

RECORDER'S COURT,  
SECOND MUNICIPALITY.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—Frank Smith and Thomas Reddin were up before Recorder Baldwin on Sunday morning. They were arrested for being noisy and intoxicated.

"Smith," said the Recorder, "about what did you and Reddin quarrel?"  
"Vy, about the old thing, your honor," said Smith.

"What do you call the old thing?" said the Recorder.  
"Vy, this here presidential election," said Smith.

"O, you differ in politics, do you," said the Recorder.  
"Certainly ve do," said Reddin—"he is a rabbit loco loco, and I is a Vig."

"A what?" said the Recorder.  
"A violent politician and in favor of Wan Buren," said Smith: "But I'll tell your honor as how it is. Ve both lives in the same yard, and venever I passes him he says there goes Hard Cider; there's you of the party vut aint got no principles; there's a supporter of the man vob's been made brave by certificates and not by his sword; and he goes on in that eray vich no good vig can stand. Ven he finds the other vigs out vot live in the yard, and the Loco Focos at home, he is sure to take the vote and then he calls it a Wan Buren victory, and a sign of the times, and all that. The fact is, your honor, if the feller wasn't looking out for an office I don't think he'd be haaf as patriotic as he is."

"Reddin," said the Recorder, "is your conduct such as Smith describes it?"  
"Not a bit of it," said Reddin—"if I vas to be let alone I'd never do nothing to nobody, but he's heterinally talking politics. Ven my old woman locks the door and goes out, he makes a fox on it with chalk and writes underneath it, 'this here is sly Reynard from Kinderhook, vot vos for sometime in the London Zoological Gardens, but now is in the Menagerie at Vashington; he's the most cunning hanzimal vots known to natura-ists.' This is not all, your honor. Ven I vants to sleep at night I'm blowed if I can get a wink, he kicks up such a rumpus, singing Harrison songs the whole time and crowing like a reg'lar rooster. I have challenged him over and over again, but I never can get him to toe the mark, no how."

"Do you know," said the Recorder, "that by challenging him you have been guilty of inciting to a breach of the peace?"  
"I doesn't mean a duel, your honor," said Reddin, "but to a discussion of principles; but I'm blamed if I don't believe he aint got any."

"But can't you both retain your respective political opinions without quarrelling?" said the Recorder.  
"Well, then," said Reddin, "your honor must bind him over not to sing Harrison songs between the hours of ten o'clock at night and six o'clock in the morning, and not to be frightening my children out of bed by firing off that old rusty musket in celebration of victories when he aint gained none. Yes, and prevent him, 'from making his big dog stand on his hind legs in my presence,' and saying, as he points to him, 'there is von of Wan Buren's present standing army,' nor I wont stand any more from him about negro testimony cause it's all gammon."

On the part of Smith it was provided that Reddin was not to call him a hard cider cask, nor a worshipper of log cabins any more. They made mutual promises to act with more forbearance towards one another in future, and to display a greater degree of political charity than they have evinced heretofore, and were discharged.

PROGRESS OF MODERN TRAVELING.—Our fathers were—and that within the memory of men—contented to convey their goods from town to town on pack-horses. Narrow roads, which barely admitted a string of these beasts, burdened with the needs of many towns, ran on over hill and dale, and often were found worn deep between steep banks, by the persevering traffic of ages, and overhung by trees, which had spontaneously sprung and grown over them, rendering them cool and pleasant. But the affairs of our worthy ancestors became sensibly on the increase. The strings of the pack-horses slowly progressing over the woods and through forests were found not equal to the demands of commercial exchange and speed; and they set their wits to work, and lo, Pickford's and Pettifor's wagons, and others, their cotemporaries, appeared, piled up in ponderous staidness, and drawn by horses in bulk next to elephants. For their convenience, the old roads were deserted as too narrow, or filled up as too slumberously profound.

