

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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WHOLE NO. 610.

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" will be published hereafter at the following rates, viz \$1.75 a year, if paid in advance; \$2.00 if paid during the year, and \$2.50 if not paid until after the expiration of the year. The above terms to be adhered to in all cases.

No subscription taken for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

To Clubs of six, or more, who pay in advance, the Journal will be sent at \$1.50 per copy for one year; and any one who will send us that number of names accompanied with the money shall receive the Journal one year for his trouble.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Argument

That Convinced an Infidel.

We had in the Chronotype an interesting extract from an article in the last Democratic Review, contributed to that periodical by Mr. Arrington, of Texas, which will be read with interest by all who, after struggling with mountain doubts, have emerged into sunlight. As all are not mathematicians, such reasoning may not be convincing to every one, but all will acknowledge its beauty. Something above and beyond mathematics—an overpowering consciousness of the eternal verity of things—is demanded by many who are not familiar with the problems of Euclid or the reasonings of Plato. The extract follows:

"The construction of the following argument, in my mind originated in the necessity of my nature. Some years ago I had the misfortune to meet with the fallacies of Hume on the subject of causation. His specious sophistries shook the faith of my reason as to the being of a God, but could not overcome the fixed repugnance of my heart to a negation so monstrous; and consequently felt that infinite restless craving for some point of fixed repose, which atheism not only cannot give, but absolutely and madly disaffirms.

One beautiful evening in May, I was reading by the light of the setting sun in my favorite Plato. I was seated on the grass, interwoven with golden blooms, immediately on the bank of the crystal Colorado of Texas. Dim in the distance arose with smoky outlines, massy and irregular, the blue cones of an upshoot of the Rocky Mountains.

I was perusing one of the Acamedian's most starry dreams. It had laid fast hold of my fancy without exciting my faith. I wept to think it could not be true. At last I came to that startling sentence, 'God geometrizes.' 'Vain revelry!' I exclaimed as I cast the volume on the ground at my feet. It fell close by a little flower that looked fresh and bright, as if it had just fallen from the bosom of a rainbow. I broke it from its silvery stem and began to examine its structure. Its stem was five in number, its green calyx five parts, its delicate coral vase five, parted with rays like those of the Texan star. This combination of five three times in the same blossom, appeared to me very singular. I had never thought on such a subject before. The last sentence I had just read in the page of the pupil of Socrates was ringing in my ears—'God geometrizes.'—There was the text written long centuries ago; and here this little flower, in the remote wilderness of the west furnished the commentary. There suddenly passed as it were before my eyes a faint light.—I felt my heart leap in my bosom. The enigma of the universe was open. Swift as a thought I calculated the chances against the production of those three equations of five in only one flower, by any principle devoid of the reason to perceive number. I found that there were one hundred and twenty-five chances against such a supposition. I extended the calculation to two flowers, by squaring the sum last mentioned. The chances amounted to the large sum of fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five. I cast my eyes around in the forest; the old woods were literally alive with those golden blooms, where countless bees were humming, and butterflies sipping honey-dews.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. My soul became a tumult of radiant thoughts. I took up my beloved Plato from the grass where I had tossed him in a fit of despair.—Again and again I pressed him to my bosom, with a clasp tender as a mother's around the neck of her sleeping child. I kissed alternately the book and the blossom, bedewed them both with tears of joy. In my wild enthusiasm, I called out to the little birds on the boughs, thrilling their cheery farewells to departing day—"Sing on, sunny birds; sing on, sweet minstrels; Lo! ye and I have still a God!"

The EXTRAVAGANCE OF PRINTING.—The editor of the New York Sun is procuring a new press that will cost \$20,000, capable of printing 25,000 copies an hour.

POLITICAL.

From the North American.

THE TREACHERY AGAINST MR. MUHLENBERG.

MORE PROOFS.

We give below a second letter from Col. Salisbury, received last evening, and accompanied by such proofs as cannot be controverted, and which must fasten the paternity of the Champion editorials upon Messrs. Miller and Petriken, and involve Gov. Shunk in a connection with the same political outrage.

The articles referred to in Mr. Sprigman's statement are the same which we have already published and there is no necessity of again placing them before our readers. At a proper time, we shall make such comments upon this affair as its importance demands:

HARRISBURG, Sept. 25, 1847.

Eds. North American and U. S. Gazette:

Gentlemen:—I have noticed a denial by the individuals named in my letter to you of the 20th instant, of any participation in the vituperation and abuse which characterized some of the editorial articles against Mr. Muhlenberg, which appeared in the Champion after his nomination in 1844.

