

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS

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POETRY.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

OR THE STAR OF NEW JERSEY.

'Tis done! Our glorious standard
Droops blotted on the air;
The star that earliest rose and shone
Is veiled in vapours there.

From that bright constellation
Whose rays illumined the world,
One Pleiad fire is quenched in gloom—
One ancient orb is hurled.

The light that like a beacon
First cheered our fainting sires,
When rushing tempests shook their bark,
By impious hands expires.

The State that suffered sorrest,
When Freedom was unchained,
With all her venerable scars
Denied the prize she gained.

The battle ground of Freedom,
The brunt of war that braved,
Dishonored with a broken seal—
Disfranchised and enslaved.

Was it for this at Trenton
Was drawn thy avenging sword?
Was it for this on Monmouth plain
Heroic blood was poured?

Is this, great shade of Mercer!
The harvest of thy strife?
Was it for this thy wounds were borne—
For this was paid thy life?

Rise, sons of gallant fathers!—
Did foreign foes invade,
I know each breast would bar his march,
Each hand would find its blade.

What matter who thy oppressors
That on our rights have trod?
Rise all!—with just yet bloodless arms
Redeem your native sod!

Away with paltry jarrings
When laws are overthrown!
Each true son of a sovereign State
Should make her shame his own.

Take nobler ground than party
When Freedom is your plea!—
It little boots who reigns or falls
Let but the State be free.

Then speak!—one voice of thunder
Will rend the gloom in twain,
And 'mid the broken clouds reveal
Our ancient star again!

CHANCE.

'Tis priestcraft all, the impious atheist cries
'The world was made by chance—the Bible lies!

'Tis useless such assertions to repel;
But what if chance has also made a hell!

TENNESSEE CONVENTION.

The great Southwestern Convention took place in Nashville, (Tenn.) on the 17th inst.—the Hon. E. H. Foster, President. Fourteen states were represented, and the meeting is said to have surpassed even that at Baltimore in May last. The accounts by the papers show that it was a splendid gathering. We copy from the *Whig* a hasty abstract of Mr. Clay's remarks.—*U. S. Gazette.*

MR. CLAY'S SPEECH.

Mr. Clay was called for with an enthusiasm which seemed to contain no bounds, and when he came forward, with those characteristic smiles playing all over his remarkable countenance, the air was rent with nine such cheers as it has seldom fallen to the lot of any man to receive. When these had subsided, he commenced somewhat as follows,

Mr. President—Gentlemen of the Convention—Ladies—Friends and Fellow Citizens—This day may be likened to the glorious and gemal sun that now shines upon us. Clouds are occasionally fitting over it and obscuring for the moment its beaming rays, but truth will break through the mist and shine the brighter for having been for a time obscured. By November next, the dark clouds which have been lowering above the political horizon will all disappear. I congratulate this vast multitude upon the glorious prospect before us.

This, said Mr. Clay, is a Convention of the people, and he asked if he might not, without arrogance, revert to the cause of his appearing before them. During the arduous contest in which he had been long engaged, occasional clouds lowered about him, but conscious of the correctness of his motives, of the purity of his intentions, he had stood out from the beginning dauntless, erect and undismayed.

Had he visited Tennessee during the campaign to which he had alluded, he would have disabused the public mind in relation to the charges which were made against him. In giving his vote, in 1825, for Mr. John Q. Adams, he obeyed the wishes of his constituents. It had been charged that he did not do this, but the charge was unfounded. It was true that the Legislature of Kentucky at the time made a request that he should give a different vote; but that body, in making the request, went beyond its province; it had no right to interfere in the matter; the right belonged exclusively to his constituents in the counties of Fayette, Woodford and Jessamine. Each of these counties sustained, approved and ratified his conduct at the time, and neither of them has ever to this day revoked or annulled that approbation. With respect to his motives for the course he pursued, he had nothing on this occasion to offer. Those motives were known to and would be adjudged by his God. He never for a moment doubted that the day would come when justice would be done him. Yes he never doubted that brave generous, patriotic Tennesseans would be among the first to do him justice. This he felt they had done. The welcome with which he was greeted on his arrival—the procession—the banners—and last though not least, the many bright eyes that beamed on the occasion—all spoke to him a language of true and heartfelt welcome as grateful as it was flattering to his feelings.