New roads, of an airy width, were laid down; and Mr. M'Adam showed himself, with his necromantic hammer and pebble gage in his hand, and coaches came galloping after him at ten miles speed per hour, loaded with eager and still impatient negociants; roads of granite or of limestone, however smooth, or however wide, or however covered with wagons, coaches, mails, horsemen, and infinite variety of carriages of pleasure, travel, and parade, which now appeared on them, were found too few; and canals were cut; locks—wonderful in those days—were invented; and heavy boats and light barges hastened to convey their freights of living things, and things for the living; market goods and market people—to the places where

they were wanted, or where they wanted to be. Well done, Englishmen! Things were come to a pretty good pass, it was thought. People said, wondering, to one another, if our grandfathers could but rise from their graves, and see all this, how they would stare! But it was soon found that the population and needs of the country had outgrown even these accommodations. There was a cry for more conveyance and more speed. Some talked of balloons, some of velocipedes, and some of perpetual motion. The old and the orthodox said, "Let well be. Things move fast enough. There is no rest, no repose, no steadiness in this generation; all is hurry, hurry, hurry. It is perfectly distracting!" They even looked back to the old hollow roads and strings of pack-horses with affectionate yearnings. Nevertheless, a set of big-headed fellows were busy with their brains, and began to utter strange speeches about the powers of steam. It was a thing which was to work our mines and mills, impel our ships, and convey us, with velocity of a comet, from one place to another. Old men, and wise men too, laughed at such Quixotic vapors; yet, spite of their laughter, there were heard great hammerings, and filings, and botzings; in the workshops of Watt and Fulton; and presently that mighty monster, steam-engine, was seen pulling up buckets of water and heaps of ore out of the earth, and turning a thousand spindles in our factories. It has become locomotive, has mounted the roads, and the ships prepared for it, and is now flying from town to town, and country to country, with us and our concerns, in a manner so wonderful that we shall soon find ourselves past wondering at any thing. Do we not ride at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and grumble at such a snail's pace; step over to America in ten days, and think it about five too long; and hear news from the East Indies in little more than a month? Well done, Englishmen! as our fathers said, so say we—that is pretty well for another fit. —William Howett.

THE YOUNG BRIDE.—The following beautiful sketch from the pen of Washington Irving, although originally published a long time ago, embodies an exquisite picture:

"I know no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and timid bride, in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar.—When I thus behold a lovely girl in the tenderness of her years, forsaking the home of her father, and the home of her childhood—and with the implicit confidence, and the sweet self-abandonment which belong to women, giving up all the world for the man of her choice; when I hear her in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him—"for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love honor and obey, till death us do part,"—it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth.

"Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

CURIOUS OCCURRENCE.—A few nights since, at a late hour, a lad apparently about sixteen years of age, applied for admittance at an Inn in Queenston, but not giving satisfactory answers to some questions put by the landlord, was refused. The landlord thinking the boy's conduct very strange, communicated his suspicion to a policeman stationed in the house, whom he awoke about an hour before day light; the policeman immediately went down to the ferry, where he saw the young gentleman apparently waiting for the first boat to convey himself and a horse across the river. Still declining to answer any questions he was detained and examined by a Magistrate, when he confessed to not being a boy, as supposed, but a girl, living with her mother in the United States, her father having deserted them for another home and wife, on this side of the water, leaving them utterly destitute. Their distress and his cruel neglect determined her, in what she considered no crime, to steal one of her father's horses, which she intended to have sold and given the money to her mother. The artless tale so won upon the Magistrate's heart, that he sent her (with some remarks on the impropriety of her conduct) home to her mother, detaining the horse however, which was applied for and delivered to the father, a day or two afterwards.

HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR SOAP?—A Tennessee exchange relates the following—A census taker in a neighboring county a very clever fellow by the bye, called on an old lady lately, and among other questions asked her how much soap she made last year. "Soap!" said the old lady. "Lord bless you, young man, I have not made enough soap in the last ten years to wash one Loco Foco clean."

