

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. Mas-
ser'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.
No 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.

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 10, 1844.

Vol. 4--No. 44--Whole No. 202.

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.



FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

BY TOM HOOD.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.
Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the forty-second foot!"
The army surgeon made him limbs—
Said he, "They're only pegs,
But there's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs!"
Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devoirs,
When he'd devoured his pay.
But when he call'd on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!
"O, Nelly Gray, O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm!
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform."
Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man,
With both legs in the grave!"
"Before you had these timber toes,
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"
"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajoz's ureacous!"
"Why then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms;
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feet of arms!"
"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse;
Though I've no feet, some other man
Is standing in my shoes."
"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death—alas!
You will not be my Nelly!"
Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot!
So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine;
And for the second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!
One end he tied around the beam,
And then removed his pegs;
And, as his legs were off, of course,
His soon was off his legs!
And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town—
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

American Women.

THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.—The zeal with which the cause of liberty was embraced by the women of America during the war of our Revolution, has often been mentioned with admiration and praise. The following anecdotes will forcibly illustrate the extent and strength of this patriotic feeling:
To Mrs. Pinckney, the wife of Col. Charles Pinckney, a British officer once said, "it is impossible not to admire the firmness of the ladies of your country. Had your men but half their resolution, we might give up the contest. America would be invincible."
Mrs. Daniel Hall having obtained permission to pay a visit to her mother, on John's Island, was on the point of embarking, when an officer stepped forward and in an authoritative manner demanded the key of her trunk.
"I seek for treason," was the reply. "You may save yourself the trouble of search then," said Mrs. Hall. "You may find plenty of it at my tongue's end."
An officer distinguished by his inhumanity, and constant oppression of the unfortunate, meeting Mrs. Charles Elliot in a garden adorned with a great variety of flowers, asked the name of the camomile, which appeared to flourish with peculiar luxuriance—the "Rebel Flower," she replied. "Why was that name given to it?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "it thrives best when trampled upon!"
So much were the ladies attached to the true interest, habituated to injuries, and so resolute in supporting them, that they would jo-

cously speak of misfortunes, though at that moment severely suffering under their pressure. Mrs. Sabina Elliot, having witnessed the activity of an officer who had ordered the plundering of her poultry houses, finding an old Muscovy drake which had escaped the general search, still straying about the premises, had him caught, and mounting a servant on horseback, ordered him to follow and deliver the bird to the officer, with her compliments, as she concluded that in the hurry of departure, it had been left altogether by accident.

The contrivance adopted by the ladies, to carry from the British garrison, supplies to the defenders of our country, were highly creditable to their ingenuity, of infinite utility to their friends. The cloth of many a military coat, concealed with art, and not unfrequently made an appendage to female attire, has escaped the vigilance of the guards expressly stationed to prevent smuggling, and speedily converted into regimental shape, and worn triumphantly in battle. Boots, hats, in many instances, been relinquished by the delicate wester to the active partizan. I have seen a horseman's helmet concealed by a well arranged head dress and epaulettes delivered from the folds of the simple cap of the matron. Feathers and cockades were much in demand, and so cunningly had and handsomely presented, that he could have been no true Knight, who did not feel the obligation to defend them to the last extremity.

In the indulgence of wanton asperities toward the patriotic fair, the aggressors were not unfrequently answered with keenness of repartee that left them little cause of triumph. The haughty Tarleton vaunting his feats of gallantry to the great disparagement of the Continental Cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington, "I have a very earnest desire to see your far-famed hero, Col. Washington." Your wish, Colonel might have been fully gratified, she promptly replied, had you ventured to look behind you after the battle of Cowpens. It was at this battle, that Washington had wounded Tarleton in the hand, which gave rise to a still more pointed retort. Conversing with Mrs. Wiley Jones, Col. Tarleton observed, "You appear to think very highly of Col. Washington, and yet I am told that he is ignorant a fellow that he can hardly write his own name." "It may be the case," she readily replied, "but no man better than yourself, Colonel, can testify, that he knows how to make his mark."

Gems from Pious Authors.

