

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
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From Graham for April.
LOVE SONG.—From the Italian.

BY RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

O! went thou but with me,
In yon dark vessel free,
That o'er the moonlit sea
Cleaves her way.
O! were it only mine,
From scenes in which we pine,
To bear thee o'er the brine,
Far away!
On ocean's ample breast,
Beneath night's starry vest,
All else but us at rest—
Thou and I
Of every mutual pain
Together might complain,
And unbetravel remain,
No one by.

Thus lifting mem'ry's pall
From this dark life, all, all
The past we should recall,
With its woes:
And then what could we crave
From Heaven and the wave
But a harbor or a grave,
To repose!

THE SUN.

The early Sun doth e'en the Moon
In dimpling beauties on the Lakes,
And ere her toilette is quite done
Ten thousand burning kisses taken.
And when he doth retire to rest
He casts a lover's look afar,
Which his chaste Queen doth garner up,
To light herself and every Star.

A GOOD MARKSMAN.

At a squirrel he ran, near the top of a tree,
The squirrel fired up, crying 'chee, chee, chee, chee.'
While he by the gun was kicked heels over head,
And thought, for a moment, he surely was dead;
But hearing and seeing the squirrel, he found
He was not; so he bawled as he lay on the ground,
'Mr. Squirrel, you could neither 'chee, chee,' nor
run,
Had you been like myself, at this end of the gun!'

Foreign Items.

The University of Glasgow has just conferred on Mr. Richardson, the author of the *New English Dictionary*, the degree of L. L. D.
At a late meeting of the Repeal Association in Dublin, Daniel O'Connell, jun., who was only two days old, was enrolled an associate. Mr. Ray read a letter from Castlebar, announcing that a poor woman, named Catherine Malesky, had sold three hens in order that she might procure the means of paying one shilling to be enrolled.

By another blast at the Dover Cliff, in which 7000 lbs. of powder were ignited by means of the voltaic battery, 50,000 cubic yards of chalk were dislodged.

Lady Peel, it is said, has been suffering from a severe nervous affection ever since it was ascertained, by the admission of the murderer, M'Naughten, that Sir Robert Peel was the personage the assassin intended to have shot, instead of the unfortunate Mr. Drummond.

Captain Ross's expedition to the South Pole is expected home in May. Only four men have been lost during the voyage. Captain Ross has penetrated the Antarctic Circle to 71 40.

CELESTIAL DAGUERROTYPE.—The following is an extract from Francis B. Ogden, Esq., United States Consul at Bristol, read by Mr. Dayton before the National Institute, in Washington, at its meeting on Monday evening last:

'You ask if any thing has been recently discovered in relation to the daguerrotype. I will not attempt to give you the particulars, for, in the last or next number of Silliman's Magazine, you will see them in detail, as communicated by a friend of mine in Liverpool. It appears that, at the observatory at Rome, they have succeeded so well in combining the powers of the Telescope and the Daguerrotype, as to produce a perfect map of the heavens. The nebulous clouds are transferred to a sheet of paper, every star composing them, and every shadow as distinct as seen through the best instruments; the precise position of Jupiter and his moons given at any moment of time, and all the phases of the other planets, with the greatest accuracy. My friend, Mr. Taylor, has promised me a sight of some of the pictures, which he says are on a scale that would require a globe of the size of the cupola of St. Paul's to place them in proper proportion.'

SPARE MINUTES.—Spare minutes are the gold dust of time; and Dr. Young was writing a true, as well as a striking line, when he affirmed that "Sands make the mountain, moments make the year."

A Boston dentist says he extracted a tooth the other day with so much ease, that the man requested him to go on and finish the row, as he really enjoyed it.

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, April 1, 1843.

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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.

From *Sargent's New Monthly Magazine* for April
LADY BULWER.

From the Portfolio of one who knew her.
BY HELEN BERKLEY.

"It was in Paris, during the winter of 1840, that I first beheld Lady Bulwer. General Cass, the American Ambassador, was giving one of the most splendid balls of the season. About the time that his magnificent suite of apartments began to be oppressively crowded, a gentleman approached me, and said: "Let me get you out of this throng. There is something in the boudoir yonder, that is better worth seeing than all these panting people, that look as if they were going to melt away with the heat. Lady Bulwer is there. She is a great lion. Would you not like to see her?"

"Oh! yes! I replied, with so little interest in my tone, that I now cannot help feeling both wonder and provocation at the recollection of my own listless indifference.

"You must discover her, then, without my assistance," said my friend. "I shall leave you while you make the experiment."

"That will be rather difficult," I returned; "for I have never heard her person described. However, I have no objection to try my skill in physiognomy."

