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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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FOR

The *Huntingdon Journal*.

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POETRY.

POCAHONTAS.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Upon the barren sand,
A single captive stood,
And him came with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood.
Like him of old his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim—
The Chieftan's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air,
The savage war-club swung—
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen-limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid,
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him!" gasped the Chief,
"It is your King's decree."
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free!
'Tis ever thus, when in life's storm,
Hope's tear to man grows dim,
An Angel kneels, in Woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him!

NEW BOOTS.

Of all our troubles here below,
The werry wust I know on,
Is the insinivativ way
A new boot always goes on.

You goes and tries it on, you does,
It seems a perfect fit,
And lets you walk a square at least,
Before it hurts a bit.

You FEELS it THEM, I feels it now,
Your foot feels all on fire;
You wants to lay down in the mud,
You almost has to swear.

You wants to kick each man you meets,
You do kick all the dogs—
The little niggers in you vay,
You treats them vus nor hogs.

The world to you is vus vast boot,
With nought but pain inside it—
If such a thing as joy there is,
I vonders vere they hide it.

Boots causes half our misery,
And more than half our crimes—
For tight fits sours the werry best
Of tempers at such times.

AN OLD STORY VERSIFIED.—The ancient anecdote, explaining why women are beardless, is well rhymed in the following:
How wisely Nature, ordering all below,
Forbidden on woman's chin, a beard to grow;
For how should she be shav'd, what'er the skill,
Whose tongue would never let her chin be still?

MISCELLANY.

From the N. O. Bicyane.

A Real Game Cock of the Wilderness.

Conscience, says Shakspeare, makes cowards of us all, and odd conceits, say we, make fools of us all. A live Hoosier, who was returning from one of the fancy balls on Saturday night last, while on his way home to his flat boat, cut up such extraordinary shames and antics that the watchman thought him every way entitled to an introduction to our worthy Recorder. Two or three nights previous he had seen Dan Marble in the "Game Cock of the Wilderness," and the thing pleased him so well that he rigged himself out on Saturday evening as much like the game chicken as possible, and went to the ball. While there he gave occasionally a crow, and took occasionally a drink until at length he found himself somewhat loaded down by the head although elevated in sports, and perfectly ripe for anything.

The putting out of the lights, at some two o'clock in the morning, was the signal for our hero to put out for home. He felt so well, to use his own words, 'that he could not hold himself still,' and so wide awake, that every corner he came to, he would flap his arms violently against his side, and crow so much like a chicken, that every rooster in the neighborhood, thinking it the signal for day break, joined in the chorus. Chapman himself in his happiest efforts never could excel this second Sampson Hardhead.

He had just given a specimen of his skill in crowing, at the corner of Poydras and Tchoupas streets, when a watchman came up and told him he must make less noise.

"Noise! Ooo-oo-h-a-oo-h! Do you call that a noise?" said the fellow, giving another sample of his abilities at crowing.

"Noise! yes you must shut up. Who are you any how?"

"I'm the second Game Cock of the Wilderness—look out for your gaffs," at the same time jumping sideways at the watchman, hitting with his right foot and elbow, and sending him tumbling in the middle of the street.

"You're a hard chicken, at all events," said the Charley, recovering himself and walking up to this new species of customer a second time. "Blow me if I can get the hang of you."

"You will soon—Ooh-a-oo-h-a-oo-h!" replied the droll customer, hopping up and giving the watchman another "side winder" as the latter called it in court. This was too much, and the Charley accordingly called in the assistance of one of his brethren, and soon had the game cock safely under lock and key. He crowed several times on his way to the watch-house, and once or twice tried to hop up and knock over the Charleys upon the same principle a regular game chicken goes to work at his adversary, but they soon understood his tricks, and took measures to keep out of his reach. On being pushed into the dark rooms, he broke out with—

"Well, this is a pretty place I don't think. It's as dark as a box of blackin. Let me look out or I'll butt the door down I wish I had my big lamp here to light it up with. It's a perfect prairie on fire. I got it out, once, the darkest night that ever come over, and all creation riz, thinkin' it was daylight.—Let me out, I'm a liberty pole, and can't bear confinement."

