

The Sunbury American.

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JOHN B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

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

Reference in Philadelphia: Hon. John R. Tyson, Chas. Washburn, Esq., Sumners & Sumners, Linn, Smith & Co.

NEW STORE, ELIAS EMERICH.

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Lower Augusta township and the public generally, that he has purchased the Store lately kept by Isaac Martin, in Lower Augusta township near Elizabeth's Tavern, and has just opened a splendid stock of

Fall and Winter GOODS.

His stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres, Casimere, all kinds of linen, cotton and worsted.

Also, Calicoes, Ginghams, Lawns, Mouseline, Linens and all kinds of Ladies Dress Goods.

Also, an assortment of Ready-Made Clothing of all descriptions, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps.

Also, a quantity of the best of the trade, all of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

Country produce taken in exchange at the highest market prices.

Lower Augusta town, October 10, 1857.—If.

PATENT WHEEL GREASE.

THIS GREASE is recommended to the notice of all Wagoners, Drivers, Stable keepers, &c., as being superior to anything of the kind ever introduced.

It is much more durable, and is not affected by the weather, remaining the same in summer or in winter, and put up in tin cans, at 25 and 50 cents, for sale by

A. W. FISHER, March 14, 1857.—

M. R. O. KIMBALL, Musician.

MR. O. KIMBALL, late of Elmira, having become a resident of Sunbury, respectfully informs the citizens and others, that he intends to form a Singing Class, both secular and sacred, and will impart instruction to all who may desire to place themselves under his charge.

N. B.—Mrs. O. Kimball is prepared to give instructions to a few more pupils on the Piano Forte.

Sunbury, September 19, 1857.—If

New Philadelphia Dry Goods!!

SHARPLESS BROTHERS, LATE TOWNSEND SHARPLESS & SONS.

WE have removed to their new store, N. W. corner of Chestnut and 8th Streets, and have opened their usual full assortment of Autumn and Winter DRY GOODS, which they offer at very low prices.

Their stock includes Shawls, Black and Fancy Silks, Merinos and other Dress Goods, Men's and Boy's Wear, Blankets, Quilts, Ringing Goods, and Goods for "Friends Wear."

Oct. 24, 1857.—6m2c

SUNBURY STEAM FLOURING MILL

THE subscribers respectfully announce to the public, that their new Steam Flouring Mill in this place, has been completed, and will go into operation on Monday the 31st day of August, inst.

Having engaged a competent and careful Miller, they trust they will be able, with all the modern improvements adopted in their mill, to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor them with their custom.

SNYDER, BINEHART & HARRISON, Sunbury, August 29, 1857.—If

GILBERT BULSON, Successor to J. O. CAMPBELL & CO., AND L. C. IVES.

DEALER IN PRODUCE, FRUIT AND VEGETABLES, No. 4 North Wharves, 4th door Market Street, Philadelphia.

Oranges, Apples, Dried Fruits, Butter, Lemons, Onions, Mercer Potatoes, Cheese Raisins, Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Beans, Peas, Nuts, Peaches, Cranberries, Eggs, &c.

Good Seald on commission for Farmers and Dealers. October 24, 1857.—

THE 810 and 815 Single and Double Threaded Empire Family Sewing Machines.

AN AGENCY for the sale of these Sewing Machines can be secured on liberal terms for the County of Northumberland. No one need apply without capital sufficient to conduct the business properly and who cannot bring references as to reliability and capacity. A personal application will be necessary.

The peculiar adaptation of these Machines for all purposes of Family Sewing, will, wherever they are offered for sale command a ready and unlimited demand.

JOHNSON & GOODALL, S. E. Corner of 4th and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, August 15, 1857.—If

BLANKS! BLANKS! BLANK Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds, Warrants Attachments, Commitments, Summons, Subpoenas, Executions, Justices' and Constables Fee Bills, &c., can be had by applying to this office.

HYDROLEUM PAINTS.—These paints are mixed with water, thereby saving the cost of oil, for sale by

March 14 '57. A. W. FISHER.

Select Poetry.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

BY M. H. BRADCLIFFE.

Old year! thy head is white with age, Thy youthful fires no longer glow;

Thy lingering days but ought but gloom— And thou art tottering to the tomb

With feeble steps and slow.

Ah! Summer's warmth, Spring's sweet perfume, And Autumn's golden days are gone;

The wintry sun doth coldly gleam On thee; yet, 'neath its chilling beam,

Thou travel'st trembling on.

The frost-gems deck thy silver beard, Thy path is o'er the frozen ground;

The shivering winds about thee rave, And 'er thee, leafless branches wave,

With harsh and wailing sound.

Thy breath is cold upon my face, And thou art 'neath a burly bent,

Of shattered hopes and joys forgot, And sighs that oft this bosom torn,

And many hours misspent.