PRENTICE SAYS:—"The Pennsylvania Mercury, in its rage against Maine, calls it the land of onions."—We do not wonder that the Loco Focos think it an onion State. Every breeze from it brings tears into our eyes."

DR. DUNCAN is a great speaker. He can bring an argument to a point as soon as any man.—Globe.

He can bring a gallon of whiskey to a pint sooner than any other man.—Clinton Republican.



THE JOURNAL.

One country, one constitution, one destiny.

Huntingdon, Nov. 18, 1840

A Real Dun.

Such of our subscribers as know themselves indebted for three, four and five years, will bear in mind, that their accounts will be placed in the hands of the law for collection, immediately after the November court, unless they hand us the "one thing needful," on or before that day. Let there be no misunderstanding of the matter. Money we need, and must have it.

To many of our punctual subscribers we return our thanks; and humbly beg a continuance of their kindness, in this day of our utmost need.

The absence of the Editor must be our apology for the scarcity of editorial in our columns this week.

The Election

Is all going one way. One state after another comes in with large majorities for "old Tip," and strikes terror and dismay into the hearts of the poor Locos.—They see there is no chance for Matty—his "schemes," and "experiments," have ruined his popularity; and Van Buren now sees that the feelings of an independent people must not be insulted, and are not willing to live under a monarch, without some effort at resistance. Of what use was it that so much valuable blood was shed in the Revolution, while opposing an over-bearing and tyrannical King, if we are now to submit quietly to the will of one man? The people must be respected; and Van Buren has now discovered, although too late, that he was in error.

ITEMS.

The Hon. Daniel Webster has been very ill at his farm in Franklin, N. H. but has since recovered.

A MYSTERY.—A western editor, way off in the Illinois "digging," says, that marriages begin to be brisk always when frost time comes. He makes no attempt to solve the mystery.

A PLEASANT LIFE.—No less than six attempts have been made to assassinate Louis Philippe, since his elevation to the throne.

GOV. SEWARD, of New York, has appointed the 17th day of December next, as a day of general Thanksgiving in that State.

MORE STEAM.—A gentleman of London is said to have made a contract for the exclusive navigation of steamers up the Amazon, for 45 years, and is negotiating for a communication by steam, between England and Brazil.

REFINEMENT.—To speak of a divorce, says the Picayune, now is vulgar. The phrase substituted for it is "a repeal of the union."

FLORIDA NEWS.—One Indian has been fired upon; one pony taken after desperate kicking; hundreds of defenceless whites have fallen victims to the tomahawk and scalping knife; all the army contractors have made fortunes, and the Secretary of War has made himself supremely ridiculous.

Gov. Porter has issued his proclamation for an election to be held in the 13th Congressional District, on the 20th inst., to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. Wm. S. Ramsey. Cumberland, Perry and Juniata counties compose the district.

STATES CERTAIN FOR VAN BUREN.—State of apprehension, state of perturbation, state of exclusive, and state of disgrace—New Hampshire and Berks county,—South Carolina, doubtful.

Breaking Ground.—The defeated party is breaking up, and its several portions moving away to some attractive point. One part, the "out and outers," real Loco-focos, are for placing Thomas H. Benton strongly before the people as the candidate for the Presidency. This is a fair start. Mr. Benton deserves so much at least; he set the ball in motion; he it was that started the kind of warfare in which the party has been engaged; and, though defeated, it owes to him the consequence which it has even in defeat. This

branch of the party are loud and deep against Governor Porter, upon whom they charge defeat; upon him to whom they owe at least from 8,000 to 10,000 votes in this State, and the influence of those votes in other States.

Another branch of the Van Buren party have already signified their determination to rally round Gen Scott, and take measures, as we hear, to ascertain that distinguished officer's views on the subject, so that the party which seemed as firm, as tight, and as compact in the late contest as a wine cask, has fallen asunder as the staves of that cask would fall if the hoops were cut.—U. S. Gazette.

