

THE SOMERSET HERALD.

AND FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' REGISTER.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE.

IF NOT PAID WITHIN THE YEAR,
\$2.50 WILL BE CHARGED.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY JONATHAN ROW, SOMERSET, SOMERSET COUNTY, PA.

New Series.]

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1846.

Vol. 4.—No. 46.

THE HEART.

Oh! could we read the human heart,
Its strange mysterious depths explore,
What tongue could tell or pen impart,
The riches of its hidden lore!

Safe from the world's distrustful eye,
What deep and burning feelings play,
Which e'en stern reason's power defy,
And wear the sands of life away.

Think not beneath a smiling brow,
To always find a joyous heart.
For Wit's bright glow, and reasons flow,
Too often hide a cankering dart.

The bird with bruised and broken wing,
Of tries to mount the air again,
Among its mates to gaily sing,
Its last melodious dying strain.

The fire that lights the flashing eye,
May by a burning heart be fed,
Which in its anguish yearns to die,
While yet it seems to pleasure wed.

Oh, do not harshly judge the heart,
Though cold and vain it seems to be,
Nor roughly seek the veil to part,
That hides its deep, deep mystery.

BUYING A FARM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COUSIN SALLY BILLIARD."

Brooks who lived in Dobson county, North Carolina, wanted to buy a tract of land near him, and concluded to dispatch one Angus McAlpin to Charleston, South Carolina, to buy it from the owner, who lived there. All the necessary arrangements were made. Angus started off, and in due time Brooks would take his seat and look down the road, in the hope of seeing his agent returning. At last he appeared, and the moment he neared the house Brooks accosted him—

"Well, Mac, have you got the land?"

The agent in whose face was anything but sunshine, replied somewhat gruffly, that "he might let a body get down from his horse, before he put at him with questions of business."

But Brooks was in a fever of anxiety, and repeated the question—

"Did you get it?"

"Pshaw, now Brooks, don't press upon a body in this uncivil way. It is a long story, and I must have time."

Brooks still urged, and Mac still parried the question till they got into the house.

"Now surely," thought Brooks, "he will tell me." But Mac was not quite ready.

"Brooks," said he, "have you anything to drink?"

"To be sure I have," said the other, and immediately had some of the best forthcoming.

Having moistened his clay, Mac took a seat and his employer another. Mac gave a preliminary hem! He then turned suddenly around to Brooks, looked him straight in the eyes, and slapped him on the thigh.

"Brooks," says he, "was you ever in Charleston?"

"Why, you know I never was," replied the other.

"Well, then Brooks," says the agent, "you ought to go there. The greatest place upon the face of the earth! They've got houses there on both sides of the road for five miles at a stretch, and down the horse track the whole way through—Brooks, I think I met five thousand people in a minute, and not a chap would look at me. They've got houses there on wheels. Brooks I saw one with six horses hitched to it, and a big driver with a long whip going it like a whirlwind. I followed it down the road for a mile and a-half, and when it stopped I looked, and what do you think it was? Nothing in it but one little woman sitting up in one corner."

"Well, Brooks, I turned up the road, and as I was riding along I see a fancy looking chap with long curly hair hanging down his back, and his boots as shiny as the face of an up-country nigger! I called him into the middle of the road and asked him a civil question, and a civil question, you know, Brooks, calls for a civil answer, all over the world.—I say, says I, "Stranger, can you tell me where Col. Lamar lives?" and what do you think was the answer—"Go to h— you fool!"

"Well, Brooks, I knocked along up and down, and about until at last I finds out were Col. Lamar lives. I got down and bangs away at the door. Presently the door was opened by a pretty, fine spoken, well dressed woman as ever you seed in your born days, Brooks. Silks, silks that, every day, Brooks.

"Says I, 'Mrs. Lamar, I presume, madam,' says I.

"I am Mrs. Lamar, sir."

"Well, madam," says I, "I have come all the way from North Carolina to see Col. Lamar—to see about buying a tract of land from him that's up in our parts."

