SUNBURY AMERICAN.

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

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" A. Jordan, Sunbury.
" Saml. Calvin, Hollidaysburg
Lewisburg, April 30, 1853.—tf.

DOCTOR I. W. HUGHES,
OFFICE on Broadway, near the Episcopal Church, Sunbury.
Sunbury, May 14, 1853.—tf.

LAWRENCE HOUSE,
SUNBURY, PA.
THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends, and the public generally, that he has opened the "Lawrence House" and will do his best endeavors to please the public.
SAMUEL THOMPSON.
Sunbury Feb. 26, 1853.—tf.

SLAYMAKER & HASLETT.
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Board $1.50 per day.
Phila., May 28, 1853.—

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IMPORTERS OF & DEALERS IN
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HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &C
No. 59 Market St., 1 door below 2d St,
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Where they always keep on hand a large stock of every variety of Hardware, Cutlery, &c.
Wm. Dilworth, Henry D. Landis,
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October 16, 1852.—1y.

WM. M'CARTY,
BOOKSELLER,
Market Street,
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JUST received and for sale, a fresh supply of
EVANGELICAL MUSIC
or Singing Schools. He is also opening at time, a large assortment of Books, in every branch of Literature, consisting of
Poetry, History, Novels, Romances, Scientific Works, Law, Medicine, School and Children's Books, Bibles; School, Pocket and Family, both with and without Engravings,—and every of variety of Binding. Prayer Books, of all kinds.
Also just received and for sale, Purdons Digest of the laws of Pennsylvania, edition of 1851, price only $6,00.
Judge Reads edition of Blackstones Commentaries, in 3 vols. 8 vo. formerly sold at $10,00, and now offered (in fresh binding) at the low price of $6,00.
A Treatise on the laws of Pennsylvania respecting the estates of Decedents, by Thomas F. Gordon, price only $4,00.
Travels, Voyages and Adventures,—all of which will be sold low, either for cash, or country produce.
February, 21, 1852.—tf.

NOTICE,
BANK OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
Northumberland, June 25, 1853.
The Directors of the Bank of Northumberland give notice that they intend to apply to the next Legislature of this Commonwealth, for a renewal of its charter with the same capital, and with its present title, location and privileges. By order of the Board.
JNO. TAGGART, Prest.
June 25, 1853.—6m.

OIL WINDOW SHADES, Leather Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags, just received and for sale by I. W. TENER & CO.
Sunbury, April 30, 1853

FRENCH Cloth, Fancy Vestings, and Cassimeres just received and for sale by
Sunbury, May 14, '53. TENER & CO

FRESH Vanilla Bean of a superior quality just received and for sale by
June 4, 1853 — H. B. MASSER.

WRITING FLUID and self sealing Envelopes, just received and for sale by
April 19, 1851.— H. B. MASSER.

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SELECT POETRY.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

FROM THE DERMAN OF JOHANN MILLER.

Why need I strive or sigh for wealth?
It is enough for me
That Heaven hath sent me strength and health,
A spirit glad and free;
Grateful these blessings to receive,
I sing my hymn at morn and eve.

On some, what floods of riches flow!
House, herds and gold have they;
Yet life's best joys they never know,
But fret their hours away.
The more they have, they seek increase;
Complaints and cravings never cease.

A vale of tears this world they call,
To *me* it seems so fair;
It counles pleasure hath for all,
And none denied a share.
The little birds, on new-fledged wing,
And insects revel in the spring,

For love of us, hill, woods and plains,
In beauteous hues are clad;
And birds sing far and near sweet strains,
Caught up by echoes glad.
"Rise," sings the lark, "your tasks to ply;"
The nightingale sings "lullaby."

And when the golden sun goes forth,
And all like gold appears,
Gloom o'erspread the glowing earth,
And fields have ripening ears,
I think these glorious that I see,
My kind creator made for me.

Then loud I thank the Lord above,
And say, in joyful mood,
His love, indeed, is Father's love,
His will to all men good.
Then let me ever grateful live,
Enjoying all He designs to give.

Pictures of Married Life.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

THE THREE WIVES.

BY P. H. COOKE.

