

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

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

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[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.]
THE "AMERICAN" is published every Satur-
day at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be
paid half yearly in advance. No paper discon-
tinued till all arrears are paid.
No subscriptions received for a less period than
SIX MONTHS. All communications or letters on
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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 Masser & Eiseley. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, December 5, 1840. Vol. I—No. XII.

The Prisoner for Debt.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.
Look on him—through his dungeon grate,
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late
As if it loathed the sight.
Reclining on his straggling bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head—
His bloodless cheek is scamed and hard,
Unshorn his grey, neglected beard;
And o'er his bonny fingers flow
His long dishevelled locks of snow.
No grateful fire befire him glows,
And yet the winter's breath is chill;
And o'er his half-clad person goes
The frequent ague chill.
Still not—save ever and anon,
A sound, half murmur and half groan,
Force a spasm the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip,
O! sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chained and desolate!
Just God, why lives that old man there!
A murderer shares his prison here,
Whose eye balls through his horrid hair,
Gleam on him fierce and red:
And the rude oak and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear,
And, in his wakefulness or sleep,
Nerve, flesh and fibre, tingle and creep,
When'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Grimace with murder, touches him!
What has the grey haired prisoner done?
Has murder stained his hands with gore?
Not so; his crime's a fouler one!
God made the old man poor!
For this he shares a felon's cell—
The fittest earthly type of hell!
For this—the boon for which he poured
His young blood on the warrior's sword,
And counted fight the fearful cost—
His blood-gained liberty is lost!
On so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, poured thy blood as rain
On Concord's field, and Bunke's crest,
And Saratoga's plain!
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;
It must be joy, in sooth to see
Yon monument upreared to thee;
Piled granite and a prison cell—
The land repays thy service well!
Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the stars and banners out;
Shout "Freedom!" till you're slipping ones
Give back their cradle slings;
Let hoisted defiance declaim
Of honor, liberty and fame;
Still let the patriot's strain be heard,
With "glory" for each second word,
And every thing with breath accord
To praise our glorious liberty!"
But when the patriot's cannon jars
The prison's cold and gloomy walls,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind and fall—
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer?
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your patriotism?
Storing of soul and chained of limb,
What is your arrival to him?
Down with the law that binds him tight!
Unworthy freemen, let them find
No refuge from the withering eye
Of God and human kind!
Open the prisoner's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victim of our savage code,
To the free sun and air of God!
No longer dare we as we bind,
The chaining of the Almighty's hand.

Conquest of Illinois.

In October, 1777, he again visited Virginia, to divulge his plan of the conquest of Illinois to the governor and council of that commonwealth, and obtain such aid as they could bestow. He first opened the project to Patrick Henry, the Governor, on the 10th day of December. At first, the governor was captivated by the brilliant project of striking such a blow against the enemy, and the savage allies; but it was hazardous, and success depended mainly on secrecy. Several conferences were held with the governor and council, to whom Clark divulged all his plans, and answered all objections. To bring the subject before the legislature would defeat the object of their expedition, the success of which depended so much on secrecy.
The result of these conferences was full approbation of the project; and Patrick Henry, George Wythe, George Mason and Thomas Jefferson, like true patriots and worthy sons of the Old Dominion, pledged themselves in a written obligation, that should the expedition prove successful, their whole influence should be employed with the legislature to obtain a bounty of three hundred acres of land for every person who would volunteer and serve in the expedition.
On the 2d of January, 1778, two sets of instructions were made out by the governor and council—the one public, and directing Clark to raise troops and proceed to the defence of Kentucky—the other private and confidential, directing him as a mode of defending Kentucky to attack the British posts at Kaskaskia. Twelve hundred pounds in depreciated currency, was advanced

