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## THE BLIND GIRL'S LAMENT.

It is not that I cannot see  
The birds and flowers of spring,  
'Tis not that beauty seems to me,  
A dreamy unknown thing:  
It is not that I cannot mark  
The blue and sparkling sky,  
Nor ocean's foam, nor mountain's peak,  
That e'er I weep or sigh.

They tell me that the birds, whose notes  
Fall rich and sweet and full—  
That those I listen to and love,  
Are not all beautiful!  
They tell me that the gayest flowers  
Which sunshine ever brings,  
Are not the ones I know so well,  
But strange and scentless things!

My little brother leads me forth  
To where the violets grow;  
His gentle, and yet careful step,  
And my hand I know,  
My mother's voice is soft and sweet,  
Like music on my ear;  
The very atmosphere seems love,  
When these to me are near.

My father twines his arms around,  
And draws me to his breast,  
To kiss the poor, blind helpless girl  
He says he loves the best.  
'Tis then I ponder, all unknown,  
It may be—weep or sigh,  
And think how glorious it must be  
To meet affection's EYE!

[From the St. Louis Reveille.

## THRILLING DESCRIPTION

Of Sergeant Milton's share in May's  
Charge at Resaca de la Palma.

We listened with the deepest interest,  
on Saturday last, to Sergeant Milton's  
description of Capt. May's charge upon  
the Mexican battery, and his own share  
in that glorious struggle. Each man en-  
gaged in it was a hero, and perhaps none  
of those who survived passed through a  
greater share of peril than the brave vet-  
eran in question. His modest, unassuming  
manner, and plain relation of facts,  
stamp them with the seal of truth, and  
the wounds on his person bear ample testi-  
mony to every word he utters.

"At Palo Alto," says he, "I took my  
rank in the troop as second Sergeant,  
and while upon the field my horse was  
wounded in the jaw by a grape shot,  
which disabled him for service. While  
he was plunging in agony I dismounted,  
and the quick eye of Capt. May observed  
me as I alighted from my horse. He  
inquired if I was hurt. I answered not  
—that my horse was the sufferer. "I  
am glad it is not yourself," replied he;  
"there is another," (pointing at the same  
time to a steed without a rider; which  
was standing with dilated eye gazing at  
the strife,) "mount him." I approached  
the horse, and he stood still until I put  
my hand upon the rein and patted his  
neck, when he rubbed his head alongside  
of me as if pleased that some human be-  
ing was about to become his companion  
in the fray. He was a noble bay, which  
had, with a number of others, been pur-  
chased for the troop at St. Louis. I be-  
strode him, and we passed through the  
first day unharmed.

"On the second day, at Resaca de la  
Palma, our troop stood anxiously waiting  
for the signal to be given; and never had  
I looked upon men upon whose counten-  
ances were more clearly expressed a de-  
termination to win. The lips of some  
were pale with excitement, and their eyes  
were that fixed expression which beto-  
kens mischief; others with shut teeth  
would quietly laugh and catch a tighter  
grip of the rein, or seat themselves, with  
care and firmness in the saddle, while  
quiet words of confidence and encourage-  
ment were passed from each to his neigh-  
bor. All at once Capt. May rode to the  
front of his troop—every rein and sabre  
was tightly grasped. Raising himself  
and pointing at the battery, he shouted,  
"Men, follow!" There was now a  
clattering of hoofs and a rattling of sabre  
sheaths—the fire of the enemy's guns  
was partly drawn by Lieut. Ridgely, and  
the next moment we were sweeping like  
the wind up the ravine. I was in a squad  
of about nine men, who were separated by  
a shower of grape from the battery,  
and we were in advance, May leading.—  
He turned his horse opposite the breast-  
work, in front of the guns, and with an-  
other shout to "follow," leaped over them.  
Several of the horses did follow, but  
mine being new and not well trained, re-  
fused; two others balked, and their riders  
started down the ravine to turn the breast-  
work where the rest of the troops had  
entered. I made another attempt to clear  
the guns with my horse; turning him  
around—feeling all the time secure at  
thinking the guns discharged—I put his  
head towards them and gave him spur,  
but he again balked; so turning his head  
down the ravine, I too started to ride  
round the breastwork.