Mr. Jedothun Spike was an eccentric bachelor of fifty. His mother died in giving him birth, and it would seem that his mother-heart died with her, for from that hour the hapless Jedothun seemed to have no perception of feminine excellence, and diverted himself with ridiculuing the foibles of the sex, whose true character was to him a despised enigma. As a babe, he was fed and tended by an invalid brother many years his senior; and he afterwards grew in stature, and a hard, ungenial kind of wisdom, without much matronizing from anybody. As years and possessions increased, he boarded at a fashionable hotel, where the cook and attendants were of his own sex, and ignored the address of his laundress. His predispositions against matrimony were confirmed and strengthened by the fate of his brother alluded to, who married somewhat late in life, and, after an unhappy connexion of seven years' duration, left his widow, a permanent inmate of an insane asylum, and his three boys to the guardianship of their uncle. The recipient of this unexpected legacy, who had till then loved nothing in the whole of his miserable life, felt a strange pleasure in the duties of this new and unsolicited relation. The docility with which the little fellows accommodated themselves in the oddities of the eccentric humorist, their unquestioning faith in his most startling dogmas, and their artless exhibitions of personal attachment, won upon this isolated nature to a degree that surprised himself. It seemed that these helpless children were destined unconsciously to fulfil to the lonely old man that feminine mission without which human life is a failure, and happiness a myth. With a devotion and patience hardly to be expected of him, he reared the fragile boys to manhood, gave them all needful advantages of books, and schools and pocket-money, and at last saw them established in business, and in a way to do credit to themselves and their connexions. Judge then of his painful astonishment when all three waited upon him in a body, to announce that they had jointly and severally formed the audacious resolution of committing matrimony. Neither would have dared approach the subject alone, and though countenanced by each other, they felt so much gratitude, reverence and compassion for the prejudiced old man, that they fairly trembled for the result.

When the confession was made to Mr. Jedothun Spike, he turned his back on the agitated young men, and walked quickly to the window. After standing silently for some minutes, he turned and said very calmly:

"Well, boys, I have nursed you through the measels, and the scarlet fever, and the whooping-cough, and I did my best to alleviate what I could not prevent. You are now the victims of a disease quite as general as the other, and for which there is no remedy but experience. Neither precept nor example,"—here his lips quivered slightly—"have been of any avail in your case. Go then, and marry, if you will. I give my full consent, on one condtion only. It is that you all present yourselves in three years from this day and hour, and declare solemnly, upon the worth of your remaining manhood, whether you are unhappy, and why. The causes of misery in wedlock are very various, but the result is uniform. I will excuse now, boys, as I have an appointment with my tailor."

It is needless to say that the three nephews availed themselves of the permission thus unwillingly given, and that any self-reproaches they might feel at defeating the cherished wishes of their kindest benefactor did not seriously embitter their honey-moon. The three years that followed stole a handful of grey hairs from the bald forehead of Jedothun Spike, and, as if ashamed of the theft, secretly restored them hidden among the chestnut locks of his young relations. And, as a farther restitution, the same silent agents transferred unnoticed a portion of the hopeful tenderness of the youthful Benedicts to refresh the withered heart of the disappointed bachelor. The time for the interview so long anticipated, arrived at last. In the luxurious rooms of the lonely uncle, Henry and Charles, the two elder nephews, waited impatiently the arrival of the younger.

"It is useless looking for Edward," said Charles, at last. "We shan't see him before evening. His wife is now looking for a needle to darn his stockings, and replace the missing buttons upon his coat."

Yet, as he spoke, a cheerful step was heard without, and the tardy brother entered the room, breathing quickly, and with a smiling apology for his delay. The two first, exchanged meaning glances; but the merciless uncle cut short their merriment, by saying gravely:

"Henry, my boy, you are the oldest. It is just that you should lead upon this occasion. Tell us frankly, how do you enjoy married life?"

The young man paused for a moment, then, with a comical grimace that ill-concealed his reluctance, he replied:

"It is a bitter dose to swallow, I confess. Uncle, you are revenged."

There was a slight movement of surprise, for Mrs. Henry Spike was recognized as decidedly notable.

"I thought," said the uncle, drily, "that yours was a pattern wife."

