

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."  
HENRY B. MASSER, PUBLISHER AND  
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.  
H. B. MASSER, Editor.

OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrears 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.



From the Knickerbocker for October.

### THE PILOT OF THE ERIE.

One deed of heroism on board this boat should not be left unrecorded. A letter from Buffalo informs us that the pilot stood by his post at the wheel, keeping the head of the steamboat to the shore, until he was burned to death! His name we relieve was AUGUSTUS FULLER.—*Alb. Daily Ad.*

The lake's broad bosom gently met  
And fondly clasped its bride,  
As fair a bark as ever yet  
Was wedded to its tide.

A smother'd sound the pilot heard—  
Full suddenly it came,  
And quicker than his anxious word  
Forth dash'd the living flame!  
A painted sky above him flow'd,  
Purple the waves around him flow'd  
He heard them call his name,  
As hovering between fire and flood  
The hapless, trembling victims stood:

"Turn, pilot! turn us to the land!"  
Nor needs the pilot more;  
The faithful bark obeys his hand,  
Nor for himself his skill he tries;  
For his own sake he might have plied,  
Like his compeers, the oar;  
But for the forms that clung beside  
The wreck, with none but him to guide!

The boats have left the vessel's side—  
Will he forsake it too?  
The helmsman turned away in pride,  
The bravest of the crew:  
He only feels the better power,  
Loves his last embrace in despair—  
These wings a heart full true:  
What agony to perish here,  
With home and help so very near.

Ye who can feel for others' woes,  
Who mourn the many lost,  
For him shall no sad tear-drop flow,  
Who perished at his post:  
O Death, these are thy triumphs; these  
Attest thy kindly sovereignty:  
Thou rul'st the human host  
Upon the land and on the seas,  
Where'er the white sail woom the breeze!

But yet there is, which seems thy art,  
Unquestion'd unconfin'd  
The purpose of a noble heart—  
A brave heroic mind!  
Though storms may gather, fears beset,  
And hope depart, their fingers yet  
A strength that cannot rust nor lead:  
Which wakes yet aches our sad regret,  
And which we never can forget.

he following party, on the beautiful lines of  
"Amie," were taken from the sign of a silk dyer,  
doubtless obtained for him many a fair cus-  
tomer:

When lovely woman tins her saucer,  
And finds too late that tea will stain;  
What ever made a lady cry out—  
What art can wash all white again?

The only art the stain to cover—  
To hide the spot from every eye;  
To wear an unsightly cross above her,  
Of proper color, is—TO DYE.

EXPERIENCES WITH COAL DUST.—Mr. Wells of Ipswich, filled garden-pots with fine coal and placed a variety of plants in them, such as tatoes, onions, &c.; in all of which the vegetables were vigorous and luxuriant. Strawberries, &c., and a variety of useful and ornamental thrive extremely well in this material, which is neat, inoffensive, without odor, incapable of boring insects, well adapted for indoor floors, and enduring for a long period.—*Trans. of the Society of Arts.*

1856 CORN LARVA.—If you have not already the land that you intend to plant in corn (ring, make the necessary arrangements to e a sufficient quantity to give it a dose of twenty-five to fifty bushels to the acre. And it is not in your power to lime the whole so with as many acres as you can. It is for you to attempt anything like a permanent improvement of your soil, without the use of some of its forms.—*American Farmer.*

20. MEDICINE FOR HOGS.—The American furnishes the following: "When your hogs k, you know not of what give them ears, first dipped in tar, and then rolled in salt." "Ten to one that arrests the disease, and e the pig to health."

LIVES OF BIRDS.—Eagles attain a great age is said to have died at Vienna aged 104. states the age of eagles at 500 years—but Jerne consider a century a great age for this h of the age. Hawks average 30 to 40; Blackbirds 10 to 12; Thrush 8 to 10; gale 15; Redbreast 10 to 15; Wren 2 to 10; lark 10 to 30; Chaffinch 20 to 24; Gold- 3 to 16; Linnet 14 to 23; Pheasant 40 to 50; 4; Starling 10 to 12; Goose 10; Ravens, and Parrots often over 100; Peacock 12; n Fowl 10; Pheasant and Partridge 20; 20; Heron 20; Swan 10.

