



H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

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TERMS OF THE AMERICAN. THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance...

E. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA. Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

THE ASSAM TEA COMPANY. No. 136 Greenwich Street, New York. THE proprietors beg to call the attention of connoisseurs in Tea, and the heads of families to the choice and rare selection of Teas imported by them...

THE TEAS OFFERED ARE THE FOLLOWING: Lay tano beneath her weight of earth, When would her high, first knot birth! Thus Man, through granite Fate, must find The path—the upward path—of Mind!

NEW STORE! A NEW STOCK OF GOODS. At the Store formerly occupied by John Boger, in Market Street, Sunbury. THE subscribers respectfully inform the public that they have just received, and are now opening...

GREAT ATTRACTION!! NEW AND CHEAP GOODS, JOHN W. FRILING, Market Street, Sunbury, Pa. HAS just received and opened a large assortment of superior and choice Fancy and Staple Dry Goods...

BOARDING. THE subscriber will continue to receive and accommodate a few transient or permanent boarders, at her residence in Sunbury. The location is in Market Square, one door west of the "Sunbury American" office...

MINERAL WATER, from the Oak Orchard Arden Springs, highly valuable in chronic diseases and tonic remedies, for sale by HENRY MASSER, Sunbury, June 29, 1850.

SELECT POETRY.

WORK. BY CHARLES SWAIN. Attend, oh Man, Uplift the banner of thy kind, Advance the ministry of mind, The mountain height is free to climb, Toil on—Man's heritage is Time!

A Select Tale.

THE TALISMAN. BY ALFRED GAUDET.

It was after midnight, and the bride had long since retired to her nuptial chamber, when her young husband at last succeeded to escape from the supper table, and leaving his guests to take care of themselves, he repaired to his wife's apartment.

Frederic placed himself sometimes before his small looking glass and considered himself with attention. He was not ugly, but still he could not be called a beau garçon, and as his means did not allow him to attribute his good fortune to the skill of his tailor, he was induced to believe that he was loved for himself alone, or that Lady Melville was fascinated by a spell.

you, and I had a presentiment that one day we should be united to each other. I knew that Lord Melville's motive in marrying me was to vent his spite against his nephews, and I hated to be the instrument of his revenge. The noble Lord perceived my hesitation, and he urged his point. Those who loved me advised me to take advantage of the folly of a man worth millions.

CONFESION OF PROFESSOR WEBSTER, OF THE KILLING OF DR. PARKMAN.

Boston, Tuesday, July 2, 1850. At the meeting of the Council, this morning, the case of Professor Webster, was referred to a Committee. Before the Committee, at 12 o'clock, appeared, Rev. Dr. Putnam, the spiritual adviser of the condemned, with a petition for a commutation of punishment, together with a confession that he killed Dr. Parkman.

try below—and then what was I to do? It never occurred to me to go out and declare what had been done, and obtain assistance; I saw nothing but the alternative of a successful movement and concealment of the body, on the one hand, and of infamy and perdition on the other. The first thing I did as soon as I could do any thing, was to draw the body into the private room adjoining; there I took off the clothes and began putting them into the furnace, which was burning in the upper laboratory; they were all consumed there that afternoon, with papers, pocket book, and whatever they contained; I did not examine the pockets, nor remove any thing except the watch; I saw that or the chain of it hanging out; I took it and threw it over the bridge, as I went to Cambridge; my next move was to get the body into the sink, which stands in the small private room; by setting the body partially erect against the corner, and by getting up into the sink myself, I succeeded in drawing it up there, it was entirely dismembered and desperate necessity—the only instrument was the knife found by the officers in the chest, which I kept for cutting corks.

I made no use of the Turkish knife, as it was called, at the trial,—that had long been kept on my parlor mantel-piece in Cambridge as a curious ornament. My daughters frequently cleaned it, hence the marks of oil and whitening found on it. I had lately brought it into Boston to get the silver sheath repaired. While dismembering the body a stream of Cochineate water running through the sink carried off the blood in a pipe that passed down through the lower laboratory,—there must have been a leak in the pipe, for the ceiling below was stained immediately around it. There was a fire burning in the furnace of the lower laboratory. Littlefield was mistaken in thinking there had never been a fire there. He had probably never kindled one, but I had done it myself several times. I had done it that day for the purpose of making oxygen gas.