



BY JAS. CLARK.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1849.

VOL. XIV, NO. 16

### NEW GOODS!

The "old Locust Corner" Ahead!!

Fisher, McMurtrie & Co.,

HAVE just received a large and splendid assortment of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS:

which they are selling, as usual, at extremely low profits. Their stock consists of a general assortment, adapted to the wants of all. Seasonable DRESS GOODS for Ladies and Gentlemen; READY-MADE CLOTHING, Poulton, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Groceries, &c., &c. In short, the "old locust corner" continues to be the

### "GRAND BAZAR,"

where every thing useful and ornamental, can be had, better and cheaper, than can be procured elsewhere. Their motto is "Quick Sales and Small Profits." All who desire to supply themselves with good goods, at low prices, will give them a call.  
March 27, 1849.

### REMOVAL!

Capt. David Hazzard,

WOULD respectfully inform his old friends and customers—which includes about the entire population—that he has removed

Standing-Stone Head-Quarters

the room next door to Prowell's Store, directly opposite Wallace's Washington Hotel, where he has fitted up an

OYSTER SALOON,

above ground, which can't be beat on the Juniata.

The lovers of good Oysters can always be accommodated by giving him a call.

His new stand is fitted up "on purpose" to accommodate Ladies and gentlemen. The "old Captain" therefore hopes that his friends of both sexes will extend to him a liberal support.

CONFECTIONARIES, APPLES,

NUTS, &c., &c., always on hand.

March 6, 1849.

Great Centre of Attraction!!

### NEFF & BROTHER

HAVE just received and are now opening at their old stand, No. 1001 Market Square, Huntingdon, Pa. the most fashionable and superb assortment of

Clocks, Watches & Jewelry

never offered in this place. Their stock consists in part of English & Anchor Lever, Chronometer, Duplex and Lepine GOLD WATCHES. Every variety of Lever, L'Epine, Quartier and English SILVER WATCHES. Eight-Day and Thirty-hour Brass Clocks.

Their Jewelry has been selected with such care in regard to Fashion, Elegance and Quality as to challenge comparison and defy competition. It embraces Diamond Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gold Rings and Pencils, Pens, Spectacles, &c., together with a general and extensive assortment of SILVER ARTICLES. They have also a well chosen supply of Perfumery, Soap and Fancy Stationery.

N. B. Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry promptly repaired and warranted. The public are politely requested to call and examine their stock.

### FOR THE LADIES.

Milliner & Mantua-Maker.

The undersigned respectfully leaves to inform the Ladies of Huntingdon and vicinity that she carries on the above named business at the residence of Matthew Clowner, at the Jail, where she will receive any work in her line of business. She has a confidence that the neatness as well as the durability of her work will recommend her to the patronage of the Ladies of Huntingdon. MARTHA McCURM.  
March 27, 1849—1m.

### JULIE HAULE'S

Unrivalled Perfumes, Hair Oil, Tooth Paste and Powder, Soaps, Shaving Cream, &c.

The Largest, Cheapest and best assortment of the above named articles ever opened in Huntingdon, just received and for sale wholesale and retail by

NEFF & BRO.

March 20, 1849.

### ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

Estate of MICHAEL H. DEITRICH, late of Warrior mark township, dec'd.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of M. H. Deitrich, late of Warrior mark twp., Hunt. co., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement to

JAMES THOMSON,

Administrator.

Feb. 27, 1849.

### Spring Millinery Goods.

John Stone & Sons,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN Silks, Ribbons and Millinery Goods, No. 45 South Second Street, above Chesnut, PHILADELPHIA.

WOULD call the attention of Merchants and Milliners visiting the city, to their large and rich assortment of

Spring Millinery Goods,

Received by late arrivals from France, such as Glace Silks for casing bonnets, Fancy Bonnet and Cap Ribbons—a large and beautiful assortment of all prices; Plain Mantua and Satin Ribbons, from No. 1 to No. 12;

French and American Artificial Flowers, (in great variety); Colored and White Crapes; Fancy Laces and Nets; French Chip Hats; Face Trimmings—Quillings; Covered Whalebones—Cane;

Buckrams—Willow; Bonnet Crowns and Tips, Together with every article appertaining to the Millinery trade.

March 27, 1849.