"Only too much so," returned the nephew. "It is my belief that she was modelled upon the most approved patterns and made up to order. If ever there was a machine for performing mechanically every outward virtue, it is Mrs. Henry Spike. She never loses her temper; indeed, I doubt if she has any to lose. She never betrays any flutter of vanity or wounded feeling. To the calmness of a statue, she adds an instinctive perception of decorum, a rigid adherence to rectitude, which leaves nothing to hope or fear, and very little to enjoy. Nothing can disturb her. When our infant was dangerously ill, she moved about his cradle with the same unperturbed countenance, and dropped his last cordial, as we thought, into the cup with an untrembling hand."

"I hardly see how you came to marry her," remarked Edward, *par parenthese.*

"She was pretty, and I mistook her natural roses for blushes, and her silence for delicate reserve. I was much moved when she once left me in tears; I have since learned she had the toothache. I can never find in her deportment anything to forgive, and I am tired of praising where correctness seemed inevitable. Besides, she don't care for praise. She was wound up at birth, and her heart pulsates with the regularity of a pendulum. If I should hang myself some morning of pure *ennui*, I know she would arrange everything for a respectable burial. My condition is desperate.—In passing through New York last winter, I religiously avoided seeing Lola Montez, for I knew I should be smitten at a glance. The slightest touch of human frailty seems absolutely refreshing. Speak, brother," he added, after a brief pause," and in mercy point out some defect in Mrs. Charley Spike."

"Mrs. Charley Spike," responded the person addressed, "is not absolutely stupid, nor entirely indifferent in matters of feeling. She gives some variety to life in point of temper, and permits me to hope to please, as well as fear to offend. But like your Rectina, she has, alas! one paramount idea. 'Order is Heaven's first law,' and it is not the less that of my immaculate Vesta. Especially does she insist upon the most spotless neatness, at the expense of all other considerations. I discovered soon after my marriage that the world was a little too good to live in. The parlors were shut up to exclude the flies; the chambers, to avoid the dust. The dining-room furniture was robed in Holland covers, and ugly mats deformed every square yard of carpeting. Canaries were banished because they littered their cage, and my pet spaniel dismissed for neglecting to wipe his feet. Then pickles spoil the cutlery, and eggs corrode the silver; coffee is liable to stain the linen, and even butter, if incautiously used, may be the parent of a grease spot. Cigars I have long since abjured, because spittoons are an abomination. If I sit, it is, 'Mr. Spike, your chair mars the wall,' or 'Charles, you are rocking upon the rug.' If I walk, it is, 'Pray leave your boots at the door, Mr. Spike, and let me bring your slippers.' I sometimes think I will remove to a hotel, and send home my compliments daily in a perfumed note. I shall expect soon after to see the whole establishment modelled in wax, and reposing under glass, like a collection of fanciful wonders. Come, Edward, your wife is no paragon, luckily. Confess your misery, and don't detain us long."

"Mine is not a pattern wife, certainly," was the response of the younger brother. "She is not distinguished for order, nor faultless in neatness, nor unerring in discretion. She is very far from being a piece of clock-work, and there is a great uncertainty, sometimes delightful, sometimes painful, as to what she will attempt, and whether the result will be success or failure. There is room for doubt as to particulars; none at all as to the general tendency of her conduct. She is as true-hearted a woman as lives, 'and that which she delights in must be happy.' You may smile if you choose, but I do most frankly assure you that I *am* happy. I know not what Beatrice is doing at this moment, but I feel sure that, in aims and efforts, she is true to herself, to me, and her maker. I am sure that she loves me more than all the world beside, but not so much as she loves truth and duty and self-respect. Her errors are all mistakes. They are the redundancy of a loving, generous, richly-gifted nature. She is no model housewife, but she has made great improvement, and she has the strongest incentive to improvement, a sincere and unselfish affection. It is true that I was delayed to-day by waiting for a few last stitches from her practised needle, not however upon my clothing, as I see you imagine, but upon a pair of slippers she has just wrought for uncle Jedothun. Let me see them tried, my dear sir. I have an idea they will fit you."

"Why, yes, tolerably," said the good man, who seemed more gratified than he cared to acknowledge. "The truth is," he added, speaking with hesitation, as if he felt the need of an apology, "The truth is, I am going to live with Edward, and give lessons to Beatrice in housekeeping."

WENDELL, MASS.

