



Huntingdon



Journal

BY JAS. CLARK.

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From the National Intelligencer. Letter from Maj. Downing.

MASON AND DICKSON'S SIDE OF SALT RIVER,
October 25, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. RITCHIE:—To-morrow Uncle Joshua, our Delegate to Congress from this Territory, starts for Washington; and, as I have writ to you for some time, I thought I would send a few lines by him to let you know how matters are getting along up here. We are talking pretty sharp about forming a State Government, and some are for doing it right off, and sending Senators and Representatives to this Congress. But the majority was in favor of only sending a Delegate now, and waiting to see what Congress will do with the other Territories that are sprouting up round; for, as things now look, we could not seem to tell whether a State on Mason and Dickson's side of the river would be allowed to come in. So we called a meeting to choose a Delegate, and to fix up the instructions for him to follow when he gets there.

After the meeting come to order, and Col. Jones was appointed cheerman, Uncle Joshua got up and said the common practice of choosing a Representative or Delegate first, and then trying his hands afterwards with instructions, he did not think was hardly a fair shake. He thought the instructions ought to be agreed upon first; then if the Representative had a mind to tie his own hands he could not blame nobody else for it. The meeting seemed to take the idea at once, and agreed to go right to work upon the instructions first.

The cheerman said, "It was evident from the newspapers, and the way things looked at Washington, and all over the country, that this was going to be a hot Congress. There was trouble a brewin about the Wilmot Proviso, and about admitting California as a State; and then that monster, Nullification, that every body thought General Jackson had killed, years and years ago, was not by no means dead yet. He seemed to be alive more than ever, and showed ten times as many heads now as he did in Old Hickory's time. He was a hard animal to handle then, as my worthy friend here on the right can testify, for he had a hand in it. (Here the cheerman pointed to me, and made every body look at me.) I say, see he, if Old Hickory and Major Downing had their hands full to master Nullification when he was only a young critter and had not but one head, the country may well tremble and ask what is to be done with him now that he has grown up so large and tuff, and shows so many heads."

At that Bill Johnston jumped up, as quick as a flash, and says he, "I'll tell you what, Mr. Cheerman, jest send Old Rough and Ready arter him, and I'll risk him if he had twenty heads. If he would not scatter and run as fast as Santa Anna did at Bony Vista, I'll pay the toddy."

"Well" said the cheerman, "that ain't the question before the meeting. The question is, what instructions shall we give our Delegate about the Wilmot Proviso, and the State of California, and Nullification, and such like troublesome consarns. Gentlemen will please speak their minds on the subject."

When Col. Jones set down the whole meeting turned and looked towards Uncle Joshua; for they think he knows more about these matters than any body else in the Territory; and besides he's a considerable speaker when you once get him started. They kept looking and nodding to him, and at last Uncle Joshua got up.

"Mr. Cheerman," says Uncle Joshua, says he, "you jest know how things work in one case, you can pretty commonly tell pretty near how them same things will work in another case; for I've always observed in my life time, that when things work jest so in one case, them same things would most always work jest so in another case. Now, when I was a boy I knew a case a good deal like this ere case you've been speaking about. And if I should tell you in that case, maybe you could judge better how things will work in this ere case, and then you can instruct your Delegate accordingly. The case, Mr. Cheerman was this: Old Mr. Sam West a very clever respectable old gentleman—every body used to call him Uncle Sam, he was a sterrin, thriven man, and a good farmer—he owned a very large farm and picked up a good deal of property. His oldest son Jonathan lived on the northern half of the farm, and his other son John, lived on the southern half; and the both of 'em had large families growing up around 'em before the old gentleman died. One day, some time before he died, he spoke to his two sons, and said: "Boys I can't be with you much longer. I shall leave the farm and all the property to you and your children. The farm is under a

good way now, and there's plenty of land for you and your children, and your grand children, and great grandchildren, and I charge you to always to keep the families together on the farm, and live in peace and help each other along. There's no knowing what sort of neighbors you may get around you; therefore cling together and take care of each other." The sons promised that they would mind him, and wrote it down in a book, and showed it to the old gentleman, who said he was satisfied and could die in peace.