It was true that he had some reluctance, some misgivings, about making this visit at this time, which grew out of a supposition that his motives might be misconstrued. The relations which had for a long time existed between himself and the illustrious Captain in this neighborhood were well understood. He feared if he accepted the invitation to make the visit now, that it might be thought by some that his motives were less patriotic than sinister or selfish. But he assured that great assemblage that towards that illustrious individual—their fellow citizen and friend—he cherished, he possessed, no unkind feelings. He was a great chieftain—he had fought well and bravely for his country—he hoped he would live long and enjoy much happiness, and when he departed from this fleeting vale of tears, that he would enter into the abode of the just, made perfect.

Mr. Clay said that, in addressing an assembly of so many thousands as he saw around him, when so many topics were crowding into the mind, he was at a loss to select a theme. Shall I, he asked, dwell upon a ruined currency—upon the prostration of business—the stagnation of trade—and the destruction of commerce? Or shall I speak of the wasteful extravagance of the present powers that be?

Mr. Clay said that a paper had just been put in his hands, which he had never seen before, that represented in the form of a pyramid, the expenditures of the last three Administrations. He held it up to view and explained its meaning.

He read some of the items of expenditure under the present Administration, which is so characteristically economical, and contrasted them with expenditures, under the same heads, made by the Administration of John Q. Adams—an Administration whose extravagance so shocked the sensibilities of the whole nation!

But, Mr. Clay said, this was not one of the themes he had selected to address the audience upon. He had thought to refer to, among other things, some of the very extraordinary doctrines now advanced by those who profess to entertain the greatest veneration and regard for the State Rights doctrines. In this connection, he brought up the ridiculous manoeuvre, in the United States Senate, at the late session, on the subject of the debates of the several States. A long Report was made that the General Government would not assume the payment of those debts—a thing that nobody ever dreamed of! This Report, of which an extraordinary number of copies was ordered to be printed for circulation, was drawn up, said Mr. Clay, by your fellow-citizen and an old acquaintance of mine. And one of the pleasures which I promised myself, in making this visit to your beautiful town, was to meet and talk over matters with him. But on my enquiry for him, I learned that he was in East Tennessee, making speeches in favor of the present Administration! Ah, said I, at his old occupation, defending criminals! [The manner in which this was said, surpasses description. Those only who saw it, or who are acquainted with Mr. Clay's gesticulations and style of speaking, can imagine anything approaching the reality.]

But here is this difference, said Mr. Clay, between my distinguished friend's present and past defence of criminals. He is now defending great criminals of State, not before a carefully packed jury, but before the free, enlightened, virtuous and patriotic people—and therefore we may well hope that his present defence will not be attended with his hitherto usual success!

Mr. Clay referred to Mr. Van Buren's recommendation, in 1837, of a Bankrupt law, bearing exclusively upon State Banks as an evidence of his regard for State rights, and mirrored forth the evils of such a law.

He reverted to the progress of the Sub-treasury bill though its several stages, and disapproved upon the manner it was finally got first through the Senate and then the House with great ability and eloquence—in which connection he gave a clear and succinct of the manner; and for what cause, New Jersey was so disgracefully disfranchised.

Mr. Clay said that the party in power profess to be Democrats *par excellence!* Among all their usurpations he knew of none more absurd than the usurpation of this name. He professed himself to be a true Democrat. He learned his Democracy in the school of '98 and '99. It was very different, he confessed, from the Democracy taught now—a days in high places. It did not say, in the language of the motto upon the Bedford county banner, which he just read; "The people expect too much from the Government!"—"Let the Government take care of itself and the people of themselves." No! the democracy that he had learned was the reverse of this language of the present Democratic President. But the new Democracy does not stop here. It asks for allegiance to the powers that be. The Democracy of Jefferson asked a candidate for office if he was capable, and would support the Constitution. But the new Democracy asks very different questions. It asks, how many votes can you bring to the polls? What's your influence? Are you boisterous partisans? It also holds out inducements, and bribes, which Jefferson's Democracy did not. It says, if you labor in my cause and the people reject you, I will take care that your reward shall be certain. He instanced the appointment of Mr. Grundy, and then referred to the appointment of John M. Niles, as Postmaster General, who not four months ago was rejected by the people by 4,500 votes. To be thus beaten was a sure passport to an Executive office. By the bye, he said, the office conferred upon Mr. Niles was not a very enviable one, for he had to take a seat previously occupied by a creature than whom a more despicable creeping reptile could not be named. His fellow citizens, he presumed, would know to whom he alluded.

