

# The Sunbury American

NEW SERIES, VOL. 10, NO. 52.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1857.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 18, NO. 26

## The Sunbury American.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. MASSER,

Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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One Square, 3 months . . . 3 00

One Square, 6 months . . . 5 00

One Square, 1 year . . . 8 00

Business Cards or Five lines, per annum, 25

Notices and others, advertising, as per agreement.

Large Advertisements, as per agreement.

JOE PRINTING.

We have connected with our establishment a well equipped JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to execute in the most perfect manner, every variety of printing.

H. B. MASSER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming, Montour and Lumbia.

References in Philadelphia:

on Job B. Tron, Messrs. G. H. & Co.,

and J. B. Snodgrass, Messrs. Smith & Co.

NEW STORE.

ELIAS EMERICH,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Lower Augusta township and the public generally, that he has purchased the Store kept by Isaac Marx, in Lower Augusta township near Emerich's Tavern, and has just received a splendid stock of

all and Winter GOODS.

Such consists of Cloths, Cassimeres, Casings of all kinds, linen, cotton and Worsted.

Calicoes, Ginghams, Lawns, Mouseline and all kinds of Ladies Dress Goods.

YERRES, Handkerchiefs, Queensware of various kinds and patterns.

An assortment of Ready-Made Clothing, Caps, Hats and Shoes, Hats and

SALT FISH, &c., and a variety of articles which are suitable to the trade, and will be sold at the lowest prices.

Country produce taken in exchange at market prices.

Augusta twp., October 10, 1857.—14.

TEST WHEEL GREASE.

Grease is recommended to the notice of owners, Heavy Stable keepers, &c., as superior to anything of the kind ever invented.

As it does not gum upon the axles, is more durable, and is not affected by water, remaining the same in summer and winter, and put up in tin canisters at 37 1/2 and 50 cents per gallon.

A. W. FISHER,

14, 1857.—14.

MUSIC!

KIMBALL, late of Elmira, having a residence of Sunbury, respectfully announces and offers, that he intends to give instruction to all who may desire to learn the piano.

His office is prepared to give to a few more pupils on the Piano

September 19, 1857.—14

Hadelphia Dry Goods!

ARLSON BROTHERS,

OWNERS SHARPLESS & SON,

removed to their new store, N. W. of Chestnut and 8th Streets, and their usual full assortment of American DRY GOODS, which they

own prices. Their stock includes

—Fancy Silks, Merinos and

—Goods, Men's and Boy's

—Blankets, Housekeeping

—Goods, and Goods for

—Friends Wear.

—6m2c

TEAM FLOURING MILL

has respectfully announce to the public their new Steam Flouring Mill, which has been completed, and will go into operation on Monday the 31st day of August.

They have a competent and careful miller, who will be able, with all the improvements adopted in their mill, to produce all the flour they require.

INEHART & HARRISON,

at 29, 1857.—14

ERT BULSON,

L. C. CO. AND L. C. IVES,

LY CO. 15 North Wharves.

ODUCE, FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

4 North Wharves, 4th door

Philadelphia.

Dried Fruits, Butter,

Mercur Potatoes, Cheese,

Sweet Potatoes, Beans,

Cranberries, Eggs, &c.

ing put up with care and dis-

patch.

on commission for Farmers

—

HS Single and Double

and Family Sewing

machines.

the sale of these Sewing

secured on liberal terms for

numbered. No one need

sufficient to conduct the

and cannot bring refer-

and capacity. A personal

cession of these Machines for

Sewing, will, where ever

command a ready and

SON & GOODALL,

Arch Sts., Philadel-

—

I BLANKETS!

Blankets, Bands, Warrants

Blankets, Summons, Sub-

poenas, and Constables'—

## Select Poetry.

### THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,

God's meekest angel gently comes;

No power has he to banish pain,

Or give us back our lost again;

And yet, in tenderest love, our dear

And Heavenly Father sends his here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,

There's rest in his still countenance;

He mocks no grief with idle cheer,

But looks on sorrow with a patient ear;

But his words and his gentle ways

He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience, sent to calm

Our feverish brow with cooling balm;

To lay the storms of hope and fear,

And reconcile life's smile and tear;

And throbs of wounded pride to still,

And make us own our father's will!

