

f admitting, the truth of the adage. "Whom the Gods intend for destruction, they first make crazy." Enough has been said. Our notions have now been given without concealment or reserve. We are the champion, as far as our feeble efforts will serve us, of the voice of Ohio, as it has been twice expressed. Our flag is spread to the wind, to be lowered only when the properly constituted National Convention shall supply us with another and a better.

From the New York Journal of Com.

U. S. CIRCUIT COURT—May 1.

Judges THOMPSON and BETTS presiding.

Cornelius Wilhelm and Joseph Ver Bruggen were put on their trials for the murder of Arnel F. Turley, Captain of the brig Braganza, on the 5th of August, 1838, on the high seas. The prisoners, being foreigners, the Jury was composed of one half aliens and the remainder American citizens.

Robert Moore examined—In July and August last, I was 2d mate of the brig Braganza; she sailed from Philadelphia on the 7th July; Arnel F. Turley was captain, Thomas Vanderslice was 1st mate, and I was 2d mate; there was four able seamen and a boy, who had shipped as an ordinary seaman. Cornelius Wilhelm and Joseph Ver Bruggen, the prisoners in Court, were part of the crew; they were known as Bill and Joe; there was another man known as Harry, who shipped at Philadelphia, under the name of John Adams; there was also a man named Hanz Knewdson, and a boy who was called Jim; I did not then know his proper name. He is now in Court and is called by the name of James Davy; there was a colored cook named Thomas Brown, these 9 men composed the officers and crew. Mr. Diehl the owner of the brig, and Mrs. Diehl and the Captain's wife, were passengers.

On Saturday night the 5th of August, I left the deck a quarter after 12 o'clock, and the chief mate, Vanderslice, took charge of it. I can't say positively what seamen were on deck, but I know it was Vanderslice's watch then; Hantz and Joe belonged to his watch, and Adams and Wilhelm belonged to my watch. I don't know if the seamen of my watch remained on deck. The eldest of the prisoners is Wilhelm, and the other is Joe Ver Bruggen.

When I left the deck I returned to my berth in the state room of the cabin. The captain and his wife were in bed in the starboard berth, and the owner and his wife in the larboard berth. The state room in which I slept was farther forward than the berths in the cabin. I fell asleep until about two o'clock, when I was awoke by a cry of murder on the deck; I thought the voice crying murder was that of the chief mate, and I believe so still; I heard the cry twice repeated after I awoke and I then heard a scuffle; I leaped out of bed and went into the cabin and found the captain and Mr. Diehl getting out—I went straight on deck, the captain having just preceded me; he was not then armed to my knowledge. I was at the bottom of the steps and he was at the top, going up; on reaching the deck I saw a person lying on deck with his head hanging down the companion way; it was a bright night, but the person was so covered with blood that I did not know him until he spoke to me, and I then recognized him to be Vanderslice. The whole crew were on deck when I went up. As soon as I came on deck I found Joe (Ver Bruggen) engaged with the captain, and it appeared that the men of my watch, Bill and Adam, had not then engaged in the scuffle, but they did so immediately after. I found Joe fighting with a pump break in his hand, and Wilhelm had a sheath knife in his hand; Hantz or Adams had no weapons in their hands. I took a belaying pin in my hands to defend myself, and seeing Joe engaged with the captain, I struck at him, and I believe I also struck Hantz, who attempted to catch hold of me. We then scuffled together, and he tripped me and I fell, and while down, Joe (Ver Bruggen) struck me with the handspike, and Harry (Adams) attempted to stab me, and in making the attempt cut off part of his own fingers, while the others were thus engaged with me, the two prisoners were engaged with the captain, who ran down to the cabin for some weapon of defence. In the meantime Williams and Adams went and opened the gangway, which left an open place in the bulwarks so that a person could be easily thrown over. Hantz and I were still scuffling and two of them, Wilhelm and Adams took hold of me and attempted to launch me into the sea, and in the scuffle Hantz and I went overboard together. Neither of us, however, touched the water; we both caught hold of the guy rope and got back. Some of the crew threw a rope to Hantz, and Joe (Ver Bruggen) seeing me holding on, took a handspike and struck me with it so as to fracture my arm. The captain had in the meantime come on deck with a cutlass, which attracted Ver Bruggen's attention, and he left me and I got on deck in an extremely exhausted condition, and badly wounded, and in that state I crawled down to the cabin, where I saw Vanderslice lying at the bottom of the stair case. While I was crawling down I saw the captain held down on the deck by the two prisoners, to whom he was begging for mercy, saying "spare me for the sake of my poor wife, and I will forgive you everything you have done." As soon as I got into the cabin they spiked down the companion way, which prevented any person from coming up from the cabin to assist the captain. I continued to hear the

