



# Huntingdon



# Journal

BY JAS. CLARK.

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### The Grave.

BY MRS. C. E. DA PONTE.

There are no pangs for those who rest  
Within the silent tomb;  
No thoughts disturb the tranquil breast,  
In that perpetual gloom,  
Which shrouds us from all mortal fears,  
Earth's disappointments and its tears.

Ah, no, there are no chams for these  
That worldly storms have driven,  
To that dark chamber of repose,  
The last to us that's given.  
The last lone unmoored spot,  
Where want and care and grief come not.

Our minds are full of earth, we live  
Unheeding life's decay;  
While unprepared for Heaven, we give  
Our souls to sin away.  
Turn not ye heedless, turn and weep,  
Nor let the immortal spirit sleep.

### SPEECH OF MR. WINTHROP.

The following remarks made by Hon. R. C. Winthrop recently in Congress, on the all-absorbing topic of the day, will be read with interest:

Mr. WINTHROP had refrained from entering into a discussion of a question so much debated, preferring to wait until some practicable plan should be proposed. The President was at the helm, and, by the blessing of God, he trusted that he would be hailed as the pilot who had weathered the storm. He had referred to the unmannerly and gross attacks which had been made upon him by Mr. Johnston, of Tennessee, and Messrs. Root, Giddings and others; one side saying that he had, while Speaker, so formed the Committees as to injure the interests of the South, and on the other that he had betrayed the North, and had recently dodged the Wilmot Proviso. Ten years ago, when he was a candidate for Congress, he said that if it was his fortune to be elected, he would deem it to be his duty not to agitate the subject of Slavery; that he had no sympathy with any fanatics, and that whenever the interests of the North were assailed he would defend them—a plume on both houses has been his constant exclamation. He thanked his God that he was incapacitated from countenancing ultraism in any way. If he had the approval of the ultraists he should inquire in the language of one of our old poets, "What evil thing have I done, that they should speak well of me?" He referred to his resolution, instructing the Committee on Territories, to bring in territorial bills, with the Slavery restriction, he regarded it as fraught with the greatest mischief—hence he voted to lay it on the table; and he came to the conclusion that the honorable member, Mr. Root, for the sake of a miserable notoriety, put in peril a cause of which he professed to be the proudest advocate.

If the resolution had been pressed on the House all the hope of Lee, he would be at an end, and California not admitted to this session. If the Wilmot proviso was dead, it died at the door of Mr. Root; and the epitaph on the tomb ought to be, "Here lies the victim of the restless vanity and headstrong rashness of the gentleman from Ohio, who held it up deliberately to receive its death blow." It was a fatal blunder—that resolution—but Mr. Winthrop had sought the favor to say to his constituents and his country, that these gentlemen are not proper judges of the law, and there has never been a party under the cloak of philanthropy that has been so vituperative and abusive as the free soil sect. He did not believe that there was ever witnessed, in the history of this or any other country, such audacity and false statements as the presses of their party have exhibited—he had his share of it, and more than his share, here and at home. There was a nest of vipers in his district, who had been biting a file, and having broken their own teeth, they want to use the teeth of honorable members of this House. He produced proof to show that the charge of Mr. Giddings, that he went into a Whig caucus in 1848, and made a war speech, was false. He regarded the admission of California, as a State, as the first measure to be accomplished by Congress, and he would do all in his power to effect that result. He did not believe that slavery can be extended without the aid of a legislative law, and that he did not intend to give to this aid. He believed that the plan proposed in the especial message of the President, was the best, if not only plan which can be adopted. He spoke of no abstract plans; we must aim at something practicable—what we can accomplish, and not what we wish to accomplish. He believed in his own soul that peace can be preserved, and the Union maintained, and the Northern principles sufficiently vindicated by adopting the course recommended by the President. He spoke the sentiments of Faneuil Hall—not those who there met in the Anti-slavery Convention declaring war on every body—but the sentiments of intelligent, patriotic freemen, who will be remembered for generations to come, when he said the Union must, at all hazards, be preserved. Although he had been abused for the expression there made by himself, he repeated, "Our country—whether bounded by the Sabine or the St. John's, or however otherwise bounded, be the measurement more or less—our country is to be cherished in all our hearts, and defended by all our power." During the delivery of the above remark he was several times applauded, and members gathered around him to hear the better.

