

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN,"
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JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.
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[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.]

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.



From the Sunday Mercury.

WORDS.

BY SPOONS, O. G.

We know the meaning of most words
By sound as well as sight;
They mean, although they have no *mien*,
So mind and write them right.

For thus in "eccentricity,"
One sees good many *e's*,
Also, in "hubbubbers,"
The *e's* are thick as *bees*.

There are no *e's* in English *eyes*,
But *e's* there are in *case*;
A does want *ye* to make it *ye*,
There's but one *p* in *pease*.

Some judges judge the English tongue,
But kill it with a leath;
With wind and words they sentence some
Fine sentences to death.

A sea-horse is a sea-horse, when
You see him in the sea;
But when you see him in a bay,
A bay horse then is he;

Of course a race course isn't coarse,
A fine is far from fine;
It is a saddening sight to see
A noble pine tree pine.

If miners are all minors, then,
Their guardians get their gains;
All glazes extra pains should take
To put in extra pains.

A kitchen maid is often made
To burn her face, and broil it;
A lady knows no labor, but
To toil it at her toilet!

How do you do? said Sal to John,
"So, so," replied he,
"How do you do?" said John to Sal:
"Sometimes see, see," said she.

If one were ridden o'er a lot,
He might his lot bewail,
But 'twould be of no use to him
To rail against a rail.

At bat about a farmer's room
Not long ago I knew
To fly. He caught a fly—and then
Flew up the chimney flue;

But such a scene was never seen,
(I am quite sure of that.)
As when with sticks all hands essayed
To hit the bat a bat.

A rane is rain, one would suppose,
Because it wants a mind;
And furthermore 'tis blown about
By every idle wind.

'Tis pun-ishment for me to pun,
'Tis trifling, void of worth,
So let it pass unnoticed
The dew that's due to earth.

Hymn for Chauncy's Funeral.
BY WM. C. BRYANT.

While yet the harvest fields are white,
And few the toiling reapers stand,
Called from his task before the night,
We miss the mightiest of the band.

Oh thou of strong yet gentle mind!
Thy thrilling voice shall plead no more
For truth, for freedom, and mankind;
The lesson of thy life is o'er.

But thou, in brightness far above
The fairest dream of human thought,
Before the Seat of Power and Love,
Art with the Truth that thou hast sought.

THE CROTON WATER WORKS.

The New York Commercial Advertiser, after giving expression to some very natural ecstasies respecting the celebration of the introduction of the Croton water into the city, adds the following interesting account of the works.

The work was commenced in July, 1835, and the whole amount of expenditure since Aug. 8, has been \$7,006,213 84. Here are some of the principal items.

Aqueducts, reservoirs, bridges, &c. - - - - - \$6,370,567
Salaries of engineers, &c. - - - - - 563,042
Law expenses, - - - - - 16,133
Real estate purchased, - - - - - 349,532

The whole line is divided into one hundred and one sections, generally half a mile long, and the first is the Croton dam, by which the Croton water is collected. This embankment is 250 feet long, 65 high and 55 wide at the top, and is made of hydraulic stone masonry. The beautiful sheet of water thus formed has been named the Croton River Lake, to distinguish it from the artificial reservoirs; it covers four hundred acres of land, and will contain six hundred millions of gallons. This will allow a discharge of thirty-five millions of gallons every day, an ample supply for a long time to come. Other dams can increase the quantity if it shall be ever needed.

In a distance of 35 miles through Westchester county are passed an arch bridge of 88 feet 12 tunnels or excavations under ground for the aqueduct, the aggregate length of which is 4,406 feet; 32 ventilators and four waste weirs for the discharge of surplus water; and all are finished at an expense of about four millions of dollars. At section 86 the aqueduct crosses the Harlem river; here a bridge is now building for this purpose, which is indeed a Herculean task, requiring more skill and watchful-

ness than any part of the whole line. It will consist of seven arches, over land, of 50 feet span, with eight arches over water, of 80 span and when finished will nearly equal in dimensions any bridge in the world. Its cost is estimated at one million of dollars, and its elevation is so great as not to impede the navigation of the stream; thus taking care of posterity and the wants of our metropolis when she shall have extended to the Harlem river. Some idea of this vast undertaking may be formed from the fact that the excavation for one pier has been carried 34 feet below the surface of the water, and then, a rock foundation not having been reached, 240 poles, from 30 to 40 feet long, were driven in for the purpose. Several piers have been already carried, by the aid of coffer dams, from four to fifteen feet above high water mark.

