

The Sunbury American.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 11, NO. 6.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 18, NO. 32.

The Sunbury American.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. MASSER,

Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Two Dollars per annum in advance

Five Dollars in advance will pay for three years' subscription to the American

Advertisements will please set our Agents, and frank extra containing subscription money. They are permitted to do this under the Post Office Law.

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One year, 6.00

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Notices and other advertising for the year, with the privilege of inserting different advertisements, 10.00

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JOB PRINTING.

Not connected with our establishment a writer and printer, who will execute all kinds of printing in the most perfect manner, and at the lowest rates.

H. B. MASSER,

TORNEY AT LAW,

SUNBURY, PA.

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

References in Philadelphia:

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Select Poetry.

DREAM.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

"Corrupting the air with noxious smells," is an actionable nuisance. See Blackstone, page 217, vol. 2, chap. 12—"Trespass" or "Private Wrongs."

Sitting in a rail car,
Flying on steam,
Yet against a caement,
Dreamed a curious dream
That I could not think it
All a thing ideal,
For tho' very monstrous,
It was very real.

First there came a gentleman,
Man, in patent leather,
Collar, bosom, wristbands,
Raglan, for the weather;
In the height of fashion,
Watch-key, hat and glove,
And with air professional,
Spit upon the stove.

Next him a parson,
Telling how the Lord
Blessed the great revival;
Blessed the preached words;
But my dream discovered
He was not above
Honey dew or fine cut,
Spitting on the stove.

Next came a trader,
Bringing off of cash,
Talking about the country
Going all to smash;
"Twas the woman's dressing,
Did the thing by Jove,"
Spit upon the stove.

Then a jolly farmer,
Bringing off of wheat,
Telling his boys and horses,
Nowhere could be beat;
"Like to sell his Durham
By the head or drove,"
Spit upon the stove.

Faddy though 'twas queer like,
"To be sitting still,
All the whilst again'
Over boy and hill;
Twas a glorious country
Equal to his letters,
Spitting on the stove.

Wildes perfumed dandy,
Putting on his airs,
Flourish'd diamond breastpin,
Smoked in forward air;
Talked about Lamoreaux,
Which was a pet name,
Spit upon the stove.

Little boy in short coat,
Wants to be a man,
Following example
As the sunset plain;
Which was a pet name,
Copies every move,
And with the Pat and Trader,
Spit upon the stove.

Soon the flying rail car
Recks with nauseous steam,
Ladies alighting,
Children in a scream;
Husband asking lady—
"What's the matter, love!
Have a glass of water!"
Spit upon the stove.

On we go still flying,
Not a breath of air,
Fit for a Christian people,
In that crowded car;
Sickening, fainting, dying,
Ladies make a move,
Gent throws up the window,
Spit upon the stove.

Now, perchance this dreaming
Which was a pet name,
Think I've had a steaming,
Traveling by steam;
'Tis a public nuisance,
Any one can prove,
"The air corrupting"
Spitting on the stove.

Talk of ladies' bouces,
Ribbons, jewels, flowers,
Crimoline and perfumes,
Gossip, idle hours;
Put all faults together,
Which man can't approve,
And they're not a match for—
Spitting on the stove.

What a shame of you, say, to leave
Charles Carnegie to his own discolored self,
Was her unceremonious salutation. "And
the instant he got here, after his three years' absence."

"I did not see you," said Susan, "but I
thought he was going. I think I ought to re-
proach you, Frances, for having left him—
He says that the Maitlands teased him to stay
and he too readily yielded."

"I have not seen Emma yet," answered Susan,
Maitland—sighing and fretting after you,
Charles Carnegie."

"That comes of fretting," interposed Miss
Maitland—"sighing and fretting after you,
Charles Carnegie."

"I did write, just before I sailed, stating
when I should leave."
"Then you never got the letter. We
thought you still in Barbadoes."

