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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.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

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From the Boston Post.

### NOISE.

The lady said 'twas a queer court,  
When there I went to board;  
But Susan thrums the piano-forte,  
And by Sam the bass is roared.  
Oh, night and day does Susan play  
The fashion-able pieces;  
And of, together, sing mother and father,  
Their daughters, sons and nieces.  
When twinkles, twinkle the evening star,  
Inviting to meditation,  
Then tinkle, tinkle a cursed guitar  
From a neighboring window-station;  
While little Tom thumps a kettle drum  
For an infantile parade,  
With a racket-tack, and a racket-tack-  
tack,  
And shouts from the whole brigade.  
The smoke-esp on the chimney-top  
Shrieks to the fitful winds,  
As they wait the sign of the tailor's shop,  
And from the baker's blinds,  
From nightfall to the morning's dawn,  
Are heard the yelling appalling  
Of cats from every neighboring wall,  
Which men term catters'uling.  
And I—'g—g keeps a scow of hounds,  
Whose foul, dishonest bark  
Outdoes all other kind sounds  
Which wait upon the dark;  
Even as a deluge in its might  
Takes all the little lakes up,  
Or as the prophet's serpent rood  
Ate all the other snakes up.  
Ye deaf! rejoice that ye are free—  
(Oh, think not I am jeering!)  
From human kind's worst tyranny—  
The tyranny of hearing!  
God-bye, my noked!—I'll in the West  
Live neighborless, like Boon;  
Or seek a world without 'e'n air,  
And colonize the noon. S. Q. Q.

From Sargent's New Monthly Magazine.

### LADY BULWER.

From the Portfolio of one who knew her.

BY HELEN BARKLEY.

(Concluded.)

It was about a year after the publication of "Cheveley," that I became acquainted with Lady Bulwer. She was residing in Paris as the only city in which she could live respectably on her scanty income. She had many friends there, and was universally courted. But her thoughts were occupied by her children; and she was daily forming some new project to regain them. Bulwer was then living openly in London with the very governess who had created his domestic disturbances; and who was then the mother of several of his children. Worse than this, Lady Bulwer's unfortunate little ones were under the care of this infamous woman; and brought up with her illegitimate progeny! It was dreadful enough for their mother to feel that they were no longer under her guidance; but to know that they were subjected to the most contaminating influence—inhaling an atmosphere of vice—their pure spirits becoming accustomed to iniquity—she would sometimes say that to hear they were dead would be comparative happiness!

She experienced great pleasure in the conviction, that her children cherished her memory in spite of their long separation. On entering her apartment one day I observed that her eyes were swollen with tears, and her manner unusually agitated. I ventured to inquire whether she had received news from London? Pointing to a passage in an open letter, she said with deep emotion, "Read that! My poor boy! he has not forgotten his mother!"

The letter was from a friend in London. The passage contained the following anecdote. Bulwer was sitting in his drawing-room, which was filled with company, when Lady Bulwer's little son, then about eight or nine years of age, entered the apartment and stood beside his father's knee. Bulwer had not seen the child for some time. After looking at him for a moment, without speaking, he turned to the gentlemen beside him, and remarked, with a frown: "He's devilish like his mother!" The boy heard him, looked up, with indignation glowing on his fine countenance, and said: "He's devilish glad of it, sir!"

Lady Bulwer's peculiar expressions in conversation, the force and vigor of her language, left deeper impressions on my mind than those of almost any other person, with whom I ever conversed. When we were talking over the impossibility of her obtaining a divorce, and thus recovering her children, without the possession of a larger sum of money than she had any prospect of commanding, she would say: "England boasts of her laws; and she has good ones. But men made them to protect themselves—to guard beasts and birds from injury—they framed no law to shield woman."

At another time, when I was vainly trying to persuade her that she would in the end receive justice even from a harsh-judging public, she replied: "I do not doubt it. There is a species of justice that comes to all, when death has placed them beyond the reach of injury;

but the sun that shines on our graves cannot benefit our bones."

