

# SUNBURY AMERICAN.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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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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### SELECT POETRY.

#### The Blind Mother.

BY ARBY ALLIN.

Say, shall I never see thy face, my child? My heart is full of feeling strange and wild; A mother's hopes and heartfelt joys are mine.

My soul is filled with feelings half divine, And never more, my child, am I alone, Since thy young heart doth echo to mine own.

But shall I never see thee? can it be, That all my gaze, my precious boy, on thee, And yet the heart that loves thee most forego.

The dearest pleasure other mothers know, This is thine anguish, agony refined! Oh God, forgive me! Baby, I am blind!

Yes, yes—I never knew before The depth of my affliction—oh, for power, For one short thrilling moment, child, to gaze

On thy sweet tiny face, that others prize, And yet I must not murmur: God is kind But this is DARKNESS—NOW I FEEL I'M BLIND!

Nay, do not start, my child, it was a fear That wet thy brow; thy mother, boy, is here; And though I may not see thee, yet I feel Thy sweet cheek against my bosom steal, And none can harm thee there, nor hand unkind.

Shall touch my darling, even though I'm blind! List—list—it is thy father's step I hear: Now let me smooth my brow, press back the tear,

He shall not find me weeping, when so blest, With thee, my darling, cradled on my breast; But could I only see thee! Yet God's will, Be done! Peace, throbbing heart be still.

We no alone again, he never guessed What yearning anguish filled thy mother's breast, When he did praise thy features half defined,

He quite forgot that his young wife was blind, And yet, when his fond arm was round us thrown, His lip half trembled, when it met my own!

Oh, should he e'er repent him, he hath wept, A being burdened with a woe so great: Should he grow tired of one so frail and weak,

My heart, in that dark hour, would joy to break; Or should his lip grow cold, his hand unkind, God help me, baby, then indeed I'm blind!

But shall I never see thee? Yes my boy, Some future hour my heart shall know thy joy; It may not be on earth, but in the skies, I yet shall gaze, my darling, in thine eyes, For I will patient be, for God is kind, For in your heaven not one eye is blind!

**A Select Tale.**  
From the Ladies' National Magazine.  
**BERTHA'S FIRST OF APRIL.**  
BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was the evening before the first of April, and as the season was backward, a bright hickory fire blazed in the parlor of the Tiverton mansion. With her feet on a footstool, directly in front of the hearth, sat Miss Tiverton, the heiress of the stately old dwelling and of hundreds of broad acres around it. She was apparently about twenty-five, with very blonde hair and very light eyes, and with a supercilious expression of countenance indicative of a haughty, if not an ill-tempered character.

They entered the church together, and as Miss Tiverton invitingly opened her own pew-door, Harry instinctively went to the father's, entered hers. Miss Tiverton calculated, to a certainty, that, after this, Harry would escort her home; but what was her indignation to see him, when the service was over, hurry out before her. She heard, afterward, that he had been seen to join Bertha, but she was too vexed and proud to look for herself. However, she went home in ill-humor, rose the next day with a worse one, and continued to grow more bad-tempered until evening.

Suddenly she looked up, and addressed her confident, Miss Brooks, who sat at one side of the fire-place. They had been talking about Bertha, and the conversation, after a five minutes' silence, was now resumed.

"The girl is a fool," she said, "to imagine, as I hear she does, that Harry is serious. Her father was nobody, at least only a mechanic, and his father before him used to chop wood for my grandfather; and now she goes about, from house to house, at fifty cents a day, making dresses."

"A pretty bride for a young lawyer," replied Miss Brooks, with a scornful laugh. "But I hear she has her head filled with all sorts of romantic notions; and fancies because she is pretty that some great prince will drive up to her mother's cabin, some of these days, and ask her in marriage."

And, at this ironical picture, both ladies laughed.

"She is coming here to-morrow, to alter one of my dresses," said Miss Tiverton. "But I've a great mind to send her away, telling her she won't do. I never did trust her yet to make up anything new; and the last dress she altered I don't wear, it's such a fright."

