

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

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

SERIES, VOL. 7, NO. 4.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1854.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 14, NO. 20.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN. AMERICAN is published every Saturday at \$1.00 per annum in advance...

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

HENRY DONNEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

WM. M. ROCKEFELLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

M. L. SHINDEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

DOCTOR I. W. HUGHES, SUNBURY, PA.

N. M. Newnam's, SUNBURY, PA.

Plumbing Shop, AS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A SUPPLY of all sizes of Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead...

IMPORTANT TO PHYSICIANS AND LADIES.

CONFIDENCE can be placed, by the fullest extent, in the use of the SERRAVALLO'S...

W.M. MCARTY, BOOKSELLER, MARKET STREET, SUNBURY, PA.

JUST received and for sale, a fresh supply of EVANGELICAL MUSIC...

Shamokin Town Lots.

LEATHER. FRITZ & HENDRY, Store, 20 N. 3d street, PHILADELPHIA.

LAWRENCE HOUSE, SUNBURY, PA.

MARIA THOMPSON, SUNBURY, PA.

FRESH Vanilla Bean of a superior quality not received and for sale by June 4, 1854.

SHOES—All kinds of Boots shoes and slippers for sale by G. ELSBERG & CO.

SELECT POETRY.

THE SHAVER'S SOLILOQUY.

To shave, or not to shave; the question is, Whether 'tis better on the human phiz, To let accumulation of our hair...

For if it actually were the case, That Nature never meant the face To be so teased and tortured as it is—

Pluck out the eyebrows and extract the nails, And shave the heads of females and the males!

By woe it will never shave again! But 'tis the dread of ridicule and scorn Makes the foul fashion easy to be borne.

Our chin wag merrily, in street, and hail! "DIOGENES!"

A Select Tale.

THE YOUNG MINISTER.

BY AMIE.

For more than three months, Beechville had been without a minister. Old Mr. Liston had died about that time, and no one had, as yet, been found to supply his place.

His youth militate against him, indeed, thought we! just as it were possible to like a person less because he happened to be young.

We were in church before the first bell had done ringing, and sat waiting as usual, until the young minister came.

It was, in truth, an apparition none dared to encounter. It was the new minister! He had doubtless heard every word that rattled brain had said, and as he raised his hat, in passing, we could not help noticing a sly, humorous expression on those magnificent eyes, that had so thrilled us, with their glare of fire in the pulpit.

There was a thick primed hedge that bordered the road from Squire Edwards' new house, down to the turnstile opposite old Mrs. Liston's house, and inside the hedge was a narrow pathway which, every Sunday was trodden by us; for a visit to the old lady was a part of our Sabbath duties.

She was a cripple, and for years had not left her room, and it was considered a duty by all her former husband's parishioners to visit her every Sabbath, if not oftener.

It was, in truth, an apparition none dared to encounter. It was the new minister! He had doubtless heard every word that rattled brain had said, and as he raised his hat, in passing, we could not help noticing a sly, humorous expression on those magnificent eyes, that had so thrilled us, with their glare of fire in the pulpit.

Well she might, the ugly thing. We all envied her, as she walked so confidently by his side, and glanced, with her hateful green eyes, so maliciously at us, as much as to say, "see what you have gained by your bully!"

It was, in truth, an apparition none dared to encounter. It was the new minister! He had doubtless heard every word that rattled brain had said, and as he raised his hat, in passing, we could not help noticing a sly, humorous expression on those magnificent eyes, that had so thrilled us, with their glare of fire in the pulpit.

other topics so interesting to young ladies. And so, on the day in question, we betook ourselves to our usual promenade, but with such a tumult at our heels, that, for once, we were silent.

"What! say you, girls," at length exclaimed Sarah Edwards, "at length exclaimed Sarah Edwards. She was the only child of the old Squire, and a willer beauty, was never seen than she was. Beautiful she was, beyond the shadow of a doubt, and rich too, for Squire Edwards owned nearly the town of Beechville, and hundreds of acres besides, around the country.

