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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 Messer & Eisely.

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Sixteen lines make a Square.



MY POCKET.

Greater by far than head or heart,
My chiefest, best and noblest part,
My real dignity thou art,
My Pocket.
What matter it how learned or wise?
Such mean distinctions all despise,
In thee alone true merit lies,
My Pocket.
For though the truth may harshly sound,
Here man and beast alike are found,
Each only valued as per pound—
My Pocket.
When I was poor and Tompkins fine,
Why was I never asked to dine?
Alas! Alas! the fault was mine,
My Pocket.
Oh, if I made a morning call,
Why did I shiver in the hall?
This was my crime—the worst of all—
My Pocket.
But when my rich relation B—
Left me his only leg-see,
How glad was Tompkins then to see
My Pocket.
Then invitations by the score
Loo-ee'd the knocker on my door—
Strange it was always stiff before,
My Pocket.
Then hosts of a'bums, filly-white,
Came rolling in with notes polite,
And—would I but one stanza write!
My Pocket.
Jane, who to all my vows was mute,
Or called me fool or ugly brute,
Now wheeling sigh'd—Would no one suit
My Pocket!
Then first my little nephews knew
Their uncle's house was Number Two—
Was it respect for me or you,
My Pocket!
My surest stay, my best ally,
When duns were laid and friends were shy,
On thee my future hopes rely,
My Pocket.
Be friend me still, thy suitor pray,
Great chairman of the means and ways,
In losses, panics, quarter-days,
My Pocket.
Thus helped, I will not care a pin
What bubbles burst, what parties win,
Or who are out, or who are in,
My Pocket.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

TALE OF GRIZEL COCHRANE. A FEMALE MAIL ROBBER.

The age which this noble woman adorned with her life and heroic notions, was that gloomy one extending between the Restoration and Revolution, (1660 to 1688) when the Scottish nation suffered under a cruel oppression, on account of their conscientious scruples respecting the existing forms of church and state. Three insurrections, more bold than wise, marked the impatience of the Scots under this bloody rule; but it was with the last solely, that Grizel Cochrane was connected.
Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, the father of our heroine, was the second son of the first Earl of Dundonald, and the ancestor of the present line of that noble and ingenious family. He was a distinguished friend of Sidney, Russell, and other illustrious men who signalled themselves in England, by their opposition to the court; and he had so long endeavored in vain to procure some improvement in the national affairs, that he at length began to despair of his country altogether, and formed the design of emigrating to America. Having gone to London in 1688, with a view to a colonizing expedition to South Carolina, he became involved in the deliberations of the Whig party, which at that time tended towards a general insurrection in England and Scotland, for the purpose of forcing an alteration of the royal councils, and the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne. In furtherance of this plan, Sir John pledged himself to assist the Earl of Argyle in raising the malecontents in Scotland. This earl was, if not the acknowledged head of the party in that kingdom, at least the man of highest rank who espoused its interests.