### The Shortest Cut to Wealth.

The Baltimore Argus says:  
A newspaper essay on the benefits of advertising is generally supposed to be dictated by self-interest, and is therefore looked upon with suspicion; but undeniable facts carry conviction with them. Six or seven years ago Dr. S. P. Townsend, was probably not worth \$1,000. From the time he commenced manufacturing his sarsaparilla he had expended more than \$100,000 on advertisements, and he retires from the business worth about one million of dollars. His profits have been in a direct ratio with his disbursements to the news press; and last year when his outlay in advertising exceeded that of any previous season, we understand that his net profits reached the almost incredible sum of four thousand dollars.

### The Death of A Sinner.

Come with me to yonder apartment. Stretch upon a bed lies a man whose earthly existence is shortly to be terminated. He has lived many years in vain, defying God and resisting his Mercy. He steeled his heart, closed his eyes, and turned a deaf ear to the invitations of him who was able to succor and to save. No love was sufficient to arrest him and bring him to the cross. The servant of God pointed him to the coming wrath, the deep misery of the second death, the vengeance of the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the hour of death, the resurrection, the day of judgment, and a future existence beyond the grave. But all was in vain. Nothing was able to penetrate his sealed conscience. Now behold him near his latter end. Death has doomed his victim, and rapidly is he accomplishing his work. Wringing and moaning under the lashes of a guilty conscience, he curses his God, he blasphemes his maker, and raises his arm in impious defiance against approaching vengeance. The future is dark and dreary to him. No ray of light breaks through it to afford one moment of consolation. Rapidly wasting away, his soul becomes more distressed. Satan is ready for his prey. No kind angels wait to waft his spirit to realms of peace. No Saviour stands by to support and lead him through the dark valley. No music, save that anticipated in the pit of despair, strikes upon his ear. And now the brittle thread of life is almost broken. A few more beatings of the pulse, and time with him shall be no more on earth. His friends listen in vain for some evidence that at the eleventh hour he may have been accepted. Hark! that long drawn breath! The spirit has taken its flight; but oh! to the regions of utter despair. The door of mercy is now forever closed. The spirit will never more strive; the atoning blood of Christ have no efficacy. Forever and forever must he live in eternal misery, without the slightest alleviation of his tortures. The most harrowing accusation will be, ye knew your Master's will but ye did it not.

From the Houston (Texas) Telegraph.

### A Wild Woman of the Navidad.

About a year since an account was published in the Victoria Advocate respecting a strange creature, whose tracks had been discovered on the banks of the Navidad, near Texana. The footmarks of this creature resembles those of a woman, and a report was circulated to the effect that a wild woman had made her retreat in the forest of the Navidad. Within a few weeks several attempts have been made to capture this singular being. Mr. Glasscock pursued it for several days with dogs, and at one time approached so near it as to cast a lasso upon its shoulders. It, however, with great adroitness, eluded the snare, and fled to a dense thicket where it could not be traced. Mr. Glasscock states that he was near a small prairie enclosed by the border forests of the river, when the creature emerged from the woods and ran across the prairie in full view. It was about five feet high, resembling a human being, but covered with hair of reddish brown color. In its hand it held a stick about six feet long, which it flourished from side to side, as if to regulate its motions and aid it when running at full speed. Its head and neck were covered with very long hair, which streamed backward in the wind. It ran with the speed of a deer, and was soon out of sight. The dogs pursued it, and came so close upon it at a small creek, that it was compelled to drop its stick, which was taken by its pursuers. This stick is about six feet long, straight and smooth as if polished with glass. Several other persons have repeatedly seen the creature, and they all concur in representing it as a human being, but so covered with shaggy hair as to resemble an orang outang. It has frequently approached the houses of the settlers in that neighborhood during the night, and stole various articles; among other things it carried off a quantity of towels, one or two books and has taken several pigs. One of its nests was found in the forest in which were several napkins folded up just as they were taken. A bill for washing was also enclosed in the Bible. The footmarks of this strange being have often been traced in the bottom of the Navidad, but it has eluded all attempts to capture it. The old settlers in that section say that these footmarks have been noticed for ten or twelve years, and that several years ago there were footmarks, indicating that three of these creatures were in company. Within the last year the footmarks of only one have been noticed.—Mr. Glasscock intends to collect a pack of good hounds and resume the pursuit, and he is confident that he will succeed in capturing it.

