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Wedding Song.

The maid with her little hand
To-day is made a bride,
A wreath of snowy roses
Around her brow is tied.

There are roses on her path,
And on her cheeks are more,
And her tiny foot is pressing
Red leaves that strew the shore.

Our bark is full of flowers,
But we have left a place
For the maiden and the bridegroom;
They take but little space.

Her bodice is all decked
With gold and pearls so rare,
And silver pins are shining
Amidst the glossy hair.

The happy hours flee fast
Of youth's delicious spring,
It leaves the tender nightingale
But little time to sing.

There are clouds that come so quickly
Over summer's tranquil sky;
You must take the blissful moments,
Nor give them time to fly.

Our bark has waited long,
The blue waves beat the strand,
Let us sing the bridal carol
For the maid with the little hand.

Foreign Correspondence of the U. S. Gazette.
DOWN PATRICK, DOWN COUNTY,
Ireland, Sept. 23, 1846.

Wreck of the Great Britain— No Lives Lost.

FRIEND CHANDLER—I am, greatly to my surprise, called to address you again from IRELAND. The recent good passages of the Great Britain, with other considerations, induced me to procure a berth in her for the 22d September. I did it, I confess, with some misgivings which the representations of intelligent persons finally removed. Reaching Liverpool on the 21st, and seeing this huge monster of the deep for the first time, I felt no particular apprehension but that she would move in safety over the Atlantic. I still think from the vast strength she exhibited on the beach, and the rapidity of her course to the scene of her misfortune, that properly managed, she was one of the safest vessels that ever crossed the sea, and most eligible for speed. This had begun to be a general impression, so that in leaving the docks of Liverpool, we enrolled one hundred and eighty-four passengers, the largest number ever enrolled in a steam vessel to cross the ocean.

The ship's crew and all its attendants amounted to one hundred and thirty more, making in all, more than three hundred human beings. At least one hundred of the passengers were females, including fifty little OPERA GIRLS, singers, &c., danes, with their mistresses and five female attendants. Some of these little girls, dragged from their parents and country to England, for a show were unwilling to embark, and one or two were actually dragged screaming on board by the female monsters who were to make gain by their sores in New York, I said, as I saw them from 8 to 12 years of age hurried on board, "IT IS AN ABOMINATION" of cruelty and so I say still. Two of these little ones were actually left on the wharf as they came too late to embark.

Among our passengers were the Rev. Dr. Cox of New York, Rev. Messrs. Wheelock and Church of the Baptist denomination, Rev. Mr. Osgood, a Baptist Missionary returning sick with his wife and children, from a long service in Burma; Rev. Mr. Reed of Connecticut, and two or three other clergymen. Mr. King, Minister to London, was also with us on our return home.

Of Philadelphians, were Mr. Raison and five ladies under his care; Mr. and Mrs. Lardner; Mr. Fallon and two ladies; Mr. Samuel Ashmead and some others besides your correspondent. We were delighted with our company and ourselves; we had some of us been long from home and our taste for travel exhausted longed for home, and were pleased with the prospect of being soon there.

We cast off from Liverpool in presence of thousands whom the renown of our vessel had collected to see her move in her element. The skies were bright above and the wind south east, fresh but not strong as it had been from the same quarter for a week. With this wind and the improvement of the propeller, we made most rapid progress. The ship moved among the huge waves almost as quietly as the steamers on our Delaware in a calm. Not a person was sea sick or seemed likely to be, and we thought we had at last solved the great problem, how the Atlantic could be crossed with home comforts. The immense length, 320 feet of our vessel, with a corresponding width, and the clearness of her deck and the spaciousness of her cabin, divested us of the fallacy that we were "shut up at sea." We started at 4 o'clock and dined at 7

o'clock. By this time I had learned, and learned it with some misgivings, that our captain had taken the "northern channel" or North about Ireland. I knew this channel was the most critical, and both from the rapidity of our movements, 12 miles an hour, and the peculiarity of the night, that some risk was being run.— There was no moon, and the sky had become overcast and heavy, some rain had begun to fall and the wind had risen to a steady wholesome breeze right over our stern. It was a gloomy, but up to the hour of our disaster, not what I should call a tempestuous night, and for the Equinoctial storm, was not by any means uncommon, except for its mildness. We had passed the Isle of Man, as it was pointed out by the steersman.