"Many times in the evening did Mr. Carneg-
ie's eyes rove towards the blooming Emma.
Scarcely could he persuade himself that she
was not Susan. The miniature he had taken
with him had been a handsome likeness of
Susan, as Emma was now a handsome like-
ness of what she had been. The hair was of
the same color, dark Auburn, dressed in the
same style ringlets which were much worn then
and to make the illusion more complete, the
dress in the painting was light blue. There

face, Frances Maitland says you have be-
come queer and shy, and that Charles has
some you out of your self-possession."
Susan had Emma before her as she spoke,
and she was astonished at the violent rush of
crimson which flew to her skin. Face, neck,
ears, were dyed with it. Not only this; Em-
ma began to tremble, and then burst into
tears and ran from the room.

"Susan could not speak for astonishment—
She turned towards Ursula, and saw her look-
ing on with a severe expression.

"What can have taken Emma?" faltered
Susan. "I meant it as a joke. Ursula, you
look strange too. The house altogether; it
seems not right. What can be the matter?"
Ursula did not answer. The scowl on her
brow was very deep.

"Ursula, I ask you what is it? You seem
strange with me."
Ursula rose. She was tall and stout, and
she threw her large arms round Susan, and
whispered—
"Not with you, Susan dear. Oh, no, not
with you. My poor Susan!"

Susan began to shake, almost as Emma had
done, but she was not so much affected.
"Yes, something has occurred. I shrink
from the task of telling it to you."
"Must you tell me? Must I know it? I
have been so full of peace and happiness of late."

"It is from me, Susan, she said, urging me to
be sure not to dissipate them, and to bring
the pattern of a pretty specimen, if I happen
to have one."
"How like that is to my aunt!" laughed
Ursula. "She is always on the look-out for
patterns. I believe she must sell them—"
You write to-day Susan, and explain why you
cannot go.

"But I am thinking," hesitated Susan—
"That I can go. Aunt, poor thing, is so help-
less, and they have depended on me. I believe
I shall be able."
"If you could it would be a charity," said
Ursula, "for what an ailment do you suffer
from? I cannot conceive. When do you leave
town, Mr. Carnegie?"

"As soon as I can," he answered; "some of
my business is in a hurry. Not to-day, for
I must give in a look at the Maitlands and
other friends; and I have much to talk over
yet with Susan. To-morrow I shall go."
"And it is to-morrow that I ought to start,
remarked Susan. "I do not see why I should
not go. Ursula can forward things here in
my absence, and I shall be back at the end
of a fortnight."

"Mind that you are back in time," Susan,
said Mr. Carnegie, looking grave.
"I will be back in time," she smiled—
"But I think I ought to go."
She laid go; and had to be at Stopton
only the following morning to take the train.

Some of the family went with her, and
Mr. Carnegie. "You will have to start in
half an hour after me," Susan remarked to
him; "only you travel by a different route."
"I am not going to town to-day," he an-
swered. "To-morrow I shall be in town to give
to the Maitlands yesterday, and they expect me."

"Then I think I must say mind you are
back in time," returned Susan, jokingly. "I
take a fond farewell of her, and she departed
on her journey.

Precisely to the day, at the end of the fort-
night, Susan was back, arriving in the after-
noon. One of the first persons she saw as she
entered the house, was Mr. Carnegie.

"Charles! You here!" he uttered, in as-
tonishment. "Have you come down from
London?"
"I have not been," was Mr. Carnegie's an-
swer; "one thing or other detained me here,
Susan. The Maitlands teased me to stay,
and I too readily yielded; then I began to
reflect how much pleasanter it would be to
have you in London with me. So I shall just
make myself at ease till the happy day, and
we will go together."

There was something in these words displeas-
ing to the ear of Susan. She was in the
tone, it was precisely eager, as if he were
so anxious to justify himself. And never to
have written to her.

"You might have written me a letter
Charles, all this while."
"In the first week, I did not care that you,
should know I had not left for I was perpetu-
ally rowing to be off the next hour. And
since I have been looking to see you every
day, Ursula thought you might come home
before the fortnight."