I cannot say that I am surprised at this bold denial by these gentlemen—the only remedy left them being to deny the facts charged upon them and proven. They were charged before the people of Pennsylvania, with having committed a moral and political offence, in the indecent and unprecedented opposition which they made to the Democratic party of Pennsylvania and its nominee for Governor, in 1844, through the columns of a public journal, a miserable, pitiful sheet, called the Democratic Champion.

To this charge they plead *not guilty*. I might rest upon my letter of the 20th instant. Upon the broad basis there laid down I feel entirely secure, for "truth is mighty and will prevail;" but to the end that the country may have no doubt as to the truth of the charges which have been promulgated, against the political integrity of Messrs. Miller, Petriken and others, I herewith enclose you such additional evidence as will convince the people of Pennsylvania that any and all denials by these gentlemen, of their improper and inglorious opposition to Henry A. Muhlenberg, after his nomination, is utterly unavailing, and only increases the offence with which they already stand charged at the bar of public opinion, and upon which the citizens of the Commonwealth are to render a verdict.

However extraordinary and painful it may be, it will be seen that these gentlemen did oppose Mr. Muhlenberg with vehemence after his nomination. They denied to him, the then democratic candidate for Governor, that justice and support they are now claiming for themselves. They opposed him after his nomination by the democracy of the State, and refused to be bound by the settled usages of the democratic party:—men who are enjoying and claiming at the present moment, high places of honor, trust and emolument, at the hands of a great party, and mainly, from the labor and toil of the friends of the lamented man whom they so much traduce, and who is not now here to answer for himself.

There are times and occasions when the duty of the citizen rises superior and is paramount to party considerations. This, in my judgment, presents one of those cases. Let justice be done, though the heavens fall.

That Mr. Muhlenberg's early and attached friends; those who have stood by him while living for more than a quarter of a century, through evil and good report, with a firm and steady hand, as he had always stood by them, may feel deeply wounded, is not my fault.—The smarting of the wounds can only be traced to the poisoned arrows, which quivered in the bow of his pseudo friends—Messrs. Miller, Petriken, &c.; nor shall the violence and menaces of a little "brief authority" deter me from a fearless and faithful vindication of the character of my fallen friend; and the political rights of those, who like myself, loved him when living, and revere his memory when dead.

Men should always expect, who live in the midst of a free, virtuous and intelligent people, to bear the consequences of their own misdeeds and perfidy. If there is treason in the camp, who are the traitors? Let the facts now put forth to the country answer this question. We may be permitted to say, nor can it be denied with truth, that the friends of this lamented man have felt

the lash of proscription applied with unwarrantable severity by gentlemen now in power and who are again seeking their support.

It has been claimed by Mr. Miller that he had nothing to do with the contemptible sheet called the champion. It was a contemptible sheet; and it was contemptible, wicked and cruel for an individual who owed Mr. Muhlenberg a debt of deep and abiding gratitude, to make such a sheet an organ of persecution, vilification and abuse towards him at a time when he was the standard bearer of the republican party of the State.

It can be claimed no longer, that these gentlemen are not deeply involved and connected with the vilest editorials which appeared against him during the campaign of 1844, in the columns of the paper mentioned above. Has it come to this, that a member of Mr. Shunk's cabinet is the keeper of the articles of that miserable paper, and one of the most violent in its personal abuse that ever was penned against any one? How is it that Mr. Miller's colleague is in possession of the original manuscript headed "The Blooded Parson," and which appeared in the Champion under its editorial head? We were surprised when we learned, as we have this day, that this infamous article, the ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT is in the keeping of a member of Gov. Shunk's cabinet, and a colleague of his Secretary, Jesse Miller—the Hon. John Laporte! Precious relic for the cabinet of a great State to keep. We have indeed fallen upon evil times.

Is the vituperation, which has been heaped upon a great and good man, when living, so interesting, that the manuscript copies are kept as remembrances of their own unscrupulousness, after his death; or, are they kept by the Cabinet officers of the present State Executive, to prevent their paternity from being exposed to the indignant gaze of the Democracy of Pennsylvania and the world?

At an early hour this morning, I received a letter from the Hon. John Laporte, Surveyor-General of the Commonwealth, from which I make the following extract, for the purpose of vindicating the truth of my statement and the correctness of my course in the premises:

"Sir, I ask you to send by my son, (the bearer of this) a paper I handed you some time last summer, purporting to be an original article, written for a paper, called the Champion, published at this place in 1843 and '44, headed 'The Blooded Parson,' and I shall expect you to comply with my request forthwith.

