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AND FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' REGISTER.

IF NOT PAID WITHIN THE YEAR,
\$2 50 WILL BE CHARGED.

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The Hero.

(From the Post.
(Inserted at the request of an old Lady.)
My father was a farmer good,
With corn and beef in plenty;
I mowed, and hoed, and held the plough,
And longed for one and twenty.

For I had quite a martial turn,
And scorned the lowing cattle;
I learned to wear a uniform,
Hear drums and see a battle.

My birth-day came, my father urged,
But stoutly I resisted,
My sister wept, my mother prayed,
But I went off and 'listed.

They marched me on through wet & dry,
'Tis mowed more loud than charming;
But lugging knapsack, box and gun,
Was harder work than mowing.

We met the foe, the cannon roared,
The crimson tide was flowing;
I heard the death groans round me close,
I wished that I was mowing.

The foe came on, I lost my leg,
And I was in their clutches;
I stayed in prison till the peace
Then hobbled home on crutches.

Thrilling Narrative.

BATTLES ON THE RIO GRANDE.

The following minute and graphic account of the battles of the 8th and 9th May, in which our gallant Army won for themselves imperishable renown, will be read with deep and thrilling interest. It is from the pen of a heroic officer who nobly bore his full share of the duties and dangers of the trying occasion.

CAMP OPPOSITE MATAMORAS,
May 13, 1846.

On the 1st of May the Army under Gen. Taylor took up its line of march at 3 o'clock, P. M. for Point Isabel, thirty miles distant, in order to force up from that point provisions which were necessary to the maintenance of our fort here.—To defend it in our absence General Taylor left the 7th Regiment of Infantry, Bragg's battery of four six pounders, Capt. Lowd's battery of four eighteen pounders and some convalescents as a garrison—the whole under the command of Major Brown of the Army. We had heard of the crossing of six or seven thousand of the enemy to oppose our march to our Depot, and expected to fight them going down—but did not meet with them. On the 2d instant, in the afternoon, we reached Point Isabel, and on the 3rd heard the bombardment of our Fort at this place. This bombardment continued at intervals for several days. In the meantime, Gen. Taylor, having learned by express from Major Brown that he could hold the Fort, put his whole command to work in the entrenchments at Point Isabel, the basis of our operations, and having made it sufficiently strong and loaded about three hundred wagons, with provisions and ammunition, he determined to proceed at once to the relief of our gallant little band in this Fort, and to give battle to the enemy if necessary.—He commenced his march at 2 o'clock, P. M. one squadron of Dragoons, commanded by Capt. MAY, in front; the third Brigade, composed of the 3d and 4th Regiments of Infantry and Ringgold's Light Artillery; the 5th Infantry not Brigaded, and the 1st Brigade, composed of the Artillery Battalion serving as Infantry; Driscoll's Light Artillery and the 8th Regiment of Infantry—to which must be added two eighteen pounders drawn by oxen, and Capt. Kerr's squadron of Dragoons protecting the rear—the wagons on the march being in a great degree interspersed between the Brigades for greater security.

On the night of the 7th we encamped about 12 miles from Point Isabel, without seeing the enemy. On the 8th we had advanced about five miles, when we descried the enemy some two miles distant, drawn up in great force on the open prairie, and occupying the crest of a very gentle slope with their backs to the thick bushes, called in this country "chapparal."

We immediately formed line to the front, and advanced calmly and quietly to the attack. Our brave and considerate old General, finding that the enemy waited to receive us, and that we were passing near a lake of water, the day being very hot and the men thirsty, halted in full view of the adversary and directed the men to fill their canteens with water.—We had now a little leisure to examine the force of the enemy and its composition. The horizon in our front and to the right appeared lined with cavalry, (Lancers and Dragoons.) The woods in their rear were giving up column after column of Infantry, which were manœuvred with great regularity; and batteries of Artillery were observed taking their designated places in our front and on our flanks. The lowest estimate at the time of the enemy's force was 5,000

