

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

HENRY B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.

H. B. MASSER, Editor.

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FOR THE AMERICAN.

"Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven, For ye are A beauty and a mystery."

Child Harold.

Ye myriads of worlds, that gem the night With dazzling beauty; ye myst'ries afar, Spangling the depth profound, telling of Power And Knowledge infinite; to you the spirit Turns with thought intense.

In the sweet stillness

Of the day's last hour, when gold and purple Robe the glowing west; and mellowing tints Of evening sink o'er earth, attuning hearts To pensive meditation:—faint—trembling— In azure pale—ye one by one appear,

Till night's deep darkness wraps the world in gloom, And in the vault of Heaven in countless hosts Ye glow, speaking a language to the soul, Unheard yet deeply felt. Oh have I gazed On you,—in love and adoration mute, Of Him Omnipotent, at whose command Ye started into being,—till my wrapt soul, Lost in ecstatic thought, has longed to burst Its bonds of clay, and soaring, penetrate The myst'ries of Heaven.

Intensely beautiful!

Do higher intelligences, where mind, emancipate, quail largely at the fount of knowledge eterne? Or, holds sweet converse, with angelic guests, As did Immaculate in Eden's bowers, The parents of our race, ere sin brought death And sull'ring? Ye are so bright, I fondly Dream, that happiness—unmixed, is with you. But yet in your far realms of light, perchance There's misery,—high hopes—and dark despair— 'Feelings of deep contrast may agitate

'The soul, and anguish'd hearts, as here, may thro' With griefs untold, and sick'ning, die.

'Tis thus

A lonely musings, that the spirit strives With thoughts too deep, and aspirations high, To know celestial things. But cease! vain mortal 'ease! th' unavailing wish. Know that Creation's God—He by whose power yon starry hosts Bedeck the dark abyss, and since from chaos struck, revolve in silent harmony divine, Living to this, our sublunary life, Glimpse of that stupendous universe, Whose vastness far outstretches human thought, And bows the mind to awe unspeakable— O, the Redeemer of thy soul, to Him Fore precious than countless myriads of revolving worlds inanimate.

He bow'd

'The Heavens and came down, and in that last dread Moment of deep agony, when blackness 'eld the skies, and Nature tot'ring to her base, As rent with mortal throes, He cried, "tis finish'd; and gave his life a ransom for the world. Oh wondrous, infinite, supreme bequest 'o fallen man. Oh Love unfathomable, did let me dwell on thee!—and as I watch 'our silent course, ye stars, may my soul take higher, nobler flight, and contemplate the wonders of Redemption.

Sunbury, Oct. 23. CATHERINE.

In a sermon on the death of William Henry Harrison, delivered in Pisgah church, Woodford county, by the Rev. Jacob F. Price, the following incident connected with our revolutionary history is mentioned, to illustrate how deep are the pious sentiments of the patriots there who signed the declaration of independence.

"On the ever memorable July 4th, 1776, when that band of enlightened patriots and sages, called the Continental Congress, with sad hearts and pected countenances, were deliberating the Declaration of American Independence, they reached a point pending these deliberations when all hearts ere faint, and all countenances deep-sad, and it was feared by many that a decision would be against that instrument. The destiny of the nation hing in even balances, the slightest fluence would have thrown our fate ther way. We had reached the point at was to decide our destiny for weal 'or woe. At that solemn,—awful et gloriously eventful crisis, that patriot sage, statesman, philosopher, and e trust christian, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, se in his place and moved "that we ve prayer."—The motion was carri without a dissenting voice. Dr. John Whitherspoon, a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, who was a member of at Congress, was called upon to offer the prayer. While that prayer was erod these noble men rose from their ded knees, and signed in solemn since the declaration that sealed our dependence and made us a free peo-

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, October 9, 1841.

Vol. II.—No. II.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

As my object is but to give a specimen of the various misfortunes that incessantly beset me the moment I appear in ladies' society, I shall merely speak of those that befel me at the only dinner in Paris to which I was invited. Though laden with introductory letters, I never delivered another.

I pass by the various efforts I made before I mustered sufficient resolution to deliver to Madame O, the one that procured for me, and a friend who came with me, the dinner in question. I pass by my trepidation at the everlasting peal with which the bell responded to my timid touch. Scarcely could I distinguish the Parlez on Suisse, over the porter's lodge, where probably Swiss never stood since its erection. I pass by several minor blunders; such as asking the porter to direct us to "la chambre de Madame," meaning her drawing-room.