And with thee, on thy weary way, Not only these thy latest woes are dear,

But those who've loved thee dearly, And those, who've loved thee dearly,

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deal compassion, in expression. Suddenly he rose up, and within his arms, turned the old year.

"Miss Kate has chosen me this evening, and I take it under my protection. I have and I take it under my protection. I have and I take it under my protection.

As if he led me away to an opposite room. There, seeing that, between the room, and the annoyances just past, I was still unable to control my

calmly and quietly of some unimportant subject. His pleasant voice and quiet manner soon helped me to control my agitation,

and then he sat down beside me. I was amazed at myself talking glibly with this stranger, and still more amazed to find myself happy for several hours of the evening to which I had looked forward with so much dread, and which had commenced so inauspiciously.

And when he brought several of the bright ruddy-looking girls to speak to me in the course of the evening, I found what foolish shyness had prevented me from learning before, that they were amiable, warm-hearted creatures, in spite of their lack of refinement.

So, on the evening passed pleasantly, and I was wholely new afraid to go again, especially as, when they found I was not too proud to join in their sports, they never attempted to drag me into any which I did not like.

But chief among the pleasant memories of the evening was the kindness of Leander Holme. A pair of dark eyes haunted my thoughts for many a day, and I never forgot the soothing impression of his calm voice and pleasant manner.

Leander Holme was the son of the only rich man in the neighborhood. He had been well educated, and that, coupled with his rendered him infinitely superior to those around him, even if his winning manner had not been that of a perfect gentleman—refined, courteous and manly.

Of course, no one will wonder that I became deeply in love with Leander Holme. His devotion had never wavered from the first and long before the first winter in my father's home was passed, I had promised to become his wife. It would have been a dreary and miserable winter indeed without his presence and his love, but with it—ah, even now that long years have passed, I think of that, only recurring to that time, and never of the discomforts that had, in the fullness of my happiness, ceased to make me miserable.

My father and his wife were all smiles and approval. But when, toward spring, our engagement came to be known to Leander's father, he at once announced his decided disapproval. I heard that he asserted that he would never consent that his son should marry the daughter of a lazy dissipated man, and he said that my city rearing was scarcely a better preparation of the duties of mistress in Holme Place, than I should have received at the hands of that brawling, slatternly father's wife.

Leander was firm, and talked of the future and patient waiting. But I felt that I had been scorned, and my indignation was unbounded. I wrote to him, telling him all in no measured phrase, and begging him to send for me to live with her once more, if possible. Her answer was to come at once, and I departed, with the consternation of my father, and the ill-concealed delight of his wife, who had long been waiting since she heard of Leander's return.

I left a little note for Leander, who was absent at the time, saying that the engagement had better end, and releasing him fully and unconditionally. I wrote and sealed the note without hesitation or faltering, though it cost me a severe pain to do so.

I did not know until I had been settled in my aunt's home a week, and my letters in a package directed in Leander's hand, arrived without a line from him, how I had hoped through all that he would consent to be released, but that I had not.

But he, too, had his indignation—he was hurt that I should have arranged for my departure without consulting him, and he was pained at the coldness of my note. So, through the faults of others, and my own, standing of their own, two hearts that really and truly loved were severed. Alas! that the story had so many counterparts!

My aunt's income, by considerable economy, supported us, and enabled us to retain our place in the society to which I had been accustomed. It had been more than she anticipated when she had sent me home to my father, or she would never have exposed me to the trials I have passed.

As time passed on, I had lovers, as any pretty girl will, for, if I might believe my mirror and my friends, I was without attractions, but none of them troubled my heart.

On looking back I can see that I was always waiting, waiting with undefined expectation of something that never came. It was for Leander that I waited, and I never acknowledged it to myself, but it was with a terrible pang, a dumb but very real sorrow, that served as an excuse for illness, it was so like that I heard after two or three years, that he married.

My step-mother wrote to me—this wedding news—dilating maliciously upon the wealth and beauty of the bride, who had come from a distant city to reside at Holme Place. Upon the painting and fencing, the painting and glazing, and beautifying of the old house, and upon the loss of beautiful furniture, which the bride's father had sent to refurbish the old rooms.

I answered very calmly that Leander Holme was worthy any lady in the land, and bade her congratulate him in my name, if she saw him; hoping that, I believe, to disarm her suspicions and convince him that I had forgotten my love for him.

I went more into society after this, and it was remarked that I was gayer than I had formerly been. I was not aware of it, for I only knew what I was striving to forget. I had no other object in life now.

The years seemed very long, and weary—Society did not satisfy me, and I came to be looked upon as a coquette when, one after another, I rejected the suitors whom my gaiety and brilliancy of manner brought to my feet.

I became restlessly unhappy, with a craving for some object for thought and duty that would not find satisfaction in the life I led.