Then she says, "Col. Lamar has rode out in the country, but will be back shortly. Come in, sir, and wait awhile."

I've no doubt the Col. will soon return,—and she had a smile upon that pretty face of her's that reminded a body of a spring mornin'!

"Well, Brooks, I hitched my horse to a brass thing on the door, and walked in. "Well, when I got in, I sees the floor all covered with the nicest looking thing! nicer than any patched-work bed quilt you ever seed in yur life, Brooks. I was trying to edge along around it, but presently I sees a nigger stepping right over it. Thinks I, if that nigger can go it, I can go it too. So right over it I goes, and takes my seat right before a picture, which, at first, I thought was like a little man looking in at a window.

"Well, Brooks, there I sat waiting and waiting for Col. Lamar, and at last—he didn't come, but they began to bring in dinner. Thinks I to myself here's a serape. But I made up my mind to tell her that, if she asked me to eat—to tell her with a genteel bow, that I had no occasion to eat. But, Brooks, she did not ax me to eat—she asked me if I'd be so good as to carve that turkey for her, and she did it with one of them lovely smiles that make the cold streaks run down the small of a fellow's back.

"Certainly madam!" says I, and I walks to the table—there was on one side of the turkey a great big knife as big as a bowie knife, and a fork with a trigger on it on the other side.

"Well, I falls to work, and in the first effort I splashed the gravy about two yards over the whitest table-cloth you ever seed in your life, Brooks. Well, I felt the steam begin to gather about my eyes. But, I'm not a man to back out for trifles, so I makes another effort, and the darned thing took a flight and lit in Mrs. Lamar's lap.

"Well, you see, Brooks, then I was taken with a blindness, and the next I remember, I was upon the bath a kicking. Well, by this time I began to think of navigating. So I goes out and mounts Rosam, and puts for North Carolina.—Now Brooks, you don't blame me! do you?"

A MEXICAN WEDDING.

MIDNIGHT CEREMONY.

A correspondent of the Picayune, in a late letter from Camargo, gives the following description of a Mexican wedding which he attended:

A Mexican wedding is to come off in the church to-morrow night at one o'clock and I am going to form one of the party. This getting married, at "the solemn hour of midnight," is a new idea to me, and I would not miss the scene for any consideration. Will they invite one to kiss the bride, I wonder!—And if invited ought a fellow to profit by the privilege? But we will see the bride before we decide these momentous questions.

Capt. Miles, on being informed of the wish of the party to hold the wedding tonight, extended to them every facility for going through with the ceremony unimpeded. Had he received information a little earlier he would have furnished them with music, so that a regular ball would have taken place.

Aug. 12. I attended the wedding last night, and shall never regret it, though it is rather hard to be roused out of a sound slumber at 1 o'clock at night. At half past 1 we entered the church, where the padre and his assistants were already robed for the ceremony. These assistants consisted of an elderly Mexican and four boys, the latter being three-fourths Indian. The altar was lighted up with long wax candles, set in massive silver candlesticks, and candles were also burning in the vicinity of the large wax figures in other parts of the building. The bridegroom soon made his appearance with the bride, attended by a bridesmaid and groomsmen. The bridesmaid, a beautiful little woman, was dressed in black—a prettier figure I never looked at. The bride, a tall, awkward, plain-looking woman of twenty-three, was dressed in dark figured stuff. The bridegroom, a short, stumpy fellow, about 30 years old, with an ugly visage, had on white pants and a blue roundabout. He looked confused, and took very little notice of the bride; in fact he acted like a man who felt that he was getting himself into a disagreeable situation. The first part of the ceremony was similar to that observed in Louisiana. The hands were joined, ring placed upon the finger, etc. The parties then knelt before the altar, and one end of a beautiful silk rebozo was thrown over the bride's head, the other end falling about the shoulders of the bridegroom. A silken cord, about the size of the little finger, with a regular hangman's noose, was then slipped over the head of each, yoking them together hard and fast. They remained in this position, holding lighted candles in their hands, for nearly an hour. The bride became weary, and leaned a little on the rope, but not hard enough to choke the loving husband. The padre was in the meantime engaged in prayer, and one of the boys rang a little silver bell occasionally, to wake up the little audience of twenty or thirty, who crossed themselves, and then relapsed into their former state of stupidity. All hands retired quietly from the church, and scattered to their homes. Only four or five A-

mericans were present. Nobody, fortunately, was called on to kiss the bride.