of all arms—our own being under 2,000 fighting men. We have since learned that on this occasion the enemy had over 5,000 fighting men. But the greatest difficulty under which we labored was the absolute necessity of protecting in an open prairie, from the enemy's numerous cavalry, our enormous train of provisions and ammunition, without which, even if we gained a victory, we could not relieve our garrison opposite Matamoras, or maintain our position there. Besides we were miserably deficient as to the number of our cavalry, having only some 200 Dragoons, while the enemy could not have had less than 1,800 or 2,000. The men being refreshed our General rode to each Brigade, told the men to keep cool, and when the enemy charged not to fire a shot until they were repulsed with the bayonet, and had turned their backs in flight.

Our advance then recommenced slowly but firmly, wagons and all; and when we arrived within good artillery range, their batteries opened upon us, some of their balls bouncing along the plain and passing us in "rechoche," others flying over our heads, and falling in the rear, showing us in a few moments that their pieces were served with skill & precision. A movement was now observed among the enemy's cavalry as if about to charge, and the Regiments nearest them were thrown into square, or formation preparatory to the square, and so disposed as to protect our own artillery whenever it was ordered to fire. During this time some fifteen minutes, the enemy's fire was received in perfect silence by us, and at length, Capt. Duxcan having been ordered to open upon them, advanced in the most gallant manner, and placing himself in a position to be protected by the Infantry, assaulted the enemy's cavalry, and one which would enable him at the same time to gall their cavalry and masses of infantry, sent a withering fire among them, which created some confusion, and which was answered by our squares of infantry by one long simultaneous shout, which showed how anxious they were to be led to the charge at once—but this could not be. They were destined to give the strongest evidence of courage that a soldier can exhibit—to stand in squares for hours under fire of the enemy's artillery, so as to protect from the enemy's cavalry our own artillery, whilst the latter was mowing down the enemy's ranks. As soon as Duncan opened, Major Ringgold's thunder was heard on the right, Lieut. Churchill's from the 18 pounders in the centre, and all the enemy's batteries opening at the same time, a tremendous cannonading ensued which, on this plain of almost boundless extent, presented a spectacle of great magnificence. The battle commenced at 10 minutes past 2, P. M. It had lasted about an hour, when a large body of the enemy's red Lancers charged the 5th Infantry, with a view of cutting off our wagon train. They were met with the most perfect tranquility, and a discharge of musketry from the 5th (Gen. Brook's) Regiment told us their fate. They fled precipitately, leaving men, horses, and guidons on the field. In the meantime the whole order of battle had been changed to conform to the manœuvres of the enemy, and our Brigade, the 1st, which was the left, now found itself in advance and on the right—the Artillery Battalion being on the extreme right and most in advance. It must be observed also that in these different changes our General was always slowly but steadily gaining ground to the front, and the enemy gradually falling back. The enemy's fire having slackened, and then ceased. General Taylor, from his new and more advanced position, ordered all his batteries to open, and in his turn attacked the enemy with such fury as to cause evident destruction in his ranks; but still they remained firm. By a charge on them they might have been routed entirely, but then we must have exposed our wagons to be captured by their cavalry, and that could not be thought of.

The battle had now lasted from 10 minutes past 2 P. M. to about 7 P. M.—At this moment the enemy was discovered coming down with his left flank in great force of cavalry and infantry, on the Artillery Battalion and the 18 pounders which that Battalion supported. The 18 pounders were served by thirty men, and the Artillery Battalion was about 360 strong. Both the battery and this Battalion were in such a position that they could not be supported by the other portion of the army, and at the time the charge commenced the Battalion had deployed into line. However it was thrown into square by a prompt manœuvre, and awaited steadily the Mexican charge. On they came, "horse, foot and dragoons," shouting and yelling, when a single horseman rode into the square, and said, "Men I place myself in your square." The General was immediately recognized by the men, who gave him three cheers for this evidence of his confidence. At this moment Lieut. Churchill discharged one of his 18 pounders, loaded with grape into the advancing ranks, creating great havoc, but not checking entirely their onward movement. They marched forward to within good musket range, some

