

studied the design and character of man, in gratitude for the gift, to maintain and exert those rights for his own and his fellows good. Here they promulgated the natural equality of mankind and the accountability of governments to the governed. Calm, reflective and unprejudiced, they knew their rights; pious, hardy, and determined, they stood prepared to maintain them. Such was the people that Britain hoped to subject! The result was what might have been expected. They met to determine between apparent slavery or death—whether they should kiss the foot of the oppressor or be crushed beneath it. Their deliberations were calm and unmoved, neither urged by rage nor checked by apprehension, while the storm of desolation was thundering above them, they sat in the conscious of right, solemn but unfeared; and held with an unshaking hand the balance of reason, in which they weighed their duty and their destiny. Their determination could not be doubtful. "We have counted," said they, the cost of the contest, and find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery." Without passion, and without fear, calmly but firmly, they pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors, to the resistance of wrong and the vindication of freedom. How noble was that determination. History is challenged in vain to show its parallel; no sense of suffering urged them into the desperate contest, no passion for glory, no thirst for gain impelled them, they were bent on revenge; they were not hurried by prejudice or hatred, for it was against the breasts of friends and brothers, that their reluctant but patriotic steels were directed. On the contrary, a weak and scattered people, with no resource save that of courage, no hope but that which arose from the heroic determination to die freemen, rather than live slaves; they dared to the contest the mistress of the world! History glows while she gazes on the United States; and Patriotism, turning from the sickening scene of modern degeneracy, finds in the glorious remembrance of that day and that deed, new hope and new ardor to sustain and impel in the path of duty.

Never since Philip flourished, and Caesar subjugated the nations of the earth, has the eye of the world been dazzled by so brilliant an assemblage of events as has been recorded on the page of history since the commencement of the nineteenth century. Not only have the chains of despotism ceased to rattle on the arms of the children of the west, but liberty will be expected to walk forth triumphant in the gardens of Europe. Not only on our own shores, have the noble nations of the north hurled to the earth the shackles of slavery, but the daring sons of the south have caught the sacred flame, and have risen like the lion from his lair, to battle and to victory. The brilliant banner of liberty floats triumphantly over the western world. The empire of degrading despotism has passed away amid the wrecks of former revolutions and chaos of storms and darkness. Hail brave and beautiful France, hail land of Lafayette and liberty; thou art worthy to be free. Never was there a more gallant nation or a more polished people. Born in the lap of luxury and learning, it is not strange that the flowery and flourishing France should sigh to be free. Nor is it the first time that liberty, arrayed in her sky blue cap, has walked forth in her flowery fields. When Napoleon arose, like a giant from his slumbers, and dashed the scepter from the trembling hand of the Bourbon, all France rejoiced, and the echo of French redemption was heard in the remotest wilderness of the west. England, the cool and crafty England, looked from her stormy hills with a jealous eye, for she feared the approach of that genius, that carries desolation to the thrones of despots. She trembled, lest freedom should sever the chains which had so long bound her sons to feudal servitude and toil. She beheld the tiger of Corsica, as he grappled with the demon of despotism, and trembled at the prospect of a similar fate. But fair and fertile France was not then prepared for the glorious rising of the luminary of liberty. Storms and darkness rested upon her bosom, and the long night of anarchy and aristocracy overshadowed her triumph. Power was in the hands of a few unprincipled ruffians, more despotic than the Bourbon, who had fled an exile from his ill-fated throne, under their hellish reign of terror. The scaffolds and the streets of Paris, streamed with the blood of her best and bravest citizens, until the gullionette blushed at the audacity of her demonic rulers. But the heads of the tyrannical Robespierre and his infernal coadjutors, have paid the forfeit of their frenzied career, and the storm of extermination which so long darkened all France, has sunk, long since, below the horizon, and the brilliant luminary of liberty has risen again, in all the unclouded grandeur of American glory. The rapidity of those splendid events which have regenerated France, has astonished the world, and scattered the sacred flame of Freedom throughout all Europe. Never did a tempest in the elemental world, rise with such fearful velocity from the west; and never did a revolution in the political world, strike such instantaneous terror to tyrants, it comes like a clap of thunder in a clear sky—it bursts upon the sons of men, like some swelling cataract, which had suddenly broken over its barrier.—It flashes upon the bewildered imagination like a mighty volcano, scattering its long-pent fires in the Heavens. It passed all the sublimity and grandeur of the former Revolution, dis-

gested of half its terror.