She was rather apt to be severe, though generally there was much of playfulness even in her severity, upon the whole male sex. She did not disguise her belief, that interest was the only barrier that could prevent them from gratifying their worst passions. I once said to her laughingly, when she was drawing a half-ludicrous, half-ferocious picture of the male character: "Come, come; you should not speak so without making some exceptions; remember I have a husband!" She answered in a tone, the mingled bitterness and sadness of which I shall never forget: "I have a husband too; or perhaps I should not speak so."

She was always spirited, and in general lively, and exceedingly brilliant in conversation. She possessed what might have been called a genius for repartee. Yet, in spite of her wit, she was seldom, I think I may say never, satirical. Her daily chit-chat would have made a volume of bon mots. The following anecdotes will show the general turn and style of these jeux d'esprit. She said to me a day or two before we left Paris, "Why do you not return to America in a steamship? I wonder at your going in a packet?" "I would willingly do so," I replied, "and so would the rest of our party, but my aunt, Miss ———, who accompanies us, resolutely objects; she says she is afraid of being blown up." "Well, that's but natural, when you reflect that she is a spinster," returned Lady Bulwer, smiling; "if she had been married she would have grown quite accustomed to that long ago."

At another time a gentleman of the company was disparaging Byron, and insisting that all his poems were inspired by gin. Lady Bulwer stopped him with: "No slander, Mr. H—, unless you can give us some news along with it. We all admitted long ago, when you pretended to deny it, that Byron's poems were full of spirit."

I should fill pages if I called upon my memory for more of these anecdotes. It was impossible to see Lady Bulwer without hearing remarks like these every few moments. This style of repartee she introduces very frequently into her works; too frequently, perhaps, and certainly too indiscriminately; for she is apt to put witticisms into the mouths of all her characters alike. When the thought originates in her own mind she is immediately too charmed with it to reflect, that it may be inappropriate to the character she is then portraying. Another error is unfortunately apparent in every book she has yet published. She writes of mankind and of life, entirely from her own experience. She ever pictures men as she has found them, and the world as it has seemed to her—Thus a shadow is thrown over all her brightest imaginings. And a sameness is conspicuous even in the midst of originality.

There appeared to be a union of opposites in the character of Lady Bulwer. Though strikingly spirited in her manner, always self-possessed, quick to decide and prompt to act, though she was gifted with peculiar tact in repelling the advances of a fop, who believed her accessible, because she was unprotected; and though her very glance commanded respect from the most frivolous, yet gentleness, grace, and suavity were her especial attributes.

I had many opportunities during my residence in Paris of becoming acquainted with the firmness and energy of Lady Bulwer's character. I also witnessed some of the persecutions to which she was even then subjected by her misguided husband. One instance in particular, by which all Paris was kept in a state of excitement for several days, is worthy of record. If a man is an ordinary villain, at least half the world will give him the credit of being a monster. But if the atrocities he commits are of a more heinous nature than the imagination can readily picture, then they surpass belief, and he is generally considered a tolerably good sort of a person, who has been unjustly traduced. This is Bulwer's case; and I should not expect the history I am about to relate to gain credence, were it not authenticated by the publicity, which it obtained at the time, and by the facts, which were brought to light before a court of justice.

Lady Bulwer had in her possession several letters from her husband, filled with fearful menaces and the most insulting accusations. Bulwer, when informed by Lady Bulwer's lawyer of the existence of those papers, said, in reply, "I do assure you, the letters are mere forgeries. I never wrote any thing of the kind in my life."

"But, my dear sir," replied the lawyer, "admitting that the handwriting, and your own seal might have been imitated, the post-marks could not have been forged. And then, a woman would hardly write herself the accusations the letters contain."

