

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
HENRY B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.
H. B. MASSER, Editor.

[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEEN.]

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance. No paper discontinued till arrearages are paid. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.



From the Old Colony Memorial. THE WINNEBAGO'S SIGH.

The detachment of troops that was sent to surround the removal of the Winnebago Indians, having arrived at their principal village on the Wisconsin river, the order was given them to prepare for their departure in a week. A youthful hunter, the favorite of his tribe, on hearing the order proclaimed, ran to his lodge, and throwing himself on the floor in a paroxysm of despair, refused all sustenance, and before the preparations for the journey were completed, he expired.

My own, my long familiar hearth,
I cannot leave thee so—
No dearer, holier spot of earth
Can greet me where I go.
Twas here my eyes first saw the light,
Here did my father dwell,
And here I bring my game at night,
I cannot say—farewell!

O spare the wigwag of my rest—
The hut-woman's home—
Joy comes not to the exile's breast;
Then bid me not to roam.
The wild bird's song is lone and sad,
When she breathes not her native air;
And shall the hunter's soul be glad,
In stranger lands afar?

None but the woodlands of my home,
Yield me a pleasant shade,
And I would rest in days to come,
Where my father's bones are laid.
Shall stranger footsteps tread the ground,
Where slumbers many a brave,
And none protect each lowly mound—
O spare my father's grave!

The oak, when years have thinned his crest,
Falls in his own good time,
And new-born oaks watch o'er his rest,
On the soil of his native clime.
Thus I had hoped, in coming years,
To guard the sleeping brave,
And when my toils were past, with theirs,
To find a peaceful grave.

The stranger comes—it may not be—
Great Spirit call me home,
That henceforth I may wander free,
Where spectre-visions roam.
There hunting grounds are ever green,
Inviting us to dwell,
Where lakes are calm and skies serene,
No more to say—farewell!

G. C.

The German Boy's Song.

Translated from the German of F. L. Count von Stolberg.

By "Karl," Author of "The Wood Spirit," &c.

LIED EINES DEUTSCHEN KNABEN.
Mein Arm wird stark, und gross mein Muth,
Gieb, Vater, mir ein Schwert!
Verachte nicht mein junges Blut
Ich bin der Vater werth.

My arm grows strong, my spirits soar!
Give me a sword to wield!
Father! despise my youth no more;
I'm worthy of the field.

My soul no longer deigns to bow
To boyhood's sullen band;
I'd die, O Father, proud as thou,
The death for fatherland!

Early in my childhood bright,
Was my sport by day—
Of peril I would dream by night,
Of wounds and wild array!

How oft my shout the visions broke
Of many a Turkish war;
But late, I with a blow awake
I dealt the great Bashaw!

And lately, as to fields afar,
Our troops marched down the street,
And I beheld the brave Hussar
Dash past the windows, fleet!

Eager gazed, with wondering joy,
Of boys a gathering swarm;
But I, my Father! felt annoy,
And tried my strength of arm.

My arm grows strong, my spirits soar!
Give me a sword to wield!
Father! despise my youth no more;
I'm worthy of the field.

From a late English Paper.
"Up the Rhine."

"Why, Tourist, why
With passport have to do?
By three stay at home and pass
The Port and Sherry too.

"Why, Tourist, why
Embark for Rotterdam?
By three stay at home and take
Thy Holland in a dram.

"Why, Tourist, why
To foreign climes repair?
By three take thy German flute,
And breathe a German air.

"Why, Tourist, why
The Seven Mountains view?
Any one at home can tint
A bill with Prussian Blue.

"Why, Tourist, why
To old Colonia's walls?
Sure, to see a Wrenish Dame,
One needn't leave St. Paul's."

Hoon.

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, February 26, 1842.

Vol. II—No. XXII.

THE RESCUE.

An Incident of the Revolution.

BY R. HAMILTON.

