

The Sunbury American

NEW SERIES, VOL. 14, NO. 21.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1861.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 21, NO. 47

The Sunbury American.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. MASSER,

Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance. No retentions until all arrears are paid.

TO CLUBS:
Three Copies to one address \$3 00
Five Copies to one address \$5 00
Ten Copies to one address \$10 00

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One Square of 10 lines, 3 times, \$1 00
Every subsequent insertion, 50 cts.
One Square, 3 months, \$3 00
Six months, \$5 00
One year, \$10 00

Business Cards or Five Lines, per annum, \$15 00
Merchants and others, advertising by the year, with the privilege of inserting different advertisements weekly, 10 00

JOBS PRINTING.
We have connected with our establishment a well selected JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to execute in the most stylish, every variety of 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. John R. Tyson, Clerk of the Court.
Messrs. Somers & Somers, Attorneys.
Messrs. Gilmore, Emery & Smith, Attorneys.

CHARLES MATTHEWS,
Attorney at Law,
No. 128 Broadway, New York.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
REBUILT AND REFINISHED,
Cor. of Howard and Franklin Streets, a few Squares West of the N. C. R. Depot,
BALTIMORE.

G. LEISENBERG, Proprietor,
July 16, 1859—If From Selma Grove, Pa.

G. SOMERS & SON,
Importers and Dealers in
Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailors
Trimmings, &c.,
No. 32 South Fourth Street, between Market and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

Merchants elsewhere visiting the city will find it to their advantage to give them a call and examine their stock.

J. P. SHINDEL GOBIN,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
SUNBURY, PA.

WILL attend faithfully to the collection of claims and all professional business in the counties of Northumberland, Montour, Union and Snyder, owned even in the German language.

Office one door east of the Frothingy's office.
Sunbury, May 26, 1860.—ly

THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
BROADWAY, CORNER OF FRANKLIN STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.

Offers information, Merchants and Tourists visiting New York, unparagoned by any Hotel in the Metropolis. The following are among the advantages which it possesses, and which will be appreciated by all travellers.

A. A. CENTRAL location, convenient to places of business, as well as places of amusement.

23. Spaciously airy, well furnished sitting rooms, with a magnificent Laiba Parlor, commanding an extensive view of Broadway.

24. Large and superbly furnished sitting rooms, with a magnificent Laiba Parlor, commanding an extensive view of Broadway.

25. Being conducted on the European plan, visitors can live in the best style, with the greatest economy.

26. It is connected with
Taylor's Celebrated Saloons,
where visitors can have their meals, or, if they desire they will be furnished in their own rooms.

27. The facilities of the International Hotel are acknowledged by everyone to be vastly superior to that of any other Hotel in the city.

With all these advantages, the cost of living in the International, is much below that of any other first class Hotel. It is connected with
GILMORE & CO., Proprietors,
August 4, 1859—ly

CONFECTIONARIES, TOYS &c.
M. C. GEARHART,
Constantly keeps on hand all kinds of Confectionaries, Fruit and Toys, which he is selling at wholesale and retail. Having the necessary machinery &c., he is manufacturing all kinds of Toys, and keeps up his stock, so that purchasers will not be at a loss for a supply of almost any article they may desire.

APPLES! APPLES! APPLES!!!
Just received, a large lot of apples, which he is selling at wholesale and retail, at low prices.
Give us a call.
M. C. GEARHART
Sunbury, March 5, 1861.—ly

VALENT BRITANNIA SUPPERS to be had bottles for sale by
H. B. MASSER.

BERENSON LAMPS.
A VERY LARGE and cheap assortment will be found at the Mammoth Store of
Dec. 15, 1860. FILLING & GRANT.

DIY LOVERS OF SOUP! A fresh supply of Macaroni and Confectionary at
FILLING & GRANT'S.
Sunbury, June 2, 1860.

It is important to the ADIES to know that Filling & Grant, have the best and largest assortment of Dress Goods in the county.
Sunbury, June 2, 1860.

FRESH SUPPLY OF DRUGS at the Mammoth Store. Also, a large lot of Perfumery, Soaps and Fancy Article. Very cheap.
FILLING & GRANT.
Sunbury, May 26, 1860.

SKELTON SKIRTS—At the Mammoth Store will be found a very large assortment of Skelton Skirts from seven hoops up to thirty.
Oct. 8, 1860. FILLING & GRANT.

BAR Iron, Steel, Nails, Picks, Grub-Hoes and Mason Hammers, at low prices.
BRIGHT & SON.
Sunbury, June 1, 1860.

