

possession of the disputed boundary, Mr. Slidell was on his way to the city of Mexico to enter into negotiation for the settlement of the question. Why not have waited until Mr. Slidell's mission had been fulfilled? It had been stated, over and over again, that the Whigs were enemies of the country for speaking against the war—that they had deserted her. Was this the case? Have not the Whigs been as prominent in fighting on the bloody fields of Mexico as the Democrats? Have not they spilled their blood as freely? War now exists, but we have made no declaration of the objects of that war; it therefore behooves Congress to declare what are the objects, and upon what terms the war with Mexico will cease. In monarchies, the war-making power is vested in the King—in this country it rests with the people, through their representatives in Congress. This is distinctly avowed in the Constitution. It is true the President has the power of making treaties, but they are always formed upon an act or resolution of Congress. He referred to the resolutions regarding reciprocity, and upon which some ten or a dozen treaties have since been founded. If, therefore, in such comparatively unimportant subjects as trade and commerce, the President takes his instructions from the people, how much stronger is the argument, when applied to the prolongation of war. If they remain silent with the President, when war is once declared, to say what are its objects and when it shall stop, then may you call the President by what name you please—he is in effect as powerful as a Cæsar, an Emperor, or King! You give to one man a power that the constitution never contemplated.

Mr. Clay continued to dilate at considerable length upon this topic, expressing it as his conviction that Congress should declare at the coming session, what are the objects of the war, and what should be the conditions of peace. If the President then remain opposed to a treaty upon the terms prescribed, there was a way by which even he could be reached, and be made to feel that the people's will govern—he meant by impeachment. Mr. Clay said he was opposed entirely to annexing Mexican territory. One half of the millions of acres we had already we did not want. If Congress would be pacified with certain limits, establishing where they conceded, the proper boundaries of Texas, he did not believe the President should refuse to accede to their wishes—he was already half tired of the war, and would doubtless be glad enough to adopt any plans by which peace would be restored. As to any difficulty which would occur in settling a boundary line, he would be willing to undertake in sixty hours to secure their co-operation. The truth was, Mr. Polk imagined, that when Matamoros fell, Mexicans would succumb. Such has been the expectations after every battle; but now, even when we are in the halls of the Montezumas, we appear to be as far as ever from our object. He referred to the Spanish character as evidence, in their struggles for 800 years with the Moors in Spain. He spoke of the absurdity of asking indemnity for our losses, of a people who had nothing to give us. As to annexing, he considered it would be little short of madness to introduce eight or nine millions of people, speaking a different language, and possessing a different religion, amongst us, to assist in governing our Republic. Suppose said he, they would not choose to send delegates, can we appoint them? Would it be carrying out our Constitution, which declares that every citizen shall have a voice in governing himself?

Mr. Clay vowed himself to be strongly opposed to the extension of slavery, deplored its existence, but regarded it as an unavoidable evil. He considered the refusal to accept new territory as the best means of arresting the difficulties that surrounded this important but delicate subject.

The speech occupied two hours and a half in its delivery, and the foregoing is but a sketch of its most important points. The speaker adhered very closely to his resolutions, and they embodied all the great principles which he advocated and discussed. The resolutions were adopted by acclamation.

Moral Darkness.

At a recent meeting of the Protestant Episcopal church, in New York, Bishop Johns of Baltimore made some astonishing statements respecting the ignorance and destitution of the bible in Virginia. As reported in the New York Express he said:

"At a recent meeting of the Bible Society for Virginia, it was reported that here are sixteen thousand families without the Word of God. He knew of more than one county where there was to edifice for the worship of God, and to minister, of any denomination. The leprosy of their ignorance was amazing."

A Minister was summoned to attend the couch of a dying man, and, on examining him to his religious faith, found that he had not even heard of the name of Jesus Christ, but as an oath. Nor was this a solitary case.—Two males were called on to testify in Court, on important business; on questioning them previous to swearing them, it was ascertained to the astonishment of both judge and jury, that they had never read of either the Bible or of God!

THE JOURNAL.



Huntingdon, Tuesday, November 23, 1847.

An Apprentice Wanted.

A boy from the country, between 14 and 16 years of age, who can read and write, is wanted at this office to learn the Printing Business. Application should be made soon.

A SERMON will be preached to the young men of Huntingdon and vicinity, in the German Reformed Church, on Thursday, 25th inst., being the day appointed by the Governors of Pennsylvania, and also by Governors of other states, to be observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. Services will commence at 6 o'clock in the evening. The public in general and young men in particular, are invited to attend.

Owing to a great press of job work, the publication of this weeks paper has been somewhat delayed.

