

The Sunbury American.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 11, NO. 16.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 18, NO. 48

The Sunbury American.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. MASSER,

Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

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Advertisements

Job Printing

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

SUNBURY, PA.

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

References in Philadelphia:

Hon. J. R. Freese, Esq., Gibson, Ewing & Co., Solicitors at Law, South 4th St., Philadelphia.

NEW STORE.

ELIAS EMERICH,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of the County of Northumberland, that he has purchased the Store lately kept by Isaac Marx, in Lower Augusta township near Emerich's Tavern, and has just opened a splendid stock.

Fall and Winter Goods.

His stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres, Casimires of all kinds, linen, cotton and worsted.

Also, Calicoes, Ginghams, Lawns, Mouseline, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware of various styles and patterns.

Also, an assortment of Ready-Made Clothing of all descriptions, Hats, Shoes, Hosiery and Caps. S. & J. F. H. & Co., and a variety of other articles such as are suitable to the trade, all of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

Country produce taken in exchange at the highest market prices.

Lower Augusta twp., October 10, 1857.—M.

ALEXANDER KERR,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in SALT.

134 South Wharves, Philadelphia, Pa.

ASHTON FINE, LINEN, CROCODILE GROUND, Ashton and Star Mills. Dressed sizes, suitable on hand and for sale in lots to suit the trade.

N. B.—Orders solicited.

March 13, 1858.—Gm

PATENT WHEEL GREASE.

THIS Grease is recommended to the notice of all who are engaged in the use of wheels, as being superior to any other kind ever introduced. As it does not gum upon the axles, is much more durable, and is not affected by the weather, remaining the same in summer as in winter, and put up in tin cans at 25 and 75 cents for sale by A. W. FISHER.

March 14, 1857.—

FRUIT, NUTS AND PROVISIONS.

N. HILLINGS,

No. 12 North Wharves, Philadelphia.

100,000 lbs. Best Apples.

5,000 bushels Pea Nuts.

600 barrels Green Apples.

600 boxes Oranges.

200 boxes Lemons.

2,000 bushels Potatoes.

1,000 bushels Peas.

100 doz. Pickles.

Also Raisins, Figs, Prunes, &c., in store and for sale at the lowest prices.

April 10, 1858.—17

SUNBURY STEAM FLOURING MILL.

THE subscribers respectfully announce to the public, that their new Steam Flouring Mill in this place, has been completed, and will go into operation on Monday the 31st day of August next.

Having engaged a competent and careful Miller, they trust they will be able, with all the modern improvements adopted in their mill, to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor them with their custom.

SNYDER, RINEHART & HARRISON.

Sunbury, August 29, 1857.—U

GILBERT BULSON,

3 O. CAMPBELL & CO. AND L. C. IVES,

(Formerly No. 15 North Wharves.)

DEALER IN PRODUCE, FRUIT AND VEGETABLES, No. 4 North Wharves, 4th door Market street, Philadelphia.

And now good Christian brothers,

We ask your earnest prayers.

That God would send a Shepherd to guide our church affairs;

With this clear understanding,

A man to meet our views

Must preach to please the sinners

And fill the vacant pews.

What, the man who is murdered?"

"He was; this very afternoon, and but just before the deed was committed. It was five, I think you said, Mrs. Yorke, when Mr. Janson left you."

"I should wonder if any of us could look well to-night," interrupted Olivia Hardisty. "Your knocking nearly frightened me, for fear she'd put in a protest against my journey."

"How did you find our home?" asked Mr. Yorke.

"Oh, I got into the village, which seemed all in a hubbub, and I tipped a boy to show me where you lived. This is not half such a nice place as your own house," added the lad, casting his eyes round the room.

"It is very well for a change," said Mr. Yorke, "and I wanted some shooting."

"You must have been here half your time now; you took it for six months. Elizabeth, you don't look well."

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Select Poetry.

WANTED—A PASTOR.

We have been without a Pastor, Some eighteen months or more, And though candidates are plenty—

We've heard at least a score, All of them "up-top" preachers, Or so their letters ran.

We are just as far as ever From settling on a man.

The first who came among us By no means was the worst, But then we didn't think of him Because he was the first;

It being quite the custom To sacrifice a few Before the church in earnest Determines what to do.

There was a smart young fellow, With serious, earnest way, Who but for one great blunder Had surely won the day;

Who left us good impression, On Monday one or two Went round among the people To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion Had not a fault to find; His clear and searching preaching They thought the very kind, And all went smooth and pleasant Until they heard the views Of some influential sinners Who rent the highest pew.

On them this pungent dealing Made but a sorry hit; The coat of gospel teaching They thought too tight a fit.

Of course his fate was sealed, And they ye Parsons all! And preach to please the sinners, If you would get a call.

Next came a spruce young dandy Who wore his hair so long; Another's coat was shabby,

And his voice not so very strong; And one New Haven student, Who was worse than all of those, We couldn't hear his sermon For thinking of his nose.

Then wearing of candidates, We looked the country through, Mid doctors and professors, To find one that would do; And after much discussion, On who should bear the ark, With tolerable agreement We fixed on Dr. Parke.

Here then we thought it settled, But were amazed to find Our flattering invitation Respectfully declined;

We turned to Mr. Hopkins To help us in the arch, Who stungely thought that college Had claims above "our church."

Next we dispatched committees, By two and threes, to urge The labors for a Sabbath Of a Rev. Shallow Sprague.

He came—a marked sensation, So wonderful his style, Followed the creating of his boots As he passed up the aisle.

His tones were so affecting, His gestures so sublime, A lady fainted in the hymn, Before the second line, And on that day he gave us, In accents clear and loud, The greatest prayer ever addressed To an enlightened crowd.

