



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. 3, NO. 9.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1856.

OLD SERIES VOL. 10, NO. 35.

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

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

BANK NOTE TABLE. CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Table listing bank notes from various locations including Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New York, with columns for bank name and value.

A CALL TO HOUSEKEEPERS At the Cabinet Ware Room of SEB'N HOUP & CO. Market Square.

Thankful for the patronage of his friends and customers during the 17 years he has been in business in this place...

CABINET WARE AND CHAIRS, MANUFACTURED BY SEBASTIAN HOUP & CO. At the Old Stand.

Where in addition to their former stock of the establishment they now manufacture Mahogany, Walnut & Oak-Seat Chairs, Large Spring Seat Rocking Chairs, Dressing Bureaus, Centre Tables, Marble Top Wash Stands, and a variety of other new style and Fashionable Furniture.

Having secured a Hearse and made the necessary arrangements for the purpose, they are now prepared for Undertaking in all its branches...

REFORM YOUR HABITS. Come ye, with garments bare and needy, Ye beggars, widows and husbands too, If in the outward man you're needy, We soon can make you as good as new.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he will commence in this place, on the 8th of April next, the

TAILORING BUSINESS in all its branches. He will be careful to see that his work is made up in the best manner, and he flatters himself that he will be able to give entire satisfaction in point of cut, fit and style, as well as in price.

EDWIN HALL, (Late of the Firm of WATKINSON & HALL,) No. 24 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

RESPECTFULLY informs his old friends and customers, as well as the public generally, that he has opened an entire new stock of elegant styles of Spring & Summer Dress Goods.

His assortment consists of the latest and most desirable styles of English, German, French & American Goods. Such as Belton's, Trosser, Herringbone, Silk, Lawns, Mullins, Shawls, Hosiery, Gloves, and every variety of Dress and Fancy Goods.

SELECT POETRY.

[From the Greenleaf (Tenn) Spr.] EDITORS AND PRINTERS

With lively heart and joyous brow The happy farmer spends the plough, And while he sleeps, both fields and fields Their ample pay for labor yields.

A Select Tale.

From Godey's Lady's Book. THE WAGER; OR, THE TWO WEDDING RINGS.

CHAPTER I. "Love you, Charley!—no, not a bit!—What should put such a ridiculous idea into your head? Why, you are a mere boy."

"I am not, Ellen, I assure you. I have not a boyish feeling about me; and, as for my appearance, I am sure I do not look like a boy in the least. Have I, indeed, cultivated this moustache with too much pains for nothing? Am I not nearly twenty-one? And, above all, do I not love you devotedly?"

The roguish little Ellen made no answer, but began to sing—

"A little bird went out on a cherry tree, And carried his arrow and bow; For guns they are dangerous things for play, In the hands of little children you know."

"Nonsense, Elly."

"And neither can you, Mr. Charley," said Ellen, laughing.

"I don't know about that," said Charles, saucily. "I think, little maiden, that you are more than half in love with me already, and I will see if I cannot make you quite so."

"Just hear how the song goes on," said Ellen—

"Only wait," said the boy, "till I get close enough, And see if I don't shoot you through!"

"Do you think," said the bird, "I'm not up to snuff, To sit and be shot at by you?"

Charles laughed in spite of himself, but returned to the charge.

"But tell me seriously, Elly, why you don't love me, and I will move heaven and earth to be more agreeable to you: Tell me what you desire and wish for in a lover."

"Well, Charles, in the first place, my lover must be a handsome man, six feet high at least (you want full an inch of the standard), then he must have a great bushy beard (excuse me, dear Charles, but your little moustache is rather a miserable substitute), then he must waltz divinely, sing enchantingly, and love me as well or better than you do?"

"Pshaw!" said Charles, impatiently. "If you had such a lover, you would not like the grizzly bear one-half so well as you do me. I would bet your wedding ring, that if such an one as you describe were to appear, which is not very likely, you would, after all, tell me that you would take me in preference."

"Tell you so, indeed!" said Ellen, indignantly; "that will I never do, and I willingly accept your wager."

