

"Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum."

I saw him again at his interview with ROCHAMBEAU, when they met to settle the plan of combined operations between the French fleet and the American armies, against the British on the Chesapeake; and then I saw the immense crowd drawn together from all the neighboring towns, to get if possible one look at the man who had throned himself in every heart. Not one in that immense crowd doubted the final triumph of his country in her arduous conflict; for every one saw, or thought he saw, in WASHINGTON, her guardian angel commissioned by Heaven to insure to her that triumph. Nil desperandum was the motto with every one.

"Nil desperandum, Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro."

In after life, when the judgment corrects the extravagance of early impressions I saw him on several occasions, but saw nothing at either to admonish me of any extravagance in my early impressions. The impression was still the same overpowering sense of being the presence of some superior being.

It is indeed remarkable, and I believe unique in the history of men, that WASHINGTON made the same impression upon all minds, at all places, and at once. When his fame first broke upon the world, it spread at once over the world. By the consent of mankind—by the universal sentiment—he was placed at the head of the human species; above all envy, because above all emulation; for no one then pretended to be—at least who has been allowed to be—the co-rival of WASHINGTON in fame.

When the great FREDERICK of Prussia sent his portrait to WASHINGTON, with this inscription upon it, "From the oldest General in the world to the greatest General in the world," he did but echo the sentiment of all the chivalry of Europe. Nor was the sentiment confined to Europe, nor to the bounds of civilization; for the Arab of the desert talked of WASHINGTON in his tent; his name wandered with the wandering Scythian, and was cherished by him as a household word in all his migrations. No clime was so barbarous as to be a stranger to his name; but every where, and by all men, that name was placed at the same elevation, and above compeer. As it was in the beginning, so it is now; but of the future we cannot speak. Some future age, in the endless revolutions of time, may produce another Washington; but the greater possibility is, that he is destined to remain for ever, what he now is, the Phoenix of human kind.

What a possession, in this country, is such a fame! Such a "Clarum et venerabile nomen Gentibus!"

To his countrymen it gives, and forever will give, a passport to respect wherever they go, to whatever part of the globe; for his country is in every other identified with that fame.

What, then, is incumbent upon us, his countrymen? Why, to such a people as shall be worthy of such a fame—a people of whom it shall be said, "No wonder such a People have produced such a man as WASHINGTON!" I give you therefore, this sentiment:

The memory of WASHINGTON: May his countrymen prove themselves a People worthy of his fame.

From the Louisville Journal.

### MURDER OF JOHN W. MOORE.

A gentleman direct from Alexandria, La., has handed us the Red River Whig of the 6th instant, which appears in deep mourning. It records the murder of John W. Moore, its able and chivalrous editor, so long and well known in this city, as the zealous, the noble, and the eloquent advocate of Whig principles.

For the want of room, we must limit ourselves to a brief history of the events, that led to the perpetration of this most ruffianly and bloody deed. After the establishment of Mr. Moore's paper at Alexandria, the friends of the administration in that vicinity soon perceived, that, by the rapid, vigorous, and powerful productions of his pen, he was fast breaking down their cause throughout the State. In the startling results of the first elections in and around Alexandria, they saw all their gloomy fears confirmed. They saw, that there were no hope for them but in silencing the eloquent voice of the Whig champion, and they knew enough of him to be aware that his tones were to be hushed only in the silence of the grave. They imported a bully from New Orleans, a Mr. Zim, a low-lived journeyman printer, and employed him to challenge Mr. Moore to mortal combat. The challenge was borne by a Mr. King Holstein.—Mr. Moore refused to receive it, remarking that he would have nothing to do with Zim. "Then you must fight his friend," said Holstein. "Now or at any other time," replied Moore. Holstein, however, instead of challenging Moore, waited till midnight, and then, under the protecting wings of the darkness, proceeded to post him. The next day Moore met Holstein in the street, and, although the latter was armed to the teeth, denounced him to his beard as a liar and a craven.—Subsequently he again met Holstein, but that dastardly miscreant again quailed before him, not daring, in his presence, to make the slightest exhibition of any feeling of hostility. Nevertheless, during all that period, the soul of that cowardly monster was darkly brooding over a deed of blood—a deed, which, to the shame of human nature, he at length accomplished.

