

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."

From the Louisville Journal.
BATTLE LAMENT.

For the Rev. Dr. Fisk, President of the Wesleyan Seminary, Middletown, Connecticut; by John N. Maffit.

FALLEN—on Zion's battle hill,
A soldier of renown,
Armed in the panoply of God,
In conflict cloven down;
His helmet on, his armor bright,
His cheek unblanched with fear,
While round his head there gleamed a light
His dying hour to cheer.

FALLEN—while cheering with his voice
The sacramental host.
With banner floating on the air—
Death found him at his post;
In life's high prime the warfare closed;
But not ingloriously,
He fell beyond the outer wall.
And shouted victory!

FALLEN—a holy man of God,
An Israelite indeed.
A standard bearer of the cross,
Mighty in word and deed—
A master-spirit of the age,
A bright and burning light,
Whose beams across the firmament
Scattered the clouds of night.

FALLEN—as sets the sun at eve,
To rise in splendor where
His kindred luminaries shine
Their heaven of bliss to share;
Beyond the stormy battle field
He reigns and triumphs now,
Sweeping a harp of wondrous song
With glory on its bow!
Louisville, April 20th, 1839.

From the Circleville (Ohio) Herald.
The source of the following selection we know not for simplicity, feeling, and moral effect, we rarely meet with its equal:

ENTERTAINING ANGELS UNAWARES.

A poor way-faring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer nay;
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went; or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love—I knew not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake;
Yet perishing for want of bread:
I gave him all—he blest it, brake
And ate, but gave me part again;
I gave him an Angel's portion then;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock—his strength was gone;
The headless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on;
I ran and raised the sufferer up;
I gave him of the stream he drained my cup;
I drank—and returned it running o'er,
I drank—and never thirsted more.

I was night, the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane a loof;
I heard his voice—abroad I flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warned, I clothed, I cheered my guest;
I laid him on my own couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
An Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;

I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spits and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment—he was healed;
I had myself a wound concealed.
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn,
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'midst shame and scorn;
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked—if I for him would die,
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried—"I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger started from disguise:
The tokens in his hands I knew;
My SAVIOUR stood before mine eyes;
He spake and my poor name he named,
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memory be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

Miscellaneous.

From the Gentleman's Magazine. THE PIONEER OF OHIO.

Sorrow is a passion which lasts but a short time, when one is engaged amidst scenes of action and excitement. It is when we lead a life of inactivity, that we permit grief to predominate over the other passions which are naturally more liable to gain the ascendancy; but young persons—particularly those of sanguine temperaments—are not prone much to indulge in grief; and ere long I had regained my serenity of mind had partially forgotten the scene, which for a time had harrowed up my soul; but I had not forgotten the vows over the grave of my family; I clung to that vow as we are all prone to adhere to a promise made to a dying person, knowing it is their last request.

It was towards the latter part of July, when Thomas Girty and myself started on an expedition for the two-fold purpose of killing game, and every red man who should be so unfortunate as to get within one hundred yards of us. Our starting seemed unpropitious; we had not advanced one day's journey, when we witnessed a storm, the path of which may yet be traced. An eye witness could alone form a faint idea of the scene that was suddenly presented to our sight. The hurricane was preceded by a silence not unlike the awful stillness of an earthquake; and the similitude was heightened by the low and distant rumbling, which appeared to us like a succession of deep subterranean explosions. Even the feathered tribe appeared to be aware of some uncommon occurrence in nature, and screaming discordantly, flew from tree to tree, flapping their wings, and sometimes permitting us to approach within a few feet of them. The clouds in the west were as black as jet, and kept a constant circular motion, advancing at the same time with the rapidity of an arrow. But almost as rapidly as thought, the calmness was broken, and it seemed as if "the angry breath of God" was upon the land. It passed in a moment, but, oh! what a scene of desolation marked its track! the tallest oaks were twisted like reeds, and thrown upon the earth; other large trees were torn up by the roots, and borne away by the wind. This land storm passed within one hundred yards of where we stood, and the rush of air influenced by the whirlwinds, was, at that distance, so great, that we could, with the utmost difficulty, stand upon our feet. It passed on, making its course with ruin and desolation. We stood in mute astonishment for many minutes after the whirlwind had passed, but the limbs and twigs which had been hurled to a great height, now began to fall thick and fast, and gave us warning to shelter our persons ere some huge limb should fall and crush us; and the warning was taken in time, for we had but just left the spot, when the torn branch of a tree fell where we had been standing.

