SUNBURY AMERICAN.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, CORNER OF CENTRE ALLEY & MARKET STREET.

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

NEW SERIES VOL. 1, NO. 24. SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848. OLD SERIES VOL. 8, NO. 50.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued until ALL arrearages are paid.

All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

TO CLUBS.

Three copies to one address,		$5 00
Seven	Do Do	10 00
Fifteen	Do Do	20 00

Five dollars in advance will pay for three year's subscription to the American.

One Square of 16 lines, 3 times,	$1 00
Every subsequent insertion,	25
One Square, 3 months,	250
Six months,	375
One year,	500
Business Cards of Five lines, per annum,	3 00
Merchants and others, advertising by the year, with the privilege of inserting different advertisements weekly,	10 00

☞ Larger Advertisements, as per agreement.

H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

Refer to:
P. & A. Rovoudt, Lower & Barron, Somers & Shoudrass, Reynolds, McFarland & Co, Spering, Good & Co., } Philad.

THE CHEAP BOOK STORE.
DANIELS & SMITH'S
Cheap New & Second hand Book Store,
North West corner of Fourth and Arch Streets
Philadelphia.
Law Books, Theological and Classical Books,
MEDICAL BOOKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL & HISTORICAL BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS.
Scientific and Mathematical Books.
Juvenile Books, in great variety.
Hymn Books and Prayer Books, Bibles, all sizes and prices.
Blank Books, Writing Paper, and Stationary,
Wholesale and Retail.
☞ Our prices are much lower than the regular prices.
☞ Libraries and small parcels of books purchased.
☞ Books imported to order from London.
Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—y

PORTER & ENGLISH,
GROCERS COMMISSION MERCHANTS and Dealers in Seeds.
No. 3. Arch St PHILADELPHIA.
Constantly on hand a general assortment of
GROCERIES, TEAS, WINES, SEEDS, LIQUORS, &c.
To which they respectfully invite the attention of the public.
All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for Groceries or sold on Commission.
Philad April 1, 1848—

BASKET
MANUFACTORY,
No. 15 South Second street East side, down stairs,
PHILADELPHIA.
HENRY COULTER,
Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he constantly keeps on hand a large assortment of children's willow Coaches, Chairs, Cradles, market and travelling baskets, and every variety of basket work manufactured.
Country Merchants and others who wish to purchase such articles, good and cheap, would do well to call on him, as they are all manufactured by him in the best manner.
Philadelphia, June 3, 1848.—1y

CARD & SEAL ENGRAVING.
WM G MASON,
46 Chesnut st. 2 doors above 2nd st., Philadelphia.
Engraver of BUSINESS & VISITING CARDS,
Watch papers, Labels, Door plates, Seals and Stamps for Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c., &c.—Always on hand a general assortment of Fine Fancy Goods, Gold pens of every quality Dog Collars in great variety. Engravers tools and materials.
Agency for the Manufacturer of Glaziers Diamonds.
Orders per mail (post paid) will be punctually attended to
Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—y

COUNTRY MERCHANTS
Can save from 15 to 25 per Cent.
By purchasing their OIL CLOTHS direct from the Manufacturers
POTTER & CARMICHAEL
Have opened a Warehouse, No. 135 North Third Street above Race, second door South of the Eagle Hotel,
PHILADELPHIA,
where they will always keep on hand a complete assortment of *Patent Elastic Carriage Oil Cloths* 28, 36, 40, 48 and 54 inches wide. Figured, Painted, and Plain, on the inside, on Muslin Drilling and Linen *Table Oil Cloths* of the most desirable patterns, 36, 40, 46 and 54 inches wide. *Floor Oil Cloths*, from 28 inches to 21 feet wide, well seasoned, and the newest style of patterns, all of their own manufacture Transparent Window Shades, Carpets, &c. All goods warranted.
Phila. May 27, 1848—3m

