

The Sunbury American

NEW SERIES, VOL. 13, NO. 35.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 21, NO. 9.

The Sunbury American.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. MASSER.

Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance.

Three Dollars per annum in advance.

Five Dollars per annum in advance.

Seven Dollars per annum in advance.

Five Dollars in advance will pay for three years' subscription to the American.

Estimates will be sent on application, and blank forms containing subscription money. They are printed and sent to the Post Office.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square of 12 lines 3 times, \$1.00

Every subsequent insertion, 50 cts.

One Square, 3 months, 2.50

Six months, 4.50

One year, 8.00

Business Cards or Five lines, per annum, 2.00

Notices and others, advertising by the year, with the privilege of inserting additional advertisements weekly, 10.00

Large Advertisements, as per agreement.

JOE PRINTING.

We have on hand and on order a well selected stock of JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to execute in the most perfect style, every variety of printing.

H. B. MASSER.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

SUNBURY, PA.

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

References in Philadelphia:

John E. Tyson, Chas. Gibson, Esq., Sumner & Sistrup, Linn, Smith & Co.

CHARLES MATTHEWS

Attorney at Law,

No. 128 Broadway, New York.

Will carefully attend to Collections and all other matters entrusted to his care.

May 21, 1858.

FRANKLIN HOUSE.

REBUILT AND REFINISHED.

Cor of Howard and Franklin Streets, a few Squares West of the N. C. R. R. Depot, BALTIMORE.

TERMS, \$1 PER DAY.

G. LEISENING, Proprietor.

July 16, 1859—1/2

WILLIAM E. SOMERS, CHARLES SOMERS.

G. SOMERS & SON.

Importers and Dealers in

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailors Trimmings, &c.

No 32 South Fourth Street, between Market and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

Merchants outside visiting the city would find it to their advantage to give them a call and examine their stock.

March 10, 1850—

HARDWARE HARDWARE!!

UST received by A. W. FISHER, at his Drug Store, Sunbury, Pa.

SCOOPS, SHOVELS, FORKS, LOG-CHAINS, MILL SAWS, CROSS-CUT SAWS.

Also, Screws, Butts, Door Knobs, Thumb Latches, and all hardware necessary for building.

A splendid lot of pocket and table cutlery, German Silver Spoons.

Looking Glasses.

A large stock of Looking Glasses, received and for sale by

Sunbury, July 17, 1858.—

DEFOREST, ARMSTRONG & CO.

DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,

80 and 82 Chambers Street, New York.

Would notify the Trade that they are opening Weekly, in new and beautiful patterns, the

WAMUTIA PRINTS,

also the

Amoskag.

A New Print, which excels every print in the Country for perfection of execution and design in full Madder Colors. Our Prints are cheaper than any in market, and meeting with extensive sale.

Orders promptly attended to.

February 4, 1830.—1/2 pl

J. P. SHINDEL GOBIN,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law

SUNBURY, PA.

Will attend faithfully to the collection of claims and all professional business in the Counties of Northumberland, Moutour, Union and Snyder. Coupled given in the German language.

Office one door east of the Prothonotary's office.

Sunbury, May 26, 1850.—1/2

THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

BROADWAY, CORNER OF FRANKLIN STREET

NEW YORK CITY.

Offers inducements to Merchants and Tourists visiting New York, and to those who wish to enjoy the advantages of the city, and which will be appreciated by all travelers.

A central location, convenient to places of business, as well as places of amusement.

34 large and superbly furnished sitting rooms, with a magnificent Ladies Parlor, commanding an extensive view of Broadway.

Being conducted on the European plan, visitors can live in the best style, with the greatest economy.

August 4, 1850.—1/2

Taylor's Celebrated Saloons.

where visitors can have their meals, or if they desire they will be furnished in their own rooms.

The fine service in the Saloons and Hotel is acknowledged by exposure to be vastly superior to that of any other Hotel in the city.

With all these advantages, the cost of living in the International, is much below that of any other first class Hotel.

August 4, 1850.—1/2

BLANKS! BLANKS!!

A new supply of Sammons', Executions, Warrants, Subpoenas, Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds, Leases, Naturalization papers, Justices and Constables Fee Bills, &c., &c., just printed and for sale at this Office.

Sunbury, April 30, 1859.