Bulwer, in the haste and blindness of his excitable passions, not seeing the snare in which he was caught, retorted: "Let me tell you, sir, that every word of these accusations is true."

In one breath he denied all knowledge of the letters, in the next he showed himself so perfectly acquainted with their contents, that he was ready to maintain their truth and justice!

These papers became exceedingly anxious to regain, as they might at some time be used to his disadvantage. In the daily habit of framing feignings plots to delight the public, he now essayed to form one which should be realized in actual life for his own private gratification.

Lady Bulwer was then residing in Paris, and her husband in London. Her femme de chambre, who was much attached to her, was one evening waylaid in the street by a couple of men. They commenced conversation by saying that they knew her to be in Lady Bulwer's employment, and that they had something to communicate, which would be of service to her mistress. The girl on hearing this, naturally enough, gave them her attention.—But they seemed inclined to chat awhile before they afforded her the promised information.

"Does Lady Bulwer treat you well?" asked one. "Would you not like to have a place where you could get higher wages?"

"She treats me very well," replied the girl; "I am satisfied where I am."

"But doesn't she ever get into a passion with you?" inquired the other man.

"No, sir, she does not."

"Well, have you never observed any thing improper in her conduct, which you could tell us about? Come, now, be a good girl, and tell us all about her, and you shall not repent of it."

"I have nothing to tell," answered the girl, who now began to be frightened. "Pray let me go home quietly."

"You shall go in a moment; but first think a little whether you cannot remember something she has done which was not exactly the thing—something a little out of the way."

"I have never seen any thing at all out of the way."

"But don't you think," continued the man, "that if we were to give you two hundred francs you might remember something?"

"I do not know any thing to remember."

"Just think a little—take time. Let me see—suppose I were to make you a present now of five hundred francs—just as a present for your faithfulness—don't you suppose it would bring to mind some little indiscretion? Five hundred francs! that's a good deal of money."

"I could not tell you any thing if you were to give me five thousand," said the girl, "so pray let me go;" and she attempted to hurry away.

"Not till you promise that you will say nothing to your mistress of having met us! If you refuse—you never spoke words in your life that you will have such cause to repent."

"I shall not say any thing—I promise you I will not—only let me go!" And the girl broke away from them, and hastened home.

She was at first deterred, by the threats of the men from disclosing to Lady Bulwer her conversation with them. But her love for her mistress, and her dread that some secret plot was forming to injure her, at length overcame every other apprehension. She went to Lady Bulwer and related what had occurred. Lady Bulwer at once felt the conviction that these catifis were but instruments in the hands of her husband. She told the girl, that should they meet her again, she must evince no alarm; but rather draw them into conversation, with a view of discovering their object in making such inquiries. If they made her any proposition, she must neither refuse nor accept it; but tell them she would converse with them again on the subject, and immediately return home and communicate what had transpired.

In less than a week the girl was again accosted by the same men, who were prowling about near the door of Lady Bulwer's residence. She followed the instructions of her mistress; and as soon as they were out of sight ran home and instantly made Lady Bulwer acquainted with what had taken place.

The men, after trying to get her to say that she had seen Lady Bulwer commit some indiscretion, or to bring some charge against her, which she could be bribed to maintain in a court of justice, and finding that she did not choose to accuse her mistress falsely, attempted another game. They asked the girl if she could not manage, should they give her a large sum of money for her trouble, to conceal them at night in Lady Bulwer's chamber? Their object, they said, was to possess themselves of some valuable papers in her escritoire, and told the girl that she need not be fearful of being discovered, as they would take care that Lady Bulwer should never mention the subject. The girl replied that it would take some time for her to make up her mind, but that she would meet them the next evening, and let them know what she had concluded to do. Delighted with their success, they left her, promising a munificent reward for her services.