We entered the boudoir. There were not more than fifty persons assembled. My companion found me a seat, and retired, while I made a survey of the apartment, and endeavored to select the one, who bore most resemblance to the portrait in my imagination of Lady Bulwer. A number of extremely beautiful women were present. Several of them belonged to the English nobility. As my eyes glanced round the room they were soon riveted, as by a spell, upon the form of a majestic looking woman, whose queenlike and peculiarly graceful carriage was unequalled by the bearing of any that surrounded her. She was attired in a robe of crimson velvet. Its long train, bordered with ermine, lay in rich folds at her feet. Her form might have been considered too expansive for perfect beauty, were it not that its faultless symmetry made you forget the size in admiration of the proportions.

Her soft, dark hair was simply parted on the whitest of foreheads, and its exuberant tresses gathered into one graceful knot behind. Her exquisitely moulded head was encircled by a tiara of diamonds. Those gems remind me of her eyes, which were of a blue so intense, and so brilliant, that you mistook them at first for black; and they always spoke in advance of her lips. Her complexion was of that transparent whiteness, softly blending on the cheeks with a peachblow hue which is seldom possessed except by the daughters of the "Ocean-Isle." Her parted lips, when she smiled, disclosed a set of teeth, that almost seemed to reflect back the same light as a bed of snow upon which the noon-day sun is shining. But that smile—it was more sweet than gay. And as you looked upon her you felt, that it was not the perfections which centered in her person that rendered her beautiful. It was the expression—the grace—the brilliancy—nay—it was the reflection of a soul beaming over all!

I beckoned to my friend, and, designating the lady, who had arrested my attention, said: "Surely that must be Lady Bulwer?"

"You are right," he replied triumphantly; "I made a bet that you would discover her, for when she is present there seems to be nobody else in the room. Is she not a magnificent woman?"

The history of Lady Bulwer was at that time upon every lip. The envious blamed—the compassionate pitied—the disinterested praised. But her conduct was so unimpeachable, her character so unblemished, that the voice of slander was hushed in awe. Even calumny sought not to despoil her of her riches, almost her only possession—her fair fame.

I must acknowledge that in common with a large portion of the American community, I had permitted 'Cheveley' to prejudice me against Lady Bulwer. Like too many others, I thought 'the wife, who can so blazen her husband's errors, or vices, to the world, must be unworthy of esteem.' Like them I forgot that that wife might have been goaded to the commission of this fault by a long series of injuries and insults—that she might have been forced to it as a means of obtaining a livelihood—that 'to err is human.'

The day succeeding the ball given by General Cass, I became personally acquainted with Lady Bulwer. For several months after that period I saw her almost daily, sometimes passing two and three hours at a time in her society. And the more intimately I became acquainted with her, the more I reproached myself for ever having breathed a word, or harbored a thought, to her disparagement.

She was exceedingly ingenious by nature. Her confidence was easily, perhaps too easily won. As her history had now become so public, she did not scruple to relate to me the story of her domestic grievances; the origin of 'Cheveley's' cause of her separation from her

husband, and the circumstances which grew out of the unhappy feud. Had her sorrows sprung from her own vices, or her own follies, then indeed she might have been less communicative. As it was, she had no motive for concealment.

It is difficult to concentrate in a few brief words, a history which occupied many hours in its relation; and which memory has most faithfully treasured; but I will attempt it.

Lady Bulwer, then Rosina Wheeler, was married at the age of eighteen, to Mr. Bulwer, now Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. She gave him her heart with her hand, and had every reason to believe that he returned his own, until she discovered that he was not embarrassed with so troublesome a possession. Before she had been married a year, she had proofs, too incontrovertible, of her husband's being a lawless and remorseless libertine. But she was then about to become a mother; and what will not a woman endure for the sake of her child? What will not a woman, who loves, or has loved, forgive! On the birth of that child, in whose endearments she had fondly hoped to find consolation for the neglect and cruelty of her husband, his tyranny assumed a new and more dreadful shape. Almost before her young mother was considered out of danger, her infant, in spite of her expostulations, and prayers and tears, was taken from her and placed under the charge of a wet nurse, who resided several miles from London. Bulwer declared that he would not permit his wife to become a nursery maid; that children were his detestation; and that the 'noisy little imp' should be kept at a respectful distance! Lady Bulwer did not submit to this unnatural and despotic decree, without remonstrating. But her grief and entreaties only called forth the most virulent abuse from her inflexible husband. After this incident he neglected her more than ever, and not unfrequently, in his moments of ungovernable passion, she was forced to submit to personal violence.

