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BY JAMES CLARK.]

CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.

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## POETICAL.

[From the New York Tribune.]  
REJOICINGS FOR VICTORY.

BY J. B. CLARKE.

Glad shouts upon the air are borne,  
Glad shouts for victory won;  
But many a mother long shall mourn  
Her ne'er returning son!

Glad music swells its thrilling peals,  
Bright banners float the sky;  
But many a widow's bosom feels  
Grief's wild, strong agony!

Lou cannon boom o'er hill and plain,  
Rejoicing bonfires burn;  
But many an orphan asks in vain,  
His slaughtered sire's return!

By night, carousal pageants sweep,  
Joy's festive lights are shed;  
But many a band of sisters weep  
Brav'd brothers with the dead!

Then shout for "glorious victory" won!  
"Twere surely cause for mirth,  
That husband, brother, sire and son  
Have perished from the earth."

Ay, send your shouts o'er ocean's flood  
To gladden all earth's sky,  
That such, in agony and blood,  
Have laid them down to die!

Go to the slaughter where they fell,  
The red field where they died,  
And there your rapturous poems swell—  
To Moloch defied.

There, mangled, blackened, trampled, torn,  
God's images are strown!  
How passed each one to Death's cold bourne!  
In agony, alone!

No mother, daughter, sister, wife,  
Sustained his dying head,  
And soothed the pangs of parting life,  
And wept when he was dead.

Yet thousands were around him there—  
Perchance e'en by his side,  
A brother—of his pang aware—  
And dying as he died!

Go, then, where stode War's demon rout,  
Go, raise th' exultant yell  
Amid War's "trophies" there,—the shout  
Shall echo back from Hell!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Lady's National Magazine.]

THE BARON'S DAUGHTER,  
OR, MAY-DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY J. H. DANA.

"Now Grace, sweet Grace, do you lay aside your viol and grant my request." The speaker was in the bloom of youth and beauty, richly attired, and with that air of easy dignity which betokened high birth. She stood on the battlements of one of those massive castles which rose over all England during the reign of Stephen, and a few of which yet remain in our mother country to attest the stormy character of that age.

The companion whom she addressed sat at her feet, and was playing a troubadour's lay on the small viol then in fashion. She was somewhat older than the speaker; and less richly dressed. Grace was a cousin of the baron's daughter, and her adviser and companion.

"And what may the request be?" said Grace, looking up.

"Oh! you must promise to grant it before I tell you."

"Nay! that I can scarcely do. What would your father say if he knew I fulfilled my charge so carelessly?"

"Well, I will tell you. But you must positively consent," said Maud, stooping and kissing her friend's cheek caressingly. "I wish then to go down to the green and see the villagers at their sport, for it is as sweet a May-day as I ever saw, and we have been cooped up here all winter."

Grace looked forth from the castle wall when her companion alluded to the sports of the villagers and heaved a sigh. It was indeed a morning to make the two young girls wish for an hour's liberty. The season was an advanced one, and already the earlier trees were in leaf, while myriads of flowers blushed in wood and meadow, filling the air with fragrance. The dew sparkled in the grass; the birds sang from the spray; the waters danced and sparkled in the sunshine; and a soft breeze kissing the brows of the maidens, tossed their curls and gave a refreshing tone to their spirits as well as a rosier hue to their cheeks. No wonder that Grace sighed as she answered—

"Indeed, Maud, I should like to tread the greenward once more myself, but you know the promise I gave your father, not to leave the castle walls until his return from Normandy."

"Ah! but he did not expect to be gone so long—he never dreamed of imprisoning us here for four long months."

"But I should never forgive myself if we went abroad and any accident happened. Your father told me I must supply the place of a mother to you—you know, Maud, I am nearly ten years the elder, and ought to be discreet accordingly.

"Yet this once—only this once," pleaded Maud. "Surely none of the freebooters will be abroad on May-day. Besides the village is almost in sight from the castle."

Grace looked wistfully at the smiling landscape and was half-persuaded. Yet she shook her head. The period was indeed one of unusual danger; for it was during the imprisonment of Richard of the Lion Heart in Germany; a period when lawlessness reigned supreme, and when the minions of the usurper John daily committed the greatest atrocities. And as the Baron De la Spencer adhered to the rightful king, there was little safety for his household except behind the stone walls of the castle. Hence, on departing on a secret mission to the continent, relative to the ransom of his monarch, he had left his daughter in charge of the prudent Grace, exhorting her, on no account, to leave the castle until his return.

