

### A SONG FOR THE MILLION.

When in the battle's stormy track,  
The legions of the foe came,  
Who was it drove them back?  
"Old Zack!"

On Palo Alto's bloody field,  
Beneath Columbia's starry shield,  
Stood, victor, 'mid the war clouds black,  
"Old Zack!"

Next day within the "Palm Ravine,"  
Arista's lance proudly gleam,  
And, foremost 'mid the battle's rack,  
With eagle eye and dauntless mien,  
"Old Zack" was seen.

The desperate fight at Monterey,  
Will be remembered many a day;  
Amid the dead-encumbered street,  
Ten thousand warriors madly meet,  
Ten thousand bayonets, gleaming bright,  
Are mingling in the desperate fight.  
They yield—they fly!—Freeman! be steady!  
Three cheers! Huzza! for  
"Rough and Ready."

### THE BRIGAND CHIEF.

BY FRANKLIN S. BENEDICT.

#### CHAPTER I.

Hast done the deed?—SHAKESPEARE.

"T was midnight in Genoa—one of those summer nights which are only to be found in that soft summer country. The moon poured her full radiance down upon the city. The streets were deserted, save by the hordes of robbers which nightly infested it, and when some lonely passenger went hurrying through, fearing to linger, yet afraid to proceed, lest the next moment he might be caught in the net of the bandits. Suddenly a shrill shriek pierced the stillness of the night, from a youth pursued by the robbers. A pistol shot was heard, one convulsive leap, and a fall. The hot blood spirted full in the faces of the brigands, but they minded it not, and eagerly began to strip him of his ornaments, to tear off his cloak of crimson velvet, to snatch from him his purse, through which the yellow gold was glittering, and the broad badge of honor on which the name of Buvendano shone like a star fallen from the clear, blue heavens. Giving him another stab, they left him, (as they supposed, dead,) to seek a place of concealment. An hour passed by; the young man awoke from the death-like swoon into which he had fallen, and staggered to his home.

Beautiful as an hour, the wonder of Genoa, was the Lady Inez de Castro. She was an orphan; but her beauty and wealth procured her the respect of all the world. Many suitors had the proud beauty, but she turned coldly from them all, though report said she smiled upon the Count Buvendano. To-day she sat pensively by her dressing-table, her head resting upon her hand, while with the other she carelessly twisted the jettor rings of her hair. Her eyes were filled with tears, which ever and anon rolled down her pearly cheek and dropped into her lap. What was the proud beauty weeping?—she whose smile could bring joy to so many noble hearts, and whose haughty words and scornful looks could wring the same hearts with agony? But it was no. News had reached her that the Count Buvendano had been wounded in an encounter with the brigands, and her young heart was filled with agony at the thought that he might die—he the chosen of her young heart. At this moment a note was handed to her, which removed all her fears. But let us leave her to read it, and return to the robbers.

After leaving the Count stretched upon the ground, they had returned to their cave, a few miles from the city. It was hollowed out of a rock partly by nature and partly by art, and was fitted up by these cut-throats in a style of barbaric magnificence. At the farther end was a seat, raised higher than the floor: it was the couch of the Chief. He now occupied it; but, rising as they entered, he exclaimed—"What success?" They replied not, but by laying the spoils before him. He gazed with delight upon the gold spread before him and the diamond crest on which glittered the name of Buvendano. A fierce gleam of exultation shot from his eyes as he said—

"Pedro, did you kill the young dog?"

"We did."

"Ay," added another, "there was not a breath in his worthless carcass when we left him."

"'T is well," he muttered—"REVENGE IS SWEET."

#### CHAPTER II.

No love is like the first love.—ANGELIC BALLAD.  
"No love is like the first love," for we never love again. We may deceive ourselves with the thought that we do, but in the next the "castle in the air" which we had formed has fallen to the ground; for in our first love are concentrated all the better feelings of our nature. Thus it was with Inez: she loved madly, devotedly, and not in vain. We left her just opening a letter, which, after reading, she kissed again and again, and placing it in her bosom, she arose and rang the bell.—The maid appeared.

"Dress me quickly, my good Eliza, and prepare for a walk. I am weary of the house," she cried.

She obeyed, and they were soon threading the thronged streets of Genoa.

The bandits having finished their meal, their leader called one to him.

"Gonzalvo," he exclaimed, "select four of our most trusty men—arm yourselves to the teeth and follow me!"

They obeyed, and threaded their way through the woods and underbrush, till they reached the city. Here was the object of their search.