We travelled on slowly, making our way with difficulty over the fallen timber, when we encountered a bear, which appeared busily engaged in extricating himself from the limbs of a fallen tree, in which the whirlwind surprised him. After striving to run from us, without being able to make much headway, he turned about and came towards us, showing a formidable row of teeth, and growling most sonorously.—We both instantly fired upon him, and both shots took effect; my ball entered his body, and Girty's passed through his neck; this treatment only seemed to accelerate his speed. The blood issued from both the ball holes, and our only chance was to keep him at bay, till he became weakened by loss of blood. Before he could climb the intervening brush, he became weak, and in a moment after died. Girty's ball had cut the jugular vein. This was but a prelude to an encounter more deadly.

We re-loaded and proceeded to skin the bear, when our attention was attracted by a noise similar to the cry of a turkey.—We were then on low ground, and a ridge ascended on each side of us, so that we could not be seen but by persons directly on the top of either ridge. This was not the season for turkeys, or we might not have taken further notice of the cry; but we both instantly stood up, and listened attentively, when the cry was repeated, apparently, just behind the top of the ridge.

We were both on our guard in a moment, and we were none too soon, for the next moment two Indians stood on the top of the ridge. We both fired at the same time, and the small Indian fell, but the other who was of a gigantic make, retreated behind the ridge.

To gain the top of the ridge was but the work of a moment, where we found the fallen Indian just expiring; the ball had struck on the frontal bone, and passed through his head; the other Indian was not to be seen. Perhaps the reader may accuse me of cruelty, when I mention that I cut of the Indian's scalp, with as much pleasure as an epicure would cut up a turkey; but the unsatisfied hate which then raged within my breast, will offer some apology for that action.

Whilst I ran along the ridge, Girty leaped some fallen timber, and ran directly down the steep; I soon lost sight of him. I continued my course along the ridge, with the trigger of my gun set, so that at the shortest notice I might fire. I had not gone far, when two sharp cracks in quick succession, told me that my companion was engaged in a fight, and was perhaps already killed; I turned about leaped some blackberry bushes, which grew there in profusion, ran for the spot from whence the sounds proceeded. The bushes grew thick and big, and the fallen trees were so scattered upon the ground, that advancing with any kind of speed was impossible.

A few moments which appeared as hours brought me to the spot, where I beheld a scene which was worthy the pencil of a West, or the pen of a Scott. Girty was a man of herculean strength, and possessed a courage truly indomitable; his opponent, the Indian, who had crossed the ridge, was equally powerful and bold; and here they had just met as I came up. The Indian stood with his uplifted tomahawk; Girty with his knife drawn, and they were glaring upon each other like two hungry panthers. The Indian suddenly threw his tomahawk, but Girty, whose eyes were upon the instrument, as suddenly stooping—it passed over his head, and sunk deep into a fallen tree, where the slender handle trembled for some moments, from the violence with which it was hurled! Much has been written of the Roman Athlete, of their thick necks and muscles, and powerful frames, but few of them, I doubt could have competed with Girty or the Indian. The savage gave a yell of disappointment, and drawing his knife, sprang upon his antagonist.

