

The Sunbury Mercury

NEW SERIES, VOL. 8, NO. 37.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1855.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 16, NO. 11.

The Sunbury American,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY H. B. MASSEK,
Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
FIVE DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.
All communications or letters on business relating to this office, to be addressed to the Editor, and to be paid for.

Select Poetry.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY RICHARD NEED.

The North British Review pronounces this poem the best that has ever been written by an American author.

Within this sober realm of leafless tree,
Scowling down the air a gloomy air,
Like some tanned raper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
Over the dim waters widening in the vale,
Send down the air a gloomy air,
Like some tanned raper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds
Sounded dimly, and the streams
Sung low; As in a dream, the distant woodman heard
His winter log with many a muffled boom.

The embattled forests creviced armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest fold.

On slumbring wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew;
Crew tick, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some repleting wanderer blew
His horn, and then was heard no more.

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Forbearing, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the rural feast
Shook the sleep slumber from its wings at morn,
To wake the roopers of the rosy east,
All now was songless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croak'd the crow through all the night,
Alone the peasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spider wove their thin shroud night by night;
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sauntered slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the eaves,
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyous
Saw like a fate and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Ofttimes, and broke with her the ashen staff;
And in the dead leaves, still she heard the stir,
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all,
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume;
He gave the sword to rest upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword—but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him, who to his sire and country true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone,
Breathed through her lips a sad and
tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped, and her
head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands
scathe;

And loving neighbors smoothed her careful
shroud
While Death and Winter closed the
autumn scene.

Witch-Craft.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

A decrepit old woman, tempted by a man in black, had signed with her blood on parchment a contract to become his body and soul; he had received from him a piece of money, the black king's shilling to the new recruit; he had put one hand to the sole of her foot and the other hand to the crown of her head; and she had duly received a familiar in the shape of a cat or kitten, a mole, a millerly, or any other little animal which is the corporate form of a demon, subject to the will of the said woman, lodged by her, and provided with a daily meal of her own blood, drawn from taps established for its use on different parts of her body. If any old woman has had an adventure of this kind and keeps such a familiar, she is undoubtedly, in spite of all the lights of other countries, a witch. But whether any decrepit old woman ever did make such a contract and rejoice in the fulfillment of its terms, is certainly a question not worth asking in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five. However, let that pass. Grant her the demon, and then let us inquire what manner of witch she may be. All will depend upon the use made of her ill-gotten power. If by it she chooses to help people to recover stolen

Poetry.

MY FRIENDS.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES.

A blessing on those cherished friends,
So true, so warm, so tried,
Who, 'mid the clustering cares of life,
Have wrestled by my side.

In sorrow and in counsel too,
Through every change the same,
Alert to speak the word of praise,
But slow to whisper blame.

When Rancor, with its venom'd blast,
Had rushed upon my peace,
They turned the whetted shaft aside,
Or bade its smiting cease:

Unbribed, unbought, unafflicted,
By the sinners of the world,
My wealth the index of their own,
God's blessing on them all.

Oh! never while the purple tide
Of life's prosperity is seen,
Can Memory blot their noble acts,
These brothers in the storm;

And when I kneel at eventide,
The glowing prayer ascends,
While hushed and low-dimmed my eyes,
God bless my cherished friends!

REASONING CATS.

South, in his "Doctor," gives a curious chapter upon the cat, the acquaintance of a chapter in which humor and natural history are agreeably mingled together; he was evidently a close observer of the habits of poor puss, and took much delight in the whims, foibles and peculiarities of his favorite.

Proof of the domestication and strong attachment of the cat might be adduced at leisure. The story of M. Sominin and his favorite cat may be recollected, as a case in point.

"This animal," he writes, "was my principal amusement for several years; he vividly was the expression of his attachment to me; he was the only creature which I never forgot, and he was the only one which I never forgot."

Amongst the admirers of the cat, we may mention Mohammed, Rousseau, Petrarch, John Cooper, and we know not how many other illustrious names. Madame Helvetius had a favorite cat, which, at the death of his mistress, wandered about her chamber, mewing most piteously; and after the body was consigned to the grave, it was found stretched upon the tomb, lifeless, having expired from excess of grief.

