

# THE SOMERSET HERALD.

AND FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' REGISTER.

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1846.

Vol. 5.—No. 3.

## THE LIFE CLOCK.

There is a little mystic clock,  
No human eye hath seen;  
That beareth on—and beareth on,  
From morning until e'en:  
And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,  
And heareth not a sound,  
It ticks and ticks the livelong night,  
And never runneth down.  
O wondrous is that work of art  
Which knels the passing hour,  
But art ne'er formed, nor mind conceived,  
The life-clock's magic power.  
Nor set in gold, nor decked with gems,  
By wealth and pride possessed;  
But rich or poor, high or low,  
Each bears it in his breast.  
When life's deeps scream, 'mid beds of  
flowers,  
And still and softly glides,  
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,  
It warns of passing tides.  
When threat'ning darkness gathers o'er,  
And hope's bright visions flee,  
Like the sullen stroke of the muffled oar,  
It beateth heavily.  
When passion nerves the warrior's arm  
For deeds of hate and wrong,  
Though heeded not the fearful sound,  
The knel is deep and strong.  
When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,  
And tender words are spoken,  
Then fast and wild it rattles on,  
As if with love 'twere broken.  
Such is the clock that measures life,  
Of flesh and spirit blended;  
And thus 'twill run within the breast,  
Till that strange life is ended.

## INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

### The Packet Ship Wyoming.

On Tuesday we noticed the disaster which befel the new and elegant packet ship Wyoming, on her last trip to Liverpool. We find in the United States Gazette of Wednesday, a letter from a young gentleman who was a passenger on board giving a graphic account of the gale and its effects upon the ship, and of the accidents and deaths which followed. The writer is a Philadelphian:—

Monday, the 6th of October, (the dark day of our voyage,) was ushered in by a clear and cloudless sky, yet still the wind blew a stiff breeze from the S. W. This soon freshened into a fearful gale, which, fortunately for our ship, was favorable, and allowed us to send under close reefed topsails. So violent was the wind for a brief time that it was impossible to send the men aloft, and the whole face of the deep was whitened into a creamy foam, while so loud was the mingled roar of the wind, the sea and the beating rain, that a human voice raised to its utmost pitch was undistinguishable.

Heavy squalls continued to pour in on us till about 2 P. M., when the wind suddenly declined, and we were left in an eminently critical condition—surrounded and tossed about by a tremendous sea, without sufficient wind to keep the vessel steady. During the morning, while engaged in unloosing and hauling in the top gallant studding sails, the force of a flapping sail carried our carpenter up to the topgallant yard-arm—a distance of about 66 feet—he maintaining his hold meanwhile on the rope; so violent was the force of his ascent that both his hands were forcibly jammed against, and nearly pulled through the halyard blocks; and there he remained suspended till his comrades came to his relief; crushed and mangled he was brought to the deck; this was the beginning of our troubles.

I had before remarked that the vessel was rolling frightfully in the trough of the sea—each lurch driving every thing fastened or unfastened in the cabin, from side to side; tables gave way and dashed furiously against the state room doors; every article of furniture seemed instinct with a fiendish life, and tumbled madly and crashed from side to side.

The motion in time affected the ballast of the cargo; the flour barrels unshipped and distributed their contents lavishly on the unfortunate inmates of the 2nd cabin; the Indian corn became locomotive, and found its way into the pumps, which latter it succeeded eventually in choking; every thing went headlong piggedly.

In the stowage, women screamed and howled—men sought to steady themselves, and in doing so lost their balance, and were suddenly, without warning, precipitated into dark holes or corners, whence they would emerge grumbling and distressed. The floor, dangerous with fractured crockery, slippery with the contents of countless soup bowls, greasy with the debris of dissipated dinners, presented a scene which baffles description.

All this, however, was rather amusing than otherwise.

About 3 P. M., while in the condition just described, the wind came out suddenly in the N. W. fresh and steady; in 5 minutes it was again blowing a tremendous gale, our sail was nearly all taken in and the men were engaged in putting a finishing touch to close reefing the top-sail, when a succession of the most fearful squalls of wind and rain fell upon us; the wind in an unconceivable short space of time hauled from the N. W. to E. N. E. blowing a hurricane. For a person who has never experienced the full force of a violent gale, it would be impossible to realize the mighty power of the wind on these occasions. In the present instance, so tremulous was it that it was useless to attempt to stand on the quarter deck—so I returned to the wheel house to watch the result.

