

## The Sunbury American,

Published every Saturday  
by H. B. MASSEY,  
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**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
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One square of 10 lines, 3 times, \$1.00  
Every subsequent insertion, 50 cts.  
Large advertisements, as per agreement.

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

**WHITE ASH ANTHRACITE COAL.**  
From the Lancaster Colliery,  
Northumberland county, Pa.,  
WHERE we have very extensive improvements, and are prepared to offer to the public a very superior article, particularly suited for the manufacture of iron and making steam.

**COCHRAN, PEASE & CO.**  
J. J. COCHRAN, Lancaster.  
C. W. PEASE, Shamokin.  
D. W. REYNOLDS, Lancaster.  
A. B. WEAVER, do.

**RICHMOND BAITING SALOON!**  
A. C. W. FISHER & C. D. WHARTON  
HAVE taken the Saloon formerly occupied by J. W. Washington.

**LEATHER.**  
**FRITZ, HENDRY & CO.**  
No. 20 North Third Street, Philadelphia.  
SOLE MANUFACTURERS, Carriers and Importers of FRENCH CALF-SKINS, and dealers in Red and Oak SOLE LEATHER & KIP.

**P. H. SMITH,**  
PORT MONAIE POCKET BOOK,  
Dressing Case, Manufacturer,  
N. W. cor. of Fourth & Chestnut Sts., PHILADELPHIA.

**Do you want a Bargain?**  
IF SO, THEN CALL AT  
**J. YOUNG'S STORE,**  
WHERE you will find the cheapest assortment of

**SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS**  
in Sunbury, consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Collar-wares, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Cutlery, Razors, Razor Strops, and Gold Pens.

**COAL! COAL! COAL!!!**  
IRA T. CLEMENT respectfully informs the citizens of Sunbury and vicinity that he has been appointed agent for the sale of the celebrated red ash coal, from the Mines of Boyd Rosen & Co. All the various sizes prepared and screened will be promptly delivered by leaving orders with the subscriber.

**Hardware.**—Table Cutlery, Razors, Pocket Knives, Hand saws, Wood saws in frames, Axes, Chisels, Door Locks, and Hinges, Hand Belts, Water, &c., just received and for sale by  
**I. W. TENER & CO.**  
Sunbury, Dec. 2, 1854.

**COAL BUCKETS.**—Store shovels, Ames' shovels, forks, Door and pad locks, curry combs, &c., at  
**WISLER & BRUNER,**  
Sunbury, Nov. 18, 1854.

**VANILLA BEANS** just received by  
**WISLER & BRUNER,**  
Sunbury, May 19, 1855.

**WINE** and Liquors for medicinal purposes at  
**WISLER & BRUNER'S**  
Sunbury, May 19, 1855.

## Select Poetry.

### THE SAILOR'S BIBLE.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

The old man passed awhile and then  
He drew his Bible out,  
With that he never failed to clear  
Each mystery or doubt;  
And said to Harry—"In this Book,  
The written plain and sure,  
That what we do, not what we have,  
Will make us rich or poor.  
There's not a rich man ever reached  
Heaven's high and pure abode;  
The straight and narrow road,  
Unless he makes, has made, his wealth  
A staff, and not a load—  
A staff for others;—mark you well  
The good Samaritan,  
How rich he grew by what he gave  
The helpless, wounded man.  
Oh, how poor was that rich priest,  
That Levite, in his pride,  
When in their hard, cold selfishness,  
They passed the other side!  
The gospel is too rock I build  
My faith and hope upon;  
I read the gospel for an' o'er,  
From Matthew to St. John.  
I've told you when I lived in sin,  
I did not know a letter;  
But I can read the Bible now—  
And how I can read it better.  
'Twas hard at first—the love of Christ  
Constrained me to proceed;  
Hast ever known men vile and poor  
Who taught themselves to read?  
The painted cards they shuffle o'er,  
And in the dice box look,  
Or on a lottery ticket pore,  
But never take a book.  
I've read my Bible thirty years,  
And every year I find  
Its precious truths grow more and more  
Instructive to my mind.  
Take all the books wise men have made  
They darken while they read;  
But your learn the Bible lore,  
You will be wise indeed.  
And then when you have learned the right,  
But one rule need be given,  
Do it,—and sure as God is good,  
You will be sure of heaven."