But Maud had set her heart on witnessing the sports of the day, and she began to ply her cousin with a thousand arguments, until at last Grace consented, persuading herself that there could be no harm in transgressing the injunction for a single morning. But to ensure safety to their excursion, she ordered a part of the garrison to attend them, leaving behind only just sufficient to man the walls.

Maud and Grace, therefore, mounted their palfreys, and attended by a dozen men-at-arms, left the castle gate. Trotting down a gentle slope, they turned an angle of the wood, and soon reached the village green. Here they were received with loud shouts of welcome, but Maud smilingly desired that the sports might not be interrupted, and with redoubled glee the merry revellers resumed their games. Meanwhile she and Grace looked on.

And a jocund spectacle it was. High in the centre of the green, the May-pole reared its head, decorated with innumerable wreaths, while a gay pennon floated from its top. Not far from this was a bower made of the green branches of trees interlaced; in which, on a rude floral seat, was the village belle, now queen of May. Three or four of the rude musicians of the common people of the period kept time together playing, while the villagers danced. Here a dragon, made of coarse painted cloth stretched on hoops, moved about, occasionally vomiting fire. A huge hobby horse near by delighted the spectators with his pranks. All was mirth and jollity.

Maud was in a mood to enjoy the scene; and with Grace at her elbow kept remarking on the different groups. But she was principally attracted by a gallant in the dress of a forester, whose dashing air carried everything before it with the village girls. He and the queen of May had been for some time engaged in a very obnoxious flirtation, apparently much to the chagrin of a more awkward yeoman who eyed the couple with angry glances. Maud knew the latter to be a man of honor and worth, but the forester was totally unknown to her, though now and then she fancied she had somewhere seen a face like his. He appeared, too, as if desirous of catching her eye, at least so Maud thought, as she could not help following his fine shape with her eyes. Twice their glances met, and Maud was conscious of blushing, though why she should do so for a yeoman she could not tell.

In the course of her observations she noticed that there was a larger number of men present than was usual, and that quite one half of their faces were strange to her. She mentioned this fact to Grace.

"Indeed, I now perceive it, too," said her cousin, with symptoms of alarm. "There is something strange in this, and it may be peril. Dear Maud, had we not better return?"

"Oh! not yet—not yet," cried the gay and reckless Maud. "Sure there can be no danger while we are backed by these stout men-at-arms. Wait a little while, for there will be fun yet from Master Greenjacket's flirtation with our pretty queen of May—I see already that her old lover is itching for a bout at single-stick."

"He might chance to get the worst of it," said the old seneschal, who at once squared the ladies and commanded the men-at-arms.

"Ah! then you know this forester. He is a handsome fellow at any rate," said Maud.

"No, I do not know him," said the veteran. "But he looks as supple as a young sapling, and—my word on it!—could knock dull Master Hedge head over heels before he knew it."

"Who can he be?" said Grace.

"Not an outlaw, I hope; for if so we had better return at once."

"As you say, my lady," replied the old man deferentially; "but, for my

part, I don't look on these outlaws as enemies; they are true and good Englishmen, and only foes to knavish priests and hungry Normans. You, my lady, who come of Saxon blood, ought never to fear the friends of the people."

"Nor do I," said Maud. "We will stay."

The sport now went on with increased activity, and for some time Maud and Grace did nothing but laugh at the antics of the hobby horse and the capers of the dragon. Suddenly, however, a cry of alarm arose, and instantaneously was heard the clatter of approaching horsemen. By the time Maud could look around, a body of men-at-arms, not less than fifty in number, had galloped on the lawn, of which they took possession—the affrighted villagers flying in every direction.

The old Seneschal immediately formed his little troop around their mistress, for he recognized in the leader of the intruders, the Lord Mountjoy, a hereditary foe of the baron; a neighboring nobleman of the worst character, and a zealous partizan of Prince John. The veteran hoped to have escaped unobserved in the confusion, but the flutter of the women's garments unfortunately attracted the attention of the lawless noble.

"Ha! what have we yonder?" he exclaimed. "By St. Jude, those are ladies, and guarded by De Spencer's men-at-arms. They must be the pretty doves he has kept cooped in his infernal strong hold during his absence. The saints be praised that such rare creatures are thrown in our path to-day—for, by our halidome, we might have wished for them long enough ere we could have rifled them from their nests. Willfred, you ride toward the wood road and cut off their retreat. We will keep the high-way. A rare banquet we shall have to night with these pretty games for company."

