

From the London John Bull.  
**Furious attack on Mr. Van Amburgh of Astley's Amphitheatre, by one of his Tiggers.**

Since Wednesday last the principal topic of conversation in the theatrical world has been the furious attack made upon Mr. Van Amburgh, whose exhibition at Astley's Royal Amphitheatre of lions, tigers, leopards, and other animals of the forest, in the grand zoological spectacle entitled the "Lion conqueror of Pompei," has excited within these few days so much public attention. Mr. Van Amburgh has been styled by the *philologos* of the above establishment as the brute tamer, and certainly the appellation is well applied, as the following daring feat will prove, for never was the courage or the presence of mind of man put to a severer test. From the information obtained by our reporter yesterday, by an authentic source it appears that on Wednesday last a rehearsal was going on in the circus of the theatre, when Mr. Van Amburgh, wishing one of his tigers to perform a certain feat, which the animal was utterly unable or unwilling to perform, had recourse to severe corporeal punishment, which chastisement he inflicted with a large horse-whip. Smarting under the pain of the lash, the animal became incensed, and suddenly sprang upon Mr. Van Amburgh, who instantly was hurled with violence to the ground from the strength and weight of his incensed assailant. Mr. Van Amburgh who is of Herculean case, and possessing extraordinary muscular power, instantly perceived the intention of the animal, which was that of tearing him to pieces, and with the courage and presence of mind which few men possess, seized his foe by the lip of the lower jaw, and thus pinioned him as a bull dog would an ox at a bait.

A long and fearful struggle now ensued, in the course of which both the man and the tiger rolled over several times. At length Mr. Van Amburgh got the better of his foe by throwing him on his back, at the same time kneeling on his stomach, and, with his other hand, which was till now engaged commencing striking the prostrate animal with his clenched fist, the blows following in quick succession, over the head face and particularly the nose, until the blood flowed from the subdued animal who here quivered under the grasp of his conqueror. At length Mr. Van Amburgh, perceiving that he had completely overcome him, released his hold, and the animal finding himself at liberty, retired a short distance from his master, and crouched down as if severely suffering from the punishment he had received. It may here be proper to mention that the performers (so we understand) did not pay any attention to the struggle, considering that it was merely a rehearsal of the part to be administered the severe chastisement as before described to the enraged animal, and its efforts to compel Mr. Van Amburgh to release his hold. This encounter did not at all impede the entertainments of the evening.

**Van Amburgh the Lion tamer.**

This remarkable man, who is now exhibiting his wonderful collection of tame animals in London, is a native of the state of New York, in the United States. He was born at Fishkill, a beautiful town on the North or Indian River, about 30 miles from New York. He is descended from one of the original Dutch settlers of that state, better known under the title of 'Knockatockers,' a name which was given them since the early works of Washington Irving were published.

When about 15 years of age, with a fine constitution and good temper, Van Amburgh left the little village of Fishkill, and visited New York. He became there for several years a clerk in the warehouse of a relative. But this kind of life not suiting his enterprising spirit, he packed up, and set out on his travels, as every adventurous Yankee or Yankee-Dutchman does. In the ups and downs of life he became connected with a caravan of living animals that belonged to a company in the United States. By this time young Van Amburgh had reached his 20th year. His fine figure, iron frame, and Herculean strength, fitted him admirably for his new vocation. At this present writing, Van Amburgh is probably about 26 years of age, and one of the most athletic men of his size in the world. His bones large and firmly set, and his flesh almost muscle. Yet, from the peculiar conformation of his body, he seems to have all the grace and lightness of a Mercury.

His first intercourse with lions, &c., was accidental. At a little town in New Jersey, near New York, a caravan of living animals was exhibited. The lion was uncommonly good tempered, and one of the keepers was in the habit of going into the cage as a part of the exhibition. On a certain occasion this person was absent, the audience impatient, no one to enter the lion's cage, and a terrible row in prospect. In the extremity of distress, Van Amburgh had charity. "I'll go into this cage," said he to the managers. He took a cane, entered the cage, walked up to the lion, talked to him, and in a few seconds they became quite intimate. "In approaching wild animals," says Van Amburgh, "courage is everything."

After this success he went farther. The lion soon died, and the company

broke up. He then joined a caravan, called the Zoological Institute, in New York, which contained some of the choicest animals ever exhibited. He there prosecuted his favorite pursuit—studied the temper of the animals, and proceeded step by step till he brought them all into a singular state of civilization.

