

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

HENRY B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.

H. B. MASSER, Editor.

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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.—JERRISON.

By Masser & Eisely.

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The Laborer.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

Stand up, erect! thou hast the form And likeness of thy God—who mote! A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm Of daily life, a heart as warm And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then! Thou art as true a MAN As moves the human mass along; As much a part of the great Plan, That with Creation dawn began, As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy?—the high In station, or in wealth the chief? The great, who coldly pass thee by, With proud step and averted eye? Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast, What were the proud one's scorn to thee? A feather which thou mightest cast Aside, as idly as the blast The light leaf from the tree.

No!—unburied passions—low desires— Absence of noble self respect— Death, in the breast's consuming fire, To that high nature, which aspires Forever, till thus check'd.

These are thine enemies—thy worst; Thy chain thee to thy lowly lot— Thy labor and thy life accurst, Oh, stand erect! and from them burst! And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy! The great!—what better thee than thou? As theirs, is not thy will as free? Has God with equal favors thee Neglected to endow?

True, wealth, thou hast not: 'tis but dust! Nor place, uncertain as the wind! But that thou hast, which, with thy trust And water, may dispense the lust Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban, True faith, and holy trust in God, Thou art the peer of any man; Look up, then,—that the life span Of life, may be well trod!

TEA.

The Tea or Tea tree flourishes best in a light soil. It is raised from seed in spring and transplanted in rows 3 or 4 feet asunder. After 3 years the leaves are plucked, and the tree yields three years successively, and are then renewed. In some provinces they grow 6 or 7, in others 10 or 12 feet high. When gathered they are first steamed and then placed on copper, earthen or iron plates over a fire, which shrivels or curls them up; the black tea is then exposed to the sun—the leaves of other shrubs, resembling tea, are sometimes fraudulently mixed with it. The common sorts are sold in China at 4 pence a pound, and the best at two shillings sterling. The profit of the Chinese merchant is from 25 to 50 per cent. The duties in England are cent per cent on the prices at the Company's sales. The English East India Company import above 30 million of lbs.

Black teas are grown chiefly in the province of Fokein. The Chinese prefer it to green as being a better stomachic. The commonest sort of tea is called buoy or bo-her. Congo or Congo is a finer kind, sold at double the price. Soochong, or Soochong is the best kind, and sold at treble. Peking is another superior kind, but milder. The tender leaves of young plants are called Mostcha, or tea for the Emperor.

The difference between green and black tea is believed to arise from their being dried—the black on iron, and the green on copper plates. The Chinese keep tea a year, generally in those jars which in Europe are used as chimney ornaments. They infuse it in boiling water and drink it without milk or sugar. They frequently reduce it to fine powder, put a tea-spoonful into a cup, fill it with boiling water, stir it and drink it.

Tea was first introduced into England about the year 1600, and was sold at 60 shillings a pound; 30 millions are now used in the United Kingdom.

About 4 millions of pounds of sloe, liquorice and ash leaves are alleged to be annually mixed with tea before it is sold to retailers. The freight on tea from China to England is four pence a pound.—[Amer. Farmer.]

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.—The census of Liverpool has just been taken. The population of one of the sixteen wards, Vauxhall, announced to 25,437, of this population only 600 were parliamentary voters. The whole population of the borough would probably be between 350,000 and 400,000 souls.

A Winter in the Azores.

From a work recently published in England, under this title, we have the following extracts concerning these islands situated nearly midway between Europe and America:

AZORIAN POLITENESS.—The politeness of the people here is very striking to an Englishman. A country man will hardly ever pass you without taking off his hat, even when his load may make it a real inconvenience to him; and as there is a serious composure about their courtesy, and an apparent absence of servility, these recognitions seem like tokens of sincere good will. I do not know that there is more downright civility of purpose among them than there is in John Bull—very possibly there may be much less. There is certainly more varnish; and a good watch looks better in a gold case, though it may go as well in one of Britannia ware.

A stranger is likely to be set down as most unmannered until he knows that every man is expected to take off his hat to every lady whose eye he catches, whether in her balcony or in her carriage, or in the street. This outward mark of politeness is almost universal.

The country people do this with a deliberate gravity, very different to the graceless but equally civil mode in which country people in English villages, remote from the defilement of large towns, pinch the brims of their hats to those better dressed than themselves.

The custom is agreeable enough to strangers, as it deprives a strange place of its solitariness. The mutual recognition awakens slight sympathies on each side, and on this account should not be despised, though it is worth no more.