"Here," said the Chief, "is she for whom I sought: seize her, bear her to the cave, but let the woman go!"

Springing from their hiding-place, they surrounded Inez. Gonzalvo seized her, and placing his brawny hand over her mouth to smother her screams, fled with her to the cave. The others, after binding the woman "hand and foot," followed. Her cries soon brought people to her assistance; but before she could relate the cause of the disaster, the robbers were safe and the idol of Genoa was gone.

When Inez awoke from the swoon into which she had fallen, she found herself an inmate of the bandit's den. With a slight cry, she fell, fainting, into the arms of the robber, which were extended to receive her. Motioning his fellows away, he threw a silken robe over his armor, so that the sight of it might not terrify her. When she recovered, gazing wildly around, she exclaimed—

"How came I here, and who are you?"

"Peace, lady, and you shall know. I am the Robber Chief."

At that dread name, a strange fear came to her heart, and she trembled, she scarce knew why. The Chief sank on his knee before her, and taking her hand, would have spoken, but indignantly snatching it from his grasp, she exclaimed—

"Base-born cut-throat, release me, and dare not touch even the hem of the robe of a high-born and spotless maiden in your polluted grasp!"

"Lady," and the head of the Brigand Chief sank upon his knees, and tears, the first he had shed for long years before, gushed from his eyes—"Lady, I am not base-born. Listen, and pity me, if you can. I am a woman!"

Inez started back; horror and amazement were depicted on her countenance as she gazed upon the erring one; but as she looked, the turban and mask fell off, and the long ringlets fell around a neck as fair as ivory, and the blue veins stood out on the marble-like forehead, and wreathing her hand amongst the silken ringlets, she began her tale.

#### CHAPTER III.

Patient yourself, madame, and pardon me.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

"I am of Russian birth, lady. My eyes first opened in that cold clime. Ye may wonder that such passions as I possess could belong to an inhabitant of that dreary land. My father was of the nobles of the Russian nobility; you may have heard the name and may not. He was the Count Marjanque. My mother died in my infancy. Had she lived, I might have been spared this life of rapine and murder. But it is useless to deplore it now; 't is too late. I had a sister—a soft and gentle girl. Methinks I see her now; with her locks of waving gold.—Her eyes were blue as Italy's skies, with a soft and gentle expression which reminded one when they looked into them of childhood's hours when all was happiness, and we thought our life would be as free from care as it was then, and the world seemed to our gaze delightful.—But I wander from my story. I loved her only as a sister; I watched over her youth with a mother's care. A beautiful picture did we make as we wandered over hill and dale, my arms around her waist, her golden hair entwined with my dark curls, our lips pressed together.—Artists came from afar to sketch the portrait of the Russian sisters. We had many suitors, for our wealth and beauty attracted universal attention. There was one who I thought loved me for myself alone. Alas! how fatally was I deceived! News was brought me that my lover was false; but I believed it not. My waiting maid, true to me, brought me the tale of guilt—may, more, conducted me to the spot of meeting. There I saw them, his hand in hers, their lips pressed together, her head resting upon his bosom. I was stupefied; I could not speak; but my heart seemed silently breaking. At last I found words to speak, but my voice was hoarse and sharp, and scarce sounded like the sweet voice of Adelaide Marjanque. 'Ellen,' said I, 'is it thus you repay my love, my kind care?' As I proceeded, my Russian blood boiled, and hurling the fiercest curses on the heads of Ellen and Buvendano, I left them."

"Buvendano! Oh, God!" shrieked the Lady Inez.

"Ay, lady, the Count Buvendano! 'T was he!"

Inez heard her not for at the sound of that name she had sunk fainting on the ground. Raising her gently, the Countess laid her upon a couch; but it was long before she recovered. She opened her eyes, and staring wildly at the woman, exclaimed—

"Go on—you have broken my heart at last, go on!"

"I will; but say that you will forgive me."

"I do, Adelaide Marjanque—I do."

She went on;

"I left the room, and I determined to visit Russia. My father was dead, my sister lost to me, and the last silver link which bound me to my native land was severed and gone. I left my home, my country, and came to Italy—joined this band of ruffians and made myself their Chief. There is but one who knows my sex: that one the faithful Gonzalvo. My sister I could have pardoned, but she married him. In a few months I heard she was dead. They said it was consumption; but I knew he murdered her. Hearing you was about to marry him, I determined to save you. I have done so; and now farewell! It is but a few miles to the city. Return, I must see the Count before I die. I hate him, and last night I would have killed him, had I been able."