CORRECTION.—The Dedication of the new Methodist Episcopal Church, near Orbisonia, will take place on Sunday next, (28th inst.) Last Sunday was erroneously announced in our last as the time.

An amusing original story, by a gentleman of this place, entitled "The Resurrectionists—Or, the Doctor Deceived," will be found on our first page.

On our first page, concluded on the second, will be found Mr. Clay's resolutions, and what purports to be an abstract of his speech delivered at the great meeting at Lexington, held on the 13th inst. The resolutions embody the views of the unrivalled Statesman and Patriot, in regard to our unfortunate difficulties with Mexico, and are therefore very important at this time. We shall publish the speech of Mr. Clay entire, when we receive a full and authentic copy.

Our friends of the Pa. Intelligencer have our thanks for an "extra," containing the resolutions and abstract referred to.

The "Breaks."

New light appears to have very suddenly broken in upon our neighbor of the Globe in regard to the repairs on the canal. Three weeks ago, ere the work had been fairly commenced, (and there has been no change in the officers since) the Globe expressed the opinion that the breaks of '47 would be much more economically managed than the "big break" of '38. But a change has come over the spirit of the editor's dreams, and in his last paper he pitches into the Canal Commissioners, "Bosses," and all concerned on the "ditch," with a ferocity altogether unaccountable to those not in the secret. No charges of incapacity are brought against the bosses, and no facts are adduced to show that they are squandering the public money; but the editor simply declares that the regular wing of the democracy are not getting a fair shake at the "spoils," and that the jobs of repairs are entirely under the control of "Whigs and Guerilla democrats." Now, we have not, as our neighbor appears to insinuate, any "means" of knowing anything about the canal arrangements, other than what we can pick up by observation—means equally within the reach of all; but let the Locofocos who are managing the repairs, be either Guerillas or Regulars, we shall not condemn until they prove themselves faithless to the interests of the Commonwealth. We have yet to hear of the appointment of the first Whig to a boss-ship on the canal; and we are at a loss to know what our neighbor means by "Guerilla democrats and Whigs." We fear our neighbor has again fired in the air. We are still determined to waste no ammunition until we see the game clearly. Our neighbor is certainly in some danger of "wrenching himself kicking at nothing." Those having the responsibility of repairing the canal—and a weighty one it is—should be at least treated fairly; and so far as we are concerned, they shall be, without any reference to their politics. If the work is judiciously and economically managed, and completed in good season, all concerned shall have our humble approbation. But if the reverse should prove to be the case, and a system of speculation and plundering be commenced, we shall not fail to hold the delinquents up to the public view faithfully and without respect to persons.

But as no facts have, as yet, come under our observation, deserving the censure of the press, we shall adhere to our previously expressed determination to wait awhile, before expressing any opinion in regard to the conduct of those having charge of the "big" or "little jobs" of repairs.

Private letters from Mexico bring the melancholy intelligence of the death of Capt. JAMES CALDWELL, of the "Wayne Guards." He died of wounds received in the battle of Chapultepec. The following just and well conceived tribute to his memory, from the pen of one of his numerous friends in this place, is inserted with great pleasure:

For the "Huntingdon Journal."
Capt. James Caldwell.

This brave man and distinguished officer has fallen—he has gone down on the carnage covered field of Chapultepec and breathed his last in "the red path of battle." He fell at the head of his command, while nobly leading it, and holding it in the face of the most terrific and destructive fire of the enemy; he fell, after mingling in the hardest of the fight—he fell, just as the shouts of victory were ascending.

For this he had fought—for this he had longest; but here the scene closes! He must now part with that gallant and victorious army; he must lay down his sword; that Eagle eye that kindled in the fight has closed in death—that noble heart that panted for triumph, has ceased its throbbing. He lived long enough to see the stars and stripes of his country's standard waving in proud triumph over the prostrate and fallen battlements of the enemy, and this doubtless consoled and cheered the dying hero in his last and final struggle with the King of Armies.

It is but a few months since he left here, taking with him his eldest son, a promising and interesting youth, willing, nay, anxious to share the toils, endure the hardships and follow where his gallant father led. That boy, too, has gone—he sleeps the sleep that knows not breaking and dreams of battle fields no more.

Thus have fallen the father and the son in the discharge of their duty and defence of their country. Poor Youth! You shall not be forgotten—you shall be remembered, and the tear of pity, could it reach your distant grave, would fall fast and freely on it, watering, with the dews of sensibility and sorrow, the cold clods that rest above thee. But of the Father, what shall I say? It was my fortune to have known him well. I shared largely of his friendship and have partaken freely of his hospitality, and I can truly say "that to know him was to love him." No braver man—no truer spirit ever drew a sword; but he was as kind as he was brave and generous to a fault.