The available sailors of the ship (21 in number) were all engaged in reefing the maintop-sail, when a squall of fearful intensity struck the vessel. She careened over till almost on her beam end—then recovered slowly but steadily from the blow—but the shock proved too much for the mast. In a second I heard a fearful crack—then a crushing, thundering sound—the mainmast had parted just below the main cross tree, carrying with it the force and mizen top gallant masts and their respective sails.

Far above the noise of the tempest was heard the despairing yell of the unfortunate sailors, snatched thus in an instant from existence, to meet a fearful end. Three, apparently blown from the yard, fell far astern; two met a more dreadful and lingering death, for they clung despairingly to the shrouds till the final blow of the falling mast dashed them into eternity.

Far in the distance the heads of two struggling sailors were dimly distinguished amidst a cloud of foam and spray—but only for a moment—the next moment the ungovernable ship swept us far away. As the mast was falling, the men who were reefing endeavored, by sliding down ropes and dropping on the deck, to save themselves. In doing so many were severely injured. One fractured his skull and broke his ribs; two broke their legs; one both his arm and leg; two shoulders were dislocated; the 2d mate received a severe blow on the skull, by which his face and one of his eyes were severely injured. All this occurred in two minutes. From one of the finest vessels on the Atlantic, the Wyoming in a moment was changed to a dismantled and unmanageable wreck. Crippled and crushed she still sped madly on before the driving wind, with the useless mast still clinging to our battered side, hampering our remaining sails, and leaving us at the mercy of the elements. Our hull was still strong and yielded to the helm, though sorely clogged by the dragging mast; vast seas dashed over us at intervals, shaking and staggering the solid hull as if it would tear it assunder.

All night we drove on in this disagreeable position, anxiously awaiting an abatement in the violence of the storm. The conduct of our passengers during the continuance of the danger was worthy of all praise—that of the ladies especially.—Each one appeared to lose sight of self in the trying moment, and to be principally concerned and anxious for others' welfare.

The conduct of Captain M. throughout the whole evinced a coolness and presence of mind which, considering the trying position in which he was placed, were astonishing. The first and second mates also behaved as well as men could do to repair our loss, and to calm and quiet the surviving seamen. All night long the groans of the wounded filled our ears; a tremendous sea tossed us to and fro, each motion adding to the anguish of the unfortunates who filled the round house.

I felt my own position peculiarly trying—the only physician on board—the only one even remotely qualified by theory, unassisted by experience or practice, to treat the wounded. Assured by the captain and my fellow passengers that any course I might deem it expedient to adopt with reference to the suffering would be warmly seconded by them—that any errors which my unfiled experience might betray me into, would be overlooked, may even vindicated by them, I undertook the task of attending the wounded. Two men, one of whom had a shoulder dislocated, the other a leg, I relieved on the spot. I dressed the fractured limbs of two sailors hastily for the night, had the man with the fractured skull and broken rib removed to better quarters, bled him, dressed his wounds, and in half an hour had the satisfaction of seeing him gradually recover from the violent delirium resulting from his severe injury on the head.

Rarely does it occur that a young disciple of Galen is so unceremoniously introduced into a field of action as extensive and serious. But to continue my narrative. Tuesday morning, the day after the accident, opened dismally enough upon us. The force of the gale had indeed abated, but a tremendous rolling sea tossed us to and fro, straining the timbers of the unfortunate vessel, which, creaking and

groaning, seemed as if it would part at each blow of the sea. All night long we had driven on, still hampered by the fallen mast and spars—our other sails prevented from working by their position and shattered condition, but we were fortunately preserved from farther accident.

As soon as circumstances would permit, arrangements were made for removing the wreck—a delicate operation, and one which, if it had not been judiciously managed, might have resulted in serious injury to the vessel. This occupied nearly the whole day. When evening closed on the scene, we presented a dismantled appearance, but far more respectable than in the morning. The wounded during the day required much attention. All the empty sugar boxes in the ship were at once converted into *patent splints* and the stewardess manifested a becoming respect for science by sacrificing some of her garments for bandages, with such rude and primitive apparatus did I dress the wounded—the resources of the ship not being equal to an emergency of this nature.

Wednesday found us after a settled night scudding before a smart gale from the N. W., sea very rough and boisterous. At 2 P. M. passed a brig, as the sailors say, hand over hand; so rapidly does the Wyoming sail, crippled as she is, that the sailors all call her saucy, or sassy Wyoming—a nickname indicative of her superior qualities as a sea vessel and sailor. All day the gale lasted, increasing in violence till about 10 P. M., when the wind suddenly subsided, leaving us at the mercy of the sea, without sail to steady us, the surge was awful; the sea dashed over us at short intervals with frightful violence; our skylights were stove in; the dead lights or windows burst open, and in the course of a short time we were nearly ankle deep in water in the main cabin.