MEYER'S
FIRST PREMIUM PIANO FORTES.
THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed Agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS, at this place. These Pianos have a plain, massive and beautiful exterior finish, and, for depth of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the United States.
These instruments are highly approved of by the most eminent Professors and Composers of Music in this and other cities.
For qualities of tone, touch and keeping in tune upon Concert pitch, they cannot be surpassed by either American or European Pianos.
Suffice it to say that Madame Castellan, W. V Wallace, Vieux Temps, and his sister, the celebrated Pianist, and many others of the most distinguished performers, have given these instruments preference over all others
They have also received the first notice of the three last Exhibitions, and the last Silver Medal by the Franklin Institute in 1843, was awarded to them, which, with other premiums from the same source, may be seen at the Ware-room No. 52 south Fourth st.
☞ Another Silver Medal was awarded to C Meyer, by the Frankfin Institute, Oct 1845 for the best Piano in the exhibition.
Again—at the exhibition of the Franklin Institute, Oct. 1846, the first premium and medal was awarded to C. Meyer for his Pianos although it had been awarded at the exhibition of the year before, on the ground that he had made still greater improvements in his Instruments within the past 12 months.
Again—at the last exhibition of the Franklin Institute, 1847, another Premium was awarded to C. Meyer, for the best Piano in the exhibition
At Boston, at their last exhibition, Sept. 1847, C. Meyer received the first silver Medal and Diploma, for the best square Piano in the exhibition
These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturer's lowest Philadelphia prices, if not something lower. Persons are requested to call and examine for themselves, at the residence of the subscriber. H B MASSER
Sunbury, April 8, 1848 —

HENRIETTA,

THE EMPEROR'S LITTLE "FLOWER GIRL."

From a Translation by Mr. Thomas, of General St. Hilare's recent work, entitled "Facts Illustrating the Public and Private Life of Napoleon."

At St. Helena, when the weather was favorable, Napoleon always rode out either in his carriage or on horseback; but as soon as he had become familiar with the confined space allotted to him there, he often preferred exploring the secluded roads. After having finished his daily task of dictation, (for one of his favorite occupations was the dictation of his memoirs) and spent hours in reading, he dressed about three o'clock and went out, accompanied by General Bertrand, Monsieur Las Cases, or General Gourgand.

His rides were all directed to the neighboring village, which he took much pleasure in exploring, and where he found himself free from observation. Though the roads were in some places almost impassable, his taste for exploring seemed to increase rather than diminish—even the pleasurers of ranging this valley was to him a species of liberty. The only thing to which he had an unconquerable aversion, was meeting the English sentinels, who were constantly stationed to watch him. In one of these rides he found a sequestered spot in the valley, which afterwards became to him a daily retreat for meditation.

One day he discovered a neat cottage amongst the rocks of the valley, and entered the garden attached to it, which was radiant with flowers and geraniums, which the young girl was watering. This young girl was a brunette, and as fresh as the flowers; had large blue eyes of a most pleasant expression, and Napoleon, always an admirer of the sex, was much struck with her beauty.

"Pray, what is your name?" he inquired.

"Henrietta," she replied.

"Your surname, I mean,"

"Brow."

"You seem very fond of flowers."

"They are all my fortune, sir."

"How is that?"

"Every day I take my geraniums to the town, where I obtain a few sous for my bouquets."

"And your father and mother, what do they do?"

"Alas, I have neither," replied the young girl with much emotion.

"No parent?"

"Not one; I am quite a stranger in this Island. Three years ago, my father, an an English soldier, and my mother left for London with me for the Indies; but alas! my father died on the voyage, and when the vessel reached this Island, my poor mother was so ill that she could not proceed further, and we were left here.

"She was ill for a long time, and having no resources left for our support, I was advised to sell flowers. A gentleman in the town who made enquiries as to our prospects took pity on us, and gave us this cottage, where my mother's health improved, and where she lived nearly two years during which time we were supported by the sale of flowers.—About a year ago my mother had a relapse, and obtained a release from all her earthly sufferings. On her death bed, she recommended me to trust in Providence, and I feel a pleasure in obeying her last wish."

