

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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

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AND SAHMOKIN 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.—JACKSON.

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HON. LEWIS F. LINN.

In the Senate, Mr. Benton announced the death of his late colleague, Dr. Linn. His address made a deep impression, and was exceedingly appropriate and interesting.

Mr. President:—I rise to make the Senate the formal communication of an event which has occurred during the recess, and has been heard by all with the deepest regret.

I discharge a mournful duty, Mr. President, in bringing this deplorable event to the formal notice of the Senate; in offering the feeble tribute of my applause to the many virtues of my deceased colleague, and in asking for his memory the last honors which the respect and affection of the Senate bestow upon the name of a deceased brother.

Lewis Field Linn, the subject of the announcement, was born in the State of Kentucky, in the year 1795, in the immediate vicinity of Louisville. His grandfather was Colonel William Linn, one of the favorite officers of General George Rogers Clark, and well known for his courage and enterprise in the early settlement of the Great West.

The senatorial service of this rare man fell upon trying times—high party times—when the collisions of party too often embitter the ardent feelings of generous natures; but who ever knew bitterness, or party animosities in him! He was, indeed, a party-man—as true to his party as to his friend and his country; but, beyond the time of duty and of principle—beyond the debate and the vote—he knew no party, and saw no opponent.

Such was Senator Linn, in high party times, here among us. And what he was here, among us, he was every where and with every body. At home, among his friends and neighbors; on the high road, among casual acquaintances; in foreign lands among strangers; in all, and in every of these situations, he was the same thing. He had kindness and sympathy for every human being; and the whole voyage of his life was one continued and benign circumnavigation of all the virtues which adorn and exalt the character of man.

He was born to fill the largest and most varied circle of human excellence; and, to crown all these advantages, nature had given him what the great Lord Bacon calls a perpetual letter of recommendation—a countenance, not only good, but sweet and winning—radiant with the virtues of the soul—captivating universal confidence, and such as no stranger could behold—no traveller, even in the desert, could meet, without stopping to reverence, and saying: Here is a man in whose hands I could deposit life, liberty, fortune, honor. Alas! that so much excellence should have perished so soon! that such a man should have been snatched away at the early age of forty-eight, and while all his faculties were still ripening and developing.

In the life and character of such a man, so exuberant in all that is grand and beautiful in human nature, it is difficult to particularize excellences, or to pick out any one quality, or circumstance, which could claim pre-eminence over all others. If I should attempt it, I would

He entered this body in 1833; death dissolved his connection with it in 1843. For ten years he was a beloved and distinguished member of this body; and surely a nobler or a finer character never adorned the character of the American Senate.

He was my friend; but I speak not the language of friendship when I speak his praise. A debt of justice is all that I can attempt to discharge; an imperfect copy of the true man is all that I can attempt to paint.

A sagacious head, and a feeling heart, were the great characteristics of Dr. Linn. He had a judgment which penetrated both men and things, and gave him near and clear views of far distant events. He saw at once the bearing—the remote bearing—of great measures, either for good or for evil; and brought instantly to their support, or opposition, the logic of a prompt and natural eloquence, more beautiful in its delivery, and more effective in its application than any art can bestow.

Brilliant as were the qualities of his mind, the qualities of his heart still eclipsed them. It is to the heart we look for the character of the man; and what a heart had Lewis Linn! The kindest, the gentlest, the most feeling, and the most generous that ever beat in the bosom of bearded men! And yet, when the occasion required it, the most daring also.

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point, among his measures for the benefit of the whole Union, to the Oregon Bill; among his measures for the benefit of his own state, to the acquisition of the Platte Country; among his private virtues, to the love and affection which he bore to that brother—the half-brother only—who, only thirteen years older than himself, had been to him the tenderest of fathers.

For twenty-nine years I had known the depth of that affection, and never saw it burn more brightly than in our last interview, only three weeks before his death. He had just travelled a thousand miles out of his way to see that brother; and his name was still the deepest theme of his conversation—a conversation, strange to tell! which turned, not upon the empty and fleeting subjects of the day, but upon things solid and eternal—upon friendship, and upon death, and upon the duties of the living to the dead. He spoke of two friends whom it was natural to believe that he should survive, and to whose memories he intended to pay the debt of friendship. Vain calculation! Vain impulsion of generosity and friendship! One of these two friends now discharges that mournful debt to him; the other has written me a letter, expressing his "deep sorrow for the untimely death of our friend, Dr. Linn."