captain's cries for mercy during two or three minutes, and then every thing was still. After that I heard something fall on deck, and the cries were resumed, and in a few minutes I heard a splashing in the water, and heard a cry from the captain, who was floating on the sea, and who said, "oh! my God I am dying." The brig was not then going more than two knots an hour. I saw the captain in the water from the cabin window, and saw him fall astern of the vessel. While looking through the window I saw him endeavoring to swim, and heard him utter the same words repeatedly, and that was the last I heard of him. The vessel had passed away from him before he sunk. We were kept confined in the cabin, and I did not come on deck until the 7th day after; every day we communicated with the crew through the cabin windows, and when we came on deck we found Wilhelm had the command of the vessel.

In our communications with the crew while we were confined in the cabin; they told us that they must put us out of the way in order to prevent themselves from being detected. When speaking to us on the subject they asked us for several things in the cabin which we refused to give, until we knew what they would do with us. They did not intimate to us what they intended to do with the vessel until a few hours previous to our leaving her. In a few hours after they killed the Captain, they changed the course of the vessel, and in a few days after, they told us they were bound to the British Channel.

We had requested them to let us on deck two or three days before they did, and they declined, but did not give their reasons. In the course of our communications they required us to give them the fire arms which were in the cabin, and there being no ammunition we consented to throw them overboard, and did so through the cabin window. They also required us to give up some of the nautical instruments, and money, and threatened if we did not do so, to exclude all light and air from us, and they did put a plank across the deck lights the first morning to prevent light coming in. On the morning of the 2d day they told us we had not given all the specie on board, and if we did not give it up they would find a way to make us. On the same morning they endeavored to suffocate us by burning something close to the bulkhead of the cabin. I hallooed to them and promised them that if they took away the smoke I would see if there was any more property in the cabin and give it to them, and they then removed the fire. Mr. and Mrs. Diehl were the first persons who went on deck when we were left out of the cabin. On that morning they told us they could see a sail from the cross trees, and that if we wished to save our lives, this was the time, and they said they would give us the jolly boat. In about three hours after they said this, we were let on deck, Joe was then at the wheel, and the other four men were standing round the companion way. Each of them, except the boy had, either a knife or hatchet in his hand. Wilhelm represented himself as Captain, and Adams as first mate. After we got on deck we asked for the long boat, which they at first refused, but afterwards gave it to us, and allowed the cook and Mr. and Mrs. Diehl and Mrs. Turley and I, to go away in her. We left the mate languishing in his wounds and too weak to be removed. He left the brig at two o'clock in the afternoon, and she steered N. N. E. and we secured S. E. and were picked up next day by a brig bound to Greenock in Scotland.

I arrived here 26th of October last and never saw the prisoners since I left the vessel until this morning. The testimony of Capt. Diehl, the owner followed, and that of James Davy. The latter confirmed the conclusions to which the testimony of Robert Moore. After the long boat had left the vessel, the mutineers threw the first mate overboard, although he was still alive. John Adams, one of the mutineers, hanged himself in prison at Emden, the second day after he was arrested. After the mutineers had set the people adrift in the long boat, they steered for the British Channel, and continued their course until they reached a small island near Hanover, where they ran the ship ashore and abandoned her, and went on to Emden, in the King of Hanover's dominions, where the report of the piracy had already reached through the English newspapers, in consequence of which the prisoners were arrested and sent here for trial. Thomas Brown, a colored man, who was cook on board the Braganza, was next examined, but his evidence added nothing to what had been already adduced. Hanz Knewdson, who has been also indicted for the same offence, was then brought into court to give evidence at the request of the prisoners, but declined doing so. No further evidence was offered, and the case went to the Jury about one o'clock this morning, and they returned a verdict of guilty.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

TAKE notice that letters of Administration on the Estate of Thomas Forshey late of Henderson tp. Huntingdon Co. dec'd have been granted by the Register of Huntingdon Co. to the undersigned, therefore, all persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same, are requested to present them properly authenticated for settlement, without delay.

DAVID SNARE, Administrator
May, 15 1839



THE JOURNAL.

