

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
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From the Tribune.
MAN.

Behold him settled on the earth,
Or vagrant o'er its bosom roving;
The stranger a thing that e'er had birth—
So madly fierce, so gently loving!
Now like a spring-bird in the woods,
In his ancestral groves he nestles;
Now ploughs the wild and angry floods,
Or with the raging tempest wrestles,
He roams, in rage, from door to door,
With out-trodden hand imploring pity;
Or stands upon his palace floor,
The lord of his me and of city.
He sits beside the singing streams,
His spirit in the loud Ideal;
Or rustles boldly from his dreams,
To make his Eden visions real!
In gloomies dim his life moves on—
A graceful life—ill his head is bent;
He stands where his life is best and won,
His hands with brother-life-blood gory!
He digs the soil he sows the seed,
He counts the stars through heaven career-
ing;
He mounts the winds and mocks their speed,
Omnipotence, itself, scarce fearing!
He sits, in smiles, beside his hearth,
A foal to law and order;
Or preals, at midnight, o'er the earth,
A wild and desperate marauder!
Oh Man! what hand can half portray
Thy mystery have ever aided!
Thy soul is hid in shames of clay,
In veils by wisdom never lifted.
One Being, only, e'er had trod
The path of human life beside thee,
To whom thou wert unequal. Thank God!
He, only, He, did not desire thee!
He saw through all thy dark disguise,
A Soul whose destiny was heaven;
The veil, impious to our eyes,
He raised—and lo! thou wert forgiven!
S. C. EDWARDS.

From Allison's History of Europe.
NAPOLEON.

When despatches overtook the emperor, as they often did, on the road—Duroc, or Caulaincourt, who rode at the side of the carriage, received and opened the bag, and presented the letters to the emperor without stopping. Directly a number of envelopes were seen falling from the windows of the imperial carriage; and it was evident from the rate at which they were tossed over, the letters were devoured with the rapidity of lightning. The useless despatches were cut to pieces and thrown out the same way; often in such quantities, as to strew the track of the wheels with little fragments which, trodden under foot by the horses, or crushed under the wheels of the succeeding carriages, made a white line across the road. Napoleon generally cut these despatches to pieces with his own hands, or, if not so employed, worked incessantly with the window-sash or carriage door; he could not remain a moment at rest. If there were no despatches or morning reports to read he had recourse with the Paris journals, or the last publications of the day, with which the drawers of the carriage were always stored; but they generally shared the fate of the unimportant despatches, being thrown out of the windows after a few pages had been cut up. In such numbers were these discarded literary novelties thus tossed overboard, that the officers of the suit generally contrived to collect inconsiderable stores of diverting trifles, by picking them up on the traces of his carriage. The emperor was incapable for something new, and opened with avidity every fresh publication; but his taste was for solid and well-informed writings, not amusing trifles; and he had an incredible tact in discovering from a few pages, whether there was anything worth reading in the book so that, in his hands, the ephemeral literature of the day disappeared almost as fast as it was introduced.

The anti-chamber of Napoleon during a campaign—whether in his tent, in the field, or in the apartment of farm houses, or even cottages, which were dignified for the time with the appellation of the "palace"—presented the most extraordinary spectacle. No one could form an idea of the fatigue there undergone by the whole attendants, from the grand Esquire Caulaincourt to the lowest valets. Duroc and he, were themselves indefatigable, and, by unvaried exertion and extraordinary activity, had introduced the utmost degree of regularity into the imperial household; but it was no easy matter for the strength of any others in attendance to stand the rigorous services which were exacted. Persons of illustrious birth or the highest rank—such as Count Narbonne or Caulaincourt were obliged to wait here after night, sleeping on straw or stretched out on chairs, ready at any moment to be called in by the emperor.

Frequently he aroused his attendants eight or ten times in the night when despatches requiring instant attention were received. All

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 22, 1843.

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who were there on service slept habitually on straw wrapt up in their cloaks, ready at a moment's warning, either to mount on horseback and ride twenty or thirty miles without halting, or to take their turn the moment the Emperor's voice was heard, in the not less fatiguing duty of answering his despatches, or writing to his dictation. So crowded was his anti-chamber in general with attendants, that it was not inaptly compared, by those inhabiting it, to the inside of the wooden horse of Troy. The faithful Rustan, whom he had brought from Egypt, usually slept near the door; he dressed and undressed the Emperor; and when he rode out, was constantly on hand to bring the telescope, or provide the cloaks and umbrellas which might be required for protection from the weather.

