

The Sunbury American,

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We have connected with our establishment a well equipped JOB OFFICE.

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

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

References in Philadelphia: Messrs. J. B. Truitt, Chas. G. Brown, Esq., John & Son, & Co.

LATEST ARRIVAL. Largest and Best Assortment of CHEAP, HANDSOME & DURABLE

The subscriber takes pleasure in informing his customers and the public generally that he is now in receipt of an unusually large and splendid assortment of New Goods.

To endeavor to enumerate the one hundredth part of the articles would be useless. Suffice it to say, they have been selected with the greatest care, and they will be disposed of at as low prices as the same quality can be purchased elsewhere.

U. S. O. F. A. "God and our Native Land"

SUSQUEHANNA CAMP, No. 29, of the O. of the U. S. A.

O. O. F. U. A. M. SUNBURY COUNCIL, No. 20, O. of U. A. M.

W. J. S. O. F. A. WASHINGTON CAMP, No. 19, S. of A.

On Hand, some Gold and Silver Jewelry

Wholesale and Retail, at the "Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store," No. 96

On Hand, some Gold and Silver Jewelry

The best collection of Glee ever Published.

TIP-TOP GLEE & CHORUS BOOK.

Gems of modern German & Italian Composers.

For Sale!

STEAM ENGINES 90 Horse power each

Pennsylvania Wire Works.

For Sale!

For Sale!

FOR SALE!

For Sale!

For Sale!

For Sale!

For Sale!

For Sale!

For Sale!

For Sale!

For Sale!

For Sale!

For Sale!

For Sale!

For Sale!

"AID AND COMFORT."

To Your Own Mechanics.

Wilkinson & Renn,

FURNITURE AND CHAIRS

The subscribers respectfully call the attention of the public to their large and splendid assortment of every quality and price of

CABINET-WARE

which cannot fail to recommend itself to every one who will examine it, on account of its durable workmanship and splendid finish, made up of the best stock to be had in the city.

Bureaus, Secretaries, Sideboards, SOFA, BREAKFAST AND DINING TABLE and also VENETIAN BLINDS, equal to Philadelphia manufacture.

CURBOARDS, WORK AND CANDLE-STANDS, TOILET TABLES AND EXTENSION TABLES.

In short, every article in this line of business. They also manufacture all kinds and qualities of

CHAIRS.

including varieties never before to be had in Sunbury, such as MAHOGANY, BLACK WALNUT and GUM WOOD, with various styles of

The subscribers are determined that there shall be no excuse for persons to purchase furniture in the cities, as every confidence can be entertained about the quality and finish of their ware and

Their articles will be disposed of on as good terms as they can be purchased elsewhere. Country Produce taken in payment for work.

UNBERTAKING. Having provided themselves with a handsome HEARSE, they are prepared for Undertaking, and attending funerals, in this vicinity, or at any convenient distance from this place.

The Ware Room is in Fawn Street, below Weaver's Hotel.

WILKINSON & RENN, Sunbury, March 8, 1856.—tf.

New Wholesale Drug Store. N. SPENCER THOMAS, No. 26 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

IMPORTER, Manufacturer and Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Acids, Dye stuffs, Paints, Oils, Colors, White Lead, French and American White Zinc, Window Glass, Glass, Putty, Brushes, Instruments, Ground Spices, Whole Spices, and all other articles usually kept by Druggists, including Boxes, Indigo, Gile, Shellac, Potash, &c. &c. All orders by mail or otherwise promptly executed. Merchants generally, Wholesale and Retail, in this vicinity, and elsewhere.

Factory at the Old Stand, established for more than twenty years, corner of NINTH and Melon Streets, Philadelphia.

ABBOTT & CO., March 1, 1856.—3m

PLATFORM SCALES

Every description, suitable for Rail Roads, &c., for weighing Hay, Coal, Flour, &c.

Factory at the Old Stand, established for more than twenty years, corner of NINTH and Melon Streets, Philadelphia.

ABBOTT & CO., March 1, 1856.—3m

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS.

At Eldridge's Cheap Warehouse.