It was an autumn evening—the forest had begun to don their mantles of gorgeous colors.—The fields shorn of their harvest treasures, lay like golden lakelets in rich and mellow sunset. The noble highlands, like giant warriors, clothed in their panoply of rock and foliage, threw their sullen shadows far out upon the bosom of the glorious Hudson, who rolling on his path in beauty, gleamed like a fallen rainbow in innumerable tints of accidental glory. For in the distance towered the Crown, begirt with a diadem of purple and gold. The first was twinkling on the brow of twilight; deep, dark clouds were encircling the zone of creation, rock and mountain, tree and shrub, hill, dale, and rivulet all commingled in one hazy softness, rendering it a scene of indescribable loveliness, beautiful as in those days of primitive innocence, ere sin was known, or desolation and decay had fallen upon the blossoms of our earthly Eden.

Such was the evening when a barge was seen to leave the promontory of West Point, in the neighborhood of which we locate our narrative, in the year 1782. In it were several attired in the military costume of the period, who, with the well measured stroke of their oars made it to dart over the golden water like a ray of light. In the stern was seated a man of about fifty years of age, his head was uncovered, and revealed to view a wide and capacious brow; his features were marked and masculine; his mouth was peculiarly characterized by a closeness of the lips, that gave him a look of determination, yet which in no way impaired the mild and merciful expression which reigned over his general aspect.—Like the others in the boat, he wore a dark blue coat with broad buff facings, closely buttoned to the throat, heavy golden epaulettes, buckskin small clothes, high military boots, with spurs of steel, with a belt of buff encircled his waist in which was fixed a straight sword. Such was the costume of the personage who was destined to achieve the liberty of his country, and to burst the fetters of oppression. Need we say who it was? In your mind's eye does he not stand before you? Is not his name the watchword of our independence; and his memory enshrined in the heart of every son of freedom?—It was George Washington!

As the barge gained the opposite bank, one of the rowers leaped ashore, and made it fast to the root of the willow which hung its broad thick branches over the river. The rest of the party then landed, and uncovering, saluted their commander, who returned their courtesy.

"By ten o'clock you may expect me," said Washington. "Be cautious; look well that you are not surprised. These are no times for trifling."

"Depend upon us," replied one of the party. "I do," he responded, and bidding them farewell, departed along the bank of the river.

That evening a party was to be given at the house of one of his old and valued friends, to which he with several other American officers, had been invited. It was seldom he had participated in festivity, more especially at that period when every moment was fraught with danger.—Nevertheless, in respect to an old acquaintance backed by the solicitations of Ruby Ragsdale, the daughter of the host, he had consented to relax from the toil of military duty, and honor the party for a few hours with his presence.

After continuing his path for some distance along the river's side, he struck off into a narrow road, bordered thickly with brushwood, tinged with a thousand dyes of departed summer; here and there a grey crag peeped out from the foliage, over which the green ivy and the scarlet woodbine hung in wreathe dalliance; at other places the arms of the chestnut and mountain ash met in lofty fondness, and cast a gloom deep almost as night. Suddenly a crashing among the trees was heard, and like a deer, an Indian girl bounded into the path, and stood full in his presence. He started back with surprise, laid his hand upon his sword—but the Indian only fell upon her knees, placed her finger upon her lips, and by sign with her hand forbade him to proceed.

"What seek you, my wild flower, said the General. She started to her feet, drew a small tomahawk from her belt of wampum, and imitated the act of scalping the enemy; then again waving her hand, as forbidding him to advance, she darted into the bushes, leaving him lost in amazement.

"There is danger," said he to himself, after a short pause, and recovering from his surprise.—"That Indian's manner betokens me of no good, but my trust is in God; he has never yet deserted me," and resuming the path, he shortly reached the mansion of Rufus Ragsdale.

His appearance was the signal of joy among the party assembled, each of whom vied with the other to do him honor. Although grave in council and bold in war, yet in the bosom of do-

mestic bliss, no one knew better how to render himself agreeable. The old were cheered by his consoling words. The young by his mirthful manner; nor even in gallantry was he wanting, when it added to the virtuous spirit of the hour. The protestations of friendship and welcome were warmly tendered to him by the host. Fast and thickly the guests were assembling, the laugh, and the mingling music, rose joyfully around. The twilight was fast emerging into night; but a thousand sparkling lamps of beauty gave a brilliancy of day to the scene; all was happiness; bright eyes and blooming faces were every where beaming; but alas! a serpent was lurking among the flowers.