Nearer the city there are more than 1200 feet of tunnels cut through the rock for two lines of iron pipes, 36 inches in diameter. Section 96 embraces the receiving reservoir at Yorkville—an immense structure covering a surface of 32 acres, resembling an inland lake and containing 158 millions of gallons. The walls and embankments are of the most massive and durable constructions, and the whole is enclosed by a beautiful iron railing. The next two miles form the connecting link with the distributing reservoir or Murray's Hill. This is a beautiful spot; and an admirable piece of workmanship, of solid granite, in form square, but much smaller than the other reservoir. Around its elevated summit, 115 feet above mean tide and 31 above the surface, is a noble and broad walk, affording a most extensive view of the city, the Hudson and the surrounding country.

The work South of the distributing reservoir consists in laying pipes to supply the lower part of the city with the water. More than 100 miles, the distance from New York to Philadelphia, of these subterranean streams have been finished, and 30 more are yet to be added. Splendid public fountains will be built in our principal squares and public places, furnishing a supply of water to the poor, and highly ornamental to the city. Those at Union Square and the Park are now in operation; the basin of the latter forms a circle 100 feet in diameter, with a turf bank, and the jets rise to a height of 55 feet. The former has a basin 60 feet in diameter, and three feet deep, with various jets 60 feet high, the most imposing of which presents the form of a wheat sheaf, resembling the one in the court of the Palais Royal at Paris. Both fountains are strikingly beautiful, and few in the world are of equal dimensions.

The whole length of the aqueduct is 32 miles; its foundation is stone, and a bed of concrete made from broken granite and hydraulic stone; the sides are of hammered stone, and the floor an inverted arch of brick eight inches thick; the upper arch the same.—On the 8th of June last the superintendents went through the aqueduct on foot, and the whole being found complete, on the 22d the water was admitted to the depth of 18 inches. "The Croton Maid," a small boat prepared for the purpose, and holding four persons, was then placed in the aqueduct, and navigated its entire length by some of the same party. This novel voyage was made sometimes at a depth of 75 feet below and then again 80 feet above the natural surface of the earth, at the rate of a mile in 40 minutes, the velocity of the current. When four feet deep this will probably reach two miles per hour.

On the 27th the water was admitted into the immense receiving reservoir in the presence of a large assemblage, including the Mayor, Governor, military, firemen, &c. &c. A salute of 38 guns was fired and the "Croton Maid," soon making her appearance, was hailed with great enthusiasm, as the evidence that a navigable stream was now flowing into our city. The boat was then formally presented to the Fire Department, and she now lies snugly moored in the distributing reservoir. To this basin the stream was admitted on the 4th day of July, amidst general and imposing demonstrations of public joy, the temperance societies taking a prominent part.

Since then the water has continued to flow about two feet deep through the aqueduct, delivering into the receiving reservoir twelve millions of imperial gallons per day, and, as yet only five or six millions in the pipes; nor has any defect been found in any section of the work. The Harlem bridge is alone unfinished and it will require a vigorous prosecution of that work to finish it in two and a half years. In the meantime the temporary pipes used there answer every purpose for the passage of the water. Over \$12,000,000 is the estimated cost of the entire work when done. From ten to twelve dollars is the rate charged per annum to families for the use of the water; its own force carries the stream into the highest stories of the most elevated buildings. The success of Major Douglass and his successor

John B. Jervis, Esq., the engineers, will be connected with the Croton aqueduct as long as it endures. We have heard of the "seven wonders of the world." This may justly be considered the eighth, and although last in time, it is among the foremost of its magnitude, expense and public utility.

