

Instead of demanding at once his pay for the lost meat, he thought he would introduce his business so shrewdly as to entrap the lawyer before he suspected any thing.

"Squire Cilley, I want your advice in a little matter which has just happened."

"What is it, Mr. N. I should be happy to assist you."

"Why, nothing, only a dog stole a quarter of meat out of my wagon, & I want to know if I can make the owner of the dog pay the damage."

"Oh, certainly, sir, you have a good cause of action; shall I make out a writ?"

"I forgot to tell you it was your dog, Squire."

"My dog—my dog—is it possible? well Tiger is a lawless puppy, I am aware. How much is the damage, Mr. N.?"

"Well, I guess about fifty cents will make me whole."

"Here is the money—please sign this receipt."

"The business was done and the farmer took up his hat to depart."

"Stay, Mr. N. have you not forgotten something?" said Mr. C.

"Why, not as I know of," said the farmer, starting about and feeling his pockets. What is it?"

"My fee, sir," replied the lawyer, smiling in his turn. "You consulted me professionally; and I have a demand on you for the usual fee in such cases."

"The farmer seeing he was fairly caught inquired the amount of the fee. On being told a dollar, he very reluctantly handed over the shiner, and departed, muttering curses on lawyers' dogs, but deeper ones on their masters."

Who did it?

We were struck the other day, by the plain common sense exhibited by a gentleman from the county in conversation upon politics. We remarked to him that we were rejoiced to hear that he was no longer a supporter of the present administration, and observed at the same time, that he had undoubtedly had good reason for his change of opinion.

"My reason is a very plain one," said he, "one that every man can understand. I looked around me and found every thing going wrong, and I asked myself what made it so? and my reason told me, those in power must have made it. The things have no power—they could not have brought about this state of things—the Van Buren men have all the power and they must have done it."

"This reason seemed to you a good one. He had come to the same point that he would have done had he waded through the whole field of argument.—A. L. Gaz."

"We want a Change!"

Such is the language of many of the former supporters of Gen Jackson and Van Buren, who have discovered that the experimenting policy of the National Administration has been the fruitful source of so many evils. These people (and they are not a few) are honest in their intentions; they have hitherto supported those measures which they considered the best calculated to further the common interest of the country; but experience has compelled them to conclude that they were in error—that that experiment has rapidly succeeded; that plan after plan has been put into execution only to fail in accomplishing the object proposed; and that the consequence resulting from the failure of those dearly cherished innovations of the national rulers have had a tendency to increase the sufferings of the people. Now they are determined to assist in effecting a radical change—a change of rulers, of policy, and of measures, convinced that no change can be for the worse. We rejoice to see this spirit manifesting itself in the minds of the great mass of the people: it is an earnest of better times: it is a glorious atepast of the approaching triumph of good principles and measures—and the certain precursor of the success of the People's candidates—Harrison and Tyler.

The great mass of the people are honest, however they for a time may be misguided, they are always willing, when convinced of the error, to retract. Their common object is the public good; they may err in taking the necessary steps to accomplish this very desirable object; but when the mistake is discovered they cheerfully support the required measures whose intimate connexion with the object in view (experience has shown,) which will effect the legitimate object of government by giving the greatest good to the greatest number.

The People have willed a change—they can make it. They can turn to no prominent measure of the present administration which has been crowned with success, which in practice has not failed to spread ruin and desolation throughout the length and breadth of the land—which has not had a tendency to weaken and destroy those American principle which the patriots of the Revolution handed down to their descendants no less as mementoes of former glory than beacons to guide our future course in the wise administration of government. Smarting under the evils of the present administration, they desire to have a change, and they will accomplish such a one as will restore the government to its former efficacy and splendor.—Perry Freeman.

The World.—This world of ours is like a fair bell with a crack in it; it keeps on clanging, but does not ring.

HANG THE GATE ON 'TOTHER POST.

We were much struck with the force of the above agricultural simile as used by a farmer in our community, who heretofore has given his support to the Van Buren party. In speaking of the present times, he admitted that there was something wrong in the way in which the government has been administered for the last few years, and without saying he had changed his political principles, he still insisted that there ought to be a change in our rulers—and in the manner in which he justified his intention to vote for General Harrison at the coming election, we think ought to have its due effect upon the minds of all reasonable men of the same party, who are satisfied that we are now suffering from the effects of bad government. He said that as things now are a change was necessary—that he did not think a change could be for the worse, whilst there was every reason to suppose it would be for the better; and in conclusion he finished his remarks by comparing the government to a gate; which had hung so long upon one post, that it had commenced swagging, so much so, as to drag all the way on the ground, either in opening or shutting; now said he "hang the gate on 'tother post" and it will all come right. So say we, the government gate has hung so long upon one post, although it be of hickory, that it is now unfit for further use—take it and hang it on the other post its good sound *Buck eye!* and the gate will be brought to rights, and will once more again swing clear. Try it.—Mount Holly Mirror.