Mr. Clay here dwelt for some minutes upon the immoral tendency to which such a course of administration, as he had been alluding to, would lead—but he trusted it would be checked—that the great physician, the Ballot Box, was near at hand, and by November the disease would be met by an effective and most salutary remedy. When before had such a state of things as now exists been known? When before such a disregard of obligations? When before have 64 out of 67 Land Officers proved defaulters?

When before have defaulters not only been retained in office after their delinquencies were known, but absolutely re-appointed? He referred to the appointment of Mr. Livingston as Secretary of State at a time when he was a defaulter, but said he presumed the President did not reflect sufficiently upon the tendency such an appointment would have. He referred to the Moor and Latcher case, and to the appointment of Hocker to the best office in the country for his services in that dark transaction. He had heard that Hocker had since proved a defaulter.

Mr. Clay said he would like to address himself directly to the Democrats within the sound of his voice. He wished to address them, not as enemies, but as brothers, as men equally patriotic and equally devoted to the Whigs, to the best interests of the country. We differ said he, but upon what subject do men not differ? Have all your hopes been realized in regard to the administration of the Government? Have the pledges that were made you, been fulfilled? Take, for example, the one term of the Presidency. Did not the great Captain promise you that one term was enough for a President to serve? Was it carried out? How was the promise not to appoint members of Congress to office, carried out? How was the promise to reduce the extravagant expenditures, fulfilled? What principle was carried out? What promise kept? What pledge redeemed? Is there an Administration man in this vast assemblage that will answer, shouted the Kentucky orator in the loudest tones of his musical voice!

Mr. Clay said he called the present a vast assemblage, and he would take that occasion to declare that there were more people and more banners there than there were at the great Baltimore Convention. And why are there so many people here, coming together from almost every State in the Union?

Mr. Clay said he claimed to be a democrat in the true sense of the word—a Democrat ready to stand by or die for his country. He referred to the great contest now going on, and asked that nothing should be done to the injury of our opponents. All he said, were interested alike—all were on board the great ship of State—all were alike interested in the success of the voyage. But there were exceptions to the general rule; there were being in the lead of the party who could not be hung too high—beings who set all the baser passions of men at work—and labor constantly and solely for no good. There was another class—the boisterous office holders, the Praetorian band, the Palace Slaves—he was about to say of Mr. V. Buren! But then to call such a man a King over such a people as this great concourse! oh, he would not so insult them!

Mr. Clay, in conclusion, addressed the Tennesseans particularly. He reverted to the position of Tennessee and Kentucky. They stood side by side—their sons fought side by side at New Orleans, Kentucky and Tennessee now fight another and a different kind of battle. But they are fighting now, as then, a band of mercenaries, the cohorts of power. They are fighting a band of office holders, who call Gen Harrison a coward, an imbecile, an old woman!

Yes, Gen Harrison is a coward—but he fought more battles than any other Gen during the last war, and never sustained a defeat. He is no statesman—and yet he has filled more civil offices of trust and importance than almost any other man in the Union!

A man in the crowd here cried out, "Tell us of Van Buren's battles!"

Ah! said Mr. Clay, I will have to use my colleague's language and tell you of Mr. Van Buren's three great battles! He says he fought General Commerce and conquered him—that he fought General Currency and conquered him—and that with his Cuba Allies, he fought the Seminoles and got conquered!

Mr. Clay referred with great good humor, to the 17,000 Whig majority of Kentucky, and asked if generous, chivalric Tennessee would not enter the list of competition with her? He doubted not they would make a gallant effort to not only run up a long side, but to come out head of her!

