

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
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BEN BLOWER'S STORY.

Or How to Relish a Julep.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"Are you sure that's the Flame over by the shore?"

"Certing, munny! I could tell her pipes across the Mazoura."

"And you will overhaul her?"

"Won't we though! I tell ye, Stranger, so sure as my name's Ben Blower, that last tar bar'l I have in the furnace has just the smart chance of go-ahead into us to cut off the Flame from yonder pint, or send our boat to kingdom come."

"The devil!" exclaimed a bystander who, intensely interested in the race, was leaning the while against the partitions of the boiler room, "I've chosen a nice place to see the fun near this infernal powder barrel!"

"Not so bad as if you were in it!" coolly observed Ben, as the other walked rapidly away.

"As if he were in it! What! in the boiler!"

"Certing! Don't folks sometimes go into boilers, munny?"

"I should think there'd be other parts of the boat more comfortable."

"That's right; poking fun at me at one's; but wait till we get through with this brush with the Flame and I'll tell ye a regular fixin scrape that a man may get into. It's true, too, every word of it—as sure as my name's Ben Blower."

"You have seen the Flame then afore, Stranger?"

"Six years ago, when new upon the river, she was a haul out and out, I was at that time a hand aboard of her. Yes, I belonged to her at the time of her great race with the 'Go-liar'! You've hearn mayhap, of the blow-up by which we lost it! They made a great fuss about it; but it was nothing but a mere fix of hot water after all. Only the springing of a few rivets, which loosen a biler plate or two, and letting out a thin spirting upon some niggers that hadn't sense enough to get out of the way. Well, the 'Go-liar' took off our passengers, and we ran into Smasher's Landing to repair damages, and bury the poor fools that were killed. Here we laid for a matter of thirty hours or so, and got things to right on board for a bran new start. There was some carpenter's work yet to be done, but the captain said that that might be fixed off just as well when we were under way—we had worked hard—the weather was sour, and we needn't do anything more just now—we might take that afternoon to ourselves, but the next morning he'd get up steam bright and airy, and we'd all come out new.—There was no temperance society at Smasher's Landing, and I went ashore upon a lark with some of the hands."

"I omit the worthy Benjamin's adventures upon land, and, despairing of fully conveying his language in its original Doric force, will not hesitate to give the rest of his singular narrative in my own words, save where, in a few instances, I can recall his precise phraseology, which the reader will easily recognize."

"The night was raw and sleety when I regained the deck of our boat. The officers, instead of leaving a watch above, had closed up every thing, and shut themselves in the cabin. The fire-room only was open. The boards dashed from the outside by the explosion had not yet been replaced. The floor of the room was wet and there was scarcely a corner which afforded a shelter from the driving storm. I was about leaving the room, resigned to sleep in the open air, and now bent only upon getting under the lee of some bulkhead that would protect me against the wind. In passing out I kept my arms stretched forward to feel my way in the dark, but my feet came in contact with a heavy iron lid; I stumbled, and, as I fell, struck one of my hands into the 'manhole.' (I think this was the name he gave to the oval shaped opening in the head of the boiler,) through which the smith had entered to make his repairs. I fell with my arm thrust so far into the aperture that I received a pretty smart blow in the face as it came in contact with the head of the boiler, and I did not hesitate to drag my body after it, the moment I recovered from this stunning effect and ascertained my whereabouts. In a word, I crept into the boiler resolved to pass the rest of the night there. The place was dry and sheltered. Had my bed been softer, I would have had all that man could desire; as it was, I slept and slept soundly."

"I should mention, though, that, before closing my eyes, I several times shifted my position. I had gone first to the farther end of the boiler, then again I had crawled back to the manhole, to put my hand out and feel that it was really still open. The warmest place was at the farther end, where I finally established myself, and that I knew from the first. It was foolish in me to think that the opening through which I had just entered could be closed without my hearing it, and that too when nobody was astir but myself; but the blow on the side of my face made me a little nervous perhaps; besides, I never could bear to be shut

up in any place—it always gives a wild-like feeling about the head. You may laugh, Stranger, but I believe I should suffocate in an empty church, if I once felt that I was so shut up in it that I could not get out. I have met men afore now just like me, or worse rather—much worse.—Men that it made sort of furious to be tied down to any thing, yet so soft-like and contradictory in their natures that you might lead them any where so long as they didn't feel the string. Stranger, it takes all sorts of people to make a world! and we have a good many of the worst kind of white men here out west. But I have seen folks upon the river—quiet looking chaps, too, as ever you see—who were so tectally cranksterkerous that they'd shoot the doctor who'd tell them they couldn't live when ailing, and made a die of it, just out of spite, when told they must get well. Yes, fellows as fond of the good things of the earth as you or I, yet who'd rush like mad right over the gang-plank of life, if once brought to believe that they had to stay in this world whether they wanted to leave it or not. Thunder and bees! if such a fellow as that had heard the cocks crow as I did—awakened to find darkness about him—darkness so thick you might cut it with a knife—heard other sounds, too, to tell him it was morning, and scrambling to fumble for that manhole, found it, too,—black—closed—black and even as the rest of the iron coffin around him, closed, with not a rivet-hole to let God's light and air in—why—why—'he'd scounded right down on the spot, as I did, and I am 'tashamed to own it to no white man."