Well, after the old gentleman was dead and gone, the sons continued to thrive, and prosper, and grow rich. Their large families had enough to eat, drink and wear, and plenty of fat turkeys for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, every thing they wanted. The two brothers carried on the farm, as brothers should do, in peace and harmony, and helped each other along. What one did not raise, 'tother did, and between 'em they always had enough of every thing. There was only one thing that they ever had any jarring about, and that was thistles. John's half of the farm was covered all over with thistles. And from some cause or other, John had a strange fancy for thistles, and would never allow 'em to be dug up or rooted out of his half of the farm. But Jonathan hated the very idea of a thistle; he could bear 'em no how. There used to be some on his part of the farm when it was new, but he kept mowing 'em down, and digging 'em up, and rootin 'em out till there wasn't one left. Jonathan used to talk to John and try to get him to do the same. He told him it was a disgrace to a farm to have thistles on it. But John declared they was the glory of a farm, and no farm could be perfect without thistles. Jonathan said that, besides scratching and hurting every body that comes near 'em, they would run the land all out, so that it would not produce nothing; and if John kept all them thistles on his farm he would die a poor man at last. John said he was not afraid of that: his land was rich enough to produce all he wanted with the thistles on it; and he was sure they gave a higher character and dignity to his family, for they was a sign to every body that passed along the road that the family lived on a good rich farm, that supported them without having to work for it. Things went along this way for some time. John's children grew up to be very fond of thistles, and Jonathan's all hated thistles; and if the cousins ever had any sparring or quarreling, it was almost always about thistles. At last a squabble broke out between some of John's family and the family of the Silverbuckles. The Silverbuckle family lived on a very large rich old farm, lying southwest of John's. But as the land where they jined had not been cleared up, and the line had not been fairly run out, no marks set up, the boys on each side got into a dispute about the line. The Silverbuckles said the Sams were getting on to their land. [They called 'em all Sam's because they were the descendants of Uncle Sam.] So a whole gang of the Silverbuckles went down and ordered the Sams off, and told 'em to keep on their own land. The Sams said they were on their own land, and they would not stir an inch back. The quarrel grew so hot that they soon came to blows. John heard the rumpus, and seeing that his boys were in great danger of getting an awful licking he called to Jonathan to send over his boys to help to lick the Silverbuckles. "Well, now brother," said Jonathan, "I think your boys have been very foolish to get into this scrape, and I guess they've been more to blame than the silverbuckles. But still, as you've got into the difficulty, we'll take hold and help you out of it." So Jonathan called his boys out, and went over to help John's; and all the Sam's went at the Silverbuckles and licked 'em back, and followed 'em half way over the Silverbuckle farm, thrashing 'em from house to house, and from field to field, wherever they met them. At last the Silverbuckles gave up, and owned themselves licked, and begged the Sam's to quit it and go home.

Well, the Sams said they were ready enough to do that, but they warn't agoing to have all the trouble for nothin; and they should demand the gold-apple field to pay 'em for their trouble. This was a very valuable field on the north-west end of the Silverbuckle farm, and took its name from an orchard on it that bore very rich gold-colored apples. The Silverbuckles sot very high by this field and declared they couldn't part with it no how. But the Sams said they must have it, and they wouldn't stir an inch home till they had a deed of it. The Silverbuckles said they wouldn't give a deed; they acknowledged the Sams was the strongest, and could take it by force if they'd a mind to; but they declared

it would be an everlastin shame and disgrace for them to do it. Oh, the Sams said, we aint no robbers, to take a thing by force. We have no idea of taking gold-apple field without your consent. We calculate to make a fair bargain of it; and we'll give you a hundred and fifty dollars for it. The Silverbuckles said no, they wouldn't give a deed.—Well, then, said the Sams, you may take your choice—give the deed or take another lickin all round, for one or tother you must do. The Silverbuckles with bugged eyes and bloody noses, felt as if they was half dead already, and thought they couldn't stand another lickin no how, so they give up and signed the deed voluntarily.

The Sams went home in high glee about their gold-apple field, and sot down and talked the matter over; what a fine addition it was to the old farm, and what pleasant garden spots it would make for their children, and children's children to live on. And some of Jothathan's boys, who were always wide awake, started right off over to the field, and went digging on it. And when they come home they brought bags full of rich gold-colored apples. And when some of John's boys begun to stir round and talk about going over to dig and build on the apple field, Jonathan spoke to John and said, "Now, brother, I'm entirely willing your boys should go over to the apple field and dig as much as they are a mind to, and build, and plant and sow and reap—but before they go there is one thing that we must have a fair understanding about, and that is, they can't never have no thistles there, for I've made up my mind that there shant never be no thistles allowed to grow on gold-apple field."