In that time my aunt had a severe illness, and the new cares which then devolved upon me were very good for me. From this illness she never fully recovered, and for two or three years before she died, she was in a constant suffering, and while I was busied in ministering to her comfort, I grew more patient and quiet.

By-and-by I was alone. I laid her who had been so many years in the grave, and I was left without care or duty. My means were now so suddenly lessened, that I was obliged to minister to her comfort, I grew more patient and quiet.

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attended the village church, and from beneath my black veil saw Leander Holme and the woman who occupied the place that should have been mine. She was looking pale and ill, but she smiled and was unhappy, and that her husband treated her, though always courteously, with great coldness. I felt a miserable, choking feeling—half delight, half bitterness, at the thought that he did not love her, but I bided even my step-mother's curiosity by my impenetrability. I am sure she did not know whether I took any interest in the dwellers at Holme Place.

More years passed. I still had offers though no longer young. At last I determined to accept me, Arthur Meriton was a man worthy of my esteem—worthy of my love, only that I had no love for him. He was satisfied when I told him all, and I promised to become his wife.

But as soon as I had promised, the old, wretched, waiting feeling came back. It seemed as if I vaguely expected something to interpose and prevent the consummation of that unholy engagement. And as the day approached I grew more and more, and more wretched, till finally, on a sudden impulse, I determined to go down to my father's to look over upon the old family scene, the village church and Holme Place, before I should have promised away my freedom, miserable as it made me of thinking of past love.

I went, and the first sound that greeted me as I entered the village was the tolling of the bell, and the carriage drew up beside the road as a long funeral procession passed, in the first carriage sat Leander Holme, very pale, but calm! It was his wife—she whom I had always thought as occupying my place—that they were conveying to the tomb.

I remained at my father's for many days, not to be long, but to see Leander Holme, but because I literally lacked the strength and energy for my homeward journey. My sole thought was that Leander was free. If he still loved me he might at some future time seek me, but I was about to place a barrier between us, and to become the wife of whom I now know more than ever I could not love.

At last, as the day came that I was to start on my return, I felt that I had gone too far to retract, and must fulfill the promise that I had voluntarily made to an honorable man, little years ago, and that I would almost have given life itself to secure was already mine.

I had scarcely reached my home when a messenger arrived to beg me, in the name of Arthur Meriton, to go at once to his house. He had been severely injured, and was still living and sensible, and most anxious to see me once more. God only knows I reproached myself for the first intense feeling of gladness that flooded my soul as I heard those terrible tidings.

I stood beside him to the last, determined, as a penance for my unfeeling joy, to spare myself no one of his painful though short sufferings. In a few hours, on the very morning that was to have dawned upon our wedding, he breathed his last. His death set me free. Yes, I was free, but my freedom did not bring me any hope. Leander had gone to Europe immediately on the death of his wife. Holme Place was closed, and it was said the farm was getting into a ruinous condition as years passed on and its master did not return. He had corresponded with any one at home, except in the briefest business letters.

So more years passed away. I busied myself in the education of my sister and introducing her into society, as she grew up a beautiful and brilliant girl, while I ceased to take any interest in the world, and took my place placidly among the elders, and brushed my still luxuriant hair, now thickly streaked with gray, beneath a tasteful cap.

I had become almost satisfied with my lot, and had ceased to think very frequently of Leander Holme, when a letter was written out of my usual placidity by hearing that he had returned to his home. The letter that brought these tidings stated farther that he was making many alterations and improvements in the place, and that it was conjectured that he was again about to bring a bride hither.

"That old man!" exclaimed my pretty sister, as she read this item; "Sister Katharine can you conceive of a man marrying at his age?"

I smiled and reminded the blooming little beauty that the man she called old could not be over forty-five, although it seemed a great age to her. I sighed a little as I glanced at the mirror and saw my faded features as reflected from its surface.

"It is not my fault," I said. "I gave her to the man she had chosen, well pleased, for I felt that he was worthy of my treasure. But it was with a very lonely, saddened heart that after the wedding breakfast was over, and the newly wedded pair and all the guests departed, I went to shut myself into my own room. I went a little, for I was pressing old and was all alone, and the future seemed very bleak and drear to me as I thought what my heart might have been, had I been loyal to my bride's allegiance.

My maid knocked at my door. A gentleman was in the parlor and wished to see me. "Did he send his card or name?"

"No, madam; he said he was an old friend, and would detain you but a few moments."

"Go back and say that I can see no one but my husband, unless he is brought to me by the sister he just left me that I am not well."

The girl went back, and I listened as I lay for the clang of the street door. But, instead, it was with a feeling of vexation that I heard footsteps returning. She came in, and, peep, peep, seeing my impudence of interest, she laid a card in my hand and retired without speaking:

LEANDER HOLME.