In this way he went on, using a part of the time ideas he recollected from the play, and filling up the rest with original specimens of his own.

In the morning, on being brought before the Recorder, he said his old name was Bill Bloom, but that he had taken that of Samson Hardhead, Jr. because it pleased him better.

"Well, Samson," said his honor; what do you follow?"

"Crowing, principally," retorted Hardhead. "I've taken up the business lately."

"You was fighting the watchman last night," said the Recorder.

"Fighting! You don't call that fighting, do you? I was only practising on a new principle. If you should see me 'sure enough' fighting on't you'd think war had broke out in earnest. Fighting! why it'd been really fighting with that chap, I'd have jumped clean down his throat, and stopped his digestion for a fortnight."

"State the circumstances of the arrest," said his honor to the watchman.

The latter was proceeding, when the Hoosier sung out—

"Squire, that varmint is telling lies so last that you can't find time to believe him. Look here Squire, do the thing that's right by me, will you;—don't believe that chap."

"Silence," said the Recorder.

"Oh, well, if you're going in on the gagging principle, I'm shut up; but there's one thing you must understand, that I'm an American citizen, slightly touched

with the game cock, and I goit on the broad principle that one country is just as good as another in time of peace, and a—d sight better. Ooo-a-oo-h-a-oo-h! day's a brakin'!

"Silence!" again said the Recorder. "I shall fine you ten dollars for this offence, but if you are caught here again you won't get off so easy."

"Go ahead," said the Hoosier, as he walked out of the office. He took one more crow, however, on the steps, and then made for his flat boat.

Fanny Elssler and the Dying Babe.

Two scenes in Richmond, Va. on the night in which Fanny Elssler recently appeared in the theatre of that city.

"She floated about like a fair, but very voluptuous looking spirit, and cut her toes hither and thither, and swayed her body to and fro in a way which was a caution to all inflammable young gentlemen grey headed or not. The lovely creatures who graced the scene looked on enchanted, and made all bright with their smiles; the vast crowd of men shouted and applauded with their whole might, and the beautiful dancing woman, giving them an extra flirt or two, which set them off in a perfect agony of delight, made her bow—the curtain dropped, the dear Fanny tapping her wring-your-neck-off upon the shoulder, said, "Dere, dere is to one thousand dollars almos—let us go." But the audience said no, and they shouted and screamed, and thumped for her to come out, and—

"At that moment, in an obscure hovel, open in many parts to the cold, biting winds,—without fire, alone sat a poor woman, holding to her chilled bosom her sick and dying babe, while upon a rude pallet of straw lay two shivering little creatures, her children too. Her eye was heavy with watching, her cheek sunken with hunger and suffering, her heart filled with the very gall and bitterness of life. Still how truly, oh! how truly, answered that heart to the pang of a mother's love, as she gazed into the innocent face of her dying babe; how fast flowed the tears from eyes which had known little but sorrow and weeping through many weary days—how deep and fervent was the prayer which came up from the very fountains of privation and grief. There was no heart near to sympathize, no kind hand to aid, no soft voice to soothe—the physician's healing art—charity's angel arm came not to soften the dying moments of her poor babe, and as life flickered and waned in its fair urn, and the sobs of the mother sounded in that solitary room, as in the agony of her grief she exclaimed, "A few pence had saved thee to me, my sweet babe," as the sleepers on the pallet of straw murmured in their uneasy slumber: "Mother, dear mother, give me some bread"—as the keen wind came through the crevices, and she clasped the dying child to her bosom; at that moment, a dancing woman, a stranger, with her wealth of thousands, and her ingots of gold and silver, made her last graceful bow, and took the princely sum which was her's for a few moments pleasant labor.

"As the spectators gave their last shout the babe's innocent spirit winged its flight to heaven, and the mother gazed in despair upon all that remained to her of the little prattler whom she so dearly loved. "Such is life."