A HORRIBLE ACT OF INHUMANITY.

If on further inquiry, the following narrative shall prove true, we hope the proper authorities will seek out and punish the offender to the extent of the law. It is unparalleled in atrocity.

From the Troy Budget.

An Outrageous Act of Inhumanity.—We have been favored with the following painful account, corroborated by three of the crew belonging on board of the vessel herel named. The whaleship Beaver, of Hudson, Capt. Wm. Rogers, arrived in New York harbour, on the 1st of May last, after a long and tedious voyage of three years and a half. Mr. Murray stated, that their first cruise was sixteen months, during which time a number of the crew got the scurvy, so as to endanger their lives. A man by the name of Gordon, a boat steerer, (under the assumed name of Jack Brown,) made the following remark: "If I was in your place forward, if the Capt., when we arrived in port, should refuse to give us liberty ashore. I would point a knife at his heart." This remark soon reached the Captain, for which he resolved to give him to the Cannibals. He accordingly, when leaving port, steered to an island in the Pacific Ocean, by the name of *Savage Island*, (inhabited by Cannibals.) When they came in sight of the island, the Captain then ordered one half of the crew to go below, and the remainder, with the exception of Mr. Gordon, to go aloft, which was obeyed, not knowing the design.

In a few moments, the men aloft espied, at a short distance from the vessel, quite a number of canoes with natives in them; they, however, soon came along side; and the Captain then called Gordon to him, and asked the first mate, (Lansing, of Albany) what he should do with him? The mate's reply was, "damn him, heave him overboard." The Captain accordingly seized G. and put him overboard. After the Captain let go of him, he struck on the side of one of the canoes, the natives pushed him off, and would not have any thing to do with him. The Captain, on seeing that the natives would not take him, hastened below, brought up, and gave to them, a quantity of old rusty knives, to take that man and do with him according to their custom, that is, first to take his life, then roast him, and then eat him.—(that is the custom of the Cannibals.) When Mr. G. was but a short distance from the ship, the men aloft beheld this heart-rending scene, and could not help shedding tears of pity to hear him implore for mercy; mercy!! until at length they reached some distance from the vessel, but that did not prevent them from hearing his pitiful exclamation, "for God's sake, spare me!"

Mr. G. said that he belonged to the city of Troy, and the heart-rending thoughts of leaving a wife and two children to mourn his fate, must have rendered his anguish more poignant.

The undersigned certify that the above statement is correct—all of which they were an eye-witness to.

GEORGE MURRAY,
DENNIS MURRAY,
JAMES M'CURDY.

UNFORTUNATE CASUALTY.

Mr. Charles C. Lacy, wife and child, were drowned on the 2d inst, attempting to cross Merrimack river, (Mo.) in a skiff. The skiff was upset by coming in contact with a rope stretched across the river for the purpose of crossing the ferry boat. Two other persons were in it, one a young lady, who saved herself by clinging to rope the other, a young man, saved himself by hanging on to the skiff.—N. Y. Sun.

Flour was selling at Cincinnati, on the 19th ult., at \$3.19 a \$3.21 per barrel.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

On Saturday, a lad named John Hodge, an apprentice to William Caswell, in Charlestown, Mass. went on board a schooner lying at Caswell's wharf, and after conversing some time with a young man on board, expressed an intention of going in to the cabin to get some ship biscuit to eat. The young man, in a playful manner told him he should not go—and took up a gun which he presumed was unloaded—cocked it, pointed it at him—telling him, in a laughing way, that if he persisted, he would shoot him. Hodge, however, pressed on, and the tiger was drawn. The gun was charged with buck shot—and the contents lodged in the upper part of his face and forehead. One of the shot entered the eye, and probably penetrated to the brain. He was yesterday—suffering great pain—but no hopes are entertained of his recovery. The young man, who was unintentionally the cause of the catastrophe, feels bitter regret as the consequences of his foolish and culpable conduct.—Boston Mex. Jour.