As the ship lurched from side to side, the water swashed with a dismal crash, carrying with it stools, cushions, books, extinguished candles, &c., forcibly reminding one of a gale on a small scale, and rendering our situation far from one to be envied. I was peacefully sleeping in my berth when the rolling first commenced, and a most disagreeable sea on my face dissipated my slumbers, wetting all my available wardrobe, and reducing me to a most uncomfortable position.

Our misery was prolonged throughout the night; towards morning the sea abated, peace was restored, and the "steerage" emerged from their holes to bask in the sun shine on deck.

## How to Make the Gun-Cotton

Dr. Otto, Professor of Chemistry in Brunswick, has published the following statement in the Hanoverian Gazette:

Entirely independent of Schœnbein and Haeger, but relying on the observation of Pelouze, contained in the one hundred and thirty-sixth page of the first volume of my Manual of Chemistry, I have succeeded in producing an exploding cotton, which, after a series of experiments, seems quite suited to supply the place of gunpowder. In order to bring the results of important discoveries as speedily as possible to the highest stage of perfection it seems to me necessary to lay them immediately before the public, in order that many persons may turn their attention to the subject. I scorn, therefore, to sell or take out a patent for my very interesting discovery, the consequences of which are not easy to be foreseen, and I now publish it for the general good of the public. In the preparation of the exploding cotton, common well cleaned cotton is dipped for about half a minute in highly concentrated nitric acid, (the acid which I use being made with the distillation of ten parts of dried saltpetre and six of oil of vitriol,) and then instantly placed in water, which must be often renewed, in order to free the cotton from the acid with which it is impregnated. Care must then be taken that all the knotty particles of the cotton are properly disengaged, and that it is thoroughly dried. After this the explosive preparation is ready for use. Its effects create astonishment in all who witness them, and the smallest portion explodes when struck on an anvil with a hammer, like fulminating powder. When killed with a glowing body it takes fire just like gunpowder, and when used in a gun its operation, though in a far greater proportion to its weight, is precisely the same as that of gunpowder. This gun-cotton is employed exactly in the same way as gunpowder. A piece of it is rammed down the barrel, then a bit of wadding, and after that a ball; a copper cap ignites and explodes the cotton. Without a single exception, all who have witnessed my experiments have been most completely satisfied."

The cheap postage system will certainly succeed. It is said now that the amount of deficiency which the Postmaster General will require from the Treasury will be but \$500,000. Next year the Department will pay its own expenses, in two years will yield a revenue of three millions annually. Glad to see this.

## New Mexico and New Leon.

The present war brings us better acquainted with the country which we have conquered. It shows us the habits of the people, the productive capacities of their soil, its rivers, its mountains and the routes by which commerce is hereafter to shed its blessings upon the land. How many were acquainted with the beauties of Monterey, for example; of which one of the first officers of the army gives us the following picturesque description, under date of October 10:

"The brave division of General Worth has fought six distinct and separate battles, and as often conquered superior numbers, and strewed the valleys and the mountains, the streets and house-tops with the enemy's dead. We have gained a series of glorious triumphs, and we hope the Government and People will be satisfied. This valley and surrounding scenery would seem to have been set to Johnson's Raselas. Nothing can exceed its fertility, beauty, or grandeur. As to climate, it seems to be a resolution of all the finer elements. In the same enclosure you observe the tropical and the northern fruits: the orange and pomegranate, blended with the apple, pear, and cherry of the north; all growing in rich and harmonious luxuriance. The mountains seem to stretch to heaven and kiss the hand of God in thankfulness for his blessings. Indeed, 'all but the face of man is divine.'"

If we turn from New Leon to New Mexico, we are struck with its new features and resources. The letter of Lieutenant Abert, with which we have been favored, opens upon the mines of precious metals which that province produces:

Extract of a letter from Lieut. Abert, Corps of Topographical Engineers, dated

"SANTA FE, October 7, 1846.

"In compliance with instructions from Lieut. Emory (who has despatched for California with Gen. Kearney) to make a survey of New Mexico, I left here last Tuesday for the gold mines.

"The trip was highly interesting. The south of this city, and about twelve miles west of the Chihuahua road. We staid at the house of Senor Don Campbell, a liberal gentleman, and a man of extensive possessions in this mineral region. He showed us his mines of gold, copper, and lead, and loaded us with as many specimens of the ores as we could carry. The copper ores contain gold and silver; in fact, are rich with these precious metals, in the valleys are found large lumps of native gold. Mr. Campbell had obtained two—one worth about \$900, the other about \$700. He showed me a piece worth fifteen dollars, and has much gold, which has been obtained by the use of quicksilver; but, as mineralogical specimens, this last is of course of no value.