At that, John flared right up, and said he never would stand that, for gold-apple field belonged to him as much as it did to Jonathan—and his boys had as good a right to dig there and build there as Jonathan's boys had—and if his boys chose to have thistles there, they had a right to have thistles there, and they should have thistles there. Jonathan declared again that he had made up his mind "that there shant never be no thistles allowed to grow on gold-apple field."

While they was disputing about it one of Jonathan's boys, that had been over on to the field a good deal and knew all about it, came along, and hearing the dispute, he said, "Father, there needn't be no trouble about that, for thistles can't never grow there; it ain't the right kind of land for thistles, and you couldn't never make a thistle grow there if you should try as long as you live." "So much the better," said Jonathan, "and I am determined the whole world shall know there aint no thistles there, and shant never be any there—and I will write it in large letters on a board, and set it up on a post by the side of the road where every body goes along, and the writing shall be, there shant never be no new thistles allowed to grow on gold-apple field."

"You will, will you?" says John. "Yes I will," says Jonathan.

"Well, then," says John, "I'll tell you what 'is brother, if it is the last words I have to speak, if you do that thing I'll split the farm right in tu, and build up a high fence between us, and I'll never have any more to do with you the longest day I live."

"I can't help that," said Jonathan, "my mind is made up, and the world shall know that there shant never be no thistles allowed to grow on gold-apple field."

And while their blood was up, Jonathan went to work and put up his sign-board, all write out in large letters. At that, John turned as red as fire, and called his boys and went to work and run a great high fence across the farm between him and Jonathan, so high that they had to get up on a ladder to look over it. And when 'twas done, John went up on the ladder and looked over, and called out as loud as he could call, "Good, bye, Jonathan, I've done with you forever," "I can't help that," said Jonathan, "there shant never be no thistles allowed to grow on gold apple field."

After this the families lived, entirely separate, and got along the best way they could, but with much less comfort than they used to have. Some things that Jonathan raised he had as much again as he knew what to do with, and it rotted on the ground. And some other things that he didn't raise, and wanted very much, was rotting on John's ground. And jest so 'twas with John on 'tother side of the fence. Things went on in this way a few years, and they didn't know much about how each other got along. At last one day Jonathan heard John up top of the ladder, and calling out most bitterly, "Brother Jonathan, Brother Jonathan, do come—the Silverbuckles are here, lickin my boys half to death, thrashing 'em with thistles, and scratching their eyes out. Do come

and bring your boys over and help drive 'em away."

"But you've done with us forever," said Jonathan; "and besides, it's too much of a job to get over that fence. I don't see but you'll have to fight your battles out the best way you can. Remember, I always told you, that you better weed out them thistles. If you had followed my advice they wouldn't now be scratching your boys' eyes out, but, instead of that, your boys might now be over along with my boys digging in gold apple field."

"Gold apple field be hanged?" said John, "I wish I had never heard of it, and then this fence wouldn't have been here to prevent your coming over to help us."

The upshot of the matter was, that John's boys all got a dreadful lickin', which they didn't get over for a long time, and the Silverbuckles carried off as much plunder as they had a mind to, and John gave 'em a deed of a strip of his land.

Some time after this, while Jonathan's boys were busy digging on the gold apple field, the Silverbuckles, who had who had always been wrothy about that field, agreed with the Goldthread family, who lived south of 'em, and with the families of the Boheas, and the Shushons, who lived over 'tother side of the pond, to go together and give Jonathan's boys a lickin', and rob the orchards. So down they went in whole flocks and swarms, and the first thing that Jonathan's boys knew they were having it rough and tumble, and were getting the worst of it. Jonathan heard the out cry, and ran puffing and sweating down to the high fence, and looked through a crack, and called out to John, "Brother John, brother John, the Silverbuckles, and the Goldthreads, and the Boheas, and Shushons are swarming over on gold apple field, and fell afoul of my boys, and I'm afraid they'll half kill 'em. Do jest send your boys over to help drive 'em away."