By the treachery of some of the subordinate agents, this design was detected prematurely; and while some were unfortunately taken and executed, among whom were Sidney and Lord Russell, the rest fled from the kingdom. Of the latter number were the Earl of Argyle, Sir John Cochrane and Sir Patrick Hume, of Polwarth—the last, a patriot rivaling Cochrane in talent and purity of motives, and also, like him, destined to experience the devotedness of a daughter's love. The fugitives found safety in Holland, where they remained in peace till the death of Charles the Second, in February, 1685, when the Duke of York, the object politically of their greatest detestation became king. It was then determined to invade Scotland with a small force, to embody the Highland adherents of Argyle with the west country presbyterians, and marching into England to raise the people as they moved along, and not rest till they had produced the desired melioration of the state. The expedition sailed in May; but the government was enabled to take such

precautions as, from the very first, proved a complete frustration to their designs. Argyle lingered timidly in his own country, and finally, against the advice of Cochrane and Hume, who were his Chief officers, made some unfortunate movements which ended in the entire dissolution of his army, and his own capture and death. While this well-meaning but weak nobleman committed himself to a low disguise in the vain hope of effecting his escape, Sir John Cochrane and Sir Patrick Hume headed a body of 200 men, formed out of the relics of the army, and bravely resolved, even with that small force, to attempt the accomplishment of their original intention—namely, a march into England. They accordingly crossed the Clyde into Renfrewshire, where they calculated on obtaining some reinforcement. The boats on this occasion being insufficient to transport the whole at once, the first party, headed by the two patriots, was obliged to contend, on the opposite bank of the river, with a large squadron of militia, while the boats returned for the remainder; after which the united force caused their opponents to retreat. The militia returned, however, in great force, and the assault at a place called Muirdykes, in the parish of Lochwinnoch. They were now commanded by Lord Ross and a Captain Clemen, and amounted to 2000 troops, while Sir John Cochrane's men had decreased to seventy in number. In this predicament they were called on by the royal troops to lay down their arms and surrender themselves prisoners. But preferring the risk of death on the field to the tender mercies of a vindictive foe, they rejected the terms with disdain, and entering a sheepfold, used its frail sod walls as a defence against the furious attacks of the enemy, whom after a keen conflict, in which every man fought hand to hand with his opponents. They at length succeeded in beating off, with the loss of their captain and some other men, while Lord Ross was wounded. Cochrane, however, soon after learned that the enemy was returning with great reinforcement, and fearing that he could not much longer defend himself on the field, retired with his troops to a neighboring wilderness or morass, where he dismissed them, with the request that each man would provide the best way he could for his safety. For himself, having received two severe contusions in the body during the engagement, and being worn out with fatigue, he sought refuge in the house of his uncle, Mr. Gavin Cochrane, of Grainger, who lived at no great distance from the place of encounter. This gentleman, however, as it unfortunately happened, had married a sister of the Captain Clemen killed in the late battle, and filled with revenge for the death of her brother, this lady secretly informed against her guest, who was immediately seized and removed to Edinburgh, where, after being paraded through the streets bound and boreheaded, and conducted by the common hangman, was lodged in the Tolbooth on the 3d of July, 1685, there to await his trial as a traitor. The day of trial came, and he was condemned to death, in spite of the most strenuous exertions of his aged father, the Earl of Dundonald, who, having received his title from the hands of Charles the Second, had from motives of honor, never conspired against him.
Where is the tongue that can express the secret and varied anguish that penetrates the yearning heart, when about to leave forever the warm precincts of mortality, to quit the loving charities of life, and to have all the cords which bound it to existence suddenly torn asunder? Natural strength of mind may suffice to conceal much of this mortal conflict, or even hide it altogether from the eye of the careless observer, but still it is at work within, and grapples in deadly struggle with the spirit.
