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A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

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OLD SERIES VOL. 9, NO. 34.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN. THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum...

SELECT POETRY.

THE SPRING TIME. BY MISS M. J. R. KNOT. How time wears on! The Spring is here, With gentle winds and rainbow showers...

A Select Calc.

THE IRISH REBEL GIRL. [From H. Wilson's Magazine] "A very original affair," said I, laying down the Tribune of that day.

"What is that?" asked my companion. In reply to that scene in the trial of Smith O'Brien, when Doherty, the Irish Detective, is proved a perjurer by the unexpected testimony of Mr. Dalton...

The gentleman, to whom I said this, was a gray-headed refugee from Ireland, since the great rebellion in "Ninety Eight." He paused a few moments and then replied in a voice tremulous with age and strong feeling...

"I dare not trust myself to speak of the trial of Smith O'Brien, for it reminds me of the days of Fitzgerald and Emmet. But there is one incident of those times, which I can mention with more calmness. Your remarks suggested it. I will tell you of a providential interference, this time successful, in a trial of somewhat similar character. The actors were obscure and are now forgotten by all except the few who then stood in the court room and saw the heroism of a poor servant girl, tramping upon her own love for the sake of truth and justice in the cause of Ireland. They never can forget it. All that I did not at that time understand in the affair, I afterwards learned by inquiry of others—so strong was the interest that humble heroine made within me.

Late on Hollowmas Eve, a young man and girl were sitting together in the servant's room of an Irish country seat. The latter was a fair and buxom lass, known far and near as "pretty Mary Donovan." She had an honest face too, where the very heart seemed looking forth, and one for whose real nobility a man might pledge his life. At this moment it was clouded with anxiety and timid love.

Very near her sat a young man with one of those fair, handsome faces that we occasionally meet, and always look upon with a second time. His glossy hair was elaborately curled, and his eye hard and bright, like jet, was marked with insincerity. His whole appearance was, as I have just said, handsome and false. Had the young girl whom he was so earnestly addressing, been a physiognomist, she would never have listened to his words, and as it was, her whole manner was wavering, distrustful, yet tender.

"Phelim, you know that I love you, and oh! that I could trust you too. If I could shut my eyes while you talk to me, I'd wait no longer but give you the word at once, but whenever I look in your eye, you seem to be talking only with your lips, and so I turn away from the face I should love to look upon."

"I understand ye, Mary Donovan," said Phelim, bitterly. "And because the face I was born with don't suit ye, you think I am trying to cheat. It's no use to fool around you any longer. I'll go to the mountains and join the fighting Boys tomorrow."

"Not because I send you there," exclaimed Mary hastily. "Dear Phelim, forgive me, and I'll never vex ye again." A glow, not of shame, passed over his face, as he saw the effect of his words in this the first sign of triumph, and he perceived so cleverly that in a few moments they were betrothed, and he had won the first ripe kiss from her dainty lips. Then followed the interchange of love tokens,

usual among the Irish peasantry. They could only exchange looks of hair for they had nothing else to give. "Write on the paper around it the date of the blessed night, Phelim, and it will be twice as precious to me."

So he did, and Mary placed it carefully next to her heart. "Then they began to talk of more serious matters. Both were poor, but hopeful, and ready to wait for some sudden turn of good fortune, which they fondly dreamed might come at any time. This discussion of ways and means, and all impracticable projects, carried them far into the night, so far indeed, that Phelim, lover though he really was, yawned sleepily as he took his candle, saying:

"Good night, Mary dear, and don't forget Hollowmas Eve." "Ah Phelim," she replied, "I'll remember it long enough for us both."

The next day brought tidings to the inmates of — hall that a large body of peasants had risen during the past night, and committed excesses, too common in those times of apprehension and resistance. Nor did they end with that night's work. What is known in history as the "Rebellion of Ninety-Eight" speedily broke out, and for months kept the land in most fearful agitation. At last, the rebellion was crushed, and then commenced the trials of those leaders who had been captured. All crowded to the court to see their first men brought to trial and condemned, almost invariably, to death. One of those leaders was of great notoriety in the vicinity of — Hall, and when his case was called from the docket, every man, woman, and child, flocked to the place of trial—some to sympathize with the aged patriot, some to exult over his fall, and very many to see the man whose name had been held up as a word of equal terror to refractory children and full grown men.