With that he laughed a coarse laugh which reached even the ears of Maud, and made her tremble with apprehension, for by this time she had detected the cognizance of her father's foe.

"Close up—close up," cried the old Seneschal, as he saw the hostile movements of the enemy. "We must die around our mistress if they attack us.—But first let me speak their fair."

The veteran accordingly rode forward and attempted to parly with the enemy; but he was laughed to scorn when he asked a free passage for his noble mistress.

"Nay, nay, old fellow, not so fast," cried Mountjoy. "The Lady Maud hath a fine estate and will match well with mine own noble self. Fortune hath placed her in my hands and I shall not neglect the chance, you may be sure."

"Then over our dead bodies only shall you take her," cried the Seneschal, falling back to his men.

"Be it so," said the noble. Meantime the villagers had totally disappeared; only a few of the men lingering behind. Among these was the forester, who, during the last few minutes, had been drawing nearer to Maud. He did not, however, seem to purpose engaging in the strife, but sauntered carelessly along as if only desirous of getting a suitable position to observe the struggle. Once or twice he whistled in an idle way, and looked indifferently around. Maud, who even in her terror, was still pursued by his image, at first hoped he was coming to their aid; but in this she was sadly disappointed, for when he had approached within twenty yards, he stood idly leaning against a door-post.

The lawless noble had now put his men in motion, and at this instant they came on a gallop with lances leveled.—The little band around Maud met the shock bravely, but several of them were unhorsed. The seneschal, however, still kept his saddle, and drawing his sword while he shouted to encourage his men he placed himself anew in front of Maud, like a faithful watch-dog defending his charge.

But his heroic devotion was in vain. With one blow of his huge battle axe, Mountjoy hurled the old man to the earth and continuing his rapid career, reached the side of the defenceless Maud. With a shriek the helpless maiden covered her face from his hated sight; while Grace, as if her feeble arms could have protected her cousin, threw herself between Maud and her assailant.

In this extremity aid came from a quarter where it had ceased to be expected. During the events we have described, the forester had gazed carelessly on the conflict, occasionally, however, looking toward the wood; but when he saw Mountjoy bear down the seneschal, he hastily stepped into the cottage and immediately reappeared with a bow and cloth yard shaft. It was the work of a moment to fit the shaft to

the string; and quick as thought the arrow sped on its mission. Right through the bars of Mountjoy's hamlet the shaft found its way, penetrating the eye and thence entering the brain; and with a dull groan the rude assailant fell backward from the saddle and tumbled headlong to the earth. He had not even time to insult Maud by a touch.

At the same instant a cheer was heard from the wood, and thirty bold archers stepped forth, each man armed with a bow, and having several arrows stuck in his belt. At their head was a tall, stalwart man, whose eagle's plume and silver bridle, to say nothing of his bearing betrayed one used to command. He waved his hand, and thirty arrows were promptly fitted to the string.—He gave the signal, and each cloth yard sped on its fatal errand. Half of the ravishers fell to the ground, and the rest took to flight, though even before that arrowy hail rained on them, they had turned their horses' heads, in fear. As the discomfited villains galloped away, the bold foresters gave three hearty cheers.

And now the forester whose shaft had sent Mountjoy to his last account, hurried up to the rescued ladies, where the hero with the eagle plume himself appeared the moment after. In his way he raised the old seneschal who had been only stunned; and was now coming to himself.

Maud as well as Grace, was not without resolution; and instead of swooning as many a modern damsel would have done, collected her spirits and turned to thank her deliverers. The young forester had now removed his cap, and as she gazed on his features Maud exclaimed— "What! Henry Neville here! Or am I dreaming."

"Not dreaming, lady fair," he exclaimed on being kissed. "It is, indeed, your unfortunate lover, happy for once, however, since he has rendered you some slight service."

"And this," she said, turning to the captain of the foresters—"this is—"

"Robin Hood!" exclaimed that renowned champion, lifting his cap. "The friend of all honest nobles like the good Lord Spencer, and especially of beauty in distress!"

This happy denouement was rendered even more felicitous by the information now imparted to Maud that her faithful band had suffered comparatively little, though several were bruised and wounded, the short period during which the conflict had lasted having prevented more serious hurts. The principal execution had been done on the enemy, and by Robin Hood's archers. In a few minutes the villagers returned to the green.

