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BY JAMES CLARK.]

CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.

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[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

WHOLE NO. 585.

TERMS.

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POETICAL.

THE APOLOGY.

Upraid me not—I never swore
Eternal love to thee,
For thou art only four feet high,
And I am six feet three;
I wonder, dear, how you suppose
That I could look so low,
There's many a one can tie a knot
That cannot fix a beau.

Besides, you must confess, my love,
The bargain scarcely fair,
For never could we make a match,
Although we made a pair;
Marriage, I know, makes one of two;
But here's the horrid bore,
My friends declare, if you are one,
That I at least am four.

'Tis true, the moralists have said,
That love has got no eyes,
But why should all my sighs be heaved
For one who has no size?
And on our wedding day, I'm sure,
I'd leave you in the lurch,
For you never saw a steppe, dear,
In the inside of a church.

'Tis usual for the wife to take
Her husband by the arm;
But pray excuse me, should I hint
A sort of fond alarm,
That when I offered you my arm,
That happiness to beg,
Your highest effort, dear, would be
To take me by the leg.

I do admit I wear a glass,
Because my sight 's not good,
But were I always quizzing you,
It might be counted queer,
And though I use a concave lens—
By all the gods! I hope
My wife will ne'er look up to me
Through a Herschel telescope.

Then fare thee well, my gentle one!
I ask no parting kiss,
I must not break my back to gain
So exquisite a bliss;
Nor will I weep, lest I should hurt
So delicate a flower—
The tears that fall from such a height,
Would be a thunder shower.

Farewell! and pray don't drown yourself
In a basin or a tub,
For that would be a sore disgrace
To all the Six Feet Club;
Put if you ever love again,
Love on a smaller plan,
For why extend to six feet three,
A life that's but a span!

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE BATTLE. BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA. INTERESTING DESCRIPTION.

The New Orleans Delta having had an interview with Major Coffee, of the Army, who brought over Gen. Taylor's despatches—a son of the distinguished General who fought so bravely on the Plains of Chalmette, and in various other battles, by the side of the illustrious Jackson, and acted as the aid of Gen. Taylor, in the bloody fight of Buena Vista, gives these particulars of this hard fought battle:

Gen. Taylor had fallen in love, at first sight, with the position at which he finally made his stand—at Buena Vista. His movement towards Agua Nueva was merely a ruse to decoy the enemy into the field which he had selected for his battle ground. As soon as McCulloch's men, who were invaluable as scouts, informed him of Santa Anna's approach to Agua Nueva, Gen. Taylor quietly broke up his camp, and fell back to his first love—Buena Vista. This position was admirably chosen. It was at the foot of a mountain, or rather of two mountains, between which ran the road through a narrow valley. On his right there was a deep ravine, which protected that flank more effectually than half a dozen regiments could have done. The left of Gen. Taylor's line rested on the base of a mountain. The road in the centre was entrenched and defended by a strong battery. In front the ground was uneven—broken into hills and deep ravines—well adapted to the mode of fighting suited to our volunteers, and by its peculiarities supplying the disadvantage of a great inferiority of numbers.

On the 21st the enemy were descried approaching over the distant hills. At their appearance the volunteers raised a

great shout, and gave three tremendous cheers. Their engineers and officers were seen flying over the field, and dragging their cannon about to get them into position; but the nature of the ground did not favor the undertaking, and it was late in the day before the big guns began to open.

The enemy had with them thirty-two cannon, mostly of large calibre. Their fire, though kept up very briskly, and apparently well manned, did so little execution in our ranks, that it was not considered necessary to return their fire. Our cannon were therefore silent the whole of the 21st. Eight or ten killed and wounded was the extent of the casualties sustained by our army on the 21st. During the day an officer approached our lines with a flag of truce, and requested to be shown to Gen. Taylor. The brave old man was sitting quietly on his white charger, with his leg over the pommel of the saddle, watching the movements of the enemy when the Mexican officer was presented. In a very courteous and graceful manner the officer stated that he had been sent by his Excellency Gen. Santa Anna to his Excellency Gen. Taylor, to inquire, in the most respectful manner, what he (Gen. Taylor) was waiting for. From the silence of Gen. Taylor's batteries, and the quiet manner in which he received Santa Anna's terrific cannonading, the Mexican supposed he was asking a very proper question, to which, however, old Rough and Ready gave the very pertinent reply, that he "was only waiting for Gen. Santa Anna to surrender."