"I have boxed up the specimens procured, and shall forward them by the first opportunity.

"I have given some attention to the mode pursued here in washing the earths and grinding the ores, and shall be able to compile a good report upon the subject.

"An express from Gen. Kearney arrived last night. We shall send answers by the battalion of Mormons, which will soon pass on its way to California.

"My winter will probably be spent at Santa Fe, surveying, wandering among old churches, gleaming old traditions, and making sketches of whatever appears curious or interesting."

Extract of a letter from Lieut. Emory, Corps of Topographical Engineers, of Gen. Kearney's command.

October 3, 1846.

"Since my letter of yesterday an express has arrived from Col. Price, announcing his arrival at Santa Fe, but it does not bring one letter or one paper.

"You will see that the General is taking the Gila route. I have been unwilling in my exertions to ascertain and to show the advantages of this route.

"When we shall have completed this march we shall have acquired by conquest all the country north and west of the route.

"We are dreadfully in the dark in regard to intelligence from the United States; no mail having been received since we took possession."

DRAGON CAMP (NEAR JOYA VILLAGE), Rio Grande, October 2, 1846.

To the Editor of the Union:

On the spur of the occasion—an unlooked-for opportunity of sending a letter—I sit down upon the grass to give you an imperfect sketch of the progress of our arms in this remote quarter.

General Kearney has conquered New Mexico in a march. The Governor sent repeated messages for negotiation or delay, but we marched steadily on, and a force double our own in numbers abandoned one of the strongest defiles in North America and dispersed. Gen. Armijo retreated precipitately with the myriads of his

despotic rule, losing his whole battery of eight pieces. The glorious stars and stripes now float over the Plaza of Santa Fe.

The province has been occupied in its whole extent. But a kindly treatment and the institution of a just government—but, above all, expeditions to put down the robber tribes of mountain Indians, have caused a complete affiliation.

On the 25th instant the General marched from Santa Fe with three hundred of the dragoons, on our perilous and romantic expedition to the Pacific Ocean, to conquer and establish a government for another province of imperial magnitude.—Twelve hundred miles of mountain and desert are before us; our route by the Rio Gila is only partially known by trappers. It had been folly to take our poor faithful horses, and all are mounted upon mules.

We have much faith in the unvarying fortune of our leader; and shall we succeed in conquering California and in erecting a free government there, what troops will have endured the labors and met with the important success of his? What force of near equal strength will have worked out so shining and national results?

I say it, who perhaps should not, the nation will then owe a great debt to the first dragoons. Although we have of late felt greatly slighted and hurt, (and promotions that we have long regularly been entitled to have not been received,) still we patiently devote every energy to the great work before us, and will bide our time.

Need I speak of the judicious selection of General Kearney for the high duties and powers entrusted to him in this region? His calm and able establishment of a civil government on the ruins of a despotic monarch, have met the highest expectations of his friends: General and Governor, with his honors and powers, we can scarcely realize that he is no longer simply our colonel.

An express has this moment arrived with authentic information of the lamented death of Captain Allen, (dragoons), Lieutenant colonel of a battalion of Mormons, Capt. Cooke is appointed in his place, and will return immediately to Santa Fe to take command of that battalion and Captain Hutson's mounted company of volunteers for California. He will march with

We have not had a mail since we marched into Santa Fe, the 18th of August!—This has been exceedingly annoying, and probably injurious to the public service.

In haste, yours,

CALIFORNIA.

From Gen. Wool's Command.

Correspondence of the Courier and Inquirer.

CAMP ON THE RIO GRANDE,

OCTOBER 11th, 1846.

The advance of the army under Gen. Wool arrived here day before yesterday. We made the distance (187 miles) in eleven marching days, through prairie country, with a burning sun. The advance consists of Major Bonneville's command of three companies of the sixth infantry and one company of Kentucky volunteers; two companies of Illinois volunteers, under command of Major H. L. Webb; the flying artillery, under Capt. Washington; two regiments of dragoons, under Col. Harney; two companies of the first regiment Illinois volunteers, under Capt. Morgan; and Col. Yell's regiment of Arkansas mounted men; together with a train of about two hundred wagons, each drawn by six mules. The mastery and able manner in which the moving of this force was planned and carried out has gratified all military men in camp, and resulted to the entire satisfaction of the General. Not a man was lost or died on the road, and not a wagon or mule was lost.