STARTLING FEAT

A Paris correspondent of the New York Times gives the following account of the latest amusement devised for the wonder-loving Parisians:

The feat of jumping from a balloon, the jumper suspended by an India rubber rope, was duly performed on Thursday. It was the most stupendous exhibition of daring and address that the Parisians have yet been permitted to witness. From one side of the car of the balloon hung the India-rubber cord, descending 150 feet, and then returning and being fastened to the other side of the car. It thus formed a strong loop. The *athlete* was dressed as Mercury; his body, from the neck to the small of his back, was enclosed in a frame work, which enabled him to endure the suspension without wrenching or dislocation. The rope passed through an eylet in the middle of the back, placed so that he was held in perfect equilibrium.—When the balloon had reached an attitude double that of the supposed elasticity of the cord, the voltiguer appeared on the edge of the car, looked over, shut his eyes, and dove off into the space. The eyelet slipped along the rope, so that the first 150 feet were a positive fall through the air, without any resistance or break. The rest of the way was an elongation of the rope. It stretched four times its length, making in all a descent of 600 feet, accomplished in two seconds. After having attained its lowest point, the rope contracted once, perhaps, 200 feet, and then descended again. There was no further rebound, and no oscillation; the voltiguer lay calmly cradled in mid air, and probably spent the leisure he was now permitted to enjoy in recovering his breath and contemplating the prospect. The mounat above now commenced at the windlass, and gradually wound his dangling friend up again.—In four minutes he climbed over the side of the car, having made the fastest time that any human being has ever achieved, except such as have been shot from cannon, as Baron Munchausen said he was, I think. 600 feet in two seconds is at the rate of three miles and a half a minute. We are waiting now to know what will be done next!

THE BLACK DAY.

The New Orleans Delta, of the 23d instant, says: The twenty-four hours from 6 o'clock, A. M., on Saturday, till 6 o'clock on Sunday, the 21st, constitute the blackest day in the gloomy annals of the fearful pestilence which has desolated our city. It is, we trust, the maximum point of our calamity. The reported deaths for this period, were 269, of which 230 were of yellow fever, and fifteen are not stated. To the the Crescent adds 28, reported to have been interred in St. Patrick's, without certificates, and 18 in the Hebrew Cemeteries Nos. 1 and 2, from which no reports had been received up to the making up of the returns of the Board of Health. This would make total of 315 deaths for twenty-four hours, which is more than double our usual weekly mortality, when not afflicted by an epidemic.

Mr. D. Wolf, who has resided in New Orleans some years, has lost of his household by the fever his father, mother, two of his sisters, and his nephew. One of the daughters who had been in New Orleans some years recovered, but returned to life to find that those she loved were occupants of the grave. All knowledge of their death and burial had been kept from her.

A man who marries now-a days, marries a great deal. He not only weds himself to a woman, but a laboratory of prepared chalk, a quintal of whalebone, eight coffee bags, part of a bale of cotton, half a silk store, four baskets of novels, one poodle dog, and a lot of weak nerves that will keep four servant girls, three doctors, a tyrannical nurse, and "my dear ma," around the house the whole blessed time. Whether the fun pays for the powder requires a "mighty deal of nice consideration."

TO MAKE A CANDLE BURN ALL NIGHT.—I remember seeing, some years since, in an agricultural work, now out of print, an article on "Economy in Candles," which may be new and useful to many of your readers. When, as in cases of sickness, a dull light is wished, or when matches are mislaid, put finely powdered salt on the candle till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night, by a small piece of candle.

The best way to succeed, is to pesevere.—Isaas Newton, on being asked how he discovered the laws which govern the universe, replied, "By always thinking of them."—Again we say, persevere. The man who never hollers enough always whips.

SOCIAL LIFE IN NEW YORK.

