

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
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THE WORTH OF WOMAN.
BY SCHILLER.

Honored be woman! she beams on the sight,
Graceful and fair, like a being of light;
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss on our thorn covered ways;
Roses of Paradise, sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

Man, on passion's stormy ocean,
Tossed by surges mountain high,
Counts the hurricane's commotion,
Spurns at reason's feeble cry,
Loud the tempest roars around him,
Loudlier still it roars within.

Woman invites him with bliss in her smile,
To cease from his toil and be happy awhile;
Whispering woefully—come to my bower—
Go not in search of the phantom of power—
Honor and wealth are illusions—
Happiness dwells in the temples of home.

Man with fury stern and savage,
Presents his brother man,
Reckless if he bleas or raves,
Action, action—still his plan,
Now creating—now destroying;
Ceaseless wishes tear his breast;
Ever seeking, never j'ying;
Still to be, but never blest.

Woman, content'd in silent repose,
Enjoys in its beauty, life's flower as it blows,
And waters and tends it with innocent heart;
Far richer than man with his treasures of art;
And wiser by far in the circles confound,
Than he with his science and light of the mind.

Coddly to himself sufficing,
Man disdains the gentler arts,
Knows not the bliss arising,
From the interchange of hearts,
Slowly from his bosom stealing,
Flows the genial current on,
'Till by age's frost congealing,
It is hardened into stone.

She, like the harp, that instinctively rings,
As the night-breathing zephyr soft sighs on the strings,
Responds to each impulse with steady reply,
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try;
And tear drops and smiles on her countenance play,
Like sun shine and showers of a morning in May.

Through the rage of man's dominion
Terror is the ruling word—
And the stand-off of opinion
Is the temper of the sword.
Strife exults, and pity blushing,
For the scene departing flies,
Where to battle madly rushing,
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commands with a milder control—
She rules, by a charmment, the realms of the soul,
As she glances around in the light of the smile,
The woe of the passions is hushed for awhile;
And discards content from his fury to cease,
Repose entranced on the pillow of peace.

FLOWERS.
BY MISS ADA SMITH.

Each leaflet is a tiny scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright messages from angelic throngs
In every by-way left.
How were the earth of glory shorn
Were it of flowers bereft!
They tremble on the Alpine heights,
The fabled rock they press,
The desert will, with heat and sand,
Stares too, their bl seedness;
And where'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
Loving it to prayer!

REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.—A friend has

handed to us for publication the annexed remedy for indigestion, a complaint which is so generally prevalent in this country. It was communicated to him by a gentleman in Great Britain, who says, in his letter on the subject: "Having suffered much from indigestion, I send you the remedy to relieve you. It arises by rejecting too large a portion of the phosphates of lime and magnesia contained in the bran in making our bread; being quite sure that an allwise Creator, in giving us wheat for our food to support our frames, placed in it every necessary constituent for the health of them, and made this known to us through the progressive knowledge which he is pleased to grant us.—When therefore, you derive benefit from it, please to make it known to our brethren in America!"

Remedy for Indigestion.—Boil half a pint of white wheat three hours in a quart of water, or a little more if necessary. Drink half a pint of the liquid twice or thrice in a week.

To make wholesome Bread.—Six ounces of bran boiled one hour and a half in five pints of water; strain the liquid from the bran, and dilute it with water sufficient to make the bread. Two ounces of salt.

Two table-spoonful of yeast.
In baking a large quantity, each article must be proportionally increased.—Balt. Amer.

Couss.—Mr. Erastus Dudley, of North Guilford having observed in our weekly paper the notice in reference to corn doctoring, called in to our office this morning to say that the common bean leaf, bruised and applied upon corns every night on going to bed, for about a week, was a certain remedy for these troublesome excrescences. He and others have tried it with entire success.—N. H. Palladium.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eisely. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, July 8, 1843. Vol. 3--No. 41--Whole No. 145.

THE RATTLESNAKE HUNTER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.
"Until my ghastly tale is told,
'Tis heart within me burns."

