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BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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TERMS:

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POETICAL.

[For the Huntingdon Journal.]

LINES.

So young—and yet the stain of crime
Is on my pale, pale brow;
And in my heart, the cursed blight
Of deeds retrievable now!
I'm sure I did not mean to sin,
Nor cast a deadly shade
Of sorrow o'er my Mother's soul,—
My God! to Thee I've prayed
To rescue her from every ill,
And make my valued life
As pure and spotless as her own,
And free from care and strife;
But now, alas! 'tis vain to mourn
The drear and gloomy past;
I feel my burning brain grow wild,
My life-time ebbling fast:
O! darkly fearful thoughts crowd in
My seared and withering brain—
'Tis but a leap to pass the bourne
Of earthly weal and pain;
And yet the world is bright and fair,
And full of shine and flowers—
Ah! now, my heart is back again
To childhood's sunny bowers;
Those bowers of love, and hope, and truth,
'The Eden of my early years,
Why lived I to an after age?
To shed these bitter, bitter tears!
But yet, I did not mean to err—
O! I hope comes back, all fresh and strong,
Sure Heaven will ever be my friend,
And shield me e'er from scorn and wrong:
Gone now the cursed, blighting smart,
Whose sting was in my bursting brain;
In prayer, and faith, and trusting love,
I rest my all with God above. M. G.

[For the Huntingdon Journal.]

MY BROTHER.

DEAR, gentle brother of my heart;
O! how my thrilling pulses start,
As close against thy beating breast,
I feel my throbbing temples pressed;
And in thy mild and loving eyes,
I read of joys beyond the skies—
Sweet joys which thro' thy bosom steal—
Such joys as angels ever feel!
O! would that in these hours of love,
Bright angels from their home above,
With starry wings and loving eyes,
Might waft us to their natives! M. G.
Huntingdon, Sept. 17, 1847.

MISCELLANEOUS.

California.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, gives the following idea of what California is, and to what extent it is worth the enormous expense our government has been at to conquer it:

"Including all of New Mexico, which Texas claims as belonging to her, Upper California covers over a space of some 500,000 square miles, is made up of everlasting mountains, barren of everything but rock and snow, and barren, sandy, howling deserts, unexplored, dark, gloomy and forbidding to the beholder! The exception to this horrid state of country lies between two ranges of mountains, whose course is parallel with that of the Pacific coast. It is situated between the shore range of mountains and the great Sierra Nevada, or Snowy mountains, and is watered by the Saw Joakin, running from the South, and the Rio de los Americanos which runs from the North, and both of which empty through a gorge of the shore range into the bay of San Francisco.—This fertile tract of country is so chopped up by mountain spurs running down through it, that of the 60,000 square miles, equal to the size of New York, not more than 20,000 square miles, equal in size to Maryland, may be termed worthy of cultivation, and then it must be done for most part by irrigation. The rains fall for six months of the year there, and frequently overflow the valleys. And during the dry season, it is dry enough!

But how are the people to get to this wonderful Paradise, no bigger than New Jersey or Maryland? It may be gained by a six months voyage around the cape. Another route is by way of Panama, and thence across the Isthmus.—But the great route for traders and emigrants is by way of Council Grove and Santa Fe. From our frontier in Arkansas to Council Grove is 200 miles over a fine country. Thence onward 500 miles to Santa Fe is through a waste and barren desert. From the latter place, or rather from the South West Pass, it is 1500 miles along the brink of the great basin or desert to the entering place, through the Sierra Nevada, at Walker's Pass, to the "Promised Land."

BUENA VISTA.

THE DEATH OF YOUNG HENRY CLAY.

[Extract from Mr. LEPARD's address, at the mass meeting of the friends of Gen. Taylor, held at Philadelphia a few weeks ago.]

Do you behold that dark ravine, deep sunken between these precipitous banks! Here no sunlight comes—for these walls of rock wrap the pass in eternal twilight. Withered trees grow between the masses of granite, and scattered stone, make the bed of the ravine uncertain and difficult for the herd.

Hark! That cry, that rush, like a mountain torrent bursting its barriers; and quick as the lightning flashes from darkness, the dismal ravine is bathed in red battle light. From its northern extremity a confused band of Mexicans, an army in itself, came yelling along the pass, treading one another down as they fly, their banners, spears, horses and men, tossed together in inextricable confusion.

