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BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

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POETICAL.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

GIVE.

"GIVE TO HIM THAT ASKETH THEE,"

If the poor man pass thy door,
Give him of thy bounteous store;
Give him food, and give him gold,
Give him shelter from the cold;
Aid him his lone life to live,
For 'tis angel-like to give.

Though world riches thou hast not,
Give to him of poorer lot;
Think thee of the widow's mite;
In the Holy Master's sight,
It was more, a thousand fold,
Than the rich man's hoard of gold.

Give; it is the better part;
Give to him, the 'poor in heart';
Give of love, in large degree,
Give of hope and sympathy;
Cheer, to them who sigh forlorn,
Light, to them whose lamp is gone.

Give the gray-haired wanderer room;
Lead him gently to the tomb;
Let him not in friendless clime,
Float adown the tide of time;
Hear the mother's lonely call,
She, the dearest one of all.

And the lost, abandoned one,
In thy pathway do not shun;
Of thy kindness she hath need;
Bind with balm the bruised reed;
Give, and gifts above all price,
Shall be thine in Paradise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MONTEPEY.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

THEY tell me that Monterey is beautiful, that it lies among the snow white mountains whose summits reach the clouds.

It sleeps beneath us now.

While the moon, parting from the white mountain tops, sails in the serene upper air, we still stand among the trees of the Walnut Grove, and behold the slumbering city.

These trees, beneath whose leaves we stand, speak of the ages that are gone. So massive in their trunks, so wide-spreading in their branches, so luxuriant in their foliage. The moonlight trembles through the quivering leaves, and reveals the rich garniture of the soil. It blooms with tropical fruits and flowers. Around the quiet columns of Walnut, the jessamine and the wild rose, the lily and the orange blossom, spread their tapestry to rainbow dyes. The air is drowsy with excess of perfume, and from the shadows flash the mountain streams, singing their midnight anthems, ere they plunge below.

It is the grove of the Walnut Springs in which we stand; a grand cathedral of Nature, whose pillars are walnut trees, five hundred years old, whose canopy is woven leaves and vines, whose baptismal font is the pure mountain spring, whose incense is perfume, that intoxicates every sense, and whose offerings are flowers, that bewilder the gaze with their fresh, their virgin beauty.

And from the grove, by the light of the moon, we gaze upon the city—that Amazon Queen, who reclines so royally among her warrior mountains.

It is a city of singularly impressive features that reposes yonder. To the North, to the South, to the West, the mountains rise, girdled with the tropical fruits and foliage, and mantled, on their brows, with glittering snow. On the East, green with cornfields, and beautiful with groves of orange trees, spreads a level plain.

Those orange groves seem to love the city of the royal mountain, for they girdle her dark stone walls with the white blossoms, and hang their golden fruit above her battlemented roofs. From this elevated grove, toward the South, around the sleeping city, winds the beautiful river of San Juan, now hidden among pomegranate trees, now sending a silvery branch into the town, again onward beside its castled walls.

Below it, with its roofs laid bare to the moonlight, we behold each tower and dome of the mountain city. It is a place of narrow streets, and one storied houses, with walls and floors of stone. Above each level roof rises a battlement

breast high. The streets are crossed by huge piles of masonry, and the whole town presents the appearance of an immense fortress, linked together by bands of stone, adorned with gardens, and gloomy with towers of rock and steel.

Far to the West, a huge step, crowned with a mass of stone, serried with cannon, cast its heavy shadow—a long belt of blackness—over the town. That is the Bishop's Palace.

Here before us, Eastward of the city, the outlines seen above the river, and the groves of orange blossoms, three castellated piles rise clearly in the air. Yonder, on the North, glooms the Mosaic citadel. Thus girded by defence of stone, iron, and steel; thus sheltered by its mountains of fruits and snow, the city of the Royal Mountain may well seem impregnable.

Yonder, towards the South, among its houses of stone, you behold an open space, the grand Plaza of Monterey. There rise the Cathedral towers, rearing above their peaks and dome of snow, the golden cross into the light of the moon. Look! how it glitters above the town, smiling back to heaven.

It is thought impregnable, this mountain city. No arms could take it; no cannon blast its impenetrable walls. The Bishop's Palace on one side, and three forts on the other, and the citadel on the North, the river on the East and South; it is shut in by stone, by water, by iron, and by flame.