Army of the West.

FROM THE MISSOURI REPUBLICAN OF SEPTEMBER, 10.

We have taken some pains to procure accurate information in regard to the condition and future prospects of the "Army of the West," under Gen. Kearney, and we acknowledge that the result of our inquiries fills us with solitude. We have great confidence in the commander of the expedition. We know his prudence, his ability to surmount great & extraordinary difficulties, but we are satisfied also that he has to encounter such difficulties, and that it will be a miracle if he escapes them. Gen. Kearney, it is now certain, leaves the United States under peculiar and most critical circumstances. He reached Fort Bent, with a command of at least 1,800 men, nearly all of whom were mounted when they left Fort Leavenworth; the exception to be found in the companies of infantry, which were received into the service before his departure from the fort. He has been followed by a battalion of five hundred infantry, composed of Mormons; by Col. Price's regiment of mounted men, a thousand strong, and by Major Wilcock's battalion, consisting of five hundred mounted men. In the course of the present month another regiment of infantry will be organized and on their way, numbering at least one thousand men. And to these are to be added a thousand men at least connected with the train of the army. Should they ever reach Santa Fe, the command will consist, in round numbers, of forty-eight hundred men; and with the teamsters and attendants of the camp, it will be swelled to six thousand. At least this number will, at all events, have to be subsisted, and that subsistence must, beyond question, be derived from the United States.

Gen. Kearney arrived at Fort Bent, on the 30th of July, & left on the 2d of Aug. He had limited supply of rations, & these were exhausted by reducing the men to half rations. But he was not permitted, by circumstances, to stop there and await supplies; for he was in absolute want of forage for horses. He was compelled to take up the line of march in order to find food for the animals. This is the true cause of his brief stay at Fort Bent, and denotes the difficulties in his way and in that of the mounted men who were to follow him. To all our inquiries as to the prospect of forage for his animals at Santa Fe, we have received the same uniform answer: it was not to be had, except in very limited quantities, at the rancheros from ten to twenty and more miles from Santa Fe. In the whole department the highest estimate of the surplus wheat is 7,000 to 8,000 bushels, and corn was scarce as to make it worth, when it could be obtained at all, \$2.50 per bushel. Such is the prospect presented for the support of the horses, mules, and cattle which accompany the expedition.

Now as to supplies from the United States. Strange as it may seem, the several detachments of wagons, upon which alone troops could rely for provisions, were despatched without a military escort, and with no other means of defence than a few muskets, and a very limited supply of ammunition, placed in the hands of the teamsters. Indians suddenly, and very unexpectedly to all, made their appearance on the road, with the evident intention of robbing the trains and taking such things as they wanted. The teamsters were not in a condition to resist them, and, as this became evident, there can be no doubt that the Indians became more daring in their encroachments, until, it is probable, life as well as property was taken. It is known that from one team fifteen oxen were run off in a night; there was no other alternative than to stop with it altogether, or lessen the number employed in hauling other teams, to get it along.

These difficulties were, it is feared, only commencing, and unless Colonel Price, who was in the rear with his regiment, undertook to give the Indians a sound drubbing, all the provision wagons were in danger of being delayed, if not cut off, and the army left to starve. We do not know enough of army matters to say where the blame belongs, but it seems to us that there has been gross neglect in not sending a proper military guard to protect the various detachments of provision wagons.

From the facts which we have stated, some idea may be formed of the probable condition and the prospects of the "Army of the West," on its arrival at Santa Fe. Unless provisions reach there before the winter sets in, the main reliance of the men for subsistence must be upon the sheep to be found and the limited quantity of wheat and corn to be purchased in that region. This, it must be confessed, is not a very flattering prospect for an army, but no other presents itself to us in store for them.