Such was the state of Sir John Cochrane's mind on the night of his condemnation, when left once more to the gloomy solitude of his prison. It was not the parting stroke of death he feared, however sharp. He was a father, loving and beloved; and the thoughts of the sorrow his children were doomed to suffer on his account wrung his heart, and burning tears which his own fate could not have called forth, were shed for them. No friend or relative had been permitted to see him from the time of his apprehension; but it was now signified to him, that any of his family he desired to communicate with might be allowed to visit him. Anxious, however, to deprive his enemies of an accusation against his sons, he immediately conveyed to them his earnest entreaties, and indeed commands, that they should refrain from availing themselves of this leave till the night before his execution. This was a sacrifice which it required his utmost fortitude to make; and it had left him to a sense of the most desolate loneliness, in so much, that, when, late in the evening, he heard his prison door unlocked, he lifted not his eyes toward it, imagining that the person who entered could only be the jailor, who was particularly repulsive in his countenance and manners. What then was his surprise and momentary delight, when he beheld

before him his only daughter, and felt her arms entwining his neck! Yet, when he looked on her face and saw the expression it bore of mute despairing agony, more fearless than the most frantic manifestations of misery, and marked her pale cheeks, which no longer bloomed with the tints of health and happiness, and felt the cold dampness of her brow, he thought himself wrong for having given way for an instant to the joy her presence had created, and every other sensation fled before his fear of what might be the consequence to her of this interview. He had no sooner, however, expressed his feelings on this subject, than she became sensible, that in order to palliate his misery, she must put a strong curb upon her own, and in a short time was calm enough to enter into conversation with her father upon the dismal subject of his present situation, and to deliver a message from the old earl, her grandfather, by which he was informed that an appeal had been made for him to the king, and means taken to propitiate Father Peters, his majesty's confessor, who, it was well known, often dictated to him in matters of state. It appeared evident, however, by the turn which their discourse presently took, that neither father or daughter were at all sanguine in their hopes from this negotiation. The Earl of Argyle had been executed but a few days before, as had also several of his principal adherents though men of less consequence than Sir John Cochrane; and it was therefore improbable that he, who had been so conspicuously active in the insurrection, should be allowed to escape the punishment which his enemies had it now in their power to inflict. Besides all this, the treaty to be entered into with Father Peters would require some time to adjust, and meanwhile the arrival of the warrant for execution must every day be looked for.
Under these circumstances, several days passed, each of which found Miss Grizel Cochrane an inmate of her father's prison for as many hours as she was permitted. During these interviews of the father and daughter, while heart clung unto heart, they reaped all the consolation which an undisguised knowledge of the piety and courage of each could bestow. Still, after such an intercourse, the parting scene which they anticipated seemed more and more dreadful to think of; and as the daughter looked on the pale and dejected countenance of her parent, her bosom was penetrated with the sharpest pangs. The love of her father might be termed a component part of her nature. She had cherished this filial love ever since she possessed a consciousness of thought, and it was now strong and absorbing, in proportion to the danger in which he stood. Grizel Cochrane was only at that period eighteen years old; but it is the effect of such perilous times as those in which she lived, to sober the reckless spirit of youth, and make men and women of children. She had, however, a natural strength of character, that would on all extraordinary occasions, have displayed itself without such a tuition, and which, being now joined with what she conceived the necessity of the case, rendered her capable of a deed which has caused her history to vie with that of the most distinguished of heroines.
Ever since her father's condemnation, her daily and nightly thoughts had dwelt on the fear of her grandfather's communication with the king's confessor being rendered unavailable, for want of the time necessary for enabling the friend in London, to whom it was trusted, to make their application, and she boldly determined to execute a plan, whereby the arrival of the death warrant would be retarded. A short time, therefore, before it was expected by the council in Edinburgh, she thought it necessary, in her visit to her father, to mention that some urgent affair would prevent her from seeing him again for a few days. Alarmed at this, and penetrating her design of effecting somewhat in his favor, he warned her against attempting impossibilities.
"Nothing is impossible to a determined mind," said she, "and fear nothing for me."
"But the experience of youth, my child," he replied, "may involve you in danger and in blame, and did you but know the characters of those you must encounter while vainly pleading for your father's life, you would fear, as I do, the sullying of your fair fame."
"I am a Cochrane, my father," said the heroic girl—an answer how brief, but to him how expressive! He could say no more; he beheld in this child, so beautiful, and self-devoted, all the virtues of her race combined, and he felt for the moment that the courage she had prayed for would be granted, to carry her through the undertaking she meditated, whatever that might be. She felt grateful to her father that he did not urge her further; but she trembled as she turned, at her departure, to catch another look of those loved and venerated features, for his eye appeared following her with a parting expression, which seemed to say it was the last fond look.