FORCE OF THE TORNADO AT NATCHEZ. We conversed yesterday with an intelligent flat boat man, who was almost miraculously saved, with his boat, at the recent tornado at Natchez. He says that it is impossible to describe the immense force of the hurricane. Singular as it may seem, he states that shot, which had probably been blown from some store in the town, lodged in the bacon hams after the top of his boat had blown off. Many of these shot merely stuck in the hams, while others came with so much force that they were imbedded out of sight. He further states, that to the best of his knowledge there were from seventy five to one hundred flatboats laying at the landing, and that not over fifteen or twenty, at the outside, were saved! When shall we know the worst effects of this lamentable and disastrous gale?

BRUTAL MURDER.

John Rox, a man of gigantic stature and great muscular strength, was in the bar of William Gunn's Tavern, on the corner of Front and Master streets, on Thursday evening. In the same bar was a carman, of the name of Bernard Browning, a man of small stature. Browning said something which irritated Rox, when the latter struck Browning repeatedly with his fist. One of the blows dislocated the jaw bone of Browning.—Rox then seized the unfortunate Browning in his arms, and threw him with all his force on the ground, where he lay for a short time and then expired. Rox was immediately secured and taken before Alderman Clark, of Kensington, who committed him for trial. Rox, it will be in the recollection of our readers killed an Irishman of the name of Patrick Kelly, some short time back. For this offence he was convicted and sentenced to two years imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary. Having served about eight months of his time, through the influence of his friends, he was pardoned by Governor Porter. Alderman Clark held an inquest on the body, when the jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death by blows inflicted by John Rox.—Pennsylvanian.

A FALSE PROPHECY.—The Philadelphia Ledger gives the following concerning Mr. Miller, the prophet, who sometime since predicted the destruction of the world in 1843. It appears that the prophet has a work in press, the profits of which he is anxious to secure before this listessing event takes place. It is suspected that Mr. Miller's book, explaining his doctrines and belief, will turn out to be a complete *grist* of nonsense.

STORAGE, FORWARDING, AND Commission Business

THE undersigned having erected a new and extensive warehouse, in the Public Basin at Petersburg, are prepared to receive all kinds of grain or merchandise, and upon the opening of the navigation, will have a convenient wharf erected.

The following will be their rates of Storage.

Merchandise per 2000 lbs	75
Smaller quantity 100 "	5
Fish per barrel "	8
Salt "	6½
Flour "	4
Wheat per bushel	5
Rye & Corn "	2½
Oats "	2

Commission as per agreement

WHARFAGE.

Blooms per ton (2240 lbs)	25
Plaster "	37
Pig Metal "	12½
Bar Iron 2000 lbs	57½
do stored	50
Weighing per ton	12

All charges to be paid before the receipt of the goods. All persons entrusting their business into their hands, may feel confident that it shall be attended to with care and punctuality; and any goods directed to their care, shall be forwarded as per order. Stevens & Wilson. Petersburg, Hunt. Co. Pa. Jan. 1, 1840.3m

N. B. The subscribers have also opened a *New Store* in Petersburg. S. & W.



THE JOURNAL.

"One country, one constitution, one destiny."
Huntingdon, June 3, 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 PLASTERS brought about by our present rulers.
ECONOMY, RETRENCHMENT, and REFORM in the administration of public affairs.
Tired of Experiments and Experiments, Republican gratitude will reward unobtrusive merit, by elevating the subaltern of WASHINGTON and the disciple of JEFFERSON, and thus resuming the safe and beaten track of our Fathers.—L. Gazette

Electoral Ticket.

JOHN A. SHULZE, Sen'to'l
JOSEPH RITNER, Sectors
LEVIS PASSMORE,
1st District CADWALLADER EVANS.
2d do CHARLES WATERS.
3d do JON. GILLINGHAM,
4th do AMOS ELLMAKER,
do JOHN K. ZELLIN,
do DAVID POTTS,
5th do ROBERT STINSON,
6th do WILLIAM S. HINDEU,
7th do J. JENKINS ROSS,
8th do PETER F. ELBERT,
9th do JOSEPH H. SPAYD,
10th do JOHN HARPER,
11th do WILLIAM MELVAIN,
12th do JOHN DICKSON,
13th do JOHN M'KEECHAN,
14th do JOHN REED,
15th do NATHAN BEACH,
16th do NER MIDDLESWORTH,
17th do GEORGE WALKER,
18th do BERNARD CONNELL,
19th do GEN. JOSEPH MARKLE,
20th do JUSTICE G. FORDYCE,
21st do JOSEPH HENDERSON,
22d do HARMAR DENNY,
23d do JOSEPH BUFFINGTON,
24th do JAMES MONTGOMERY,
25th do JOHN DICK.

ADJOURNED COURT.

It is agreed that no Court be held for Jury Trial on the 3d Monday in June next. The Jurors and Parties, and Witnesses who have been summoned need not attend.
May 28 1840.
By the direction of Judge Barnside the above notice was forwarded to me for publication.

