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THE SHIPWRECK.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The night was lone, and the star ray slept
All bright on wave and lea;
And the Tempest-king, drear vigils kept
O'er the wide Atlantic sea.

The night was lone, and the murmuring
Of slumber stole along;
And softly whispering o'er the main
Was borne the sea-boy's song.

He sung of home, and the simple charms
The cot of his father knew;
He sung of the joy of a mother's arms,
And he sung of the maiden true.

The note was wild, the artless lay,
His dirge! would soon be o'er;
His bosom was light but ere the day
That bosom should beat no more!

The ship was proud and gallant her trim,
Her banners swept the wave;
But ere the lamps of Heaven grew dim,
That flag should deck her grave.

At the midnight hour, was heard the cry,
The shriek of sad despair;
At dawn was hush'd the billowy sigh,
And the pale moon glimmer'd fair.

At the midnight hour, when the sea-boy's
Is hush'd—in lonely dread,
He hears sweet music steal along—
'Tis the moan of the hapless dead!

FROM THE N. O. NATIONAL.

Col. Doniphan's Expedition.

The arrival of Colonel Doniphan and his regiment in this city has created an unusual degree of interest, although it has for the last fifteen months been wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement by military novelties. A full and carefully written history of Col. Doniphan's expedition would be a volume of rare interest, and develop not only strange military adventures, but call the attention of antiquarians and others, to nations living on our continent, of whose existence we have been heretofore ignorant, and whose manners and customs fill the mind with astonishment. While listening to the details of these stern Missouri warriors, we have felt for months as if some ancient Spanish grave had yielded up a follower of Cortez, to recount his adventures and personal experience as he progressed towards the capital of the Montezumas. It presents a wonderful picture, this marching of a few hundred men through populous states, conquering their inhabitants in pitched battles, and occupying their cities and towns as garrisons. Men, who, up to the time they enlisted under the banner of their country, were employed exclusively in the arts of peace, using the rifle only as a source of amusement, and looking to the annual return of the militia muster as a subject of ridicule. Yet when a demand is made upon them, they seem easily to put on the panoply of the ancient crusader, and to go forth conquering as if they had been schooled in the camp, and been disciplined from youth amidst the clamor of war. Of such materials is composed this mighty race of North Americans, who seem destined to overshadow the greatness of all nations of time past; and who are called upon to enact a part in the present and future more sublimely great than has ever yet been accorded by Providence to any people.

Col. Doniphan is a man of giant frame, of that loose carriage peculiar to the west, that deceives the eye as to proportion and strength. We can imagine that his gigantic arm must have wielded his huge sabre in the heat of battle with a force that not only struck down the foe, but literally annihilated him; that each successive swoop, opened wide avenues for his advance, as did Cortez among the crowded ranks of the warlike Tlascalans. His officers and men have a strange uncouth appearance; piece meal, the ill-made clothing of the volunteers have fallen from them, and they have supplied its place with what chance and the wild beasts of New Mexico have thrown in their way. Their sun-burnt faces, grizzled beards, and wild, their devil-may-care air, is perfectly irresistible. Yet beneath those rough exteriors, are concealed minds of educated and high-toned sentiments, full of lofty thoughts and love of liberty; minds that are destined to be felt in the councils of the nation, and play a prominent part in the stirring events of the times.

Col. Doniphan's command was mustered into service on the 15th of June, 1847, at Fort Leavenworth. On the 22d of June a portion of the command started for Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas, and on the 26th Col. Doniphan left with the remainder of the regiment for the same destination. From Bent's Fort the command proceeded together to Santa Fe, which is eight hundred and seventy-five miles from Fort Leavenworth, and two hundred miles from Bent's Fort. On the 15th day of August, Col. Doniphan ar-

rived at Santa Fe. At Los Vegas, the first settlement in New Mexico, information was received that the enemy had collected about two or three thousand at a pass ten miles in advance. The order of battle was formed, the infantry passed over the mountains, so as to attack the enemy in the rear; the Mexicans fell back without giving battle, until they arrived within fifteen miles of Santa Fe, at one of the strongest passes in Mexico, where they cut down timber and raised fortifications. To this strong pass the Governor came from Santa Fe, bringing with him seven pieces of artillery, one of which was a six pounder that had been taken from the Texan Rangers in the celebrated Santa Fe expedition, and an additional force, augmenting the one already at the pass to the number of about four thousand.