Miss Tiverton knew this was an untruth, and that until she had begun to hate Bertha, there was no dress she liked better. "What will not an envious spirit do?" "Stay," said Miss Brooks, "a bright idea has struck me. Keep this stuck-up mantua-maker, by all means, and we'll have rare fun with the romantic little fool. We'll write her a letter, as if from Harry, full of expressions of passionate attachment, and concluding with an offer of his hand. She'll receive it here, before us, and we'll see how ridiculous she'll make herself—Oh! it will be great sport."

The cruel and inhuman proposition thus made was eagerly accepted by Miss Tiverton, who saw in it an easy way to crush and humiliate Bertha by making her ridiculous.

"What an April-fool she'll be," said the heiress, with an almost sardonic smile. "To think of her going home and telling her mother that Harry has offered himself; and then of the jeers at her when her folly is found out. We must manage matters, however, so that we cannot be suspected."

"Never fear that," said the companion. "I am excellent at imitating handwritings, and, if you've a single scrap of Harry's, I'll write a letter that he'll almost pronounce his own, it shall be so like."

"I've several notes of his," said Miss Tiverton, and she produced more than one, all written in answer to invitations. And then pen, ink and paper being brought, the two confederates sat down to their nefarious task.

The next morning, punctual to the appointed hour, Bertha made her appearance at the Tiverton mansion. Any one, whose heart was not steeled against her, would have been won over to loving the orphan girl, by her gentle manners and kind heart. But her present employer only hated her the more for her good qualities. It was a painful morning to Bertha. In a hundred ways she was made to feel her dependent position, by the pitiless Miss Tiverton and her companion. Alas! none can be so cruel to woman as those of her own sex.

About mid-day a knock was heard at the door, and a letter was left for Bertha. Miss Brooks herself had answered the summons, and brought in the message.

"This was left, just now," she said, giving the letter a toss superciliously into Bertha's lap, "by a strange boy, who asked if the mantua-maker was working here to-day. I see it is addressed to you." And then, with an insolent laugh, she added, "you must have very impatient correspondents, miss."

When Bertha's eye fell on the letter she blushed crimson and became excessively agitated. She did not, however, open the missive, but laying it on the table beside her, went on with her work. Her hand trembled perceptibly. After cruelly enjoying this agitation for awhile, Miss Tiverton said coldly:

"Pray open your letter, miss; and never mind us. It may be, you know, a love-letter, and very important." And she giggled, looking at Miss Brooks.

She remained but a few minutes, only long enough to vent her first passion of weeping, and then, hastily drying her eyes, hurried down stairs, hoping, by treading lightly, to leave the house unobserved. But her tormentors were lying in wait for her, to give the point to their bitter jest, and heard her footfall, soft as it was. Suddenly opening the door, as she approached, they stepped out before her, courtesying mockingly.

"And so Mr. Warwick has offered himself to you, in that letter, has he?" said Miss Tiverton. "A lawyer to a mantua-maker. It looks likely, Jane, don't it?" "But she turned surlily to her confidant. "But, perhaps, after all," she continued, again addressing Bertha, "it would be as well to wait till Mr. Warwick comes in person, in a coach and four, to take you, Miss, for it's not safe to believe letters that are dated on the first of April."

The blood went back upon Bertha's heart as she heard these words, for the whole cruel jest now became evident to her. She felt as if she could have welcomed an earthquake, if it had come at that moment, to deliver her from her tormentors, who, pitiless and mocking, knowing that, for her own sake, she did not accuse them, stood jeering at her. But no earthquake came. Unable to endure her agony, Bertha, with a groan, rushed past her insulters, and gained the street.

She was not even sensible of the direction she took, so terrible was the whirl of her emotions. She saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, but that she had been mocked, in her dearest and most sacred affections. She did not go far, however. Before she had walked a hundred yards her limbs failed her, and she fell senseless to the ground.