The Mexican returned hastily to his lines. This message proved to be a ruse to ascertain where Gen. Taylor's position was, for after the return of the Mexican officer to his own ranks, the whole Mexican battery seemed to open upon Gen. Taylor's position, and the bells flew over and about him like hail. Utterly indifferent to the perils of his situation, there sat the old chief, on his conspicuous white horse, peering through his spy glass, at the long lines of Mexican troops that could be seen at a great distance on the march. The persuasion of his aids could not induce him to abandon his favorite point of observation, nor to give up his old white horse. To the suggestion of his staff that old whitey was rather too conspicuous a charger for the commander, he replied that "the old fellow had missed the fun at Monterey, on account of a sore foot, and he was determined he should have his share this time."

At sunrise on the 22d February, the battle began in earnest. The Mexicans were drawn out in immense numbers. The dark columns of infantry extended as far as the eye could reach, and the cavalry seemed to cover the whole view with their interminable lines. At intervals between the infantry and cavalry, their big guns, strongly protected by a large artillery force, kept up an incessant cannonade against our lines. Their forces were soon in motion. Our artillery was thrown forward to meet them, protected by the volunteers. Gen. Wool led the main body in person, and was seen everywhere, rallying and encouraging the volunteers. The two armies were soon engaged in hot conflict. The broken nature of the ground divided the forces, so that instead of one general engagement, the regiments were compelled in a great measure to fight on their own hook. Our officers were always in the advance, leading their troops—hence the great mortality among them. In this general *meele*, one of our small regiments, of 400 men, would be attacked by a whole Mexican brigade. Thus the Kentucky Infantry was attacked at the foot of a hill, in a deep ravine, by an immense force of the enemy. A large number of the officers were killed here, among them was Col. McKee, who fell badly wounded, and was immediately despatched by the enemy, who pierced him with their bayonets as he lay on the ground. Lieut. Col. Clay was shot in the thigh, and being unable to walk, was taken up and carried some distance by some of his men, but owing to the steepness of the hill, the men finding it very difficult to carry him, and the enemy in great numbers pressing upon them, the gallant Lieut. Col. begged them to leave him and take care of themselves. Forced to leave him on the field, the last that was seen of this noble young officer, he was lying on his back fighting with his sword the enemy who were stabbing him with their bayonets. The veteran Capt. Wm. S. Willis, of the same regiment, at the head of his company, with three stalwart sons who fought at his side, was badly wounded, but still continued the fight until he was overcome with the loss of blood.

In the meantime, the Indiana brigade, who were drawn out and ordered to charge the enemy, were seized with a panic, and displaying some hesitation, Asst. Adj. Gen. Lincoln rushed to their

front, and whilst upbraiding them for their cowardice, was shot, several balls passing through his body. In justice to this brigade, it should be stated that they subsequently rallied, and fully redeemed their reputation by the most gallant and effective fighting.

Col. Hardin led the Illinoisians in very handsome style, and the sturdy "suckers" fought like lions. Their intrepid Col. fell wounded, and experienced the fate of Cols. McKee and Clay, and was killed by the enemy—not, however, before he had killed one of the cowardly miscreants with a pistol which he fired whilst lying on the ground.

Col. Yell led, the foremost man, a charge of his mounted volunteers, against a large body of lancers, and was killed by a lance which entered his mouth, and tore off one side of his face. The Missippians, the heroes of Monterey, after doing hard duty as skirmishers, were ordered into line to receive a charge of cavalry, which they did with their rifles, delivering at the same time a most destructive fire among the crowded columns of cavalry. The enemy was completely repulsed. The distinguished commander of this gallant regiment, Col. Jefferson Davis, was badly wounded, an escopette ball having entered his foot, and passed out of his leg. He was, however, doing well when last heard from. The chivalrous Lieut. Col. McClung was prevented from doing his share of the brave deeds of this brilliant fight, by the grievous wound received at the battle of Monterey, which still confines him to his bed, and from which, it is much feared by his best friends, he will never recover.

Col. Humphrey Marshall's splendid regiment of Kentucky Cavalry were impatient for an opportunity of showing their mettle, and avenging the capture of their brethren, then in the hands of the enemy. They were soon favored with the desired opportunity, by the approach of a force of more than 2000 Lancers and Hussars, who gallantly charged them. The Kentuckians stood their ground with immovable steadiness and receiving the enemy with a fire from their carbines, charged in the most gallant style through the column on the right, and wheeling, fell on their left, dispersing and killing a great many of them. A like charge was made by Col. May, at the head of a squadron of Dragoons, and one of Arkansas Cavalry, against a large body of the enemy's Cavalry, with like results.