SALDINGS Prepared Glass, and Sheet Glass, in Price per bottle and box 50 cents

Cardinal Relief of Catarrhs Bladder & Venereal, for removing

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Sunbury, March 17, 1850.

A NEW LOT OF HARDWARE & SADDLERY. Also the best assortment of Iron Nails and Steel to be found in the county, at the Mammoth store of FRILING & GRANT, Sunbury, June 2, 1860.

SKELETON SKIRTS. At the Mammoth Store will be found a very large assortment of Skeleton Skirts from seven hoops up to thirty.

Oct. 6, 1860. FRILING & GRANT.

HOPEFUL LOVERS OF SOUP! A fresh supply of Macaroni and Confectionery at FRILING & GRANT'S, Sunbury, June 3, 1860.

Select Poetry.

"LA CANADIENNE."

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

As by the crystal fount I strayed,

On which the dancing moonbeams played,

I saw the daisies so clear and bright

I bathed myself in its delight—

I loved the form that hour we met,

And never can that love forget.

The water seemed so clear and bright,

I bathed myself in its delight;

The nightingale above my head,

As sweet a stream of music shed—

The nightingale above my head

As sweet a stream of music shed;

Sing, nightingale! thy voice is glad!

But I could weep for mine is sad!

Sing nightingale! thy heart is glad!

But I could weep for mine is sad!

For I have lost my lady fair,

And she has left me to despair!

For I have lost my lady fair,

And she has left me to despair;

For that I gave not, when she spoke,

The rose that from this tree I broke—

For that I gave not, when she spoke,

The rose that from this tree I broke—

I wish the rose were on its tree,

And my beloved again with me!

I loved thee from the hour we met,

And never can that love forget.

The above song is very popular in Lower Canada, where it is known as "A Claire fontaine," and was repeatedly sung by the Hon. Cartier, when with the Prince's party, the Prince always joining heartily in the chorus. It is a sweet and simple air.

Miscellaneous.

[From the New York Times.]

The President Elect.

Visit of a New Yorker to Springfield—Anecdotes—Lincoln as a Chess Player, &c.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 10th, 1860.

While en route for Springfield, your correspondent could not but conjecture the

newly-elected President of the United States. Imagination pictured Mr. Lincoln in a crowded room, the centre of a

circle of prominent leaders of his party, the subject of a volley of congratulations, the

power of his party, the object of the over-zealous attentions of enthusiastic friends, vainly endeavoring to obtain a minute's rest, a moment's peace. But, how strikingly different

was the fact!

Learning, with some difficulty, the locality of the office of "Abraham Lincoln, Lawyer," the place was found to be a meagerly-furnished room on the second floor of a somewhat time-worn building. On the right hand side of the street door, as you go up stairs, is a modest sign, about a foot long, and a few inches wide, tacked awry on the wall, bearing the following record:

LINCOLN & HERNDON.

Climbing the steep staircase, and peering through the darkness of the Egyptian passage, we reached the office, a room printed on paper, and a long, lean, skeletal hand, supposed to be an accurate drawing of "Uncle Abe's" digits—directs you to the address of his apartments.

"Is Mr. Lincoln in?"

"Do you know where he may be found?"

"Well, he may be at home, and may be at the State House."

"You go up stairs, and you see a dark passage leading to the courtyard; at the end of this is the Executive room, and there you will probably find Mr. Lincoln."

With not the remotest idea of the direction of northeast, but having a firm confidence in the good sense of the porter, we personally ran to the courtyard, search of a father, we groped our way through the first dark passage, and found somebody at the end thereof in the act of locking the door.

"Is that you, John?" said the voice; and from behind his occupation the gentleman stood erect at Springfield, in July, 1858.

Mr. Lincoln says:

"Senator Douglas is of world-wide renown. All the anxious politicians of his party, or who have been in his party for years past, have been looking upon him as certainly, at no distant day, to be President of the United States. They have seen in his round, jolly, fruitful face, post office, land offices, marshals and Cabinet appointments, chargeships, and foreign missions, bursting and sprouting out in wonderful exuberance, ready to be plucked at any moment. It is a shame and a disgrace to the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face, nobody has ever seen that which cabages were sprouting out."

Let that be a forewarning of the fate of many a patriotic citizen anxious to "cabage" a salary in the Post-office or Custom house?