"The big drops actually stood upon the poor fellow's brow, as he now paused for a moment in the recital of his terrible story. He passed his hand over his rough features, and resumed it with less agitation of manner."

"How long I may have remained there senseless I don't know. The doctors have since told me it must have been a sort of fit—more like an apoplexy than a swoon, for the attack finally passed off in sleep—Yes, I slept, I know that, for I dreamed—dreamed a heap of things afore I awoke—there is but one dream, however, that I have been able to recall distinctly and that must have come on shortly before I recovered my consciousness. My resting place through the night had been, as I have told you at the far end of the boiler. Well, I now dreamed that the manhole was still open—and what seems curious, rather than laughable, if you take it in connection with other things, I fancied that my legs had been so stretched in the long walk I had taken the evening before, that they now reached the whole length of the boiler and extended through the opening."

"At first, (in my dreaming reflections) it was a comfortable thought that no one could now shut up the manhole without awakening me. But soon it seemed as though my feet, which were on the outside, were becoming drenched in the storm which had originally driven me to seek this shelter. I felt the chilling rain upon my extremities. They grew colder and colder, and their numbness gradually extended upwards to other parts of my body. It seemed however, that it was only the under side of my person that was thus strangely visited. I laid upon my back, and it must have been a species of nightmare that afflicted me, for I knew at last that I was dreaming, yet felt it impossible to rouse myself. A violent fit of coughing restored, at last, my powers of volition.—The water, which had been slowly rising around me, had rushed into my mouth; I awoke to hear the rapid strokes of the pump which was driving it into the boiler!"

"My whole condition—no—not all of it—not yet—my present condition flashed with new horror upon me. But I did not again swoon. The choking sensation which had made me faint, when I first discovered how I was entombed, gave way to a livelier, though less overpowering, emotion. I shrieked even as I started from my slumber. The previous discovery of the closed aperture, with the instant oblivion that followed, seemed only a part of my dream, and I threw my arms about and looked eagerly for the opening by which I had entered the horrid place—yes, looked for it, though it was the terrible conviction that it was closed—a second time brought home to me—which prompted my frenzied cry. Every sense seemed to have tenfold acuteness, yet not one to act in unison with another. I shrieked again and again—implorely—desperately—savagely. I filled the hollow chamber with my cries till its walls seemed to tingle around me. The dull strokes of the pump seemed only to mock at, while they deadened my screams."

"At last I gave myself up. It is the struggle against our fate which frenzies the mind. We cease to fear when we cease to hope. I gave myself up and then I grew calm!"

"I was resigned to die—resigned to my mode of death. It was not, I thought, so very new to awaken unwonted horror in a man. Thousands have been sunk to the bottom of the ocean shut up in the holds of vessels—beating themselves

against the battened hatches—dragged down from the upper world shrieking, not for life but for death only beneath the eye and amid the breath of heaven. Thousands have endured that appalling kind of suffocation. I would die only as many a better man had died before me. I could meet such a death. I said so—I thought so—felt so, I mean, for a minute—or more; ten minutes it may have been—or but an instant of time. I know not—nor does it matter if I could compute it. There was a time then when I was resigned to my fate. But good God! was I resigned to it in the shape in which next it came to appal! Stranger, I felt that water grow hot about my limbs, though it was not yet mid-leg deep. I felt, and in the same moment, heard the roar of the furnace that was to turn it into steam before it could grow deep enough to drown one!"

"You shudder—it was hideous. But did I shrink and shrivel, and crumble down upon that iron floor, and lose my senses in that horrid agony of fear? No!—though my brain swam and the life-blood that curled at my heart seemed about to stagnate there for ever, still I knew! I was too hoarse—too hopeless from previous efforts, to cry out more. But I struck—feebly at first, and then strongly—frantically with my clenched fists against the sides of the boiler. There was people moving near who must hear my blows! Could not I hear the grating of chains, the shuffling of feet, the very rustic of a rope, hear them all within a few inches of me? I did, but the gurgling water that was growing hotter and hotter around my extremities, made more noise within the steaming chaldron than did my frenzied blows against the sides."