The young girl having thus spoken, burst into tears. During this short recital, Napoleon was very much affected, and when she burst into tears, he sobbed loudly. At length he said. "Poor child! what sin could you have committed that you should have been exiled here so miserably? Like me she has no country, no family—she has no mother, and I—I have no child!"

After pronouncing these words, the Emperor again sobbed audibly, and his tears flowed freely. Yes this great man, whom the loss of the most brilliant throne in the world affected not, who was calm amidst desolation itself, wept at the recital of this poor girl!

After a few moments he resumed his customary firmness, and said to her. "I wish to take home with me a souvenir of my visit to your cottage. Gather some of your best flowers and make me a grand bouquet."

Henrietta quickly made his bouquet; and when Napoleon gave her five *louis d'or* for it, cried with astonishment. Ah! *grand Dieu!* sir, why did you not come sooner? —My poor mother would not then have died!"

"Well, well, my child, these are very good sentiments. I will come and see you again."

Then blushing and regarding the five pieces of gold Henrietta replied. "But, sir, I can never give you flowers enough for all this money."

"Do not let that trouble you," answered Napoleon smiling. "I will come and fetch them."

He then left her. When he regained his companions he informed them of his discovery. Napoleon seemed quite happy in having one as unfortunate as himself to console; and on the spot, the young Henrietta augmented the special nomenclature of Longwood. He called her "the nymph of St. Helena," for amongst his friends, Napoleon habitually baptized all that surrounded him by a familiar cognomen. Thus the part on the Island which he most frequented he called the "Valley of Silence." Mr. Balcomb, with whom he stayed on his first arrival at St. Helena, was "Amphitryon." His cousin, the Major, who was about six feet high, was called the "Giant," Sir George Cockburn was designated as "Mr. Admiral," when the Emperor was pleased—but when he had cause for complaint, his only title was "the Shark."

Some days after this visit to the cottage, Napoleon said, when dressing, that he would return to this pupil, and perform his promise. He found the young girl at home—she had learned since his last visit the name of her benefactor; and much moved, not so much by his past grandeur as by his recent calamities, entreated him to accept the hospitality of her humble cottage. She then brought him figs and water from the spring of the valley.

"Sire," she said to Napoleon, "I have waited at home for you since you were last here; and have, consequently, not been able to procure wine for you, as your bounty will now enable me to do."

"And if you had," said the Emperor, "I would have scolded you well. When I come to see you, I wish nothing better then water, which is excellent. On this condition I will revisit you. After all, I am but an old soldier, as your poor father was—and the soldier who is not satisfied with figs and water, is no soldier at all."

From this day Napoleon did not visit the valley without calling at the cottage of Henrietta. On these occasions she presented him with a magnificent boquet, especially prepared for him, and after a friendly chat with her he would continue his ride, familiarly discoursing with those who accompanied him, on the great and excellent qualities which this young English girl possessed.

In the following year Napoleon began to suffer from the attacks of the malady which afterwards proved fatal to him. Henrietta not receiving the visits of her benefactor, went to enquire after his health; and after having left the customary boquet with one of his attendants, returned home very disconsolate.—One fine day shortly afterwards as she was sitting in her garden, she heard the sound of an approaching carriage; and running quickly to the gate found herself in the presence of Napoleon. As soon as she beheld him, her face assumed an expression of great sadness.

"You find me much changed, do you not my child?" said he in a faint voice.

"Yes, sire, I do, indeed; but I hope that you will soon be restored to health."

"I much doubt it," he said, shrugging his shoulders with an air of incredulity. "Nevertheless, I much wished to pay you a visit to-day, to see you and your flowers again."

He then slowly descended from his carriage, and leaning upon the arm of Bertrand, reached the cottage. When he was seated he observed:

"Give me a cup of water from the spring my dear Henrietta, that will, perhaps, cool the fever which consumes me here," (laying his hand on his side.)