As a lawyer, Mr. Lincoln has been most successful in criminal business. His power as a lawyer is proverbial, and he has been as well as civil in the State. It is estimated that he resigned no less than \$20,000 worth of law business in 1858, to engage in his campaign for President. He is a practitioner before the Supreme Court, and is considered one of the best men at the Bar of the State to arrange and present a case clearly. He conducts a case with the most extravagant show of bonesty. It is often charged that he admits too much; that he almost admits his client's case away. But he is very successful nevertheless—aiming, as he does, to show that on his own premises, his opponent is wrong—exactly as it chanced he let his opponent take the attack, because he thinks he can successfully

Japanese Little Folks.

The Hon. Frank Hall, who is now in Japan speaks thus favorably of the Nipponese children:

During more than half a year's residence in Japan, I have never seen a quarrel among young or old. I have never seen a blow struck, scarcely an angry face. I have seen the children at their sports, flying their kites on the hill, and so amount of intertangled strings or kites lodged in the trees provoked angry words or impatience. I have seen their intent on their games of jacks and marbles under the shaded gateway of the temple, and have never seen an approach to a quarrel among them. They are taught implicit obedience to their parents, but I have never seen one of them chastised. Respect and reverence to the aged is universal. A crying child is a rarely seldom seen. We have nothing to teach them in this respect out of our abundant civilization. I speak what I know of the little folks of Japan, for more than any other foreigner have I been among them. Of all that Japan holds there is nothing I like half so well as the happy children. I shall always remember their alky black eyes and ruddy brown face with pleasure. I have played battledore with the little maidens in the street, and flows kites in the air with my happy set of boys as one would wish to see. They have been my guides in my rambles; shown me where the streams and ponds were, where the flowers lay hid in the thicket, where the berries were ripening on the hills; they have brought me under the shade of the hedge. They have laughed at my broken Japanese and taught me better, and for a happy, good-natured set of children I will turn out my little Japanese friends against the world. God bless the boys and girls of Nippon!

Romantic Career of an Eccentric Girl.

About four years since our community was startled by the announcement, in the daily journals of what was supposed to be the death of a fearful tragedy, in which a young and beautiful girl was believed to have been carried away by some wretch; and as nothing had since been heard from her, little doubt was entertained by her friends that she had after a brief sojourn, either experienced the fate of "Dædemons," or what was more shocking still, had been compelled, in her disgrace, to barter virtue for life. Her parents, who were well advanced in years, gradually sank beneath the terrible calamity, until they became living personifications of settled melancholy and despair.

Numerous circumstances had led them irresistibly to this conclusion; and on the night of her departure, policemen had heard the smothering shrieks of a female in the vicinity of her parents' residence; but before they reached the spot, all was silent; neighbors, too, had heard mysterious noises, and observed dark figures beneath a lady's window; but when, as they may suppose, they did not think to raise the alarm, or even speak of the matter, until her absence was discovered; but afterwards there was such marked similarity in their stories that there was no room to doubt that the girl had been really and simply eloped with, and had been legally married, she would have informed her parents of her whereabouts, and ascertained from them whether they approved or disapproved of the course she had taken, before she had cut them out of her life. Her lover, the man to whom she was supposed to have been betrothed, still remained, and evinced a distress as deep, if not as lasting as that of the parents. Under such circumstances, the conclusion that she had been forcibly abducted appeared necessarily to follow.

About the same time a young man, or rather a boy, named Frank Bates, of light stature, but with rosy cheeks, smiling face, ready wit, and a ready tongue, engaged in the service of a river captain as a cabin boy, and by his promptness and ingeniousness so ingratiated himself into the good will of his patron, that he was elevated to an assistant clerkship, a position for which his education and activity were amply qualified. He remained on the boat in this capacity for about two years, when he went to Council Bluffs, Iowa, and engaged as a clerk in a dry goods store. Here his affability did not fail to draw to him a number of friends, and among the latter his cousin, Blaine, a fine, well-mixed of all admirers, and his employer's store was soon discovered by all of them to be the best in the village, and Frank was everywhere applauded as the most agreeable and useful of clerks. He attended parties and places of amusement he was always assigned the post of honor, and it must be confessed that no other young man in the vicinity could fill the station with such perfect ease and grace as could our young hero.

