

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

NEW SERIES VOL. 9, NO. 19.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1849.

OLD SERIES VOL. 9, NO. 46.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN. THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance...

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. SUNBURY, PA. Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

GEORGE J. WEAVER, (EDWIN H. FITLER) George J. Weaver & Co. ROPE MANUFACTURERS & SHIP CHANDLERS.

SPERRY & COOPER, COMMISSION MERCHANTS. For the sale of Fish and Provisions. No. 9 NORTH WHARVES, PHILADELPHIA.

COOPER & CAMERON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, POTTSTOWN, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PA. WILL collect monies, attend to litigated cases, and act as agents in the management of Estates, &c.

ALEXANDER G. CATTELL, SUCCESSOR TO JAMES M. BOLTON, DEED. COMMISSION & FORWARDING MERCHANT. For the sale of Grain, Flour, Seeds, Iron, Lumber, &c.

SAMUEL HART & CO. Importers of French, English and German Fancy and Noble Stationery. WAFERS, Sealing Wax, Ink, Draft and Bagging-man Boards, Tape, Instantaneous, Dominos, Gillott's and other Steel Pens, Ivory and Bone Folders, Paperies, Gold and Silver Pen Cases, Bristol Boards, Whittman's Drawing Pencils, Envelopes, Bonds and Arnold's celebrated Inks for making Lists, Portfolios, Dissected Maps and Games, Chessmen, Cards, Gold Pens, &c.

STRAW BONNET & HAT MANUFACTORY. No. 30 North Second street, opposite the Madison House.

REMOVAL. DR. J. B. MASSER has removed his office to the office formerly occupied by H. B. Masser, as the printing office of the Sunbury American, back of H. Masser's store. Sunbury, Feb. 24, 1849.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PATENT AGENT. MUNN & CO. solicitors of the "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN" have favored us with a pamphlet containing the Patent Laws of the United States, together with all the forms necessary for applying for a Patent, information in regard to filing caveats, with remarks on its uses, &c.

BOARDING. THE subscribers will continue to receive and accommodate a few transient or permanent boarders, at her residence in Sunbury. The location is in a handsome and pleasant part of the town, commanding a fine view of the Susquehanna, Northumberland and the scenery adjacent.

SELECT POETRY.

THE DYING MOTHER. BY ALICE CAREY. We were weeping round her pillow, For we knew that she must die; It was night within our bosoms, It was night within the sky.

There were seven of us children, I the oldest of them all, So I tried to whisper comfort, But the blinding tears would fall. Oh! be kind to one another, Was my mother's pleading prayer, Asher hand lay like a snowflake On the baby's golden hair.

Then a glory bound her forehead, Like the glory of a crown, And in the silent sea of death The star of life went down. Her latest breath was born away Upon that loving prayer, And the hand grew heavier, paler, In the baby's golden hair.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST. BY MRS. W. G. S. I turn, my God, to thee in need, And never turn in vain; I think of thy protecting love, And all is calm again.

Thy care and sorrow on me press, Thy love dispels the gloom; And brighter joys and greater bliss My path of life illumine. Thy friendship's smile may be withdrawn And love's bright hopes betray, Thy smile, dear Lord, is still the same, Thy love can ne'er decay.

THE MOTHER AND BOY. BY T. S. ARTHUR. "Tom, let that alone!" exclaimed a mother, petulantly, to a boy of seven years of age, who was playing with a tassel that hung from one of the window blinds, to the imminent danger of its destruction.

"No, I won't touch the coffee-mill." And as Tom said this, he sidled up to the knife-box that stood upon the dresser, and made a dive into it with his hand. "Oh, no, no, Tommy! That won't do either," said the cook. "The knives have all been cleaned, and they are to go on the table to eat with."

"Then what can I play with, Margaret?" asked the child as he left the dresser. "I want something to play with." The cook thought a moment, and then went to a closet and brought out a basket filled with clothes-pins. As she held them in her hand, she said—

"Tommy, if you will be careful not to break any of these, nor scatter them about, you may have them to play with. But, remember, now, that as soon as you begin to throw them about the room, I will put them up again."