And yet, not many months ago—sit by me, while the moon shines over the city, and I will tell you the story—there came to the grove, an old man, mounted on a grey charger, and clad in a plain brown coat. Over the mountains that frown toward the East, through the ravines that darken there, he came, followed by six thousand men. He encamped in this grove of walnut trees, and the arms of his soldiers shone gaily, from the white waste of orange blossoms. He stood where now we stand, he gazed first upon his men, his horses, his cannon, and then upon the city, which, though it smile to us, in the light of the moon, gloomed in his face, by the beams of day—from every roof, and rock, and tower—with one deadly frown.

The old man saw it crowded by nine thousand armed men. He saw every roof transformed into a castle, every street blocked with piles of masonry, the steep height of the Bishop's castle, formidable with its death array of cannon and steel, the Cathedral, with its cross and image of Jesus, converted into a magazine of gunpowder—a silent volcano, that only wanted the impulse of a military spark, to make it blaze and thunder.

And yet the old man, after his silent gaze, turned to his brother heroes, among whom Butler, and Twigg, and Worth, of waving plume, stood prominent, and said, in his quiet way, "the town is before us. We will take it."

Then every soldier in that army of six thousand men, took his comrade by the hand and said, "if I fall, swear that you will bury my corpse!" For every heart felt that the contest must be horrible and deadly.

The horses of the prairie, the men of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, were there.—Mingled with these iron soldiers, you might see the men of Mississippi and Louisiana, Tennessee and Ohio, Kentucky and Texas. The farms and the workshops of the American Union had heard the cry, which shrieked from the twin battle-field of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, heard it, and sent forth their beardless boys, their grey-haired men to the rescue. The sugar and cotton plantations of the South, the prairies of the North, the mountains of Pennsylvania, the blue hills of Kentucky, that dark and bloody ground, the massacre fields of Texas, all sent their men to swell the ranks of the new crusade. The same banner that waved over Bunker Hill, and Saratoga, and Brandywine, from the walnut grove, flashed the light of its stars over Monterey.

The fight began on the twenty-first of September, 1846, and tracked its bloody course over the twenty-second, and did not cease its howl of murder, when the sun went down, on the twenty-third.

You may be sure that it was horrible, this battle of street and square, of roof and cliff, of mountain and gorge. It was a storm, hurled from the mouths of musket, cannon, and mortar, wrapping cliff and dome in its dark pall, and flashing its lightning in the face of sun, moon, and stars, for three days. You may be sure, that the orange groves, mowed down by the cannon's blaze, showered their white blossoms over the faces of the dead—that the San Juan, sparkling in the morn, like silver now, then blushed crimson, as if in shame, for the horrible work that was going on. That nothing but shots, groans, shouts, yells, the sharp crack of the rifle, the deep boom of the cannon, was heard through-

out those three days of blood. That in the battle trenches, lay the dead men, American and Mexican, these silent groups, swelled every moment by new corpses, looking with glassy eyes into each other's faces. That many a beautiful woman, nestling in her darkened home, was crushed on her white bosom, by the cannon ball, or splintered in the forehead, just above the dark eyes, by the musket shot.

And amid the fight, whether it blazed in volumes of flame, or rolled in waves of smoke, you may be sure, two objects were distinctly seen—the white plume of the chivalrous Worth, and the familiar brown coat of stout Zachary Taylor.

It was on the morning of the 21st, when the rising sun shone on the groves of orange and pomegranate, the fields of corn, and the girdle of rocks and caves, that encircle the mountain city, that, suddenly, a mass of white smoke heaved upward from the ravines, yawning about the Bishop's Palace, and rolling, cloud on cloud, wraps those towers in its folds, and stretched, like an immense shroud, along the Western sky.

Beneath that smoke, Worth and his men were commencing the battle of Monterey, on the West of the town.

At the same moment, around those forts on the East, a cloud of smoke arose, it swept away towards the citadel, and soon melted into the cloud on the West.

Under its pall, Taylor and his men were advancing upon the town from the North and East. Thus the city of the Royal Mountain was girdled by a pall of battle smoke; and thus, from opposite sides of the town, Taylor and Worth fought their ways of blood towards each other, driving nine thousand Mexicans, with AMPUDIA at their head, into a centre of death and flame.

Night came and went again, and still the fight went on. One by one the three batteries on the East fell before the arms of Taylor. Over the impregnable heights of the Bishop's Palace waved the banner of the stars. The city saw not a glimpse of blue sky, for in the air hung a canopy of battle-cloud, and over the roofs the gunpowder spread its pestilential mist.