Lady Bulwer instructed the faithful crea-

ture to keep her appointment with the men; and to tell them that they should be admitted to her mistress's chamber before she retired that night. The femme de chambre met the villains once more, and communicated with them as she had been instructed. The men desired that they might be safely concealed before Lady Bulwer could enter the apartment. A late hour that night was agreed upon, and the parties separated with mutual satisfaction.

At the hour proposed the men presented themselves. They were soon comfortably concealed between the curtain bed and the wall. The femme de chambre, when every thing was arranged to their satisfaction, left the apartment. A moment afterward Lady Bulwer herself entered the room attended by her lawyer. She immediately walked up to the bed, and, drawing away the curtains, disclosed the terrified ruffians tremblingly crouching in the furthest corner. They were arrested and sent to prison. Lady Bulwer instantly commenced a suit against them.

I saw her the day after the above occurrence—heard all the particulars from her own lips—and beheld the chamber in which the unexpected disclosure took place.

On the day of her trial, the sensation throughout Paris was so great that the court was crowded to overflowing with the English and French nobility. Two hours before the proceedings commenced we found it impossible to obtain seats. I therefore waited, with tremulous anxiety, to hear the result. The trial had hardly commenced, when Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer himself appeared in court. His entrance of course increased the excitement. The counsellor for the prisoners, who was no other than the distinguished M. Thiers himself, then rose and requested to be heard. He informed the court, that by the laws both of England and France, a married woman, undivorced had no right of her own to institute legal proceedings without the consent of her husband. He then begged that these proceedings might be stopped, as Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer now presented himself to withhold his permission!

There was no recourse. Such was indeed the law. The proceedings were stopped and the court broke up. Lady Bulwer sorrowfully returned to her home, feeling more than ever, that there was "no law to shield woman." Her domicile had been violated at night—her person endangered—her reputation open—and she could not come forward in a court of justice to say, "I demand redress! I call upon the country, whose laws should protect me, for justice!" Her husband, omnipotent in his villainy, had robbed her, by a technicality of the law, of that common justice, which the meanest peasant could ask and obtain.

Splendid as may be the genius, and numberless the acquirements of this equally notorious and celebrated man, should his works go down to posterity, will not the stain of his domestic cruelty go down with them, and cast a perpetual shadow over their glory?

I must not close this imperfect sketch of the talents and personal charms of one, who possessed too many of both for justice to be done them in so short a space, without mentioning perhaps her principal fascination. Her voice—but how shall I describe what must be felt before it can be conceived! It was rich, thrilling, musical, and yet low; wanting in force, its power existed in its expression. Its very tone conveyed the sentiment, when the words were indistinguishable. It was one of those voices which haunt us in dreams, which long, after they are silent, echo in our ears, and which touch our hearts whenever they are heard.

### A BULL-FIGHT IN MERIDA.

"The next would have been worthy of the best bull-fights in Old Spain, when the cavalier, at the glance of his lady's eye, leaped into the ring to play the matador with his sword. He was a large black bull, without any particular marks of ferocity about him; but a man who sat in our box, and for whose judgment I had conceived a great respect, lighted a new straw cigar and pronounced him 'May bravo.' There was no howling, blustering or bravado about him, but he showed a calmness and self-possession which indicated a consciousness of strength. The picadores attacked him on horseback, and, like the Noir Fainant or Sluggish Knight, in the lists at Ashby, for a time he contended himself merely repelling the attacks of his assailants; but suddenly, as if a little vexed, he laid his head low, looking up at the spears pointed to his neck, and shutting his eyes, rushed upon a picador on one side, struck his horse in the belly with his horns, lifted him off his feet, and brought horse and rider headlong to the ground. The horse fell upon the rider, rolled completely over him, with his heels in the air, and rose with one of the rider's feet entangled in the stirrup. For an instant he stood like a breathing statue, with nostrils wide and ears thrown back, wild with fright; and then, catching sight of the bull, he sprang