EXTRAVAGANT PRICES.

A letter, dated U. S. schooner Petrel, off Vera Cruz, August 27, says: We are now living entirely on "salt junk," pork

and beans, a day or two ago a small boat came off from the shore with supplies, at the very moderate war price, as follows:—six very poor chickens \$2 each! two dozen of eggs \$2! half a bushel of potatoes \$4!—what surprised me most was, that any thing of the kind could be had in the neighborhood of Vera Cruz. The city at this time is distressed for every thing, but beef, which is abundant.

TERRIBLE BOILER EXPLOSION.

DESTRUCTION OF THE STEAMBOAT EXCELSIOR!—LIVES LOST!

From the New York Tribune.

At 5 o'clock last evening, as the steamboat EXCELSIOR, Captain Nelson, which plies between this City and Coxsackie, was leaving the dock foot of Cortland-st., her boiler exploded with a terrific concussion, killing and scalding several of her passengers and crew. The boat immediately took fire from the effects of the explosion, drifting at the will of the elements, and for a moment it was feared that those on board her who had escaped the original calamity, would be engulfed in the flames.

She drifted down the stream as far as Cortland-st. when the steamboat Columbus took her passengers off and towed her up nearly to the wharf from which she had started, when the steamboat Fairfield going up the river, went between the EXCELSIOR and Columbus. The stern of the Fairfield was brought in contact with the burning vessel, and those on board the F. cutting the tow-line, the wreck was adrift again.

As the wreck drifted down stream great fears were entertained that she would run foul of some one of several ships which lay at anchor in the stream. This was prevented, however, by her coming in contact with a small sloop, setting her bows on fire, and then veering round and setting fire to her whole broadside. After a hard fight the blazing wreck was beaten off and pursued her course down the river. She had not proceeded far, however, before she was overtaken by the steamer John Fitch which grappled with the fiery fugitive and conveyed her over to the Jersey shore. The boat was burnt to the water's edge, and the skeleton of the boat, half seen through clouds of smoke and flame as she swept down the stream, was grand and sublime. The shore was lined with dense masses of people and the river was crowded with boats.

The boat was new and put on the route in June last, but was not one of the first class. She was engaged principally in cheap passenger business between New York and Catskill and Coxsackie, and was owned by Hunt Nelson & Sons, of the latter place. She was valued at \$35,000, and was but partially insured.

The whole number of passengers on board probably did not exceed forty.—The boat, at the time of the explosion, had just left the wharf, and the passengers, as is usual when the boats passed up the river, moved over to the starboard or City side. The boiler which burst was on the larboard side.

The explosion shook the large steamers Hendrik Hudson and Empier, lying at the Cortland-st. piers. The timbers were thrown high up into the air, and the body of at least one person was seen falling with the timbers. The boiler was not seen after the explosion. That part of it not broken to pieces went immediately to the bottom.

The sufferers were immediately carried to the Hospital and taken care of. Their names are—

Daniel Slawson, passenger, aged 78, father-in-law of Alderman Gilbert, 1st ward. He was badly scalded, and died in a few minutes after being taken to the Hospital.

Wm. Hull, passenger, lives at No. 177 Lewis-st. His face is very much battered and upper and lower jaws both broken in several places.—has a deep injury on his thigh, and is burnt on one knee.

William Van Wart, 1st Engineer, has both arms badly burnt, and is bruised on his back.

George Van Wart, 2d Engineer, brother of William, has his arms, legs, back and throat, badly burnt.

One of the firemen is missing, supposed to have been the body seen blown up in the air at the time of the explosion.

We learn that the first Engineer was struck on the back by something heavy and forced through a bulk-head, and on returning to his station found Mr. Slawson in his (the Engineer's) room lying on his back with a large piece of the smoke-pipe alongside of him.