Col. Doniphan encamped within three miles of the enemy, and the next morning resumed the order of march, and found they had deserted their works and fled. On the same day the Americans took formal possession of Santa Fe. In a few days they were enabled to capture the artillery, which the Mexicans were attempting to smuggle off, and the whole of New Mexico fell into our possession without a gun being fired.

Gen. Kearney's proceedings at Santa Fe are familiar with the public. As ridiculous as they appear, there is good reason to suppose that the General has his orders for his justification, which will appear in due time.

Shortly after the conquest of New Mexico, Gen. Kearney started with an escort of one hundred men for California. Before his departure, he gave orders to Col. Doniphan to make a campaign against the Navajo Indians, living in the Rocky Mountains, between the Del Norte and Pacific Ocean, and then to report to Gen. Wool, at Chihuahua, where it was understood General Wool would be before Col. Doniphan could reach there. The second regiment of Missouri volunteers having arrived in New Mexico on the 26th of October, Col. Doniphan commenced his campaign against the Navajos.

The Navajos were a large tribe of Indians who had been at war with the Mexicans for two hundred and fifty years, and lived entirely upon plunder taken from that people. At the earnest solicitation of the Mexicans, Gen. Kearney ordered the expedition of our troops against them. Col. Doniphan divided his command into three columns, one of which entered the Navajo country about two hundred miles north of Santa Fe, under the command of Major Gilpin, the other two columns entering it in the west and south west, under the commands of Col. Doniphan and Lieut. Col. Jackson.

The column under Maj. Gilpin marched to the source of the Chinax, and crossing the Sierra Madre, descended to the waters of the San Juan, one of the branches of the Colorado of the west, marched down the river in the direction of the Pacific, and crossing the mountains again, formed a junction with Col. Doniphan's command at the Ojoso, having performed a march of over six hundred miles, over mountains covered with snow. Maj. Gilpin brought with him a great number of chiefs, all of whom professed great friendship for the American nation. At the Ojoso, Col. Doniphan met the principal chiefs of the tribe and great warriors, probably five hundred in number, and there made a treaty stipulating entire friendship between the Navajos and Americans and Mexicans.

The march performed by Major Gilpin was one of the most arduous in the campaign. The country through which he travelled did not permit the way for a baggage train, and his stores had to be carried upon the backs of a few mules. He was continually surrounded by snow and storms, and among mountain passes never before threaded by the foot of man. There will be a thrilling interest in a narrative of that journey not to be met with in the most highly wrought fiction.

The Navajo Indians are a warlike people, have no towns or houses, or lodges; they live in the open air or on horseback, and are remarkably wealthy, having immense herds of horses, cattle, and sheep. They treat their women with great attention, consider them equals, and relieve them from the drudgery of menial work. They are handsome, well made and in every respect a higher order of beings than the mass of their neighbours, the Mexicans. About the time Col. Doniphan made his treaty, a division of his command was entirely out of provisions; the Navajos supplied its wants with liberality. A portion of the command returned to Cavano; Maj. Gilpin's command, together with Col. Doniphan went to the city of the Sumai Indians, on the Rio Pisco, which is supposed to be a branch of the Geyle, made a treaty of peace between the Sumai and Navajos, and then returned to the Rio del Norte.

These Sumai, unlike the Navajos, live in a city containing probably 6000 inhabitants, who support themselves entirely by agriculture.