#### CHAPTER IV.

O, ye Gods!

Why do you make us love your godly gifts And snatch them straight away!—PARLACEUS.

Reader, I have but one more scene to present to you, and then my long, and I fear tedious, story is done. Enter with me into the house of the Lady Inez.—There she stands, her face pale from re-

cent excitement, and by her side is the female Robber Chief. A knock is heard at the door, and the servant announces the Count Buvendano. The Russian glided behind the curtain of the window, while Inez went forward to meet him. He would have embraced her, but she motioned him back, and drawing her proud form to its fullest height, she said—

"There are but few words to pass between us, and then we part forever. The reason why? There is one here who will tell. I may not say how well I loved you; suffice it to say, I love you no longer. Here, she continued, handing him a box, "are the presents and letters you lavished on me so freely. They are worthless. Farewell!"

He would have spoken, but he could not. A film came over his eyes, and he would have fainted; but at this moment the infuriated Adelaide appeared. Fear and horror restored him to consciousness. Starting up, he exclaimed—

"Do I see aright? Can the grave give up its victim? Adelaide Marjanque, is it you?"

"It is villain—it is! Didst think that I would die of a broken heart? Thou little knowest my nature. I have prayed for this hour to come when I might see your face, and confront you in your wickedness. Last night, when you were nearly killed, you little thought the attack was planned by Adelaide Marjanque. But now," she continued, "go!—pollute the air no longer by your presence. Go!"

He obeyed, and leaving the house, he returned to his lodgings. In the morning he arose an humbled, but a better man. He left the city for America, and 'tis hoped that he reformed. Much had he to repent of, much to deplore. The Lady Inez never wedded, and the poor of Genoa bless the name of the Lady Inez de Castro. The Countess died soon after, for a broken heart was her portion; and why should she live?

California cannot now sustain a large population. Flour, at the latest advices, was selling at \$40 a barrel; Tea, \$3 a pound; Brown Sugar, 50 cents a pound; and common domestic Cotton, such as is sold here for sixpence, is there charged at 50 cents a yard.

### OTHELLO IN CONGRESS.

OR THE APOSTROPHE SAUSAGE-TOROUS.

Most potent, grave and reverend Representatives, My very noble and approved porkoniars! That I have gobbled up this greasy sausage,

It is most true. True, I have bolted it. And wip'd my chops with an old newspaper.

The very stretch and grin of my veracity Hath this extent—no more. Rude are my jaws,

And little graced with niceties of slobbering;

For since those gums of mine had seven years' teeth,

Till now some nine months basted, they have used

Their keenest action upon head and pluck; And little of the whole hog can I squeak

More than pertains to feats of broiled whisker;

And therefore leanly have I greased my grinders

In munching for myself. Yet, by your patience,

I will a round, unvarnished tail deliver

Of my whole course of pig;—what tripe, what trotters,

What big black puddings and what mighty sausage

(For such pork feeding I am charged withal),

I gormandized in greasy dignity.

Sweet piggy loved me—oft delighted me,

And piggy was the story of my life, From year to year, the nibbles, bites and chumpings!

I greased it through, even from my boyish days

To the very moment when you caught me at it.

And I can speak of the most slippery landings,

Of moving accidents by skewer and grid-iron,

Of hair-breadth 'scapes, enough to singe your bristles,

When squealing grinders died on point of fork.

Of perils in smoke-house and dripping-pan,

Of being baken in the insolent dough, In pot-pie slavery. Of my nuzzling since,

And tit bits in my Congress history, Wherein of antics vast, and speeches ille, Fisticuffs, fudge, and fits whose heads touch heaven,

'T was my bad luck to hear;—such was the gammon

Of swaggering cannibals that each other eat,

The Anthro-puffagi—the men whose tongues

Are broader than their shoulders—mighty bores.

Yet, still the "House affairs" keep me from dinner—

All empty chaff and druff;—which I observe,

Clapped a fried sausage in my breeches pocket,

Wrapped in a ragged "Madisonian," Whereof by parcels I had something smelt.

But not distinctly. So I clutched and bit it.

Before high heaven: 'T was fat; twas passing fat,

'T was peppery; 'twas wondrous peppery! I wished I had not bit it; yet I wished

Ohio pigs had made me such a sausage, So catawampously to be chewed up.

—Off this end I lodge.

Four quiz me for the sausage I have munched,

And I stump you to bite a harder one.

Boston Cour.