"You might have mentioned, when you
wrote to me, that Charles was here," said Su-
san, looking at her sister Ursula.
"Mr. Carnegie requested me not
to mention your name," interrupted Mr.
Carnegie.

Ursula had spoken gravely; he eagerly and
Susan wondered. She retired to her own
room to take off her things and in a few min-
utes Frances Maitland called, and went up to
her.

"What a shame of you, say, to leave
Charles Carnegie to his own discolored self,
Was her unceremonious salutation. "And
the instant he got here, after his three years' absence."

"I did not see you," said Susan, "but I
thought he was going. I think I ought to re-
proach you, Frances, for having left him—
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Charles Carnegie."

do so, on her death-bed, and this is my re-
ward."
It was a strange scene. Emma sobbing
and weeping on the carpet in her white
night dress. "I would not have brought this
misery to all purposely," she said, "and we
never meant you to know it; I cannot think
it is you do. When once you and he
have parted, I shall sit down and hug my
unhappiness, and I hope it will kill me, Su-
san, and then you'll be revenged."

"I would have sacrificed my life for you,"
whispered Susan; "I must now sacrifice
what is far dearer. You must be the one to
sail with him, not I."
"Susan, you shall never sacrifice yourself
for me!"

"No more," interrupted Susan. "My resolu-
tion is taken, and I came to tell you; I
hope that time will be merciful to me; to us."
Susan left the room as she spoke, and
there stood Ursula.

"Susan, I heard you in there; I almost
hoped you were beating her. We must send
you to aunt's to-morrow morning, until
the wedding is over."
"Oh, Ursula," she smiled, in a tone of the
deepest anguish, "can you not see what must
be the wedding must be hers, not mine;
she must marry Mr. Carnegie."

"You have no more to say," uttered
Ursula. "You never shall."
"For my own sake as much as hers," mur-
mured Susan. "To marry him, when his
love has openly left me, might be to enter on
a life of reproach from him, certainly of cold-
ness, possibly of neglect and cruelty. Ursula,
think more than I could bear. I will have
one more interview with him, and then leave
him to be gone. You must superintend
what is required by Emma."

"What will the neighbors say?" wondered
Ursula. And Ursula shivered.
She held her interview with Mr. Carnegie
when morning came, but what took place at
it was never spoken of by either. Susan's
face was swollen with crying when she came
out, and she looked more troubled and an-
noyed than had ever looked before; hold-
ing the unfortunate gold ring between his
fingers in a dubious way, as if he did not
know what to do with it. The chair was at
the door to convey her to Stopton, on her
way to her aunt's, when, as she was stepping
into it, Frances Maitland came racing down
the stairs, and she uttered, "Susan!" she de-
manded. "That you are going away, and
that Emma is to marry Mr. Carnegie. I will
not have such folly. I have come to stop
it. The country will cry shame upon her
and him. Look her up, and keep her upon
her feet. You have sacrificed enough
for her, I think, without sacrificing your
husband."

"Say no more, Frances," was her only an-
swer. "I cannot bear it."
She waved her hand, and drove away with
her back. It shall certainly not stop to make
her long after Mr. Carnegie and Emma his
wife had sailed for Barbadoes.

"They will have no luck," was the comment
of Frances Maitland.

CHAPTER III.
It was one of the first days of early spring.
Two young ladies stepped from their house
into the garden, to see what opening flowers,
what budding trees had weathered the biting
winds and frosts. They were Susan and Ur-
sula. Ursula was tall and stout, and she
and she looked about her with interest, for
she loved the garden—that was Ursula; the
other a fair, quiet girl, with a subdued look
of care on her face, walked more abstractedly
about the shrubs and flowers, as if all about
—this was Susan.

Ursula talked eagerly as they slowly stroll-
ed along; the fine sunshine had put her into
spirits. Her sister replied in monosyllables.
"How dull you are, Susan," she exclaimed
at length, "at the water!"
"Nothing," answered Susan.

