet allows them to

go where they please unaccompanied. Turks

do never seem in public with their wives.

On the other hand they appear to consider

judges as Nature's chosen handiwork; for

they can imagine no present more grateful to

the Sultan, or the great festival of the

Harâm, than a young maiden. On the other

hand, they deny women any place or influence

in society, and while they refuse them a

share in the inheritance, they do not allow

them to look at a lady passing by. He never

forgets the name of a wife to his lips, and

would consider it an insult if you asked after

her. Yet he is a polygamist, and has

several wives. The Ottoman is a despotic and cruel

tyrant. He will leave a legacy to a soldier, and

support an army of beggars; but he would

not support a Christian with a great zeal, and

banish his slaves without a quarrel. He is at

once a splendid and a miser. In his

palaces he is magnificent, but in his

private life he is a miser. He is a

tyrant to his subjects, but a father to his

slaves. He is a miser, but a generous

man. He is a tyrant, but a father to his

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A Literary Theft.

Dr. C. H. Roberts, of Poughkeepsie, visited

New York a few days ago, and spent an evening

at the Academy of Music. While there he had

his pocket picked of a wallet containing forty or

fifty dollars in bank bills and some papers. After

returning home he received from the pickpocket

the following letter, which he handed over to the

Poughkeepsie Eagle for publication:

New York, Jan. 5, 1858.

Dr. Charles H. Roberts—Dear Sir:—I had

the pleasure of receiving you at your pocket

book on the evening of the 2d, in a crowd at the

Academy of Music. I presume you were become

aware of my disposition, and have perhaps

had some anxiety as to the application of the

funds it contained. You have my assurance that

they have fallen into the hands of a thief, and

that every cent will be applied in gratifying the

tastes and fancies of a fellow being whose ambi-

tion is higher than his calling. You need

not fret yourself with the idea that you have

my acquaintance, because I favor you with my

correspondence, and I do not, direct yourself of

that condition.