The true scene of Napoleon's glory, and the most characteristic of the ruling passions of his mind, was his cabinet. This apartment was never wanting even in the worst accommodations; the ingenuity of his attendants supplied every defect; and if no room could be got, his tent was always on hand, which was arranged for the purpose in the middle of the Old Guard. Although this important apartment was over-loaded with maps, military states, and despatches of the most remarkable and uniform regularity was observed in its arrangement; and it was so managed that, though the Emperor, so often moved his head quarters, every thing was in the same place one day as another. In the middle stood a large table, on which was extended the best map of the theatre of war; and on it was stuck pins, with heads of different colors, to represent his own and his columns. It was the duty of the director of the topographic bureau, to have the maps with the pins laid down the moment that head quarters arrived at any place; and almost always the first thing which Napoleon did, was to call for the map when he arrived; for he held it more strongly than any other want of his existence. During the whole night the map was surrounded by twenty or thirty wax candles constantly burning, and a fine compass stood in the middle of them. So frequently did the emperor call for the map when on horseback, that Caulaincourt had a portable one, which kept constantly tied on his button across his breast; and he often was required to unfold it ten or twenty times in the course of a forenoon.

At the corner of the cabinet were four lesser tables, at which the secretaries of Napoleon were engaged in writing; and sometimes Napoleon himself and the chief of the topographic department, were to be seen there likewise. The Emperor usually dictated walking about in his green surtout and great boots, with his hat upon his head precisely as he was interred in the grave at St. Helena. As his ideas flowed with extraordinary rapidity, and he spoke as though it was no easy matter for his secretaries to keep pace with his elocution. To facilitate the expression, a certain number of hieroglyphic symbols were established by him to signify certain things; and they were not a little curious, as affording an index of the light in which these things were regarded by him. Thus, the tail of the dragon signifies the French army; a whip, the corps of Davoust; a thorn, the empire; a sponge, the commercial towns.

It was the duty of the secretaries afterwards to decipher this chaos, and extend it in proper sentences, which was often a work of no small difficulty, but the Emperor had a singular facility in making it out, as the symbols had been established by himself. Often there were two despatches to which answers were to be dictated at the same time—one from Spain, another from a distant quarter of Germany; but the complication and variety of the objects to be considered, made no confusion, on such occasions, in steadiness of his mental gaze. The moment that a despatch was read, and its bearer questioned, an answer to it was commenced; and not unfrequently, while the secretary in one corner was making out orders of the most important kind for the war in Spain, the one in the other corner was drawing a diplomatic note; a third one was busy with the orders of twenty brigades; and the fourth with A B C for the king of Rome. Nothing could exceed the distinctness with which the threads of all these varied subjects were preserved in his mind.

CURING A COLD.—"Bristol, will your Balsam of Hourhound cure a cold?" "Certainly, sir, you will oblige me then by giving the weather a dose." Get out you impertinent puppy.

A VALUABLE BOY.—"What can you do, my boy?" "Oh, I can do mowin, considerable, I rides the turkeys to water, milks the geese, cards down the old rooster, puts up the pigs' tails in papers to make 'em curl, hamstring the grasshoppers, makes fires for flies to court by, and I keeps tally for dad and mammy when they scold at a mark!"

Whiskered dandies are like cats—cut off their smellers and they are useless.

ARGUMENTS ON THE TRIAL OF MERCER.

We give our readers this week, the following sketch of the speeches of Gov. Vroom and Gen. Wall, in defence of young Mercer. The eminent talents of the speakers, as well as the exciting nature of the case, cannot fail to make them interesting.

The Hon. Peter D. Vroom described the issue as a fearful one—one of life or death. He admitted that life was taken, that Heberton was killed, and then after a few appropriate remarks, proceeded to analyze the evidence, which he did in a masterly manner. He then laid down the law with regard to murder, cited several appropriate cases, and described the prisoner at the bar as a youth who had not yet attained his majority. He alluded to his father, who, he said, came to this country a stranger, many years ago, and periled his life in its defence. By patient industry he has gathered around him a competency, if not a fortune, which he applied to the education of a family with which God had blessed him. You have also seen the unhappy partner of that father's bosom here as a witness. Their character you may judge, when you remember that he is an Elder in the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, and she a communion member. The sister of the prisoner, gentlemen, Sarah Gardner Mercer, as you must all have seen, is a more artless child. You recollect the manner in which she met the deceased, Heberton. It was an unfortunate meeting, and would to God it never had taken place. She was walking with a playmate, another child, whom you have seen here, a fellow school girl. She observed a gentleman whom she mistook for a Mr. Bastido, whom she had seen at her brother's. She remarked, as an artless girl might, "why, Mary, there is Mr. Bastido!" Her companion very naturally turned to look; both turned, and Heberton caught her glance. He was soon joined by a friend, and both followed the little girls.

