

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. 7, NO. 21.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1854.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 14, NO. 47

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.
THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday, at No. 121 N. 2d St., Sunbury, Pa., for the Proprietor.
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H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.
Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

HENRY DONNEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office opposite the Court House, Sunbury, Northumberland County, Pa.

N. M. Newnam's
Plumbing Shop.
AS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A SUPPLY of all sizes of Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, etc.

United States Hotel,
Philadelphia.
J. MacDONALD, (late of Jones' Hotel), has the pleasure to inform his friends and traveling community, that he has leased this

WM. McCARTY, BOOKSELLER,
Market Street, SUNBURY, PA.
First received and for sale, a fresh supply of **EVANGELICAL MUSIC**

Shamokin Town Lots.
Half subscriber is now prepared to exhibit and dispose of lots in the new town of Shamokin.

LEATHER.
FRITZ & HENDRY,
Store, 29 N. 3d Street, PHILADELPHIA.

AWRENCE HOUSE, SUNBURY, PA.
Half subscriber respectfully informs the public that she still continues to keep the above

MARIA THOMPSON.
Sunbury, March 4, 1854—4.
WARDWARE, Nails, &c. Brooms, Shovel, Hats, Caps, Cider ware, Brooms, Brushes, broom Brooms and paper just received and for sale

INDIAN CHOCOLATE.
An excellent article for the table: Fever and Ague, Biliousness, Intermittent or Remittent Fever, just received and for sale by **L. W. TENER & CO.**

SELECT POETRY.

THE HOUSEHOLD DARLING.

BY JAMES CRITCHLEY PRINCE, A WORKING MAN IN ENGLAND—A WEAVER.

Little Ella, fairest dearest,
Unto me and unto mine—
Early in the morning
To my dreams of abodes divine!

Sweet thought I'll follow
On her placid brows and eyes,
Eyes which seem to see a far land
Through the intervening skies;

Good books wake ecstatic feelings
In her developed mind;
Holy thoughts, whose high revealing
Teach her love for human kind.

A Select Tale.

From America's Own.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

—OR—

Money of no Consequence.

BY L. N. BURDICK.

Mr. Edward Singleton was one day seated in a room, deep in thought, upon the unfortunate position of bachelors in general.

"Good morning, Ned," he cried, throwing himself in a chair; "I stopped in to inquire if you have received a card of invitation to old Mowbray's party this evening."

"I have."
"And of course you will attend?"
"No."
"What?" exclaimed the young man in surprise.

"But what are your motives for denying yourself this pleasure?"
"To be frank with you, Harry, I've had quite enough of parties for the present. What I want is a wife."

"The very reason why you should go to-night, I dare be sworn that among the brilliant throng of youth and beauty that will be present, you can readily find one lovingly bent upon your choice."

"True enough; but whether that particular one could be induced to deliver herself in return, over to the custody of a mere mortal, is to me a matter of extreme doubt."

"But you could at least make the trial; and if it failed, the result no harm would be done."
"But it would be extremely disagreeable. And if you will promise not to reveal it, I will entrust you with a secret."

"I will swear it, if necessary."
"Then I have to inform you that within the last two months, I have proposed and been returned by three different ladies."
"Indeed!" exclaimed Harry, laughing in spite of himself, "and what reasons they assign for refusing your offer?"

"More than I can enumerate; but the principal one was my want of a fortune; and from that, undoubtedly, springs all the rest."
"Then you are determined on staying away from the party to-night?" said Harry, rising to depart.

"Precisely so."
"Then," replied his friend, "I would advise you to advertise for one!" and with a merry laugh he left the room.
"And why not?" said Singleton mentally, as the sound of his friend's footsteps died away. "Why not indeed? It would be an excellent plan; by Jove I will!"

MATRIMONIAL.—The advertiser, a young man of good moral character and fine attainments, is desirous of forming a matrimonial alliance with a lady between nineteen and twenty-four years of age.

"There," soliloquized Ned, as he finished, "I think that will do; and, as it is, I hope it will be the means of procuring me a charming partner for life."

"Money of no consequence."
Our hero immediately sent a copy to all the evening papers, with directions to have it inserted that day.

About two o'clock the following day, the postman brought nearly a dozen of notes directed to "Mr. E. S." Ned, who had been waiting with a sort of feverish impatience, hastened at once to his room, and with a fluttering heart, was in the act of breaking the first seal, when a servant informed him that a lady was below who requested an interview with him.

"I believe," she said in a tone of singular sweetness, "that you are the gentleman who advertised for a wife."

"I have not; but I have just received a number of communications in reply to the advertisement," and he pointed towards the pile of letters before him.

