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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS.

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THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"One country, one constitution, one destiny."

Huntingdon, July 27, 1842.

The "Watchman" of the 13th inst. contains a communication from General A. P. WILSON, in which he makes sundry allegations against General S. MILES GREEN, in reference to the election for Major General. We can, of course, not speak of the precise motives of the author of the communication referred to; but if we are permitted to judge from the avidity with which the *Loco Foco* presses in this CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT snatch up the said communication and lay it before their readers, their intention, at least, must be to make political capital out of a matter that even if true, would be very small.

The following communication in answer to the one spoken of, we received on Tuesday evening of last week, too late for publication in our paper of the next day. In reply to General Wilson, General Green holds forth as follows:

T. H. CREMER, Esq.

DEAR SIR—A friend has just drawn my attention to a communication in the "Democratic Watchman" of the 13th inst., over the signature of A. P. Wilson. In this, the General seems to take the result of the recent election for Major General of the 10th division, rather in *dudgeon*, and refers to me, in no apparent good humor, as the cause; and, as I infer, imputes unfair dealing towards him—and by me too. Why my friend, General Wilson, feels thus towards me, I cannot tell, unless, it may be, that I am an uncompromising and undeviating Whig—a domestic manufacturer, and a Tariff man,—and he the reverse! But this should not excite animosity, or call forth bitter feelings, in private life.

The occurrences at the election referred to, so far as I can recollect, are these:—I met Major Caldwell, in obedience to the law, and his notification, at Mr. Hazlett's Tavern, on the 4th of July, about 12 M. In the course of a few hours after, eight or ten officers made their appearance, from the different sections of the Brigade. It was then asked by some of them, who are the candidates? General Potter was named, also General Wilson; by whom I do not recollect. But this I do recollect, that Major Miller, from Boalsburg, said he would not vote for Mr. Potter, but would vote for the "man in Huntingdon," viz: General Wilson. Others mentioned that Major Smith, of Centre county, was a candidate, &c. During this time I was sitting at a table with Major Caldwell, in the election room; the Major busily engaged distributing his warrants to the different officers, to be handed over to constables for collection. I was drawing up a caption for the election returns. A question arose, should we be sworn? and if so, who should swear us, to hold the election. As there were divers Lawyers, who were also officers, we opined it was best to have a Justice of the Peace; and sent for Esq. Law. In the meantime, the officers were sauntering about, discussing the subject of the election, &c. When ready, some one asked for tickets—we had none. I was asked to write some. For whom shall I write? said I. For John Potter, said one. You had better write some for General Wilson, said another.—It being understood that these gentlemen were both candidates, I did write tickets for both of them at the special request of

some of our brother officers—and this too, "unauthorized" by either General Potter or Wilson, and not thinking it an "unwarrantable or uncalled for intermeddling" with either of their names, or without any sinister motive; but as an act of grace towards the gentlemen.

It is most true, that General Wilson never intimated to me, that he was a candidate for Major General; and it is also as true, that I never asserted that General Wilson was a candidate, from my own knowledge. But who will pretend to say, that the question of Major General was not the pivot, upon which the result of the recent election for military officers, in the 2d Brigade, turned? Surely no one.—Well, what was the question? It was, whether General Potter should be re-elected, or General Wilson. This was bruited about from one end of the Brigade to the other—from Company to Battalion—from Battalion to Regiments, &c. Why, at the polls at Birmingham, during the progress of the election, Major Bell had to "mount the stump," and publicly declare that his friends were mistaken as to his predilections for Major General, and that if re-elected, he would not vote for General Wilson; and this too, before he could turn the current of voting in his favor although he, Major Bell, was the favorite and popular candidate!! His election would unquestionably have been lost, without this open and avowed declaration. It was also stated by a gentleman from Williamsburg, that General Wilson was a candidate, if his friends were sure they could elect him, but not otherwise!! This idea of my friend Wilson being a candidate continued until after Col. Johnston, of Huntingdon, arrived, who stated that General Wilson was not a candidate, and I think Col. Stewart made the same statement. But this was after nearly all had voted. General Gates was also present, but did not enter the election room. I was told he had said that Mr. Wilson was not now a candidate. We were together for some time, but he did not mention it to me.

