

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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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.—JACKSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

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St. Domingo.

The following picture of the present condition of the once beautiful and flourishing Island of St. Domingo, is furnished in a letter from a French naval officer:

"We embarked on board the frigate Neride, on the 24th December. On the 28th we were at Fort Royal, to receive orders from the Admiral who dispatched us the 29th to St. Domingo, where we were to take on board the five millions of francs which the Consul General had informed us were ready. We have been three days at anchor in this famous republic, and all that I can say to you of the misery of the people, will scarce suffice to give you any idea of it.

"I have been every where and every where have seen nothing but degradation and corruption. Men in rags compose the army and exhibit a most ludicrous military masquerade. Cavalry on foot, manoeuvre like horses at the word of command, trot, gallop, &c. Both officers and soldiers are without shoes; one has spurs tied by a cord to his naked feet, another has made himself spurs with a piece of iron drove into a wooden sole tied to his foot, and one whole company which I inspected minutely, had not a single musket which would go off. The officers in rags ask charity.

"Stupidity, poverty in its most hideous form—and in the negro, it is most hideous, alone meet your eye at the town of Port au Prince. The fields are overrun by brambles, logwood trees, and the sapacious lichens which obstruct the roads and destroy the old plantations. With the exceptions of a few gardens which are here and there cultivated by the negroes,—gardens far inferior to those of our worst slaves—there is no cultivation whatever.

"The only product of the Island is coffee, and that every year diminishes so materially, that the time is not far distant when it will produce none at all. No more is planted, and the old coffee plantations are not even taken care of. The owners gather the crops from their own fields, in the midst of brambles and weeds—no laborers being to be had, the one not being willing to work for the other.

Music.

Attention to music, vocal music, especially, should always form a part of female education. The day is gone by, as I trust, when it was customary to say, that none but the gifted could acquire this accomplishment. It is now, I believe, pretty well understood, that all persons may learn to sing, as well as to read. Not, of course, equally well, in either case; but all can make a degree of progress.

I have called singing an accomplishment; but it seems to me to be much more. Its bearing upon the health, and even upon the intellect, is very great. Even its moral tendency is by no means to be overlooked.

The value of music, to soothe the feelings and cast out the evil spirits which haunt the path of human life, has never yet received that measure of attention which it deserves. Even in those parts of continental Europe, where all the parents sing, and are accustomed to fill the air with their cheerful and harmonious voices as they go forth to prosecute their daily task, no less than in their families, even there, I say, the full power and value of music are not understood. They made it, by far too much, a sort of sensual gratification. Let it be so deemed for a better and nobler purpose. Let it be come a companion of science and literature, as well as of industry and of virtue, and of religion, and more than all.

Extract from a Census Dialogue.

Census-man.—But who is the head of the family Mrs. O'Flynn.—Och! bless ye, honey—'t all head and no head—they're all for themselves.

Census-man.—How many are there in the family Mrs. O'Flynn.—Is it that you wish to know If you've got a peice of cake, I'll tell ye, sir, in d twinkling of an eye. Let me see—there's Lal Loney, and his gang of waddlers, that's fourteen there's Paddy O'Rourke, the well-digger, seven de ters with their husbands, and 'twixt them, trent seven as sweet little ones as you would wish to cl your ugly eyes upon—and there's myself and Tedy, and our five sons, with their wives and trent three young uns—besides six lodgers and ten boaters, all in this house.

Courtesan.—Ma, what does cousin John the sister Bridge so for? "Ja, Simon you have such eyes—he's only courting her my child."

"Golly gracious un—don't he court her though!" "Ja, Simon, do hush!"

A Bad Case.—"Well Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you do to-day?" "O dear, doctor, I enjoy very bad health, intirely. This rheumatism is very distressing indeed. When I go to sleep I awake all night, and my toes is swelled as big as a goose's hen's egg, so when I stand up I fall down directly."

Married in Michigan, Henry Bills, to Miss Mary Small. The issuing of small bills is not prohibited in that State.

A FAY'S OUSTER.—The marriage of Mr. Alan Fry to Miss Susan Oyster, is mentioned in one of the Chambersburg, (Pa.) Papers.

CONSUMPTION.—"Why is a side-saddle like a four quart measure? Because it holds a gal-on." Why are the flowers such severe creditors?—Because they are always sure to get their dues.

From the New World.

A Thrilling Story.

"The important question is, not that we die, But how we die."