clear off the ground, and dashed off at full speed around the ring, dragging after him the luckless picador. Around he went, senseless and helpless, his whole body grimed with dirt, and with no more life in it, apparently, than in a mere log of wood. At every bound it seemed as if the horse must strike his hind hoofs into his forehead. A cold shudder ran through the spectators. The man was a favorite, he had friends and relatives present, and every body knew his name. A deep murmur of 'El Probe' burst from every bosom. I felt actually lifted from my seat, the President of the Life and Trust would not have given a police upon him for any premium. The picadores looked on aghast; the bull was roaring loose in the ring, perhaps the only indifferent spectator. My own feelings were roused against his companions, who, after what seemed an age of the rack, keeping a special good lookout upon the bull, at length started in pursuit with laces, caught the horse around the neck and brought him up headlong. The picadores extricated their fallen companion, and carried him out. His face was so begrimed with dirt that not a feature was visible; but as he was borne across the ring, he opened his eyes, and they seemed starting from his head with terror.

"He was hardly out of the ring when a horse ery ran through the spectators, a pie! a pie! 'on foot! on foot!' The picadores dismounted and attacked the bull fiercely on foot, flourishing their ponchals. Almost at the first thrust he rushed upon one of his adversaries, tumbled him down, passed over his body, and walked on without even turning round to look at him. He too was picked up and carried off.

The attack was renewed, and the bull became roused. In a few moments he brought another picador to the ground, and, carried on by his own impetus, passed over the body, but, with a violent effort, recovered himself and turned short round upon his prostrate prey, glared over him for a moment with a low bellow, almost a howl, and raising his fore feet a little from the ground, so as to give full force to the blow, thrust both horns into the stomach of the fallen picador. Happily the points were saved off, and, furious at not being able to gore and toss him, he got one horn under the picador's sash, lifted him and dashed him back violently upon the ground. Accustomed as the spectators were to the scenes of this kind, there was a universal burst of horror. Not a man moved to save him. It would perhaps be unjust to brand them as cowards, for brutal and degrading as their tie was, they doubtless had a feeling of compassion; but, at all events, not a man attempted to save him, and the bull, after glaring over him, swelling and pawing him for a moment, to all a moment of intense excitement, turned away and left him.

"This man too, was carried off. The sympathies of the spectators had for a while kept them hushed; but as soon as the man was out of sight, all their bent-up feelings broke out in indignation against the bull, and there was a universal cry, in which the soft tones of women mingled with the hoarse voices of the men. 'Maltalo! Maltalo!' 'Kill him! kill him!' The picadores stood aghast. Three of their companions had been struck down and carried off the field; the bull, pierced in several places, with blood streaming from him, but fresh as when he began, and fiercer, was roaming round the ring, and they held back, evidently afraid to attack him. The spectators showered upon them the opprobrious name of 'Cobardes! Cobardes!' 'Cowards! Cowards!' The dragoon enforced obedience to their voice, and fortifying themselves with a strong draught of aqua ardente, they once more faced the bull, poised their spears before him, but with faint hearts and trembling hands, and finally, without a single thrust, amid the contemptuous shouts of the crowd, fell back and let the bull master of the field.

"Others were let in, and it was almost dark when the last fight ended. With the last bull the ring was opened to the boys, who, amid roars of laughter, pulled, hauled, and hoisted him till he could hardly stand, and amid the solemn tones of the Vesper Bell, the bull-fight in honor of San Cristoval ended."

WIFEIANA.—The editor of the Lafourche Patriot wants a wife. He says he wants "a handsome, young, witty, accomplished, and rich lady, without father, mother, or other encumbrances, and with no poor relations, or country cousins."

The Washington Globe publishes the marriage of a Dr. Burke, in his 83d year, to Mary Lynch, in her 79th year—all of Washington.

"If love be a flame, and wedlock fire;  
Then the old sick 's best because it's dier."

Men, before they marry, should ascertain whether they must stand in need of a wife, an heiress or a nurse.—*Bost. Bul.*

SOMETHING HEAVY.—We hate a newspaper which contains such heavy articles that a person gets tired holding it two minutes.