"As I came down a lanceer dashed at

me with lance in rest. With my sabre I  
parried his thrust only receiving a slight  
flesh wound from its point in the arm,  
which felt at the time like the prick of a  
pin. The lanceer turned and fled; at that  
moment a ball passed through my horse  
on the left side and shattered my right  
thigh. The shot killed the horse instan-  
tly, and he fell upon my left leg, fasten-  
ing me by his weight to the earth.—  
There I lay right in the midst of the ac-  
tion, where carnage was riding riot, and  
every moment the shot, both from our own  
and the Mexican guns, tearing up the earth  
around me. I tried to raise my horse so  
as to extricate my leg, but I had already  
grown so weak with my wound that I  
was unable, and, from the mere attempt, I  
fell back exhausted. To add to my hor-  
ror a horse, who was careering about  
ridiculous, within a few yards of me reciv-  
ing a wound, and he commenced strug-  
gling and rearing with pain. Two or  
three times he came near falling on me,  
but at length, with a scream of agony and  
a bound, he fell dead—his body touched  
my own fallen steed. What I had been  
in momentary dread of, from the hot fir-  
ing in my neighborhood, now occurred—  
my wounded limb which was lying ac-  
ross the horse, received another ball in  
the ankle.

"I now felt disposed to give up, and,  
exhausted through pain and excitement  
a film gathered over my eyes, which I  
thought was the precursor of dissolution.  
From this hopeless state I was aroused  
by a wounded Mexican, calling out to me,  
'Bueno Amicano' and turning my eyes  
towards the spot, I saw that he was hold-  
ing a certificate and calling to me." The  
tide of action now rolled away from  
me, and hope again sprung up. The  
Mexican uniforms began to disappear  
from the chapparal, and squadrons of our  
troops passed in sight, apparently in pur-  
suit. While I was thus nursing the pros-  
pect of escape, I beheld not far from me  
a villainous looking Ranchoero armed with  
an American sergeant's short sword,  
despatching a wounded American soldier,  
whose body he robbed—the next he came  
to was a Mexican, whom he served the  
same way, and thus I looked on while he  
murderously slew four. I drew an un-  
discharged pistol from my holsters, and,  
laying myself along my horse's neck,  
watched him, expecting to be the next  
victim; but something frightened him  
from his vulture-like business, and he fled  
in another direction. I need not say that  
had he visited me, I should have taken one  
more shot at the enemy, and would have  
died content had I succeeded, in making  
such an assassin bite the dust. Two  
hours after, I had the pleasure of shaking  
some of comrades by the hand, who were  
picking up the wounded. They lifted my  
Mexican friend, too, and I am pleased to  
say he, as well as myself, live to fight  
over again the sanguine fray of RESACA  
DE LA PALMA."

"Sergeant Milton exhibited to us the  
certificate which the Mexican soldier af-  
terwards presented to him. It is from the  
Treasurer of Coahuila, certifying that  
he belonged to the regular cavalry of the  
8th regiment and was named Carlos Sil-  
va. It is dated Saltillo 13th of April,  
1846.

## MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

There appears to be no doubt that the  
Government has, within a few weeks, or-  
dered an expedition from the Rio Grande,  
under General PATTERSON, to move down  
the coast, and, in co-operation with a part  
of the naval force blockading Vera Cruz,  
to take possession of the town of Tampico.  
This place is about two hundred  
and eighty miles south of Matamoros,  
and nearly the same distance, north, from  
Vera Cruz. West of Tampico, about  
one hundred and forty miles in the in-  
terior, and near the head of the river Panu-  
co, (at the mouth of which Tampico is  
situated,) lies the city of San Luis Potosi,  
an important point on General TAYLOR'S  
line of march to the city of Mexi-  
co. It is therefore highly probable that  
the force, or a great part of it, under  
General PATTERSON, after capturing Tampico,  
(where they will probably meet with no  
serious resistance,) will advance inland  
and form a junction with General TAYLOR  
at San Luis. If this be the plan of the  
Government, it will be a fortunate one;  
for now that the feuds and distractions of  
Mexico have been reconciled, and its  
whole people united, by the return of  
SANTA ANNA, whose restoration our Gov-  
ernment unfortunately aided or connived  
at, General TAYLOR will have need, we  
fear, of all the reinforcements at the com-  
mand of the Government, to enable him  
to triumph over the impediments of so  
long a march through a difficult and hos-  
tile country. What energy, courage and  
prudence can do, we know that General  
TAYLOR and his brave, and now severely  
tried army, will effect; and to these we  
trust to carry him victoriously through  
the arduous and perilous task before him.  
Compelled as we are to condemn the war  
itself as unnecessary, and its originators  
as answerable for all the blood that has  
been shed, the hearts that have been be-  
reaved and broken, and the treasure that  
has been wasted by it, we trust that our  
arms may every where triumph, that vic-

tory may perch upon our standards to the  
end, and then that the cost and sacrifices  
may be counted up, and our rulers called  
to a severe reckoning. Victory cannot  
repair the evils of war, but it is the only  
consolation left us for the sad consequen-  
ces, public and domestic, which war brings  
in its train.—[Nat. Int.

## THE WAR—ITS CHARACTER, PLANS AND PROGRESS.

FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA INQUIRER.

The Government has certainly com-  
mitted two awkward blunders since the  
commencement of the war with Mexico.  
It will be remembered that soon after the  
difficulty occurred, Gen. Gaines called  
out a large body of troops, under a  
belief that a powerful demonstration was  
immediately necessary, and a conviction  
that such a policy, if promptly pursued,  
and with the utmost vigor, would lead  
to the speedy termination of the war. He  
was denounced for this course by the  
Government; his men were, many of  
them, summarily dismissed, and others  
stopped in their progress to the seat of  
war, while the General himself was court  
martialled, tried and very properly ac-  
quitted. In brief, his views were regarded  
as altogether erroneous under the circum-  
stances. And yet judging from present  
appearances, the men who were dismiss-  
ed are now greatly needed as reinforce-  
ments to Gen. Taylor, and orders, it is  
probable, have ere this been issued for  
more troops.

The other blunder was the admission  
into Vera Cruz of Santa Anna and Al-  
monte. These distinguished Mexicans  
were, at the last accounts, making a power-  
ful effort to re-animate the Republic, and  
to raise a new army of 30,000 men to  
march against the United States forces in  
Mexico. Indeed, before the entrance of  
Santa Anna, the Mexicans themselves  
were divided into factions, and evidently  
tumbling to pieces. But, since his re-  
turn, Yucatan has renewed her allegiance  
and Santa Anna has become the head and  
front of the war party.

FROM THE NEW YORK EXPRESS.

The Courier des Etats Unis states  
that it has private letters from Havana,  
which show that Santa Anna brought with  
him, in the steamer Arab, to Vera Cruz,  
twenty Spanish officers of distinguished  
ability among the number Narciso Lopez,  
who has acted a distinguished part in the  
civil war of Old Spain. From other ac-  
counts we learn that these officers, under  
Santa Anna, are to have commands in the  
attempt to expel our columns of invasion.  
One of them, it is added, is a very able  
cavalry officer, who says that with a corps  
of 5,000 to oppose us, we can never  
reach the capital. Others are good arti-  
llers, who will hurl death upon us in  
the passes to Saltillo, and at Saltillo or  
San Luis Potosi.

What infatuation could have beset Mr.  
Polk that he should have let in upon us,  
by a free pass at Vera Cruz, these ele-  
ments of destruction? How many lives  
has he thus to answer for!