150 yards of us, halted and delivered their fire, which our men received quietly at a shoulder. Finding that they would not come nearer Col. Childs, commanding this Battalion, ordered a volley, which was given as if in parade, when the enemy immediately retired, and the action ended for the night. Our Army slept on their arms precisely as night found them, and occupied the position in which the enemy commenced the battle. The two armies slept quietly almost in presence of each other. The night was serene and beautiful, the moon casting the softest light on every thing around us, and but for the groans of the wounded and the screams of those who were suffering under the knife of the Surgeons, no one could have imagined the scenes which had occurred but a few hours previously.

On our side we had fifty-five killed and wounded. The gallant Maj. Ringgold was mortally wounded, and his noble steed killed by the same shot, as he was giving his last fire for the night, and after having distinguished himself by the coolness, precision and effect with which he managed his Battery. Captain JOHN PAGE of the 4th Infantry, was horribly wounded, supposed to be mortally. Many officers had horses shot under them—Bliss, Lieutenant DANIELS, Captain MONTGOMERY, and several others.

Many Dragoons horses were killed, and the escapes were almost incredible. In MAGRUDER's company two men, whilst at an order, had the bayonets of their muskets cut off by cannon balls, passing just over their shoulders and between their heads. He had also a man killed on his immediate right and left. Some of the balls fell into the centres of the squares, and recoiled out again, without touching any one. Others fell just on the outside and bounced over. To stand patiently and coolly in square under such a fire, for five hours, without firing a shot, is the best evidence of discipline and invincible courage that troops can give. But more: the effect of this conduct, which none but regulars could have shown, must be considered. The next morning the enemy retreated, leaving the field strewn with their dead, and having lost, by their own confession, five hundred in killed and wounded; but we have found out since that the loss is much greater. The enemy's artillery was numerous and served with great rapidity and precision; while we had little cavalry and they had an immense proportion of that arm. Hence our shell and grape shot told briskly among them. In short we gained on that day a great victory.—When we consider the enemy's numbers, his numerous and effective regular cavalry, and well-drilled infantry and artillery, and above all that he had chosen his own ground, that upon which he is most accustomed to fight,—the plain—and compare all this with our inferiority in all arms, and that we were incumbered by a train we could not afford to lose, we can only account for the result by the impression made on the enemy by our firm and unshaken advance; by the steadiness with which we repulsed their cavalry, and by the unrivalled skill of our artillery officers and men—to which must be added a perfect knowledge on the part of both men and officers that if we lost that battle the Fort at Matamoras would fall, the Army be destroyed, and our depot, Point Isabel, be taken to the eternal disgrace of the American Army and the ruin of the interest of our Government, for some time, at least, in this part of the world. We could not afford to be driven back a single inch, and all were prepared for any thing but retreat.

On the morning of the 9th the Mexican army left the field at early dawn, and after arranging our train, we commenced the march towards our Fort at this place. At 2 o'clock, P. M., we found the enemy drawn up in a great force, occupying a ravine, which our road crossed with thick "chapparal" or thorny bushes on either side before it reached the ravine and a pond of water on either side, where it crossed the ravine, constituting a complete defile. They were 7,000 strong, we 54 weaker than the previous day.—The General ordered an immediate attack, by all the troops except the First Brigade, which was kept in reserve, and soon the rattling fire of musketry, mingled with the heavy sound of artillery, announced the commencement of the action. The enemy had chosen his position which he considered impregnable—was vastly superior to us in numbers, and had ten pieces of artillery, planted in the defile, which swept the road with grape, and which it was absolutely necessary for us to take before he could be beaten. These pieces were flanked on either side by a Regiment of brave veteran troops, from Tampico, and we were obliged to stand an awful shower of grape and bullet before a charge could reach them.—The battle had lasted some two hours with great fury on both sides, and many heroic deeds had been done, but no serious impression made, when Gen. Taylor sent for Captain MAY, of the 2d Dragoons, and told him he must take the battery with his Squadron of Dragoons, if he lost every man. MAY instantly placed himself at the head of his

men, and setting off at full speed, with cheers and shouts, dashed into the defile, where he was greeted with an overwhelming discharge of grape and bullets, which nearly annihilated his first and second platoons, but he was seen unhurt darting like lightning, through this murderous hail storm, and in a second, he and his men drove away or cut to pieces the artillery.

