

adless. Thy tongue is cold—thou hast no suds or brushes in thy fat fist that thou dost lather with.

Hence barborous shaver—hence," It is almost needless to state, that the word "hence," the Frenchman made a retrograde leap through the back door, while Oliver escaped through the front.

Major Downing's Visit to Gen. Harrison.

The worthy Major Downing continues to address the Public, or rather his fellow citizens of Downingville, through the N York Express, although we have not for some time past found room for one of his communications. They are characterized by the same strong minded commonsense views of men and things, expressed in the same unadorned style, as at first; and we should be glad to treat our readers to more of them, if we could. It seems that he has made a visit to the Farmer of North Bend, and we think our readers will be amused and gratified by a perusal of his remarks on the distinguished citizens whom the people are about to choose for their next President.

It is proper, however, to give the Major's preliminary letter, stating his objects in undertaking his journey to the Log Cabin on the Ohio.

Washington, March 20, 1840.

To the Moderator of the Downingville Convention:

RESPECTED SIR: I have been waiting here day after day, but Congress don't seem to make much headway with public business; and I have come to the notion to take a slant out West, and see what is going on among the log-cabins out in his own cabin, and measure him crossways and lengthways, so that I can tell you all exactly what I think on him, I must say I have all along had my queries about trying another Old Hero, as the last one was 'e'en most enuf for one generation; but there is no saying that "hairs of the same dog won't cure the bite," and the Lord knows we want some kind of cure for the bites we have had.

I hope the Convention won't scatter till you get my next letter. If I find things to my liking, it ain't impossible that I may stay at Washington with the Old Hero on or before the 4th of March next.

There is one thing you may depend on; if I find General Harrison not the man folks say he is—if I find him a man of a particular party and not of the nation; I'll draw some of Mr Benton's black lines round his name, and let him stay where he is; but if, after talking, and eating, and drinking, and ploughing and grubbing, and fencing a spell with him, I find he has not got the *rale grit* in him, I'll say so.

I don't mean to take things by hearsay, as some folks did a spell ago with t'other Old Hero. Times have got so now, I am determined to recommend no man for President till I have had a chance to measure him. The People are entitled to a good man—one who will do justice to all parties, and go by the Constitution and the Laws. The country has had enuf of party Presidents, and as the party in power have had it all their own way now for nigh twelve years, and got things pretty considerable starn foremost, (as any party will that goes more for party than the good of the hull country,) I think it is about time to tack ship, and try if we can't make things go ahead. Folks in office, I suppose, wont agree to this principle; and as there are a good many on 'em, and all drawing pretty good pay in hard currency, too, they will wike beavers to keep things as they are—but I hope they will remember that they are not all creation.

There is one thing, when I think on't makes me crawl all over, and lifts my dander considerable; that a set of men filling all kinds of offices, from the highest to the lowest, with wages from \$70 a day down to \$3 a day, all turn to spend more time and labor in working for the purpose of keeping in office than performing the duty of their office; and so instead of being the People's servants, 'em to be the People's masters. This will never do; and the longer things are left so, the worse it gets, till the President himself don't dare to turn 'em out, for fear they in turn will hitch teams and turn him out. This will never do—I for one can't stand it any longer. The time has come for the people to look to it, afore it gets fix'd so they can't correct it short of trouble. But I wont say more about this now, my steam rises too much when I think on't.

I start to-morrow morning for "the Log Cabin" at the North Bend, and my next letter, I hope will tell you of my safe arrival there; and arter that look out.

Your friend,

J. DOWNING.

Major, &c. &c. and Member of the Convention.

The New York Morning Chronicle, hitherto a neutral paper, is out for Harrison and Tyler. The editors say they have made the change "being thoroughly convinced that nothing less than a thorough reform in the administration, and total change of governmental policy, can restore our depressed and demagogue ridden country to prosperity; we feel it our duty to adopt the course which seems to us best calculated to promote so desirable a consumation."

Hurrah for Old Tip.

Gen. Harrison's Committee and the Hero of the West.