An Affecting Sight.

There are some odd souls in this world, who appear to derive their very existence from a humorous saying or a good joke, and who undoubtedly would "swell up and die," if they were not permitted to indulge their waggish propensity. Chatterbox, as he is called, is one of those laughing loving, joke-cracking mortals. We will quote a specimen.

Somewhere east of the Susquehanna, there is a barren, lone spot, where no one would suspect that any thing but such quadrupeds as can live upon the vapors of a dungeon, would ever think of seeking a subsistence. Ben's occupation often leads him through this abode of sterility, and he as often has some waggish remark concerning it. After passing this place one day, Ben went home from some cause unknown, with a countenance as grave as that of a judge, and a "bridle on his tongue." This being something new under the sun, led to the following dialogue between him and an old lady belonging to the house:

"What is the matter of you, Ben? Are you sick or mad, that makes you so solemn all at once?"

"Oh! if you had seen what I did this morning, I guess you'd look solemn too."

"What have you seen, Ben?"

"A heart rending sight, I assure you."

"What was it? I know it must be something remarkable, or it would not affect you so. Out with it do."

"You know that place I've told you of that nothing can live on."

"Yes,"

"Well, as I was coming by there to day, I saw a chip-muck sitting on a rock, gnawing a gravel stone, and big tears rolling down his cheeks."

When he had got thus far with his story, the old woman flew at him with the broom, and our hero vanished in a roar of laughter.

The Printer.

"I pity—I pity the printer," said my uncle Toby; "he is a poor devil," rejoined I. How so?" said my uncle Toby.—"In the first place he must endeavor to please every body. In the negligence of a moment perhaps a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor—and he is d—d to all intents and purposes." "Too much the case," said my uncle Toby with a sigh—"too much the case." "Nor is that all," continued I, "he sometimes hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and he thinks that it cannot but go down with his subscribers; but alas! who can calculate? He inserts it, and it is over with him. They forgive others, but they cannot forgive a printer. He has a host to print for; and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims, "why don't he give us more poetry, and bon mots?" "Away with these stale pieces." The politician claps his specks upon his nose, and runs over it in search of violent invective; finds none, he takes his specks off, folds them, sticks them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed for himself, as he is a subscriber; and thus weekly it is bro't to the grand ordeal!!

HOW TO OTHER A SHERIFF.—The Vermont Yeoman Gazette says.—Dr. J—, having just finished digging his potatoes, thought fit, a few days since, to make an attempt to raise himself a little in the world, and for this purpose, with the aid of a ladder, he ascended to a roof a barn, where he was exerting himself in the very laudable business of nailing shingles. In this situation he received a visit from an officer of the law, for the purpose of arresting his body by virtue of an execution remaining unsatisfied. The officer made known the object of his visit, and not perhaps considering the difference between the situation of a man on the barn and a man on the ground, stepped down from the ladder. Whereupon the Doctor forthwith drew the ladder up to the roof of the barn, and being seized with a sudden fit of industry, fell to shingling intemperately, observing that he had no time to come down, and if the officer had any business with him, he had better come up and attend to it—at the same time utterly disclaiming any obligation to furnish said officer with a ladder for that purpose. The officer remonstrated—the doctor shingled. The one would not come down—the other could not get up; and as there is something rather peculiar in the position of these two parties in relation to each other, it may afford matter of curious speculation to leave them in that position—so they are accordingly left.

LAW IN THE WEST.—"Gentlemen of the Jury," said a lawyer, in defence of his client, "I say that magnanimous sun shines in the heavens though you can't see it, kase its behind a cloud; but you know it, though I can't prove it. Now, if you believe what I tell you about the sun, you are bound by your Bible oath to believe what I tell you about my client's case; and if you don't, why then you call me a liar; and that I'll be squaw'd if I'll stand any how; and so if you don't want to swear false and have no trouble, you had better give us a verdict."

