

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS

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THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked on the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand,
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day;
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth for me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time; and been, to be no more;
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To yet no track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought—
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory, or for shame!

From Burton's Gentleman's Magazine.

THE CHARTER OAK.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.
CHARTER oak! Charter oak!
Tell us thy tale,
Of the years that have fled,
Like the leaves on the gale;
For thou bear'st a brave annual
On brown root and stem,
And thy heart was the casket
For Liberty's gem.

Speak out in thy wisdom,
Oracular tree,
And we and our children
Will listen to thee;
For the lore of the aged
Is dear on our eyes,
And thy leaves and thine acorns
As relics we prize.

I see them—they come,
The last ages of old;
The sires of our nation,
True-hearted and bold,
The axe of the woodman
Rings sharp through the glade,
And the tr'd Indian-hunter
Reclines in thy shade.

I see them—they come,
The grey fathers are there,
Who won from the forest
This heritage fair;
With their high trust in Heaven,
As they suffer'd and toil'd,
Both the storm and the tyrant
Unbending they hold.

Charter oak! charter oak!
Ancient and fair,
Thou didst guard of our freedom
The rudiment rare,
So a crown of green leaves
Be thy gift from the skies,
With the love of the brave
And the thanks of the wise.

EPIAPHON A GLUTTON.

A glutton renown'd
Lies under this ground,
Who forever to eating was prone,
Before his last breath
He'd e'en have eaten death;
But there he found nothing but bones.

Miscellaneous.

From a Manuscript Volume of Laconics by the Rev. W. Colton, U. S. A.

Thoughts for those who think.

The destinies of a nation depend less on the greatness of the few, than the virtues or vices of the many. Eminent individuals cast farther the features of her glory or shame; but the realities of her weal or woe lie deep in the great mass. The curling tops of lofty waves are the crest of the ocean, but from its depths flows the overflowing strength of its tides.

A lady of fashion will sooner excuse a freedom flowing from admiration, than a slight resulting from indifference. The first offence has the pleasing apology of her attractions; the last is bold and without an alleviation. But the mode in which she disposes of the two only shows that her love of admiration is stronger than her sense of propriety.

He who maintains the right, though countenanced by the few, and opposes the wrong, though sanctioned by the many, must forego all expectations of popularity till there shall be less to censure than to applaud in human conduct. And when this is the case the millennium will have dawned.

A young girl, scarcely awake to the mysteries of her nature, and fluttering over the first demonstrations of love, is like a child sporting on the rippling strand of the sea, when a high tide is coming in. Say nothing about yourself—either good, bad or indifferent. Nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

A giant mind may be held in suspense; but that suspense must be brief, and the action which follows it will be more decided and energetic in consequence of that determination; just as the stream rushes with greater force for a temporary obstruction.

A man of weak, complying disposition, whom no one fears, no one will be at the trouble to oppose; while a man of a strong and fixed character will be liable to opposition, at least from those who expect to derive a certain kind of importance from the dignity of their adversary. But he will compel even this opposition into subserviency to himself, just as the mariner obliges the wind that opposes him to help him forward.

The three, or four most helpless things in the world are—a ship in a dead calm, a whale thoroughly stranded, a race horse with his wind broken, and a politician in bad odor. The devil himself would have nothing to do with either unless it were the last. He seldom utterly forsakes a politician.

But keep him at the battle, or the drill, To work his master further mischief still. The influence of the good man ceaseth not at death, he as the visible agent, is removed, but the light and influence of his example still remain; and the moral elements of this world will long show the traces of their vigor and purity; just as the western sky, after the sun has set, still betrays the glowing traces of the departed orb.

SALE OF BACHELORS.

The legislature of Tennessee, it is rumored, has passed a law making it the duty of the Sheriff of each county annually to make out a list of the bachelors in his county, and notify all who are in a healthy condition, that the law requires them to get married in two months from the time of their notification; and at the expiration of that time, all said bachelors who have failed to comply with the requisitions of this law, shall be set up and sold at public auction by said Sheriff to the highest bidder, and that no persons be allowed to bid but maidens. Under this law, forty old bachelors it is said were recently sold at Jonesborough. So it appears that the old bachelors are about to have a hard time of it. It is no more than they deserve however, for generally speaking, they are a set of hard boys.