# 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.—JACKSON.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, November 13, 1841.

Vol. II—No. VII.

### The Ways of Marie Antoinette.

The queen was awakened regularly at eight o'clock, at which hour her first lady of the bed chamber entered the room, and came within the gilt railing which surrounded the bed, bringing in one hand a pin cushion, and in the other the book containing patterns of all the queen's dresses, of which she had usually thirty-six for each season, besides muslin and other common dresses. The Queen marked with pins the three she chose to wear in the course of that day; one during the morning, another at dinner, and a third in the evening—at a card party, a ball, or a theatre. The book was then delivered to a footman, who carried it to the lady of the wardrobe. She took down from the shelves and drawers these dresses and their trimmings; while another woman filled a basket with the linen, &c., which her majesty would want that day. Great wrappers of green tulle were thrown over these things, and footmen carried them to the queen's dressing-room. Sometimes the queen took her breakfast in bed, and sometimes in her bath. Her linen dress was trimmed with the richest lace; her dressing-gown was of white tulle; and the slippers in which she stepped to the bath were of white dimity trimmed with lace.

Two women were kept for the sole business of attending to the bath, which was usually rolled in to the room upon castors.—The bathing gown was of fine flannel, with collar and cuffs, and lining throughout of fine linen. The breakfast, of coffee or chocolate, was served on a tray which stood on the cover of the bath. Meantime, one of the ladies warmed the bed with a silver warming pan, and the queen returned to it, sitting up in her white tulle dressing-gown, and reading; or, if any one who had permission to visit her at that hour wished to see her, she took up her embroidery. This kind of visit, at a person's rising, is customary abroad; and it has been so long so at the Court of France, that certain classes of persons were understood to have a right to visit the queen at the hour of her levee, as it was called.—These persons were the physicians and surgeons of the court; any messengers from the king; the queen's secretary and others; so that there were often, besides the ladies in waiting, ten or a dozen persons visiting the queen as she sat up in bed, at work, or taking her breakfast.

The great visiting hour, however, was noon, when the queen went into another room to have her hair dressed. We see in prints how the hair was dressed at that time—tinted and powdered, and piled up with silk cushions and ribbons and flowers, till the wonder was how any head could bear such a weight. It took a long time to dress a lady's hair in those days. The queen sat before a magnificent toilet-table in the middle of the room. The ladies who had been in waiting for twenty-four hours now went out, and gave place to others in full dress, with rose-colored brocade petticoats, wide hoops, and high head dresses with tapers, and all the finery of a court. The usher took his place before the folding doors; great chairs and sofas were set in a circle for such visitors as had a right to sit down in the presence of royalty. Thus entered the ladies of the palace, the governess of the royal children, the princess of the royal family, the secretaries of state, the captains of the guard, and on Tuesdays, the foreign ambassadors. According to their rank, the queen either nodded to them as they entered, or bowed her head, or leaned her arm upon the toilet table, as if about to rise. This last salutation was only to the royal princess.—She never actually rose for her hair-dresser was powdering her hair!

The following announcement of a vast improvement by a new modification of mechanical power must we should think, attract very generally the public attention:

**Electro-Magnetic Locomotive.**  
Translated for the National Intelligencer from the *Echo du Monde*, variant No. 653, Paris, 4th Aug. 1841.

A letter has been received from Leipzig, dated 23d July, stating that Mr. Lewis Gabriel Storch, a mechanic of that city, has just finished an Electro-Magnetic Locomotive the greatest part of which is constructed after Mr. Wagner's plan, and which has been purchased by the German Diet. This locomotive is of seven horse-power, and will draw three cars of full passengers. It costs about \$1,000, instead of \$7,500, the cost of a common steam locomotive; the supply for it amounts to not more than 60 cents per day.

