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# 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.—JEROME.

By Masser & Eisely.

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From Graham's Magazine for Feb.

## THE MOON.

BY J. B. LOWELL.

My soul was like the sea  
Before the moon was made,  
Moaning in vague immensity,  
Of its own strength estranged,  
Unrestful and unmade.  
Through every rift it formed in vain  
About its earthly prison,  
Seeking some unknown thing in pain,  
And sinking restless back again,  
For yet no moon had risen.  
Its only voice, a vast dumb moan  
Of utter loneliness speaking,  
It lay unlovely, pale and lone,  
And lived but in an aimless yearning.  
So was my soul: but when 'twas full  
Of an erst-unknown glow,  
A voice of something beautiful  
Whispered a dirge for me—  
And yet so soft, so sweet, so low,  
I had not more of joy than we;  
And as the sea doth still, it still,  
Making its waters meet,  
As if by an unconscious will,  
For the moon's a living feet,  
Like some serene unthinking eye  
That waits a certain destiny,  
So lay my soul within mine eyes  
When thus its sovereign moon did rise.  
And now, how'er its waves above  
May toss and seem ungodly,  
One strong eternal law of love,  
With guidance sure and peaceful,  
As calm and natural as breath  
Moves its great deeps through Life and Death.

From a late Foreign Journal.

## BETY AMBOS.

Mrs. Jameson, during a tour in Germany, accidentally met with a young woman returning home from the execution of a similar errand with that of the heroine Elizabeth, described so emphatically by Madame Cottin in her 'Exiles of Siberia.' There was, however, one striking difference between the two cases—Elizabeth was poor, while Bety Ambos, the German heroine, was rich. Yet, though the possession of wealth diminished some of the difficulties of the undertaking, it scarcely perhaps lessened the greatness of the moral worth; since it cannot be denied, that those who are accustomed to poverty are less alarmed at the prospect of its evils than the rich, who, reared amidst comforts and luxuries, have never encountered physical evils and privations.

Mrs. Jameson describes herself, when travelling to Frankfort, as attracted by the appearance of a female, who alighted, among many other travellers, from a post-coach; her dress was extremely rich, her figure fine, and her countenance pretty, with a decided frank and good humored expression; her age appeared to be about two or three and twenty; her manner evinced innocence and modesty, mingled with the ease and self-possession of one accustomed to travel. She appeared to be an object of great interest to the persons of the house; and, after some little time, Mrs. Jameson found that she was on her way home, alone and unprotected, from the wilds of Siberia.—At a subsequent period, they again met at Frankfort, when Mrs. Jameson renewed her acquaintance with her, and conveyed her in her carriage to Mayence, where she learned her whole history, which she gives with an apology for a failure of recollection respecting some of the names, dates, and circumstances, and with a promise that she will not supply these defects from her own imagination, adding,—'Of the animation of voice and manner, the vivid eloquence, and the grace of vivacity of gesture with which the relation was made by this fine untutored child of nature, I can give no idea.'

The following account is slightly altered from Mrs. Jameson's narrative.

Bety Ambos was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine merchant, of Deuxponts or Zweibrucken, the capital of the province of the kingdom of Bavaria lying on the left bank of the Rhine. She was one of five children, two much older and two much younger than herself. Her eldest brother was called Henri; he had early displayed uncommon talents, and such a decided inclination for study, that his father determined to give him all the advantages of a learned education, and sent him to the university of Erlangen, in Bavaria, whence he returned to his family with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him as being not only the pride of his family but of all his fellow-citizens, tall, and handsome, and good, of a most benevolent enthusiastic temper, and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time, he attracted the notice of one of the princes in the north of Germany, with whom he travelled in the capacity of secretary. It appeared that, through the recommendation of this powerful patron, he became Professor of Theology in the

University of Courland, at Riga, or somewhere near it. Henri was at this time aged about twenty-eight.

Here he fell deeply in love with the daughter of a rich Jew merchant, and endeavored to convert the object of his affection: her relatives discovering their correspondence, the Jewess was forbidden to see or to speak to her lover; they, however, met in secret, and he prevailed upon her to change her faith and to fly with him beyond the frontiers, there to be baptized and become his wife. Their plan was frustrated; they were pursued and overtaken by her relatives and the police.—The Jews are protected at Riga, and the affair was brought before the tribunal, where Henri was accused of carrying off the girl by force. He defended himself by declaring that she had fled with him by her own free will, that she was a Christian, and his betrothed bride, as they had exchanged rings, or had gone through some similar ceremony. The father, on the part of his daughter, denied this, and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady, who was thus said to have turned his accuser.—Her family made many objections, but by the order of the judge she was obliged to appear. She was brought to the court of justice, pale, trembling, and supported by her father and others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos? She answered, in a faint voice, 'No.' 'Had, then, violence been used to carry her off?' 'Yes.' 'Was she a Christian?' 'No.' 'Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband?' 'No.'