Fortunate is it however, that Santa  
Anna did not succeed in duping Mr.  
Polk out of the \$2,000,000 as well as in  
this matter. But for "Wilmot's proviso"  
we should have lost our money as well as  
our wits.

FROM THE NEW JERSEY FREDONIAN.

This most unnecessary and unjust war  
with Mexico, when is it to terminate?  
Where is it to lead us? At what point  
shall we stop? What are to be the con-  
sequences of it? These are all start-  
ling questions, that should be discussed  
and understood. It is certain that it is  
to be a more serious affair than was at  
first counted upon—if, indeed, there were any  
calculations on the subject. It will roll  
up a mighty national debt. It will beget  
—it has begetten already—a most un-  
friendly and unchristian national temper.  
It is a war of conquest—a war of aggran-  
dizement—a war of plunder—a war of  
power and bravado against weakness and  
imbecility. It is also a war of assump-  
tions and usurpations of the most alarm-  
ing character. One territory after another  
is overrun; our Generals become their  
Governors; and the whole are, with a  
flourish of a pen, declared to be annexed  
to the permanent possessions of the  
United States! No act of Congress is  
sought for authority; no constitutional  
provision is cited to sustain it, but by  
mere will and order of the President or  
Commander-in-chief of the United States  
all these fearful strides are made to an  
entire revolution in the physical, politi-  
cal, and moral condition of the country!  
Can such things pass over us almost  
without a comment—without any spe-  
cial wonder—with no popular movement  
to indicate the extreme danger to which  
we are verging? And is this the progres-  
sive Democracy of the day? Is it for  
this that our fathers toiled and bled?

Would the patriots that achieved our free-  
dom and independence, and those still  
more devoted ones that fought to cement  
secure them under the solemn covenants  
and guaranties of a constitutional com-  
pact, have settled down thus supinely  
and submissively under the overshadowing  
and crushing power of Executive dicta-  
tion and usurpation? Would they have

looked on in sullen apathy, or with cow-  
ardly fear, and permitted one after another  
of the pillars of their fair fabric to be  
broken down, without one effort to ar-  
rest the destruction and avert the desola-  
tion? Where are we? What are we?

FROM THE CINCINNATI CHRONICLE.

THE WAR AND THE ARMISTICE.—  
There are certain facts connected with  
the movements of the Government and  
the army of which we must remind our  
readers, in order to keep them advised of  
the true state of things.

It is now notorious that till within two  
or three weeks Mr. Polk's administration  
lived in constant hopes of making a treaty  
with Santa Anna, whose supremacy in  
Mexico was considered certain. For this  
purpose a regular intrigue was carried  
on with that chieftain. Messengers  
passed to and fro between the Napoleon  
of Mexico and the President of the U-  
nited States. At a time when the two  
nations were at swords' points, the Mexi-  
can chief, Santa Anna, was allowed to  
pass quietly, peaceably, and lovingly  
through the American fleet, and land in  
Mexico, to take command of her forces!  
While this intrigue was going on, Gen.  
Taylor was beyond doubt advised by the  
Government of what the President ex-  
pected, and he was, of course, not at all  
hurried in his movements.

In the mean while, about three weeks  
since, the President became fully aware  
that his intrigue with Santa Anna had  
failed of the expected results. He ac-  
cordingly started up, in great surprise—  
an internal exclamation, "Perfidious Mexi-  
cans! War! War!" The result of this  
determination of Mr. Polk and his  
advisers was orders to Gen. Taylor to  
hasten his operations, and march boldly  
forward.

But about the time this change was  
made at Washington the army had reach-  
ed Monterey, and the bloody battle there  
was fought and won. The commander,  
Gen. Taylor, knew nothing of this  
change, and of course thought that the  
armistice he had made was the best step  
towards peace. While his messenger is  
carrying the news of the battle of Mon-  
terey to Washington, the President's mes-  
senger is carrying him fresh orders to ad-  
vance into Mexico, and hasten active op-  
erations. These messengers probably  
crossed one another.