PACKING ORANGES.—Walked this morning, (Dec. 27,) to an Orange garden beyond the little village of Ribeira Secca. At its entrance was a pathway with evergreen faya-trees on each side, meeting in arches overhead. Suddenly we came upon merry groups of men and boys, all busily engaged in packing oranges in a square and open plot of ground. They were gathered round a goodly pile of the fresh fruit, sitting on heaps of the dry calyx-leaves of the Indian corn, in which each orange is wrapped before it is placed in the boxes.

A quantity of the leaves being heaped together near the packers, the operation began. A child handed to a workman, who squatted by the heap of fruit, a prepared husk; this was rapidly snatched from the child, wrapped round the orange by an intermediate workman, passed by the feeder to the next, who, sitting with his chest between his legs, placed it in the orange-box with amazing rapidity, took a second, and a third, and a fourth, as fast as his hands could move and the feeders could supply him, until at length the chest was filled to overflowing, and was ready to be nailed up. Two men then handed it to the carpenter, who bent over the orange chest several thin boards, secured them with a willow band, pressed it with his naked foot as he sawed off the ragged ends of the boards, and finally despatched it to the ass, which stood ready for lading.

The pressure of these flexible boards is immediately upon the oranges; a plan admirably adapted to spoil them, for they are thus flattened and squeezed. Of course, there are cogent reasons for this. One is, that the duty paid in England is calculated according to the size of the box, and consequently the more oranges that can be squeezed in, the less duty is paid. Another reason is, that the wholesale dealers in London, Liverpool, &c. prefer the present mode of packing, which enables them to take out a couple of hundred oranges and then to send the boxes to their country customers as full ones, which they perhaps may be, since the squeezed oranges, when their pressure is removed, swell out to their original size. Of this I was informed by a proprietor of orange gardens, who had tried the plan of sending his oranges in square boxes less tightly packed, but did not find that his customers were pleased by it.

PECULIARITY IN ORANGE TREES.—March 26th—accompanied Senhor B. to several of his orange gardens in the town. Many of the trees in one garden were a hundred years old; still bearing plentifully, a highly prized thin skinned orange, full of juice, and free of pips. The thinness of the rind of a St. Michael's Orange, and its freedom from pips, depend on the age of the tree. The young trees, when in full vigor, bear fruit with a thick pulpy rind and an abundance of seeds; but as the vigor of the plant declines, the peel becomes thinner, and the seeds gradually diminish in number, until they disappear altogether. Thus the oranges that we esteem the most, are the produce of barren trees, and those which we consider the least palatable come from plants in full vigor.

WORKINGS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.—On expressing surprise that this miserable craft (a vessel called by its owner the Flower of Fayal, but popularly known as 'the skull of a jackass') should be employed in a traffic in which there is so much risk of being captured by English cruisers that the fastest vessels are usually engaged in it. I was told that the wretched appearance of the vessel was all in her favor; the British officers would be less likely to suspect her to be a slaver, and would therefore let her pass unexamined. The slave dealers evade us in another way. The profit on slaves is so great, that it will amply repay the expenses of a small vessel to carry fifteen or twenty negroes across the Atlantic; and it is not unusual for the captain of small slave ships to procure passports for a few negroes from the authorities of the Cape Verde Islands, and to carry them as passengers to Brazil, where he sells them for slaves.

A Description of the Person of our Saviour as found in an ancient manuscript sent by Publius Lentulus, a resident of Judea, to the Senate of Rome. "There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him as their prophet; but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or a touch. His person is tall, and elegantly shaped; his aspect amiable and reverend; his hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling in graceful curls below his ears, agreeably couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head; his dress the sect of Nazarites; his forehead is smooth and large, his cheeks without either spot save that of lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry, his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below the chin, and parting in the middle like a fork; his eyes are clear, bright and serene. He rebukes with mildness, and invokes with the most tender and persuasive language; his whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegantly grave and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has seen him laugh, but the whole world beholds him weep frequently, and so persuasive are his tears that the whole multitude cannot withhold their tears from joining in sympathy with him. He is moderate, temperate and wise; in short, whatever the phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present to be a man of excellent beauty, and divine perfection every way surpassing man."