### THE MAY QUEEN.

BY A. TENNYSON.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear; To-morrow will be the happiest time of all the blithe New Year—Of all the glad New year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May. There's many a black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine; There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline; But none so fair as little Alice, in all the land, they say; So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake; I do not call me loud when the day begins to break; But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garland gay; For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see; But Robin, leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel tree? He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday; But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white; And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light. They call me cruel-hearted; but I care not what they say— For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love; but that can never be; They say his heart is breaking, mother;—what is that to me? There's many a bolder lad will woo me any summer day; And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me, to-morrow, to the green; And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen; For the shepherd lads on every side will come from far away; And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers, And by the meadow-trenches blows the faint, sweet cuckoo-flowers, And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray;— And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass; And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass; There will not be a drop o' rain the whole o' the livelong day; And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear; To-morrow will be the happiest time of all the glad New Year; To-morrow will be, of all the year, the maddest, merriest day; For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

### COL. FREMONT AND HIS PARTY.

Thrilling particulars of their Rocky Mountain Snow on the summit of the Black Mountains—Sufferings and Extrications.

The National Intelligencer, at Washington, publishes the facts in relation to the terrible events of the expedition of Col. FREMONT, related by himself, in letters to Mrs. FREMONT, and published by his father-in-law, Col. Benton.—The first is dated:

Taos, (New Mexico) Jan. 27, 1849.

"Former letters will have made you acquainted with our progress as far as Bent's Fort, and, from report, you will have heard the circumstances of our departure from the Upper Pueblo, near the head of the Arkansas. We left that place on the 25th of November, with upwards of 100 good mules, and 130 bushels of shelled corn, intended to support our animals in the deep snows of the high mountains and down to the lower parts of the Grand River\* tributaries, where usually the snow forms no obstacle to winter travelling. At Pueblo I had engaged as a guide an old trapper well known as "Bill Williams," who had spent some twenty-five years of his life in trapping in various parts of the Rocky Mountains.

"The error of our expedition was committed in engaging this man. He proved never to have known, or entirely to have forgotten, the whole country through which we were to pass. We occupied (after passing the mountain) more than half a month in making the progress of a few days, blundering along a tortuous course, through deep snow, which already began to choke up the passes, and wasting our time in searching the way. The 11th of December we found ourselves at the mouth of the Rio del Norte canon, where that river issues from the Sierra San Juan—one of the highest, most rugged, and impracticable of all the Rocky Mountain ranges, inaccessible to trappers and hunters, even in summer. Across the

point of this elevated range our guide conducted us, and having still great confidence in this man's knowledge, we pressed onwards with fatal resolution. Even along the river bottoms the snow was already breast deep for the mules, and falling frequently in the valley and almost constantly on the mountains.—The cold was extraordinary. At the warmest hours of the day (between one and two) the thermometer (Fahrenheit) stood, in the shade of a tree trunk, at zero; and that was a favorable day, the sun shining and a moderate breeze.—Judge of the nights and the storms!

"We pressed up towards the summit, the snow deepening as we rose, and in four or five days of this struggling and climbing, all on foot, we reached the naked ridges which lie above the life of the timbered region, and which form the dividing heights between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.—Along these naked heights it storms all winter, and the raging winds sweep across them with remorseless fury.—On our first attempt to cross we encountered a powderie—(dry snow driven thick through the air by violent wind, and in which objects are visible only at a short distance)—and were driven back, having some ten or twelve men variously frozen—face, hands or feet.—The guide came near being frozen to death here, and dead mules were already lying about the camp fires. Meantime it snowed steadily. The next day (December)—we renewed the attempt to scale the summit, and were more fortunate, as it then seemed. Making mauls and beating down a road, or trench through the deep snow, we forced the ascent in defiance of the driving powderie, crossed the crest, descended a little, and encamped immediately below in the shadow of the timbered region. The trail showed as if a defeated party had passed by—packs, pack saddles, scattered articles of clothing, and dead mules strewn along. We were encamped about twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. Westward the country was buried in snow. The storm continued. All movement was paralyzed. To advance with the expedition was impossible; to get back impossible. Our fate stood revealed. We were overtaken by sudden and inevitable ruin. The poor animals were to go first. The only places where grass could be had were the extreme summits of the Sierra, where the sweeping winds kept the rocky ground bare, and where the men could not live. Below, in the timbered region, the poor animals could not get about, the snow being deep enough to bury them alive. It was instantly apparent that we should lose every one.

