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Select Poetry.

HOW THE MONEY COMES.

Queer John has sung how money goes, But how it comes, who knows? Why, every Yankee mother's son can tell you how 'who thing' is done.

Select Poetry.

THE GAMBLER'S OR, THE CARD-TABLE AND TWO SCENES FROM RE.

By James Franklin. "Let us stop here, Harry, where we can pass our hour."

"Nonsense, Hal—-lizing the week? Wherefore?" he asked, and he threw a flexible voice that he "wherefore, I say, didst acquire three yesterday store of morality to us week? But a truce to us, do not understand me here, as well as I do me, have just said, a gambler bling hell, as some uncles, to term it; but what your motives in enter, continued. "Your rascals, will, tabulated to suffer from a visiting such a place for quates; you go simply to look loose their money—to spend a do an angling, in short, y done in such a place, a por-ed character, like yourself, a friend, and before you come in again, I'll try to show you a little."

"It was exactly such fallacious reasoning that he calculated on, so like Henry Cleveland's wife, was a young man of warm heart and impulses, with little experience in the views of right and wrong often as he was unformed and yielded, by his side, he called his Edger Monroe—was essentially a man; with a polished, fascinating, he combined a heart utterly corrupted. Unknowingly, of course, Edger had singled out the victim; and his victim; and he pursued his plan of familiarizing him, poisoning for his nature, he pursued his plan of familiarizing him, smoothing off its asperities as often as he appeared to be passed or view. And it was with this purpose in view, that upon the evening which had conducted his unsuspecting victim splendid banquet of vice and temptation, from which their conversion occurred."

the while, to refuse, and yet conscious of his inability to do so. Poor duped, he was fatally ensnared! The wine was poured out, healths were pledged, and Henry Cleveland drank.—With that draught he seemed to lose his very reason. The blood mounted to his forehead with the rapidity of lightning, and flushed his burning cheeks with its hot crimson—his eyes sparkled strangely, and his very hands trembled in the eagerness of his excitement. "Now, Harry, for a little play!" the tempter joyfully exclaimed. This moment for action had arrived, and he approached his prey with serpent-like cunning. "Of course, we won't gamble; we'll play for a trifling stake—just enough to make the game healthfully exciting. What do you say?" "Anything—anything for sport!" the young man deliriously replied. "Show me the 'life' you're talking about; show me anything that's not too tame and dull!" "All right, my boy—this way. Here are our wads; now we can amuse ourselves in our own way."

"The two seated themselves at a vacant table beat at hand, and in a brief time both had fully entered into the excitement of the game. This was, as we have intimated, Henry Cleveland's first essay in gambling; but his peculiar state of mind caused him to enter into it with an eager zest which his companion remarked with secret pleasure. For a time the stakes were trifling, and the gains and losses consequently small; when Cleveland suddenly exclaimed: "A fig for such child's play as this; let us do something worth our while! Here is a fifty dollar note; cover it Monroe, if you dare!" "With a quiet smile of satisfaction, Edger Monroe laid several gold pieces upon the table, and the play went on. The cards were shuffled and dealt, the game played, and Henry Cleveland was the winner. "It is his, as we have intimated, Henry increasing with the excitement crossed his success. "I will play for a hundred dollars, or nothing!" "With a cool calculating smile, Monroe assented. The game was played, and on this second time, Henry Cleveland was wind-

gaze of his flaming eyes. But we need not pause to describe him—we have seen him before. It was he who knelt so wildly and desparingly over the dead body of Henry Cleveland, in the gambling saloon in New York! "Stay—! I forbid this marriage!" he exclaimed, laying his hand upon the altar-rail. "There is cause why these two should not be united!" "And who, sir, are you?" the astonished clergyman asked. Henry Cleveland, who had intruder fixed his burning eye upon the shrinking bridegroom, and replied, in a clear, musical voice: "I am one whom this dissembling villain well knows; and, if I mistake not, there are others present who will also recognize me."

"The speaker paused, Jenny Gray, who had, at the first interruption, instinctively shrunk away from him to whom she was about pledging her irrevocable vow, started forward a step with the surprised and half joyful words: "Jasper Cleveland!" "You are right," he said; "I am Jasper Cleveland, the brother of that Henry Cleveland, to whom your own eyes testified as the villain of his traitorous friend—Edger Monroe!" "How—explain your words," the shuddering maiden whispered. "You know that Henry Cleveland died a death of sin in the great city; but you have never known that yonder ballad miscreant—thank heaven that I had it in my power to save you from his clutches—it you never knew, I say, that the murderer and tempter of the noble soul who trusted in him, to his death. But this is the simple truth; he whom you were about to wed is a murderer—as guilty in the sight of God, as that blood of Henry Cleveland, at this moment, crimsoned his foul hands!" "It is false!" the baffled gambler blushed through his set teeth. "Liar—imposter, whoever you are, begone, and delay this ceremony no longer."