One country, one constitution, one destiny

Huntingdon, May 15, 1839

Democratic Antimasonic CANDIDATES.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEN. WM. H. HARRISON

FOR VICE PRESIDENT

DANIEL WEBSTER.

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 SHILLY PLASTERS brought about by our present RULERS.

ECONOMY, RETRENCHMENT, and REFORM in the administration of public affairs. Tired of Experiments and Experiments, 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.

Democratic State Convention.

The friends of HARRISON and WEBSTER in the several counties of Pennsylvania, are requested to appoint delegates equal in number to their members in the State Senate and House of Representatives, to meet at the Court House in Harrisburg, at 12 o'clock, M. on

WEDNESDAY, 22d of May, 1839.

For the purpose of nominating a ticket of Electors, to be voted for by the people of Pennsylvania, at the Presidential Election in 1840, and pledged, if elected, to support the candidates for President and Vice President of the United States settled by the Democratic Anti-Masonic National Convention, which was held in Philadelphia in November, 1835.

Thomas H. Burrows,
Thomas Elder,
Theo. Fenn,
Amos Ellmaker,
Francis James,
Wm. R. Irwin,
William Ayres,
Harnar Denny,
Samuel H. Fisher,
William Smith,
Ner Mid.lesworth,
William McClure,
George Mowry,
Levi Merkel,
Maxwell Kinkead.
State Committee.

Harrisburg, March 2, 1839.

The Advocate—Its Lies and Liars.

Our readers will excuse us for once more leaving our accustomed course, to bestow a word or two upon subjects so universally despised.

We have on more than one occasion, proved the various writers in the Advocate, plain, palpable, wilful liars. It is unnecessary to do so again. Their characters, as well as that of their guilty and exposed master, is written in letters of eternal shame; and will remain unobliterated, until even their names shall be forgotten. But as Mr. Porter's *fyst*, is anxious to add new laurels to his already cumbrous chaplet of infamy, we will weave him a crown, in which he will find more thorns than roses.

A deluded dupe of a disgraced and guilty clique, who have formed the panders of Governor Porter. He has emptied the vials of filth upon every man that dare tear off the veil from the deformities of his master, and hold him in all his naked knaveries to the world. We have done so, and the political poaches and beagles, have more than once groaned under the well merited lash.

Every thing that we have said, remains uncontradicted—the only answer has been a decoction of their malignancy and blackguardism heaped upon us. Still there stands the master, "EXPOSED"—without even an excuse to screen him from the contempt of the honest,—and there creeps his dupe, like a guilty, and loathsome thing to his kennel. If we tell the people of any of their new crimes, the beagle and the *fyst* bay forth their spleen, in charges against us.

When the Executive chair was first disgraced, by the present guilty Executive, the editor of the Advocate was an applicant for the Collector's office of this

town. He was forced to drink the cup of disappointment,—Porter knew his dupe. In sober solitude he heaped his imprecations on Porter's head. In some of his spirited moments, when the vacant empire of his intellect was usurped by excited passion, his murmers rose above the silent workings of his heart, and he told the tale of his vexation, with no words of love for his master. His paper was even more than usually stupid. Too mad to praise—and too long a slave to dare to censure. In silence he brooded over his misfortunes, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm."

For years he has been the miserable dependant upon paternal love, and the paltry wages of abject servitude. The master knew his tool, and while he proffered his cup of disgrace, he knew he was sure of his victim. Fortune favored him, and a little judgship brought the supple knee-crooking knave again to his feet, willing as ever to lick his feet that spurned him, or yelp at the heels of his foes.

We find him again at his old avocation, unable to write himself, he is peddling forth the twaddle of the *Tom-tits*, who pick up the crumbs from the Executive table. A short time since, he poured forth innumerable imprecations against Gov. Ritner for disregarding public opinion. Now he tamely praises the appointment of the very refuse of society, over many of our most honest and deserving citizens. And the man who can steal five dollars, has five more reasons to endure him to the executive, and becomes the pensioned plunderer of the people's rights, and this paltry pimp, doles forth the praises of the "drunkards, perjurers, gamblers, rowdies and thieves,"—and his curses on those who dare expose them.

Last week he has made a new charge. "We take the largest drinks, and more of them than any man in town." Our readers will well understand why he thinks so.—He sees double! The magnifying powers of "blue ruin" tells the tale,—and among other things he charges us with "shooting bull-frogs," to this awful charge we are willing to plead guilty; and by way of keeping our hand in, we have hurled some paper bullets at a poor toad, who will bawl like "bloody-notms" when pelted with stones.