BY A NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

In no place probably on the habitable globe is the "almighty dollar" worshipped with such an intensity of devotion as in this great city. It is indeed the Alpha and the Omega of her citizens in the most extended sense. Wealth, wealth, weal h, is the cry and the pursuit of every one, from the extreme of the Battery to 100th, 150th and 200th street, and from the extreme point of the eastern-most pier on East river to the western boundary of the most western pier on the Hudson, the pursuit is made by every one with an eagerness which baffles description. Waking or sleeping, walking, riding or yachting, in the street or the house, at the counter or the desk, at weddings or funerals, dinners or balls, money, money is the god of their idolatry, before which they bow with more than Eastern devotion. Colonel Hamilton, of the British army, in his Book of Travels in this country, published some years since, hit off this New York feeling very happily in describing an evening party of gentlemen to which he had been invited, where his host had something to say of the wealth of every guest to whom he introduced him, and finally, on the entrance of a new comer, the gentleman of the house begged the colonel to allow him to present him Mr. B, who "had recently made one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in tallow."

The general style of living and the heavy expenditures in New York has no parallel either in this country or in Europe, in the same rank and class of society. It is, to be sure, far exceed by tha immensely rich nobility of England, but the bankers, merchants and traders of England are very far exceeded in their style of living and personal expenses by the corresponding classes of this city.—There is also here an absurd rivalry on this subject. The man with $50,000 wishes to live on footing with his neighbor who has $100,000; this latter with another who has accumulated $500,000; and this latter again millionare of the fifth avenue. This disposition and the *practice* of it is exhibited in every form by the men, in their town and country houses, in their furniture, fast horses, and the quality and price of their wines; by the women in their bonnets, dresses, laces, cashmere shawls, equipages, ball, and soirees; and the general desire of show and parade extends not only to their weddings, but even to their funerals and the habiliments of woe."

The *rich* men are, with some few exceptions, the *great* men of New York; and though a Hamilton or a King, a Webster or an Everett, would be fully and properly appreciated by very many in this city, still a large majority would regard with more deference, and treat with a greater degree of respect and attention some noodle who had a million of United States six per cent. stock standing in his name.

There is also in New York a general, and it may be called a vulgar practice to estimite or tell the cost of every thing. If you are at a ball or a soiree, if you do not hear it at the time, you are sure to learn it in the gossip of the next forty-eight hours, that the natural flowers displayed in the rooms or on the supper table cost so many hundred dollors, that Weller was paid such a sum for the supper, that the hire of the extra plate and glass cost so much, and that the band had a like amount for its services, and that the whole entertainment involved an outlay perhaps of two or three thousand dollars. If it is a dinner party, you are sure to learn that Weller or some other "cookery man" charged fifteen dollars for each guest for his viands, besides the ornaments and the dessert, and that the Madeira wine was $18, and the sparkling Moselle $6 per bottle.

But it is on the occasion of a wedding among the "nuper ten" that gossip feasts and revels. Every part an parcel of the bride's array has its cost announced to the very dollar. Her lace veil cost $800, presented by such a relative; her diamond pin or stomacher $1000, presented by another relative; necklace $1500, probably presented by the groom; her dress of such material cost $1000, with so many yards of lace on it at $30 per yard; and altogether her entire costume and *parure* as she stood up at the ceremony cost $6000, or $8000, or may be $10,000; then she had one cashmere shawl which cost $1500, another $1000, and such and such bridal presents, presented by such and such persons, that cost $1000, $800, $400 $200 and $100, respectivly; the poor bride, it is to be hoped, being all this time ignorant of these discussions, and equally so how such information got about.

Now I like the people of this place, who are a generous, liberal set, notwithstanding all this, and I sincerely wish that every man and mother's son of them would make "$150,000, by tallow" every year of their lives; nor do I mention their oddities with the least unkind feeling, but only in the hope that it may tend to reform them in this respect, and make them think and talk less about money as the only good and desirable thing in this world, as their continued recurrence to it is some time rather annoying.

I can, at their splendid dinners, enjoy a thigh of woodcock, or a piece of Weller's delicious fricandieu, and their old Madeira or sparkling hock with more satisfaction than when I am given to understand by a friend or another guest, that my share of the eatables cost our host $15, and that he had paid Gov. Davis, of Coney Island, $18 for the Madeira and $7 for the hock, particularly if I had tucked under my vest a pint of the former and a whole bottle of the latter.

KENTUCKY REGARD FOR FAIR PLAY

In the year 1838 I was travelling with a strolling theatrical company, and arriving at a small town in Kentucky, it was resolved to treat the inhabitants to a bit of legitimate. A suitable place having been secured, notices were stuck up informing the public that on that evening would be performed, by one of the best theatrical companies in the Union the admired and popular drama of "Wm Tell, the heroic Swiss."

