

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1857.

VOL. XXII. NO. 8.

WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

Select Poetry.

DUTCH MARRIAGE.

You broomish now, you goot man dare,
Vat stands ubon de vloor,
To lah dish voman vor your wife,
And lah her ebemore;
To feed her vell mit sour croust,
Peans, puttermilk and shees,
And in all tings to lend your aid,
Dat vill brotome her ease.

Yes—an? you voman sthanding dare,
Do bledge your vord, dish tay,
Dat you will dake for your husband,
Dish man, and him opey;
Dat you vill ped and poard mit him,
Vash, iron and ment his clothes;
Laf ven he smiles, veep ven he sighs,
Dus sechare his shoys and voes.

Vell den, I now midin dese valls,
Mit shoy and not mit krief,
Bronounce you both to be one mint,
Von name, von man, von peef.
I pooblish now dese sacred pands,
Dese matrimonial dies,
Pefore mine vife, got Kate and Poll,
And all dese gazen eyes.

And as de sachred Skriptures shay,
Vot Got has joined togedder,
Let no man tare ashunder put,
Let no man dare dem shiever.
And you bridekroom, tare, you atoph,
I'll not let go your kollar,
Pefore you ansher me dish ting,
Dat ish—vare ish mine tollar?

Select Story.

From Putnam's Magazine.

THE FALL OF THE ALAMO.

On the 23d day of February, 1836, General Santa Anna entered San Antonio de Bexar and took possession of the town without firing a gun. As he advanced to the Alamo, the small garrison of one hundred and thirty men, under the command of William Barrett Travis, retired on the opposite side of the river, determined there to offer such resistance to the progress of the tyrant as their energies and resources should permit, by a direct appeal to the God of battles. Flushed with the conquest, so easily effected, of the town, the Mexican commander prepared for an immediate attack on the Alamo. He ordered breastworks to be thrown up on every commanding point, and artillery to be planted wherever it could be most effective. One battery was completed on the right bank of the river by the 25th, and without waiting for others the siege was at once commenced.

It was a dark and gloomy morning, devoted to a dark and unholy purpose. Exulting in the work of death, upon which he is entering, Santa Anna crosses the river in person and establishes his headquarters in a small stone building—yet standing—from which he may the more accurately perceive the progress of his designs, without exposing himself to his enemies. The signal is given, and before the sun has risen upon those hostile hosts, the roar of the Mexican battery awakens the echoes far and wide, and rouses from their slumbers the yet unconscious inhabitants. But the defenders of the Alamo have not, for a single moment, lost sight of the movements of their wily and implacable foe; they watch the studied direction of every gun; they see the match lighted; they listen breathless, as if, even from that distance, they could hear the command to fire; and when the walls of the citadel tremble under the shock of the iron hail, and the fragments of the parapet are whirled aloft by the sudden impulse, they send back a shout of defiance, mingled with a discharge from their own guns, as distinctive, if not as deafening, as the thunder of their assailants.

Before the smoke rolls away and the reverberations are lost in the distance, while the shouts of the besieged still linger in the ears of the besiegers, the cannonade is resumed, and for seven hours, without pause or relaxation, fiercely continued upon the walls of the Alamo. But these walls yielded no more than the spirits of their defenders. The fire is steadily returned; and, though stones are shivered around them, there are stout hearts and willing hands ready to repair every breach, and to restore from the interior whatever may have been destroyed from without. Earth is thrown up; every crack or fissure is closed as fast as created by eager efforts of those who will permit no evidence of success to cheer the hopes of their enemies. The sun is almost sunk behind the western plains, when there is a pause in the work of demolition. The firing of the besiegers ceases for the day, with the Mexican thirst for blood unsatiated. Not a single drop has been shed within the Alamo. Many of Santa Anna's own men have bit the dust before the artillerists and riflemen of the fort; but thus far unaveng-

ed. Darkness falls upon the besiegers and besieged. The former raise new entrenchments to prosecute the assault; the latter establish a close watch for the night, and endeavor to seek that repose which shall renew their vigor for the contest, which they know will come to-morrow.