A Western Correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot thus closes his letter—

A great parade is made in the prints devoted to the Administration about the letter written by the corresponding committee at Cincinnati, in response to certain interrogatories propounded by an association at Oswego, N. York. Gen Harrison is alleged to be *non compos*, and his friends, we are told, have taken him into their exclusive keeping, and will not suffer him to write or speak to any one. They have even gone so far as to say that they have built a huge wall around his house, and that being thus caged, none but confident friends are permitted to see him. These charges are so flimsy and ridiculous that they carry with them their own refutation. A simple statement will put the whole slander to the blush. The corresponding committee is merely a part of the general committee at Cincinnati, appointed by the Whigs of that city in town meeting assembled. With General Harrison personally they have nothing to do; and of my own knowledge, I assert that Gen Harrison did not know who the individuals were that composed the committee. Receiving, however, more letters than it was possible for any one man to read or answer, at Gen Harrison's request, expressed to his friends, the central committee undertook to read and answer such letters as were not important; but those that required a special reply, were ordered to be submitted to the personal inspection of the General; so that if necessary, they might be responded to by him individually. I would also add that this association represented themselves to be friends; they were understood and believed by the committee, and their letters were answered under that impression. It appears that they were enemies in disguise. A generous people will not countenance such infamous frauds, but will visit them with the vengeance they deserve.

You can have but a faint idea of the enthusiasm which prevades the whole West in favor of Gen Harrison. The people part on as President their distinguished favorite. Meeting after meeting, and convention after convention, attest the unbounded confidence which they feel in the justness of their cause and success of their candidate. At every country inn and cross road an old soldier is heard recounting the battles which he fought under his beloved commander at Fort Meigs, Tippecanoe, or the Thames; the boatmen floating down the Ohio on flats and rafts chant songs in honor of the hero of the last war; the boys at the landings shout for Harrison; liberty poles with Whig inscriptions, are erected in the villages; and even the ploughman stops his horse in the middle of the field, and huzzas for the Farmer president. Kentucky—that sheet anchor of the Whig party—is fast and firm. Ohio and Indiana, those young giants of the West, will give their old Governor a more overwhelming majority than he received in 1836. Michigan redeemed and regenerated, is certain and true. With Illinois the question is not whether she will vote for Van Buren or Harrison, but whether she will not give Harrison a larger majority than Indiana. If Virginia go against us, we shall lose nothing that we claimed; if she go for us the battle is over.

From the *Pitts. Evening Star*.

Who is Van Buren?

We shall not now ask our readers to make the character of President Van Buren from us—we shall give it to them fresh, pure and ungarbed from the lips of Alexander H. Everett, Van Buren's particular friend, and now in Havana on a confidential mission from the aforesaid Van. The portrait was drawn before Mr Everett's appointment to the lucrative office he now holds under the General Government. It is copied from a political oration, delivered by Mr Everett in Holliston, Massachusetts, a few years since. Had this sketch been penned by a Harrisonian, it doubtless would have been pronounced a base slander, but coming from such high authority none of the faithful can gainsay it. But here is the portrait, true to the life.

"Throughout the public proceedings we see the character of the man—a narrow, sordid, selfish spirit, pursuing little ends by little means; no loftiness of purpose—no power, depth or reach of mind—no generosity of feeling—no principle, and of course no faith in the existence of any such quality in others. He enters on the high and sacred concerns of the Government in the same temper, in which as a village lawyer he sat down to play *All Fours* at the ale house; and is just as ready to employ any trick that will increase his share of the spoils of victory."

"His talents, as far as he possesses any fit him to act on the theatre. His little, narrow, sordid soul is at home in the little arts, the little intrigues, the little, miserable, mischievous money tricks that may be supposed to decide questions in a council of Chambermaids."

Good Luck.—A little boy eight years old, in Bridgeport, Conn., fell on the 10th ult. into a well about 23 feet deep, with seven feet of water, and sustained little or no injury. He kept his head above the water by extending his feet out against the stones, till a pole was presented him, to which he clung till drawn out. He was a lucky little fellow.

WEST TROY ELECTION.

The Charter Election of this Village took place yesterday. All the means and maneuvering that could possibly be bro't to bear upon this election, were put in requisition, with an amount of bribery and corruption scarcely ever witnessed, with the whole strength of the U. S. Arsenal and its workmen, and the Canal Contractors and their men. The battle was fought and the result is, the Whigs have gained one more in the board of Trustees than they had last year. Last year they had one and this year two Trustees.—Troy Mail.

The firing from West Troy last night was doubtless on account of the glorious Whig victory in Albany.—ib.

From the Harrisburg Telegraph.