We have just learned of the surrender of Monterey to Gen. Taylor, and that an armistice had been concluded for eight weeks. With us it is only rumor; and to day our General takes formal possession of the town of Presidio, and will move on towards Monclova in three or four days, so as to be in striking distance of Gen. Taylor, should he require our services. The two regiments of Illinois volunteers are yet back. The first, under Colonel Hurdin, will probably arrive tomorrow; the other will not be here for ten days.

The river at this place is about three hundred yards wide, and very rapid and turbid like the Mississippi or Missouri. Its water is pleasant, soft, and cool for the climate. The whole train and the remainder of the troops will cross to-day, in boats brought on in wagons, which we are now putting together. It is matter of surprise to me even, who have been always present, how such a force could be marched the distance we have, in the months of August, September, and October, with so little sickness, and, comparatively speaking, no loss of life; for, out of all the troops, not twenty-five have died. At least the same number would probably have died had they been at their homes.

Gen. Wool deserves much credit for his

untiring industry and perseverance. His office is no sinecure, for all his time is fully employed. He looks well, is in fine spirits, and has more patience than I conceived it possible for any man to have in his situation. He is a strict disciplinarian, but just and impartial to all. All the army are pleased with him, and his "go-ahead" disposition shows us he will give us a fight if it can be obtained.

The country from the Neenes to this place is a barren waste, badly watered, and not fit for cultivation. Here the country is fine; the sugar-cane and tropical fruits flourish finely when cultivated. There is plenty of corn, sheep, and goats. So you see we shall not suffer when our supplies give out, though we have enough for sixty days. I enclose the General's proclamation of the 9th:

"HEADQUARTERS, CAMP ON THE RIO GRANDE, "Near Presidio, October 9, 1846.

"SOLDIERS: After a long and tedious march, you have arrived on the banks of the Rio Grande. In the performance of this service the Commanding General has witnessed with the greatest pleasure your patience, good order, and perseverance, under many deprivations and hardships. All have done their duty, and in a manner that reflects the highest credit on both officers and men. From this remark he would not except his Staff, who have actively and zealously devoted themselves to the service; whilst Captain Cross has been eminently successful in forwarding the long train of supplies without delay or serious accident.

To-morrow you will cross the Rio Grande, and occupy the territory of our enemies. We have not come to make war upon the people or peasantry of the country, but to compel the Government of Mexico to render justice to the United States. The people, therefore, who do not take up arms against the United States and remain quiet and peaceable at their homes, will not be molested or interfered with, either as regards their persons or property; and all those who furnish supplies will be treated kindly, and whatever is received from them will be liberally paid for.

It is expected of the troops that they will observe the most rigid discipline and subordination. All deprivations on the property or persons of the people of the country are strictly forbidden, and any soldier or follower of the camp, who may so far forget his duty as to violate this injunction will be severely punished.

By command of Brigadier Gen. Wool, JAMES H. PRENTISS, Assistant Adjutant General.

A PLUMB FOR THE OFFICIAL ORGAN.—

There is a paper in Indiana, calling itself the Indiana Democrat, which aspires, and we admit with success, to place itself at the very head of the purely Polk press. In a recent number the following paragraph appears:

"The President planned the brilliant battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma and Monterey, and is entitled to as much or more credit for the successful result of them than General Taylor is.—The wisdom, efficiency, and promptness of the present Administration are seen and appreciated by all sensible men, who are not wilfully blinded, and time will only make it more apparent."

We must have this in the official organ. It will not do to let the court journal be outdone as a courtier. How gratified Mr. Polk will be to hear that he did so much, may more than Gen. Taylor, at the brilliant battles of the 8th and 9th of May on the Rio Grande! It is true that Mr. Polk did not know that the battles were to be fought till they were over, and he heard of them and the success of the American arms at the same time. But what of that? [Baltimore Patriot.]

SANTA ANNA'S LEG.—Santa Anna's leg, which he lost by the French, which was buried with honors, but subsequently was exhumed and kicked about in derision, it appears by a letter in the New York Commercial, has been recovered from a young man, who had obtained possession of it, in hope that some time he might make a good speculation out of it. It was respectfully buried by the new authorities.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Legislature of Rhode Island have elected JOHN H. CLARK (Whig) United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March next. He takes the place of the Hon. James F. Simmons.

The War Department has authorized the payment of two dollars, to any citizen, non-commissioned officer or soldier for each able bodied recruit that may be brought to a U. S. rendezvous.

OREGON RAILROAD.—The Oregon Railroad project is not dead yet. A meeting in favor of the scheme was held in Louisville, on the 5th inst. at which Mr. Whitney, the originator, dwelt at much length upon its advantages and practicability.