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BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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CORRESPONDENCE.

[For the Huntingdon Journal.]

THE NORTH WEST.

DIXON, Ill. Sept. 20, 1847.

MR. EDITOR:—Our predilections for that corner of the earth, where the light first broke on our visions, are hard to shuffle off; and no matter where we may spend our days that spot, with us, is still the "land of every land the pride." The memories of childhood's sunny hours centre there; the ashes of fathers and friends slumber there. For these reasons, I cherish a strong attachment to the green hills and gentle mountain slopes of Old Huntingdon; the babbling brooks that roll down their sides, and the beautiful Juniata, whose flashing waters cave their bases. Nevertheless, the world-wide renown of the Mississippi Valley has induced me to enrol myself among its enterprising citizens. To encourage other youths "to fortune and fame unknown" to hie hither to woo both, I now venture to describe its physical character and natural advantages. The fertility of the West has long been celebrated in prose and song. But the garden spot of it all, till of late years, seems to have escaped the notice of the emigrant. The valley of Rock River, is that overlooked paradise. The land in its basin—forming an area of country varying from thirty to fifty miles in breadth, and stretching through the North Western part of Illinois far up into Wisconsin—will bear comparison with any other portion of the western continent in their adaptation to agricultural pursuits. The most superficial observer cannot fail to notice their unusual richness, which without manure will yield luxuriant harvests to the husbandman for at least a generation. The soil is from two to three feet in depth, free from all those annoying encumbrances, rocks, stones and stumps, that wear out a race of men in their removal. Consequently, in its subjection there is no grubbing—no felling of giant oaks—no log rolling; in a word, there is required no expenditure of sweat and muscle prior to the introduction of the mellowing plough. Nature has spared the settler of these broad prairies all this toil. Three words express the sum of his toils—to fence, till, and reap. The scarcity of timber renders the first of the most concern. This indeed is a slight offset to the manifold advantages alluded to; but the late improvement in the art of fencing will soon surmount this difficulty. Moreover, in a very few years timber for farming purposes can be produced from the prairie by planting and securing the young saplings from fire. How much more easy and vastly less expensive, thus to rear timber, than to remove a dense forest!—Fifteen years, at the farthest, is an ample sufficient time in which to accomplish the former, with but little labor and care; the latter demands a lifetime of sedulous toil, danger and inconveniences. The emigrant who brings with him his farming utensils—cattle and horses, can launch immediately into farming on an extensive scale; and soon reap up the rewards of his labor.—On lands heavily timbered this is wholly impossible. Years must elapse ere he can make ever a respectable opening in the primitive woods. Besides necessity obliges him to lay out his first earnings to increase the area of his cleared land. Who then is so dull as not to perceive, that, in the end, it is far better to battle with the want of timber, for a few years, than to be burdened with a labor producing abundance? We can in this region make money enough by our crops to purchase and transport lumber to put a quarter section of land under enclosure, and in a high state of cultivation, before the most skillful and persevering farmer can accomplish the same, in a densely timbered country.—Where then is this wonderful bug-bear of a lack of timber? It vanishes like mist before the sun in the mind of the thinking and reasoning man.

Our prairies are equally free from marshy flats and precipitous hills, unfit for cultivation. Their surface is gently undulating, and when involved in their lovely carpets of verdure they are scarcely less enchanting than the rolling billows of the deep green sea; on these expansive sheets of verdure

the lowing kine in thousands, unheeded grow fit for the slaughter-house. They as their name imports, are the finest meadows in the world; so that until densely populated the farmer need not occupy his fields with tame grass, either to furnish hay, or to stimulate the soil; for its natural fatness is in no danger of being exhausted for a long period.—Springs of the purest and sweetest of water abound, which conveying into rivulets and creeks, in their supertine courses irrigate much of the country, furnishing, frequently, excellent water power for mills and machinery, and at last are lost amid the bright waters of Rock river. This stream has but few superiors west of the Alleghenies in beauty of its scenery; though not romantic and grand. On its banks the sportsman in autumn may sate his propensities in killing wild fowls, geese, and ducks that halt here awhile when migrating to southern waters. These are some of the inducements that beckon the emigrant, either from the Atlantic slope of this continent, or from the old world to come and make his home in this lovely valley. There is room still. Come ye men of stalwart arms and partake of nature's bounties—here she empties almost gratuitously the horn of plenty. Here she needs no coaxing as in New England. In my next, I shall discourse of the natural advantages of this region for manufacture and commerce. A SUCKER.