"I took my resolution immediately, and determined to recross the mountain back to the valley of the Rio del Norte, dragging or packing the baggage by men. With great labor the baggage was transported across the crest to the head springs of a little stream leading to the main river. A few days were sufficient to destroy that fine band of mules which you saw me purchase last fall on the frontier of Missouri. They generally kept huddled together; and, as they froze, one would be seen to tumble down, and disappear under the driving snow. Sometimes they would break off, and rush down towards the timber till stopped by the deep snow, where they were soon hidden by the powderie. The courage of some of the men began to fail.

"In this situation I determined to send in a party to the Spanish settlements of New Mexico for provisions, and for mules to transport our baggage. With economy, and after we should leave the mules, we had not two weeks' provisions in the camp; and these consisted of a reserve of maccaroni, bacon, sugar, &c., intended for the last extremity. It was indispensable to send for relief. I asked for volunteers for the service. From the many that offered I chose King, Brackenridge, Creutzfeldt, and the guide, Williams; and placed the party under the command of King, with directions to send me an express in case of the least delay at the settlements. It was the day after Christmas that this little party set out for relief. That day, like many Christmas days for years past, was spent by me on the side of the wintry mountain, my heart filled with anxious thoughts and gloomy foreboding.

"The party for relief being gone, we of the camp occupied ourelves in removing the baggage and equipage down the side of the mountain to the river in the valley, which we accomplished in a few days. Now came on the tedium of waiting for the return of the relief party. Day after day passed, and no news from them. Snow fell almost incessantly in the mountains. The spirits of the camp grew lower. Life was losing its charm to those who had not reasons because it was not necessary for me to go

down in the trail and froze to death.—In a sunshine day, and having with him the means to make a fire, he threw his blanket down on the trail, laid down upon it, and laid there till he froze to death! We were not then with him.

"Sixteen days passed away, and no tidings from the party sent for relief.—I became oppressed with anxiety, weary of delay, and determined to go myself, both in search of the absent party, and in search of relief in the Mexican settlements. I was aware that our troops in New Mexico had been engaged in hostilities with the Spanish Urahs, and with the Apaches, who range in the valley of the Rio del Norte and the mountains where we were, and became fearful that they (King and his party) had been cut off by these Indians. I could imagine no other accident to them.—Leaving the camp employed with the baggage, under the command of Vincenthaler, with injunctions to follow me in three days, I set off down the river with a small party, consisting of Godey, his young nephew, Preuss and Saunders (colored servant). We carried our arms and provisions for two or three days.—In the camp (left under the command of Vincenthaler) the messes only had provisions for a few meals, and a supply of five pounds of sugar to each man. If I failed to meet King, my intention was to make the Mexican settlement on the Colorado, a little affluent of the Rio del Norte, about half a degree above Taos (you will see it on the map) and thence send back the speediest relief possible to the party under Vincenthaler.

"On the second day after leaving the camp we came upon a fresh trail of Indians—two lodges with a considerable number of animals. This did not lessen our uneasiness for our long absent people. The Indian trail, where we fell upon it, turned and went down the river and we followed it. On the fifth day (after leaving the camp) we surprised an Indian on the ice of the river. He proved to be a Utah, son of a Grand River chief whom we had formerly known, and he behaved towards us in a friendly manner. We encamped near them at night. By a present of a rifle, my two blankets, and other promised rewards when we should get in, I prevailed on this Indian to go with us as a guide to the little Colorado settlement, and to take with him four of his horses to carry our little baggage. The horses were miserably poor, and could only get along at a slow walk. On the next day (the 6th of our progress) we left the Indian lodges late and travelled some six or seven miles. About sunset we discovered a little smoke, in a grove of timber, off from the river, and, thinking perhaps it might be our express party (King and his men) on their return, we went to see. This was the twenty-second day since that party had left us, and the sixth since we had left the camp under Vincenthaler. We found them—three of them; Creutzfeldt, Brackenridge, and Williams—the most miserable objects I ever beheld. I did not recognize Creutzfeldt's features, when Brackenridge brought him and told me his name. They had been starving!—King had starved to death a few days before. His remains were some six or eight miles above, near the river. By aid of the Indian horses we carried these three with us, down to the valley, to the Pueblo on the Little Colorado, which we reached the fourth day afterwards, (the tenth after leaving the camp on the mountains) having travelled through snow, and on foot, one hundred and sixty miles.