The Hospital at New Orleans, during the prevalence of an epidemic, presents a sight beyond the power of description, and of which our Northern friends can form but an imperfect idea. The invalids are chiefly strangers, far from home, kindred and friends. Upon their entrance through its massive walls, and into its sombre cells, their names are recorded upon the books of the institution, with the place of birth, time of arrival, &c., and their departure from thence as scrupulously noted. The fatal word DEAD opposite many of the names meets the eye of the visitor, and calls up feelings in no wise calculated to render his sojourn there one of mere pleasure or amusement; it is, in fact, a visit to a charnel house, where death revels in his majesty of strength, and makes the human frame the scene of his "banquet song," the music of which is

"The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier." Death becomes familiar amid such scenes, and the heart callous to his power; they look upon it as one of the privileges of human nature, and as "if life without it were not worth taking." It is indeed here

"The poor, the prisoner, and the mourner Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down." The writer of this has frequently looked over the books of entry, and among the recorded names he has recognized many who have left their peaceful homes and "ain fire sides" to satisfy either a roving disposition, or to avoid man's inhumanity to man, which in northern cities pursues the poor and necessitous even to the prison walls, so as to glut the tender mercies of creditors with the knowledge of their victim's incarceration; and for what? Ay, for what? Simply because the poor wretch cannot pay him a few dollars—a debt incurred under an accumulation of miseries, and for the payment of which he had asked time for the regaining of health and a prospect of employment. With a prison in the perspective, a Christian landlord in the front, threatening him with instant seizure, the heart-broken creature flies from his home, his family and his friends, and finds a resting place in the "City of the dead." The widow's son here breathed his last, while she mourned his absence—not his death; her letters remained at the post office, and she censures him in her silent hours of grief for his neglect. But she excuses him on the ground of youth, and smiles in her widowhood on the hope—little dreaming it is but hope deferred, "melting even in the ray in which it glitters."

The lover, too, sleeps in death, and the maiden, in her far off home, dreams of joy and hope which can never be her's. One name among those is written on memory's tablet, and will only disappear when the mirrored surface is broken, and recorded things washed out by the stream of time, leading, as it does, down the ocean of oblivion. The name of HUGH REYNOLDS is engraved on a piece of marble in the American burying-ground, New Orleans—erected to his memory by one who loved him living, and mourns him dead. Peace to his ashes!

Many a blooming cheek has faded, many a bright eye grown dim and lustreless, many a joyous heart has fallen beneath the Upas breath of the fiend of the South.

What a contrast there is between the summer and winter of the South! the first, which in all other climes is all sunshine and joy to the young heart, is there all gloom and sorrow! There winters are the sunshine and spring of the year.

But let us return to the Hospital. The reader must imagine to himself a long room, on each side of which, extending the whole length, is a range of single beds; on each one, (which is frequently the case during an epidemic,) let him picture a victim lying in all the agony of mental and physical suffering—let him also imagine the effect of the disease upon the inmates, which, according to their different constitutions, or the nature of the attack, act in different ways. One in the last gasp of death vomits up the dark particles, formed by mortification, and which is termed "black vomit," his eyes are fixed, senses gone, his limbs writhing. Another raves in frenzy, wild, tearing the bed clothes to pieces, and rolling off on to the floor, dies ere the attendants can replace him.

prudence, it was not without injury to my feelings that I ratified the sentence. But reflecting afterwards that they were strangers—strangers, perhaps ignorant of the laws of my empire, my compassion increased for them, and humanity suffers on account of their long confinement. I will, therefore, and command that these twelve strangers be set at liberty."—Barrow's Travels in China.

PETER the Great was so much affected with the death of his son Peter by Catherine I. that he shut himself up at Petershoff, intending to starve himself to death; and forbid every person, of whatever description, under pain of death, to disturb his retirement. The senate assembled on this desperate resolution of the prince, and Dolgorouki undertook to drive him from it. He went and knocked at the door of the room where Peter was shut up. "Whoever you be," cried the czar with a terrible voice, "fly off, or I will open the door and knock out your brains." "Open, I say," replied Dolgorouki in a firm tone, "it is a deputy from the senate come to ask you whom you wish to have named as emperor in your room, since you have resigned." Peter, struck with courageous zeal of Dolgorouki, opened, embraced this faithful courier, yielded to his councils, and resumed the reins of government.—Chantreau's Travels in Russia.

TASSO's first poem Rinaldo, published in his eighteenth year, extended his reputation through all Italy, but his father was so displeased with his deserting the law for the society of the muses, that he went to Padua on purpose to reprimand him. Though he spoke with great vehemence, and made use of several harsh expressions, Torquato heard him without interrupting him, and his composure contributed not a little to increase his father's displeasure. "Tell me," said Bernardo, "of what use is that vain philosophy, upon which you pride yourself so much?" "It has enabled me," said Tasso modestly, "to endure the harshness of your reproofs."