"Oh, no, I won't throw them about," said the little fellow, with brightening eyes, as he reached for the basket of pins. In a little while he had a circle formed on the table, which he called his fort; and inside of this he had men, cannon, sentry boxes, and other things that were suggested to his fancy.

"Where's Thomas?" asked his mother, about the time he had become fairly interested in his fort. "I left him down in the kitchen," said Jane. "Go down and tell him to come up instantly."

"Down went Jane. "Come right along upstairs to your mother," said she. "No, I won't," replied the boy. "Very well, Mister! You can do as you like; but your mother sent for you."

"Tell mother I am playing here so good. I am not in any mischief, am I Margaret?" "No Tommy. But your mother has sent for you and you had better go."

"I don't want to." "Just as you like," said Jane, indifferently, as she left the kitchen and went up stairs. "Where's Tommy?" was the question with which she was met on returning to the chamber.

"He won't come ma'am." "Go and tell him, that if he does not come to me instantly, I will put on his night clothes and shut him up in the closet."

The threat of the closet was generally uttered ten times where it was executed once. It made but little impression upon the child, who was all absorbed in his fort. Jane returned. In a few moments afterwards, the quick angry voice of the mother was heard ringing down the stair-way.

"You Tom! Come up here this instant." "I'm not troubl'ing anything, mother." "Come up, I say." "Margaret says I may play with the clothes pins. I'm only building a fort with them."

"Do you hear me?" "Mother." "Tom! If you don't come to me in a moment I'll almost skin you! Margaret, take them clothes pins away. Pretty playthings, indeed, for you to give a boy like him. No wonder I have to get a dozen new ones every two or three months."

Margaret now spoke. "Tommy you must go to your mother." She now took the clothes pins and commenced putting them in the basket where they belonged. Her words and action had a more instant effect than all the mother's storm of passion. The boy left the kitchen and went slowly up stairs.

"Why didn't you come when I told you?" "The mother seized her little boy by the arms the moment he came within reach of her, and dragged rather than led him up stairs, uttering such exclamations as these by the way—

"I never saw such a child! You might as well talk to the wind! Humph! Clothes pins indeed! Pretty playthings to give a child! Everything goes to ruin! There!" And as the last word was uttered, Tommy was thrust into his mother's room with a force that nearly threw him prostrate.

"Now, take off these clothes, sir." "What for, mother? I haven't done anything. I didn't hurt the clothes pins." Margaret said I might play with them." "Dye hear! Take off them clothes, I say."

"I didn't do anything, mother." "A word more, and I'll box your ears till they ring for months. Take off them clothes I say. I'll teach you to come when I send for you. I'll let you know whether I am to be minded or not."

Tommy slowly disrobed himself, while his mother, fretted to the point of resolution, eyed him with unrelenting aspect. The jacket and trousers were removed, and the night drawers ordered to be put on in their stead, Tommy all the while protesting frantically that he had done nothing.

"Will you hush?" was all the satisfaction he received for his protestations. "Now, Jane, take him up stairs to bed. He's got to lie here all afternoon."

It was then four, and the sun did not set until nearly eight o'clock. Up stairs the poor child had to go, and then the mother had some quiet. Her babe slept soundly in the cradle, undisturbed by Tommy's racket, and she enjoyed a new novelty to the extent of almost forgetting her lonely boy shut up in the chamber above.

"Where's Tommy?" said her friend, who dropped in at six o'clock. "In bed," said the mother with a sigh. "What's the matter? Is he sick?" "Oh no. I almost wish he were."

"What a strange wish! Why do you wish so?" "Oh, because he's like a little angel when he is sick—as good as he can be. No, I had him sent to bed as a punishment for disobedience. I think I never saw one

just like him. But you know obedience is everything. It is our duty to require a strict regard to this in our children."

"Certainly. If they do not obey their parents as children, they will not obey the laws as men."

"That is precisely the view I take. And I make it a point to require implicit obedience in my boy. This is my duty as a parent. But it is hard work."

"It is, doubtless. Still we must persevere, and in patience possessing our souls." "To be patient with a boy like mine is a hard task. Sometimes I feel as if I would go wild," said the mother.