This succinct statement I know to be substantially correct; and as Major Caldwell was all the time present, and cognizant of the facts, acting in conjunction with me, I am sure he will verify it.

General Wilson doubts whether I would have written tickets for him, if I "seriously thought" he was a candidate!! I most conscientiously thought he was a candidate, and therefore wrote tickets for him, as well as for Mr. Potter, which were scattered promiscuously upon the table. I thought this but common justice, as Major Miller had expressed a wish to vote for Mr. Wilson, and it had not at this time been intimated that he was not a candidate. If I had not written tickets, others would—and then it would have been imputed to me that I was too rancorously and bitterly inclined towards Mr. Wilson, so much so as not even to write him a ticket!! But if, connected with these circumstances, writing these tickets was wrong, then was I in error.

Now as to my feelings towards General Wilson, I have none of animosity. He has always treated me personally as a gentleman, with politeness and distinction; and I feel assured, that he will do me the justice to say, that I have so treated him. I know where the General lives, and I hope I am not so obscure as not to be known to him.

S. MILES GREEN.

Barree Forge, July 19, 1842.

To Travellers and the Public.

The undersigned citizens of Huntingdon and its vicinity adopt this method to put the public upon their guard, and to warn them of the danger of travelling on the Packet Boat commanded by a certain Jacob Leibhart, and thus publicly assign their reasons, believing it to be the duty of every citizen to inform their friends, of any facts which will secure them from difficulty and danger.

We were passengers, on a boat chartered to carry the Ladies and Gentlemen of our place to the Convention at Alexandria, (which boat paid the same rate of toll as the Packet.) On our return the Packet commanded by Leibhart, was behind; and

under his instructions his driver commenced an unavailing attempt to overtake, and pass us, while the continued application of the whip showed their want of feeling for their horses. At Morrison's Lock, an upward-bound boat kept us from getting into the lock until the packet came along side and occupied the towing path side of the entrance, (never before having come within the prescribed distance for freight boats) and thus hindered our boat from getting further into the lock, (it was already partly in.) The Captain and his crew, (worthy associates of such a Captain,) took the bow line of their boat on shore, and each brandished a bowie knife or dirk, the common weapons of cowards and assassins. Threatening instant death to any who should attempt to put them back that our boat might enter. The chivalrous captain of the Packet having sent his negro cook to his boat to arm himself with the carving knives, took a retired position behind his "knights of the dagger," and prated loudly of his claims to the character of a gentleman.

After a long time spent, in ruffian threats and vile blackguardism, and finding that we could and would, without any fear of their knives peacefully maintain our position, the Captain "backed his boat" and gave us the lock. When our boat was leaving the lock and while under the bridge immediately below the lock, the Captain, or some of his miscreant crew, drew the wickets, and by the swell raised, lifted our boat, (on the deck of which were scores of men, women and children) up against the bridge. No pen can describe the scene! One appalling crash—one general and heart-rending cry of terror told that, unless the hand of God was there, their demonic work of death was complete; and while the air was filled with the cries of the saved for their friends, and with the groans, and screams of the old and young, who were crushed into a living mass beneath the bridge, this inhuman and fiend-like band raised a yell of triumph, and with the grim laugh of demons told with what joy and gratification they would gloat over the bruised and mangled bodies of the killed and wounded, and the mental anguish of their friends. An over-ruling Providence guarded the right. No material injury was sustained, and the rejoicing of the fiends was turned to mourning.

Thus publicly we relate the facts, that travellers and their friends may know, that if they would travel secure from scenes of guilty strife and blood-shed, they must seek safety and quiet on the boats of Captains Morton, Elliot, Russel or Hoffman, none of whose former crews now tell their tales of guilt and blood, to the silent walls of the Penitentiary cell.

John Read, G. Dorsey,
W. B. Zeigler, E. V. Everhart,
D. Buoy, David Long,
A. H. Bumbaugh, R. S. Seeds,
V. Swoope, A. W. Benedict,
Wm. Africa, A. E. Benedict, &
Jacob Cresswell, two children,
D. McMurtree, Jr. C. M. McCabe,
William Hall, A. M. Armitage,
James Livezly, Jemima Whittaker,
J. Guvin, Mary Raymond,
Thos. Read, Martha Carmon,
Hugh Kelly, A. Bumbaugh,
Geo. B. Peck, J. M. Haggy,
John Westbrook, Hannah Fahs,
John C. Smith, Henrietta McCabe,
Wm. Hazzard, Mariah King,
Joseph Rigger, Elizabeth Read,
Catherin McColem.