It was not long, however, to trace his history during the two years he remained at Council Bluffs, nor to chronicle the oft raised hopes and repeated disappointments by his female admirers—they will readily suggest themselves to the reader. But in the midst of the festivities of the day of victory, he often succeeded by disgrace and defeat, and so it happened in this case. About three weeks ago, at a masquerade, "Frank" was discovered—how the paper that relates the particulars of his career, does not state to be a friend of the "Royal" Blaine, a fine, well-mixed of all admirers, and his employer's store was soon discovered by all of them to be the best in the village, and Frank was everywhere applauded as the most agreeable and useful of clerks. He attended parties and places of amusement he was always assigned the post of honor, and it must be confessed that no other young man in the vicinity could fill the station with such perfect ease and grace as could our young hero.

It is queer how the English hit upon points in what they call our national characteristics, which are just the things in which they themselves are most deficient. A very beautiful and striking city, one of the first visited by the Prince, was dubbed the "city of shocking bad hats," whereas it was the general remark among those who had been in the city, and had about the most frightful and rowdy bad coverings ever seen in America. Again, the crowd were taken to task for being badly dressed, but the writer did not appear to know that the Prince's costume was no fall dress, was as very bad in this country as in the old world, and that there is no confidence felt out of a certain small island, that there ever was such a thing as a well dressed Englishman. The Cincinnati *Examiner* is taken to task for asserting that "the Prince's dance," which is strictly true as to his excellence in the Terpsichorean art, as all who saw him at any of the balls will testify; but the *Globe* seems to think we are no judges of this, ignoring the world acknowledged truth that Frenchmen and Americans are only males who understand the gay science.

"Dad has Struck It."

The Hartford *Courant* moralizes thus on the amusing story which has been going the rounds of the papers, and which originated in the Pennsylvania oil region. The gist of the story was the airs put on by a young lady who gave as a reason, "Dad has struck it. We quote:

How completely does the above anecdote exemplify American human nature. We have no aristocracy of rank and birth. Those who are at the bottom of the pile of society in one generation may become the top sticks of the heap in the next. Wealth makes all this difference with us, which birth and rank in Europe makes. "Dad has struck it" is a wonderful effect on the estimation of others or on the value we attach to ourselves. When we see the daughters of a couple that have worked hard through life and eaten the bread of carelessness, thrumming on the piano or sweeping the sidewalk, with their expensive silks, we think at once that they are showing the public that "Dad has struck it."

When we see a young woman flirting in the streets with all the idle young men while her mother sits at home mending her stockings for her, it is very evident that she thinks "Dad has struck it."

When a man has struck it himself, by his own perseverance and industry, we like to see him use it well, and if necessary, even for his own enjoyment. But we want to see him bring up his children, as he was brought up himself, to work. Let them be taught to use their own perseverance and industry and strike it for themselves. It will be of more use to their characters and their destiny than if "Dad" has struck it for them. Every one who trades God's earth, and breathes God's air, should feel it to be a duty to work to make the world better for having lived in it—to be of some use in day and generation. Let every one labor with his mind, if he does not work with his hands. It is a shame and a disgrace to the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face, nobody has ever seen that which cabages were sprouting out."

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As IN AN PALACE—the Pasha of Egypt is establishing a magnificent palace, built of French cast iron, for a museum of antiquities to be filled with relics of antiquity found in Egypt, in the execution of which 2500 men are now employed under the direction of the French architect.

Queen Victoria's Prudence.

The London correspondent of the New York Sun says:

"I was told the other day an anecdote of the Queen, which illustrates her good sense and real desire to promote the welfare of her subjects. She had agreed to have her photograph taken for the gratification of such of her subjects as might desire to possess the counterfeit presentation of their ruler. She presented herself in a plain black silk without a particle of ornament. The photographer ventured to suggest that she should send for some jewels. 'No,' said the Queen, 'this photograph is to go among my people, and I wish to do all in my power to discourage extravagance. It is such little anecdotes as these that have secured the Queen a high place in the regard of the people. I have everywhere heard her spoken of with affectionate respect.'

An Irishman was requested by a lady, notorious for her parsimonious and niggardly habits, to do for her some handiwork. The job was performed to her complete satisfaction.

"Pat," said the old miser, "I must treat you."

"God bless your honor madam," replied Pat.