NOT BAD.

The following will do for almost any part of the country:
"Well Laura, give me a short sketch of the sermon. Where was the text?"
"Oh, I don't know. I've forgotten—but would you believe it! Mrs. V. wore that horrid bonnet of hers! I could not keep my eyes off of it all meeting time; and Miss T. wore that new shawl that must have cost fifty dollars. I wonder that folks don't see the folly of such extravagance. And their was Miss S. with her pelise. It's astonishing what a want of taste some folks exhibit!"
"Well if you've forgotten the sermon, you have not the audience. But which preacher do you like best? This one or Mr. A."
"Oh, Mr. A. he's so handsome and so graceful—what an eye and what a set of teeth he has!"—*Impetuous Inquirer.*

ARKANSAS ELOQUENCE.

We'll put the following sample of an Arkansas lawyer's eloquence against any thing they can bring from the west. As to the justness of his reasoning we say nothing, but as to its conclusiveness we defy any one to find a match. His client was brought up for stealing a mule. After the witnesses had been all sworn, and the lawyer on the other side had given his opinion, our orator gave the jury the following blast:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the whole of you, there you set. You have all heard what those witnesses have said, and of course you agree with me that my client didn't steal that mule. Do you 'spose, for one second, that he would steal a mule? a low lived mule! D—n clear of it. What does he want of a mule, when he has got a bang up pony, like that tied to yon tree? (pointing to a fine looking Mustang, opposite the log court house.) What, I say, in the name of General Jackson, does he want of a mule. Nothing—exactly nothing. No, gentlemen of the jury, he didn't steal the mule; he wouldn't be caught stealing one. He never wanted a mule—he never had a mule; nor he never would have a mule about him. He has his antipathies as well as any body, and you couldn't hire him to take a mule.

"Jurymen, that lawyer on the other side has been trying to spread wool over your eyes, and stuff you up with the notion that my client walked off with the afore-said animal without asking leave; but you aint such a pack of fools as to believe him. Listen to me if you want to hear truth and reason; and while you are about it, wake up that fellow who's asleep; I want him to hear too.

"That other lawyer says, too, that my client should be sent to prison. I'd like to see you send him once. But it's getting towards dinner time, and I want a horn bad, so I'll give you a closer and finish.

"Now you have no idea of sending my client to prison; I can see that fact sticking out. Suppose either of you were in his place—suppose, for instance, I was, and you should undertake to jug me—put me in a log jail without fire, where the wind was blowing in one side and out the other, and the only thing to brag of about the place was the perfectly free circulation of air—do you suppose, I say, that I would go? I'd see you d—d first, and then I would 'nt."

We do not know what verdict the jury returned, as when our informant left, they had all gone to the grocery's for liquor.

LONDON IN 1838.—We have before spoken of this popular work as being exceedingly interesting. We conclude by the following extracts:—

LONDON EATING HOUSE.—ANECDOTE.—While upon the Jeremy Didler subject, it may not be amiss to mention an amusing circumstance which took place at an eating house in town. A poor Frenchman (it was in winter) entered one merely for the purpose of warming himself at the fire; he was in too great distress to think of any indulgence in the good things there smoking in profusion, save such as might be inhaled by his olfactory nerve. While engaged in rubbing his half-starved, bony hands before a good fire, the master of the house came up, and said—

"Want you take something?"
"I thank you sare," was the reply.
"What will you take?"
"What you please."
"I have some very nice roast turkey and sausages; will you like that?"
"I thank you, I shall like him very much!"
"Sit down here, and I will bring it you!"