The subscriber, being in a bye street, is under very low rent and light expenses, which enable him to sell at the VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Factory at the Old Stand, established for more than twenty years, corner of NINTH and Melon Streets, Philadelphia.

ABBOTT & CO., March 1, 1856.—3m

New Wall Paper Warehouse.

BURTON & LANING, Manufacturers and Importers, No. 124 Arch Street, second door above Sixth, Philadelphia.

Where may be found the largest and handsomest assortment in the City.

Purchasers from the country will find it to their advantage to call at our store, where they will be suited with a superior article, at the lowest prices. BURTON & LANING, No. 124 Arch Street, above Sixth, Phila., February 23, 1856.—3m

Premium Improved SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

THE ONLY SILVER MEDAL.

Yet awarded by Agricultural Societies was given to this Superior Article, at the late Pennsylvania State Fair, at Harrisburg, as a fertilizer of the best quality for Wheat, Corn, Oats, Grass and Potatoes, raising heavy crops, and greatly improving the soil.

Purchasers from the country will find it to their advantage to call at our store, where they will be suited with a superior article, at the lowest prices. BURTON & LANING, No. 124 Arch Street, above Sixth, Phila., February 23, 1856.—3m

AGENTS WANTED.—A liberal discount allowed.

Albion—No. 1 Peruvian and Mexican Guano, Best and Grand Screens; Paper Maker's Wire; Cylinder and Dandy Rolls covered in the best manner; Wire and Wire Fencing.

A very superior article of HEAVY FOUNDERS SIEVES. All kinds of Iron Wire and Sieves.

BATLER, DABBY & LIND, Phila. March 3, 1856.—3m

Select Poetry,

FAREWELL.

BY CLARENCE.

Farewell! ah! in that trying word

What depth of anguish dwells,

To know it, it must be endured.

This sad experience tells;

It tells of bitter mental pain,

Deep seated in the heart,

And to control it, O, how vain!

Is philosophic art.

No word that human nature knows

For ever the soul a glow it throws,

It casts a melancholy light

That around the banquet gay,

And with the mantle of the night

It shrouds the brightest day.

And friendship, too, contemns the same,

It is of kindred blood.

With Love and Grief sustain the same

Relationship with God;

O, how it shuns the dreary place!

Where farewell sounds intrude,

And hides its melancholy face,

With tears of woe bedew'd.

O! who can baffle the word farewell!

What heart to Love allied,

And not with sad emotions swell?

That break down manhood's pride;

Submits through the inner soul,

And gives us bliss in loss of pain,

With triumph in her eyes;

The product of reacting power,

The precious boon how sweet!

The sky where darkest clouds did lower

With smiles is now replete.

And if we part to meet no more,

The consciousness of love,

To be adored, and to adore,

A balm divine will prove:

A pledge to be redeemed again,

When Time shall have its knell,

When mutual Love in heaven shall reign,

And no more weep Farewell!

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A London Dog-Stealing Story.

A celebrated pointer of animals in London had painted the portrait of a splendid Newfoundland dog, but he strayed or was stolen as he was returning from his last sitting.

He was returned from his last sitting. His owner was in search of the dog, and knowing the distinguished artist's large and intimate acquaintance with persons who confidently conceal themselves with other people's dogs, repaired to him for advice, and authorized him to offer ten pounds reward for the recovery of the missing favorite. The artist accepted the commission with one of his "dog fanciers," who asked him what kind of a dog it was? "Why," says he, "look here; this is his picture. Should you know him again?"

The fellow gazed at the vividly faithful representation for a minute or two, and then said: "I think I've got him now; I shall know him if I see him. But what's the reward?"

"Why I ansome, indeed, and worth a little trouble; but such a prime hound as he'll be worth a deal of trouble to get hold on, such uncommon ears are taken on 'em by them as has got 'em. However, I'll do my best; and again he glances his eyes on the pictured dog, and then withdrew.

A month elapsed without tidings of the missing ten-pounder; but at length, in the dusk of the evening, the artist was summoned into his painting room, and there found his confidential agent, "Well, Bill, you've given it up?"

"Oh, no, don't say so," says the dog, with a wink. "I do really believe I've got him at last. But is the tip all safe, still, and no mistake?"