him, with an order on the Virginia officer at Fort Pitt, for ammunition, boats, and all necessary equipments. Recruiting officers were then sent forth. The western parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and the new settlements of Kentucky furnished recruits of a hardy, daring and enterprising character. After encountering difficulties of no ordinary kind, and much delay in procuring supplies, Clark arrived at the falls of the Ohio in June, and encamped and threw up a slight fortification on Corn Island, opposite Louisville, where he was joined by Capt. Bowman, and one company from Kentucky under Capt. Dillard. His principal men were Capts. Bowman, Helm, Harrod, Montgomery, and Dillard, and he daily expected a reinforcement of four companies, raised in the Holston country by Maj. Smith. He now disclosed to his troops that their point of destination Kaskaskia, in the Illinois country. The plan met the enthusiastic approbation of his men, except the company from Kentucky, under Capt. Dillard; a large part of which, with the lieutenant, on the morning appointed for starting, the worthy captain had the mortification to find, had waded the river and deserted. They were pursued in the morning, overtaken in the woods about twenty miles from the falls, and eight taken back, the rest afterwards wandered in the woods for some weeks, where they suffered greater privation and hardships than their comrades who had gone on the expedition, before they could get into a fort.
On the 28th of June, 1778, and during a total eclipse of the sun, Colonel Clark, with four companies, commanded by Captains Montgomery, Helm, Bowman, and Harrod, left the Falls of the Ohio, on their forlorn enterprise. Near the mouth of the Tennessee river, he found John Duff, with a party of hunters, who had recently come from Kaskaskia, and who could give important information. They reported that M. Rocheblave still commanded; that the militia were kept in good discipline; that spies were stationed along the Mississippi; that a rumor had reached there that the 'Long-knives' had projected an attack, and that the hunters and Indians had received orders to keep watch, and report if any American troops were coming that way. They also reported that the fort was kept in good order, as a place of retreat, but was without a regular garrison. These hunters offered to return with the invaders. The party landed near Fort Massac, and secured their boats in a small creek.
Whoever has travelled by land from Fort Massac to Kaskaskia, in the early settlement of that district, can understand the difficulties to be encountered, and the hardships to be endured by the gallant band. The whole distance was a wilderness without a path. Ponds, swamps, and water courses had to be waded. Clark, who acted under a colonel's commission, had left all his baggage and provisions at Corn Island, except such as were absolutely necessary, and such as his men could carry on foot.
Under these circumstances, Colonel Clark took up the line of march across the intervening wilderness. Let us pause a moment, and calculate the chances of a discovery by the Indians and spies who were on the watch—by a consequent ambuscade, and by finding the forts he intended to conquer, prepared to give his troops a warm reception, and dictate terms of capitulation. For the most part of their route, they found the game upon which they depended for subsistence and the water scarce. On the third day, John Saunders, their principal guide, got so bewildered that he could not direct their course. Suspicion of a design to betray them instantly arose among the men, and they earnestly demanded that he should be put to death. After wandering over the prairies for a few hours he recollected the course, and on the fourth of July, 1778, they arrived within a short distance of Kaskaskia, and concealed themselves in the woods until night, when they again marched.
Colonel Clark now divided his force into three parties. Two of these crossed the river and repaired to different parts of the town, while the third took possession of the fort. Kaskaskia then contained about 250 houses. Persons who could speak the French language were ordered to pass through the streets and make proclamation, that all the inhabitants must keep with

in their houses under penalty of being shot down in the streets. In about two hours after the surprise of the town, the inhabitants had all surrendered and delivered up their arms to the conqueror. Not a drop of blood had been shed, though the victory was complete. The whole management displayed in a most admirable manner, what the French style 'ruse de guerre,' the policy of war. M. Rocheblave, the governor, was taken in his chamber; but his public papers and documents were admirably concealed or destroyed by his wife.
From this night we date the independence of Illinois.—Throughout the night the Virginia troops were ordered to patrol the streets, with yells and whoopings after the Indian fashion, which though alarming to the conquered inhabitants, was a stratagem of Clark to accomplish his purposes.
One of the richest and most distinguished citizens of Kaskaskia at that period was M. Cerre, said by Col. Clark to have been a most bitter enemy to the Americans. He had long been a successful trader, but had left the place before the arrival of the Americans, and was then at St. Louis on his way to Quebec.
The commander, at once, determined to bring him and all his influence to the side of the American interest. Accordingly he took possession of his house and extensive merchandise and placed a guard over the property. Another stratagem was to prevent all intercourse between his men and the citizens, and to admit none of the latter to his presence except by positive command for them to appear before him; or apparently in great condescension when urgently solicited to grant an audience to some humble petitioner.—By this course of policy he contrived at first to confirm all the worst suspicions the British had instilled into the minds of the simple villagers, of the ferocity of the 'Long-knives,' and then, by deceiving them, produce a revulsion of feelings, and gain their unlimited confidence. In this he was completely successful. The town was in possession of an enemy the inhabitants had been taught were the most ferocious and brutal of all men; and of whom they entertained the most horrible apprehensions, and all intercourse was strictly prohibited between each other and the conquerors. After five days the troops were removed to the outskirts of the town, and the citizens were permitted to walk in the streets. But finding them engaged in conversation, one with another, Colonel Clark ordered some of the officers to be put in irons without assigning a single reason, or permitting a word of defence. This singular display of despotic power in the conqueror, did not spring from a cruel disposition, or a disregard to the principles of liberty, but it was the course he had marked out to gain his object.
Of all commanders, perhaps, Col. Clark had the readiest and clearest insight into human nature. The effect of this stretch of military power, at first was to fill the inhabitants with consternation and dismay.
After some time M. Gibault, the parish priest, got permission to wait on Col. Clark, with five or six elderly gentlemen.
If the inhabitants of the town were filled with astonishment at the suddenness of their captivity, these men were far more astonished at the personal appearance of Col. Clark and his soldiers. Their clothes were dirty and torn, (for they had no change of apparel)—their beards of three and four weeks' growth, and, as Clark states in his journal, they looked more frightful and disgusting than savages.
Some minutes passed before the deputation could speak, and then they felt at a loss whom they should address as commandant, for they saw no difference in the personal appearance between the chieftain and his men.
Finally, the priest, in the most submissive tone and posture, remarked that the inhabitants expected to be separated, perhaps never to meet again, and they begged through him, as a great favor from their conqueror, to be permitted to assemble in the church, offer up their prayers to God for their souls, and take leave of each other.
The commander observed, with apparent carelessness, that the Americans did not trouble themselves about the religion of others, but left every man to worship God as he pleased, that