A MARTYR TO THE CAUSE.

As the grand procession was moving through Baltimore on Monday, some black guards appeared in the crowd with an effigy on a pole, intended to represent Gen Harrison in petticoats. While they kept outside the Harrison ranks, no attention was paid to them; but on their attempting to fall in with the procession, THOMAS H. LAUGHLIN, a Marshall one of the wards of Baltimore, remonstrated, when he was struck with a heavy club and instantly KILLED. He fell a martyr in the good cause—murdered because he was in the Harrison procession. When the occurrence became generally known next morning, a resolution was offered in the Convention, by Mr. PENROSE, that a collection be raised for the widow and children, which was promptly responded to.

The Massachusetts delegation alone, voted and paid over one thousand dollars. All the delegates remaining in the city freely gave a dollar a-piece, determined to give all the comfort that a competence in money could confer on the bereaved widow. The murdered man was a carpenter, and has left a wife and four small children.

In the afternoon the Convention attended the funeral, with shrouded banners. Many thousand persons were in the procession. It was one of the most solemn scenes we have ever witnessed, and drew tears from many eyes not accustomed to weep. Indeed no one could reflect without emotion upon the occurrence. The martyred man had risen but the morning before in all the vigor of health, glorying in the approaching redemption of his country—but was rudely snatched away by a ruffian hand, while in the hey-day of delight.

Of the feelings of his widow we shall not attempt to write. Husbands and fathers, mothers and wives will appreciate them. And long will the murdered THOMAS H. LAUGHLIN be remembered as a martyr in the cause of public liberty. His death will be avenged at the ballot boxes by his fellow-mechanics throughout the country.

THE MAINE BOUNDARY.

A late "Halifax Times" states that instructions have been sent from England to the Governor General of Canada, requiring him to "make a final proposition to the Government of the United States, on the subject of the New Brunswick Boundary," and that "all the negotiations on that subject are to be henceforth conducted by his Excellency." The New York Commercial disbelieves this statement, principally because Mr. Thompson could not be expected to leave his government, while the United States would not consent to have the negotiations carried on any where except at Washington or London.

Without seeing the entire force of the Commercial's remark, we still place no credence in the "Halifax Times." This print is always in a hurry, and seldom gets hold of a story by its right end. The "British Provincial Journals" are a sad set, take them altogether—at least all that we have ever had the happiness of seeing. In respect to this particular Boundary Question, the most of them seem to be rabid. Here is St. John's "Morning News," full to the brim of every kind of preposterous perversion, regarding a late speech of Mr. Clay, in the United States Senate, when Mr. Buchanan handed in the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations, upon the official correspondence between Messrs. Fox and Forsyth. Among other absurdities, Mr. Wise is made to propose the printing of 10,000 extra copies of the report on the ground that it would have the effect of "pacifying" the nation. Mr. Clay is made to assert that England is "the weaker power," and "unable to go to war"—his remarks, it will be remembered, were to the effect that Great Britain was the weaker party upon this Continent. "We would give little for Mr. Clay's erudition," says the News, "and still less for his judgment." But the London papers are not themselves very remarkable for the profundity or accuracy of their observations upon this absorbing topic. A weekly informs its readers that "the two governments of Washington and Maine are exceedingly embarrassed in keeping from actual hostilities upon the litigated question of the American and British frontier." Another says that troops are stationed "to protect vessels passing between New Brunswick and Lower Canada." A country journal "regrets that recent disturbances in Albany, threaten a repetition of the late border warfare," but receives consolation from a daily in the metropolis, who talks learnedly and seriously about the "disaffected militia of New York." The editor has read something about Colonel Plack.—*Messenger*.



THE JOURNAL.

One country, one constitution, one destiny.

Huntingdon, May 13, 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 SHIN PLASTERERS brought about by our present RULERS.

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

- | | |
|--------------|--------------------------|
| 1st District | JOHN A. SHULZE, Sec'tor |
| 2d do | JOSEPH RITNER, Selectors |
| 3d do | LEWIS PASSMORE |
| 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 | JENKINS ROSS, |
| 13th do | PETER F. HUBERT, |
| 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 MIDDLESWARTH, |
| 22d do | GEORGE WALKER, |
| 23d do | BERNARD CONNELL, |
| 24th do | GEN. JOSEPH MARBLE, |
| 25th do | JUS. ICE G. FORDYCE, |
| 26th do | JOSEPH HENDERSON, |
| 27th do | HARMAR DENNY, |
| 28th do | JOSEPH BUFFINGTON, |
| 29th do | JAMES MONTGOMERY, |
| 30th do | JOHN DICK. |

Fire! Fire!