Muscular Strength. The muscular strength of the human body is wonderful. A Turkish porter, who trot a rapid pace and carry a load of six hundred pounds. Milo, a celebrated athlete of Crete, in Italy, accustomed himself to carry the greatest burdens, and by degrees became a monster in strength. It is said that he carried on his back a stone of four years old, and weighing upwards of one thousand pounds, and afterwards killed him with one blow of his fist. He was seven times crowned at the Pythian games, and six at the Olympic. He presented himself the seventh time, but no one had the courage to enter the list against him. He was one of the disciples of Pythagoras, and to his uncommon strength that professor and his pupils owed their lives. The pillar which supported the roof of the house suddenly gave way, but Milo supported the roof of the building, and gave the philosopher time to escape. In old age he attempted to pull up a tree by the roots and break it. He partially effected it, but his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree where he stood, united, and left his hand pinned in the trunk of it. He was then slain by a complete pug-dog named himself, died in that position. Haller mentions that he saw a man, whose finger caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported by that means the whole above in less than a fortnight to the surface, a distance of six hundred feet. The whale moves with a velocity, through a dense medium, water that would carry him around the globe in less than a day. A swordfish has been known to strike his weapon through the thick plank of a ship; a specimen of such a plank, with the sword of the fish sticking in it, may be seen in the British Museum.

For the Ladies.—An excellent system of gardening for ladies; Make up your beds early in the morning; sow buttons on your husband's shirts; do not rake up any privancies; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness. A HAPPY FUTURE.—Home is the residence not merely of the body, but the heart; it is a place for the affections to unfold and develop themselves; for children to love, to learn and play in; for husband to love, and wife to be happy at home; if we are not happy there we cannot be happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtue of a family circle to see a happy future.

Familiar Quotations.

From "Things Not Generally Known," by D. A. Wells. There are many phrases and quotations which are as "familiar in our mouths as household words," whose origin is either unknown or misconceived, and without encroaching upon the sphere of the works devoted to this purpose, we may mention a few of them: "There is death in the pot," is from the Bible, 2 Kings iv 40. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided," is spoken of Saul and Jonathan, 2 Samuel iii 23. "A man after his own heart," 1 Samuel xiii 14. "The apple of his eye," Deut. xix 21. "A still small voice," 1 Kings xix 12. "Escaped with the skin of my teeth," Job xix 20. "That mine adversary had written a book," Job xli 35. "Spreading himself like a green bay tree," Psalm xxxviii 35. "Hanged our hearts upon the willows," Psalm cxxvii 2. "Riches certainly make good talk, as it is often quoted" themselves with Proverbs, xxiii 5. "Heap coals of fire upon his head," Ibid. xxv 22. "No new thing under the sun," Ecclesiastes i 9. "Of making many books there is no end," Ibid. xii 12. "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," (made famous by Patrick Henry) Jeremiah lii 7. "My name is Legion," Mark v 9. "To kick against the pricks," Acts ix 5. "Make a virtue of necessity," Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona. "All that glitters is not gold," usually quoted. "All is not gold that glimmers," extract of Venius. "Screw your courage to the sticking place," (not point) Macbeth. "Make assurance doubly sure," Ibid. Hang out your banners on the outward (not outer) walls, Ibid. "Keep the word of promise to our (not the) ear, but break it to the hand," Ibid. "It is an ill wind that blows no one any good," Thomas Tasser, 1850. "Christians come but once a year," Ibid. Look, ere you leap," Ibid. Look before you, ere you leap," Ibid. "No good deed goes unrequited," Ibid. "Look before you leap!" Out of mind as soon as out of sight," usually quoted. "Out of sight, out of mind," Lord Brooke. "What though the field be lost, all is not lost if the cause be just," Ibid. "Necessity, the tyrant's plea," Ibid. "That old man, eloquent," Ibid. "Face hath his victories," Ibid. "Though this may be play to you, 'tis death to us," Roger L'Estrange, 1734. "All cry and no work," (not little work) Hudibras. "Count their chickens ere 'trot before they hatched," Ibid. "Through thick and thin," Dryden. "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war," usually quoted. "When Greek met Greek, the contest was the tug of war," Nathaniel Lee, 1622. "Of two evils, I have chosen the least," Prior. "Richard is himself again," Colley Cibber. "Classic ground," Addison. "As clear as a whistle," Byron, 1764. "A good name," Johnsonian. "I feel no pain, but my heart is full of wounds," Leconte de Lisle. "My name is Nerval," John Home, 1808. "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs," Goldsmith. "Not much the worse for wear," (not none the worse), Cowper. "What will Mrs. Grundy say," Thomas Hood. "No matter what contracts your powers," Johnathan M. Sewell. "Hath given hostages to the devil," Bacon. "Gull's (God's) image cut in ebony," Thomas Guller. "Wise and masterly inactivity," Mackintosh, in 1731, though generally attributed to Randolph. "Fought in war, first he, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens," (not countrymen) resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, Dec. 1793. Prepared by General Henry Lee—10 millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," Charles C. Pinckney. "The Almighty Dollar," Washington Irving. "As good as a play," King Charles, when in Parliament, attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce Bill. "Selling a bargain" is in Leconte de Lisle's "Fast and loose," Ibid. "Punping a man," Ottawa's Venice Preserved. "Go snacks," Pope's prologue to Satires. "In the wrong box," Fox's Martlets. "To lamm in the sense of to bear, King and no King," by Beaumont and Fletcher. "The hackney newspaper Latin quotation," "Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis," is not found in any classic or Latin author. "The nearest approach to it is 'Omnia mutantur, et in fine solent esse in fine,'"