The morning of the 29th dawns and reveals to the occupants of the fort the effect of the midnight labors of their enemies, in the establishment of two additional batteries within the Alameda of the Alamo. The bayonets of the infantry, which have crossed the river during the night, glittering in the morning beams, and the plumes of the cavalry are seen waving on the eastern hills to intercept the expected aid from that quarter. The contest is renewed by a slight skirmish between a small party of Texans, sent in quest of wood and water, and a Mexican detachment under General Sesma; but this is a mere overture to the grand performance of the day. The thunders of heavy ordnance, under the direction of Colonel Ampudia, are soon roused into action; volley after volley is poured into the fort, and answered only, except at rare intervals, by the shouts of those within. There is no pause, no cessation. Still the cannonade goes on; shells fly hissing through the air and the balls bury themselves within the ramparts; but night again comes on, and the Mexican General in vain looks for evidence of success. Baffled, but not discouraged, he advances his line of entrenchments, and prepares, with the morning light, to resume his bloody task. The north wind sweeps over the prairies, as it only sweeps in Texas, a stormy lullaby to the stormy passions of those contending hosts. The darkness is broken only by the feeble blaze of a few huts, fired by the Texans, which had furnished a cover to the enemy. The flames curl upward with a sickly glare, and their fitful flashes throw a lurid light for a moment upon the slumbering army and expiring. The reign of darkness and of silence is now restored.

At length the Mexican general, active, though engaged in the construction of additional batteries. There is but little firing on either side. Travis and his men, with spirits unshaken and with energies weakened, but not exhausted, are applying their contracted resources to the purposes of defence. No heart falters; no pulse throbs with diminished power; no hand shrinks from the labor that necessity imposes. All is confidence and determination, and in every breast there is firm reliance, springing from the holiness of the cause and the certainty of its final triumph.

Sunday follows, but brings no rest to those whom God has created in his own image, and who, in violation of His commands, are thus yielding to their erring and unhalloved passions. Perhaps within the chapel of the Alamo, consecrated to the worship of the Almighty, and distinguished by the emblem of suffering and salvation which surmounts the dome, heads may be bowed in prayer to the God of battles for deliverance from their sanguinary foe; but that foe takes no heed of sabbaths. Exclusive followers, as they proclaim themselves, of the true church, they doom to destruction the very temple they have erected for its worship; and, kissing the cross suspended from the necks and planted before every camp, they point their guns upon the symbol for which they profess such unbounded reverence. The fire of the Mexican artillery keeps company with the minutes as they roll on. Morning mid-day and evening are passed, yet there is no faltering among those who are defending the Thermopylae of Texas liberty. Another sun rises and sets, and yet another; still the indomitable hearts of Travis and his companions quail not before the untrifling efforts of their enemy. In spite of that enemy's vindictive vigilance, the little garrison receives from Gonzales a reinforcement of thirty-three men—additional victims for the funeral pyre soon to be kindled by Santa Anna, on the surrounding hills, as a human hecatomb to Mexican vengeance.

New batteries are erected by the besiegers. From every point around the missiles of destruction concentrate upon the Alamo. The final hour must soon come. Provisions are not yet exhausted, but the ammunition cannot last many days longer. Water had long been supplied solely by the daring efforts of a Mexican woman, who, through showers of grape and musketry, has threaded the way to and fro between the river and the citadel, while her own blood has marked the path. She bears within her the stern and lofty spirit of her ancestors, stretched upon the rocks of Cortez, and it is not the fear of torture or death that can awe her from her purpose.

The siege has continued for ten days.—

The Mexican general has received large reinforcements, and his army now numbers thousands. He has been unceasing in his efforts to batter down the walls, but has thus far failed. The triumph is with Travis; but it is written in the heart of his ruthless foe that he must die, and when the cannonade is suspended on the 6th of March, a small breach has been effected, and Santa Anna has determined, without a summons to surrender, that the hour for the assault has arrived. During ten days a blood red flag has been streaming from the spire of the church in San Antonio; proclaiming that no quarter is to be given to the champions of the Alamo—that blood alone will appease the vengeance and fury of Mexican malice. When the sun again goes down the flag is no longer seen, for the deed, of which it was the sign, has been accomplished.

It is midnight; stars are smiling in the firmament, and the repose of Paradise, seems hovering over the armed hosts and hills and plains which encircle the Alamo. The calm is so deep and solemn that the angel of death seems to pause before the strife and carnage which are to follow. A low murmur rises upon the air, which gradually becomes more and more distinct. Lights are glancing mysteriously in the distance, and indicate some unusual movement. The besieging army is in motion. There is no advance by columns. The force of the Mexicans is so great that the fort may be completely surrounded leaving intervals only for the fire of artillery. The place is girded by a deep line of infantry; and there are hemmed in and encompassed by another of cavalry. If the first falter or shrink, they must be thrust forward to the assault by the sabres and lances of their comrades. Suddenly the batteries are in a blaze, and from their concentric positions, pour fourth radii of fire from the circle of Santa Anna's vengeance, verging to a single center. Amid the thunders thus created, their own shouts hardly less terrible, and the martial blast of a hundred bugles, the Mexicans advance to the Alamo. A sheet of flame from the rifles that never failed, is the answer to the charge. The infantry recoil and fall back upon the cavalry, their ranks broken and disordered by the deadly fire of the besieged. The shouts from the fort are mingled with the groans of the wounded and dying on the plains, their scattered masses. They return to the attack, but the leaden shower which they again encounter fells them to the earth by platoons.