A GROUND FOR STEADFASTNESS.—If I were not penetrated with a conviction of the truth of the Bible, and the reality of my own experience, I should be confounded on all sides—from within and from without—in the world and in the church.—Cecil.
USE OF AFFLICTIONS.—Afflictions are the same to the soul as the plough to the fallow ground, the pruning knife to the vine, and the furnace to the gold.—Jay.
A GOOD CONSCIENCE.—Speak not well of any unadvisedly—that is sordid flattery. Speak not well of thyself, though never so deserving, lest thou be tempted to vanity; but value more a good conscience than a good commendation.—Burkhill.
A LIGHT BURDEN.—"My burden is light." A light burden, indeed, which carries him that bears it. I have looked through all nature for a resemblance of this, and I seem to find a shadow of it in the wings of a bird, which are indeed borne by the creature, and yet support her flight towards heaven.—St. Bernard.
BODILY INFIRMITIES.—Bodily infirmities, like breaks in a wall, have often become avenues through which the light of heaven has entered to the soul, and made the imprisoned inmate long for release.—Dr. Watts.
PRAYER.—It is not the length, but strength of prayer, that is required; not the labor of the lip, but the avail of the heart, that prevails with God. "Let thy words be few," as Solomon says, but full, and to the purpose.—Spencer.
A PIOUS WISH.—When the fiend of affliction is upon me, let me not be the chaff that flies in thy face, but let me be the corn that lies at thy feet.—Henry.
SAFETY IN DUTY.—If we are in the path of duty, and if our help and our hope is in the name of the Lord, we may confidently expect that he will uphold us, however faint and entangled we may seem to be ourselves and others.—Newton.
DEATH.—He that is well prepared for the great journey, cannot enter on it too soon for himself, though his friends will woo for his departure.—Casper.
A GREAT EVENT.—The conversion of a sinner to God, is an event never to be forgotten. It is an era in eternity; it is registered in heaven.—Robert Hall.
LUTHER'S DIVINE.—Three things make a divine, prayer, meditation and temptation.
Come out here and I'll lick the whole on you, as the boy said, when he saw a bottle of sugar sticks in a shop window.

THE BARQUE SALADIN—TRIAL OF THE PIRATES.

The Halifax Herald, from which we copy, does not give the confessions verbatim, but makes a copious abstract of them, as follows:—
When the Saladin was about leaving Valparaiso, Capt. Fielding, whose vessel had been confiscated for a breach of the revenue laws of the country, applied to Capt. McKenzie for a passage to England for himself and his son; and they were taken on board as cabin passengers. Shortly after getting to sea, Fielding occasionally spoke to the men unfavorably of Capt. McKenzie, told them of the valuable cargo that was on board, and questioned them as to their courage and resolution, if they were called on to act in desperate circumstances. All his discourses with them were separately, he never speaking to more than one at a time.
He finally told them still speaking in this cautious manner, to only one at a time, that the crew were about to destroy the officers and take the ship out of their hands. That the one whom he had so addressed had better join them, or his own life would be in danger.—In this diabolical manner he succeeded in securing them one after another into a mutiny, before they were aware of the true state of the case; and in an incredibly short space of time after he first mentioned his plans, he succeeded in obtaining the engagement to take part with him of a sufficient number to carry them into effect. The whole of this was effected in 14 days; and those who were in the plot, being the prisoners, were of one watch, and consequently all being on deck together, they had no difficulty in putting the plans into execution.

The night of the 13th of April was proposed for the tragedy, but one of the mutineers, not being in his place on the deck, and perhaps the whole of them yet being deficient of that hardihood which alone prepares the heart of man for such dreadful deeds, the thing was delayed. Previous to the next night Fielding had an opportunity to farther infuse his spirit into them, excited their fears, inflamed their cupidity, and got them fully prepared for the deeds of blood. The mate's watch, including all the mutineers, were then on deck; and Fielding, pretending that he was irritated by an argument which he had with Captain McKenzie, remained on deck, in conversation with the unsuspecting mate, who repeatedly asked him why he did not go down into the cabin to his rest. This he evaded and still remained on deck. Finally, it now being near twelve at night, the mate went to the man at the helm and told him to steer as well as he could, and as he was unwell, he would lie down a spell on the hen coop. Here then was a favorable opportunity for them; all their victims in their full power. The captain in sleep and fancied security in his cabin; that half the crew who were not in the plot reposed below in their hammocks, and the only object that was in their way had now laid himself down, and sunk into a slumber among them.

This opportunity they but too well improved. The work of death was commenced by Johnson taking an axe, and in darkness and silence, approaching the sleeping man, buried the edge of it in his head. Sensation was immediately suspended, and without the least noise they threw the lifeless body into the sea.

