

THE SOMERSET HERALD.

AND FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' REGISTER.

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THE EYE.

What is the little, lurking spell
That hovers round the eye?
Without a voice, a word can tell
The feelings as they fly.

When tearless, it can speak of woe;
When weeping still the same;
Or in a moment catch the glow
Of thoughts without a name.

Can beam with pity on the poor—
With anger on the proud;
Can tell that it will much endure,
Or flash upon the crowd!

Now brightly raised, or now depressed
With every shade of feeling—
It is the mirror of the breast—
The thought, the soul revealing!

Oh! tones are false, and words are weak—
The tutored slaves at call;
The EYE, the EYE alone can speak,
Unfettered, tell us all!

Dick Trot and his Yankee Clock.

"Well, sir," said Dick to me one day, "about five years or better ago, I bought a wooden clock from a Yankee pedlar named Tom Jones, who used to travel through this country, droppin' one at almost every house. 'Twas the last one he had, and I paid him fifteen dollars for it. She was a perfect goer of a clock—and then such a beauty! Her little, squat, dumpy figure dressed out in her painted case, just fitted my eye exactly to a gnat's heel. I set her on the mantle shelf, so I might always see her. Her little penjun would swing backwards and forwards pickin' at a proper rate. 'Thar she'd roll it, pickin' day after day, and week after week, dead bent on keepin' up with the sun, and determined that nary time piece in the settlement should get ahead of her. She'd dig at the hours, never stoppin' to catch breath, but jist firin' away in admirable style. I'd wind her up every night, and then go to bed, puttin' every confidence in her, and bein' perfectly satisfied that she'd do her duty faithfully, although I wasn't watchin' her, and wouldn't allow the sun to be up before she'd put her hand to the hour for sunrise. And, then, sir, when I'd be restless and couldn't sleep, or when I was sick, then what company she was to me. To be shure, she couldn't talk to me—jist call me by name—that's all.—'Thou sometimes she'd say 'Dick,' so plain I'd look up at her, and almost expect her to lead off a regular built chat. Well, sir, she continued to be good for five years, and my heart's delight. In fact, I may say that she hit no longer than that, but 'twas about that time she began monstously to exemble old Dave Wilson's wife—you know how she was?"

"Can't say I do, exactly."

"Why, sir, I thought your know'd.—Old Dave used to say that his wife was a charmin' creature; one of the best of women; that he didn't believe from old Mother Eve down to the present generation, a better woman ever thrown a petticoat over her head. To be shure, he said she had her ways; (here Dick snuffed an imitation of old Dave, whom I knew very well;) she would have her ways and such ways she did have! Well, sir, my clock got to be the same way; some of her works got outen fix; and fer spite she done as she blambed pleased. Strike! yes, sir, she did, like all dignation! She'd take a notion to bugle off sometimes, and ring in on them wires one hundred and fifty times. At first I was tickled at it, and would set and laugh at her for bein' such a fool as to be cuttin' up them extras, what didn't hurt nobody but herself. But at last I began to get tired of such foolery. It seemed to me, whenever I had a tough job before me, and wanted to study it out, or when I was right sleepy, then she'd pick her chance to come them big ticks. I put up with it a long time; didn't do nothin' to her; and thort by lettin' her have her fun out, she might get tired of it herself, after awhile. But she didn't; she still hit on stouter 'an ever. On last Saturday, I went up here to muster, an as I allers have done on such occasions, tuck rather too much of the tech-me-lightly. When I got hum, I thort the best place for me was in bed—so, to sleep off the boozey, I pulls off and gets in bed, but no sooner did my head tech the pillar than up starts the clock—ch-r-r-r-r-r-r. I determined to put a stop to any such capers that night. I got up loaded my old musket, tuck a cheer and set down right afore her.

