



H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

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SELECT POETRY.

The Saviour's Prayer.

BY THE LATE MISS HARRIETTE J. BROWN.

"He went up into a mountain apart to pray; and when the evening was come, he was there alone."

Not in the cloister's dimly light, Nor in the stately fancy...

When morning broke the light of hope, And from the hurrying throng...

"Fare thee for life or death—the ease That life or death could bring;

The wings of angels gathered in To watch the prayer of God;

No wonder that the earth is bright, And pure the sky above;

Which crown'd on that brow of light, Lived in that hour of love!

And all an altar, every spot Is hallowed to thy knees;

When thou wert here, what'er thy lot, The Saviour pray'd for thee!

A Select Tale.

MARTIN FRANC AND THE MONK OF SAINT ANTHONY.

FROM "THE MONK OF SAINT ANTHONY," BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In times of old, there lived in the city of Rouen a tradesman named Martin Franc, who by a series of misfortunes, had been reduced from opulence to poverty...

The friends of Martin Franc, like the friends of many a ruined man before and since, deserted him in the day of adversity...

In these constant necessities, Friar Gui had his secret motive, of which the single heart of Martin Franc was entirely unconscious...

heavy heart took the way to the abbey.—It was a clear, starry night; and though the moon had not yet risen, her light was in the sky, and came reflected down in a soft twilight upon earth...

When the prior of the convent, to whom the repeated delinquencies of Friar Gui were last too well-known, observed that he was again absent from his post at midnight prayers...

"But it is our duty to forgive our enemies; and let the past be forgotten. I know that he is in the west. Here, take this to him, and tell him I am still his friend."

"The friar put up the paper, and the conversation which followed was in a low and indistinct undertone, audible only to the ears for which it was intended."

"To night;—when the abbey clock strikes twelve;—remember!"

"The friar passed a moment; and then, drawing a heavy leather purse from his girdle, he threw it upon the table; and at the same moment a footstep was heard behind him, and a heavy blow from a club struck him prostrate upon the floor."

"It is hardly necessary to say that his absence was feigned. His wife had invented the story to decoy the monk, and thereby to keep her husband from beggary, and to relieve herself, once for all, from the importunities of a false friend."

"For the holy Virgin's sake be quick! One of those keys doubtless unlocks the gate of the convent-garden. Carry the body thither, and leave it among the trees!"

other; and Martin Franc again took the dead friar upon his shoulders, and with fearful misgivings departed on his dismal errand. He kept as much as possible in the shadow of the houses, and had nearly reached the quay, when suddenly he thought he heard footsteps behind him.

When the night was at length past, and daylight began to peep into the Eastern windows of the city, the butcher arose, and prepared himself for market. He was casting up in his mind what the hog would bring at his stall, when, looking upward, he in place he recognized the dead body of Friar Gui.

"The devil himself has betrayed us," replied Martin Franc, disengaging himself from the embrace of the sceriat; "for I met not a living being; the whole city was as silent as the grave."

"Saint Martin defend us!" continued his terrified wife. "Here, take this scapulary to guard you from the Evil One, and lose no time. You must throw the body into the river, or we are lost! Holy Virgin! How bright the moon shines!"

"Saying this, she threw round his neck a scapulary, with the figure of a cross on one end, and an image of the Virgin on the

other; and Martin Franc again took the dead friar upon his shoulders, and with fearful misgivings departed on his dismal errand. He kept as much as possible in the shadow of the houses, and had nearly reached the quay, when suddenly he thought he heard footsteps behind him.

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"By St. Dennis!" quoth the butcher, "I always feared that this friar would not die quietly in his cell; but I never thought I should find him hanging under my own roof. This must not be; it will be said that I murdered him, and I shall pay for it with my life. I must contrive some way to get rid of him."

"This is indeed a difficult matter; but there is no evil without its remedy. We will place the friar on horseback!"

"Hear me out, and then judge. We must place the body on horseback as well as we may, and bind it fast with coals; and then set the horse loose in the street, and pass him, crying out that the monk has stolen the horse. Thus all who meet him will strike him with their staves as he passes, and it will be thought that he came to his death in that way."

"The night of the disastrous adventure of Friar Gui, this little marauding party had been prowling about the city until a late hour, without finding anything to reward their labor."

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A SOLDIER'S PRIVILEGES. It is well known that "Old History" was equally popular in the army and among the people at large.

Several years ago, an officer who was one of the most distinguished of his grade in the service of the United States, on his way home from a dinner-party, on a certain occasion, was attacked so violently with vertigo, that he became impressed with the idea that the ground was rising up against him, and that the fire-plugs were after him in hot haste.

About the same period, the late Major Gibbon was Collector of the Port of a southern city, (Richmond) to which office he had been appointed by the elder Adams.

It is an ancient and still common opinion that the land possesses a subtle venom, but at present this is deemed fabulous by the scientific.

A COMPANY has been formed in London for the purpose of working a quartz vein in California, leased by Col. Fremont to Palmer Cook & Co., of San Francisco.

As Irishmen passing down Third street yesterday, discovered a one dollar bill lying on the pavement. He eyed the erator sufficiently to ascertain that it was of the same stamp of one on which the day previous had lost ten cents by way of discount.

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. SUREBURY, PA.

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JAMES H. MAGEE. A.S. removed from his old stand, No. 118 N. 3rd Street.

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LYCING MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. DR. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the above Insurance Company.

WILLIAM WEAVER. Shamokin, April 19, 1851.

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