I retired to rest at 9 o'clock and had fallen into a sweet sleep, when I was suddenly awakened by an unusual grating astern followed by a tremendous crash, which I knew had destroyed the action of the propeller. This blow was received in passing between two rocks, called the "Cow and Calf," not far from the shore. It unshipped our rudder and the propeller was so hurt by it and broken, that it could no longer revolve. In a moment more we felt ourselves on the bottom again, grinding and cracking, until the immense vessel of 3,500 tons burthen was suddenly struck with a shock which it seemed would crush any human fabric.

As she struck, the sea broke over her, tearing off our boats, and driving the water through every accessible place. At the first touch of the rock I rose and attempted in profound darkness to dress, and in a short time succeeded sufficiently to go out of my state room in the cabin, where I found a mass collected, with horror in every countenance. A succession of shock after shock roused all, and screams began to issue from the Ladies rooms. The wind now rose to a tempest. It was deep darkness without. The rain began to pour down in torrents. There was one bright long continued gleam of lightning which showed before and around us the white breakers, and on each side large and appalling rocks. The lightning was followed by loud thunder, which heard at such a time was most fearful.— The Captain sent up rockets from the deck, and fired heavy signal guns, all of which tended to deepen the common alarm. Sometimes we had a few moments of comparative quiet, and then came shock after shock, as the waves dashed against and lifted us to fall heavily on the ground.

At each of these shocks which occurred at frequent intervals, it seemed as if our last hour had come, and the only partition between us and the waves about to be annihilated. Our ignorance and the ignorance of the captain, as to where we were and what we were to meet next, and our entire inability to stay on deck, to make any provisions for safety, deepened the horror of our situation. For 7 hours we remained in this condition and you may well imagine they were long, fearful hours, that will be remembered while life lasts. We waited, O how impatiently for the day, and yet feared that day would dawn only to show that escape was an impossibility.

The Captain at an early period came into the cabin, and told the collected passengers that he was certain that the ship was on a sand bank and not on the rocks, and that he thought all would be saved by boats in the morning. But as he had run his vessel ashore so mysteriously, and confessed he did not know where we were, and was moreover endeavoring to inspire quiet by giving assurance of safety—the passengers had but little confidence in his words, while the howling wind was sweeping over the deck, and the waves thrashing the vessel with a power that made the whole mass quiver, as if every part was breaking asunder.

On the whole the passengers behaved well. When it was thought that death was certain and one and all about to be hurried to Eternity, I deemed it my duty, while I felt of course, the awful solemnity of my own situation, to say a few words publicly to attempt to benefit any that might be unprepared to die. The Rev. Dr. Cox followed with an exhortation and prayer. One Clergyman read a Psalm, and another still gave a word of encouragement. I believe there never was a more sincerely praying circle, or a time and place, when and where man more earnestly sought strength from God.

The scene was sublime. It was the hour of human passivity and weakness, for till morning nothing could be done as the Captain confessed. What could live in the mad waves of such a tempest, amid such breakers as thundered against the vessel. "We cried unto the Lord and he heard us and delivered us out of distress." Towards the morning the wind shifted, and after blowing for a time violently from the Northwest, lulled. There was a gradual subsidence of the crowd into a silent but anxious awaiting their destiny, and some even slept. When a large wave thundered against the vessel, there was a sigh deep and almost universal, as each regarded it as indicative of a final breaking of the vessel.