Case of Horn—A Desperate Character.

We have already stated that Horn was convicted of the murder of his wife at Baltimore, after the jury had been out but a few minutes. The Baltimore Sun has been able to collect many interesting and startling facts concerning his history, which are worthy of notice at this time.

It appears that his real name is Adam Hellman, born at Worms, in 1792, and consequently is a Hessian by birth. He was apprenticed to the tailoring business; and after serving out his time, he worked his way over Germany, and finally arrived in Baltimore in 1817. He worked three years in that city as a journeyman, and was much esteemed as an intelligent, industrious, well-beloved young man. But it seems that he had imbibed a strong dislike to the female race, as much as an impression that they were entitled to no rights or consideration.

In 1820 he emigrated to Loudon county in Virginia, and boarded with a German farmer of character by the name of Abel, who took a great fancy to him, and concealing his opinion of the sex, he was a welcome inmate in his large family, and in the course of time succeeded in securing the affections of his daughter, Mary Abel was at this time in the twentieth year of her age, a blithe, buxom, and light-hearted country girl, with rosy cheek and sparkling eye, totally unacquainted with the deceitfulness of the world, and looking to the future to be a counterpart of the past, which had truly been to her one continued round of innocent pleasure and happiness.

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and went to Baltimore, leaving both wife and children almost destitute, where he remained about three months and returned with promises of reformation. His father-in-law emigrated to Ohio, where he purchased for all his children a section of land. Hellman received for his wife's share a section in Carroll county, to which he removed, selling his property in Virginia for \$3000, though every one was astonished at his possessing so much wealth by the mere use of his needle. During the five years of his residence in Ohio, the lot of his poor wife was every way miserable. He left Carroll for Logan county, and then possessed two fine farms, and resided near his two brothers-in-law, Gen. John and Mr. George Abel, who were comfortably conditioned with large families. Hellman had three fine children, and about a year after their residence in Logan, he attempted to poison his wife, which she discovered and prevented. For the year following this event he apparently became more morose and sullen, but his family had become used to it, and expected nothing better.

In the month of April 1839, all three of the children were suddenly taken sick, and laid in great suffering for about 48 hours, when Louisa, the oldest, aged 17 years, and John, the youngest, aged 12 years, died, and both were buried in one grave, leaving the mother inconsolable for her loss. Her whole attention, however, was still required for poor Henry, who laid several days in great suffering, but he finally recovered. This was a sad stroke to the heart of the already grief-stricken mother, which was doubly heavy on her, from the firm belief she entertained that their death had resulted from poison, and that that poison had been administered to them by the hand of their father; by that hand which should have brushed away from their path every thorn that could harm them! The belief is now general throughout the country that their blood is also on the head of Andrew Hellman, but whether true or false, remains to be decided between him and his God. It would seem if the charge be correct, to have been a miraculous intervention of Providence that poor Henry, the child of misfortune, the one alone above all others that his father disliked and ill-treated, was the one that outlived the effects of the deadly poison. After protracted suffering we come to the history of her hard fate. On Saturday morning, the 28th of September, 1839, Mrs. Rachel Abel, the wife of Mr. George Abel, came to the house to see her sister-in-law, and so soon as she entered the door she was surprised to see Hellman lying in bed in the front room, with his head, face and clothing covered with blood.—With an exclamation of wonder, she asked him what was the matter. He replied, affecting to be scarcely able to speak from weakness and loss of blood, that two nights previous, at a late hour, a loud rap had summoned him to the door, on opening it, two robbers had entered, one a large dark man, (meaning a negro,) and a small white man, when he had immediately been levelled to the floor with a heavy club. How he had got into bed, he could not tell, but that he had been lying there suffering ever since unable to get out.