The copy from a long and thrilling article in the paper, of which Mr. Moore was recently the editor, an account of the "deep damnation of his taking off." He fell unarmed and without the slightest possibility of defending himself. There ceased the beating of as noble, bold a heart as ever throbbed in a human bosom. May the eternal mandate of "blood for blood" pursue the murderer and ring by day and by night in his ears until he shall gladly look even to the scaffold as a refuge—

From the Red River Whig, July 6.

Mr. Moore had taken a summer residence in the Pinewoods, across the river, about a mile from town; thither he was in the habit of repairing every evening and returning in the morning. Red River at Alexandria is crossed by persons coming from the Pinewoods opposite to it, by means of a ferry—on the summit of the bank stands a house, known as the "Ferry House." The road passes this house, and is so situated, that any person approaching the ferry can be seen from it a considerable distance. The occupants of the "Den" are two brothers of the name of "Labett." Some two hours before day, on the morning of Tuesday, the 2d day of July, Holstein crept himself in this den, to await the approach of his victim—unseen by all, except the Labatts, and a few "choice spirits." He remained concealed in his lair. A little before 8 o'clock, upon that morning, Mr. Moore came in on foot and alone, to cross over to town, ignorant and unconscious of the fate that awaited him, he had arrived at an open space before the house, when Holstein, surrounded by his friends, rushed from his hiding place, with a double-barrelled-shot gun to his shoulder, cocked—taking deliberate aim at Mr. Moore, he called on him aloud: "Beg for your life, you damned rascal, or I will shoot you!"

Mr. Moore aware now, for the first time that his enemy was so near, suddenly stopped, folded his arms across his breast, drew himself up to his full height, and observed, "Mr. Holstein, you have me in your power—beg for my life, I shan't shoot, if you please." Holstein did so—the gun snapped. Immediately Mr. Bringham stepped up to Holstein, and requested him to desist; he paused an instant, cocked the other barrel, then laid it by his side—but panting for the blood of his victim, he immediately drew a large duelling pistol from his belt, and said to Mr. Moore, "Why did you post me?" "I did not," was Moore's reply. "I will fight you Mr. Holstein on equal terms, in any manner you propose—if you wish now to have my life, it is in your power—take it!" still continuing in his former position from which he had never stirred. Holstein took deliberate aim for two seconds, fired, and Mr. Moore fell on the ground mortally wounded. The ball entered the abdomen, passing thro' the spine. Holstein immediately mounted his horse, which the "Labatts" had in readiness for him, and dashed off at full speed, since which no tidings of him have reached us, except that he stopped for a few moments at Mr. Talley's house on his road, whooping like an Indian, and exclaiming that "he had given the damned rascal his Saviour."

Upon his friends reaching him, Mr. Moore calmly observed, that he was killed, that the ball had hurt his spine. Surgical aid was immediately procured. Upon the Surgeon's announcement to him, that the wound was fatal, and that he could not live twenty-four hours—he coolly observed, "It is enough, I am satisfied."—then turning round to the assembled crowd, whilst a playful smile illumined his calm, undisturbed features, he remarked, "Well boys, I have lived a Whig, I die a Whig, and now I believe more strongly than ever in the good Whig cause." From the instant the ball struck, paralysis seized the lower extremities, and without one interval of ease, from the most excruciating torments, suffering, in his own language, "ten thousand deaths," he calmly expired in the full possession of his mental faculties, at eight o'clock this evening.