"Now, old lady," sez I, "yer arter the spite game agin, are ye? Jist go on of ye like it; but dar' to strike a hundred this time, and ding me of ye don't ketch it! My threats didn't skeer her one bit; she struck away, 'peared like livin' than ever. She went so pearty, she soon got up to ninety—ninety—one—two—three—four—five—six—'I see ye gwya' it,' sez I, and I cucks the old musket—ch-r-r-r-r-r-r—I puts it to my shoulder—ch-r-r-r-r-r-r—I takes my sight—ch-r-r-r-r-r-r—I lays my finger on the trigger—ch-r-r-r-r-r-r, sez she stouter than ever, and 'as starting with another ch-r-r-r-r-r-r—when

I flames away, and in half a seckin' finds myself flat on my back, in the middle of the floor.

"As I picked myself up, I heard the old lady still goin' it; and darn me, if she didn't strike fifty times more, although twenty-five buckshot took effect all among her countenance, and both of her hands were taken smooth off. I han't wound her up sence; for with the pluck she's got, there's no knowin' what she might do, if she had a chance. She's without exception the best game I ever seed."

MORAL.—Although it may be well to "take time by the forelock," yet it would be better not to do so rashly.

From the National Intelligencer. Editors' Correspondence.

We were thrown quite into a flutter yesterday by receiving in our bag from the Post Office the following letters from the Public's old friend Major Jack Downing, who seems to have written it to us for the purpose of communicating to the Public, in his plain way, some views of President Polk—Young Hickory, as he delights to call him—which that distinguished functionary had not thought necessary to confide to his most confidential friends before he met with the Major.

On board the Steamboat on Long Island Sound, bound to Connecticut and Down East, June 28, 1847.

MR. GALES & SEATON:

My Dear old Friends: I and Mr. Buchanan and the rest of us overtook the President last night at York, where we found him pretty well tickered out, having got through with all his birds-egging in that everlastin' great city, and ready to push on this morning down East. I was going to write a line to friend Richie, as he's the Government Editor, as soon as I could ketch up with the President, and let him know how the old gentleman stood the journey. But I happened to look into your paper, and I see brother Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, sends his letters to you. This puzzled me a little at first, because I knew he was on Mr. Richie's side. But I looked along, and I see he called your paper a "powerful journal;" and then the thought struck me that I had read somewhere that "there's a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself." Well, thinks I, that Ingersoll is a cunning feller, but he ain't going to get ahead of me. If he writes to the power behind the throne, I will too. So if Mr. Richie complains, and says I ought to write to him, I wish you would jist smooth it over to him, and tell him when the old ship gets on 'tother track, and his paper gets on behind, I'll write to him.

As I had come right on from Mexico the shortest cut, and had brought a letter from General Scott to the President, as soon as we got to York I run right up to the tavern where he stopped to give him the letter. Folks told me he was at the Astor House—that great tavern made out of hewed stone. So I went up, and went in, and asked one of the waiters if Colonel Polk put up there?

"Is it Jemmy Polk ye mane? Young Hickory, the President?" says he.

"Sartin," says I.

"Yes," says he, "he's here; up stairs in his room."

Says I, "Show me his chamber as quick as you can; I must see him."

"You can't see him to-night," says he; "Young Hickory is tired out, and can't see nobody at all at all. Why wasn't ye on hand in the Governor's room if ye wanted to see him? All the boys had a chance there."

Says I, "That's nothing to the pint; I was on the road from Washington then, and I'm going to see the President to-night if I have to go through the stone walls of this house for it."

Then along came Mr. Stutson to and says he, "Patrick, what's the row here?"

"Here's a feller getting wrahy," says Patrick, "because I won't let him go up to the President's room."

At that Mr. Stutson turned round to me, and, as soon as he see me, he ketched hold of my hand, and, says he, "Major Downing, I am very happy to see you—I'll show you right up to the President's room myself. I'm sorry you wasn't here before. We've had some very pleasant tea-parties since the President's been here."

When I got into the President's chamber he was laying down on the bed to rest, and looking as tired as a rat that had been drawn through forty knot-holes. But, as soon as he see me, he jumped up, looking rather wild, and says he, "Major Downing, how are ye? I didn't think of seeing you back from Mexico as soon as this. How does things go on there now?"

