

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

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MACHINE POETRY.

Well, Bill, we'll put our machine in motion once more. Recollect the last time we used it some of the gearing got out of order and knocked down a whole stanza into the middle of chaos.

There is not a valley in this wide world so sweet as that where they've lobsters and oysters to eat; And down to that beach a poor exile of Erin One morning I spied with a hungry maw steerin' The dew on his thin robe hung heavy and chill.

Hail Columbia happy land! For wondrous times are nigh at hand; I could read my title clear, I would right off to Texas steer; And those who met me on the way I have no doubt to me would say, O tell me blue eyed stranger, Say whither dost thou roam? Through these cane-brakes a stranger, Hast thou no settled home?

Oh, can you see by the dawn's early light The mosquito that we heard at the twilight's last gleaming? The mosquito that bit us so fiercely all night, That kept us the while from e'er sleeping or dreaming?

Load roared the dreadful thunder, The rain a deluge poured, The clouds seemed rent asunder, Yet wife lay still and snored! And then I sung With trembling tongue, Hush my dear lie still and slumber, Valiant armies guard thy bed; Pleas and bed-bugs without number Gently wander round thy head.

Well done, bill! you and I, and the machine are done wonders. We have produced something of only entirely original, but excellent beyond criticism. It takes the shine off the original poetry which ornaments our city and country newspapers.—Sunday Mercury.

From the New York Evening Post.

INCIDENTS OF A VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

The following extracts are from Miss Sedgwick's title in the Democratic Review:

"We have some forty steeple passengers. Their quarters are divided from ours by a sail cloth which invidious barrier they may not pass. They, for the most part, malcontent English who, being lured to the United States by dreams of an El Dorado, are disappointed to find that the universal law is in force there—Providence's stern decree that prosperity must be paid for in the old-fashioned coin of industry and its kindred virtues. We have tried to stir up a spirit of mutual kindness with these people, making the first advance by giving apples and raisins to their children, but they do not meet us half-way. They are both shy and rely; and I observe in them what I have often observed in English people of their condition, an uncertainty as to their relative position, and an acquiescence that is ready to break forth into presumption and insolence.

The artificial distinctions in which they were reared have ceased—the forms and words by which they expressed deference, are disused—the harness taken off the blinders are removed, and they are in possession of a liberty to which they are unaccustomed, and are in the midst of objects which they have never measured and do not understand. Our people, not fenced out with briar hedges, nor aided by an unmeaning and proscriptive civility, are to measure themselves with others and to respect natural elevations and real distinctions. We agree to dispose with certain forms of European civilization, but I doubt if in your whole life you have been half a dozen times treated with premeditated disrespect by your inferiors in condition, here is one old pair among the steerage passengers who are quite an exception to the prevailing likeness.

"You are old," said I to the good woman, who had been telling me a dismal story of the discomforts of the people in the steerage, "you are old to crossing the Atlantic."

"Ah indeed, ma'am, if it were for any thing but to go home."

"You are English?"

"Ah!" interposed the husband, good-naturedly who would be anything else that could help it?"

"You should not say that," replied his wife meekly, "since our children have chosen America for em and theirs."

"Well, and to say the truth," he resumed, "it is fine country for the young, but it is not old England."

"It is not our home, you should say," replied his wife in an apologetic tone, and looking at me.

"We all allow," I said, "there is no place like me."

"True, ma'am, we all say it, but to feel it, one must cross the seas. Everybody wondered at us, as we could not get a contented feeling—the trees I got look natural—the ram on those new houses don't sound as it did on the old thatched roof—never seemed to rise nor set in the right way."

"I had no way of telling; but it was not light by a jug full."

"Can't you compare it to something?"

"Why, if I was going to compare it to any thing, I should say it was about as dark as a stack of black cloth."

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, Sept. 25, 1841.

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Trades vs. Professions.

