

[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.]
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The First Death of the Household.

BY ANELIA.

Oh, many a mournful year hath flown,
Since first amid our family band
Death came and stole our loved one,
And bore her to the spirit-land.
Yet shrouded with many a sweet, and thought,
That loved one's memory lingers still;
For oh! the left a void that nought
But mournful thoughts could fill.

Years have past by, I said, and yet
It only seems the other day,
Since round her dying bed we met,
With breaking hearts to weep and pray,
Her gentle soul we strove to think,
We could linger yet amid earthly flowers,
Even when 'twas trembling on the brink
Of lovelier worlds than ours.

Yes! there, e'en when all hope had flown,
We wept away each lingering hour,
Until the shades of death came down,
And closed at last the shutting door.
And yet it seemed like sin to grieve
For one so patient and resigned;
For if she mourn'd 'twas but to leave
Such breaking hearts behind.

She died. Yet death could scarcely chill
Her smiling beauty, tho' she lay
With cold extended limbs, for still
Her face looked fairer than the day—
Those eyes once eloquent with bliss,
Were closed as soft as shutting flowers.
Oh! few could bear a sight like this—
But such a sight was ours.

How slow wore that long, long day;
Like spirits in some haunted place
We'd sit and sigh, then steal away
To look once more at that pale face,
We could not think her soul had part;
The awful bounds of mortal strife;
That, that warm heart was cold at last
That loved us more than life.

And when the funeral rite was said,
They bore her from her happy home,
And left her with the silent dead,
A pale-faced tenant of the tomb.
They reared no marble and the flowers,
Above her grave to mark the spot;
Yet many a heart as fond as ours
Still holds her memory fast.

Months passed, yet still our sorrow gush'd,
The free glad laugh no more was heard,
And many a little voice was hush'd,
That used to warble like a bird.
And though at times we strove to smile
Serenely, for each other's sake,
We weep in secret all the while,
As if our hearts would break.

Yet why should death be linked with fear?
A single breath, a low drawn sigh
Can break the ties that bind us here,
And wait the spirit to the sky.
Such was her end. A calm release,
No clings to this mortal coil,
She closed her eyes, and stood in peace
Before a smiling God.

Tight.
One way or other we are always tight,
For fashion seems in tightness to delight.
The lady loves a tightness in her waist,
The dandy in tight points will show his taste,
And in tight boots will many love to tread,
While others seek a tightness in the head,
These in their pleasure only growing tight,
While in their dealings there are many quite
As much subservient to the fashion. Then
We must get tight to stand as moral men:
For in morality 'tis clearly stated:
Loose habits never can be elevated,
So to be tight is only to be right,
And that's the way to keep us right and tight.
PHARMA, of the N. O. Picayune.

RECIPE FOR MAKING GOOD BREAD.—Mr. James Roche, so long celebrated in Baltimore as a baker of excellent bread, having retired from business, has furnished the following recipe for making good bread, with a request that it should be published for the information of the public.

Take an earthen vessel larger at the top than at the bottom, and in it put one pint of milk warm water, one and a half pounds flour, and half pint of malt yeast; mix them well together and set it away (in winter it should be in a warm place) until it rises and falls again, which will be in from three to five hours; (it may be set at night if it is wanting in the morning;) then put two large spoons full of salt into two quarts of water, and mix it well with the above rising;—then put it in about nine pounds of flour and work your dough well, and set it by until it becomes light. Then make it out into loaves. The above will make four loaves.

As some flour is dry and other runny, the above quantity, however, will be a guide. The person making bread will observe that runny and new flour will require one-fourth more salt than old and dry flour. The water also should be tempered according to the weather—in spring and fall it should only be milk warm, in hot weather cold, and in winter warm.

DROP CAKES.—One quart of milk, large tea spoonful of Saleratus dissolved in a cup of cream; to which stir in flour very smoothly until a thick batter. Then dip your spoon in milk and with it place your batter at a short distance in a buttered pan. Very delicate, made entire of cream, either with or without eggs.