The injuries sustained by Mr. Slawson were not known last evening. A Coroner's inquest is to be held this morning. The cause of the explosion is as yet unexplained. There are various rumors about it, but we cannot state anything as positive. The 1st Engineer says that there was only about eighteen inches of steam on just before the explosion.—There must be a searching enquiry instituted as to the causes of this sad catastrophe, and let the public know, whether or not it is the result of carelessness.

It is said that the steamer could have been saved with the loss of only about a thousand dollars worth of the wood-work

had the Fairfield not gone between the Columbus and the wreck and severed the tow-line, thus setting the Excelsior adrift again. The E. was almost at the wharf when the fire-engines could have easily subdued the flames.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.

Files of Mexican papers to the 26th of August, inclusive, have been received at the Navy Department. They contain little of interest except the address or manifesto of General SANTA ANNA to the people of Mexico, dated the 16th of August, the day of his landing at Vera Cruz. It is a paper of some length, ably and carefully framed, and temperate in language and sentiments.

He commences with a sort of apology for the part which he played, subsequent to 1834, in forcing a strong Central Government upon the country, which he admits did not result in its quiet or prosperity, and he attributes to the discontent of the people the failure to preserve the province of Texas. He then briefly reviews the conduct of those who have successively administered the Government since his exile. The aggressions of the United States were encouraged, he says, by the perfidy of the Cabinet of General Herrera. Paredes, he says, had always been an obstinate enemy of any popular representative Government; when he heard of his projected revolution at San Luis Potosi he hoped that his opinions had changed; but when he saw Paredes' manifesto of adhesion to the plan of San Luis Potosi, he found it to be rather a diatribe against the independence of the nation than the patriotic address of a Mexican General seeking in good faith a remedy for the distresses of his country; and his sinister designs were fully developed by his act convoking a Congress, and by the attempts to reconcile the people to the idea of a monarchy and a foreign Prince.

He denounces and discusses at length the proposal for a monarchical form of Government, which he considers absurd and impracticable. He accuses those in favor of a monarchy of having, almost in a direct manner, provoked the United States to take possession of Texas, and advance an army into the interior of Mexico, in order that the nation might be reduced to the alternative of submitting to Anglo-American domination, or adopting a monarchical form of Government. It was with this view, he says, that in 1844 and 1845, when they had the control in Congress, they refused the aid which the existing Administration asked for the purpose of defending the integrity of the national territory.

He makes no direct or earnest profession of an intention to prosecute the war against the United States, and does not speak of this country in the usual terms of vilification. He concludes by disclaiming any desire or intention to exercise dictatorial power, and therefore proposes that the Congress about to be assembled shall be empowered to regulate all branches of the administration of the Government, and that the provisional Executive be entirely under its control. He also recommends that, until a new constitution be proclaimed, the constitution of 1824 be adopted for the internal administration of the departments.

Santa Anna left Vera Cruz on the 18th of August for the city of Mexico. The papers give no account of his arrival there; but one of them, the Republicano, complains of their waiting his arrival to forward reinforcements to the army of the north. Santa Anna, it says, is not the nation; nor is Gen. Taylor a knight-errant waiting the arrival of a new champion.

An official letter of Gen. Ampudia, addressed to the Mexican Secretary of War, and dated at San Luis de Potosi, 13th August, speaks of the march of Gen. GAJES upon Monterey; and Ampudia promises to set out the next morning with the brigade under his command to retrieve the laurels lost at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, though he says he himself is not well, and the greater part of his men are recruits, without clothing and without artillery.

A letter from Monterey, dated the 28th of July, says that they expect Gen. Taylor there about the 15th of August; and although their small army was prepared to make a good defence, they expected a defeat unless the first brigade of the army, which left Mexico under the command of Garcia Conde, should arrive seasonably.

The general of division, Don Pedro Cortazar, had been appointed general-in-chief of the army of the north. This was subsequent to the overthrow of the late Government, but previous to the arrival of Santa Anna.

Paredes was a prisoner in the city of Mexico, but not in strict confinement, and had asked for his passports, which it is said would be given to him.

Quiet prevailed in the city of Mexico, but the papers do not seem to indicate much enthusiasm in favor of Santa Anna.—[Union.]

