

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

H. B. MASSER, Editor. Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Masser's Store.

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.

Subscriptions received for a less period than SIX MONTHS. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.



Religion--What is it.

BY BISHOP HEDE.

Is it to go to church to day, To look devout and seem to pray, And ere to-morrow's sun goes down Be dealing slander through the town?

Does every sanctimonious face Denote the certain reign of grace? Does not a phiz that scowls at sin Or viel hypocrisy within?

Is it to make our daily walk, And of our own good deeds to talk, Yet often practice secret crime, And thus mis-spell our precious time?

Is it for set and creed to fight, To call our zeal the rule of right, When what we wish is, at the best, To see our church excel the rest?

Is it to wear the christian dress, And love to all mankind profess, To treat with scorn the humble poor, And bar against them every door?

Oh, no, religion means not this: Its fruits more sweet and fairer is-- Its precept this: to others do As you would have them do to you.

It grieves to hear an ill report, And scorns with human woes to sport-- Of others' deeds it speaks no ill, But tells of good or else keeps still.

And does Religion this impart? Then may its influence fill my heart: O' haste the blissful, joyful day, When all the earth may own its sway.

Mutual Assistance.

A man very lame Was a little to blame To stray from his humble abode; Hot, thirsty, bewildered, And hertily tired, He laid himself down in the road.

While thus he reclined, A man who was blind Came by and entreated his aid; "Deprived of my sight, Unassisted to-night, I shall not reach home, I'm afraid."

"Intelligence give Of the place where you live," Said the cripple, "Perhaps I may know it; In my road it may be, And if you'll carry me, It will give me much pleasure to show it."

"Great strength you have got, Which, alas! I have not, In my legs so fatigued every nerve is, For the use of your back, For the eyes which you lack, My pair shall be much at your service."

Said the other poor man, "What an excellent plan! Pray, get on my shoulders, good brother; I see all mankind, If they are but inclined, May constantly help one another."

The Chinese

ONCE ALMOST CHRISTIANS.—A remarkable circumstance is mentioned by some of the ancient authors, which if true, is a fact which has escaped many of the antiquarians of the present day, and shows that the Chinese were almost Christians 1800 years ago.

It is related to us by Mr. T. Carter, a gentleman of the New York Bar, who has bestowed a considerable degree of study upon the subject, and who delivers a lecture upon the ancient religions of the Chinese, Egyptians, and Romans, and their mythological fables, on Monday evening next.

The celebrated Confucius, 500 years before the Christian era, predicted that at some future time a great and Holy Being should arise in the west. Little attention, however, was paid to this prediction until about the time of our Saviour, when one of the Chinese emperors resolved to act upon the prophecy and search for a new religion.

He appointed commissioners for that purpose who like the magi of the Scriptures went in search of the expected God and travelled towards Judea, which lies directly westward of China, while their countrymen awaited their return. The commissioners on their way shortly arrived at Hindostan and India, and meeting there with a system of worship new to them they supposed they had found the object of their search and went no further.

After a sufficient degree of study to instruct their countrymen in the newly found religion, they returned with the strange doctrine of the metempsychosis and transmigration of souls.

Had the Delegates of the Emperor gone a little further, it is possible that now the whole empire of China might have been one vast Christian nation.—Newark Daily Advertiser.

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, June 8, 1844.

Vol. 4--No. 37--Whole No. 193.

The Obi-men and Women in the West Indies.

Obi, and gambling, are the only instances I have been able to discover, among the natives of the negro land in Africa, in which any effort at combining ideas has ever been demonstrated. The science of obi is very extensive. Obi, for the purpose of bewitching people, or consuming them by lingering illness, is made of grave dirt, hair, teeth of sharks, and other creatures, blood, feathers, egg shells, images in wax, the hearts of birds, and some potent roots, weeds and bushes, of which Europeans at this time are ignorant; but which were known, for the same purposes, to the ancients.

I saw the obi of the famous negro robber, Three-fingered Jack, the terror of Jamaica in 1780 and 1781. The Maroons who slew him brought it to me. His obi consisted of the end of a goat's horn, filled with a compound of grave dirt, ashes, the blood of a black cat, and human fat; all mixed into a kind of paste. A black cat's foot, a dried toad, a pig's tail, a flip of parchment of kid's skin, with characters marked in blood on it, were also in his obi bag.