We have witnessed many a dying scene, we have wiped the dews from many a cold and clammy brow, we have seen death in its hundred forms we have stood by the expiring couch of the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay, the bad and the good—but never, never have we stood beside such a dying bed as John W. Moore's—so firm, so resigned, so tranquil, so undaunted, he looked upon death with that eye, which alone, belongs to the truly brave and good man; he even courted its approach as affording him a sure resting place, from the storms of a brief but troubled career.

The martyr, filled with the fire of fanatic zeal—the soldier in the battle's bloody field—the mariner amidst the din and fury of contending elements, never looked upon death with so steady, undisturbed a front as did that murdered man, as hour waned away, and brought him nearer the cold embraces of the tomb.

### AN UNHAPPY WEDDING.

The Crawfordsville (Ind.) Examiner, gives a singular account of the marriage of Joseph Rush to Jane Rush, of that vicinity. They had been married about three weeks, and he attempted to choke her the first night—said that he had killed two wives previously, and one man for his money; he took an axe into the room and swore that he would kill her before morning. In order to prevent her escape, he lay in front of the door, and fell asleep, when his wife took the axe, and in order to save her own life gave him a fatal blow. She gave herself up was tried and discharged.



## THE JOURNAL.

One country, one constitution, one destiny

Huntingdon, Aug. 7, 1839.

### Democratic Antimasonic CANDIDATES.

FOR PRESIDENT,  
**GEN. WM. H. HARRISON**  
FOR VICE PRESIDENT  
**DANIEL WEBSTER.**

### Electoral Ticket.

JOHN A. SHULZE, Sen't  
JOSEPH RITNER, Electors  
1st District LEVY PASSMORE,  
2d do CADWALLADER EVANS,  
3d do CHARLES WATERS,  
4th do JON. GILLINGHAM,  
5th do AMOS ELLMAKER,  
6th do JOHN H. GILLIN,  
7th do DAVID POTTS,  
8th do ROBERT STINSON,  
9th do WILLIAM S. HINDEU,  
10th do J. JENKINS ROSS,  
11th do PETER FILBERT,  
12th do JOSEPH H. SPAYD,  
13th do JOHN HARPER,  
14th do WILLIAM MELVAINE,  
15th do JOHN DICKSON,  
16th do JOHN M'KEEHAN,  
17th do JOHN REED,  
18th do NATHAN BEACH,  
19th do NER MIDDLESWARTH,  
20th do GEORGE WALKER,  
21st do BERNARD CONNELLY,  
22d do GEN. JOSEPH MARCKLE,  
23d do JUSTICE G. FORDYCE,  
24th do JOSEPH HENDERSON,  
25th do HARMAR DENNY,  
JOSEPH BUFFINGTON,  
JAMES MONTGOMERY,  
JOHN DICK.

### FLAG OF THE PEOPLE!

A single term for the Presidency, and the office administered for the whole PEOPLE, and not for a PARTY.  
A sound, uniform and convenient National CURRENCY, adapted to the wants of the whole COUNTRY, instead of the SHIN PLASTERS brought about by our present RULERS.  
ECONOMY, RETRENCHMENT, and REFORM in the administration of public affairs,  
Tired of Experiments and Experimenters, Republican gratitude will reward unobtrusive merit, by elevating the subaltern of WASHINGTON and the disciple of JEFFERSON, and thus resuming the safe and beaten track of our Fathers.—L. Gazette.

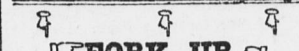
### COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Democratic, Anti-Masonic friends of HARRISON and WEBSTER within the several townships and boroughs of this county, are requested to meet at their usual places of holding elections on or before Saturday, the 10th day of August, proximo, and elect two delegates from each, to represent them in the County Convention, which will meet in the borough of Huntingdon on Wednesday the 14th of August, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to nominate a county ticket.

And a general meeting of all those who are opposed to the present tyrannical and corrupt Administrations of the State and Federal Government, and in favour of electing the Canal Commissioners of Pennsylvania, is requested at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, at 7 o'clock in the evening of Wednesday the 14th of August, to elect three delegates to represent Huntingdon county in the State Convention which will meet in Harrisburg on the 4th of September next, and for other purposes.