We have said she did not even know what directions she had taken; she had in fact, gone the opposite way from the one she had intended; and now, when she sank to the earth, she was where she would least have chosen, in front of Judge Warwick's house.

Harry himself was at the door, about to go out with his mother. He saw Bertha totter, and rushed forward, but not in time to save her. Lifting her in his arms, he bore her into the house, his mother, with womanly sympathy, opening the parlor door herself, that Bertha might be laid on the sofa. Harry tenderly laid his burden down, but in so doing a letter fell from Bertha's bosom to the carpet. He picked it up, to preserve for her, when his eye caught what looked like his own handwriting; and just at that instant Bertha hastily opening her eyes, perceived him with it.

"Oh! give it to me," she exclaimed, scarcely knowing what she said, "I know you did not write it—that it was not played at my expense—give it to me and let me go—I will go to my mother," she said, staggering to her feet, with a wild look, and shrinking from Harry's eyes, "let me go to my mother."

Her words, incoherent as they were, revealed to Harry that some cruel jest had been perpetrated on her, in which the letter he held in his hand had been made to play a principal part. In the impulse of the moment he stepped forward, and took Bertha's hand.

"Stay, dear Miss Howard," he said with emotion. "You are without brother, father, or other protector, and if, as you hint, some one has been playing a jest on you, I will defend you. Don't turn away from me, Bertha, dear Bertha—mother, intercede for me, for you are a woman—there has been some cruel, cruel insult here, by forging a letter in my name."

He could resist no longer, but, as Bertha sank sobbing on the sofa, where Mrs. Warwick supported her, opened and read the letter.

"Now, in heaven's name," he exclaimed, "this is too bad. But I will shame the perpetrators of this wicked jest, and protect you, Bertha, by endorsing what the letter contains. Will you really be mine?" he continued, kneeling at her, and his mother's feet, while, with the rush of a whirlwind, came over him the revelation that he had long, unknown to himself, loved Bertha. "Will you accept my heart and hand? It is no sudden affection," he exclaimed, passionately. "I have known you long. My mother and sisters appreciate you and will welcome you to their midst. Is it not so, mother? Tell her for me—she will listen to you."

Had Mrs. Warwick been asked, that morning, if she was willing that her only son should marry Bertha, she might, perhaps, have hesitated, much as she valued the gentle girl, for she had, like the wife of a judge is expected to have, very aristocratic notions. But Mrs. Warwick possessed a heart, and she was so indignant at the base trick played on Bertha, and wished so much to comfort the sufferer, that she pressed the fair hand tenderly and became a more eloquent petitioner than even her son.

What could Bertha reply? Her own loving heart pleaded secretly in Harry's favor, and it was only pride that led her to hold back. However, after much entreaty, she was won to consent, which she did at last between blushes and tears.

She felt, the next day, almost ready to retract, fearful that Harry's pity, and not his love, had led to his declaration. But when the judge himself came to solicit the connection—for he, too, forgot all minor considerations on hearing of the bridal jest—and when Harry recounted to her how he had long loved her, without really knowing it, she was fain to ratify her consent.

It was a bitter day for Miss Tiverton when she heard how her jest had turned out. But our heroine has long since forgiven her. Occasionally Harry and his wife e'en talk, with a smile, of **BERTHA'S FIRST OF APRIL.**

**EARLY LIFE OF BISHOP HUGHES.**  
Of the Catholic Church.  
A Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Sun writes as follows of the eminent divine whose name heads this article:

"Circumstances have recently brought to my knowledge facts connected with the former times of Archbishop Hughes, which going strong to illustrate the force of his character, can hardly fail to interest the general reader. A distinguished gentleman, now of this city, distinctly recollects when this celebrated, learned and powerful Divine, supported not only himself, but an aged parent, by selling, planting and trimming gardens, in Chambersburg, Pa. He has often seen him wheeling his barrow, with rake and spade, from dwelling to dwelling, when engaged in this work, for which he was usually paid fifty cents per diem. John Hughes was one of the very best Latin and Greek linguists in America, when just entering upon manhood. Subsequently, he made his way to Emmitsburg, Md., and entered into the service of the celebrated Jesuits' College there as a grover of cabbage! The Institution, according to the custom with the Roman Catholic Colleges in this country, has a highly cultivated small farm attached to it, and Hughes being employed as a laborer upon it, was placed in charge of the cabbage beds. On one occasion, seeing one of the lads of the Institution, puzzling over his task in Cicero, Hughes requested him to let him look at the book, and asking him to explain the meaning of a paragraph, to the astonishment of the youth, our rector's reading. He also disclosed to the boy in the same way the fact that he was a proficient in Greek. Shortly afterwards, the boy getting stumped on a lesson in Homer, repaired to the gardener and procured a translation, which when produced as his own, satisfied his tutor by the elegance and perfect correctness with which it was rendered into English, that it was not the work of the boy. The latter was then questioned as to who had helped him on in the lesson, and surprised all by declaring that it was 'only Johnny, the gardener lad.' Hughes was instantly summoned before the faculty, who were incredulous as to the truth of the pupil's story. A perfect undertook to examine him, when it turned out that he was by far the best Greek and Latin scholar in the Institution. With the capital judgment of those who manage the affairs of the Jesuits everywhere, John Hughes was instantly made to exchange his cabbage for his humanities, and at once became a tutor in the Institution.

This was the commencement of the superstructure of his fortune and fame, the foundation being his native intellect and his energy, industry and probity, from his earliest infancy. He soon became the leading spirit of the Institution, where he remained, until his fame spreading throughout the country, his church authorities called him to labor in the wider and more important field of the world. There are lessons in these extracts from the history of John Hughes, which youth everywhere may treasure in memory to its great future advantage."

**NOT ALL ALONE.**  
BY ALLEGIA A. WATTS.  
Not all alone; for thou canst hold Communion sweet with saint and sage; And gather gems of price untold, From many a consecrated page;

Thy soul's dreams, the golden lights of age, The poet's lore, are still thine own; Then, while such thesauri thoughts engage, Oh, how canst thou be all alone!

Not all alone; the lark's rich note As mounting up to heaven, she sings; The thousand silvery sounds that float Above, below, on morning's wings;

The softer murmurs twilight brings— The cricket's chirp, cicada's glee; All earth, that lyre of myriad strings, Is jubilant with life for thee!

Not all alone; the whisp'ring trees, The rippling brook, the starry sky, Have each peculiar harmonies;

To soothe, subside, and sanctify; The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh, For thee hath oft a friendly tune, To lift thy grateful thoughts on high, And say—thou art not all alone!

Not all alone; a watchful eye, As mounting up to heaven, she sings; A saving hand is ever nigh, A glorious Power attends the call—

When sadness holds the heart in thrall, Or on its tenderest mercies show; Seek, then, the balm vouchsafed to all, And thou canst never be alone!

A YOUNG gentleman in describing the effect of his first walk, says he thought he was going to heaven on a band of music. For fifteen minutes he appeared to be swimming in a sea of rose leaves, with a blue angel. This soon changed, he says, to a delirium of peacock feathers, in which his brain got so much mixed up with low necked flocks, musk and melody, that he has fed on flutes ever since.

**WASH FOR APPLE TREES.**—Dissolve two pounds of potash in a pail of water—apply with a brush. It is a very effectual wash—destroying, if properly applied, most of the insect tribes taking shelter under the bark, besides giving health to the tree by a thorough cleansing.

**GETTING HIS NAME UP.**—"I say, Mr. High-flier; won't you let a feller go with you in that ere balloon?" "I could not possibly accommodate you my dear friend." Well, then, be kind enough to take my card along; for I am determined to get my name up some how or other."