The Frenchman was accordingly ushered into a box, and the Turkey and dressing placed before him. Of whatever he was asked to partake he partook. He ate heartily and washed it down with some good wine. Poor fellow he had not known such a meal before for many a long day. The proprietor thought he had a good customer; his mortification and disappointment were extreme, when on presenting his bill, the Frenchman said,
"I have no money, sare."
"No money?"
"No."
"Then what the devil did you come into my house, and order such a dinner for?"

"Pardon, you mistake; I came to warm myself—you come to me and ask me if I will take nothing; I say, I thank you; you say, 'what will you take?' I respond, 'what you please;' you bring me de turkey, de sausage, de tart, de pudding, de cheese, and de wine; I no ask you for dem; you ask me will I take, and I can no refuse."
The master of the house, who was something of a humorist, and who was also struck with the Frenchman's gait, and poverty stricken figure, suffered him to depart. But great was his astonishment on seeing, a short time afterwards, another Frenchman enter, who, upon being asked what he would take, likewise replied, 'what you please,' 'Oh, ho,' exclaimed

ed the landlord, 'I forgave the other because he was an original; but you, fellow, are a mere copyist, and I shall kick you into the street,' which he did accordingly. It appeared that the poor premium Frenchman had met an acquaintance, and told him of his adventure at the eating house; the poor starved acquaintance hastened to the spot, already feasting in imagination on delicacies innumerable, and little dreaming of the unpleasant denouement which the cruel Fates had reserved for him.

From the Columbus Journal.

THE PRESIDENCY.

In our last we promised to give an ample explanation of our views, and of the course we should take, in our advocacy of a candidate for the Presidency. We hasten to redeem our pledges; but, before we set out, we wish to have credit for two things: First that we honestly and religiously desire the prostration of Mr. Van Buren's administration; and, secondly, that we are determined to be influenced by no personal attachments in our support of his opponent.

The whig party, at this moment is an anomaly, even in the mental and moral vision of its own most warm and devoted adherents. Without concert, without organization, without any general plan of action, it has essayed to effect a political revolution, of thrice the magnitude of that which halved the three glorious days of modern France. With a numerical force more than equal to all with which it may be brought in conflict, it has remained, for years the same vigorous but dismantled mammoth—the same brave, generous, undisciplined, ineffective mass of mind and muscle. This is an unpalatable truth, perhaps, but is, nevertheless, not the less wholesome. Of what avail are our 'thousand and one' victories, over which, for the last eight years, we have gloated, when the victors in these multifarious triumphs cannot be brought to act in concert in a common object? While the adherents of the administration maintain themselves in all the integrity of the Macedonian phalanx, all governed by one impulse, and all moving in accordance with the dictates of one directing policy, we, like so many wild Arabs, have been careering upon their flanks, charging upon them with desperation but without system—routing them in detail, but securing no advantages. Instead of cultivating harmony of feeling and action in our scattered ranks, we have laboured assiduously to promote the cause of discord. The common enemy may have been annoyed in his outworks, but his centre remains unshaken. When we have driven him from one ditch, instead of using it as a rallying point for further offensive operations, we are content to quarrel among ourselves for the honor of the capture.

This picture is certainly not a very flattering one, but its colourings are borrowed from every day facts—and, however much we regret its truth, or feel humiliated by its exhibition, still it is a true picture of the whig party in the United States, as it exists at present. We have no disguise. To be really serviceable to the whig party, we must point out its errors. It is neither our inclination nor our duty to smile at its delusions or wink at its inconsistencies. Should any one honest, reflecting whig, under whose eye these remarks may fall, accuse us of impolicy and inconsiderate harshness in drawing the picture we have here presented, we shall point him, for the sake of our justification and his own political edification to a few passing circumstances.

In the political campaign of 1836 the whig party (or rather a majority of it, for a fraction of it supported Mr Webster) rallied under the flag of General Harrison. He was unsuccessful; but his defeat, if defeat it was, had so much of triumph in it, so much promise of future achievement that the plain, unsophisticated whigs of the nation—those whigs whose votes had been felt in the recent contest—looked upon him as their natural and legitimate candidate. On the 4th of July, 1837, the whigs of Ohio assembled in convention at Columbus. The record of the proceedings of that convention designates the number of delegates, in attendance, at one thousand; and it asserts, further, that they had been selected honestly and equitably, from all parts of the state. An equality of representation was intended, and the record shows on its face that an ample quota of delegates, from each section and district of the State, were present. The members of this convention, legally chosen, were invested by their constituents with full power to devise and perfect a plan of political action by which the whig party of Ohio were pledged to abide. They met—they deliberated, and they resolved.