His first association, in the same cage, of a lion and tiger, presented remarkable scenes. These two animals would fight whole months, and sometimes he would give over one of them for dead. On such occasions Van Amburgh, after they had exhausted each other, would enter the cage, and begin his course of discipline to control both. Gradually he added animal to animal, till he got as far as ten animals in one cage. On many occasions he had severe conflicts, with the tiger particularly, but nothing dangerous. When he talks of these animals, he is highly interesting. "The tiger," says Van Amburgh, "is like a reckless good-for-nothing, drunken rascal, who spends his time carelessly at taverns, and fights in a moment. Tigers all have spiteful tempers. The lion is not so irascible; he is slower and cooler, but there is not the generous feeling about him which he has been cracked up for. The leopards are like cats—playful, but easily provoked."

There is nothing more interesting than to hear Van Amburgh give a history of his intercourse with these animals.

Van Amburgh has a novel and practical theory to account for his power over them. From the first moment of his intercourse with them, he talked to them as he would to a human being. "They believe," says he, "that I have power to tear every one of them in pieces if they do not act as I say. I tell them so, and have frequently enforced it with a heavy crow-bar. The personal strength, the peculiar cast of his eye, the rapidity of his movements, the tone of his voice, all tend to present to these animals an idea of superior power, which in sudden bursts of this passion makes them crouch in the corner of the cage. Van Amburgh's eyes are peculiar; one of them has a remarkable cast, which rather heightens the effect of his expressive face, as is said of the "terrible eye of Caliph Vatheck." On one occasion in New York the tiger became ferocious. Van Amburgh very coolly took his crow-bar, and gave him a tremendous blow over the head. He then said to him, in good English, as if he was a human creature. "You big scoundrel, if you show me any more of your pranks, I'll knock your brains out," accompanying it with loud menaces and strong gesticulation. After this, the tiger behaved like a gentleman for a couple of months.

In coming over to this country, Van Amburgh was separated from these animals for several weeks. They arrived in London, he went to see them. On his appearance outside the cage, one of the strangest scenes was presented that ever was beheld. The lions, tigers, and all recognised him at once. When he entered among the group, they crouched, they crawled, they lashed their tails, with every demonstration of delight at beholding him again. He scratched the neck of the big lion, and his majesty growled forth his pleasure in tones like the sound of distant thunder.

In ancient and modern history we have heard of attempts made to tame single animals; but till the present era we have never seen such a mighty exhibition of human, over animal power, as Mr. Van Amburgh presents. The lion and the lamb literally lie down together. Yet the feats of familiarity performed nightly at Astley's are nothing, it is said, to those he performed at New York.—*L. Times.*

From the Philadelphia Exchange Boats.  
**Loss of the Schooner Portsmouth and loss of Life.**

The Schr. Portsmouth, James Hartmaster, sailed from New York on the 29th of October, bound to Norfolk. On Tuesday the wind came out at N. W. and blew very heavy, and continued to blow until Wednesday, and at 4 P. M. made Hog Island in 9 fathoms water. Capt. H. then shaped his course for Cape Henry, as he always had done, (having made 153 successful voyages from New York to Norfolk) when to his surprise the vessel struck the bottom and immediately bilged, and lays sunk in 15 feet water at high tide, is a total wreck, having bursted open, the masts gone, the tide ebbed and flowing into her. The Schr. Captain A. B. Edmunds, after taking off the passengers and crew (one of the passengers a servant to Mr. Hall, perished on the wreck during the night) went to the wreck but there was not the least prospect of saving anything, and they abandoned her.—she lies a great distance from the shore. The passengers were Miss Dickson of Portsmouth, Va.; Mr. Bray of North Carolina; Mr. Jones of New York; Mr. Hall, was very infirm, but survived through the inclemency of the night, on the wreck with the other passengers. The passengers, captain and crew saved nothing but what they had on—and Capt. Hart informs us he lost every thing but his life; he had about 600 dollars worth of goods on his own account, and was part owner of the vessel—no insurance on the goods, and only part of the schooner insured.