**FAIR WORDS BREAK NO BONES,** but foul words many a one.

**THE THREE DEGREES OF MASONRY.**  
As an entered apprentice, a lesson of humility and contempt of worldly riches and earthly grandeur, is impressed upon his mind by symbolic ceremonies, too important in their characters ever to be forgotten. The beauty and holiness of charity are depicted in emblematic moles, stronger and more lasting than mere language can express, and the neophyte is directed to lay a corner stone of virtue, and purity, upon which he is charged to erect a superstructure, alike honorable to himself and the fraternity of which he is hereafter to compose a part.

In the degree of entered apprentice every emblematic ceremony is directed to the illustrations of the heart; in that of fellow craft, to the enlargement of the mind. Already clothed in the white garment of innocence, the advancing candidate is now invested with the deep and unutterable truths of science. As length he passes the porch of the Temple, and in his progress to the middle chamber, is taught the ancient and venerable method of distinguishing a friend from a foe.

But it is not until the third or master's rank is reached by arduous labor, by study and by worthy conduct, that the full undimmed effulgence of masonry lights upon the enraptured vision. In this light is the perfection of symbolic masonry, the purest of truths are unveiled amid the sublime ceremonies—None but he who has visited the holy of holies, and travelled in the road of peril, can have any conception of the mysteries unfolded in this degree. Its solemn observance defuses a sacred awe and inculcates a lesson of religious truth, and it is not until the neophyte has reached this summit of our craft, that he exclaims with joyful exultation, in the language of the sage of old: "Eureka, Eureka! I have found at last the long sought treasure!" In the language of the learned Hutchinson, somewhat enlarged in its illusion, the master mason is a man under the doctrine of love; saved from the grave of iniquity, and raised to the faith of salvation.

It is said that the English Government recommended the Pope, indirectly, to withdraw the offensive parts of the bull constituting the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, particularly the titles of the bishops' sees. The Pope, however, turned a deaf ear to the recommendation.

**RING FOR GEN. CASS.**—A ring weighing six ounces has been manufactured at San Francisco as a present for Gen. Cass from George H. Blake, one of the workmen in Jacks and Brothers' jewelry establishment. The tap is constructed with a box and glass containing four compartments, with apertures of gold from four districts.

**LAKE SUPERIOR.**—The Cleveland Herald notes the arrival there of a party of persons, who have spent the past winter in the copper region. They bring rich accounts from the copper and iron mines, the winter labors having been very successful.

The President of the United States, has recognized Jose Maria Gajeta, as Consul General of the Republic of New Grenada for the United States, and J. de Flomery as Consul of Mecklenburg Schwerin for San Francisco, California.

**UNITED STATES AND COSTA RICA.**—M. Mellini, who arrived in this country, some week ago, was on Monday last presented to the President of the United States, in the capacity of diplomatic representative to this government from the government of Costa Rica, and received as such.

**THE COLD ACCOUNTED FOR.**—The Boston Post accounts for the recent cold weather by supposing that Sir John Franklin is going through the North-West passage, forgot to shut the front door after him.

Napoleon slew more men in a month than all the Doctors in Europe did in a year. To increase the price of mourning goods, it is supposed that one hero is worth two cholerae.

Nothing softens the heart like sorrow. We never feel so kind towards the distressed as the day we are ruined. Hearts are like apples, the power that crushes them makes them mellow.

We know a lady who corrects her children when they are disobedient, by threatening them with a dose of castor oil. When we were a boy, the prescription for such disorders was a dose of hickory oil.

The Governor, Sardinian sloop-of-war, has brought a cargo to England, for the great Exhibition, consisting of five hundred packages of objects of art, gold work, velvets and silk.

**THE INHABITANTS OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND,** have been gradually descending in the scale of civilization for the last forty years.

**COUGH IN HORSES.**—It is said that the small twigs of cedar chopped fine and mixed with their grain, will cure a cough, and that it has been used with complete success.

