

Two Missionaries Eaten by Savages.—Through the kindness of a gentleman in this city, we are permitted to publish an extract from a letter just received by him, containing the heart-rending intelligence that two missionaries in New Zealand have shared the fate of Lyman and Munson.—N. Y. Observer.

Sidney, N. S. Wales, Dec. 1, 1859
The missionary brig Camden left Upolu the day before our ship sailed, and arrived here last evening, bringing with it two of the missionaries that sailed in her, during a visit to the Island of Ewomango, one of the new Hebrides, were killed and eaten by the natives.

They were Messrs Williams and Harris; I knew them both at Upolu.—Mr. Williams quite intimately; he was a highly intelligent and gentlemanly man, one of the most indefatigable of all Christian missionaries. He is the author of a very valuable work on the South Sea Islands. A third gentleman, not a missionary, (Mr. Cunningham), who was with them at the time, escaped by flight, and I have the painful intelligence from his own lips. Mr. Harris was in ill health, and could not make his escape, while Mr. Williams was rather advanced in life.

Mr. Cunningham, who heard the wailing raised, turned and saw Mr. Harris pursued by the savages; in an instant after, he saw him fall, pierced through with many spears. Mr. C. then urged Mr. Williams to run for the boat, which was at some distance. The latter misunderstood him, and ran into the water to swim off to the brig, but was overtaken and murdered. Mr. C. with difficulty reached the boat, and made his escape.

These unfortunate missionaries were sent out by the London Missionary Society, and the vessel spoken of in the letter was one employed in its service.

FROM TEXAS.—IMPORTANT FOR MEXICO.—We are indebted to the politeness of Cap. J. W. Noyes, a passenger on board the steam packet Neptune, from Galveston, for an extra of the Civilian, containing the following interesting intelligence.

By the steamer Dayton which arrived this morning from Houston, we have received intelligence that the centralists, under Arista, and the federalists, under Canales and Zapata, have had a bloody engagement, near Mier, on the Rio Grande, in which the federalists were totally routed with great numbers killed and wounded, the exact number not being known.

Those who escaped retreated in great confusion to San Antonio. The centralists, in pursuit, were reported to be within one day's march from the town, and Col. Fisher of the Texan army, in command of three companies, had despatched an express to the President for instructions as to the manner in which he should receive Canales. A messenger was immediately returned by the President, but the nature of the instructions sent is not precisely known. It is stated, but with what truth, we know not, that a truce has been agreed upon with Mexico, and it is thought by some that Arista may remain some twenty miles from San Antonio, and send to demand the surrender of the federalists. Others doubt whether, even if this should be the case, he will not attack the town if he sees a prospect of taking it.

Col. Fisher has only about one hundred and sixty men under his command; but it is believed that, with the assistance of the citizens of the town, he can hold out, if attacked, until three hundred troops, under Col. Burleson can arrive from Austin, with the volunteers, who would immediately fly to arms.—N. O. Bee.

DOCTOR PARRISH.—The late eminent Dr. Parrish, of Philadelphia, was afflicted in early life with a disease of the lungs commonly called consumption, but by great care, frequent exercise in the open air, and strict temperance, he succeeded in arresting its ravages, and restoring the lungs to a healthy state. He occasionally alluded to his early disease, and expressed his conviction that his lungs had cicatrized; and accordingly, in compliance with his request, his body was opened, and the result appeared as he had foretold it. Not only was the Doctor afflicted with ulceration of the lungs, and all the symptoms of phthisis, but he was constitutionally disposed to the disease, and had lost a brother and sister by its ravages. He did not despair, and without leaving the city of Philadelphia, whose cold winds are proverbial, and without the use of medicine, he recovered from the attack. This case ought to speak volumes to the invalid, who is too apt, when he finds his lungs are affected, to give up in despair.—Norfolk Bacon.