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 & Eiseley. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, August 27, 1842. Vol. II—No. XLVIII.

A MARVELLOUS FISH STORY.

We were shown a letter yesterday, says the Cincinnati Times of Tuesday, by a gentleman of this city, which he received from a friend living in Louisville, giving a description of a monster of the Snake species, captured near Baton Rouge, on the 29th ult. We rather inclined to the belief that it was a hoax, but having seen a paper of the 29th, which detailed the whole history of the expedition, battle, and capture, we can see no reason to doubt the authenticity of the statement referred to. It is thought that his majesty came up through some of the bayous, or numerous outlets of the Mississippi, in that part of Louisiana. We give the condensed statement taken from the letter mentioned above.

"The Pilot of the steamboat Placquemine, a lower country boat, just before she reached Baton Rouge, on rounding the point, discovered, close ahead, what he supposed to be a floating tree, and as it was somewhat foggy at the time, 7 o'clock, A. M., he rung the bell, and the engine was instantly stopped. The stopping of the boat attracted attention, and, as usual, every eye on deck was directed forward to ascertain the reason; by which time this huge monster of the deep, having probably satisfied his curiosity, moved off majestically to the opposite shore, inclining towards the stream. The sensation produced on all who witnessed the fearful but magnificent undulation of his body, as he passed rapidly through the water, to judge by my own feelings, and the countenances of those around me, was indescribable. The alarm quickly ran through the boat, although every person on board was on the lookout, not more than twenty persons saw him, as the fog almost immediately hid him from our sight. Steam was instantly let on, and in about twenty-five minutes we reached Baton Rouge. Some time elapsed before the citizens could believe we were in earnest, but after a while it was remembered that several negroes, cattle, and hogs, had disappeared within the last few days, in an unaccountable and mysterious manner, and that the negroes had been talking about a big animal seen in a bayou, which an old native of Congo said, was one of God Almighty's Spirits, come to free the niggers, and take them back to their own country. At last, however, a company was formed to go in search of this hideous monster. Our two boats were soon filled with volunteers from the steamboat, among whom were two old South Sea whalers, who fixed up harpoons, and made the regular arrangements for a desperate encounter.

Lieutenant Brooks, of the United States Navy, who was on a visit to a brother attached to the command, occupying the U. S. Arsenal here volunteered to go, and was unanimously appointed commander of the expedition—fifteen men including officers, also put off in the boats, belonging to the garrison, and joined us. After a row of about an hour, we arrived at the spot where his majesty was last seen—the sun had dispelled the fog, and shone out in unclouded splendor. About one mile and a half below, we found the monster half upon the bank and the other half in the water, in a bend where the water runs exceedingly swift. One of the garrison boats, in the bow of which was a small cannon or swivel, went ahead; this gun had been loaded with musket bullets, and when the boat approached the dreadful looking creature, a man laid himself down in the boat, for the purpose of taking aim, while another stood ready with a match which he applied instantly as the word was given, and at the report, we found that almost, if not all the bullets, struck the monster, and cut him nearly in two, he fell over, however, into the river, dragging with him a large calf. As we gave way, one half of the men in each boat fired four rounds alternately upon his majesty, when we were satisfied he was helpless. We then rowed up cautiously, and having satisfactorily ascertained that he was dead, made fast to him, and towed him to shore, and in a few minutes the steamboat Rosabel came along, and towed our prize up to town. On measuring him he was 53 feet 8 inches long, and 2 feet and a half in diameter at the thickest part; his skin resembles somewhat that of a young alligator, but with scales—his head is more like an alligator than a common snake, and his jaws were fearful and horrible to behold; there was a double parallel row of teeth, as sharp as needles at the point, and about two inches long. Great was the excitement when we started, but still greater was the joy at our return; every man, woman, child and negro within five miles, apparently, came to the landing to see the monster. Preparations are making to dress and stuff the skin, and place it in some of our museums. I must now close, but shall write again more fully as soon as I return home.