As the day dawned, and the tide receded, and the wind fell, a Pilot boat came to us, and you can imagine that there was

music in a human voice outside our vessel. It showed the possibility of safety, and inspired general confidence.

The pilot boat got along the leeward side, and a man came on board. From him the captain first learned that his vessel was grounded near St. John's Point, Dundrum Bay, 30 miles S. E. of Belfast, thirty miles from her proper course.— We had come between huge rocks, where the passage of such a ship seemed impossible, and struck within a cable's length of a projecting ledge of rocks protruding from the shore, the only sand beach in a neighborhood of ten miles each way, and the only place where death to most of the passengers and crew would have not been inevitable! At the rate of more than twelve miles an hour, in profound darkness, and under an equinoctial gale, we had coursed among rocks that no mariner would adventure by daylight and a gentle breeze. We had escaped man's rashness which had led us into peril, to be rescued by the overruling providence of God. Had we struck the rock two miles from shore, or had we struck four hundred yards higher or lower, we should have gone to the bottom. God guided our vessel to a gentle beach, and we were saved, and for this I trust we are truly grateful.

The final ebbing of the tide left the ship bolt upright, embedded in the sand, with the water so shallow that it could be waded to the shore. Boats were sent out, and the ladies all taken ashore by seven o'clock, and the gentlemen by half past eight. We had to wade a little distance as the boats could not be drawn to the dry beach and the ladies were carried on the backs of men. Then came our trunks, so that by five o'clock P. M. nearly everything belonging to the passengers was ashore.

The Irish peasantry at first behaved well, but when they began to come in crowds to get money, they became exorbitant, and even charged fifteen shillings in some cases for a single cart load of baggage for half a mile, from the ship to the depot, near the shore. Some things were lost from pilfering, but not much. I rode with my luggage six miles from our shipwreck to the village, the nearest Post town, in an Irish cart without springs, seated on the top of my luggage, while my Irish friend led his horse, and for this I paid \$1 50. There were ten of us, and the price was not extravagant. I have received here from ecclesiastical friends, genuine Irish hospitality, but two of my friends occupying one bed, were charged \$2.75. Poor human nature! How ready to make gain from the misfortunes of others. The Irish gentry and police did their duty nobly.

THE GREAT BRITAIN, I think, will never be got off. She went on at a high tide, and a hard wind, and a full steam, and is far up plumb upright on the beach; a most beautiful but sad spectacle, as she is all in sight but about five feet of her bottom. She cost \$550,000, and was insured for \$370,000.

We all pity our Captain and regard him as a ruined man. How he made a mistake of 30 miles in a fair sail with a good wind, of 120 miles from Liverpool, perhaps he can explain, but I fear not, I shall be glad to see him justified by any facts, for he is amiable, noble minded and scientific, but I fear not careful, and which would make me afraid to trust my life with him. There may have been a magnetic disturbance from the great quantity of Iron in the ship, to change the compass—there may have been confusion of the lights which with a little self-confidence could account for our misfortune, but I fear the world will say that the lives of 320 human beings have been put in eminent jeopardy and a vast amount of property sacrificed to the mad ambition of Capt. H. to make a quick passage and his want of care as a navigator. But I write the day after our misfortune and must wait for more facts.

Yours truly,

THOMAS BRAINARD.

Terrible Massacre.

The Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer of the 3d inst. publishes a letter from Fort Washita, stating that Col. A. M. Upshaw the Chickasaw Agent, recently sent two friendly Delaware Indians to the Wiche-taw village, to ascertain if some horses, that had been stolen, were not in possession of the tribe. When they arrived at the village, which is about 150 miles from Fort Washita, they found the corn growing, the skins and every thing belonging to the tribe in their usual places, but nothing that had life in it was visible; the Delawares, thinking it strange, repaired to the mud fort of the Wiche-taws, which had been destroyed, and around which the dead bodies of the Wiche-taws were found—having been killed by arrows. The ground showed where one party had drawn off their dead, and the Delawares saw at one that the Wiche-taws had been attacked by an over number of wild Indians, and nearly the whole tribe murdered. It was supposed that they had been attacked by the Camanches or Pawnee Mahas.