By thousands they rush into the shadows of the pass, their dark faces reddened by the sheeted blaze of musketry.—The caverns of the ravine send back the roar of their panic, and the grey rocks are washed by their blood.

But the little band who pursue this army—who are they? You may see in their firm, heroic ranks, the volunteer costume of Illinois and Kentucky. At their head, urging his men with shouts, rides the gallant McKee, by his side, young Henry Clay—that broad forehead which reminds you of his father, bathed in the glare, as his sword quivers on high, ere it falls to kill. There, too, a wild figure, red with his own blood, and the blood of Mexican foes, his uniform rent in tatters, his arm, bared to the shoulder, striking terrible blows with his good sword—Hardin, of Illinois, comes gallantly forward.

This small, but iron band, hurl the Mexicans from the heights into the ravine, and follow up the chase far down into the eternal twilight of that mountain pass.

Look! as their musketry stream one steady blaze you would think that one ceaseless sheet of lightning bathed these rocks in flame!

Over the Mexicans, man and horse, hurled back in mad disorder, the Americans dash on their way, never heeding the overwhelming numbers of their foes, never heeding the palpitating forms beneath their feet, with bayonet, with rifle and sword, they press steadily on, the well known banner streaming ever more overhead.

The howl of the dying war horse—hark! Does it not chill your blood to hear it! The bubbling cry of the wounded man, with the horse's hoof upon his mouth, trampling his face into a hideous wreck—does it not sicken your soul to hear it?

A hundred yards or more into the pass the Americans have penetrated, when suddenly a young Mexican, rushing back upon their ranks, seizes the fallen flag of Ananue, and dashes to his death!

To see him, young and beardless, a very boy, rush with his country's flag, with his bare breast, upon that line of sharp steel—it was a sight, to stir courage into manhood, and it shot into the Mexican heart like an electric flame. Even in their panic-stricken disorder they turned, by hundreds they grasped their arms, and rolled in one long wave of lance and bayonet upon the foe. Wo to the brave men of Illinois and Kentucky now. Locked in that deadly pass, a wall of infuriated Mexicans between them and that wall of rocks—above their heads, through every aperture among the cliffs, the blaze of muskets pouring a shower of bullets on their heads—wherever they turned the long and deadly lance poised at their throats—it was a moment to think once of home, and die.

Those who survived the fearful moment, tell with shuddering triumph of the death of the three heroes—McKee, Hardin and Clay.

McKee, you see him yonder, with his shattered sword, dripping blood, he endeavors to ward off the aim of those deadly lances, and fights on his knees, when he can stand no longer, and then the combatants close over him, and you see him no more.

Hardin rose from a heap of slaughtered foes, his face streaming from its hideous lance wounds, and waved a Mexican flag, in triumph; as his life-blood gushed in a torrent over his muscular form. That instant the full light of battle was upon his mangled face. Then, flinging the captured flag to a brother soldier, he shouted—"Give it to her, as a memorial of Buena Vista! my wife!" It was his last word, upon his bared breast, the fury of ten lances rushed, and the horses' hoofs trampled him into the heap of dead.

But most sad, and yet more glorious of all, it was to see, the death of the sec-

ond HENRY CLAY! You should have seen him, with his back against yonder rock, his sword grasped firmly, as the consciousness that he bore a name, that must not die ingloriously, seemed to fill his every vein, and dart a deadly fire from his eyes!

At that moment he looked like the old man.

For, his brow, high and retreating; with the blood-clotted hair, waving back from its outline, was swollen in every vein, as though his soul shone from it, ere she fled forever. Lips set, brow knit, hand firm—a circle of his men fighting round him—he dashed back the Mexicans until his sword was wet, his arm weary with blood.

At last, with his thigh splintered by a ball, he gathered his proud form to its full height, and fell. His face, ashy with intense agony, he bade his comrades to leave him there to die. That ravine should be the bed of his glory.

But gathering around him a guard of breasts and steel—while two of their number bore him tenderly along—those men of Kentucky fought round their fallen hero, and retreating step by step, they launched their swords and bayonets into the foe, and said with every blow—"HENRY CLAY."

It was wonderful to see how that name nerved their arms, and called a smile to the face of the dying hero.—How it would have made the heart of the old man of Ashland throb to have heard his name yelling as a battle cry down the shadows of that lonely pass!