The young girl hastened to fetch some. —When Napoleon had taken of it, his countenance till then contracted, became serene.

"Thanks! thanks! my dear child," said he, "this water has eased my sufferings a little. If I had taken it sooner, perhaps! * * * * *," added he, raising his eyes to heaven; "but now it is too late."

"Ah!" replied Henrietta, affecting a gaiety of manner, "I am so happy that this water does you good! I will bring you some every day, it will, perhaps, cure you."

"No my dear child, it will be useless now—all is over. I fear that this will be the last visit I shall make here. There is a settled grief here, which is consuming me, (the Emperor touched his side,) and, as I may never see you again, I wish to leave you a souvenir of me. What shall I give you?"

At these words the young girl could contain herself no longer, but bursting into heartfelt tears, fell at the feet of the Emperor, crying—

"Your blessing, sire."

Napoleon arose and blessed her, with becoming gravity: for he always had respect for the creed of others.

From that day Henrietta did not fail to visit Longwood regularly. She carried water from the spring and her customary boquet but always returned home disconsolate; for each day she received the most alarming accounts of the health of the Emperor.

At the commencement of May, 1821, when the sun shone more brightly than usual, Henrietta was informed that the Emperor was much better and that his reason had returned.

She arrived at Longwood, but, alas! the reality was the reverse of her hopes. She found every one there in consternation. This time, fearing that he was dying, and wishing to see him once again, she desired to be admitted to his presence. She was told that he was too ill, and that it was impossible. Her supplications were at first in vain; but at length her tears and entreaties prevailed, and she was admitted to his chamber.

It was at the moment Napoleon was surrounded by his faithful friends, and lying on his death-bed, had requested them to place the bust of his son before him. He then bade affecting farewells to his friends, and to the French People, whom he had loved so well. His arms then contracted with convulsions, his eyes became fixed, while he gasped—"France! * * * * * * My son!" Then all was silent. Napoleon had ceased to live.

At these words the flowers which the young girl had brought dropped from her trembling hand; she fell on her knees by the bed side; then making an effort, she seized and tried to press the hand of Napoleon to her lips—but immediately her head fell back, her mouth was discolored, her eyes fixed, and she sunk on the floor, buried in that sleep which knows no waking. Henrietta was dead!"

Preserves.—It is said that to set newly made preserves for several days open in the sun, is one of the best methods of making them keep through the summer unfermented. It is worth trying

GEMS OF POESY.

THE LILLY OF THE VALLEY.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

They sin who say this earth
Is one wide of crime and wo;
This world, which owes to God its birth,
At times is dark—Man makes it so;
But yet the sunshine on it rests
On happy homes and truthful breasts.

God made the world, but made not sin,
Nor may we ask why sin e'er came
To fill its green retreats with din:—
Enough to know that death and shame
Are with us—but the world hath yet
Bright jewels in its forehead set!

A blessed thing the golden sun,
That kisses morning's dews away;
A blessed things these dews, that run
O'er leaf and bud, at close of day,
To give them bloom and bid them be
Fair gems in Nature's treasury!

A blessed thing the bird that basks
In bowers, with songs to heaven that soar;
A blessed thing the sea, that asks,
And has obedience, 'mid the roar
Of tempests, from the tideful moon,
Next to the sun, God's brightest boon!

A blessed thing the mountain steep,
Nor less the green wood o'er it spread;
A blessed thing the river deep,
By fresh mysterious sources fed;
And blessed things the light, the air,
The life-breath—moving every where!

A blessed thing the meanest flower
That sends forth blossoms for the bee;
And oh! of all that decks the bower,
The field, the forest or the lea,
Most lovely in its tender bliss
The Lilly of the Valley is!

There—like a virgin sweet and pure,
And gay, but for her humble pride,
That fain would every charm immure,
Yet cannot all her sweetness hide—
The Lilly of the Valley rests
Where wood-birds build their mossy nests.