Mr. Vroom described the whole of this first interview of Sarah Mercer with Heberton in a masterly manner, showing that the whole conduct of the girls was but childish, if it were discreet. He then described the fatal meeting of the parties and the ruin of the unfortunate girl, and exhibited the simplicity of her conduct in strong and palpable contrast with the duplicity, cunning and heartlessness of her destroyer. After she had been thus betrayed, gentlemen, said Mr. Vroom, Heberton promised her marriage. Is it at all strange, that she believed him? Do we not all know that a female clings to that hope under such circumstances, like drowning men cling to straws? She had no other hope than a marriage with her betrayer, and it is not strange that she met him again and again. When she was at her sister's, and a servant came to tell her that her father had heard of her connexion with Heberton, and wished to see her, what did she do? She fled to the house of Mrs. Pider, and seemed to believe that her only safety lay in meeting Heberton.

When the unfortunate girl was brought home to her family, they naturally rejoiced that the lost one had been restored to them, but the mother, with that instinctive doubt so peculiar to a mother, feared that all was not right with her daughter. She took that daughter to bed, but not to sleep! During that unhappy night, the ruined girl poured the dreadful tale of her wrongs into her mother's ear! What was the effect of that revelation upon the unfortunate prisoner? He rushed wildly into his sister's chamber; his mother followed and saw him clasp his sister in his arms. That sister exclaimed, "Oh! Singleton, do not kill me!" "No, my dear sister," he replied, "I will not, for I love you better than I do my life." It seemed as if the lightning's bolt had seared the brain of that unfortunate young man; he rushed down the stairs with a pistol in each hand; he uttered horrid imprecations upon his father and his mother—he became a raving madman! Mr. V. cited several strong cases as in point, and particularly the case of Ann Broderick, who had been seduced, was abandoned when the mother of a family, and then became the murderer of her betrayer. The evidence was further analyzed, the plea of insanity was enforced, and the learned counsel concluded with an eloquent and most feeling appeal to the Jury.

THURSDAY, April 8, 1843.

Gen. Wall for the defence, said substantially the defendant here charged with an atrocious crime, is a stranger among you. But as long as the history of our revolution remains, the name of Mercer will be associated with all that is brave and patriotic.

This defendant stands charged with the crime of murder. It is unnecessary for me to go into the details of the evidence, which has been produced to prove the killing. I shall content myself with the remark of my col-

league, that to warrant a conviction of the killing of Heberton by the hand of Mercer, must have been proved to the satisfaction of your minds beyond a reasonable doubt. You will take the facts on this point as they are, and decide according to your consciences.

If you bring home the killing to this defendant, another important question arises. Was the killing murder? I shall place this now before you as murder in the first degree, if any crime at all. You will therefore have no difficulty in deciding the different grades.

The law of this case has been fully explained in the very eloquent opening of my colleague from Philadelphia, which will stand as a monument of his professional ability so long as the history of this case shall continue. And I must also be permitted to express my admiration of the manner in which the prosecuting Attorney has discharged his duty on this occasion.

Did the defendant, when he killed Heberton, know that he was committing an offence against the laws of God and nature? I shall show from the evidence that he had not that knowledge.

In the first place, was it an offence? This is a necessary preliminary question, for if the prosecution justified the act, then he has been guilty of no crime whatever.

Could you have visited the friends, and heard the tale of that gray-haired father but one short month before this unfortunate occurrence, you would have heard that he abandoned the home of his fathers, the land where the heel of despotism treads down the rights of man, but where generosity and the social affections are the birthright of all; he would have told you that he came to this country—that when the American flag was unfurled during the last war with Great Britain, he fought with Decatur, and your own Lawrence, and Somers, under that flag. He would have told you how he went on by honest industry, for he was but a common sailor under Decatur, from poverty to competence. You would have seen at this fireside this young man; there you would have seen this young girl, innocent and unsuspecting. She knew not then the doctrine of ill, nor knew that other aid. If the heart of this old man then swelled with gratitude to Heaven, he had reason for the feeling. He could say, "my sons are all brave, and my daughters all virtuous." The altar on which the sacred feelings burn brightest is the family hearth.