"Why, Colonel," says I, "if this war had come on in the time of the old General, my old friend Hickory, he would a had them Mexicans half whipped to death by this time. But here's a letter from Scott, to tell ye what he thinks about the business. I come on post-haste to bring it. He says he won't stir from Puebla till you send on more men to take the place of all them that's coming home."

The President took the letter and read a few lines, and threw it down upon the table; and, says he, "It's no use; Scott may grumble and growl as much as he's a mind to, but it's no use. This war is a concern of my own getting up, for my own use, and I shall manage it jist as I please." Says he, "Major Downing, there's reason in all things. I don't want them Mexicans whipped too fast, especially when them upstart Generals get all the glory of it. When I found Taylor was swellin' up too large, I meant to stop him at Monterey and draw off a part of his glory on to Scott. But that Taylor is a headstrong chap, a dangerous man. He overstepped his duty and blundered on to that victory at Buena Vista, that set every thing all in a blaze. I shan't overlook it in him very soon. If the selfish creature had only let Santa Anna give him a handsome licking there, we might a had peace in a little while; for I had things all arranged with Santa Anna to wind the business right up in such a way that we might each of us have made a handsome plume out of it. But that unpardonable Taylor must cut and slash around with his handful of men, untutored volunteers, that I thought were as harmless as a flock of sheep, and contrive, by that awful blunder at Buena Vista, to pour all the fact into the fire."

"Well, then, Scott shan't behaved much better. He's licked the Mexicans too fast by a great sight, and is swellin' himself up in the eyes of the people shamefully. I thought if I could a sent Col. Benton on there, he would a squeezed the glory out of both of 'em in a little while, and settled 'em down so they wouldn't be seen dangerous. But that vagabond Santa would'n't let me do it. That was too bad, Major, when them two Generals were attractin' all the glory that belonged to me, that the Senate would'n't let me do any thing to offset them. But I'll let 'em know that Young Hickory isn't to be beat any more than Old Hickory was. I've sent Mr. Trist on to look after matters, and to see that the armies dont go too fast; for I'm determined Scott and Taylor shan't whip the Mexicans any faster than is prudent. All the glory that's to come out of this war fairly belongs to me, and I'll have it."

"But," says I, "Colonel, you are a goin' to send on more men, ain't you? Or what are you going to do? How are you going to wind the business up?"

Says he, "I'm too tired to talk over my plans to-night. But there's no need of your going right back to Mexico yet.—Mr. Trist is there, and I can trust him to look after matters, and you better jump into the boat with us in the morning and take a trip down East, and we can talk the subject over at our leisure."

About five o'clock in the morning the President rattled away at my door and waked me out of a sound sleep; and, when he found I wasn't up, says he, "Major you must be spy, or you'll be too late, for we're off at six."

I was up and dressed about the quickest, and went out, and fact, there was a quarter of a mile of soldiers, all ready to escort us to the boat. And down we went, through whole streets full of men and women, and boys and gals, of all sorts and sizes, some running and crowding, and some hollering and hurraing, and in a few minutes we were aboard the steamboat, and the bell rung, and the steamer puffd, and off we went on the Sound towards Connecticut.

The President had a little room all to himself, and he made me go right in with him, and he sot down in an easy chair, and put his feet upon another, and says he, "Major, I'm glad to get out of the crowd again; we'll take a few hours of rest and comfort on this voyage. This being President, Major, is mighty hard work; but after all, I like it. I've had a glorious time of it in New York. Every body was running after me, and it seems as though I had seen every thing. I feel as though I had lived through a whole year in these three days, and I don't believe any body ever received more honors in so short a space of time in this country."

"Well," says I, "Colonel, it seems to me a pity you told the folks at Baltimore the other day that you should retire when this term was up. You might go two terms, as Old Hickory did, jist as well as not, you are so popular."