In the mean while the Union contin-  
ues to say that the war is to be carried on  
more actively, and the advance into Mexi-  
co continued. If this be the case, the  
volunteers not yet called into service must  
be ordered to Mexico, and a very much  
larger supply of subsistence provided.

As to the Armistice, its terms cannot be  
violated with honor. The words are, no  
advance shall be made within "eight  
weeks or until the orders or instructions"  
of the respective Governments are re-  
ceived. Now, this does not refer to the  
orders then on the way to Taylor, but  
to those he should receive from the Presi-  
dent after the latter had received his des-  
patches. Five or six weeks must there-  
fore elapse, after the battle of Monterey,  
before any advance could be made by the  
army.

This is the present state of things.

In order to give the reader a clear idea  
of the chief danger to the American army,  
and the main obstruction in the way of  
their march to Mexico by their present  
route, we copy the following extract  
from the Cincinnati Daily Chronicle,  
whose editor (Mr. Mansfield) was for-  
merly, if we mistake not, an officer of the  
United States army:

"We assume that Gen. Taylor is at  
Monterey. If there has been a battle we  
have no doubt he has been victorious.—  
We have none of the doubts which ap-  
pear to be felt in some quarters about the  
difficulties of the army. The army is  
able to take care of itself, so far as  
battles are concerned. That is not  
the difficulty. The difficulty is the  
length of the line of operations, and every  
step into that difficulty. The reader  
who has never thought of military matters  
will easily perceive the truth of these  
facts:

"1. An army must be supplied with  
provisions from its rear. In the present  
instance there is no prospect of getting  
provisions from the Mexicans. The  
country through which Gen. Taylor is to  
move is thinly populated and poor. The  
supplies of the army must be derived  
from New Orleans. The line of supply  
is, therefore an immense one.

"2. A train of baggage wagons may  
be cut off by a very small party of men.  
A Guerilla warfare adopted by the Mexi-  
cans would be the most effectual one.

"3. It follows from this that Gen. T. cannot  
safely leave any part of his line of  
supply beyond the Rio Grande un-  
covered. It is not a case in which a Spartan  
band are simply to cut their way through  
an enemy's line. It is a case in which  
a large part of the army must be contin-  
ually engaged in getting supplies and de-  
fending them. Every post and every  
town Gen. Taylor conquers, then, must  
be defended by troops left behind. At  
every step he advances, then, his army is  
diminished and the difficulties of supplies  
increased.

"With this general view of the case, let  
us see what sort of a journey, in distance  
and country, lies before Gen. Taylor.

From Saltillo, south, to Mexico, there  
is a road, but it is the only continuous  
road passing in that direction. The dis-  
tances on that road are as follows:

Monterey to Saltillo	95 miles.
Saltillo to Trenzillo	181 do
Trenzillo to Aguazacientes	124 do
Aguazacientes to Lazos	55 do
Lazos to Villa de Leon	24 do
Villa de Leon to Guanajuato	42 do
Guanajuato to Salamanca	25 do
Salamanca to Juan del Rio	83 do
Juan del Rio to Tula	45 do
Tula to Mexico	50 do
Monterey to Mexico	724 do

"If nothing but distance were in the  
way, that alone presents almost an im-  
possibility to the army; but there are other  
great difficulties in the way, which it  
is hard to overcome with an army which  
left Camargo with only thirty days' sup-  
ply of provisions.

"In the first place from Monterey to  
Saltillo is a very difficult road, filled with  
defiles. We will suppose that has been  
overcome. Then commences the greatest  
difficulty. The next step is one hun-  
dred and eighty miles through a country  
which is described as an *arid plain*, al-  
most without water, and equally without  
inhabitants. On this point we may add  
what seems not to be entirely understood,  
that nine-tenths of the Mexican people are  
south of San Luis de Potosi and Trenzillo.  
This being the case, very little, we  
may say nothing, is gained by our con-  
quest short of the city of Guanajuato."