"Very well, Elly; I see that you have some vague, romantic dream of some coxswain of a lover, and, for the present, I stand by a poor chance; but you know I am to set out on my travels to-morrow; and—

"My love she's but a little yet; My love she's but a little yet; I'll leave her for a year or two, And she'll use me so saucy yet."

Pardon me, Elly, you are fond of old songs—good-bye!" So saying, the gay and handsome young man left the apartment.

The next day Charles came to take leave of Ellen, previous to going to South America, where he expected to sojourn for two or three years. They were both sad at the day before, and Ellen's eyes looked very much as though she had been having a "good cry" before he came.

"Well, Elly," said Charles after a while, with an effort to be gay, "do you still persist in what you said yesterday? don't you love me one bit?"

"Not much," said Ellen faintly.

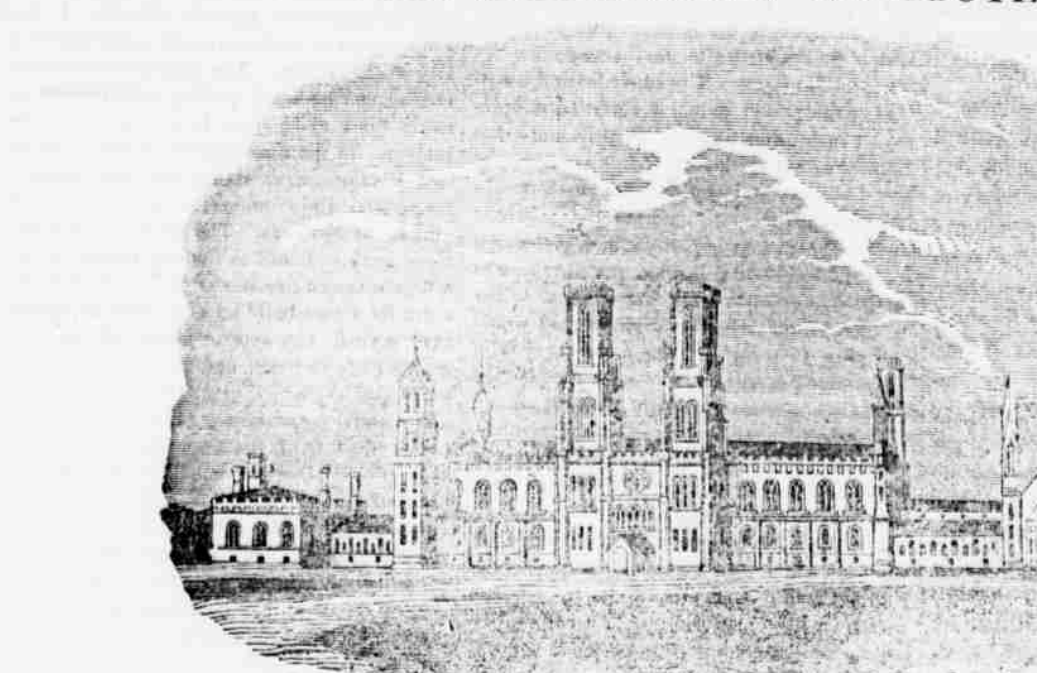
"And do you still want that whiskeerando of yours to come and woo and win you?"

"Not much," said Ellen again; "that is to say—"

"Pshaw, Ellen! I see very plainly how the matter stands with you," said Charles. "You are in love with me, I tell you."

"Indeed I am not, sir," said Ellen, indignantly.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE



At Washington.

We present our readers this week with an engraving of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, built with a portion of the \$500,000 fund left to the United States by James Smithson, of England, "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

It will not be amiss to give a brief account of the generous testator to whose liberality we owe such a legacy, and whose memory therefore should be endeared to every citizen of this Republic.

The Hon. Richard Rush, in his letter of May 12, 1838, informs the Secretary of State that James Smithson was the natural son of the Duke of Northumberland: that his mother was a Mrs. Macie, of an ancient family of Wiltshire, of the name of Hungerford; that he was educated at Oxford, where he took an honorary degree in 1786; and that he took the name of James Lewis Macie, until a few years after he had left the University, when he changed it for Smithson; and that he does not appear to have had any fixed home, living in lodges when in London, and occasionally a year or two at a time in the cities on the Continent, as Paris, Berlin, Florence, and Genoa, at which last place he died; and that the ample provision made for him by the Duke of Northumberland, with retired and simple habits, enabled him to accumulate the fortune which passed to the United States.