So sudden was the electric flash, that all France was wrapped in the conflagration ere the eye of dispassionate reason could look upon it undazzled, or the understanding digest the truth of so splendid an event. There is no era in the annals of ages, no action recorded on the pages of history, which may be compared to this. Posterity will be astonished at the desperate and daring deed, and celebrate with delight the chivalrous spirit of the sons of Freedom.

But there are thousands of men whose bosoms are now beating with silent dissatisfaction. They had vainly hoped that Napoleon had given the last blow to tyranny, and hurled the last crown from the head of the Bourbon dynasty, and again the lingering hope revived that Charles X. was the last of that hated race who should sway the feudal sceptre and wear the unhallowed crown which had descended to him from his effeminate and tyrannical ancestors, after having deluged the streets of Paris in blood, and trampled to victory over the bleeding corpses of their countrymen, they were not prepared to behold the last remnant of the Bourbon family elevated over the ruins of a former throne, still reeking with the blood of the brave. They had hoped, however accomplished, however patriotic, that the very name of that detested race had been obliterated from the memory of man, and doomed to glide silently down the tide of oblivion, with the wrecks and relics, of their former grandeur and glory.

A breeze from the new world had borne to their ears the renown of the rising and flourishing Republic in the west, and they had sighed for a government of the same lenient and patriotic principles. They had read with delight on the pages of history, of the glorious achievements of Washington,—of the empire of freedom, which had risen on the ruins of a despotic dominion—they had read of those imperishable and imperishable rights which were enjoyed in their purity and hope, whispered, that France should be modelled on the same form, and enjoy the same patriotic prerogatives. A darkening cloud hangs big with destiny over Europe, a mighty volcano is ready to burst, and scatter desolation to the hopes of tyrants. A storm of passion, more awful than an avalanche of the Alps, is rolling up the horizon to precipitate its vivid lightnings on the foes of legitimate government, and the sacred rights of man. Tremendous will be that hour when all Europe shall feel and assert her independence. The tocsin of alarm has already sounded, and the torch of civil war blazes in the capitals of the continent, already has the dark-browed sons of Spain, caught the exhilarating spirit of freedom, and the throne of the despotic and bigotted Ferdinand totters to its fall. The hardy, the warlike race of Belgium, have aroused from their slumbers, the contest has raged in Brussels, and all Netherland is in alarm. Nor have the bright and beautiful children of Italy, the sunny clime of science and of song, lain quietly beneath their wrongs. They too are up, their galling chains are rattling on their arms, and the cry of liberty is heard in their cities.

Beautiful and brilliant Italy, she is worthy to follow the sons of liberty in throwing off the yoke, which for ages bound her sons to one long night of superstition and ignorance. The same lovely land which once gave law and learning to the world, is worthy to be free, and to flourish again in her primeval greatness and glory. And will the many millions of Russia tamely crouch at the feet of their autocrat, nor make one brave effort for fame and freedom? Will they still bow before the throne of their pariaical race of Muscovite Czars, nor wish to see the Kremlin again in smoking ruins? Will not the snow clad hills of ancient Scandinavia echo the shouts of victory, and her warrior sires catch the spirit of the gallant sons of liberty? Will the blue eyed genius of Germany, and the impetuous heroes of Hungary still wear their chains? Say! Can Switzerland, the romantic Switzerland, forget the triumph of her own William Tell, and hear unmoved the cries of *Vive Liberty, vive la Republique?* It is impossible. The time is rapidly approaching, when the glittering crown will be hurled from the head of imbecility, and the yoke of despotism broken in fragments at the feet of the god like liberty. Freedom shall walk forth in the gardens of Europe. Papal supremacy, nor the dungeons of holy Inquisition, shall awe the minds of men. They will arise in their mighty strength, rend assunder the unholy union of Church and State, and teach a lesson to tyrants, that men, determined to be free, can never be enslaved. Spain the land of romantic chivalry, is already ripe for the contest, perhaps ere long the mighty blow will be struck, and the tyrannical house of Braganza, the oppression of the monks will share the same fate which has blotted that of the Bourbon from the catalogue of Royal magnificence. Perhaps ere this the streets of Madrid have been drenched in blood, and the tri-colored flag floats proudly on the ramparts and palaces of Gibraltar, Cadiz, and the Capitol.