The Earl of Southampton—companion of Essex in the fatal insurrection—having been confined some time in the Tower, was one day surprised by a visit from his pet cat, which is said to have reached its master by descending the chimney of his apartment. The following anecdote of combined attachment and sagacity, reveals any thing but the ordinary qualities of the animal.

The following anecdote, which is said to have occurred in the year 1688, and which is recorded in the first volume of the 68 Salvo, and say the Lord's prayer after."

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN ENGLAND.
Dr. Hermann Francke, a German of some celebrity, killed his son, and then himself, at Brighton, on the 31st inst. There was a Dr. Francke among the refugees recently sent away from the island of Jersey, and it is possible that this is the same person. The following is a narrative of the tragedy:

Brighton, Nov. 3.—Considerable excitement was caused at Brighton, today, by the murder of a young man, who was shot by a Prussian gentleman, of fortune and high literary reputation, had committed suicide by jumping out of a three story window of the Royal Hotel, on the 31st inst. The man was about twenty years of age, and was a student of medicine at the University of Halle, and was a native of Breslau, in Silesia, where his father was a banker.

Eighteen years ago he married, at Rome, the daughter of a Prussian noble, and was the younger subject of the tragedy in question. Having early evinced a taste for the sea, he had been for some months past receiving a naval education in a school at Portsmouth, and was about to go to sea for the first time in December next, in one of Messrs. Green's vessels. Dr. Francke edited the Allgemeine Zeitung, but of late he had retired from more active life, and was living on his property.

An inquest was held on the bodies. The jury returned a verdict, "That the son was found strangled in bed, but whether by his own hand, or by the hand of another, there was no evidence to show; and that the father destroyed himself by throwing himself out of a window while in an unsound state of mind."

There is now in jail in Cambridge, Mass., a man who has been imprisoned for five years, because of a debt of twenty-three dollars.—Exchange paper.

The following is a fool: If he would black himself and pass for a runaway nigger, he would be sent away free in five minutes.—Louisville Journal.

A bill is before the Tennessee Legislature to purchase the Hermitage.

Poetry.

HOW JERRY BOUGHT HIS FREEDOM.

Or, a Nut for Abolitionists.

An incident recently happened in a neighborhood State between master and slave, which ought to go far to check the mischievous intermeddling of Abolitionists, with our slave population, the details of which we here give, without any attempt at extra display or fiction. The story, simply as we relate it, will prove quite amusing, we fancy.

A gentleman of ample fortune, and extensively known one of the most humane masters, and kind neighbor, high minded, honorable and influential, owned a favorite servant named Jerry. Jerry had been "raised" in the family from infancy, and was beloved by his master, and all his family, as a sober, honest and intelligent man. Jerry prided himself greatly on his honor much more than many "white folks" do, as our story will show. He was petted by the family and generally permitted to do pretty much as he pleased. His master allowed him to work at home or out, as suited him, and for the most part Jerry "hired his time," and was always strictly punctual in his payments. He had a permanent "pass," and went when and where he wanted.

The other day Jerry, on the family, after an absence of a few weeks, and when he had eaten plentifully of a good dinner, he stepped into his master's library to "settle up," and talk of matters generally, but of one thing particularly.

"Well, Massa George," said Jerry, after a few formalities, "I want to be free."

"What, Jerry?" answered the master, in astonishment.

"I want to be free, Massa George; how much you ask me?"

"Free? why, you are crazy, boy? What do you want to be free for? Don't you do just as you please already?"

"Yes, Massa George; but I just got a notion that I'd like to be free. How much you ask me?"

"Oh, I don't know. If you want to be free why don't you run away?"

"He ran away, Massa George?" answered Jerry, rather indignantly; and putting his hand upon his breast, continued: "You know the honor of the family? Jerry never will run away! But say how much I got to pay—how much you think I'm worth, Massa George?"

"Well, Jerry, I don't know. Never thought of how much you are worth. I suppose about fifteen hundred dollars."

"Why, Massa George, I can't give you that much, I ain't got it. Can't you take nothing less?"

The earnest manner of the slave, and his queer proposition, coming so unexpectedly to the master, rather amused him, and he determined to let Jerry have his own way in this matter, as he has generally done in others. So he said:

"Very well, Jerry; you are very foolish to want to be any more free than you are. But if it suits you to buy yourself, and you can't pay me fifteen hundred, what do you say to a thousand?"