There was neither food, nor rest, nor shelter anywhere. God pity the women then, who, shuddering in cellars, and burrowing in dark rooms, clutched to their breasts the children of their love. In the Cathedral no prayer was spoken, no man sang the deep anthem, or waved from censors the snowy incense. The image of Jesus, was wrapt in the battle cloud; that divine face for once seemed to frown. Mild Mother Mary above the altar, as clad in a robe of smoke, and her sad and tender face grew lurid ghastly with gleams of battle flame.

There was no rest for the sole of human foot, no slumber but the slumber of the bloody ditch, or dark ravine. None slept but the dead. And still from the West, the cannon of Worth hurled their message to Taylor on the East, and ever and anon the cannon of Taylor thundered their reply. Nearer grew these sounds to each other, and closer in the fiery circle, Ampudia and his Mexicans were hemmed. Over the roofs, through the battered houses, beyond their battered barricades they were driven by Worth and Taylor, until the battle gathered to one point, and above the main plaza, where the moon shines so calmly now, on Cathedral and Cross, hung the accumulated cloud of three days' agony.

And to the grove of the Walnut Springs, where at this hour the moon breaks in tender light, on each massive tree and perfumed flower, the battle mangled were brought to bleed and die. The sod spreading so thick with blossoms all around us, grew purple with a bath of blood. Hearts that once had quivered to the pressure of a woman's bosom, were frozen in this grove, and eyes that had looked tenderly with the eyes of life, mother, child, grew glassy beneath these Walnut leaves.

But, amid all the horrors of the fight, the Mountains yonder—like calm Demons, impenetrable to the yell of slaughter, or the howl of agony—lifted their snowy tops, and shone on, whether lighted by the sun, or moon, or stars, or battle flash.

A DEFINITION.—"John," inquired a domain of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?" "A man who makes nails," said John. "Very good. What is a tailor?" "One who makes tails." "Oh, you stupid fellow!" said the dominie, biting his lips, "a man who makes tails!" "Yes, master," returned John, "if the tailor did not put tails to the coats he made they'd be all jackets!" "Sit down, John, you're an honor to your maternal parent."

May I B 1 of the lovers of U, as the Miss of 6 teen said 2 a 10 der 4 leg of mutton B 4 she 8 a piece of it.

THE OCEAN DEVIL; OR, THE DOOM OF THE PIRATE.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

CHAPTER I.

ASHORE.

"SPITE my old shoes, you piratical son of a gun—do you mean to hang out signals of disobedience, eh?" cried, in a speaking trumpet voice, the choleric old Commodore Kockbote to his nephew Fred—just rated midshipman on board of the gallant craft, the Blazeway.

"Why, not exactly, Nunkey," replied the latter, in the careless expression indicative of the emancipated collegian.

"Not exactly? You swab, if I had you aboard of the old Catandine, shiver my topgallant sails if I would not give you a round dozen—a pretty way you begin the service, don't you know that a sailor's only duty is obedience?"

"Reasonable obedience," quietly interposed Fred.

"Reasonable Fiddlestick. I'll bet a can of flip to a cup of dishwasher, you've been cramming your figure ahead with metaphysics and polydevelments instead of useful knowledge."

Fred was about to reply, but the jolly old Commodore, who certainly had a good heart, though a curious method of showing it, interrupted him, by thundering out.

"Belay your jawing tackle you shark-spawn; and let me pay out my line.—You're my brother's son ain't you?"

"I have been led to believe so, sir," said Fred.

"You are you whelp of a sea frog; you are, so don't interrupt me any more, roared the Commodore.

Fred acknowledged the parental compliment silently.

"Now anchor in that chair, dutifully, for a few minutes, or damn me if I don't send you to sea in a washing tub. You know that I've promised to make you my heir, eh?"

"I'm grateful, sir."

"Don't talk. You know the condition?"

"Yes, sir; that—"

"Hold your tongue. 'I'll hoist the signals, and you dare to disobey them, that's all. In my voyages on the ocean of life I've scraped up a pretty decent sum. Fred, my hero, all shall be yours; but damn you must marry my shipmate Crosstree's daughter."

"Never, sir," cried Fred, starting to his feet. "Never! sooner would I beg my bread from door to door, an outcast and a wanderer, than give this hand away without my heart," and with a look of unutterable determination, he left the apartment.