There seems to be a terrible game to be played in Europe, and the happiness of millions depends upon the contest. Should Spain, like America succeed in the overthrow of her tyrannical master, what scenes will be presented in the dungeons of her hellish Inquisition. Not more horrid were the secret recesses of the Bastille, than would be the gloomy caverns of Monkish cruelty and intrigue.

There perhaps the curious might gaze upon the theatre of crimes, which a ray of the sun never visited, and no eye, save

those of the *holy brotherhood* ever penetrated. Yet, it is to be hoped, that amid the gloom and terror of the scenes, Liberty will ride forth triumphant, and despotism go down in blood like a star that is to rise no more.

After which the following toasts were drunk.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. The day we celebrate. *Salute, 3 Cheers.*
2. The Declaration of Independence, compiled by Jefferson, and advocated by Adams. May it forever serve as the oracles of the rights of man, life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness.—*Firing-Cheers.*
3. The Constitution of the United States. The ark of our political safety, if lawfully administered, it can never become the instrument of oppression or monopoly.—*Firing-Cheers.*
4. The American Navy. May it sail on a sea of Glory, and waited by the gales of prosperity, always enter the port of victory.—*Firing-Cheers.*
5. The Union. A temple of liberty, supported by the twenty six pillars of sovereign States, may it tower to the skies, and reflect the glory of its star all over the world.—*Firing-Cheers.*
6. Pennsylvania. The Keystone of the arch, alive to the interests of her people, her rail roads, Canals and free School, entitle her to this proud distinction in our federal Union.—*Firing-Cheers.*
7. Agriculture and Commerce. The support and source of our country, may an enlightened policy guard their interests, and a liberal spirit give energy to their greatness.—*Firing-Cheers.*
8. The three greatest and best generals. General peace, general plenty and general satisfaction.—*3 groans.*
9. The Press. The palladium of liberty wherever its power is felt, its benefits will manifest themselves.—*Firing-Cheers.*
10. The life and character of general Lafayette, of Patrick Henry and of James Madison.—*Firing-Cheers.*
11. May the tree of Liberty flourish round the Globe, and every human being partake of its fruits.—*Firing-Cheers.*
12. The Ladies. Their influence proves the bright age of chivalry is not gone. We admire them for their sympathy, love them for their beauty, and deem no labour too severe to gain their hearts.—*Firing-Cheers.*
13. The constitution of the United States has matured the wish patriotism begin.—*Firing-Cheers.*

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

Dr. J. G. Lightner. The Patriots of 1776. Those who in solemn council cast the die of their destiny, in subscribing the instrument of defiance to Royal power, and those who raised and bore the standard of their country, through a long doubtful and perilous contest.—*3 guns 2 cheers.*

Robert Harvey. Constitution of the United States. May it never be defaced till the sun turns to darkness, and the moon into blood.—*3 guns 3 cheers.*

Samuel McVitty. Nations raising from the ashes of fallen empires, look with astonishment at the progress of our free institutions, and acknowledge the capability of the American people for self government.—*3 guns 1 cheer.*

Thomas Armstrong. Liberty inestimable blessing. May we always enjoy it, but never abuse it.—*3 guns 1 cheer.*

Capt. J. W. Galbreath. The citizen soldier. A lion in the field, a lamb in peace. *3 guns 2 cheers.*

Isaac Sharrar. Liberty, peace, industry and health. Constitute the happiness of our great Commonwealth.—*3 guns.*

Samuel McKinstry. The departed heroes of the revolution. While we cherish their memories with reverence and gratitude, let us endeavor to prove worthy of the glorious legacy they left, ever remembering that its price is eternal vigilance.—*3 guns 2 cheers.*

James B. Perugin. General Washington, and the heroes of the revolution.—*3 guns 2 cheers.*

Wm. Harvey. The 4th of July a day formidable to tyrants, the day star of liberty, may it continue to shine and illuminate the most distant regions of the world.—*2 guns 3 cheers.*

Solomon Dunkle. Days of ease, and nights of pleasure, May the wings of love never lose a feather.