These, with a keen sabre, and two guns, like Robinson Crusoe, were all his obi; with which, and his courage in descending into the plans, and plundering to supply his wants, and his skill in retreating into difficult fastnesses, commanding the only access to them where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants, and set the civil power and the neighboring militia of that island, at defiance for two years.

He made neither accomplices nor associates. There were a few runaway negroes in the woods near Mount Licanus, the place of his retreat; but he had crossed their foreheads with some of the magic in his horn, and they could not betray him. But he trusted no one. He scorned assistance. He ascended above Spartacus. He robbed alone; fought all his battles alone, and always killed his pursuers.

By his magic he was not only the dread of the negroes, but there were many white people who believed he was possessed of some supernatural power. In hot climates females marry very young, and often with great disparity of age. Here Jack was the author of many troubles; for several matches proved unhappy. "Give a dog an ill name, and hang him. Clamors rose on clamors against the cruel sorcerer; and every conjugal mishap was laid at the door of Jack's spell on the wedding day. God knows poor Jack had sins enough of his own to carry, without loading him with the sins of others. He would sooner have made a Medusa, cauldron for the whole island, than disturb one lady's happiness. He had many opportunities; and, though he had a mortal hatred to white men, he was never known to hurt a child or abase a woman.

But even Jack himself was born to die. Allured by the rewards offered by governor Dalling, in a proclamation, dated the 12th of December of 1780, and by a resolution which followed it, of the house of assembly, two negroes, named Quasher, and Sam both of Scots Hall, Maroon town, with a party of their townsmen went in search of him.

Quasher, before he set out on the exhibition, got himself christened, and changed his name to James Reeder. The expedition commenced; and the whole party had been creeping about in the woods for three weeks, and blockading, as it were, the deepest recesses of the most inaccessible part of the island, were Jack, far removed from all human society, resided—but in vain.

Reeder and Sam, tired with this mode of war resolved on proceeding in search of his retreat, and taking him by storming it, or perishing in the attempt. They took with them a little boat, a proper spirit, and a good shot, and left the rest of the party. These three, whom I well knew, had not been long separated, before their cunning eyes discovered, by impressions among the weeds and bushes, that some person must have lately been that way. They softly followed these impressions, making not the least noise. Presently they discovered a smoke.

They prepared for war. They came upon Jack before he perceived them. He was roasting plantains, by a little fire on the ground, at the mouth of a cave. This was a scene; not where ordinary actors had a common part to play.

Jack's looks were fierce and terrible. He told them he would kill them. Reeder, instead of shooting Jack, replied, that his obi had no power to hurt him; for he was christened; and

that his name was no longer Quasher. Jack knew Reeder; and, as if paralyzed, he let his two guns remain on the ground and took up only his cutlass.

These two had a desperate engagement several years before, in the woods; in which conflict Jack lost the two fingers, which was the origin of his present name; but Jack then beat Reeder, and almost killed him, with several others who assisted him, and they fled from Jack.

To do Three-fingered Jack justice, he would now have killed both Reeder and Sam; for, at first, they were frightened at the sight of him, and the dreadful tone of voice; and well they might; they had beside no retreat, and were to grapple with the bravest and strongest man in the world. But Jack was cowed; for he had prophesied white obi would get the better of him; and from experience, he knew the charm would lose none of its strength in the hands of Reeder.

Without further parley, Jack, with his cutlass in his hand, threw himself down a precipice at the back of the cave. Reeder's gun missed fire. Sam shot him in the shoulder. Reeder, like an English bull-dog, never looked, but, with his cutlass in his hand, plunged headlong down after Jack. The descent was about thirty yards, and almost perpendicular. Both of them had preserved their cutlasses in the fall. Here was the stage on which two of the stoutest hearts that were ever hooped with ribs began their bloody struggle. The little boy who was ordered to keep back, out of harm's way, now reached the top of the precipice, and, during the fight, shot Jack in the stomach.

Sam was crafty, and coolly took a round about way to get to the field of action. When arrived at the spot where it began, Jack and Reeder had closed, and tumbled together down another precipice, on the side of the mountain, in which fell they both lost their weapons. Sam descended after them, who also lost his cutlass, among the trees and bushes in getting down. When he came up to them, though without weapons, they were not idle; and luckily for Reeder, Jack's wounds were deep and desperate, and he was in great agony.