"I know. You are thinking of that com-
plaining letter of Mrs. Carnegie's. You never
will forget that letter of yours, Susan, of
taking it all disagreeable to heart. Mrs.
Carnegie writes as if she were not happy—
Well; she could not expect to be. But that
is no reason why you should sigh over it, and
walk through this welcome sunshine as if you
did not care for it, or for the promising aspect
of the shrubs and flowers, all about you."

They were passing a garden seat as Ursula
spoke, and Susan sat down upon it, and touch-
ed her sister's arm to detain her. "I will tell
you what is troubling me, Ursula; why I can-
not enjoy this spring day, or anything else
just now. I have been thinking ever since
that letter arrived from Emma—"
"From Mrs. Carnegie. Well?"
"That one of us ought to go out to her."
"Ought to do what?" echoed Ursula in a
tone of anger and astonishment.

"To go out and be with her in her approach-
ing illness."
"Susan! I am amazed at you—I am shocked
at you!" uttered Ursula. "Have you forgot-
ten her conduct; how wickedly she behaved
to us—to you?"

"Susan answered in a low voice—
"You remember who it is charged as that
if our brother sin against us we shall forgive
him—not once, but seventy times seven."
"We are not charged to give in to Mrs.
Carnegie's fanciful caprices; peremptorily
spoke Ursula, drawing her sister's voice—
"That cannot have anything to do with relig-
gion."

"Oh, yes it has, Ursula. Since her letter
came I have been considering it in all lights,
and feel that of us ought to be with her."
"You have strange notions!" exclaimed
Ursula.

"When the thought first flashed across me,
I drove it away—it may be as good a
not dwell upon it. But it seemed determined
not to be driven away; and it keeps whisper-
ing to me that it must be done, if we would
fulfill our duty."

"Would it be pleasant to you, may I ask,
to go and visit Charles Carnegie?"
"No, very unpleasant."
"And I am not going. So the thing is im-
possible, and need not be spoken of."
"Could you not be induced to go?" asked
Susan.

"Never. Had things gone on as they
ought, and you were here in place, I
could not have gone out to her, Susan dear,
for a hot climate would kill me. Look how
ill I am in the heat of the summer, even here
now. I will not sacrifice my health for Mrs.
Carnegie. I am not worthy of it."
"She is our sister Ursula."
"Do not let us prolong a useless discussion,
Susan. Nothing in the world should induce
me to go out, let the matter rest. Were
I to see Mrs. Carnegie, here or there, it
would only be to reproach her. Shall we
proceed?"

"Susan waved away the proposal, and re-
mained seated, as if she had not heard the mat-
ter. Ursula, but not by letting it rest. I felt
sure you would not go; therefore, she added,
in a lower tone, "I have been making up my
mind to go to Barbadoes."
"Let us go to Barbadoes?"
"Yes, I have. If we let her remain to go

through her illness alone, and she should die
in it, as she says she fears, we should never
cease to reproach ourselves. I never should."
"She is not going to die under it," retorted
Ursula. "She was always full of fancy."
"I hope she is not. But you see by her let-
ter, how low spirited she is; how she dreads
it."
"Her conscience pricks her," said Ursula.
"One with a bad conscience is afraid of every-
thing."
"Dear Ursula, you will so much oblige me
by never alluding in that way to the past—
It is over and gone, and ought to be buried
in oblivion. Surely, if I have forgotten it
you may."

"You have not forgotten it, Susan."
"Quite as much so as is reasonable and neces-
sary. Of course, to entirely forget it, as a
thing that has never taken place, is an impos-
sibility, but I have forgotten them both in my
own heart."
"And retain tender remembrance of him? I
don't believe you, Susan. You are not one
to forget so easily."
"Yes I am, where there is a necessity,"
Susan almost sternly said. "I could have
been kind to him for my whole life, though he
most have passed it abroad, and I here, at
those few years were passed; but from the
very moment I knew he did not care for me,
I set to work to root him from my heart; and
I have well succeeded. How could you think
it was otherwise? Ursula—and he, the hus-
band of Emma!"