"Miss Edwards, I blush for you," said Miss Brown, the old maid of Beechville, whom we girls had nicknamed Miss Verjuice. We fancy every village owns one.

"I blush to hear such language from the lips of any one who has listened to the holy words of our gifted pastor; Miss Edwards, they are absolutely profane. And you should blush for them.

"Where would be the use of my blushing, Miss Verjuice?" replied Sarah, "since you have done it for me. I don't want to shock you, indeed I don't, but you will have to hear me to the end. I am going to set my cap for the new minister, that's a fact; and as I think myself entitled to the first chance, I don't mind saying so. But girls," she said, turning to us, "I am generous; you shall all have a chance afterwards. Let me see! Annie Lee, I think you are next best; yes, you are decidedly pretty, tall handsomely formed, good complexion, chestnut hair, and blue eyes. Your figure is good; I will have generously enough to acknowledge that. You will do. Lucy Barker, she went on, like an anticlerical crying his goods—"Lucy Barker, petite figure, hazel grey eyes, good features, pale brown hair, rosy lips, lips that have stolen the color from your cheek; and that cheek; oh, call it fair, not pale! You are an intellectual beauty; you will pass. Persis Miller; you remind me of the 'out brown maid,' but you are a beauty, in your way; I must sketch you, too. Complexion dark, but brilliant, roughish brown eyes, and saucy red lips, that shame the coral, and teeth as white and sweet as the inside of a cocoa nut; hair like Walter Scott's Fenella, black as midnight, and of amazing length and thickness. That hair was meant as a mesh to catch some poor fellow's heart; but I don't think it will catch Mr. Markham's. You are saucy enough to succeed, but I shall keep my eyes on you."

"Well, Annie Somers," turning to me, "what shall I say of you? Alas, and alas! you are not much, I am afraid! pug nose, red hair, large mouth, and grey eyes! I am sorry for you, Amie, but it can't be helped; you may do to write a story, or jingle rhymes for the papers, but you will never do to catch the brilliant Mr. Markham." (I must tell you, par parenthese, gentle reader, that Sarah slightly exaggerated. My hair is decidedly auburn; Tom Wilson has said so a hundred times; and if my mouth is large, I have as beautiful a set of teeth as any girl in Beechville, and as for my eyes, Tom vows they are sure indications of intellect. All very talented people have grey eyes. It was a little malicious in her to say what she did;—but I pretended I did not mind it a bit;—and she rattled on as if she did not.)

"Marry Harper, Mary Mavourneen, my little lily of the valley, I am almost afraid to paint your portrait, you are so like a snow flake; you will melt beneath my touch. But if I am not afraid of you, darling; you are too fragile to captivate the reverend; you are fair, a snow-flake, an ethereal little spirit, I confess, but you won't suit him, dear; so you need not try. Miss Brown, do you enter the lists; shall I sketch you?"

But Miss Brown had already advanced to the turn-stile, and no doubt shuddered in pious horror, at Sarah's nonsense. She had reached the stile, and her pink parasol was already on the other side, as she poised it gracefully in one hand, while she gathered the folds of her brilliant lawn in the other, lest it should come in contact with a nail or splinter; and so she stood, wedged in as it were, looking intently down the road, her few yellow teeth just visible between her thin blue lips, and her little green eyes twinkling, but whether with mirth or astonishment we could not decide.

"What apparition has crossed the fair Susan's path?" exclaimed one of the girls; "something has called the ghost of a color to her cheek; let us hurry and see what it is."

Oh, dear me! we saw soon enough. It was, in truth, an apparition none dared to encounter. It was the new minister! He had doubtless heard every word that rattled brain had said, and as he raised his hat, in passing, we could not help noticing a sly, humorous expression on those magnificent eyes, that had so thrilled us, with their glare of fire in the pulpit.

It was, in truth, an apparition none dared to encounter. It was the new minister! He had doubtless heard every word that rattled brain had said, and as he raised his hat, in passing, we could not help noticing a sly, humorous expression on those magnificent eyes, that had so thrilled us, with their glare of fire in the pulpit.

