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**TO CONSUMERS OF**  
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# SUNBURY AMERICAN

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY H. B. MASSER & E. WILVERT, SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENN'A.

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## POETICAL.

**SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.**  
Old Time has turned another page  
Of eternity and truth;  
He reads with a warning voice to age  
And whispers a lesson to youth.  
A year has fled o'er heart and head  
Since last the year's log burnt;  
And we have a task to do to-day,  
What the lesson and brain have learnt!

Oh! let us hope that our sands have run  
With wisdom's precious grains;  
Oh! may we find that our hands have done  
Some work of glorious pains.  
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry  
New year.

While the holly gleams above us;  
With a pardon for the faces who hate,  
And a prayer for those who love us.  
We may have seen some loved ones pass  
To the land of hallowed rest;  
We may miss the glow of an honest brow  
And the warmth of a friendly breast;

But if we nursed them while on earth,  
With hearts all true and kind,  
Will their spirits blame the smelt mirth  
Of those true hearts left behind?  
No, it were not well or wise  
To mourn with endless pain;  
There's a better world beyond the skies,  
Where the good shall meet again.

Then a welcome and cheer to the merry  
New year,  
While the holly gleams above us;  
With a pardon for the faces who hate,  
And a prayer for those who love us.  
Have our days rolled on serenely free  
From sorrow's dim alloy?

Do we still possess the gifts that bless  
And fill our souls with joy?  
Are the creatures dear still clinging near,  
Do we hear loved voices come?  
Do we gaze on eyes whose glances shed  
A halo around our home?  
Oh, if we do, let thanks be poured  
To him who hath spared and given,  
And forgot not o'er the festive board  
The mercies he'd poured on us!

Then a welcome and cheer to the merry  
New year,  
With a pardon for the faces who hate,  
And a prayer for those who love us.

## TALES AND SKETCHES.

### IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS.

BY MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.

This was one of the golden sermons of Jeddiah Pettit. One might think so, at least by the frequency with which it was repeated. It was a sermon which he had preached in the village of Newstead. He lived in that great white house on the hill, with the turrets of the front windows, the great sugar maples in the grassy yard, and the garden which he had planted with the richest fruit of the neighborhood. Jeddiah was a man of money—of which he had had a fair amount; how much it was difficult to say, but it was a "show, dry suit" which curled his hand features, and which he had inherited from New York. The inquiry was made, that stimulated the imagination of the questioner more than the mention of any definite sum. Jeddiah was an excellent householder in all pertaining to his own. His wife lacked for nothing—of starch in the stiffness of silks and heaviest of satins, wore an India shawl, and got her bonnets quarterly from New York, to the great edification of his rural neighbors. All Jeddiah's sons and daughters walked in brightness and lived on the fat of the land; they went to the best schools, wore the best clothes, ate the best things, and were reported to do every thing in the best way. He rubbed his hands as he looked around on his rising rank. He flattered himself that there were no such children going. He took care of them; they were his, and Jeddiah always took care of his own things. Whatever was his, though but the breadth and thickness of a hair, was his and was attended to with microscopic nicety.

"It's none of my business," he said to all that was not his, to everybody not his own, to everybody's cares, wants, outside the circle of his own, Jeddiah had one short, golden saying:

"IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS."  
Jeddiah was a proper, church-going man—nay, a church member, and being a church member, his townsmen thought the least they could do for a man of such substance and admirable management was to make him a deacon. They appointed him, in a measure, to bring the church into the church, which he called his own. They were much mistaken. He was too shrewd for them. If they thought they were going to put their burdens off on his shoulders, they were mistaken. I pay my subscription punctually; that's all I agreed to do; as to the rest, it's none of my business.

"I'll subscribe up for any charitable object, Jeddiah was very acute in finding out that it was none of his business. "Subscribe to a town library? No; what did he want of a town library? I am able to buy all the books I want, and prefer to read my own books."

"But, Mr. Pettit, think how many of your neighbors are not, and what an excellent thing for them it would be."  
"Well, let them get it; it's none of my business, I assure; we've more books now than we can ever read."

"Mr. Pettit, we called to see if you would subscribe for a furnace for the church?"  
"No. What's the use of a furnace? The stove keeps us comfortable enough."  
"Your pew and two or three about it are comfortable, but the galleries, where the poorer people sit, and the pews near the door—in short, half the pews in the house are very uncomfortable."

"Well, let them find it so; subscribe. I don't; so it's none of my business."  
Now Mr. Pettit was a very orthodox man, and believed devoutly every one of the five points of Calvinism; and he could set any young minister in a twinkling that blundered on them. He kept an austere watch on his new pastor, Mr. Service, whom he suspected somehow of not having the good old ways. "I don't hear you preach the strong old points," he would say, "Divine sovereignty and election," and the minister smiled in a manner that Mr. Pettit wondered at.

"Did you ever hear of this doctrine, Mr. Pettit? Look not every man on his own things, but every man on things of others."  
"That's a doctrine," said Mr. Pettit, "a declaration of the Bible."

