

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

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[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.]

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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

Hail Columbia happy land! For waesona times are nigh at hand; If I could read my title clear, I would right off to Texas steer;

say, can you see by the dawn's early light The mosquito that we heard at the twilight's last gleaming?

Load roared the dreadful thunder, The rain a deluge poured, The clouds seemed rent asunder, Yet wife lay still and snored!

Well done, bill! you and I, and the machine are done wonders. We have produced something of only entirely original, but excellent beyond criticism.

From the New York Evening Post. INCIDENTS OF A VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

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

"We have some forty steerage 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, having been 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."

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."

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

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

"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."

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.

Vol. 1--No. 111.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., 1 square 1 insertion, 1 do 2 do) and Price (e.g., \$0 50, 0 75, 1 00).

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.

"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!

"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.

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—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 bellows, 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.'"

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

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This ridiculous affection of a superiority unknown to our laws and in violation of common sense itself, is strikingly perceptible in the desire of parents to make their sons lawyers or physicians. The veriest dunce can thus, it is supposed, be white-washed into a gentleman. Because the English aristocracy for a matter of some seven centuries has reserved the law for its younger sons, and because no man could be admitted a student at Lincoln's Inn unless he quartered the arms of a gentleman, it has come to be the fashion forsooth in our republican country to give young men a year's probation in a lawyer's office. Honest traders are deserted because they are—to use the cant phrase—vulgar; and every youngster who wishes to be exclusive, and do the genteel studies the law, no matter how unfitted his talents may be for that peculiarly difficult profession. He is perhaps the son of some vain fashionable mother, and of a father who has accumulated a little wealth by honorable industry. The wife loves display, and her richer neighbors, and is forever struggling to get within the charmed circle of the exclusives; but alas! her husband has been a jobber, or perhaps a mechanic, and the wives of lawyers, and gentlemen of leisure sneer at her and her pretensions. Nothing will therefore do but that Johnny shall be a lawyer, and learn to despise his father as a vulgar common tradesman. And so the darling is brought up; and at twenty-one takes his oaths at the bar, and then walks Chestnut street with perfumed curls and whiskers, and turns up his nose if an honest mechanic jostles him, or a laborer comes betwixt the wind and his nobility.

This may be called an exaggerated picture, and generally speaking it is, although such instances are by no means rare. It illustrates however our position—that the bar is resorted to because it is considered more genteel than a trade, or even commerce. Hundreds study this profession yearly who ought rather to be driving the plough, guiding the plough, or selling cambrics. Unfitted by their talents, character, or education for the law, they live drones if wealthy, and strave if poor.

This evil is wide-spread as our country. In the west, at the south, in New England, and among ourselves, the law is so crowded with members as to render a competence in it almost impossible. New York city has seven hundred lawyers, and Philadelphia almost as many. We might name a dozen of country towns with populations little over two thousand a piece, that contain from twenty to thirty lawyers; and of these, nine out of ten barely scrape together a painful subsistence, leaving only a title of their number to accumulate fortunes. How different the life of a mechanic!

We deem it the duty of every honest press to combat this evil. For our part, we despise the whole cant about the gentility of profession. That man who makes the citizens, whose labor yields the most to the community, or whose principles come nearest to those of the good man of the Bible, is the most honorable. The farmer who sows his seed, and the builder who erects his house, the tradesman who supplies our wants, and the laborer who works for our hire, are just as honest and as honorable, as the professional man who lives by his intellect alone, or the wealthy capitalist who subsists on the interest of his funds. We are all God's creatures. He may give one man talent, and another strength, and another fortune, but artificial distinctions are as "stench in his nostrils." It is not money, nor a profession that makes the honest citizen.

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

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 "yankee 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.—[Onondaga N. Y. Whig.]

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.

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 lozengerwise 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 lozengerwise 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!"

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.

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.

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 Dan.—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!