

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

(Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Masser's Store.)

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.

No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.



THE SHOEMAKER.

BY H. P. GOULD.

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies"

The shoemaker sat amid wax and leather,
With lapstone over his knee,
Where snug in his shop he defied all weather,
Drawing his quarters and sole together:
A happy old man was he!

This happy old man was so wise and knowing,
The worth of his time he knew,
He bristled his ends, and he kept them a going,
And felt to each moment a wick was being,
Until he got round the shoe.

Of every deed that his wax was sealing,
The closing was firm and fast,
The prick of his awl never caused a feeling
Of pain to the toe; and his skill in a healing
Was perfect and true to the last.

Whenever you gave him a foot to measure,
With gentle and skillful hand,
He took his propositions, with looks of pleasure,
As if you were giving him costliest treasure,
Or dubbing him lord of the land.

And many a one did he save from getting
A fever, or cold or cough;
For many a foot did he save from getting
When, whether in water or snow 'twas setting,
His shoeing would keep them off.

When he had done with his making and mending,
With hope and a peaceful breast,
Resigning his awl and his thread was ending,
He passed from his bench, to the grave descending,
As high as a king to rest.

The following beautiful lines from a literary periodical, published, we believe, by the talented students of Yale College, in Connecticut, reminds us of the post-hoc sparkling gems of Hak'ck's genius in his poems on Fanny—*Augusta Chron.*

Fanny Willoughby.

"I love thee Fanny Willoughby,
And that's the why, ye see,
I woo thee, Fanny Willoughby,
And cannot let thee be;
I long for thee, I sigh for thee,
And, oh, ye may depend on't,
I'll weep for thee, I'll die for thee,
And that will be the end of't.

I love thy form, so tall and straight;
To me it always seems
As if it were the counterfeit
Of some I've seen in dreams;
It makes me feel as if I had
An angel by my side,
And, then, I think I am so bad,
You will not be my bride.

Have thy clear and hazel eye,
They say the blue is fairer,
And I confess that formerly,
I thought the blue the rarer;
But when I saw thine eye so clear,
Though perfectly at rest,
I did kneel down, and I did swear
The hazel was the best.

I love thy hand, so pale and soft,
The which, in days long since,
You, innocent as trusting oft,
Would softly clasp in mine;
I thought it sure was child's play out
Of marble, by the goddess,
The which the poets rant about
The virgins and the Nymphs.

I love the sounds that from thy lip
Gush holly and free,
As rills that from their caverns slip
And prattle to the sea;
The melody that eye doth steal
To hearts by sorrow riven,
And then I think, and then I feel,
That music comes from Heaven.

Now, listen, Fanny Willoughby,
To what I cannot keep,
My days ye rob of happiness,
My nights ye rob of sleep;
And if you don't relent, why I
Believe you will me kill,
For passion must have vent, and I
Will kill myself, I will."

Thus love did truly drive me mad,
For Fanny Willoughby,
I told my tale, half gay, half sad,
To Fanny Willoughby;
And Fanny look'd as maiden would,
When love, her heart did burn;
And Fanny sigh'd as maiden should,
And murmur'd a return.
And so I woo'd Fan Willoughby—
A maiden like a dove;
And so I won Fan Willoughby—
The maiden of my love,
Though many years have pass'd since that,
And she is in the sky,
I never, never can forget,
Sweet Fanny Willoughby,

HOW TO KEEP A VILLAGE COW.—Transplant sugar beets fifteen inches apart, like cabbages, but with more care, in every spot or space you can spare in your lot or garden. If the land is worked well and early, they will tend themselves after two or three light hoeings, and grow large enough to make a mess each with the addition of a quart of shorts, seasoned with ground oil cake. Here is sugar, gluten, starch, and oleaginous matter to boot. With such slops, a cow needs nothing but a little straw.

FATTING HENS.—Paine Wingate, in the Maine Farmer, says his experience tells him that the following process is the best mode of fattening hens. Shut them up where they can get no gravel. Keep corn by them all the time, and also give them dough once a day. For drink give them skim milk. With this feed they will fatten in ten days. If kept over ten days, they should have some gravel, or they will fall away.