On hearing his story, and from his bloody appearance and apparent faintness not doubting it, Mrs. Abel exclaimed, "Where in the name of God, is your wife?" to which he replied, "I do not know; go and see." On pushing open the back room door, a scene of blood met her view that it would be impossible fully to describe. In the centre of the room lay the mangled corpse of the poor wife, with her blood drenching the floor, whilst the ceiling, walls and furniture were heavily sprinkled with the streams which had evidently gushed from the numerous wounds she had received in the dreadful struggle. At this moment, General Abel entered, and shortly after him a coroner and a physician. Twelve men were immediately selected as a jury of inquest, to examine into the cause of the death of Mrs. Hellman. The jury being sworn, and having entered on their duty, General Abel openly charged Andrew Hellman with being her murderer. The jury were struck with astonishment as they looked at Hellman, lying prostrate on his bed, and demanded of the accuser what evidence he had to substantiate such a charge. The afflicted brother, in reply stated that he unfortunately had no evidence, but desired that the physician in attendance would examine Hellman's wounds, and the result was that not a cut, or a bruise, could be found in any part of his person. Not only morally, but practically, was it thus established, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that "her blood was on his head." He had evidently taken up a quantity of her blood and thrown it on his head and shoulders, in order to give credence to his story, which act alone served as a positive evidence of his guilt. On a further search being made of the premises, his axe was found leaning against the bar post, about fifty yards from the house, reeking with blood, and hair sufficient sticking to it to identify it as that

of the deceased—his knife was covered with blood, was found concealed on the hearth of the chimney—his tailor socks were found in the cellar, covered with blood—and the shirt he had on, as well as his arm, were saturated with blood up to the elbow.

There was, therefore, nothing wanting to identify him, fully and conclusively, as the murderer, and he was forthwith committed for trial, and the remains of his victim, having laid two days exposed before discovery, were, on the evening of the same day, followed to the grave by a large concourse of friends and relatives, and deposited by the side of her two children, whom she had sorrowed over but five months previous. The body was lying on the floor, but from the fact that a quantity of blood was found in the of the bed, it is supposed that she was lying asleep at the time of the attack, wholly unconscious of any impending evil. The stains on the pillow indicated that she had partially risen up after the first blow, and had been again knocked back on the bed. The soles of her feet were saturated in blood, which led to the belief that she had managed to get out of bed, and had stood erect in her own blood on the floor before she was finally despatched. Six distinct cuts, apparently inflicted with the handle of an axe, were discovered on her head.—The hands and arms were dreadfully bruised, as if she had, in the same manner as his second victim, endeavored thus to ward off the blows aimed at her head, whilst the little finger of the left hand, and the fore finger of the right hand were both broken. A large gash, laying open the flesh to the bone, was visible on the right thigh, apparently inflicted with an axe, and across the whole length of the abdomen there extended a heavy bruise, in the shape of a letter X, in the centre of which was a large mark of bruised blood, at least six inches square. An attempt had been made with the axe to sever the head from the body, and three separate gashes, passing nearly through the neck, the edge of the blade entering the floor, appeared to have been the finishing stroke of the bloody deed. Hellman was arrested, charged with the murder, but being wealthy, employed able counsel, and after fourteen months' confinement, broke jail and got off, concealed himself for some time in Pennsylvania, and finally, in 1841, married Malina Hinkle, murdered her, cut up her body in such a way as not to expose himself to the difficulties encountered in the murder of his first wife, and is now waiting for sentence and execution for this murder, and cannot, it is hoped, escape.

A FLEET MARRIAGE. BY AN IRISHMAN.

Lady C. was a beautiful woman, but lady C. was an extravagant woman. She was still single, though rather passed extreme youth. Like most pretty females, she had looked too high, had estimated her own loveliness too dearly, and saw she refused to believe that she was not as charming as ever. So no wonder she still remained unmarried.

Lady C. had about five thousand pounds in the world. She owed about forty thousand pounds; so, with all her wit and beauty, she got into the Fleet, and was likely to remain there. Now, in the time I speak of every lady had her head dressed by a barber; and the barber of the Fleet was the handsomest barber in the city of London. Pat Philan was a great admirer of the fair sex; and where's the wonder! Sure Pat was an Irishman. It was one very fine morning, when Philan was dressing her captivating head, that her ladyship took it into her mind to talk to him, and Pat was well pleased, for Lady C.'s teeth were the whitest and her smile the brightest in the world.

"So you're not married, Pat," says she. "Not an inch! your honor's ladyship," says he. "And wouldn't you like to be married?" again asks she. "Is there any one you'd prefer?" "May be, madam," says he, "you never heard of Kathleen O'Reilly, down beyond Doneraile? Her father's cousin to O'Donoghue, who's own steward to Mr. Murphy, the under-agent to my Lord Kingstown, and"—

"Hush!" says she, "sure I don't want to know who she is. But would she have you if you asked her?" "Ah, thin, I'd only wish I'd be after trying that same." "And why don't you?" "Sure I'm too poor." And Philan heaved a prodigious sigh. "Would you like to be rich?" "Does a dog bark?" "I'll make you rich will you do as I tell you?" "Mille marthas! your honor, don't be tantalizing a poor boy." "Indeed I'm not," said Lady C. "So listen. How would you like to marry me?" "Ah, thin, my lady, I believe the King of Russia himself would be proud to do the same, have alone poor Pat Philan." "Well, Philan, if you'll marry me to-morrow I'll give you a thousand pounds."