[For the Huntingdon Journal.]

THE NORTH WEST.

DIXON, Ill. Sept. 27, 1847.

MR. EDITOR:—Every range of country has its peculiar natural advantages, prominent among which are its internal resource and proximity to market.—Northern Illinois has received from nature a goodly quantity of the former, nor has it been denied the latter. There is an abundance of coal within its limits. The distinguished geologist, Lyell, affirms that Illinois has more coal than England and Wales. We have therefore no deficiency of fuel to apprehend, so long as we possess such vast fields of coal beneath our fertile soil, to keep us warm in winter, and melt our lead ore. The lead mines themselves are a priceless mineral treasure to this State; the working of which in coming times, must create a home market for its agriculture products, similar to that caused by the manufacturing of iron in central Pennsylvania. What fountains of wealth will here burst forth when enterprize and science have given them outlets! As our mineral resources are developed, factories of all sorts must, in the natural order of events, spring up and consume a large portion of our surplus breadstuffs.

No spot in the entire valley of the "fathers of waters" is more happily situated geographically to command good market than Illinois. The waters of the Mississippi wash it on the west, while numerous tributaries traversing its territory susceptible of being navigated by steamboats contribute to swell that majestic stream. On its North Western corner the waves of the great Northern lakes break. By the first path our grain can reach Orleans, the great commercial market of the South. By the second route it can find a market on the Atlantic sea-board. At present New York, the best grain market in America, is open to us. Nay more, the broad Atlantic itself is in communication with our territory since the completion of the Well and canal around Niagara Falls.—A vessel stored with Illinois grain at Chicago has recently borne her cargo across its wide waters to feed the starving millions of Great Britain. Hence, our produce can even be shipped in our own harbours for exportation, without the trouble and expense of exchanging it from canal boats or rail cars to ships in eastern markets. At no distant day Chicago will be connected to Philadelphia and Baltimore. Cleveland on lake Erie will shortly be joined to Pittsburg by a rail road, and thus the gate will be open to those markets. All that remains to be accomplished in this State to render the means of transporting produce to places of consumption, all that could be desired, is to finish the rail roads and canals already under construction, and remove obstructions to steam boats from our rivers. That both will be speedily achieved there can be no reasonable doubt. The canal uniting the head of Steamboat navigation on the Illinois river with Chicago will be in operation next spring. Numerous rail roads penetrating this charming region have been projected and will ere long stretch across these prairies. Ten years will affect miracles for Northern Illinois. Enterprize and competition in trade will render the cost of merchandize and produce so much before the expiration of that limited period, that the expense of delivering a barrel of our flour or a bush-

el of wheat on the wharfs of either of the great eastern cities, than to place there the same article from the productive valleys of Huntingdon county. Is there any substantial reason why our land should not then become worth from \$30 to \$50 per acre, which now can be obtained for \$1.25? It requires no elaborate demonstrations to prove this incontrovertibly. Any common sense man must admit it. Every thing in and around this section of the Union proves that it is destined to outstrip every other in wealth and population before a half a century elapses. Its growth in each during the last six years have been almost unrivalled. The census of 1840 showed the population of this State to be 460,000. It is now rated at 650,000. In 1850 it cannot come much short of a million. What will it be in 1870, when her public improvements shall be in successful operation—when thousands of operatives shall ply their machinery; when hosts of skillful miners shall leave from the bosom of the earth the now known and yet undeserved mineral; and when in all probability Whitney's rail road shall belt the snow enshrouded Rocky mountains, on which the products of far off India and China may be carried to the brink of lake Michigan. This, to some, may seem groundless speculation, but the man of sober reflection will find in it nothing improbable or fanciful. The rapidity and progress of the West to greatness and power has been more astonishing. Let then the man of moral means, whose soul aspires to a more elevated sphere turn his eye to this poor man's "promised land." A SUCKER.

[From the Louisville Examiner.]

DUELING.

THE Death of George C. Dromgoole, of Va., occasioned deep regret among a large circle of friends.

We knew him in other days. He was no ordinary man. His mind was unusually clear and strong, and had no adverse circumstances occurred, he would have been an ornament to society, and an honor to the nation.

But it was in private life he charmed. So simple, so kind, so true! We never knew a more generous man; he was wholly disinterested, and knew how to sacrifice self with a grace which won him the love of friends, and the respect of acquaintances.