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, March 18, 1843.

Vol. 3--No. 25--Whole No. 129.

Russian Pickpockets.

The French Ambassador was one day talking to a prince of the imperial house of Russia about the extraordinary dexterity of the Parisian thieves, and relating a variety of anecdotes concerning their feats. The grand-duke expressed his opinion that the Petersburg pickpockets were quite as clever; and to remove all doubt on that point from the mind of the ambassador, he offered to lay him a wager that, if he would dine with him on the following day, before the removal of the desert, his watch, ring, and everything else belonging to his toilet that was not firmly fastened to his clothes, should be stolen. His excellency accepted the wager, and the grand-duke immediately despatched a messenger to the director of the police, with a request that he would send him the cleverest and adroitest pickpocket then in custody. He was put into a footman's livery, furnished with the necessary instructions, and promised exemption from punishment and his liberty if he performed his business well. The ambassador mentioned his watch as the article to which the principal attention both of himself and the thief would naturally be directed, and the new servant was ordered to give the grand-duke a sign as soon as he had secured it. The dinner commenced; the first course came and was removed; the Greek, Spanish, and French wines, red and white, glistened in turn in the glasses. The ambassador was particularly careful of his watch; and the grand-duke, observing his caution, smiled sometimes kindly, sometimes half sarcastically. The new footman was always bustling about, mingling among the other servants changing plates and handing wine. The dinner was drawing towards a conclusion, and the grand-duke was still waiting impatiently for the preconceived sign from the thief, who, however, seemed to be completely taken up in waiting upon the company. All at once the grand-duke's countenance brightened up, and turning to the ambassador, who was absorbed in conversation with his neighbors, he asked him what o'clock it was. The ambassador clapped his hand triumphantly to his pocket, where a few minutes before he had felt that his watch was safe, and to the amusement of the whole company, but especially of the imperial entertainer, he drew from it a neatly-trimmed turban. Universal laughter ensued, and the ambassador was somewhat disconcerted. He would have taken a pinch to compose himself, but having felt in all his pockets, he discovered with horror that his gold snuff-box was gone too. The laughter was redoubled. In his embarrassment and mortification he clapped his hand as he was in the habit of doing, to his finger to turn the beautiful gold seal-ring which he wore upon it—but that also was gone. In short, he found that he was completely plundered of every thing that was not firmly attached to his dress—ring, snuff-box, handkerchief, gloves, toothpick, keys. The performer of this sleight of hand was then brought forward. The grand-duke ordered him to restore the stolen articles, and was not a little surprised to see him produce two watches, and hand one to himself, and the other to the ambassador; two rings, one of which he gave in like manner to the grand-duke, and one to the ambassador; and two snuff-boxes, one for the grand-duke, and the other for the ambassador. The prince now felt in amazement in his pockets, as the ambassador had done before, and found that he had been plundered in the very same manner as the latter. He assured his excellency that he was totally unconscious of the matter, and was going to chide the rogue soundly, but he thought himself, and thanked him for having enabled him in so signal a manner to win his wager. He made him a handsome present, and procured his immediate liberation, admonishing him for the future to apply his talents to more useful purposes.—*Kohl's Russia and the Russians.*

NEW RAIL ROAD INVENTION.—A patent has been taken out at Paris by M. T. Wroughton, a private gentleman in London, for various important improvements in railway travelling. In the first place, he has a coach so constructed and suspended in its proportions that it cannot overturn, and runs with such smoothness as to occasion no unpleasantness to the traveller, and comparatively little friction to the rails. Secondly, he has a new break of such easy construction that a child can work it, and which can be gradually or immediately brought into action. Thirdly, the conductor, by means of a spring at his foot, can in a moment when there is danger, detach all the train from the locomotive; and last, but not least, he has invented a beautiful piece of machinery, by which the conductor of the first carriage can at any part of the road ascertain the precise rate of speed at which the train is travelling, and so prepare himself for the action of the break or spring as to avoid all danger to the passengers from the negligence or imprudence of the engineer of the locomotive, or any other cause.