What motives actuated him in leaving his property to this and not to his own country, we do not remember to have heard. Perhaps some of our readers can enlighten us upon the subject.

Charles's last letter. She grew more and more undecided. She knew not what to do or what to think. After a violent mental conflict, she said—

"You will think it very strange, but I cannot answer your question; I feel that I do not know my own mind, I cannot decide what I ought to do."

She paused, and trembled exceedingly from nervous excitement.

"Do not be agitated," said the count kindly, almost tenderly; "such as I suffer while my fate is undecided, you shall not be hurried in making your decision; take what time you wish to know your own mind; permit me only to ask when I can know your determination."

Ellen hastily named the next day; and, escaping from him, ran to her own room to endeavor to compose herself before again appearing among her guests. When she returned to the parlor, the count was not there. Oh, how inexpressibly dull and tiresome the time seemed till the company departed!

Ellen passed a sleepless night; but when the count was announced on the following day, she went down to see him with a calm and decided air; but when he came forward to meet her, with his fine eyes full of love and anxiety, she felt her heart sink, and she said quickly, in order not to give herself time to relent—

"It gives me more pain than I can express to feel that I am disappointing so noble a heart as yours; but, I confess to you—and I hope you will pardon me for not sooner knowing my own mind—I feel now that another, unknown even to myself, had my heart before I ever knew you."

The count grew pale. Ellen went on, in a faltering voice—

"Believe me, dear friend, when I tell you that I have never known any one whom I regard so highly as yourself, save one—and I am sure that, had I never known Charles Somers, I should love you."

"Charles Somers?" cried the count, in a joyful tone; "ah, Elly, dear Elly, you are in my own love ever, and he clasped her in his arms."

"Dear Charles," said Ellen, after she had recovered from her surprise, "how blind I was not to have known you sooner, though you have so greatly changed. But tell me—why all this disguise and mystery?"

"It was the great change which had taken place in my appearance," said Charles, "which induced me to play this masquerade. I remembered your old wish for a hero lover, and I determined to see if I could win you in that guise. You see I have now most of the desired requisites—a tall figure, a tolerably handsome face, and, best of all, the large beard."

"I see, my friend, you have lost none of your conceit in your travels," said Ellen. "And could you, Elly, after all, find it in your heart to give up this fine fellow and your champion ship for your old lover Charles? Ah, dearest, sweetest little Elly, you have lost your bet, for have you not told me to my face that you love me?"

"Not before you told me so; count though you were," said Ellen.

"But I claim my wedding-ring—the forfeit," said Charles.

"And I mine," said Ellen, quickly—she was going to add, "for I shall marry my ideal," but she stopped and blushed.

Matters were soon arranged between the lovers and, friends consenting, they in due time were married; as all such worthy and faithful lovers deserve to be. One peculiarity only marked the ceremony. After the ring had been placed on the finger of the bride, she herself placed one in return on that of the groom.

Thus happily terminated "the Wager."

"That's a pretty bad, grandma," said a little boy. "Yes," replied the old dame, "he never cries." "That's because he's never washed," rejoined the youngster.

WHERE IS SIR JOHN FRANKLIN?

We have no doubt that Sir John Franklin, in his late Arctic expedition, took one of the openings leading from Barrow's Strait, and probably Wellington Channel; but he has reached a point so far to the West that we doubt whether any of the ships which enter the Arctic Sea from Baffin's Bay, will do more than discover traces of him. We think Sir John Franklin is alive, and that he will first be heard from at Behring's Straits. On this account, we think boat parties sent towards the Parry Islands from the expedition which is to be at the Straits in July, will be more likely to fall in with his ships, or such of their crews as survive, than the parties which seek for him where he is supposed to have entered the Arctic Sea. The party which has been directed by Sir George Simpson to proceed in boats on the ice northward from the mouth of Mackenzie's River, will also stand a chance of crossing the path of the missing ships, or of meeting with them.