ELOQUENCE OF BIRDS.—The crow has evidently read Shakspeare: to the legislator who proposes a bounty on his head, he quotes, 'Hear me for my cries;' and as soon as corn is ripe in the fields, says to the farmer, 'Lend me your ears.'

The Prometheus of Eschylus.

The Prometheus of Eschylus has no parallel in the literature of the world; it stands alone in its naked majesty, unapproached and unapproachable—a gigantic conception, filling the mind with wonder and with awe—a creation, of which all imitations must be as the brazen clashing of Salomoneus to the thunder of Jupiter. It is an exhibition of intellectual energy, so confident in its own strength as to defy even eternal torments—of a will, so determined on freedom as to rise superior to destiny—of endurance, that scorns even the vengeance of Omnipotence.

The more ancient deities of the Greeks appear to have been, like those of the Asiaties, in a great degree elementary—not actuated by human passions, and scarcely susceptible to human feelings; and their very indistinctness recommended them to the vast imagination of Eschylus; they possessed that attribute of the terrible which, in the book of Job, makes us creep with horror: 'A spirit passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof.'

This drama opens with a scene which can scarcely be described. Prometheus, at once a god and a personification of human powers subdued, appears stretched on a rock in the Scythian desert: Strength and Force—beings without compassion, blind slaves of the destiny that rules upon Olympus—are rivetting the adamantine chains. Vulcan, though equally bound to obey the behests of Jupiter, cannot restrain his pity, and is taunted by Strength for yielding to the soft emotion. They strain the limbs—they twist the chains—they bind the fetters—the iron enters into his soul; but the Titan sustains it all in the majesty of silence; not a word, nor sigh, nor groan escapes him: it is not until his tormentors have departed that he bursts forth with his magnificent appeal to Universal Nature:

Best and divinest air! ye swift-wing'd winds!
Ye river springs and ocean billows! ye
That, countless in your multitudes, laugh out
With long, loud peal—exulting to be free!
Earth, universal mother of all life!
And thou, O sun, whose eye pierces all nature,
You I invoke! look on me what I suffer
From gods, a god!

His solitude is interrupted by the appearance of the compassionate ocean nymphs, the most lovely, tender, and spiritual of all poetic creations. The conversation of Prometheus with these gentle beings alternates between vivid recollections of the past and faint glimpses of the future, mingled with uncontrollable bursts of present agony: for a moment it is broken in upon by the Titan Oceanus, vainly urging submission to his fate. Oceanus withdraws, however, and the nymphs again listen to the mysterious prophecies of the suffering Titan: the choral odes in which they reply are without a parallel for force and beauty. In another victim of persecution, enters, and, amid all the severity of his own tortures, Prometheus is touched with sympathy for hers. The departure of Io hastens the catastrophe: Mercury appears, and threatens Prometheus with the vengeance of Jove if he does not explain the dark threats he has uttered, portending direful calamities to the god of gods. His refusal is in a tone of stern and insulting defiance:

There is no outrage,
Torment, or artifice of Jove that can
After my firm resolve: never will I
Dispense my knowledge till he loose these chains.
Then let him hurl his lightning as he will,
And shake the solid earth with all his thunders;
Pour down a hurricane of white-wing'd snows
To sweep resistless ruin, and confound
And mingle all things; me he shall not move,
Nor shake my purpose never to reveal
By whom shall fall the tyrant.

Threats and remonstrances prove equally unavailing to change his strong resolve; but scarcely has he finished before the thunder rolls the lightning flashes, the earth shakes, the winds rush from the four quarters of heaven, and, amid this elemental uproar, the rock, with the unconquered and uncomprehended Titan, sinks into the depths of the dark regions below.

CONSULT YOUR WIFE.—Judge Kent says—
"There are but very few evils to which a man is subjected, that he might not avoid if he would converse more with his wife, and take her advice."

Who is wise! He that learns from every one. Who is powerful! He that governs his own passions. Who is rich! He that is content.