"Then I have arrived in time. I come to offer you myself."
Edward Singleton trembled violently at the announcement. He had not anticipated such a summary mode of operation, and consequently he became exceedingly embarrassed.

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"Indeed!" he exclaimed, in surprise.—
"And yet I am not aware that we ever met before."
"Still you are not entirely unknown to me. I first saw you about a month ago, while in company with a friend at the Opera, and being very favorably impressed by your appearance, to say the least, I made inquiries, respecting you, and determined, if possible, to make your acquaintance. This I failed to accomplish; and happening to notice an advertisement in one of yesterday's papers signed 'E. S. Crescent Place,' I was convinced that the advertiser could be no other than yourself."

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Correspondence.

[Correspondence of the American.]

UNITED STATES HOTEL, Saratoga, Aug. 5, 1854.

The feast, the song, the revel here abound, Strange words of merriment the hours consume, Now here more chosen, but Loves' Ebb's sound, And young eyes less than midnight round.

I determined to give up the comforts of a mountain home for the gayety, pleasures and follies of a fashionable watering place.— Crowded and dusty cars, the uproar of being conveyed from one Depot to another; offices and often impertinent porters; hot pavements and suffocating rooms are a poor exchange for the free, pure air, and the glorious old hills I left behind me. But what the use of sighing. Here I am in Saratoga, and where could I be more comfortable, or stir up so many delightful and inspiring memories?

"That I will leave for you to decide upon," she said, while a blush overspread her fair features.
"No, indeed; that shall be your duty."
"But I insist—"
"And so do I. Choose the time, and I promise to abide by your decision— provided you name no very distant day."

"Then be it so," she replied. "Considering, therefore, that we have already been acquainted more than half an hour, and that you wish the Union to be consummated as soon as possible, I propose that we be married to-day! My carriage is now waiting at the door."

Ned Singleton said not a word, though he was slightly startled; in fifteen minutes he was ready. They stepped into the carriage, and were soon whirling rapidly along Tremont street, toward the residence of the Rev. Mr. P.—. Luckily they found him at home, and without loss of time he joined them for life. As he left the place, Ned felt like a new man; his happiness was complete. They re-entered the carriage, the driver took his seat, and they were again rattling over the pavement.

"Where are we going?" exclaimed Ned, suddenly perceiving that they were being driven in an opposite direction from the one they had come.
"We are going home," was the reply.
"But this is not the way."
"Then you are at fault. And now that I think of it, there is one particular subject upon which we have not spoken; perhaps we have been too precipitate in marrying before an explanation had taken place. I have reference to my pecuniary position."

"I married for love, and not for money," exclaimed Singleton, "and knowing that you could not be found in unity, I added that postscript to my notice, 'Money of no consequence.'"
"But in uttering such a sentiment you wrong me."
"Wrong you! In what manner?"
"In asserting that every lady of wealth is heartless."

"You certainly do not mean to say that you—"
"I mean to say that, since wealth is an obstacle to your happiness, I am the unluckiest possessor of eighty thousand dollars!"
Ned was thunderstruck! For a long time he had been endeavoring to obtain a competence by marriage; but the effort proving fruitless, he had resigned all hopes of bettering his condition in that manner, and now, when his only ambition was to obtain an affectionate wife, one with heart and wealth had dropped unexpectedly into his possession. Suffice it to say, he never regretted his hasty wedding.

Death of Miss Fillmore.—Death has been busy of late years with the occupants of the presidential mansion, as if to show that no place is too high to escape his shafts. President Polk carried with him from that house the seed of the disease which terminated in his early dissolution. President Taylor died under its roof, and his son-in-law, Colonel Bliss, lived but a few months, and the venerable widow of the President but a few years. More than a year has elapsed since President Fillmore parted with the faithful companion of his humble and prosaic fortunes, and now he is called upon to mourn over the grave of his only daughter.

The light of his household is extinguished. The gay, cheerful and ever happy spirit that diffused its sunshine over every one within its sphere—and that to the honored father was a perpetual source of consolation and joy—has been removed from him forever.

It is not for us to intrude upon the sacredness of his sorrow; but it is not fitting that one who impacted happiness to so many during her life, should pass away from the world without one word of regret. During the illness of her mother and her absence from the White House, Miss Fillmore performed his honors. She went there a simple-hearted, bashful, blushing girl, little versed in the ways adapted herself with a rare felicity to the varied and really onerous duties of her position. With a natural and unaffected dignity of carriage, she evinced a brightness and vivacity that won all hearts; and she left the presidential mansion without losing one charm of her native simplicity and purity, a self-possessed and accomplished woman of society, and still the gentle, affectionate dependent child.—Boston Transcript.

