

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
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Genius and Love.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

VISIONS of Fame! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye?
Oh, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
Fishes of those immortal plants that blow
Upon Olympus, making us immortal?
Or teach me where that wondrous milk-milk grows,
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
And make the mind prolific in its fancies?
I have the wish, but want the will to act!
Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words
Have come to light from the swift river of Time,
Like Roman swords found in the Tago's bed,
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?
From the barred visor of antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth
As from a mirror. All the means of action—
The shapless masses—the materials—
Lie every where about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is Genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of Genius comes, in a sare with travel,
And legs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigures, all its hidden virtues shine,
And in the eyes of the astonished clown
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transform'd,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems at the touch
Of some poor house-less, homeless, wandering bard,
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
O there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,
Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
And sinks again into its silent deep.
Ere the enamor'd knight can touch her robe!
T is the ideal that the soul of man,
Like the enamor'd knight beside the fountain,
Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream!
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
Must wait in vain. The stream flows evermore,
But from its silent deep no spirit rises!
Yet I, born under a propitious star,
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,
Here, as I set at midnight and alone,
Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel
The pressure of her head! G-d's benison
Redeem us all! Close those beautiful eyes;
Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night
With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name.

HENDER, a German poet, celebrated for the delicacy and purity of his style, and the extreme beauty of his conceptions, wrote the following when he was only fifteen. It is equal in grace to Shelley:

To a Butterfly,
Light and lovely thing of sky,
Butterfly!
Fluttering ever amid flowers,
Fed on buds and dewy showers,
(Flower thyself, or leaf with wings!)
Say what fignr'st thou red
Thy rich colors bring.
Was't some sylph that o'er thee threw
Each bright hue?
Raised thee, from mom's fragrant mist—
Bade thee through the day exist!
Ah beneath my finger pressed,
Palpitates the tiny heart
Even to death distress.
Fly away poor soul! and be
Gay and free!
Thus, no more a worm of earth
I shall one day flutter forth;
And—like thee—a thing of air
Clothed in sweets and honeyed dews,
Each sweet flower let share!

From the Democratic Review.
THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

It is still more dangerous to say any thing in favor of, or even to do common justice to the Emperor of Russia, whose character and fame seem to be under the special and charitable guardianship of British reviewers. If we believe these, and some French and German journals, the Emperor has not even the merit of Byron's Corsair—not 'one virtue' amid 'a thousand crimes.' Under a military despotism were absolute power not only exists in the head, but, of necessity, is delegated to fourteen Governors General or Viceroy and more than a hundred civil and military Provincial Governors, scattered over a vast empire, and far removed from the fountain of authority, a thousand cruel and atrocious wrongs must be expected. For while there are many wise and just men among these Viceroys and Governors, (like Count de Woronzoff) in so large a number there must unavoidably be many tyrants, for all whose acts the Emperor is held responsible, whether he has any knowledge of them or not. Whatever British reviewers may say, the Emperor Nicholas is an extraordinary man, and admirably fitted for his station, as the chief in a military despotism. He is superior to his brother and predecessor, Alexander, in character and mind, and especially in those stern qualities so necessary to sustain a crown so often undermined by treason.—His personal appearance and deportment are remarkable, and on all occasions he is distinguished for grace and propriety, whether in the martial pomp of a parade, on grave occasions of state, or a

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.—JERFANSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Sept. 3, 1842.

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midst the solemn ceremonials of the Greek religion. In his character he unites those extremes, so frequently found in men accustomed to military command or absolute power, of gentleness and fiery impetuosity. The slightest neglect or violation of military regulation, instantly rouses his passions, and the reprimand follows quickly, whether the offender be his brother, the Grand Duke, a major general, or a subaltern.—His conduct before and after his coronation, exhibited strong traits of character. Prior to the death of Alexander, at Togaurok, Constantine had renounced his right to the succession, and Alexander had sanctioned the act.