MAS.—Man is to man all kinds of beasts; a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture!—Covley.

THE SOUL.—We might compare the soul to a linen cloth; it must be first washed to take off its native hue and color, and to make it white; and afterwards it must be ever and anon washed, to preserve and keep it white.—South.

From the N. Y. American.

Horrors of War.
We hate war, and look upon it—except in the last extremity and in self-defence only—as the greatest crime against man and against God.

The hostilities now waging by the British against the Chinese, have seemed to us, and have been described so in this paper, as wanton, wicked and cruel. Soof the dreadful vengeance taken by the Afghans of the corps of Gen. Elphinstone that fell into their power, we have spoken as in some measure a just retribution for the enormities perpetrated by the British in India.

But while this country and others visit these British aggressions with censure, little is said or thought of the enormities perpetrated by France in her wanton invasion of, and attempt to subjugate and colonize, Algeria. There, whole tribes, owing no allegiance to France, natives and owners of the land they live in, are recklessly swept off—their property plundered, their dwellings burned, their whole country devastated; and all because France wants an outlet for her superfluous military spirit, and covets, moreover, a grand Colony in Africa.

The enormities of this war are at this moment pressed upon our attention by a despatch in a late French paper—from the *Chef de Bataillon*, Bissot—dated Algiers, 20th June, relating an attack he made with a column of about five hundred men upon the tribe of Beni Menacer.

We translate this extract:
"We arrived at day-break at Melid-Douar, the centre of the tribe, and of a very rich and well peopled country. All this portion of the country was ravaged by my troops, not a village nor a house escaped the flames: about 6000 cattle, 10 or 12,000 sheep, 100 prisoners, and a great number of mules charged with very rich packages, were brought in by the detachment."

These mountaineers thus driven from homes made desolate, were on their own soil—defending the land of their birth and their fathers' burial; and yet the troops of a civilized and Christian nation boast of robbing, ravaging, and massacring such distant, unoffending, and semi-civilized enemies!

While the French press is clamorous about British ambition, and British cruelties in India, it has no mirror to reflect the ambition and cruelties connected with the conquest of Algiers.

For us, happily exempt, and ever to be exempt from the burden and temptation of colonies; and more happily exempt—we try to believe, though not without misgivings sometimes—from the mad thirst of military glory; the lesson to be derived from the example and the crimes of both England and France is, to cultivate the spirit of moderation, justice, and peace with all nations, and to discountenance the ruffianly tastes for, and admiration of, the sword and the torch—slaughter and devastation, which war engenders and justifies.

How to Cook Cucumbers.

—We have seen a recipe to cook cucumbers, somewhat after this fashion:
"Take the cucumbers and after cutting off the rind, cut them into slices, then cut up a few onions with them, pepper and salt them to your liking, and add vinegar to them—and then, open your window and throw them away."

This is the usual way of preparing them for the table, and doubtless the recipe is so worded as to impress the idea of their *unhealthiness* and we must confess, that we are among those who have so esteemed them. But if cooked as below stated, we conceive them not only to be wholesome, but among the most palatable vegetable dishes with which the table can be garnished. Our method is this:
Pare off the rind, then cut the cucumber into slices *lengthwise*, dust either side of those slices with corn meal or wheat flour, pepper and salt them to please your taste; this done, fry them brown, and you will have one of the most delicious dishes that you can imagine, combining in their flavor those of the oyster plant and eggplant. Of their healthfulness, thus cooked, there can be no question, and of their palatableness, it is only necessary that you try them, to say with us that they are exquisite.

BLACK AND WHITE.—The French papers give the following story—received near as imported from the Isle of Cuba.
"Six hundred negroes had been sold by an American slave dealer, but in three weeks after the sale, they all disappeared in one night. It was afterwards discovered that the 600 pretended negroes had sailed for Jamaica, taking their places as—white passengers! The fact is, they had stained their skins with nitrate of silver, to pass for blacks—a fraud deplored by a chemist who had sold the commodity."