During the engagement on the right, Santa Anna, seeing that Gen. Taylor's force was not well protected on the left flank, sent a large force of Cavalry around that point, and outflanking Taylor, succeeded in throwing 2000 men into his rear. But Gen. Taylor immediately sent Capt. Bragg, with his artillery, against this force, who succeeded in cutting them off from the main body. Lieut. Crittenden was despatched, with a flag of truce, to demand the immediate surrender of this force. The Mexican officer, pretending not to understand the character of this mission, insisted that he should be blindfolded, according to the rules of war, and thus had the Lieut. carried into the camp of Santa Anna himself. This was a ruse to get time to extricate the Mexican Cavalry from their dangerous position, and pending this truce they were all drawn off by a different road from that by which they had gained this position.

Lt. Crittenden was conducted blindfolded to the tent of the Mexican General-in-Chief, which he found a long distance from the scene of action, and which he thought the safest place he had been in during the whole day. As he approached Santa Anna's tent he was greeted with a most tremendous flourish of trumpets, which might have been heard a mile off, but produced no great terror in the mind of the Kentuckian. His blind was taken off, and he found himself in the presence of the famous Mexican Chief, surrounded by a brilliant Staff of bedizened, gilded, and moustached officers. Santa Anna apologized to the Lt. for the act of his officers, in having him blindfolded, saying, that so far from having any desire to conceal his situation, he was desirous of exhibiting to Gen. Taylor the utter folly of resisting so powerful an army as he had under his command. To which the Lieutenant replied, that his simple message was to demand his [Santa Anna's] immediate surrender to Gen. Taylor. When this extraordinary demand was translated to the Mexican, he raised his hands and eye-brow in utter astonishment at the temerity and presumption of such a message, and replied that he would expect Gen. Taylor to surrender in an hour or he would destroy all his forces. Lieut. Crittenden's reply, which we have already given—"Gen. Taylor never surrenders!"—terminated the interview, and the battle recommenced, and was continued until night.

Santa Anna took three small pieces of our artillery, which, under Lt. O'Brien, had been posted too far in advance to be covered by our infantry. All the gunners were shot down, and when the guns were captured there was not a soldier left to man them. One of these pieces was an old Texan 6-pounder, which, during the Texan Revolution, had done good execution among the Mexican ranks. As to the flags he boasts of having taken, they are very probably mere company markers, which were dropped on the field and picked up by the valiant Mexicans. His Excellency of the War Department, to whom Santa Anna has sent these trophies, will no doubt be sorely disappointed in the size, texture, and beauty of these standards. Mexican pride is easily satisfied when such feeble mementoes of their prowess and valor as these console them for so inglorious a defeat.

All the officers on our side, in this hard-fought battle, distinguished themselves. The details of the battle were confided to Gen. Wool, who nobly justified the confidence of his commander and brother-veteran, by the most active, zealous, efficient and gallant conduct. Throughout the whole action he was constantly engaged in the disposition of our forces, and in rallying them to the onset. It was a miracle that he escaped the thick-flying balls which thinned the ranks he was marshalling. There was but one complaint against him, and that was, that he exposed himself too much. Brig. Gen. Lane, also, showed himself to be a brave and capable officer. Although wounded early in the action, he kept his horse until it closed, and never for a moment left his post.

The old General-in-Chief remained at his original and much exposed position, superintending the battle and narrowly watching its events. An escopette ball passed through his overcoat—that same old brown, so familiar to all the officers and men who have been under his command and which has seen several campaigns in Florida, in Texas, and in Mexico.

On the night of the 22d, both armies drew off from the field of battle. Our men were engaged all night in bringing in the wounded and taking care of them—the Mexicans as well as their own men. There were, however, but few of our men found on the field wounded. They were, to use Santa Anna's significant words in his despatch, "all dead," the cowardly miscreants having killed every man whom they overtook, wounded and helpless on the field. With his like rapacity and treachery, they left their dead unburied and their wounded uncared for, on the field where they fell. The latter were carried to Saltillo in our own wagons, the former were buried by the Alcalde, under the orders of Gen. Taylor. A number of officers were taken prisoners, and an exchange was effected, by which all our men who are now in their hands were released. Cassius M. Clay's party are understood to be in the city of Mexico.