JOSEPH SHANNON Sheriff.
Sheriff's office Huntingdon }
June 2, 1840.

Look Out!

This is the month when the census of the United States is to be taken; and we think it our duty to call the attention of the people to one fact. Let every editor in the union do the same. There will not be less than 1500 marshalls and deputies, who will be engaged in taking it; and they will all be THE HIRED MENIALS of Van Buren—they are his officers; and we doubt not, that they will take every occasion to scatter Amos Kendall's Globe, and other infamous publications among the unsuspecting.

We say to every man answer all questions the law requires. But if these Government Electioneers, attempt to advocate Van Buren—the man who has brought all the distress into the country, bid him begone! for a pampered parasite of power.

We have been told that these census men have boldly said they intended to do every thing for their party—and let every man look out for their falsehoods.

INHUMAN BUTCHERY!

The following letter from a respectable citizen of Shirley township, tells the tale of the most demoniacal, and bloody murder, that we ever heard related. Some demon, in human shape, has seized with his own hand, six souls to the world of spirits. On whom the guilt may rest, it is impossible to say. We hope none will prejudice the case upon the current rumors. We hope this guilty will not escape, nor the innocent suffer for the crime. Robert McConoghy is now in jail. Shirleyburg, Huntingdon Co. May 31st. It is our lot to record one of the most foul, and atrocious murders, ever committed in a civilized land. Yesterday, the family of William Brown, living in Crom-

well township, about four miles from this village, consisting of his wife, one daughter, and four sons, were most inhumanly murdered, and Brown himself making but a narrow escape, being shot at, the ball scoring his cheek half its depth, and passing through the lower part of his ear. The dead bodies of the old woman and oldest son, aged 21 years, were yesterday evening found in the house, most dreadfully mangled, the other four being missing. Feats were entertained of their fate, and search being made to-day (Sunday), they were all found in different directions, in the woods, within half a mile from the house, most inhumanly murdered; some shot through, apparently, as they were running—others had their skull beaten in with stones, and otherwise mangled, so as instantly to deprive them of life. A jury of inquest has been vigilantly engaged part of last night, and this day, examining the dead bodies, and endeavoring to ferret out the perpetrator or perpetrators. Suspicion at first was strong against Brown himself, but the jury are of opinion that it is almost impossible that he could have participated in the murder, from the circumstance of his having returned home that evening, (being absent at work all the week) and in less than an hour from the time he was seen going, he came running to his nearest neighbors, alarming them of his own situation, and that of his family. There are circumstances coming to light, which go far to settle the guilt on Robert McConoghy, who is married to Brown's daughter, the only child now living, and John McConoghy; who it is supposed was an accomplice of Robert's, and are now in custody, and presume they will both be committed, at least Robert will. Brown is also in custody, and will, we believe, also be committed. Brown is the owner of a small farm, the possessing of which, could have been the only motive of the McConoghy's murdering Brown's family. The bodies were this day, six in number, deposited together in the earth, on Brown's premises. The scene presented an instance of the most reckless depravity which can possibly befall the lot of human nature. The oldest of the children was 21, and the youngest 10 years of age.

J. L.

The ghost of the Hartford Convention, has evidently appeared to our neighbor of the Advocate, and frightened him most prodigiously. All the horrors of the last war, seem to have filled up the back ground of his picture, and after fighting all the battles over again, he has settled down upon the sage conclusion that the present party who are supporting Harrison, is only the manes of Jimmy Buchanan's and Martin Van Buren's old friends the anti-war party. Notwithstanding their candidate is the man who said in a public meeting, that the WAR WAS IMPOLITIC AND UNJUST, and our candidate is the man who was watching in the tented field by night, and fighting sword in hand during the day, in that very war. Yet Harrison is the Hartford Convention candidate, and Martin is the Democratic candidate. Is it not a little strange that a few scratches of the pen can make Harrison the Federalist, and Vanburen a Democrat. Isn't it funny.

But just to show how the stale story of Hartford Conventionist was met twenty three years ago, we make the annexed extract from a paper of that date.

[From the Federal Republican and Baltimore Telegraph, Jan. 6.]

Authentic Confession from Washington. Disclosure of Mr. Randolph, in his place, on the floor of the House of Representatives:

"The time has arrived when there is no longer any necessity for suppressing the fact, that the grand armory of Richmond, in Virginia, was built with an eye to putting down Mr. Adams' administration with the bayonet, if it could not be accomplished by other means."

Let those who make such an uproar about the Hartford Convention, read this declaration of Mr. Randolph, and then to breakfast with what appetite they may."