At that time horses were used as a mode of

conveyance so much more than carriages that almost every gentleman had her own stead and Miss Cochrane, being a skillful rider, was possessed of a well-managed palfrey, on whose speed and other good qualities she had been accustomed to depend. On the morning after she had bid her father farewell, long ere the inhabitants of Edinburgh were astir, she found herself many miles on the road to the borders. She had taken care to attire herself in a manner which corresponded with the design of passing herself off for a young serving-woman journeying on a borrowed horse to the house of her mother in a distant part of the country; and by only resting at solitary cottages, where she generally found the family out at work, save perhaps an old woman or some children, she had the good fortune, on the second day after leaving Edinburgh, to reach in safety the abode of her old nurse, who lived on the English side of the Tweed, four miles beyond the town of Berwick. In this woman she knew she could place implicit confidence, and to her, therefore, revealed her secret. She had resolved, she said, to make an attempt to save her father's life, by stopping the postman, an equestrian like herself, and forcing to deliver up his bags, in which she expected to find the fatal warrant. Singular as such a determination may appear in a delicate young woman, especially if we consider that she was aware of the arms always carried by the man to whose charge the mail was committed, it is nevertheless an undoubted fact that such was her resolve. In pursuance of this design she had brought with her a brace of pistols, together with a horseman's cloak, tied up in a bundle, and hung on the crutch of her saddle; and now borrowed from her nurse the attire of her foster-brother, which, as he was a slight made lad, fitted her reasonably well.
At that period, all these appliances which at this day accelerate the progress of the traveller were unknown, and the mail from London, which now arrives in forty-two hours, took eight days in reaching the Scottish capital. Miss Cochrane thus calculated on a delay of sixteen or seventeen days in the execution of her father's sentence—a space of time which she deemed amply sufficient to give a fair trial to the treaty set on foot for his liberation. She had, by means which it is unnecessary here to detail, possessed herself of the most minute information with regard to the place at which the postmen rested on their journey, one of which was a small public house, kept by a widow woman on the outskirts of the little town of Belford. There the man who received the bag at Durham was accustomed to arrive about six o'clock in the morning, and take a few hours repose before proceeding on his journey. In pursuance of the plan laid down by Miss Cochrane, she arrived at this inn about an hour after the man had composed himself to sleep, in the hope of being able, by the exercise of her wit and dexterity, to ease him of his charge.
Having put her horse into the stable, which was a duty that devolved on the guests at this little change house, from its mistress having no ostler, she entered the only apartment which the house afforded, and demanded some refreshment. "Sit down at the end of the table," said the old woman for the best I have to give you is there already; and be pleased my boy man, to make as little noise as you can, for there's one asleep in that bed that I like ill to disturb." Miss Cochrane promised fairly; and after attempting to eat some of the viands, which were the remains of the sleeping man's meal, she asked for some cold water. "What," said the old dame, as she handed it to her, "ye're a water-drinker, are ye? It's but an ill custom for a change-house." "I am aware of that," replied her guest, and, therefore, when in a public house, always pay for it the price of the stronger potation, which I cannot take." "Indeed—well that is but just," responded the dame, and I think the more of you for such reasonable conduct." "Is the well where you get this water near at hand?" said the young lady; "for if you will take the trouble to bring me some from it, as this is rather warm it shall be considered in the lawing." "It is a good bit off," said the woman; "but I cannot refuse to fetch some for such a civil discreet lad, and will be as quick as I can. But for any sake, take care and don't meddle with these pistols," she continued, pointing to a pair of pistols on the table, "for they are loaded and I am always terrified for them." Saying this, she disappeared; and Miss Cochrane, who would have contrived some other errand for her had the well been near, no sooner saw the door shut, than she passed, with trembling eagerness, and a cautious but rapid step across the floor, to the place where the man lay soundly sleeping in one of those close wooden bedsteads common in the houses of the poor, the door of which was left half open to admit the air, and which she opened still wider, in the hope of seeing the mail-bag, and being able to seize upon it. But what was her dismay when she beheld only a part of the implement which contained what