The experiments which have been made with Mr. Storch's locomotive on the railroad between Leipzig and Dresden led nothing to be desired.—*National Intelligencer.*

A NAME.—The Woods of Lancashire are a distinguished family, for character, wealth, and talent. A laughable circumstance took place at a trial in Lancashire, where the head of the family, Mr. Wood, senior, was examined as a witness. Upon giving his name, Ousewell Wood, the judge, addressing him, said "Pray, Mr. Wood, how do you spell your name?"—The old gentleman replied.

O double T  
I double U  
E double L  
Double H  
Double O D  
Upon which the astonished lawgiver laid down his pen saying it was the most extraordinary name he had ever met with in his life, and after two or three attempts, declared he was unable to record it.

### A Speech worth hearing.

The Quincy (Illinois) Whig, contains the following report of a recent speech in the Senate of that State, on the bill for repealing internal improvements.

The Railroad which the speaker did not like is otherwise called a corduroy road, and consists of wooden rails laid across.

"Mr. Speaker, I rise, sir, not to make a speech—speech-making is not my trade, but to tell the friends of repeal, that I am for them though I hate railroads as bad as any man on this earth, and I have a good reason to hate them, yet I shall vote again repealing them because all my constituents on this side of the river badly are for them and a good many on the other side too.—It is a fact, Mr. Speaker, I know very little about railroads, but I guess I know as much as some other folks do. We had a railroad in Clinton for some years, across the bottom there at Carlisle and one over Crooked Creek bottom, in Marion, and of all internal roads for roughness, that bane the beater—gentlemen may laugh—but it's no joke—my constituents have lost in the single item of breakage of eggs a handsome fortune. Scott who keeps tavern in Carlisle, and a tale tavern too, not one of your Springfield grease-eyes, but a right jumpy chicken-fixer, told me that no mortal man could tell the eggs that had been broken in, bringing them to market, across that infernal railroad, and Tully told me the same thing exactly about Crooked Creek railroad—some smashing of eggs. You know Huey, Mr. Speaker? I wish you have heard Huey curse, the time his carriage was jolted up into eternal smash, crossing this same railroad. (Here the Speaker, unable any longer to control his risible faculties, laughingly observed, the gentleman must confine himself to the question, and to the rules of the Senate.) Well, sir, I was saying, he cut, and he cut and he swore and fairly snorted again, but still he's for railroads. These are my notions, Mr. Speaker, and I could not sit here without belching it out. (Here the orator turned his head, in an audible tone addressed a Senator to his right—Uncle Peter, what's the name of your wolf bill? but receiving no answer, he then straightening himself up, again addressed the Speaker.)

As I am now up, Mr. Speaker, I will give you my notions on Uncle's wolf bill.—(Here the Speaker interrupted him again, by reminding him again, that the wolf question was not before the Senate, and therefore its merits could not be discussed.) You are mistaken in your man, Mr. Speaker. I am not a cursing character, and if I was I should be very far from cursing Uncle Peter's wolf bill. No sir, I want you and this here Senate to understand that I am no Jupiter Icarion, in this or any other matter. I'm for the bill head and ears, no mistake in what I say—I go it, sir, on the loud;—One more thing, Mr. Speaker, and I'm done.—The gentleman from Shamokin county—I don't think that's the name exactly either—but the fellow-headed gentleman over there said the other day.—(Here the Speaker assuming as much gravity as possible, called the gentleman to order, and requested him to take his seat. (After looking the Speaker steadily in the eye for at least twenty seconds, with a wink of assent, he said)—Are you in tale yearn-out, Mr. Speaker? If so be you are, you're into me about a fact, I s'pose you think, but sir air—look out—I warn you, sir, to keep a skind' eye for tar-paper traps and moccasin tracks. I have rights, sir, as the four-headed gentleman over there (pointing to the gentleman from Hancock) said the other day, that shall not be trampled on nor treated with disrespect.—I'm done, sir.—I would however, before I sit down, say to my friend from Union, not to look so serious, when he tells his funny stories, in his speech, but to give us a sort of smile, as I do, when he comes to the nub, or laughing post, so that we may know when to laugh too. I have now got all I was a-er, Mr. Speaker, and I will conclude this speech.