Duelling reached a great pitch in the reign of George III, of England, during which 60 men were killed, and 96 wounded in those cold blooded encounters

**DISTRESSING & FATAL CATASTROPHE.**

On Saturday morning last, about 10 o'clock, a very large black bear, kept chained in the Columbia Garden, Camden N. J., broke from the staff to which he was fastened, situated about 10 feet directly above a ninepin alley, at the northern extremity of the garden, and proceeding through the alley, at the south end of it, near the house, seized a little girl, about 22 months old, daughter of Mrs. Dewey, and grandchild of Mr. Edmunds, proprietor of the garden, shook it violently several times, and then carried it through the alley back to the chain staff; at the time of the occurrence, none of the men employed about the establishment were present and the proprietor himself was absent on a visit to this city; a little colored boy, however, witnessed the seizure of the child, and gave the alarm to some neighbors, who immediately repaired to the spot, armed with muskets, with the intention of killing the animal, for the purpose of effecting her release, who however, by this time, was mangled in a most horrible manner, and was already a corpse. After being wounded by several shots, the bear left the child, climbed over some adjacent fences, and crossed several of the neighboring gardens, before his pursuers succeeded in killing him, which they did at a distance of some 500 yards from the chain staff. Whilst retreating from his pursuers, the animal likewise attempted to seize one of the female servants of the garden, who was standing near the dwelling, with an infant in her arms, but she effected her escape by running into the house. One of our reporters yesterday morning, on visiting the scene of the melancholy occurrence, saw the strains of blood still exhibited upon the floor of the ninepin alley, and various other places. The bear weighed about 225 pounds and was of a most ferocious nature, having once before made an attack of the same kind upon a man, which, however, proved unsuccessful.

Much distressing excitement has prevailed in the neighborhood since this fatal occurrence, so dreadful to the feelings, and blasting to the hopes of the relations and immediate friends of the deceased. Deaths daily meet the view around us, producing but little sensation, but when one, in manner and form like this occurs, the liveliest horror at the event, and the deepest sympathy for the bereaved, fill every human breast. By the present catastrophe, the possessors of dangerous and ferocious animals should take warning, and see they are properly and effectually secured, so that even the possibility of a similar one shall be removed.—*Ledger.*

**THE YELLOW FEVER AT CHARLESTOWN.**—Some idea of the exact identity of this disease (mildly termed *Stranger's Fever* in Southern prints) with the true black vomit of the West Indies, may be obtained by the following extract in the New Haven Herald, from a person now at Charlestown in the midst of the savaging epidemic. Speaking of the hospitals, he says:

"To realize what death and disease are, you must visit such a place, where the blood is oozing in streams from the mouths of some, and the sheets and bedding saturated with it as flows from their bodies, and the dreadful metallic smell of calomel that penetrates your very brain; and the strong and weak man helpless as infants; some calling on their distant friends whom they never will see more, crying in their agony, *this is death!* This is a sight enough to melt the stoutest heart."

That poisonous metallic medicine, Calomel, it is seen, is still obstinately and murderously persisted in as a curative means, through experience has so clearly demonstrated, that it has slaughtered its thousands in this as in other maladies. The City Guard as usual with these on night watch, have 26 out of 80.

Four or five English captains have died and a great many American seamen; captains and mates. These principally die in the marine hospital. There are seven four story stores at one point on King street, where a few weeks since a hundred men were employed. For ten days past there has been but four or five. The rest have gone away, have died, or sick. It is the gloomiest time I ever saw in Charlestown. Only 13 passengers have come down the rail-road from as far up as Branchville, Aiken and Augusta, for four weeks past. The few passengers who come here from the North are immediately sent off in extra cars. The fever is waning for want of subjects.

The ladies exhibit an exalted charity. They are seen in the wretched apartments of the sick, soothing their pillow, while the black vomit is streaming upon them from the miserable dying victims.

A HORRID MURDER was lately committed in Freetown, (Mass.) by a man named Benjamin Cummings, upon the body of Asa Clark, Jr. It appears that the father of the deceased was a constable, and held a precept for the arrest of Cummings; that, in consequence of threats made by the latter, it was deemed prudent by Mr. Clark's friends, among whom was his son, to watch his house on the night of Tuesday last week. At about midnight, Cummings, with a number of others, all intoxicated, made an attack upon the house, and in an attempt to arrest Cummings, the deceased received a stab of which he died on the day following. The murderer was secured.



**THE JOURNAL.**

One country, one constitution, one destiny.

Huntingdon Nov. 14. 1838.

**Democratic Antimasonic CANDIDATE.**

FOR PRESIDENT,  
**GEN. WM. H. HARRISON**

**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 PLASTERERS brought about by our present RULERS.

ECONOMY, RETRENCHMENT, and REFORM in the administration of public affairs, Freed 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.*

**HARRISON, LIBERTY!!!**  
*Pennsylvania Policy and No Sub-treasury.*

ALL those opposed to Martin Van Buren and his Sub-treasury scheme; are requested to meet at the Court House in the Borough of Huntingdon, on Tuesday evening the 13th of November—that being the Tuesday evening of the first week of the November Court. Matters of importance will be presented for the consideration of the meeting.

BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE OF COR'TS  
**DAVID BLAIR**  
*Chairman.*

**To Our Patrons.**

After an absence of nearly three weeks, we are again at our post. Our first duty must be to satisfy our readers that the irregularity of our publication, arose, not from any decline, either in our spirits, or means, occasioned by our late defeat; but purely from the inability of our "helps," to push along without our aid.

Not having visited our friends for a number of years; and having gone through a campaign, which required more than ordinary care and labor, we really felt that no better opportunity could arise for visiting the scenes of our boyhood, than the present, when the system seemed to need a little relaxation from unceasing toil and excitement, which had continued for months. We have now resumed our labors, invigorated and renewed in spirit, and our friends, shall find us, faithful to our task, and trust.

We have learned with no little surprise that our political enemies, have exultingly proclaimed that we had deserted our post, to escape the vengeance of their "injured innocent." We are however now back again and we shall see if the vials of his wrath are to be uncorked; and whether we shall suffer beneath its all-consuming blaze.

We learn too, that during our absence, there has been a glorious gathering of the faithful, held in our town—a regular jollification. One of our town papers says that there were 1500 present. Our friends inform us, that they counted the "rank & file," and that there were but 500. The weather was, we understand very unpropitious—it rained sufficiently hard, all the time to keep the dishes full of "sop." (the table was set in the open air) The particular fondness of that party for "sop," however we believe made them relish, the thing mightily—and furthermore, we presume the great body of the attendants came for a small touch of the official "sop," and of course were willing to "take the water;" that their fealty should not be doubted.

At night, we learn too, that they collected their forces, and at three different intervals, during the time that night's sable mantle could hide their faces, and their deeds; they met in the street opposite our dwelling, and by their, groans, cheers and demoniac yells succeeded in disturbing the rest of our wife, and three small children, (one of them far from being well) all night. It must have been truly a glorious and thrilling scene, 1500 (as they say) besieging the house that contained such a wicked and perverse set, as two women and three children. What manly vengeance! What a thrill of patriotism, and virtuous humanity, must have ran through their veins, when they thought

they insulted the wife with what they presume to call the crimes of her husband! With what a show of manly pride they can tell their sister's, mother's, or wife's that they hooted "GO BOOTS!"—"KENSINGTON THIEF," &c., &c.,—into the ears of an offending woman! Sons, who honor your mothers! Brothers who love your sisters! Husbands, whose vows of protection to your wives have been hallowed before the altar of the Most High! Think with what a glow of honor, joy, and pride you could see, a multitude of being's, wearing the garb of men, hooting, screaming and yelling, at a woman! Would you not exult in the magnanimity of your country men! O, tempore! O, morse! Yet such things have been; need we say that we could expect nothing better of a party, who disregard alike moral and political integrity—who have shown that they would "VOTE FOR THE DEVIL, WERE HE THE CANDIDATE OF THEIR PARTY."

We thank Providence, that Huntingdon county knows how to appreciate such conduct, and such a party.

**To our Friends.**

To such persons, as are willing to rank themselves among our friends, yet who have never extended to us, their kindly patronage, we have a word to say.

Since the election has concluded, and the result has been fairly understood, a few of the faithful, who are bound hand and foot to the will of their little "innocent,"—so completely enslaved that they dare not say, even their prayers (if they ever did so) without his excellency's permission, have stopped our paper, although they are such strickers about persecution for opinions sake. They have, on all occasions, admitted that in all matters, we attended to our duty, as punctually, and as faithfully, as any of our cotemporaries—nevertheless they say "stop my paper." Of course we have done so—as we are thankful for small favors, we thank them, and if there be any more of the same bigotted politicians, who have neglected, to do so, we will thank them to go and do likewise. We like much to have good honest "sober second thought" Van Buren men for our subscribers, because we always hope, they will read it carefully and profit thereby. But a regular political bigot, who, sings his "Te Deums," only at a political *Auto de fe*, we desire not his patronage. We take it for granted that only such stop their paper—because they think it will go a little way towards stopping our bread. Therefore we call publicly and privately upon our friends to step forward and supply the place of these wicked persecutors. We shall go on our way rejoicing, in spite of their "stopping paper," and we no doubt, shall find at least ten to one, who will bid us "God speed." Will some of our active friends bear our remarks in mind—our paper is larger and better than either of opponents. We do not ask you to "stop their paper,"—for as the sailor says, that would be as bad as "stopping their grog," but we want you to takes ours.