they might go to church if they wished, but on no account must a single person leave the town. All further conversation was repelled, and they were sent away, rather abruptly, that the alarm might be raised to the highest pitch.
The whole population assembled in the church as for the last time, mournfully chanted their prayers, and bid each other farewell—never expecting to meet in this world! But so much did they regard this as a favor, that the priest and deputation returned from the church to the lodgings of Col. Clark, and in the name of the people expressed thanks for the indulgence they had received. They then begged leave to address their conqueror upon their separation and their lives. They claimed not to know the origin or nature of the contest between Great Britain and the colonies.—What they had done had been in subjection to the British commanders, whom they were constrained to obey. They were willing to submit to the loss of their property as the fate of war, but they begged they might not be separated from their families, and that clothes and provisions might be allowed them barely sufficient for their present necessities.
Col. Clark had now gained the object of his artful manoeuvre. He saw their fears were raised to the highest pitch, and he abruptly thus addressed them:—
"Who do you take us to be? Do you think we are savages—that we intend to massacre you? Do you think Americans will strip women and children, and take the bread out of their mouths? My countrymen," said the gallant Colonel, "never make war upon the innocent! It was to protect our own wives and children that we have penetrated this wilderness, to subdue these British posts, from whence the savages are supplied with arms and ammunition to murder us. We do not war against Frenchmen. The King of France, your former master, is our ally. His ships and soldiers are fighting for the Americans. The French are our firm friends. Go, and enjoy your religion and worship when you please. Retain your property—and now please to inform all your citizens from me that they are quite at liberty to conduct themselves as usual, and dismiss all apprehensions of alarm. We are your friends and come to deliver you from the British."
This speech produced a revulsion of feeling, better imagined than described. The news soon spread through out the village, the bell rang a merry peal, the people with the priest, again assembled in the church. Te Deum was loudly sung and the most uproarious joy prevailed throughout the night. The people now enjoyed all the liberty they could desire. All now cheerfully acknowledged Col. Clark as the commander of the country.
An expedition was now planned against Cahokia, and Major Bowman with his detachment mounted on French ponies was ordered to surprise that post. Several Kaskaskia gentlemen offered their services to proceed ahead, notify the Cahokians of the change of government, and prepare them to give the Americans a cordial reception. The plan was entirely successful, and the post was subjugated without the disaster of a battle. Indeed there were not a dozen British soldiers in the garrison.
In all their intercourse with the citizens, Col. Clark instructed his men to speak of a large army encamped at the falls of the Ohio, which would soon overrun and subjugate all the British posts in the west, and that Post Vincent would be headed by a detachment from this army. He soon learned from the French that governor Abbot was gone to Detroit, and that the defence was left with the citizens, who were mostly French. M. Gibault, the priest, readily undertook an embassy to the post, and to bring over the people to the American interests with all the trouble and expense of an embassy. This was also successful, and in a few days the American flag was displayed on the fort, and Captain Helm appointed to the command, much to the surprise and consternation of the neighboring Indians.
ATTENTION TO MURDER.—The New Orleans Picayune of the 8th inst. states that a man named Edward Higgins arrived there in the ship Echo, and was met on the levee by two "young men." They exchanged the usual compliments of salutation with the stranger—asked if he did not wish to be shown a decent boarding house—said they were very comfortably situated indeed, and there was still room for one more in the house.—They could introduce Mr. Higgins, and after seeing the house he might then judge for himself. He agreed; and they led him on down to the lower end of Grand street. Here the Protestant centries caught the stranger's eye; they dilated on the "ovens" and many other of its peculiarities, and dwelt at some length on the epitaph of one who died young, lovely, and a stranger! At their solicitation Higgins went to see it, and while stooped down decyphering it, the villains attempted to murder him by striking him on the head with bricks. While insensible they robbed him of his pocket-book, but were obliged to flee ere they had time to despatch him. The rascals were overtaken and brought to justice.