Oh, then, who mournest on thy way!

With longing for the close of day,

He walks with thee, that angel kind,

And gently whispers, "Be resigned!

Thou hast thy part, and all things well!"

—

Select Tale.

### THE DIVORCE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"My blessed Annie!"

"My darling William!"

"There was a report like the sudden burst-

ing of a champagne bottle, and the very

words were 'divorce'—the word which

had been so long and so dreadfully

dear to us both!"

"Dearest wife! Oh, but my happiness is

too great!"

"Yes, William more than earth can afford!

'Tis love, dearest, love that makes us but

little below the angels in happiness. My

blessed husband!"

"There was a second report, louder and

more intense, if possible, than the first.

"But, Willie, there is one thing I want

to ask you; pardon me, love, for doubting, but

there is so much disappointment in the world,

Will you always love me as well as you do

now? Your slightest frown would create me;

your coldness kill me!"

"Love you, my angel! Yes! my love

beavens turn black with anger, and I

would burn you to the dust, and scorch me

to the burning sun in the celestial ether

as soon as I cease to see you, or to feel

in my affection for you, my life's star, my

dearest!"

"And you'll never look cross at me, Wil-

liam?"

"Never, angel!"

"Nor speak harshly to me?"

"No, never!"

"Nor look at the girls in the shops?"

"I pledge myself—never to turn my head."

"And you'll never ever think that another

woman's foot is prettier than your dar-

ling's?"

"That would be impossible!"

"That would be impossible!"

"That would be impossible!"

"That would be impossible!"

"That would be impossible!"

"That would be impossible!"

"That would be impossible!"

"That would be impossible!"

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you! Why, my friend, James Howardson, the young man I drove to despair by accepting your darling, instead of him, admitted the truth of a wisp. He thought it was similar to a far-off bassoon!"

"Bassoon, indeed! My love, it is very disagreeable to me to hear Jim Howardson mentioned—he is no friend of mine, and it is lucky for you that you escaped marrying him; he would have made your life miserable."

"I don't think so, dear; James loved me very tenderly! He has said so a thousand times."

"Fiddlers! He loved your money; but, apropos of him—please to get the wisp out of doors, and let us finish our breakfast—'tis growing late."

"Why not let him stay till we don't? I'm sure I like to hear his voice."

"And I detest him! Turn him out, I say!"

"Husband, I shall do so such thing!"

"Annie, this to me?"

The husband and wife sprang to their feet simultaneously, and gazed at each other with astonished optics. There was a cloud over the bridal moon. Annie was struggling to keep back her tears, and William, with a crimsoning brow, seemed about to annihilate the world and everything in it.

"Oh, you cruel, ungrateful man! I only three weeks married, and begin to play the tyrant! Oh me, oh dear! Annie was sobbing violently."

"Oh, Annie, that I should have been so deceived! You, whom I thought all gentleness and love? Oh, the deception of women! Oh, the perfidy of men! Oh, the heartedness of husbands! Would that I were dead and in my grave!"

"Oh, that I were unborn! To grasp so great a happiness and then have it torn from my arms! My God! 'tis terrible!"

And the afflicted young man performed sundry evolutions in different parts of the room, succeeding thereby in breaking the richly chased silver-bowl of the breakfast-service, and smashing into fragments the pot which contained his wife's favorite cream. The storm had burst! It thundered and lightened, and squall'd a perfect hurricane of anathemas; the very French clock on the mantel piece looked down in wonder, and the unfortunate wisp, that had been the cause of so much commotion in the world, stopped its buzzing to listen.

The altercation was long and loud, and the result was as might have been comprehended. The adoring couple of two hours before were transformed into a second Plato and Helen; and, after due consideration of fifteen minutes, they decided upon a divorce.

The weeping Annie gathered up her personal valuables, and calling a hack, went back to the home of her guardian, while William, stern and strong in his grief, proceeded to take the necessary measures for procuring a divorce, and before sunset matters were fairly progressing towards an eternal separation.