"Why isn't it a doctrine?" said Mr. Service, and left him.  
Mr. Pettit felt for some time that dull, confused sensation in his brain that is produced by a new idea, fumbling at the rusty lock of a very old door. He had been to the sacrament punctually every two months for twenty years. He had opposed himself, primed in all the ins and outs of doctrine; and in all this time nobody had ever said a singular thing to him as to the confusion of his mind, and he put it out of his head. The minister was young and modest; he supposed he had dropped a seed which he hoped would germinate; he did not make allowance for that flock of domestic fowls called old prejudices, who make it their business instantly to gobble up all such seeds.

"Oh! these modern young ministers, with their humanitarian notions, want to carry the word on their own shoulders, but they're dumb on the doctrine. He says he believes them, but he don't preach them. Haven't heard a sermon on divine sovereignty and man's dependence since he's been here. If he had more faith in that he would be 'quicker.'"  
"I think," said Mr. Pettit, "what he said about our children is ridiculous. I'll risk our Johnny anywhere—poor little fellow he went to bed with the headache early this evening."

The fact was, that "our Johnny" at the moment these words were spoken was far enough from his bed. He was in fact, down at Mr. Service's factory, learning to play the fiddle with Mike Dornan, a sharp, shrewd, old fellow who led all the boys of the village, and had taken entire possession of Johnny Pettit.

The next morning Mr. Pettit enclosed in a very odd note seventy-five cents to his minister.  
Shortly after secret dissatisfaction arose in the parish. Mr. Service was accused of heresy. There was a great meeting convened, much talk and discussion. Poor Mr. Service was badgered and baited, and obliged to spend so many anxious hours, and so much time and strength in explaining exactly his views of the constitution of the church, and wondering why they should be the exact state of the benches in the future world, that the heathen in Southville were left to go on their own way. In a short time Mr. Service was dismissed, the church hired ministers at ten dollars a Sabbath to supply the pulpit, and said this was economy. The poor house grew up in the village, the poor houses grew up, the young men grew up godless, dissipated young men broke their father's and mother's hearts, and Johnny Pettit fled and forsook.

There were days, long and bitter, when Mr. Pettit, old and trembling with paralysis, wept over their spiritless individuality, and wondered why they should have turned out so bad in spite of such excellent instructions. The doctored and caterpillars could not be got out of Jeddiah's fields, with all his energy; and in his own secret soul, while trembling on the verge of eternity, and reviewing the use he had made of his life, he sometimes remembered Mr. Service, and wished he had given more thought to the great doctrine, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

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The next morning Mr. Pettit enclosed in a very odd note seventy-five cents to his minister.  
Shortly after secret dissatisfaction arose in the parish. Mr. Service was accused of heresy. There was a great meeting convened, much talk and discussion. Poor Mr. Service was badgered and baited, and obliged to spend so many anxious hours, and so much time and strength in explaining exactly his views of the constitution of the church, and wondering why they should be the exact state of the benches in the future world, that the heathen in Southville were left to go on their own way. In a short time Mr. Service was dismissed, the church hired ministers at ten dollars a Sabbath to supply the pulpit, and said this was economy.

The poor house grew up in the village, the poor houses grew up, the young men grew up godless, dissipated young men broke their father's and mother's hearts, and Johnny Pettit fled and forsook.

There were days, long and bitter, when Mr. Pettit, old and trembling with paralysis, wept over their spiritless individuality, and wondered why they should have turned out so bad in spite of such excellent instructions. The doctored and caterpillars could not be got out of Jeddiah's fields, with all his energy; and in his own secret soul, while trembling on the verge of eternity, and reviewing the use he had made of his life, he sometimes remembered Mr. Service, and wished he had given more thought to the great doctrine, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

"Why isn't it a doctrine?" said Mr. Service, and left him.  
Mr. Pettit felt for some time that dull, confused sensation in his brain that is produced by a new idea, fumbling at the rusty lock of a very old door. He had been to the sacrament punctually every two months for twenty years. He had opposed himself, primed in all the ins and outs of doctrine; and in all this time nobody had ever said a singular thing to him as to the confusion of his mind, and he put it out of his head. The minister was young and modest; he supposed he had dropped a seed which he hoped would germinate; he did not make allowance for that flock of domestic fowls called old prejudices, who make it their business instantly to gobble up all such seeds.

"Oh! these modern young ministers, with their humanitarian notions, want to carry the word on their own shoulders, but they're dumb on the doctrine. He says he believes them, but he don't preach them. Haven't heard a sermon on divine sovereignty and man's dependence since he's been here. If he had more faith in that he would be 'quicker.'"  
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ness matters," said Mr. Pettit, with a pouting smile; "that lot of land is rising in value ten per cent. a year."  
"For all that, I think it would be your interest to give it for this cause. It is in one sense far more our business to take care of these factory people than it is the business of the owners of the factory. They do not live here. They have no children here. They will not, in their persons or their families, suffer as we shall from letting them go to ruin."  
"Who wants to leave them to ruin?" said Mr. Pettit. "Can't they come to our church if they want to? There are free seats in the gallery, without our going down to build a place for them."  
"But they don't come to our church, and Experience has shown they will come to a place appropriated to them alone. Our poor little room is crowded every Sunday, and some go away for want of room."  
"Well, Mr. Service, I'll think of it, and send you something, though I must say I don't see the stated means of grace, I really don't see the need of our going down on our knees to them—it's their own affair after all."  
"The Lord Jesus didn't think it our own affair whether we went to destruction or not," said Mr. Service. "He did much more than send