A CLOSE HITCH.—Mr. Miller, who prophesied that the world was to come to a termination some time in 1845, was lately in want of funds to defray the expense of publishing his book, and applied to a gentleman for a loan. The gentleman agreed to lend him the money, provided Miller would give him in return a deed of a farm which Miller owns, the deed to take effect in 1845, two years after the time Mr. M. marks out for the final destruction of all the farms on the face of the earth. But Mr. Miller refused to give this deed in exchange for \$50 cash, which shows that there is some hope that Mr. M. is a little out in his calculation.

OL. MELVAIN'S RENUNCIATION

[From the Ohio Confederate.]

Mr. Editor:—It is not because I wish to thrust my own opinions before the public uncalled for, but because others have chosen to attach importance to them, that I am induced to ask a place in your paper for a few remarks.

It is known to my fellow citizens in this part of the country, that I have been the ardent and constant advocate of General Jackson and his administration; and that I contributed my exertions to elect his successor. But disapproving of the course of the Van Buren party, in many particulars, when General Harrison was again brought out in opposition to Mr. Van Buren, I made up my mind to support him, because I knew him to be honest and capable, and worthy the confidence of the people. As others have been pleased to use my name freely, because I determined to act in this matter for myself, and in pursuance of high duty to my country, I have thought it proper thus publicly to announce my determination, through your columns, to our old Jackson friends, by whom I desire to be properly understood.

In abandoning Mr. Van Buren and giving my vote for Gen. Harrison, let no man suppose that I abandon my political opinions or my political friends with whom I co-operated in electing Gen. Jackson to the high post which he filled with so much credit to himself and honor to his country.—Those who adhere to the principles which the friends of Jackson then professed, will find me still with them. I am aware that a portion of the Van Buren party will bitterly condemn my course, and charge me with desertion of my principles, in the hope of persuading my old friends that I have changed. That is not true; my principles are the same—the principles which brought Gen. Jackson into power. They may perhaps set me down as a Conservative. Well, be it so, they are at liberty to call me this or any other party name, but I must have the privilege of voting for whom I please. I am resolved not to be colored by party or party names. There is no material difference between the great bulk of the two parties, as to the manner they desire the government to be administered. The differences, I believe to be among the politicians on both sides, whose object is to gather a harvest of "fat things" for themselves, and equally at the expense of the people.

It is a proud name enough for me, that I can simply call myself an American citizen. I wish to be known by no other. I will acknowledge no other. I am tired of deception. Names are nothing. Honesty of purpose are every thing. I therefore support my old General and fellow soldier, not as a party man, but because I know him, and know him to be a brave man, a true patriot, and a capable statesman; and known him as I do, had I ten thousand votes they should all be given to him in preference of Van Buren. If it were necessary, I could go into detail in giving reasons for my preference of Gen. Harrison. But I expect to meet personally with most of my old political friends and associates, and will with great pleasure explain verbally why I am constrained to sustain Gen. Harrison. For the last year I have been dissatisfied with the course of measures pursued by the administration; and I consider the legislation of the Van Buren party in the State Government as peculiarly objectionable. And much as I have disliked the course of the leaders of the Whig party, I have longed to see, and do hope to see Mr. Van Buren leave the White House on the 4th of March next. To many of my friends these feelings and wishes are not new; yet so strongly have I been bound by the chains of party, that I confess that I have been wanting in nerve openly to proclaim my opinions. I have been persuading myself to slip along until the election in silence and inactivity, unless (which I supposed probably to be the fact) I should be called on to be the Van Buren candidate for Congress, which would make it necessary to declare my opinions freely and frankly. But being appointed a member of the Democratic State Central Committee, I found that neutrality was no longer possible. I, therefore, again review the two political parties, (the extremes of both I abhor,) and come to the conclusion, that there was, indeed, so little difference between the honest men of the two parties, and as I had served two campaigns under the old hero of Fort Meigs and the Thames, I would go on and serve a second under Van Buren. In this conclusion I soon found I had erred. There were differences, I found, between the Central Committee and myself, on subjects of vital interest to the country, which could not be reconciled. When I again reviewed the late Message of the President to Congress, his former dictatorial message, and the destructive measures of (I cannot say a true Jackson Legislature, but) the Ohio Legislature, which were bringing ruin upon our country, it was apparent that, if I retained a place in that committee, I should be compelled to sanction with my name what my judgment and love of country abhorred. Under these considerations, I plucked up courage, (as I had often done before under the "Old Granny and coward," as some call him,) and resigned my membership in said committee. I now only regret that I had not acted with more energy and decision, and not followed the dictates of my conscience, which by day and by night admonished me of my duty in regard to this important matter, until I almost hated myself for halting between two opinions. Perhaps I ought to ask par-