Not many weeks since we saw in the "Standard" an article headed "the Gold Humbug no Humbug." Now as we understood the gold humbug, it ran something after this sort, "in seven months bankrags shall be abolished." That was about six years ago when this gold humbug, humbugged the people.

In the last "Standard" we read as follows. "Small notes of solvent Banks taken in payment," for Standards—what a comment on "the Gold Humbug no Humbug."

A few weeks since the "Standard" published an extract from the "Mountaineer" relative to the suspension; and as we understand pronounced them "his sentiments." The language was this: "what a fine thing it would be if the Key Stone would go over body and breeches to the enemy." Last week the "Standard" says "the Key Stone is in favor of laying a tax, and this is all we or any one else contended for." We suppose that the editor has forgotten that the resumption, or rather suspension bill which the "Key Stone" said was pure-

ly democratic. This same consistent Standard bearer pronounced the most 'disgraceful abandonment of principle ever known.' Now the "Standard" loves the "Key Stone" "like a vera brother." He immagines the writer has been reading Shakespear's "Taming the Shrew," by some called "Turning the Screw."

Petruchio. Now by my mother's son, and that's myself. It shall be Moon or star or what I list— Henceforth I vow it shall be so to me.

Katharine. And be it Moon or Sun or what you please, And if you please to call it a rash candle Henceforth I vow it shall be so to me. Pet. I say it's the Moon. Kath. I know it is. Pet. Nay, then, you lie it is the blessed Sun. Kath. Then God be blessed, it is the blessed Sun; But sure it is not when you say it is not.

Harrison's Opponents.

The opponents of General Harrison are just beginning to find out, that they are likely to meet with a stronger opposition from the friends of old Tip, than they first anticipated; and with a malicious madness, characteristic of their own wicked hearts, are again retarding all the old and oft repeated, and as oft refuted tales, hoods about him. You can hardly take up a *Loce Foco* paper now, that it does not reiterate the story of his voting to sell white men as slaves. Although every one who tells the tale, knows, if he knows any thing, that the whole is a foul calumny, founded upon his vote to sell the labor of the thieves and felons—yet they tell the tale again and again.

The story of Croghan's defence of Fort Stephenson, is still tattled about to deceive the feelings of the ignorant partisan, notwithstanding, Col. Croghan has over his own signature pronounced the whole an infamous attack upon his venerated General.

Not satisfied with the every day manner of telling falsehoods, to the disparagement of that man who fought the battles of his country, they are anxious to make some new capital for their political liars; their National Convention of office holders have published a long address to the people, in which they have gone over all the old ground, and place much stress upon the fact that a committee, of the same kind as officiated for General Jackson, are pleased to answer some of the many letters that are addressed to him. They say they do not wish to argue the point whether he is a hero; yet they immediately ask questions—are not all our lies truth? yet they do not attempt to prove one word they say, but evidently wish the people to think that he is a coward.

Amos Kendal too, has written an address to the people of the United States, (nearly one half of which is for Pennsylvania) in which he has taken the same ground. We do not wonder at him. Ingratitude, base & malignant, has been the leading trait in his character. We could expect nothing better from an ingrate, who would enjoy the bounty of a man's purse, live on his kindness, and clothe himself on the merits of his benefactor, and because that benefactor refused to pay him a price he set upon his own business, turn round and bite the hand that fed him, and raised him from his kennel of meanness. Who could expect any thing else from a man who lived upon the kindness of Henry Clay, and then demanded an enormous bonus to make him grateful. Let him who warms a viper in his bosom, remember he is sure to sting. Every one would say that such a man was the fit instrument of knaves to traduce the gray haired veteran of two wars. Let a such man calumniate who they may, yet where he is known and hated, there his writings will be harmless.

But when a convention of men have not the honesty to say what they mean, and at least attempt to prove it, attack the honor and reputation of the brave soldiers of the American war; and by inuendo, try to give a coloring of truth to infamous slanders, bred in the foul bed of corrupt party politics, it is time for the people to awake! Awake! we say, shake off the shackles of party vassalage; join heart and hand to pay the homage of a free people to a brave old warrior, who fought amid flame and smoke for the blessing you now enjoy. Awake! and tell them in the language of insulted and indignant Republicans, that Republics are not ungrateful. Awake! and tell them that they or their Vice President are malicious falsifiers, for he has said "the history of the west was the history of Harrison—and that he fought more battles than any other General, and never lost a victory." Awake! we say once more, and tell them, that every township contains some of his brave soldiers, and that they saw Harrison, "when war's deadly blast was pure-