Smithers says he always travels with a "sulkey"—that is, he always goes with his wife, who continues to be obstinate and out of humor from the time they leave home till they get where they are going to. The only time she ever smiled, he says, was when he broke his ankle.

### The Blasphemer's Death.

There is something so terribly startling in the following facts, and so fearfully exemplifying the grievous sin and extreme peril of blaspheming, the name of the Eternal, that had we not made minute and careful enquiry, even among the very haunts of those living where the occurrence took place, we should believe the whole to be an exaggerated rumor of some ordinary and every day casualty, rather than the awfully-true narrative of a dreadful judgment.

On the morning of Sunday last, a married woman, residing in the Friars' Field, named Sarah Morgan, was observed with an infant in her arms, near her own house, disputing with a woman named Elizabeth Volan. A quarrel of a very violent character, so far as words went, shortly afterwards ensued, and in reply to an observation made by the woman, Sarah Morgan exclaimed that she hoped God Almighty would strike her blind, deaf, dumb and stiff, if she did not revenge herself upon her in a particular manner. Almost directly she staggered, let her child fall from her arms to the ground, and would herself apparently have fallen but that her neighbors immediately assisted her into the house.

Dr. Stack was promptly in attendance who, we need scarcely remark, continued to render her every assistance which medical skill and humanity could suggest. From the moment that she was thus mysteriously stricken to the hour of her death, at half-past one o'clock on Wednesday morning, the only words she uttered, and just after she was borne in, were, "Lord, have mercy on my poor soul—have mercy on my poor children!" and then her voice failed her, and she became dumb, her sense of hearing was destroyed, her eyes became glassy and sightless, and in about sixty hours from the moment in which she was struck down, Death placed his icy hand on her and she became a corpse. This fearful event has produced a painful sensation even among the abandoned creatures of the locality in which it occurred.—*Monmouth (Eng) Merlin.*

### About Compromise.

The New York Tribune, in a lengthy article on the difficulty between the North and the South, asks, "What is that difficulty? What need is there of Compromise? When the adversaries of Free Labor had the power, did they ever accept a compromise to its champions?—When Louisiana—a slaveholding territory almost as large as civilized Europe—was bought with the Treasure of the Nation and annexed to this country, what share of it, what counterpoise to it, was given or offered to Free Labor? When Florida was bought, what was done for the North in requital? When Texas was thrust into the Union, what was the concession to Freedom? There was indeed a pretence, a show of giving us the territory North of 36deg. 30min. but in the first place Texas had rightfully no acre within a hundred miles of that line, and in the next place, if she had had, no foot of it was secured to Freedom. All was to be Slave Territory until Texas should choose to slice it off into a separate Free State—that is, until the sky shall fall, making larks as plenty as musketoes. No—slavery has never yielded an inch by way of compromise when she had the power to hold it. It is only when the strength is against her that there is talk of Compromise."

### Interesting Anecdote.

Two young Americans after completing their education in Europe were travelling with the view of perfecting themselves in their classic studies. Thus engaged, they were sojourning for a short time in Vienna. One day while crossing one of the streets, an Austrian officer of high military rank, came dashing along at a furious rate on horse-back. One of these Americans apprehending that the horse would run against him, raised a small cane, with the view of turning the horses head, whereupon the officer struck him with his whip; upon ascertaining the address of the officer he demanded satisfaction of him; which demand the officer treated with contempt, ridiculing the idea of his responding to an unknown American boy. In this strait the two young gentlemen laid their grievance before the American representative at that court. Our charge immediately addressed the officer, and after recapitulating the fact, informed him that he must either apologize or give the satisfaction required, and that in the event of his failing to do so he would over his own signature, as the representative of the American government, publish him in every leading paper on the continent as a poltroon. It is needless to add that this demand was immediately followed by an ample apology of the Austrian officer. But it is proper to add that this government was then honored in the person of Mr. Stiles.—*Wash. Union.*

### The World is Full of Beauty.

From the London Weekly Times.

There is a voice within me,  
And 'tis so sweet a voice,  
That its soft lispings win me,  
Till tears start to mine eyes;  
Deep from my soul it springeth,  
Like hidden melody;  
And evermore it singeth  
This song of songs to me:  
This world is full of beauty,  
As other worlds above;  
And if we did our duty,  
It might be full of love!