"A noble young scoundrel, by Jove," said the choleric old Commodore, "but I can't forgive him."

CHAPTER II.

AFOAT.

With a merry breeze filling our white sails, on we dash through the white crest of the yielding wave. Not a sail breaks the vast round of the horizon; we are alone upon the deep—alone, but not companionless.

The glad porpoise races with us; up-raising ever and anon to see what way we make—the unwieldy whale gambols in the distance; the scared flying-fish pursued through the sea and air exhausted falls upon the deck; the rapacious shark keeps in our wake superstitious.

Fred Kockbote, now some months in the service, stood leaning over the taffrail, gazing with enthusiasm upon the broad expanse, as wave, dashed up with wild embrace against the vessel's prow, and the joyous wind sung its greetings through her cordage, he exclaimed:

"There's freedom and gladness in the glorious sea!"

CHAPTER III.

THE PIRATE.

"Strange sail on the weather bow," cried the look out. In a moment Capt. Sternport was intently gazing on the stranger through big telescope.

After a few moments steady scrutiny, he muttered through his compressed teeth, "Not strange to me, those raking masts, that peculiar build—ha! we shall have warm work presently;" pipping all hands with a calm countenance and unwavering voice, he exclaimed—

"My men, if eyesight deceives not, this craft nearing us at every knot, is the dreaded Ocean Devil, commanded by a fiend in human form. As we may expect no quarters, we must give none; our only chance is desperate resistance—so a few minutes for preparation, and then—death before surrender of our glory."

Three hearty cheers responded to the captain's characteristic speech; and the crew silently betook themselves to prepare for stern defence.

his cheek with intense excitement, retiring to his berth, to write a letter to his uncle, although they had parted on not the very best terms, yet he could not bear running the risk of leaving the world without soliciting his forgiveness.

He had scarcely finished his letter, when the noise on board proclaimed that the pirate had approached sufficiently near to show her intention. Rushing upon deck, Fred observed the fatal black flag, floating dismally from her mast head. A nervous sensation shook his frame; 'twas but for a moment, buckling on his cutlass, and placing a pair of pistols in his girdle, he calmly awaited the coming fight, crying:

CHAPTER IV.

THE PIRATE CRAFT.

The pirate craft had now approached near enough to discern that her decks were absolutely crowded with savage looking men, of every variety of clime and color. The swart African, the cunning Malay, and the sanguinary Lascar, stripped to the waist, they seemed more like a crew of demons, than of human beings.

Suddenly a white cloud burst up on board of the pirate, and accompanied by a shot flew hurling over the frigates deck.

"No harm done that time, you piratical vagabonds," cried Tim Taffrail, standing by his gun, ready and anxious for the command to fire.

An instant after, having got the pirate in good range, the word was given, and the whole broadside sped towards her. When the smoke cleared away, what was the astonishment on board the frigate, to see the graceful mast of the beautiful schooner, topple over and sink into the deep; a terrible yell of agony announcing that some other calamity impended. Ere long it manifested itself; a heavy black smoke issuing from the hatches.

"She's on fire," cried some score of voices simultaneously, "and the piratical crew are taking to their boats."

"She must have a quantity of powder on board," said the captain. "About ship, quick then, my men."

"Aye, aye, sir."

And the frigate answered her helm like a thing instinct with life—and strode away from danger.

It was a magnificent, though awful sight to see the now uncontrollable elements sweep through the pirate schooner, the miserable remnant of her crew, crowding the boat, and looking like dark specks in the sheet of flame.

"Poor miserable wretches there they go to their dark destiny," ejaculated the captain, as with shrink of despair, the overladen boat foundered, and sunk instantly with its guilty load, just at the same moment, with a fearful explosion, the schooner was shivered to atoms; there was a jet of intense brightness a roar of a thousand guns, and then—a frightful silence. A dense cloud hung for a while over the doomed ship like a pall and finally dispersed, leaving the frigate alone on the waters.

CHAPTER V.

THE RESCUE.

Humanity is ever the accompanying attribute of valor. Captain Sternport gave orders to man the boats, and proceeded to the spot where the doomed ship went down, for the purpose of rescuing the unhappy wretches, if any there were, surviving the rage of the united elements, fire and water. The command of boats devolved on Frederick, and with a soul saddened by the fearful sight he had just witnessed, he proceeded on his search; for some time they rowed around the spot without success, when Fred thought he observed something in the distance, having the appearance of a human form, he found his expectations verified, there was a man in the water. With one hand he convulsively grasped a hencoop, and with the other, supported the young and insensible form of a beautiful female.