The Lost Pants.

The following is a passage from the rich articles which are embraced in the literary remains of Willis Gaylord Clark. It is only necessary to premise that the writer is a Philadelphia student, who after a stolen fortnight among the gayeties of a Washington "season," found himself (through the remissness of a clerk) in Baltimore, on his way home, without a cent in his pocket. He stops at a fashionable hotel, nevertheless, where, after tarrying a day or two, he finally, at the beel of a prudent, comes solus in his private apartment, flanked with abundant champagne and Burgundy, resolves to disclose all to the landlord. Summoning a servant, he says: "The landlord to step up to my room, and bring his bill."

He clattered down stairs, giggling, and shortly thereafter his master appeared. He entered with a generous smile, that made me hope for the best that his house afforded, and that, just then, was credit. "How much do I owe you?" said I. He handed me the bill with all the grace of polite expectancy. "Let me see seventeen dollars. How very reasonable! But, my dear sir, the most disagreeable part is now to be disclosed. I grieve to inform you that I am at present out of money; but I know, by my anthropometric looks, that you will be satisfied when I tell you that if I had it I would give it to you with accumulated pleasure. But you see you are not having the change with you is the reason why I don't do it; and I am sure you will let the matter stand and say no more about it. I am a stranger to you that's a fact; but in the place where I come from, my acquaintances know me, as easy as can be." "The landlord turned all colors."

"Where do you live, anyhow?" "In Washington—I should say Philadelphia!" His eyes flashed with angry disappointment. "See how it is, mister; my opinion is that you are a blackleg. You don't know where your home is. You begin with Washington and end with Philadelphia. You must pay the bill."

Poetry.

Denies the Soft Impeachment.

One of our native poets, tickled at a little circumstance that happened in his family, in a sentimental, rhymed, etc. print with it, and attempted to father it upon the carelessness of St. Peter; but that old custodian, it will be seen, denies the soft impeachment.—The two "jims" are passing among the current literature of the day:—

MY CHILD'S ORIGIN.

BY DAVID BARKER. One night as old St. Peter slept He left the door of Heaven ajar, When through a little angel crept, And came down with a falling star. One summer as the blessed beams Of morn' approached, my blushing bride Awoke from pleasing dreams, And found that angel by her side. God grant but this—I ask no more; That when he leaves this world of sin, He'll bring his way to that blessed shore, And find the door of Heaven again.

ST. PETER'S REPLY.

Full eighteen hundred years or more I've kept my doors securely tied, There is no "little angel" strayed, Nor has been missing all the while. I did not sleep as you supposed, Nor have the door of Heaven ajar; Nor has a "little angel" left. And gone down with a falling star. Go ask that "blushing bride" and see If she won't frankly own and say, That when she found that angel babe, She found it by the good old way. God grant but this—I ask no more; That should your number still enlarge, That you'll not do as heretofore, And lay it to old Peter's charge. ST. PETER.

Miscellaneous.

The Lost Pants.