"Mary," said her lover, as he saw her arrayed in rustic finery, "surely ye're not going to the court to-day?" "Indeed I am," she replied, "I will go and give the poor prisoner, a blessing with my eye since I can do nothing else for him. Why should I stay away, when a man is to be tried for his life, because he loved us too well? Surely we must go and say to him by our presence, that we are with him in our Irish hearts."

"It's no place for women, I tell ye," exclaimed Phelim, with sudden violence, and then coaxingly. "Indeed you must not stay at home and think of what I'm telling ye, that I've got fifty golden guineas, and we can be married next week, or as soon as ye'll only say the word."

"Fifty guineas in real gold! Who gave them to ye—was it the master or—?" "Hush. Hear the master's own voice, calling me now, so I must go! Stay at home Mary or I'll not forgive ye."

"I don't understand ye, Phelim, and I will go to the court," said Mary to herself. "Fifty guineas of bright and heavy gold—blessings on the giver!"

In opening the case the prosecuting attorney was observed to look anxiously around the court, as if in search of some particular face. Each time he was disappointed, and at last was obliged to announce, that in the absence of his principal witness, the Crown would first resort to other evidence. And strange enough was that evidence. A man of age—without the principle manifested by the prisoner—without his speedy appearance, the prisoner would doubtless be entitled to an acquittal. At last, the Crown officer finished his other evidence, and again looked anxiously about the court. This time his face lighted with satisfaction.

"Phelim Reaney," "Phelim!" cried a faint, smothered voice upon the opposite side of the room. "Silence there in the court!" shouted the Sheriff angrily. But there was no silence in Mary Donovan's heart.

"I see it now—those fifty golden guineas! Ah, they have made Phelim Reaney an Infarmer, but they shall never make me his wife." The informer felt the moist, yet flashing eye of Mary Donovan, burning into his brain, and he shivered with terror, but the voice of the prosecuting attorney soon restored self-possession, and he testified as follows:

He had disguised himself, and joined the rebels in their great meeting on the night of their first rising. He had especially marked the prisoner at the bar, as the evening leader, and the one under whose direction the whole body acted. He heard this prisoner utter words, and saw him do acts of treason on that night. This was the substance of his testimony, and so clear, full, and direct was it through, that every one saw that the prisoner's life was hanging on the words from this informer of every thing, and found that he had done full justice to his training.

The first question on the cross examination was in regard to the time of this affair. Phelim appeared to be somewhat uneasy, and replied in a very low tone. "Louder!" cried one of the judges. "It was the night before the rising—Hollowmas Eve."

"No! it was not Hollowmas Eve!" exclaimed Mary Donovan, rising with an uncontrollable impulse. "Phelim! you are not even an Infarmer—you are perjured!" There was dead silence for one instant, and then the prisoner's counsel spoke up sharply.

"What's this! Let that girl come to the witness stand!" "Pale, but not trembling, she took the place where Phelim had just stood. "You say it was not on Hollowmas Eve—it all you know."

No one questioned or interrupted her in the course of her broken testimony. "Never would I be standing in this place, your Honors, if the false oath and black word hadn't come from the lips of Phelim Reaney. Never would I open my mouth to condemn the man I love best, if he himself had not compelled me to do it."

"This man was once my lover, before he sold his country, and me too with it. And the very night that he first spoke his false words to me without check, was this same Hollowmas Eve, when he swears he was up the mountains disguised as one of the band of that prisoner at the bar."

"We talked till two in the night—do ye deny it! Look then at this, which I take from my bosom for the last time—this lock of your hair, wrapped in a paper—and you've written on that paper, these words with yer own hand: 'Phelim Reaney to Mary Donovan, 11 o'clock, Hollowmas Eve.'"

"Take the paper and the hair, Sir—I will never come into my hand again. 'Isn't the shaking of that guilty man a good proof of my oath? Ah, Phelim, I see now where the 50 guineas came from, but did ye think at the time that ye gave in exchange for that bribe?'"

"This is all that I know, and oh! it is too much for me to say! for it strikes down the man I love. Phelim, why did you do all this? An hour ago, and worlds wouldn't have tempted ye to exchange places with that man at the bar, but now there's nothing ye would not give to be this prisoner yourself. Ye'll be despised and cut off from among men, but never can ye in all my life, feel more misery than I shall find in all my weary life. For I loved you, Phelim, and you have broken my heart."

The old gentleman stopped here, but his eyes were eloquent as he mused. "Will!" said I, inquiringly. "In the course of a long life," he continued, "I have often heard the outpouring of true genius, but never did I see such eloquence, as there was in the eye of that servant girl, when she faced her lover and made him a criminal. Even the hardest-hearted Judges were softened by the sight."