The following story, by Hoco, is irresistible: "It's a good sign of a dog when his face grows like his master's. It's a proof he's aye glowin' up in his master's een, to discover what he's thinking on, and then, without the word or wave o' command, to be aff to execute the wull o' his silent thocht, whether it be to wear sheep or roon down deer. Hector got sae like me, afore he deed, when I was owre lazy to gang to the kirk; I used to send him to take my place in the pew, and the minister kent nae difference. Indeed, he once asked me, next day, 'what I thocht o' the sermon, for he saw me wonderful attentive among a rather sleepy congregation.'" Hector and me gied, ane anither such a look! and I was feared Mr. Paton would have observed it; but he was a simple, primitive, unsuspectin' auld man—a very Nathaniel without guile—and he jealoused naething, tho' both Hector and I was liked to split; and the dog, after laughin' in his sleeve for mair than a hundred yards, could stand it no longer, but was obliged to loup awa owre a hedge into a potatoe field, pretending to have scented partridges."

GOOD WIVES.—The Factory Girls at Lowell, have often deposited in the Savings Bank of that city, over one hundred thousand dollars! What prudent saving wives they would make.

Oranges.

The average crop of an acre of orange trees is from 6 to 8,000. When the Florida war is terminated by the expulsion of Indians, if ever, there will come into the market vast tracts of land well adapted to sugar and to the orange and other tropical fruits. There will be a great demand for these lands from the grain and cotton growing states bordering on Florida; and slave labor, in cultivating the orange, will be more profitable than in the culture of cotton or provisions—even more so than in the culture of tobacco, which at this time is the best agricultural business in this country. A sensible writer whose name we forget, in an interesting letter to the Hon. H. T. Breckenridge, M. B. from Pennsylvania, says that oranges will yield when cultivated, \$500 to the acre, on some of the now unoccupied lands in Florida.—[Amer. Farmer.]

On Destroying Rats.

Sir:—The following is a reply to your correspondent's inquiry as to the best mode of destroying rats: Should he find either of these methods succeed, he will oblige us by a reply through your paper.

1st. Corks cut as thin as sixpences, roasted or stewed in grease, and placed in their tracks.

Or—dried sponge in small pieces, fried or dipped in honey, with a little oil of rhodium.

Or—bird-lime laid in their haunts, will stick to their fur, and cause their departure.

If a live rat be caught, and well rubbed or brushed over with tar and train-oil, and afterwards put to escape in the holes of others, they will disappear.

Poisoning is a very dangerous and objectionable mode. If any of your chemical readers could suggest any very pungent smell, procurable from substances resembling garlic or asafetida, this might be of great use, as this animal has an extraordinary fineness or susceptibility of scent; witness its extreme predilection for oil of rhodium, &c.—[Farmer's Magazine.]

Most Horrible.

Two men named Liman Crouch and Smith Maythe, confined in the jail at Williamson, Ky., for an attempt to murder a man named Uterback, were taken out of the prison on the 10th inst. and taken to the spot where they committed the crime, and at 4 o'clock, were hung on the tree under which Uterback lay when found. A writer describing the mob, says:

"The jail was opened by force I suppose there were from four to seven hundred people engaged in it; resistance was all in vain. There were three speeches made to the mob, but all in vain. They allowed the prisoners the privilege of clergy for a short five hours, and they observed that they had made their peace with God, and they desired to die. The mob was conducted with coolness and order, more so than I ever heard of on such occasions."

The Cincinnati Gazette, in noticing the horrible occurrence, says:

"What are the circumstances! That Maythe and Crouch intended to murder Uterback—that in the intent was the guilt—that for this they ought to be put to death; and that, as the wound is now thought not to be mortal, and as Uterback may therefore recover, the probabilities were, that a mob of four to seven hundred people would be cheated out of a hanging scene, under the law. These are the 'circumstances' that make up the 'justification'!"

John Randolph's Grave.

A gentleman on a visit to the residence of the late John Randolph, writes to the National Intelligencer as follows:

"The body of this extraordinary man reposes beneath the tall branches of a veteran pine, about forty paces from this summer dwelling. No marble marks the place of his repose. He was buried, according to his own request, with his head to the east and his feet to the west; with a white unpolished stone at his head, and a black one at his feet. He sleeps where he lived, in the peaceful bosom of his own native forest."

The Boston Post states that the Druses of Mount Lebanon, a sect of heretical Mohammedans, numbering 70,000 or more, who have heretofore been subject to the Maronites are now resolutely determined to cast off that subjection, and to have a prince of their own, subordinate to the Porte, and under the protection of England; a large part of them are inclined to abandon their old religion, and to receive the American missionaries at Beyrout as their spiritual guides.