In no republic in the world, perhaps, is there more latent aristocracy than in ours. The revolution, while it rendered us an independent nation, did not, like the French Revolution of '89, work any damage in our social system. We only ruled ourselves, instead of being ruled by others. The reform was purely political, and though the sense of the people would not endure swords; hoops and court dresses at the President's levees, it did not interfere with the private pomp, or aristocratic pretensions of any one. And the social system, to this day, remains unaltered, for although time perhaps has somewhat modified it, in every important particular it remains as it was before the Revolution. Especially is this perceptible in our cities. The same deference for rank, the same notions of exclusiveness, the same idea of gentility and aristocracy, disgrace too often the present generation as much as they were to be pitied in our ancestors of the colonial times. Education and talents are nothing; wealth or fashion is every thing. A man may be as learned as Newton, as philanthropic as Howard, as courteous and refined as Bayard, and yet he is vulgar, but if he is as great a fool as Titmouse and rides in a gilded coach he is the very pink of gentility.

"But you have left all your children there." "Yes, and all married and doing well on nice farms in Ohio; they are busy with the world, we have done with it—and we want to go home and lie down in the church-yard where all our dead lie where we are used to everything, and everything will look natural!" "And your children were willing?" "Yes—there are good children and kind—yes—all but the youngest,—she was not willing—no, not willing; but when she saw us pine she was silent—poor Anne!—I wonder if the pear tree is living you planted the day she was born. John! The shade of it killed the rose that you set out for the eldest girl's birth day."

"Yes—God forgive me—I remember," replied John, "but indeed, ma'am, the little place was so stifled with shrubs and flowers, and the like, that one could not set down a tree without killing them with the shade of it. There were more flowers clustered under our windows than you can find on all the big farms in Ohio. It will be a long day, ma'am, before your country will look like old England."

I too had my preferences, and my aching longing for home, and therefore I the more respected the old man's, and the less wondered that he was going home in despite of all the excellent reasons the political economist might have given him for remaining in our flourishing land. I should be very apt, like them, to go home, if but to die amid old familiar things.

While we were talking with the old pair, there was a tall, haggard man, with uncombed hair and a death-like paleness, stalking up and down in the narrow and encumbered space on the forward deck, as if all the world were indeed a stage, and he the only player. I could find out nothing from his fellow passengers, but that this had been the way of his going on ever since we embarked, that he is muttering to himself sleeping and walking—and that he drinks more than he eats."

Our gossip stewardess has given me some further particulars of the man who excited my curiosity last evening. He is an Englishman, and has been a thriving carpenter in New York. He came on board in a fit of madness, compounded of jealousy and alcohol. This has, in a degree, subsided, but he is still incessantly murmuring something of his wrongs,—at one moment swearing to return and murder his wife and her lover, and then remembering he has all his money with him, resolving he will leave them, as the stewardess elegantly expresses it, "to starve it out together."

"Their love or their life, stewardess!" "Their love—their love, ma'am,—such love is short-lived, any way;—but I think the poor man swears her and himself; it's the delirium tremens the poor fellow has, and that makes him conceit everything. His wife followed him to the ship begging him to go home with her—an innocent pretty woman, and she sat on an old box on the end of the wharf, with her baby in her arms, and the tears streaming down her cheeks, looking most desolate like,—he swearing and stamping till the mate stopped him, and shut him down below."

"Well, our Othello has finished his dream—not thrown himself into the sea, but the means whereby he lived, one hundred and twenty-five sovereigns.—This our stewardess considers a far more unquestionable proof of madness than a felo de se. The poor fellow threw the money overboard last evening, and it has had the effect to sober him. He awoke this morning to a consciousness of his penniless condition, and he begins to suspect he has been in a delusion about his wife. The passengers are all astir with the incident. One might imagine a morning paper had come in. What outside creatures most men and most women are!—they live upon what is enacted: the world within, with its ever-evolving and inscrutable mysteries, has nothing novel or curious for them."