Yours, &c., JOHN LAPORTE."

Will it now be denied, that these gentlemen of the Cabinet, who have so stoutly denied their opposition to Mr. Muhlenberg, both before and after his nomination, have all along retained possession of the evidence of their own treachery, for the purpose of keeping it concealed from the democracy, whose support they covet?

Herewith is enclosed the affidavits of the publishers of the "Democratic Champion," also a statement by one of the publishers, voluntarily made by him, relating to this whole matter. I also forward you a letter from Henry Sprigman, Esq., and take this opportunity to thank him for his kindness in attending not only to my own personal interest in the matter, but the interests of the public. The letter, and this communication are at your disposal in the cause of truth and justice. I am very respectfully,

Your obdt. servt., SETH SALISBURY.

P. S.—I also enclose you an address with accompanying affidavits which you can use at your discretion. The affidavits identify the papers in your possession, and for that purpose they are more particularly intended. S. S.

ADDRESS

To the One Term Democrats and the Friends of the late H. A. Muhlenberg.

It is probably well known to you all that the undersigned, in connection with Mr. Augustus Sprigman, were the publishers of a Democratic Journal in Harrisburg, entitled the "Democratic Champion," from October, in 1843 to September, 1844—which paper advocated the nomination of Francis R. Shunk, for Governor, by the Democratic State Convention of the 4th of March, 1844, and afterwards, while it was published, opposed the election of Mr. Muhlenberg.

The state of parties in 1844, is well known to you, as well as the great efforts to effect the re-nomination of Mr. Shunk. But it is not so well known, that after Mr. Shunk and his most active friends were defeated in their object, they did all in their power, by personal influence, and otherwise to defeat the election of Mr. Muhlenberg, and secure that of the Whig nominee!—Neither is it known that they had an efficient organization for that purpose, by not only sustaining the "Democratic Champion," but by writing for and editing it,

as the following editorials, in the hand-writing of Jesse Miller, Henry Petriken and Christian Seiler, which will be found appended to this address, the originals of which are in my possession will show.

By these editorials, written by the ardent, personal and political friends of Governor Shunk, who have been appointed to, and now hold high offices under him, any person of any ordinary sagacity can see that Gov. Shunk refused to recognize Mr. Muhlenberg as the nominee of the Democratic party, and was secretly engaged, through his particular friends, in defeating his election. It cannot be said that Mr. Shunk was ignorant of their course, for I am personally satisfied he was aware of the plot and proceedings—and approved them—or he would not have made these actors his principal and confidential advisers when he got into power. Even in the absence of all other evidence to prove this fact, the ostracism of the friends of Muhlenberg all over the State, would be sufficient to convince the most incredulous, for it is a well known fact that not one friend of Mr. Muhlenberg hold an appointment under him, notwithstanding numerous applications had been made.

We all remember the obstinate course of the friends of Shunk in the convention of '47. When it became apparent that a majority of the uninstructed delegates were favorable to the re-nomination of Shunk so as to render his nomination certain—they would listen to no proposition—they would accept of no compromise to effect an amicable and conciliatory nomination. No! They were of the majority, and had determined to do JUST AS THEY PLEASED, regardless of the people's rights and the welfare of the party. "Cæsar or nothing" was their motto for action.

It is also worthy of being known, that Mr. Jesse Miller, the present Secretary of State under Gov. Shunk, and who assumes the dictatorial powers of his Administration, was a warm and ardent supporter of Mr. Muhlenberg up to the very hour of the meeting of the convention, and who exerted himself in procuring delegates from Perry and other counties, favorable to his nomination, which subsequently at his bidding voted for Shunk. His reward for his treachery may be seen in the appointment to the office he now holds.

The authors of the following letters, are J. Cunningham Clark, the son of James Clark, Esq., formerly Canal Commissioner, and an ardent friend of Mr. Shunk, who held, or still holds an appointment on the Pennsylvania Canal at Blairsville; Terrace J. Cantwell, a Democrat of influence, also an ardent friend of Shunk, residing at Blairsville, and John P. Ford, also a prominent and influential Democrat, residing at Blairsville. Those men, I was informed, were the representatives of the sentiments of the friends of Gov. Shunk in the west. These letters were sent by me to Mr. Miller, through Mr. Petriken, who returned them with an editorial article, in the hand-writing of Mr. Miller, which was published in the "Champion," preceding the letters.