The city is one of the most extraordinary in the world. It is divided into four solid squares, having but two streets cross-

ing its centre at right angles. All the buildings are two stories high, composed of sunburnt brick. The first story presents a solid wall to the street, and is so constructed that each house joins, until one-fourth of the city may be said to be one building. The second stories rise from this vast solid structure, so as to designate each house, leaving room to walk upon the roof of the first story between each building. The inhabitants of Sumai enter the second story of their buildings by ladders, which they draw up at night, as a defence against any enemy that might be prowling about. In this city was seen some thirty Albino Indians who have, no doubt, given rise to the story that there is living in the Rocky Mountains a tribe of white aborigines. The discovery of this city of the Sumai will afford the most curious speculations among those who have so long searched in vain for a city of Indians, who possessed the manners and habits of the Aztecs. No doubt we have here a race living as did the people when Cortez entered Mexico. It is a remarkable fact, that the Sumaians have, since the Spaniards left the country, refused to have any intercourse with the modern Mexicans, looking upon them as an inferior people. They have driven from among them the priests and other dignitaries, who formerly had power over them, and resumed habits and manners of their own—their Great Chief or Governor, being the civil and religious head. The country round the city of Sumai is cultivated with great deal of care, and affords food not only for the inhabitants, but for large flocks of cattle and sheep.

Col. Doniphan arrived at the Del Norte on the 12th of December. On the 14th he started Maj. Gilpin in the direction of El Passo, with two hundred and fifty men; on the 16th, Lieut. Col. Jackson, with two hundred men; on the 10th, he started in person with the remainder of his regiment. The division was made for the purpose of passing the Jornada del Muerto, which is a desert ninety miles wide without wood or water.

On the 22d Col. Doniphan overtook Maj. Gilpin, at the little Mexican town of Dona Anna. On the morning of the 23d the whole regiment commenced its march for El Passo.

On the 25th the regiment was divided, having a very strong rear guard behind the baggage train. The advance of the column, numbering about five hundred, halted to camp about three o'clock in the afternoon, on the bank of the Rio del Norte, at a point called Brazito, or the Little Arm. Just as the horses had been turned loose, and the men were waiting for the wagons to come up with their cooking utensils, two of the advance guard came in and reported that there was a cloud of dust in the road in front. An observation was made as soon as practicable, and a large body of Mexicans was seen approaching. Our troops were then drawn out and formed as skirmishers. The enemy approached within less than half a mile before our men were formed. A Lieutenant from the enemy's ranks then approached our line, demanding that the American commander should go to their camp, and that unless he did so, they would charge his line, and that they would neither give nor ask quarters. Our interpreter, in reply, ordered the Mexican to charge and be—The Mexican then waved a black flag he held in his hand, and retired to his own column, now formed in battle array.

The Mexicans, eleven hundred strong, then charged with their cavalry supported by their infantry, and one piece of ordnance—a brass howitzer. Col. Doniphan ordered that no one should fire until the enemy was within one hundred yards.

The Mexicans commenced firing at the distance of three hundred yards; their firing was not returned until they had given three rounds, while constantly advancing. When within less than one hundred yards, Col. Doniphan ordered his troops to fire, which was simultaneously done from right to left. At the fire of the "odd numbers," the Mexican line halted, and at the fire of the "even numbers" they began to fall back, except the Vera Cruz dragoons—an old and well known Mexican corps. It attempted to pass our line on the left, when Capt. Reed having succeeded in mounting about twenty men, charged the dragoons, sixty strong and aided by the firing from our lines, forced it to retreat in a few moments, which it did slowly, continuing to fight for more than a mile. The battle of Brazito then terminated, having been fought in twenty seven minutes! The loss of the enemy was sixty three killed and a hundred wounded; of this loss the heaviest was with the Vera Cruz dragoons—this brave company only being able to muster twenty-one at the subsequent defence of Chihuahua; injury to the Americans seven wounded.

On the 27th Col. Doniphan took formal possession of the town of El Passo; where he learned that General Wool would not be at Chihuahua, to form a junction with him; he had consequently, to establish himself at El Passo, and send back to Santa Fe for artillery, having none with him, except the piece captured at the battle of Brazito.

On the 5th of February, Maj. Clark, of the Missouri light artillery, arrived at El Passo, bringing with him one hundred men, commanded by Captain Weightman with five 6-pounders and two 12-pounder howitzers, and on the 8th took up his line of march for the city of Chihuahua.

The events that followed are familiar through the official reports of the battle of Sacramento.