The letters swam before my eyes, and I trembled so that I could scarcely stand, and I tried to adjust my cap before the mirror. At length, with unsteady steps, I descended the parlor, and I stood in the hall, and from whom I had been separated so long. His hair was gray; there were lines of suffering all over his face, only the bright, dark eyes were unchanged. I gave him my hand; he looked at me steadily a little while, then he drew me towards him, and without a word, I lay sobbing upon his bosom.

"At last—at last he murmured. This was reunited to my first and last love. We are very happy now at Holme Place. My husband is that is good and noble; and my life is spent in ministering to his happiness, and in trying to fill a mother's place to the long-neglected children of the wife he had never loved."

POISONED BY COLORED CANDLES.—At Catakill N. Y., on Monday last, Mary Lyons, a young lady residing in that village, was taken suddenly sick while at school, in the afternoon and died at nine o'clock in the evening. She had all the symptoms of poison and it is supposed that she was poisoned by eating colored candles.

The Swedish Stove.

A correspondent of the Springfield Republican writes as follows of the stove in use for a long period in Sweden. If his account is true it must be invaluable, and some of our practical men should look out for its introduction into this country, where fuel is becoming so dear, and where the winters (with rare exceptions) grow colder and colder continually.

"I have fully made up my mind to buy one of the Swedish stoves, and send it home in time to be put up for winter. I think it will prove one of the greatest blessings to our country of anything lately invented or introduced here. It entirely obviates all the evils existing, and so seriously felt by all our northern people, in our imperfect and expensive use of our hot air system, and is also entirely free from dirt and filth in its use, gives an even, genial warmth to any degree that may be desired, entirely free from the unpleasant effects of our hot air system, and is the perfection of economy of fuel. So perfect is it, that for a hundred and fifty years, there has been no change in its arrangement, and it has given perfect satisfaction, in a country where they require as much warmth for their comfort as we do, and where the cold is tempered with a greater severity."

Where the people are quite as intelligent in all that pertains to such matters as we are, and it can hardly be supposed, if there was any advantage to be obtained, or anything more desired for comfort or convenience or better economy, than the change would have been made in it in so long a time. It is a great wonder to me that some one has not only tried it in America, but established its use and manufacture there, for its construction is so simple and easy to understand as to be within the reach of any one who is industrious and economical. Only one fire a day is made in them, and then only a small quantity of birch wood is used.

One of common size is capable of heating a room about thirty feet square, as warm as a hot bed in this cold climate. The amount of wood burned in each stove, in their eight months of winter, is only one cord, Swedish, which is a little less than our cord, or as 120 cubic feet to 123. There are several patterns, some much more beautiful than others; but most of them are a plain round pedestal or column, extending from the floor nearly to the ceiling, and generally they have a plain white China ware; but many that I have seen are of more ornamental forms, with cornices and moldings at the top, and some of them are ornamented in colors, like the material of which they are made. The white enamel is the same as our common tile, with the white enamel merely on the surface.

Legislators of the States—Times and Places of Meeting.

By the following table it will be seen that the Legislatures of twelve of the States commence their sessions in January:

Table listing state legislatures and their meeting times: Arkansas—Second Monday in November; Missouri—First Monday in November; Little Rock; California—First Monday in January; Sacramento; Connecticut—First Wednesday in May; Hartford; Delaware—First Monday in January; Dover; Florida—First Monday in November; Tallahassee; Georgia—First Monday in January; Milledgeville; Illinois—First Tuesday in January; Springfield; Indiana—First Monday in December; Indianapolis; Iowa—First Monday in December; Iowa City; Kansas—First Monday in December; Topeka; Kentucky—First Monday in November; Frankfort; Louisiana—First Monday in January; New Orleans; Maine—First Wednesday in January; Augusta; Massachusetts—First Wednesday in January; Boston; Michigan—First Monday in January; Lansing; Minnesota—First Monday in January; St. Paul; Missouri—First Monday in November; Jefferson City; Montana—First Monday in November; Helena; Nebraska—First Monday in November; Lincoln; Nevada—First Monday in November; Carson City; New Jersey—Second Tuesday in January; Trenton; New York—First Monday in January; Albany; New Hampshire—First Monday in January; Concord; North Carolina—First Monday in November; Raleigh; North Dakota—First Monday in November; Bismarck; Rhode Island—At various times and places; Harrisburg; South Carolina—First Monday in November; Columbia; Tennessee—First Monday in November; Nashville; Texas—First Monday in November; Austin; Vermont—First Monday in January; Montpelier; Virginia—First Monday in December; Richmond; Wisconsin—Second Wednesday in January; Madison; Wyoming—Second Wednesday in January; Cheyenne.

THE WIDOW OF OMAR PASHA.—Several French Journals have announced the presence in Paris of the divorced wife of Omar Pasha. The following details of her career are given in the Parisian Press:

"She was born at Reims, in Transylvania, and was sent