don of the Democratic State Central Committee for my wavering conduct; but the shackles are broken, and thank God I am once more a freeman! and as long as I live I intend to be so.

I will only further remark, in conclusion, that with my decided approbation of the old Chief, and my determination to support him by all proper means, I cannot share in any proceedings which smack of dictation to the people. The people in my opinion, are abundantly capable, without the help of dictators, to choose their own officers. I desire further to say to all my old Jackson friends in this city and surrounding counties, that my house is open from this time to the Presidential election—and that I will esteem it a favor, if they will call on me whenever they find convenient. They will never find my door shut and the string of the latch pulled in. We will confer with one another, and reason together touching our common interests and those of our common and beloved country.

I am, sir, your obedient servt.
JOHN MELVAIN.
Columbus April 15, 1840.

The result in the Empire State

The Albany Evening Journal gives a complete list of supervisors elected in that State in 1839, and 1840—according to which, the whigs have now a majority of 21, whereas, in 1839, the result was a tie.

The Journal adds:—
It will be seen that there is a decided Whig gain the Supervisors elected, notwithstanding the adverse results produced by accidental or local causes in several counties. For instance, in Oneida, Otsego, Fulton and Cayuga counties, we have lost fifteen Supervisors—a change of thirty—while the Whig cause in those counties was never stronger than now. In Washington, Chataque, Genesee, Monroe, Livingston and Niagara we are at least 2,000 votes stronger than at any former election, yet in the aggregate of those counties we have lost Supervisors.

The Empire State is immovable as a rock in opposition to the policy and reelection of Martin Van Buren. In 1838, with every State which vote before her going for him, she yet declared her uncompromised hostility by 10,421 majority. In 1840, she will give 15,000 whig majority at least, but if Pennsylvania or Virginia shall unite with Ohio and the Great Western in support of the old Farmer of North Bend, she will increase it to at least 20,000.

A Good One.

The Van Buren folks held their meeting at Hagerstown Md., on the 4th inst. It seems to have been the next thing to a failure. The Torch Light says, several amusing incidents occurred on the occasion, of which, it gives the following as a sample:

One of the Marshalls of the day, at the close of the procession, as we have been informed, addressed the committee of arrangement thus: Gentlemen of the committee, I thank you for the marked attention you have paid me. You presented me with a sash—I put it on. You gave me a badge of office—I took it. You gave me a splendid gray horse for the day—I mounted him. I have marched with you. I have assisted you through the day. I have voted and I have acted and fought with you for twelve years. I can go with you no longer. I wish to quit your party in peace. I return your sash, your badge, your horse; and again thank you for the distinction you have conferred upon me. But, gentlemen, I'll be d—d if I don't vote for Harrison. I am just on my way to join the Tippecanoe Club.

And he did join it. There's no mistake.