Accuracy of the Bible.

An astonishing feature of the word of God is, that, notwithstanding the time at which its compositions were written, and the multitude of the topics to which it alludes, there is not one physical error,—not one assertion or allusion disproved by the progress of modern science. None of those mistakes which the science of each succeeding age discovers in the books of the preceding; above all, none of those absurdities which modern astronomy indicates in such great numbers, in the writing of the ancients—in their sacred codes, in their philosophies, and even in the finest pages of the fathers of the church,—not one of these errors is to be found in any of our sacred books. Nothing there will ever contradict that which after so many ages, the investigations of the learned world have been able to reveal to us on the state of our globe, or on that of the heavens. Peruse with care our scriptures from one end to the other, to find there such spots. And whilst you apply yourselves to this examination, remember that it is a book which speaks of everything which describes nature, which recounts to creation, which tells us of the formation of the heavens, of the light, of the water, or the atmosphere, of the mountains, of the animals and of the plants. It is a book which teaches us the first revolutions of the world, and which also foretells its last: it recounts them in the circumstantial language of history; it extols them in the sublimest strains of poetry, and it chants them in the charms of glowing song. It is a book which is full of original rapture, elevation, variety, and boldness. It is a book which speaks of the heavenly and invisible world, whilst it also speaks of the earth and things visible. It is a book which nearly fifty writers, of every degree of cultivation, of every state, of every condition, and living through the course of fifteen hundred years, have concurred to make. It is a book which was written in the centre of Asia, in the sands of Arabia, and in the deserts of Judah, in the courts of the temple of the Jews, in the music schools of the prophets of Bethel and of Jericho in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, and on the idolatrous banks of Clebar; and finally, in the centre of the western civilization, in the midst of the Jews and of their ignorance, in the midst of polytheism and its idols, as also in the bosom of pantheism and of its sad philosophy. It is a book whose first writer had been forty years a pupil of the magicians of Egypt, in whose opinion, the sun, the stars, and the elements, were endowed with intelligence, re-acted on the elements, and governed the world by a perpetual effluvia. It is a book whose first writer preceded, by more than nine hundred years, the most ancient philosophers of ancient Greece and Asia,—the Thaleses, and the Pythagorases, the Zalmucses, the Xenophons, and the Confucius. It is a book which carries its narrations even to the hierarchies of angels, even to the most distant epoch of the future, and the glorious scenes of the last day. Well, search among its 50 authors, search among its 66 books, its 1189 chapters, and its 31,173 verses, search for only one of those thousand errors which the ancients and the moderns commit when they speak of the heavens or of the earth,—of their revolutions, or of their elements; search—but you will find none.—*From the German of Gausson.*

How to make a Good Wife Unhappy.

See her as seldom as possible. If she is warm hearted and cheerful in temper, and if after days' or weeks' absence, she meets you with a smiling face and in an affectionate manner, be sure to look coldly upon her, answer her with dry monosyllables. If she force back her tears, and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and gape in her presence until she is fully convinced of your indifference. Never agree with her opinion, or consult her in any of your affairs, for that would give her an idea of her consequence. Never think you have any thing to do to make her happy; but that all her happiness is to flow from gratifying your caprices, and when she has done all that a woman can do, be sure you do not appear gratified.—Never take an interest in any other pursuit, and if she ask your advice make her feel that she is troublesome and impertinent. If she attempt to rally you good humoredly, on any of your peculiarities, never join in the laugh, but frown her into silence. If she has faults, (which, without doubt, she will have, and perhaps may be ignorant of,) never attempt with kindness to correct them; but continually obtrude upon her ears, "What a good wife Mr. Smith has." That any man would be happy with such a wife. "In company never seem to know you have a wife, treat all her remarks with indifference, and be very affable and complaisant to every other lady. If you have married a woman of principle, and will follow these directions, you may be certain of an obedient and a heart-broken wife.