In the midst of the hilarity, the sound of a cannon burst suddenly upon the ear, startling the guests, and suspending the dance. Washington and the officers looked at each other with surprise, but their fears were quickly dispelled by Ragsdale, assuring them it was only a discharge of ordnance in honor of his distinguished visitors. The joy of the moment was again resumed, but the gloom of suspicion had fallen upon the spirit of Washington, who sat in moody silence apart from the happy throng.

A silent tap upon the shoulder aroused him from his abstraction, and looking up he perceived the person of the Indian standing in the bosom of a myrtle bush, close to his side.

"Ha! again here!" he exclaimed with astonishment; but she motioned him to be silent, and kneeling at his feet, presented him with a bouquet of flowers. Washington received it, and was about to place it in his breast, when she grasped him firmly by the arm, and pointed to it, said in a whisper, "SNAKE! SNAKE!" and the next moment mingled with the company, who appeared to recognize her as one well known and esteemed.

Washington regarded the bouquet with wonder; her words and singular appearance, had, however, sunk deeply into his heart, to his surprise he saw a small piece of paper in the midst of the flowers. Hastily he drew it forth, and confounded and horror-stricken, read, "BEWARE, YOU ARE BETRAYED!" He was now aware that he was within the den of the tiger; but to quit abruptly, might only draw the communication of treachery the speedier upon his head. He resolved, therefore, to disguise his feelings, and trust to that Power that had never forsaken him. The festivities were again renewed, but almost momentarily interrupted a second sound of the cannon. The guests now began to regard each other with distrust, while many and moody were the glances cast upon Ragsdale, whose countenance began to show symptoms of uneasiness, while ever and anon he looked from the window out upon the broad green lawn which extended to the river's edge, as if in expectation of some one's arrival.

"What can detain them!" he muttered to himself. "Can they have deceived me? Why answer they not the signal! At that moment a bright flame rose from the river, illuminating for a moment the surrounding scenery, and showing a small boat filled with persons making rapidly for the shore. 'All's well,' he continued, 'in three minutes I shall be possessor of a coronet, and the cause of the Republic be no more.' Then gaily turning to Washington, he said, 'Come, General, pledge me to the success of our arms.' The eye of Ragsdale at that moment encountered the scrutinizing look of Washington, and sunk down to the ground; his hand trembling violently, even to so great a degree as to partly spill the contents of the goblet. With difficulty he conveyed it to his lips—then retiring to the window, he waved his hand, which action was immediately responded to by a sound of the cannon, at the same moment the English anthem of 'GOD SAVE THE KING,' burst in full volume upon the ear, and a band of men attired in British uniform, with their faces hidden by masks, entered the apartment. The American officers drew their swords, but Washington, cool and collected, stood with his arms folded upon his breast, quietly remarked to them—'Be calm, gentlemen, this is an hour we did not anticipate.' Then turning to Ragsdale, said, 'speak, sir, what does this mean?'

"I means," replied the traitor, placing his hand upon the shoulder of Washington, 'that you are my prisoner. In the name of King George I arrest you.'

"Never!" exclaimed the General. 'We may be cut to pieces, but surrender we will not.—Therefore, give way,' and he waved his sword to the guard who stood with their muskets leveled as if ready to fire, should they attempt to escape. In an instant were their weapons reversed, and dropping their muskets, to the horror of Ragsdale and the agreeable surprise of Washington, his own brave party, whom he had left in charge of the barge, stood revealed before him.

"Seize that traitor!" exclaimed the commander. "In ten minutes from this moment let him be a spectacle between heaven and earth." The wife and daughter clung to his knees in supplication, but an irrevocable oath had passed his lips, that never should treason again receive his forgiveness after that of the miscreant Arnold. 'For my own life,' he said, while tears rolled down his noble countenance at the agony of the wife and daughter, 'for my own life I heed not; but the liberty of my native land—the welfare of millions demand this sacrifice—for the sake of humanity, I pity him; but my oath, and now in the presence of Heaven I swear, I will not forgive him!'