If faith and loving kindness  
Passed coin 'twixt heart and heart,  
Old Bigotry's dark blindness  
And malice would depart.  
If men were more forgiving,  
Were kind words often spoken,  
Instead of scorn so grieving,  
There would be few hearts broken.  
When Plenty's round us smiling,  
Why wakes this cry for bread?  
Why are crushed millions tottering,  
Gaunt—clothed in rags—unfed?

Let the law of bloodshed perish,  
Wars cease and glory, splendor—  
And men will learn to cherish  
Feelings more kind and tender.  
Were we true unto each other,  
We'd vanquish Hate and Crime,  
And clasp the hand of a brother,  
In any land or clime!  
If gold were not an idol,  
Were mind and merit worth,  
Oh, there would be a bridal  
Betwixt high heaven and earth!

Were truth an uttered language,  
Angels might talk with men,  
And God—illuminated earth shall see  
The golden age again.  
For the leaf teatles of the forest—  
The flower-lips of the sod—  
The birds that hymn their raptures  
Into the ear of God—  
And the sweet wind that bringeth  
The music of the sea,  
Have each a voice that singeth  
This song of songs to me;  
"This world is full of beauty,  
As other worlds above;  
And if we did our duty,  
It might be full of love."

### Stealing from the Printer.

When a subscriber removes, or for any other cause omits to take his paper from the office at which it is left, and does not come and settle for his paper nor order it stopped, but leaves it to the postmaster to inform us that the paper is not taken from the office, what do you call it? Not exactly stealing, but it amounts to the same thing. It takes money out of pocket, for the paper costs money. A man does not take his paper from the office. We are not informed of it for perhaps three months. At last we are informed by the postmaster of the fact. The paper is not paid for the time it was taken out, nor for the time it was not taken. The subscriber has moved away, or at least does not come and settle.

Again, a paper is left in our box. The subscriber takes it out for a while, but finally omits to take it. We still put the paper in the box. We don't know perhaps where he lives, and have no means of seeing him. What is to be done? We know of but one way, and that is to publish the names of such persons as treat us thus, and in this way, get information with reference to them. We shall therefore adopt this rule, that when a subscriber removes, or omits to take his paper without settling with us, or giving us any word, we shall advertise him as we would anything else which had been lost. Are we not right in laying down such a rule, in self defence.—*Urbana Expositor.*

### Glorious Thing to Die.

Mr. N. R. Cobb, of Boston, so much noted for his benevolence, a short time before his death said: "Within the few last days, I have had some glorious views of heaven. It is indeed a glorious thing to die. I have been active and busy in the world. I have enjoyed it as much as any one. God has prospered me. I have every thing to tie me here. I am happy in my family; I have property enough; but how small and mean it appears when we are on a sick bed! Nothing can equal my enjoyments in the near prospects of heaven. My hope in Christ is worth infinitely more than all other things. The blood of Christ! the blood of Christ!"

SIMPLE CURE FOR COUG.—We find in the *Journal of Health* the following simple remedy for this dangerous disease. Those who have passed nights of utmost agony at the bedside of loved children, will treasure it up as an invaluable piece of information. If a child is taken with the cough, instantly apply cold water, ice water, if possible, suddenly and freely to the neck and chest, with a sponge.—The breathing will almost instantly be relieved. So soon as possible let the sufferer drink as much as it can; then wipe it dry, cover it up warm, and soon a quiet slumber will relieve the parent's anxiety, and lead the heart in thankfulness to the Power which has given to the pure gushing fountain such medical qualities.

### The Farmer is not Properly Estimated.

It is a lamentable fact that the farmer does not occupy that elevated position in society which his occupation justly entitles him to. He is looked upon as a being quite below the lawyer, physician, divine, artist, merchant's clerk.—To be a farmer is to be nobody, a mere clodhopper, a digger of bogs and ditches, and dung heaps, and free to wallow in the "free soil" he cultivates, provided he never seeks to elevate himself above that position in which the world calls "good society." Hence comes the desire of "the boys" to escape not so much the drudgery of their employment, as from the idea that they are looked upon and estimated as mere drudges.

What blindness, folly, and false philosophy is this! The result of these false promises is, that the "professions" are crowded to the starvation point; clerks not only go begging, but become beggars, or worse; merchants are multiplied, and good old fashioned labor appears to be going out of fashion.

While we would give all due honors to professions, the farmer, who is the producer of all, both in food and raiment, that adds to the comfort and sustenance of the human family, need not feel below the occupations that gain their support from the folly, pride, misery and wickedness of their fellow creatures.