Annie wept the night away, and William pressed a sleepless pillow.

The pretty house, with its furniture, was sold to the highest bidder, and the "grass widow" went back to his quarters in the Tarleton House, and smoked his cigars on the "last piazza."

Mr. Winter's. William Severance married his wife, and his wife had the pleasure of marrying her husband.

The pretty house, with all the pretty furniture, was repurchased, and William and his wife are now living there in peace and harmony. They are happier than ever, they say, because they have learned to appreciate the value of each other, and so, quiet blessedness, we will say adieu to them.

P. S.—Reader, mind (if you ever marry) and never quarrel about anything smaller than a wisp.

Repectability.

There is no term in common use so much abused, misused and misunderstood as the term 'respectable.' We hear of respectable society; a respectable company; a respectable citizen; a respectable neighborhood; respectable newspapers, and a thousand other expressions, all containing the word 'respectable,' and all containing the idea of what is meant by the term 'respectable.' The fact is, it is a term without any limit to its definition. It means one thing in one circle, and a very different thing in another circle. In a low tipping cellar in Orange street, where the inmates are steeped in vice and bad rum, a greater insult cannot be given than for one of the party to say, sneeringly to the other, 'You are not a respectable person.' And to say 'You are a respectable man,' involves a pair of black eyes and a bloody nose.

The laboring man who supports his family, and is attentive to all the duties which devolve upon him, striving to the utmost of his humble means to maintain an honorable position in society by education, his cleanliness and clothing, is called a respectable man. They who are peculiarly above him in the social scale patronizingly call him 'respectable'—that is, he is respectable so long as he keeps within his humble sphere, and does not attempt to rise above it.

For our own part we regard such a man as one of the most honorable and respectable men in the community. But there are those who, well filled with the conceit of their own means, and clothed in the rags of avarice, are called a respectable man. They who are peculiarly above him in the social scale patronizingly call him 'respectable'—that is, he is respectable so long as he keeps within his humble sphere, and does not attempt to rise above it.

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### Pat Durkan's Pigeons.

Many years ago, when peace had provoked a partial influx of Frenchmen into Ireland, it happened that one arrived at Kildraddy, and sojourned with a host whose name was Pat Durkan. His first breakfast there had been discussed much to his satisfaction, and it now only remained to select the materials for dinner from Pat's ample bill of fare, previous to an intended excursion to the neighboring islands. Pat was summoned.

"What have you for dinner?" demanded the Frenchman.

"What haven't I your honor?" returned Pat. "Why, there's roast an' biled, an' stewed an' fried, an' murphies to the back iv that again; an' 'tis seldom the likes iv them crases a Frenchman's muzzle in his own country," he added mentally.

"What you have manager?" quoth the Frenchman.

"Arrah, say, your honor," replied Pat, "the divil rescue the taste iv my own meat iv under the same roof wid you, barrin the ould shoo dog, an' she's neither here nor there in atin' iv you know."

"Misericordias," ejaculated Monsieur, somewhat discomfused, and not comprehending the intent of Phrasology, "Manger, I say Manger."

"You need not be callin' a body names in gibberish for that," said Pat, "an' 'll take my Bible out iv the bag, an' let you see that the divil rescue the taste iv my own meat iv under the same roof wid you, barrin the ould shoo dog, an' she's neither here nor there in atin' iv you know."

"I regretted on his bill of fare, which had been prepared for the occasion by his better half and the contents of which he was utterly ignorant of as his guest, before he had perused them. It is a matter of speculation, whether the sum total could at any period have been made out within a circuit of some few miles—he placed it however before his guest.

"'Tis biled?" enquired the Frenchman, as his eyes caught the first item.

"'Tis biled, an' coost," thought Pat, "I'm dished now altidier intirely—Roast beef, your honor! troth, 'tis, I would not recommend it, because you see its long killed—long enough," he added, mentally, "seeing as how bad luck to the taste iv a dead cow stared me in the face, since ould Monsieur's leg last Christmas."

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