**"The wars are o'er."**

It would seem that our opponents, at home, where they KNOW a thing or two, have concluded that the tocsin of war might as well be silenced. It was sounded with terrible clamor, when the first note of success was heard, but when its echo came back like the celebrated Irish echo with an answer of "come on M'Duff," they wisely concluded that the least said is soonest mended. Well we are satisfied. It is not our friends, nor our party, to whom the character of their candidate belongs; he is all entirely "their own" and we have nothing to regret, about the matter except his success, and Pennsylvania's abasement.

We may not be a proper judge in the matter, but this we will say, a fair and just examination into the evidence may prove the "innocent" injured—and it may not. We think the honest and reflecting portion of our citizens desire, that the many charges made against a successful candidate—and charges of such criminal character—should at least be met by an attempt at overthrow. If such a thing shall ever be done,—if careful, and unprejudiced investigation shall decide, that they were unfounded, we pledge ourselves to render the most ample atonement—We promise, to lend all our feeble aid to make amends for our errors, and to leave no means in our power untried to eradicate any stains that our previous course shall have made upon the character of the injured. "To err, is human to forgive divine." We willingly then leave the matter in the hands of the sovereign people. They

are the "judges betwixt me and thee." We offer any thing, and every thing, that is right when our course shall appear, to have been wrong. Until such evidence is produced we are bound, and so are the people of Pennsylvania, to believe that investigation is feared, instead of desired.

Some say, that the reason why such investigation is not commenced, is because there are no responsible authors, who dare repeat the charges. That such is not the case, every man who knows, anything about the circumstances of many who have made the charges often, and as often reiterated them, must freely admit. Many are very wealthy, and could be made to sweat freely—if they could be convicted. As it respects our self we freely admit, that the chances of making "a raise" out of us would be small—but what we have we will render unto thee—a free and public admission of our fault—and public agreement never, under any circumstances, no matter what may be the proof, to cast aspersions upon the private character of any candidate for office. This inuch we can do; and we will do that when our error is proven—but not till then. We shall steadfastly adhere to the truth—until the truth is proven, false.

**The Repairs.**

We were anxiously hoping that we might be enabled to inform the public, that the repairs of the canal would be completed, and that the whole distance, to Hollidaysburg would be navigable on this day. We regret however to be obliged to record our disappointment. The original damage, was nearly repaired, and every thing gave evidence that our hope would be realized. Unfortunately, we have to record another disaster which will stop the navigation to Hollidaysburg, at least two weeks longer.

On Saturday last week, it was discovered that the water had made a passage under the end of the abutment between the Lock and the weir of the dam, at the dam above town, and that no possible power could hinder the falling of the abutment, partially if not entirely.

The supervisor took means at once to draw the water from the dam, and will immediately organize an sufficient force to repair the difficulty.

We learn that it is impossible to assign a cause for the defect. When the foundation was laid every means were used to make it permanent, and thinking they had done so, the stone work was put up in a superior manner. In the dam near the abutment, there is a very large spring arises; and of course almost the entire bottom of the dam, is a kind of quick-sand. Whether the spring had found some vent under the abutment, or whether it has been caused by the natural stream operating upon the sand it is impossible to say. We can hardly think the latter, for we are told that the examinations previous to commencing, were carefully made, and that all present coincided in the opinion that it was perfectly safe. There can be no charge of neglect made against the conductors, if it be true, that the ground was carefully examined. We shall endeavor to learn the truth of the matter, more particularly, and shall give it in our next.

**Loco Foco Decency.**

Our contemporary of the U. S. Gazette publishes the annexed extract from the Franklin Democrat. He seems to be astonished at its character. If he were acquainted with its author, he would not express any astonishment. It is in fact as good a specimen of decency as could be expected from the source. We have inserted the extract in order that the citizens of this county can see what kind of weapons that party use, which has groaned so much in spirit, because, we proved, as far as proof can go, what was true. This, they will see is bare assertion, without ever any attempt at evidence. The truth is, the article is characteristic of the party, and we do not look for any thing better from such a fountain. "Like master—like man."

"Joseph Ritner himself is a fraudulent knave, and so is the notorious blackleg Stevens, so is Penn, so is Benedict, the Kensington thief, so is John H. Stonebraker, so is Sturgeon. Peggy Beatty, the paramour of negroes, is as honest as any among the principal affidavit makers, printers and councillors of Joseph Ritner's administration. They are all scoundrels, and it would require an expert mathematician to calculate which is the greatest."

NATIONAL CONVENTION.—The Antimasonic National Convention met at Philadelphia, yesterday. We hope they have "done as they ought to do"—nominate Old Tippecanoe.