Re-interment of Gen. Mercer.

An intelligent and discriminating friend furnished the following additional account:
The dark and heavy clouds of the preceding evening having rolled aside gathered themselves up for a little while, as if to let the glorious king of day rise up in his chariot of light to witness the required memorial of the honored dead, the bones of the illustrious patriot and soldier were conveyed at the appointed hour and by the appointed route, to the side of the First Presbyterian Church on Washington Square. The galleries of the church were soon filled to overflowing with those whose tender sympathies are always touched with the tale of sorrow, and whose ministering charities prompt them to go to the house of mourning; and soon after the body of the church below was occupied by the invited mourners, the St. Andrew's Society and the St. Paul's Society, the Convention of the Society of the Army and Navy of the United States, and a multitude of citizens who crowded together to pay their last respects to the remains of General HENRY MERCER.
The religious services were appropriately commenced, by Rev. Dr. Carnahan, President of the College at Princeton, with the reading of the 21st Psalm, C. M. of the collection approved by the General Assembly. There was a fitness in the selection of the President of the College at Princeton—the British were stationed there the night before the battle of Princeton, and there the brave soldier lost his life.
After the performance by the choir, several passages of the Scriptures, appropriately selected, were read by the Rev. A. B. Finney, and followed by a prayer by the same gentleman, in which he beautifully dwelt on our dependence on Jehovah, and our obligations to him as a people, and reminded us of the blessings of peace in contrast with the adversity of war, while he prayed that "no more distinguished men of our land might ever fall in battle."
He was succeeded by William B. Reed, Esq., who, in his highest manner, and in beautiful style, led us back and far away to Scotia's healthy hills, where he introduced us to the youthful Mercer lying by night on a cold and watch fire of the rebel army. Hence, like many others, for liberty's sake, he ventured on the ocean's dread billows, to find a home in the Western world. He landed at Philadelphia, and settled on the frontier near Merceburg, in this State. With Washington he was engaged in the wars with the Indians and French, and after its capture was stationed at Fort Duquesne in the defence. At the close of the wars, he settled in Falmersburg, Virginia, where he resided until the revolutionary struggle called him forth. Probably at the suggestion of Washington, he was appointed a Brigadier General, and in this capacity devoted himself to his country's weal, and nobly fought his battles, until at length, in the battle of Princeton, he was cruelly beaten down by the butt ends of the muskets of the enemy, and barbarously stabbed with their bayonets after his fall. He was borne away, mortally wounded, in the arms of Major Armstrong, to a neighboring farm house, where the sweet charities of woman's heart ministered to him, until he died some eight days after receiving the fatal wounds.
It is pleasant and profitable thus to refer to the scenes of that great struggle which brought liberty and peace to this happy land. The solemnities of yesterday were a fit occasion for reminding us of the blood-bought treasures we possess, and the eloquent orator failed not to make use of it.
After the services in the church, the procession was formed, for conveying the coffin and its contents to the place of the silent dead in Laurel Hill. There will Mercer's dust repose until the Archangel's trumpet shall burst the myrral tombs of earth. Then may it be our happy lot to see him rise, clothed in the light of a glorified immortality, bearing in his hands palms that shall never fade, and wearing a crown of jeweled brilliants that will never lose their lustre.—*American Sentinel.*
Excellent Hints to Mechanics.
There is so much truth, wholesome advice and good sense in the following, which we extract from an exchange, that we can not avoid giving it a place in our column:—"Avoid giving long credits, even your best customers. A man who can pay easily will not thank you for the delay and a slack, doubtful payment is not too valuable to a customer to draw sharply and seasonably. A fish may as well attempt to live without water, or a man without air, as a mechanic without punctuality and promptness in collecting and paying his debts. It is a mistaken and ruinous policy to attempt to keep on and get business by delaying collections. When you lose a sleek payment from your books, you only lose the chance of losing your money—and there is no man who pays more money to lawyers than he who is most prompt in collecting his himself."—*Bull. Ocean.*
Chang and Eng, the Siamese Twins.
A correspondent of the Tennessee Mirror says: In a late excursion in North Carolina, he paid a visit to Chang and Eng, at their residence in Wilk county, 18 miles east of Wilkborough. He says they speak their opinions on all subjects freely, though in moderation, and in politics are decidedly Whigs; they have taken necessary steps to become naturalized, that they might enjoy the right of suffrage and citizenship—which right of suffrage, they for the first time exercised in the contest for Governor—each one casting his vote for Morehead, the Whig candidate for Governor.