I stood with my fingers upon the trigger of my gun, but they were for a while so closely locked in each others embrace, that I could not fire from fear of killing Girty. In the scuffle the Indian's knife dropped, and no one but a man possessed of invincible courage would have acted as Girty did at that moment, for he magnanimously threw down his own and opposed the red man, totally unarmed, and invited him to a bout, of what western people term rough and tumble. "Let him alone and secure those knives and I'll beat him to death," cried Girty, with perfect sang froid. This request immediately attended to. The Indian's blows fell with powerful force upon the breast of Girty, but did little or no injury; while Girty's thumps were planted full in the Indian's face, who soon fell to the earth apparently lifeless. Girty now took his knife, and proceeded very deliberately to scalp his foe, when the savage sprang upon his hands and knees and struggled violently to get up; it was his last struggle for the keen knife penetrated his heart. After resting awhile and taking the usual token of remembrance from the Indian's head, we returned to our bear, upon which we found a wolf busily employed in making a meal but seeing us coming, he contented himself with a large piece of flesh which he caught in his teeth and carried off.

"Will you let me have a few articles out of your store on credit?" asked a new customer of a Quaker merchant.

"Well, I don't exactly know. When thee re-sets thy fence in the spring, does thee set it inside or outside of where it stood before?"

"Why, I set it outside, and clean up the row where it stood."

"Does thee? Well, thee shall have credit in my store for anything thee wants."
Greensboro Patriot.

Forget others' faults by remembering your own.

VETO MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR UPON THE LOCAL APPROPRIATION BILL.

TO THE SENATE & HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

GENTLEMEN:
The bill entitled "an act making appropriations to certain turnpikes, state roads, &c, within this commonwealth, and for other purposes," has been presented to me for executive approbation, but as I cannot give that approbation to this bill consistently, with my own sense of duty, I return it to the House of Representatives, in which it originated, with my objections.

It makes large appropriations to the payment of debts of several incorporated companies; to the building of bridges; the improvement of streams; the repair of various turnpike roads; and the building a hall in the city of Lancaster—many, or all of which objects might be perfectly proper and right had the commonwealth a superabundance of funds. But at a time when we are laboring under an existing state debt of upwards of thirty millions of dollars, it does not appear to me that it would be either prudent or proper to borrow money, or tax the people to raise funds to give away with so profuse a hand, on improvements, many of which are secondary at least in character and general importance.—If it were only advisable to increase the state debt for this purpose under any circumstances, the present is not a propitious time, as there is difficulty in procuring money for existing responsibilities on favourable terms, and that difficulty would no doubt be increased by increasing the amount required.

This bill makes the following appropriations to the objects named, to wit:
Hanover and Carlisle turnpike road company, \$2,000
Roseburg and Mercer turnpike road company, 2,000
Bloody Run and Hollidaysburg turnpike road company, 5,000
Doylestown and Willow Grove turnpike company, 7,000
Butler and Emlenton turnpike road company, 2,000
Bald Eagle, Brush and Penns Valley turnpike road company, 1,500
Butler and Freeport turnpike road company, 1,500
Downington, Ephrata and Harrisburg turnpike road company, 1,500
Brownington, Harrisville and Franklin turnpike road company, 2,000
Waynesburg Greencastle and Mercersburg turnpike road company, 3,000
Lewistown and Huntingdon turnpike road company, 2,000
Hollidaysburg and Pauxatawney state road, 2,000
Indiana and Ebensburg turnpike road company, 1,000
Franklin and Warren turnpike road company, 1,000
Sugar Grove and Warren turnpike road company, 1,000
Lancaster and Litz turnpike road company, 3,000
Mechanics' Society of Lancaster, for the purpose of building a Mechanics' Hall, 3,000
Somerset and Conemaugh turnpike road company, 5,500
Millerstown and Lewistown turnpike road company, 2,000
The turnpike road company from Potter's Old Fort to Waterstreet, 1,500
Johnstown and Ligonier turnpike road company, 4,000
Centreville and Donegal turnpike road company, 2,000
Mount Pleasant and Pittsburg turnpike road company, 2,000
Dillsburg and York turnpike road company, 5,000
Monongahela bridge at Williamsport, 3,000
Allegheny bridge at Franklin, 10,000
Constructing a bridge over the Swatara at Zimmerman's ford, Lebanon county, 1,500
Somerset and Baldhill turnpike road company, 3,000
Peters Mountain turnpike road company, 1,000
Kiskiminetas bridge company at Saltsburg, 2,000
Stony creek bridge company at Johnstown, 1,500
Lenox and Harmony turnpike road company, 5,000
Armstrong and Curwensville turnpike road company, 1,500
Waterstreet and Clearfield turnpike road company, 1,500
Bethany and Canan turnpike road company, 1,500
Lackawaxen turnpike road company, 1,500
Birmingham and Elizabeth turnpike road company, 3,000
Elizabeth turnpike road company, 3,000
Meadville and Titusville turnpike road company, 1,000