We are inclined to believe that Franklin has taken a much more northerly course than has been supposed; particularly if he found Wellington Channel to extend to the sea. The experience of Captains Scoresby, Buchan and Parry, in their attempts to reach a high northern latitude, have shown that the great field of ice surrounding the northern pole of earth is carried southward by a current for about three months during the summer. These currents are constant as far as have been observed. In Behring's Strait, in Baffin's Bay, and in the ocean east of Greenland they prevail constantly. All these go to show the probable existence of a large body of water about the earth's pole. But the steady movement of the ice southward, must, of course, leave an open space, or, in other words, a clear sea at the north.

Captain (now the Rev. Dr.) Scoresby, while engaged in the Greenland whale fishery, pushed his way through the barrier of floating ice in the vicinity and north of Spitzbergen, when he came to an open sea. Neither ice or land was visible to the north, and he was then about 500 miles from the pole; but he was engaged in a commercial enterprise, was unprepared to pass a winter in these regions, and must fill his ships with oil and return in the few weeks that remained. Prudence, therefore, as well as duty, required him to retrace the icy barrier at once.

Sir Edward Parry, in his attempt to reach the North pole, in his fourth voyage, with boats, over the ice, travelled a much greater distance from his ships than was necessary to reach the pole; but the whole body of ice was in motion southward; and after travelling from 12 to fifteen miles daily, in a direct line towards the pole, he discovered that, by observation, he had only advanced three or four miles. This continued during the whole journey. Yet, with this continual impediment to his progress northward, he succeeded in reaching a point a few miles beyond that attained by Dr. Scoresby. Now it is evident, that if he could have passed this barrier of floating ice, he would have reached an open sea, by which, in a few days, he could have gained the pole of the earth's centre. It is not known whether a sea exists west of Baffin's Bay and north of Barrow's Strait, or not. If Sir John Franklin found such a sea, and was successful in crossing the barrier of ice, he could make his way rapidly both northward and westerly. Such an event would carry him beyond the reach of vessels sent to his aid from Baffin's Bay, and it would not be surprising to hear from him at Behring's Straits, or even off the northern coast of Siberia. Now, supposing all this to be the case, the hardy navigators will find no difficulty in procuring the means for subsistence, as whales are found in great numbers in the sea north of Behring's Straits, on the flesh of which they might subsist. We do not, by any means despair of the return of Sir John Franklin and his party; and shall have strong expectations that these hopes will be realized in October or November next.

It is proper to state another argument in favor of the existence of an open sea near the North pole. In the late Antarctic expedition of Sir James Ross and Captain Wilkes, they came to a mass of floating ice similar to that in the Greenland and other northern polar seas. This barrier which was from 50 to 75 miles in width, was crossed, when an open sea was found beyond, which their ship also crossed, and made their discovery of a southern continent, or land.

The northern ice barrier is usually some hundred miles across, though in some seasons it is doubtless less than a hundred. This fact indicates a large space which the ice occupied, or a sea, differing from the southern pole, which seems to be surrounded by land.—Providence Journal.

MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE.—The worst of all mackerel is a marriage without love; yoking together, but not a union, bondage without a bond, a multiplication of all the burdens of life for both parties, without a mutual life interest; and like the offering of a whole family to false gods whose demands are never satisfied, because, whatever the sacrifice, there is still no atonement. Too many matches are made in confusion, they have no faith in their composition, and, therefore, an abundance of sin. There may be sincerity enough in them, but too often it is sincere selfishness.

The whole culinary apparatus of the Assyrion kings has been discovered by Mr. Layard, at Nineveh.

A fish weighing 934 pounds has been caught in the Santa River.

SINGULAR CLOCK.

We take the following from the Scientific American: Joseph Cassan, a farmer at Argenton, France, and only 25 years of age, and with a very limited education, has but a short time ago completed a most wonderful piece of mechanism in the form of a clock. It is provided with several dials, which mark the hours, minutes, seconds, the days of the week, those of the month, the months of the year, and centuries; the rising and setting of the sun, the rising and setting of the moon &c., the total ensemble moving with a regularity and precision truly remarkable.