FLORIDA.

It will be seen from the copy of the letter published below, received by the Secretary of War from the General commanding the army in Florida, that the recent efforts of the Government to terminate the war with the Seminole Indians by negotiation, through the intervention of some of the most influential of the chiefs of that tribe who had been removed West, has failed in consequence of the usual treachery of the Indians.—*Globe.*
HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF FLORIDA.
FORT KISS, Nov. 15, 1840.
SIR:—Early this morning, I was informed by the Arkansas delegation, that some of the prisoners in camp had disappeared during the night. On sending out to the Indian encampment, it was discovered that all the Indians had gone.
Thus has ended all our well grounded hopes of bringing the war to a close by pacific measures; confident in the resources of the country, the enemy will hold out to the last, and can never be induced to come in again.
But the day before yesterday the chiefs not only expressed a willingness but a desire to emigrate to the West. Acting up in full faith to the promise I had made to them, their conduct is only to be attributed to the faithless disposition which has ever characterized them.
The partial delay caused by the armistice has not tended to the injury of the operations in Florida, inasmuch as it has been conducive to the three regiments which have suffered so severely; they will now be enabled to take the field in larger force.
Immediately upon the withdrawal of the Indians, orders were transmitted to commanders of regiments to put their troops in motion, and before this communication reaches you they will be scouting in every direction.
Having left nothing unattempted with the means in my power, I shall now press the war with increased energy, and hope soon appear the Department of the capture or destruction of some of the enemy.
I have the honor to enclose you a copy of the order issued on the renewal of hostilities.
I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
W. K. ARMISTEAD,
Brig. General Com. Army of Florida.
Hon. J. R. POINTE, Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.
SADNESS.—It is common to be sad, nor is it less common than painful. During such hours of gloom, agony is upon the mind; the prospect of beauty adds but keener torture; life is a lathome burthen, and death, were it not for the pain of dissolution, and fear of the future, would seem a welcome relief. But, in the darkest moments, there is philosophy enough in the human mind to perceive the foolishness of giving way to unnatural feelings. Gloom and despondency are consequent upon the absence of proper mental reflection, and nothing else. The following pretty sentiments, which we extract from an exchange, are worthy of a perusal:—"There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirits. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, and in the calm and silent retreats of solitude. Its powers are like supreme over the weak and the iron-hearted. At one time, it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind. Again a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death-knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? It is, it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and, like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although causing a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness."—*Bull. Ocean.*
EARLY RISING.—Some people have an idea that early rising is better than late rising. It is a false idea altogether. Early rising puts color into the cheek to be sure, elasticity into the step. But what of that? It makes you strong, beautiful, and rosy cheeked, and gives you a many long years to live. But for all that, early rising is decidedly vulgar—merely mechanical—and only a use to the common people, who have to earn their meals before they eat them. We like to see people be and till ten o'clock, at least—especially the women.—We admire a woman who sleeps still ten and then gets up with a pale face and fevered pulse.—IT LOOKS SO GENTLE.—*Mass. Cultivator.*
BENEFITS OF ADVERSITY.—A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify a man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties, and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager. The mariners and confessor of ancient times, in braving their minds to outward calamity, acquired a loftiness of purpose, a moral heroism, that was worth a life of softness and security.—*Christian Enquirer.*
"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?" said a school-boy to a gentleman the other day. "Why, thy eyes are in a weak place," replied the gentleman.
A friend said he saw a fence made of such crooked rails, that every time a pig crawled through, it came out on the same side.