She again became a mother, and her child was a son. Through the influence of a compassionate physician, the child was left under her care, and her little daughter recalled from exile. The wife and mother was now comparatively happy. When her husband was at home she could only visit the nursery by stealth, but he generally spent his days and nights in dissipation, and seldom troubled her with his undesirable society. But in his absence she was continually subjected to the persecutions of his mother, who was originally opposed to the marriage, and showed an open detestation of her daughter in-law from the beginning.

This woman became a spy upon Lady Bulwer's actions, and was continually exciting Bulwer's anger against his wife. This state of affairs continued until his daughter was about six or seven years old. The grandmother then declared that the child must have a governess. Bulwer agreed with her, and procured the desired governess. And now, indeed, Lady Bulwer's misery soon baffled description. She was not permitted to have a voice in anything that concerned her child. Her studies, her dress, her exercise, her food, were all at the command of the governess. And this lady in authority did not scruple to tell the anxious mother, when she remonstrated, that such were Sir Edward's orders. Lady Bulwer complained to her husband. But he sometimes laughed in her face, and told her that the woman was as competent a person as could be found, and very pretty withal; and at other times he flew into a rage, and forbade her mentioning the subject.

Before many months elapsed, Lady Bulwer inevitably discovered that this unfortunate woman was, beyond a doubt, another of her husband's victims. The woman herself evinced no shame at her situation; but, elated at the helplessness of Lady Bulwer, and her own supposed superiority, assumed perfect control over the household. Lady Bulwer's orders to the domestics were countermanded, her most trivial arrangements interfered with, and her children invariably ordered to their studies, precisely at the hour which she had appointed for taking the air with them. Thus was she annoyed and irritated in every manner by a person who made her degradation the excuse for her assumption of authority. Once more she appealed to her husband, and, it may have been angrily insisted, that the governess, should be discharged. He replied that she should remain as long as it suited his convenience, and when the wife answered him, he struck her a blow which felled her to the earth! What resource had she! She was fatherless and brotherless—poor, and an orphan, while he was all-powerful. She lived but for her children, and for their sakes endured even this indignity.

A few days after this last occurrence, she received an insult from the governess, which exceeded in grossness any former impertinence. It was late in the evening, and for once her husband was at home. She sought the parlor, where he was luxuriating over his

wine and cigar, and, repeating to him what had occurred, added: "I will hear this no longer—I cannot, bear it any longer. Either Miss—must leave the house, or I shall leave it. You may choose between the two."

"Certainly," replied Bulwer, with provoking calmness, "I have chosen long ago. You shall leave it. And, since you have made up your mind to go, I don't intend to give you your own time. You shall pack off at once—this very moment—and Miss—remains where she is. I have promised her my protection, and she shall have it!"

Lady Bulwer acknowledged that she was deeply incensed. She hastily left the room, went up stairs, and told her two bewildered children to put on their cloaks and bonnets. Bulwer soon followed her, to demand why she was not gone. She walked from the apartment leading her children, and without replying. He accompanied her, saying with mock gallantry: "Permit me the pleasure of closing the door upon you, madam."

This act of politeness he in reality performed; but not without hastening it by giving his wife a rude push. The unfortunate mother and her luckless children sought protection under the hospitable roof of Mrs. Hume, who resided at a very short distance; and who had been Lady Bulwer's bosom friend from childhood.

That the above tale is strictly true, I have other testimony besides the word of Lady Bulwer. Before leaving Paris I became acquainted with Mr. Hume, the husband of the lady, at whose house she sought refuge; and he verified to me the history of her misfortunes and wrongs.

Lady Bulwer never returned to the mansion, from which she had been so disgracefully thrust.—She retired with her children to the country; and, for six months, resided with great retirement.—She obtained a separation from her husband, but a large sum of money was necessary to file a bill of divorce. This she had no prospect of obtaining; for she received from Bulwer barely the means of subsistence. Yet, she says, those months of quiet were among the happiest of her life. She could have lived on contentedly for years; for the rapidly developing charms of her young children compensated her for every privation. But her husband's persecution pursued her even to her seclusion. He requested her to sign some papers, the import of which I have forgotten, threatening that her children should return to his protection if she disobeyed. She refused; entreated him to leave her unmolested, as she should never more molest him. Then came the last, well-aimed blow, which crushed her maternal heart. Her children—her cherished children—her only consolation in affliction—her children, for whom she had endured indignity, and suffering, and privation, and wrong—were stolen from her by a well laid stratagem, and conducted to their father. While her heart and brain were convulsed by the most terrible fears at their protracted disappearance, a letter from Bulwer was placed in her hands. It informed her that the children were now in his possession; and that, since she had defied his power by refusing to sign the papers, as a punishment, she should never behold them again! He added, in conclusion: "Madam, remember that you are fatherless and brotherless, and I will crush you to atoms." These are his words.

