

SUNBURY AMERICAS AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Postage.

**JOHN T. MARTIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,**

**PHILADELPHIA,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and
customers that he has just received from
the new and complete assortment of**

Men's Wearing Apparel,

which will make up to order, or sell, as cheap
as any other establishment in the place, as he is
determined to prevent no one to undersell him.
His goods are choice, and carefully selected from
the best of the Philadelphia market, and they
will be made up in the best and most durable
material. His goods consist of part of bound
Clothes, Harnesses, &c., Vests, Stockings, &c.,
and there at last I would say them all
down.

Ed sing from the songs of our poor strenuous
times,
"The rose was on fire with a love like
my own."

There's a rose by the wall—I'd send the
rose to you.

**That he might have flowers when the sun-
mer would come;**

**For his rose were made to brighten his
home;**

Were there no rose to garnish my dear?

For every rose should fall from my dear;

In summer I would him and in sadness

Ed shee.

My heart is a fond swelling toward forever,

**When I think of my rose here, by night or
by day;**

That heart keeps its faith like a fast-flow-

ing river,

Which grows forever and sings on its way,

**I have thought full of peace for his soul to
cross in;**

Were but my own wife, to win on its

waves;

Or if ever that night of misfortune were

driving,

To rise like the morning star, darling like

you.

From the St. Louis Advertiser, Aug. 26.

**LIFE AND DEATH—A SHORT AND TRUE
STORY.**

**One day last week, early in the morning, that miserable conveyance which takes the
poor and friendless dead to the City Cemetery
at the city's expense, halid in front of a
house to a street in the southern part of the
city. The driver sighted from the wagon,
entered the house, but appeared again soon
after, carrying in company with another
also dismembered-looking man, a coffin
made of rough boards. The coffin was placed
on the wagon, and it made speed over
the deserted streets towards the cemetery.**

**No one followed the wagon with a feeling
heart, when the earth fell upon the coffin;
and yet this coffin contained the corpse of a
lady, who once was sincerely adored by hu-
manity—who could command riches,
and who, but a few years ago, before she
took the slaves of this continent, could ex-
pect a happy and contented old age.**

**This lady was Rose Neeshom, the daughter
of an immensely wealthy, polished noble-
ness. In early youth she was taken to the
Imperial Court of Austria, where, in her
eighth year, she was married to a French
noblemen, who was also very rich. Rose
Neeshom lived many long and happy years,
partly upon the possessions of her husband,
partly traveling through Germany, Spain,
Italy, and England, and gave birth to three sons,
who received the best education, and upon
whom the eyes of the parents rested with
great pride.**

**But then the July revolution at Paris came,
her husband took a considerable and active
part in it, and on the 28th he fell from
effects of three shots which he received—
His name is still honored with a place on the
column in the Place de la Bastille.**

**On the son, the oldest one, an exceedingly
gifted young man, was *susceptibly* suc-
cessful in Spain, and was, at that time, private
secretary to King Ferdinand. After the
King's death he removed to a villa in the
neighborhood of Valencia, where, as is be-
lieved, he fell a prey to the dagger of an as-
sassine.**

**The second son, who had joined himself
to the ministers of the church, was an espe-
cial favorite of Pope Gregory. He died also
soon after the event.**

**The third son, yet very young, remained
with his mother, who found an asylum in
Switzerland, whence she carried the remains
of her ruined fortune. In his sixteenth
year, he left his mother and came to Amer-
ica. In New Orleans he soon found employ-
ment and earned much money. But associa-
tions, and his own inclination of dissipation,
caused him to deviate from the proper path,
and some years ago he grasped at the last
and most contemptible means to save his
credit—he persuaded his old mother to cross
the ocean. She could not refuse the pray-
er of her only son, and arrived. She succeeded
in bringing with her six thousand dollars,
which sum was spent by her son in a short
time. About a year ago he ended his career
in New Orleans—being employed as deputy
sheriff, he killed a Grouse by stabbing him.
He escaped to California, and his old mother,
to whom New Orleans naturally became a
place of extreme hatred, turned her steps to
Saint Louis.**

**One day last week, early in the month, the
miserable old woman conveyed the remains
of Rose Neeshom to the last unwept-for re-
tiring place! Such is life!**

**A HARD HIT.—About the hardest hit we
have seen the following, which is contained in
John Mitchell's recent letter to Archibald
op Hughes:**

**"Now does your Grace see anything so
horrible in a plantation of negroes? Are you
not aware that priests, bishops, monasteries,
priests, Popes, have held slaves? Yet it is not
wonderful that you should not covet a plan-
tation in the South, so long as you possess
that enviable piece of property, the Calvary
Cemetery, where I see by the newspapers
418 of your flock were buried last week at
a fee of five dollars per corpse to you. I
wish your Grace joy. I shall be almost
tempted, instead of a well-stocked planta-
tion in Alabama, to wish for a well-peopled
grave yard on Long Island."**

**The Supply of Paper is so inadequate to
the demand in England, that old newspapers
are used over again, the ink being first ex-
tracted by a chemical process and the paper
reduced to a clean pulp.**

**ARNOLD'S WRITING FLUID and Adhe-
sive and legal envelopes, for sale by**

H. B. MASSER,

Sunbury, April 12, 1851.

BLANKS.

BLANKS of every description can be had by

writing at the office of the American

Advertiser.

W. H. KNAPP,

Sunbury, April 10, 1851.

A CARD.

COTTON'S PATENT

Ventilating Furnace.

REPECTFULLY informs his friends and

customers that he has just received from

the new and complete assortment of

Men's Wearing Apparel

which will make up to order, or sell, as cheap

as any other establishment in the place, as he is

determined to prevent no one to undersell him.

His goods are choice, and carefully selected from

the best of the Philadelphia market, and they

will be made up in the best and most durable

material. His goods consist of part of bound

Clothes, Harnesses, Vests, Stockings, &c.,

and there at last I would say them all

down.

Ed sing from the songs of our poor strenuous
times,

"The rose was on fire with a love like

my own."

Sunbury, June 10, 1851.

Spring and Summer Goods!

Peter W. Gray

INFORMS his friends that he has just received

a good assortment of Spring and Summer

Goods at his Store in Whiteberry street. His

stock consists of

DRY GOODS, &c.:

Clotches, Camisoles, Petticoats, Drapery,

Bonnets, Caps, Muslin, Flannel,

Muslin Suits, Shawls, Shirts,

Blankets, Linens, &c.,

Draperies, &c.,

Linens, Drapery, &c.,