"Darn 'em!" said Jonathan at the battle of Bunker hill, "they're shooting bullets!" when one passed through the top of his hat.

A CONVERT TO PROTECTION.

Cotton Factories.

The Fredericksburg, Virginia, Recorder says:

"It will be seen by Mr. Duff Green's advertisement, that his new Factory, at Falmouth, is now in operation. We chronicle this fact with the utmost pleasure, and we hope the worthy proprietor will reap the full harvest his enterprise deserves. This is the third Cotton Factory in our immediate vicinity; and all, we believe, are in successful operation.—Success to them all. Our merchants and planters ought to make it a matter of conscience to patronize them to the extent of their power."

In copying this paragraph the Richmond Inquirer makes the following comment:—

"This is the true spirit, and should be thoroughly carried out. * * * We see a great many persons in the South, who were formerly Free Traders and went to the verge of 'nullification,' now the most ardent Tariffites, because of their idolatry for Mr. Clay. Encourage the establishments at your own doors. That is the true protective policy for the South."

Yes, says the New York Courier and Enquirer, and for the North, and for the West, and for every section of the Union, —and for the whole country! "Encourage the establishments at your own doors!" Build up the factories upon the streams and water-courses that run through your villages. Wherever there is water power, establish a Factory; encourage it, by trading with it. Buy its fabrics and sell to it your labor, your provisions and whatever you raise that you cannot consume. No matter if its cloths are at first a little dearer than from other mills, you can pay for them much easier, because you can pay in your own produce, instead of money. You can send them your corn, potatoes, garden vegetables, &c. &c. in payment for their manufactures, and so in the end you will be the gainer, even if you pay somewhat more for the goods. And in the course of a few years, after experience shall have increased their skill, and your patronage increased their resources, they will be able to make the goods as cheap as it can be done elsewhere. Let every one, then, encourage the establishments at their own door. The advice comes from the Richmond Enquirer, but it is sound and judicious.

And precisely the same advice is good for the whole country. Let the AMERICAN PEOPLE everywhere "encourage the establishments at their own door." Let them buy of those who live nearest, and to whom they can sell their surplus produce. Instead of going to England for goods, go to the factory nearest your own door. And let the Government protect and build up such factories, instead of abandoning them to the rivalry of foreign capitalists. We rejoice to notice facts like that which elicited this advice from the Enquirer. The South is very generally turning its attention to manufacturing. It has abundant water power,—cheap labor and the raw material close at hand; and there is no reason why manufactures should not reach the same high point of prosperity and success there, which they have attained in other sections of the Union. We hope to see the day when Factories and Forges and Mills of every description shall be profusely scattered over the South—employing its labor, developing its resources, extending its commerce and promoting its general prosperity and advancement. We look to such a consummation with high hope, not merely for the South itself, but for the whole country, and above all for the preservation of the Union, upon which depend all our prospective greatness and glory. Let the South once feel the full effect of extensive Manufacturing Establishments,—let the system take root there, as it has done at the North and East, and we shall soon see a different tone of public feeling upon many of the great questions which agitate and threaten the welfare of the country.

Instead of regarding a PROTECTIVE TARIFF as the enemy of her prosperity,—as a hostile encouragement of FREE, to the depression of SLAVE LABOR,—she will then regard it as the great defence of American labor of all kinds against the ruinous rivalry of foreign labor. Instead of having and cherishing sectional interests, she will then have interests more in common with those of the entire Union, and will thus escape from the prejudices and narrow maxims which her fanatical leaders have instilled into so large a body of the people. We are heartily glad to find manufacturing establishments so generally encouraged; and especially to find papers of BOTH PARTIES unite in their defence and support. The result cannot but be highly beneficial.

MANNERS.

"I've always taught my children to say 'yes sir, and no sir,'" remarked Mr. Fulger. "There's nothing like manners in children. Here Tommy," he continued, "would you like to go and live with this gentleman?"

"No."

"No what?"

"No, sir!"