Like a thunderbolt fell those words upon the wife and daughter. They sank lifeless into arms of the domestics, and when they recovered to consciousness, Ragsdale had atoned for his treason by the sacrifice of his life.

It appeared that the Indian girl, who was an especial favorite, and domesticated in the family, had overheard the intention of Ragsdale to betray the American General, and other valuable officers, that evening, into the hands of the British, for which purpose they had been invited to this 'FEAST OF JEDAS.' Hating in her heart, the enemies of America, who had driven her tribe from her native forests, she resolved to frustrate the design, and consequently way-laid the steps of Washington, as we have described, but failing in her noble purpose, she had recourse to the party left in possession of the boat.

Scarcely had she imparted her information, and the shadows of night closed, when a company of British soldiers were discovered, making their way rapidly towards the banks of the Hudson, within a short distance of the spot where the American party was waiting to return to their Commander. Bold in the cause of liberty, and knowing that immediate action should alone preserve him, they rushed upon and overpowered them, stripping them of their uniforms and arms, bound them hand and foot, placed them with their companions, and sent them to the American camp at West Point. Having disguised themselves in the habiliments of the enemy, they proceeded to the house of Ragsdale, where, at the appointed time, the sign made known by the Indian, they opportunely arrived to the relief of Washington, and the confusion of the traitor.

lips, that never should treason again receive his forgiveness after that of the miscreant Arnold. 'For my own life,' he said, while tears rolled down his noble countenance at the agony of the wife and daughter, 'for my own life I heed not; but the liberty of my native land—the welfare of millions demand this sacrifice—for the sake of humanity, I pity him; but my oath, and now in the presence of Heaven I swear, I will not forgive him!'

Like a thunderbolt fell those words upon the wife and daughter. They sank lifeless into arms of the domestics, and when they recovered to consciousness, Ragsdale had atoned for his treason by the sacrifice of his life.

It appeared that the Indian girl, who was an especial favorite, and domesticated in the family, had overheard the intention of Ragsdale to betray the American General, and other valuable officers, that evening, into the hands of the British, for which purpose they had been invited to this 'FEAST OF JEDAS.' Hating in her heart, the enemies of America, who had driven her tribe from her native forests, she resolved to frustrate the design, and consequently way-laid the steps of Washington, as we have described, but failing in her noble purpose, she had recourse to the party left in possession of the boat.

Scarcely had she imparted her information, and the shadows of night closed, when a company of British soldiers were discovered, making their way rapidly towards the banks of the Hudson, within a short distance of the spot where the American party was waiting to return to their Commander. Bold in the cause of liberty, and knowing that immediate action should alone preserve him, they rushed upon and overpowered them, stripping them of their uniforms and arms, bound them hand and foot, placed them with their companions, and sent them to the American camp at West Point. Having disguised themselves in the habiliments of the enemy, they proceeded to the house of Ragsdale, where, at the appointed time, the sign made known by the Indian, they opportunely arrived to the relief of Washington, and the confusion of the traitor.

ABOLITION.—As we have been twenty times catechized with respect to the truth of the statements made by a correspondent who attended the late State Convention of Political Abolitionists at Peterborough, we publish the following extract from the Address of that Convention to the Southern Slaves, viz:

"And when, too, you are escaping from the matchless horror, BATTLE, TAKE all along your route, in the free as well as the slave States, so far as is absolutely essential to your escape, THE HORSE, THE BOAT, THE FOOD, THE CLOTHING, which you require; and feel no more compunction for a justifiable appropriation than does the drowning man for possessing himself of the plank that floats in his way."—[N. Y. Tribune.

DEATH OF DR. VAUGHAN.—A letter received in Richmond, says the Star, states that Dr. Vaughan, who shot young Pleasants at the Columbian Hotel some three years ago, was killed in Texas, Vaughan went to cowhide a young carpenter, formerly of Richmond, for some expressions that were used at a public meeting, and as Vaughan collared him, the young man seized a hatchet and cleft his skull to the brain, killing him outright. Thus doth the life of the violent close in violence.