If the aspirations of farmers were half as strong to elevate their sons as farmers as it is to make them merchants or professional men, or perchance loafers, we should soon be taught to look, to the Agricultural class for the best bred, as well as for the best fed men in America.—[*Barnum's Address.*]

### To Young Ladies.

Who are the women that sow dissension in society—the tale bearers—the whisperers of scandal? The really well informed and accomplished? Those who enjoy the best books, love to read aloud to their friends, luxuriate in high-toned poetry—covet the conversation of instructed people, and are able to bear part in it themselves? It is not necessary to answer this question. It is undeniable that even sincere piety encounters a most formidable obstacle in the emptiness which has led to a habit of gossip and detraction, while an utter distaste to whatever is low and false, protects even the mere woman of the world from this class of faults. On whom does this life of care and trial fall soonest? On her who has made its everyday frivolities her object, or on the student of nature, of character, of books, whose thoughts have something on which to rest, little dependant on fortune, and not all on fashion? Who torment us by a petty, prying curiosity which has never been exercised upon objects of real interest? Who that knows how to value books, will be likely to run mad after dress and vulgar show.—*Mrs. Kirkland.*

### The Best Recommendation.

A youth seeking employment in New York, on inquiring at a certain store, if they wished a clerk, was told that they did not. On mentioning the recommendations he had the merchant desired to see them. On turning over his carpetbag to find his letters, a book rolled out on the floor. "What book is that?" said the merchant. "It is the Bible sir," was the reply. "And what are you going to do with that book in New York?" said the merchant. The lad looked seriously into the merchant's face, and replied "I promised my mother I would read it every day, and I shall do it," and burst into tears. The merchant immediately engaged his services, and in due time he became a partner in the firm, one of the most respectable in the city.

### Mississippi on a High Horse.

The report of the committee on State and Federal Relations is now before the Senate, in which it is recommended to place \$250,000 at the disposal of the government to be used in case Mississippi is thrown on her reserved rights in the great contest between the North and South on the Slavery question.

A contemporary respectfully reminds the sovereign State of Mississippi that there is a small balance of several millions of dollars due from her to certain creditors, a part of which her Legislature has repudiated, but another portion simply stands over from year to year unpaid, principal and interest. If she has any \$250,000 to disburse in any way, we affectionately advise her to apply it "on account."

"Hallow!" ejaculated an anxious guardian to his lovely niece, as he entered the parlor, and saw her on the sofa in the arms of a swain, who had just popped the question and sealed it with a smack—"What's the time of day, now?" "I should think it was about half-past twelve," was the cool reply; "you see we are almost one."

### EARLY RISING.—A talented physician

remarks that "Early rising is the stepping stone to all that is great and good. Both the mind and the body are invigorated by the practice, and much valuable time is gained that is lost to the sluggard. It is the basis upon which health and wealth is founded. The early morning is the best period for reflection and study; for it is, then after refreshing sleep, that the mind is most vigorous and calm. The statesman, as well as merchant arrange plans for the coming day, and all passes smoothly; while he who wastes his morning in bed loses much of the most valuable commodity in life—time—which is never regained. Early rising will often make the poor man rich—the contrary will too often beggar the wealthiest. It will do much towards making the weak strong; and the reverse will enfeeble the strongest. Second sleep often produces headache and languor. There is nothing more true than that—He that loses an hour in the morning is seeking it the remainder of the day." All of our greatest men have been early risers; for instance—Newton, Franklin, Wellington, Shakspeare, Milton, Reynolds, Hunter, Eldon, Erskine."

### A LONG SERMON BAD IN ITS EFFECTS.—

A minister, having preached a very long sermon, as his custom was, some hours after asked a gentleman his opinion of it; he replied that "Twas very good, but that it had spoiled a goose worth two of it."

### Court Affairs—April Term 1850.

#### TRIAL LIST.

FIRST WEEK.

Joseph Higgins et al vs Martin Gates' Adm'r.  
John Loughry vs Geo W McBride.  
Jacob Gosehorn's ex'r's vs Cath Renner's adm.  
Chas. Duff vs Martin Walker.  
Daniel Brough vs Jas. Entriken.  
Allen, Wilson & Co vs Martin Gates' adm'r.  
Jno Savage's Trustees vs Adam Honck.  
Same vs Jno P Schuer.  
Same vs Piper & Aurandt.  
Matthew Garner's ex'r's vs Sebastian Keely.  
Reed Geo for use vs Martin Gates' adm'r.  
Wm Harper vs Jas. Wilson.  
Jno Savage's Trustees vs John Fisher.  
Elias Hoover vs Daniel Teague et al.  
Wm. Welch vs Nathaniel Kelly.  
Matthew Garner's ex'r's vs Daniel Kyler.  
Ewing for Gates vs James Ewing.  
Lewistown Bank vs Hardman Phillips.  
D. N. Carothers vs Blair & Madden.  
James Ewing vs Ewing & Gates.