The speed of his horses was so great, however, that they passed through the battery, and were halted in its rear.—There turning, charged back, and was just in time to rescue a Mexican General officer who would not leave his guns, and who was parrying the strokes of one of the men. He handed his sword to MAY announced himself as General VEGA, and gave his parole. MAY turned him over to an officer, and galloped back to Gen. Taylor, reported that he had captured the enemy's battery, and the gallant Gen. VEGA, bravely defending it, whose sword he had the honor to present his Commanding officer. The General was extremely gratified, and felt no doubt that a blow had been given, from which it would be difficult for the enemy to recover—and so it proved, for a portion of the 5th Infantry, finding that the enemy had immediately re-occupied and commenced serving their pieces, gallantly charged and bro't off several, when the 8th, which had just come up, marched to the attack by its gallant commander, Col. BELKNAP, seconded nobly by Captain MONTGOMERY, and took off the remaining pieces. Col. BELKNAP, leading his Regiment into the thickest of the fight, seized a Mexican standard, and waving it over his head, dashed on in front of his men, until his horse stumbled over some dead bodies and threw him. Being a heavy man, he was helped on his horse by a soldier, who in the act received a ball through his lungs, and at the same moment a shot carried away the Mexican flag, leaving but the handle with the Colonel. He dashed ahead with that, however, and his regiment carried every thing before it. At this moment the Mexicans gave way entirely, and throwing down their arms, fled in every direction, leaving all their stores, munitions of war, arms, standards, &c., &c. The killed wounded and prisoners, including among those who were drowned in the Rio Grande, can not fall short of 1,500—so that the enemy's loss in two days amounts to at least 2,000 men, something more than the number we had in our army.

When Lieut. MAGRUDER introduced Gen. VEGA to Gen. TAYLOR, the latter expressed his deep regret that such a misfortune should have happened to an officer whose character he so highly esteemed, and returned him his sword which he had won so bravely. It is said also that the General gave the captive officer an order on his private banker for a large sum, for his use when he arrived in the United States.

Immediately after the victory, a regiment marched into this fort, and was received with cheers and open arms. All had done their duty—those who were left to defend our fort—those who marched to its relief. I had nearly forgot to mention that no officer in the battle of the 9th was more distinguished than Lieut. RANDOLPH RIDGELY. His conduct drew praises from the lips of every officer.—But I shall never finish if I record the feats of personal valor which occurred in this battle, where officers and men fought hand to hand for hours with the Mexicans. I shall therefore conclude with the hope that in a few days we shall be in Matamoras.

Copper Ball.

The Mexicans use "copper grape," and it is represented as being most poisonous. They are made rough, and left to accumulate verdigris, and other noxious coatings peculiar to copper, and when they wound they are almost always fatal. We are not informed says the N. Orleans Tropic, whether the Mexicans use the copper because of its poisonous qualities, or because they have no lead.—We see it stated, however, that but few of those that have been wounded by balls in the American army stand any chance of recovery, as the great heat and mortification caused by the nature of the balls is rapidly carrying them off, as was the case with the lamented Maj. Brown.

Captain May, the officer who made the desperate charge against the Mexicans, is represented as a singular genius. With a beard extending to his breast, and hair to his hip bone, which as he cuts through the wind on his charger, streams out in all directions, he presents a most imposing appearance. His gait on foot is awkward, and that of his horse is the rack of the Canadian pony. The squadron, at the head of which he charged the enemy's battery, contained 82 men; and of these he lost one officer and 10 privates killed, and 13 wounded—28 horses killed and 10 wounded—that is nearly one third of his men; and almost half of his horses hors du combat. The Captain was about ten yards in advance of his men and was not touched.