"I think a thousand is a little too big, too, Massa George. Can't you say eight hundred? I believe I can raise about that much. I'll give you, if you say you take it."

"Oh, well, give me your own price—eight hundred. But, Jerry, where did you get this money?"

"Where did I get it? you ask, Massa George. Why, I made some of it on the river; some of it by knocking and doing little jobs, and one gentleman hired me to wait on him to Canada. Two or three done that before."

"Canada! Have you been to Canada? you are a fool. Why didn't you stay there if you are so anxious to be free? Don't you know you were as good as free when there?"

"Yes, Massa George, and they told me so. But the honor of the family, Massa George, I couldn't stand it. I never forget I was born and raised in old Kentucky. Too much de family pride, Massa George."

After some further conversation, in which the master finally yielded, as he had his dislike of Canadian niggers and Abolitionists, he went off to see about his eight hundred dollars.

Next morning, Jerry again visited his master. There was a change in his countenance quite perceptible. He seemed to be dissatisfied and very uneasy, and his master, noticing it, said:

"Well, Jerry, what's the matter? Do you begin to feel unhappy at the idea of being free?"

"No, Massa George. I wants to be free, Dat ain't no dot. But I finds I'm short of the eight hundred dollars. What you goin' to do about that?"

"How much money have you got, Jerry?"

"Only five hundred dollars, Massa George. Won't you take that and trust me for the balance?"

"Ah but will you pay if I trust you?" asked the indignant master.

"The honor of the family? Massa George, I would give me security, but can't you give me security? Can't you find some responsible person who will give me his note for you?"

"Why, I don't know who go my security, Massa George, without you do it yourself. You know the honor of the family, Massa George. Won't you be security? You sure to get the money. The honor of the family!"

This was a new way of doing business; but "Massa George" thought he was good enough security, especially when backed by the "honor of the family," and so he took the five hundred cash, and Jerry's note for three hundred more, and gave him a regular bill of sale.

Jerry is now doing a thrifty business, maintains his family dignity, and loves "Massa George" for whom he would shed his last drop of blood!

Go it, Jerry!

Poetry.

DIFFERENT SHADES OF GREEN.

A lady in Boston, Mass., last week, went to a dry goods store and called for some green silk. Piece after piece was examined, without giving satisfaction, until at last the irritated salesman exclaimed, "Madam, I do declare and verify before you, that you do not know what shade of green you want yourself!"

"I do, sir, right well; returned the lady, fastidious, and why not? The green is patterned just one shade greener than yourself, and I'll take it at once."

WINTER WHEAT.—The Chicago Green says the Fall sown wheat looks vigorous and thrifty as the former could desire. The plentiful rains have been as good as granite in making the crop a better one than any other of the coming winter. Reports from other districts are favorable.

PRETTY POTATO.—A sweet potato has been raised in Botetourt County, Virginia, this season, which is said to measure five feet eight inches long and nine inches in diameter.

The following is a fool: If he would black himself and pass for a runaway nigger, he would be sent away free in five minutes.—Louisville Journal.

A bill is before the Tennessee Legislature to purchase the Hermitage.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER IN HIS YOUTH.—A collection of Daniel Webster's letters, with biographical notes, is about to be published in Boston, from which a correspondent of the New York Evening Post extracts a few passages. It appears that Daniel, while a law student helped to support his brother Ebenezer, at College, by copying deeds, &c., the latter also occasionally recording his finances by school teaching. The correspondence between the two, on the ways and means, is interesting. Daniel writes to his brother under date of Salisbury, N. H., Nov. 4 1802, as follows:

"I have now by me two cents in lawful federal currency. Next week I will send them, if they be all. They will by a pipe—with a pipe you can smoke—smoking implies wisdom—wisdom is allied to fortune—from fortune it is but one step to stardom, and stardom never pants for this world's goods. So, perhaps, my two cents, by this process, may put you quite at ease about cash."

Again, as late as June 10th, 1801, he writes from Salisbury, after having declined a comfortable office, in order to pursue a profession:

"Zeke, I don't believe but what Providence will do well for us yet. We shall live, and live comfortably. I have this week come within an ace of being appointed clerk of the Court Common Pleas, for Hillsborough county. Well, you know, you are no better off than if you had not come within an ace. Perhaps I am—say nothing, but think a good deal, and do not distrust the god."