A foreign medical writer possessing candor, has lately asserted that "physic is the art of amusing the patient, while nature cures the disease."

He that considers how little he dwells upon the condition of others, will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himself.

It is a sign of wisdom to be willing to receive instruction; the most intelligent some have need of it.

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

**THE VERY LATEST ARRIVAL**  
of  
**NEW GOODS,**  
AT THE STORE OF  
**IRA T. CLEMENT,**  
WHO takes this method of informing his friends and customers, that he has just received and opened a splendid assortment of  
**NEW GOODS,**

which he offers to the public at the lowest prices. His stock consists of every variety and quality, necessary for the farmer, mechanic, and laborer, as well as the professional man, viz:—all kinds of  
**Mens' Apparel.**

SUCH AS CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETTS, VESTINGS, &c.  
ALSO:  
A large assortment of  
Calicoes, Mousseline De Laines, Alpaccas, Merinos, Shavels, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, Checks, Cambrics, Ginghams, &c.

Also a large assortment of  
**Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Gum over Shoes,**  
ALSO AN ASSORTMENT OF  
**READY MADE CLOTHING.**

A general assortment of Groceries, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Cheese, Molasses, Spices, An assortment of  
**Hardware, Nails, Steel and Iron.**

**Liquors,**  
Such as *Brendy, Gin, Rum, Whisky, &c.*  
Produce of all kinds will be taken in exchange, and the highest market price paid for the same.  
Sunbury, Nov. 20, 1850.—1y.

**GREAT ARRIVAL**  
OF  
**NEW GOODS!**  
Market Street, Sunbury, Pa.

**JOHN W. PHILING** respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has just received a large and handsome assortment of  
**Dry Goods,**  
Consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinettes, De Laines, Calicoes, Fancy and Staple Goods.

ALSO:  
GROCERIES of every description, DRUGS AND MEDICINES.  
**QUEENSWARE AND HARDWARE.**  
Fish, Salt, Plaster and a general assortment of all such goods as will suit all classes; the Farmer, Mechanic, Laborer and Gentlemen of all professions.

**The Ladies**  
Will find a great variety of all such articles as they will need for the present season.  
Country produce of all kinds taken in exchange at the highest market price.  
Sunbury, Nov. 9, 1850.

**MORE NEW GOODS**  
At the New Store of  
**JOHN BUYERS & CO.,**  
Market Street, Sunbury,  
WHO has just received and opened a large assortment of new and fashionable goods, of every variety, suitable for the fall and winter season, for all persons; and to which he calls the attention of friends and customers. His stock consists in part of

**DRY GOODS,**  
SUCH AS  
Cloth, Cassimeres, Sattinetts, Merinos, De Laines, Calicoes, Shavels, Handkerchiefs, and all kinds of wearing apparel.

ALSO:  
**Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Fish, Salt and Plaster,**  
And all articles that may be wanted by the community.

**The Ladies**  
Will find, by calling at this store, that he has not been unmindful of their wants, and respectfully invites them to examine his selection.  
Country produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods at the highest market price.  
Sunbury, Nov. 8, 1850.—1y.

**NEW STAGE LINE**  
FROM POTTSVILLE TO SHAMOKIN.  
A new line of stages is now running daily between the above places. A comfortable two horse stage will leave Mt. Carmel for Shamokin, immediately after the arrival of the Pottsville stage at that place, and will return the next day from Shamokin, so as to meet the Pottsville stage on its return to Pottsville.

From Shamokin to Trevorton there will be established a **DAILY LINE** by next spring so as to connect with this line at Shamokin. In the mean time private conveyance will be in readiness at Shamokin on the arrival of passengers.  
CONRAD KERSHNER,  
Shamokin, Dec. 14, 1850.—4.  
INK—Burgess's celebrated ink, and also Conington's for sale, wholesale and retail by  
**H. B. MASSER**  
December 28, 1850.—2