On Friday morning about daylight, our citizens were aroused by the ever startling cry of Fire! Fire! Fire! and as they rushed into the streets, they were directed by a pillar of fire, which arose from the dwelling house of Levi Westbrook, to the distressing scene. The building was literally in flames ere it was discovered; and fears were entertained by many that some of its inmates had perished in the all destroying element. It happily was not true. They all escaped, and that is all. Mr. John Westbrook was obliged to jump from the second story window, with no other article but his shirt upon him; and when the fire had ceased, his shirt was his all; in earthly goods. A few of the household goods in the lower story, were saved, but we might say that every thing was burned—there was so little saved. The fire communicated, almost immediately, to the dwelling house of Mr. Geo. Black; and in an instant it seemed to be one sheet of flame on the roof. But by this time, there were many sturdy hands and willing hearts on the ground; and all were active, almost beyond their power. The greater portion of Mr Black's household property was saved. Though his grain was all destroyed. While some were busy removing the property, a great portion of our citizens were handling the breaks of the engine with a tilt-hammer force; and the ladies, God bless them! were handling the buckets, as if they were handling a tea-cup. They were all there, from the gayest belle, to those in the commonest walks of life; old and young; and by their presence and example, showed the "lords of creation" that they were equal to any thing, when their neighbor's lives and property was in danger, God bless them! No wonder the Americans are a brave people when they have such mothers, such wives and such sisters. But we are digressing; will we not be excused?

The fire was quelled by the almost super human exertions of the citizens, before it got below the garret floor of Mr. Black's house. But it left Mr. Westbrook's a heap of smouldering ruins. His loss has been distressing and severe. With a large and young family, he finds himself and them, houseless and naked,

He had just gathered enough together to purchase the house, and it is now gone.

But not let us forget to return thanks to the liberality of our citizens—for their kindness to the sufferers. Ere the sun of that day had set, the house of Mr. Black was enclosed in an entire new roof, and every shingle nailed; and the voluntary subscription had, to a considerable degree, replaced their losses.

One word to the Borough Council. The people need another engine, and one of a little more capacity than the present. Lay a tax sufficient to buy it at once, and when it is bought, may it never be needed!

Our Legislature.

To-day the wise law makers of Pennsylvania meet again at the capitol, to make laws for the poor plebians of the State. Already have they spent three months doing nothing, except running the people more and more in debt, without furnishing either way or means to pay them; and again they purpose assembling—for what? Can any one tell? It is said that the credit of the State demands at their hands, some act which shall enable her to pay the hundreds of poor laborers, who have been distressed because of the inability of the State to pay them for their labor. If this be true, as it certainly is, did not the same cause require the same means, when they met last January? Most assuredly it did. Yet there they stayed, and squandered the very money which would have made many of the hearth-stones of the daily toiler on the works glad. Nothing was done. Day after day was spent in bullying and blustering about the banks—in seeking some new bauble to tickle the fancy of the swarms of political vermin, which infest every borough and town in our State. Days, weeks, and we might say months, were spent beating the bush, to find some new and hidden mischief in the rascally banks. At least such was the allegation; and when tired of their nonsense, and convinced that the people would wear with them no longer, they wheel about and do all that the banks desired. They became the friends and allies of the very institutions they had so often pronounced the foes of the people. Yet the very men who have done so, claim to be consistent anti bank democrats. The party who have the power in both branches of the Legislature—and the Executive to advise and consent to all their acts, have done no one thing they have so long promised.

During the Administration of Ritner, every thing that took place was charged upon his administration. The banks suspended—he was to blame. They refused to resume—he was to blame. Shin plasters were issued—he was to blame. Many said the laborers were not paid—he was to blame. A special session was called by the Legislature—he was to blame. "Turn out the old sour kraut beast," they said, and we will regulate the banks—we will make them resume—we will make their stockholders liable—we will call no special sessions—we will reduce the number of officers—we will pay the poor men—we will work wonders. Well, the people did as they desired, and what have they got in return? More officers—no specie—broken banks—an impoverished treasury—and the family of the poor laborer starving for want of the very money owed him by the Keystone State. We ask every honest man if it be not so?—*And this is Loco Foco Reform!*

When the present Administration came into power, we then said they would improve upon every iniquity practised by the former. Did we not speak truly? What have they performed that they promised? Every pledge has been violated; and as we said, they never were intended to be carried into effect.