Their next plan was to kill the captain, and Jones and Anderson were sent down into the cabin for that purpose; but the sleeping man's dog was keeping watch for his safety, while his brother man was plotting his death. This dumb animal made them too fearful to proceed, and they returned on deck. Their plan was temporarily altered; they proceeded sit and called up the carpenter, and as soon as his head was above the companion he received a blow with a hammer which stunned him. One of the conspirators then placed his hand over his mouth, and two others threw him overboard. The contact with the sea probably restored animation, and he called out "Murder!" This became the accidental cause of calling Capt. McKenzie on deck; on the drowning man's crying murder, Fielding, then near the entrance to the cabin cried out with a loud voice "a man overboard!" when Capt. McKenzie, with the benevolent design of saving some of his crew, rushed up on deck; and no sooner had he got there, but he was attacked with an axe by Anderson.

The blow, however, did not take effect, and the assaulted man grappled with the murderer, who it would appear retreated, for it was some distance from the cabin stairs when he was seized by Hazleton, and Johnson who was commanded from the helm by Fielding to assist, running to the scene of action, took hold of one of the captain's hands. In this situation, with three of the murderers holding him, Fielding gave him repeated blows on the back part of the head with an axe, which made him a corpse. All this was done in much short of a minute; no noise was uttered, and the only word spoken by their victim, was when Fielding was approaching with the axe; the whole intention then appearing evident, he cried out, "O, Capt.

Fielding!" As soon as the fatal blows suspended animation, the body was cast into the sea. After a short consultation they again assembled aft, and by the way of arousing the watch below, they lowered the jib; the noise which this made, together with the calls of Fielding and others, soon brought the poor wretches on deck; and with perfect security to themselves, in the darkness of midnight, and with weapons of destruction in their hands, they silently despatched them one after another as they came on deck; and in short of an hour after the work of destruction began, six unsuspecting mortals were thus hurried into eternity, and their bodies buried under the ocean.

Carr and Galloway, the cook and steward, who were not in the plot, and whose duties did not call them on deck, were then the only ones that remained, and it became a matter of inquiry what should be done with them. Fielding proposed that they should be slain also. This was objected to and some of them said no more blood should be spilled. When they were called in the morning and informed what had been done, Galloway, we understood, said, "That he was sorry they had not killed him with his mess-mates; and Carr was crying all the next day. They were then all called together by Fielding, and an oath was administered to them on the Bible that they would all be true to each other like a band of brothers. It would appear, however, that Fielding was suspicious of them, notwithstanding their unholly oath; for at his suggestion all the arms and ammunition, together with axes, adzes, and all offensive weapons on board, were thrown into the sea.

They then had the vessel, with all the costly freight at their command, and Fielding proposed that they should run her to the coast of North America, land at some secluded spot in or about the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and secure their booty on shore; after which they would go to the States, and return with some small vessel to bring it away. This well-laid scheme was, however, defeated by his own cupidity and reckless inhumanity.

In a conversation the next day with Johnston, Fielding said that he would get rid of Carr and Galloway when they got near the land, by giving them a dose of poison, and alleged that they must have the crew still farther reduced. This Johnston did not approve of, and mentioned it to his comrades, which occasioned them all to feel suspicious of Fielding. These suspicions were increased by their accidentally discovering that he had secreted two horse pistols, some ammunition and a large carving knife. This they immediately taxed him with, but he denied knowing any thing about them, and in a controversy that ensued, he said he would throw himself overboard, and was leaving the cabin professedly with that intent.

They, however, took hold of him to stop him, and having got hold of him, they kept him; and on some one of them saying that he ought to be secured, they momentarily came to a determination to do it, and tied him hand and foot, and melancholy to say, the young boy, who had taken no part in the transaction, was tied also. In this state they were left on the cabin floor all night.

The next morning, the son, it would appear was liberated; for he was afterward found on the forward part of the deck. As for the monster, Fielding himself, he had his feet untied and was brought on deck, and was made to hear the consultation respecting what was to be done with him. The result of which consultation was that they should throw him overboard, and this was accordingly done; and Carr and Galloway were made to assist in doing. The poor little boy was forward at the time, and notwithstanding his piteous prayers for mercy, and his screams of almighty, he was thrown over also.