INCREDIBLE.—The Baltimore Post tells a story of a landlord, anxious to get possession of a little house occupied by a poor widow and her infant, who engaged an officer, notorious for his brutality of his nature, to effect this object. Chuckling with delight, the brutal officer pursued his errand, and gained admission to the house. The mother refused to leave it—the snow was deep upon the ground, and she had no other place of shelter. Watching his opportunity, the officer caught the infant from the cradle, and pitched it out of the window upon a snow bank. The mother rushed out to snatch her babe from the cold couch in which its shivering form was partly buried, and the officer took the opportunity to lock the door, and secure possession.

IMMENSE SNAKE.—The Hon. W. W. Bird had on the part of Ensign Bird, 4th N. I., presented the Asiatic Society the skin of an immense snake, which he styled a Boa; but the curator's opinion was that it was a Python. The snake was 21 feet in length, and that part of his body where the deer was, when he was shot, measured upwards of three feet in breadth.—East India Telegraph.

MUSTACHES.—Queen Victoria has ordered all the British Cavalry to cultivate mustaches, because, (and what better reason could be required) Prince Albert wears them. If Prince Albert's legs had been bandy, her majesty might have required the legs of her soldiers to be steamed and bent, like ship timber. So much for being under certain government.



THE JOURNAL.

One country, one constitution, one destiny

Huntingdon, May 6, 1840.

Democratic Antimasonic CANDIDATES.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEN. WM. H. HARRISON

OF OHIO.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

JOHN TYLER,

OF VIRGINIA.

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 SHIMPASERS 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

Electoral Ticket.

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|--------------|----------------------------|
| 1st District | JOHN A. SHULZE, 7 Sen'to'l |
| 2d do | JOSEPH RITNER, Selectors |
| 3d do | LEWIS BASSMORE, |
| 4th do | CADWALLADER EVANS, |
| 5th do | CHARLES WATERS, |
| 6th do | JON. GILLINGHAM, |
| 7th do | AMOS ELLMAKER, |
| 8th do | JOHN K. ZELIN, |
| 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 M'KEEHAN, |
| 19th do | JOHN REED, |
| 20th do | NATHAN BEACH, |
| 21st do | NER MIDDLESWORTH, |
| 22d do | GEORGE WALKER, |
| 23d do | BERNARD CONNELL, |
| 24th do | GEN. JOSEPH MARKLE, |
| 25th do | JUS. H. G. FORDYCE, |
| 26th do | JOSEPH HENDERSON, |
| 27th do | HARMAR DENNY, |
| 28th do | JOSEPH BUFFINGTON, |
| 29th do | JAMES MONTGOMERY, |
| 30th do | JOHN DICK. |

"The Standard" has a most wondrous funny article in it, calling upon every one concerned, to give any information relative to an old lady that has harassed the writer of the article alluded to, and all his coadjutors, for a number of years in this county—Anti-Masonry. It seems to us that it would be equally as funny if the sapient conductors of that sheet had advertised for the principles of their party—for it proclaimed that they had been "totally abandoned"—now why not advertise for its own losses? That the party and its principles, aye, and many of its men, are abandoned, no one, who has ever marked them, can doubt. "Aunt Masonry"—we can tell you where she was last seen—attending the funeral train of old mount Moriah—and when the old Harlot was quietly interred in the tomb of forgetfulness, she willingly exchanged her surname for another, and can now be found and recognised in Aunt Vanburenism. The old lady was, as her name imports, always a despiser of all kinds of humbug, or "tyranny over the mind of man"—and when she found that she had driven to the grave, that most despicable of all humbugs, and worst of all tyrants, the lodge; she directed her assaults at the next in the order of humbugs—Loco Focoism.

Our neighbor of the "Standard" would be doing as much for itself, and its friends, if it could succeed in gathering up the scattering fragments of its own party, and try to unite them once more upon that magnificent humbug—Anti Bank Democracy; for, judging from its tone toward "its own Davy R.," and the Keystone, "the children of one family" are not on the best of terms: or if Aunt Masonry is so much an object of your solicitude, get together the hood-winked, and cable-towed brethren of the "square, gauge, plumb, and level;" let them put on their little aprons, and meet once more, and swear to assist each other in MURDER AND REASON, and they can find old Aunty will soon kick their symbols of crime and sin down into the same pit of oblivion that now holds them. The old dame is as spunky as ever; and we feel perfectly confident that she will wage as gallant, and triumphant a warfare against Van Buren and his Loco Foco host, as she did against that mother of all abominations—the Lodge.