It is proposed in the Legislature of Indiana to lay a tax on lawyers, doctors, bachelors and old maids.

The editor of the Louisville Journal says that some years ago he lost the use of his right hand, and has since been compelled to write with his left. That has now failed. He is now under medical care and hopes for restoration.

"NO HUMAN GOVERNMENT."—The New Haven Herald says a Mrs. Tittle, of Prospect, was committed to jail on Saturday by the Superior Court at New Haven, "for refusing to testify, on the ground of conscientious scruples, she denying the jurisdiction of the Court and all human laws. She still remains in jail, and thinks the accommodations pretty good for a MARTYR."

Signor Zanonis, in his 'Hints to Citizens,' says, 'when you meet with a Sheriff in the street, with whom you are familiar, always salute him first; and if you chance to be going the same way, take him by the arm, rather than permit him to take yours. There is a vast difference in the effect upon spectators.'

Julie says he knows a family, who are in the habit of having nothing for breakfast, and warning it up for dinner. He thinks the boys would make good printers.

There are two kinds of assassins; one carries his weapon in his hand, the other in his mouth; the latter is the most to be dreaded.

THE SUN.
Dr. Lardner has been lecturing at Niblo's, New York, on some parts of astronomy and physical science. Among many things highly curious, we find the following observations on the sun. Whether the principal fact is established with all the certainty of a mathematical demonstration, will, perhaps, be questioned. Those who think with Euler and Sir John Herschel, that light is not a substance, but a vibration, like sound, may not readily admit the theory of polarization, or, if admitted, may have some other explanation of the phenomenon.

"I was discoursing, at the conclusion of the last lecture, on the circumstances and physical state of the surface of the sun.—There are some very striking facts connected with this subject, which have been but recently unfolded, and of which many are the discoveries of living philosophers. It was the opinion of Sir William Herschel, (and his supposition had many advocates,) that the sun is an opaque globe entirely covered by a luminous fluid of some kind, but whether it be an ocean of liquid fire like molten iron, or an ocean of gaseous fluid, as of flame, or yet again, an incandescent solid like iron glowing with white heat, remained wholly without explanation until within a very recent period. But the question has now been reduced to a positive, absolute demonstration, and the process by which it was done and the circumstances attending it, afford a beautiful example of the mode in which the different sciences minister to each other.

In optics a beam of light is proved to be susceptible of a peculiar modification called polarization. All light is proved to be either a polarized or unpolarized state, and although it may not be easy to explain what is meant by the polarization of light, still by the aid of a fanciful illustration I can give you a notion of it sufficiently precise for our present purpose. Suppose this wand, which I hold in my hand, to represent a ray of light; it has four sides; suppose the two opposite sides, which are painted blue, to possess a certain property, and the other two opposite, which are colored red, to possess a property different from the first. This wand, then, exactly represents a polarized ray of light. If all the sides had the same properties, then it would represent an unpolarized ray. Now, light may undergo a certain change which shall polarize—impacting to two of its sides, opposite to each other, a certain property which the other two do not possess. The question arises: What are these properties? They are various; one, however, is so simple and so nearly connected with the demonstration to which I call your attention, that I will mention it. If a ray of light fall upon a reflecting surface with either of those two sides which are represented by the red sides of the wand, it will be reflected at an angle equal to that by which it approached the surface. But if it strike the surface upon the opposite sides—the blue—it will not be reflected at all, so that two of its faces are capable of reflection, while the other two are not. In a ray which is not polarized, reflection takes place under all circumstances, but with polarized light, only under certain conditions. Thus we see that light may exist in two distinct states; the one unpolarized, or its ordinary state, and the polarized or its extraordinary state.