"Ay—have it any way you like."

"Ain't a check?" asked his agent's companion.

"No—a ten pound note, two fives, or seven shillings."

"Well, sir, where that word's said by a gent, there's an end of everything; so the dog will be here in half an hour's time, and a pretty business I have had to find him."

As an artist's lapse save this little stroke of business complete, and the dog and cash exchanged, "Well, now, my man," said the artist, "it's all over, and though I said I wouldn't ask you any question, I can't help it, merely out of curiosity, I give you my honor that I have no other motive, and will take no steps at all in consequence of what you may tell me. Did I ever deceive you?"

"No, sir, you never did."

"Well, do you know who stole him?"

"Quite sure you won't do nothing if I tell you?"

"Honor, honor!"

"Well, sir, I was the chap as prigg'd him."

"You!" echoed the great artist with expanded eyes, upturned hands and a great start.

"Yes, me, sir, I took'd the dog and no mistake."

"A few weeks ago, when I was out on a charge of wearing male apparel, while being a female of making love to the S. S. cause being, 'you false pretences,' and marrying a woman, &c. There is no doubt of her femininity, though her counterfeits of a man is said to have been perfect. She is English, and is supposed to be about 40 years of age, went under the name of Alfred Golph, and received remittance from England, part of which she used to give to a sister in the S. S. cause. In reply to the question, 'Are you male or female?' she answered, 'your officers can tell you,' or 'have told you.' She refused to give any more direct answer to the inquiry in relation to her sex, and was committed for further examination. The Standard learns that—

A woman married to a woman.

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A Short Story,

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The editor of the Chicago Times, having been on the north side of that city to see a friend, was recently prevented from reaching his home, in consequence of a storm of rain and high winds, which had caused a small fleet of vessels in tow, one of which had been cast off and hauled in just west of the bridge, leaving the "draw" still open. While waiting he witnessed the following scene:

The vessel was moored and made fast outside of several canal boats, and as we stood looking at the non upon her, one of them approached, a female, who had been crouched upon deck, and addressing her, pointed to the shore, then to the bridge, and then down towards the thronged and busy streets of living, moving, heading Chicago. She rose, picked up a small bundle from which she drew forth a coin, which she handed to the lady's sister. He related it, whatever it was, and lending her a hand, helped her from the vessel to the dock, and from the deck up to the bridge. By this time a large crowd of persons thronged the north end of where the bridge would be if it were always a bridge; and in contemplating the new faces, and the representatives of the various classes assembled, he had at most forgotten the incident he was related. Our attention was called from the vain endeavor to discover some cessation of tugs going up and down, and briggs and schooners pulling in and out, by hearing a most audible sob from some one near us. It was not the sob of childhood, caused by some sudden change from gaiety to grief; it was the sob of some mature breast, filled with a sense of loneliness and despair. It reached our ears thus. A lady dressed in a manner which bespoke a wealth that could gratify taste and elegance, and who, like ourselves, was detained at that place, stood near accompanied by three children, whose desire to get at the extreme edge of the platform she with difficulty repressed. With a woman's tenderness her heart recognized the stifled exhibition of sorrow, and approaching the person from whom it came, who was none other than the woman we had just seen land from the vessel, she quietly, and in that soft sweet voice of woman which none can resist, inquired if she stood in need, or was she ill, or was her sorrow such that she could not be relieved. A portion of the rattling near us was vacant, and toward that and almost at our side these two women came to converse. The stranger was a fair, handsome girl of about seventeen years; neatly but coarsely dressed, with short, not much hair worn but heavy, and unadorned, much for her sex as for the season. The poor girl, in honest simplicity, and with an earnestness which despair alone can impart, related her history, uninterupted by a single observation from her companion, but often accompanied by the tears of both. We have not space for it at length, but we will give it, changing its order just enough to enable us to state it briefly.

She said that she was born in Boston; she had no brother or sister now; she remembered that she had a sister, the oldest, whose name was Lizzie; that sister, years ago, against her father's will, had married, and with her husband having been banished from her father's sight, had gone off and had not been heard of