"SAILORS.—The sailors are my admiration—their obedience, promptness, calmness, and intrepidity.—When I see these men mounting in all their hurly-burly to the round-top, fearless as birds, and trundling the ropes on the right use of which our lives depend, as calmly as we, in our quiet homes, pull the threads of our sewing, I cannot but laugh at certain bold theories about the sexes. What may be in the future developments of society we know not—the possible is in the impetuous obscurity of the future; but what a young lady embroidering a belpoise, and what a sailor reefing a sail in a storm, actually are, we know. There are, it is true, some striking exceptions to the general destiny and character,—that magnanimous creature, Grace Darling, for example."

The following is the next best thing to the evidence concerning a stone, "as big as a piece of chalk."

"Were you traveling on the night this affair took place?"

"I should say I was, sir."

"What sort of weather was it? Was it raining at the time?"

"It was so dark that I could not see it raining; but I felt it dropping though."

"How dark was it?"

"I had no way of telling; but it was not light by a jug full."

"Can't you compare it to something?"

"Why, if I was going to compare it to any thing, I should say it was about as dark as a stack of black cloth."

"The rank is but the guinea stamp. The man's the gold for that."

We have long made up our minds on this point. We have satisfied ourselves that all really good and great men despise these painful distinctions of profession; and for the opinion of others we care not. Our sons shall not bow down to this Dacon. We will endeavor to make them good members of society, and to give them an occupation that will afford them a chance for a decent competence, but we will

never sacrifice them to the Moloch of gentility, or suffer them to think that a profession is better than a trade.—Saturday Evening Post.

Serious Accident.

An accident occurred yesterday morning at the Rail Road Depot in Pratt street, the consequences of which there is reason to apprehend, will result fatally to one of the persons involved in it. It appears that Mr. JOHN DOUGHERTY, a contractor on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail road, and a most worthy man, was engaged in conversation with General SIMON CAMERON, Cashier of the Bank of Middletown Pa.—both gentlemen being in that part of the depot which is near the eastern outer gate. Before the car came out, Gen. C. remarked to Mr. D. that he thought it was not safe to remain where they were standing, but the latter expressed his opinion so confidently that there was room for the cars to pass out without injury to them, that they continued their conversation without changing their position. In a few minutes after one of the cars was drawn out of the depot at a slow rate, and the two gentlemen were jammed between the car and the wall of the ticket office. As the car advanced the space left for their bodies was perhaps but little if any exceeding six inches. Mr. Dougherty, whose bodily frame is large and stout, was shockingly crushed, his collar bone and several of his ribs being broken—the blood forced from his chest into his head in a manner fearful to behold, and his eyes literally started from their sockets. General Cameron's thin and spare frame enabled him to escape with, we hope, no serious injury, although the pressure in the region of the lower part of the body was very severe. Both gentlemen were conveyed to William's Eagle Hotel, where physicians were procured, and every possible attention that the humanity, sympathy and kindness of the various attendants could suggest was freely afforded. General C.'s hurts do not indicate any serious injury, and we hope that a day or so of quiet will restore him to his wonted activity and his bosom of his family. Mr. Dougherty's case, we are pained to add, is one of a very serious character, so much so that scarcely a hope is entertained of his recovery. His deportment since the unhappy occurrence has been calm and perfectly self-possessed, although evidently suffering intense bodily pain. His first expressed wish, after being conveyed to the hotel, was that a clergyman might be sent for and the consolations of religion administered to him; and later in the day he closed, by will, the arrangement of his worldly affairs. A messenger was also despatched to Pennsylvania, to apprise his family of the accident.—[Balt. American.

Accidents on Railroads.

It is ascertained from a late British publication that the "danger of loss of life, on average railroad trips, about 1 to 4,000,000."

"In a report of the Utica and Schenectady railroad company to the Legislature, it is stated that for the four years and five months the company have been in existence, they have carried over their road 389,547 through passengers and 334,522 way passengers—(724,089 passengers ending 31st December, 1840.) It is not known that a single life has been lost during this period by the railroad, on this important throughfare.