Trifles are not to be despised. The nerve of a tooth, not as large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A mosquito can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coal rock wrench causes a navy to founder, is the work of wotins. The warrior who withstand death in a thousand forms, may be killed by an insect. Small pleasures make up the sum of human happiness. The deepest wretchedness often comes from a perpetual continuance of petty pains. A chance look from those we love, often produces exquisite pain or unalloyed pleasure.

**JONATHAN CILLEY.**—A monument of granite, 17 feet high, with a white marble urn, has been erected, at a cost of \$500, to the memory of this martyr to a false code of honor.

A CURIOSITY.—Mr. A. W. Sparks has left us a twig of an apple tree, containing three apples, about the size of damsons, and slightly colored on one side, with red. He states that a tree in his garden is filled with a similar fruit; being its second crop, during the present year.—[*Kent News.*]

**GREAT PRINTING OFFICE.**—The capital employed in the printing establishment of Messrs. Clowers, London, is nearly a million and a half of dollars. They employ three hundred and fifty workmen, and use up five hundred thousand dollars worth of paper a year.

### Beards and Whiskers.

The late naval order, which originated with Mr. Secretary Paulding, compelling naval officers, &c., to shave off the hair on their faces, leaving only a moderate whisker, which gives grace to a handsome countenance instead of producing hideousness, has attracted much attention, and has induced us, for the edification of the sufferers, and our readers generally, to look into the subject of beards and whiskers; and we now give the result of our cogitations and researches.

Beards have been regarded with different feelings, by different nations and tribes, in all ages. By some people they have been considered an ornament and cherished with care; by others they have been regarded as an undesirable excrescence, which should be shaved off, or extirpated in some other way. Beards have always been worn, or trimmed, according to the promptings of taste or convenience; accordingly as a people were effeminate, savage, ferocious, or civilized and polite. The ancient Jews wore beards of great length, and the Gymnosophists, or old Indian sages, looked upon a long beard as a mark of wisdom, and were therefore particularly solicitous to have beards of a venerable length. The ancient Assyrians and Persians also prided themselves on the length of their beards, and we are told that the Kings of Persia were wont to interweave gold threads with their beards, which gave them a brilliant and magnificent appearance.

The Mohammedans have always worn their beards untrimmed—indeed, they make this an important point in their religion, for Mohammed never shaved the hair on his chin, and it is said that the Tartars once waged a long and sanguinary war with their neighbors, the Persians, regarding them as infidels, because they would not cut their beards after the Tartarian fashion. It is even now a custom in the East, to throw sweet-scented water on the beards of their guests, in order to give them an agreeable perfume; and wives salute their husbands, and children their fathers, by kissing the beard.

The ancient Greeks and Romans held the beard in great veneration, and we are informed by Homer, that the beards of King Priam and the wise Nestor were of Royal size, and as white as snow. Plutarch, however, tells us, that Alexander the Great compelled his Macedonian soldiers to shave their chins close, lest their flowing beards might give a handle to the enemy in the day of battle. But in the time of Justinian, long beards came again into fashion, and continued until Constantinople was captured by the Turks.

In ancient and modern times, the fashion of wearing the beard, like all other fashions, has undergone great vicissitudes. The Lombards, who invaded Italy, were remarkable for the length of their beards, and hence their name, Longibardi. The Anglo-Saxons wore long beards until the Normans possessed themselves of the country, when William the conqueror compelled them to cut off all their beards, "that they might resemble civilized beings." This was resisted, and protested against as an act of tyranny, but in vain. The Russians have ever been in favor of wearing the entire beard. Peter the Great tried to bring about a reform, but only partially succeeded—although he ordered his subjects to cut off their beards, or pay a heavy fine. At this day, the peasants, and, indeed, nearly every person in the empire, excepting the soldiers and the sailors, and all others in the immediate employment of government, never shave off their beards, and a disgusting, filthy looking set they are, too.