Sam came up in just time enough to save Reeder; for Jack had caught him by the throat and with his giant's grasp. Reeder then was with his right hand almost cut off, and Jack streaming with blood from his shoulder and stomach; both covered with gore and gashes.

In this state Sam was umpire; and decided the fate of the battle. He knocked Jack down with a piece of a rock. When the lion fell; the two tigers got upon him and beat his brains out with stones. The little boy soon after found his way to them. He had a cutlass, with which they cut off Jack's head and three fingered hand, and took them in triumph to Morant Bay; there they put their trophies into a pail of rum, and, followed by a vast concourse of negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's obi, they carried them to Kingston and Spanish town; and claimed the reward of the king's proclamation, and the house of assembly.

PROTECTION AGAINST CORN WORMS.—A

sure protection against the wire and grub worms, communicated to the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, by Mr. Isaac Newton of Delaware county, is to apply to the corn, at the usual period for plastering, say when the sprout is three or four inches out of the ground, a preparation formed of three parts common plaster and one part salt—or in other words, with three quarts of plaster mix one quart of fine salt, and apply it in the usual way, care being taken to put it round the sprout, and not upon the leaves. This has been found to be a sure remedy against the operation of the insects which generally prove so destructive to young corn. It has been tried over and over again, and never known to fail when properly applied.

TO MAKE WATER COLD FOR SUMMER.—

The following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice.—Let the jar, pitcher or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside and reduce it to a freezing point. In India and other tropical regions were ice cannot be procured, this is common. Let every mechanic or laborer have at his place an employment two pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers; the one to contain the water for drinking, the other for evaporation, and he can always have a supply of cold water for warm weather. Any person can test this by dipping a finger in water, and holding it in the air of a warm day; after doing this three or four times, he will find his finger uncomfortably cold.

In consequence of the recent attempt at revolt at Matanzas and Havana, the authorities contemplate introducing free labor by degrees, until the slaves become too impotent for mischief.

George the First and Sophia of Zell.

Historians have generally passed over, as of very little moment, the story of the consort of George the First. The following authentic particulars will interest many readers:—

"Sophia, at the time of their marriage, was only sixteen years of age, and was a princess of great personal charms and mental endowments, yet her attractions did not retain the affections of her husband. After she had brought him a son and a daughter, he neglected his amiable consort, and attached himself to a favorite mistress.

"Such was the situation of Sophia when Count Konigsmark, a Swedish nobleman, arrived at Hanover. He was a man of good figure, and professional gallantry; had been formerly enamoured of Sophia at Zell, and was supposed to have made some impression on her heart. On the sight of her husband, which had been diminished by absence, broke out with increasing violence; he had the impudence publicly to renew his attentions; and as George was absent at the army, he made his solicitations with redoubled ardour. Information of his attachment, and of his success, was conveyed to Ernest Augustus; and one evening, as the Count came out of her apartment, and was crossing a passage, he was put to death by persons placed to intercept him, in the presence of the Elector; and tradition still marks the spot where this murder was committed. Sophia was immediately put under arrest; and though she solemnly protested her innocence, yet circumstances spoke strongly against her.

"George, who never loved his wife, gave implicit credit to the account of her infidelity, as related by his father; consented to her imprisonment, and obtained from the ecclesiastical consistory a divorce, which was passed on the 28th of December, 1694. And even her father, the Duke of Zell, who doted on his only daughter, does not seem to have entertained any doubts of her guilt, for he always continued upon the strictest terms of friendship with Ernest Augustus, and his son-in-law.

"The unfortunate Sophia was confined in the castle of Alden, situated on the small river Aller, in the duchy of Zell. She terminated her miserable existence, after a long captivity of thirty-two years, on the 13th of November, 1726, in the sixty-first year of her age, or seven months before the death of George the First; and she was announced in the 'Gazette' under the title of the Electress Dowager of Hanover.

"During her whole confinement she behaved with no less mildness than dignity; and on receiving the sacrament once every week, never omitted, on that awful occasion, making the most solemn asseverations that she was not guilty of the crime laid to her charge. Subsequent circumstances have come to light, which appear to justify her memory; and reports are current in Hanover that her character was basely defamed, and that she fell a sacrifice to the jealousy and perfidy of the Countess of Platen, favourite mistress of Ernest Augustus. Being enamoured of Count Konigsmark, who slighted her overtures, jealousy took possession of her breast; she determined to sacrifice both the lover and the princess to her vengeance, and circumstances favored her design.