## Select Tale.

### AN INCIDENT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

FOR six mortal days had our boat been ploughing through the turbid waters of the great river on the down passage since I came on board. It was early in the morning when we stepped at Natchez, where we took on board some twenty passengers, who came dropping along, two and three or four at a time, during the hour of our stop. Once more we were off with the current, and shortly afterwards the breakfast bell rang.  
The day passed away very much as days generally do on board the Mississippi steamers, and when evening came, the cabins were full of fun and sentiment. Towards nine o'clock my attention was called to a table at which four men were playing twenty-five hundred. The chief player was a young man not over six or eight and twenty, who handled the cards with an professional air, and whose face betrayed the libertine and sensualist. He was in some physical respects, handsome, but the reckless villain was so plainly stamped upon his countenance, that no gentleman could look upon him but with pity and disgust. He was a slightly built man, and dressed gaudily. I had not stood by the table ten minutes before the other three players rose and the youth was left alone.  
"I'll take a hand!" he said, casting his dice upon the table. "Come, gentlemen, I've a few thousands to lose—  
"Who wants it?"  
"Look here, stranger, I've got a little money that's no use to me. What say ye?"  
The new speaker formed a striking contrast to the player already at the table. He was a powerfully built fellow, dark and gloomy expression, and standing over six feet high. His darkness was from exposure, and his gloom was surely from some recent cause, for it was plain to be seen that his hold, open features had not yet become used to it. His hair hung in light colored ringlets about his neck, and his sharp gray eyes were full of strange fire. His dress was mostly composed of panther skins, and his cap was of the same, with the tail hanging behind. When he sat down to the table, I saw that he did it with a recklessness that was not natural to him; and from that moment I became deeply interested in him, for I felt that he was at heart, a noble, bold and generous man.  
"Make your own game," said the young man, "I won't be cheated."  
"Go ahead," responded the other. "A man don't hunt wild varmits for a lifetime to be afraid of a quarter deck cards. Go ahead, and let's have 'em."  
"Are up on 'em."  
The gambler put up a ten dollar bill, and the youth did the same. The cards were dealt and the betting commenced. The latter gazed sharply into his antagonist's faces the bets were made, but he could read nothing there. He seemed disappointed at this, and "called" the hunter's hand at the fourth bet, and won five hundred dollars.  
The hunter smiled, and the youth dealt again. This time the betting was commenced in earnest by the dealer, but the other was not moved by it. The young man put up a thousand dollar note, but its appearance seemed to have no effect upon his antagonist.  
"You've got a better game than this," said the other, "this is a small recreation, but the keen gray eyes grow more bright or dim. He covered the note and "called," he had won.  
"After this the luck ran evenly for some time. I watched the young man—call him the young man because he was surely younger than the hunter, though not much, for that individual was yet in the prime of manhood—but, as I was remarking, I saw the more experienced gambler and I saw him several times make the attempt to perform some of his tricks, but those gray eyes were fixed too keenly upon him. At length the hunter began to win rapidly, but not a single ray of satisfaction could be seen upon his face. I was puzzled, for it really seemed to me that he would rather lose than win.  
But my thoughts were soon called from the play to the play. I saw the young man shuffle the cards, and I knew that he had "stacked them." I slipped around behind him, and saw that he held four kings and a jack. He had meant to have held four kings and an ace, but a double cut by his opponent had hurt him. I knew that trick and I saw that the gambler did not see. He was sure that one of the aces was at the bottom of the pack, and that his opponent held the other three with a pair of queens, while I saw that in cutting, the fourth ace was left upon the top of the pack, instead of upon the bottom.  
"Here's thousand," said the younger of the players promptly.  
"Here's that, and a thousand better," was the response.  
"I see that, and go a thousand better," said the hunter.  
"Here's that thousand, and two thousand better," said the hunter.  
The blackleg looked at his "pile" very anxiously. He counted it, and found just a thousand dollars. His antagonist had already won twelve thousand dollars from him. He looked at his cards once more and a look of assurance dwelt upon his face. He looked next upon the pack, and he knew that the fourth ace was there.  
"Look ye, he said, "I have but a thousand dollars in money, but I've another piece of property I'll put up for the extra thousand—I've got one of the handsomest gals ye ever saw—youth, pretty and sound—only nineteen or twenty years old.  