We now leave him in the hands of his own partisans, who dispise, pity and abhor him as a dupe, a dunce, and a beast; and let him mark the sneers of his friends, when associating with him—and he will then see the only reward he will ever get for his venal duplicity as a willing cerf.

The Lehigh libel suit.

Our readers are generally aware that, during the last election campaign, a suit was brought by the editor of a Porter paper against the editor of the opposition paper, for a libel upon Mr. Porter. That suit has lately been tried, and resulted in finding the defendant guilty. This termination of the suit has been the cause of a renewed attack upon all those whose names were used to impeach the character of Mr. Porter.

Perhaps it will be well enough, to call the attention of our readers to the causes of said result.

As far as we have learned any thing on the subject, we understand that the only causes, were the oath of the Governor himself—and the attack made upon the veracity and general character of Mr. Stonebraker. Unprecedented as it may seem, this "Injured Innocent," was himself a witness, to SWEAR, with his usual strength, that he was an innocent man. Would it not have appeared something more like honesty and truth, if some other person had been there to sound the trumpet of his fame—could he find none of his "dog keepers," who for a couple of "short horns," would swear to what he wanted, without himself mounting the stand? Beside this, a regular attack was made upon the character of the Stonebrakers; and we are informed that every one of Mr. Porter's witnesses from this county, with one exception, swore that Mr. Stonebraker "was not considered worthy of credit at home, nor would he be believed on his oath by his neighbors!" This is the kind of swearing that found the defendant guilty, added to which, we have also learned that some of the jury declared, before hearing the testimony, "that he should be found guilty, no matter what the evidence." Is there any wonder at the verdict? We understand that a motion is made for a new trial, which, if granted, will give the defendant an opportunity of producing the neighbors of Mr. Stonebraker, and showing what is his character—and what is the characters of those whose unholy oaths have impeached him.

The charge of the Judge, we learn was

to the effect, that if the jury believed Mr. Porter, the defendant was guilty; if they believed Mr. Stonebraker, he was innocent. Thus Mr. Porter's oath, is the only evidence of his own innocence.—Which we should call a slender support for a character.

The "Advocate" signifies that the "convict may be pardoned by the Governor," and he says the "only justification would be, that he was imposed upon by the infamous libels of a common nuisance to society—a fellow who can't about morality, and violates without regret, all the rules which regulate society—who plays poke with negroes and boys—robs widows and orphans, &c. &c."—Now we do not know why the Governor did not make this common nuisance the subject of his vengeance.—There would be no excuse for pardoning him.

As our readers are all aware from the oft told lies about us, the Editor of this paper is the person alluded to, as having duped the above defendant into the above scrape. If they blame only those who deluded him! why not punish the guilty? answer us that, Master Brook.

We said during the last election contest, that Mr. Porter transferred property, before taking the benefit, and retook it again into his hands, and we say it still. We said he owed men on his old debts—and though reputed rich, he owed them yet—and again we tell the tale. We said he made an irreverent and blasphemous use of the name of the Saviour—the charge is made again. We said, it was fraudulent insolvency to conceal property from creditors, and take it again after swearing that such was not the case. Let those who think we fear the issue, read it again here. We said, that the man who did thus conceal his property—did thus swear—and did thus retake the price of his guilt, was a **PERJURED KNAVE**. It is here endorsed once more; and the brand will blister on the burning forehead, until the knave and his knaveries sleep in the silent sepulchre of the dead, remembered only to be abhorred. Neither the threats nor abuse will frighten us, nor shall the jackalls of the great lion hunt us long, without finding us ready for the encounter. We fear them not; and nothing but oaths more guilty than the first, can convict us of crime.

We said that we was disposed to treat Mr. Porter with the respect due to the Governor of this great state, but we also said, that when our territory was invaded the same weapons should defend it to the last. Nor are we to be reviled and slandered, by the pensioned liars and drunken dupes of a corrupt cabal, without teaching both the slaves and their driver, that "though our broad sword fails at last it shall be long and well laid on." We shall treat him with proper respect, while he and his mental do the same by us. But as we believe ourself more honest, more sober, and withal, more deserving of respect than any one of them, we shall do no more.

The "Advocate" says, we "cant about morals." If the editor of that print, who by the by spiritualizes more than he moralizes, would do even that much in the same cause, it would be so much more than he has ever done yet in virtue's behalf. Practice he never will. Let him give some moral precept, and tell his readers, to do as he says, and not as he does. As soon as we can get a report of the trial we shall, if not to long publish it for our readers.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

Revolutionary Conduct of the House.