During a dreadful excursion in the vicinity of the Green Mountains, a few years since, I had the good fortune to meet with a singular character, known in many parts of Vermont as the Rattlesnake Hunter. It was a warm, clear day of sunshine, in the middle of June, that I saw him for the first time, while engaged in a mineralogical ramble among the hills. His head was bald, and his forehead was deeply marked with the strong lines of care and age. His form was wasted and meagre; and but for the fiery vigor of his eye, he might have been supposed incapacitated by age and infirmities for even a slight exertion. Yet he hurried over the huge ledges of rock with a quick and almost youthful tread; and seemed earnestly searching among the crevices and loose crags and stunted bushes around him. All at once, he started suddenly—drew himself back with a sort of shuddering recoil—and then smote fiercely with his staff upon the rock before him. Another and another blow—and he lifted the lithe and crushed form of a large rattlesnake upon the end of his rod.

The old man's eye glistened, but his lip trembled as he looked steadfastly upon his writhing victim. "Another of the accursed race!" he muttered between his clenched teeth, apparently unconscious of my presence.

I was now satisfied that the person before me was none other than the famous Rattlesnake Hunter. He was known throughout the neighborhood as an outcast and a wanderer, obtaining a miserable subsistence from the casual charities of the people around him. His time was mostly spent among the rocks and rude hills, where his only object seemed to be the hunting out and destroying of the *Crotalus horridus*, or rattlesnake. I immediately determined to satisfy my curiosity, which had been strangely excited by the remarkable appearance of the stranger; and for this purpose I approached him.

"Are there many of these reptiles in this vicinity?" I inquired, pointing to the crushed serpent.

"They are getting to be scarce," said the old man, lifting his slouched hat and wiping his bald brow; "have known the time when you could hardly stir ten rods from your door in this part of the state without hearing their low, quick rattle at your side, or seeing their many colored bodies coiling up in your path. But, as I said before, they are getting to be scarce—the infernal race will be extinct in a few years—and thank God I have myself been a considerable cause of their extermination."

"You must, of course, know the nature of these creatures perfectly well," said I. "Do you believe in their power of fascination or charming?"

"The old man's countenance fell. There was a visible struggle of feeling within him; for his lip quivered, and he dashed his brown hand suddenly across his eyes, as if to conceal a tear; but quickly recovering himself, he answered in the low, deep voice of one that was about to reveal some horrible secret—

"I believe in the rattlesnake's power of fascination as firmly as I believe in my own existence."

"Surely," said I, "you do not believe that they have power over human beings?"

"Do—I know it to be so!" and the old man trembled as he spoke. "You are a stranger to me," he said slowly, after scrutinizing my features for a moment—"but if you go down with me to the foot of this rock, in the shade there"—and he pointed to a group of leaning oaks that hung over the declivity—"I will tell you a strange and sad story of my own experience."

tenance—a softness—a delicacy, and a sweetness of smile which I have seldom seen in the features of those who have tasted, even slightly the bitter waters of existence. The old man watched my countenance intently, as I surveyed the image of his early love. "She must have been very beautiful," I said as I returned the picture.

"Beautiful!" he repeated, "you may well say so. But this avails nothing. I have a fearful story to tell: would to God I had not attempted it; but I will go on. My heart has been stretched too often on the rack of memory to suffer any new pang."

"We had resided in the new country nearly a year. Our settlements had increased rapidly, and the comforts and delicacies of life were beginning to be felt, after the weary privations and severe trials to which we had been subjected. The red men were few and feeble, and did not molest us. The best of the forest and mountain were ferocious, but we suffered little from them. The only immediate danger to which we were exposed resulted from the rattlesnakes which infested our neighborhood. Three or four of our settlers were bitten by them, and died in terrible agonies. The Indians often told us frightful stories of this snake and its powers of fascination, and although they were generally believed, yet for myself, I confess, I was rather amused than convinced by their marvellous legends.