The male portion of those who were passengers on the boat "Washingtonian" on the 4th, subsequently held two meetings in the Court House in this place, for the purpose of expressing their views on the occurrences at Morrison's lock: At the latter of said meetings it was resolved that the above manifesto be signed by the passengers and published.

There is a man somewhere, who boldly avows that his wife must have been one of the original apostles—because, he says, she has got the "gift of tongues" in an almost supernatural manner.

A person choked with a potatoe will find relief by swallowing a pumpkin.

IDEALITY.—An old bachelor talking of single blessedness.

Short Patent Sermon.

BY "DOW, JR."

The following stanza by H. T. Tuckerman, will compose my text for the present occasion:

Give me the boon of love!
Fame's trumpet strains depart;
But love's sweet lute breathes melody
That lingers in the heart;
And the scroll of fame will burn
When sea and earth consume,
But the rose of love in a happier sphere,
Will live in deathless bloom!

My hearers—pure love, love without licentiousness or sensuality, is manufactured by the angels in heaven expressly for this terrestrial market. It is a glorious thing for us that a friendly intercourse is still maintained in relation to this indispensable commodity: for without love, we should be as morose and miserable as an old maid without tea. It keeps the heart moist with the genial dews of affection—renders soft and pliable the purity of pity—and calls up spirits of compassion from the vasty deep of human selfishness. I know there are some who prefer 'ame to love—who had rather plunge headlong into perdition with the world's applause, than push for paradise alone and unnoticed. But my friends, why should they make a fever in the brain, and set their blood boiling for the sake of gaining a wreath whose green leaves shall but decorate a withered brow, and wave above a bosom barren in peace and comfort? Give me the boon of love! I had much rather "lay off" and bask in the warm sunshine of affection, than to be led by crazy ambition to the top of the mountain, where cold winds rave and everlasting snows encompass. Oh, I had rather lean upon the breast that beats responsive to mine, and feast upon kisses, than sit pavilioned upon a knightly throne and be pricked by the pins of care, an object of fear and favor, but not of love.

My friends—renown is but a hollow sound that echoes through the silent halls of death, where it dies away, and is heard no more. The path of fame is a dreary and dangerous one—now leading through a gloomy vale of disappointment, and now bordering upon precipices and dangerous chasms; down which one may tumble ere he is aware of it, and break himself into so many small pieces, that while one eye is hunting after his nose, the other could go to sleep for an hour, and wake up in time to see it properly adjusted. One single wild flower plucked from the path of love—no matter how lowly or humble it may be—looks prettier and smells sweeter than the brightest blossom ambition ever culled from the hot house of fame. There is as much difference between the two as there is between a toadstool and the handsomest hollyhocks that grow spontaneously on the outskirts of heaven. O, then give me the boon of love. The will-o-wisp of fame shines at a distance with a cold, phosphorescent glow, amid the fogs of doubt and uncertainty; but the glow of love is near and cheering. It gradually warms a person all over, from one extremity to the other—thaws out feelings of tenderness that have lain congealed in a long winter of misanthropy—and every now and then drops a new spark on the tinder of his affections. One tender glance from the bright eye of beauty, in a cold day, will throw caloric enough into the soul to keep the body warm for a week; and our thermometers of joy and pleasure will stand upon an average at fever heat. But the flame of glory, my friends, burns fitfully and scorchingly for a few moments upon the funeral pyre of man's happiness, and then leaves him surrounded by the midnight darkness of the tomb.