John Temple. May American virtue shine, when every other light is out. *4 guns 1 cheer.*

George Hockingburg. Corks for the heels,—cash for the pockets,—wine for the heads, and generosity for the hearts of all the friends of the Constitution.—*3 guns 2 cheers.*

SPOTS ON THE SUN'S DISK.—It is stated in the Franklin [Ohio] Republican, that there are three clusters of spots now traversing the left side of the sun, two of which are particularly large, the volcanic in each spot being vividly distinct. The whole may be seen with any kind of pocket telescope or spy glass, the eye being protected with a piece of black glass.

Boarding School Fare.—"And do you live well my poor boy?" said Cuthbert. "Lots of grub" said Tom, "such as it is. Sundays we have baked beef—long bony bits—hundred done, and plenty of arid pudden. Saturdays, scrapings and stick-jaw. Hobbled to bolt all the fat, else we kithes to koo. They gives us swipes for dinner and supper, with cheese as ard as hiron, hand as black as my 'at; but they tells us it's oleome."—(Gurney Married.)

THE JOURNAL.

Huntingdon, July 17, 1839.

Democratic Antimasonic CANDIDATES.

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

Electoral Ticket.

- | | |
|--------------|----------------------------|
| 1st District | JOHN A. SHULZE, } Sen'tol |
| 2d do | JOSEPH RITNER, } selectors |
| 3d do | LEVIS PASSMORE, |
| 4th do | CADWALLADER EVANS, |
| 5th do | CHARLES WATERS, |
| 6th do | JON. GILLINGHAM, |
| 7th do | AMOS ELLIMAKER, |
| 8th do | JOHN K. ZELLIN, |
| 9th do | DAVID POTTS, |
| 10th do | ROBERT STINSON, |
| 11th do | WILLIAM S. HINDEU, |
| 12th do | J. JENKINS ROSS, |
| 13th do | PETER FILBERT, |
| 14th do | JOSEPH H. SPAYD, |
| 15th do | JOHN HARPER, |
| 16th do | WILLIAM MELVAINE, |
| 17th do | JOHN DICKSON, |
| 18th do | JOHN REED, |
| 19th do | NATHAN BEACH, |
| 20th do | NEED BLESWORTH, |
| 21st do | GEORGE WALKER, |
| 22nd do | BERNARD CORNELIUS, |
| 23rd do | GEN. JOSEPH MARBLE, |
| 24th do | JUSTICE G. FORDYCE, |
| 25th do | JOSEPH HENDERSON, |
| 26th do | HARMAR DENNY, |
| 27th do | JOSEPH BUFFINGTON, |
| 28th do | JAMES MONTGOMERY, |
| 29th do | JOHN DICK. |

FLAG OF THE PEOPLE!

A single term for the Presidency, and the office administered for the whole PEOPLE, and not for a PARTY.

A sound, uniform and convenient National CURRENCY, adapted to the wants of the whole COUNTRY, instead of the SHIN PLASERS brought about by our present RULERS.

ECONOMY, RETRENCHMENT, and REFORM in the administration of public affairs, Tired of Experiments and Experimenters, Republican gratitude will reward unobtrusive merit, by elevating the subaltern of WASHINGTON, and the disciple of JEFFERSON, and thus resuming the safe and beaten track of our Fathers.—*L. Gazette.*

The Editor of the "Mountaineer" we learn by the Journal, has been trying his powers upon us. Will our friend Johnson please send us a paper containing the attack. We suppose the valiant editor of that paper is very willing to "crack his whip" out of our hearing, and we should really like to see how boldly he can carry his mounting-ears. If he is worth the trouble, we will take a peep under his lion's skin.