In the middle ages, a long beard was in great repute in some of the European States. It is recorded of King Robert, of France, who reigned in the tenth century, that he was not more famous for his warlike exploits, than for his long white beard, which he suffered to hang down on the outside of his cuirass, to encourage his troops in battle, and rally them when defeated. John Mayo, a celebrated painter of the 14th century, was nicknamed John the Bearded. His hair reached the ground when he stood upright; and he usually wore it fastened to his girdle. The majestic beard of Henry IV., of France, is well represented in the portraits of that monarch; and during his reign, long beards were in great demand. But Louis XIII., who succeeded

him, was a beardless youth—the fashion changed; and beards were proscribed entirely, or reduced to the insignificant size of whiskers. During the reign of Louis the XIV., whiskers were all the fashion; and were highly prized by Turenne, Conde, Colbert &c. Even the King wore a goodly pair of whiskers. In that age of gaiety and gallantry, much pains were bestowed to make the whiskers captivating. In Portugal the beard was formerly suffered to grow, and a long beard, or a good pair of bushy whiskers, were regarded as a treasure! Indeed, it is said that the famous Juan de Castro once pledged one of his whiskers, as the best security he could give the citizens of Goa, for the repayment of a sum of money, which he had borrowed for the use of his fleet. The people, however, relying on his honor, requested him to retain both the money and the whiskers.

In these days, it is the custom, we believe, in all parts of Europe, excepting Turkey and Russia, to shave the beard. The military still wear the mustache, which, as it gives a fierceness to the expression, is much prized by men, who wish to gain a reputation for courage, which it is possible they may not really deserve. The size and appearance of the whiskers seem to be hardly under the dominion of fashion; they are regulated according to the taste or whim of the individual; but a cavalier who wears immense whiskers and mustachios, although he may be as harmless as Captain Bobadil, is generally regarded as deficient in taste and refinement, in thus trying to resemble in his person the idea generally conceived of a bully, a brigand, or a pirate.

To shave off the beard is justly supposed to conduce to cleanliness; and we believe that there has been a standing regulation in the army for years, that no officer or soldier should wear whiskers, excepting of a limited size; and no beard beneath the chin. This regulation has been recently adopted in the navy; and it seems to be required, as some of the officers and seamen evince a strong disposition to cultivate their beards, whiskers and mustachios, to a degree which excites the wonder, or ridicule, of persons who take a different view of the subject, and gives them an appearance abroad, by no means creditable to their country or profession.—[*Boston Journal.*]

### A Politician's Gamut.

When Napoleon escaped from Elba and returned to France, the Monteur, &c. announced the event as follows: 1st announcement, March, 1815. The monster has escaped from the place of his banishment; he has run away from Elba. 2d. The Corsican dragon (Roger) has landed at Cape Juan. 3d. The Tiger has shown himself at Gap; the troops are advancing on all sides, in order to arrest his progress; he will conclude his miserable adventure by becoming a wanderer among the mountains; he cannot possibly escape. 4th. The monster has really advanced as far as Grenoble; we know not to what treachery to ascribe it. 5th. The tyrant is actually at Lyons. Fear and terror seized all at his appearance. 6th. The usurper has ventured to approach the capital within sixty hours' march. 7th. Bonaparte is advancing by forced marches; but it is impossible he should reach Paris. 8th. Napoleon will reach under the walls of Paris to-morrow. 9th. The Emperor is at Fontainebleau. 10th. Yesterday evening his Majesty, the Emperor, made his public entry, and arrived at the palace of the Tuilleries; nothing can exceed the universal joy!