A fop is like a cinnamon tree—the bark is worth more than the body.

From the Vicksburg Whig. POLITICAL PORTRAITS.

Clay.
He speaks!—and viewless chains
Upon a Senate rest;
He ceases!—look upon the names
That gem a nation's breast.

Webster.
The calm unsounded deep
Is emblem of his mind;
But roused, his heavy billows sweep,
In grandeur unconfin'd.

Calhoun.
A loom of curious make
May weave a web of thought,
And he who reaps the shining warp,
May in the wool be caught.

J. Q. Adams.
Statesman and poet too!—
Philosopher in turn;
Link with the past!—a nation soon
Shall sorrow o'er his urn.

Crittenden.
Now with a giant's might
He heaves the ponderous thought—
Now pours the storm of eloquence
With scathing lightning fraught!

Berrien.
With temper calm and mild,
And words of softest tone,
He overturns his neighbor's cause
And justifies his own.

Corwin.
The polish'd shaft of wit
Is quivering in the light;
'Tis sped! upon its shining track,
And havoc marks his flight.

J. M. Clayton.
The lightning's glare may turn
The needle from the pole;
Who ever saw HIM swerve,
Or bow to low control.

Benton.
Judgment and tact combin'd,
A mine of knowledge vast;
A walking book-case—on its shelves
The archives of the past.

Cass.
With neat and rounded phrase
He tricks the shapeless thought,
Like hoops of power, it charms to-day,
To-morrow it is nought.

Allen.
Ye gods! defend my ears!
Base-drum around me throng!
Through empty galleries leap and roll
The notes of "Chinese Gong!"

Fearful Ravages of the Cholera in India.

The ravages of the cholera at Kurachee has been most disastrous. Between the 14th and 22d of June, about 8000 human beings were cut off, including 850 Europeans, of whom 815 were fighting men. Besides this, 595 Seers, and it is believed about 7000 native camp followers, and inhabitants of the town have died. The disease commenced its destructive course on Sunday the 14th, when the weather was unusually stagnant and oppressive. The Bombay Times says:

"Before midnight nine of the eighty-sixth were at rest; and men began to be borne into the hospital in such numbers that it was difficult to make arrangements for their reception. It was a fearful night. With morning came the tidings that the pestilence was overspreading the town, and fifty had in 24 hours fallen victims. The Eighty-sixth were the earliest, and continued to be severest sufferers. They and her Majesty's Sixtieth had, for six months, been in tents close to each other; the day after the disease appeared, they were marched out for change of air, and encamped by the sea shore near Clifton. The Rifles were next attacked; then the Fusiliers; the Artillery and Native Infantry began to suffer after this. For five fearful days did the destroyer lay his hand most heavily upon them; and in this time more than a thousand men were carried to their graves!—The pestilence now began to abate—it had done its worst, and seemed to withdraw; within less than a fortnight 900 Europeans, including 815 fighting men were carried away, 600 Native soldiers and 7000 of the camp followers and inhabitants of the town, had been hurried into eternity. The conduct of the Governor, (Sir Charles Napier,) is stated to have been beyond all praise; anxiety for the conferring an alacrity on limbs that the hand of time might have stiffened. Only two officers had died. So sudden was death with some, that they were seized, cramp collapsed, dead, almost as fast as we have written the words. Previous health & strength were no guarantee; men attending the burial of their comrades were attacked, borne to the hospital and buried themselves the next morning. Pits were dug in the church yard morning and evening, sewn up in their beddings, coffinless, they were laid side by side, one service read over all. Public works were suspended during the 15th and 16th.—Medicine seemed powerless; nothing that medical science could suggest took effect—they were, in fact, dealing with corpses. It was not until the third day that medicine assumed any sway; since it has done so, I should say two thirds of the cases have been saved.