"What became of her?" "Ah! this is a true incident, and you must not expect the ending of a novel. The prisoner was acquitted of crime. Reaney suffered the penalty of his crime, while Mary Donovan retired again to her service, forgotten and unknown. Had Ireland then attained her independence, you would have long since seen her name written in the annals of that desperate strife, and not have heard of her now, only through a chance story by an aged wanderer from his own unhappy land."

THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE TO CHALCULTPEC. BY AN OFFICER OF OUR ARMY.

Our division mingled with Clark's brigade, and the storming party had, a few moments before, entered the works, pell-mell, over the western wall of the castle, when a camp follower came running up, out of breath, from the direction of main building, which had just been taken possession of by our troops. He called out before reaching the spot—where at the moment my attention had been drawn to some wounded prisoners—"For God's sake, Mr. officer, send to the cave under the castle; for I heard the Mexicans say that it leads to a mine under the magazine, and we'll all be blown up!"

The recollection of having heard, during the armistice, from an old English resident, that there was a singular underground passage under Chalculpec, now flashed upon my mind, with the strong probability of its being used to explode the magazine of the castle, if not arranged as a mine itself. I started forward instantly, calling on a sergeant of the 15th infantry to follow; and, making my way as rapidly as possible through the mass of our soldiers, now filling up the lower terreplein, descended the northern on an inclined beam which lay against it, and made towards that part of the foot of the hill at which I had before heard the entrance to the cave was to be found.

This side of the elevation was exceedingly steep, and broken up into masses of loose rock, among which were strewn muskets, swords, cartridges, and military accoutrements, cast away by the panic-stricken Mexicans, several hundreds of whom had saved themselves by rushing down this precipitous descent on the storming of the entrenchments. I stumbled over more than one writhing in the agonies of death, now in possession of the desperately defended castle.

In a few moments I found myself sorely bruised and begrimed with smoke and dust, at the entrance of the very passage I was in search of—being apparently one of the caves so common in the porphyry rocks of the valley, and nearly on a level with the surrounding plain. At the moment of my arrival, a Mexican soldier emerged from it, holding in his hand a piece of candle, whose light had just been extinguished. On seeing me he fell on his knees, and in the most abject manner supplicated for quarter, my unceasing appearance probably adding to his alarm, though, indeed, he had some cause for anxiety, for our indignation had been excited to the highest point by the cruel massacre of our wounded comrades on the bloody field on Molino del Rey; and the glaring eyes and compressed lips of the men told too plainly to be misunderstood what would likely be the fate of those who should meet them in the heat of battle.

I supposed this Mexican had probably just lighted the match, which might destroy a vital portion of our army, and strongly felt inclined to make him keep company with those he had thus doomed to destruction; on second thought, however, I ordered him

to guide me into the cave, to which he most pitiously objected. Having no time to parley, I seized the candle which he had dropped, and the sergeant coming up at the moment with some matches, it was lighted, when picking my prisoner forward, to his extreme terror, we entered the gloomy opening before us. The cave soon contracted to a narrow passage, leading apparently in nearly a horizontal direction, below and towards the east end of the fortifications. There the Mexican appeared to be overcome with fear, and sunk in a state of helplessness to the ground, where, leaving him with the sergeant, I again sought to make my way, through clouds of dust, over the fragments of rocks which nearly blocked up the opening, & were passed with considerable difficulty. The smoke of burning gunpowder now became so thick that the light of the candle almost expired in the vitiated atmosphere; and stumbling at each step over the loose stones, I expected momentarily the explosion of the mine would send us all to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

My anxiety now overcame the excitement of the battle, and I shuddered to think of the fate which in an instant might involve so large a portion of the American army. Increasing my efforts to get forward, in a few moments I heard the clanking of a safe in front, and the well known challenge, "quien vive," uttered by a voice but a few paces in advance. Springing over an intervening obstacle, I found myself face to face, in a vaulted chamber, with a grim-looking Mexican sergeant in full uniform. He immediately gave himself as a prisoner; and to my eager inquiry about the existence of a mine, replied in some words I did not understand, and pointed significantly from the candle to the floor, which I then saw was thickly strewn with cartridges.