On hearing these replies, so different from the truth and from all he could have anticipated, the unfortunate young man appeared for a few minutes stupefied; then as if seized with a sudden frenzy, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wrested from him; in the scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses. He became suddenly calm, offered no other word in his own defence, refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

These particulars came to the knowledge of his family after the lapse of many months; but of his subsequent fate they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained; and although one of his relations went to Riga for the purpose of obtaining some information or redress, he returned without having effected either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

Six years thus passed away. His father died; and his mother who persisted in hoping while all others despaired, lingered on in heart wearying suspense. At length, in the beginning of 1833, a travelling merchant passed through the city of Deuxponts, and inquired for the family of Ambos. He informed them, that in the preceding year he had seen and spoken to a man in rags, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other criminals, near the fortress of Barinka, in Siberia, who described himself as Henri Ambos, a pastor of the Lutheran Church, unjustly condemned; and who besought him, with tears and the most urgent supplications, to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy parents, and beseech them to use every means to obtain his liberation.

The feeling which this intelligence excited must be left to the reader's imagination. A family council was held, and it was determined that application should be made to the police authorities at St. Petersburg, to ascertain beyond a doubt the fate of poor Henri, and that a petition in his favor should be presented to the Emperor of Russia; but who was to present it? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children; the wife protested that she should die if her husband left her, and would not hear of his going; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family. The sister then said that she would undertake the journey, and argued that, as a woman, she had more chance of success in such an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative; and being amply furnished with the means, this generous, affectionate, and straightforward girl set off alone, on her long and perilous journey; and receiving her mother's blessing, she silently vowed that she would not return alive, without her brother's pardon. She entertained no doubt of success, because she was resolved to succeed. She had health and strength, and feared nothing. She reached the city of Riga without mishap. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to St. Petersburg, where

she arrived safely in the beginning of June 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and particularly with one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm. She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the police the official return of her brother's condemnation, place of exile, punishment, &c.; but at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance, and address, she was in possession of these, and with the assistance of her good friend, the pastor, she drew up a petition to the Emperor. With this she waited on the minister of the interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with much harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition. She threw herself on her knees, and added tears to entreaties; but he was inexorable, and added, brutally, 'Your brother was a villain; he ought not to be pardoned; and if I were the Emperor, I would not pardon him.' She rose from her knees, and stretching her arms towards heaven, exclaimed with fervor—'I call God to witness that my brother was innocent; and I thank God you are not the Emperor, for I can still hope.' The minister, in a rage, said, 'Do you dare to speak thus to me? Do you know who I am?' 'Yes,' she replied; 'you are his excellency the minister C'; but what of that? You are a cruel man; but I put my trust in God and the Emperor.' Thus she left him, without even a courtesy, though he followed her, speaking loud and angrily, to the door.

Her suit being rejected by all the ministers—her even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hardship of the case, still refused to interfere, or deliver her petition—she resolved to do, what she had been dissuaded from attempting in the first instance—to appeal to the emperor in person. But it was in vain she lavished hundreds of dollars in bribes to the inferior officers; in vain she beset the imperial suite at reviews, at the theatre, and on the way to church; invariably bent back by the guards or the attendants, she could not penetrate to the emperor's presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectual attempts of this kind, hoping every morning, and almost despairing every evening, threatened by the police, and spurned by the officials—Providence raised her up a friend in one of her own sex. Among some ladies of rank who became interested in her story and invited her to their houses, was a Countess whose name is not recorded. This lady, perceiving the despair of her young friend, proposed to lend her on the next day her equipage, servants, and robes, when she should drive to the palace, and, under the name of the countess, (who dared not present the petition herself for fear of exile,) obtain an audience of the emperor. Overpowered with gratitude, Bety threw herself at the feet of the countess, unable to speak; and though the thought crossed her mind that the deception might risk the safety of her friend, she dismissed the idea, for she had resolved to obtain her brother's pardon at every hazard. This plan was soon arranged and at the time appointed she drove up to the palace in splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman with three laced lackeys, in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise—, who supplicated a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few minutes she was in the presence of the emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, but suddenly started back.