"But, under the influence of such a feeling," remarked the friend, "what we say makes little or no impression. A calmly uttered word, in which there is an expression of interest, and sympathy for the child, does more good than the sternest commands. This I have long since discovered. I never scold my children—

Scolding does no good but harm. My oldest boy is restless, excitable and impulsive. If I were not to provide him with the means of employing himself, or in some way interest him, his hands would be on everything in the house, and both he and I would be made unhappy."

"But how can you interest him?" "In various ways. Sometimes I read to him, sometimes I set him doing things by way of assisting me. I take him out when I can, and let him go with the girls when I send them on errands. I provide him with things suited to his age. In a word, I try to keep him in my mind, and therefore find it not very difficult to meet his varying states. I never trust him aside, and say I am too busy to attend him when he comes with a request. If I cannot grant it, I try and not say no, for that word comes too coldly upon the eager desire of an ardent minded boy."

"But how can you help saying no if the request is one you cannot grant?" "Sometimes I ask it something else will not do as well. And sometimes I endeavor to create a new interest in his mind. There are various ways in which it must be done, that readily suggest themselves to those desirous for the good of their children. It is affection that inspires thought. The love of children always brings a quick intelligence touching their good."

Much more was said not needful to repeat. When the friend was away, Tommy's mother, whose heart convicted her of wrong to her little boy, went up to the room where he had sent him to spend four or five lonely hours as a punishment for what was in reality her own fault, not his. Three hours of the weary time had already passed. She did not remember to have heard a sound from him, since she drove him away with angry words. In fact she had been too deeply interested in the new book she was reading, to have heard any noise that was not extraordinarily loud.

At the door of the chamber she stood and listened for a moment. All was silent within. The mother's heart beat with a heavy motion. On entering, she found the order of the room undisturbed. Tommy was asleep on the bed. And his mother, bent over him, saw that tears were upon his cheeks and eyelids, and that the pillow was wet. A choking sigh struggled up from her bosom. She felt a rebuking consciousness of having wronged her boy. She laid her hand upon his red cheek, but drew it back instantly. It was hot with fever. She caught up his hand; it was also in a burning glow. Alarm took the place of grief for having wronged her child. She tried to awaken him, but he only moaned and muttered. The excitement had brought on a fever.

When the father came home and laid his hand upon the hot cheek of his sleeping boy, he uttered an exclamation of alarm, and started off instantly for a physician. All night the wretched mother watched by the side of her sick child, unable from fear and self-reproach to sleep. When the morning broke, and Thomas looked up into her face with a glance of affection, his fever was gone and his pulse calm, the mother laid her hand thankfully against that of her boy, and prayed Heaven for strength to bear with him, and wisdom to guide her feet aright; and as she did so in the silence of her overflowing heart, the lad drew his arms around her neck, and kissing her said—

"Mother I do love you!" "That tears came gushing down the mother's face is no cause of wonder, nor that she returned half wildly the embrace and kiss of her child.

A CAPITAL STORY.

Everybody has heard of the hoax that Powers, the great sculptor, is said to have played off on Peyton S. Symmes, of Cincinnati. The story has recently been re-stated and embellished by some additions not in the original, and has been repeated so often that Symmes naturally felt annoyed, and to relieve him, Powers was written to, and in the reply he wrote the subjoined amusing account of the affair. It will be seen that Mr. Symmes was not the subject of the hoax and we are glad the story is shifted to somebody else's shoulders, for Mr. S. is one of the worthiest men we know of, his only failing being rather too diffusive punning. But to Powers letter. Here it is, and a capital letter it is too.

FLORENCE, March 27, 1849. TO PEYTON S. SYMMES, Esq.—My dear Sir: In a letter from Mr. Kellogg, I am requested to state the facts, as to an alleged imposition upon you by Mr. Henderson, the actor. It has been said in some of our papers that you were of the number upon whom Mr. H. imposed himself as a rear-figure, in the Western Museum, some fifteen or twenty years ago, and my name has been given as authority for the truth of the story. It is natural that you should disrelish such an imputation, and as the story, so far as you are concerned in it, is untrue, it is but just that you should desire refutation from me.