APOLOGIES.—Landlady.—"Will you take another cup of coffee, sir? It is not so good as I could wish, owing to the haste with which you wished it got ready."

Traveller.—"Madam, there is no occasion for an apology; your coffee is most excellent—what there is of it."

The landlady colored. He immediately recollected himself and added, "Pardon, madam, I did not mean what I said, I meant to say, there is an abundance such as it is."

MORALS OF MANNERS.—The following epigram, though written long ago, has lost none of its applicability by time:

"What's fashionable, I'll maintain Is always right," cries sprightly Jane;

"Ah! would to Heaven!" cries graver Sue, "What's right, were fashionable too!"

A NEAT OLD LADY.—A story is told of an old lady in the Ancient Dominion, who was so very neat that she rubbed her floor with sand until she fell through into the cellar, and broke her leg, which caused her death.

A Galveston paper says there is a young lady in Texas, each of whose feet measures eighteen inches. It is the first time we ever heard of two feet making a yard.

BENEVOLENCE.—A society for ameliorating the condition of grasshoppers has been set on foot in Maine. The society rub down the kness and back of those interesting animals with candle grease, which removes the stiffness and rheumatic pains to which they are sometimes subject. An asylum for them during the cold weather is about to be built.

SPEECH OF MR. MILES.

MR. MILES said he had thought on yesterday that he would not take part in this debate, as prompt action was so much importance; but a call had been made by the gentleman from Luzerne upon some of the members of the party with which he has the honor of acting, to give their reasons for the passage of the resolutions under consideration. He rose to respond to that call, and add a few remarks to those already so ably made by the gentleman from Crawford, to show the nature of the claim, we as Pennsylvanians make upon the general government for a portion of the proceeds of the public lands. He wanted to demonstrate that it is founded on the clearest principles of law and equity. It was here he entrenched himself—on the legal and equitable principles governing the very deeds under which the U. S. holds the lands in question. What, sir, were the circumstances under which those deeds were executed? This country was a vast wilderness, without known boundaries, inhabited alone by savages and beasts of prey, and a large portion of it was claimed by the crown of England upon the ground of priority of discovery. Special grants of territory, undefined in their limits, were made from time to time by that crown to colonists who crossed the trackless ocean, fleeing from the oppressions of the old world to plant the standard of liberty in the western wilds. Whether those grants were made with or without right, legally or illegally, is of no importance in this enquiry. They were recognised and acted upon, but were uncertain in extent, reaching, in the language of some of the charters, "from sea to sea." The grantees established colonies, opened settlements, adopted laws for their government, and grew in population, resources and wealth, until their prosperous condition excited the cupidity of the rulers of the country which gave them birth. Again the hand of oppressive power was laid heavily upon them. But the spirit of freedom animated their bosoms, and, although they were distinct people in their colonial governments, yet as a band of brothers they united and conferred together to defend themselves against the common invader of their rights. They fought together—their mingled blood enriched the same ground, and their property was freely given for a common purpose. But notwithstanding the nature and external circumstances which tended to their union, there were internal difficulties which were calculated to estrange and separate them. A heavy debt, incurred in their common defence, was to be appropriated among them—and the uncertain and conflicting boundaries of their original royal grants were to be adjusted in accordance with their respective rights. These things were calculated to produce strife, war and bloodshed amongst themselves. [L. v. Story on Con. 214—15.] As this common debt was to be paid, and as it was of vital consequence to the peace of the confederated states that the causes of difficulty and dissatisfaction should be removed, to provide a means for the extinguishment of one, and the removal of the other, the Congress of the confederated states invited several states to cede their lands to the U. States, and in the year 1780 adopted the following resolution, to wit, "That the unappropriated lands that may be ceded or relinquished to the United States by any particular state, pursuant to the recommendation of Congress, shall be disposed of for the benefit of the U. States.—47 v. Niles Reg. 338.