"Latterly I had hardly changed my position, but now the growing heat of the water made splash and fro! lifting myself wholly out of it was impossible, but I could not remain quiet. I stumbled upon something, it was a mallet! a chance tool the smith had left there by accident. With what wild joy did I seize it—with what eager confidence did I now deal my first blows with it against the walls of my prison! But scarce had I intermitted them for a moment when I heard the clang of the iron door as the fireman flung it wide open to feed the flames that were to torture me. My knocking was unheard, though I could hear him toss the sticks into the furnace beneath me, and drive to the door when his infernal oven was fully crammed."

"Had I yet hope! I had, but it rose in my mind side by side with the fear that I might now become the agent of preparing myself a more frightful death—Yes! when I thought of that furnace with its fresh fed flames curling beneath the iron upon which I stood, a more frightful death even than that of being boiled alive! Had I discovered that mallet a short time sooner—but no matter, I would by its aid resort to the only experiment now left."

"It was this—I remembered having a marline-spike in my pocket, and in less time than I have taken in hunting at the consequences of thus using it, I had made an impression upon the boiler, and soon succeeded in driving it through. The water gushed through the aperture—would they see it! No, the jet could only play against the wooden partition which must hide the stream from view—it must trickle down upon the decks before the leakage would be discovered. Should I drive another hole to make the leakage greater? Why, the water within seemed already to be sensibly diminished—so hot had become that which remained—should more escape, would I not hear it bubble and hiss upon the fiery plates of iron that were already scorching the soles of my feet!"

"Ah! there is a movement—voices—I hear them calling for a crow-bar—the bulkhead cracks as they pry off the planking. They have seen the leak—they are trying to get at it!—Good God why do they not dampen the fire!—Why do they call for the—the—the?"

"Stranger, look at that finger! it can never regain its natural size—but it has already done all the service that man could expect from so humble a member—Sir, that hole would have been plugged up on the instant, unless I had jammed my finger through."

"I heard the cry of horror as they saw it with out—the shout to drown the fire—the stroke of the cold water pump. They say, too, that I was conscious when they took me out—but—I—I remember nothing more until they brought a julep to my bedside afterwards, And that julep!"

"Cooling! was it?"

"STRANGER!!!"

Ben turned away his head and wept—He could no say more.

"You seem to be full of the milk of human kindness," as the monkey said when he sucked the cocoon."

"I'm always severe upon black legs," as the shark said when he snapped off cuffs's under-pinning."

Ballooning Extraordinary!

A daring feat was accomplished on Saturday last, by a citizen of our neighboring town of Gettysburg. Mr. John Wise, the American Aeronaut, par excellence, had announced his intention to make his 39 Balloon Ascension, on that day, from an enclosure in Gettysburg—and with his usual punctuality, was ready on the day and hour promised. His balloon was inflated—his ballast, grappling iron, &c., duly stowed, and he was about to step into his basket. At that moment, Mr. John McClellan, a young gentleman of Gettysburg, enquired of Mr. Wise whether it would not be possible for two persons to ascend with the power then in the balloon. On receiving a negative reply, Mr. McClellan seemed much disappointed—said he was determined to have a ride, and enquired the price at which Mr. Wise would permit him to make the voyage alone. "One hundred dollars, Sir," said Mr. Wise, who did not appear to consider the enquirer to be in earnest. "I will give you fifty dollars!" "Agreed—fork over!" The joke was "carried on," and the cream of it was soon transferred to the pocket of the Aeronaut—and his substitute was snugly seated in the car, vociferating his direction to "cut loose!" Mr. Wise thought that matters had now gone far enough, and requested his customer to get out, as the time had arrived at which he had promised to be off. But he refused to do so, and insisted that he had regularly hired and paid for a passage "in this boat," and go he would. As Barney O'Reardon said to the man in the moon, when the latter respectable personage told him to "leave his hound!" "The more he bid him, the more he wouldn't!"

Mr. Wise then left the balloon up a short distance by a rope, thinking probably, that as there was considerable wind, and the air horse consequently turbulent, that his substitute would have his courage cooled and "give in." But this was no go—and thinking that he had as good a start as ever he would have, Mr. McClellan cut the rope—and was off! After he found that it was the determination of Mr. McClellan to go, Mr. Wise had but time to give him a few hasty and imperfect instructions in regard to the management of the balloon—and in a few minutes the daring amateur aeronaut had ascended to a height of about two miles. Here he struck a current of air, which bore him directly towards York. He says that the earth receded from him very rapidly after he had thrown a bag or two of sand upon it—that Gettysburg passed off toward Hagerstown, and that he saw Carlisle, Hanover, Abbotstown, Oxford and Berlin straggling about—and that soon after, just ahead of him, he saw Old York coming full tilt up the turnpike toward him, apparently taking and afternoon's walk to Gettysburg.