There are 620 persons at present confined in the Ohio Penitentiary.

Mr. Fillmore, it is said, will spend the winter in Italy.

Cannal road has been discovered in La Salle county, Illinois.

A quantity of green peas from Savannah were received at New York, last week.

The New York State Canal will be closed on the 13th of December, unless closed sooner by ice.

The patriarch of the Chippewa Indians was baptized, with his wife and three children.

Mrs. Catherine Hayes, it is said, has realized a fortune by sixpence of \$200,000. She has visited California, Australia, China and Hindostan.

Sixteen thousand acres of land have been located for the University at St. Anthony, Minn., under a government grant.

Breder-Bellion is the name of a paper about to be published in the town of Richmond, Clay county, Mo.

Gov. John Francis, of the Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians, has been chosen a delegate to the next Legislature of Maine.

Two large crops of tobacco in Christian county, Ky., were sold last week at 54 cents round, to be delivered prized.

About \$6000 have been subscribed to establish a Female College at Thomaston, Georgia.

Mrs. Sweetman, of Medina, N. Y., has been killed by an apothecary, who put up strychnine for her instead of morphia.

A number of men from Kanawha county, Virginia, with their slaves, bound to Kansas, passed through Cincinnati last week.

The Lohb Valley Times proposes A. E. Brewster to be the Know Nothing candidate for President.

There is a printing office in Paris capable of printing the Lord's prayer in three hundred different languages.

The Port Gibson (Miss.) Herald of the 19th ult., says that the yellow fever continues to prevail there to a considerable extent.

One thousand tons of Pennsylvania iron, for the St. Louis and Iron Mountain railroad, were shipped from Pittsburg last week.

Mr. Wm. Wyman, a machinist, of Charleston, Mass., has been sent to the mad-house, at Cambridge, a victim of the spiritual rappings.

Cream upon milk is about the only article which has not risen of late. Nothing has gone down but the mercury in the thermometer.

A report was recently published that the King of Prussia had had another attack of epilepsy; but it is contradicted, and his health is said to be better than it has been for many years.

Col. Collier, of Steubenville, Ohio, has received from San Francisco, a vest made from the first piece of Japanese silk imported into this country direct from the hermetic Empire.

A matrimonial alliance of an uncommon character has lately been effected in Euwana county Virginia. Mr. Robert Grey, the gallant groom, in 35 years of age, and the late Mr. Catherine Kiley, (now Mrs. Grey), 92 years of age.

The towers of the new Suspension Bridge, now in process of construction about two miles below Rochester, over the Genesee river, fell Tuesday with a tremendous crash. The towers lie on the bank a total wreck.—No persons were injured.

REGIMENTAL DEPT TRANSCENDED.—The depot of the Second Regiment of Dragoons, U. S. A., now located at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., is removed, by orders from the War Department, to Carlisle Barracks, Pa., while the Regiment Col. May and his command will forthwith proceed.

INLAND NAVY YARDS.—During the brief existence of the Navy Yard at Memphis, Tenn., from 1844 to 1846, it cost the government \$1,692,616, and at its sale brought only \$5,035, leaving a dead loss of \$1,687,581. Besides this, \$27,200 was paid in salaries to officers there.

ANOTHER RICH LEGACY.—The Strangers papers state that Messrs. Morris & Gardner, two merchants of that city, have received intelligence that they are heirs to £50,000, £60,000 in money and property in England. Lord Gardner, an English nobleman, is said to have been the original owner of this property, and one of his descendants was, according to the story, Mr. Gardner, of New York, who was killed by the explosion on board the Princeton, the son of the late President of the United States. The present wife of ex-President Tyler was the daughter of Mr. Gardner, and of course is one of the heirs if there be any such legacy.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, \$1.00
Five Squares of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 4.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 5.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 6.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 7.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 8.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 9.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 10.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 11.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 12.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 13.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 14.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 15.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 16.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 17.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 18.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 19.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 20.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 21.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 22.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 23.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 24.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 25.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 26.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 27.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 28.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 29.00
One Square of 10 Lines, 3 Times, 30.00

E. B. MASSEK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Montour and Columbia.

References in Philadelphia:
J. M. Peck, Esq.,
W. M. Smith & Co.,
Chas. G. Fisher, Esq.,
Linn. Smith & Co.