Gen. Cate and Bachelors.—The following paragraph we clip from the regular report of the proceedings of the Connecticut Legislature, on the 27th ult.:
Bill to tax grave, rate and bachelors, taken up. Mr. Harrison was opposed to the provision taxing bachelors. There was a tax laid already upon a grave, and any man who had lived twenty-five years without being married, could be taxed under that section. The bill was indefinitely postponed.

The Free-Soil Convention meets here on the 16th. The time for the great annual Ball has not been determined, but it will be somewhere near the 20th.
The weather is cool and pleasant, and the town healthy.

PRESERVING FRUIT WITHOUT SUGAR.

We have received numerous applications for information about the *modus operandi* of putting up fruit so as to preserve it in a fresh state, without cooking, drying, or packing in sugar. It is a business that cannot so well be done in families as in large manufactories, where everything is arranged for convenience; but still, with a little experience and careful attention, every family can save enough of the various fruits of the season to furnish their tables with a great delicacy during that portion of the year when they can get nothing of the kind. The whole secret consists in expelling the air from bottles or cans by heating, and then sealing up the contents hermetically. If the article to be preserved is peaches, select such as you would for sweetmeats, and pair and cut them so they can be put in bottle, and you must do this with the least possible delay, or they will be spoiled by the atmosphere. Some persons who want them to retain their natural whiteness, put them under water. When the bottle is full, cork it tight and wipe down the glass with a very little projection above the glass. When you have bottles enough to fill a kettle, such as may be most convenient, put them in and boil with the water all round to the neck, for about fifteen or twenty minutes, or until the bottle appears to be full of steam—the atmosphere having been forced out through the cork. As soon as the bottles are cool enough to handle, dip the corks in sealing-wax so as to cover them quite tight. An additional precaution is used by some in putting tin foil over the wax.

Another plan is to cook the fruit slightly in a kettle, and then put in cans or bottles and pour hot syrup of sugar in to fill up the interstices, and then cork and seal. The heat of the fruit and syrup answering to expel the air. But the less they are cooked, or sweetened, the more natural will be the taste, like fresh fruit, when opened. We have eaten peaches a year old that we could not tell from those sugared an hour before.

Tatoes are very easily preserved, and retain their freshness better than any other fruit. The small kind are only used. Scald and peel them without breaking the flesh.—Bottles should hold about a quart only, because when once opened, the contents must be used up at once. Bottles made on purpose, with large throats, and a ring on the inside are the best, and bottles are better than cans for all acid fruit. The cans, however, are more easily secured by solder, than the bottles by corks and wax, and the air is let out through a small puncture after the large opening is soldered and cans headed, and that hole stopped with a single drop of solder.

Every article of fruit will keep fresh if the air is exhausted and the bottle sealed tight. The least particle of air admitted through any imperfection of the sealing will spoil the fruit. If the air could be driven out without heat, there would be no need of cooking, and only just enough should be given to expel the air and not change the taste. Many persons prefer to add syrup made by about one pound of sugar to a quart of water, to all suitable fruits. Green corn, beans, tomatoes, pie plants, currants, gooseberries, cherries, strawberries, peaches, are the most common things put up in this way. They add greatly to the pleasures of table, and to the health of those who consume them; quite unlike, in that respect, the common preserves.

We have known fruit for pies put up in three quart cans, by partially cooking in an open kettle in syrup just sweet enough for use, and putting in the cans hot and soldering immediately. It kept thus perfectly.

Some fruits keep much better and with less heating than others. Peas are among the hardest articles to keep; they contain so much fixed air.

We advise every family in the country to try this plan of putting up fruits for winter use, on a small scale this year, and if successful, enlarge upon it next year.

THE NUTMEG TREE.—The California Farmer says, that at Bird's Valley and El Dorado Canon, this valuable tree is found in its greatest perfection. Trees are found here from 18 to 24 inches in diameter, and full of the fruit, which is contained in a covering like the coating of an English walnut. Before ripe it is soft and quite stringy, but when mature the covering opens and the nutmeg drops. The berries or nuts ripen at various periods. Upon the same tree may be found ripe and green fruit. The ripe nutmeg is of the same form, and is as fully aromatic as the fruit from Sumatra. It smells like the pine or the hemlock, each leaf having, however, a sharp bite or thorn upon it. The fruit grows in clusters, ornamental to the cherry, and is indeed quite ornamental. This tree can be easily grown and will be quite an acquisition, and we trust ere long to see it generally cultivated.

