

SUNBURY AMERICAN AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Poetry.

From the National Era.
A Fantasy.
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Two loves I seem to know: one keeps
My waking time—the other sleeps
Where'er I sleep. Oh, tenderly!
The night love both down to me!
A cherub-child, who nestles near,
And clasps me close, as I told him
warm—
Yet he shuts my heart against all fear,

He wraps my soul in dreams of bliss—
My drowsy lips scarce feel his kiss—
He pours his breath round my repose,
Like sweet exhalation from a rose.

But, with the wild lark's waking strain,
Freshly and gaily out of sleep,
With life new lit in heart and brain,
Into the day-love's arms I leap!

He bears me on up, and charms
My failing soul against alarms—
Calm flows before him, and he flings
Peace with the shadows of his wings.

What good beyond my ken, may live
In this weak heart, but known to
Thee—

What have I done, that Thou shouldst
Give?

Most gracious God, such gifts to me?

Humorous.

UNCLE BILL'S FIRST LOVE.

My Uncle Bill and my Aunt Aisy reside on Long Island, and not far from the famous resort, Rockaway. One evening last week, as Aunt Aisy was boiling chestnuts for us "Workers" to eat, and as Uncle Bill sat smoking a good Havana we had brought down with us, we persuaded him to tell us a story. Uncle Bill tells a good one when he chooses, and being a man that loves to please, he dipped deeply, and very quickly into the merits of the one he proposed telling, somewhat thus:

"When I was a slip of a chap, I had occasion to travel some distance in a stage coach, as steamboats and rail cars were not so plenty in those days. Now, I had heard tell often of fellers fallin' in love at first sight, but I never much believed it till that stage made me kinder think so. I had the luck of sitting alongside one of the prettiest women I have ever seen. (Uncle Bill looked stily at Aunt Aisy.)

I soon fell in love up to the brim, chuck with the gal. As it was growin' dark, the stage was passin' through that thick wood, then I thought my time was comin' surely. As I felt my strength go quickly, I kinder gently lifted up my arm and drew it round the fair's one's waist; she moved not, but only made a slight noise, which I supposed was a love sigh; says I, 'dear one, sweet one, will yer love me?' The girl said nothing, but made what I supposed was a love sigh agin'. Then I pressed her to me, her head fell on my shoulder, and I began to tremble all over; but still I kept my tongue agoin', and says I, 'dear little one, won't yer love me, can't yer love me, will yer love me, will yer marry me?' The stage then drove out of the woods, and the moon shone on her face, and I looked on it—and—and?"

"And what?" we all exclaimed.

"And?" says Uncle Bill, "she was sleepin' and snorin' in my arms!"

"When our rots of lad had somewhat subsided, Uncle Bill said—"There she sits, bin' chestnuts."

AS IRISHMAN'S CONSOLATION.—An Irishman a day or two since, who had been often profitably employed as a stevedore was observed very intently gazing at a steam engine that was whizzing away at a swift rate, doing his work for him, and lifting the cotton out from the hold of a ship, quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson." Pat looked till his anger was pretty well up, then shaking his fist at it, he exclaimed: "Choo, choo, choo, choo, spet, stamp it, and bethere, ye old spet, that ye are! Ye may do the work of twenty-five fellers—ye may take the bread out in an honest Irishman's mouth; but, by the powers, now, ye can't vote, old blazer, mind that, will ye?"

COUNTING is an institution made up of futes and moonlight—a period that brings discretion to a full stop, and marks with a star the morning of our hopes. Counting converts woman into angels, mouths into honey-combs—the heart becomes a great hive of sweets—while kisses are the bees that keep up the supply.

A REVEREND spartan was once boasting of his infallible skill in finding a have—"If I were here," said a Quaker who was present, "I would take my seat in a place where I could be sure of not being disturbed by thee, from the first of January to the last of December." "Why, where would you go?" "In thy study."

THE MODEL HUSBAND.—Mrs. Smith has company to dinner and there are not strawberries enough; and she looks at Mr. Smith with a sweet smile, and offers to help him; fat the same time kicking him gently with her slipper under the table; he always replies, "No, I thank you, my dear, they don't agree with me."

DR. FRANKLIN used to say, that rich widows were the only article of second-hand goods that sold at prime cost.

AS IRISHMAN, in trying to put out a gas-light with his fingers, cried out, "Och, murder, the devil a wick's in it."

IT is a maxim with the Jews, "that he who did not bring up his son to some honest calling brought him a thief."

A YEAR of pleasure passes like a floating breeze—but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

NEVER despair in adversity. Work and persevere. When a wheel is running round the bottom must turn upwards—some time.

A RICH man's son generally begins where his father left off, and ends where his father began penniless.

A CALL TO HOUSEKEEPERS At the Cabinet Ware Room of SEBN HOUP & CO.

Market Square,
Also at the corner of Faun street & the Railroad
SUNBURY, PA.

Thankful for the patronage of his friends and customers during the 17 years he has been in business in this place, he solicits from the public a continuance of their favors. During this period he has endeavored to keep up with the improvements of the day, and has accordingly extended his business in every branch and variety. The public are therefore invited to the attention of the present stock of

CABINET WARE AND CHAIRS,
MANUFACTURED BY
SEBASTIAN HOUP & CO.

At the Old Stmd,

Where in addition to their former stock of the establishment they now manufacture

Mahogany, Walnut & Canoe-seat Chairs,

Large Spring Seat Rocking Chairs,

Dressing Bureaus, Center Tables,

Merle Top Wash Shands,

and a variety of other

new style and

Fashionable Furniture.

Having secured a license and made the necessary arrangements for the purpose, they are now prepared for undertaking in all its branches, in this vicinity at any convenient distance.

Ye make art intrusted, and husband too,

Here's furniture of every style and hue,

From sofa-beds down to kitchen tables,

From rocking chairs to rocking cradles,

Show not you have the ready Jugs to pay,

With want awhile for a brighter—better due,

Or take potato-suds, soap and tyme and rose,

Back, soap, plates, butter and wafers,

From the day-light to the half-light,

It's a fact, a fact, a fact,

It's a fact, a fact, a fact,