After the confessions were read, the prosecution closed, and the Chief Judge, going one by one through the list of prisoners as they were named in the indictment, asked them if they had anything to say in behalf of themselves. Johnston in reply asked leave to read a paper he bore spoke of; which leave was granted. This paper was evidently prepared under the hope that there was still a prospect of mercy for him; but it disclosed no facts on which such a hope could be grounded. The other prisoners relieved their defence to their counsel.

William Young and J. O'C. Doyle, Esqrs., each addressed the jury in a short speech on behalf of the prisoners; but it was evident that neither had any expectation of saving them from the penalty so justly due to the aggravated crimes they had been guilty of.
The jury, after about a quarter of an hour's absence, returned with a verdict in accordance with his Lordship's charge—that the four prisoners were GUILTY.
The trial of the other two prisoners, Carr and Galloway, for the murder of Captain Fielding and his son, was brought on the next day, and found NOT GUILTY.

The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

A writer in the Boston Morning Chronicle, furnishes an interesting article upon the subject of the Mammoth Cave, which he explored with care. He concludes as follows:—
The air in the cave is so pure that the sense of smell becomes very acute; so that when you first come out, if the weather be warm, the air seems impregnated with vegetable matter, and you feel as if entering a hot, close stove room. If, on the contrary, it is cold, it is said the air without seems as though it would pierce you through. These sensations, however, soon wear off, as the system adapts itself to the atmosphere.

It is believed that it was once inhabited, and by a race wholly different from any existing Indian tribe. As proof of this, traces of the savage are still found here—two mummies having been found, some years since with red hair, in a good state of preservation. Also the skeleton of a mammoth human frame—besides ends of cane, which were used for their torches and their fire; one of which, an unusually long specimen, Steve presented me with, which he has held for several years.

But the most striking characteristic of this cave is its vast dimensions. Before entering, I had no idea that there could be such a hole under the earth; and what now mortifies me the most is, that I am totally unable to describe it. This is not a cave—that name is inappropriate for this magnificent grotto—this stupendous tunnel—this boundless territory, or nether world. In fact, should the truth be told of this cave, it will not be believed. Who believes that the air rushes six months in, and six months out, at its mouth, sufficient to extinguish the flame of a torch, and yet one half a mile in there is not sufficient draught to wave the blaze of a candle! Not one in twenty. Who believes that there is a pit of 100 feet deep, and directly above it is a dome 200 feet high! Not one in thirty. Who believes that the thermometer never varies from 57 degrees of Fahrenheit, the coldest days of winter or the hottest of summer, and that too, when the cave door is left open all winter long! Who, that in winter, a cart load of bats can be shovelled off from a space fifteen feet square, and that millions and millions hang on some parts of the wall two and three feet thick! Who, that two mummies have been found, with red hair, a mile inside the mouth? Who, that animals will not enter without being compelled! That it was once inhabited by the Indians! That its different passages uniformly measure over 100 miles in length! Who, that sulphureous gas obtained there! That oxen were once worked and fed there—that the tracks made by their feet over thirty years are distinctly seen, and that the corn cobs, left in their trough and on the ground, remain in a perfect state of preservation! That animal flesh dries and becomes hard! Who, that meat will not putrify, nor vegetable matter decompose! That a stage coach can drive for miles without obstruction! That the heaviest thunder cannot be heard inside, even at the first hopper! That formations, as white as driven snow, line the side and ceiling of a grotto for two miles! That there are streams 20 feet deep and a mile in length, and fish in them without eyes! Who believes this! Not one in fifty—no, not one in a hundred. Yet all this is the fact. I believe it, and much of it I have seen, felt and handled, and the whole inwardly memorialized.

MAR YOHANNAN, THE NESTORIAN.—We have been politely favored, says the N. York Express, with the perusal of a letter, recently received from Rev. Dr. Perkins, in Persia, in which he thus speaks of the interesting Prelate of the Nestorian church, who visited this country in 1843. The Rev. Dr. says:—"Since his visit to America, his ideas of Christianity appear to be very different from what they were before. To day he gave a brief account of what he saw in America to a church full of people.
He described the arts of life as being far in advance of the arts in Persia—said, (as a reason for this,) they have the Bible there and read it; it is all from the Bible.
His account of the state of arts in it, was such as to fill his hearers with wonder. "His remarks respecting the state of religion were still more interesting. He spoke of the great congregations assembled on the Sabbath, their devout attention, their stillness, the neatness and elegance of their churches. He said that large churches, which would hold several thousand people, dirt enough could not be found to fill a pipe. The stillness of the Sabbath surprised him. He said (in his general way of speaking) that not a man was to be seen out on that day, except when on the way to the house of God."
What rum suckers they must have been in old times, when even the noblemen used to carry cozzies on their heads!