I remember to have said, whenever the story was told, that Mr. Henderson had designed upon several of our most respectable citizens, yourself of the number; but these designs were never executed, excepting upon half a dozen or more persons residing in the immediate vicinity of the Museum. This was done in order to satisfy me that the thing was practicable; for Mr. Henderson hoped to prevail upon me to allow him the use of one of the large glass enclosures in the Museum for his experiments upon a larger scale. He succeeded perfectly in duping the half dozen individuals above alluded to, but I withheld my consent to any further proceedings, and so the matter ended. I allowed him the use of a small room for performing the experiment—for I thought he would fail and that I should get rid of his request for the use of a case in the Museum without having to deny him a favor.

When Henderson had prepared himself, one of his acquaintances was invited into the room to see an unfinished representation of "Henderson, the actor, in the character of Sir Francis Gripe." On entering, the figure was seen standing in a corner of the room with the head leaning against an old coat, folded in such a manner as to afford a background, and thus prevent unsteadiness, which might lead to detection. A white wig made of horse hair decorated the head. The face was daubed with ochre, vermilion and lamp-black; the features were much distorted, so that had my reputation as an artist depended upon their resemblance to the original, I might have feared for the result of the examination about to take place. The visitor, however, seemed disposed to flatter me, and grateful for the permission to see an unfinished work, assured me that I had been very successful in the likeness. He thought, indeed, that I had improved upon the original. I begged him to suggest any improvement that might occur to him. He replied: "Perhaps you might modify that peculiar cock of the eye a little; and if I were you, I would give him a better leg, instead of those spindle shanks of his."

This last remark occasioned a decided change in the expression of the wax figure, for Henderson thought a good deal of his legs. This change, however, was not observed by the visitor, who still regarded the legs; but I had a great difficulty in containing my own countenance, so ludicrous was the scene. The wax face had now recovered its proper expression, when our visitor took up the lamp, and, against my dissuasive remarks—that the effect was best a distance, and that the thing was not yet finished, and consequently would not bear close inspection—he walked directly up to the figure and stood within a foot of it, face to face. It was evident that no trick was even suspected as he held the lamp now to one side, then below, &c. &c., the better to examine to work. The actor's eyes had now been kept so long open without winking, that moisture was beginning to collect in the corners; observing which, our critic exclaimed, "Marvelous! How in the world did you contrive to make those tears! Did you use gum-Arabic, or copal varnish! At this, the friend who stood at my side could refrain no longer, but laughed outright. I was obliged to laugh also, but the actor still maintained the ludicrous gravity of his countenance. The critic appeared confused for a moment, staring at us inquiringly; but he soon became aware that a trick had been played upon him, and suddenly turning again upon the wax figure, he seized it by the nose, and the tweak he gave it would have proved fatal to the symmetry of a waxen proboscis. As it was, however, it did no damage to that organ, but it brought some additional moisture to Henderson's eyes, and an exclamation from his mouth of "D—n it, don't! You forget that my nose is made of wax." Others were introduced after this to see the wax figure, but I shall not attempt to describe any more of these interviews.

You are at liberty to make use of the above statement in a private manner, or indeed publicly, should you deem it necessary to refute any statements of an opposite character. With pleasant recollections of your kindness and civilities at Cincinnati, I beg you believe me, very sincerely yours, HENRY POWERS.

PROGRESS IN CALIFORNIA.

The rapid progress made in California, particularly in San Francisco, towards the standard of society and habits of life of our Atlantic population, is in nothing more clearly shown than in looking over a file of papers from that wonderful country. We have before us some numbers of the "Alta California," and as their miscellaneous and political news has been already pretty thoroughly exhausted, we have entertained ourselves with examining their well filled advertising columns, which afford as true a picture of some branches of life in California, as can be obtained anywhere else.