It is said that the Americans who went to India to introduce our mode of rearing and preparing cotton, have returned, and declare the project cannot succeed.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

A DRUNKARD'S FATE. From the Blotter of P. Pickle, Jr., Accountant.

We were passing the front entrance of one of our principal hotels a few days since, at an hour when the summer sun was not far from its meridian height, a little noise inside attracted our attention, and we immediately stopped—few men pass by any thing which gives indication of an affair. In a moment we distinguished the cause, for one of the servants, a strong muscular fellow, bore out in his grasp, as though 'twere but a mass of inanimate matter; something which still retained the appearance of a living though scarcely human being. Planting his object upon his feet, at the entrance, with his face to the street, the servant applied his foot to the rear and brutally sent his burden into the ditch. The act was cowardly and unjustifiable, but it was so quickly consummated that no one had time to interfere.

The man thus unceremoniously introduced to the receptacle of all things filthy, was miserably, but not helplessly drunk. The vile liquid in which he had been partially bathed, seemed to bring him a little nearer his senses, for he scrambled forth quickly, staggered to one of the chairs upon the balcony and took possession of it. Nauseous and disgusting as was the scream from which, wet and dripping, he had just rescued himself, still more nauseous and disgusting was the volume of language which issued from his lips; the very dog before him—a mean, thieving cur at that—dropped his tail between his legs, and trotted briskly away from so pestiferous an atmosphere. Our blood froze as we listened to the foul profanity of the forsaken wretch, his horrible imprecations of the vengeance of God upon the person who had thrust him forth into the open air. We passed on our way, silent and sad.

It was even so. In that bloated brute, we recognized all that remained of an early and accomplished friend. He came to New Orleans a few years ago, a full grown, real man, in heart and intellect. The capacities of a soul, fashioned in the Creator's own image, were his, in their full proportions. In his fresh and open countenance, in the quiet depths of his clear and transparent black eye, and in his manly form could be recognized the attributes of a being formed for the enjoyment of all that is bright and true in existence. In his present condition, his whole course and history is told with a distinctness and eloquence which we shall not presumptuously attempt to emulate. He himself had admitted the enemy which had stolen away his brains and left him lower, far than the lowest of the animal kingdom. He surrendered his soul to the doctrine that truth is confined to the bowl. His reply to remonstrance as well as persuasion, was in the patry sophism of the poet.

"Let us drink, who would not since through life's varied round In the goblet alone no deception is found."

The forfeit of his folly has been early and punctually paid. Better would it have been for him, better for all who knew him, that the grave worms should long ago have rioted upon his flesh and bones. For the consuming fire of low and depraved passions brings more of agony than would be endured were his former instinct with life and consciousness beneath the sod even until decay had annihilated all outline and trace of humanity.

The poor mother in a distant land, who mourns over her last son, the almost broken-hearted sister, who can never forget the companion and playmate of her childhood, while she remains this side the tomb, might search in vain for a familiar likeness in the face of this wreck of fair humanity. The e is but little in the appearance of that happy, careless ditty vagabond that gives an indication of better days. Would those who have loved and cherished him in his past—alas! forever past—years of beauty and pride, recognize the light of his glazed and sunken eyes, ever and anon flashing with the unearthly brilliancy of temporary insanity? Is there any thing of the free and hearty laugh of childhood in that maudlin leer, or bitter derision, the mere mockery of a fiend! Oh, no! over such an object of horror, the mother would pray for power to remember that she had strangled her child at its birth, spreading the pall of oblivion o'er all recollections of its march under her own guidance, from infancy to the full development of its faculties in manhood. God grant that she may go down to the grave—as she surely will, for her Father in Heaven is merciful—in utter ignorance of the final scenes in the life of the monster she once called her child.

His race is nearly run. Between the labors of the bottle, the climate, and the season, the cold earth has already been hollowed out for his final resting place. Reason even now totters. The last act in the drama of his existence will be that of thousands in whose footsteps he had trod. By and by, upon his bed he will be stretched, that most fearful of all beings—more and more loathsome as he approaches his end—a drunken maniac. In his visions of horror there will be a lesson terrible to contemplate most awful and revolting in reality. Long after sense and perception have fled, when the laugh and jeer of the demon alone give evidence that life remains, it will be found that the ruling passion is still triumphant. Yea, even with the last faint throbb of his heart, and upon the last sight that passes over his lips will be heard a supplication for more of the liquid fire in which he has burnt all that distinguished him from the brute. He goes to

another world, reeling into the presence of angels, with a half uttered prayer still hovering upon his lips, for deeper and darker and more final partition!