The noise and shouts of the troops above could now be distinctly heard; and I found, on scrutiny, sounding with the handle of my sword, that we were at the termination of the passage—in a chamber resembling a dome, through which a vertical opening, less than three feet in diameter, extended above to the surface of the ground, down which columns of smoke now and then found their way. But no attempt, evidently, had been made to use it, either as a mine or a channel to fire the main magazine, which I afterwards found was nearly over this chamber, and the vertical opening terminated just in front of its door on the upper terreplein. The cartridges accounted for by supposing that one or more boxes of them had fallen through the opening during the melee.

It appears strange, on first view, that the Mexicans had not used this chamber as a mine; for it bore the appearance of having been excavated for that purpose, and its explosion would not only have destroyed that part of the castle above it, but would necessarily have fired the great magazine—then crammed with powder to its roof—which would have involved in ruin, probably, the entire fortification, with more than half the American army—producing a disaster similar to, though far exceeding in importance, the explosion of Fort George in 1813. The art of mining was evidently well understood by them, since, on the ascent of our troops up the hill, during the battle, four of their mines were passed over, the trains of which, enclosed in a narrow black canvas bag, (saucissons) looking like huge black snakes, reached to the ditch of the main work—whence it had been designed to have fired them at the proper time; but the headlong rush of our soldiers at the heels of the retreating enemy prevented a cat's paw, the result of which on the morale of our army, at that critical moment, might have been followed by the most deplorable consequences.

In the battle, the Mexicans had undoubtedly expected to have repelled our assault on the works by defending them to the last extremity, and hence seemed not to have entertained any plan which contemplated a possible retreat; in which, as that the battle of Contreras, they committed a fundamental error in the science of war, which resulted in both cases in great slaughter, and the entire dispersion or capitulation of their battalions engaged. It certainly may be said that the neglecting of this important military principle was more frequent with the American than the Mexican army. But then there was this important difference in the two cases, that whilst its violation by the latter was produced by a blind confidence of success, with the former it was the result of stern necessity; for our army, like an unsupported forlorn hope, found itself far in the interior of an enemy's country, cut off from its natural resources, and opposed by a force greatly superior in infantry, artillery, and cavalry, long intrenched by the practical operations of war—aided by the deadly hostility of the dense population, whose active co-operation was only restrained by the appalling boldness, energy, and skill of the invader—joined to a wonderful combination of fortunate circumstances through the war, too conspicuous to be the result of chance, and which could only have happened by the favor of Heaven.

For what purpose the subterranean passage was made, I was never able to find out. With the exception of the shallow cave at the entrance, the whole had been cut out of hard porphyry rock, evidently at great expense and labor. It possibly may have been designed as a secret way of communication with the castle. The opening is near what is called Montezuma's garden, once doubtless the delightful shady retreat of the villa of the Aztec emperors, adorned in one direction by those magnificent cypress trees, the large trunks of which stand like giants, to guard the entrance to this consecrated ground; whilst their foliage, hoary with the accumulated moss of ages, involuntarily excites the veneration of the beholder, as he thus traces back their ori-

gin beyond even the shadowy traditions of the primitive races. How different the scene which at this time presented itself to that of former days! The kings of the forest—were now scared and torn in a hundred places by artillery, and the shattered limbs and broken branches drooped over their roots, steeped in blood; for even at one spot between them and the cave, and but a short distance from its mouth, one hundred and forty dead bodies, horribly mangled by our shot and shells, had been pitched down from the upper walls of the fortification, which at this side overlook the precipitous rocky declivity; and long will it be before the remembrance will pass away from my mind of this sickening sight, in connexion with the gloomy subterranean passage of the castle of Chalculpec.

A CHILD'S FAITH. A beloved minister of the gospel was one day speaking of that active living faith, which should at all times cheer the heart of the sincere follower of Jesus, and related too a beautiful illustration, that had just occurred in his own family.

He had gone in a cellar which in Winter was quite dark, and entered by a trap door. A little daughter, only three years old, was trying to find him, and came to the trap door but on looking down all was dark, and she called:

"Are you down cellar, papa?" "Yes, would you like to come, Mary?" "It is dark, I can't come down papa." "Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me, and if you will drop yourself, I will catch you."

"Oh, I shall fall; I can't see you, papa?" "I know it," he answered, "but I am really here, and you shall not fall or hurt yourself. If you will jump, I will catch you safely."

Little Mary strained her eyes to the utmost, but could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, then advanced a little farther, then summoning all her resolution she threw herself forward, and was received safely in her father's arms. A few days after, she again discovered the cellar door open and supposing her father to be there, she called:

"Shall I come again, papa?" "Yes, my dear, in a minute," he replied, and had just time to reach his arms towards her, when, in her childish glee, she fell shouting into his arms, and clasping his neck, said—

"I knew, dear papa, I should not fall!"