But how came the lover of Maud in the disguise of a forester, we hear the reader ask. Young Neville had been a page formerly in lord Spencer's household, and while there had imbibed a secret affection for Maud. But as he was only of a simple knight's degree he dared not aspire to her hand. Hence he had left the castle in despair two summers since, resolute to make his fortune by his sword before he openly solicited Maud's love. But though a brave and gallant knight, he had been unfortunate, for adhering to the cause of the absent monarch he had been stripped of his little estate by the minions of Prince John, and finally forced by an unjust outlawry to take to the greenwood, like many another loyal gentleman. His old love for Maud led him to linger in the vicinity of her father's castle, and fortune had chanced to bring thither with him, on this occasion, his leader and friend, the banished Earl of Huntingdon, or as he called himself in the forest Robin Hood. Most of his fellow archers had ranged in the sports unarmed, but their weapons were only a short distance off, so that our hero, on seeing the intentions of the robber noble, had sent his companions to procure their arms and summon their leader, who with a small band, remained in the wood to guard them—Neville reserving his own interference in the meantime for a critical moment, if such should happen before Robin Hood arrived. We have seen how boldly and effectually he interposed at the right instant.

Great was the rejoicing at Spencer Castle, two days afterwards, when its lord arrived bringing the intelligence that King Richard was free and in England; but even more boisterous was the mirth and festivity when a few months later Maud and Neville were united, the monarch himself giving away the bride.

Robin Hood was at the wedding, having in the meantime been restored to his earldom. Grace, not long after, married a knight in King Richard's train.

The French women, the well formed of them, do not wear corsets now. This is called the insolent confidence of Beauty.

## PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

Correspondence of the Penn'a. Telegraph.  
Extract of a Letter from Col. Wynkoop, of the Pennsylvania Volunteers, dated  
HACIENDA DE SAN LUIS GARCIA, }  
April 25, 1847.

DEAR SIR:—I am writing you from the city of Jalapa, and am pleased that a wandering recollection has rested kindly upon you. My regiment is encamped two and a half miles from here, and I have ridden to the city for the sole purpose of finding pen and paper to communicate with home. After the taking of Vera Cruz, you are aware by this time, that the army immediately proceeded into the interior. In four days marching we reached the celebrated Pass of Cerro Gordo, at which place you may remember a famous battle was once fought against the Spaniards, in which the latter were defeated. Upon reaching the entrance of the Pass we were halted and encamped; and then learned that Gen. Twiggs, who was in advance, had been driven back from the further end of the Pass, and had taken up his encampment in the first gorge.—The Mexicans were in advance of us about three miles at Cerro Gordo, and had completely fortified with 30 pieces of artillery and 20,000 men, the most impregnable position a military eye ever rested upon. Every approach along the road was commanded by strong batteries, and the defence had been so arranged that a scientific and cautious attack was deemed necessary.

Our Brigade encamped, and our General commenced his reconnaissance. On the 18th of April, at 6 o'clock in the morning, we formed and moved up towards the enemy's works. Gen. Pillow was with us and directed our movements. My Regiment was ordered to take up its position at a certain point in front of the enemy's batteries, and Col. Haskell, who was much nearer his position, was ordered to secure it. We both moved out. The 1st Tennessee was ordered to support one, and the 2d Pennsylvania regiment was ordered to sustain Haskell. The General also ordered me to retain my position until I received orders to charge, which he said he would convey to me through an officer. I moved off into position, and took it under the most deadly fire of grape, canister and musketry, which has ever been experienced by any troops.—Mistaking our position, they fired a little over us, and hence the reason why our list of wounded is not greater.—We took up our position, our "boys," behaving steadily and well, replying to each volley with a good old-fashioned Pennsylvania cheer, and the music playing "Yankee Doodle" like all vengeance.

A number of my men were struck down, but the column moved on steadily until we received an order from the General to halt. When we did so, we were within point blank range of 17 pieces of heavy cannon loaded with grape and canister, and supported by 2000 Mexican infantry. After being halted we were compelled to remain in such position right opposite the Mexican works, our men glaring upon them as they stood behind their defences, and the first order we received from the General was an order to retire as the Mexicans had surrendered.

In the meanwhile, as I afterwards learned Col. Haskell with his 2d Tennessee regiment, had charged and been driven back with immense loss.

My men and officers behaved gallantly and well. A more eager and determined disposition I never witnessed and had we been ordered to that charge as we anticipated and wished, we should have left more than one-half of our men on the field. We took up our position before these works with the impression (denied from the reconnaissance) that but one piece of artillery could be brought to bear upon us. We took that position under a heavy and crashing fire of grape and canister, and we found out after the battle was over, that it was four times the strongest point in the whole fortification and that 17 guns were bearing dead upon us.