Travis shows himself on the walls, cheering his cool, undaunted followers.— Around him are Crockett, Evans and Borham, roused to the last struggle, for they know their doom is sealed. In quick succession rifle after rifle is discharged, sending hundreds to their long account. The Mexicans are again repulsed; they fall back dismayed and disheartened by the dead and dying around them. The battalion of Toluca, the flower of Santa Anna's army, is reduced from four hundred to twenty-three. Men have become for a moment regardless of their officers, and are almost delirious from the cries of anguish of their fallen and expiring comrades, yielding to the influence which no discipline can restrain and no efforts repress. But the breach now appears practicable; the disjointed forces, by the aid of threats and entreaties, are rallied, and once more return to the assault. The fire from the Alamo has, for some time, been growing slower and slower. Rifles have dropped from many a vigorous hand, now cold in death, while others cling to their weapons, even in the agonies of dissolution. Ammunition, too has been falling; one by one the muzzles drop; and ere the last rifle is loaded and discharged, the Mexicans gain the wall. Fearfully conspicuous in that awful moment, Travis receives a shot, staggers, and falls. He dies not unavenged. A Mexican officer rushes upon him and is about to plunge his sabre into the bosom of the fallen man, when, gathering his remaining energies for a desperate effort, he bathes the sword to which he still clings, in the blood of his enemy and they die together.

In the meantime the conflict has become hand to hand, and has been raging hot and thick. The Mexicans have poured into the citadel like famished wolves, furious for their prey. Each man struggles with his adversary with the energy of despair, dealing the death-stroke with rifles, sabres, or whatever missiles may be within reach. The Texans are almost buried beneath the numbers of their opponents. The carnage has been so great that the slain are piled up in heaps. Death stares each survivor in the face, yet still he struggles on. Crockett has been conspicuous in the melee wherever the blows fell

hottest and fastest. He had forced his way over piles of the dead bodies of his enemies; and has reached the door of the chapel. Here he determines to make his last stand. At one glance of his eye he sees that the fate of the Alamo rests upon himself alone, and that fate nothing can avert.

Travis has fallen; Evans is no more; Bowie expires upon a bed of sickness, pierced to the heart by a Mexican bayonet; Borham falls directly before him, and he finds himself the only living warrior of the hundred and sixty-three who had been his companions. Perhaps at that moment the life-blood creeps to his heart by a natural impulse; but it is only a moment. The description of his position sends it back with the force of an avalanche. His foes glare on him with the herceness of demons, and assault him with blows from muskets, lances, and sabres. The strength of a hundred men seems concentrated in his single arm, as he deals out death to his pitiless and unsparring assailants. Their bodies have grown into a rampart before him. Blackened with fire and smoke, besmeared with blood, and roused into frenzy, he stands like some fabled and god of antiquity, laughing to scorn the malice and the power and the fury of his enemies. New fire flashes from his eye and new vigor nerves his arm. On his assailants rush, but it is upon death, certain and immediate. They fall but their places are still supplied, and so quickly the dead seem to rise up before him like armed men from the teeth of cadmus. At length a ball, from an unseen rifle, pierces him in the forehead; he falls backward to the earth in the steam of gore which curdles around him. No groan escapes his lips, no cry of agony gratifies the implacable rancor of his enemies. He dies, and the Alamo has fallen.

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The Drama.

The U. S. Senatorial Question

AFTER SHAKESPEARE.

DAN DOUGHERTY'S ORATION OVER THE DEAD BODY OF FORNEY, AS IT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN DELIVERED AT THE INDIGNANT MEETING AT PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 16th, 1857, BEING A SLIGHT ALTERATION OF ACT 3d, SCENE 2d, OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

SCENE—Keystone Club Headquarters.

Enter Foster and Brodhead, and a throng of Democrats.

Democrat. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Foster. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends—

Brodhead, go you into the other street.

And part the numbers.—

Those who will hear me speak let them stay here; those that will follow Brodhead, go with him; and public reason shall be rendered Of Forney's death.

Rankin. I will hear Foster speak.

Nicholson. I will hear Brodhead and compare their reasons.