The Great Western railroad in England, during the last 2 or 3 months, has ran 29,200,000 passengers, without any accident, fatal or otherwise, to a passenger from its opening. The Franklin Institute, after mentioning four other roads states, "Thus added to our former hints from these five railways, only one of which is a large passenger line, (3,365,000 miles,) without one fatal accident, and only two slight bruises fairly attributable to the railways; for we repudiate all accidents which the drunken or head-strong ways of men violating order and rules, bring upon themselves. The account therefore, will stand thus:—about 256,600,000 of miles were run, and 14,000,000 of persons carried, with only two fatal accidents upon the railway system."

One of the large blocks of granite, intended for the corner of the Merchant's Exchange, arrived in State street this morning about one o'clock, and has excited much curiosity. The Advertiser says, "It was drawn in by sixty yoke of oxen and six horses, weighs about fifty-seven tons, measurement, and is forty feet long, and four or five in thickness."—Boston Mercantile Journal.

Steam Carriages.

The application of steam power to carriages for common roads, has for some time been the subject of scientific examination and of practical experiment in England. Several attempts have been pronounced more or less successful, notices of which have been transferred to our columns. In the late British periodicals before us, we find various accounts of a new "steam coach," which is admitted to be very perfect in design and workmanship. It has made trips from a point within the Regent's Park, London, to Tottenham. One day last month the coach proceeded from the Park with a full load of scientific gentlemen to the latter place; there it was turned round with perfect facility by the conductor, and it returned to the Park.

The distance traversed was between eight and nine miles; it was traversed in rather less than half an hour. The road undulates considerably, and there are some ascents; nevertheless the speed up hill was good, certainly twelve miles an hour; on level ground it was fourteen; and on the descents sixteen or eighteen miles. The carriage was turned round with going at the rate of ten miles an hour. The conductor had a perfect command of the carriage, and caused it to pass between carriages drawn by horses, cars, &c., with which some portions of the road were crowded, without coming in contact with any of them, and with a facility of management that was surprising.

The part or division of this vehicle designed for passengers has four transverse seats, each of which accommodates four persons; the boiler and apparatus are behind the seats; the conductor sits on the front seat and guides it and governs its speed by a sort of handle, which rises from the foot-board. The appearance of the carriage and the rapidity of its motion caused several horses to shy, but no accident ensued. There is no visible escape of steam, nor is there any annoyance from smoke. In England, where the roads are always in perfect order, this species of steam coach might be introduced to advantage. As yet, there are few roads in the country sufficiently smooth for the purpose. The invention must be noted, whether extensively useful or not, among the scientific and mechanical triumphs of the day.—[Phil. Nat. Gaz.

Steam Pile Driver.

Messrs. Pond, Higham & Co., the enterprising proprietors of the "Vulcan Iron Works" in this city, have just completed a machine for driving piles which is to be sent to Liverpool, England, from whence it was ordered by a company who have taken large contracts on the great Russian Railroad. This machine, which we saw in operation on Tuesday last, is worked by steam, and with half a dozen hands to manage it, is capable of performing the work of two hundred men and twenty of the old fashioned pile drivers. We have not room to enter into a minute description of the manner in which it is constructed, and must therefore be content with saying, that it carries its own locomotive, sets up the piles, drives them, and cuts off at a proper grade with a circular saw, thus preparing the road to receive the rails as it progresses onward. It is a "yunque notion" which reflects great credit, on the ingenuity and skill of the inventors and manufacturers, by whom it has been christened "Brother Johnathan." It is most perfect in its action, and without doubt, will entirely supersede the pile drivers heretofore used in constructing railroads and docks in Europe as it has already, to a considerable extent in this country.—[Oneida N. Y. Whig.]

Canal Boat Building.