"I'm a victim to an artificial state of society," as the monkey said when they put trowsers on him.

Counterpart of Napoleon.

Any traveller who may have been in Italy in the spring of 1819, must have heard of the celebrated Major of the Royal Sardinian Life Guard, who bore so strong a resemblance to the great Napoleon, as to excite the wonder of all those who had seen the emperor. At that time I was on a visit to the city of Genoa. I recollect that one evening I was at the Cafe du Grand Cairo with a party of friends, when we observed an officer in the costume of the guards reading at a table. We were struck with the resemblance which he bore to all the busts and portraits of the emperor which we had seen. In the midst of our conjectures on the subject, an old French officer, decorated with the order of the Legion of Honor, observing the surprise depicted in our countenances, very politely joined our party, and said, "I can easily imagine, gentlemen, the subject of your present astonishment. That officer is one of the greatest wonders in Europe, and as much like Napoleon as if he were his twin brother. Indeed, some persons here, go so far as to repeat, that both the emperor and his prototype are from the same parent stock, which may be the case, as the Major is a native of Corsica, and about Napoleon's age. I assure you," continued the French officer, "that I was near the emperor on the night previous to the bloody and disastrous battle of Lipsic. I observed him perusing the bulletins of the army; his attitude, thoughtful mood, and general demeanor, were a perfect counterpart to the person before us. See! he is about taking a pinch of snuff!—Napoleon's manner to perfection." In a word, the enthusiasm of the French officer rose to such a pitch, that all the visitors of the cafe were staring at us. The next evening I went to the opera to hear the celebrated Madam Catalina, and to have a peep at the ex-empress Maria Louisa, and her father, whose visit had been announced. We had not long been seated before we discovered the major in the adjoining box. He was standing up, his arms folded in the manner of Napoleon, and like him he wore a green coat buttoned up close to the neck, and decorated with two or three orders, which he had won in the Italian wars, and above all, the never to be forgotten little cocked hat. Soon after the empress entered, accompanied by a brilliant suite; but presently the audience were thrown into amazement by some confusion in the royal box. Maria Louisa had caught a glimpse of the counterfeit presentment of her deceased husband, and her confusion and astonishment were exhibited in the most palpable manner. The King of Sardinia was forced to order him on duty, ten leagues from Genoa, as his person kept the soldiers in constant excitement, who never failed to present arms in passing him. I understood previous to my leaving Genoa, that Maria had sent for the officer, and presented him a gold snuff box, with the emperor's likeness set in brilliants.

Romance in Real Life.

The Bridgeton N. J. Chronicle says that Mrs. Sarah Smith, who died in that place on the 28th ult., was a lineal descendant of the Royal family of Sweden. Her g. g. grandmother Elizabeth, in the turbulent times of that kingdom, was compelled to flee from her native country, when she was sixteen years old. She was concealed in a hoghead on board of a ship at Stockholm, for some time, before the vessel sailed for America. She brought many valuable treasures with her across the water, which were also concealed on board the ship; but after the vessel had sailed over the Atlantic she was wrecked on the Jersey shore. This lady, with a few of the crew barely saved their lives. In her destitute condition, on the shore of a vast wilderness, as N. Jersey then was, she fell in with a hunter by the name of Garrison; their acquaintance grew into intimacy and ripened into love. She married him, and by him had ten children. It is said that her youngest son, William, was born when she was in her 55th year. She has a grandson now living in Bridgeton, who was brought up by her until he was about 9 years of age, to whom she related this narrative, and many of her interesting adventures. This gentleman computes his grandmother's descendants in this country at more than a thousand souls.

The disease of the "black tongue" has proved very fatal in some parts of Missouri. In the thinly populated settlement of Point Pleasant, in New Madrid County, seventy-five persons had fallen victims to it.—A belief is entertained that the disease is contagious, being founded on the fact that it is known in many cases to run through a family when it had once seized any person in it.—*Baltimore American.*

Horses with Roman noses are apt to be vicious; those with white noses and feet, unsound. Hear the old jockey rhyme on the subject:—
One white foot—luy;
Two—try.
Four white feet and snow on the nose,
Knock him on the head, and give him to the crows.