Conspicuous among the advertisements, we find the card of our townsman and correspondent, Joshua P. Haven, who performs the business of Notary Public, (commissioned by Gen. Riley,) Custom House and Insurance Broker, at his office in "Portsmouth Square," Mr. Haven is not alone in the business, as we see the card of another Notary Public, who "holds forth" in the same high-sounding locality, Portsmouth Square. The mercantile advertisements are numerous, and the honest Yankee names engaged in such business give good token of its activity. An "Agent for 'Lloyds' and for the 'Liverpool Association of Underwriters,'" also has his card; showing that our step father, John Bull, has an eye to the commercial advantages of El Dorado.

The variety and quality of the goods landing from various ships and offered for sale, is astonishing. There are foulard silks and bed ticks, bar iron and fancy jewelry, brass bedsteads and cooking stoves, ready made houses and piano fortes, blankets, parasols, hams, perfumery, cod fish, cambric handkerchiefs, cigars, Salamander safes, bowie knives, revolvers, rifles, and every variety of dry goods, hardware, &c. The grocery and liquor trade seems to be equally well supplied. We see Pennsylvania cheese, sugar, molasses, sardines, preserves, and an infinite quantity of Cognac brandy, gin, rum, whiskey, claret, madeira, sherry, port, and other liquors, in such variety as seems to make a visit from Father Mathew desirable at San Francisco.

The mania for "first rate town lots" is getting up in California. Advantageous locations, fronting on some public square in San Francisco, "New York of the Pacific;" (Phoenix, what a name!) Benicia, Stockton, and other towns, are announced with a great flourish. The price of lots is not in all cases stated, but one advertiser offers a number at prices from \$500 to \$20,000 per lot. There seems to be, in the number of notices against trespassers and squatters, abundant material for litigation, and the cards of several "Attorneys at Law," ready to do the business for them, are in the same columns. Doctors drugs and patent medicines go hand in hand with civilization, & seem to be already established on a sure foundation at San Francisco.

The advertisements peculiar to a gold country are numerous. One firm wants 3500 ounces in gold dust—what an extravagant want!—and many others want it in various quantities. Apparatuses for assaying and smelting gold are offered for sale, while gold scales and gold washers of the only true construction, seem to be abundant. A free ferry at "Gold or Mormon Island" is announced to be just established, and the steamboat "J. A. Sutter" is advertised to commence running as a regular packet between San Francisco and Suttersville, on the 1st of July.

It is a lamentable fact that among all the articles advertised, we do not see books mentioned once; but as a counterpoise to this there are several notices of regular religious services, which will keep up the spirit of civilization until the shipments of books, which surely have been made, arrive.

Altogether there is much to gratify in reading the advertising columns of a San Francisco paper. The wonderful transformation from a lifeless, rarely visited Mexican village, to a lively, prosperous city, all affected by the influx of our energetic and good headed population must be welcome to every lover of humanity. Some may censure the spirit that has led to this unexampled progress—the love of gold. But gold has done and is still doing many wonderful things that, aid if the love of it leads to the development of a glorious country, the civilization of a semi barbarian Mexican and Indian population, who will censure it? Who can point out, in all the previous history of the world, a result so glorious, springing from a thirst for gold?

ITALIAN WOMEN still maintain their reputation for love of their country, as well as its defenders. A vessel, destined for Rome, has been captured on the Tiber by the French, apparently laden with whetstones, but which was found to have been equipped by a Lombard Countess, and to contain a supply of altpetere and 3000 sacks of lead. The Countess was taken to the head quarters of Gen. Molere, and thence to Civita Vecchia, under the surveillance of the police. The same lady received a medal from Charles Albert, of Savoy, for her conduct in an engagement at Peschiera, in which she lost a finger, but immediately shot her assailant dead.

'CHARLES' said a father to his son, while they were working in a saw-mill.—"What possesses you to associate with such girls as you do! When I was of your age, I could go with the first cut."

'But,' said Charles, 'the first cut is always a slab—did you know that?'

'Help me to turn this log, Charles—quick!'

It is a singular fact that other diseases show most a corresponding decline in the cholera!—why is this so?

AN ELOPEMENT IN OLDER TIMES.