The evidence shows you how, in one short month, without any one set on the part of that circle, the evidence shows you what a change has been effected. The evening of the 6th of February the father received a caution to be on his guard against the libertine, of whom the Attorney General has become the apologist and champion. He merely sent a message for her to return home.—Parental solitude was awakened. The servant did not tell her that her father "had found out the connexion between her and Heberton on that subject," but simply that she had been seen walking with Heberton—and I hope the Reporters will mark this obvious distinction. Her eyes were opened, and she saw the infatuation of her conduct. For you will recollect that she said, "She loved him;" that he had promised to make her his wife. Then it was that she fled to those dens of prostitution which her feet had never trod, which her heart had never visited. Then it was that at that fireside was heard the sound of lamentation and woe. Then it was that sick mother left her house at night, and went to the mother of Heberton, for she felt that if Heberton could not give back her daughter, a mother's heart could feel a mother's woe.

She was the younger sister—all a brother's affections were gathered up in that young sister. He was her natural protector.

He appeals to the law, for she has been seen in company with Heberton. Heberton is brought before the magistrate, and after giving a flat denial to the charge, he deliberately places his hands on the railing, and with such malignity remarks, "A young girl came to my house last night—my brother went to the door—and she looked enough like you to be your sister."

Why, if that young man had been as vindictive as he has been represented, what would he have done—what would you have done? He did not say "I went to the door"—but "my brother went to the door," and yet he adds, with fiendish malignity, "She looked enough like you to be your sister."

Think of the feelings of the mother's heart, when she exclaims, "My son, my son, Heberton has ruined your sister!" Think of the feelings of that brother when he rushes into the room—of that innocent heart, when she exclaims, "Oh, my dear brother, do not kill me!" Think of the milk of human kindness which filled the heart of that brother as he clasps her to his bosom, and replied, "No, my dear sister, I love you as I do my life—but tell me all!" It was when the story of her wrongs had been poured into his ear, that reason left her throne.

Look at the story of this young girl as detailed here in all simplicity. She was abroad with her young companion, to carry consolation to the heart of a sick friend. They were as buds in the infancy of the spring before the blossoms are unfolded.—She is accosted by Heberton, whom she has mistaken for Mr. Bastido, an honorable man. She no doubt said to her heart, he moves and speaks and acts like a man of honor. To her young imagination, a man of honor was not as a man of earth.

As the acquaintance progresses, and he tells her that he moves in the first society; that he had travelled in Europe, and had been in presence of crowned heads; her fancy is excited and her young heart, already his, clings to him with increased tenacity.

The course of Heberton to accomplish the seduction was described, and the scenes at the house in Elizabeth street were dwelt upon with impressive and heart stirring eloquence. A more brutal deed, he said, was never committed in any community.

She yielded her heart to blandishments which she could not resist, but she fell a victim only to art, to deceit, and to brutal force. I know not, gentlemen, how I should act under such circumstances. In infinite mercy, spare me—spare me! The man who could do this could not have any more humane feeling than a brute or a beast. I would not unnecessarily disturb the ashes of the dead—but when the security of the public morals is at stake, I would walk over the graves of all the rouses in Philadelphia or elsewhere.

The loss of elasticity in the female is more deplorable than death. The sacred book affords no miracle by which the lost elasticity of woman has been restored.

The case of Virginia and Apphia Claudius was referred to. Virginia preferred the shedding of his daughter's blood, to seeing her within the grasp of Claudius—he plunges the knife into her bosom—the multitude rise in his defence—and Apphia Claudius ceased to exist.

The case of Lucretia and Tarquin, was also dwelt upon. She had lost what rendered her valuable in the eyes of her husband, and she plunged the dagger into her own bosom. What do the people here do—they rally around the husband of Lucretia, and Tarquin is hurled from power.

So let us come down to the days of Edward IV.—the days of chivalry—the history of Richard Neville, the last of the Barons. The insult offered by Edward to the daughter of Neville, raised the nation against him, and cost him for a time the throne of England.

It has been said that the days of chivalry are past. It has not gone by—a woman, with no other guardian than her chastity, may travel from one end of the country to the other, unprotected—every cabman and stage driver—every gentleman is her knight-errant and protector.

This occurrence may be one of the dispensations of Providence, to purify the moral atmosphere.

Lady Bulwer has said that man has made laws for the punishment of his own wrongs, but he has made no laws for the protection of woman. The rights of woman have been committed to the protection of the strong arm of the Father and the Brother. In the laws of chivalry, the man who assumed the order of knighthood, was bound to protect the females of his own household, and it is a feeling which belongs also to the present age.

If you assault a woman with intent to violate, she may stab you to the heart—but if you pull a man's nose, or spit in his face, he can only have recourse to the laws. It is this principle, that chastity is the very life of woman, which makes her the protector of her own honor.