All things perish save Virtue.

BY THOMAS POWELL.
"Sweet morn'—so cool, so calm so bright,
The bride of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.
"Sweet rose"—whose fragrance now I crave,
To glad my sense and joy mine eyes,
"Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.
Sweetest spring—so full of shine and showers,
It makes the weary spirit sigh,
To think, with all thy herbs and flowers,
That thou must die.
Sweet music—'e'en the lovely song
Which from my harp in window high
Is floating on the breeze along,
E'en thou must die.
And all that bright and glistering train
Of stars that stud the deep blue sky
Must thy all perish—none remain
To glad the eye!
And vales, and fields, and rushing streams,
And mountains that invade the sky,
Are they as baseless as our dreams?
And must they die!
And all that's beautiful and fair
On Nature's face—love's melody,
That makes sweet music of the air,
All—all must die!
And man, frail form of senseless clay,
"Thou now his glance is proud and high,
Perchance upon this passing day
He too may die!
But the bright soul!—that, shrined within—
The queenless light in mortal form—
"Thou dimm'd by misery and sin,
Defies the worm.
When all the stars shall fade away,
And suns in their own blaze expire,
And trackless comets cease to stray
With wand'ring fire,
The soul shall ever live, nor know
The lapse of time, but dwell on high,
And share—in endless joy or woe—
Eternity.

The Newark Daily Advertiser of Wednesday evening says—

The Comet blazed out conspicuously about sunset last evening, the long bushy tail stretching from near the south western horizon to near the zenith. Some fearful exclamations, filled with the follies of Millerism, were foolishly frightened at its aspects. Some recent writer says—

Of 501 Comets that have entered the solar system, 24 have passed between Mercury and the Sun, 47 within Venus, 58 between Venus and the Earth, 73 between the Earth and Mars, and 302 between Mars and the orbit of Jupiter, and no casualty has occurred to primary or satellite. The Comet of 1770 passed through the system of Jupiter without producing the slightest effect. Still many people are alarmed at these erratic bodies, these rail cars of the stellar regions, the mystery of whose office and destiny makes their astronomy of intense interest. With reference to the danger of a Comet striking the Earth, we here add that the Comet Encke, whose period is only 1207 days, and nearest the Earth of all the Comets known, cannot come in collision short of a period of 219,000,000 years, which calculation is based on astronomical facts.

The present phenomenon more resembles the zodiacal light, which we should have called it, if the eastern magi had not pronounced it a Comet. Some observers here also discovered the nucleus last evening with glasses soon after sun set, near the South western horizon. The length of the tail is from 30 to 40 degrees, and is very beautiful.

A SECOND CROMWELL DISSOLVING A RUMP PARLIAMENT.—A man entered the House of Representatives yesterday, and proclaimed in a loud voice that the Legislature had been in session long enough, and commanded members forthwith to adjourn and go home to their families and constituents, under the pains and penalties of his displeasure. No one knew him, and he was forcibly ejected by the Sergeant-at-Arms. Members said he was crazy, but we thought not.—*Detroit Daily Advertiser.*

Elihu Burritt, called the learned blacksmith, who is at this time master of more than fifty different languages, says that when he first formed a determination to become acquainted with books, being an apprentice at the time to his trade, he earned one day by extra labor a quarter of a dollar, and with this in his pocket, he walked fifteen miles at night, bought a Latin grammar, walked fifteen miles back, and was at work the next morning at his usual time.

RELICS OF ANTIQUITY.—Mrs. Dr. James of Utica, New York, boasts that she has in her possession the identical war club of King Philip of Mount Hope, the implacable enemy of New England colonists. Upon reading this the editor of the Cincinnati Chronicle says that he would like to see this curiosity, but that he has an old aunt, who uses a rolling pin every day made out of that unfortunate club with which Cain slew Abel.