—Suffice it to say, that my less nervous companion, dictionary in hand, boldly led the way; that having traversed a good number of courts and stairs, we at length arrived safely at an ante-room, where stood a servant before a pair of folding doors, which he threw open, and announced us by a pair of names that we should never have recognized as our own, had we met them elsewhere.

Already agitated and prespiring with nervous trepidation, this ostentatious mode of entrance so different from the republican simplicity to which I was accustomed, was a formidable trial to me. My cheeks tinged, my knees trembled, and my heart beat violently. I slunk silently behind my companion, and endeavored to gather sufficient courage to conceal the tremor that shook me like an ague fit. Madame O, rose to receive us; and as we approached her, it became necessary that I should deploy from behind my friend. But in so doing, I did not notice a large pet dog, who, comfortably stretched on a red cushion, lay napping beside his mistress, directly in my path. On I went, anxious only to get through the introductory ceremonies as soon as possible, and then to excoice myself in some remote corner, where,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot," I might escape all notice or remark. But truly says the French proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes," and very unfortunate were his dispositions for my intentions. As I hastened on, all glowing with confusion, and quaking with fright, just as I began my bow, I stumbled over the detested pet, was suddenly precipitated head foremost, like an ancient battering ram, into the lap of Miss P., overturning egregiously a countryman of my own, who was seated next her, balancing his chair on its two hind legs. To save himself, he instinctively grasped the back of her chair, and his weight at her rear, acting at the same moment that I was huddled at her front, decided all hesitation, and over we all rolled together, the chair uppermost. The vile cur who had been at the bottom of the whole mischief, seized me by the leg and received a hearty kick in return, added his howling to the chorus of dismay that now filled the apartment. Happily, the female sufferer in this *malice* engrossed all the sympathy and attention of the company; but I well knew that in the short minute that had elapsed since I had entered the apartment, I had made three moral enemies, a man, a dog, and a lady.

For my own part, as soon as I had extricated myself from the terrible crash, confusion and shame, I retreated into the most obscure corner of the room, where I sought to hide myself and my overwhelming mortification behind the guests who were lounging about there.

The call to dinner served as relief to my embarrassment; for I hoped that would engross every one's attention, which now, I could not but feel must be occupied with my awkwardness. Following the company to the dining-room, I saw that each plate contained a card, on which was written the name of the guest who was to occupy the plate thus designated. Every one seemed to find his place as by magic; but as for me, four or five times did I make the circuit of the table, looking in vain for mine. Indeed, I know not but I might have continued running about all dinner time unmolested among the crowd of servants, had not Madame O's eyes at length detected me as I circled round and round with a hysterically interesting rapidity, my eyes dim with confusion, and a clammy perspiration bedewing every pore of my body, and I at length sunk into my seat, when I was fairly exhausted with mortification and shame.

Here, again, I found myself embarrassed with my hat, which, having observed that all retained in the drawing-room, I still grasped with nervous pertinacity. This fat length disposed of, as I thought at the time with wonderful ingenuity; for I hung it by the brim between my knees, spreading my handkerchief over its open cavity.

My seat was next to a young lady, whom of course I was expected to entertain! Wofully had I already entertained the company; but I found myself infinitely better adapted to entertain a company *en masse* than *individuellement*.

The ordinary routine of a French dinner now commenced. Soup and bouillie, fish, fowl, and fresh *entremets*, and *hors d'oeuvres*, while a series of servants appeared each instant at our elbows, inviting us to partake of a thousand dishes, and of as many different kinds of wine, all under strings of names of which I no more understood than I understood their composition, or than they did my *gaucheries*. Resolute to avoid all further opportunities for displaying any predominant trait, I sat in the most obtinate silence; saying "yes" to every

thing that was offered me, and eating with most devoted application, till, in an evil hour, my fair neighbor, weary of my taciturnity and her own, at length herself began a conversation, by inquiring how I was pleased with the opera. The question was put at an unlucky moment, I was just raising a large morsel of potatoes to my mouth, and in order to reply as quickly as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it instantly. Heavens! it was as hot as burning lava! What could I do? The lady's eyes were fixed on me, waiting a reply to her question; but my mouth was in flames. In vain I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head from side to side, while my eyes which involuntarily I had fixed on her, were strained from their sockets. She regarded my grimaces, with amazement and surprise, at which I can laugh now when I think of it.