But rest, rest thee CALDWELL, rest—thy toils are o'er—thy work is done, and your fame will be as enduring as the frowning peaks of Orizaba, that witnessed your intrepidity and your fall! You "have died a death worthy of the soldier—the field of honor for your bed—the wild battle storm your last embrace, and the lofty summits of the Cordilleras your monument and your grave!"

Huntingdon, Nov. 22, 1847.

Lunacy.

A poor unfortunate, residing in one of the upper townships of this county, who has lost his reason, fancies that the Odd-Fellows, on one occasion, took hold of him and "poured into his ears boiling lead!" The brainless creatures who print the Messenger—who never had any reason to lose, often fancy things equally ridiculous, and are therefore as much entitled to the sympathy of the public as the unfortunate man alluded to. Hence we were not at all surprised to find in the last Messenger, among other silly charges directed at us, the following:

"He has himself [meaning us] libelled the Globe and now says it was false. He libelled its editor once before, and whether to avoid a libel suit, or for some other purpose, he went into the Odd Fellows' Lodge in this town, and penitentially signed a recantation of what he had published, handed it over to Mr. Lewis, and in his possession it yet remains."

The editor of the Globe, not wishing to have his name connected with so ridiculous and silly a lie, promptly contradicts it in his paper of the same date. The Globe says:

"The assertion of the 'Messenger' that Mr. Clark 'went into the Odd Fellows' Lodge in this town, and penitentially signed a recantation of what he had published, handed it over to Mr. Lewis, and in his possession it still remains,' IS FALSE."

What will the lying Lunatics of the Messenger publish next?

Mr. Andrew Miller of Philadelphia, has declined acting as a member of the Democratic Taylor Central Committee, because in a recent letter, Gen. Taylor said that if he had voted in 1844, he would have voted for Henry Clay.

PITTSBURG AND CONNELLSVILLE RAILROAD COMPANY.—At a meeting of the stockholders of this company, held at Pittsburg on Monday evening of last week, it was, by a vote by shares, of 4,097 votes to 720 noes, decided to abandon their right to construct their road to the Maryland line, and accept the "supplement" to their charter, granted by the Pennsylvania Legislature, at its last session, giving them the privilege to construct a railroad west of Pittsburg to the Ohio line. Such stockholders as were unwilling to unite with those friendly to embracing the privileges of the supplement, were allowed to withdraw their stock, after deducting their share of the expenses of the company up to the present time. Among the resolutions was one calling for a Convention to be held at Massillon, Ohio, in December next, of those friendly to a railroad from Pittsburg to some point on Lake Erie.

"WAYNE GUARDS."—Since the death of Capt. Caldwell, we understand that Lieut. McKamy has succeeded to the command of the company. Capt. McKamy is a brave and gallant spirit, and will doubtless fill the post of his late lamented commander with credit to himself and honor to the county from which he hails.

"Veni, Vidi, Vici."

The words of Cæsar rise irresistibly upon the mind of every one who reads Scott's late despatches. From the mouth of the old Roman general, after his easy triumph over Pharaces, in a single battle, they sound like a jest or a "thrasonical brag;" had Scott used them in his despatches, they would have seemed almost the natural description of a campaign so rapid and glorious as his has been—so full of battles and victories, daring marches and assaults, great exploits and mighty results, terminating in the prostration—almost the conquest—of a republic by his small army of some ten thousand men. When Congress grants medals—as Congress surely will—to Gen. Scott and the heroes who fought their way with him into Mexico, officers privates and all, let these words be engraved on them, and every soldier claim the right to wear them as the utterance of his own heroism. "THE ARMY OF MEXICO—VENI, VIDI, VICI!" What a memorial for the sons and grandsons of the soldiers of the "Army of Mexico!" We think it not improbable we shall wake up some fine morning, to hear of "Veni, Vidi, Vici" adopted as the popular designation of the hero of Lundy's Lane.—North American.

ANOTHER VERSION.—A letter from Perote, of October 22, states that Captain Walker killed three of the Mexican Lancers, with whom he was contending and was almost surrounded, when a fourth thrust his lance through the captain's body, and he died almost immediately.

TENNESSEE AND THE WAR.—The new Whig Governor of Tennessee, Neil S. Brown, in his message to the Legislature, speaking of the war, says, that "he believes, and believing it, dares to proclaim, that this (Mexican) war might, could, and ought to have been avoided"—but, in relation to its prosecution, he adds, "in my judgment, the motto, to 'conquer a peace,' now becomes indispensable—there is no other alternative."