Select Poetry.

THE LADY GRACE.

I was the keeper's base born son,
Stock, rove and branch, were base—
So God forgive me if I gazed
Too fondly on her face!
My honest cop became me well,
My blood was clean, and more—
She taught my blushing blood to mock
The coat my fellows wore;
I hung aloof, a thing of shame,
Heart haunted by her noble name.

She was the daughter of the Earl;
But, spite the path she trod,
I saw sweet meaning in the smiles
She threw to every clod;
The bitter lie of hope illumined
The path that led me on—
Poor fool! to trust the smile a queen
Dispenses from her throne—
To trust the gentleness which meant
The scornful pride of old descent.

I said, "I deem her noble birth
Too weak to sneer me down;
God gave the privilege of hope
Alike to king and clown.
False creed! For ill befell the fool
Who wears a lawless crown—
To question and infringe the laws
His betters warrant sound."
False creed, and bitter lie! In the street
Her carriage splashed me head to feet.

I said, "The English Adam looks
Alike from all our eyes;
His lineage is of God, he made
This Custom king of lies;
My lofty lady, like the rest,
Is made of common earth."
I spoke in heat, yet could not choose
But love her noble birth!
Oh, hollow cheat! I could not dare
But love the height that made her fair.

I might have spoken—I was bold;
But all that made me base
Came crimson from the heart to brand
My father in my face;
Sinner as might at hollow role,
Sinner too to love above,
And I adored the noble birth
That shut me out from love.

I could not dare, O high-born maid,
Puffer the shrine at which I prayed!
But I, who loved her, broke the laws,
The world is right to frame—
Better for both my love was crushed
Beneath her honored name!
I was a noble man, it joined us not,
To live as slave to slave,
It spared the kiss that would have shamed
Her Norman kinsman's grave.
The world was wise, I say, to hide
Me in her pity and her pride.

Thank God, my tale was never told
In my high born lady's ear!
Thank God! her lips were never curled
To kiss me with a sneer!
And thank Him, too, who willed so well
This love should die alone,
That she I worshipped never moved
A step from off her throne,
To mock my pitiful estate,
And curse it with a gift too great.

Such love dies out with youthful bloom—
Mine did, I know, at last;
And now her face shines dimly, half
Forgotten in the past.
I took a wife, sharp-tongued jade,
Who kept me waiting for my jigs;
But one who knew the woman's knack
Of rearing girls and boys.
Not fair—a girl undowered and base,
With something human in her face.
The high-born dame has charms no more
Far others for me.
Her face is seamed with fifty years,
And mine with fifty three;
They bought and sold the girl for all
The noble name worth,
And she has secretly learned to bless
Her beauty or her birth.
A child of hers was given away
To twenty thousand pounds to-day.

Select Tale.

MARRIED FOR A DINNER.

The down train from London had just entered the great Cokerhampton station; the hour was 8:30 A. M., the time a lovely June morning, a couple of years since. At Cokerhampton the railway traveler is allowed to snatch a bare cup of coffee or a basin of soup; but it being, as every one knows, the custom at Cokerhampton to keep both these stimulants at a boiling point, the repast is usually performed under considerable difficulties. Among the rest of those whose steps were to be seen in the refreshment saloon, was a straight, long limbed, handsome young fellow, with a brown shooting jacket, brown moustache, and a wide-awake that had seen service. This was my friend Raffaele Smith, of Clipstone street, London, landscape painter, journeying in search of back-ground, foregrounds, and other "bits" of nature, as he termed them, for his next year's pictures. As this may be a little too technical for the general reader, we may more clearly express what we mean by stating that, according to annual custom, the young artist was going to the West country to sketch from nature.

Now it happened on this particular occasion, that although Raffaele Smith had been out of his bed since dawn, he had spent so much time in packing his easel, canvasses, colors, and other baggage of his artistic campaign, that it came to be a question whether he should breakfast and lose the train, or catch the train and lose his breakfast. Breakfast, as the least important, was sacrificed. Accordingly my friend found himself at Cokerhampton, some sixty miles from London, with a most acute sense of emptiness of stomach, just as the railway guard was calling out, "Train starts in ten minutes, gentle!"

To a man in my friend's unbreakfasted condition, such an intimation could not have the effect of checking the ardor with which a traveler usually seeks the Cokerhampton refreshment saloon. A very sharp appetite, and the exigencies of the railway time table, gave promptness to Raffaele Smith's movements, and caused that young luminary of art to be among the first of those who sought reflection at Cokerhampton's refreshment counters. Accordingly, the pressing injunction of the guard had scarcely been uttered, when my friend found himself at the most plentifully garnished portion of the table. The Cokerhampton waitresses are no less neat handed than natty, and Raffaele Smith's appetite would, doubtless, have been quickly appeased, had not the following question interrupted his prefatory order for "Soup."