Bustleton and Smithfield turnpike road company, 3,000
Pittsburg and Steubenville turnpike road company, 3,000
Pittsburg and Kittanning state road, 1,000
New Buck road from Newtown to Smithfield, 2,000
Grading Flint Hill, 500
Butler and Beaver state road, 2,000
Pittsburg and Brownington state road, 2,000
New Castle and Butler state road, 2,000
The road leading from the upper meeting-house in Path Valley, Franklin county, to Shade Gap Huntingdon county, 1,200
State road leading from Concord, Franklin county, to Jas. Campbell's, Perry county, 800
Morgantown and Wheeling state road, 3,000
Emlenton and New Castle state road, 1,000
Butler and Graham's Ferry state road, 1,000
Waynesburg and Blackville state road, 1,500
State road leading from the White horse tavern on the Allegheny mountain, to the Virginia state line, 2,500
Ruff's Creek state road, 1,000
Bellfonte and Caldwell's mill road, 1,000
Curwensville and Indiana state road, 2,000
Warren and Smithport state road, 2,000
Warren and West Creek state road, 500
The erection of a bridge over the Lehigh at Salisbury church, 1,000
Bridge over Little Lehigh at Edleman's mill, 1,000
The state road from Allentown to Pottstown, 1,000
The state road between Harrisburg and Sunbury, 1,000
The state road from Easton to Milford, 2,000
To improve the navigation of Big Bushkill Creek, 4,000
The state road from Newport to New Germantown, 2,000
The state road from Whitehouse to the Virginia state line, 2,000
The erection of a bridge over Casleman's river at Lechty's ford, 2,000
The state road from Steely's Creek to intersect the Coudersport and Olean road, 5,000
The state road from Mercer to the Ohio state line, 3,000
The state road from Millinburg to Liverpool, &c., 1,500
The Butler and Franklin graded road, 2,000
The Brookville and Tionesta road, 2,000
The erection of bridge on the state road from Orwigsburg to Reagan's iron works, 2,000
To bridges on the Pittsburg and Morgantown state road, 5,000
The road from Middletown to Pittsburg, 3,000
The erection of a bridge over the Raystown Branch in the borough of Bedford, 3,000
The state road from Dunning's to Pittsburg, 2,000
The state road from Kiskiminetas to Connelville, 2,000
To make a road round Blue Hill, 3,000
The state road from Irish Ripple to Sharon, 1,200
The state road from Bridgewater to Ohio state line, 1,000
The erection of a bridge over Cooper's Rock creek near Peach Bottom, 500
Repairing bridge over same on the Castle Fin forge road, 200
The erection of bridges over the same stream on the slate quarry road, 1,500
The state road from Darlington to the Ohio state line, 500
The state road from Georgetown to Darlington, 500
The state road from Beaver to Little Beaver bridge, 1,000
The state road from New Brighton to Samuel Smiley's, 800
The road from Beaver to the Ohio state line, 1,000
The stock of the Bridge Company at Centreville, 2,000
The erection of a bridge over Blacklick creek, 1,000
The Ebensburg and Stoystown state road, 2,000
The state road from Shipensburg to Drake's Ferry, 2,000
The state road from Mercer to New Castle, 2,000
The state road from Petersburg to Somerset county to the clay pike east of Collinsville, 1,500
The road from Kiskiminetas Salt-work's to the Virginia state line, 1,000
The road leading from Robbstown to the Virginia state line, 2,000
The state road leading from the White Horse tavern to the Virginia state line, 2,000
Road from Waterford to Wattburg, 600
The state road from Waysburg to the national road at widow Griffin's, 1,000
The state road from Stevens' tavern to the Clay pike east of Collinsville, 500
The road from Elizabethtown to Uniontown, 2,500
The Titusville and Union Mills turnpike road company, 1,000
Bridge across the West Branch on the Milesburg and Smithport turnpike, 6,000
The bridge across the West Branch on the Tyone state road, 2,000
The state road from Curwensville to East Liberty, 2,000
The state road from Tamaqua to Mauch Chunk, 1,500
The state road from Wm R. M'Leary's to the Sterling and Newfound land turnpike road, 2,000
The Erie and Warren state road, 1,000
The state road from Moutrose to wellsboro, 1,000
The road leading from Nazareth to the Easton and Wilkesbarre turnpike road, 2,000
The grading of part of the state road from the city of Philadelphia to the Maryland state line, 1,200
The grading of the State road from West Philadelphia to the borough of West Chester, 2,000
The road from Landisville to Carlisle, 2,000
Clearing out of the Moshannon creek, 2,000
The state road from Mount Pleasant to Jos Smith's mill on the Youghiogny river, 1,000
The state road from Milford to the mouth of the Shehold creek, 1,500
Erecting bridges over Chester and Ridley creeks on the state road leading from Chadsford to Philadelphia, 1,500
The erection of a bridge over Slippery Rock creek, near Atkin's mills, 2,000
The state road from Allentown to West Chester, 600
The state road from Astinville to Elmira, 1,000
The state road from Gettysburg to Newville, 1,200
The Lake Pleasant road, 1,000
The erection of a bridge across the river Schuylkill, called Flying Hill bridge, 6,500
The repairing of the state road from the town of Catawissa to the Centre turnpike, 1,000
The erection of a bridge over Muddy creek, near the forge of the late Thomas Coleman, 800