"Rough and Ready."

We learn from the Vicksburg Sentinel, that General Taylor considers himself a citizen of Mississippi, and that when he retires from the army, he intends settling with his family in the hills of Jefferson county, just back of his plantation on the river, where Colonel Davis was commissioned some years since, to purchase him a residence.

MELANCHOLY.—The New Orleans Delta publishes a letter dated at the Castle of Perote, in Mexico, on the 24th ult. which says that over six hundred and fifty deaths have occurred in the Army Hospital in that place since the 1st day of June last.

Steamboats Lost.

The Steamboat Eureka bound to Mobile with a full load of cotton, was sunk on the 6th. The boat and cargo a total loss.

The steamboat Paicea, from St. Louis bound to Galena, with a cargo of dry goods, was sunk a few days since near Burlington. The cargo will be saved in a damaged condition, but the boat is a total loss.

The Chester County Republican is out in favor of Polk for re-election, and thinks he can be prevailed upon again to be a candidate.

FROM PUEBLA, MEXICO.

INTERESTING LETTER.

The following interesting letter, from a soldier in the Army, to his friends in this place we have been kindly permitted to copy for publication. We have already published several from the same source. The writer is well known here—his father being an old and respectable citizen of this place.

PUEBLA, Mexico, Oct. 16, 1847.

Dear Brothers—You will no doubt be surprised to receive an answer to yours of July 1st from Puebla, while my Regiment is in the Capitol—and also that you have not received it ere now.—Mails arrive here only with reinforcements, and they do not come once in three months. Neither do mails leave here once in that time.

I was taken sick a few days before the army marched for the Capitol, with that, in most cases, incurable disease—Chronic Diarrhea, and which has killed nearly 3000 of our army since we landed at Vera Cruz. I am recovering fast, and will probably be able to join my regiment in the Capitol in a few weeks.—Sickness has been a stranger to me until I came to the General Hospital in this city; 800 men came to the Hospital at the time I did, and now there is not 200 left. Although the country is healthy for those who have lived in it for some years, it does not agree with the unacclimated, particularly the men belonging to the army; men who have left comfortable homes, who have worn themselves out with fatigue, and who have lost many nights of sleep watching the enemy for the sake of honor and their country. The chronic diarrhea is the principal disease among our army here, and its effects are almost as sudden as lightning. It alarms me to witness the sudden deaths that occur around me daily; men apparently well one day are dead the next; no cause can be assigned but the climate, the country is so much higher than that which we had lived in. I can hardly describe the effect the climate has on us; it is deadly poison, and not one out of twenty recovers who have the least sickness. As to myself, I have enjoyed tolerable good health considering the hardships I have endured since I came into the country, but I now feel my health much reduced. I am completely worn out, and will never I fear, regain the strength I have lost. To know hardships is to feel them. Although I hope and expect to return again to old Huntingdon, even if I should remain no longer than I did the last time, yet you need not think it strange if I do not live to return, unless I soon get out of this pusillanimous and poisonous country.—Men are dying from diseases and from the want of nourishment nearly as fast as they come into the country. We have received but little money for the last eight months, which causes great dissatisfaction in the army. Were we paid off as regularly as we were at the commencement of the war, a great many lives might be saved by the nourishment which they could purchase, and which, without money, it is impossible for private soldiers to get.

I cannot describe the difficulties I have encountered in this country. You cannot imagine them. Who can describe the battle field? None but those who have witnessed it! I feel myself inadequate to the task, although I have witnessed many hard fought battles. Hundreds, yes, thousands lay crying for help, when no possible assistance can be rendered them. The scene is truly heart-rending and melancholy.

Our force that was left here not having been sufficient to hold the town, and hardly able to defend ourselves in one end of the town, Santa Anna, thinking he could rout us, and thus cut off all communication between Vera Cruz and the Capitol, rallied all of his broken forces, numbering about 10,000 and took up his quarters in town within about four blocks of us, knowing that our force was weak and not able to drive him out of town. He then sent a flag of truce with a message to our commanding officer, Col. Childs, stating that he, Santa Anna, wanted Col. Childs to surrender unconditionally, and leave either for Vera Cruz or the Capitol. Colonel Childs replied that he might come and take him; that his force, as small as it was, would fight until they were all killed or taken prisoners. Santa Anna's force completely surrounded us, with the exception of a road that led from our quarters to our fort, which was about one-half mile from town. We could hold communication with safety between the fort and us, because our artillery in the fort could rout anything that might attempt to go between that and us. Our force was close together at the edge of town, and we were so strongly surrounded by the enemy that we could scarcely look out of our quarters. We were obliged to build breast works to protect us in going from one detachment to another, and to prevent the enemy from charging down the street at us. Had the enemy charged, they would certainly have been cut to pieces, for every man was determined to stand until he was cut down. All contracts with Mexicans for provisions were cut off; our water, which came to us in pipes, was cut off, and for thirty days, firing was kept up on both sides from the house tops; and whenever a