These documents were sealed up and deposited with the council of the Empire. When intelligence was received at St. Petersburg of the Emperor's death, Nicholas immediately took the oath of allegiance to his brother, Constantine, required the army and all to do the same, and despatched a courier to his brother, who was then at Warsaw, announcing this intelligence.—The council of the Empire disclosed the renunciation of Constantine; but Nicholas persisted in his allegiance. Two days after the Grand Duke Michael arrived at Warsaw, with a second renunciation of Constantine in favor of Nicholas; but the latter refused to accept it, and all the decrees were still issued in the name of the former. At length, seventeen days afterwards, he received an answer by his own courier, with Constantine's final abdication of the crown. Not until then did the Emperor consider the act of his brother in conformity to the fundamental law regulating the succession, as the voluntary act of an acknowledged sovereign. But then occurred the stormy scenes following his coronation, when a conspiracy which had been maturing for some time previous against Alexander, burst upon his head. The conspirators availing themselves of the fidelity of the Russians to their oath, took the side of Constantine, to whom the army had sworn allegiance, notwithstanding his voluntary abdication. The Emperor Nicholas displayed extraordinary promptitude and courage in advancing to the revolting regiments and offering his life, if they desired it; and equal forbearance in not permitting a cannon to be fired, until Milarodovitch, a distinguished officer in the campaign of 1812, was shot down by his side. The events of that day have had, no doubt a strong influence on the character and reign of the present Emperor; and have given a higher tone of severity to his conduct, as a military commander, and as the chief of the secret police of his empire.

Many of the measures of this monarch are worthy of admiration. The literature of the country has been much advanced during his reign. Notwithstanding the censorship of the press, there is a large and constant increase of printing establishments in the country, and more than a thousand volumes are printed annually. This is almost entirely the work of the present century, and chiefly of his reign. He has published all the ukases, regulations, diplomas and treaties since 1840, and declared them to be in force since the first of January, 1835. Although these form an incongruous mass, they are useful for purposes of reform, and the measure was an important step in the progress of law and civilization in Russia. By his ukase of February, 1831, the Emperor ordered the establishment of 1000 primary schools on the crown lands, on which there are some fourteen millions of serfs. Another ukase of the 1st of January, 1830, decreed that the crown lands should be farmed out, and of the 2nd of November 1832, ordered the execution of this important measure, on leases of 21 to 99 years, which must eventually, to a considerable extent, emancipate the serfs of the crown. In the present year, the Emperor has decided on the construction of a railroad of five hundred miles, from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and has employed Major Whistler, one of our distinguished engineers, to superintend the work. There are a few of the many measures adopted during the present reign. It is but sheer justice to the Emperor Nicholas to say, that he has labored zealously, and has done more than any of his predecessors, to enlighten and improve the condition of the peasantry of Russia.—These humane, wise and just measures are, however, looked upon with jealousy and apprehension by a portion of the ancient nobility, who believe that every measure tending to enlighten the serf undermines his property and authority. The Emperor perfectly comprehends this position. He knows he is surrounded by a wealthy, powerful, and often discontented aristocracy, ambitious of regulating the succession to the crown, as they have done repeatedly in past generations. He is admonished by the example of his predecessor, that towards them familiarity would be folly—concession dangerous. While, therefore, his manner is cordial to meritorious officers and those known to be his friends, he moves among his dissatisfied, intriguing, and frequently conspiring nobility, with the stern majesty of a monarch.

One would naturally suppose that the head of a military despotism would necessarily be a sort of a prisoner in his own palace; especially one who is so frequently denounced as a cruel tyrant, and against whom we might suppose a thousand daggers were ever ready to be drawn. Or if such a monarch ever passed the portals of his palace, we should suppose that he would at least take the precaution of other monarchs and appear surrounded by his attendants and guards. It is not so, however, with the Emperor Nicholas; whether walking, riding or travelling, he is not attended by any, except on some military occasion. His only guards seem to be a 'lion heart and an eagle eye'; for, fearless of danger, and conscious of his own security, he suffers no other guards to attend him in his promenades or drives by day or night. No one knows better than the Emperor when to play the monarch, and when to dispense with majesty. He often visits balls and soirees at the houses of the nobility, where there are usually from two or three thousand persons assembled; among whom he moves about conversing familiarly with many. He seldom suffers a masquerade to pass without being present whether at the Theatre or the hall of the nobility, and no one engages in this amusement more heartily or familiarly. His manner is always adapted to the occasion. Indeed, had his lot been the stage, he would have been the Garrick of the day; for he is equally successful, whether he appears in foreign or grave scenes. No monarch is seen so frequently among his subjects, or on so many and such various occasions; and none in a more unpretending style. Scarcely a day in winter passes without his appearance in his one-horse sleigh. On his journeys he travels rapidly. He usually makes the journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow, 751 versts, about 500 miles, in thirty-six hours, with post horses.

He is devoted in his attention to the Empress, who is, and has been for years, an invalid. It is said that her nerves were shattered by the revolutionary scenes at the time of his coronation, from which shock she has never entirely recovered.—He frequently accompanies her in walks in the streets of St. Petersburg, or on the English quay—and in her rides, sometimes driving in her barouche and acting as her coachman.

EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING MATCH.—Yesterday afternoon a number of sporting noblemen and gentlemen assembled at the extensive enclosure attached to the Rosemary Branch Tavern, Peckham, for the purpose of witnessing the performance of an extraordinary match—a grey poney, of twelve hands and a half high, the property of Mr. Burke, a gentleman well known on the turf, being backed for £50 to trot fourteen miles in one hour, with a monkey for its rider. The novelty of the affair attracted, in addition to the betting men and cognoscenti in horse flesh, an immense assemblage of spectators, including several ladies resident in the neighborhood in their equipages. The monkey of course was the "lion" of the day, and according to the condition of the match, he was to be booted, spurred, and otherwise attired after the fashion of the jockeys at Epsom of Newmarket, and was to ride the poney in the usual style, with saddle and bridle. The monkey originally selected for the undertaking is the property of a foreigner, but in consequence of his making an attack on his owner, and wounding him severely in the arm, it was deemed prudent by Mr. Burke to obtain a substitute, and with that view Mr. Batty, the celebrated equestrian manager, was applied to for the loan of one of his trained monkeys, and that gentleman having selected 'Signor Jacko,' who had already earned considerable reputation by his performances in the circle, at the Surrey and other metropolitan and provincial theatres, at the appointed time the signor made his appearance, attended by one of the rough riders belonging to Mr. Batty's establishment. He was dressed a la Cheveiny or Scotch, his jacket and buskins being built at a very fine rate West-end Schneider, and his top boots would have done honor even to the renowned Hoby. The colors he sported were red and white, and in his right paw he carried a handsome riding whip, and also wore a small pair of spurs buckled round his boots. The poney he was mounted on is a very fast trotter, but notwithstanding his performances, time was in this instance backed at odds. After the arrangement of the usual preliminaries, the start took place, Mr. Burke and a gentleman, the friend of the party who had taken the bet, cantering on each side of the poney, with one or two others galloping in the rear. He performed the distance in fifty-six minutes and fifty-three seconds of the given time, consequently having three minutes and seven seconds to spare, and was not at all distressed. The signor rode in first rate style, came in with his whip in his mouth, and appeared quite conscious of his own merit as an equestrian. It is said that this feat is unparalleled in the annals of the turf.

Human Sacrifices in India.

Blackwood's Magazine for August contains notice of a paper recently published by the Royal Asiatic Society of London, written by Capt. Macpherson of the Madras Army, and giving some account of the Khomps, one of the three races that inhabit the territory which formed the ancient Kingdom of Orissa. They are Polytheists—have an hereditary priesthood—are rigid observers of veracity, and preserve in their religious worship and opinions many of the distinctive but not most beautiful features of the Grecian system in the Pelagic period. They are almost the only people that offer human sacrifices; and of their festivals at these horrid rites we find the following account from Capt. Macpherson's work:

"They are generally attended by a large concourse of people of both sexes, and continue for three days, which are passed in the indulgence of every form of gross excess—in more than Saturnalian license. "The first day and night are spent exclusively in drunken feasting and obscene riot. Upon the second morning, the victim, who has fasted from the preceding evening, is carefully washed, dressed in a new garment, and led forth from the village in solemn procession, with music and dancing.

"The Meria grove, a club of deep and shadowy forest trees"

"Sylvialto Jovis, Iusque Diane," in which the mango, the bur, the dainnar, and the pipala generally prevail, usually stands at a short distance from the hamlet, by a rivulet, which is called the Meria stream. It is kept sacred from the axe, and is avoided by the Khond as haunted ground. My followers were always warned to abstain from seeking shelter within its awful shade.

"In its centre, upon the second day, an upright stake is fixed, generally between two plants of the sakkisar or bazar danti shrub. The victim is seated at its foot, bound back to it by the priest. He is then anointed with oil, ghee and turmeric, and adorned with flowers; and a species of revenge, which is not easy to distinguish from adoration, is paid to him throughout the day. And there is no infinite contention to obtain the slightest relic of his person; a particle of the tumeric paste with which he is smeared, or a drop of his spittle being esteemed (especially by the women) of supreme virtue.

"In some districts, instead of being thus bound in a grove, the victim is exposed in or near the village, upon a couch, after being led in procession round the place of sacrifice. And in some parts of Goomsur where this practice prevails, small rude images of beasts and birds in clay are made in great numbers at this festival, and stuck on poles; a practice, of the origin or meaning of which, I have been able to obtain no satisfactory explanation.

"Upon the third morning, the victim is refreshed with a little milk and palm sago, while the licentious feast, which has scarcely been interrupted during the night, is loudly renewed. About noon, these orgies terminate, and the assemblage issues forth, with stunning shouts and pealing music, to consume the sacrifice.