ROMANCE OF REALITY.

CAPT. SAMUEL H. WALKER.

This officer is one of those rare spirits which a state of war will bring out from our citizen soldiers. His late unequalled conflict with the Mexicans, in which he lost nearly every man under his command, and his daring heroism in cutting his way to Gen. Taylor's camp, have excited in the public mind a strong desire to know more of him. He is the same gentleman so frequently and honorably spoken of in Gen. Green's journal of the Mier expedition. He is a native of Washington City, from whence he went into the Florida war, where in several campaigns he distinguished himself by his intrepid bravery. In 1842 he went to Texas, and during the invasion of that Republic by Gen. Woll, he was marked for his bold and daring conduct. After the Mexican General had retreated from San Antonio, and when he lay upon the Rio Hondo, Walker and Capt. McCullough crawled through his camp one night and spied out his position, and the next day, with the gallant Hays, led the attack upon his rear guard. He then joined the celebrated expedition against Mier, on the morning of that sanguinary battle, he with three others—being the advance scout of the Texans—was taken prisoner and carried with his hands tied behind him to the head quarters of Gen. AMPUDIA. The Mexican General questioned him as to the Texan forces, & when Walker informed him that the Texans had only three hundred men, Ampudia pompously replied:—"Does that audacious handful of men presume to follow me into this strong place and attack me?"

"Yes," says Walker, "make yourself content upon the subject, General—they would follow you into — and attack you there." He was, with his comrades, then marched a prisoner to the city of Mexico. At Salado, with the lamented Capt. Cameron and Dr. Brennan, he led the attack upon the guard, overpowered them, and marched for Texas, when, after eating up all their horses and mules, they surrendered to the Mexican Generals Mercer and Ortago. He was again marched to Salado, where, with his comrades, he was made to draw in the celebrated black bean lottery, and every tenth man was shot. Those that remained of the Texans were marched to the Castle of Perote and the city of Mexico. Here while working on the streets in that city, he was struck by a corporal for not working faster, when, with his spade, he knocked down the corporal, which caused the guards to beat him nearly to death. His life was a long time despaired of, and upon his recovery, he with two companions scaled the walls of his prison after nightfall, and made his way to Texas, over a distance of more than a thousand miles. Before, however, they got out of the country, they were twice more imprisoned, and each time effected their escape. When he had reached Texas again, he joined Capt. Hays, who, with fifteen others, armed with Colt's revolving pistols, fought 98 Camanches, and defeated them, leaving 36 killed upon the ground. Here Walker was run through the body with a Comanche spear, and his life again despaired of.

To such men Texas is indebted for her emancipation from Mexico. Few as they are, they have won her liberty, and have miraculously maintained it ten years against all the boasted power of Mexico. —Globe.

John C. Calhoun.

The correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, writing from Washington under date of 31st ult. has the following:

Mr. CALHOUN is preparing himself to make a demonstration in the course of a few days, which will be apt to astonish some people. He is hard at work writing a Report on the subject of the great doctrines laid down by the Memphis Convention—the right, power and duty of the General Government to improve the channels and harbors of our majestic INLAND SEAS, such as the rivers Ohio and Mississippi. He will lay down the doctrine that the States cannot confederate to make these improvements—that when a river passes through two States, those States may apply to the General Government for the power to make improvements in the same—but when the river passes through three or more States this cannot be done—the power then belongs exclusively to the General Government, which can improve the channel of the rivers, although it cannot touch the shores on either side, as they belong to the States. The States cannot confederate in any one section of the Union, to carry on any public work in which they have an interest. He defines the powers of the General Government of the States, in a manner to meet the doctrines of the Memphis Convention, with great force and ability. He will make a perfect shaking among the old dry bones of the ancient sticklers for "strict construction," the old harpers upon '98 and '99, and carry off from the ranks of Polk Locofocoism a party that will be formidable, both in talent and numbers, in the next Presidential race. Mark the prediction.