The emerald hath no deeper green
Than glistens on its beauteous leaves;
No whiter snow is ever seen
Than that which in its blossom weaves;
Nor breathe the spicy gums of Ind
A sweeter fragrance on the wind!

I love it well!—I love it aye,
But now I love it more and more:
It brings the image of day
Whose shadow, flitting memory o'er,
Shall in the future smile, till all
Around me seem a festival!

"DUPONT'S BEST."

One cold morning, last February, the snow lying some ten inches deep on the ground, a circle of half frozen town's people had girdled the fire in M.'s bar room. They had put in requisition every newspaper in the room, and as the number was considerable and each was anxious to get as near as possible to the source of comfort the closely-wedged circle of chair-backs formed a sort of cordon sanitaire, since, without some one should move, all ingress to the fire would be cut off, as though it were under quarantine. And the semi-circular row of legs and feet turning inwards towards the hearth, looked like the spokes of an enormous wagon-wheel. Even the landlord was excluded, and with his hands in his pockets, Mr. M. was industriously promenading his bar room, endeavoring to look as good-natured and as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

In this state of things, Dr. Z. of our town entered, rubbing his hands, and pronounced energetically several monosyllabic words in connection with some quite original observations on the state of the weather. But in vain did he, with blue nose and beseeching look, walk round the semi-circle of kind-hearted neighbors to get access to the fire; not as a soul moved.

"By the laws it's cold!" at length exclaimed the doctor, by way of drawing attention to his forlorn condition.

"Hey! cold did you say?" answered one carelessly; "yes, I should think likely it is out in the street;" and he cooly gave his chair a hitch, in the unsuccessful effort to get it a half inch nearer the fire.

Now Dr. R., though one of the best hearted men in the world, is exceedingly irritable; and while as fond of a joke as Curran was, is known as a perfect dare-devil, capable of anything. After a moment's waiting he left the room muttering something expressive of his private opinion as to the state of civilzation in that town. Crossing the street to a store, he put neatly up a bundle some four inches by two, in size, in one corner of which he put about a spoonful of "Dupont's Best."

Reentering the bar-room, he tipped the landlord a sly wink, and then, by a personal appeal, prevailed upon the most good natured man of the group to move his chair momentarily, so as to admit Z. within the circles; a movement which the rest reproved instantly by looking daggers and icicles at the good natured man.

Doctor Z., however, quietly turned his back to the fire, pulling his coat-tails aside, American fashion, whistling Yankee Doodle.

At length some one chanced to remark —"Must be a good morning for rabbit hunting."

"Yes," said the Doctor, catching eagerly at the very hint he had been waiting for, "yes, I should think so. I'm going myself, directly. Just bought a pound or two of first rate powder over the way here. Finest article, I've seen in town."

And coolly taking out the package, he took off at corner, as if a random and pouring upon his hand about a spoonful of the apparent contents, threw it upon the fire.

The explosion elevated some dozen of the circle (who had not noticed what he was doing), two or three inches from their chairs, and loud remonstrances followed against the repetition of chemical experiments of that sort; while the landlord, who had got his cue remarked:

"By George! you'd had better blow a man's house up haden't you?"

"If you say much, I will," rejoined Z. in great apparent heat.

"I'd just as soon pitch the whole two pounds into the fire as not."

"I'd like to see you," replied M., confidently.

"Do you dare me to do it?" shouted Z.

"Yes, I do," doggedly answered the landlord.

No sooner said than done. With a muttering remark about "taking a dare from any man," Z. dashed the bundle among the blazing brands and sprang towards the door, followed by the landlord.

Heavens and earth what a scattering! No one stopped to shove back his chair—every thing turned a complete somerset: and gathering themselves up as soon as they could disentangle arms and legs from the confused mass, everybody shot for the doors and windows without stopping and looking behind him.

One man whose pluck had been tried on ordinary occasions, vanished through the back door, jumped a five foot fence without breaking his trot, and was last seen streaking it down a back street, yelling murder at the top of his voice, and once in a while looking up backward, to dodge the falling timbers.