John put his finger up to the side of his nose, and says he, "Brother Jonathan, I'll tell you what 'is, my boys are out of the scrape now, and I reckon they'd better keep out of it. And, besides they've had one all-fired thrashin' lately, and I reckon that's their part."

The upshot of the matter this time was that Jonathan's boys got an awful drubbing, and had their orchards all robbed, and the Silverbuckles and the Goldthreads, and the Boheas, and the Shushons went off with the plunder.

Not long after this, Jonathan was walking one day along by the high fence, thinkin', and ruminatin', and he thought he would look through the crack and speak to John. And as he put his face to the crack, John was that minute putting his face to it to speak to Jonathan, and their noses almost hit each other. "Hallo," said John, "is that you, brother Jonathan? How do you all do to-day? I should like to shake hands with you, but I can't get my hand thro' this crack, so you must take the will for the deed."

"Well, it seems to be a pity," said Jonathan, "that this fence should stop our shakin' hands. Don't you think, brother John, it would be as well if it was out of the way, and we should agree to live together again, and help each other along as we used to."

"That's jest what I've been thinking of," said John.

"I guess we should both fare the better for it," said Jonathan.

I reckon we should," said John.

Well, the upshot of the matter this time was, that the next day the boys on both sides were at work tearing down the high fence.

"And, now, Mr. Cheerman," said Uncle Joshua, lowering his voice, "seein' how things did work in one case, and judgin' from that how they would be pretty likely to work in another case, I move that our Delegate to Congress shall be instructed—

Firstly, to vote against Jonathan's putting up the sign-board. But if it is put up, Secondly, to vote against John's putting up the high fence. But, if the fence is put up, Thirdly, to vote for putting it down again as quick as possible, without waiting for both sides to get a likin' first."

Here Bill Johnston jumped up and slapped his hand down on the bench so hard that it made the house ring again, and says he, "I second that motion, Mr. Cheerman; and I move that uncle Joshua Downing shall be our Delegate to Congress."

No sooner said than done; the instructions and the Delegate were all carried at once by a unanimous vote.

So I remain, your friend,
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

There will be only two eclipses this year, both of the sun, and invisible in the United States.

and bring your boys over and help drive 'em away."

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"Respectability."

What a wonderful thing respectability is! It is a gem; we see its value more and more developed every day we live. It excuses in those who have the distinction to possess it, all sorts of pranks and capers, and justifies any little intrusions upon social order and even law, they see proper to commit.

Not so with common folks. There is a deal of difference between respectable people and common people. If the latter do not toe the mark they are made to do it; there is law for it.

It is best to be born respectable. But if you cannot fix it so as to come into the world with a respectable pedigree, just follow some respectable man about as though you were his tail, think as he thinks, do as he does, and do any thing he wishes you to do, no matter whether it be a violation of law, gospel, or good manners, and ten to one you come off Scot free. Respectability is an invaluable and easy substitute for conscience, Honor and Religion.

Wealth, and 'respectable connections' have saved the hide of many a thief and the neck of many a murderer. The power loses none of its potency to save as society grows older! Look at Kascality through the evil of Respectability and you will perceive its deformed proportions and foul colors miraculously altered for the better. Let the Sheriff make a mistake and nab a person of respectability for an outrage upon the laws of his country and the rights of his fellow citizen, every body at once perceives that it would be a disgrace upon his uncle, the great So-and-so, and his cousin, the respectable Squire Such-a-one, to punish him.

Respectability used to be conferred by a quiet straight forward, courageous walk, and cheerful compliance with the laws of the country. But this is an age of improvement.

"Signs of Death."

The Quarterly Review, just published, has a curious article on the dying moments of distinguished characters. The case of Cardinal Wolsey, is well known. The morning before he died, he asked Cavendish the hour, and was answered past eight; "Eight of the clock," replied Wolsey, "that cannot be—eight of the clock—nay, nay, it cannot be eight, for by eight of the clock you shall lose your master." The day he miscalculated, the hour came true. On the following morning, as the clock struck eight, his troubled spirit passed from life. Boerhaave lay feeling his pulse till some newly published work which he wished to read had arrived. He read it, and exclaiming that the business of life was passed, died. Miss Lindly died singing, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Napoleon fought some battles o'er again, and the last words he muttered were *tete d'armee*; Lord Tetterden, who passed straight from the judgment seat to his death-bed, fancied himself still presiding at trial, and expired with, *Gentlemen of the jury you will now consider of your verdict*; Dr. Adam, the author of "Roman Antiquities," imagined himself in school, distributing praise and censure among his pupils: "But it grows dark," he said, "the boys may dismiss;" and instantly died.