"You're sick, sir," at length she gently and in an anxious tone, inquired. I could bear no more. My mouth was flayed with the burning mass, and smarting with intolerable pain, so quietly abandoning the point, I opened it to its utmost, and out dropped the internal firebrand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to a smile ruffled the imperturbable politeness of the lady. She soothingly consoled with me on my misfortune, and then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics, till exerting the magic influence that true politeness always exercises, I began to forget even my own blunders. Gradually, my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could even join in the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered, shared the fate of every action I attempted. I even ventured to hope, nay, to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of my calamities was completed to-day.

"Let no one call himself happy before death," said Solon; and he spoke wisely. The idea of Mars were not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table; and when my fair neighbor inquired if I were fond of *choufleur*, I verily took it to be the French for custard pudding, and so high was my panegyric of it, that my plate was soon bountifully laden with it. Alas! one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion. Would to heaven that the *coiffeur* had vanished along with it. But that remained bodily, and, almost as large and burning as Venusus, my heart died under it me. Ashamed to confess my mistake, though I could almost as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, I struggled manfully against the diabolical compound. I endeavored to esp the mountainous heap at its base, and shutting my eyes and opening my mouth, to inhale as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began, intelligibly enough, to intimate its intention to admit no more of this nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not expelling that which had already gained an unwelcome admittance.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions, which appetite would not have inspired; when my plate had somewhat got over the edge of the table, upon leaning forward, tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under it in its turn, and a great proportion of it was safely deposited in my hat. The plate instantly righted itself, as I raised my person; and as I glanced my eyes round the table, and saw that no one had noticed my disaster, I inwardly congratulated myself, that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolving not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief, together with all its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing-room, where coffee and *liqueurs* were served round. Meantime I had sought out what I considered a safe hiding-place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dining room, for I dared not carry it higher in my hand; having first thrown a morsel of paper into the crown, to hide the cauliflower from view, should any one chance, in seeking for his own hat to look into mine.

On my returning from the drawing-room, I sat down to be again seated by the lady, by whom I dined at dinner.—Our conversation naturally resumed, and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running like a race horse up her arm.

"Take it off—take it off," she ejaculated, in a terrified tone. "I was always afraid of spiders—so to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my handkerchief from my pocket, and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious heaven! I had forgotten the cauliflower, which now plastered over her face like an emollient poultice, fairly killing the spider, and blinding an eye of the lady, while little streams of soft butter glided down her beautiful neck and bosom.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the astonished fair. "Mon Dieu!" was echoed from every mouth. "Have you cut your head?" inquired one. "No, no; the spider—the spider. The fellow has killed the spider."

"What a quantity of entrails!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously to himself.

Well might he be astonished. The spray of the execrable vegetable had splattered her dress from head to foot. For myself, the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket but its contents remained.

"What a monster it must have been!" observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation, "I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflowers."

At that moment I felt some one touch me; and turning I saw my companion who had come with me.

"Look at your pantaloons," he whispered.

Already half dead with confusion at the disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting upon the fatal pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft paste-like vegetable which had oozed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if I were actually dissolving in my pantaloons.

Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat, before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"*Sac-r-r-e! le! Sac-r-r-e! Sac-r-r-e!*"

The *r* in the last syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and name, that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard rising like a fierce tempest without the door. Suddenly there was a pause—a gurgling sound as of one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained. We had exchanged hats; and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustaches, ears, and aud. There he stood astride, like the colossus, and stooping gently forward, his eyes feebly closed, his arms held drooping out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter at every pore.

I staid no longer, but, retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a *fiacre*, and a rived safely at home; heartily resolving, that to my last hour I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

OUTRAGE IN THE CAPITOL GARDEN.—We have just been informed by Mr. Maher; the public gardener, that in the course of Monday night, some ill-disposed persons went into the beautiful garden attached to the Capitol and destroyed a great number of valuable plants and flowers, as cabbage, roses, stocks, &c. Besides acting in this outrageous manner, the villains cut and carried away not less than 1500 of the choice dahls which have been raised with so much care, and which were so beautiful and ornamental to the public grounds.