OBITUARY RECORD.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

DIED.—In this Borough, on Tuesday the 10th inst., WILLIAM RAYMOND, aged 19 years.

COMMUNICATED.

The death of this estimable young man—his departure, in the spring time of life, from the stage of this world's theatre, for that far distant country from whose bourne no traveller ever returns, furnishes another melancholy, and oft repeated evidence of the instability of human things, and admonishes us, the survivors, in terms the most forcible, of the infinite importance of all at times having on the wedding garment, so that when the pale horse and its insatiable rider comes, we may be enabled to say, "we are ready;" or when accident may break in twain the fickle reed upon which we lean for support, that we may be found, and gathered among the jewels to adorn the casket of Him, who wields the destinies of illimitable worlds. A few short months have passed away amongst the things that are not, since we beheld him revelling in the sweet smiles of health, young, sprightly, buoyant and gay; rejoicing in all the exuberance of healthful spirits, and seemingly anxious to communicate his joy to all things created, with no one, apparently, to contest his claims to a long and prosperous life of enjoyment; the pride of his acquaintances, and the joy of his family and relatives. Bright hopes were intertwined in sunny wreaths for his successful exit amidst the busy scenes, and tumultuous arenas of this life. Anticipation had, with intrepid hand held aside the veil of futurity, and Hope—sweet comforter—had scanned with anxious eye the seemingly unclouded feature. Joy and gladness walked hand in hand, weaving into gay festoons colors painted with an ever versatile fancy, to adorn the crags of future care. No dark, portentous cloud had as yet for a moment obscured his horizon—his sun shone forth with dazzling lustre, dispersing genial light and heat. The bow of promise, bedecked with fascinating hues, beckoned him onward to respectability and affluence.

Vain hopes—short lived illusions. In an unlooked for moment, health in her ephemeral and erratic course, turned from him her rosy and dimpled cheek. Disease! that uncompromising, irresistible fell-destroyer, came, paling the ruddy bloom of him "whose growing years had scarcely told their prime," forcing with cold, un-sympathising hand, the now emaciated form, upon a couch of languishing and distress, instead of permitting him to enjoy the healthful and invigorating atmosphere of heaven, free from the cares of all health's racking pains.

Now was the sudden transition from healthful ease to painful apprehension produced, without its effect on others. From among a numerous circle of youthful associates, to whom his exalted bearing, his elevated sentiments, his estimable qualities of head and heart, and his sterling worth were deeply appreciated. The tear of sympathy was seen to flow in copious profusion, and many a secret and ardent aspiration were offered up with feeling hearts to the great Disposer of events, to make his "burthen light."

When the dreadful truth was announced, that he had shaken off this mortal coil, never till then did his friends experience the solemn truth contained in the beautiful lines of Mrs. Hemans:

"It is a fearful thing to love  
What death may touch, and touching bright,  
It was to them like a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky, producing an effect which sufficiently indicated that there are yet many noble feelings, and generous affections mingled with the darker and sterner attributes of humanity; that like the first bright flowers of spring, grow up among the thorns and thistles so thickly strewn along the pathway of human existence.

Dying as he did in the full triumphs of redeeming love,  
"Fit in his soul to fill a throne  
Of purity and sanctity in heaven."

His loss has created a vacuum no time can refill, and a memory no time can take away—a memory that will be enveloped and cherished with friendship and affection by none more so, than  
NEXUSIA.

Democratic Harrison MEETING.

At a numerous Meeting of the Citizens of Huntingdon County, held in the borough of Huntingdon, on Monday 15th November 1840,—JOHN WILLIAMSON, Esq., being appointed President, PETER HEWIT, WM REED, THOMAS CROMWELL, DANIEL AFRICA, and ISRAEL GRAFFIUS, Esq., Vice Presidents; and Robert Stitt, Ephraim Galbraith, Esq and William L. Spear, Secretaries.