When severally I hear them rendered.

[Exit Brodhead with some of the citizens.]

Foster goes on to the stand.

McMakin. The noble Foster is ascended.— Silence!

Fos. Be patient till the last.

Fellow Democrats and friends: hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear; believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; and ensure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be in this assembly, any dear friend of Forney's, to him I say that Foster's love to Forney was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Foster rose against Forney, this is my answer—not that I loved Forney less, but place note. Had you rather Forney were elected, and we all turned out; or that Forney were defeated, and we kept in. As Forney loved me, I weep for him; as he was unfortunate I rejoice at it; as he was useful I honor him; but as he was dishonest I slew him. There are tears for his love; joy for his misfortune; honor for his usefulness; and death for his dishonesty. Who is here so base to justify the Forrest letter? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is there so rude that would not be a gentleman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is there so vile, that would not spare dictation? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Dem. None, Foster, none.

[Several speaking at once.]

Fos. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Forney than he'd have done to Foster. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated where he was worthy, nor his offences enforced for which he suffered death.

Enter—D-g-h-ry, Carrigan, McKibben, Vandyc, and others, with Forney's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by D-g-h-ry; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonweal; as which of you shall not?—With this I depart; that as I slew my best friend for the sake of place, I stand the same chance myself, when it shall please my party to need my death.

Dem. Hurrah! Foster! Hurrah!

Rankin. Bring him with triumph home to Greensburg.

Pover. Give him a seat in the Cabinet.

McMakin. Let him be Governor.

Remak. Forney's betterparts Shall now be crowned in Foster.

Reilly. We'll take him to McKibbens with shouts and clamors.

Foster. Fellow-Citizens!

Martin. Peace; silence! Foster speaks.

Foster. Good citizens, let me depart alone, and, for my sake, stay here with D-g-h-ry.

Do grace to Forney's corpse, grace his speech Tending to Forney's glories which D-n D-g-h-ry, By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you not a man depart, Save I alone, till D-g-h-ry have spoke.

[Exit.]

Lehman. Stay, ho! and let me hear D-g-h-ry.

Mitchell. Let him go up on the platform; We'll hear him. Go it, Dougherty,—pitch in.

Dough. For Foster's sake I am beholden to you?

Sargeant. What does he say of Foster?

Mitchell. He says for Foster's sake He finds himself beholden to us all.

Fausold. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Foster here.

Cresswell. This Forney was a rascal.

Smith. Nay, that's certain; We're blast the party has got rid of him.

Rice. Peace! Let us hear what D-g-h-ry can say.

Dough. Friends and fellow-countrymen, lend me your ears:

I come to bury Forney, not to praise him. The evil that men do, lives after them; The good may be inferred from their votes. So let it be with Forney. The noble Foster Hath told you Forney was dishonest.

If it were so, then it was a grievous fault; And grievously hath Forney answered it. Here, under leave of Foster and the rest, (For Foster is an honorable man; So are they all, all honorable men.) Come I to speak in Forney's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me; But Foster says he was dishonest, And Foster is an honorable man.

He hath brought many converts to the party here Whose contributions did the general coffers fill. Did this in Forney seem dishonest? When that his schemes have failed, Forney hath wept.

Dishonest men are made of sterner stuff; And Foster was an honorable man.

You all do know, before the late election He gave to ***** a kindly bribe He might have fobbed himself; was this dishonest?

Yet Foster says he was dishonest; And sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Foster spoke, But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause; What cause withhold you then to mourn for him O, judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, And men have lost their reason. Bear with me; My heart is in the coffin there with Forney, And I must pause till it come back to me.

Rankin. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Pover. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Forney hath had great wrong.

McMakin. Has he, masters? I fear there is a worse come in his place.

Remak. Marked by his words? He did not keep that money;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not dishonest.

Pover. Poor soul! his nose is red as fire with weeping.

McMakin. There's not a jollier brick in town than D-g-h-ry.

Reilly. Now mark him; he begins to speak.

Dough. But yesterday, the word of Forney might Have stood against the state; now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence. O masters! if I were disposed to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Foster wrong, and Brodhead wrong, Who, you all know, are honorable men. I will not do them wrong; I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you, Than I will wrong such honorable men. But here's a parchment, with the seal of Buck, I found it in his pocket; 'tis a letter. Let but the commons hear this document, (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,) And they would go, slap Forney on the back, And with grating fingers upon nose upturned, Would beg a hair of him for memory; And laughing, mention it to all their friends, Retailing it as a first-rate joke Unto their fellows.