From the Rochester Advertiser.

Advantages of Dandyism.

Some time in June last, a very respectable and thriving farmer, having an unexpected call to the city, did not stop "to clean up"—in other words, to change his field dress for Sunday "fixing" but hurried off just as he was, not apprehending that he was likely to disturb the more refined olfactories of any body by the neglect, much less subject himself to the ridicule of any of civil bipeds. It so happened that his daughter, a beautiful creature, of more good sense than pride, was staying here at a friend's, at the time, but did not expect to see her father on that day, nor did he intend calling on her. The farmer after performing the most important business that called him to the city, went into a store, where he was immediately selected by one of the clerks as the subject of sundry small potato quizzings, but of which the victim appeared most marvellously unconscious.

As good or ill luck would have it, at the time this interesting sport was being enjoyed by this vender of fancy articles, the daughter of the quizzed was in the store, with a large group of her sex, and soon became conscious not only of the presence of her father, but also of the very laughable experiment being essayed upon him. In a moment her face was in a glow, while her eyes flashed with unwonted brilliancy, but these were immediately succeeded by a marble like paleness—her mouth became most rigidly compressed—a glance half pitiful and half scornful, was directed towards the clerk, and Lucinda T———was herself again. The father passed out without having discovered his daughter, nor did she seem desirous of making him aware of her presence—the reason for which was best known to herself.

The evening following the incidents already narrated, there was a gay and select party assembled at the dwelling house of one of our citizens, among whom was the beautiful Lucinda T———and the magnanimous experimenter on the supposed credulity of her father. It would not have taken even a casual observer long to have discovered that Miss Lucinda's beauty of feature and no less beautiful figure, had made a most dangerous assault upon the heart of the aforesaid clerk. Indeed before the conclusion of the party, he seemed and decidedly was "a gone case,"—and the chances were ninety-nine to one, that, but for permission subsequently granted to call at her father's in the country, we should have been called on to chronicle another "Sam Patch" catastrophe.

We will just skip over the occurrences of two long weeks, and quietly seat ourselves where we please, provided the place selected gives a fair view of the witty clerk and his charmer. Well, there they were seated, each at the window of the splendid dwelling of the rich farmer T———. Our hero of the scissors and yardsticks is looking the unutterable at the fair Lucinda, while a sarcastic smile is playing around her lovely lips, making him dream he is monarch of all he surveys. 'Tis a moment of deep interest—but suddenly the silence is broken by Lucinda, who pointing with her taper fingers towards the road, exclaimed, "see, Mr. L., what a queer looking man there is making toward the house." "Delightful," rejoined the lover, "the identical old fellow who afforded me no little amusement in the city the other day. Never saw such a laughable old codger in my life! As I am a christian, he is coming right into your parlor." "Sure enough, he did come right in—and no sooner had he entered her room, than the young lady rose proudly, and turning to the poppinjay with over constrained politeness said "permit me, Mr. L., to make you acquainted with my FATHER, who was so fortunate as to conduce greatly to your amusement in the city a few weeks ago." Hal the waters of the Ontario come booming up the Falls, thus appallingly reversing the order of nature, the lover could not have been more completely stupefied than he was by this announcement.

His nether jaw fell down below his cravat—his eyes became fixed and distended, and so wild and so haggard was his look, that even he would not have known himself had a mirror been held up to nature.—This could not last. The triumph of the saucy beauty had come, and the lover was but too plainly sensible of it; therefore mustering all his courage, he rose and without a nod, darted from the house—leaped into his borrowed buggy, and in a moment raised such a dust as to shut him from view. Scarcely did he breathe for the first mile of his flight; but about midway of the second, he so far mastered his feelings as to mutter in a woebegone tone—"bit by thunder."

From 'The Indicator.'
COUNSELS TO THE YOUNG.
BY HORACE GREELEY.