By the county committee,  
DAVID BLAIR,  
Chairman.

July 24th, 1839.



Do you see that,—Here we are again, at our old trade, and we need MONEY. "Money makes the mare go"—Yes, and it takes money to make the press go.

Hullo Sir, you who are slipping along so quietly—you owe us for four years; now my dear fellow, can't you "FORK UP." Thank you Sir. You shall be remembered sir in the prayers of the poor.—Ha! there's, another one of the same; another and another. Now my dear fellows, don't go by in that kind of way—And there's another drove, three years in arrears. Now don't get your names in the FOUR YEAR OLD list if you please—come, come now be generous, and "FORK UP."

"When we've money, we are merry  
When we've none, we're sad."  
Now can't you who have the means, throw a little "laughing gas" into the cup of our sufferings.—And there another company, they are two year olds. Pass along the change, and we will make you young again. Ah! here are the last and best company of all, they are yearlings—as regular as seed time and harvest—do they drop their mite into our box. Gentlemen, you deserve, and have our most sincere thanks. You need no dunnings, you "fork up" without asking. We have not the least doubt, but, that you will do so again.

### The "Distinguished Individual."

We learned in the "Advocate," that David R. Porter "the distinguished individual" had arrived in our town, and was ready to shake hands with any dirty-shirt democrat that might present himself. This was kind and considerate of this "distinguished individual."

Of all pieces of paltry toad-eating, fulsome sycophancy, that we ever read, the article alluded to excells. It talks of his "true greatness," because the flatteries of the multitude—"the blandishment of office" has left him the same unostentatious, plain practical commonsense man that they found him. He takes the laborer or mechanic by the hand with the same cordiality that he would a man with a clean shirt. Well that is good! Laborers and mechanics don't wear clean shirts, and governor Porter and his office holding scribe have found it out, yet, with all this against them, this "distinguished individual" will take them by the hand. Is not all this a little remarkable?

"This distinguished individual! What is he distinguished for, do tell us. Is it for his temperate and honest life? Is it for the eloquent and thrilling speech which we recorded of his last fall? Is it for the honesty of his course in paying old debts? Is it for the peculiar slight he evinces in white washing speculations. Or to cap the climax of all his distinguishing traits—Is it for the bitter malignity, and unrelenting hatred with which he keeps his rod in pickle for his enemies. He can withstand the flatteries of the crowd—Aye, he has cunning enough to let the empty balderdash, like the article alluded to, pass him by, as the headless wind, confident that if he attempted to play the lion, the longitude of his ears will peer out beneath his borrowed skin, and consequently he is 'the same plain unassuming' individual that nature made him, ready at all times to proffer his hand to the mechanic, when he wanted to show how unaffected he was by the blandishments of office; and yet with all, as proud an aristocrat as ever counted his gold of more value than his honesty.

### Delegate & County Meetings.

By a reference to another part of our paper, it will be seen that the county committee have called the annual meetings, for the election of Delegates to attend the county convention.

Upon each annual return of these meetings we have endeavored to direct the attention of the people to the great necessity of energetic action at these primary meetings. If these meetings in every township, were generally attended, and a fair and candid interchange of sentiment had, then would the delegates come into the convention, confident that they could perform the task allotted to them, with perfect satisfaction to the people. But, as it is too often the case, but few assemble at the places of meeting, and not unfrequently those few are such as feel alone interested in the personal success of some one individual. The consequence is, that the voice of the people is not heard.

We dislike this state of things. We go for the supremacy of the people's voice in all such matters, and are determined to leave nothing in our power undone, to secure the success of the peoples' wishes.