WOULD'N'T MARRY A MECHANIC. A young man commenced visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late which led the girl to enquire where he had been.

"I had to work to night." "Do you work for a living?" inquired the astonished girl. "Certainly," replied the young man, "I am a mechanic."

"My brother doesn't work and I dislike the name of a mechanic," and she turned up her pretty little nose. That was the last time the young mechanic visited this young woman. He is now a wealthy man and has one of the best women for his wife. The young lady who disliked the name of a mechanic, is now the wife of a miserable, miserable fool—a regular vagrant about grogshops—and she poor miserable girl is obliged to take in washing, in order to support herself and children.

You dislike the name of mechanic, who brothers do nothing but loaf and dress—be aware how you treat young men who work for a living. Far better discard the well fed pauper, with all his rings, jewelry, bonozes and pomposity, and take to your affections the callous handed, intelligent and industrious mechanic. Thousands have bitterly regretted their folly, who have turned their backs to honesty. A few years of bitter experience have taught them a severe lesson. In this country, no man or woman should be respected in our way of thinking, who will not work bodily or mentally, and who curl their lips with scorn, when introduced to a hard working man.

HEAD WORK. Head work is the hardest work in the world. The arizna feels this if at any time he has to spend a whole day in calculation. All men of learning testify to the same truth and their meagre frames and shallow complexions tell a plain tale than their words. —Sir Edward Coke, the great English lawyer speaks thus concerning his great work—"While we were in hand with these four parts of the Institutes, we often having occasion to go into the country, did in some sort envy the state of the honest ploughman and other mechanics. For one, when he was at work, would merely sing, and the ploughman whistle me self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded and succeeded; but he that takes upon himself to write, does capitulate all the faculties and powers both of his mind and body, and must be only attentive to that which he collecteth, without any expression of joy or cheerfulness while he is at his work."

A FACT.—An evangelical old lady, hearing her son slip out an oath on Sunday, exclaimed: "My dear, what are you about! What do you think of the law and the prophets?" "What do I think of them?" said he, "why I think the law pockets the profits most infernally!"

HUMANITY OF A BEAR. The bear is capable of general attachment. Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear called Marco, of the sagacity of which we have the following remarkable instance:—During the winter of 1769, a Savoyard boy, ready to perish with cold in a barn, in which he had been put by a good woman, with some more of his companions, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting on the danger which he ran by exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which occupied it. Marco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child took him between his paws, and warmed him by pressing him to his breast until next morning, when he suffered him to depart to ramble about the city. The young Savoyard in the evening returned to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For several days he had no other retreat, and it added not a little to his joy, to observe that the bear regularly reserved part of his food for him. A number of days passed in this manner without the servants knowing anything of the circumstance. At length, when one of them came one day, to bring the bear his supper, rather later than ordinary, he was astonished to see the animal roll its eyes in a furious manner, and seeming as if he wished to make as little noise as possible, for fear of waking the child, whom he had clasped in his arms. The bear, however ravenous, did not appear the least moved with the food which was placed before him. The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread abroad, and reached the ears of Leopold, who, with part of his courtiers, was desirous of being satisfied with the truth of Marco's generosity. Several of them passed the night near his hut, and beheld, with astonishment, that the bear never stirred as long as his guest showed an inclination to sleep. At break of day the child awoke, and much ashamed to find himself discovered, and fearing that he would be punished for his temerity, begged pardon. The bear, however, cared him, and endeavored to prevail on him to eat what had been brought the evening before, which he did at the request of the spectators, and afterwards conducted him to the Prince.—Having learned the whole history of this singular alliance, and the time which it had continued, Leopold ordered care to be taken of the little Savoyard.

THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS. A Sunday paper published in Cincinnati, gives the following as a correct version, for the use of doubting husbands. Listen:

- 1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me. 2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image of a servant girl, to bow down to her, for I am a jealous wife, visiting, &c. 3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain. 4. Remember thy wife, to keep her respectably. 5. Honor thy wife's father and mother. 6. Thou shalt not fret. 7. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner. 8. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor. 9. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern; thou shalt not covet the tavern keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin, nor his whiskey, nor his wine, nor anything that is behind the bar of the rum-seller.

11. Thou shalt not visit billiard saloons neither for worshipping the dance, nor the heaps of money that lie on the table. And the twelfth commandment is, thou shalt not stay out later than nine o'clock at night.