The result of the battle was the taking of 6000 prisoners, six generals, all the artillery, and about 15,000 muskets with ammunition, &c. A number of the officers refused to give their paroles and were sent to Vera Cruz. The whole army were released upon the paroles of their officers. Our column was put en route and here we are. Gen. Worth who is in advance, has taken Perote, and we are daily expecting news from him. I cannot say whether the war is over or not. My impression is that one more fight at Puebla will settle the hash.

Yours, &c.

The corporation of Boston, have decided by the casting vote of the Mayor, that there shall be no licensed sale of intoxicating drinks in Boston the present year.

PROFITABLE GARDENING.—The production of one Acre of Ground.—C. N. Bennett through the columns of the Albany Cultivator, gives the following example of successful gardening, by a person of his acquaintance near Albany, he says: "The capability of our soil is but partially understood. With skillful management it may be made to yield, great burthens and profitable returns where good markets are available. A few days since a person (I am not allowed to give his name, for fear his landlord will raise his rent!) gave me the following as the produce of one acre of land within one mile of the capital in 1845. The soil is tenacious clay, and has been cultivated as a garden for many years, but never considered remarkable for its fertility.

It must be remembered, that prices ranged high last year, which will account for the great amount received for the articles, viz. in round numbers:—  
190 bushels of potatoes, sold at 4s \$60 00  
32 " corn in the ear 3s. 12 00  
65 " onions 4s. 32 00  
13 " carrots, 4s. 4 87  
8 " parsneps 4s. 4 00  
7 " beets 3s. 2 62  
800 cabbages 3s. 24 00  
Horse radish, sold for 39 00  
Fruit 26 00  
Pigs fed on refuse of garden \$207 49

No manure was supplied except what was made by the pigs; but the great produce is attributed to the use of oyster shell lime, at an expense of one dollar and fifty cents a year for three years.— "It was wonderful," he says, "to see how the ground would heave and swell after every rain."

MERITED HONOR.—Col. May visited the theatre at New Orleans on the night of the 10th inst., with Gen. Lewis, when several of the audience recognizing him, his name, in a few minutes after his entrance, resounded from every part of the house. Overwhelmed with so enthusiastic a demonstration, says the Delta, he attempted to withdraw, but was prevented by those near him, and on returning to resume his seat in the parquette, the house was filled with vociferous cheering—the ladies waving their hankchiefs, showered bouquets upon him, and even the leader of the orchestra, forgetting his duties in his desire to behold the gallant soldier, turned from the stage and struck up on his violin, "Hail Columbia." It was several minutes before the house resumed its attention to the performance.

GEN. LA VEGA IN LOVE.—According to the Courier des Etats Unis, it would appear that Gen. La Vega, at the very time he was fighting our countrymen in Mexico, was subdued by one of our equally irresistible countrywomen.

Says the Courier, speaking of the captured Mexican Generals, "among them was Gen. La Vega, who doubtless calling to mind previous captivity, appeared delighted to return to the U. States, and chattered quite gaily with Gen. Scott the very evening of the battle.

"If a certain chronicle is to be believed, which we think is predicated on good information, Gen. La Vega goes to New Orleans to recommence a pleasant sweet romance which his release and return to Mexico had interrupted, and the denouement of which seemed postponed to the conclusion of the war.

This is an explanation of the resignation with which he meets his new captivity."

Major Sumner, who led the Rifles in the attack of the 17th on the enemy's advanced position, made a very narrow escape. In the charge, he was struck on the head by a musket bullet. The bullet was flattened to the thickness of a dime, and retained on its surface the print of the Major's hair, and yet, strange to say, excepting the severance of an artery, he sustained no serious injury. The artery was taken up, and at the last accounts the Major was doing well. This excellent officer—accounted one of the best tacticians and disciplinarians in the army—may certainly felicitate himself on the strength of his cranial defences. He will never find any difficulty in getting a liberal policy in any of our life insurance offices.—N. O. Delta.

Some of the papers express regret that Gen. Scott did not succeed in capturing Santa Anna at Cerro Gordo. It would have been well, but we presume Santa Anna would have produced another pass from Mr. Polk, and Scott would have had to let him go again.

A witty auctioneer at Norfolk, a night or two since, finding his company slow at bidding for clocks put up "the last" and said—

"Now, gentlemen, I present you with a new kind of clock; it is called the Santa Anna clock, and warranted to run without stopping!"