"That this Convention, though believing that their fellow citizens throughout this state would prefer to select William Henry Harrison, whose public services and qualifications of talents, experience, magnanimity, justice and patriotism, they

know and appreciate; yet they feel confidence in giving the assurance that should another person be selected, be he of the South, or of the Middle, or of the North, he will be sustained in Ohio, with all the power, zeal, and energy, that would be employed in support of their own favorite fellow citizen."

This convention also recommended a National Convention, and indicated the second Monday of June, 1838 as a suitable time for its convocation—and the whigs of all the other states of the Union were earnestly conjured to consider of, and respond to, this solemn and deliberate manifestation of the sentiments of the whigs of Ohio. With the exception, perhaps, of Pennsylvania and Indiana, no other state saw proper to honor Ohio with even an informal notice of this convention, or of its decisions. We may be mistaken, but we cannot help regarding the resolution, which we have just quoted, as worth of the sincere attention and respect of every whig, no matter of what state he may be a citizen, or however deeply his mind had been imbued with section or personal predilections. The voice of Ohio, however, met with but a cheerless response. The whig editors of the state, destitute of a rallying point, hoisted their presidential flags, as sentiment or caprice dictated. Discussions about names, and not about doctrines, took the place of the generous and patriotic enthusiasm which had marked the deliberations of the convention of 1837.

The judicious of the party—those who know, and, knowing, feel, that political union is strength—resolved to make one more decisive effort to reproduce a concentration of opinion and action; and, to effect this, and to effect this they called another convention of the whigs on the last day of May, 1838. The convention met. In point of numbers it was the most imposing assemblage convened for purely civic and political objects, that has ever been seen in North America. The number in attendance was estimated at five thousand! In this convention, as in that of 1837, there was a most fair and equal representation of whig feelings. After mature deliberation, and after the investigation and interchange of all compromises and concessions, the Convention resolved,

"That this convention has undiminished confidence in the patriotism and talents of their distinguished fellow citizen, William Henry Harrison, and concur with the convention of July last, in presenting his name to the National Convention, as a candidate for the Presidency; but, at the same time, pledge their cordial support to the nomination of that convention, should it fall on either of the other distinguished statesmen, Henry Clay or Daniel Webster, whose names are proposed for that important office."

This resolution was carried by the vast assemblage; but one solitary voice was heard in the negative! With the exception of that one solitary negative, it was hailed with cheers of exultation.

Here, it was supposed, ended all the changes and motives for whig disunion in Ohio. On two great and solemn occasions the whigs had, after enjoying the opportunity of a thorough interchange of opinion & given to the important subject before them the benefit of a calm and unbiassed investigation; decided that they were in favor of a National Convention, and that though William Henry Harrison had their marked preference as the whig Presidential candidate, they, nevertheless, were willing to submit his claims to the decision of that body, under a distinctly expressed pledge to abide that decision, be it what it might. In the eye of reason and of patriotism, the whigs of Ohio were bound to rally around the political flag that had been hoisted by the conventions of 1837 and 1838. The path of duty was plain—it needed no illustration, it required only consistency of principle, and energy of action.

It is painful to remember that, after all these exertions, after the cordial ratification of all these pledges, and after all the general concessions required and admitted at the great convention of 1838, there was still a portion of the whig party of the state, a portion of sufficient magnitude to distract and defeat it, that could not and would not acquiesce in all its decisions. Several whig journals of the first respectability, distinguished alike for high talent and extensive influence—journals against whose patriotism we do not and dare not allege an objection, however much we regret their want of political tact—these journals saw proper to depart from the path prescribed by the concentrated wisdom of their party, and the result was a signal defeat, at the annual election in October last, in the Governor and both houses of the Legislature. Had the whigs of Ohio been permitted to retain the rallying point, prescribed in the resolution of the convention of 1838, their success in the last annual election would have been certain. This is not asserted for the sake

of producing effect, nor is it spoken in levity—it is the joint result of dispassionate reflection and an extensive comparison of opinion with the minds of high intelligence in all divisions of the State.