Here, then, was an invitation and a recommendation to the states to make cessions under the terms and upon the faith of this resolution. The people of the respective states were still animated by a common spirit of patriotism. They remembered their common toils and common dangers in defence of the whole of the confederated states, and they felt the necessity of providing a fund for the payment of the common debt, and the impetuous necessity of removing all cause of

quarrel between themselves. Influenced by these patriotic motives, they made the cession upon the basis of the resolution of Congress, New York leading the way. Her deed of cession bears date the 1st March, 1781, one of the conditions of which is in the following words:

"Shall be and endure for the use and benefit of such of the United States as shall become members of the federal alliance of the said States, and for no other purposes whatsoever."

Virginia made her cession on the 7th March, 1784, one of the conditions of which was as follows:

"That all the lands within the territory so ceded to the U. S. and not reserved for and appropriated to any of the before mentioned purposes, or disposed of in bounties to officers and soldiers of the American army, shall be considered as a common fund for the use and benefit of such of the U. S. as have become or shall become members of the said states, Virginia inclusive, according to the usual respective proportions in the general charge and expenditure, and shall be faithfully and bona fide disposed of for that purpose, and for no other use or purpose whatsoever." 45 v. Niles Reg. 286.—Veto of the Land Bill.

Now these two cessions were made before the adoption of the constitution. Again, within the years 1785-6-7, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and South Carolina ceded their claims upon similar terms. 45 Niles Reg. 486. The constitution was adopted on the 17th Sept. 1787, and the government of the U. S. went into operation under it on the 4th March 1789. The cessation of North Carolina and Georgia were made after the government was in full operation under the constitution. The deed from N. Carolina was executed in Dec. 1789, and accepted by an act of Congress approved April 2, 1790. [45 Niles Reg. 986.] The third condition of this cession was in the following words, viz:

"That all lands intended to be ceded by virtue of this act to the U. S. of America and not appropriated as before mentioned, shall be considered as a common fund for the use and benefit of the U. S. of America, North Carolina inclusive, according to their respective and usual proportions of the general charge and expenditure, and shall be faithfully disposed of for that purpose, and for no other use or purpose whatever."

The cession of Georgia was completed on the 16th June, 1802, and its leading condition, is precisely like that of Virginia and North Carolina. (Mr. M. here remarked that he cited those deeds from the veto message of Pres. Jackson on Mr. Clay's land bill, which passed both houses of Congress in the session of 1832-4, and he knew this document would be received as good authority by at least a portion of the House.) Now, sir, what is the legal construction of these deeds, and what estate do they pass and for what benefit? If the case had depended alone upon the deeds executed prior to the adoption of the constitution, when the states were bound together only by the articles of confederation, there might have been some difficulty in arriving at a correct conclusion. But taking the terms of the North Carolina and Georgia deed into consideration, all difficulty of construction seems to vanish. It will be recollected these two deeds were executed, after we had become, so far as the general government is concerned, one people, "we the people of the United States, in order, &c. do ordain and establish this Constitution" &c. This instrument made us a nation of people instead of a confederation of states to the extent of the powers vested in the national government. Now the construction for which we contend is, that the deed vested the legal title in the government of the Union, subject to an express trust, for the benefit of the whole of the States composing the Union, in severalty; that is for their benefit, as distinct and independent states, and not for the benefit of that unit, or indivisible corporate being known as the U. States, deriving its existence from the constitution. By the adoption of that instrument, so far as national purposes are concerned, except in one branch of the legislature, the existence of the states is, in the main, merged in the National existence. But as to all the powers not delegated to the government of the Union, the states still maintain a distinct independent existence. Keeping this distinction, then in view, how can the words in the North Carolina deed, "shall be considered as a common fund for the use and benefit of the United States of America, North Carolina inclusive" be reconciled with the supposition of a use declared by the U. States as an indivisible corporate being, a unit created by the constitution? As such, North Carolina has no independent existence, as an essential ingredient or component part of that indivisible corporate being. But here is a reservation of a right, or a limitation of a use to North Carolina herself as an independent being. This alone ought to be enough to establish the