Three millions of Youth between the ages of six and twenty-one, are now rapidly coming forward, to take the rank as the future husbands and fathers, legislators and divines, instructors and governors, politicians and voters, capitalists and laborers, artisans and cultivators, of this vast country, whose destinies are even yet so faintly imagined, much less developed. Not one is so humble that he will not certainly exert an influence—it may be an immense and imperishable influence, on the happiness and elevation of his country and his race. The humblest cottage maiden, now toiling thankfully as the household servant of some proud family by whom she is regarded as nobly, may yet be the mother of some future President—or, nobler still, of some uninspiring but God-directed man, who as a teacher of righteousness, an ameliorator of human suffering, a successful reprover of wrong, sensuality of selfishness, may leave his impress on the annals of the world as a server of his race. Nearly all our now eminent men, politically—Jackson, Clay, Van Buren, etc., were not merely poor and of humble parentage, but were left orphans in early life, and thus deprived of the support and counsel which seems most eminently necessary to success in the world's rugged ways.

In the higher walks of genuine usefulness, the proportion of those enjoying no advantages of family influence or hereditary wealth, who attain the loftiest eminence, is very great. Call to mind the first twenty names that occur to you of men distinguished for ability, energy, philanthropy, or lofty achievements, and generally three-fourths of them will be those of men born in obscurity and dependence.

All literature is full of anecdotes illustrative of these encouraging truths: a single fact now occurs to me which I have never seen recorded: I have often worshipped in a Baptist meeting-house in Vermont, whereon at its construction some thirty years since a studious and exemplary young man was for some time employed as a carpenter, who afterwards qualified himself and entered upon the responsibilities of the Christian Ministry. That young man was Jared Sparks, since Editor of the North American Review, of Washington's voluminous Writings, &c. and now recognized as one of the foremost scholars, historians and critics in America.

I propose here to set forth a few important maxims for the guidance and encouragement of those youth who will hearken to me—maxims based on my own immature experience and observation, but which have doubtless in substance been propounded and enforced by elder and wiser men long ago and often. Still, as they do not yet appear to have exerted their full and proper effect on the ripening intellect of the country—as thousands on thousands are toilsomely, painfully struggling forward in the race for position and knowledge, in palpable defiance of their scope and spirit—I will hope that their presentation at this time cannot be without some effect on at least a few expanding minds. They are as follows:—

1. Avoid the common error of estimating a college education necessary to usefulness or eminence in life. Such an education may be desirable and beneficial—to many it doubtless is so. But Greek and Latin are not real knowledge; they are only means of acquiring such knowledge; there have been great and wise, and surpassingly useful men who knew no language but the mother tongue. Beside, in our day the treasures of ancient and contemporary foreign literature are brought home to every man's door by translations, which embody the substance if they do not exhibit all the beauties of the originals. If your circumstances in life enable you to enjoy the advantages of a college education, do not neglect them—above all, do not misimprove them. But if your lot be different, waste no time in idle repining, in humiliating beggary. The stern, self-respecting independence of your own soul is worth whole shelves of classics. All men cannot and need not be college-bred—not even those who are born to instruct their kind. You can never be justly deemed ignorant, nor your acquaintance contemptible, if you embrace and fully improve the opportunities which are fairly offered you.

2. Avoid likewise the kindred and equally pernicious error that you must have a profession—must be a Clergyman, a Lawyer, Doctor, or something of the sort—in order to be influential, useful, respected—or, to state the case in its best respect, that you may lead an intellectual life. Nothing of the kind is necessary—very far from it. If your tendencies are intellectual—if you love Knowledge, Wisdom, Virtue for themselves—you will grow in them, whether you earn your bread by a profession, a trade, or by tilling the ground. Nay, it may be doubtful whether the Farmer or Mechanic who devotes his leisure hours to intellectual pursuits from a pure love of them has not some advantages thereto over the professional man.