"Oh! whilabaloo! whilabaloo! sure I'm mad, or enchanted by the good people," roared Pat, dancing round the room.

"But there are conditions," said Lady C. "After the first day of our nuptials you must never see me agsin nor claim me for your wife." "I don't like that," says Pat, for he had been ogling her ladyship most desperately. "But remember Kathleen O'Reilly. With the money I'll give, you may go and marry her." "That's true," says he. "But thin the b-gramy!"

"I'll never appear against you," says her ladyship. "Only remember you must take on oath never to call me your wife after to-morrow, and never to go telling all the story." "Bit of a word I'll ever say."

"Well, then," says she, "there's ten pounds. Go and buy a licence, and leave the rest to me; and then she explained to him where he was to go, and when he was to come, and all that." "The next day Pat was true to his appointment, and found two gentlemen already with her ladyship.

"Have you got the licence?" says she. "Here it is, my lady," says he; and he gave it to her. She handed it to one of the gentlemen, who viewed it attentively. Then, calling in her two servants, she turned to the gentleman who was reading. "Perform the ceremony," says she.

And sure enough in ten minutes Pat Philan was the husband, the legal husband, of the lovely Lady C.

"That will do," says she to her new husband, as he gave her a hearty kiss; "that'll do." "Now, sir, give me my marriage certificate." The old gentleman did so, and, bowing respectfully to the five-pound note she gave him, he retired with his clerk; for sure enough, I forgot to tell you that he was a parson.

"Go and bring me the warden," says my lady to one of her servants.

"Yes, my lady," says she; and presently the warden appeared.

"Will you be good enough," says Lady C., in a voice that would call a bird from off a tree; "will you be good enough to send and fetch a hackney-coach? I wish to leave this place immediately."

"Your ladyship forgets," replied he, "that you must pay forty thousand pounds before I can let you go."

"I am a married woman. You can detain my husband, but not me." And she smiled at Philan, who began rather to dislike the appearance of things.

"Pardon me, my lady, it is well known you are single." "I tell you I am married." "Where's your husband?" "There, sir!" and she pointed to the astonished barber; "there he stands. Here is my marriage certificate, which you can peruse at your leisure. My servants yonder were witnesses of the ceremony. Now detain me sir, one instant at your peril!"

The warden was dumb-founded, and no wonder. Poor Philan would have spoken, but neither would let him. The lawyer below was consulted. The result was evident. In half an hour Lady C. was free, and Pat Philan, her legitimate husband, a prisoner for debt, to the amount of forty thousand pounds.

Well, sir, for some time Pat thought he was in a dream, and the creditors thought they were still worse. The following day they held a meeting, and, finding how they had been tricked, swore they'd detain poor Pat forever. But as they knew he had nothing, and would not feel much shame in going through the Insolvent Court, they made the best of a bad bargain, and let him out.

Well, you must know, about a week after this, Paddy Philan was setting by his little fire, and thinking over the wonderful things he had seen, when, as sure as death, the postman brought him a letter, the first he had ever received, which he took over to a friend of his, one Ryan, a fruit-seller, because you see he was no great hand at reading writing, to decipher for him. It ran thus: "Go to Doneraile and marry Kathleen O'Reilly. The instant the knot is tied I will fulfil my promise of making you comfortable for life. But, as you value your life and liberty, never breathe a syllable of what has passed. Remember you are in my power if you tell the story. The money will be paid to you directly you enclose your marriage certificate. I send you £50 for present expenses. C."

Oh, happy Paddy! Didn't he start next day for Cork, and didn't he marry Kathleen and touch a thousand pounds? By the powers he did. And, what is more, he took a cottage, which perhaps you know, not a hundred miles from Bruffin, in the county of Limerick; and, 'faith, he forgot his first wife clean and entirely, and never told any one but myself, under a promise of secrecy, the story of his 'Fleet Marriage.'

Every fool knows how often he has been a rogue, but every rogue does not know how often he has been a fool.