ONE OF HORNS. The man Horn has perpetrated several terrible jokes lately. A sick man approached the poll to vote, and Horn challenged his vote.—The sick man turned angrily upon him and said:

"You've known me, Jim Horn, for twenty years—you know I was born in this city—have always voted here. What do you mean by challenging my vote?" "Because," replied the sinner, with a smile—"I consider you an ill-legal voter!" The individual went home and discharged his doctor.

A person named Owen Moore once left his tailcoats somewhat unceremoniously, on which occasion a wag wrote:— Owen Moore has run away, Owen! more than he can pay.

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.—The author of the following atrocious libel on the sex, has escaped. A sharp look-out should be kept for him: A nice young man, not a thousand miles from this, after a long and assiduous courtship, found himself one bright evening, the betrothed of a very pretty girl, the very pink of modesty. One night he was about to take his departure, and after lingering about the door for some time, in a fit of anxiety, declared and protested to Miss Nancy, that he could not and would not leave until she kissed him. Of course, Miss Nancy blushed beautifully red, and protested, in turn, that she could not and would not do that. She never had done such a thing, and never would, until she was married.—so now he had it. The altercation became deep and exciting, until the betrothed buffed outright, and declared if he couldn't kiss her he couldn't have her—and was marching off. She watched him at the gate, and saw "the fat was in the fire" unless something was done.

"Come back, then!" said she, coaxingly, "I'll split the difference with you—you may squeeze my hand!"

E. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA. Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

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BASKET MANUFACTURING. No. 15 South Second street East side, above stairs, PHILADELPHIA. HENRY COULTER, RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he constantly keeps on hand a large assortment of baskets without Coaches, Chairs, Cradles, market and travelling baskets, and every variety of basket work manufactured.

CARD & SEAL ENGRAVING. WM. G. MASON. 48 Chestnut St. 3 doors above 2nd St. Philadelphia. Engraver of BUSINESS & VISITING CARDS. Watch papers, Labels, Door plates, Seals and Stamps for Odd Fellows. Sons of Temperance, &c. &c.—Always on hand a general assortment of Fine Fancy Goods, Gold pens of every quality. Dog Collars in great variety. Engravers tools and materials. Agency for the Manufacturer of Glaziers Diamonds.

THE CHEAP STORE. BOCKUS AND BROTHER, BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, AND DEALERS IN GUNNERS VARIETIES No. 10 North Third Street, between Race St. and North East corner of Third and Market streets, PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE THEY OFFER FOR A GENERAL ASSORTMENT of all kinds of Brushes, Combs and varieties which they are determined to sell Lower than can be purchased elsewhere. Country Merchants and others purchasing in the above line will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere as the quality and prices will be fully guaranteed against a competition. Philadelphia, June 3, 1848.—ly.

George J. Weaver & Co., ROPE MANUFACTURERS & SHIP CHANDLERS. No. 19 N. Water St., and 11 N. Wharves, PHILADELPHIA. HAVE constantly on hand, a general assortment of Manila Ropes, Tanned Hide, Distros, Blue Rope and Twine, Tow Lines, Red Canvas, Bow and Stern Lines, for Dr. Hemp and Cotton, Trawl Lines, Lanes and Cotton Cord, Chain, Cotton Yarn, Cattle Work, Ac. Green Back Lines and Cottons, Tar, Pitch, Rosin, and Oakum, Lead Cables, Fathom Lines, Indians, Traces, Ac. all of which they will dispose of on reasonable terms. Ropes of any Size or Description, Made to Order, at short notice. Philadelphia, Feb. 10, 1849.—ly.

REMOVAL. R. B. MASSER has removed his office, to the office formerly occupied by H. B. Masser, as the printing office of the Sunbury American, back of H. Massers store. Sunbury, Feb. 24, 1849.—

GIESE & SON, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, FOR THE SALE OF FLOUR, GRAIN, SEEDS, LUMBER, IRON, &c. No. 48 Commerce Street (Wharf), BALTIMORE. Advances made on Consignments. March 17, 1849.—3m

BOARDING. THE subscriber will continue to receive and accommodate a few transient or permanent boarders, at a handsome and pleasant part of the town, commanding a fine view of the Susquehanna, Northumberland and the scenery adjacent.—To persons from the city, who wish to spend a few months in the country during the summer season, Sunbury affords a delightful retreat. ANN C. MORRIS. March 16, 1849.—4m