He comes to his book at evening with his head clear and his mental appetite sharpened by the mental labors, taxing lightly the spirit or brain; while the lawyer, who has been running over dry books for precedents, the doctor, who has been racking his wits for a remedy adapted to some new modification of disease, or this divine who, immured in his closet, has been busy preparing his next sermon, may well approach the evening volume with faculties jaded and palled. There are few men, and perhaps fewer women, who do not spend uselessly in sleep, or play, or frivolous employments, more time than would be required to render them at thirty well versed in Historical, Philosophy, Ethical, as well as Physical Science, &c.

No Man can ever Harrow himself out of Debt.

Under this caption, somebody, we know not who it is, makes the following very sensible remarks. "If you wish for relief you must work for it, economize for it. You must make more and spend less than you did while you were running in debt. You must wear homespun instead of broad cloth, drink water instead of champagne and rise at four instead of seven. Industry, frugality, economy—these are the handmaids of wealth, and the sure sources of relief. A dollar earned is worth ten borrowed, and a dollar saved is better than forty times its amount in useless gewgaws. Try our scheme, and see if it's not worth a thousand banks and valuation laws."

Another straggling piece of advice, which we find among our clippings, is worthy of being tacked on the above. The writer says: "It is a mistaken and ruinous policy to attempt to keep or get business by delaying collections. When you lose a slack paymaster from your books, you only lose the chances of losing your money, and there is no man who pays more money to lawyers than he who is least prompt in collecting for himself."

Damp Beds.

Beds become damp, either from their not being used, from standing in damp houses, or in rooms, without fire, or from the linen not being dry when laid on the bed; nothing is more to be dreaded by travellers than damp beds, which are very common in some places. When a traveller, cold and wet, arrives at an inn, he may by means of a good fire, and a dry bed, have the perspiration restored, but if he be put into a cold room, and laid in a damp bed, it will be more obstructed, and the worst consequence may ensue.

But inns are not the only places where damp beds are to be met with. Beds kept in private families for the reception of strangers, are sometimes equally dangerous. All kinds of linen and bedding, when not frequently used become damp. How then is it possible, that beds which are not slept in above three or four times a year, should be safe? Nothing is more common than to hear people complain of having caught cold, by changing their bed. The reason is obvious: were they careful never to sleep in any bed that was not frequently used, they would seldom find any ill consequence from a change.

Nothing is more to be dreaded by a delicate person when on a visit, than being laid in a damp bed. In hotels, where the beds are used almost every night, nothing is more necessary than to keep the rooms well seasoned, and the linen dry.—Oracle of Health.

INFALLIBLE CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.—Those of our readers who have felt the excruciating pains of this disease, and who, like ourselves, have experienced but little human sympathy on such occasions, will no doubt be gratified to be put in possession of a remedy which will in all probability forever quiet the "merciless offender."

On one occasion while laboring under the tortures of this distressing disease, a friend entered the room, and after learning the case of our suffering, joyfully exclaimed:—

"Why, my dear friend, I can cure you in five minutes."
"How? how?" inquired we.
"Have you any alum?"
"Yes."
"Bring it, and some common salt."

They were produced—my friend pulverized them, and mixed them in equal quantities; then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powders to adhere, and placed it in the hollow tooth.
"There," said he, "if that does not cure you, I will forfeit my head."

It was as I predicted. On the introduction of the mixed alum and salt—a sensation of coldness was experienced, which gradually subsided, and with it the torment of the toothache.

Forum.

The ancient and magnificent convent of the Dominicans of Vallada, near Palencia, in the Kingdom of Leon, after three days' conflagration, has been entirely consumed.

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.

Manners in Missouri.