ROUTE FROM MONTEREY TO MEXICO.

FROM THE ANNAPOLIS REPUBLICAN.

The expectations of men are often the offspring of their own wishes. When that is the case expectation is invariably extravagant, and almost sure to encounter disappointment. In forming our judgment of the feasibility, for instance, of an achievement, our wishes for its accomplishment should have no control over our reason; facts and circumstances, as they exist, constitute the basis of our decision. We have been induced to drop these hints, and insert the subjoined exhibit* of the route to the city of Mexico, by the almost unbounded expectation to which the glorious deeds of our gallant army have given rise, trusting that over-sanguine minds may be brought, by the information contained in the exhibit, to a calm consideration of the true state of things, and see and understand that TOO MUCH IS EXPECTED FROM THE ARMY.

It has been stated by the official organ of the Government, since the affair of Monterey, that the United States troops in Mexico amounted to about 20,000. To controvert or deny this statement, though we believe the number overrated, is no part of our purpose; but we will take the liberty of asking, Who knows how many of that number have been placed hors de combat by disease and casualty, and what are the positions of those able to perform duty? Every body is aware that various places have been converted into military posts, and many men necessarily subtracted from that number to defend those posts. By these causes the force operating offensively under the immediate command of Gen. TAYLOR has been reduced to some 6,000 men; yet, with these facts staring them as it were in the face, and an extremely difficult road (sprinkled with strongly-built and populous towns) to pass over, many people expect this chivalrous little force to penetrate nearly eight hundred miles further into the country, and plant the standard of the Union on the battlements of the city of Mexico! We repeat TOO MUCH IS EXPECTED FROM THE ARMY. To expect impossibilities from it will ensure the sacrifice of it.

From San Antonio de Bezar (Texas) to Mexico.

	Miles.	Population.
To Laredo, (on the Rio Grande)	200	1,500
Saltillo	225	12,000
Anguaneva	18	small,
Lo Encarnacion	30	do
Vaca	12	do
Buenaventura	12	do
St. Salvador	9	do
El Salado	12	do
Llana Blanca	12	do
Lomo Prieto	15	do
La Punta	12	do
Yanaguas	20	do
Mines of Catorce	12	do
Guadalupe, (a hacienda)	33	do
Charcas, (town & mines)	35	5,000
El Venado	18	small
Hedienda	12	do
Bocas	21	do
San Luis Potosi, (city)	36	50,000
Joal, (village)	48	small,
San Felipe, (town)	30	do
Guanaxuato, (city)	60	70,000
Irapuato, city	33	21,000
Salamanca, town	15	15,000
Zelaya, town	27	10,000
Queretaro, city	30	40,000
San Juan del Rio	30	small,
Arroyo Sarco, (hacienda)	26	do
Tula, (town)	25	small,
Huchuetoca, (village)	30	do
Mexico, (city & capital)	33	150,000
	1,141	

* Taken from a work entitled "Mexico and Texas in 1842," the copyright of which is secured to Charles J. Folsom, of New York.

Progress of the Good Cause.

Never before have the Whigs been cheered with more auspicious indications. From every quarter come the deep heavy tones of popular condemnation of Locofocoism, its men and measures. North Carolina has gloriously vindicated by a majority of thousands her steady adherence to sound Whig principles. Kentucky has more than maintained her eminent renown. In Indiana, the people have entrusted to the Whigs the substantial power of the State. New Hampshire, once the very bulwark of Locofocoism, has seen and renounced the political error of her ways. Maine has gloriously followed her example—thus, as in days of the Revolution, enabling New England to present an unbroken Whig front. Maryland too, emulous of her former fame, has broken her bonds, and a decisive victory has crowned the effort of her Whigs. Last year the locos had a popular majority of more than 2,000. At the election just passed, a greater majority was obtained the other way, with a large majority in both houses of the Legislature. From Georgia the news thus far, is equally auspicious; and to-day, the Locos will hear thunder in Ohio and Pennsylvania. Whigs of New York! will you not follow up the work

so gloriously begun.—Buffalo Commercial.