Among the killed and wounded of the Mexicans are, three general officers and twenty colonels and commanders of battalions. Gen. Minon, it appears, has not as yet realized the brilliant career of which he considered his capture of Maj. Borland an earnest. He was ordered by Santa Anna to attack and carry Saltillo during this engagement at Buena Vista. With this object he made a demonstration against the town with 2000 cavalry, Lieut. Shover, with sixty men and two small pieces of artillery, went out to meet the valiant General, and at one discharge of his cannon, sent him and his large force to the right-about in double quick time.

In concluding our necessarily imperfect sketch of the few details of the brilliant deeds of American valor performed at Buena Vista—details gathered from a hasty conversation, we must be allowed to express our satisfaction to find that the anticipations we have so confidently and so frequently expressed of the bravery and efficiency of our volunteers, have been more than realized.—Let those who have heretofore made our citizen soldiers the theme of their ribaldry and ridicule, be forever hushed into silence by the unparalleled gallantry and glory which have consecrated in American history the bloody field of Buena Vista.

A correspondent of the Boston Atlas proposes that Mr. Polk and Santa Anna settle the Mexican War by a personal combat. Let a "cham clos" be formed, and let the nation whose champion shall go down, give up beat. The idea is a good one. It would be a splendid contest—wooden leg against wooden head.

One hundred guns were fired on the 5th inst. in Baltimore, in honor of Gen. Taylor's decisive victory at Buena Vista.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

The correspondent of the North American, writing from Lobos Harbor, Mexico, under date of March 1, 1847, says:

The health of the 1st Regiment continues to be reasonably good. Lieut. Larrentree, of Capt. Bennett's company, has been ill of brain fever for several days, but hopes are entertained of his speedy recovery, as he is better to-day. Three men, reported unfit for service, go home to-day, having been discharged and paid off, at the recommendation of the Surgeon. They are private Garey, of company L; Sergt. Chaffant, company A; and private Talbert, of company H. Adjt. Alex. Brown has been elected 1st Lieut. of company D, but keeps his place in the staff. Capt. J. C. Kretchmar and Lieut. L. H. Kane commanded the corps.

I regret to inform you, that on account of several cases of small pox which have broken out on board the General Veasey, the Cameron Guards and the two Cambria companies, 2d regiment, will not be permitted to go with us to Vera Cruz, but will be landed on Lobos until the sick are cured. We all regret this, as you may suppose, very much, but the Surgeons all agree that it is the best that can be done, as if all went together the whole army might catch the disorder. So far there have been fifteen mild cases—no deaths, nor none very sick.—I have thought it best to state the whole facts, as private letters from those not so well informed, might find their way into the papers, and alarm our friends at home unnecessarily.

General Scott is making himself very popular among the officers and men by his obliging and courteous demeanor towards all. He does some very clever things now and then, that afford infinite fun for all hands. All who know the General will appreciate an occurrence of yesterday.

At a signal from the Massachusetts for a boat and officer from each ship in the fleet, Lieut. D., of Company H, went on board in company with Colonel Wynkoop, the latter going on business with the General. As Lieut. D. got on deck (Col. W. had lingered behind) he was met by a stout man of something beyond middle age, dressed in an oldish black suit and black hat, who took him warmly by the hand, remarking in a matter-of-course sort of way:

"You have come for orders, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," responded Lieut. D., who, anxious to fulfil his mission with promptness, hardly returned the salutation, and was pushing by to find "an officer."

"You will report yourself to Colonel Hitecheek, yonder," said the plain gentleman in well worn black.

Lieut. D. passed on to Col. H., and saluting him in military style, said,

"This gentleman (him of the afore-said plain black) tells me to report myself to you. I am Lieut. D., acting Adjutant of the 1st Reg. Pa. Volunteers, and report myself for orders."

Col. H. gave the orders, and was just dismissing the Lieutenant, when Col. Wynkoop came up with the plainly dressed gentleman, saying,

"General Scott, allow me to introduce Lieut. D. of Company H, 1st Reg. Pa. Volunteers."

Poor D. was rather taken aback, but he took the General's extended hand, and to make amends for his blunder made a still worse one by observing that he "was not aware that this was General Scott."

However, the old General laughed the thing off, and soon put the young officer at his ease again.

I have many more "of the same sort" to tell of the General, but want time and room to-day.

JOHN OF YORK.