The strongest affection of her nature trampled upon, what wonder that she became frantic! Who is so senseless, that he may fling the stone of reproach, because revenge was at last awakened in her bosom! The man, before whose talents a workshipping world was bowing in admiration, whose name was trumpeted from mouth to mouth as a god's, was, like a fiend, exerting all the ingenuity of his crafty nature to keep on the mental rack a being, who had devoted her life to him and his offspring. And should the world know nothing of this! Alas! when Lady Bulwer expected justice or compassion from the world, she forgot that the powerful oppressor, not the friendless oppressed, can alone awaken its sympathies. To unveil the Mookanna they were adoring as an idol, she wrote 'Cheveley'; and faintly shadowed forth a character too deeply denominated for human pen to portray. Blinded to her wrongs by the dazzling genius of her husband, the public condemned her.—Was not her husband! What right had a woman to turn upon the foot which crushed it!

Those alone who knew her personally, and, I might add, those also who knew him personally, defended and excused her. She herself repented of the hasty passion, which induced her to seek for that justice which she discovered was a jewel not to be found. She obtained but one object by her work. She gained money enough to relieve her present wants, the sum which Bulwer allowed her being insufficient.

(To be continued.)

Mermaids surely can't be handsome; we never knew a fish-woman that was.

THE MURDER IN NEW YORK.

The following circumstantial account of the late murder in New York is from the Evening Post. The Commercial Advertiser states that the seducer in this case was the female.

Dreadful Murder in Leonard Street.

Last night a most audacious and terrible murder was committed in the open streets of our city. Charles G. Corlies who has kept a bowling saloon at 360 Broadway, under the manufactory, was killed by a pistol shot, at a few minutes previous to seven o'clock, and within thirty feet of Broadway, the most frequented of all our thoroughfares. The facts as far as we have been able to ascertain, are as follows:

About half-past six o'clock on last evening as Mr. Corlies was attending to the duties of his establishment, a female, with a straw hat and veil on, came in, with whom Mr. Corlies seated himself. After remaining thus some minutes, several gentlemen came in to play at ten pins, and the female got up to go out. Mr. Corlies putting on his coat and going with her. A short period subsequent to this, Mr. H. Hodges, one of the proprietors of the Carlton House, saw Corlies standing a few feet below the door of the Carlton which opens into Leonard street, in conversation with a woman, and went into the bar-room and told Mr. Bates, the bar-keeper, that Corlies was talking to a woman outside, and if he went to the barber's shop he could see him. Before, however, Mr. Bates could get from behind the bar, the report of a pistol was heard, and on Mr. B. going to the door, he saw a female who answered the description given of the person with whom Corlies was seen talking, walk past towards Broadway. A servant girl who resides in the block below the Carlton House, in Leonard street, and was going to the pump at the corner of Leonard and Benson streets, also heard the report, and immediately afterwards a man rushed past her towards Elm street, at the top of his speed. This man was also seen by a Mr. Cady who was sitting in the rear part of the bar-room of the Carlton, and who rushed out on hearing the report of the pistol.

The report of the pistol, of course, attracted the attention of all in the neighborhood, and Mr. Corlies was found lying on the ground and taken into the Carlton, in the rear part of the bar-room, where he was examined and found to have been shot by a discharge from a five barrel pistol, which was found lying near him, with one barrel empty and the other four loaded. The ball had entered the back part of his head, a little to the left, and passed in an upward direction, lodging, as is supposed, in the fore part of his brain. Information of this event was immediately conveyed to the police, and Justice Mattsell, with a number of officers, was speedily on the spot—the Mayor who had just taken lodgings at the Carlton House, having arrived immediately after the shot had been fired. Active measures were immediately adopted to apprehend the perpetrator, if possible, and suspicion falling on J. H. Colton, who had been held to bail in the sum of \$5000 for a previous attempt to shoot Mr. Corlies, on Friday, the 10th instant, at the door of his lodging house, 108 Leonard street, his Honor the Mayor directed Judge Mattsell and some of the officers to proceed to his lodgings, at 24 Vesey street, and if he was at home, to arrest him. Judge Mattsell accordingly went, and found Mr. Colton sitting with Mr. Parsons, the proprietor of the house, in the parlor, and having requested a private interview with Mr. Colton, Parsons went out, and left them together, when Judge Mattsell arrested him, and informed him for what. Colton was perfectly cool and self-possessed, and from attendant circumstances, would seem not to have been out of the house at the time the murder was committed.