"As the victim must not suffer bound, nor, on the other hand, exhibit any show of resistance, the bones of his arms, and, if necessary, those of his legs, are now broken in several places.

"The acceptable place of sacrifice has been discovered during the previous night, by persons sent out for this purpose into the fields of the village, or of the private oblator. The ground is probed in the dark with long sticks, and the first deep chuck that is pierced is considered the spot indicated by the earth-god. The rod is left standing in the earth, and in the morning four large posts are set up around it.

"The priest assisted by the ablaya and one or two of the elders of the village, now takes the branch of a green tree, which is cleft to a distance of several feet from the centre; they insert the victim within the rift, fitting it in some districts to his chest, in others to his throat. Cords are then twisted round the open extremity of the stakes, which the priest, aided by his assistants, strives with his whole force to close. He then wounds the victim slightly with his axe, when the crowd throws itself upon the sacrifice, and exclaiming, 'we bought you with a price and no sin rests on us' strips the flesh from the bones. Each man bears his bloody share to his field, and thence returns straight home. Next day all that remains of the victim is burned up with a whole sheep on a funeral pile, and the ashes are scattered over the fields, or laid as paste over the houses and granaries; and for three days after the sacrifice, the inhabitants of the village which afforded it remain dumb communicating with each other only by signs, and remaining unvisited by strangers. At the end of this time, a buffalo is slaughtered at the place of sacrifice, when tongues are loosened."

A Mormon Convert.

A few days since, there was a droll looking individual in one of our public bar-rooms, who attracted considerable attention by relating anecdotes of the Mormons, among whom he had been. At length, flattered by the attentive interest of the by-standers, he declared he would give the whole history of the sect, from the finding of the bible to the secession of Bennett; and mounting one of the auctioneer's stands, he pulled off coat and hat and went to work. It was just at lunch time and the spectators were augmenting every moment. They drew chairs in front of the eccentric speaker, and quite a large and orderly audience soon surrounded him. We shall not follow him through the whole of his curious discourse, but shall give here the manner in which he said a pair of the priests once set about converting him. He was a man of about forty-five, with regular and agreeable features, a mild and somewhat humorous expression about the eye and mouth, a well-shaped head, and hair thickly sprinkled with iron grey—by no means an ordinary looking individual. His dress was peculiar, being of very old cut, and hanging upon him with a sort of mock dignity very farcical in effect.

He said he happened once to come in contact with Dr. Seely and Robinson, a son-in-law of Rigdon, somewhere upon Lake Erie, we forget the exact location he named. They set about converting him, and he paid them the most deferential attention, without saying a word one way or the other. Finally he concluded to humor them and see what would come of it, so he gravely nodded his head to all they said, and looked unutterably pious while he remained as mute as a mouse. They accordingly proceeded to confer upon him the gifts of raising the dead, restoring the blind, curing the sick, straightening the deformed, reading aright the new bible, and various other powers only known now to the Latter Day Saints. This solemn process concluded, they told him another important ceremony must immediately take place, and that was his baptism; they would go with him then to the river and he should be confirmed at once as a saint and elder of the great Mormon Church. To this he also good humoredly agreed, as the horse and wagon in which he was travelling stood ready at the door of the hotel, and they told him the river was but a mile distant. He took Dr. Seely and Robinson into his wagon with him, and off they drove.

After traveling briskly nearly a full hour under direction of his new Mormon friends, he became convinced some rascality was plotting, as instead of a mile they could not have proceeded less than four! They now entered a suspicious looking road through a thick wood, and here the doctor informed him that but one thing more would be necessary after his baptism, an offering to the Church. But the convert declared he had nothing. The doctor inferred that the holy church was not proud and would take the horse and wagon. They were both borrowed from a kind friend and neighbor. No matter; old rules and friendships and laws must be forgotten, for he was now of the new and the only church. Here they came in view of the river, just as our hero concluded he knew quite enough of Mormonism!

Robinson and the doctor tied the horse to the limb of an apple tree, and invited their convert out to prepare for holy baptism. The bank was some forty or fifty feet high and dangerously precipitous, so that our hero suddenly became greatly alarmed at the descent. The water, too, he was sure was too deep, and he couldn't swim a stroke. To convince him the two Mormons instantly stripped off all their clothes and descended into the water, which proved of very pleasant and safe depth. Our hero now had the game in his own hands, and considered it prudent to make use of his advantage with all possible speed. Hastily unlatching the horse while the doctor was calling to him to come down, he threw the clothes of the two Mormons into the wagon, jumped in after them and exclaiming, 'Doctor, I reckon I'll make that offering to the church before the ducking!' he drove off furiously to the hotel, threw the clothes to the landlord as a church offering, and rapidly disappeared upon his journey! How Robinson and Seely got home our quizzical informant left to the imaginative sympathies of his delighted hearers.—N. O. Picayune.