Bety, had, fortunately, no dread of rank or power; her heart did not fail her; she sprang forward, and knelt at his feet, exclaiming, with clasped hands—'Pardon, imperial majesty! Pardon! Who are you said the emperor, astonished; and what can I do for you?' He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers; and overcome, even by her own hopes, she burst into tears, and said—'May it please your imperial majesty, I am not Countess Elise—; I am only the sister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. Oh, pardon—pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. Oh, imperial majesty! pardon my poor brother. Still kneeling, with one hand she held up the petition and papers, while with the other she pressed the skirt of his embroidered robe to her lips. Not heeding the emperor's command to rise, she still held out the papers; at last apparently much moved, he extended one hand towards her, and taking the papers with the other said, 'Rise, mademoiselle; I command you to rise.' Kissing his hand and weeping, she entreated him to read the paper. He replied, 'I will read it.' Bety then rose from the ground, and, as he read the petition, eagerly watched his countenance; it changed, and he once or twice exclaimed, 'Is it possible! This is dreadful!' When he had finished, he folded the paper; and, without any observations on its contents, said, at once, 'Mademoiselle Ambos your brother is pardoned.' The poor girl scarcely knowing what she said, but with the words

ringing in her ears, again fell at the emperor's feet, and poured out her gratitude and blessings.

On her return she received the congratulations of her benefactress, the countess Elise—, and her good friend the pastor; but both advised her to keep her audience and the emperor's promise a profound secret. She was the more inclined to do this, because, after the first burst of joyous emotion, her spirits sank. Recollecting the pains that had been taken to shut her out from the emperor's presence, she feared some unforeseen obstacle, or even some jealousy, on the part of the officers of government. Her sufferings during the next few days were fearful; her agitation, her previous fatigues, and the terrible suspense, apparently threw her into a fever, acted on her excited nerves so as to produce a kind of delirium; but her composure soon returned, for just five days after her interview with the emperor, a lackey, in the imperial livery, came to her lodging, and put a packet into her hands, with the emperor's compliments, to Mademoiselle Ambos. It was her brother's pardon, signed and sealed by the emperor. These mean officials, who had before spurned her, now pressed upon her with offers of service, and even the minister D— offered to expedite the pardon himself to Siberia, in order to save her trouble; but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands. She determined to carry it herself, to be herself the bearer of the glad tidings; she resolved that none but herself should take off those fetters, the very description of which had entered her soul; so, having made her arrangements as quickly as possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days.

According to her description, the town in Siberia to the governor of which she carried an official recommendation, was nine thousand versts beyond Moscow; and the fortress to which the wretched malefactors were exiled was at a great distance beyond that. Mrs. Jameson says, 'I could not well make out the situation of either; and, luckily, I had no map with me but a road map of Germany, and it was evident that my heroine was no geographer.' After leaving Moscow, she travelled for seven days and seven nights, sleeping in the carriage. She then rested for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and nights. Her sensations, as she was rapidly whirled over the wide solitary plains, were so new and strange, that at times her head seemed to turn; (so she described it) she could scarcely credit her own identity. On waking in the middle of the night alone, and unable immediately to collect her thoughts, she experienced a temporary feeling of fear, but never at any other time. Twice only did she meet with insult; and although she spoke of her journey as horrible, yet there were anticipations of a happiness which made all fatigues light and all dangers indifferent.

At length, in the beginning of August, she arrived at the end of her journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the pardon with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy, too great to be restrained, almost to be borne. The officer looked very grave, and, finally, she thought, a long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six or eight lines. At last he stammered out, 'I am sorry—but the Henri Ambos mentioned in this paper—is dead.' Poor girl! she fell to the earth.

She has travelled thus far to seek a brother and found but his grave. The unfortunate man had died a year before. The letters in which he worked had caused an ulcer in his leg, which he neglected, and, after some weeks of horrid suffering, death released him. This task, for nearly five years, of this accomplished and even-tempered man, in the prime of his life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, chained hand and foot, and condemned with the lowest malefactors. She found, on inquiry, that some papers and letters which her unhappy brother had drawn up by stealth, in the hope of being able at some time to convey them to his friends, were in possession of one of the officers, who readily gave them up to her; and with those she returned, half broken-hearted, to St. Petersburg. If her former journey, when hope cheered her on the way had been so fearful, what must have been her return! She was seized with a dangerous illness, and was for many weeks confined to bed.