In accordance with the adjournment of the legislature met last week, and the first step was one which should consign every actor to lasting infamy—infamy more immortal than their names.

Thaddeus Stevens, Esq. presented himself as a duly elected member from Adams county; when Mr. McElwee of Bedford, rose and objected to his admission, on account of his moral character,—and finally the house consummated their crime by voting, that Mr. Stevens should not be admitted at present. That our readers may learn who this guardian of morals is, we take his portrait from the "Harrisburg Intelligencer."—look at it!

"THOMAS B. McELWEE assails the moral character of any man! Oh tempora! A man whose bloated visage bespeaks to all who behold him, the sensual indulgence of the wearer! Such an object of scorn and detestation to prate of "morality!" It is a profanation of the term. Before he assails the characters of others, he ought to clear his own skirts of some of the foul stains his behaviour has cast upon them.—Let him take back the abused

partner of his bosom, who has been driven by his brutality from home and fire side;—let him fulfil the duties of husband father and citizen; abjure the habits of a sot and debauchee; retrieve his lost character; and redeem his plighted vows.—He may then inquire into the moral bearings of others with more propriety, although the unobliterated "records" of Bedford county will still stare him in the face."

Think fellow citizens of the conduct of this "Hopkin's House." In December last, the party under whose banner they fight, raked up from every cavern of crime their bullies and "dog keepers," to come to Harrisburg to fight into their seat, some members of their party who they feared would be excluded. They called them "Indignant Freemen," whose love of country brought them there to defend the rights of the people. Yet this same body who talked so much about violated laws, refused a member a seat—although they admit he was duly elected. Where are their "Indignant Freemen"—why are they not now protecting the people's rights? Ah no! The constitution and laws are an idle song, and party is the God of their idolatry. For party they trampled it under their feet then, and for party they do it now.

The people were told that they were too honest and free to permit such a disregard of their will; and the mob of hired ruffians, led on by the committee of safety was called the people. There was no mob! was the cry by the insulted people claiming their rights. Where are the insulted people now? Do not the people now see the proof that the "virtuous citizens claiming their rights," were but a band of hired bullies.

And why do they dread the presence of Mr. Stevens in the Hall? Why did they refuse to hear him in his own defence? They know of his gigantic powers, they have heard his fervid eloquence, and they fear his presence. They intend to trample upon the provisions of the new constitution, and they fear his warning voice will wake up and alarm the people. They know their numbers will overwhelm him, and chain his powers, but the echoes of his words will reach the utmost confines of the State, and their crimes will be written with pen of steel, on the hearts of every honest Pennsylvanian. Mr. Stevens was a member of the convention which framed that constitution, and he knows what construction was intended to be put upon it; and if they disregard its requirements, it will be done against light and reason.

But no matter, they have refused him a seat in the House, and the speaker has refused to swear him in. This is the first movement of this revolutionary mocratic administration. They desire to retain the old patronage, and they think it they neglect to pass the necessary laws the appointing power will remain in Porter's hands, and those provisions which allow the people to elect their officers will be a dead letter. Will the people of this county submit to such usurpations?—we trust not.

On the second days meeting, Mr. Ketterwell of Adams, demanded that Mr. Stevens be sworn in. The speaker, contrary to all common usage, told in effect some of his partisans to make a motion or he should be obliged to swear him;—which was done, although the speaker said it was his duty to swear him in. It was his duty, because it was the only business then before the house.

A message was received vetoing the local appropriation bill. Whereupon John Hill said he was very sorry the executive had seen fit to veto the bill. Indeed he was very sorry he had taken the course he did.

They passed also a bill for the payment of a clerk to the Commissioners of the Internal Improvement Fund, thus they go on making new offices.

Editorial Summary.

A case is reported in the Boston Surgical Journal of the amputation of the foot of a young lady, caused by having tread upon a cannic needle. How necessary then, that females should carefully pick up the needle which too often is allowed to lie heedlessly where it had fallen.

The Ledger gives us another account of a "Smash up" on the rail road. A car was carelessly pushed over the top of the plane, at Schuylkill, by some of the rowdies, who now constitute the police of the road. It ran into the descending cars, and broke them to atoms, and the whiskey with which they were laden lost; much to the regret of the "dog keeping" guardians of the road.