Well she might, the ugly thing. We all envied her, as she walked so confidently by his side, and glanced, with her hateful green eyes, so maliciously at us, as much as to say, "see what you have gained by your bully!"

It was, in truth, an apparition none dared to encounter. It was the new minister! He had doubtless heard every word that rattled brain had said, and as he raised his hat, in passing, we could not help noticing a sly, humorous expression on those magnificent eyes, that had so thrilled us, with their glare of fire in the pulpit.

Well she might, the ugly thing. We all envied her, as she walked so confidently by his side, and glanced, with her hateful green eyes, so maliciously at us, as much as to say, "see what you have gained by your bully!"

It was, in truth, an apparition none dared to encounter. It was the new minister! He had doubtless heard every word that rattled brain had said, and as he raised his hat, in passing, we could not help noticing a sly, humorous expression on those magnificent eyes, that had so thrilled us, with their glare of fire in the pulpit.

Well she might, the ugly thing. We all envied her, as she walked so confidently by his side, and glanced, with her hateful green eyes, so maliciously at us, as much as to say, "see what you have gained by your bully!"

not sense enough to pass on, and pay our accustomed visit afterwards; not we; but blundered right in, before we knew what we were doing.

"I am so glad you have come, girls," said the dear old lady. "Now I can introduce you to my very dear young friend, whom you must love for my sake. Mr. Markham, as these young ladies are my special favorites, I will make you acquainted with them individually." And she actually, without knowing the misery she was inflicting, called us up one by one, and introduced us! It occurred to me that there was very little Christian charity in his addressing us each by name, and keeping us longer answering questions than the occasion warranted; but perhaps he wanted to teach us a lesson. How we got through it, I hardly know; but I know we were all glad to get out of the house, and beyond the next of those eagle eyes.

The next Sabbath we were not quite so soon at church, nor did our glance wander to the door, to see the minister enter. We sat quiet and silent during the service, not even noticing that the Widow Preble had cast off her weeds, nor that the storekeeper's ugly daughter had another new bonnet. Things which, at any other time, would have set us thinking for a week, actually passed unheeded. On that day, and for several succeeding Sundays, we took our walk along the hedge; but we took good care not to breathe a word about the new minister; in fact, we always took care to look, before we ventured to enter it, to see whether the coast was clear.

Mr. Markham visited our parents, and in time looked at us with a less searching glance than he had formerly done. The old parsonage was newly painted and papered, workmen were employed constantly in making alterations, and fitting it up in a more modern style. "For no young lady would like to live in such a dingy old place," remarked the minister. And that hint set every heart beating, and every brain working. Who could it be! he had never shown marked attention to any one of us, but he must have made a selection; that was certain. And (I blush to confess it) poor Tom Wilson, whose fatherly had once been welcome, was now slighted so shamefully, that out of sheer spite he left Beechville, and took up his residence in a neighboring city. I felt a little compunction of conscience, it is true; but then those glorious eyes (at least I thought so) had singled me out from all the rest at church; and I remembered how Mr. Rivers had loved Jane Eyre, and thought I had as good a right to make a conquest of the handsome Mr. Markham, as she had of Mr. Rivers. I even looked compassionately at Sarah Edwards; and as for the rest, I hardly supposed he would waste a thought on them. I went on dreaming, and reading Jane Eyre, and comparing myself to her, and wondering how she could prefer the ugly Mr. Rochester to Mr. Rivers, until I had hardly a doubt left in my mind that I was to be the future mistress of the parsonage, and the wife of its handsome master. Alas, for human vanity! the parsonage was completed, and yet Mr. Markham did not seem in a hurry to claim a mistress for his; but one Sunday he entered the church accompanied by a young lady, who leaned upon his arm, and glanced timidly around as she took her seat. All eyes were turned on the stranger; nor could the powerful eloquence of the clergyman divert our attention from this new object.