At that he gave me a tuck in the ribs and a sly wink, and says he, "Major, dont you understand that? 'Telling of 'em I should'n't stand another term is jist the right way to make 'em more fierce to have me. Don't you know Anthony said Cesar refused the crown three times jist so as to be more sure of having it placed on his head? And jist see how Santa Anna is working it now in Mexico. When he gets pretty near run down, and shivering in the wind and nothing to stand

upon, he sends in his resignation, with a long patriotic speech about shedding the last drop of blood for his country, and all that, and the people refuse to receive his resignation, and cry out 'long live Santa Anna!' and away he goes again and drums up another army of soldiers."

"But, to tell the truth, Major," says he, "when I made that remark at Baltimore I had some little notion of retiring. Our party was so cut up, things looked rather dark ahead, and I find this Mexican war something of a bother after all.—Taylor and Scott commit so many blunders, I had really then some notion of retiring when this term is up. But since I got along to New York, things seem to look brighter. I'm popular, Major: I know I am. I should'n't be surprised if the Whigs made a demonstration in my favor yet. They seemed very fond of me in New York; and so did every body, every body you could mention; even the market-women took me by the hand and called me young Hickory, and gave me lots of fruit. There, do you see that pineapple on the table there?" says he.

"That was given me at the Fulton market," says he, "as we were going over to Brooklyn on Saturday. Cut away, Major, and help yourself to it; it's a nice one. And here's a paper of most excellent tobacco," says he, "that was presented to me at the same time. You go into the pineapple and I'll go into the tobacco, and then we'll have a little more talk about the war."

Jist as we got cleverly under way they sung out aboard the boat for the passengers to get ready for landing. So I must cut my yarn off here for the present; but likely as not you'll hear from me again. Your old friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

VIRTUE OF SORROW.

Behold you grotto, where the drooping tears
Are crystalized to columns by long years;
So shall thy sorrows, child of mighty grief,
Bear up like pillars for thy souls relief.

FROM MEXICO.

INTERESTING FROM MEXICO.

FROM THE N. O. PICAYUNE OF JUNE 25.
The steamship Palmetto arrived last evening from Vera Cruz, having sailed on the 18th instant.

Although we are not in possession of letters from Mr. Kendall, we have advices upon which we place every reliance as to the movements of Gen. Scott. An express from Puebla, by the route of Cordova, had arrived at Vera Cruz, announcing that Gen. Scott commenced his march upon the city of Mexico on the 16th instant.

We hear not a word more in regard to the overtures for peace said to have been made to Gen. Scott. That he marched on the 16th we have no doubt.

Another express had arrived at Vera Cruz from Jalapa, which announced that all the sick had left there on the 15th inst for Perote, under a small escort. Col. Childs was to leave the following day with all the garrison. Gen. Shields would accompany him. The road between Jalapa and Puebla is represented as free from guerrilla parties of any kind.

About one thousand troops left Vera Cruz on the 17th instant, under the command of Major Gen. Pillow, to join the army of Gen. Scott.

By the express from Jalapa we have no intelligence of Gen. Cadwalader, as the rider came by a circuitous route to avoid the predatory parties on the road.

By this arrival we have received papers from the city of Mexico of the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th of June. Our previous files came down to the 29th of May. The intermediate dates we have not yet received. We have only had time to glance hastily at the papers before us, from which we glean the following:

Santa Anna still remains in power.—His resignation, we presume, was withdrawn; for it is intimated that a majority of Congress was anxious to accept it. His administration, in consequence of this feeling in Congress, has entirely changed its policy, and thrown itself into the arms of the *purros*. One great section of the *purros*, however, is not conciliated by this movement; the adherents of Gomez and Gen. Almonte still continue their opposition to the Administration. Senor Rejon, the former friend of Farias, is said to be the main support of Santa Anna's administration, although he holds no public office. He is denounced as a man without principle, a truckler, &c.

It is represented that opinions were never more divided in the capital than at present. No party seems to have decided upon what course to take. At one time the *purros* and the *moderados* appear inclined to unite upon a dissolution of Congress, and leave every thing in the hands of Santa Anna; and then again the *purros* talk of recalling the absent members of their party, and of having a working majority to carry their measures. In the mean time a quorum of Congress cannot be collected. If we can give no intelligible account of the designs of parties—and

the Government, it is because such confusion and anarchy never before existed in the city of Mexico, by the admission of all.