"That's poor property for me, stranger."  
"Poor property! Why like ye a soul, man, I paid nineteen hundred dollars for her this very morning."  
"This morning!" repeated the hunter with a slight start.  
"Yes, just above here, in Natchez; here is the bill of sale. "One girl, lantlie, nineteen hundred—"  
"Let's see." The hunter took the bill, and for a single instant I could detect a strange sparkle in his eye, and a quivering of the nether lip, but it was gone in a moment.  
"Make out your bill of sale for your gal," he said, "and put it up as collateral, for two thousand dollars, and I'll put up nine hundred more—  
"That's a fair thing. I can't afford to lose it."  
A blank was procured and the bill filled out and duly signed, and at the hunter's request witnessed. The young man then placed it with his money, and pushed the whole towards the centre of the table.  
"There's your twenty-nine hundred, and—now, what have you got?"  
"You dealt yourself!" remarked the hunter, as he spread his cards upon the table, and showed four aces! "I think the gal is mine."  
"Broke—dead!" gasped the gambler.  
"All gone?" asked the other.  
"Every tick."  
"Then take your thousand dollars back."  
"I've no back the gal."  
"No sir!" thundered the stout man. As he spoke, he drew the bill of sale towards him and clutched it nervously, and then pushed a thousand dollars towards his antagonist.  
"Now, show me the gal!"  
The young man led the way towards the forward part of the next deck, and having unlocked the door of a low, narrow state room, he called for his inmate to come out. I had followed them up, and I watched with more than ordinary interest to see the finale of this curious transaction, and a large lamp hung the light in the doorway of the dingy room, and when the girl came out I saw her face plainly. I was startled, for I think I never saw a more beautiful female. She was a quadroon, and not over twenty years of age—of medium size, with black waving hair, and lace as fair as human face can be.  
"Well, lanthe," said the young gambler, "you're gone. I've sold ye."  
The girl started and looked up. There was a frightened expression upon her face, and as she saw how many men were gazing upon her, the rich blood mounted to her face, that had before been pale as death.  
"You're my gal, now," spoke the hunter.  
She started again and looked into the face of the speaker, and on the next moment both her hands were pressed hard upon her brow.  
"Yours! she faintly gasped.  
"Yes, you're mine, and there aren't a power this side of Heaven that can tear you from me. Keep still now, and don't ye speak a word. Go back, go back now, and I'll keep your key myself."  
As he spoke, he pushed the girl into the room again, and locked the door. Then he turned away, and I was sure I saw a big tear in his eye.  
Half an hour afterwards the young gambler was again at the table with a party of new players, and before I turned in he had won ten thousand dollars.  
On the following morning the young man was after the hunter the first thing; and when he had found the hunter's key, he laid the girl back, but the present owner refused.  
"I'll give you two thousand for her."  
"No sir."  
"Twenty-five hundred."  
"No."  
"Mark!" thundered the hunter, with a look of fire; "all the money floated over this river, wouldn't buy that gal."  
The blackleg cursed and swore, but it availed him nothing. An hour afterwards the boat was alongside the pier at St. Francisville, and I took my luggage and went on shore, for here I was to remain on business a few days. I went up to one of the hotels, and after seeing to my luggage, I went into one of the parlors and sat down. There was no one there, and for a while I busied myself in examining the pictures about the room.  
It was plain to me that there hung in a small recess where the chimney stood, when I heard some one else enter. I turned and saw the stout hunter and the quadroon; but they did not see me.  
"Now, lanthe," spoke the man in a tremulous voice, "we are alone. Fear no more! for you are mine now."  
As he thus spoke the beautiful girl fell upon his bosom and wept aloud, while he, with murmurs of thankfulness and joy, wound his big arms about her and strained her to his breast.  
"Fardon me," said I stepping forward, "but I am no blame for what has occurred."  
"For what?" uttered the hunter, while the girl started back with a frightened lamb.  
"Why, for overhearing your privacy," I returned.  
"But you're a man, sir?"  
"I hope so."  
"Ah, you were aboard last night?"  
"Yes; and saw everything."  
"Then you shall know all. Come lanthe, sit down here, for you aren't in danger any more."  
So the girl sat down close to her protector and the hunter turned towards me.  
"Stranger," he said, "three years ago I had business in Natchez; I went to break horses for John Gampshell. He owned this gal. I staid there over a year. Perhaps you won't wonder that I loved her. By my soul I did love her. Asked her if ever I could raise money enough to buy her if she would be my wife. Didn't she say yes, quick, though! Then I went to Mr. Gampshell and asked him if he'd sell the gal. He said no; he'd a mind to hold her until his children, but when I told him I wanted her for a lawful"