### Comets.

BOWELL, in his life of Johnson, says it was at one time a favorite amusement among the wits of the Literary Club to search out in SHAKESPEARE some characteristic touch that hit off the character of each one of them, and of every one known to them. The search, it is said, was seldom made in vain; for the range of SHAKESPEARE'S genius seems to have included almost every variety of human character. Naturalists of the present century have further declared that in his allusions to natural objects, such as minerals, trees, flowers, precious stones, and the like, Shakspeare has almost invariably given to each some characteristic expression marking its individuality with an accuracy and truthfulness to nature altogether wonderful. Nor could this felicity of discrimination have proceeded from a scientific knowledge of the things described. It was the instinct of genius which thus caught the inward essence, as it were, of every object—that quick and delicate sympathy whereby is intimated the unity of spirit pervading all creation and harmonizing the mind of man with the external nature around him.

With that all-grasping observation which took in the vast and the minute, the common and the strange, using all as elements where-with the creative imaginations fashioned forth its forms of beauty, grace and grandeur, it could scarcely happen that such portentous things as Comets could escape the eye of a Poet.—Since the appearance of the strange visitor whose evening light brightening the Western horizon has for some time past attracted the attention of gazers, a commendable curiosity has prompted many to search out in the Encyclopedias and books of science every thing that could be found relative to the nature of comets, meteors, zodiacal lights, and such phenomena. Among other authors we find that SHAKESPEARE has been consulted; and whether his allusions to comets be worth more or less in a scientific way than the disquisitions of the philosophers, he has undoubtedly expressed them in a more striking manner; and perhaps we may add that he has employed comets in the way in which men have hitherto made them useful—that is in the service of poetry.

Here follow some passages. The play of King Henry VI. opens with the following exclamation from Bedford:

"Hail be the heavens with black! yield day to night!  
Comets, importing changes of times and states,  
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;  
And with them scourge the bad, revolting stars,  
That have consorted unto Henry's death!"

When GLENDOWER boasts to HOTSPIR, in Henry IV. of his own importance and extraordinary character, he says:

"at my nativity  
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes  
Of burning crests."

In the same play the King thus speaks to WORCESTER, who had been in rebellion:

"—Move in that obedient orb again,  
Where you did give a fair and natural light;  
And be no more an exhaled meteor,  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
Of prophesied mischief to the unborn times!"

When CALPURNIA wishes to dissuade CÆSAR from going to the Capitol on the Ides of March, she relates the strange appearance that had been seen in the heavens during the night, and says:

"When beggars die, there are no comets seen;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

CÆSAR'S noble reply intimates that there are wonders more strange than those seen in the sky:

"Cowards die many times before their death;  
The valiant never taste of death but once,  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that man should fear;

Seeing that death a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come."

BARDOLOPH'S nose occasions numerous references to all sorts of fiery phenomena; it is likened to a meteor, an ignis fatuus; it is a bonfire, a perpetual illumination.

Other poets have used comets for the illumination of their pages. The passage in MILTON describing the fearful potent as shaking "pestilence from his horror hair" is familiar enough. The same poet says:

"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
Waged in the troubled sky, and arms rush  
To battle in the clouds."

Gray says of the bard:

"Loose his head and hoary hair  
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air."

We note a palpable contradiction in this last quotation. The heard and hair of the bard to resemble a meteor must have been red—yet the latter is called "hoary" or white. We pass it over as a poetical license.—But Shakspeare would never have made such a mistake.

Comets have been regarded in all ages by the multitude as portending fearful things; and this age is not unlike preceding ones in that respect. The strange visitor now in the heavens is looked upon by many as foreboding no less a calamity than the destruction of the world. Its appearance has made numerous converts to Millerism. But we may comfort ourselves with the hope that it will be as harmless as its predecessors.