Chihuahua, the capital of the State of Chihuahua, is a city of about fourteen thousand inhabitants, and of remarkable beauty. It is situated on a plain, between two high mountains that rise in the east and west. At the north and south, the country, as far as the eye can reach, is open, and interspersed with farms. The buildings, many of which are very handsome, are composed of white porphyry, that is easily wrought when first taken from the quarry, but by exposure to the air becomes very hard. The old Spaniards who originally built it, conveyed from a mountain four miles distant, through a stone canal, the waters of a spring. This abundant fountain rises in the centre of the grand plaza, overflows an octagonal basin, and then pursues its way over the whole city. The plaza is surrounded by seats, with backs, carved out of the solid stone. At this place could nightly be seen the entire population of Chihuahua, indulging themselves in gossip and idleness.

As an evidence of the riches of the mines of Chihuahua, under the Spaniards it is stated that the magnificent church of that city, which is of immense proportions, and ornamented by three towers of solid stone, was built at a cost of six hundred thousand dollars, and that this immense sum was raised by a tax of one bit on every eight dollars coined in the mines. These silver mines are as rich as they ever were, and inexhaustible; but the Indians have driven the Mexicans from the richest of them, and the people are too lazy to work those in their possession.

When our army left Chihuahua, there was no organized government, the Mexican Governor, Trias, fled on Col. Doniphan's approach, and left him sole arbiter of the country. Col. Doniphan departed leaving the city and the state to take care of themselves, a prey to the first aspirant that wished for temporary power.

The country of New Mexico, and the two Californias, are represented by our troops to be perfectly worthless, except for the harbors on the Pacific coast. No American will ever make a home in either of the States, and its possession will be a curse to the country. The whole of it is in arid plain, almost destitute of water, with but here and there a green spot, and never would have been occupied by any civilized people, but for the rage for gold that inspired the early and adventurous Spaniards.

GAMBLING.—The first arrest under the new gambling law that went into operation a few days ago, was made on Friday. It was that of a colored man named Adam Willet, who is charged with maintaining a gambling-house in Mayland street. He was committed by Alderman Snider in default of \$1000 bail to answer.—North American.

Thus it always is. Laws were only made for the poor—the rich are but rarely made to bear their penalties. Why do we not hear that the keepers of the splendid "hells" in Chesnut street, almost under the very windows of the Courts, and to which the great folks resort, were arrested and committed for trial, as well as this poor colored man, who doubtless has not one-twentieth part their guilt to answer.—Lehigh Rep.

A WORD TO BOYS.—The "Learned Blacksmith" says: Boys did you ever think of this great world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, its oceans, seas and rivers, with all its shipping, men, and all the sciences and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the hands of the boys of the present age! Boys like you assembled in the school rooms or playing without them, on both sides of the Atlantic? Believe it, look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession. The Kings, Presidents, Governors, Statesmen, Ministers, Teachers, Men of the future, are all boys, whose feet, like yours, cannot reach the floor, when seated upon the benches on which they are learning to master the monosyllables of their respective languages.

John Quincy Adams completed the 80th year of his active and eventful life on Sunday the 11th inst. And on the same day, a Boston paper informs us, Timothy Farrar of Hollis, N. H., and Dr. Ezra Green of Dover, N. H. each completed his 100th year.

The officers of the Second Regiment of Illinois Volunteers on their arrival at New Orleans presented to Col. Wm. H. Bissell an elegant gold watch, as a mark of their regard and esteem for their gallant commander.

MEMORY.

BY "LOGAN."

E'en while among the gay I smile,
My heart, alas! is far away;
It dwelleth on some gentle song
That I have heard in happier time,
Or wand'reth; gloomily, amid
The faded flow'rs of Memory.
A look—a tone—"a careless word"
Will bring back joys that I have known;
Then, as the captured bird will speed
To all it loves when free once more,
So flies my sadden'd heart, alas!
To the far fields of Memory.

More of the Water Cure.

The Brattleborough man of the New Haven Herald has set us shivering in the plunge bath, steamed us half to death in the wet sheet, and in divers other ways given us a lively experience of the watery materia medica. Now he crushes us under the aggravated shower-bath enormity of the douche.