## Poetry.

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Bare-foot boy, with cheek of tan!  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And the merry whistle still,  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill—  
With the sunshine on the face—  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace  
From my heart I give thee joy—  
I was once a bare-foot boy!  
Prince thou art—the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollar ride—  
Barefoot trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy,  
In the reach of ear and eye—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy!  
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## Poetry.

### RELIGIOUS OPPOSITION TO EMIGRATION.

A Roman Catholic clergyman of the diocese of Cashel, says the London Watchman, has received a letter from an Irish priest in the Rev. Thomas Reardon, pastor of Eastern Pennsylvania, in the course of which the writer imploringly entreats his correspondent to use all his influence to check what he designates the insane spirit of emigration to America which seems to possess the people of Ireland. "They are rushing," says the writer—"On the almost certain ruin of their souls, while their temporal condition is at best but little improved. I have had much experience of the mode of life into which nearly all our people are drawn, and I solemnly believe that if the vessels which bring them over were suddenly to founder and carry every creature on board to the depths of the ocean, they would have a better chance of salvation than they have after they have lived for some time in the country. So entirely convinced am I of the fearful havoc of souls which is the result of coming here, that were the Almighty God to give me power of building a wall of fire around Ireland to prevent its people from leaving it, it should be built before the ink with which I am writing this line would dry. For the love of Jesus try to keep your people at home, for every individual you keep shall snatch a soul from hell."

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"Good morning, Mr. Benton."  
The salute was returned.  
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"Yes, sir."  
"Then, couldn't you be prevailed upon to go for the employment of more steamers by the government?"  
"Yes, sir, upon one condition."  
The fellow smiled as if he was going to get a bribe.  
"Name me one condition," continued Benton, "that they could be used to transport such rascals as you are to some distant penal colony."

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With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And the merry whistle still,  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill—  
With the sunshine on the face—  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace  
From my heart I give thee joy—  
I was once a bare-foot boy!  
Prince thou art—the grown-up man  
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Barefoot trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy,  
In the reach of ear and eye—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy!  
Blessings on thee, bare-foot boy!

**OH! FOR BOYHOOD'S PAINLESS PLAY!**  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day;  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules;  
Knowledge, never learned of schools,  
Of the wild flower, the morning chase,  
Of the wild flower, the morning chase,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood,  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the woodcock digs his hole,  
How the robin feeds his young;  
How the oriole's nest is hung,  
Where the whitest lilies bloom,  
Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the ground-nut trails in vine,  
Where the wood-grapes cluster so shiny;  
Of the black wisp's cunning ways,  
Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plans  
Of grey heron artizans!  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks;  
Hand in hand with her he talks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy—  
Blessings on the bare-foot boy!

**OH! FOR BOYHOOD'S LINE OF JUNE!**  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Mo, their master, waited for,  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming birds and honey bees;  
For I spent the squirrel played,  
Piled the snouted mole his spade;  
For my taste the blackberry cone,  
Purpled over hedge and stone,  
Laughed the brook for my delight,  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall,  
Mine the sand-rimmed pickered pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
Mine the bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides!  
Still as my horizon grew,  
Wider richest grew my world;  
All the world I saw or knew,  
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a bare-foot boy!

**OH! FOR FESTAL Dainties spread!**  
Like my bowl of milk and bread—  
Pewter spoons and bowls of wood,  
On the open stone grey and rude!  
O'er me like a regal tent,  
Cloudy-ribbed the sunset bent,  
Purple curtains, fringed with gold,  
Lined in many a wind-swing fold;  
While for music came to play  
Of the pig frog's orchestra;  
And, to loathe the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly lamp of fire,  
I was monarch; pomp and joy  
Waited on the bare-foot boy!

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Hand in hand with her he talks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy—  
Blessings on the bare-foot boy!

**OH! FOR BOYHOOD'S LINE OF JUNE!**  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Mo, their master, waited for,  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming birds and honey bees;  
For I spent the squirrel played,  
Piled the snouted mole his spade;  
For my taste the blackberry cone,  
Purpled over hedge and stone,  
Laughed the brook for my delight,  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall,  
Mine the sand-rimmed pickered pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
Mine the bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides!  
Still as my horizon grew,  
Wider richest grew my world;  
All the world I saw or knew,  
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a bare-foot boy!