Miller, the doomsday man, still keeps together a host of silly people, who verily believe that the 23d of next April is to complete the history of this world. One of the prophet's disciples actually held, for two hours on Monday last, one thousand people listening to a harangue on the certainty of this early consummation of all things. We think it would be well if some new prophet would arise, who would condescend to put off the event for a hundred years. Perhaps Miller's congregation might thereby be thinned, and some worthy folks saved from a residence in the Insane Asylum.

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Matrimonial Maxims.

Some of our readers are married, some are not, some intend to be, and some probably never will be. So to accommodate all round, we offer them a few maxims, some of which may be useful, but if not, they can do no harm.

If your object is to be happy, do not marry a rich woman without rank, or a lady of rank without riches; the former will tempt you with the poverty you experienced before marriage, and the latter will tempt you with the poverty you feel after.

If, during courtship, you discover what strikes you as a little fault in the disposition or conduct of your fair one, be off as if from a mine, to which the match is about to be applied, for the wedding ring magnifies faults, as much as Herschel's telescope magnified planets.

If your wife be seized with a violent fit of kindness, be very careful what promises you make while it lasts.

She who pronounces "obey" most audibly before the parson, will be most audible in making you obey afterwards.

If you find your home uncomfortable, do not try to make it better; that is not your business; go out every night for a week; be sure to be in good humor when you come home, and before the week is over, it will either better or worse.

If you follow your wife's voluntary advice, you have a chance of doing well; when you ask her for it, it is not half so good.

If your wife be jealous, be sure to romp with every lady you meet when in company but never use any familiarity with a lady of rank lower than her own.

If you are in business and cannot get your breakfast early enough, walk out without saying a word; breakfast as heartily as you can at a public house, and let your bills be sent home to your wife.

If you would live comfortably, always whistle or laugh while your wife is scolding.

If your wife boasts much of her relations, praise them, but trust them as little as you can.

If your wife gets into a passion take yourself off without trying to pacify her; a man, who exposes himself to a storm, gets pelted, while the storm is never the shorter, or the less severe.

GREAT PNEUMONIC MATCH AGAINST TIME!

A Thousand Miles in a Thousand Hours!—Mr. Thomas Elworth, late of the city of St. Louis, but a Yankee by birth, was backed to walk a thousand miles in a thousand successful hours—that is, a mile each hour. This feat will occupy forty-one days and 16 hours. The match comes off on the race course adjoining Mr. Porter's hotel, Cambridge. The distance round which is one mile 7 rods, so that if Mr. E. accomplishes his feat he will have walked 1021 miles 280 rods. There is but one instance on record of a person having performed this task, and this was the celebrated Captain Barclay, who was, we believe, pretty essentially used up by the performance.—Boston Times.

A WOMAN'S REASONS.—A woman's reasons

are said to be three: they are past, present and to come, and are as follows:—'Because I did'—'Because I will'—and 'Because I should like.' The first is it is impossible to get over; the second is almost a hopeless case; and a man must be a brute indeed if he can for a moment object to the third. Then the way in which they bring these reasons to bear is every thing. A man would knit his brows early and say, in a deep repulsive voice, if he liked not the first interrogation, 'because I did!' Not so with a woman; she would put on one of her sweetest looks, and half smiling, say, 'Why my dear, because I did; and you know my love that's a woman's reason for every thing.' To the second, a man would reply, 'Because I will; and if I don't why,' and he would be within a shade of swearing. But a woman would shake her pretty little head, and say, 'Because I will and you know my darling, when I say a thing I always do it; and I never do otherwise than please you, do I, my love!'—As to the third, it does every thing; for who can refuse them 'what they would like.' True enough, it has brought many a man to the gallows; yet who ever could grumble at so trifling a trial; a thing that can but happen once in a man's life, when it shows his attachment to the sex!

A German writer observes, in a late volume

on the social condition of Great Britain, that there is such a scarcity of thieves in England that the Government is obliged to offer a reward for their discovery!

A BAD SUBJECT FOR MESMERISM.—The boy

from the Union house, on whom Dr. Taylor failed to produce any mesmeric effect, while lecturing in Boston, on Wednesday evening, being asked why he didn't go to sleep, shrilly answered, "because I had 'nt got my supper!"
Stanford Mercury.