Beautiful Sentiment.

The late eminent Judge, Sir Allen Parke, once said at a public meeting in London: "We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness and of the source from which they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of man's history, and what would his laws have been, what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our very life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is upon it; not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity; not a custom which cannot be traced in all its holy and beautiful parts to the gospel."

Enjoyments.

The following paragraph is taken from Paulding's new novel, "The Puritan and his Daughter"—a capital work: "Those enjoyments which neither injure ourselves, interfere with the happiness of others, or violates the laws and decorum of society, are in fact themselves most effectual barriers against the indulgence of those criminal propensities which at one and the same time undermine our own happiness and destroy that of others.—Give to mankind innocent amusements, and they will be far less likely to seek for guilty pleasures. But it will generally be found that those who whet their appetites by rigorously abstaining from one enjoyment, are the more voracious in the gratification of others; and he who rails most loudly at the ninety-nine innocent pleasures of life most commonly selects the hundredth as an exception, and converts it into a vice by excessive indulgence."

Mr. William Miller, familiarly known as 'Father Miller,' and as 'Miller the prophet,' died at his home in Komton, Washington county, N. Y., on the 20th ultimo, aged 68. Mr. Miller was a native of Pittsfield, Mass., and during the last war with England served as a captain of volunteers on the Northern frontier. He was a shrewd but narrow minded man, practical in affairs, though of an ardent and fanatical temperament. He began to speak in public assemblies upon the subject of the Millennium in 1833, and in ten years which preceded the time he had set for the consummation of all prophecy, he labored assiduously in the Middle and Northern States, averaging nearly one sermon a day for half that period. He was uneducated, and not largely read in even the common English Commentaries; his views were absurd, and supported but feebly; yet he succeeded in building up a sect of some 30 or 40,000 disciples, which disappeared rapidly after the close of the 'day of probation' in 1843, after which time Mr. Miller himself did not often advocate or defend his views in public.

This is Heaven Begun.

The Rev. Thomas Scott, during his last illness, having received the sacrament, at the conclusion of the service, he adopted the language of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes, have seen thy salvation." Through the remainder of the day, and during the night, he continued in a very happy state of mind. To one who came in the evening, he said, "It was beneficial to me; I received Christ last night; I bless God for it." He then repeated, in the most emphatic manner, the whole twelfth chapter of Isaiah. The next morning he said, "This is heaven begun. I have done with darkness for ever—for ever. Satan is vanquished. No thing now remain but salvation with eternal glory—eternal glory."

Letter from the President to Ujhazy.

Before leaving Europe, Gov. Ujhazy addressed a letter to Gen. Taylor informing him of the desire of the Hungarian Exiles to find a refuge in the United States. Since their arrival in New York, the following reply has been received: WASHINGTON, Dec. 20th, 1849. SIR:—I have duly received your letter of Nov. 2d from London, announcing the determination of yourself and comrades to seek an asylum in America.

The people of this Republic have deeply sympathized with the Hungarians in their recent struggle for constitutional freedom, and in the calamities which have befallen their unhappy land; and I am sure that I but speak the universal sentiments of my countrymen in bidding you and your associates a cordial welcome to our soil, the natural asylum of the oppressed from every clime. We offer you protection and a free participation in the benefits of our institutions and our laws, and trust that you may find in America a second home. I am, with high respect, your sincere friend,
Z. TAYLOR.

LADISLAUS UJHAZY, Late Governor of Comorn, in Hungary.

An Irishman and a negro were fighting a few days since in Philadelphia, and while grasping each other the Irishman exclaimed: "You black vagabond, holler enuff! I'll fight till I die."

"So will I!" sung out the negro. "I always does."

The Legislative Telegraph, in vented by Mr. R. E. Monaghan, for taking the yeas and nays, has been put in order for operation at the next session in our House of Representatives at Harrisburg. It will save a great deal of time.