A Man Ruined by Sudden Wealth.

The Baltimore Sun gives an account of a young man named Benton Starks, from Athens, Ga., who had been remarkably industrious and had acquired a respectable property, but whose intellect was completely disordered by his suddenly coming in possession of \$7,000. Having collected his funds, he took the stage for Baltimore, through which he passed on to Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and ultimately returned to Baltimore, having spent nearly all he had. A young gentleman from Virginia came on to induce him, if possible, to return home, but failing in this, requested the police at Baltimore to take him into custody. He had, when taken, two pistols valued at seventy-five dollars, forty-seven pieces of gold coin, amounting to about \$235; \$91 in paper, and \$1 in silver, making in all \$402. Five fine gold watches were found upon his person—the chains running round his neck and body. Three valuable breast-pins of the largest size glittered in his bosom.

The Falls of Niagara.

The steamboats and rail cars that ply between this city and the Falls, and the Hotel keepers there had quite a benefit yesterday. It was reported that two men in a boat from Chippewa had been drawn into the restless current, that one went over the Falls, and the other had succeeded in getting a footing on one of the Sisters, three little islets on the west side of Goat Island. Feelings of terror and sympathy were strongly aroused and hundreds went down to see the unhappy man doomed to the alternative of taking the awful plunge or eternal imprisonment. One account says he was first discovered by the smoke of his fire. It is horrible to think of a fellow being thus exposed, with the "live thunder" of the cataract roaring in his ears, in plain sight of those most dear to him, and yet as far removed from human help as he would be in another world. There may be reason for the indulgence of our sympathies, but from the fact stated by the penny press, that a rope had been thrown to him whereby a boat had been sent, in which he had returned, we have a shrewd suspicion that he who could get on knows how to get off.

P. S. Since the above was in type, we have learned that the man has got off by means of a boat man's fast to a rope connecting his rocky island and Goat Island. The boat swept down within a few feet of the precipice.—Buffalo Com. Ad.

The Oldest Republic on Earth.

The American Quarterly Review contains a letter from G. W. Irving, Esq., giving a sketch of his visit to San Marino, a small Republic in Italy, to the Apennines, the Po, and the Adriatic. The territory of this State is only 40 miles in circumference, and its population about 7000. The Republic was founded more than 1400 years ago, on moral principles, industry, and equality, and has preserved its liberty and independence amidst all the wars and discords which have raged around it. Bonaparte respected it, and sent an embassy to express his sentiments of friendship and fraternity. It is governed by a Captain Regent, chosen every six months by the Representatives of the People 65 in number, who are chosen every six months by the People.

The taxes are light, the farm-houses are neat, the fields well cultivated, and on all sides are seen comfort and peace, the happy effects of morality, simplicity, liberty, and justice. Mr. Irving was received by some intelligent citizens in the most hospitable and affectionate manner; they were delighted with him because he was an American. They professed a profound attachment to our country, and look to it as the preserver of their own pure principles; they were intimately acquainted with our institutions and affairs, and had a library well furnished with books and pamphlets relating to America.

DISASTROUS EFFECTS OF TEMPERANCE REFORM IN IRELAND.—The following unusual information is taken from a letter written by a gentleman of Dublin, to the Leeds Mercury:

"Our public hospitals bear abundant evidence also of the improved health of the people. I was informed lately by a young surgeon, that the want of broken limbs, &c. is severely felt, as subjects for young practitioners; also, that there is a greatly increased difficulty in getting bodies for dissection. In our largest hospitals there has been but one case of delirium tremens (whiskey fever) for several months past, and even that a doubtful one, although formerly it was not uncommon to have twenty or thirty at one time. Deaths from fever have much decreased."

"SENSIBLE TO THE LAST."—An old man about to bid a last adieu to earth, had his friends called around him, when he was desired by his wife to tell what debts were owing to him. "There's—owes me five shillings for mutton." "Oh!" interjected the delighted hospitable, "to see a man at this time o' day, and just gang to close his last account, has the use o' his faculties—just say away James." "Ay, an'—ten shillings for beef." "What a pleasant thing to see a man deuin' sensible to the last!—only mair—but not to distress yourself!" "An'—a crown for a cow hide!" "Ay," quoth the wife, "sensible yet—weel, James, what was't ye was gang to say?" "Nae mair," quoth James, "but I'm awn Jack Tamson two pound in balance o' a cow!" "Ho, ho, ho," quoth the wife, "the ravin' noo, he jass ravin'—dinna mind any mair that he says."