There is much to be done this year, and it should be well done. The enemy are now straining every nerve to secure to themselves the success under the new constitution. Let not our friends sleep on their posts, and there is no danger. They have called a meeting also to be held on some day during the court week. Cunningly calling their meeting, without naming the day, so that they meet when they please; and thus escape the vexatious watchings of some who are independent enough to say, that Porter dictates every step the party takes. They know that Porter appointed the prothonotary and Register, because he knew neither of them could ever get a nomination from the people. So far as the Prothonotary is concerned, he is esteemed a gentleman by all who have the honor of his acquaintance. But there are some who would have the hardihood to say they can well recollect the time, when he dispised the name of a "Democrat." But the fact of his being once a federalist, is nothing against him. But he is now what we call a Loco Foco—therefore we oppose him. Porter knew he never could be nominated by the people for the reason we assign. He then nominated him, knowing that his vassals would not dare to throw him out at the fall election; consequently their meeting is not to nominate, but to ratify the Governor's nomination. Which

being done, we doubt not the other papers will bawl most lustily in favor of the people ticket nominated by Porter.

Such being the situation of our opponents, we desire most earnestly to see our friends show that they are of, and from the people. Let there be a general attendance at all the primary meetings, and let every man who has time, come and show his hatred of the Loco Foco doctrines of the subtreasury party, and his determination to have some kind of justice in the Post Office department. The meeting is called so as if possible to bring into harmonious action all the opponents of the Van Buren party.—To all such we say be up and doing.

Since the above was written we observe in the "Advocate" that the Convention of Locos meet on Thursday—two days later in the week than usual. We suppose this must have been done in order that the people might not be in attendance to witness the dictation of Porter's and his minions—as most of the people generally, have gone to their homes, before that time.

### The Investigation.

The citizens of our county have undoubtedly, heard much of the operations of the Inquisitor General, Dr. Espy. Let however there may be some who are not wholly acquainted with him, and his operations, we must give a short account of the causes which sent him upon us.

At, or immediately after the meeting of the Legislature last winter, a joint committee of both houses, were appointed, in connection with the auditor General, to examine, and pass sentence upon the vouchers of Jas. Steel Esq. as disbursing officer on the Break. This it was found would not answer their purpose. They desired something that was calculated to do more good to the party, than an honest examination of the accounts. Consequently the committee of the house being Loco Focos, neglected to act with this joint committee, and of course nothing was done. This was just what they wanted. Just before the adjournment they referred the whole matter into the hands of Dr. Espy, Porter's auditor General. In accordance with the authority thus vested in him, he sent a notice to Jas. Steel Esq. to be ready to prove his vouchers on a certain date. At the time appointed the Inquisitor arrived and commenced his operation, not as he anticipated, in this town. The spirit moved him to go to Water Street.

After a few ineffectual attempts to get Maj. Steel entrapped, this worthy and estimable, and we may say spiritual adviser of Porter, started off at a tangent; and Mr. Steel, his vouchers, and his accounts, were left untouched; and for what? why to "let loose their dogs of war" upon J. H. Stonebraker. It is all important for Porter, that he destroys the character of the Stonebrakers, and therefore the effort although it is covered under the specious guise of guarding the interest of the State, yet will they spend four times the sum, in seeking after what they allege is lost. Scores of witnesses are brought, daily pay and mileage allowed; and we believe they are willing to make a witness of any of their partizans, provided they come and countenance the inquisition. At least we were informed that one of the canal officers told a friend not to hurry home, as he would have him subpoenaed, and would get daily pay and mileage for coming.

For two weeks have they now been conducting this *ex parte* concern; *ex parte*, we say, because the auditor General positively refused to grant Stonebraker, a subpoena to produce contradicting testimony. But be that as it may, we are at all times prepared to speak our mind upon any scene of villiany that may be enacted.

"Set a rogue to catch a rogue," as the Loco Focos said when they put the Inquisitor on the track of Stonebraker. It is a wise old saw and contains much truth.