"The prince was absent at the army; Ernest Augustus was a man of warm passions and violent temper, easily irritated, incapable of control. Sophia herself had treated Count Konigsmark with regard and attention, and the lover was hot-headed, self-sufficient, priding himself on his personal accomplishments, and accustomed to succeed in affairs of gallantry.

"Those who exculpate Sophia assert either that a common visit was construed into an act of criminality, or that the Countess of Platen, at a late hour, summoned Count Konigsmark in the name of the princess, though without her connivance; that on being introduced Sophia was surprised at his intrusion, that on quitting the apartment he was discovered by Ernest Augustus, whom the countess had placed in the gallery, and was instantly assassinated by persons whom she had suborned for that purpose.

"Many persons of credit at Hanover have not scrupled, since the death of Ernest Augustus and George the First, to express their belief that the imputation cast on Sophia was false and unjust. It is also reported that her husband having made an offer of reconciliation, she gave this noble and disdainful answer of haughty virtue unacquainted with sin: 'If what I am accused of is true, I am unworthy of his bed; and if my accusation is false, he is unworthy of mine. I will not accept his offers.'

OLD NEWSPAPERS.—Many people take newspapers, but few preserve them; yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its bustle and every day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take a paper dated half-a-century ago, without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph?

A Whisper to the Wife.

Study your husband's temper and character; and be it your pride and pleasure to conform to his wishes. Check at once the first advances to contradiction, even of the most trivial nature. Beware of the first dispute.

Whatever might have been concealed as a defect from the lover, must with greater diligence, be concealed from the husband. The most intimate and tender familiarity cannot surely be supposed to exclude decorum. Let your husband be dearer and of more consequence to you than any other human being; and have no hesitation in confessing those feelings to him.

Endeavor to make your husband's habitation alluring and delightful to him. Let it be a sanctuary to which his heart may always turn from the ills and anxieties of life.

I know no two female attractions so captivating to men as delicacy and modesty. If possible, let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so.

No attractions renders a woman at all times so agreeable to her husband as cheerfulness and good humor.

In the article of dress, study your husband's taste, endeavor to wear what he thinks become you best.

Make yourself as useful to him as you can, and let him see you employed as much as possible in economical pursuits.

Endeavor to feel pleased with your husband's friends.

Encourage in your husband a desire of reading out at his leisure hours.

On the day of her marriage a woman's tour of gaiety should be ended.

How indecorous and offensive it is to see a woman exercising authority over her husband and saying "I will have it so." "It shall be done as I like," &c.

Never join in a jest or laugh against your husband.

Assiduously conceal his faults and speak only of his merits.

In married life confidants are by no means desirable.

Conceal from others any little discord or disunion that occurs between you and your husband.

Never receive the particular attention of any other men.

Be you ever so conscious of a superiority of judgement or talent, never let it appear to your husband.

HINT FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—Deceive not one another in small things or in great. One little sin lies before now disturbed a whole married life. A small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the hands together, and sit idle.—Laziness is the devil's cushion." Do not run much from home.—One's own hearth is gold worth.

Many a marriage, my friends, begins like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow wreath. And why, my friends? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always, my children, to please one another; but, at the same time, keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. "Spare as one may spare fuel for the winter."

Consider, my daughters, what the word house wife expresses. The married woman is her husband's domestic faith; in her hands he must be able to confide house and family—be able to entrust her the key of his heart as well as the key of his eating room. His honor and his home are under her keeping—his well-being is in her hand. Think of this.

And you, my sons, be faithful husbands and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.—Frederica Bremer.

GREAT EQUESTRIAN SHOW.—Mr. Emedy,

the master of the Horse in Mr. Astley's famous Amphitheatre, London, has been "taking the town" by driving through the principal streets of the "Great Metropolis" twenty highly trained horses—a feat never before attempted—attached to a four wheel carriage containing twenty persons at full speed, without the slightest accident occurring—a feat which must be considered extraordinary from the crowded state of the streets with vehicles of all descriptions. Mr. Emedy was accompanied by six beautiful dwarf ponies, drawing a four wheeled carriage, driven by Mr. Mason; two extraordinary white mules, driven by Mr. Steukney; two perambulating vans and a number of outriders, consisting in all of forty horses, forming Mr. Batty's stud of trained horses.