From the United States Gazette.

MR. VAN BUREN AND THE WAR OF 1812—THE FLORIDA WAR AND MR. VAN BUREN.

Such has been the mismanagement of the National Administration of late, that those who oppose it most earnestly, fail in presenting, in the strongest light, its misdeeds, because they exhibit them "en masse;" whereas, almost any one of them supplies an argument for a total change in our rulers. From the many, take the shocking mismanagement of the FLORIDA WAR, and let some one go over the history of that disgraceful, as well as mournful, affair; and there is not an

honest man in the nation that would not start from the detail, and pronounce judgment against the men whose imbecility to direct public movements, or whose imprudent waste, and misdirection of the public funds, have left that fair portion of our country a prey to a "few hundred Indians," and exposed the flower of our army to slaughter in detail, and the lives of some of the most lovely of one sex, and the most valued of the other, to the mercies of the tomahawk and scalping knife. We scarcely receive a mail from the South, that does not contain accounts of "Fur the Indian Depredations," "Dreadful Slaughter of Whites in Florida," "More Indian Murders," "Indian Key Destroyed," etc. etc. These, our readers know, are the ordinary headings of our southern paragraphs; while it cannot be forgotten, that millions and millions of dollars have been expended on the "Florida War," General after General changed, to give efficiency to the efforts of our "army" employed in the glades, and along the borders of the Gulf. Now, this is a failure on the part of the administration of the general government to protect the lives and property of citizens; and the failure is so evidently the result either of imbecility, or a diversion of the means supplied by Congress to save the territory, that we ask, with confidence, what is due to rulers who, though they may not be charged with sending a *few*, to have them destroyed where many must be victorious, are at least chargeable with wasting the army and its material, by sending a *few* where it has long been evident that only the many can effect the object, and return unscathed; with tampering in an important affair, involving the lives of thousands of our citizens, and their hard earned property, and heaping disgrace upon our nation, who exhibits herself in the attitude of attempting to arrest from the Indians their land, while it is incapable of protecting the lives and property, or revenging the death of its own citizens.

What, we ask, ought to be the dealings of a people with servants thus incapable, or thus wicked?

Let Mr. Van Buren and his friends answer that important question.

When, some weeks since, we exposed to the public the fact, that Mr. Van Buren, in 1812, joined the party that was opposed to Mr. Madison, and, in the midst of a disastrous war on our frontier, sought to change the executive, and place De Witt Clinton in the Presidency, we were told by some of the most earnest of Mr. Van Buren's advocates, that though it was a fact that he (Mr. V. B.) was active in attempts to defeat Mr. Madison, yet he stood justified in the fact, that he and many others believed that the *war*, the seat of which was on our frontiers, was not carried on with sufficient vigor, and that an important change in the administration was necessary to secure our northwestern frontiers from the British and the Indians, and to save our national honor—those not considered safe in the hands of Mr. Madison. This was the account given, and the justification offered, for Mr. Van Buren's hostility to Mr. Madison, and his co-operation with the party that sustained De Witt Clinton.

If a change of the administration was required under such circumstances, to defend the honor and the rights of the nation, how much more is it now required, when the administration, after spending millions of dollars, and wasting almost innumerable lives, is compelled practically to acknowledge its inability to defeat a "handful of Indians," (General Jackson called them a few hundred) who are destroying our harvest fields, and burning our towns, and slaughtering our citizens.

Surely if no other charge against Mr. Van Buren and his administration could be adduced, this of the Florida War would be ample to warrant his dismissal from office; and his own conduct in 1812 would be a precedent to be pleaded for the action of the public against him.

HARRISON & TYLER MEETING.

At a county meeting, held at the Court House, on Tuesday evening, the 18th of August, on motion of John Williamson, Esq. JAMES SMITH, of Frankstown, was appointed President.

Dr. Jacob Hoffman, Samuel Douglass, Andrew Allison, and Benjamin Bubaker, as Vice Presidents.