"In one of my hunting excursions abroad, on a fine morning—it was just at this time of the year, I was accompanied by my wife. 'Twas a beautiful morning. The sunshine was warm but the atmosphere was perfectly clear; and a fine breeze from the north-west shook the bright, green leaves which clothed to profusion the wreathing branches above us. I had left my companion for a short time, in the pursuit of game; and in climbing a rugged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick, grating rattle. I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a large rattlesnake, coiling himself as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me; and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still, and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he unwound his coil, as if relenting from his purpose of hostility, and raising his head, he fixed his bright fiery eye directly upon my own. A chilling and indescribable sensation, totally different from anything I had ever before experienced, followed this movement of the serpent; but I stood still, and gazed steadily and earnestly, for at that moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His form seemed to grow larger, and his colors brighter. His body moved with a slow, almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of music came from him or at least it sounded in my ear—a strange, sweet melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of the humming-bird.—Then the tints of his body deepened, and changed and glowed, like the changes of a beautiful kaleidoscope—green, purple and gold, until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only wild and curiously woven circles of strange colors, quivering around me, like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great prism—a world of mysterious colors—and tints varied and darkened and lighted up again around me; and the low music went on without ceasing until my brain reeled; and fear, for the first time, came like a shadow over me. The new sensation gained upon me rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat gushing from my brow. I had no certainty of danger in my mind—no definite ideas of peril—all was vague and clouded, like the unaccountable terrors of a dream—and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed along my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to tear myself from the spot—I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind—not a muscle stirred; and I stood still, as if my feet had grown to the solid rock, with the infernal music of the tempter in my ear, and the baleful colorings of his enchantment before me."

"Suddenly a new sound came to my ear—it was a human voice—but it seemed strange and awful. Again—again—but I stirred not, and then a white form plunged before me, and grasped my arm. The horrible spell was at once broken. The strange colors passed from before my vision. The rattlesnake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eyes and uplifted fangs, and my wife was clinging in terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim! The fatal fangs pierced deeply into her hand, and her scream of agony, as she staggered backward from me, told me the dreadful truth.

"Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw the foul serpent stealing away from his work, reckless of danger, I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him upon the ragged rock.

The groans of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark, livid spot on her hand, and it deepened into blackness as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling, and after wandering for a short time, the pain of her wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhausted as I was, I yet had strength enough remaining to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bathe her brow in the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom. Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us—and there—alone, in the great wilderness, I watched over her, and prayed with her—and she died!"

The old man groaned audibly as he uttered these words, and, as he clasped his long, bony hands over his eyes, I could see the tears falling thickly through his gaunt fingers. After a momentary struggle with his feelings, he lifted his head once more, and there was a fierce light in his eyes as he spoke:

"But I have my revenge. From that fatal moment I have felt myself fitted and set apart, by the terrible ordeal of affliction, to rid the place of my abode of its foulest curse. And I have well nigh succeeded. The fascinating demons are already few and powerless. Do not imagine," said he earnestly regarding the somewhat equivocal expression of my countenance, "that I consider these creatures as serpents only—creeping serpents, they are serpents of the fallen angel—the immediate ministers of the infernal gulf!"

Years have passed since my interview with the Rattlesnake Hunter: the place of his abode has changed—a beautiful village rises near the spot of our conference, and the grass of the church-yard is green over the grave of the old hunter. But his story is fixed upon my mind, and Time, like enamel, only burns deeper the first impression. It comes up before me like a vividly remembered dream, whose features are too horrible for reality.

Anecdote of General Putnam.

"And brave old Israel Putnam, too, he must needs be assailed by you envious burghers! Now I have nothing to do with the long process of augmentation which goes to make him a coward; but I have a fact to relate which is sufficient for my belief, that Putnam was a brave soldier and a true friend to his country. Do you remember to have met with the name of General Pomeroy?—old Seth Pomeroy, the hero of Louisburg?"

When the news of the gathering of Boston came to this old man of five and seventy years, he was reposing from his laurels (well earned in the hard contests of Lake George and Nova Scotia) in the bosom of a family of Connecticut. Mounting his horse, with his gun and powder horn, he immediately started for the rendezvous; and although he was ninety miles distant, he arrived, by the aid of another horse borrowed on the way, when his own failed him, in less than twenty four hours, upon the bank of the Charles river, on the morning of the battle of Bunker's Hill.

As he came in sight of the field, the balls from the British ships were flying thick and heavy across the way he had to pass. Hesitating a moment, he bethought him of the borrowed horse, and dismounted, said to a bystander, "Take this horse to —, I'll go over on foot!" "But, General," answered the man, "you'll be killed if you attempt to walk over the Neck; why don't you ride! With an honesty that always characterized him, the old hero replied: "The horse is not mine; I'll go on foot!" And go he did; arrived safely upon the hill; took command of the recruits; fought stoutly with his men; and was the last man of the last company who retreated from the ground.