He preached a double sermon, And he gave us an angel's food, On such a joyous topic, "The joy of solitude,"

All full of sweet descriptions Of flowers and pearly streams, Of warbling birds, and moonlit groves, And golden sunset beams.

Of faith and true repentance He nothing had to say; He contended for the corners, And smoothed the rugged way;

Managed with great address, To entertain and please, And leave the sinner's conscience Completely at ease.

Six hundred is the salary We gave in former days, We thought it very liberal, And found him hard to raise;

But when we took the paper We had no need to tussle To raise a cool two thousand For the Rev. Shallow Sprague.

In vain were all our efforts, We had no change at all, We found ten city churches Had given him a call;

And he in prayerful waiting, Was keeping all in tow, But where they bid the highest, 'Twas whispered he would go.

And now good Christian brothers, We ask your earnest prayers, That God would send a Shepherd to guide our church affairs;

With this clear understanding, A man to meet our views, Must preach to please the sinners

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"Then you know of it?" his wife had remarked in surprise. "Who was it?"

"Janson!" replied Mr. Yorke. "Murdered just inside his own garden as he was going in."

"Horror, as we have said, rose to the countenance of Miss Hardisty; it is natural it should, when a woman hears of such a crime committed in her vicinity; but what was her horror compared to that oversteering the face of Mrs. Yorke? A living, shrinking horror, which pervaded every line of her features, and turned them the hue of the grave."

Strange, awful thoughts were at work within her, flashing through her brain in quick confusion. "Janson! who had sat by her side that afternoon! He murdered! Who had done it?"

"Who is Janson?" inquired Miss Hardisty; she had just arrived from a distance, and knew nothing of the local politics. "Did you know him?"

"Mrs. Yorke seemed incapable of replying. Her husband spoke up volubly.

"Janson was the surgeon. You heard Leo say he was here this afternoon. He has been attending Leopold; but I thought had covered his visits. A fine young fellow. Unmarried."

"Who can have been so wicked as to murder him?"

"Ah, who indeed?"

"How did you come to know it?" interrupted Mrs. Yorke, lifting her white face to her husband.

"All news travels fast. As I got home to-night, some people were passing the gate, apparently in excitement. I inquired what their trouble was, and they told me that the gardener and his wife, up above, who were returning home from the village."

"Finch said he was shot," observed Miss Hardisty.

"That he was not shot. Beaten to death."

"Finch's account may be the correct one, instead of the gardener and his wife's," added Mrs. Yorke. "She said he was robbed."

"He was not robbed, I tell you," returned Mr. Yorke. "Have it so, if you like, however. Shot and robbed: what matters it?"

Later in the evening, about half-past ten, they were startled by a sudden and violent knocking, which came to the house door.

"Startled," Olivia Hardisty said, in don't store where I was, that the boots were filled with blood. Mr. Janson does not wear leather breeches and top-boots."

Mr. Yorke said decidedly it was Mr. Janson. "He always is positive," retorted Finch, "but it was no more Mr. Janson than it was me. As if the village would have said it was Mr. Yorke. He heard of the murder as he came home to dine."

Finch collected her ideas. "I wonder where master picked up that news? It's nothing of the sort, ma'am. It was a farmer's son going home from market, in leather breeches and top-boots, as you say."

"The man at the shop had been to see the body, and he spoke particularly about the breeches and boots. I dare say Mr. Janson was fetched to the dead corpse, and that's how he became out of step in it. I don't know, indeed, if that would be a misfortune."

"So Henry Yorke seemed to think. He was talking of their former acquaintance with him abroad. The nicest fellow going, he said."

"Yes, everybody liked Mr. Janson. Except who?" asked Miss Hardisty, for Finch had stopped.

"Except master. I was going to say. He had been a long time of him in those old times, and I think—at least," added the woman, more hesitatingly, "I have once or twice thought lately whether he is not jealous again. Master's temper, since we have been home, has become out of step in it. I don't know what should make it so, unless it's that."

"Dear me!" uttered Miss Hardisty. "Mrs. Yorke would not give cause—"

"No, never. I asked my mistress once—I think she had been married about two years then—if she knew where Mr. Janson was, and she had no idea. I don't much like this place, ma'am," continued Finch, "and shall be glad when we go back home."

Mr. Yorke and Henry went out for an early walk the following morning. As Mrs. Yorke and Miss Hardisty were waiting breakfast for them, they were surprised by a visit from "What a horrible thing this is!" he exclaimed to Miss Hardisty, when the introduction to Miss Hardisty was over. "You have heard about poor Janson's murder, haven't you?"

"Dead!" the wretches who murdered him took good care of that. They left him."

"Then it is Mr. Janson!" interposed Miss Hardisty. "Mr. Yorke said so, but one of the servants here insisted that it was a farmer."

"It is both," answered Squire Higrave. "A double murder. Never has this quiet neighborhood been so stained. Young Louth was passing through the village on his way home from market, and about a mile beyond it, he was shot from his horse and robbed. He had been selling stock, and had got a good round sum about him, which, it is supposed, was known. Janson's affair is different."

"He was going into his house by the back entrance, and was set upon just inside the garden door, and beaten to death, Mr. Yorke told us, and Miss Hardisty."

"That is correct. Poor young fellow."

"It must have occurred soon after he left here," said Mrs. Yorke, speaking with an effort.

"Was he here last night?" cried Squire Higrave, eagerly.

"In the afternoon," replied Mrs. Yorke, "he only for a short time. He called in to see what was returning from his visit to Lady Rich, and left about five o'clock when he was half, but quite dark, the fog was so thick."

"Oh, that was hours before the murder—"

The ground was set upon just inside the garden door, and beaten to death, Mr. Yorke told us, and Miss Hardisty."

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