This business is extensively carried on at Rochester, N. Y. The Democrat says: There are in this city in all eight yards in which boat building is carried on. In these there have been built within a year, about one hundred and fifteen boats—most of which are of the first class. The average value may be estimated at \$1,600 each, making an aggregate of one hundred and eighty-four thousand dollars. Add to this the sum paid for repairs upon old boats, which, in some yards go as high as from \$6,000 to \$8,000, and the sum total will be more than \$200,000! In these different yards there are employed more than six hundred hands.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, . . . \$0 50
1 do 2 do . . . 0 75
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Yearly Advertisements, (with the privilege of alteration) one column \$25; half column, \$12; three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Without the privilege of alteration a liberal discount will be made.
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.

Cast Iron Rail Roads.

SPAULDING & USHERWOOD'S cast iron rail and superstructure, recently invented at Owego, New York, is described in the Railroad Journal as follows—a cut being promised for the next number:

"This railroad is intended to be used for the rail and superstructure of railroads, without the auxiliary of wood."
"The rail is composed of cast iron, cast whole, with an upper and lower arch, and appropriate flanges. The arches to be united by posts with braces disposed lozenge-wise between."

"The arches are terminating in an abutting piece at the ends, and the feet tied together by wrought iron rods. The bars are also connected transversely by wrought iron ties. The top of the rail is a horizontal bar with a flange cast under the centre of the bar, and supported by posts above the upper arch, and by braces disposed lozenge-wise between them, to support the bar and load, and secure the branches of the upper arch. The rails are cast with a tongue and groove joint at the extremities, and fitted at the end into a cast iron chair, which is placed upon the foundations. The foundation may consist of wood or iron piles, stone, brick or wood blocks, or such other materials as may be most convenient.

"The length of the bars is ten feet, but the length and sizes may both be altered to suit the locality. A piece of this cast iron road is now in operation on the Ithaca and Owego railroad, near the village of Owego. It is daily run over by an eleven ton locomotive with heavy loads of lumber, plaster, merchandize, etc., and in every respect gives entire satisfaction. The weight of each bar is 250 lbs., and with white oak piles placed ten feet apart longitudinally, can be built for \$11,000 per mile inclusive of grading!"

If this railroad proves successful, and there is no reason why it should not, it will open a new era in railroad making, and will, more effectually than 20 per cent duty, check the importation of foreign iron. To make such a road, no iron would answer better than that made with anthracite coal; and if the castings be as simple as would appear from the above description, they can be furnished at the low rate of \$35 or \$40 per ton. This added to the saving in foundations, cross-ties &c., would at once give the cast iron railroad the superiority in point of cheapness, while it would be more than equal in durability.

Salt.

We congratulate our fellow citizens of the Grand River Valley, and of Western Michigan, upon the fortunate result of the undertaking of Mr. LYON to obtain Salt water at this place. His efforts are crowned with success coeval with his wishes, and in one particular far exceeding his imaginings for about eighteen months the work has been progressing—while many doubted, and all hoped, but few were sanguine of success.

At a depth of about 300 feet indications of salt first became apparent, but for a long distance after nothing further seemed to be gained, and many began to think they had been cheered for naught. The works were continued until the shaft had been sunk 661 feet, when the evidences were such that the operation of boring was suspended, and tubes sunk to ascertain the quantity and quality of the brine. On Saturday last (the 28th) the tubes were put down to the depth of 360 feet, but little over half the depth of the well, when, to the joyful surprise of all, pure brine, of the quality of one bushel of salt to from 50 to 58 gallons, ascended and poured out of the tube with immense force.

[Grand Rapids (Mich.) Adv.]

*NARROW ESCAPE.—The ferry-boat which plies between the east and west banks of the river at Hudson, took fire on Friday last while crossing, and burnt to the water's edge. The passengers and teams were landed upon the flats, in the middle of the river, before the fire had made much progress. Just after the ferry boat had left the wharf at Hudson, two wagons loaded with powder were driven down to the ferry stairs, fortunately a moment too late to cross in the boat.—[Albany Daily Adv.]

The following is from the London Sun. It is swallowable!

Too Bad.—A shoemaker at Lynn, Massachusetts, the place where they shovel so many shoes together and so fast, lately whipped one of his apprentices to death because he could not hang up the shoes as fast as his master made them!