"Say, don't be put out. I did not think
you were cherishing the old love—of course
not, but I thought there would be sufficient
of its remembrance left to prevent your run-
ning to see them the first year of their mar-
riage."
Susan felt the words. Ursula was of a
stern, unforgiving nature, and her remarks
were often cutting. "I am not running to
see them for pleasure; it will be anything
but pleasant to me, although he is not
now more than my sister's husband. I
would rather go over the whole wide earth
than to Barbadoes; but the sense of duty
compels me."
"You always did think so much about that
"duty,"" Ursula remarked Ursula. "Your
conscientiousness must be very strong."
"I suppose it is; I believe it is. And there
is another thing which urges me to go,"
added Susan; "my love for Emma. Although
she hated me she did I cannot forget how fond
I was of her, and since the arrival of this
letter, when I have thought of her as ill, anxious
ly, not as it seems to me happy, all my old
love for her has come back to me."
"You would go sailing out, and make your-
self a slave to the humors of Mrs. Carnegie,
and stop there as nurse-maid to her children?"
cried the vexed Ursula. "In twenty years
from this we should not see you home again."
"Not so," answered Susan. "When once
Emma is safely over her illness, I shall come
back. I shall certainly not stop to make my
home there in her house. But she does
seem so anxious for what she calls my forgive-
ness, and so apprehensive that she shall not
live; I must go, Ursula."

"How could you go? Who is to take you?"
"I can go alone—under the charge of the
captain of the ship. I have thought of my
plans."
"Oh! if you have made up your mind to
nothing more to be said, for it would not
do," Ursula spoke Ursula. "Small talk
to-day?" she ironically added.
"No," said Susan, "that I should like to
be away by this day fortnight—should a ves-
sel be sailing. My own preparations will not
take long."
"Susan, you are not in earnest?"
"Now that I have made up my mind, the
sooner I am away the better. I must be
there before Emma's illness."

"That is not going to happen in a week."
"Neither can I reach in the first year of their
marriage, could not be pleasant to her feelings,
but Emma had written home a long read-
ing letter, every page of which implied a
wish, though it was not expressed, that Su-
san was with her to comfort and forgive her,
and to take care of her in her critical time
of peril. Susan asked herself how she could
refuse to go—she who had promised to their
mother, on her death bed, always to cherish
Emma."

When her resolution became known, the
neighborhood trembled itself amazingly about
it, the views of Ursula. But Susan was not
to be dismayed, and with a little delay as ne-
cessary, she started on her voyage.
[To be continued.]

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.
Somebody writes to the New York Tri-
bune that he has been swindled by a man
in Philadelphia, who gets her living by ad-
vertising herself as a prosecuting and em-
broidering young lady in want of a husband,
her plan being to extract \$5 or \$10 and then
drop the acquaintance. The editor replies
that he does not take the part of swindlers,
but he cannot help thinking that the "victim"
in this case was served right. We are of the
same opinion. Ladies who look to newspaper
advertisements for wives, may expect the
reward which swindlers earn. In the ma-
jority of cases the advertisements are written
by loose characters, or else by wags, both in
petticoats and pantaloons. Every man who
wants a wife can get one, and when we say
this we mean no disparagement to women—
We think we might as well say that every
woman who wants a husband can get one
without appealing to types. The stock of
marrying women is always up to the demand
of marrying men, and vice versa.—Daily
News.

Old Vinnsay.—The following item
from the Wheeling Intelligencer. The
Intelligencer says:
We saw yesterday, going up toward the
upper ferry, a team of four animals—a horse,
a pony, a mule and a bull. The horse had
the harness, the pony was blind, the mule was lame
and the bull had no provision for his time. In
the wagon sat a crippled nigger, and a
stunt frayed bound with a wisp of straw—
The white man held the lines, the team held
its own and the nigger held the slack, and
they all moved forward. To make this
worthy of its place, it is essential to say that
it is true.

The King of Prussia has become stark
mad. He occasionally believes that he is a
private soldier, who has just received his com-
mission as ensign, but has since lost the parch-
ment, and therefore he anxiously seeks it in
all the hidden corners of the Palace and looks