The wheel works being admirably arranged behind a glass front, which is interposed for the purpose of protecting the delicate machinery from dust, the visitor is enabled to examine the whole at a glance, and to satisfy himself of the wonderful perfection of each part of the apparatus, as well as of the regularity of its movements. Below the wheels and dials, upon a surface about a yard in length, ranges a beautiful gallery, with cells in the middle and a tower at each end. When the hour is about to strike, the door of one of the cells is seen to open, and Time, armed with his scythe, comes forth, followed by our Saviour, who, with whip in hand, pursues and drives the grim messenger before him, forces him into a cell, and secures the door. At the first stroke of the clock, a small cock, perched upon a cross surmounting one of the little towers, flaps its wings and stretches out its neck, as if about to crow. The striking of the clock having ceased, Time and the Saviour return to their respective cells, into which they enter and close the doors.

Three times a day, namely, at six o'clock in the morning, at noon, at six o'clock in the evening, by means of an ingenious piece of mechanism, the sound of the Angelus is heard. The Holy Virgin, leaving her cell, appears for a moment on the gallery, and then enters a chapel; at the same instant an angel is seen to descend, flapping its wings, from one of the miniature towers, and entering the chapel, places itself near the Virgin, toward whom it inclines, as if about to address her with the sublime salutation of which we read in the scripture. Mary becomes agitated; she trembles, and the beholder may perceive her holy fear. This touching scene takes place during the three first strokes of the Angelus. The angel twice ascends, and as often repeats the same movements and the same salutations just described.

The whole of the wheel-works are composed either of wood or brass. What an amount of patience, to fashion and impart to metal that degree of finish and nicety if accuracy so necessary in a work of this description! During the day, this peasant industriously labored in the fields, while at night, by the pale glimmer of a candle in one corner of his small inconvenient garret, he completed his wonderful clock. The obstacles which he must continually have had to contend against, would have effectually discouraged a less determined or enthusiastic mind. At every step a difficulty presented itself; but difficulties neither disturbed his patience nor shook his courage; he planned, reflected, and success crowned his efforts.

What greatly enhances the merits of young Cassan, is having done all himself; with his own hands he made the turning-lathe, the greater part of the tools with which he wrought, as well as the wood and brass wheels and their appendages, &c. And his work is so exquisitely fashioned and so beautifully finished, that it would be an ornament to the most elegant saloon or drawing room.

EXERCISE IN EARLY LIFE.—To fetter the active motions of children, as soon as they have acquired the use of their limbs is barbarous opposition to nature; and to do so under the pretence of improving their manners, is an insult to common sense.—It may, indeed, be the way to train up elevated puppets for short-lived prodigies of learning; but never to form healthy, well-informed, and accomplished men and women. Every feeling individual must behold with heartfelt concern, poor, little, puny creatures of eight, ten or twelve years of age, exhibited by the silly parents as proficient in learning, or as distinguished for their early mastery of languages, elocution, music, or even some frivolous acquirement. The strength of the mind as well as of the body, is exhausted, and the natural growth of body is checked by such untimely exertions.

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.—A company has been formed in Boston, with a capital of \$15,000, called "The N. E. Matrimonial Agency Co." Gentlemen in want of wives, and ladies in want of husbands pay \$3 and have their names registered. This done, they are entitled for one year to receive introductions and other assistance from the company.

NEW CREED.—Blessed are they that are blind; for they shall see no ghosts.—Blessed are they that are deaf; for they never need lend any money, nor listen to tedious stories. Blessed is she that would get married, but cannot; for the consolations of the gospel are hers. Blessed are they that expect nothing; for they shall not be disappointed. Blessed are they that do not advertise; for they shall rarely be troubled with customers.

A LAWYER on his death bed, willed all his property to the Lunatic Asylum, saying as a reason for so doing that he wished his property to return to the liberal class of people who patronized him.

The total number of letters delivered in England the last year, was upwards of 227 millions.