"Old Virginny never tire."



The State election in Virginia has just been concluded, and the way the Democrats made the Loco Foco's "clare de kitchen" is a caution to Davy Crockett.—what will be the actual result cannot be stated at present, yet enough is ascertained to know that Van Burenism is completely routed in the "Old Dominion."

The great importance of this election to the Vanites can well be understood when it is known that there are to be two United States Senators elected by this Legislature; and owing to that cause they fought with the desperation of a forlorn hope, yet they fought in vain. The veil of delusion is fast leaving the eyes of the people, and they see that they are the victims of office holding knaves. The days of the plunderers are numbered, we see it in every election. Old Virginia—the land of Thomas Jefferson, has shaken off the shackles of party vassalage and declared herself, like the apostle of democracy, the foe to Tyrants and the people's friend. Well done Virginia—well done disciples of Jefferson. "Thy foes shall oppress thee no more. Pennsylvania is waiting but the appointed time and she will join you in the ranks of freedom from party slavery.

Van Burenism in the decline.

It appears to be a universally admitted fact that no National Convention for the nomination of a President and Vice President will be held by the Van Buren party. They have become disheartened & broken down in spirit, in the positive assurance that they see every where, that their power must soon pass into other hands. Each day brings the glad tidings of defeat somewhere, every new exchange paper tells us that the honest are leaving the ranks of Van Buren and flocking in scores to the standard of old Tippecanoe. We have now under our eye the open, candid and public renunciation of John M'Elvain, Esq., of Columbus Ohio. Mr. M'Elvain, (so says the "Ohio State Gazette,") "was one of the first of Jackson's supporters, and always stood high in the Van Buren party—he has repeatedly been called to honorable stations,—was, in 1838, the candidate of the Van Buren party for Congress—was a member of the State Committee of that party no longer ago than this winter!" Such is the man who has shaken off the shackles of party. Below you will find his letter, we have excluded several articles intended for this week to make room for it.

Can an any one doubt that Van Burenism is in the decline when such men leave the party, and when that party, conscious of its tottering condition, dare not risk a National Convention, certain that it must be a failure—and conscious too, that the elements of party strife would stir up contentions, and discord even in that convention. But read the letter; and to every honest Van Buren man we say, come fly to the banner of the Log Cabin Boys—Come while there is room in the ranks of the Hero of North Bend.

Ah, Indeed!

"The slanderers of his (Porter's) fame are ready to receive him with open arms, as soon as he has made up his mind to turn traitor to those who honored him with their confidence."—Standard.

Ah, indeed! Then he is making up his mind to turn traitor, is he? You begin to suspect that he is willing to serve you a trick the d—d I never will—leave you? This is really a little strange, Mr. Standard man. Is it a fact, that he really is about giving you the slip? You certainly make an insinuation of that sort. Well now this illustrates what you always said, that Porter was a cunning man. He is too cunning to stick to your sinking craft. There are a great many doing the same thing. They are all received like returning prodigals—with open arms.

To-day the special election in Bedford county takes place, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the expulsion of McElwee. The Loco Focos denounced poor Tom as a traitor, and nominated a man by the name of McDonald—poor Colonel. The Harrison men have nominated David H. Ashbaugh.

MORE GLORIOUS VICTORIES.

Another State Regenerated.