Speedily rescued from that perilous position Fred carried them in safety on board of the frigate.

Never could he take eyes from the pale, inanimate, but lovely face of the rescued female, as if spell bound he sat and drank in the intoxication of those charming features; he loved with sudden, reckless, and overwhelming passion.

They had not been long on board when, by the application of stimulants, the beautiful rescued was sufficiently revived to be conscious of surrounding objects.

The joy of her companion was unbounded. "My darling child," he exclaimed, "thou livest and here is our gallant preserver." A faint blush overspread the palid feature of the lovely girl.

"Then how can I thank him for preserving thee, dear father," she tenderly whispered.

"And, now sir," said the stranger, "let me know the name of him to whom Jld Bob Crosstree shall be forever grateful."

"What did you say your name was?" cried Fred anxiously.

"Crosstree!"

"Shipmate of old Admiral Kockbote!"

"The same!"

"Propitious fate, I thank thee!" exclaimed Fred.

CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUSION.

With a favorable breeze, the gallant vessel sped on her way homeward bound. Glad hearts were on board, but none more so, than were the hearts of Fred and Emily, for their affection was mutual, and they knew that no obstacle could stay their happiness.

Fred imagined how delighted the old Commodore would be, and with the consent of Emily's father, concerted a plan which would not only surprise his uncle, but prevent the possibility of the wind changing in that quarter, which was neither more nor less than to be married at the first port, and proceed, speeded to the old Commodore's house.

The plan was pursued, the ceremony solemnized, and in due course, Fred arrived at old Kockbote's a little in advance of his relations.

Rushing into the presence of his uncle, Fred was about to give the old boy a heavy embrace, when the Commodore stayed him saying with his usual stentorian intonation:

"Avast there, you young lubber!—You have no place in my log unless you have profited by service, and come home obedient. Will you marry Emily Crosstree?"

"No, sir, I won't," bluntly answered Fred. "In point of fact I can't."

"Can't! you unnatural porpoise, why can't you?"

"Because I've married her already!"

"No!"

"Upon my honor!—and here she is," introducing Emily and her father.

The old Commodore forgot his gout—all Commodores have the gout—and danced a complicated shuffle in the delirium of the moment.

And the details of the story how Crosstree and his daughter were taken by the Ocean Devil, how the frigate attacked her, how she went down, how they clung to the hen coop, and all collateral contingencies, formed an accompaniment to the old Commodore's after dinner pipe for many a day.

JACKSON CITY DEFUNCT.—Under this head, the Washington correspondent of the New York Herald says:—Some ten or twelve years ago, a company of New York merchants inspected the flat lands on the other side of the Potomac, with the laudable intention of founding, opposite the city of Washington, a new commercial city, to be entitled Jackson City, or the City of Jackson. The main channel of the river passes by the opposite shore, and that circumstance was depended upon as all sufficient for a new Babylon or Alexandria. It was not thought of for a moment that Alexandria lay on the same side of the river, seven miles lower down, and that Georgetown would cut off the interior trade, by being two miles higher up, on the other side. Jackson City was founded and christened, and laid off, and the corner stone was laid by General Jackson; and George Washington Parke Custis, our good old friend of Arlington, made the corner-stone speech, to a large assemblage of people. We have now the melancholy intelligence to relate, that not a single house has been erected in Jackson City since its foundation—not a lot bought by the speculators—but that on the other hand, the very cornerstone of the city has been sacrilegiously broken into, and plundered of its newspapers, parchments, charter, coins, and medals, and the last we hear of the corner stone is, that it has been carried up into Fairfax county, where, at the last advices, an old negro was pounding hominy in it. And thus ends the history of the great commercial city of Jackson.

THE BACHELOR.—A man who passes through life without marrying is like a fair mansion left by the builder unfinished. The half that is completed runs to decay from neglect, or becomes at best but a sorry tenement, wanting the addition of that which makes the whole useful. Your bachelor is only the moiety of a man, sort of garnish for a diph, or a prologue to a play, a bow without the fiddle.

WEAK SIDE.—Every man has his weak side, and it is often the best part of the man.