## FROM TEXAS.

(From the New Orleans Picayune of Oc-  
tober 14.)

The Steamship Neptune arrived yester-  
day evening from Galveston. We  
need not say that very general joy was  
diffused throughout the city upon learn-  
ing of the safety of a ship which most  
nautical men had given up as lost. For  
the critical situation in which the Neptune  
was placed, and her escape from peril,  
we refer to the report of the captain.

From the Galveston News, extra, of  
the 10th instant, we learn that the schoo-  
ner BLANCHE E. SAYRE arrived there the  
evening previous, from Brasos Island, hav-  
ing left there on the 7th instant—two  
days after the McKim. By this schoo-  
ner the Galveston papers have second-  
hand accounts of the battle of Monterey,  
but they are by no means so full as those  
we have published, nor from so good  
sources of information.

From Texas there is but little intelli-  
gence. We read in the "News" of the  
9th instant as follows:

"The editor of the Texas Democrat  
says that Gen. Wool's advance division,  
under Col. Harney, would leave San An-  
tonio on the 27th September. The route  
will be by the Presidio, from which place  
the passes of the mountains are distant  
not more than forty miles, which can be  
defended by a few resolute men against  
great odds. The editor of the Democrat  
says many suppose resistance will be  
made, but he does not know where the  
Mexicans can raise troops to give battle  
any where on the route to Chihuahua.—  
He, however, admits that it is problemat-  
ical whether the necessary provisions and  
forage can be procured after crossing the  
Rio Grande. The editor is himself at  
San Antonio, and says that there are ac-  
tually many complaints of irregularities  
in giving and executing orders." &c.

Such are the reports of the Texas pa-  
pers. We received no papers from the  
Neptune.

A grand barbecue was given to Senator  
HOUTSON, at Huntsville, Texas, on the  
26th ultimo, at which the General spoke  
for an hour and a half.

## DROPPING THE PIGEON.

An elderly gentleman who resides in  
Ohio and was just returning from a visit  
to Iowa, was "done" out of \$260 on  
Monday morning by two scamps, who  
"dropped the pigeon" on him. The  
mode of operation is so familiar to all  
newspaper readers that it is scarcely worth  
while to repeat it minutely. The gentle-  
man was a passenger on the Ohio Mail,  
which boat landed at Portland, and re-  
mained a short time, previous to coming  
through the canal. He was there ad-  
dressed by a gentleman of quite insinua-  
ting manners, who invited him in order  
to while away the time, to visit a remark-  
able Sulphur Spring, which he represent-  
ed as being but a few hundred yards dis-  
tant. On the way they met a drunken  
man with a pack of cards, and the two  
by their adroit management, obtained the  
loan of the old gentleman's purse, con-  
taining \$260—and then as soon as possi-  
ble gave him the slip. This trick has  
been exposed in the newspapers a thou-  
sand and one times, yet, strange to say,  
we almost daily hear of its being played  
off successfully on "green ones"—folks  
who don't take the papers, of course!—  
[Louisville Courier.

## Pleasures of Soldiering.

Major Forsyth, the editor of the Col-  
umbus, Georgia, Times, has written sev-  
eral letters which rank high for graphic  
power and spirited details. From a recent  
letter the Richmond Enquirer extracts a  
few passages, showing how rich a field  
Mexico presents for a lover of Entomol-  
ogy and Natural History:—