**A BRILLIANT BEDSTEAD.**—The Emperor of Russia recently sent to the Shah of Persia, a bedstead made entirely of crystal, worked in imitation of large diamonds, incrusting in a solid frame. On each side there are spouts made to eject scented water, which, by its murmuring, invites to sleep. It is crowned by a large chandelier, which spreads light in such a manner over itself, and the rest of the frame, as to give to the whole the appearance of millions of diamonds reflecting their brilliancy at once. We should think old Morpheus would find it difficult to make the Shah sleep in a thing so excessively light.

"Six are like circles in the water—when a one is thrown into it, one produces another. When anger was in Cain's heart, murder was not far off."—*P. Henry.*

### 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, (with the privilege of alteration) one column \$25; half column, \$18; 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.

### The Public Press.

According to official accounts recently published, there are more newspapers circulated in the American Union than in any other country on the face of the globe. Thus in Great Britain and Ireland, the number of newspapers published 480; in France 250; in Prussia 288; and in the U. S. 1555 periodicals, 1250 of which are newspapers. Some of our weeklies circulate as many as from 40,000 to 50,000 copies of each number; and we believe that one of the penny papers of New York issues more than 30,000 copies daily. It will be seen, therefore, that the vast multitude read in this country, that millions of human beings pore over the columns of our public journals, and imbibe from them, either sentiments of vice or virtue. The dryman at the corners of our streets, the fish women in our markets, the match boys and apple girls who pass from day to day through the various sections of the city, all, or nearly all, seem to have some taste for newspaper literature. The press may indeed be described as the great moral engine of the country. It penetrates into every village and hamlet. The merchant in his counting room, the professor in his study, the mechanic in his workshop, all gather from the newspapers some idea of the progress of public affairs; some notion of men, morals, manners, and the great topics, of public discussion. How important, then, that the press should be in honest hands, should be directed at least with an eye to the greatest good of the greatest number, and should avoid every thing calculated to vitiate and deprave. Generally speaking, American newspapers, on all proper occasions, inculcate sound lessons of morality. But there are exceptions, exceptions in which a vitiated taste is appealed to and pampered, and in which a deliberate effort is made to undermine all that should be held sacred in society and religion.—[*Philad. Inquirer.*]

**COAL FIELDS IN WALES.**—We have heard it said, the coal fields in Wales extend over 1200 square miles. There are 23 beds of workable coal, having an average thickness of 95 feet. An English writer says that each acre will yield 100,000 tons, being at the rate of 65,000,000 tons per mile. Deducting say one-half for waste, over estimate, &c., there will remain 32,000,000 tons per mile. At this rate, there is coal enough to supply all England for 3000 years after the English mines are exhausted.—[*North Amer.*]

**"THE BRAVE OLD OAK."**—The largest Red Oak Tree in North America, says a correspondent of the Natchitoches Herald, can be seen on the plantation of W. Smith, Esq. eighteen miles from Natchitoches, on the road leading to Opelousas. This majestic Oak stands in the midst of a rich and heavy bottom on the Bayou St. Barb. Two feet from the ground it measures 44 feet in circumference; and at six feet, 32 feet. The trunk appears sound and healthy, and its height, to the branches, is from fifty to sixty feet.

Some travelers noted the rails of the Camden and Amboy road last Friday night, so that the train was detained two hours. It was a slippery trick.

**"INTO THEM A FEET."**—A northern paper tells a good'un, the sun and substance of which are these:—Two gentlemen disputed so loudly on the subject of barking that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he barked most furiously. An old gentleman present, who had been quietly sipping his wine while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you brute! You know no more about it than they do!"

**AFFECTING.**—A gentleman passing by the jail of a country town heard one of the prisoners through the gates of his cell singing in the softest and most melodious tones, that favorite song—"Home, sweet Home." His sympathies were very much excited in favor of the unfortunate tenant of the dungeon; and upon inquiring the cause of his incarceration, was informed that he was put in jail for having his wife.—*Knox Post.*

Labor Maudslough lost his leg at the battle of Leipzig. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in the corner of the room.—"None of your hypochondria now, you idle dog," said his master; "isn't it as well you are here now, as you will only have one foot to lean against if you go."