Morton. We'll hear the letter: read it Dan Dougherty.

Mitchell. The letter, the letter: let us hear Buck's letter.

Dough. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it!

It is not meet you know how Old Buck lov'd him You are not wood, you are not stones, but men; And being men, hearing the letter of Buchanan It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

Lehman. Read the letter; we will hear it, Dougherty.

You shall read us the letter; Buck's letter.

Dough. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?

I have o'er-shot myself to tell you of it. I fear I wrong the honorable men, Whose votes defeated Forney; I do fear it.

Lehman. They were traitors. Honorable men!

All. The letter! the document!

Pover. They were villains, scoundrels.

The letter.

Read the letter.

Dough. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this overcoat. I remember The first time ever Forney put it on!

'Twas on an autumn evening, at his hotel! The day he overcame the Know Nothings.

Look in his place how Wagonseller voted; See what a dig the envious Lebo made;

And now the well-beloved Foster bolted, And as he threw his cursed vote away, Mark how his pack of traitors followed him.

This was the most unkindest cut of all; For when the noble Forney saw him vote, Ingratitude more strong than traitors' arts, Quite vanquished him. Then burst the mighty oath,

And in his mantle muffling up his face, Even in despite of all Buchanan's influence, On which he so much reckoned, great Forney fell.

O, what a fall was there my countrymen! Then, I and you, and all of us fell down.

Whilst Simon Cameron triumphed over us. O, now you weep! and I perceive you feel The dirt of pity; these are gracious drops!

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up To any sudden flood of mutiny. They that have done this deed are honorable. All will do with reason answer you. I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts; I am no orator as Foster is; But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man, That love my friend! and that they know full well,

That gave me public leave to speak of him. For I have neither wit, nor worth, nor words, Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech, To stir men's blood, I only speak right on; I tell you that which yourselves do know! Show you sweet Forney's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I Foster And Foster Dougherty, there were a Dougherty Would ruffle up your spirits and would make The very For(riest howl in agony and rage.

All. We'll mutiny.

Ran. We'll burn the house of Foster.

McMakin. Away then, come seek the conspirators.

[Exeunt Democrats with the body.]

Dough. Now let it work, mischief thou art afoot;

[Enter Wm. Rice.]

Rice. Sir, Magraw is already in town.

Dough. Where is he?

Rice. He and Dawson are at Forney's house now;

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry And in this mood will give us anything.

Rice. I heard him say Foster and Brodhead Are rid like madmen to the Western cars.

Dough. Belike they had some notice of the people, How I had moved them. Bring me to Magraw.

[Exit Rice.]

This Foster was the noblest of them all, All the conspirators save only he, Did that they did in envy of great Forney; He only in a general honest thought, And common to all, made one of them, But I must on to see Magraw.

Rather Toughish

A correspondent of Porter's Spirit, writing from Cleveland, Ohio, declares that a large dry good establishment was recently burned down in that city, when one of the large fire-safe manufacturers of New York, who knew they had one of their articles in the building, wrote on and requested the proprietors of the ruined store to state how their safe had withstood the conflagration, and the answer received, was as follows:—"Gentlemen, your safes are wonderful. Nothing can surpass them for protecting books and papers, though they have some unfortunate opposite effects. One of the clerks, on Saturday bought a Shanghai rooster, and at night unknown to any of us, put it for safe keeping in the safe. That night our establishment was destroyed by fire, and its contents were exposed to a tremendous heat during the space of thirty-six hours, at the end of which it was hoisted out, red hot. As soon as possible it was opened, and you may judge of our surprise when we found within it the Shanghai rooster, leaning against the ledger, frozen to death."

A SINGULAR FASCINATION.—An English paper relates the following unaccountable occurrence:

"One of the most singular instances in connection with material things exists in the case of a young man who, not very long ago, visited a large iron manufactory. He stood opposite a large hammer, and watched with great interest its perfect regular strokes. At first it was beating immense lumps of crimson metal into thick black sheets, but the supply becoming exhausted, at length it only descended upon the polished anvil. Still the young man gazed intently on its motion, then he followed its stroke with a corresponding motion of his head; then his left arm moved to the same tune; and finally, he deliberately placed his fist upon the anvil, and in an instant it was smitten to a jelly. The only explanation he could afford was, that he felt an impulse to do it, that he knew he should be disabled, that he saw all the consequences in a misty kind of manner, but that he still felt the power within above sense and reason—a morbid impulse, to which, in fact, he succumbed, and by which he lost a good hand."

Learn to labor and to wait.

Learn to labor and to wait.