Along the ravine, and up this narrow path! The hero bleeds as they bear him on, and tracks the way with his blood.—Faster and thicker the Mexicans swarm—they see the circle around the fallen man, even see his pale face, uplifted as a smile crosses its fading lineaments, and like a pack of wolves scenting the frozen traveller at dead of night, they come howling up the rocks, and charged the devoted band with one dense mass of bayonets.

Up and on. The light shines yonder, on the topmost rock of the ravine; it is the light of the setting sun. Old Taylor's eye is upon that rock, and there we will fight our way, and die in the old man's sight.

It was a murderous way, that path up the steep bank of the ravine! Littered with dead, slippery with blood, it grew blacker every moment with swarming Mexicans, and the defenders of the wounded hero, fell one by one, into the chasm yawning all around.

At last they reach the heights, the swords and bayonets glitter in sight of the contending armies, and the bloody contest, roars towards the topmost rock.

Then it was, that gathering up his dying frame—armed with supernatural vigor—young Clay started from the arms of his supporters, and stood with outstretched hands, in the light of the setting sun. It was a glorious sight, which he saw there, amid the roaring battle clouds; Santa Anna's formidable array, hurled back, into ravine and gorge, by Taylor's little band! But a more glorious thing it was to see that dying man, standing for the last time in the light of the sun, which never shall rise for him again!

"Leave me!" he shrieked as he fell back on the sod—"I must die and I will die here! Peril your lives no longer for me! Lo! There is work for you yonder!"

The Mexicans crowding on, hungry for slaughter, left no time for thought. Even as he spoke, their bayonets, glistening by hundreds, were levelled at the throats of the devoted band. By the mere force of their overwhelming numbers, they crushed them back from the side of the dying Clay.

One only lingered; a brave man, who had known the chivalric soldier, and loved him long; he stood there, and covered as he was with blood, heard these last words:

"Tell my father how I died, and give him these pistols!"

Lifting his ashy face into light, he turned his eyes upon his comrade's face—placed the pistols in his hands—and fell back in death.

That comrade, with the pistols in his grasp, fought his way alone to the topmost rock of the path, and only once looked back. He saw a quivering form, canopied by bayonets—he saw those outstretched hands grappling with the points of steel—he saw a pale face lifted once in the light, and then darkness rushed upon the life of young HENRY CLAY.

The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times demands of the Administration at Washington the discharge of all the mechanics in the Navy Yard who are not Loco-focos.—This is the Loco-foco doctrine—employ none but your own party.

Stephen Girard.

The following capital anecdote, illustrative of the peculiarities of the late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, is from the New Bedford Bulletin; we have not seen it published before:

"Mr. G. had a favorite clerk, one who every way pleased him, and who, when at the age of twenty-one years, expected Mr. G. to say something to him in regard to his future prospects, and perhaps lend him a helping hand in starting him in the world. But Mr. G. said nothing, carefully avoiding the subject of his escape from minority. At length, after the lapse of some weeks, the clerk mustered courage enough to address Mr. G. upon the subject.

"I suppose, sir," said the clerk, "I am now free; and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, I know you are free," said Mr. G., "and my advice to you is, that you go and learn the cooper's trade."

This announcement well nigh threw the clerk off the track, but recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. G. was in earnest, he would do so.

"I am in earnest," said Mr. G.; and the clerk, rather hesitatingly, sought one of the best coopers, agreed upon the terms of apprenticeship, and went at it in earnest. In process of time, the young cooper became master of his trade, and could make as good a barrel as any other cooper. He went and told Mr. G. that he had graduated with all the honors of the craft, and was ready to set up his business; at which the old man seemed much gratified, and told him to make three of the best barrels he could get up.

The young cooper selected the choicest materials, and soon put in shape and finished his three barrels, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Mr. G. said the barrels were first-rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar," said the clerk, "is as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough," said his employer; "make out your bill and present it."

And now comes the cream of the whole. Mr. G. drew a check for \$20,000, and handing it to the clerk-cooper, closed with these words:

"There, take that, and invest it in the best possible way, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living at all times."

A Somnambulist.