The letters and editorials referred to, as being written by Mr. Jesse Miller, Secretary of the Commonwealth, Henry Petriken, Deputy Secretary, and C. Seiler, the brother of Jacob Seiler, an ardent friend of Gov. Shunk, and also clerk in the State Department, J. Cunningham Clark and others, the friends of Shunk, were all published in the "Democratic Champion" AFTER THE NOMINATION OF H. A. MUHLENBERG, and for the avowed determination of defeating his election. I may also state that the "Champion" was kept up until after the death of Mr. Muhlenberg, by these men, for no other purpose.

It is not my intention to give a multiplicity of words in this address, but knowing, as I do, that the feelings entertained by Gov. Shunk and those around him, towards the friends of the lamented Muhlenberg, are the same as they were in 1844, when they resolved upon his defeat, and the consequent defeat of the Democratic party, I have felt it to be my duty to lay the facts before you that you may act understandingly in the course that you may pursue at the present election. I state to you the facts—and such facts which cannot be denied. The living witnesses of them are in my control, and will be kept by me beyond the reach of any enemy until called for at the proper place.

In the promulgation of these facts, I am not influenced by any motives of revenge. I have no personal animosity to satisfy; but knowing the corruption that sits in high places, and the want of principle in those who hold power, as a Democrat, now and always in favor of the Democratic principle of one term, I make these disclosures through a sense of duty, leaving my brother one-term

Democrats to examine, decide and act for themselves. G. H. MORGAN.

I concur in the above statements. AUGUSTUS SPRIGMAN.

Dauphin County, Oct.

Before me the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for said County, personally came George H. Morgan and Augustus Sprigman, who being duly sworn according to law, doth depose and say, that the facts set forth in the above Address are true in every particular, and that the manuscript papers therein alluded to, and now marked respectively A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, and N, and signed with their signatures, were the same manuscript papers as left there by Henry Petriken and Jesse Miller. That they make this address and submit these facts and papers to the public of their own accord and without the solicitation of any one.

G. H. MORGAN, AUGUSTUS SPRIGMAN.

Sworn and subscribed this sixth day of August, 1847, before me.

DAVID HARRIS, J. F.

Harrisburg, Sept. 24, 1847.

Col. Seth Salisbury—My Dear Sir:—I have seen the "North American" of the 23d inst. and have read your letter, as published in the same with pleasure. I feel it my duty to communicate to you some facts which may enlighten the public mind in regard to the facts put forth in your letter touching the peculiar course of conduct pursued by certain gentlemen, now surrounding the Executive of the State—not only before the nomination of the late Henry A. Muhlenberg, but especially after his nomination.

I know your friendship and devotion to that excellent man, and when I read your letter in the "North American," it awakened up in my bosom all the obligations which rest upon me; and the kindnesses which were bestowed upon me by a friend who was so suddenly called away in 1844. If his friends were true to him, he was true to them. And I cannot look quietly and see your statements coolly denied by the very men who were so treacherous to the democratic party in 1844, and ungrateful to a friend to whom they owed so much.

Jesse Miller, who had been the noisy friend, in favor of Mr. Muhlenberg's nomination, to which in a few days of the "4th of March Convention" in '44, suddenly veered about, and was among the most active, wily, and bitter opponents that Mr. Muhlenberg had at Harrisburg.

What motive induced Mr. Miller to make the sudden somersault, and to strike a blow at the very man who had been his benefactor, the world must judge—those who know the man can have no trouble in determining. He thought he could make more capital for himself by going for Mr. Shunk, and he poured forth all his wrath upon an old friend and benefactor.—The facts are known by almost every prominent Democrat—hence it is that Jesse Miller is so obnoxious, and I may say odious, to the entire friends of Mr. Muhlenberg.

But I will now come to the point. After the nomination of Mr. Muhlenberg, by the 4th of March Convention, he was still opposed by the gentleman named in your letter to the North American. A paper called the "Democratic Champion" was the organ through which they communicated their opposition to the public—this was done not only with warmth, but without regard to the personal feelings either of Mr. Muhlenberg or his friends. That this system of persecution had a strong influence in depriving Pennsylvania of the services of Mr. Muhlenberg, I have no doubt.