The N. O. Tropic says that the hog crop of the United States last season, is worth three times the amount of the cotton crop. The boots and shoes manufactured in the United States are of much more cash value than the cotton crop. Hats, bonnets and Caps, made in the United States are of greater value than the whole cotton crop. Indian Corn three times more valuable. Hay and wheat are more than equal.

In Japan every criminal adjudged worthy of death is his own executioner. When found guilty, he is notified of the fact, together with the day and hour appointed for his death. When the hour arrives he bids his family and friends farewell, and rips open his own bowels, thus satisfying the law.

Somebody says that a Legislative Assembly reminds him of a circus, where each performer rides his own hobby, and takes his turn at playing the clown.

"Mine Got! vot vill de Frenchmen make next?" as the Dutchman said the first time he ever saw a monkey.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.] THE KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

AN INCIDENT AT THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

At a very critical point of the battle on the 23d, when it became necessary to sustain one of our columns, which was staggering under a charge made by the Mexicans in overwhelming numbers, Gen. Taylor despatched Mr. Crittenden to order Col. McKee, of the 2nd Kentucky Regiment, to bring his men into immediate action. Mr. Crittenden found the regiment, men and officers, eager for the fray, delivered the order and rode back to the General, by whose side it was his duty to keep. The Kentuckians moved forward in gallant style, led by McKee and Clay, both of whom, alas! fell in a subsequent part of the day.—It so happened that before reaching a position from which they could deliver an effective fire, the regiment had to cross a valley which was broken up by ravines and masses of stone. Whilst crossing this valley the heads only of the men could be seen from the point which Gen. Taylor and Mr. Crittenden occupied—and these were bobbing up and down and crosswise in such confusion as to impress both with the idea that the regiment had fallen into disorder. The Mexicans were annoying them at the same moment by a fire, which helped to confirm the opinion of the General that the Kentuckians were thrown into dismay.

It was one of those decisive crises which occur in every contested field, when the issue of the day depended, for the time being, upon the gallantry of a particular corps.

Gen. Taylor, who, as before said, could only see the heads of the troops, and misled by their motions in getting across gullies and going around rocks and other obstructions into the belief that they were about to falter, turned to Mr. Crittenden, who is a Kentuckian, and with a countenance indicating deep mortification, for the General is a Kentuckian too, and an eye fierce with emotion, exclaimed, "Mr. Crittenden, this will not do—this is not the way for Kentuckians to behave themselves when called upon to make good a battle—it will not answer, sir;" and with this he clenched his teeth and knit his brow and set his teeth hard together. Mr. Crittenden, who was mistaken by the same indications that deceived the General, could scarcely make a reply from very chagrin and shame. In a few moments, however, the Kentuckians had crossed the uneven places, and were seen ascending the slope of the valley, shoulder to shoulder, and with the firm and regular step of veterans of a hundred fields.—On they moved until they reached the crest of the hill where they met the enemy before the flush of a temporary advantage had subsided. Here they delivered their fires with such regularity and deadly aim that the decimated phalanx of Mexico gave way and retreated precipitously. As the Kentuckians emerged from the valley the countenance of the old General, who was regarding them with the intensest interest, gradually relaxed the bitterness of its expression. A glow of pride supplanted the deep mortification which fixed its muscles, and enthusiasm qualified the fierce glance of his eye. Forward they moved under his riveted gaze, whose feelings became more and more wrought up as they approached the scene of carnage. When they opened their fire the old General could no longer restrain his admiration, but broke forth with a loud hurra—"Hurrah for old Kentucky," he exclaimed, talking as it were to himself and rising in his saddle—"that's the way to do it; give them hell!" and the tears of exultation rolled down his cheeks as he said it.

Having got rid of this ebullition of State pride he went about looking after other parts of the field.

The Kentuckians that day did their duty as others did. They paid toll in travelling the high road to glory, as the list of killed and wounded shows.

DEATH OF A POWERFUL MONARCH.—We translate from the Franco-American an item of foreign news which has not met our eyes elsewhere. A great emperor of India, little known in Europe, but who, nevertheless, was the chief of thirty millions of men, has recently died. We mean Min-Meach the ruler of Anam, Sovereign of all Cochinchina, of Fouquier and of Cambodia. The event is important. Min-Meach, after the example of the emperor of China, had constantly refused all relations with foreign powers. It is said that his successor is determined to open the ports of the Empire of Anam to the vessels of all commercial nations.

HOPE.—A sentiment exhibited in the wag of a dog's tail when he is waiting for a bone.

Lower Canada has a population of 510,000.