

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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

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W. M. & J. E. MAULL, Bonnet and Hat Manufacturers, Philadelphia, June 2, 1849.

W. B. COCHRAN & Co., Wholesale and Retail, WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANTS, No. 73 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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Report. (From the Spirit of the Times.) THE POSTMASTER GENERAL'S REPORT. The Report of the Postmaster General is a document of such length that few people will undertake to peruse it. We give, therefore, for the benefit of our readers, its point and substance.

The whole number of Post Offices in the United States June 30, 1849, was 16,747, 921 new ones having been established and 333 old ones discontinued, within the present year.

There were 6,333 Postmasters appointed within the same year. The effect of the Post Office laws of 1845 have been such as to reduce the expenses of the service, though greatly increased, within the income derived from postages.

The cost of the Mail service previous to 1845 was 8 cents 1 mill per mile; now it is 5 cents and 6 mills per mile. There were 4,943 mail routes, comprising in all 167,703 miles, up to July, 1849, and 4,190 Mail Contractors.

The gross receipts for the year to 30th June, 1849, were \$4,705,176. To this add appropriation by Congress of \$200,000, and we have the whole revenue \$4,905,176. The gross expenditures were \$4,476,049, leaving an excess of revenue of \$429,127, to which add the amount of appropriation by Congress not used \$265,555, showing the sum of \$694,682 balance unexpended of the revenue of the past year.

The estimates for the coming year are thus set down. The probable revenue from postages, &c., will be, for the year ending June 30, 1850, \$4,892,166. Add to this the previous balance on hand, \$691,682, and the appropriation for free mail matter, and we have a gross receipt of \$5,583,848.

Why then, should not the postage be still further reduced? Why should not a letter be delivered at our doors, the Department paying the carriers? Why compel all who receive letters to pay nearly half as much for bringing them from the Post Office to their door, as is demanded for carrying them 100 miles by the mail?

The carriage of the mails on railroads and in steamboats, averages a cost of nine cents per mile. Where it is carried, (of course more slowly,) on horseback and in coaches, the cost averages three cents per mile. The increase of letter postage last year was 15 2-10 per cent. and the whole increase was 14 1-5 per cent. It is not thought that such an increase will occur every year.

The number of letters paying postage, last year, was sixty-two millions! This is an average of over three letters to every man, woman and child in the country! The postage collected on these letters was \$3,882,762. On newspapers and pamphlets, \$819,016. The letter postage has to pay not only its own expenses, but most of the expense of carrying the newspapers, &c.

SELECT POETRY. THE BLIND BOY'S BEEN AT PLAY, MOTHER. BY ELIZA COOK. The blind boy's been at play, Mother, And merry games we had;

We led him on our way, Mother, And every step was glad, But when we found a stony flower, And praised its varied hue,

A tear came trembling down his eye, As fast as a drop of dew. We took him to the mill, Mother, Where falling waters made

A rainbow o'er the mill, Mother, As golden sun-my's played; But when we should at the scene, And basked the clear blue sky,

He stood quite still upon the bank, And breathed a long, long sigh. We asked him why he wept, Mother, Whence'er we found the spots

Where'er we found the spots, Mother, Our will forget-me-nots, "Ah me!" he said, while tears ran down As fast as summer showers,

"It is because I cannot see The sunshine and the flowers." Oh, that poor, sightless boy, Mother, Has taught me I am blest,

For I can look with joy, Mother, On all I love the best; And when I see the dancing stream, And daisies red and white,

I'll kneel upon the meadow sod, And thank my God for sight.

HOW TO PRESERVE GRAPES. For several years past I have succeeded in preserving Isabella grapes till March. We have had the luxury of having had fresh grapes all through the winter, and have found them very useful and refreshing to the sick, especially to consumptive people.

We pack our grapes to preserve for the winter as late as we can, and save them from frost, gathering them when they are perfectly dry, say in the middle of a sunny day. We take a dry box—a common candle box is very convenient for the purpose—first cover the bottom with common batting.

We then put down a layer of grapes, one cluster after another, as thick as they can well lay. Care should be taken that there are no broken or green ones in the clusters. If there are, they will cause the others to mould and decay.

We then put down a layer of cotton batting, and then another layer of grapes, till the box is full. Some have been at the trouble to seal the end of each stem with wax. We do not believe it is of any service. As the stems are brittle, it is necessary to handle them with a great deal of care.

When they are thus laid down, much depends upon the place where you deposit the box. It should be placed in the driest and coolest place you have in the house. Some prefer the garret. There they are apt to wilt and lose all their flavor.

SOUTH CAROLINA FOLLO.—It is reported that the South Carolina members Congress have said that they would just as leave see a Whig as a Democratic organization of the House, but would prefer a disorganization.

AN EXCHANGE SAYS OF A GENTLEMAN RECENTLY deceased, that "he died leaving his heirs an unimpaired reputation and a million." Which said heirs will die by-and-by, leaving, perhaps, to their heirs a sullied reputation and—nothing. So goes the world.