### TERMS OF THE HERALD.

This paper is published every Tuesday, at \$2 per annum, payable half-yearly in advance.—If not paid within the year, \$2.50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription taken for less than six months—nor can a subscriber discontinue unless at the option of the editor, until arrearages are paid off.

Advertisements will be inserted at \$1 per square, for the first three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion: longer ones in proportion.

R. L. STEWART,  
Attorney at Law, Somerset, Pa.

OFFICE OF F. M. Kimmel, Esq., on Main Cross street.

### NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the subscriber on Note or Book account are requested to call and settle their accounts immediately or they will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

JAMES H. BENFORD,  
Somerset, March 30, 1847.

Cheap Tin-Ware.

WILLIAM A. PARKER.

HAS removed his shop to the building recently occupied by Elias Benford as a saddler shop, one door east of the Herald office, Somerset, Pa., where he will constantly keep on hand a general assortment of TIN-WARE, manufactured of good material and in a neat and substantial manner. He will also make to order COPPER WARE of every description on short notice. All of which he will sell uncommonly cheap for Cash or exchange for approved country produce.

Country merchants who wish to buy ware to retail, can be supplied on short notice and accommodating terms.  
April 6, 1847.

Gen. Taylor never surrenders!

PINE MILL MANUFACTORY,

one half mile East of Stoystown, Somerset Co., Pa., near the great Philadelphia and Pittsburg Turnpike Road.

THE subscribers would respectfully announce to the public, that they have entered into partnership in the Woolen Manufacturing Business, and having received new

POWER LOOMS

and CARDING MACHINE from the East, of the most approved and latest fashion; and all other machinery new and in prime order, they are ready and anxious to accommodate customers in every branch of manufacturing; from

WOOL CARDING

and Felling to manufacturing Sattinets, Cloths, Jeans, Flannels, Blankets, Carpeting, &c., &c., according to order, in a workmanlike manner.

And at 20 per cent lower than usual for manufacturing, without delay or disappointment. Having in their employ the most skillful workmen that can be procured, they feel confident of rendering entire satisfaction.

S. KIMMEL,  
D. KOONTZ,

Pine Mills, April 27, 1847

P. S. All kinds of domestic goods and an extensive assortment of merchandise received lately from the East, to be had at S. Kimmel's Store at the Mills very low in exchange for wool, Flaxseed or other approved produce. S. K.

HOTEL FOR INVALIDS AT PITTSBURGH.

Drs. Speer and Kuhn.

THE object of this establishment is to supply a want greatly felt by respectable travellers on our western highways—by residents, without family, taken sick—and by patients from the surrounding towns and country who resort to this place for relief from surgical and other diseases. Such have often suffered from the want of the various comforts and attentions so necessary and agreeable to the sick, and from careless and unfaithful nurses; and been subjected to heavy and unreasonable charges.

Invalids will here be provided with constant, faithful and comfortable attendance, and at a rate much below the usual charges.

While the care of both physicians will be extended to every variety of disease, it is intended by Dr. Speer, to give special attention to

ALL SURGICAL DISEASES,

PARTICULARLY TO DISEASES OF THE EYE.

To these branches of his profession he has given a large share of his attention for the last twenty-five years, and he will continue to devote to them the experience acquired by a constant practice during that time.

The Hotel for Invalids is not an experiment. Its establishment is suggested not only as necessary to supply an evident want in this city, in the entire absence of any special provision for the sick, but is warranted also by the success of similar institutions at Cincinnati and New Orleans—the former under the care of Drs. Taliaferro, Marshall and Strader—the latter under that of Dr. Stone.

The building selected for the purpose is situated at the corner of Federal and Robinson streets, in Allegheny city, adjoining the city of Pittsburgh. It is commodious and roomy, and furnished with all accommodations necessary for the sick.

Applications for admission to be made to the subscribers, at their office on Penn street, Pittsburgh, or at the establishment.

No contagious diseases will be admitted.

J. R. SPEER, M. D.  
J. S. KUHN, M. D.

### New and Seasonable Goods AT KIMMEL'S CHEAP CORNER!

THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Somerset Borough and vicinity that he has just received from Philadelphia and Baltimore a large assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,  
Consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets, Tweeds, Palo Alto, Mexican and Velvet Cords, Blue Drills, Alpaca, Lawns, Gingham, Muslin de Laines, & Calicoes.

Also Boots and Shoes, Palm Leaf Hats, Bonnets, and a general assortment of Hardware, Dye Stuffs, such as Madder and Indigo, of superior qualities.

GROCERIES, &c., &c., which he will sell cheap for cash or exchange for approved country produce.