This country is distinguished, above  
all other particulars, by its myriads of  
crawling, flying, stinging and biting  
things. Every thing you touch has a  
spider on it. We are killing them all  
day in our tents. We never dare draw  
on a boot or put on a hat or a garment  
without a close search for some poisonous  
reptile or insect crouching in their folds  
or corners. It is wonderful that we are  
not stung twenty times a day. Yesterday  
morning, while standing up at breakfast,  
(we never sit at meals for the want where-  
with to make a seat.) I felt some strange  
thing crawling up my leg about the knee.  
It did not take me long to seize it with my  
hand and to disrobe. Looking into the  
leg of my offdrower, I beheld a villainous  
looking creature of black and yellow,  
with a long bony tail. I called my mess  
to look at it, when Dr. Hoxey, who had  
been before in this reptile country, pro-  
nounced it a Mexican scorpion, and told  
me for my comfort that it was as poison-  
ous as a rattlesnake. His sting was out,  
and no doubt when I clenched him in my  
hand he stuck out at my clothes, instead  
of my flesh. Thinks I to myself there's  
an escape. Besides these we have spi-  
ders, centipedes, hordes of flies, and eve-  
rything else that crawls, flies, bites,  
and makes a noise. A gang of locusts have  
decided themselves in our camp, and  
kept up a sleepless clatter all night. To  
this is joined the music of frogs, and the  
barking of prairie dogs. A few nights  
since a panther came smelling up to the  
lines of our sentries. All these small  
nuisances are universally pronounced in  
camp as death to one's patriotic emotions,  
and a right hard fight with the enemy,  
to be followed by a radiance of this pestilent  
country, would be hailed by the whole  
regiment as a consummation of joy & much  
happiness. But here we are to stay fight-  
ing her insects and vermin, with no pros-  
pect of finding their masters, (our  
enemy,) for whose special use and appro-  
priate comfort they seem to have been  
formed by nature. Some few of our of-  
ficers profess to be enamored of this  
country. The air here, near the sea-coast,  
is certainly fine, and one is at a loss to  
account for the sickness; but, aside from  
that, I would willingly forego the posses-  
sion of all the rich acres I have been to  
get back from this land of half-bred buga.

## LIEUT. COL. M'CLUNG, OF MISSISSIPPI.

This gentleman, who was severely  
wounded in the attack on Monterey, it  
will be seen, has died of his wounds.—  
We take him to be Alexander McClung,  
of Jackson, Mississippi, who was Mar-  
shal of the Eastern district, having re-  
ceived his appointment from Gen. Harri-  
son. If so, he was a nephew of the late  
Chief Justice Marshall, and fell heir to a  
large portion of the talent which has ren-  
dered that family one of the most remark-  
able we ever knew. He was a lawyer of  
full practice, and was widely known for  
his undaunted courage and open disposi-  
tion.

We learn from an officer in the army  
that those officers who fell at Monterey  
were among the very flower of the ser-  
vice. Highly as we estimate the valor  
of these undaunted heroes, (for heroes  
they certainly were,) we cannot but de-  
plore the evil councils which precipitated  
us into a war in which so much valuable  
blood has been shed. No success, how-  
ever brilliant, can ever compensate the  
country for the loss she has sustained in  
their persons. We consider the lives of  
such men as Ringgold, Brown, Watson,  
McClung, and Barbour as of more value  
than all the spoils it is possible to obtain  
by the acquisition of every province in  
Mexico, with their rude, half civilized,  
half Indian population.—[Richm. Whig.

## FIRING OFF THE MAMMOTH MORTAR CANNON.

The great gun lately cast at Alger's  
foundry was fired a few times at South  
Boston Point yesterday afternoon. Shells  
12 inches in diameter, and 180 pounds  
in weight, were thrown various distances,  
according to the charge, elevation, and  
length of fuse used. With a charge of  
20 pounds of powder, 20 seconds fuse,  
at an elevation of 22 degrees, a shell was  
thrown 2½ miles, and buried deep in the  
earth at Squantum. A rocket shot was  
tried with a 10 seconds fuse, 20 pounds  
of powder charge, and 7 pounds in the  
shell. It dashed through and over the  
water at an awful rate, and exploded at a  
distance of about two miles in the water,  
throwing the fragments several hundred  
yards in every direction. The regular  
service charge is 25 pounds, which at a  
due elevation, will project the shell some-  
thing between three and a half and four  
miles. The firing was under the direction  
of Colonel Bomford, the inventor of this  
formidable species of ordnance, inter-  
fered for harbor defence.—[Boston Post.