she would have sacrificed her life a thousand times to obtain, just peeping out from below the chaggy head and brawny shoulders of its keeper, who lay in such a position upon it as to give not the smallest hope of its extraction without his being aroused from his nap. A few bitter moments of observation served to convince her, that if she obtained possession of this treasure, it must be in some other way; and, again closing the door of the bed she approached the pistols and having taken them one by one from the holsters she as quickly as possible drew out their loading, which, having secreted, she returned them to their cases, and resumed her seat at the foot of the table. Here she had barely time to recover from the agitation into which the fear of the man's awaking during her recent occupation had thrown her, when the old woman returned with the water, and having taken a draught, of which she stood much in need, she settled her account much to her landlady's content, by paying for the water the price of a pot of beer. Having then carefully asked and ascertained how much longer the other guest was likely to continue his sleep, she left the house, and, mounting her horse, set off at a trot, in a different direction from that in which she had arrived—fetching a compass of two or three miles, she once more fell into the high road between Belford and Berwick, where she walked her horse gently on, awaiting the coming up of the postman. Though all her faculties were now absorbed in one aim, and the thought of her father's deliverance still reigned supreme in her mind, she could not help occasionally figuring to herself the possibility of her tampering with the pistols being discovered, and their loads replaced, in which case it was more than likely that her life would be the forfeit of the act she meditated. A woman's fears would still intrude notwithstanding all her heroism, and the glorious issue which promised to attend the success of her enterprise. When she at length saw and heard the postman advancing behind her, the strong necessity of the case gave her renewed courage; and it was with perfect coolness, that, on his coming close up, she civilly saluted him, put her horse into the same pace with his, and rode on for some way in his company. He was a strong thick-set fellow with a good humored countenance, which did seem to Miss Cochrane, as she looked anxiously upon it, to savor much of hardy daring—He rode with the mail-bags strapped firmly to his saddle in front, close to the holsters (for there were two) one containing the letters from London, and the other those taken up at the different post offices on the road. After riding a short distance together, Miss Cochrane deemed it time, as they were half-way between Belford and Berwick, to commence her operations. She rode nearly close to her companion, and said in a tone of determination, "Friend I have taken a fancy for those mail bags of yours, and I must have them; therefore take my advice, and deliver them up quietly, for I am provided for all hazards. I am mounted, as you see, on a fleet steed, I carry fire-arms; and, moreover, am allied with those who are stronger; though not bolder than myself. You see yonder wood," she continued, pointing to one at a distance of about a mile, with an accent and air which was meant to carry intimidation with it. "Again, I say, take my advice; give me the bags, and speed back the road you came for the present, nor dare to approach that wood for at least two or three hours to come."
There was in such language from a stripling something so surprising, that the man looked on Miss Cochrane for an instant in silent and unfeigned amazement.
"If," said he, as soon as he found his tongue, "you mean, my young master, to make yourself merry at my expense, you are welcome. I am no sour churl to take offence at the idle words of a foolish boy. But if," he said taking one of his pistols from the holster and turning its muzzle towards her, "ye are mad enough to harbour one serious thought of such a matter, I am ready for you. But, methinks, my lad, you seem at an age when robbing a garden or an old woman's fire-stove would befit you better, if you must turn thief, than taking his majesty's mails from a stout man, such as I am, upon his highway. Be thankful however, that you have met with one who will not shed blood if he can help it, and sliver off before you provoke me to fire."
"Nay," said his young antagonist, "I am not fonder of bloodshed than you are; but, if you will not be persuaded what can I do? I have told you a truth, THAT MAIL I MUST AND WILL HAVE. So now choose," she continued as she drew one of the small pistols from under her cloak, and deliberately cocking it, presented it in his face.
