

MISCELLANY.

From the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, April 6.
A Murderous Maniac—Attempt to Murder a Family—A Story of Horror.

A horrible tragedy was enacted at Rootstown, Ohio, on the 22d ult. Mr. Horace L. Ensign had risen, and, without dressing, was in the act of putting a stick of wood in the kitchen stove, when he was seized 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. He 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, some one 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 back of the temple, heaved for help. Mr. Ensign's children were awakened and came running in, the eldest a son of 16, on coming down stairs opened the door to the woodshed, thinking his father was in there. On opening the door the first object that he saw was a man with an ax split 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 wood house, when the man 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," said he. 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, who is a powerful man, sprang for the axe, and Deming being much the weaker, 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 was 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 shivered the door at once, when Mr. Deming exclaimed, "run for your lives." By this time another neighbor got there, and on seeing what was going on, ran for home to get his rifle, thinking it best to shoot the madman.

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Upon the word being given to run, they all left, as they thought, and Deming shot the outer door, but Lucinda, his eldest daughter, (fifteen years old) stopped 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 to the floor, and stood screaming from fright. She caught him in her arms, and reached the outer door just in time to get her fingers pinched as Deming shot the door. She saw the wretch leap through the door, though she called 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 in her arms. Meanwhile, Horace had a presentiment 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, weltering in 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 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 to the door, and he came, and with much difficulty wrenched the axe from him, (he only held it in one hand,) they then got ropes and bound him. Horace was covered with blood, and so was the floor.

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After the man 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 arteries of the brain were one and one-eighth of an inch long, and three-fourths of an inch wide. Upon the outside the bone was more than two inches long, besides two small pieces which were not measured. He, to all appearance, would survive, but poor Lucinda is in a very critical situation. The bones were so driven into the brain that the surgeon thought it not best to do much for her; but her friends insisted upon trying. After five hours they proceeded to dress her wound. After pressing the scalp each way, they extracted six pieces of bone, some an inch and 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, but with small hope of recovery. This Chittenden belonged in Randolph; he had fits from a child; and an ugly tempered man naturally. Of late his friends thought he was deranged at times. The night previous to this attack he killed three keepers. He attempted to go to a neighbor's to stay. In her hurry to let a fence she sprang her ankle. Of course she crawled on her hands and knees, and by so doing, she probably escaped death, for he broke loose from his keepers, and in pursuing her he passed very near her twice, but the night was dark, and she being on the ground, he did not see her. He left searching for her, and went to a neighbor's and called the man, (Mr. Ward.) J. Ward did not recognize his voice, and replied to him that he had gone after John Chittenden. "Well," said he, with an oath, "you shall go too." She then took a

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