Having determined to stop at York, and fearing from the remarkable speed at which our usually staid and sober town was travelling, that she would soon pass under his balloon, and give him the slip, he pulled the string attached to the safety valve, in order to let off a portion of his gas. This valve is so constructed, that when the rope attached to it is pulled, the valve opens to the interior and again closes by the force of the gas when the rope is let go. Unfortunately, however, the unexperienced aeronaut pulled too violently at the valve rope, tore the valve door completely off its hinges, and brought it down into the car! When this occurred he was more than a mile high, and he immediately and with fearful rapidity descended, or rather fell to the car! When the valve door came off, the gas of course escaped rapidly, but the balloon caught sufficient air to form a parachute, by which the fall was moderated—and we are happy to say that the voyager reached the earth about five miles from York, entirely uninjured! He says that as soon as the valve door came down upon him, he knew that something had "broke loose;" and just then remembering that Mr. Wise had told him to be sure when he descended to throw out his grappling iron, he was preparing to get at it among the numerous things in the basket, "when the earth bounced up against the bottom of the car!"

When first seen from York, the balloon was about thirteen miles off, nearly due West. It appeared to be approaching directly toward our town, until the valve was pulled and it had fallen considerably. As it fell, it seemed to find a current that bore it rapidly toward the North. The spot at which it landed is about North West of our borough.

The escape of the gas was distinctly seen from York; and as the balloon neared the earth it had lost its rotundity and appeared to the gazers here to come down heavily like a wet sheet.

We hope that Mr. McClellan will give to the public the particulars of his voyage.

York Gazette.

What is the difference between a lady and a politician? One makes a bustle, and the other wears one.

Justice Wiley.

In the New York city court of Oyer and Terminer on Tuesday, this individual,—whose connection with the recovery of the money stolen from the Frederick County Bank of Maryland has rendered him so notorious,—was sentenced to the city prison for 6 months, and to pay a fine of \$250.

SENTENCE OF COLT.—In the same Court, on the same day, J. C. COLT, convicted of the murder of Mr. Adams, was placed at the bar to receive sentence.

Mr. Selden, Counsel for the prisoner, stated the reason why the Court above had not reversed the case, but maintained that Judge Kent could yet review his decision, and he should be glad to make an argument and to be heard in the case.

The Judge replied that all forms and delays had been gone through with, and that it only remained for the court to perform the last solemn and painful duty.

Colt was then arraigned and asked by the clerk if he had any thing to say why sentence of Death should not be pronounced. The Prisoner said he had prepared a paper which he should be glad to have read.

Judge Kent read the communication aloud, which set forth that the Jury had given a verdict against the evidence and against the charge of the Judge, and that they had been governed by the clamour of the Public, the misrepresentations of the Press, and a predisposition of some of the Jury who had said he ought to be hanged. That if he could have got his case before the Court of Errors, he felt confident it should have had a favorable result.

Judge Kent remarked that there had never been a fairer trial, or a more patient and impartial Jury.—They had manifested every possible indulgence to him and his counsel, and it was the height of injustice to impugn their motives or conduct; that it was his duty as well as his inclination to shield them against all blows, and to award to them the common expression that they had honestly performed their duty.

Here Colt addressed the Court in as firm and commanding manner as if he had been an advocate instead of a prisoner, and said in substance, that he had not intended to cast any reflections upon the jury, and he did not intend, in his written documents, so to express himself. He said, he was not the man who wished to break down the law, but still he was like other men,—he could not receive an affront without resenting it,—and that he had done no more than he should do again under similar circumstances. The result, however, he felt not responsible for; they were the consequence of the party; and however deeply he felt for the fatal termination, they were brought upon the party by his own acts. He, however, felt more agony from the position he was placed in than he should to meet death itself. He should leave the result to God. He had no disposition to postpone a sentence that must be pronounced.

Judge Kent said there was nothing left for the Court but to fix the period of the execution. He should refrain from expressions which were customary on pronouncing a sentence. The prisoner at the bar was no common person; it was evident he could meet any crisis in a manner not common among men. He should therefore pronounce his sentence, which was, that he be taken to the place of execution on the 15th of November, and there be hung by the neck until he was dead. Colt received this last sentence with great solemnity, but with firmness, and without any expression of fear or sorrow. His counsel and brother stood near him on this trying occasion.