Mackerel are being seized in great numbers along the Southern coast of Nova Scotia. Every little creek and bay from Cape Sable to Halifax is overflowing with them. They are taken in nets, from one hundred to six hundred barrels being secured at a single draught. Men, women and children are employed day and night curing them, yet the whole atmosphere is "delicious" with the stench of those impossible to be taken care of. So says the Belfast Age.

HOW KOSSUTH WOULD TAKE SEVASTOPOL.

M. Kossuth, speaking of the taking of Sevastopol, said:—"I don't think you can take Sevastopol by the sea. The opportunist moment of a coup de main being lost, it would afford sacrifices which you neither can afford nor risk. And as to taking it by land, to take a fortress accessible by trenches, and having but a garrison to defend it, that is but a matter of art and comparative sacrifices. It can be calculated to the hour. But to take an entrenched camp, linked by terrible fortresses, and an army for garrison in it, and new armies pouring upon your flank and rear, and you in the plains of the Crimea, with also no cavalry to resist them, is an undertaking to succeed in which more forces are necessary than England and France ever can unite in that quarter for such an aim. Ask about it which ever staff officer who has learned something about tactics and strategy. And in that position is Sevastopol, thanks to your Austrian alliance, which, having interposed herself between you and your enemy in Wallachia, made the Czar free to send such numbers to Sevastopol as he likes.

"You will be beaten, remember my word. Your braves will fall in vain under Russian bullets and Crimean air—as the Russians fell under Turkish bullets and Danubian fever. Not one out of five of your braves, immolated in vain, shall see Albion or Gallia. But I will tell you in what manner Sevastopol fit to be taken. It is at Warsaw that you can take Sevastopol. Napier landing at Tarnopol, and brave Poland rising at his gallant call, will at the first moment engage 100,000 Russians. The first report of Poland's insurrection can but spread dissolution in the Polish ranks of the Russian army; in three weeks the Czar shall have 300,000 men less, and shall want 400,000 men more. His bravest provinces, 12,000,000 of Poles, will have not only slipped from his grasp, but fight against him—12,000,000 left by your impolicy to be the source of his power and the tools of his ambition. Was there a truth ever evident if this is not? And that's not all yet. Poland, with your authority and with your aid in arms will assure King Oscar of Sweden that he is not to be left a sacrifice in the hands of an overpowered Russia. Poland in arms gives you Sweden for an ally, and Sweden, again, occupies at least 100,000 Russians in Finland—and seconded by your fleet, pushes on toward St. Petersburg. Thus you may take Sevastopol under these conditions. It will be but a fortress with a garrison. Your 30,000 braves will do this work.

HORSE VS. MULE.

A good many communications, says a correspondent of the Southern Planter, have appeared in your paper, showing the advantage of mules over horses. I wish to give you a few fire-side calculations of an old farmer on the subject. Suppose a farmer to start with a team of ten mules, which will cost \$1200; the losses would amount to at least one in two years, which, at the same price, would be sixty dollars a year to keep up his team. Suppose another to start with four horses and six mares, costing \$1000; he ought to raise not less than two colts a year—the cost of raising which is, say forty dollars. As I have allowed that five mules would die in ten years, I will allow that eight horses would die in the same time, which would leave the farmer twenty-two horses at the end of the ten years, twelve of these, at \$1200; now deduct the cost of raising, \$480, which would make his team cost him \$280 during the ten years.

Whereas, if we attempt to raise mules, he would have to buy mares, which added to the cost and trouble of raising them, would make it cheaper in the end to buy the mules. But where are the mares to come from if we all raise mules? They say that mules live much longer, stand abuse, and eat less than horses. I have disposed of the long life in allowing eight horses to die in the same time that five mules would. I can allow nothing for abuse to either, and as to eating less, I have not found it the case; because I can turn my horses out on grass six months in the year, besides all this time when they are not used, and always found the old saying true about mules, "that there were but two places for the mule—the stable and the barnyard;" for as soon as he is turned out he will get into mischief; consequently he will eat more grain in a year than a horse. Virginia is now paying to Kentucky \$200,000 or \$300,000 per annum for mules, and must pay more, because the Kentuckians have already bought up a large number of mares in western Virginia, at double the price they formerly sold for, and have almost stopped the raising of horses there, and we are obliged, from necessity, to buy their mules! That I believe is the principal cause of the high prices of horses at present; and I think that they will steadily rise to nearly double their present value. Now, sir, must be a losing game. Virginia, once famed for her fine horses, has now become tributary to Kentucky for animals to supply their place, which cannot keep up their own race, and must be an increasing tax on her farmers, who could raise their own horses and some to spare.

A Clergyman catechizing the scholars in a Wisconsin Sunday school, asked a little boy how he thought Noah felt while in the whale's belly? "Pretty well," says the boy, "except he was a little out of breath."