I am afraid there was little Christianity among us that day, for we started the timid, shy-looking creature completely out of countenance. During the sermon, her eyes never wandered from the face of the soul-beaming face of the speaker. Her glance brightened, and her lips quivered, as she listened; she was not beautiful; but she appeared so pure, and so truly devout, that we could not help feeling our littleness, as we watched her. She could not be his sister; there was not the slightest resemblance between them; and surely, he had very little taste if she was his wife.

Well, everything has an end, if we only wait long enough to see it. She was his wife! That little, pale, insignificant looking thing had captivated him. We set it down for a certainty that she was rich; he had been bought. No! she had been nothing but a school-teacher! It is astonishing what pranks love will sometimes play. I wonder whether Tom Wilson intends returning to Beechville! Poor Tom; it was very cruel in me to treat him so; I confess. As for that disagreeable Mr. Markham, I can't bear him! I wonder I ever thought him superior to Tom, for now I think that Tom is certainly more manly looking. Sarah Edwards is to be married soon, and all the rest are dropping off.—Hoigh ho! I wonder if Tom has forgotten me!

NEW PRINTING PRESS.—A correspondent of the New York Independent, writing from Boston, says a new printing press called the "Self-Feeding and Self-Registering Power Press," has been on exhibition in that city for several days. It feeds itself, works both sides of the sheet, if desired, and drops the sheet, when printed, into a box when throwing it off. The paper is set upon a reel, and rolled off, as in the case of a telegraphic strip, and it performs the press itself to the right side. It cuts by the double itself the amount of "Hoe's Cylinder Press," at the same speed. It is provided with a register, which accurately counts the sheets and tokens; a bell striking at the completion of every token; and an alarm dial, which may be set to any number of sheets or tokens desired. These are some of its peculiarities, which are regarded here by some, at least, as quite wonderful. Squire Walker is here trying to strike up some sort of a bargain with the inventor, Mr. Carpenter, of what nature I am not informed.

ATTEMPT OF A MANIAC TO MURDER A FAMILY.

A horrible tragedy was enacted at Rootstown, Ohio, on the 22d ult. Notice of it has already been given in the city papers. A private letter from a witness of the scene, furnishes the following details:

It seems that Mr. Horace L. Essig, of Rootstown, had risen on the morning of 22d, and without dressing, was in the act of putting a stick of wood in the kitchen stove, when he was felled by a blow on his head. Mr. E. was standing at the time near a door, that opened into the woodshed. The door was ajar, and the blow was given from some person in the shed.

The correspondent says: Mr. Essig saw no one, but placing his hands on each side of his head, he hastened through into his dining-room, where his wife was; he exclaimed, "I am killed; someone has split my head open with an axe." He then ran out to the door and cried murder. His wife seeing him bleeding, and a gash on his head, just above and also back of the temple, shouted for help. Meantime the children were awakened and came running in; the eldest, a son of sixteen, on coming down stairs, opened the door leading to the woodshed, thinking his father was in there. On opening the door, the first object that he saw was a man with an uplifted axe, looking like a demon at him. He says: "Caleb, what do you want of me? Caleb sprang back and shut the door.—By this time a neighbor came across the street, and went to the woodhouse, when the maniac addressed him by name, 'Donald Deming.'—That is my name," he replied, and continued he, 'John Chittenden, what are you doing with that axe? I thirst for blood, and blood I will have.' Mr. Deming tried to cool him down, and after a few minutes succeeded in getting the axe. However, before he could get it away, Chittenden wrenched it from him.—[Some of the children had been sent for help, even in their undress.] After losing his hold upon the axe, Deming retreated to the dining-room where Horace sat bleeding, and his family around him frightened very much. Deming held the door from the dining-room, and hoped to keep him from that, but with the axe he shattered the door at once, when Mr. Deming exclaimed, 'run for your lives!'