I proceed to show that this doctrine is not unfamiliar in courts of Justice. The case in Belgium cited by my learned colleague, where the husband shot the paramour of his wife, is a case where the husband had long discovered that he had been dishonored, and yet, when he gets the seducer in his power, he deliberately shoots him to the heart. The act was committed deliberately, premeditated, and yet what did the Jury say in that case! The foreman declared, in a sonorous voice, when asked if the prisoner was guilty.—"Upon my honor and my conscience, I say, on the first count, No! on the second count, No! on the third count, No! It was the irrepressible voice of human nature."

The case of Ann Broderick is another. She deliberately went into the parlor of her seducer, and shot him to the heart. It will be here pretended that there was insanity, but it was insanity produced by an overwhelming sense of wrong.

But we will go from cases by Reporters. We all know how liable they are to be mistaken—how they can be influenced by money or by feeling. I will go to a case by an inspired Reporter—H. Samuel—the case of Amnon and Tamar, the sister of Absalom. You will perceive how strong is the resemblance between

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that case and this. For Tamar had a brother Absalom, and Amnon fell beneath that brother's hand. And what was the conduct of David when Absalom bowed his head before the king? He did not kill Absalom, but he raised him up and kissed him.

I do not say Singleton Mercer was absolutely insane, but I do say that he was in that state of mind, that he did not know that he was committing a crime against the laws of God and nature. I care not for the opinions of doctors, when they are contrary to the dictates of common sense. Doctors learn to look calmly on the woes of others. Their dogmas are the chests which they put in other men's minds and on their own.

The Lord has said "vengeance is mine"—and what the Lord says he performs. The very victims become the instruments of His vengeance! Here was the ruin of the sister and the disgrace of the whole family pressing on his brain, and yet these doctors come here and talk to us about reason and insanity, as if human nature cannot feel. They tell you that to constitute insanity, there must be delirium; but will it be believed here that an imaginary evil will sooner drive a man mad than a real wrong.

When these cunning doctors come here and tell you that no one can judge on this subject but themselves, it shows you the extent of their presumption, and the amount of their ignorance. Take not the opinion of doctors who come here to swear away men's lives. Every thing in the conduct of this defendant is stamped with the impress of insanity.

We have been called on for the opinions of physicians. Have we not given you the opinions of one who stood by him in his difficulties, and who tells you that when he first visited him in prison, the symptoms were precisely those of a person recovering from temporary insanity.

Tell me not that the law requires blood for blood—tell me not that the man who has driven this poor boy mad, is not dealt with by an avenging Providence, when he falls by the hands of his victim.

than that he should not have done this deed. I speak as a man, and not as a lawyer. But when we feel that he has done right, why, hand him over to that clemency from others, which you all feel, and which may come or may not.

The attempt of Lawrence to shoot General Jackson was referred to, as a case of delusion, and the symptoms there compared with those in this case. See the case of Ann Broderick, too, as in this young Mercer, the delusion was inferred from the act committed.

If this young man, in the opinion of the jury has been driven to temporary insanity, leave him in the hands of His God. If your minds are balanced on this question of insanity, I need not tell you that your doubts in such a case should be allowed to preponderate in favor of the defendant. I trust you will be enabled to arrive at such a conclusion, that this young man shall again be restored to that society from which he has been torn, and of which he may yet become an ornament. And when you shall release him to the arms of his gray-haired father, the thanksgiving of that family circle will ascend to Heaven, that tranquillity, if not happiness, has been restored, of which you have been made the instruments.

Some years ago a witness was examined before a judge in a case of slander, who required him to repeat the precise words spoken: the witness hesitated until he received the attention of the whole court on him; then fixing his eyes earnestly upon the judge, began—"May it please your honor, you lie, and steal, and get your living by cheating!" The face of the judge reddened, and he immediately exclaimed, "turn to the jury, sir, if you please."

"Queer play-bills in the Crescent city."—Moss. Patz, the modern Hippopotamus, will (by request) balance the Commercial Bank and its accounts on his chin, and lift a granite pillar by the force of his eye-winkers. This must be seen to be believed.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all the congregation fell to weeping except one man, who begged to be excused, as he belonged to another church?

A Yankee has invented a plaster so strong that it draws prizes in lotteries; likewise the most beautiful landscape views.

"I would advise you to put your head in a dyestub, it's rather red," said a joker to a sandy headed girl. "In return, sir, I would advise you to put your head into an oven, it's rather soft"—was the reply.

"Where are you going?" asked Jack of an acquaintance. "To see a friend." "Well I'll go with you, for I never saw one yet."

"The Midnight Cry," as the father said, when he got up to warn some pap for the squalling young'un.