The Dowager Lady Ashburton died at Gosport, England, a short time since, and her history contains materials for a splendid romance. This lady was an American, and among other incidents of note recorded in connection with her name, the following will be read with interest:

She was the daughter of Hon. William Bingham, a Senator in Congress, and fifty years since, her father was a wealthy and prominent merchant in Philadelphia. He was a man of fashion, and the family were among the leaders of the ton in the Quaker city at that period. Then he was identified with the institution of the United States; he was recognized as one of the aristocracy, and was always remarkably attentive to the nobility visiting this country. About the period he was elected by the State of Pennsylvania, he built what was then called a splendid and costly mansion, occupying an entire square of ground, with gardens and all kinds of embellishments, enclosed by a brick wall, fronting on Third and Spruce streets, and now known as Head's Mansion House. Mr. Bingham entertained strangers, senators, and the cabinet, with princely hospitality. His family led the fashions of those times, and a very friendly intimacy existed between him and General Washington.

The French Revolution drove several noble men to the United States as exiles, among whom were two professed duellists, Count de Tilly and Viscount de Nouelles. The Viscount either brought letters to Mr. Bingham from General Lafayette, or he obtained an introduction to him which led his admittance as an inmate in the family. Having acquired the confidence of Mr. Bingham by his address and accomplishments, he managed to introduce the Count de Tilly into that hospitable mansion. The Count was as noted for his proficiency as he was for his skill with the sword; and understanding all the arts of a seducer, he soon obtained the good opinion and admiration of Mrs. Bingham, and Miss Maria Matilda Bingham, an only daughter.

In those times, and even since, a nobleman—French, English, or German—was received with marked attention in all wealthy families. There was much patrician blood coursing through the veins of the young Republic—royalty and nobility were not then, as now, at a discount. Marquises, Viscounts and Barons, were lionized whenever they made their appearance, and young ladies were enamored with the titled. This Count de Tilly soon persuaded Miss Bingham to elope with him and also bribed some clergyman to unite them. The city was not then very populous and the whole world of fashion was thrown into the greatest excitement at hearing that Miss Bingham had run away with the French Count de Tilly; and Mr. Bingham himself—a very honest, well-meaning, but not very distinguished man, except for wealth—was dreadfully mortified at this rash step of his daughter, then not sixteen years of age. The whole city called it a vile abduction. The greatest indignation was every where expressed; and Captain Barry, commanding a packet ship, and a man of fashion, took occasion to thrash the Count for some insolence. The couple was forthwith separated and the affair was the subject of tea-table conversation for some time—such an event seldom occurring in those quiet and innocent periods.

Mr. Bingham almost sank under the blow, but it became necessary to open some negotiations with the Count to buy him off, as he only ran away with the girl for her fortune. The Count, in the course of these negotiations represented himself to be deeply in debt, and that it was impossible to leave the country, without satisfying his creditors to the amount of £5,000 in ready money, and an annuity of £600, which was paid and secured to him; and he left for France, the marriage having been declared fraudulent. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham never recovered from the shock, and died shortly afterwards.

A young English merchant, by the name of Baring, subsequently arrived in Philadelphia, with letters, to Mr. Bingham, and forming an attachment for his daughter, married and carried her home. Her husband, afterwards the head of the great banking house of Baring & Brothers, was created a baron, under the title of Lord Ashburton, and was the negotiator here of the celebrated Ashburton treaty. The Dowager Lady Ashburton, recently deceased, was the girl who had excited so much attention and polite gossip when run away with by the Count de Tilly, in Philadelphia, some fifty years ago.

BULLION IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—The extraordinary accumulation of bullion in the Bank of England, and which promises to go on steadily increasing for months, if not for years to come is beginning to attract the attention of all reflecting men. Even now there is upwards of £15,000,000 of gold in the leviathan establishment in Threadneedle street, and there can be no doubt that in the course of a few weeks the amount will have approached £17,000,000, or no less than £700,000 is expected from Russia in ten or twelve days, and another £750,000 from Panama, chiefly consisting of California gold. Contemporaneously with this extraordinary accumulation of treasure, there is an amount of unemployed notes in the Bank of England altogether unprecedented. The notes now exceed £40,500,000; from its diminishing, it has been decreasing for the last twelve months.

Dexter Ballou, the fish-turer of Woonsocket, R. I. legs a few days since, at