Her story excited much commiseration, and a very general interest and curiosity. A great many persons of rank invited her to their houses, and made her rich presents, among which were the splendid shawl and the ring which had first caught Mrs. Jameson's attention. The emperor expressed a wish to see her, and very graciously spoke a few words of condolence. He even presented to her the countess, Mrs. Jameson asked—'What did the emperor say to you?' 'Nothing; but she looked as if drawing herself up.' On receiving her brother's pardon from the

emperor, she had written home to her family; but since that time she had not written. She had not courage to inflict a blow which might affect her mother's life; it remained for her to tell what she did not write.

She left Petersburg in October, and proceeded to Riga, where those who had known her brother received her with great kindness, and sympathized in her affliction. She had refused to see the Jewess who had been the cause of all her brother's misfortunes; she felt that to say to her, 'Your falsehood has done this,' would be a source of satisfaction; but her brother's friends persuaded her that such an act could do Henri no good; that it was wrong, that it was unchristian; she yielded and left Riga.

Having reached the Prussian frontiers, she stopped at the custom-house, where, searching her packages, the chief officer, observing her address on a trunk, exclaimed, 'Mademoiselle Ambos! Are you any relation of the Professor Henri Ambos?' On hearing that she was his sister, the officer explained that he was the intimate friend of her brother, and inquiring what had become of him. In learning his unhappy fate, the officer with tears expressed his commiseration, and pressed on Mademoiselle Ambos offers of service and hospitality; but her impatience to reach home increased hourly, and her funds were getting low. The driver had heard her relate the sad story to the officers; and on stopping at the next town to feed his horses, he came to the door of the carriage, and informed her she had just missed seeing the Jewess lady, who, with her sister and sister's husband, had passed in a calèche. What followed must be read with an allowance for continental feelings and the peculiar exceptability of one who had gone through such tremendous trials. Bety ordered the driver to drive back as fast as possible to the custom-house, where she knew the party would be delayed. On reaching it, she saw a calèche; trembling with agitation and emotion, she went up to it. Two ladies were sitting within; and addressing the most beautiful, she asked, 'Are you Mademoiselle de S—?' Her manner was probably strange and startling, the lady addressed replied, in a frightened manner, 'I am—who are you?—and what do you want with me?' On hearing this reply, she said 'I am the sister of Henri Ambos, whom you murdered.' The lady screamed aloud, and some men ran from the house. Holding fast by the carriage door, Bety continued—'I am not come to hurt you; but you are the murderer of my brother, Henri Ambos. He loved you, and your falsehood has killed him.' Having uttered other fearful expressions, while the lady stared at her with a ghastly expression, she fell into a fit, and was carried into the house of the custom-house officer, her brother's friend, and laid on a bed. On recovering her senses, the calèche and all were gone, and she herself proceeded on her journey. The scene which had occurred appeared so strange, so like a dream, that, on reaching Berlin, she wrote to the officer of the customs, to beg that he would attest that it was really true.

Mrs. Jameson parted with this interesting girl at Mayence, after seeing the pardon and many other documents, all proving the truth of the story, even to the minutest particulars. Here the relation ends. Whatever her subsequent fate, however severe her own disappointments, and the fresh trial that awaited her in breaking the melancholy news to her mother, the reader feels that Mademoiselle Ambos was supported by the greatest of all consolations—the consciousness of duty well performed.

## An Infant Merchant of Moscow.

I went one day into a wax-chandler's shop on the invitation of a mannikin of seven years old. With us at such an age children are helpless, timid, childlike, and childish, and too clever by half. Dressed in his little blue caftan of precisely the same cut as that worn by men, the infant merchant entreated me to enter his shop, belonging in the same obnoxious fashion of his elders; and when I told him that I was not going to buy out only to look at his wares, he answered as complacently as his papa could have done, 'Pray oblige me by looking at whatever you please.' He showed me all his stock, opened every press with a dexterous willingness, which I could not but admire; knew not only the price of every sort of candle, but the whole capital invested in the stock; the yearly returns, the wholesale price, the profit at so much per cent.—in a word, he had in every respect the dexterity of an experienced trader.—From Russia, by J. C. Kohl.