"Queen Victoria ought to be preceded with a piece of plate for smashing China."

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.

The supposed Comet, not a Comet

The very peculiar luminous appearance which has been observed for several evenings past in the heavens, in a south-westerly direction, about seven o'clock, has been supposed by many to be the tail of a comet. That this supposition is a mistaken one is clearly shown by the following article, which furnishes a correct scientific description of the phenomenon, which, it appears, was noticed and described by scientific men nearly two hundred year ago:

From the National Intelligencer.

ZODIACAL LIGHT.—This interesting phenomena in the heavens was noticed here on Monday night and also on Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

Zodiacal light appears in the morning before sunrise, and in the evening after twilight. It is a pyramid, with the sun for its basis. The sides are not straight, but curved, as those of a lens when viewed edgewise. It is generally seen about the period of the equinoxes, when there is the shortest twilight. This light resembles the milky way, a faint twilight, or the tail of a comet. The intensity of the light, its shape and tints, may be varied according to the condition of the atmosphere, which is now remarkable for its clearness.

The zodiacal light was first described about two centuries ago, and the various theories respecting it may be seen by referring to works on astronomy.

The subjoined description of this light, which we copy from the *Encyclopedia Americana*, will, we dare say, be acceptable to our readers, and especially to those who have alarmed themselves with the apprehension that this atmospheric phenomenon was a Comet, such as—
terror sheds
On gazing nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous.

ZODIACAL LIGHT; a triangular beam of light, rounded a little at the vertex, which is seen at certain seasons of the year, before the rising and after the setting of the sun. It resembles the faint light of the milky way, and has its base always turned toward the sun, and its axis inclined to the horizon. The length of this pyramidal light, reckoning from the sun as its base, is sometimes 45°, and at others 150°; and the vertical angle is sometimes 26°, and sometimes 10°. It is generally supposed to arise from an atmosphere surrounding the sun, and appears to have been first observed by Descartes and by Childrey in 1659; but it did not attract general attention till it was noticed by Dominique Cassini, (q. v.) who gave it its present name. If we suppose the sun to have an atmosphere, as there is every reason to believe from the luminous aurora which appears to surround his disc in total eclipses, it must be very much flattened at its poles, and swelled out at the equator, by the centrifugal force of his equatorial parts. When the sun, then, is below the horizon, a portion of this luminous atmosphere will appear like a pyramid of light above the horizon. The obliquity of the zodiacal light will evidently vary with the obliquity of the sun's equator to the horizon; and in the months of February and March, about the time of the vernal equinox, it will from a very great angle with the horizon, and ought therefore, to be seen most distinctly at that season of the year. But when the sun is in the summer solstice, he is in the part of the ecliptic which is parallel to the equator, and therefore, his equator, and consequently the zodiacal light is more oblique to the horizon. Laplace, however, has made some objections to this theory in his *Mecanique Celeste*; and Regnier is of opinion that it is owing merely to the refraction of the solar light by the earth's atmosphere."

We hate some persons, because we do not know them; and we will not know them, because we hate them. The friendships that succeed to such connexions are usually firm, for those qualities must be sterling that could not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices. But the misfortune is, that we carry those prejudices into things far more serious than our friendships. There are truths which some men despise, because they have not examined; and which they will not examine, because they despise. There is one single instance on record, where this kind of prejudice was overcome by a miracle; but the age of miracles is past, while that of prejudice remains.—*Lacon.*

SINGULAR CASE OF DESPERATION.—We find the following alarming case of violence recorded in the St. Louis Ledger:

"Pete, what makes you look so awful?"
"Jake, I'm agitated, and unless my spirits grow calmer, I'll do something desperate—I'll rush out and tear a board off the pig-pen."

The ancients said "there is truth in wine," but they must have been mistaken, for we saw a man the other night who had drank three bottles, and was lying under the table.

"Man is an imitative animal," as the monkey said to the dandy.

"Excuse the length of this article," as the woman said of her tongue.