Nat. Intel.

Franklin's Printing Press.

We take pleasure (says the New York Commercial Advertiser) in announcing to our readers that, through the exertions of John B. Murray of this city, who is at present residing in Liverpool, the identical printing press at which the philosopher Franklin, then a poor printer, worked on his first visit to London, has been placed at Murray's disposal and will be sent to this country. A letter has been addressed to John Vaughan, the President of the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, of which Franklin was founder, offering that society the possession of this valuable relic. Vaughan was a personal friend of Franklin, and we doubt not the arrival of the press will afford him the liveliest pleasure. Various efforts have been made to procure the press, but until now in vain.

Cuba, her Negroes and Position.

A petition has been presented to the captain general of Cuba to have him to adopt some course for the suppression of the slave trade. It appears that from 1835 to 1839 the number of 63,055 slaves were landed in that Island from Africa.

The position of this island is far from pleasant, as may be gathered from the following facts. On one side is Haiti, with 900,000 free blacks, a large number of whom are enrolled in her armies, which are well disciplined and well armed. On the south is Jamaica, having 400,000 blacks. In the Bahama, Archipelago, and other islands in the neighborhood there are estimated to be 12,000 negroes. In the French islands the slaves are on the eve of being emancipated. At some day not far distant these neighbors may prove very dangerous to the people of Cuba; and if trouble is not created by them within the limits of the United States, we may feel grateful to an over-ruling Providence.—[Ohio Paper.]

NOVEL MODE OF PROCURING A DINNER.—A fish-hawk, in flying over the town, a few days since, dropped a large flounder, just taken from the harbor, which fell into the street. A gentleman immediately picked it up, "alive and kicking," sent it home, and had it prepared for dinner.—[Yarmouth Herald.]

Horrible Murder of Mr. Adams, the Printer.

ARREST OF THE MURDERER AND DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.

On Friday week Mr. Samuel Adams, a highly respectable printer residing at 11 Elizabeth street, of the firm of Scrathard and Adams, of No. 59 Gold street, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. He was a man of regular habits. He was advertised but nothing has been heard of him. On the evening of his disappearance the occupants of the upper stories of the large granite building, corner of Broadway and Chambers, were disturbed by a mysterious noise and scuffling in the room of a tenant named J. C. Colt, the author of a new system of book-keeping.

A gentleman named Wheeler, teacher of penmanship, occupying a room adjoining Colt's, suspecting foul play, looked through the key hole of Colt's door and saw Colt washing the floor. At a late hour, looking again, he saw him similarly occupied. He ordered his young man to watch until Colt went out. Colt stayed all night in his room and was constantly employed. In the morning Colt went out and called a man, to whom he delivered a box of sufficient size to hold a man, directed to some one at St. Louis via New Orleans. The young man had not the wit to follow, but reported the circumstances to his employer.

The gentleman alluded to sometime afterwards seeing the advertisement of the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Adams, made some inquiries and ascertained that Mr. A. was then executing (or had previously executed) printing for Colt to a considerable amount, and was in the habit of often calling at Colt's rooms. This confirmed his suspicions that foul murder had been done on the Friday night above named—and he communicated the whole circumstances to Mayor Morris.—Colt was arrested on Thursday. He denies being in the room on the night in question, and sending away the box, or knowing anything of it or its contents.

We have since learned more full particulars, and the above statement is somewhat incorrect.

The facts as far as we can gather, are these—Mr. Colt is the author of an able work upon book-keeping, and the brother of an inventor of Colt's celebrated fire arms. He hired a room on the second floor of the granite building corner of Chambers st. and Broadway. The room is the second room from Broadway, and the window facing Chambers street.

On the night of Friday, 17th inst. the gentleman occupying the adjoining room heard, with others, a noise as of some person falling, and fancied some persons were fencing with foiles, and one of them had fallen. The parties waited, expecting to hear a laugh, but from that moment a most profound and deathlike silence followed.—Surprised at the circumstance, the gentleman knocked several times at Colt's door, but no answer was given.

On the following morning, a large box was observed by many of the inmates of the granite building, standing in the entry. Soon the upper part of the building thought at first that it was for them as it was about the length to contain two full size busts. Observing, however, that it was directed to St. Louis via New Orleans, they saw that it was going from the building, not that it had come to it. Other persons in the building who knew that Colt had only taken the rooms for a short time, thought he was removing. The box was removed between half past 8 and 10 A. M. on Saturday, the 18th.