Immediately after his arrest a woman with a veil on and somewhat answering the description of the one with whom Corlies had been seen talking, entered the house in great haste and was stopped and questioned by the officers in the hall, whom she told, that she had just come from Green street, and had been running like a race horse. As she appeared to be acquainted with the inmates of the house she was allowed to pass, and she went up stairs and subsequently left the house, but was arrested in the course of the night; but it being shown to be very evident that she knew nothing of the circumstances, and was not in any way connected with the murder, she was released. Justice Mattsell, after searching the house without finding any thing suspicious, had Colton conveyed to the Tombs, and placed in one of the cells.

During the time that Justice Mattsell was absent, Corlies was lying where he had been first placed, attended by Dr. Hosack and other physicians, and his brother. Nothing could, however, be done to relieve him, and he lingered only until four minutes past ten, when he expired. In the mean time the Coroner had been sent for, and had arrived, and he, accompanied by Justice Mattsell and several officers,

went to Colton's residence, and after questioning Mr. Parsons, they proceeded to the next door, (No. 26) the residence of Mrs. Colton, and desired one of the black servants to tell Mrs. Colton that she was wanted. Mrs. Colton returned as an answer, that she neither wished to see nor speak to any person that evening, on which Justice Mattsell, the Coroner, and officers ascended to the door of her room, and she having been repeatedly asked to open the door it was finally broken open, when she was discovered on a sofa, and from her manner appeared to be partially insane. After various attempts to rouse her she was left in the charge of officers, and during the night was visited by her counsel, Mr. Charles O'Connor, and after an interview with him she appeared to revive, and was taken to the Tombs.

These are all the arrests which have been made, and as yet no further light has been thrown on the matter, either to show by whom this dreadful deed was committed or what were the motives which led to its commission. A post mortem examination was made, at noon on this day, by Dr. Hosack, assisted by several other physicians, and the Coroner will hold an inquest this afternoon at 3 o'clock, in the Sessions Court room, in the Halls of Justice, when it is to be hoped that something may be elicited that will lead to the detection of the guilty party.

The surmises of those who have been engaged in making the arrests, as to the perpetrator, and the motives for the commission of the act are various. The following are those which appear to be the most feasible.

The first, and what will be thought the most probable supposition, is, that the deed was committed by Mrs. Colton, who is known to have been out of her house at the time the murder was committed. There are various reasons urged in support of this.—Colton has for some time suspected that an improper intimacy existed between his wife and Corlies, and it was this suspicion that led to his making the attempt to Corlies on the 10th instant; and it is said that, having approached his wife with unfaithfulness to him, and with having loved Corlies, she made answer that she would soon bring him proof whether she loved him or not.

The other, and to our mind the most probable supposition, is, that the murder was committed by the man who was seen running down Leonard street, and that Colton was accessory to the deed. It is supposed that Mrs. Colton may have been the unconscious agent of the death of Corlies, by having been watched, on the surmise that if she went to see Corlies, he would undoubtedly come out of his bowling alley to talk with her, and thus afford the assassin an opportunity of committing this foul deed. This, however, would betray such an alarming state of facts that we earnestly and sincerely hope it may prove to be an unfounded surmise, for if parties can be procured—hired—or engaged to commit murder for the sake of pain, to gratify the revengeful feelings, or malice of another, there will be no security for life in this city. This view, however, would suppose Mrs. Colton to have been present at the time Mr. Corlies was shot, and would account for the state in which she was found at her lodgings by Judge Mattsell and the Coroner, while we can hardly suppose that, if she were guilty of intentional murder, she would have betrayed such unequivocal signs of distress of mind. We earnestly hope that the perpetrator may be discovered and brought to condign punishment.

THE EMPEROR CALIGULA'S HORSE.—Caligula, the Roman emperor, had a horse called Swift, whom he invited to supper with himself; he caused his provender to be set before him in gold; he promised to make him consul and had done so if he had lived: he did make him priest, yea, a colleague with himself in the supreme pontificate; his stable was of marble his manger of ivory, his caparisons and harness purple, and a pendant jewel of precious stone at his postrel; and he allowed him a household family, servants, and household stuff.

"When 'twere Duns it 'tis Duns, then 'twere well it were Done quickly."

Married in *Alton*, on the 18th of September last John K. Dunn, aged 82, to Miss Lucie Quick, aged 76 years.

According to nature's laws causes always produce effects, but in human law, a single cause may deprive us of all our effects.

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

"I SAY, JEMMY, lend me your last Telegraph."

"I can't do it; you wouldn't lend me your new coat t'other day you know!"