"Nay, then, your blood be on your own head," said the fellow as he raised his hand and fired his pistol; which however, only flashed in the pan. Dashing this weapon to the ground, he lost not a moment in pulling out the other, which he also aimed at his assailant and fired

with the same result. In a transport of rage and disappointment the man sprung from his horse, and made an attempt to seize her; but by an adroit use of her spurs, she eluded his grasp, and placed herself out of his reach. Meanwhile, his horse had moved forward some yards, and to see and seize the advantage presented by this circumstance was one and the same to the heroic girl, who, darting toward it caught the bridle, and having led her prize off about a hundred yards, stopped while she called to the thunderstruck postman to remind him of her advice about the wood. She then put both horses to their speed and on turning to look at the man she had robbed had the pleasure of perceiving that her mysterious threat had taken effect, and he was now pursuing his way back to Belford.
Miss Cochrane speedily entered the wood to which she had alluded, and tying the strange horse to a tree, out of all observation from the road, proceeded to unfasten the straps of this mail. By means of a sharp penknife, which set at defiance the appendlocks, she was soon mistress of the contents, and with an eager hand broke open the government despatches, which were unwearily pointed out to her by their address to the council in Edinburgh, and their imposing weight and broad seals of office. Here she found not only the fatal warrant for her father's death, but also many other sentences inflicting different degrees of punishment on various delinquents. These however it may readily be supposed she did not then stop to examine; she contented herself with tearing them into small fragments, and placing them carefully in her bosom.
The intrepid girl now mounted her steed and rode off, leaving all the private papers which she had found them—imagining (what eventually proved the case) that they would be discovered ere long, from the hints she had thrown out about the wood, and then reach their proper place of destination. She now made all haste to reach the cottage of her nurse were, having not only committed to the flames the fragments of the dreadful warrant, but also the other obnoxious papers, she quickly resumed her female garments, and was again, after this manly and daring action, the simple and unassuming Miss Grizel Cochrane. Leaving the cloak and pistols behind her, to be concealed by her nurse, she again mounted her horse and directed her flight towards Edinburgh, and, by avoiding as much as possible the high road, and resting at sequestered cottages, as she had done before, and that only twice for a couple of hours each time, she reached town early in the morning of the next day.
It must not suffice to say that the time gained by the heroic act related above was productive of the end for which it was undertaken, and that Sir John Cochrane was pardoned, at the instigation of the king's favorite counsellor, who interceded for him in consequence of receiving a bribe of five thousand pounds from the Earl of Dundonald. Of the feelings which, on this occasion, filled the heart of this courageous and devoted daughter, we cannot speak in adequate terms, and it is perhaps best at any rate, to leave them to the imagination of the reader. The state of the times was not such for several years as to make it prudent that her adventure should be publicly known; but after the revolution when the country was at length relieved from persecution and danger, and every man was at liberty to speak of the trials he had undergone, and the expedients by which he had mastered them, her heroism was neither unknown nor unapproved. Miss Cochrane afterwards married Mr. Ker of Morrison, in the county of Berwick; and there can be little doubt that she proved equally affectionate and amiable as a wife, as she had already been dutiful and devoted as a daughter.
Live peaceably, is a wise, as well as a sacred injunction.
Labor to purify thy thoughts; if thy thoughts be not vicious, neither will thy actions be so.
Like the waters of the ocean, life becomes really sweet only by rising above it.
Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.
He will always be the best writer who consults his own taste; for no one who gleams the ideas of other men, can attract attention after the age in which he lived has passed away. Nature's school-house is every man's house.
Age, which takes all other passions away, does the passion for dress in wine leave. G. Y. costume for advanced life is like flax, it mottled round decay. Splendid jewelry on parchment necks, is worse than a pin set up in a tomb-stone.
When we see even those who are repeated refectly honest, resort frequently to pretences and equivocations, to gain some end, or avoid some loss, we do not greatly wonder at Diogenes, who went at mid-day through the streets of Athens, with lantern, in search, as he said, of an honest man!