The trial of the noted Monroe Edwards on another indictment for forgery, was postponed until the 10th October, for the purpose of procuring witnesses from Baltimore.—Baltimore American.

A private trial of a centrifugal railway was yesterday given at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, before a number of scientific persons. This railway is of cast iron, and is about 200 feet long. It consists of two inclined planes and a vertical circle 44 feet in circumference, the whole without props or artificial support of any kind. A car, containing one person, is started from the top of the first and larger incline, and by means of the momentum gained in the descent, is carried round the interior of the circle, the passenger and car upside down, in perfect safety, and thence to the end of the second and lesser incline. The experiments yesterday appeared to give great satisfaction. Suspended to the centrifugal railway is a written machine or signal telegraph; words written at one end of the room had a fac-simile of them produced at the other, and almost simultaneously.

London Globe.

Why is idleness like the letter C? Because it is the beginning of Crime.

When is a nose not a nose? When it is a little reddish.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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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.

Swimming Masquerade.
A letter from Berlin, dated August 3, which we find in the New York 'Courier des Etats Unis,' says:

"On Wednesday morning last, we were witnesses of an exhibition probably unexampled in modern time at least in Germany—a swimming masquerade. It was got up by the pupils of the Royal Swimming School of Berlin, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of this establishment, which up to the present time has produced in all 23,360 skilful swimmers."

"At 5 o'clock, 1200 swimmers, for the most part military, assembled in the grand court of the barracks of the infantry of the guard, and after having been addressed by Messrs. Zinchen & Schlotz, professors in the school repaired to tents pitched on the banks of the river Spree, for the purpose of dressing for the sport. At 8 o'clock, there swam out into the river the following procession:—A large flat-bottomed boat transformed into a power, in which were four numerous military bands, performing favorite musical pieces, a car in the form of a sea shell, containing Neptune, with his hair and beard formed of sea-weeds, and armed with his trident,—the car being drawn by six dolphins and surrounded by nereids and tritons, the latter blowing trumpets and beating cymbals; numerous troop of American Indians, their heads dressed with brilliant feathers, the necks and arms adorned with necklaces and bracelets of coral, and several of them armed with war clubs; Scotchmen, Norwegians, Spaniards, Italians, and Russians in their national costumes; Bacchus mounted on a gigantic barrel, crowned with vine and ivy leaves and brandishing his thyrsis, with which he directed the movements of a hundred bacchanal swimmers around his throne and executing grotesque evolutions; the king of the frogs, represented by a frog of enormous size, reposing on a car of sea weed and followed by others of his race of smaller size; and the procession closed by two hundred sailors in their appropriate costume, ringing national hymns."

"This extraordinary celebration which was favored by delightful weather, attracted more than forty thousand spectators, who traversed either on foot, horseback, or in vehicles, the banks of the Spree, or sailed along the river in boats tastefully adorned with flags, flowers, and garlands."

Ephraim of the 'Richmond Star,' whispered to the Corporal the other day, that the butt end of a gut is at his horns.

Jaw-lips are said to be good for health. A friend of ours who has ventured, says that it is real stuff.

One of the greatest crimes of the clergy, is said to consist in neglecting to denounce, in the most pointed terms, the sin of 'cheating the printers.'

Whoever has nothing more than modesty and talent, has a slim capital and must burn. It takes plenty of brass, a good stock of impudence, and a thimble full of brains, to get through the world.

An editor in the West insists upon it that confidence is not restored. His tailor, who used to trust him for a suit of clothes, now refuses to trust him even for a pair of pants.

One of the vendors of the new life of Henry Clay walked up to the carriage in which Mr. Webster departed from the Astor House, and earnestly said—"Take the life of Henry Clay!" I cannot take the life of so eminent a citizen," was the reply.

A stranger in New Orleans, being sick of the yellow fever, said he thought he would get better, but the thought of having no where to go troubled his mind and retarded his recovery. He was an Irishman, of course.

There is a man in Yorkshire named Hand who is 7 feet 2 inches high, and who is exhibiting his long body for tuppence a visit. Examining such a man is a high Hand-ol measure.

"Resolve not to be poor," said Dr. Johnson; "whatever you have spend less." A contemporary asks, "Suppose a fellow has nothing, how can he spend less?" We think that would have been rather a poser for the Doctor, had he lived to hear it.

"We're doing a cracking business," as the hail stones coolly remarked to the window glass. "We are panned to hear it," replied the glass. "Pooh! you should make light of it," responded the hail stones.

There are some solitary wretches, who seem to have left the rest of mankind, only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

"Why is a child with a cold like a stormy winter's night?" It blows it snows, (it blows its nose.)