On motion of William Orbinson, Esq., a Committee of twenty-six were appointed to address a congratulatory letter to Gen. William Henry Harrison, on the success of the late Presidential Election, and to tender him an invitation to pass through Huntingdon County, on his way to Washington City, previous to the 4th of March next.

The following committee were appointed, viz:

- Wm. Orbinson, Esq., Samuel Royer, Alex. M'Vecker, Geo. W. Russ, Wm. Hammond, Elias Hoover, Thos. Reed, Dr. Jas. Coffee, John Shannon, Robert Lowry, Benj. Leese, Wm. Donaldson, A. P. Owens, Edward Trout, John Keller, Abm R Crane, Maxwell Kinkead, John Parks, (T. C.) Wm. Caldwell, Michael Sisler, David M'Murtrie, Jr, David Snore, James M. Johnson, Samuel Dean, James M Bell, Esq, John G. Miles.

The Meeting was addressed in animated style, by Isaac Fisher, of Millin county, John Blanchard of Centre county, John Williamson and John G. Miles of Huntingdon county, after which the following Resolutions were adopted.

Resolved, That we congratulate the citizens of the United States, on the glorious victory achieved by the real Democracy of the country, over the usurpers of the title, in the election of Gen William Henry Harrison to the Presidency; and, especially, do we congratulate the Democracy of Huntingdon county, on the happy result of their exertions in the cause of truth.

Resolved, That in the election of Gen. Harrison we anticipate a restoration of the Government to Constitutional principles, and an honest and faithful administration of its affairs.

Resolved, That our labours do not cease with the late achievement.—That our untiring efforts will be required at the coming election, for Governor of this State, in order to rid us of the last vestige of Loco Focism and misrule.

Resolved, That we recommend to the Central State Committee, to postpone the calling a convention to nominate a Democratic Whig candidate for Governor, until after the inauguration of William Henry Harrison, the President elect, on the 4th of March next.

(Signed by the officers.)

RELIGIOUS.—The Commercial Advertiser gives the following, as having been collected with much trouble by the Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

Christians,	250,000,000
Jews,	4,000,000
Mahomedans,	95,000,000
Idolators of all sorts,	500,000,000

Total population of the world, 860,000,000

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, Huntingdon County, ss.

Personally appeared before the subscriber, a justice of the peace in and for said county of Huntingdon, Joseph Shannon, Sheriff of the said county, who being duly sworn according to law, doth depose and say, that in pursuance of the death warrant to him directed by David R. Porter, Esquire, Governor of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, bearing date the 19th day of September A. D. 1840, this deponent did, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon, and three o'clock in the afternoon of Friday the sixth day of November instant, proceed to execute Robert M'Conahy, within the yard of the jail of said county, and in accordance with the sentence of the Court of Oyer and Terminer of the said county, and the death warrant aforesaid, this deponent, did then and there, hang the said Robert M'Conahy by the neck, until he was dead. That this deponent executed the said Robert M'Conahy who was convicted of murder in the first degree, in the presence of such persons as are required and permitted by the act of Assembly, passed the 10th day of April 1834, entitled "An act to abolish public executions," to invite to be present and witness such execution, and none others.

Sworn and subscribed the 16th day of November 1840, before  
E. GALBRAITH.  
JOSEPH SHANNON.

FROM THE LOG CABIN, N. BEND.

To my Fellow-citizens from New Orleans to Downingville, and from Salt Water to the Lake. Waters up and down the country and cross-wise.

Fellow Citizens—Ever since the world began all the hunts and chases tell'd in all parts of creation haint been only a mere *fla hunt* to the rale fox chase that has just been completed in these United States, by the grace of God free and independent at last.