In an evil hour he was tempted, acting upon false notions of honor, to peril his life and the life of another. His antagonist fell. From that hour he was an altered man; he knew no peace; and to drown the bitter thought that he was a murderer, he sullied his soul still deeper in crime by drinking to excess! And in early life he was taken from us, a debased and self-blighted man!

Yet how like him was the last act of his life. This little paragraph below, inserted in newspapers without comment, and glanced at by the reader, possibly without thought, tells, at once, the rectitude of his intentions, and his own estimation of the depth of his crime:

"George C. Dromgoole, in his will, gave all his property to the children of the individual who fell by his hand in a duel."

It has fallen to our lot, in days when we thought duelling no sin, if we could be said to have thought about it at all, to meet with many, to know well some, who had killed their men. We never knew one who lived in peace after the murder; we know only two who survive, and they are sots.

The first time we were called upon to witness a duel was in Augusta, Georgia, in 1829. We were just entering manhood. The parties were from our native state. We knew them both well. They were stationed at their places, and at the word fire, the elder of the two, a man of promise and place, fell dead.—We saw him—saw his brother who gazed wildly into his pale face, just now so full of life—saw friends as they hurriedly took up his body, and bore him onward to his home. And we saw afterwards the gray-haired father, as he bent over that body, hot tears falling down his cheeks, fall as one struck with the palsy, for his prop, the boy of his hopes, was taken away, and there was no longer happiness for him on earth!

But the survivor! Business relations brought us together; we were his attorney; and we had to see him at his home, and our house. In company, we saw no change in him; he was light-hearted, almost frolicsome in his gaiety. He never spoke of the murder; by an unuttered, but well understood compact, (and how terribly did this describe the dead!) none ever referred to it. Soon after we found that he was fast becoming a drunkard, and scarce three years had passed since the duel, ere he was stricken down in early manhood, and laid near his antagonist in the earth. But his death! We were present at

it, and never may we witness such another! That subject—so long kept sealed up by himself—so long untouched by family or friend—the murder of his school companion and neighbor, was at last broken by himself. "I could not help it," said he, as his eyes glared upon us, and his breathing became painful from its quick and audible action.—We knew to what he referred and endeavored to direct his thoughts into other channels. In vain. "I could not help it; could I help it?" And all this was, in a duelling sense, true. He had every excuse a man could have to fight; but when so assured, he exclaimed wildly, "It will not do—I murdered him—I see him now—I have seen him as he lay dead on the field, ever since I slew him. My God! My God!" And muttering these, and like sentences, with a shriek such as I never heard mortal utter, he died!

Another instance. A young Scotchman came to Charleston, S. C., and settled there. He gave offence to a noted duellist, and was challenged; fought and killed him. He removed afterwards to New Orleans; was engaged in successful business, and was regarded the merriest fellow about. His intimate friends thought the murder had made no impression upon him; not one of his relatives believed he cared anything about it.

In 1831 or '35, he was engaged in a large cotton speculation. News of a rise in price reached New Orleans, soon after he had shipped a large number of bales to New York. If he could sell, or make some particular arrangement, he could realize a fortune. But it was necessary to go to New-York. He jumped on board a steamer, went to Montgomery, Alabama, and pushed rapidly on by land for Washington city. Over-excitement brought on fever, and he was obliged to stop in the interior of South Carolina.

Full fifteen years, or more, had elapsed since he had killed his man. For the first time, he lay on a bed of sickness. He had fever, and delirium with it.—And in that delirium, with terrible anguish and maniac fury, he spoke of this deed of death! It made those of us who heard him shudder as we listened! Was his laughter all along forced? Had his merriment been lip-deep; of the intellect, and not of the heart? He grew better and his physician thought him convalescent. Now and then he would start in his sleep, exclaim, "Take him off me; don't tie him to me;" but the fever had abated, and we all thought he would soon be well. He did grow better but watching his opportunity, he went to a chest of drawers, as if for some clothing, stealthily took from it a razor and drew it rapidly across his throat! It was a dreadful gash he made and would have been fatal had not one who was near struck his elbow, as he was making the attempt upon his life.

Poor man! He knew and had known no peace, since the day he killed his opponent. When he thought his end near, he made the confession. "He felt," he said, "as if he was a murderer, though no one charged him with the crime." And our belief is, that no man who kills another ever feels otherwise? The mark of Cain is upon him, and he sees it if no other eye does.