April 6, 1847. JOHN O. KIMMEL.

NOW FOR CHEAP BARGAINS.

FRESH SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS!

THE subscriber has just received from the East, in addition to his former stock, a fresh supply of merchandise, suitable for the season. His stock of

DRY GOODS

consists in part of Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets, Vestings, Cravats, Drillings, Mustins, Cords, Alpaca, Mountain de Laines, Silks, Silk and Cotton Handkerchiefs, Hose and half Hose, Lawns, Laces and Calicoes. Also: Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gloves, Boots and Shoes, Bonnets and Palm leaf Hats; together with a supply of

Queensware and Hardware, Groceries, Paints and Dye-Stuffs.

All of which he will sell at moderate prices for cash, or exchange for approved country produce. Call and see!

April 6th, 1847. DANIEL FLICK.

A Fact Worth Knowing.

A gentleman of a scrofulous habit, became affected with Ulcerations of the Throat and Nose, and a disagreeable and troublesome disease of the skin. Indeed his whole system bore the marks of being saturated with disease. One hand and wrist were so much affected that he had lost the use of the hand, every part being covered with deep, painful, and offensive Ulcers, and his hand and wrist were as hollow and porous as a honeycomb. It was at this stage of his complaint, when death appeared inevitable from a loathsome disease, that he commenced the use of JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE, and having taken sixteen bottles, is now perfectly cured.—PUBLIC LEDGER.

This ALTERATIVE operates through the circulation, and purifies the blood and eradicates diseases from the system, wherever located; and the numerous cures it has performed in diseases of the Skin, Cancer, Scrofula, Gout, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and other Chronic diseases, is truly astonishing.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No 3 South Third Street, Philadelphia

Another New Year!

Amid the ever succession of periods, once more has revolved around. How fraught with food for thought are those "mile stones" in human life!

Change after Change—how many the changes—that a retrospect of the past 12 months will conjure up to view!

The Struggling Poor

have in some instances been made happy by the dawn of brighter days; while those basking in the

Sunshine of Prosperity

have had to taste the bitter pangs of want. How ought these vivid lessons—from off life's truthful page—to stir up the hearts of all

to goodly deeds,

And thoughts of sympathy!

Death, too, has not been idle; but has helped to make up the changes of the past year. And where health once took up its abode, disease now holds its thrall-dom. But how oft is ill health attributed to

Negligence or Prejudice,

which induces the suffering invalid to refuse using the rightful remedy which his own peculiar malady calls for. The experience of more than

Ten Thousand Trials

proves the unequalled value of that pleasant and most celebrated medicine,

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, For Diseases of the Lungs and Breast!

ANOTHER ASTONISHING CURE!

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry!

For Coughs, Colds, Consumption, &c.

Important to all those afflicted with Diseases of the Lungs and Breast.

Will Miracles ever cease? More evidence of its surprising Health-Restorative virtues!

The following has just been received from Mr. Edward Stratton, of Lexington, Mo., which shows that Consumption in its worst form can be cured by Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

LEXINGTON, Mo., Jan. 21, 1845.

Benjamin Phelps—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in communicating to you what I consider an extraordinary cure effected on my daughter, about 11 years of age, by Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. About the first of September last, my daughter was taken sick, and attended by several physicians, whose prescriptions were ineffectual, or seemed to do no good. She was attended with a constant cough and pain in the breast. Her physicians and all who seen her, came to the conclusion that she was in a confirmed stage of Consumption. I made no other calculation than for her to die. But as she commenced taking the Balsam she began to improve, and continued so until her health was restored, and is now entirely well. With a view of benefiting those who may be similarly afflicted, I take pleasure in recommending this medicine to the confidence of the public.

Yours, with respect,

EDWARD STRATTON.

\*The true and genuine Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is sold at established agencies in all parts of the U. States.

Sold in Cincinnati on the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets by

SANFORD & PARK.

Gen'l agents for the Western States.

AGENTS FOR WISTAR'S BALSAM.

J. L. SNYDER, Somerset,

J. Lloyd & Co. Donagel,

S. Philson, Berlin,

H. Little, Stoystown,

G. H. Keyser, Bedford,

October 20, 1846—1y

JOB PRINTING.

NEATLY AND EXPEDITIOUSLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

BLANK SUMMONS AND EXECUTIONS, For sale at this Office.

WOULD respectfully inform the Ladies of Somerset and vicinity that she is capable of doing the above work in the Neatest and most Fashionable Style.

and will be grateful for a share of their patronage.

MISS S. M. EARL.