WHITE ASH ANTHRACITE COAL
FROM THE LANCASTER COBBIERY,
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.

LEMP, for Smelting purposes.
STEAMBOAT, for do. and Steamboat.
BROKEN, for Family use and Steam.
EGG, for Family use and Steam.
STOVE, for Family use and Steam.
NET, for Linenburners and Steam.

Our point of Shipping is Sunbury, where arrangements are made to load boats without any delay.

COCHRAN, PEALE & CO.
J. J. COCHRAN, Lancaster,
C. W. PEALE, Shamokin,
BENJ. RYLAND, Lancaster,
A. H. HARRIS, do.

Orders addressed to Shamokin or Sunbury, will receive prompt attention.
Feb. 10, 1855.—ly

BECKLER'S BATING SALOON!
CHARLES D. WHARTON
TAKES the Saloon formerly occupied by J. W. Washington.

In Market Square, Sunbury, where he will be happy to dispense to his friends and the eating public generally, all the delicacies of the season, including Oysters fresh and sweet. The bill of fare will include soups, salads and delicacies, calculated to satisfy those who are hungry, and those who desire merely to make their palates tickled. It will be open at all hours of the day, and all reasonable hours of the night. Give us a call and taste for yourselves.

Families and parties supplied on short notice.
Sunbury, Sept. 22, 1855.—

LEATHER.
FRITZ, HENDRY & Co.
No. 29 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

MORROCCO Manufacturers, Curriers and Liners.
Manufacture FRENCH CALF-SKINS, and Dealers in Red and Oak SOLE LEATHER & KIPP.
Feb. 17, 1855.—w ly

F. H. SMITH,
PORT MONNAIE, POCKET BOOK,
Dressing Case Manufacturer,
N. W. cor. of Fourth & Chestnut Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Always on hand a large and varied assortment of Port Monnaies, Work Boxes, Pocket Books, Bankers Cases, Travelling Bags, Note Holders, Backgammon Boards, Port Folios, Chess Men, Portable Decks, Clear Cases, Dressing Cases, Pocket Memorandum Books.

Also a general assortment of English, French and German Fancy Goods, Fine Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Razor Strops and Gold Pens. Wholesale, Retail and Third Prices.

F. H. SMITH,
N. W. cor. Fourth & Chestnut Sts., Philad.
N. B.—On the receipt of \$1, a Superior Gold Pen will be sent to any part of the United States, by mail—describing pen, thus, medium, hard, or soft.
Phila., March 31, 1855.—ply.

DANVILLE HOTEL,
JOHN DEEN, JR.,
Market Street, Danville, Pa.

THIS is one of the largest and most commodious hotels in the interior of Pennsylvania. It has been recently fitted up, in excellent style, with all the modern conveniences.

Danville, Sept. 22, 1855.—

TO GROCERS AND CONFECTIONERS.
I have your goods from first hands and will sell you at the lowest prices, with a discount of 3 per cent. for each.

ALMONDS, RAISINS, FIGS,
WALNUTS, CHERRIES, DRAKES,
CANDY, PEANUTS, CITRONS, LEMON,
PHILADELPHIA, PHINES,
GROCERIES, DATES, CASTLE SOAP, &c.
All orders by mail promptly attended to.
THOMAS HOND,
418 Water Street, Philadelphia.
Phila. Sept. 15, 1855.—Imp.

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE.
I have 100 bushels Flaxseed wanted immediately at the Cheap Store of E. V. Bright, for which the highest market price will be paid.
Sunbury, October 6, 1855.—If

HARDWARE.—Table Cutlery, Razors, Pocket Knives, Hand saws, Wood saws, Axes, Axes, Chisels, Door Locks, and Hinges, Hand Bells, Waiters, &c., just received and for sale by
W. T. FISHER & CO.,
Sunbury Dec. 9, 1854.

VANILLA BEANS just received by
WEISER & BRUNER.
Sunbury, May 19, 1855.—

BLACK Putty—a good article—for sale by
May
WEISER & BRUNER.

HUSBAND'S Magnesia for sale by
May 18
WEISER & BRUNER