Night came, and the room was crowded by an anxious audience, many of whom had never seen a theatrical performance. The piece passed off very well, soliciting much applause, and enlisting the sympathies of the audience in behalf of Tell, as they took several occasion to cheer the patriot on. When the shooting scene came, great excitement was manifested amongst the group of the hardy sons of Kentucky—they began to think that the thing was real. At that moment when Tell remonstrates with Gesler for having picked out the smallest apple, and the tyrant says:

"Take it as it is: thy skill be greater if thou hittest it.

To which Tell replies:

True, true, I did not think of that!—Give me some chance to save my boy!"

One of the group I have mentioned—a hardy sapling who would measure full six feet two inches in his stockings, sprung upon the stage confronting Gesler, and shouted:

"Give him a fair chance! I vow to snakes it's too mean to make him shoot his son! spose I let him shoot one of my niggers; or if that won't do, I'll let him have a crack at me, provided he puts a pint cup on my head instead of that cussed little apple!"

It is almost useless to add that this caused a scene, especially as three or four of the Kentuckian's friends jumped upon the stage to back him and side with Tell.

It took some time to pacify and assure them that it was a play.

"Well, stranger, we won't stand any foul play in these diggings, and seein' as how it's only a show, why we'll step out," and valiant Kentuckian, as well as his friends, resumed their seats.

DEATHS IN THE LATE GENERAL TAYLORS FAMILY.

The New York *Mirror*, in recording the death of Col. Bliss, who fell a victim to yellow fever, at Pascagoula, on the 5th ult., thus feelingly alludes to the occupants of the Presidential mansion a few years ago:

"Only a daughter (the widow of Col. Bliss,) of the victor of Buena Vista, of all his family who occupied the 'White House' is left.—What a startling change since the hour that saw the republican soldier borne by the huzzas of a grateful people from the field of battle and peril, and to him of undying fame and honor, to the highest seat of earthly power. Then, all was life; the proudest aspirations that could fire a mortal heart were fulfilled; the loftiest ambition reposed satisfied under the shadow of a goal reached unsolicited, a fame perfected without blemish. General Taylor and his wife, and Col. Bliss then lived; their present honored and happy, their past glorious, and their future bright.—They are all dead! One link of the loving and beloved circle of that family group, on which the eyes of the nation rested with delight, remains. She is, indeed, widowed and orphaned—millions will share, though they may not lighten her grief."

FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The rattle snake finds a superior foe in the deer and black snake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattle snake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes to within ten or twelve feet of the snake, then leaps forward and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp and bifurcated hoofs. The onset is commonly successful, but if otherwise, the buck repeats the trial till he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skillful manœuvre leaves but a single chance for its victim either to escape or to inject poison into its more alert antagonist. The rattle snake also finds a dreaded opponent in the black snake.—Such is the celerity of motion, not only in running, but in entwining itself around its victim, that the rattle snake has no way of escaping from ist fatal embrace. When the black and rattle snake are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed and and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him with five or six folds, and then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face to ascertain the effect produced upon his corseted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied, and the screw tightened—the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the hopeless victim. Thus the two remain 30 or 40 minutes; the executioner then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed and retained until the incarcerated wretch is completely lifeless.—moccasin is destroyed in the same way.

FANNY FERN ON WARM WEATHER—Shadrach, Meshek, and Molock! how hot is it! I pity omnibus horses and ministers! I pity ignorant young mothers with teething babies, I pity the Irish who huddle in a cellar, and take boarders in each corner, I pity consumptive seamstresses who "sing the song of the shirt" for six cents per day; I pity cooks and blacksmiths, and red-haired people, I pity anybody who doesn't live in a refrigerator, and hasn't a *Fan to temper the air.*

PRESERVING FRUITS IN THEIR OWN JUICE.

Thirteen bottles of preserved fruit were exhibited lately at Rochester, New York, by William R. Smith, of Wayne County, viz.—five of cherries, two of peaches, one of different varieties of currants, one of blackberries and one of plums.

They were examined by a committee, and found of fine flavor, and the committee expressed the opinion that the art of preserving fruit in this manner is practicable, and that the fruit, when carefully put up, can be made to keep as long as may be desirable.