Noble-hearted, patriotic Rhode Island has come to the rescue most gloriously. She has given a majority of about *fourteen hundred* against the spoils party, which is four times as large as the Whig majority *fifty thousand* in New York! Well may we give to the loco foco's their victory in New York while such substantial victories as these are pouring in upon us. This is by far the largest majority ever given to any party in that State before. The whigs have elected 49 members to the House of Representatives and the loco foco's 23. This is backing up Connecticut very handsomely. If Virginia tells a similar tale tomorrow, Van Buren will not get 50 electoral votes. But if she should decide differently, he will not be sure of seventy.

A Loud Gun from Georgia.

The Harrison men have elected their candidate for Mayor in the City of Augusta, and also 9 out of 12 council-men. This is a most gratifying triumph for the whigs of Georgia, where it has hitherto been supposed that Harrison had hardly obtained a foothold. There is a silent, but sure and radical change going on in that State in favor of Harrison, which two months ago was thought to be entirely out of the question. The whigs held a large meeting in Milledgeville, to elect delegates to a State Convention which is about to be held, and instructed them to vote for Harrison and Tyler. This is a most favorable sign. There is good ground for believing that Georgia will go for the old Hero.

ANOTHER FROM LOUISIANA.

The whigs have elected their Mayor in N. Orleans for the first time for many years, by a large majority. They have also elected the majority of both branches of the council.

STILL ANOTHER FROM MISSOURI.

The Charter Election for Mayor and Aldermen, was held in St. Louis on the 6th inst. There being a division in the whig ranks, two of that party running for Mayor, the loco foco's ventured to put a candidate in the field. The regular whig candidate for Mayor was elected, and of the four wards the Whigs carried three. This is the reputed residence of Mr. T. H. Benton. The following is the vote for Mayor—

J. F. Darby, [W]	502
J. J. Purdy, [L. F.]	323
A. Wetmore,	25

Besides the above we might fill our paper with reports of victories in every county in every State in the Union—victories where we have hitherto met with defeat and discomfort. Not a paper comes to our office [except loco foco paper] that do not bring us news of some unexpected victory—some new allies to our glorious cause. We must however for bear.

In one year after Mr. Van Buren is sworn into office as President, Gold and silver will be the common currency of the People.—Washington Globe.

Such was the Prophecy! What has been our experience? Within the twelve months referred to, all the Banks in the Country suspended Specie Payments. And the Government, after exhausting its abundant Revenues, is now paying its own debts with irredeemable Post Notes! Such is the commentary which history furnishes. While talking about gold and silver, the Administration has inundated the whole country with depreciated, and in many States, irredeemable paper. In this respect, as in regard to all their professions, the Van Buren party has been false and perfidious.—Albany Journal.

A HATFUL.—It appears, that the Pica-

yune man carries something in his hat besides his head. He lately met two ladies in the street, and politely raised his hat, when out their fell upon the sidewalk, two apples, seventeen old letters, several un-paid bills, one of which for \$1 25 was re-ceived; one clean shirt bosom and collar, cigars ad lib., a bottle of sarsparilla syrup, a pair of gloves, a pair of false whiskers, a number of the Boston Notion, ditto of the Brother Jonathan, half a pint of peanuts, two pairs of brown drilling dantaloons, and a political song book.—Ledger.

FIRE IN ROME.—The destruction occasioned by the late fire at the Roman College, in Rome, was much more extensive than was at first supposed. Three hundred and seventy manuscripts were burnt. Among these were 27 Arabic, 48 Persian, 9 Armenian, and a large collection of Hindoo and Chinese dramas, all of which were unpublished; and of which, it is believed, there are no copies in Europe. The number of printed books lost in the flames has not been ascertained; but about 1,500 volumes of the earliest eras of printing are gone, and the invaluable collection of Greek and Latin classics, bequeathed to the College by the great philologist, Muretus, who died in 1585, with whose auto-graphical notes most of the margins of their pages are enriched.

THE BEST KIND OF AN ENLARGEMENT.

—An editor in Pennsylvania lately announced to his subscribers that he was going to enlarge his sheet. He got married the week after.