By this time, other neighbors got there, and on seeing what was going on, ran home to get their rifle, thinking it best to shoot the madman. Upon word being given to run, they all left as they thought, and Deming shot the outer door, but Lucinda, their eldest daughter, 15 years old, stepped to save a little brother, two and a-half years old, who had been awakened by the breaking in of the door, and had jumped from his bed on the floor, and stood screaming from fright. She caught him in time to get her fingers pinched as Deming shot the door. She saw the wretch leap through the door, through where the upper panel had been broken. She called to them to have them open the door, but by this time she received a blow from the head of the axe, which felled her with the little one still in her arms. Meanwhile, Horace had a presentation that some child still remained in the house, and had gone around to the back kitchen door and entered, passing into the dining-room. There lay Lucinda weeping in her blood, and, as he supposed, dead. The outside door had been opened; Deming had opened it for the child when she called; Chittenden was in the act of splitting open Deming's head; Horace sprang across the dining-room, and seized the axe-handle to avert the blow from D. Chittenden, finding some one was behind him turned upon him, and in the scuffle cut to the bone on the back of Horace's head. Upon that, Horace seized him by the throat and Deming got him down, he still retaining the axe, and Horace still choking him. By this time the woman had called the man back that had gone for his rifle. He came, and with much difficulty wrenched the axe from him; (the only held it by one hand; they then got ropes and bound him. Horace was covered with blood, and so was the floor.

After he was secured, a messenger was posted to Ravenna for medical aid. The word flew like lightning, and a general rush ensued. Horace's head was trepanned. His brain lay exposed during his struggle with the man. The pulsation could be seen, but the membrane was not broken. The inside of the bone that was taken off was 1 1/2 of an inch long and 1/2 of an inch wide. Upon the inside the bone was more than two inches long, besides two small pieces that were not measured. He to all appearance will survive, but poor Lucinda is in a very critical situation. The bones were so driven into the brain, that the surgeon thought it best not to do much for her, but her friends insisted upon trying. After five hours they proceeded to dress her wound. After pressing the scalp back, they extracted six pieces of bone, some an inch or over. Several of them were nearly buried in the brain. Dr. Pratt extracted them, raising up the skull bone wherever it was depressed. About two spoonfuls of the brain escaped. She still lies in a very critical situation, with but a small hope of recovery. This Chittenden belonged in Hamilton, the town south of this, a half-mil from a child; an ugly tempered man naturally. Of late his friends have thought him deranged at times. The night previous to this attack, he had three keepers. He attempted to kill his brother. His wife was directed to go about half a mile in a neighbor's stay. In her hurry, in leaping a fence, she sprained her ankle. Of course she was crawling on her hands and knees, and by so doing, she probably escaped death, for he

LETTER FROM COL. FREMONT.

From the National Intelligencer of yesterday we extract the subjoined letter from Col. Fremont, not only because it contradicts the exaggerated reports of death sustained by his party, and assures us of the intrepid explorer's own safety, after his two months' bold journey through the mountain wilds in midwinter, but because his success seems fully to have established the favorable nature of the central route for a railroad in winter, as well as summer:

"Parowan, Iron County, Utah Territory, February 9, 1854. My Dear Sir:—I have had the good fortune to meet here my friend, Mr. Babbit, the Secretary of the Territory, who is on his way to Washington, in charge of the mail, and other very interesting despatches, the importance of which is urging him forward with extreme rapidity. He passes directly on this morning, and I have barely a few moments to give you intelligence of our safe arrival, and of our general good health and reasonable success in the object of our expedition.

This winter has happened to be one of extreme and unusual cold. Here, the citizens inform me, it has been altogether the severest since the settlement of this valley.—Consequently, so far as the snows are concerned, the main condition of our exploration has been fulfilled. We entered the mountain regions on the Hoerfano river on the 3d of December, and issued from it here on the 7th of this month, arriving here yesterday afternoon. We went through the Cochetopa Pass on the 14th December, with four inches—no feet, take notice, but inches—of snow on the level, among the pines and in the shade on the summit of the Pass. This does not mean that you consider the great question, and fulfill the leading condition of my explorations; and therefore I go no further into details in this letter.