A young woman residing with one of our best families, has lately afforded a very curious instance of night-walking, when under the influence of sleep. About a week since, her employer heard a noise in the house, and supposing that some rascals were attempting an entrance, he arose, seized a pair of pistols, and softly opening his chamber-door, stood ready to give the robbers a blazing reception when they should make their appearance. While he stood there with a six-barreled revolver, his attention was called off by his wife, who was terribly frightened, and threatening every minute to swoon. When our hero again returned to his position at the door, the robbers had passed on down stairs, and were heard ransacking the parlor, and what appeared to be a very strange freak, one of them was humming a tune. After a moment's consultation with the terror-stricken wife, our friend determined to avail himself of every assistance in his power, and he accordingly proceeded up stairs, where he speedily aroused his brothers and a nephew, all of whom girded on every weapon within reach. After an injunction or two on the part of the head of the household to the others, to be firm, and stand up to the contest like men, and to remember that they were proceeding against rascals, who murdered for pastime, the party began a slow and cautious descent for the parlor. Notwithstanding all their precautions, the stairs would creak, and the party trembled at the immediate prospect of bloodshed.—Throwing open the door the leader shouted at the top of his capacity, "Villians, we have you—surrender!" But what was their surprise and astonishment to find this disturbance had been created by the nurse, who had risen in her sleep, and with a baby of ten months in her arms, had gone down into the parlor, lit the gas, and was then soothing it to rest. Even the noise failed to arouse the woman, and for an hour she was watched with much curiosity; at the expiration of which time, she walked quietly to bed again, wholly unconscious that she was the subject of remark. But that our friend's attention had been called away at the moment the woman was descending the stairs, he would undoubtedly have killed her as well as the child.—There was no light in the hall, and the mistake would have been appalling.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

[From the Pittsburg Despatch.]

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

A Woman murdered, and afterwards Burned to Ashes by her Step Daughter.

An aged lady named Mary Morrison, wife of Samuel Morrison, residing in Millin township, Allegheny county, about three miles from McKeesport, was murdered on Friday, the 4th inst., and afterwards burned to ashes by her step daughter. The facts, as far as we have been able to learn, are these:

On Friday morning Mr. Morrison started to the city with produce for the market, leaving his wife and daughter at home. The daughter is a woman of about thirty-five years of age, rather a simple creature, and considered by the neighbors as insane. Mrs. Morrison has from her childhood been subject to spasmodic spells. On the afternoon in question she was taken with one of these spells, and being on the floor, under the influence of the fit, her step daughter, Sarah Morrison, beat her on the head with a fire shovel, until, it is supposed, she killed her, and then threw her on the fire, and kept piling on the fuel until she burned her almost to ashes, there not being bones enough left of the body to fill a quart measure.

The step-daughter, after consummating the horrible and tragic act of burning the mother, carefully scrubbed the floor to obliterate the traces of blood, and made her escape to the woods.

Mr. Whitaker, a brother of Mrs. Morrison, visited the house on Saturday morning and found it deserted, but there being a very disagreeable stench, he suspected all was not right, and immediately commenced a search of the premises. On examining the fire place, from whence the smell proceeded, he discovered a number of small bones, and the jam spotted over with blood. Several of the neighbors were called in, and started in pursuit of the step daughter, who was arrested a few miles from the scene of the tragedy. She confessed the atrocious murder, and assigned as her reason for so doing, that "her father, step mother and herself could not agree, and she thought the best thing she could do was to burn her up." She also confessed the manner in which she consummated the act.

Coroner Richardson was sent to hold an inquest on the remains, and the jury, after hearing the testimony of a number of witnesses, returned for verdict that "the deceased came to her death from violence at the hands of her step daughter, Sarah Morrison," and authorized the coroner to take the murdereress in custody. He brought her to this city, and lodged her in jail on Monday morning.

Mrs. Morrison, the deceased, was a sister of Dr. Whitaker, of Allegheny city, and is said to have been a woman of mild and gentle disposition, when not under the influence of the spasmodic spells to which she was subject. Her untimely and tragical death is regretted and mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends.

PEACHES.—The Delaware Republican says that John C. Clark, of Red Lion Hundred, a son-in-law of Major Reynolds, has sent 7000 baskets of Peaches to Philadelphia the present season. It is estimated, but we cannot say how correctly, that one of the Reynolds will have near 30,000 baskets. As peaches bring a pretty good price they will realize very handsome returns from the orchards. Indeed we learn that the Reynolds family will net fully \$40,000 clear, this season, from their peaches sent to Philadelphia.

HOW MUCH IS A "HORSE POWER?"—We have heard this question asked a great many times. The Scientific American says, "what is generally considered as constituting a horse power is a power sufficient to raise one hundred and thirty pounds one hundred feet in a minute."