In the message which I submitted to the legislature on the 29th day of January last, I took occasion to communicate at some length, my views, relative to the system of internal improvements in which this Commonwealth is so deeply embarked.

I will again state in a few words the general principles, that in my judgment ought to regulate the action of our government in carrying that system into effect so far as the same have a bearing on the subject under consideration.

The primary object avowed by all departments of the government in the commencement of our system of internal improvements, was to secure to the commercial emporium, a due portion of the increasing western trade for commerce, and to develop the immense mineral resources of this Commonwealth, distributed throughout the coal and iron fields in such exhaustless abundance, and the agricultural productions of her fertile valleys in her interior, northern and western counties. To carry this design into operation, the main lines between Philadelphia and Pittsburg and the Lakes were first undertaken, and the coal and iron fields on the north and north west penetrated by the Susquehanna canals.

The immediate tributaries of the main lines operating into mineral deposits, of course from a part of the system, and are necessary to its entire completion. To secure the trade of the western States, & on the north western portion of New York was also an essential object of the founders of our improvement system.

Experience clearly demonstrates the wisdom and sound policy of the undertaking. Had all the energy and means of the Commonwealth been devoted to the vigorous prosecution of the system, in its original simplicity, the State would now be reaping the full fruits of our expenditure, and the public debt would not have been increased to its present enormous amount. Influenced, however, by a unfortunate course and councils, the legislature of the State has recently tended to distract the attention, and to divide the means of the public by the prosecution of various undertakings, unconnected with the main lines, and in many instances, wholly for the benefit of private companies; thus placing the public means under their unlimited control, when the Commonwealth was already pledged, to apply its resources to the completion of its own liabilities. It is manifest at a glance, that just so far as the original system has been departed from, so far has the system itself been squandered upon unproductive objects. I do not mean to say, these objects may not have been of great value to particular sections and particular individuals, but the