"I look upon the feeling which induced me to set out from the camp as an inspiration. Had I remained there, waiting the return of poor King's party, every man of us must have perished. "The morning after reaching the little Colorado Pueblo (horses and supplies not being there,) Godey and I rode on to the Rio Hondo, and hence to Taos, about twenty-five miles, where we found what we needed, and the next morning Godey, with four Mexicans, thirty horses or mules, and provisions, sat out on his return to the relief of Vincenthaler's party. I heard from him at the Little Colorado Pueblo, which he reached the same day he left me, and pressed on the next morning. On the way he received an accession of eight or ten horses turned over to him by the orders of Major Beall, of the Army, commanding officer of this northern district of New Mexico. From him I received the offer of every aid in his power, and such actual assistance as he was able to render. Some horses which he had just recovered from the Urahs, were loaned to me, and he supplied me from the commissary's department with provisions, which I could have had nowhere else. I find myself in the midst of friends. I remain here with these old comrades, while Godey goes back; because it was not necessary for me to go

with him, and it was necessary for me to remain, and prepare the means of re-suming the expedition to California as soon as he returns with the men left behind. I expect him on Wednesday evening, the 31st inst., this being the 17th.

"Monday, January 29.—No news from Godey. I am anxiously waiting to hear from my party, and in much uneasiness as to their fate. My presence kept them together and quiet; my absence may have had a bad effect. When we overtook King's famishing party, Brackenridge said to me he felt himself safe.

\* A fork of the Colorado of the Gulf of California.

### Further and Final accounts.

The National Intelligencer, of Monday, gives further extracts from Col. Fremont's letters, giving full particulars of the fate of the party left at the camp. We give below the most interesting particulars:

Taos, New Mexico, Feb. 6, 1849.

"After a long delay, which had wearied me to the point of resolving to set out again myself, tidings have at last reached me from my ill-fated party.

"Mr. Vincent Haler came in last night, having the night before reached the Little Colorado settlement with three or four others. Including Mr. King and Mr. Proix,\* we have lost eleven of our party.

"Occurrences, since I left them, are briefly these, so far as they came within the knowledge of Mr. Haler: I say briefly, because I am now unwilling to force my mind to dwell upon the details of what has been suffered. I need not retrace my terrible contemplations. I am absolutely astonished at this persistence of misfortune—this succession of calamities which no care or vigilance of mine could foresee or prevent.

"You will remember that I had left the camp (twenty-three men) when I set off with Godey, Preuss and my servant in search of King and succor, with directions about the baggage, and with occupation sufficient about it to employ them for three or four days; after which they were to follow me down the river, within that time I expected relief from King's party if it came at all. They remained seven days, and then started, their scant provisions about exhausted, and the dead mules on the Western side of the great Sierra buried under snow.

"Manuel—(you will remember Manuel—a Christian Indian of the Cosumne tribe, in the valley of the San Joaquin.)—gave way to a feeling of despair after they had moved about two miles, and begged Vincenthaler, whom I had left in command, to shoot him. Failing to find death in that form, he turned and made his way back to the camp, intending to die there, which he doubtless soon did.

"The party moved on, and at ten miles we gave out—threw away his gun and blanket—and, a few hundred yards further, fell over into the snow and died. Two Indian boys, countrymen of Manuel—were behind. They came upon him—rolled him up in his blanket, and buried him in the snow on the bank of the river.

"No other died that day. None the next.

"Carver raved during the whole night—his imagination wholly occupied with images of many things which he fancied himself to be eating. In the morning he wandered off, and probably soon died. He was not seen again.

"Sorel on this day (the fourth from the camp) laid down to die. They built him a fire, and Morin, who was in a dying condition, and snow blind, remained with him. These two did not probably last till the next morning. That evening (I think it was) Hubbard killed a deer.

"They travelled on, getting here and there a grouse, but nothing else, the deep snow in the valley having driven off the game.