An important financial measure of Anaya's administration has been summarily abrogated by Santa Anna, in deference, as he says, to public opinion. This has led to the resignation of Senor Baranda, who was not consulted as to the repeal of the measure. Senor Lafragua was then nominated in his place as head of the State Department, but this appointment gave dissatisfaction to the *purros*, who remonstrated against it. The result was not known.

Gen. Almonte was still in prison, nor are we able to learn any thing more definite as to the nature of his offence, his trial not having yet come on.

The State of Chihuahua voted unanimously for Gen. Santa Anna for President. This is the only additional State the vote of which is given in the papers before us. The votes were to be opened on the 15th of June. Our impression is that Congress will have to make choice between the two highest candidates, as no one will probably receive a majority of all the votes. On various occasions Congress has displayed great respect for Gen. Herrera, which leads to the opinion that he will be chosen.

We find no mention made of the measures taken for the defence of the capital. The papers say that Gen. Scott pretended with his troops that he would march into Mexico on the 15th of June, but that this was a mere boast to keep up the spirit of his men; that he was in no condition to move, lacking reinforcements.

The Government is urged by letters from Puebla and its vicinity to fall upon Scott, now he is weak, and crush him.—They say he has really but a little over 5,000 men, though he pretends to have 7,000. They seem to dread lest Gen. Taylor should proceed to join Gen. Scott.

The propositions which Mr. Trist is authorized to make are said by the Mexicans to be that each Republic shall name three commissioners to discuss the claims of the United States, and that, if Mexico will not consent to this, then the war is to be prosecuted.

We find in the *Republicano* of the 7th instant a long despatch from the Secretary of War to Gen. Scott, dated the 30th of April. It informs him that, by the end of June, the President supposes Gen. Scott will have twenty and Gen. Taylor ten thousand men under their respective command. It asks for the views of Gen. Scott on various questions suggested, and gives him directions how to operate with disaffected Mexican States. The *Republicano* regards this latter portion as very important, but pronounces the Secretary's representations as to the number of troops to be in the field utterly false. How this letter was intercepted we are not informed.

On the afternoon of the 6th instant Santa Anna reviewed at Teaplan the troops from the South of Mexico, under Alvarez. This General's command had not all arrived, but it was expected to reach 8,000 men in a few days.

Gen. Scott appears to preserve perfect discipline among his troops at Puebla.—The Mexicans admit this indirectly, though letters are published complaining of our excesses in general terms. The case of a New York volunteer is mentioned, who was tried by a court martial for assaulting a woman with a view of robbing her of a silver crucifix.

The casting of a piece of cannon at Toluca on the 2d inst. is formally mentioned.

We have thus glanced at the papers before us, but will recur to them again, and should they contain any thing of importance, lay it before our readers.

The Palmetto touched at Tampico on the 20th. The only thing which gave animation to the town appears to be the false alarms which frequently occur. The Louisiana regiment stationed at Tampico had suffered severely from sickness. Many have died and there are yet many sick—not less than 150 accounts say. Not more than 180 men are reported fit for service, and yet this is the only regiment doing duty. Reinforcements have been daily expected.

From the Vera Cruz newspaper called the *Sol de Anahuac* of the 17th ultimo the New Orleans Times gleans the following information relative to the communication from Vera Cruz with the interior:

"The communications with the interior are entirely cut off, and consequently the news received from the places beyond the line occupied by the American forces, as well as those within the line which ought to be in constant connexion with this place, is extremely meager.—The cause of this insulated state appears to be exclusively the great fears entertained on account of the numerous guerrilla parties which traverse the roads."

"Our latest news from Puebla was received about three days ago, from which we learn that Gen. Worth had already commenced opening a great wagon road from Puebla to Tuspan, which it is expected will be soon ready for use, the work being carried on with great vigor. This confirms the reported project of re-

moving the Government depot and the United States army to Tuspan.