King William III. was passionately fond of hunting; and he made it a point of honor never to be outdone in any leap, however perilous. A certain Mr. Cherry, who was devoted to the exiled family, took occasion of this, to form perhaps the most pardonable design which was ever laid against a king's life. He regularly joined the king's hounds, put himself foremost, and took the most desperate leaps, in the hope that William might break his neck in following him. One day, however, he accomplished one so imminently dangerous, that the king, when he came to the spot, shook his head and drew back. [Universal Magazine.]

WHEN Philip of Macedon vanquished the Athenians, in a pitched battle, they sent next morning to demand their baggage; the king laughed, and ordered it to be returned, saying, "I do believe the Athenians think we did not fight in earnest."—Memoirs de Grammont.

THERE is a singular and affecting trait in the character of the buffalo, when a calf; and my feelings have severely felt it. Whenever a cow buffalo falls before the murdering lead of the hunters, and happens to have a calf, the helpless young one, far from attempting to escape, stays by its fallen dam, with signs expressive of strong and natural affection. The dam thus secured, the hunter makes no attempt on the calf, (knowing it to be unnecessary,) but proceeds to cut up the carcass; then laying it on his horse, he returns toward home, followed by the poor calf, thus instinctively attending the remains of its dam. I have seen a single hunter ride into the town of Cincinnati, between the Miamis, followed in this manner, and, at the same time, by three calves, who had lost their dams by this cruel hunter.—Turner's account of the Buffalo of America.

WOMAN.—Woman, says Matthew Henry, was made of the rib out of the side of Adam; not made out of his head, to top him; not out of his feet, to be trampled upon by him; but out of his side, to be equal with him; under his arm, to be protected; and near to his heart, to be beloved by him.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—Do not wrap knives and forks in woollens. Wrap them in good strong paper. Steel is injured by lying in woollens.



From the Knickerbocker for May. The Cypress Tree of Ceylon.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE Batuta, the celebrated Musselman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the inhabitants, the leaves of which were said to fall only at long and uncertain periods; and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them, was restored at once to youth and vigor. The traveller saw several venerable Jogees, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.

They set in silent watchfulness The sacred cypress tree about, And from the wrinkled brows of Age, Their falling eyes looked out.

Gray Age and Sickness waiting there, Through weary night and lingering day; Grim as the idols at their side, And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet, Unseen of them, the island flowers Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept, The thunder crashed on rock and hill; The lightning wrathed them like a shroud, Yet there they waited still!

What was the world without to them? The Moslem's sunset call—the dance Of Ceylon's maids—the passing gleam Of battle flag and lance!

They waited for that falling leaf Of which the wandering Jogees sing; Which lends once more to wintry Age The greenness of its Spring.

Oh! if these poor and blinded ones In trustful patience wait to feel O'er torpid pulse and failing limb A youthful freshness steal!

Shall we who set beneath that Tree Whose healing leaves of life are shed, In answer to the breath of prayer, Upon the waiting lead?

Not to restore our failing forms, Nor build the spirit's broken shrine, But, on the fainting soul to shed A light of life divine?

Shall we grow weary at our watch, And murmur at the long delay? Impatient of our Father's time, And His appointed way?

Or shall the stir of outward things Allure and claim the Christian's eye, When on the heathen water's ear Their powerless murmurs die?

Alas! a deeper test of faith Than prison-cell or martyr's stake, The self-abasing watchfulness Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke Our erring brother in the wrong; And in the ear of Pride and Power Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword, Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer, Life's "greater things," like the Syrian lord, Our souls can do and dare.

But oh! we shrink from Jordan's side, From waters which alone can save; And murmur for Abana's banks, And Pharpar's brighter wave.

Oh! Thou who in the garden's shade Didst wake Thy weary ones again, Who slumbered at that fearful hour, Forgetful of Thy pain:

Bend o'er us now, as over them, And set our sleep-bound spirits free, Nor leave us slumbering in the watch Our souls should keep with Thee!

FOR THE AMERICAN. Extracts of Readings.

IN the year 1785, Kien Long liberated by a public edict, twelve missionaries out of prison, who, being detected privately seducing the Chinese from the religion and customs of the country, had been condemned to perpetual imprisonment. This edict, of which I procured a copy in Peking, does great honor to the humane and benevolent mind of the emperor. After stating their crime, apprehension, and trial, he reserves, "Had they made known their rival to the officers of the government, they might have proceeded to the capital and found protection. But, as transgressors of the law, which forbids the entrance of strangers, they have taken into the country, and secretly endeavored to multiply converts to their own way of thinking, it became my duty to oppose a conduct so deceitful, and to put a stop to the progress of seduction. Justly as they were found to deserve this punishment to which they have been condemned, touched, nevertheless, with compassion for their im-