"Which would you prefer, a glass of porter or a tumbler of punch?"

"I don't wish to be troublesome, madam," said the Irishman turning around and winking at the thin ribbed waiter, "but I'll take the one, while you're making the other."

Rev. Mr. Smith, familiarly nicknamed Jo Smith Jr., seems determined that the world shall be in mind that he is the son of a prophet. He has recently put forth, in the shape of letters, to the fair sex, requesting their early entrance to his happy home, and promising on the word of an honest Mormon, to do the best he can for them, and to make their condition a peculiarly happy one.

OH! EXCITEMENT.—The oleaginous ferret brood out in Cambria county. It is reported that there are surface indications of oil in many places on the mountain; and it is said that a saw mill in that county has been supplied from the surface of the dam, for years past, with all the oil needed for burning and tanning purposes. Several companies are forming, and wells are about being sunk to ascertain the truth of the reports.

THE PRESS VERSUS THE PULPIT.—Henry Ward Beecher, on a recent occasion, said: "The articles of the press go further than the sermon, and carry with them really more force, certainly where one leaves three, which is an abomination before God and man. No preacher, who is fit to preach a sermon, is fit to preach more than one, a day, and no man is fit to hear more, or, if he does, he is not fit for much else. Sermons are like boys' popguns; however many you put in, it's the last wad that drives the others out."

BUFFALO ROBBER.—The St. Louis (Mo.) Democrat says that a total of 80,000 buffalo robes has been received in that city during the present year. These robes are all tanned by the Indian squaws, as the men never stoop to such work.

GREAT YIELD OF CORN.—Mr. E. D. Hall of Holly Shelter, New Hanover county, N. C., has a record of a single acre of corn one hundred and twenty-two bushels and three pecks of corn.

STRANGE MORALITY.—A few months ago the typhoid fever made its appearance in the family of Mr. Bieber, residing near Harper's tavern in Lebanon county, by which nearly the whole family have died. The mother was the first victim, and after her the father and other members of the family, until six of them have been laid in the cold and silent grave.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—First, look at the color; if it is white, with a slight yellowish or straw-colored tint, it is very white. If it is a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine the odor; it should be wet and knock a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Third, throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls in a heap, it is a poor quality; if it remains on the floor for a few hours, it is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests is safe to buy. These modes are given by old flour dealers, and they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody, namely, the staff of life.

A GOOD REPLY.—An Irish carriage-driver in the Boston Custom House, lately having the other day. A gentleman had replied to Pat's "Want a carriage, sir?" by saying, "No, I am able to walk;" when Pat rejoined, "May your honor look be able, but seldom willing."

DEPRESSION OF THE CLOTHING TRADE IN NEW YORK.—The New York Express says there are about thirty-five large wholesale clothing houses in New York, manufacturing from four to five millions yearly, and employing at a moderate calculation from 8,000 to 10,000 operatives, and running at least 2,000 machines. It is not generally known, but it is a fact, that since early in August—now about three months—the bulk of these houses have been idle—doing nothing for next year, most of them have not made a garment for next season. Such a thing was never before known.

OFFICE TO LET.—A very pleasant desk in the Boston Custom House, for four years, for a young man in Windsor, lately having been pointed out by a former wife, and had it announced that he had been killed on a railroad. The second wife sent her brother after him with a coffin. The brother soon discovered the trick, but the coffin shall not go back empty if he can help it.

THE BREAK IN THE SCHUYLKILL CANAL, last week, at Laurel Hill lock, whereby about thirty feet of the towing bank and twenty feet of bottom were washed into the river, is supposed to have been caused by muskrats.

RAILROAD STOCK LEVIED ON.—Yesterday Sheriff Eyster levied upon all the property and rolling stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to be found in this city, on a writ of execution amounting to the aggregate of \$163,454, issued at the instance of the Attorney General for tonnage tax due the State, which the Company refused to pay.—*Harrisburg Telegraph*, 9th inst.

A LITERARY CAB-DRIVER.—A prize of \$20 for the best essay on the effect of Sunday cab-driving has been won by John Cockran, a London cab driver. At the meeting at which the prize was awarded, Cockran told his audience that the essay consisted of 19,000 words, and was written in the open air, on the top of his cab.

What is that which every man can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided?—Water.