The method of preserving is thus given to the New York State Society by Mr. Smith:

"They are preserved by placing the bottles, filled with the fruits, in cold water, and raising the temperature to the boiling point as quickly as possible; then cork and seal the bottle immediately. Some varieties of fruit will not fill the bottle with their own juice—these must be filled with boiling water and corked as before mentioned, after the surrounding water boils."

WHY DID JACOB WEEP?

"Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept."—*Scripture,*

If Rachael was a pretty girl, and kept her face clean, we can't see that Jacob had much to cry about.—*N. Y. Globe.*

How do you know that she slapped his face for him?—*N. O. Delta.*

Gentlemen hold your tongues. The cause of Jacob's weeping was the refusal of Rachael to allow him to kiss her again.—*Flag.*

It is our opinion Jacob wept because he hadn't kissed Rachael before, and regretted the time he had lost.—*Age.*

Green—verdant, one and all of ye. The fellow boohooed because she did not kiss him in return.—*Manchester Adv.*

Pshaw! none of you are judges of human nature. Rachael was the first girl that Jacob kissed, and he got so scared that his voice trembled, and tears came trickling down his cheeks.—*Auburn Adv.*

Jacob was a man that labored in the field. When he kissed Rachael, he had just returned from his labors and had not washed his lips. After he had soiled Rachael's cheek, he wept for fear she would think he was one of the "Freesoilers.—*Detroit Free Press.*

No, gentlemen, not one of you are correct. The reason Jacob wept was, he was afraid Rachael would tell his mamma.—*Jersey Telegraph.*

Pshaw! You are all out. The reason Jacob wept was that Rachael would not let him stop kissing her, when he once began.—*Penn. Register.*

May be she bit him.—*Yazoo Whig.*

May it not be that the first attempt at kissing? If so, she ought to have bit him.—*Nansemond Eug.*

What a long list of innocents! We know for we have tried it on. There were no tears shed, and the good book does not say there was. It was only his mouth that watered, and the biting up of his voice forced it out of his eyes.—*People's Paper.*

How philosophical! Jacob a "freesoiler!" In my opinion the reason why Jacob cried was because he was sell. *Soft Jake.—National Democrat.*

Jacob wept! Yes tears of joy! for well he knew he might, while Rachael, beauty all confessed, stood fore his ravished sight.—*Louisville Democrat.*

YANKEE COURTSHIP.—A love-lorn swain broke a wish bone with his 'heart's queen,' somewhere in New Hampshire.

"Neow what do you wish, Sally?" demanded Jonathan, with a tender gain of expectation.

"I wish I was hansum," replied the fair damsel, "hansum as Queen Victory."

"Jerusalem! what a wish" replied Jonathan. "when you're hansum 'nuff neow.—But I'll tell yer what I wished, Sally; I wished you was locked up in my arms, and the key was lost."

GEN. TAYLOR'S FAMILY.—The St. Louis Republican says:—In noticing the death of Col. Bliss, several of the papers have fallen into the error of supposing that Mrs. Bliss was the only surviving member of Gen. Taylor's family. This is an error. There is a sister, the wife of Dr. Wood, Surgeon U. S. Army, and Col. Taylor, son of Gen. Taylor, both still living.

"OVER TRUE"—The following toast was given at a railroad dinner ar Detroit, lately:

"*Editors*—Ladders on which politicians climb to power—pioneers in all great enterprise—the only class whose labor is its own reward—the hardest worked, the poorest paid, most self-sacrificeing and abused of all the professions."

An Irishman, in distress asked a gentleman for relief. He was repulsed with a "go to h—ll." Pat looked at him in such a way as to fix his attention, and then replied God bless your honor for your civility, for yer the first gintleman that's invited me to his father's house since I kim to Ameriky.

THE darkey who greased his feet so that he would not make a noise when he went to steal chickens, slipped from the henroost into the custody of the owner. He gave a reason for his being there, "Dat he ouly cum dar to see ef de chickens sleeped wid dere eyes open." He was cooped.

AUSTRIA has increased her indebtedness since 1845 something like $170,000,000, mainly in suppressing liberty in Hungary and Italy.