The 4th.

We have given a large portion of our paper up to the sayings and doings on the 4th. We feel bound to do so. Nothing should be left undone, which may tend to keep alive a remembrance of the glories of that day, sixty-three years ago. It is the political sabbath of our country. On that day, every age and sex should meet around the altar of their country, and offer up their party prejudices and passions, and meet like brothers, and see who should outstrip the other in cultivating the love of our country and her laws.

The space therefore allotted to-day to the sayings on the 4th we consider devoted to the whole country. There is much there that is well said, and the young and old will rise from its perusal, with the spark of patriotism glowing more brightly in their bosoms.

Yellow Springs Post Office.

We have on numerous occasions, received complaint of the conduct at this Office, since its removal from Yellow Springs. At present we understand, the acting Post Master, has no other authority than a deputation from Mr. McRieman, who now lives at Hollidaysburg. We should like to know what there is to restrain this deputy from, all kinds of neglect or misconduct. The people of Morris, it seems to be the victims, of official oppression and misrule, because for sooth will not bow their knees to the Baal of Van Burenism. It is time the people took the matter in hand. The corporations at Washington, find a helping hand in the knave who now direct the destinies of Pennsylvania, and to protect themselves, the people must hurl them both from power.

Colerain Post Office.

For upward of forty years there has been a Post Office kept at Colerain Forges, in this county. It is now discontinued, although surrounded by a very dense population. A new one has however been established at the mouth of Spruce Creek, three miles below Colerain.

That our readers may judge of the motives which could prompt such a total disregard of the peoples wishes—such a perfect infringement upon their rights, we will briefly state the situation of the country.

Immediately at the mouth of Spruce Creek there are a few houses, and their few occupants comprise the whole of the population, on that point of the compass who get their letters or papers from that office. The entire body of the residents being in the neighborhood of Colerain Forges, and above even that point. We doubt very much whether there is one individual below the mouth of the creek, who will get his papers from that office. With in one and a half miles of the present Post Office, there already existed another while two and a half miles, was the Water Street office. So that now within the diameter of three miles, there is three Post Offices, the third one having been brought from three miles above, and from the centre of a population, we might almost say equal to the whole of the other two—in fact to accommodate a few individuals who live within a mile and a half of one office. A whole settlement must travel three, four and five miles.

These are the facts; and whether the people in that part of the county, will submit to the dictation of their old neighbor, Porter, it is for them to say—that the whole of these changes in the Post Office are directed by him, none can doubt. He has his ends to accomplish, another election campaign will soon be here; and he is anxious to have things in readiness to encompass sea and land, to make one proselytize. This county told him last fall that they knew him; and he is anxious to make an effort to convince his friends that he was cheated. If he can succeed in removing every Post Master in the county, who is not of the Loco Foco brotherhood. Then he knows that those paper which expose his conduct—will never reach the destination. If the people are willing to submit to be robbed of their rights, we have no more to say.

To our subscribers we can only say, the time is soon coming when they will find it difficult to get our "Journal" in any office in the county.

Judge Collins.

We learn from our Harrisburg papers, that the Supreme Court have decided that the commission of Judge Collins of Lancaster, is null and void.

As some of our readers may not recollect the circumstances upon which he received his commission, we will briefly state them as correctly as they have come to our knowledge.

Judge Collins was appointed some time in the year 1836, President Judge of the district of which Lancaster is a part. After the election of 1838, when every body had learned that the new constitution was adopted, Judge Collins resigned his Judgeship, and immediately asked a re-appointment, which he received. The only possible reason to assign for such conduct is, the fact that had his last commission proved good, he could have held his office ten years from the date thereof. While by his first, his term would have expired two years sooner. For the new constitution declares that, all the judges of the last class hold their commissions ten years from the date of their appointment. By this movement then Judge Collins expected to hold his Judgeship until 1848 instead of 1846. The Supreme court have decided that his last commission was null and void,—his resignation has rendered the first one useless—consequently the Judge is no longer. The Judge has certainly not read the fable of the dog crossing the stream.