'Which is the best shop to get a fiddle at?' asked a pupil of Tom Cooke, the musician. 'An apothecary's shop answered the wag; because, if you buy a fiddle there, they always give you a viol in.'

## ESQUIMAU AT DANBY.

Dumfries to make a great show. Wear a coat stuck up with ribs and padding; And his is surely a process, For what's a goose without the stuffing.

## The late F. S. Key.

The following is extracted from the remarks of Z. COLLIER, Esq., at the late Annual Meeting of the American Colonization Society in Washington, in noticing the death of F. S. Key, late one of its Vice Presidents:—  
'It was during the late memorable war, when a British fleet had penetrated to the very Capital of our country, and while approaching the outworks and fort which guard a sister city, that young Key, then detained on board an English ship of war, beheld, as the twilight closed upon the invading forces, the flag of his country waving above the fortress of attack, and when the night set in, was incited by the threat and heat of the invaders that ere morning that flag would be struck to the prowess of its enemies. Amid the smoke and storm of the battle and the darkness of the night, he watched with throbbing heart and anxious eyes the first approach of light, his tears and hopes alike agitating and oppressing him.—The dawn broke at last—and through the smoke and clouds he caught the first glimpse of that yet unconquerable ensign still there, waving over the free and brave—its bright folds unbroken by the storm of battle, and its inextinguishable stars yet shining undimmed. It was, sir, at this moment of rapture that the patriot's overflowing heart gave utterance to its grating joy in a song which has become the brightest gem of our literature and the watchword of victory. If nothing else remained to rescue his memory from oblivion, this, this alone shall preserve it in every land over every sea, wherever American arts and American arms shall carry light, liberty and civilization.'

## Charley.

'Wake snakes and come to law,' exclaimed a non-descript genius, species, man loafer, as he issued into the streets 'loaded down to the guards.' 'It would be a comfortable thing if I knew just exactly where I was bound for. Upstreet's got mixed with down street, and there's no such thing as 'cross the street at all. The moon's cross-eyed and keeps winking and blinking as if she had her eyes full of Maceboe. Now what am I to do? If I stand still, there's a very pleasant chance of going to sleep standing. If I go to stir, hang me if I know which way I's travlin. However I'll take a running jump at it, and away he started, but had hardly made a dozen steps when he staggered full against a fire plug.  
'Hullo! who's that? If that's your game, my name is fight,' and he squared himself scientifically. 'Come on, darn ye, come on! You won't, won't ye? Now you'll molest an honest citizen again, will ye! you don't get off so easy, now mind! Just stand still, till I hit you a bat alongside the head. Whoop! look out, I'm comin'.  
'Look here, my talip,' said that instructive personage yelped a watchman; 'you're a lookin' a little too much noise.'  
'Stand by and see fair play, watchee, and bless me if I don't swallow that feller.'  
'Now don't,' said Charley, 'it might hurt your digestion.'  
'Digestion be kissed! Who's afraid! Just stand aside a minute, and if I don't knock that covey into a three cornered continental cocked hat, burn my old shirt and trousers.'  
'Come,' said the watchee, 'I'm afraid if I leave you exposed to the night air and dew, you'll spile—and as you are an original, the big boss would like the handling of you to-morrow.'  
'Watchee, I'll go to the d—l with you if you'll only just let me have a dig at that fellow's watermelon.'  
'Can't do it; that fellow belongs to the city corporation.'  
'Who cares?'  
'Don't speak so loud, you'll hurt yourself. Indeed, you must not stay out any longer, you'll spile, I know you will.'  
'Well, it's cussed hard a man can't have a quiet fight, specially when he's insulted. I'll recollect you, Charley; and if I see a feller giving you particular gas, blow me if ever I help you.'  
'The door of the 'boose out short his further loquacity.—St. Louis Pocket Guard.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.—A woman from the neighborhood of Grayville, in England, went into an apothecary's shop the other day with two prescriptions, one for her husband, and the other for her cow. She inquired what was the price of them; and the apothecary replied, that it was so much for the man, and so much for the beast. The woman finding that she had not enough money, reflected for a moment, and said: 'Give me, at all events, the medicine for the cow; I can send for my husband's to-morrow.'

'Do you keep groceries here, sir?' asked a punster, as he entered the store of a dealer in vegetables.  
'Yes,' was the reply.  
'Well, I'll take one.'