**OH! FOR FESTAL Dainties spread!**  
Like my bowl of milk and bread—  
Pewter spoons and bowls of wood,  
On the open stone grey and rude!  
O'er me like a regal tent,  
Cloudy-ribbed the sunset bent,  
Purple curtains, fringed with gold,  
Lined in many a wind-swing fold;  
While for music came to play  
Of the pig frog's orchestra;  
And, to loathe the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly lamp of fire,  
I was monarch; pomp and joy  
Waited on the bare-foot boy!

**CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE.**—During the last session of Congress, a man well known as deeply interested in the mail steamer bill, then before the House, approached Mr. Benton, who was strolling in Pennsylvania Avenue, and said—  
"Good morning, Mr. Benton."  
The salute was returned.  
"I see the mail steamer bill is up to-day."  
"Yes, sir."  
"Then, couldn't you be prevailed upon to go for the employment of more steamers by the government?"  
"Yes, sir, upon one condition."  
The fellow smiled as if he was going to get a bribe.  
"Name me one condition," continued Benton, "that they could be used to transport such rascals as you are to some distant penal colony."

**WORTH KNOWING.**—One pound of green copperas (cost seven cents) dissolved in one quart of water and applied to the hair, will effectually concentrate and destroy the foulest smells. For water-closet-board pipes and steamboats, about hotels and other places, there is nothing so nice to cleanse and purify those places, as simple green copperas, dissolved; and for sick rooms, it is equally useful under the bed in any thing which will hold water, and thus render a hospital or other places for the sick, free from unpleasant smells. For butchers' stalls, fish markets, slaughter houses, sinks, and wherever there are putrid and offensive gases, dissolve copperas and sprinkle it about, and the fetid "bad smell" will pass away. If a cat, rat or mouse dies about the house and sends forth an offensive gas, place some dissolved copperas in a cup or jar, anywhere within "smelling distance," and the cure is effected. I have known a stock of dry goods, which were nearly spoiled by water, saved by sprinkling dissolved copperas about the floor.—Salem Gazette.

**A QUANO COMPANY** has been formed in New York, with a capital of \$10,000,000. They profess to own an island in the Pacific, covered with a deposit of over two hundred million tons of ammoniated guano, and to have dispatched a ship with men to take possession of it. They further say, they expect to sell the first year 400,000 tons, at \$30 a ton, out of which they will realize a profit of \$22,400,000. These expectations, however, are yet to be realized.

**JUNIOR DERRICKY,** the American (K. N.) candidate for Governor in Louisiana, is a Catholic. The Crescent, an organ of the Order, makes this avowal in reply to a question by the Courier. The Crescent adds: "We believe, also, that the consummate Catholicism of Derricky, and that he has never been wanting in duty to the faith of his fathers."

**MORE TROUBLE FOR KANSAS.**—It is stated that as soon as the building of the capitol at Leocompton is commenced, a writ of quo warranto will be issued, and the legality of its location at that place be tested by the Supreme Court of the United States. It is also stated, that the State will probably bring the whole of Kansas affairs under review.

**A SORRY FATE.**—The St. Louis Democrat of the 15th inst., says that Poole, who led off a company in search of gold, somewhere on the western borders of Missouri, has been killed by his party for failing to find the gold which he had promised. He was a man of high rank, and his death is greatly regretted. No notice was taken apparently beyond sympathy, but electricity and steam were made to perform the most impossible acts; and when the Queen entered her boudoir at St. Cloud, the first thing she saw was her lapdog, that jumped forward to meet her.

**THE WIDOW OF LOUIS PHILIPPE** is in Belgium on her way to visit her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Orleans.

**THE POPULOUSNESS OF THE POPE.**—The Pope has conferred upon Mr. Wilson, of Montreal, the title of "Knight of the Order of St. Gregory." Mr. Wilson was Mayor of that city at the time Gavazzi was so rudely treated by the mob, and this compliment doubtless is in return for the valuable services he rendered his Holiness on that occasion.

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## Select Poetry.

### THE BARE-FOOT BOY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man!  
Bare-foot boy, with cheek of tan!  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And the merry whistle still,  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill—  
With the sunshine on the face—  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace  
From my heart I give thee joy—  
I was once a bare-foot boy!  
Prince thou art—the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollar ride—  
Barefoot trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy,  
In the reach of ear and eye—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy!  
Blessings on thee, bare-foot boy!

**OH! FOR BOYHOOD'S PAINLESS PLAY!**  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day;  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules;  
Knowledge, never learned of schools,  
Of the wild flower, the morning chase,  
Of the wild flower, the morning chase,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood,  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How