Another long-legged individual, who is built up like a pair of tongs, made but three strides across a sixty foot street, and headed up a lane, leaning forward at an angle of forty-five degrees, putting down his spars like the buckets of a steamboat wheel with his coat streaming behind him like the tail of a comet.

One courageous citizen, perceiving both doors and windows hopelessly wedged, scrambled behind a door and commenced praying most devoutly; but being rather more familiar with any other sort of composition than the Lord's Pray, he was heard vociferating in tones of the most energetic devotion—

"Now I lay me down to sleep, &c."

To this day, if you talk of rabbit hunting to any of those concerned, he will take off his coat in two minutes.

Palpitation of the Heart—Tea, Coffee and Tobacco.—Professor W. Parker, of N. Y. College of Physicians and Surgeons, at a recent clinical lecture, examined a man who was troubled with palpitation of the heart. The report states that no physical signs of organic disease of the heart could be detected; and hence we may conclude, says Prof. C. "with much certainty, that all the cardiac disturbance is purely functional, depending on derangement of the digestive organs—and this organ depending on the free use of tobacco, tea and coffee, and confinement within doors." What then are she indications of treatment? Shall we give physic in such a case? Will physic cure bad habits? Not a bit of it. Let the patient simply throw away his tobacco, his tea and his coffee; adopt a plain, wholesome diet, and take regular exercise in the open air, and he will soon be well; in a word, remove the cause of derangement and the effects will cease.

Shoeing Horses.—At a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, some time since, Professor Sewell remarked that he had found old horses shod with a layer of leather forming an artificial sole between the shoe and the hoof, recover from the severe affections causing injury to the hoof; such, for instance, as contractions, brittleness, sand cracks, or even disease of the foot itself, as thrushes, cariker, corns, &c., and perfectly regain its original elasticity and firmness. The mode in question has been practiced by Prof. Sewell for the last thirty years.

New Use of the Tomato.—The Cheraw Gazette states that in addition to the advantages of the tomato for table use, the vine is of great value for food for cattle, especially for cows. It is said that a cow fed on tomato vines will give more milk and yield butter of a finer flavor, and in greater abundance, than any other long feed ever tried. It is thought, too, that more good food for cattle, and at less expense, can be raised on a given quantity of ground planted in tomatoes than from any other vegetable known in the Southern country. Farmers, look out for this in the coming season.

An Account of the Senate and the Heads of the Senate.—The editor of the Cincinnati Commercial Advertiser visited the Senate Chamber on the 6th, and made the following:—Number of Senators gray headed 12; with bald heads, 15; reading newspapers, (at a time,) 17; who spoke on the bill, in all, 20; who scratched their heads when they rose to speak, 10; who wore gold spectacles, 17; who wore silver spectacles, 3; who had on black coats, 39; who wore calico or figured light vests, 6; who wore white neckerchiefs, 12; with curly hair, 8; of light complexion, 20; are corpulent, (including Lewis,) 6; paying attention at a time, generally 12; who chewed tobacco, 20; with hair *raughed* back, 23.

Pens made out of bones are now in use in England, and sell at the rate of fifty for 25 cents. They are pronounced to be as flexible as the quill, and far more durable.

SUGAR CURING OF BUTTER.

Persons who put up keg-butter for their own use, or for a distant market, usually salt their butter very high. This high salting necessarily detracts from its quality, injuries its ready sale, and reduces its price. If we can modify this excess of salt, by using more palatable substances, of equal efficacy as preservatives, it will be an improvement.—Chemists tell us that *sugar* is one of these substances; and experience gives us the same information. Who is not familiar with "*sugar*-cured hams?" If pork can be cured with sugar, why may not butter be so preserved also? is a common sense inquiry. Experience has shown that it may. Dr. James Anderson, the celebrated Agriculturist, whose treatise "On the Management of the Dairy particularly with respect to the making and curing of Butter," is still our highest and best authority on the subject found from some years trial of it, that the following named composition—the properties of which we believe were discovered by his amiable lady—was far preferable to salt alone, as it not only preserves the butter more effectually from all taint of rancidity, but makes it also look better and taste sweeter, richer, and marrowy than portions of the same butter cured with common salt:

Composition—Take of sugar, one part; of nitre one part; and of the best Spanish great salt (or rock salt) two parts. Beat the whole into fine powder, mix them well together, and put them by for use. The Doctor continues:

"Of this composition one ounce should be put to every sixteen ounces of butter; mix this salt thoroughly with the butter as soon as it has been freed from milk, and put it, without loss of time, down into the vessel prepared to receive it pressing it so close as to leave no air holes, or any kind of cavities within it. Smooth the surface, and if you expect that it will be above a day or two before you can add no more, cover it up close with a piece of clean linen, and above that a piece of wetted parchment, or, for want of that, fine linen dipped in melted butter, that is exactly fitted to the edges of the vessel all round, so as to exclude the air if possible without the assistance of any watery brine; when more butter is to be added, those coverings are to be taken off, and the butter applied close about the former, pressing it down and smoothing it as before, and so on till the vessel be full. When it is quite full, let the two covers be spread over it with the greatest care, and let a little melted butter be poured all round the edges, so as to fill up every cranny, and effectually exclude the air. A little salt may be then strewed over the whole, and the cover be firmly fixed down to remain close shut till it be opened for use. If all this be carefully done, the butter may be kept perfectly sound in this climate for many years. How many years I cannot tell; but I have seen it two years old, and in every respect as sweet and sound as when it was only a month old.

"It deserves to be remarked, that butter cured in this manner does not taste well till it has stood at least a fortnight after salted; but after that period is elapsed, it eats with a rich, marrowy taste that no other butter ever acquires; and it tastes so little of salt, that a person who has been accustomed to eat butter cured with common salt only, would not imagine it had got one fourth part of the salt that would be necessary to preserve it."

It is to be hoped some of our farmers, on reading the above will follow its commendations. The composition mentioned is, we have understood, much used in Goshen, Orange county, New York, a place famous for its superb butter. Great care should be taken to get the purest salt and sugar. That known through the country as the "ground alum" is the best salt. The sugar should be of the purest white—either the loaf or "fallen loaf." Those excellent butter makers in the Glades of the Alleghenies would do well to make some experiments for themselves in this matter.

WOMEN.

We women have four seasons, like a year,
Our spring is our lightsome girlish days,
When the heart laughs within us for sheer joy;
Ere yet we know what love is, or the ill
Of being loved by those whom we love not.
Summer is when we love and are beloved,
And seems short, from its very splendor seems,
To pass the quickest; crowned with flowers it flies.
Autumn, when some younger things, with tiny hands,
And rosy cheeks, and glossy tendrilled locks,
Go wantoning about us day a night.
And winter is when those we love have perished,
For the heart ices then. And the next spring
Is in another world.—*Festus.*

A Youthful Rhymster.—One of the charges specified in the indictment against the Felon newspaper, is a song written by a son of John Mitchell, 10 years of age.

How Many fond mothers and frugal house wives keep their pretty daughters and their preserves for some extra occasion or person —till they both turn *sour*.

Toleration.—I never separate myself from any man upon a difference of an opinion; or be angry with his judgement for not agreeing with me in that from which, perhaps, in a few days, I should dissent myself —*Sir T. Brown*

LIFE AT SARATOGA.

A correspondent of the New York Journal of Coumerce, writing from this watering place, says:

I think that I never saw Saratoga so full, and yet so little of beauty or intelligence in the faces I meet. I remarked the same last year, but it is worse now.—Can it be that the intelligent (and consequently beautiful) part of the community are deserting Saratoga? It looks like it much.