Putting down the Tariff.

The Administration Organ at Washington, and all the followers in its wake, as well as the brawling office-seekers, calls anxiously upon its party in Congress to assault and slay the Tariff. It urges the dangers of delay, fears, that if it once gets from the funeral pile, the Sub-Treasury or some other dear party measure will be offered up in its place.

Neither the Organ nor the Administration seem to be aware that they have involved the country in an expensive war—one that, if prosecuted with the same wanton and lavish expenditure, will involve the Nation in an immense debt—without the slightest preparation to meet the vast expenditures in the increase of the Army and Navy, and without any plan of finance being devised for meeting it, excepting that of Sir Robert J. Walker, which in theory is, that the lower the duties the greater the reveque.—Thus, by destroying our only means of sustaining a large expenditure from our National Treasury, by taking from our farmers a market, and our mechanics, artisans and manufacturers employment, and robbing our banks of their specie, they expect to supply the Treasury with means to support an army of 50,000 men, repair and erect forts, build men of war, and fit and man them for service against the enemy! What visionary folly is there in all this! What madness in its councils! If Locofocoism had fallen into the hands of its enemies they could not wish it worse than to follow its own counsels. Let the Whigs in Congress therefore "stand firm under" and allow the Locofocos to follow the counsels of their leaders without embarrassment or hindrance. When the wreck comes, as come it will if Locofocoism is allowed its own course, the people will see and know "from whence it came," and "govern themselves accordingly."—Pa. Tel.

Our West India Trade.

If we are to have a protracted War with Mexico, our West India Trade will be first struck at by Privateers and Pirates; and it is not impossible but that mischief may be done in that direction before the Government turns its attention to the danger. Instead of having our whole available Naval force in the Gulf of Mexico, a few Armed Vessels should be sent to cruise about the Windward Islands. When there is "mischief afoot" upon the Ocean it is sure to lurk about those Islands. We have an important trade with the Danish and Spanish West India Islands, and those who are engaged in it should feel that they are enjoying the protection of our Navy.—Alb. Jour.

We observe, upon running over the columns of the New Orleans "Tropic" of the 23d instant, that the good people of that city had been induced, by newspaper rumor, to believe that Major Gen. SCOTT had received orders to repair to the Mexican frontier, to command in chief the military movements going on there; and that he was even expected to arrive at New Orleans on that day (the 23d) or on the next day.

What may be the intention of the Executive in regard to calling this gallant and distinguished veteran into service, we are not able to say. But the fact undoubtedly is that he is still in this city, and that we have not heard of his being under orders to repair to New Orleans, although it is here understood that he tendered his services immediately on the arrival here of the news of hostilities having commenced.—Nat. Intel.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Review says: As the names of the following Spanish officers are likely, at the present juncture of affairs, to be frequently in the mouths of our citizens, for the satisfaction of those not already informed as to the correct pronunciation of them, I subjoin the following:

Generals Arista, Ampudia, Mejia, and Canales. Colonels Carasco and Carabajal, are pronounced by Spaniards as nearly as possible, as follows: A-ree-ta, Am-poo-dia, Ma-hee-a, Co-nales, Ca-ras-co, Cara-vu-hal—the vowel *a*, in each instance, having the sound of that letter in the English word *far*. The *j* becomes *h*, the *b*, *v*.

PENSACOLA EXCITEMENT.

The rumors from Pensacola, rife in our city last evening, we believe to be without foundation. The letters bringing the news here, appear on their face to contain but unfounded rumors. We think the publication of them calculated to do much injury, create unnecessary excitement, and no good whatever.—N. O. Tropic, May 12.

GEN. WORTH.—This brave and accomplished officer (says the Mobile Advertiser of May 18) arrived in this city yesterday morning on the steamer Ananeth from Montgomery, on his way to the army on the Rio Grande. Such men as Gen. Worth cannot be spared now.—He left on the Creole for New Orleans at one o'clock.