man was seen in the streets he was shot. The First Penn'a Regiment lost about 30 or 40 men killed and wounded.—Our meat was used up, and all other provisions getting scarce; and had the siege lasted another month, we would have been almost starved out. Fortunately we were reinforced on the 11th, by 2000 volunteers under Gen. Lane. That day the enemy kept quiet, thinking they could get a good fire from the house tops at Gen. Lane's command, as they would enter the centre of the town, where we had not been for thirty days. After Gen. Lane's command received a heavy fire from the enemy without doing much execution, he ordered his men to charge them, brake open their houses, and destroy all who were firing at us.—A general charge was made that night and the next day, by nearly all the troops who had been kept in bondage so long; and such a breaking open of stores and plundering; that was kept up in the town for two days, is not to be found recorded in history. Heretofore the Mexicans were paid by the soldiers for everything that they got from them, but when they commenced foul play, we paid them off in such a manner that they will not want to commence a siege soon again.

You will hear more of the above by a paper that will be established here in a few days. W. T. Wilson will be employed in it. Robert Woods, W. T. Wilson, James Ellis, and John Condo are all well. Samuel Holliday is in the city of Mexico. David McMurtrie is very sick at Perote, and not expected to live.

You cannot expect to hear from me oftener than heretofore. No mail has left for the States except Gen. Scott's despatches, for the last three months, and after this one, there will none leave again for a long time. As I said before, you need not expect to hear from me often, neither do I expect to receive all the letters that will be sent to me.—About one third of the letters and papers that are directed to the army here, are destroyed or lost on the way. Those that write to me may as well direct to the city of Mexico, for every thing goes there before being assorted. I will write by every mail, but do not be surprised if you do not receive my letters at the proper time. Mails go so irregular, that you will not receive more than two or three a year.

In consequence of this sheet being small, you will excuse me for not writing more. Your brother,

* We have seen a letter dated at Perote, Nov. 3, from one of the Huntingdon volunteers, which states that D. McMurtrie has received, ed.—En.

Mississippi Election.
CINCINNATI, Nov. 18.

Col. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, arrived here on his way to Washington, says that sufficient returns had been received from the different sections of Mississippi to decide the election of the Democratic ticket. Mr. Tompkins, the Whig candidate in the Vicksburg district is the only Whig elected. The defeat of Col. McClung is certain. The delegation will, therefore, stand three Democrats to one Whig.

The Georgia Senators.

We take pleasure in announcing the re-election by the Georgia Legislature, of JOHN MACPHERSON BERRIEN, as United States Senator, for a further term of six years, ending March 3, 1853, and the election of WILLIAM C. DAWSON as the successor of Mr. COLQUITT, his term to commence March 3, 1849. The entire Union will hail the restoration of Mr. Berrien to the Senate, and Georgia has nobly maintained her true Whig character.—N. American.

The Pennsylvania volunteers garrisoned at Perote voted for Governor of Pennsylvania on the 12th October, as follows:

For Governor—Shunk,	66
Irvin,	20
" Canal Comm'r—Longstreth,	66
" Patton,	19
" Morton,	1

REPORTED LOSS OF TWO STEAMERS WITH TROOPS.—A slip from the Columbus (Ga.) Democrat, mentions the probable loss of the steamers Fashion and Beaufort District, with two companies of mounted men. The letter communicating the information is dated Vera Cruz, 3d inst. We have news from Vera Cruz a day or two later that makes no mention of such a disaster, and consequently doubt the correctness of the information.

The Markets.

From the North American.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 19, 1847.

Flour and Meal.—There has been rather a better demand for flour during the week. Sales of Brandywine at \$6, and fair mixed at \$5.90 a 5.94; for city use \$6 a 6.25, and extra at \$6.50 a \$7 the bbl; receipts moderate, Rye Flour sold at \$5.25. Corn Meal at \$3.12 a 3.25.

GRAIN.—Sales of Wheat at \$1.25 a 1.30 cts for fair and prime parcels. Rye sells at 90c. Corn sells at 70 to 72c for old flat yellow, 68c for white and 56c for new. Oats—sales at 39c a 42c, closing at 40c the bushel.