It is somewhat difficult to imagine what attraction the crowds who frequent our watering places, find in such resorts. I have the charity to suppose that a few who are are sent by their medical advisers for the benefit they may derive from the waters; but nine-tenths of the visiters have sought a fashionable place of amusement

The country about Saratoga is about the last in N York State to select for pleasant riding, and there is not a solitary walk which will bear comparison with a hundred at Hoboken and elsewhere. The village itself is very hot in summer, dusty in dry weather, and muddy in wet, and scarcely a cool breeze ever blows over it. Indeed the crowds pass a large portion of time in complaining of the weather, the street, the hotels, &c., but call it all enjoyment. It might be supposed that the means of fashionable dissipation attracted many, but a week at Saratoga will prove the absence of these means. To the majority the day passes away in the laziest of all employments. For an hour or two in the morning, conversation is lively, but it grows dull toward noon, and dinner is invariably a stupid affair. In place of the lively exchange of wit and anecdote, of merriment and joviality, expected, you see five hundred men, women and children, devouring in silence what eatables they can lay hands on, and leaving the tables the instant the fruit and nuts are finished. Some addition to the day's pleasure is expected in the evening. But what the fashionable world finds to do in the evening, I confess myself unable to guess A stiff and unsociable cotillion in the corner, perhaps two or three in other parts of the room, in three evenings out of four, form the chief item of (so-called) amusement. An immense amount of talking in a brilliantly lighted and hot room, is the employment of a large majority. An occasional concert or ball is followed by a week of protestations on the part of the many, that they never saw a duller time, a more vulgar set or a duller concert. The chief amusement of all is to talk over the miseries of Saratoga.

The character of the visiters is best detected in the Spring, or at the breakfast table. You will there notice the vast distinction between the pretender and the true gentleman or lady. Servants are admirable hands at detecting it. A lady invariably speaks to a servant as kindly as to a friend. The distinction is well kept up afterwards in the drawing room. Here, even as a early as ten o'clock, or even at breakfast, you may see jewelry flashing on arms or head dresses. Indeed I have noticed this as characteristic of all the hotels this year. I never saw so much dressing in the morning, and I know no better evidence of lack of time, taste and refinement.

There is too much loud talking too, in the parlors, and a vast amount of an attempt at being conspicuous, which is always unpleasant. More or less of this is to be noticed every year, but it strikes me that it has increased this year.

A Sagacious Sheep.—A farmer, speaking of the sagacity sometimes exhibited by sheep thus speaks of one he owned a few years since., "I have known him, when my cattle have broken into my neighbors field to drive them all out, and stand by the gap in the fence and keep them all out. He would leave the sheep and feed with the cattle in the summer. He was a peacemaker for he would not allow any fighting among the cattle. He mastered a l my cattle, and if my neighbors cattle came to my barn, he would drive them home. My small boys would sometimes get on his back to ride, when he would contrive always to rub them off—running close to a post of the shed, the fence or a corner of the barn. He was not to be pushed, or crowded, or insulted, in any way, and though a friend of peace, I have known him to fight many a duel."

LOVE.

Love is the offspring of a gentle mind,
Pure in its motives in its actions kind;
Of nature trusting, disposition warm,
It blooms in sunshine, yet survives the storm.

A plant engrafted on man's living soul,
It lives on earth awhile, its buds unfold,
Its beauties glow its odors fill the air,
Dispensing light, dispelling anxious care.

But when transported to its celestial home,
Where spirits of the 'just made perfect' roam
With truth united, (heaven's eternal dove,)
The strain is sweetly echoed, 'God is love.'

Pruning.—August or the first of September is a favorable a time for pruning as there is in the whole year; and for cutting off large branches, which is sometimes necessary, it is a better time than any other season, for the wood where the limb is cut off, will remain sound. But when limbs are cut the latter part of winter, or in early summer, the wood being full of sap, it often turns black and speedily decays.

Badly off.—At Vienna, a gentleman aged 86, without legs, was married to a lady aged 70, without arms.