A Droll fellow was asked by an old woman to read the news paper, and taking it up began as follows:—

"Last night, yesterday morning, about three o'clock in the afternoon, just before breakfast, a hungry boy about forty years old, bought a penny custard and threw it through a brick stone wall made of iron, and jumping over it broke his ankle right off above the knee, fell into a dry millpond and was drowned. About forty years after that, on the same day a high wind blew Yankee Doodle on a frying pan, and knocked the Dutch church down and killed an old sow and two dead pigs at Bostling, where a deaf and dumb man was talking French to his aunt Peter.

The Danish government has engaged an Irish flaxgrower to instruct the Danish peasants in the best mode of cultivating flax—a crop which it is sought to introduce into Denmark.

[From the Pa. Telegraph.]

The Loco-focos Owning the Swindle!

Some editors there are, who can consistent be While others grope about, in blind futurity—Pore.

During the campaign of 1844, both parties in Pennsylvania were untiring in their advocacy of the doctrine of protection to American manufactures and home labor. The friends of HENRY CLAY urged his claims to the confidence of the people of Pennsylvania on this ground, and the friends of Mr. Polk were no less urgent in insisting that he was a "better" friend to the tariff than Mr. Clay. Mr. Polk's letters on the subject were paraded before the people, and especially his letter to Mr. Kane relied upon, as conclusive evidence of his soundness on that subject. All parties then denounced as a traitor to the best interests of Pennsylvania, him who dared to contend that the tariff of 1842 would not be safe in the hands of Mr. Polk.

Amongst the most zealous advocates of that tariff then, was the Editor of the "Democratic Union." He was highly indignant that the Whigs should even suggest, that Mr. Polk was unfriendly to protection, and in favor of free-trade. He stated to the world, through the columns of that paper, that Mr. Polk held "the doctrine of free-trade in unqualified abhorrence." In that paper of June 5, 1844, his indignation bursts out towards the Harrisburg Intelligencer, in the following strain:

Col. Polk and the Tariff—A Vile Whig Falshood.

"We perceive that the Harrisburg Intelligencer, with the mendacity so eminently characteristic of the coon papers, denounces Col. Polk in advance of an 'open Free Trade theorist.' The authority for this gratuitous assertion is not furnished by the Intelligencer, as it is the policy of the Whig papers to deal in habitual misrepresentation both of the men and measures of the Democratic party. Now WE HAPPEN TO KNOW, and state upon the authority of a TENNESSEAN with whom we conversed at Baltimore—a near neighbor of Col. Polk—that he holds the doctrine of Free Trade in unqualified abhorrence. He has never advocated it—and never will. He is in favor of a judicious revenue Tariff, affording the AMPLEST incidental Protection to American Industry.

He is THE ESPECIAL FRIEND OF THE COAL AND IRON INTEREST (!) those two great objects of solicitude with Pennsylvania, and believing Permanence in our laws to be of incalculable value, IS OPPOSED TO THE DISTURBANCE OF THE PRESENT TARIFF (!)

These FACTS we state upon the best authority and caution the Democracy of the State against listening to the misrepresentations of the coons."

After having thus relieved himself of his personal knowledge, we have every reason to believe, that he felt better for a while, solacing himself complacently, in the fraud he had thus perpetrated.

But what a change has come o'er the spirit of his dream!!

Locofocoism, true to its interests, acknowledges a "lie well told as good as the truth," and shamelessly retracts all it then urged, and now denounces protection to American labor, and the Tariff of 1842 as an abomination. Yes, this same editor, in the same paper, pours out his weekly accumulation of gall upon the Whig party, who show up his utter and reckless inconsistency.

They continue steadfast in the advocacy of the Whig doctrine of protection to the laboring poor; while the locofoco party; a party without principle, skulk from one falsehood to another, led by unscrupulous editors, to sustain themselves, believing that the people, have no reckoning to make with their betrayers. The people will settle this matter at the polls. Open falsehood and secret abuse will there be met and rewarded.

On the 2d Tuesday of October, those Loco-foco editors who have heretofore deceived the people, and have the effrontery to own it, as the Loco-foco editors in this State now do, will find the "agony piled high," and be compelled to cry out,

"Help Cæsar, or I sink!"

It is said that peaches and cream are positively good for the consumption.—The peaches should be ripe and sweet.