"The state of the party became desperate, and brought Haler to the determination of breaking it up, in order to prevent them from living upon each other. He told them that he had done all he could for them—that they had no other hope remaining than the expected relief—and that the best plan was to scatter, and make the best of their way, each as he could, down the river; that, for himself, if he was to be eaten, he would at all events, be found traveling when he did die. This address had its effects. They accordingly separated.

"With Haler continued five others—Scott, Hubbard, Martin, Bacon, one other, and the two Cosumne Indian boys. Rohrer now became despondent, and stopped. Haler reminded him of his family, and urged him to try and hold out for their sake. Roused by this appeal to his tenderest affections, the unfortunate man moved forward, but fee-

bly, and soon began to fall behind. On a further appeal he promised to follow, and to overtake them at evening.

"Haler, Scott, Hubbard and Martin now agreed that if any of them should give out the others were not to wait for him to die, but to push on, and try and save themselves. Soon this mournful covenant had to be kept. But let me not anticipate events. Sufficient for each day is the sorrow thereof.

"At night Kerne's party encamped a few hundred yards from Haler's, with the intention according to Taplin, to remain where they were until the relief should come, and in the meantime to live upon those who had died, and upon the weaker ones as they should die. With this party were the three brothers Kerne, Capt. Cathcart, McKie, Andrews, Stepperfeldt and Taplin. I do not know that I have got all the names of this party.

"Ferguson and Beadle had remained together behind. In the evening Rohrer came up and remained in Kerne's party. Haler learnt afterwards from some of the party that Rohrer and Andrews wandered off the next morning and died. They say they saw their bodies.

"Haler's party continued on. After a few hours Hubbard gave out. According to the agreement he was left to die, but with such comfort as could be given him. They built him a fire and gathered him some wood, and then left him—without turning their heads, as Haler says, to look at him as they went off.

"About two miles further, Scott—you remember him; he used to shoot birds for you on the frontier—he gave out. He was another of the four who had covenanted against waiting for each other. The survivors did for him as they did for Hubbard, and passed on.

"In the afternoon the two Indian boys went ahead—blessed be these boys!—and before night fell met Godey with the relief. He had gone on with all speed. The boys gave him the news. He fired signal guns to notify his approach. Haler heard the guns, and knew the crack of our rifles, and felt that relief had come. This night was the first of hope and joy. Early in the morning, with the first gray of light, Godey was in the trail, and soon met Haler and the wreck of his party slowly advancing. I hear that they all cried together like children—these men of iron nerves and lion hearts, when dangers were to be faced or hardships to be conquered. They were all children in this moment of melted hearts. Succor was soon dealt out to these few first met; and Godey with his relief, and accompanied by Haler, who turned back, hurriedly followed the back trail in search of the living and the dead, scattered in the rear. They came to Scott first. He was yet alive, and is saved!—They came to Hubbard next; he was dead but still warm. These were the only ones of Haler's party that had been left.

"From Kerne's party, next met, they learnt the deaths of Andrews and Rohrer; and, a little further on met Ferguson, who told them that Beadle had died the night before. All the living were found—and saved—Manuel among them—which looked like a resurrection—and reduces the number of dead to TEN—one-third of the whole party which a few days before were scaling the mountain with me and battling with the elements twelve thousand feet in the air.

"Godey had accomplished his mission for the people; a further service had been prescribed him, that of going to the camp on the river, at the base of the great mountain, to recover the most valuable of the baggage secreted there. With some Mexicans and pack mules he went on; and this is the last we heard of him.

"Vincent Haler, with Martin and Bacon, all on foot, and bringing Scott on horseback, have just arrived at the outside Pueblo on the Little Colorado. Provisions for their support, and horses for their transport, were left for the others who preferred to remain where they were, regaining some strength, till Godey should get back. At the latest they would have reached the Little Pueblo last night—Haler came on to relieve my anxieties, and did well in so doing; for I was wound up to the point of setting out again. When Godey returns I shall know from him all the circumstances sufficiently in detail to understand clearly every thing. But it will not be necessary to tell you any thing further. You have the result, and sorrow enough in reading them.

"This name was printed *Proix* in our last—it is written both ways.

"We have seen it stated that an excellent remedy for hoarseness, coughs, colds and cases of incipient consumption, is horse-radish, cut into small pieces and chewed in the mouth.