If the result of the investigation proves that J. W. Stonebraker, has been guilty of fraudulently appropriating public money to his own use, he should meet the sneers and execrations of every honest citizen. From us he need expect no mercy. We would at once be for putting "a whip into every honest hand to lash the rascal naked through the world." During our whole editorial career, we have shown that we dare tare off the mask of virtue from the face of those who felt that they were powerful, and secure in their fancied might thought that the barbs of truth could never reach them, or expose their deep laid schemes of villiany. We have made such feel.

If therefore Mr. Stonebraker is found

guilty—he is not of us, he is fit only to long to the Loco Focos; he would make excellent Sub Treasurer or Indian agent. If he is found guilty—we say, then let altered check rolls, and his violated oaths be placed together with all rascals' SCHEDULES—and broken Insolvent's oaths—and with them united, the unreturn funds received by a county Treasurer. I each mass of infamy bear in glaring capitals, the name of its guilty author, and let the whole be deposited in the corn stone of some penitentiary.

Ours is not the task of defending ar knaves. We belong to a party which believe is honest in its professions and principles. That dishonest persons may use it to benefit themselves we do not doubt. But that the difference may be seen between the two parties. We need only relate, the facts known to nearly all of our readers.—That Wm. Mitchell and Judge Marks, plundered the State out of thousands of dollars, when this same party was in power. And did you ever hear any of that party censuring their conduct. Have any of you seen any Loco Foco paper in this state, the story of General Cameron and his friends, robbing the poor Indians of their rights? Oh, no! They dare not censure their own partizans. But they allow them to plunder with impunity. With us it is different when we make the discovery that any scene of knavery has been enacted, we cut the villian and his villianies both loose, and nine times out of ten, you will find them exalted to the highest seat in the Loco Foco synagogue.

If this mighty Inquisitor is so anxious to make investigations, we would most earnestly request him to proceed to Venango county; and turn his attention to the accounts of a certain county Treasurer, and if he does not Espy some very curious specimens, of careful guardianship of the people's funds, we shall miss our guess.

We would not have our readers to think that we condemn Mr. Stonebraker as guilty, *now*. Far from it. For we too well know the character of those who conduct the investigation; and we have learned from high authority the little value to place upon the oath of some of that party. We are bound to look upon Mr. Stonebraker as honest until proven guilty, and after the whole scene of persecution is ended, if he comes out of the fire unscathed, then can the people see to what extent personal hatred and cowardly malignantly may lead a man.

The truth is the whole scheme is devised to destroy if possible the character of Stonebraker, and bring him on a level with that of Porter. (and there is nothing we should regret more than learning, that a man we had formerly esteemed honest, was no better than Porter.) We shall here leave the matter until the jury have decided thereon.

Our town is now rife with reports of further "awful disclosures"—vastly above any of Maria Monks; of the robbery on the break in the neighborhood of Hollidaysburg. Thousands upon thousands, they say has been plundered,—indeed we should not be astonished if they actually proved that there was more plundered than the repairing the whole break cost. It an oath is all that is needed, let them call on him who knows how to kiss the calf skin to some purpose, and we are sure they can prove any thing.

Let them prove; and when that proof is satisfactory, we will bestow the lash unsparringly, upon the guilty, we will not defend them in their plunder—as did our neighbor defend, an old Supervisor, when he hauled logs 50 miles, and paid five time as much for hauling, as they were worth. But let it be distinctly understood, that the proof must be better than that which sometimes succeeds in the insolvent court, or we deem it no proof at all.

### American Silk.

Such as still remain sceptical as to the probable success of the silk culture in our county, can find some of the manufacture of this country at the Store of Mr. Swoope. It is in every respect equal to French or Italian, and in many superior. It was manufactured by Mr. Wilbank of Philadelphia.

It is a little laugable, and not to be wondered at, to see the ill grace with which the Locos of Allegheny bear the importation of young men to fill their offices. The "Manufacturer," a Loco Foco paper says "The people will not stoop to favoritism, or be in bondage to minors," and says further, that the people will tell Mr. Porter so in October.