It has been known to every body that for the last ten years it has been impossible to hatch eggs, or raise poultry, or to trust any thing at large of that nature—night arter night and day arter day—neat arter neat and chicken arter chicken, was destroyed by the foxes, and they got so bold and brazen at last they would come into the poultry-yard, or any where else, and kept the hull feather'd tribe a kackling pretty much all the while. At first the folks got traps and dogs; but it got so numerous, it was just as much as a dog's life was worth to attack 'em—and folks begin to despair—especially as it was found out that all the young foxes got their directions from one rale sly fox, who as yet never had been tracked, or driven to his hole; he was every where, in every State, almost at the same time. And wherever he was reported to be, there it was found all the other foxes was most knowing and most impudent. So it was concluded that it was no use to try and trap the common run of foxes, but, if possible, make a general rally in all the States, and give chase to this old fox especially—and not give up till he was run to his hole, and then dig him out—for it was thought if he was only caught, all the rest would be pretty scarce. Well, this matter being agreed upon, the first thing next to be done was to select a good long-winded leader of the chase—one who would not give out, and whose horn could be heard furthest. And so we all agreed upon Old Tip, and we got him pretty well mounted, and he sounded his horn, and its echoes went up and down rivers, and across valleys, and over mountains, till folks all about creation got well acquainted with the sound, and on a given day, they assembled at all their stations, and put in practice the few general rules of the chase, capering a little round, and having a few sham chases, just to get nimble,—and then on a signal from Old Tip's horn they all started, and such a chase, as I said afore, as then began, the hull created world has never before seen, for it was an everlasting wide and long country to chase over, and none knowing yet where the fox would first break kiver, all hands at first went to work *beating the bush*. The first track was struck in Louisiana, and about 3,000 give chase there, and run him out of that State, and he streaked away North as hard as he could clip it, and knowing all the by-ways, escaped till he reached the State of Maine. The Maine boys were wide awake, and as soon as they struck his track there, they raised an almighty shout and headed him off. He then sheered off to New Hampshire, where they are pretty much all fox, and there for a spell took breath. But hearing the coming shout he struck for Vermont in hopes the "Green Mountings" would furnish a kiver, but they were all awake there, and about 8000 folks joined in the chase, and he remained no longer in Vermont than he could get out on't. "Well," thinks he, "this is pritty tite work, and I'm off South again, for they must be friendly to me there, seeing as how I tell'd all the foxes to be civil to the Southern Chickens," and so he slipped along to Georgia. The Georgia folks, however, not liking the nature of the breed, had already called their fox hunters together, and on the first show of a track they all opened and about 5,000 give chase there in a most noble stile, and he turned tail and run towards the Middle States. In passing through the old North State of Carolina, he finds things too wide awake there to stop a minute, and just so it continued all the way through Maryland, Delaware and Pennsylvania, though he bothered the hunters plagily in Pennsylvania, for they don't understand fox hunting much in that State, except in a few counties especially in Bucks county, and that is the reason why in that county they always have good poultry and plenty on't. So he continued North. In Connecticut and Rhode Island they gave him an amazing close run, and no time to stop or doubt, and nearest caught him. As for Massachusetts, he knew pritty well he stood no chance there, and so you see but one strait chase across, and taking a bite in New Hampshire, he tried for New York and run considerably well and comfortably along the Hudson, but such a howl as met him in the west was a shiver for him and he sheered off for Ohio, but that was out of the frying pan into the ashes, and looking around him and seeing all ready in the States—some 10,000, some 15,000, some more, some less—scouring the country and prepared to track—thinks he "its no use—to the victor belongs the spoils" was well go for it to the last," and he made a dead track to the Log Cabin at the North Bend, with about 30,000 Buckeyes arter him and Old Tip at the head on'em. I was standing near the door and I seed him coming, and now thinks I here goes for Log Cabin mercy and hospitality and I opened the door and in he streak'd, and just then came up Old Tip all of a lather. "He is safe," says y,