Fatal Result of a Frolic.

There is a good deal of society among the Greek families at Athens for a few weeks before the Carnival. They meet together in the evenings, and amuse themselves in a very agreeable way. At one of these parties the discourse fell on the existence of ghosts and spirits. Michael, who was present, declared that he had no faith in their existence. All the party present exclaimed against what they called his freemasonry; and even his sister, who was not given to superstition, begged him to be silent lest he should offend the *neraides*, who might punish him when he least expected it. He laughed and ridiculed Phrosen, offering to do anything to dare those doubted spirits which the company could suggest.

Nerio, a far greater skeptic than Michael, suddenly affected great respect for the invisible world, and by exciting Michael, he gradually engaged, amidst the laughter of his companions, to undertake to fry a dozen of eggs on the tomb of a Turkish *santon*, a short distance beyond the Patissia gate, to leave a pot of charcoal, to be seen next morning, as a proof of his valor, and return to the party with the dish of eggs. The expedition was arranged, in spite of the opposition of the ladies. Four or five of the young men promised to follow at a little distance, unknown to Michael, to be ready lest anything should happen. Michael, himself, with a zembi, containing a pot of charcoal, a few eggs and a flask of oil in one hand and a frying pan and a small lantern in the other, closely enveloped in his dusky capote, proceeded smiling to his task. The tomb of the Turk consisted of a marble cover taken from some ancient sarcophagus, and sustained at the corners by four small pillars of masonry, the top was not higher than an ordinary table, and below the marble slab there was an empty space between the columns.

The night was extremely dark and cold, and that the friends of Michael, familiar as they were with their native city, found some difficulty in following him without a lantern through the mass of ruins Athens then presented. As they approached the tomb, they perceived that he had already lighted his charcoal, and was engaged in blowing it vigorously, as much to warm his hands as to prepare for his cooking operations. Creeping as near to him as possible without risking a discovery, they heard, to their amazement, a deep voice, apparently proceeding from the tomb, which exclaimed, "Ban gedje kek sokuk der adanlara. It must be a cold night for mankind." "To piecevo offendi," said Michael, in a careless tone, but nervously proceeded to pour a whole bottle of oil in the frying pan.

As soon as the oil was boiling and bubbling, the voice from the tomb again exclaimed, "Gai-eur no apoyorum, managani pisherion, yucke buradan, niyer yiklemassun ben seni kibis ederem, tala-nun yevine seni yerim," signifying pretty nearly "Infernal, what are you doing here? You appear to be cooking—fly hence, or I will eat my supper of thy carrion." And at the instant, a hand, covered by an enormous white turban, protruded itself from under the tomb-stone with open mouth.

Michael, either alarmed at the words and the apparition, or angry at the suspicion of a premeditated trick on the part of his companions, seized the painful of boiling oil, and poured the whole contents into the gaping mouth of the spectre, exclaiming, "An ehis toson erekin, na to labhi, Scheitan oglu! If you are so hungry take the oil, son of Satan!" A shriek which might have awakened the dead proceeded from the figure, followed by a succession of hideous groans. The friends of Michael rushed forward, but the lamp had fallen to the ground and was extinguished in the confusion. Some time elapsed ere it was found and lighted. The unfortunate figure was dragged from the tomb, suffocated by the oil, and evidently in a dying state, if, indeed, life was not already extinct. Slowly the horrible truth became apparent. Nerio had separated himself from the rest of the party, unperceived, disguised himself, and gained the tomb before the arrival of Michael, who thus became the murderer of his sister's lover. *Blackwood's Magazine.*

Here is a specimen of an alphabetical transcendentalism:—As Beauties Culminate During Every Favorable Garbure, However, Imperfect Jarring Kingdoms Legislature, Men Never Obliterate Partially Questions Rising Summarily Towards Unusual Varieties, Without Zoroical Yearnings.

"Sarah, dear," said a waggish husband to his wife, "if I were in your place I wouldn't keep the babe so full of butter as you do."
"Butter, my dear! I never givv it any butter."
"No, but you poured about a quart of milk down it this afternoon, and then trotted it on the knee for near two hours. If it doesn't contain a quantity of butter by this time, it isn't fit for want of churning.—Boston Mail.