A fellow 'down east' says that the times are so hard he thinks of leaving this world and climbing a tree!

New use of Indian Corn.

We have been favored with a visit to the farm of Mr. Benjamin Webb, near Wilmington, and have examined the acre of corn which his son Mr. William Webb is cultivating for the purpose of making sugar from the stalks the present season. The rows are two and a half feet apart, and the plants not more than an inch or two distant in the rows; the seed was drilled with a machine of his own invention, and has produced a crop of unprecedented vigor and uniformity. The yield is enormous, and so far as present appearances can warrant the conjecture, is expected to yield a quantity of sugar equal to Mr. Webb's calculation, namely 1000 pounds per acre. The ears of corn are now in progress of extraction, and the fact is proved, that this part of the process can be performed to profit, the worth of the ear and leaf attached, being of more value than the labor required. Owing to close planting, perhaps, there is not more than one stalk in forty or fifty, which exhibits signs of fruiting—whether they will be equally productive in the saccharine principle as those more perfect in their formation, is a question which Mr. Webb's indefatigable spirit for research is destined to solve. The stalks are already full of sap, and some of them are showing signs of maturity; the juice from these is vinous and peculiarly agreeable to the taste, and there is no doubt that it might be made, in its present incipient state, to yield a wine for present purposes, far superior to any that could be made from grape in this climate. It would appear, therefore, that the question in future will be—not what else can be made from the 'universal corn-crop,' but what else cannot be made from it! As we heard one observe the other day, 'Why, 'tis meat, drink and clothing, lodging, washing and mending! Affecting one's life, character and behaviour—our prospects and happiness in this life, and fitting us for that which is to come, by engendering a universal spirit of industry and improvement throughout the length and breadth of the land.' Mr. Webb deserves the thanks of the community for his untiring zeal in the cause.—*Farmer's Cabinet.*

LARD OIL.

—Analysis.—The following extract is from a valuable article in the Louisville Journal on the discovery and effects of Lard Oil—
This great discovery is one of the results of chemical science, and shows, in strong colors, the utility of a high degree of education, for which we have so often contended. Mr. Arago, the illustrious French philosopher, has forcibly shown that inventors are the real benefactors of a State; and in proportion as we give the highest departments of science to the mass of the people, in that proportion do we secure new invention and great discoveries. Let the citizen reflect, then while enjoying the light of the lard oil, that the saving he effects in purchasing a gallon of it at 50 cents, instead of a gallon of the sperm oil at \$1.75, is one of the results of science; and let it be an incentive to secure and maintain a comprehensive system of public instruction. This is but a single item, but it alone should cause science to be respected.

Chevreul, a French chemist, in some investigations upon animal fat, discovered that it was composed of two principles, to which he gave the names *elaine* and *stearin*, and he found that they could be easily separated. They are composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen; and wherever carbon predominates in an animal oil, we may be assured of an article capable of a high degree of luminous power. A curious experiment is related by Bernard, which shows that fat may be made artificially; on mixing together one measure of carbonic acid, ten measures of carburetted hydrogen, and twenty of hydrogen, and transmitting the mixture through a red hot tube, several white crystals were obtained, which were insoluble in water, soluble in alcohol, and fusible by heat into an oily fluid.

The following are the relative constituents of lard oil and sperm oil:

	Carbon.	Hydrogen.	Oxygen.
Lard oil,	79 03	11 422	9 548
Sperm oil,	79 05	11 0	8 9

We have heard the fear expressed, that the lard oil will not stand the winter, or will not retain its fluidity in cold weather. This is a very idle fear. Sperm oil is made in the same way as lard oil. It is composed of elaine and stearin, and they are separated by pressure upon bibulous paper, which retains the elaine. By the same process lard oil is obtained, and winter strained lard oil will stand the cold weather just as well as winter-strained sperm oil. The success of this discovery is secure beyond all chance, and the corn and swine of Kentucky will prove greater sources of wealth to her citizens than would the mines of Potosi.