The gentleman who heard the noise spoken of, thought no more of it, until he saw the advertisement of Mr. Adams' disappearance. On mentioning it to another person, a female said that Mr. Colt was indebted to Mr. Adams. (The sum was understood to be \$200, and for printing this identical work on book-keeping.) The conviction flashed upon the mind of this gentleman that Mr. Adams was murdered on the night in question, and proceeded to acquaint the Mayor of the fact. Upon searching Colt's room, a glass was found shattered—a hatchet, the handle of which was newly scraped with broken glass—the end of the handle of the axe was covered over with ink.

The wall was also spotted with ink, as we conceive, to conceal or obliterate the marks of blood. A portion of the floor of the room has been sawn away

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad space and duration, and Price per line.

By the officers and carried to the Mayor's office. On the examination of Colt, he said he made a box to hold his trunk, out of a large box which he had to hold stationary. This statement he probably made to account for the use he had for tools, which he borrowed from some person in the building. He says the box not answering, he threw them out of the window into the street.

In consequence of the discovery of these facts the Mayor advertised for the carrier who carried the box, and when Mr. Godfrey, Superintendent of Hacks, discovered on Saturday night—He was taken before the Mayor, where he stated that Mr. Colt had employed and paid him to carry a box from his room corner of Broadway and Chambers street, to the ship Kalamazoo, lying at the foot of Maiden lane, on the morning of the 18th inst. and that he had delivered it there accordingly.

In consequence of this, the Mayor ordered officers A. M. C. Smith and Waldron on board the vessel, and the hatches which had been closed, to be opened, and on Sunday afternoon, about one o'clock, the box was found and brought on deck. On opening it, the body of Mr. Adams, with only his shirt on, was found therein, packed round tightly with salt, and an awning wrapped round the whole, and then the box nailed up. It was conveyed to the dead house in the Park, and the coroner called to hold the inquest, Justice Taylor, of the Upper Police, (who with the Mayor and officers above named, have been indefatigable in ferreting out the authors of this horrid murder,) discovered the woman kept by Colt, and in her possession, found the watch of Mr. Adams.

Thus this affair of blood is revealed—and the guilty author known and justice about to be satisfied.

The Coroner held an inquest on the body and after hearing the evidence the jury were locked up for about ten minutes, and found a verdict of "wilful and deliberate murder" against John C. Colt, who thereupon was committed to prison to await his trial.

Tamed Rattle Snakes.

Mr. McFarland, of Iowa, has at the city Hotel, seven large rattlesnakes which he has been taming for some time and has so far succeeded, that he handles them without any apprehensions. Five of them he has had since May last, and has so far succeeded in domesticating them, that he suffers them to crawl all over his person, and about his face, lodging their heads in his bosom &c. They seem to manifest no hostility to his touch, but are ready to bite whenever any other person approaches them. Whenever one manifests a disposition to strike, Mr. M.F., by rubbing it tames it immediately. He opens their mouths exhibits their fangs, which have not been removed from any of them. One of them is supposed, from the number of rattles, to be upwards of fifty years old, and are all of the largest size. They were all taken in Iowa. It has heretofore been thought by many naturalists, to be impossible to tame this reptile, but Mr. M.F. has disproved this theory. Mr. M.F. intends exhibiting them for a short time in the city. Spectators are in no possible danger from them. The exhibition will be highly interesting to the naturalist and the curious.—[St. Louis Repub.]

Mysterious Occurrence.

A valuable carriage, worth probably five or six hundred dollars, was three or four days since, discovered among the bushes near the farm of a Mr. Burnside, situated several miles out on the Brownsville road. It was entirely empty; there were no horses attached to it or found in the vicinity, and nothing was seen which might lead to the discovery of who was its owner, when it was left, or under what circumstances, except the name of the manufacturer, which we did not learn, and the place where it was manufactured, Richmond Va. The desertion of a valuable piece of property in the midst of a peaceful community, without apparent cause, leads to the suspicion that there has been foul play used with the owner, whoever he may have been.—The horses being gone tends to confirm this suspicion.—[Pittsburg Paper.]

Typographical Error.—An editor describing an accident on a railroad, is made by a compositor to say "that two cows were completely cut into cubes by the railroad train."