We ask the people—the honest of all parties—those who toil for their bread, if they cannot see some cause why the things are so? Look at it then as if you sought the interest of your country, instead of your party; then ask yourself if you are not tired of the hypocrisy of politicians—if you are not convinced that the Van Buren party, who have so long been in power, are not false to their professions, to their principles, if they ever had any; to their friends, and to their country?—What has become of all their darling schemes of regulating the currency? They have resulted in the reduction of the price of labor—the price of produce; and what is more, the money you do get is "very uncertain." It is written upon every transaction in life; you see it at home and abroad; and yet you are called upon to still cling to that party, which has so often and so long deceived you.

Pennsylvanians! how long will you re-

main in blindness? How long will you let the iron wheels of power crush your prosperity; and let the evil destiny of politics lead you to your ruin? Shake off your apathy, Begin the work with zeal. Go back to the beaten track of honor and credit—advocate such principles, as will place your country where it was ten years ago, and the blessings of your children shall be heard, when the last sleep shall have closed your eyes in the tomb. Still adhere to the agrarian notions of Loco Foco demagogues, and ere long, the stars of your country will set in darkness and gloom forever.

Special Election—Bedford Co.



"Old Tip" the boy to fling the flail Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! And make the Locos all turn pale, Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

The first gun from Pennsylvania.

has been echoed from the hills of old Bedford county, at the special election held on Wednesday the 6th. The Loco Focos organized regularly, and placed in nomination a true blue, Van Buren Loco Foco, as their candidate. While the Harrison men put Daniel Washbaugh on the track, as an open avowed Harrison candidate; and the county Committee addressed their fellow citizens on the importance of speaking now their sentiments in favor of the old soldier, statesman, and farmer—Harrison; that the echo might reach the uttermost parts of our State, and tell the politicians who surround Van Buren, that their days were numbered. They have done so. And gloriously and well have they performed their duty. Bedford county that has so long been chained to the car of Van Burenism, has broken the chains of the tyrant, and in her first dance of freedom, has sent forth a shout "like the voice of many waters." It is the "hand writing on the wall," for the dwellers in the white palace to interpret.

Unexpected as the result may seem to many, yet we say that it is no less strange than true, that Bedford county has recorded her vote on the side of Harrison and the people by

77's MAJORITY

We! don't for Bedford; you have shown the Locos that "old Tip" the boy is swing the flail; and then their visions of success with their "Kinderhook Fox" are all blown to air. You have led the van; but mark us, you will find thousands who will mingle in the conflict and bear away even your blushing honors, unless you keep wide awake. The strife will now be, which county shall show the most gratitude to her brave old General.

"I therefore give you a warning, Not that any good it will do, For I'm sure that we all are a-going 'To vote for old Tippecanoe."

You have fought the good fight, and let nothing keep you from finishing your course. There are brighter days in store for us, if we do not neglect our duty. Harrison will be the next President of these United States.

MURDER.

Coroner Torrey held an inquest in Springville on Thursday last, over the buried remains of a farmer named Raymond Otis, of Concord, Erie county. The jury rendered a verdict of wilful murder against a man named Major McEllory, for the offence, who was arrested and brought to this city yesterday, for commitment.

A visit to the jail this morning, enables us to gather the following: McEllory was the hired man of the deceased. On Wednesday afternoon, a controversy arose between the two, who were together at the barn, which resulted in the murder of Mr. Otis. Of the manner of his death, nothing is known, as the parties were alone. Towards evening, McEllory returned to the dwelling, and upon Mrs. O. asking of her husband's whereabouts, the accused made answer that he was in the barn. The accused seemed agitated, went out and shortly after the barn was in flames; caused no doubt by the hand of McEllory. The building was consumed, as was also partially the body of Mr. Otis. This we believe to be the substance of the circumstances.

The accused is a sort of inoffensive, imbecile man in appearance, about 40 years of age, and is an American by birth. The blood of his victim was plainly to be seen upon his pantaloons this morning. He is in irons.—*Buffalo Commercial*.