"Concerning the last train which left with specie and provisions for the United States army, we can only say that the guerrillas still offer a strong resistance.—It was said that they had destroyed the National Bridge, but such is not the case; they barricaded the bridge with heavy trees to prevent the train from passing, but no damage was done to it. There were a number killed and wounded on both sides, and the Americans finally succeeded in opening a free passage, and have continued their march. These are the only facts which we have learned; all other reports are mere rumors."

Celebration at Gebhartsburch.

The celebration of our National Jubilee on the 3d inst, reflected honor on the citizens of Milford township. On the evening previous to the third, a liberty pole was erected bearing aloft the star spangled banner, floating on its glorious and ample folds, "E Pluribus Unum" and cheering the bosom of the American as he responded to the generous sentiment. At an early hour a National salute was fired, and the day ushered in by the waving of plumes, and other demonstrations of lively joy. At ten o'clock the Military, commanded by Capt John A. Baker, formed, and after passing through a number of evolutions, proceeded to the Grove, followed by a large number of ladies and citizens, when the Declaration of Independence was read, and an Oration delivered by H. B. Barnes, Esq. Henry Shaff being appointed President of the day. John Critchfield, William Hanna and Jonas Younkin, Vice Presidents. J. A. Baker and John Knable, Secretaries. A procession was formed, and in regular order marched back to town, where a splendid dinner was prepared by Col. John Weller, of which all partook. The cloth being removed, the table was replenished with cold water, with which we drank the following toasts, amid the thundering of musketry, the rumbling sound of martial music, and the loud huzzas of the assembled multitude.

REGULAR TOASTS.

- 1st. George Washington—first President of the United States, the defender of justice, the founder of liberty, and the friend of man.
- 2nd. The signers of the Declaration of Independence—may the tree of liberty wave over their departed bodies forever.
- 3d. Education—the tyrants dread, the freeman's glory.
- 4th. The President of the United States.
- 5th. The Governor of Pennsylvania.
- 6th. The heads of Department of State.
- 7th. The Declaration of Independence.
- 8th. The Navy of the United States—the mistress of the seas.
- 9th. The liberty of the Press—the power by which freemen preserve their rights.
- 10th. The Army—the conquering power that holds despots in subjection.
- 11th. Internal Improvements—the source of wealth.
- 12th. The star spangled banner—"forever float that standard sheet."
- 13th. The ladies—Heavens best gift to man.

VOIUNTEER TOASTS.

- By Levi Pile.—Gen. Z. Taylor, the master spirit of the army; his brow is now wreathed with laurels of never fading glory.
- By George Suter.—Gen. Scott, the hero of the late war; his career has been marked with a series of victories, but that of Vera Cruz caps the climax.
- By John Weller.—Commodore Conner, commander of our Naval forces on the Gulf, may he maintain the honor of the stars and stripes.
- By Joseph Mull.—The brave spirits who have fallen by Mexican injustice; may their memory be cherished by every patriotic American.
- By John Dull.—President Polk; his actions toward Gen. Taylor, prove him to be a desperate sycophant, trying to cripple honest worth.
- By Alexander Faidly.—Gen. Santa Anna, the pride of the Mexican Republic; the man who never runs, only when he has too.
- By David Putnam.—Generals Worth and Twigs, always ready for any emergency, and perfectly willing to end all that they begin.
- By Joseph Sipe.—The Declaration of Independence; a master production of human intellect.
- By John Rupp.—Henry Rink; a native of Somerset county, his bones are now bleaching on Mexican soil, but his spirit is with him who gave it. Peace to his ashes.
- By Ephraim Speicher.—Our Army in Mexico, the pride of the States, and the very b'boys for Mexican Rancheros.
- By Jacob Critchfield.—The ladies; always interested in the celebration of our national jubilees; may they continue to grace every effort of the kind with their presence.
- By H. W. Hanes.—The founders of the American Republic; with it alone, let their honor die.
- By John Critchfield.—Gen. Z. Taylor,