I was frequently at the office of the Champion, as it was published by my brother, and saw and read the original manuscripts, and on several occasions assisted in reading the copy and correcting the proofs of the same. The articles, some of the most violent, were in the hand-writing of the gentleman you have so boldly and promptly named in your letter. Those articles were strongly opposed to the election of Mr. Muhlenberg. I could say much more; but will conclude by saying, that Jesse Miller, Henry Petriken, and other gentlemen connected with them, contributed the most violent articles that appeared in the Champion against the Democratic nominee, Mr. Muhlenberg, at that day. What I have said here I have done in justice to yourself, to the old friends of Mr. Muhlenberg, and to the public; and shall say it when called upon before the people, or upon my solemn oath in a Court of Justice.

I am with much respect, yours truly, HENRY SPRIGMAN.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, } Harrisburg Argus, June 5, 1847. } Mr. Augustus Sprigman called at my

room and made the following statement: 1. That he was the publisher of a paper called the "Champion," that appeared temporarily at Harrisburg, in 1844, and published about nine months. The "Champion," pending the nomination for Governor, advocated the nomination of Frs. R. Shunk. Mr. Sprigman, the publisher, says that pending, and up to the time of the nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania, Henry Petriken, and Jacob Seiler, and others, were the constant visitors and confidential friends of the paper. To establish this fact, he (Mr. Sprigman) and his father are ready to swear to in a Court of Justice.

After the 4th of March Convention, which resulted in the nomination of H. A. Muhlenberg, by the Democracy of the State, for the office of Governor, the "Champion" was still published by Mr. Augustus Sprigman, who informs me this evening, in my room, that he received a communication from Francis R. Shunk against Mr. Muhlenberg, accompanied by a private note over his own proper signature, requesting its publication in the "Champion." That the signature of Mr. Shunk is genuine, and now in the possession of Mr. Sprigman.—That the letter of Mr. Shunk bore mark Allegheny City.

That Mr. Henry Petriken was the personal visitor and friend of the Champion office and paper after the nomination of Mr. Muhlenberg—that he wrote many of the articles that appeared in the "Champion" against Mr. M.—always locking the door during the operation—that the manuscripts are still in the possession of Mr. Sprigman in his own handwriting—that Mr. Solomon Sprigman was present at these times frequently, and will make oath, together with his son, to the truth of these statements—that Jacob Seiler also wrote editorials frequently, and that also an article headed "The Bloody Parson" is in manuscript, and in the hand-writing of Jesse Miller—that all the above statements in general and detail are true, and would be sworn to in a Court of Justice.

The above statement from Mr. Augustus Sprigman is taken down by me this 5th day of June, 1847.

SETH SALISBURY.

I hereby certify that the above statements are strictly true, and were written down by my consent and under my direction. A. SPRIGMAN.

Gov. Shunk's Democracy.

The Whig Legislature of last winter passed a bill authorizing the People of the several counties to elect their Prosecuting Attorneys in the same manner in which they elect the other County Officers. This mode of choosing these officers has long prevailed in Ohio and many other States, and has recently been introduced into the new Constitution of Illinois.

Gov. Shunk, however, was not willing to relinquish so valuable a branch of official patronage. The power of appointing the Attorney General subjects all his Deputies to his control, and insures him the possessing of a servile tool in every county. An old officeholder himself; without any qualification (of merit or service) to recommend himself to the People, he relies on the exertions of these official dependants to secure his re-election! He, therefore, quietly pocketed the bill when it was presented to him, and thus prevented it from becoming a law as effectually as if he had vetoed it.

But he did not dare to veto it! He would have been obliged to give his reasons for so doing! And he had not the manliness to avow, as Martin Van Buren did in the New York Convention, that "the farther the Power was removed from the People, the better!" He wished to secure his re-election first! Then he can apply the veto with safety!—But should Gen. IRVIN be elected, he will let the bill become a law simply by letting it lie in his pocket!

ANECDOTE.—An officer, returned from the war, who was at a social party a few evenings since, was boasting excessively of his own personal valor and prowess. Just as the wine bottle came round to him, he entered on rather a tedious narrative of an attack made on him at Buena Vista by some Mexican soldiers, three of whom he left dead at his feet, two of whom fell wounded, and the remaining two of whom, as an Irishman would say, ran away. He was so intent on blowing his own trumpet that he never thought of passing the wine which stood before him. Half an hour having elapsed, and the tale not being half told, his friend on the right, impatient for the wine and tired of his boastful story, stretching for the bottle, coolly called out—"A little more grape, Captain Bragg."—N. O. Delta.

Some of the Papers down South have been nicely hoaxed with a story that Gen Scott had been elected President of Mexico.