FIVE MILLION BUSHELS OF salt have been manufactured in Onondaga county, N. Y., during the present year. PROLOGUE.—A woman in Rochester gave birth to three boys recently. About a year previous she also bore three boys, and the whole six are alive and doing well.

FIRE IN POTTSVILLE, Pa.—On Wednesday the stable of George M. Cumming, together with a valuable horse carriage and harness, were destroyed by fire in Pottsville.

GOING INTO MORNING; OR, A HUSBAND'S FLIGHT. A few weeks ago, my friend Clark was lying sick with the bilious fever. The attack was severe, and he believed death was near.

One morning he awoke from a short sleep to hear a hurried and smothered conversation in the adjoining room, in which his wife took part. The first words that Clark caught were uttered by his better half:—"On that ground," said she, "I object to mourning!"

"Yes," replied another, "but the world looks for it—it is fashionable, and one might as well be out of the world as to be out of the fashion." "Very true."

"Here," thought Clark, "is a nice wife.—She thinks I am about to die—to be planted, if I may use the expression, in the cold earth and she refuses to go into mourning for me. Ah, me!"

"Now that I am here, perhaps I had better take your measure." "The unfeeling wretch!" exclaimed Clark "to think of sending for a dressmaker before I am dead! I'll live for spite!"

"Well," mused the wife, "I believe you may measure me. I will let you buy the trimming, and let it be as gay as possible." "What heartlessness!" groined Clark: "Woman-like, though. One husband is no sooner dead, than they set about entrapping another. I can scarcely credit it."

"Of course you will have a flounce?" "Two of them, and as the body is to be plain, I wish you to get the wide gimpe to trim it." "How will you have the sleeves trimmed?"

"With buttons and fringes." "Well—well—this beats all," sighed poor Clark. "When do you want the dress?" inquired the mantua-maker.

"I must have it in three days. My husband will then be off my hands, and I shall be able to go out!" "Oh! horrible—horrible!" ejaculated the sick man, "I am only half dead, but this blow will kill me!"

A REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE. The day after the Paoli massacre, Gen. Wayne's house was surrounded by the blood-stained perpetrators of that wholesale murder. None of the family were at home but Mrs. Wayne, who upon being summoned to admit them, resolutely refused, replying that the General was not in the house.

They were finally obliged to force the doors. The premises were searched from cellar to garret, but their prey was not to be found. The valiant officer in command, entering a room where a large feather bed was lying on the floor, aroused the indignation of Mrs. Wayne, by slashing it with his sword, supposing that it might contain the desired prize.

"Do you think," said she, "that General Anthony Wayne is such a coward as to hide himself in a feather bed?" The spirit of Mrs. Wayne seems to have excited the respectful forbearance of the English Captain, for every article of property in the house was religiously respected. Wayne avenged the Paoli massacre on the succeeding year in the capture of Stony Point, when that fortification was taken by a midnight assault, under his command.

He was one of the first to scale the ramparts and he inspired his soldiers to the charge by the watchword, "Remember Paoli," thundered out above the din of the rushing mass by his stentorian voice.

SURGICAL OPERATION.—On Wednesday, a surgical operation was performed by Drs. Henry T. Child and Mutter, of this city, and Dr. Von Volza, of Lewistown, Pa., in which a ball, weighing a half ounce, was extracted from the hand of Adjutant General Irvine, of this State. The General was in the campaign against Mexico, and received the wound during his service there, which has been ever since a cause of severe affliction to him.

The ball was so firmly imbedded between the bones of the hand, that the operators were obliged to take it away by piecemeal. The General was doing well yesterday.

THE NEXT consignments from California to New York will in part consist of precious stones. The recent excitement in Boston gave the papers of that city an unprecedented circulation. Some of them issued thirty and forty thousand copies daily.

A newspaper in England, circulating 10,000 copies daily, pays £3,450 a year to the government for paper duty alone. Park sales at \$2.50 net at most points in the west; large supply and packing going on briskly.

All Sorts of Items. A HUMAN BODY AND THE HOUR OF DAY.—Seat yourself at a table. Attach a piece of metal (say a shilling) to a thread. Having placed your elbow on the table, hold the thread between the points of the thumb and forefinger; and allow the shilling to hang in the centre of a glass tumbler; the pulse will immediately cause the shilling to vibrate like a pendulum, and the vibrations will increase until the shilling strikes the side of the glass; and suppose the time of the experiment be the hour of seven, or half past seven, the pendulum will strike the glass seven times, and then loose its momentum and return to the centre: if you hold the thread a sufficient length of time the effect will be repeated; but not until a sufficient space of time has elapsed to convince you that the experiment is most complete. I need not add that the thread must be held with a steady hand; otherwise the vibrating motion will be counteracted. At whatever hour of the day or night, the experiment is made, the coincidence will be the same.

A chap in England, when sentenced to be hanged made his best bow to the judge, and said; "Thank your worship kindly. I had intended to hang myself, but your worship has saved me the expense of buying a rope."

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