A member elect of the lower chamber of the Legislature of this State, was last year persuaded by some wags of his neighborhood, that if he did not reach the State House by 10 o'clock on the day of assembly, he could not be sworn, and would lose his seat. He immediately mounted with hunting frock rifle and bowie knife and spurred until he got to the door of the State House, and hitched his nag. A crowd were in the chamber on the lower floor walking about with their hats on and smoking cigars. These he passed, ran up stairs into the Senate chamber, sat his rifle against the wall and leveled out "Strangers, whars the man that swors me in?" at the same time taking out his credentials. "Walk this way," said the clerk, who was at this moment igniting a real Principle, and he was sworn without inquiry. When the teller came to count noses, he found there was one Senator too many present, the mistake was discovered and the huntsman was informed that he did not belong there. "Fool who! with your corn bread!" he roared. You can't flunk this child no how you can fix it. I'm elected to the legislature. I'll go against all banks and eternal improvements, and if here's any of your oratory gentlemen wants to get skinned, just say the word, and I'll light upon you like a nigger upon a wood chuck. My constituents sent me here, and if you want to floor this two legged animal, just hop on as soon as you please; for though I'm from a back country, I'm a little smarter than any quadruped you can turn out of this drove!" After this admirable harangue, he put his bowie knife between his teeth and took up his rifle with—"Come here old Suke, stand by me!" at the same time presenting it to the chairman who however, had seen such people before. After some expostulation the man was persuaded that he belonged to the lower chamber, upon which he sheathed his knife, flung his gun upon his shoulder, and with a profound bow remarked, "Gentlemen, I beg your pardon; but if I didn't think that at lower room was the grocery, may I be shot!"

Elegant Extracts.

Deacon Snowball, the nigger preacher, in his last discourse published in the Uncle Sam newspaper, gives the following concise history of the labors of the late English negotiator Lord Ashburton:—

"I s'pose you all know dat Lord Warspite had gone home in de vessel dat is called de Ashburton. He had been heah to declare war again de cabbob de leg, which was berry bad for Kernell Webster. He had lame leg; when he dance, he dance on one leg hereafter. Massa Lord Warspite had been up to dig for de boundary line dat was loss lass war, and he had got it up, and he fetch money over to dis country to pay for de Caroline, dat was sent up Naggary falls by de British lass revolutionary war. De german dat command de Caroline was one Caypen Tyler, and he pay de money to he.—Dis fulfill de scriptures, dat dar should be war, and rmors dat all de warious offiss holders should get turned out ob dar offiss before de end ob de world should cum. De warl will be 'stroyed next April, and all dem dat want to move away before dat accident take place, is informed dat Peter Widgeon hab a waggon dat will hold ten folk, and will accommodate dem dat wants to move in de country before de warl is 'stroyed. Massa Miller will furnish a dem dat wants it wid a stiticate ob good behaviour for one dollar."

THE DEACON ON ASTRONOMY.—"One ob de stars is Jupiter, and one ob dem Venus, and one ob dem Saturn. Dis is de star dat go wandrin to and fro in de airth, seekin who he wud favour somebody. I hear him roar in de night in water like a lion, and I gets de bible and put him under my head, so dat him can't do noss in to me."

ON MATRIMONIAL GOVERNMENT.—"When Peter Widgeon strapped his wife toddey day, she tell him dat he was no german, and she sed she would complain to de Woman's Rite Society; and so de womeans ob dat society called to see Peter, and Peter treat dem to egg-nog and a roast chicken, and dey sed dey guessed dat his wife was in de rong arrer all, for de egg-nog was berry good, and de chicken was fast-rate!"

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CORN.—Mr. Harrison W. Titon, of Union Vale, has left with us two ears of corn, (if one of them can be called an ear) the product of seed which is said to have come from the Rocky Mountains. The perfect ear has eight rows, with large kernels, and each grain is covered with a hull. This grew upon the stalk, while the other ear grew upon the end of a sucker, and may be taken for what is termed a "top gallant," but on examination it will be seen that it is well filled with perfect kernels, each having a hull, resembling the hull to a grain of wheat.—Poughkeepsie Telegraph.

"SAW MY LEG OFF."—We notice in a West-ern paper that a Mr. Saume was united in marriage lately to a Miss Marian Legoff.—N. Y. Atlas.