My dear friends—give me but the boon of love, and I will ask no other. There is no more music in the wild harsh trumpet strains of fame, than there is in a woman's whistling. They resound for a while over mountain and plain, rousing toads, lizzards and loafers to peep from their holes in wonder and astonishment—and then depart forever; but the soft, sweet lute of love, breathes heaven-born melody, that lingers in the bosom when bereft of all other enjoyment, and causes the heart-strings to vibrate with joy, even at the door of the tomb. When the snows of age shall settle upon us, and life's landscape looks sad and dreary—when the song of mirth and jollity have ceased to please—the recollection of love's early music will awaken such pleasing echoes in our bosoms, as shall oft cause us to forget that we are old, and are not able to properly appreciate what we so lavishly admire. Though the winter of our existence shall have set in upon us, and the trees of our youth shall have been stripped of its verdure, the leaves of love will start forth anew in the warm sun of memory—and they will flourish for a short time as fresh and fair as though they were not soon, soon to be destroyed by frosts of forgetfulness.

My hearers—seek not for fame. Its scroll will be burnt to ashes, when the dust of your bodies shall mingle with its original dust; but seek for love—for that

abideth forever. When this world of ours shall be shipwrecked upon the unknown shore of eternity—when combustion shall take place, and all things perish amid the sinful wreck of matter—Love, immortal Love, shall Phoenix-like rise from her own ashes, and wing her way to those realms of glory, where Honor has no seal—where Fame is stripped of her laurels—and where the steam of Ambition is blown off forever. Look for the rose of love, my friends, in the garden of virtue. Pluck it—place it in your bosom—water it with the tears of affection—and it will never fade. Its perfume will never be exhausted—its leaves will never fall—and not a petal will wither. It will continue in deathless bloom through countless ages of eternity, in a better sphere than this; that is to say, if it is never exposed to the storms of neglect, nor wilted before the burning of dissipation. So mote it be.

The Value of the Soul.

Leaving, for a moment, the littleness of the present day, let us return our minds to a loftier sphere, and a nobler theme.

Long before the Gospel was preached by the fishermen of Galilee, the tribes on the earth set a high value upon the human soul, and decreed it the rifled casket, the dead body of man, the rites of sepulchre.

Was this because the human dust was any better than other dust? because the beetles that fed upon the lip of manly beauty and maiden loveliness were different from the ones that penetrated the carcass of the antelope or the fawn? No. But because the temple, once inhabited by a god, was deemed to be a consecrated place, and superstition and ignorance, united with learning and religion, to treasure up its ashes. Hence, the pyramid, with its embalmed Pharaohs; hence, the tumuli in Asia and America; hence, the swinging coffins of the North American savages.

The old Irish, when an infant smiled in its sleep, believed that the angels were whispering to it of the joys of Heaven, and looked on in awe-struck silence.—Through the Scandinavian mythology, the immortality of the soul, and the value of it, are seen like things slightly hinted at, but not positively asserted. The Indians of Oceania, before a sail ever whitened the blue bays of their lovely islands, worshipped God by symbols, and sang requiems to the spirit of their dead.

Man, from the beginning, in darkness and light, in ignorance and learning, has valued the soul.

No animal takes care of its neighbor's carcass. The silkworm weaves its silken shroud, it is true, but it does it to preserve life, and put on, in the shape of the butterfly, the gorgeous livery of Heaven.—Man, only, saves the ashes of his species.

If the soul is not immortal, what senseless mockery it is to build a monument to its memory.

And can men, in the 19th century, believe that they will die like cattle, and be changed into grass, to be eaten by others? Horrible thought! O, if it was not for the belief that in a brighter world the poor and the suffering would reap their reward, who would live!

Would a man suffer a year, to be annihilated at the end of it? Would he starve on, to die and be forgotten? The soul, then, is of immense value—it has worth in places where nothing else has intrinsic value—it is worshipped where God is scarcely worshipped in any form. The red man believes it will be a swift hunter upon the flowery prairies of Paradise; the Mahomedan believes it will be a Turk, luxuriantly smoking the sacred hooker in a harem of hours; the Christian believes it will be a bright creature, in robes of purest white, striking a golden harp to the seraph's voice around the throne of God.—The whole world value it. It keeps men from self-destruction, and brings joy to the vale of tears. The winter and the spring show that after death there will dawn a brighter life, and the water that goes up in the clouds and comes down in crystal showers, painted with the bright colors of the rainbow, proves that troubled spirits may be raised from the earth in tempests, and returned in purity and glory.