The thunder has been heard in Old Pennsylvania and in Ohio, and we expect New York to keep it crashing and jarring into the ears of Jas. K. Polk and his administration and supporters, announcing to them that the days of Locofoco misrule are numbered.

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

Correspondence of the New York Express.

WASHINGTON, OCTOBER, 23, 1846.

The Administration entertain the most ambitious designs in regard to the conquest of Mexico, and what was hinted at last summer in the councils of the Executive is fast becoming a matured plan, both for the prosecution of the war and the terms, if peace shall be made. The Administration, in making a peace with Mexico, will not be content with the surrender of the Rio Grande as a boundary of the United States, nor, as I hear, will they be content with claiming the whole of New Mexico and all upper California, vast as these possessions are. The design is to claim the whole territory north of Tampico in the Gulf of Mexico, and north of the southernmost point of Upper California. Mexico was told, or will be told by the Executive, when next terms of peace shall be proposed to her, that she must pay the entire expenses of the Mexican war, and all the claims that can be raised and scraped against her.— This is known in advance she cannot do in money, and the Government of the United States will therefore graciously condescend to take pay in Mexican lands. The more the war costs, says our Government, the more lands we shall have, and the more the claims of our citizens, to the greater also will be the demand against the Mexican Government.

The Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury have had assurances that claims can be presented against Mexico to the amount of at least SIXTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS! And the Administration promise to pay all the claimants by the seizure of Mexican lands, and the present war is becoming popular with claimants, and has been made so from the first under this promise. The war, indeed, is only justified by the neglect of Mexico to pay the awards of her own Commissioners against their Government and in order to make as much of this justification as possible the Administration are anxious to increase the amount of claims and claimants. Their numbers, the Administration may be easily assured, will be legion, and the amount millions, and young men will grow gray before they see the end of the consequences of the war with Mexico. The threats, indeed against Mexico have been most frequent here, since Santa Anna played the Administration falsely in regard to what he could and would do if admitted back once more to his own country.

It is worth while to study the designs of the Administration in regard to the conquests it contemplates. The following territory has been seized upon by Commodore Stoot, Colonel Fremont, and Colonel Kearney:

Upper California, with an area of	276,360 miles.
New Mexico	214,800 do
	591,160 do

Reduce this to square acres and you add as many millions to the amount of acres of Mexican territory as that over which the stars and stripes now float, and to which claim has been laid.

MUD HEN.

A few days since the inhabitants of Cape Island, during a very high tide along the coast and sounds near the Cape were visited by thousands of mud hens which were driven from their hiding places in the marsh to the high grounds. These birds, which are when fat, as they always are at this season of the year most delicious eating, have no wings with which to make their escape from pursuers, have to trust alone to their legs.—Swarming in the fields, gardens and roads, until every place as far as the eye could reach appeared fairly alive with them, the inhabitants, men, women and boys, turned out with sticks, brooms, brush handles, &c. and making a vigorous onslaught, in the course of a couple of hours, killed or captured over a thousand. One of the Delaware pilots, we understand with a single stick, killed 270. Such a god-send of Luxuries the Cape Islanders, who came very near being washed away by the late gale, have not had for a long time.

The storm in New York on Tuesday was very violent, and caused much general damage to vessels, wharves, &c. The sea wall on the Battery was broken up for nearly one hundred yards. The unfinished steeples of two churches were blown down.

In the Delaware Bay the storm did also considerable damage. At Newswistle the wharves were swept away. At Fort Mifflin the pier was turned over on its side. The rotunda center Crawford went ashore near Wilmington Creek.— Five new buildings at Burlington, N. J. were demolished by the wind.