Now old General Pomeroy said, as I can prove by twenty witnesses, that Israel Putnam fought in the Battle of Bunker's Hill; and, Brancroft to the contrary, that it is enough for me. I am sure he was not a coward. And as the old veteran himself said, when they told him that Washington had capitulated at the Delaware, "I don't believe it, I can't believe it, and what's more I won't believe it!"—Knickerbocker for June.

CREAM AND BUTTER.—The Viscount de Romanet, in treating on the phenomena presented in the transformation of cream into butter, states, from microscopic observation, that the cream consists of the globules of the milk, which rise to the surface from their lightness, and which contain the butter in the form of pulp, enveloped in a white, thin and elastic pellicle. The action of the churn is, he says, nothing more than the rupture of the pellicle, and it is the fragments of this pellicle which whiten the liquid called buttermilk; the acidity which manifests itself in this liquid, at the instant when the butter is formed, is due to the immediate contact of the butter with the acid principles of the milk.—Medical Times.

Keep out of the Kitchen.

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

In our college days we once strolled into the kitchen of the great hall, being "naturally curious" to learn how cooking was managed on a scale so extensive as to meet the wants of some 200 students. It was a quarter of an hour before breakfast, and an enormous kettle, filled with coffee, (as it was denominated) hung gloomily over the fire. As its contents boiled and bubbled, we observed ever and anon some dark substance, evidently too large to be a grain of coffee, rising to the surface, and instantly ducking down, as if its deeds were evil. What was it! Of that very same liquid in fifteen minutes we were to partake; we were to persuade our palate that it was not bona fide coffee, despite all insinuations that it was made of poplar leaves and damaged rye. What could that mysterious black substance be? Was it a sturgeon, or a negro's head, or a stove pipe! The question was one of great personal interest—curiosity took the alarm—our evil star had provided a cane—we plunged it into the boiling ocean before us, and raised to the fair light of the laughing morn, an old hat. Heavens! what a discovery—even now we tremble at the horrid recollection.

In a few minutes we were in the breakfast hall, carrying the hat on the cane's point. There were our classmates masticating, with all their might, the toughest bread in Christendom, and pouring down their devoted throats, cup after cup of that infernal beverage. I took my place next to my old friend, Frank Stanley.

"Frank, what are you drinking?"
"Coffee."
"Will you take an oath of that?"
"What the deuce do you mean?"
"I have been in the kitchen—I have made a terrible discovery—put down that cup for mercy's sake."

Here the whole table caught the alarm. "Speak out, speak out," resounded on all sides.

"Fellow Juniors, you fondly imagine that you have been drinking coffee—no such thing—you have been drinking HAT-SOUP—here is the hat itself—holding up the still reeking and horrible mass, which had been boiled to a polygon—five minutes ago I fished this out of the coffee-kettle!"

The same Junior Class was composed of as many reckless dare devils as were ever congregated under one roof—they cared nothing for thunder claps, or stages in the process of being capsize—they had once set at defiance all militia of — country; but this discovery was too much for them—every one was appalled, and they all left the room muttering execrations. That night the cook was tarred and feathered, and rode on a rail, and the keeper of the hall was burnt in effigy. I never took another cup of college coffee.

The story has its moral. Curiosity, which kicked Eve out of Eden, and sent Dr. Faustus to old Nicholas (famously called old Nick) is fatal to the physical as it is to the intellectual appetite. The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life—and if we gather the fruit of the former, we lose our relish for that of the latter. Reader, if you are inclined to inquisitiveness—if you live in after-dinner bread of apoplexy—in three weeks you will be as thin as Cassius without his 'hungry look.' But if you wish to enjoy the good things of life, seek not to be wise, but above all things, keep out of the kitchen.

PREVENTIVE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—The following paragraph, which we cut from an exchange paper, corroborates remarkably the views of a physician of Louisiana, which we published a few days ago, as regards his method of preventing the dreadful disease of hydrophobia:

"New Remedy for Hydrophobia.—Dr. HELLER, member of the Royal Academy of Medicine, Paris, lately communicated to his society that in Greece it is a practice to observe the tongues of those persons who have been bitten by dogs, because at the end of eight or nine days there appear on each side of the tongue, and near the upper part, pustules, called *lysses* by the Greeks. These pustules contain the whole rabid matter, and immediately they are cut out and the wounds cauterized hydrophobia will be prevented."