SECOND WEEK.

Joseph Gagnon vs Robert Miller.  
J E Thompson et al vs John W Swoops.  
John Wingard vs Jacob Brubaker.  
Sam'l Harvey & wife vs John Potts et al.  
Reliance Trans. Co, for use vs Martin O'Friel et al.  
Dan'l Kurffman's adm'r vs Robert Speer.  
Thom. Cisney vs Gideon Sherry.  
Nathaniel Kelly vs Anthony Murray & Co.  
McGill & Graffius vs E F Shoemaker.  
Eli Walls vs James Walls.  
Robert Madien vs John Madden.  
Wm Filey vs Jacob Miller & Co.  
E F Shoemaker vs Elisha Shoemaker.  
Mitchell for M. Burney vs Mitchell, Vance and Alexander.  
Jas. Wall vs Eli Wall.  
Harlin Q Harris vs Martin Gates' adm'r.  
Smith and Rhodes vs George Schell.  
Devor & Green vs Thomas T. Cronwell.  
Abr. Crosswell vs Hardman Phillips.  
Martin Gates' adm'r vs Owen Coplin.  
Christian Prough vs James Entriken.  
John Fetzer et al vs John List.

#### GRAND JURORS.

Shirley, John Brewster, Samuel Backus, Jno Potts, William Sharrer. Cass, Michael Bowman, John Stever; Porter, William Christy, Alexander Stitt; Dralin, Hugh Campbell; Franklin, Benjamin Crains, John Ingram; Walker, John Dean, John Hat, Jess. Solomon Fink, John Garner, Jr; Clay, Kenzie L. Green; Cromwell, Daniel Logan; Henderson, William Porter, William B. Zeigler; Hopewell, Eli Plummer; Union, Zachariah Pheasant; Springfield, William Ramsey; West, Thomas F Stewart; Jackson, John Smith.

#### TRAVERSE JURORS.

FIRST WEEK.

Henderson, John Albright, Jacob Fockler, Thomas L States, James Saxon; Barree, Alexander Bell, James Forrest, Wm Hughes, John Logan, James McCrum; Warriorsmark, David Beck, jr, Ab Stevens, Wm Wray, Samuel Wilson; Clay, Wm Cunningham, Wm Cornelius, Jacob Gebrett, Geo D Hudson, Geo Hudson; Porter, Hugh Cunningham, Jacob Hermance, John Hewitt, John Laporte, Daniel Piper, Charles Porter; West, Abraham Crosswell, Jacob Porter; Penn, Wm Deane; Springfield, John Duffy; Penn, Wm Deane; Abraham Speck; Geo Height; Walker, Patrick Lang, James Webb; Brady, John K. Metz; Dublin, Thom. W Neely; Jackson, Thos Osborne, Joseph O'born, Wm A Oaks, Robert Stewart; Morris, Benj. Sprinkle; Cass, George Smith, Caleb Swoops; Shirley, John W Withington.

SECOND WEEK.

West: Wm Armstrong, Nicholas Crosswell, John R Hunter, Adam Lightner, Wm Vanderlander; Tod, John Bumbaugh, John Gehrett jr; Charles Mickle; Barree, Robt Cunningham; Dublin, Wm Doyle, Atchison Hudson; Shirley, Peter Etnyre, Benjamin Leaso; Henderson, Samuel Friedly sr, David Snare; Franklin, Wm Gardner, Harry Hamilton, Jacob S Mattern, David Mattern; James Travis; T. elk, Jas G Harper; Geo Wilson; Cass, Geo Heaton; Walker, Geo Hawn; James Robt; Morris, Joseph Isenberg; Jackson Philip Kemp, Jno B. Osborn, Sam'l Stewart, (elder); Springfield, David Leaso; Brady, James Lane, Richard Ployman; Penn, Samuel Reed; Cromwell, Benjamin Rinker; Porter, Wm Sissler.