The following from one of the old British Poets is exquisite. It is the very essence of the aroma of fancy. It is addressed to a lady upon whose bosom a flake of snow fell and melted:

The envious snow comes down in haste To prove thy breast less fair, But grieves to see itself surpassed, And melts into a tear.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, \$0 50
1 do 2 do - - - - 0 75
1 do 3 do - - - - 1 00
Every subsequent insertion, - - - 0 25
Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half column, \$18, three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$5; one square, \$3 50.

Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly. Sixteen lines make a square.

DIGNITY OF LABOR.—In early life David kept his father's sheep; his was a life of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labor, yet in the eyes of wise men industry is truly honorable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labor is man's natural condition, and most favorable to mental health and bodily vigour. Bishop Hall says, "Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing." From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest men been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man who was sent for from the plough, Moses had been keeping sheep for forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. The Apostles were chosen from amongst the lowly and laborious fishermen. From whence I infer that, when God has any great work to perform, he selects as his instruments those who by their previous occupation, had acquired habits of industry, skill and perseverance; and that, in every department of society, they are the most honorable who earn their own living by their own labor.

DUTCH BUTTER.—The Dutch Butter is celebrated for its excellence. The following is said to be the mode in which it is prepared:

After having milked their cows, the Dutch leave their milk to get quite cold before they put it in the pans. When placed therein, they do not permit it to stand for the cream to rise more than about four hours. They then stir it together more intimately, to combine the milk and cream, and continue thus to do at least two or three times a day. If it be agitated in this manner, as occasionally happens, till the whole be quite thick, the butter thus obtained is the more highly esteemed. As soon as it acquires the usual consistency, it is churned commonly about an hour, till the butter begins to form; cold water is then added, proportioned to the quantity of milk, for the purpose of facilitating the separation of the buttermilk. The butter being properly come, it is taken from the churn, and repeatedly washed and kneaded in fresh water, till the buttermilk is all expressed, and it no longer retains any tinge of white. By this simple mode, not only far more butter is obtained from the same quantity of milk than in any other way, but the butter itself is firmer, sweeter, and continues longer fresh than the generality of butter, while the buttermilk is infinitely more agreeable to the palate.

STEAKS AND CHOPS.—Meat to be broiled should be hung till it is tender; the inside of a sirloin of beef, cut into steaks, is greatly preferred by most people. But steaks are generally cut from the rump (the middle is the best), about six inches long, four inches wide, and half an inch thick. Do not heat them, it makes them dry and tasteless. Steaks should be done quickly; for this purpose, take care to have a very clear brisk fire; throw a little salt on it, make the grillion hot, and set it slanting to prevent the fat from dropping into the fire, and making a smoke. It requires more practice and care than is generally supposed to do steaks to a nicety.

INDELIBLE INK.—An Exchange papersays: The milk which exudes from the branches of sumach, is the best indelible ink that can be used. Break off one of the stems that support the leaves, and write what may be wanted with it. In a short time it becomes a beautiful jet black, and can never be washed out.

An ingenious mechanic of Cincinnati, having invented a new washing machine, or taken out a patent for an old one, which answers the purpose equally as well, headed his advertisement thus: every man his own washerwoman."

It is said that when Robert Emmett was ascending the scaffold in Dublin, in the year 1803, he gave the executioner a guinea, upon which the latter, in order to show his gratitude for so liberal a bequest, touched his hat like a true-born Irishman, and exclaiming, "Long life to your honour!" put the money safely into his pocket.

A certain cardinal had been observed, for some years, to walk with a considerable stoop, but having been elected pope he suddenly recovered his erect posture, upon which he was congratulated by one of the courtiers. "I was looking for the keys of St. Peter," said the artful ecclesiastic; "I have now found them, and may walk upright."

A TRUISM.—Though dress is worth your attention it is not the first thing that should demand it. Generally speaking, the vulgar pay much more regard to dress than men of real breeding and gentility.

SILENCE FOSTERS ENERGY.—He knows not how to speak who cannot be silent; still how to act with vigor and decision. Who hastens to the end is silent; loudness is impotence.

In the rum bottle discontent seeks comfort—cowardice for courage—and modesty for impudence.