I congratulate you on this verification of your judgment, and the good prospect it holds out of final success in carrying the road by this central line. Nature has been bountiful to this region in accumulating here, within a few miles of where I am writing, vast deposits of iron, coal, and timber, all of the most excellent quality; and a great and powerful interior State will spring up immediately in the steps of the Congressional action which should decide to carry the road through this region. In making my expedition to this point, I have nearly a parallel of latitude, shortening the actual distance from Green river to this point by over a hundred miles. In crossing to the Sierra Nevada I shall go direct by an unexplored route, aiming to strike directly the Tejon Pass, at the head of the San Joaquin valley, through which in 1850 I drove from two to three thousand head of cattle that I delivered to the Indian Commissioners. I shall make what speed I possibly can, going light, and abandoning the more elaborated survey of my previous line, to gain speed.

Until within about one hundred miles of this place we had degenerated the country over which we passed, but were forced to abandon all our heavy baggage to save the men, and I shall not stop to send back for it. The Delawares all come in sound, but the whites of my party were all exhausted and broken up, and more or less frost-bitten. I lost one, Mr. Fuller, of St. Louis, Missouri, who died on entering this valley. He died like a man, on horseback, in his saddle, and will be buried like a soldier, on the spot where he fell.

I hope soon to see you in Washington.—Mr. Babbit expects to see you before the end of March. Among other documents which he carries with him are the Maps and Report of Capt. Gannett's party. Sincerely and affectionately, JOHN C. FREMONT.

Col. Benton, Washington. P. S.—This is the Little Salt Lake settlement, and was commenced three years since. Population now four hundred, and one death by sickness since the settlement was made. We have been most hospitably received.—Mr. Babbit has been particularly kind, and has rendered me very valuable assistance.

[A Valley of the Sierras, about 60 miles west of the mouth of South Lake, between 37 and 38 degrees north latitude, and between 118 and 119 degrees of west longitude; elevation above the sea about 5000 feet.]

DESTRUCTIVE INVENTION.

The war imminent between the powers of Europe will doubtless be of the most destructive character. Invention has been busy during the long peace Europe has enjoyed, in devising means for bringing hostilities to a rapid termination, by making the catastrophe terrible and complete at the beginning. Steam will be introduced for the first time as an element of warfare, and its gigantic energies will effect as great a revolution in the science of war, as gunpowder produced on its first introduction into the battle-field.—The arsenals of England, it is said, have been closed for a long time, even to members of Parliament, while experiments have been making in new and terrible machines, which are now to be brought into use. One of these is called the "Wagner Floating Gun," which glides along the water in a straight line till it strikes the vessel at which it is directed, when it thrusts into its sides its iron head, containing two pounds of fulminating powder of mercury, which, by exploding, blows a hole in the vessel ten or twelve feet in diameter, which it is impossible to close as the round holes made by cannon balls.—Submarine boats are so perfected that they can reach and attach a burner of an enemy's ship without running the least danger. Experiments are also made with an asphyxiating ball, to set fire to ships as soon as they strike, with other engines of destruction equally as terrible and annihilating.

THE STATES AND TERRITORIES.—In 1790 there were seventeen States and Territorial Governments included in the Union. In 1800, twenty-one States and Territories. In 1810, twenty-five States and Territories. In 1820, twenty-seven States and Territories. In 1830, twenty-eight States and Territories. In 1840, thirty States and Territories. In 1850, thirty-six States and Territories.

The town agency of Rutland, Vt., sold three thousand dollars worth of liquor in ten months, all for medicine. What an unhealthy place Rutland must be!

SIZE OF OUR GREAT LAKES.

The latest measurements of our fresh water seas are these:

The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth 988 feet; elevation 627 feet; area 32,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 360 miles; its greatest breadth 108 miles; mean depth 900 feet; elevation 587 feet; area 23,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Huron is 260 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth 800 feet; elevation 574 feet; area 20,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth is 80 miles; its mean depth is 84 feet; elevation 355 feet; area 6,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation 262 feet; area 4,000 square miles.

The total length of all five is 1,385 miles; covering an area altogether of upward of 90,000 square miles.

Gen. Thomas F. Marshall of Kentucky, who made such a sensation here in his day as a Temperance lecturer, has again become a scotch drinker.—[Parisian, Reg. etc.]