Let the politician and the worldling then act in character with such a soul.—He that is to live forever should begin life well, for old men seldom become converted to new courses in the autumn of life, and habit, like a fetter, will bind the most restless spirit down.

"George Washington Napoleon Jackson Hannibal Harrison?"

"Ma'am!"

"Tell Josephine Rosina Cleopatra to bring up the sloop pail."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And don't let me catch you playing with Jack Jones again. How often have I told you never to play with a boy that had but two names, and particularly such a vulgar name as Jack Jones."—N. Y. Aurora.

Matrimonial Anecdote.

The Rev. Mr. O——, a respectable clergyman in the interior of the State, relates the following anecdote:—A couple came to him to get married; after the knot was tied, the bridegroom addressed him with—"How much do you ax, Mister?"

"Why," replied the clergyman, "I generally take whatever may be offered to me. Sometimes more and sometimes less. I leave it to the bridegroom."

"Yes—but how much do you ax, I say?" repeated the happy man.

"I have just said," returned the clergyman, "that I left it to the decision of the bridegroom. Some give me ten dollars; some five; some three; some two; some one; and some only a quarter of one."

"A quarter, ha?" said the bridegroom; "well, that's as reasonable as a body could ax. Let me see if I've got the money." He took out his pocket book, there was no money there; he fumbled in all his pockets, but not a sixpence could he find. "Dang it," said he, "I thought I had some money with me; but I recollect, now, 'twas in my trousers pocket. He'ty, have you such a thing as two shillings about ye?"

"Me?" said the bride, with a mixture of shame and indignation—"I am astonished at ye, to come here without a cent of money to pay it! If I'd known it afore, I wouldn't come a step with ye; you might have gone alone to be married for all me."

"Yes, but consider, He'ty," said the bridegroom, in a soothing tone, "we're married now, and it can't be helped; if you have got such a thing as a couple of shillings—"

"Here, take 'em," interrupted the angry bride, who, during the speech, had been searching in her work bag; "and don't you," said she, with a significant motion of her finger, "don't you serve me another sich a trick!"

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.—We use that word beautiful in a moral sense, though it may be equally applicable in any other.—When great efforts were making in Baltimore to relieve the destitute situation of the Orphan boys in the Asylum a beautiful and interesting little girl, hearing the destitute situation of the orphan boys, insisted upon disposing of her little pets, the proceeds of which, together with other sums collected through her unremitting exertions, amounting in all to \$65, were presented in person to the treasurer of the Asylum. Her pure and infant feeling led her to pursue the course recommended by our Saviour to the young man who, buying kept all the commandments, asked—"What lack I yet?" Jesus said unto him—"If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

Shuster, the Pardoned Murderer.

The Spirit of the Times gives the following evidence of the misplaced clemency of Gov. Porter, in pardoning this man for the murder of his wife. It was represented that he was penitent—that he had become religious—that the Rev. Asher Moore, his spiritual adviser, had thoroughly altered his mental character—that he would remain in prison a few months voluntarily, and then be sent by his wealthy relations to the Oregon Territory, or on a three or five years cruise in the U. S. service, under an assumed name, in order to afford him a chance of retrieving his character. What is the result? Shuster is at large, and is nightly seen frequently in Small street, and the other most disgraceful purlieus of the city, in company with the most abandoned females and old convicts. Lafferty, who was arrested on Monday night last, for discharging two pistols at an "unfortunate" girl, is a regular associate of Shuster just now—the girl fired at has been Shuster's *fille de joie* for the last week or so—and the place in which she was fired at was not more than a square from the scene of Shuster's murder of his wife! We would not be surprised if with his present associations, coupled with his knowledge of the Executive clemency, he were to commit another murder very soon. Who would be answerable for it?

MANDAMUS CASE IN NEW YORK.—The Court of Errors in New York, composed of the Senate, the Chancellor, &c., has unanimously confirmed the decision of the Supreme Court, in declaring that the Whigs were right in claiming seats in the Common Council of the city of New York, and of course, the action upon appointments are all sustained, and the hold-over gentlemen will have to let go.

The Patriotism of a nation consists in love and attachment to her laws and institutions. When these die patriotism dies. No war is so much to be dreaded as that which grows out of disgust of our institutions.