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.—A correspondent of the Herald of Religious Liberty, tells a story about an inscription on the facade of a church recently built, which was intended to be as follows:—"My house shall be called the house of prayer."

"To insure accuracy, the stone-cutter was referred to the verse of scripture in which these words occur. The workman however, unfortunately transcribed the whole of it, as follows:—"My house shall be called the house of prayer; but you have made it a den of thieves;" when the error was discovered, an attempt was made to rectify it by filling up the prints of the obnoxious letters with red putty. This remedy however, proved worse than the mischief; for at a distance which made the first part of the inscription illegible, stood out in blushing hues the ominous sentence—"You have made it a den of thieves!" Finally, the scandal was revoked by turning the inscribed face inward and lettering the new outer surface according to the first inscription.

It is a mean device to seek the affection of another by vilifying his friends, and seeking to alienate him from them. It is generally as unsuccessful as it is mean. If we disbelieve the accuser, and detect the artifice, it can only, as it ought, inspire disgust. If we believe him, we find small prepossession towards one who has dissipated a cherished illusion.

I always thought I was the child of destiny," as the loafer said when he was committed for a vagrant.

[Byspecial and Extraordinary Express for the Philadelphia Ledger.]

Most Important from Mexico! BATTLE AT THE MILL-EL-REY—MEXICAN ACCOUNTS—CAPTURE OF THE CAPITAL—REPORTED DEATHS OF GENERALS WORTH, SMITH, AND PILLOW—RETREAT OF MEXICANS TO GUADALOUPE.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 2, 9 o'clock, P. M.

The steamer James L. Day arrived at New Orleans on the 25th ult. with the most important intelligence yet received from the seat of war.

From the Picayune of the 26th, received by pony express, in advance of the mail, we extract the following particulars:

The Arco Iris had received letters from the city of Mexico under date of the 9th stating that on the 7th the Mexican Commissioners declared that the propositions made by Mr. Trist were inadmissible, in Council of Generals, who decided that notice should be given immediately to Gen. Scott that the armistice was at an end, and appointed the 9th for the recommencement of hostilities.

On the 6th of September Gen. Scott addressed a letter to Santa Anna from Tacubaya, accusing him of having violated several articles of the armistice, one of which was that of not allowing the American Army to obtain supplies from the city of Mexico. Gen. Scott demanded an explanation and reparation and concluded as follows: "If these are not given, I formally notify you that if I do not receive the most complete satisfaction on all these points before 12 o'clock to-morrow, I shall consider the armistice as terminated from that hour."

To this letter Gen. Santa Anna replies at considerable length, and with great severity. He accuses Gen. Scott of having violated the terms of the armistice in refusing to allow flour from the mills in the vicinity to be brought into the city, and says the American wagons were driven out of the city on account of the objectionable conduct of the officers accompanying them.

Santa Anna also charges Gen. Scott with having sacked the Mexican towns in the vicinity of the Capital, and robbed and desecrated the Churches, stealing and destroying articles held sacred by every Mexican. He concludes as follows:

"I flatter myself that your Excellency will be convinced on calm reflection of the weight of my reasons, but if by misfortune you should seek only a pretext for depriving the first city of the American continent of an opportunity to free the unarmed population of the horrors of war, there will be left me no other means of salvation but to repel force by force with the decision and energy which my high obligations impose upon me."

On the 8th of September, Gen. Scott attacked the Mill Del Rey or King's Mill, in the immediate vicinity of Chapultepec. According to the Diario del Gobierno, and the Boletin published at Atlixco, our army was repulsed after a severe conflict, in which we lost about 400 in killed and from 600 to 700 wounded, and fell back upon Tacubaya. The account given by the Boletin represents the battle to have been the most bloody and severely contested of the whole war. This, however, is a Mexican account, and concludes as follows:

At 10 o'clock, the enemy commented a retrograde movement, and, by two o'clock in the afternoon he withdrew his forces from Tacubaya, abandoning the two points he had occupied, and blowing up the house of Mata, though some say it was set on fire by a bomb, fired from Chapultepec. It is believed that Gens. Twigg and Pierce directed the attack, and that they put in motion about 8000 men. It is certain that the fire was more intense and brisk than at Charrubusco.