"Let us turn to another branch of physics. The science of heat has received more attention for a few years past than any other branch of physics. Fourier, a French philosopher, has done much in this department of knowledge. One of the conclusions he established is this: There are three states in which material bodies exist, namely, the solid, liquid and gaseous. He proved that when a solid body becomes incandescent, the light it emits is polarized, and that the light of incandescent gases, as flame is unpolarized. These facts are true, whatever may be the nature of the materials. Here is a distinction established between the light emitted by incandescent solids and liquids, and that emitted by gases. Now M. Arago has, with most beautiful sagacity, availed himself of these two facts, contributed by the sciences of light and heat, to determine the nature of the sun's atmosphere. This may easily be done, for since it is established that the light from incandescent solids and liquids is polarized, and all that need be done to determine this point is to try by experiment whether its light be polar-

ized or not. Arago, by applying the usual tests, found that it is not polarized; the conclusion, as inevitable as it is important, is, that the surface of the sun is covered, not by a solid or a liquid, but by an atmosphere of flame. Here is one of the most beautiful inferences drawn from the whole range of physics, and it is established by the aid of science with all the certitude of a mathematical demonstration. It had long been supposed that the sun was surrounded by an atmosphere of light, but Arago proved that its atmosphere is an ocean of flame.—[Northern Advocate.

Cure for Diseases in Peach Trees.—The application to the trees consists of salt and saltpetre combined, in the proportion of one part of saltpetre to eight parts of salt, one half pound of the mixture to a tree seven years old and upward, to be applied upon the surface of the ground, around and in immediate contact with the trunk of the tree. This will destroy the worm; but to more effectually preserve the tree I also sow this mixture over my orchard, at the rate of two bushels to the acre. The size of the fruit is increased, and the flavor very greatly improved, the worm destroyed, and the yellows prevented.

VEGETABLE IVORY.—Our readers have probably seen some notice of this interesting novelty from the South Seas, with which the French Discovery ships have made us acquainted. It is a species of nut, strongly resembling the cocoa nut, but much smaller. Upon the removal of the bark it is a ball of ivory, of equal hardness and applicable to many of the various uses in the arts of the animal production, and in short, a perfect fac simile when polished. From its shape, it will not answer for purposes requiring much length.

A PURITAN RELIC.—On Sunday last was baptised in this city, by Rev. Wm. Adams, an infant named JONAS COTTON—the young pilgrim being enveloped in a blanket brought over by the Rev. John Cotton, the non-conformist, in 1633, and in which he himself, his son Seaborn, born on the voyage, his daughter, the wife of President Increase Mather, his grandson Cotton Mather, and a host of their descendants, have, in their different generations, been carried to the baptismal font.—N. Y. Com. Ad.

CHRISTMAS STUFFING.—On Tuesday afternoon, thirteen geese, which had been landed from the Aberdeen steamer, and were intended as presents to various individuals in London, were inspected by an exciseman, who found them to be unusually heavy, and on opening one of them he found it to contain a bottle of over-proof whiskey, which had never before passed under the eyes of the Custom or Excise. The discovery induced him to cut open the others, and they were all in the same condition—there was a bottle of real Fenintosh in each. He accordingly seized the geese and their contents on behalf of our sovereign lady the Queen, and removed his prize to the Excise office. A number of fine young sucking pigs have been lately seized with their insides filled with Scotch whiskey, and on Saturday no less than thirty Dutch turkeys were captured in front of the Custom House, which were stuffed with Holland gin. The geese and turkeys from Scotland and Holland have carried an unusual quantity of whiskey and gin, and the young pigs have contained the same stuff for the purpose of carrying it to the Christmas festivities.—[London Courier.

The Bishop of London, a short time since, made a speech to the Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral, against the wooden block pavement which the Chapter thought of putting down round St. Paul's Church yard. When the Bishop had finished, the Rev. Sydney Smith replied to him thus: 'After the speech with which your Lordship has favoured us, I will only say, that I think there will be no difficulty in putting down this wooden block pavement if we can only lay all our heads together.'

ARKANSAS LITERATURE.—In the State of Rackensack it seems that 'poetry has risen.' The proprietors of the Washington Telegraph inform their patrons that they will take 'corn, pork, potatoes, &c.,' payment of subscriptions, if delivered immediately; they assign the following poetical reason:

"The scholar and no made the breezes
Buzz and sing the building towers;
And whilst the fox with raged tongue
Showering his howl drives the crows,
Newly frost-bitten are his toes,
And he a my life how blue his nose is!"