"Quiet night that brings rest to the laborer, is the outlaw's day, in which he rises early to do wrong; and when his work is ended dares not sleep."—*Massinger.*

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THE RAVEN AND THE SILK BREECHES.

—The raven is an amazingly sagacious bird. His thefts are very curious. Lander, in his notes on 'Forest Scenery,' tells an amusing story of a tame raven, whose adroitness in catching any thing was so great, that it was impossible to throw him, with all your force, the smallest thing to eat, without his catching in his beak before it came to the ground. But he soon began to indulge in his fights, and, like many justice-corrupted by a city life, he became very impudent and full of tricks. Often, says Mr. Lander, have we seen him flying along George Street, and peeping into all the open windows; and one day, to the great surprise of the passers in the street, he was observed soaring away with a pair of handsome black silk breeches streaming from his back, while a gentleman, half dressed, was seen stretching himself from a garret window, and looking most anxiously after his stolen property. The history of this transaction was, that the gentleman was dressing to go to dinner, and while his head was in the basin, during the operation of washing his face, the raven, who had been eyeing him from the roof, knowingly took this opportunity of flying through the open window, and carrying off the silk breeches from the back of the chair over which they were hanging. A line and cry was raised after the thief—the populace shouted—the bird became alarmed, and dropped his silk-prize, which came slowly to the ground with many a strange gyrations; and the garment was recovered in time for the mortified bean to be encased in it, and hurry to the feast to which he had been bidden.

THE RUSSIAN RAILROAD.—It is stated that the Emperor has obtained his first loan of \$10,000,000 at 8 1/2 per cent. to commence his grand work of a railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, 400 miles of the present travelled road, \$30,000,000, it is calculated, will finish the work that distance. Then to complete the grand enterprise now contemplated, the road is to be continued, in nearly a direct line, 470 miles farther, to the Caspian Sea, which will be across the heart of the Russian territory, and from boundary to boundary of the Emperor's dominions; this will furnish a very important facility for the transportation of troops &c., and give the Emperor an immense advantage. For the execution of this stupendous work, we understand that labor in abundance can be obtained at 30 cts. a day, and even less.—*Springfield Reporter.*

In the reign of Henry the fourth of France, sugar was so rare in that country, that it was sold by the ounce by apothecaries, nearly as Peruvian bark is now sold.

WRITING.—The sword of wit, like the scythe of time, cuts down friend and foe, and attacks every thing that accidentally lies in its way.

CONVERSATION.—"My dear did John black them boots?"
"How should I know—I haint got nothin' to do with your boots. It's washing day."
"But, my love, you needn't speak so cross."
"Speak so cross! I didn't speak cross."
"O—yes you did."
"I didn't."
"I say you did."
"I say I didn't."
"By gracious! I won't stand this.—It's 633 had to be treated in this way, I'll leave you, madam. I'll have a separation."
"Oh, Mr. Slob—was ever a woman so abused Here I've been working and washing and scrubbing all day long, as hard as ever I could, and then you come home and act so to me—just look I don't know nothin' about—your boots—O!—it is too—bad, it is—too—too—too—too—too!"
"Hem! Well Nairy, I didn't mean to make you cry. Never mind—I reckon John has blacked my boots. Is them saesingers to be fried for supper?"
"Yes—yes—my dear—I get um for you particular."

A QUAKER ANSWER.—Martha, does she love me? asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's holiest feelings had been offered up.
"Why, Seth," answered she, "we ate your mumbled to love one another, are we not?"
"Ay, Martha, but does thee regard me with that feeling the world calls love?"
"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one. I have tried to blemish my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share."

Capt. Parrot was telling Mrs. Frink of his escape from the alligator. "Wasn't he a dreadful looking creature?" inquired the lady, with much appearance of sympathy, at the same time wishing the captain in his jaws. "Why, ma'am, I can't say his features were regularly beautiful, but there was so much openness when he smiled!"