We urge no war against Henry Clay or Daniel Webster—neither do we enter the lists as the champion of William Henry Harrison. We have but one plain, simple duty to perform—it is to enforce the voice of the whigs of Ohio, as expressed in the resolution of the convention of 1838. In accordance; therefore, with the spirit of that resolution, and for the maintenance of consistency & union in the whig party of Ohio, we hesitate not to unfurl our President banner. It is WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, subject to the decision of a NATIONAL CONVENTION.

As far as our remarks have now proceeded they are mainly applicable to the whigs of Ohio. We have touched, as briefly as possible, upon a few important features in the history and character of the party, in this state, and we have endeavored, as much as in us lies to show that—the want of concert, and not of numerical force, has heretofore lain at the root of our political disasters. If we have given offence to any of our political brethren—if, in this hurried and compressed explanation of our views, we have rudely jostled the sensibilities of that select few who profess to be wiser than the mass—if, in the unvarnished exhibit, we have here submitted that lamentable contrifugal tendency which has so often defeated the best efforts of whigism, in this and other states—we can only say, and say it from the bottom of our heart, we forget it—but we cannot recede an inch from the performance of what we conceive to be our duty.

We go for a National Convention—and we hereby pledge our sacred honor to abide by its decision, even though its nominee should be the bitterest personal foe we have on earth. His banner shall be hoisted on the mast head of the Ohio State Journal, and we shall war in his cause without question and without shrinking. But we shall insist that this National Convention shall hold its session at an early day, and that all shall come prepared to the PEOPLE. Delay in its convocation, or chicanery in the selection of its elements cannot tend to enhance its utility or give authority to its decisions.

As this explanation of our political views has been carried to a much further extent than we anticipated at its commencement—and, as we are well aware of the repugnance which most newspaper readers entertain to long editorials—we shall hurry to a close, by briefly adverting to the singular and rather irrational attitude which our party presents at the South. The New Orleans Bee, a paper which has recently changed from the hands of a Van Buren Editor to those of an avowed whig, and one which we presume, exerts considerable influence in the South, has recently promulgated a sentiment which we read with mingled feelings of surprise and sorrow. Here it is:

"It is evident, we think, that the South will name the next president of the United States. Of the New England States the Locofocos will remain Locofocos still, and those which are whig will sustain any candidate nominated by the convention. But Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana cannot be persuaded to abide the decision of that body—they will sustain Henry Clay, or they will be carried by the Loco Focos."

Does the New Orleans Bee appreciate the fatal, the suicidal tendency of such language as this? Is the editor a whig, or merely a Van Buren man in disguise? The latter conjecture carries with it the greater probability. It would seem, then, that Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana, will not abide the decision of the National Convention, but will support Mr. Clay, and him only, or else give the weight of their electoral votes to the common enemy! We have long quarreled with the Washington Globe, the great head and front, the alpha and the omega, of the Van Buren party of this Union—but a greater than the Globe is here. The Globe has always been consistent. It has battled for its party, in good and evil report. It has defended its iniquities, and rejoiced at the success of its political villainies. But the Globe never has, in one instance, raised a dagger against the throats of its own confederates! No Van Buren journal, with which we are conversant, has ever aimed a more deadly stab at the very vitals of whigism than has the Bee. We have, however, one feeling of consolation, in reading this remarkable declaration of the N. O. Bee, and that is, that, with the exception of Louisiana, and, perhaps not even all of that state, it is a public journal, at best, but problematic authority. If, on the contrary, the Bee should be found to be of more consequence than we are now disposed to consider it, we shall only be subjected to the melancholy necessity