"Is there a gentleman here called Smith?"

The artist, feeling it a duty to follow the fellow travellers, in order to ascertain whether the question were addressed to any of them; and as no one replied, he himself went up to the servant.

"It appears that I am the only Mr. Smith here; do you want me?"

An sudden, misgiving took possession of Raffaele Smith. "Come, gentlemen," he said, addressing his fellow travellers, "is it a practical joke? If any gentleman present is the author of this piece of mystification, I charge him, in the name of stomach, the most worthy object of compassion in the world, to stop it at once, and to allow me to utilize, without interruption, the few minutes that yet remain."

In answer to this novel summons, every one protested complete ignorance of what was passing. Smith was resolved to pluck out the heart of this mystery. Curiosity imposed on the stomach, a delay of several minutes, and the artist followed the groom out of the refreshment room. He, however, informed his travelling companions that he would return in a few seconds with the solution of this enigma. The groom, who had heard the letter remark, put on a broad grin, and when they were in the street, said—

"Beg pardon, sir, but wasn't you having a lugh at them gent's? They'll be precious mistaken if they think you are going back to lunch there."

"I'll tell you what, young man," replied Smith, irritated by the manner of the groom, "mark me, if you don't explain everything at once—if you have had the misfortune to be charged with a practical joke at my expense—I shall not leave you without a sound thrashing (the groom bowed respectfully) "for causing me to lose my lunch and miss my train."

"Ah, sir, I see you're a gent as wishes to have his joke," replied the imperturbable groom. "Now, sir, don't you know very well that you will not leave Cokerhampton to-day? As for the lunch, I don't think you will mind that, when you see the magnificent spread getting ready for your entertainment. The waiter placed the tray on a more comprehensible table than the portion of the groom's conversation, somewhat calmed the artist's ire.

"Then I am expected to dine by your dinner?"

"You'll be good enough to speak about dinner with my mistress," answered the groom.

"A lady, a good dinner, and a mystery! Well," cried Raffaele, flickering off the dust from his boots with his handkerchief, "all that is not very alarming. The adventure is rather interesting to me. Once more, he added, speaking to the groom, "are you quite certain that it is to me, Raffaele Smith, Clipstone street, London, landscape painter, that your mistress has sent this cordial invitation?"

"You are the very gent, sir," answered the groom, "and here's the note she sent you."

Raffaele hastily snatched a little note which the groom held towards him. The address was plain enough, "Mr. Smith," although the writing was completely unknown to the artist. He tore open the envelope, impatient to see what signature was at the end of the epistle, and to cross the mystery of the note was anonymous and contained only these words:

"Mr. Smith is awaited with the greatest anxiety, and he is begged instantly to follow the bearer of this note. Every reliance is placed on his alacrity and discretion." Now, this was an advertisement that commenced in our charming fashion not to be followed up. Raffaele at once forgot the refreshment counter at Cokerhampton, and the next train. He boldly commanded the groom to "go on."

"It is not two minutes walk," answered the servant, leading the way, and the artist, regret assured that you will never have cause to regret having placed implicit reliance on the honor of Charles and ourselves."

"Then you are in the service of Mr. Meglop?"

"Don't know no person of that name, sir," replied the laconic groom.

Raffaele fell back in his seat, thoroughly routed. In an instant the active groom had resumed his place beside the driver, and the vehicle was whirling rapidly along the road.

"I'm! but I am unknown to a single inhabitant in this town."

"I know that, sir," answered the groom, "but that is the reason why I am sent to you, sir."

"The reason why you are sent to me?" repeated Smith, in great astonishment. "By whom?"

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to follow me," continued the mysterious groom. "I am ordered to speak to Mr. Smith in private."

"Come, gentlemen," he said, addressing his fellow travellers, "is it a practical joke? If any gentleman present is the author of this piece of mystification, I charge him, in the name of stomach, the most worthy object of compassion in the world, to stop it at once, and to allow me to utilize, without interruption, the few minutes that yet remain."

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Poetry.

A NEW YANKEE DOODLE.

BY RALPH RANDOLPH.

YANKEE DOODLE came to town,
To view the 'situation'
And found the world all upside down,
A rumper in the nation;
He heard all Europe laugh in scorn,
And call him but a noodle;
'Laugh on,' he cried, 'as sure's you're borne,
I still am Yankee Doodle.'