A VERY AMUSING SKETCH. The following is a passage from the rich articles which are embraced in the literary remains of Willis Gaylord Clark. It is only necessary to premise that the writer is a Philadelphia student, who after a stolen fortnight among the gayeties of a Washington "season," found himself (through the remissness of a clerk) in Baltimore, on his way home, without a cent in his pocket. He stops at a fashionable hotel, nevertheless, where, after tarrying a day or two, he finally, at the beel of a prudent, comes solus in his private apartment, flanked with abundant champagne and Burgundy, resolves to disclose all to the landlord. Summoning a servant, he says: "The landlord to step up to my room, and bring his bill."

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self taken in with a vengeance. I will expose you at once, if I am not recompensed. "Pray keep your temper," said the agitated publican, "I have just opened this house, and it is getting a good run, would you ruin its reputation for an accident? I will send for a tailor to measure you for the missing garment. Your money shall be refunded. Do you not see your temper is useless?"

"My dear sir," I replied, "I thank you for your kindness. I did not mean to reproach you. If those trousers can be found, I shall be satisfied, for time is more precious than money. You may keep the others, if you find them, and in exchange for the hundred and fifty dollars which you give me, their contents are yours."

The next evening, with new inexpressibles, and one hundred and fifty dollars in my purse, I called on my guardian in Philadelphia for sixty dollars. He gave me a lecture on collegiate desecration that I shall not forget. I enclosed the money back to my honorable landlord by the first post, settled my bill at old Crusty's, the first publican, and got my trunk by mail.

THE ORANGE GIRL OF COLUMBUS.—At Columbus, Ohio, there has been for some years past, a lovely orange girl, known to all as Kattie, and of all respects. She supported an aged mother by the sale of her fruit, and never returned home with a full basket. Everybody bought an orange of Kattie, for all admired her, but it was with a respectable admiration, she was so pure and good. Kattie was about sixteen, and when the Union meeting of the Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio legislatures took place at Columbus, a youthful member of the Tennessee Legislature, strolling the city, was startled by a silvery voice asking "Buy an orange, sir?" He did buy one, and this opened the way for a conversation in which the girl artlessly revealed the secret of her poverty of her home, and the necessity of her supporting her mother. He was so struck with the girl's manner and singular beauty that he secretly resolved to visit her home and become more intimately acquainted. He did so, and after successive visits, won the confidence and love of the maiden, and the mother's consent to their marriage; and when he went back to his southern home it was with a promise to return in a fortnight for his bride. He came, and now the mother and daughter, and the beautiful Orange Girl are man and wife. He has taken her, the fairest of the fair, to his home, to dwell with him, and her aged mother in opulence.

THE CATTLE DISEASE.—This disease, so prevalent in Massachusetts, is creating much alarm in Connecticut, and a committee in the Legislature have reported a bill providing for the appointment of three commissioners with power to visit all parts of the State, and take the necessary measures to detect and suppress the disease; also compelling owners of cattle that are suspected to be diseased, to report them to the selectmen, under penalties; also compelling selectmen to report to the commissioners, and to the necessity of her supporting her mother.

The secretary of the Maine board of agriculture recommends to the people of that State, as a security against the introduction of the cattle disease, the non-importation of cattle from infected districts in Massachusetts; also, that for some months to come there can be no driving from place to place or exchange, or circulation in any way, of cattle now within the State's borders.

ALOES is said to be an excellent thing to destroy insects on trees. Washing their trunks with a solution of aloes affects the leaves sufficiently to prevent insects eating them. It is believed many plants may be disinfested of them by washing with a solution of aloes. Spraying roses with it will kill the slug. For syphilis, take one ounce of aloes to two gallons of water. It dissolves best in warm water.

ONLY SIXTEEN YEARS OLD.—It is just sixteen years since Professor Morse put the first electric Telegraph in America. The first piece of news sent over it was the nomination of J. K. Polk for President, made at Baltimore, and announced in Washington "two hours in advance of the mail."

THE SCRIPTURE RULE AS TO DIVORCES.—The Methodist Conference now in session at Buffalo, N. Y., has resolved that the marriage relation can only be dissolved by a violation of the seventh commandment; or by other parties, while both are living, is contrary to the teachings of the Holy Scriptures.

DEEDS.—Every man ought to pay his debts— if he can. Every man ought to help his neighbor—if he can. Every man and woman ought to get married—if they can. Every man should beget children—if he can. Every man should please his wife—if he can.

CULTURE OF COTTON IN UTAH.—The Mormons have the virtue of industry, if nothing else. They are turning attention to the culture of cotton, and in Washington county, 300 miles south of Salt Lake City, about five tons were raised the past year. "No he's that dog of yours a pointer?" "No he's half hunter and half setter; he hunts bones when he's hungry, and sets by the stove when he's satisfied."