THE STOMACH.—I firmly believe that almost every malady of the human frame is, either by highways or by-ways, connected with the stomach. The woes of every other member are founded on your belly timber; and I must own, I never see a fashionable physician mysteriously consulting the pulse of his patient, but I feel a desire to exclaim—Why not tell the poor gentleman at once, 'Sir, you have eaten too much, you've drunk too much, and you have not taken exercise enough!' The human frame was created imperfect; it is we ourselves who have made it so. There exists no donkey in creation so overlaid as our stomachs.

Exchange paper.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, . . . \$0 50
1 do 2 do 0 75
1 do 3 do 1 00
Every subsequent insertion, . . . 0 25
Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half column, \$18; three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$5; one square, \$3 50.
Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
Sixteen lines make a square.

'Did You Ever?'

Did you ever see a newspaper correspondent who did not write to the editor of a highly interesting paper!

Did you ever see a man who challenged another to mortal combat who did not subscribe himself 'your very obedient servant'!

Did you ever see a candidate for office who in the course of his canvass could detect any personal deformity in the voters' children—or who saw any thing else than 'interesting babies' in his travels!

Did you ever see an editor whose opposing political contemporary did not publish a 'contemptible sheet'!

Did you ever see a retail trader who did not sell his goods 'fifty per cent cheaper than any other house in the town'; or a man disposing of his stock who was not 'selling off at first cost'!

Did you ever see a vender of patent medicines who was not patronized by the President and several distinguished members of Congress!

Did you ever see a pretender, whatever might be his peculiar calling, who was not willing to submit his claims to a 'discerning public'!

Did you ever see a steamboat blow up for which blame could attach to the captain or engineers!

Did you ever see a lawyer address any other than a highly intelligent and respectable jury!

Did you ever see a voter who had not undeniable claims on the Government or office!

Did you ever see a man removed from office who was not "proscribed for his independence and persecuted for his politics!"

Did you ever see a player who had not just fulfilled a 'brilliant engagement' somewhere; or a debutante who did not make a 'decided hit'!

Did you ever see a speech reported by its author which was not filled with parenthetical 'bursts of applause,' 'hear, hear,' and 'tremendous cheers'!

Did you ever see any man who would not, when he could, come the 'giraffe' over the public.—N. O. Tropic.

Curious Scene in Hyde Park.

A London paper relates the following comical incident.

A good deal of amusement was afforded for some hours in Hyde Park on Wednesday afternoon, in consequence of the fruitless attempts of the police to dislodge a couple of men from their elevated situation in one of the trees, which they had climbed with the view of taking bird nests. One of the division first spied the trespassers, and finding his summons to descend was disregarded, he made his way up the tree to bring them down by force. One of the delinquents was a sweet; and his experience in making his way up chimneys gave him great advantage over the constable; he continued for hours to elude all attempts to lay hold of him.

The constable, however, did succeed at one time in catching hold of his leg. The sweep immediately pulled off his sooty cap and belabored the policeman over the eyes and face till he was completely blinded and almost choked with the soot. The constable was forced to let go, and descended with his face as black as his antagonist's, amid laughter of the mob. A reinforcement of police was sent for; six constables surrounded the tree and kept the mob off. In this state of siege the defendants were kept from two o'clock in the afternoon until eleven at night, when one of them having surrendered at discretion, the capture of the other was effected, after considerable resistance.

EXTRAORDINARY MAN.—A man by the name of Benton T. Batchelder resides in Meredith, about twenty five years of age, who was born without legs, and with only one arm! He came up to the door of our office last week in a wagon, got out and came in as spry as any man. After finishing his business he went out, got into his wagon, and cracked his whip, and went off as smart as some men would do with four legs. Mr. Batchelder goes up or down stairs with perfect ease, and can even go up or down a common ladder with facility. His body is of about the middle stature, and with that and the one arm which he has, he goes where he pleases, with as much apparent ease as almost any man.—Bell's N. H. Gazette.

WHITENASH THAT WILL NOT RUB OFF.—Mix half a pail of lime and water ready to put on the wall; then take a gill of wheat flour, mix up well in a very little cold water, then pour boiling water over it till it thickens. Pour it into the white-wash while hot, and stir the whole together.

NO TUB.—A Quakeress, preaching at Nantucket, said, "Every tub must stand on its own bottom." A sailor jumped up and said, "But, madam, suppose it has no bottom!" "Then it's no tub," returned she quickly, and went on with her sermon.