We are rejoiced at this decision. When we see men in high places, stooping to such a paltry trick to extend the tenure of their office, we glory in seeing them become the victims of their own duplicity. Judge Collins, we doubt not, was a capable and efficient Judge; but when such men can be tempted with two years of office, to forget their dignity,—and in fact their duty,—we say let them fall.

This decision we believe is final; and by it the Supreme Court have decided that their own chief justice fills his chair without a shadow of right. Chief Justice Gibson played the same disreputable trick,

in order that he might still hang on to the leaves and fishes of office. If the commission of Collins, is null—so is Judge Gibson's—this is plain matter of fact. The decision of their own court has declared that Judge Gibson has no right upon the bench. However much we may regret the removal of Judge Gibson from the bench, we feel bound to say that upon the authority of his present commission, he has no right there. One of our Harrisburg papers says, "we think Porter dare not extend the same rule to Judge Gibson." We hope that he not only dare support the established law of the land, but that he will do so. Judge Gibson resigned his first commission—the law has pronounced his last void—therefore he is not a Judge.

We care not how eminent a man is—nor how useful he may be in his station—he has no right to hold his office against law; and if the Judge was so blinded by an overbearing desire for office, as not to see that he caught at a shadow, why let him learn it in the bitter school of experience. We have a bad enough opinion of our Governor now; and we should have a much worse one should he dare to let the chief justice wear his judicial robes without authority. We think our Harrisburg cotemporary spoke hastily when he evinced a desire to continue the Judge in office without a commission.

The profound abilities of Judge Gibson may entitle him to a re-appointment by Mr. Porter,—yet we might almost say, he deserves it not, for so far forgetting what was due to himself, as to cause some of his enemies to say that his judicial censure was soiled with the leprosy spots of political office hunting.

New Judge.

Most of our readers, have probably learned that Calvin Blythe, the President Judge of the court in Dauphin county, has resigned; and reader, who do you think Porter has appointed in his stead? JAMES MADISON PORTER! his Masonic brother.

It is impossible to assign any cause why Judge Blythe resigned, unless it was a wish to get rid of the trial of the rioters, who are arraigned for treason. True, he was a candidate for nomination in the convention which took up Porter. True he was a little chagrined at the success of such a man; and it may be that he by the promise of something better, if he would resign, and allow honest Davy appoint the right kind of a man to try the "dog-keepers." There is at least room for suspicion.

But what do you think of it Pennsylvanians? Porter has selected his own brother to set in judgement on those whom whose treasonable character was calculated to assist himself. Is not keeping it in the family? Is it not rather a high handed move for the Governor of this State, to select his own brother such an important station, over one equally capable, and more deserving?

Many causes are assigned for course, all alike disreputable to the pointing power. It is said the party of intelligent Davy, had declared that they were tired with seeing James M. Blythe at Harrisburg, without any apparent business; it looked too much as if there was there to lead Davy by the nose, write his messages, and to tell him what bills to sign, and which to veto; and for this reason he was given the Judgeship so that there might be some excuse for staying to take care of his less intelligent but may be not less honest brother.

It is, that since Porter's inauguration, this same brother has been incessantly at Harrisburg; making a pretty good reason for the suspicion. Others say, he will hold his appointment until the rioters are tried, and then very likely Judge Blythe will take it again, for the winter term under the new constitution. But these are all surmises; it is sufficient say, that Porter has selected his brother (a high mason), to try other masons, charged with high crimes and misdemeanors; is not such conduct enough to awaken the suspicions of every honest man.

LOCO FOCO WEAPONS.—The following toast was drunk with great eclat at the Loco Foco celebration of "old Berks." It has been suggested that the journals in this service of that crude party, should place this at the head of their columns in place of Mr. Buchanan's toast. We think the hint a good one, and therefore give it publicity. A greater truth than is contained in the last line of this attempted rhyme was never uttered.—*Harrisburg Chronicle.*

By L. W. Stone. Little Davy: the man of whom we read in the holy scriptures—He slew Goliath with a sling: The sling he used, was composed of leather, stone and string; The sling we use, is made of SUGAR, WATER and GIN!