He found the ragged Southern loons
A training-like tartation,
Their'd stolon all his silver spoons,
And filled his pantation;
'I'll wait awhile,' he quietly said,
'They may restore the plunder;
But if they don't, I'll go ahead,
And thrash them well, by thunder!'

And then the lovely Queen of Spain,
'Told him in honeyed language,
That she had courted—not in vain—
A darkey in Domingo;
'My dear,' said he, 'if you will roam
With all the male creation,
Pray, don't come here—I can't, at home,
Allow amalgamation.'

The British lion slyly said,
His tales of Southern cotton—
'Dear Yankee Doodle,' soft he cried,
'That stuff is slave begotten;
A brother's tears have bleached it white,
It speaks your degradation,
But I must love it, wrong or right,
To keep away starvation.'

'Hands off!' hands off! good cousin John,
Said quiet Yankee Doodle,
'I am no bragging cotton Don;
Wholly bear the system frown;
I've heard you prate in Fetter Hall,
Of sin and slave pollution,
But now I see 'twas blarney all,
You love the institution!'

'False words, to high and low,
Bring righteous retribution;
I am no bragging cotton Don;
Wholly bear the system frown;
I've heard you prate in Fetter Hall,
Of sin and slave pollution,
But now I see 'twas blarney all,
You love the institution!'

'I trust in God, and in the right,
And in this mighty nation;
And in this cause would freely fight
The wrong of man's creation;
For when, in Time's impartial gaze,
The nations are reviewed,
I know the need of honest praise
Will rest on YANKEE DOODLE.'

YANKEE DOODLE
SOPHIA AND THE "FELLERS."

The New Orleans Picayune says:
"We have laughed not a little, while reading the account of the marriage of Sophia, of Kentucky, to a young man of the name of Fellers, detailing the former section of their lives as she found the 'fellers' scarce in the latter. If Sophia's account be true, the female marriageable stands a chance of being 'snapped up,' like winking in the Western country. But hear the girl's version—'I got here two weeks ago, and here I shall certainly spend my days. Mr. Garrison that came out with me left me at Shelbyville, and I was glad on for I never saw a feller stick to a gal as he did to me, and it wasn't for nothing neither, but he didn't talk any more of the fellers, but he said that he would keep a good distance—that's the way to serve such fellers. I've a notion that he's in a fix with a girl down in Kentucky—anyhow, I wouldn't look at him now, for I have five fellers to spare, since I am here, and another wants to come, but I give him my word. One of my spooks has a third husband, and a horse, and is six feet tall, and four yoke of oxen, and is a widower, and wants to marry me next week, but I shall wait a little and see if I can do any better, for, between us, widowers are so queer and talk up so, they always frighten me—but, however, I don't expect they'll come here, for they are in the moon, and they say the prays is taller but I don't see but they are as still as any other place. Mettins is scarce here and wheat don't fetch but 2 and 6—day and potatoes they almost give away and such lots of children—and the women mothers feed their milk and potatoes, on account of the milk sickness in the country, a poor way to grow babies I guess you'll think. Now, you must come out, I know you'll make your fortune here, Jim see there's only one gal on the bill of big prays, with golden hair, like yours, and she got an offer every day in the week after she got here. Now she's got a husband, and a nice house and a pair of twins. You can't help liking the fellow as we used to in Westbrock—out here they are right after you before you know it. Tell me, I hope she'll come out here as soon as I get to housekeeping, and if she thinks so it may bring them little red socks in the till in my chest. When you come, be sure and go on the steamer Chesapeake, Captain Dilgy at Buffalo—be in it, I almost love the water, was so good in the navy, and I almost love him if he is a married man. Give my love to Jane, and ask her how she and William get on, and if he pepped the question yet. She may have him for all me—I can do better—I can pick up my likens among the fellers here. Nobody can help liking this country. No more from your loving cousin THOMAS. —BRAY JANE."

"That ice won't melt," is one of the latest quaint sayings which express so much and so universally applicable to the shams and humbugs of the day. Ralph Waldo Emerson is the author.

How deep it lies to the bottom of the sea? said King Henry VIII. to the Abbot of Abington, when he asked, "How deep is the water?" "As deep as the Abbot's conscience," was the reply.

The captain of a whale-ship told one of the wretched native inhabitants of Greenland, that he sincerely pitied the miserable life to which he was condemned.

"I have exclaimed the philosophic savage: 'I have always had a fish bone through my nose and plenty of trout oil to drink, what more could I possibly desire?'"