T. T. Cromwell, and Benjamin Leas, as Secretaries. On motion, the following named persons were appointed a committee, to draft and prepare a preamble and resolutions, expressive of the sense of the meeting:

Jacob Cresswell, James Alexander, Sam'l R. McKinstry, D. N. Carothers, John Bumbaugh, John Jimason, John Graffius, of Birmingham.

After retiring for a short time, they reported the following, which was read and unanimously adopted.

Fellow Citizens:—

We believe this is a crisis in the political affairs of our country that ought to rouse every freeman, not only to inquiry, examination, action and reflection, but to immediate and energetic action—shall we longer tolerate abuses in our public servants, which we can remove by a faithful conscientious discharge of our duty at the ballot box? Do we not see our commerce embarrassed—our industry crippled—our labor unrewarded—our manufacturers languishing, and our rulers sitting in the full enjoyment of their salaries, idly and stupidly gazing upon our sufferings, as indifferent and careless spectators? Have they not told us, as in scorn of our calamities, Gentlemen, you have been imprudent, correct your errors, and provide for yourselves, and the government will take care of itself? Have we not seen experiment after experiment tried upon our currency—finances and business of the country, until, like the lean kin of Pharaoh, they have swallowed up the fatness of the land? Have not our rulers passed the Subtreasury bill, contrary to the feelings of the people, and abhorrent to the policy, enterprise, and improvement of the country? and we are tauntingly told "it is the first act in the great drama that is to be acted before the American people?" Have we not seen a standing army of two hundred thousand men proposed by the Secretary of War, and approved of by the President, so to increase the central power at Washington, that the executive can hold the purse in one hand to corrupt, and the bayonet in the other to overawe the American people, and destroy their liberties? Are we so dead to every feeling of patriotism, as to remain unmoved at such dangers as these? Is there an American, the pulsation of whose heart will not beat with indignation at the men who create such engines of power, for the destruction of Republican freedom? Is there any here so base that he would not be a freeman?—Is there any here so vile that he would wish to live a slave? None, none, we must and will be free. It is even proposed to deprive the poor laborer of his only solace, the hope of bettering his condition—say to him in language too plain to be misunderstood, if you are born poor, poor shall we remain. Our public servants are unfaithful stewards; they must give an account of their stewardship to the utmost cent. From the people they came, and to the people they must return.—Therefore

Resolved, That we will go to the polls and deposit our votes for William Henry Harrison, and place him in the Executive chair, as an instrument of good in the hands of Providence, to preserve the liberties of the country from destruction.

Resolved, That in WM. H. HARRISON, we recognise the patriot and soldier, and one who in the Presidential chair, will bring us back to a state of prosperity and happiness.

Resolved, That the western and south western elections show how indignant they, who know him best, are, at the vile calumnies heaped upon him by a venal press.

Resolved, That the interests of the people will be safe in the hands of one who has never violated one of the numerous trusts confided to him.

Resolved, That in JOHN TYLER, we recognise a candidate for the Vice Presidency, who will do honor to the station to which the people are about to elevate him; and that the Old Dominion shall be honored in her honored son.

Resolved, That the extravagance and prodigality of Mr. Van Buren's administration are such as to make it the duty of the people to rise up as one man, and to proclaim to the world that they consider him an unfaithful steward, and will have him no longer to rule over them.

Resolved, That we can entertain no rational hope of an improvement in the condition of the country, whilst the present rulers hold the reins of government; that we have lived long enough upon broken promises and violated faith; upon golden phantoms and idle dreams of expected good.

Resolved, That the experiments of the party in power have well nigh ruined all the substantial interests of the country, and have reduced thousands of our citizens from wealth to insolvency.

Resolved, That the better currency, which was so confidently promised, has been experimented into filthy rags.

Resolved, That the last experiment to which our heartless rulers have seen fit to resort, (the subtreasury) is fraught with evils, dangerous to the liberties and happiness of the people.

Resolved, That so far as respects its operation upon the business of the community, it must and will be paralyzing in its effects; and that so far as respects its political bearing, it will be a dangerous engine in the hands of an executive, grasping for all the powers of the government to be concentrated in himself.