It is impossible to ascertain the loss on either side. Our does not amount to 100 killed and 250 wounded. There are a few missing, nearly all not killed or wounded retreating to Chapultepec. The enemy, according to the confession of an Irishman who came over to us in the evening, carried off 400 dead and 600 or 700 wounded. We have to lament the loss of Gen. Leon, since dead; that of Col. Baideras, of the valiant Cols. Huérra and Gelati, and of the determined Capt. Mateos of Puebla.

A Mexican letter announces that Riley and his legion of St. Patrick, seventy in number, were ordered by the Court Martial to be hung. The sentence was approved by Gen. Scott, and on the 8th of September the whole legion were hung in presence of the army, as also of the enemy.

We translate the following letter from Jalapa to the Arco Iris, without vouching for its correctness:

When Gen. Harez abandoned the Mill Del Rey, a bomb discharged from Chapultepec, fell among the ammunition wagons of the enemy in the yard of the

mill, causing four of them to explode, by which 300 Americans are said to be blown up, including Gen. Worth, who, according to the account, had not been seen or heard of the next day at Tacubaya.

The next accounts we have from the Capital, come in a letter to the Arco Iris, dated the 10th inst. The following is an extract from it:

The Mexican Government has taken \$300,000, which were being sent by a commercial house to the camp of the enemy.

Gen. Smith has expired; and by the Mexicans have mutilated and cruelly assassinated the unfortunate Irish who were taken at the battle of Charrubusco.

It appears that the death of Gen. Pillow is uncertain.

On the 12th of September, at 5 o'clock in the morning, the bells awoke us by the announcement of alarm that the batteries of San Antonio, Abad, and the corresponding battery of the enemy had opened a fire upon each other. We saw a multitude of bombs discharged by the enemy, the greater number of which burst in the air long before they reached our trenches. At the same hour the firing commenced at Chapultepec, on the right side of which, and in the mountains came the attack. At a short distance from the enemy are stationed our forces of cavalry and infantry, who are watching the enemy.

We opened at half past six, from the battery of the Gasipa de Belep, or it may be from that starting from the end of Basco Nuevo, which is situated in the angle formed by the causeway leading to the village of La Piedas and Tacubaya.

This brings us, says the Picayune, to the 12th, but at what hour of the day the letter was closed we are not informed. Of the eventual denouement we have only a brief account, being sufficient to assure us that our arms have achieved a brilliant triumph, and that our army is revelling in the halls of the Montezumas.

The only reliable account we have of the last struggle before the Capital is in a letter addressed to Mr. Dimond, our collector at Vera Cruz, from Orizaba, as follows: ORIZABA, Sept. 19, 1847.

I have the honor to inform you that an express arrived here this morning from the city of Mexico, which brings intelligence that Gen. Scott was in the city of Mexico. That on the 13th, the American troops took Chapultepec and the Citadel and went into the city that night.

Gen. Bravo was killed and Santa Anna was wounded in the arm, and has retired with the remainder of his troops, which have suffered much, to Guadalupe. Your friend, &c.

A letter from a credible source confirms all that is said in the above, and only disagrees with it in stating that the city was carried by assault on the 14th.

The Sun of Anahuac has it that on the 13th the heights and works of Chapultepec were carried; on the 14th and 15th the city was bombarded, and that a part of our army entered it on the morning of the 16th—the balance remaining at Chapultepec.

In regard to the American loss, the Picayune says:

"As to our loss before our army entered the city, we have nothing authentic. We fear this new victory has not been achieved without great loss of life."

The Mexican accounts show that active hostilities commenced on the 8th, and were continued with more or less activity until our army took possession of the city.

A passenger in the James L. Day informs us that it is reported among the Mexicans at Vera Cruz that we lost 1700 men in killed and wounded, but he could trace it to no authentic source. Another passenger estimates General Scott's loss at from one quarter to one third of his army.

To CURR HAMS.—Housewives are generally proud of the excellency of their dishes, and feel a laudable pride in having them prepared. Good ham is a most excellent article when properly cured, though rarely seen in that perfection of which it is susceptible. Such of our readers as may be desirous of preparing it for themselves, may be benefited by the following recipe:

Take three gallons pure, clean water, four pounds of salt—one half coarse, the other half fine—one and a half pounds of brown sugar, and one pint best Havana molasses. To the above ingredients, add two and a half ounces, saltpetre, and a half ounce of pearl ash. Mix and boil, carefully freeing the liquor of the scum as it rises, and when cold, put it in your meat. Ham cured in this way is excellent, and may be kept sweet for a much longer period, it is said than when prepared in any other manner.