HYDROPATHIC HOUSE.

BRATTLEBOROUGH, JUNE 28, 1847.

It would be an injurious error to suppose that any of the more powerful modes of treatment, as the plunge, douche, and running sitz, are ever applied in the first instance or abruptly. On the contrary, every one of these is prelude by a careful preparation, consisting of a graduated system of baths, beginning at seventy-five or eighty degrees, descending by one degree, every one, two, or three days, to the natural temperature, most unnaturally cold; just as an apothecary would slowly increase doses of laudanum, drop by drop; and even when for any reason the treatment is for a while suspended, it is often recommended in the same manner as at first, and finally is as gradually terminated. There is no haste in letting us down into the pool of health, for here the waters are always angel-stirred.

Accordingly it must not be thought that the douche about to be described is suddenly applied to a weak invalid, just out of this flannel, bed-gown, and slippers. Yet though never administered so roughly as to endanger the health, it may in analogy to cups and calomel, often hurt the feelings.

After from two weeks to two months of preparation, the patient whose case needs it is promoted to the douche, and is seen stepping off, with a proud look on his face and a sheet on his arm, bound for the douche houses, half a mile distant, on the other side of the ravine. He here begins with the very mild river douche; but without following him through the transitions to the hose douche, to the middle douche, and from that to the grand, extra potent, heavy wet, seedolager douche, we will sketch his first interview with the latter.

On his way there he meets a fellow sufferer, who asks, "Where away so fast, my friend?" "Congratulate me, my good fellow. I am going to the big one, to take it five minutes at the first start.—Is it really very hard to take?" "O, no, I have just come from it—a mere bogatelle—but here, as you are going in for the first time, I may as well bid you good bye for if any thing *should* happen it is a satisfaction, you know." "Good bye."

He goes to a different house from any he has yet entered, and, opening a door, perceives he has made a mistake, and closes it quickly, but not before having a full view of truly a strange spectacle. A gentleman, whose only clothing in actual wear is a pair of pantaloons, down at the calves, dusty boots, and a nicely brushed hat, is seated navel deep in a small square tub, full of water, and with folded arms looks pensively at his watch. He is enduring the running sitz—so called because the water is kept at the lowest temperature by means of a constant stream from a spring near by, conducted in at the bottom and by another stream carried off from near the top of the tub. It is usually taken from ten to twenty minutes, and is esteemed by many the most comforting of all the baths. The water never being warmed by the body, it is the same thing as making your seat in a spring, and fully comes up to the idea of "cold comfort." Verily, this same running sitz is something worth mentioning in July. Thomas Carlyle would like it; no doubt he would, for he loves every thing that is not a sham, and this is no sham, by no means, but a stern reality.

Our "fire subject" enters the right door and commences to prepare his body and compose his mind for the operation. As he undresses he screws up his resolutions by calling to mind the bold deeds of ancient heroes, and particularly those of our Revolutionary ancestors—how Stony Point was stormed, how old Put entered the wolf's den, and how Samuel Patch jumped off the falls; but his mind continually reverts to a calculation in hydrostatics, to wit, if a column of water "so big" and fifteen feet high comes down with such force, what must be the power of one twice as large and twenty feet high? Meanwhile Mrs. Bemis, a dame of for-

ty-five, who does up the part of nymph of the foundations, has left on the water, and it roars and splashes in the inner dungeon like a demon roaring for his victim. Our subject, thinking his time has come, takes his bandages in hand, casts a glance at the watch to time himself, presses his wife dagger-point to his lips, and opens the door, but it is not yet his turn—another man is "taking it," and our live subject is aguish at the sight of a bony Apollo sprawling on his hands and knees on the floor, who, with teeth firmly set, is receiving the spout on the small of the back.

The effect of the stream pouring into the room is to make the air as cold as winter; and though it was July outside, by the time you are undressed and stand in expectant dread on the threshold it has become January. The room is high and dark; the steps by which you descend into are hatched with the axe, telling of ice chopped away in mid-winter. The stream has come fresh from the cold bowels of mother earth and sees no daylight till it lights on the subject's shoulders.—The sight before him takes away all our friend's resolutions, and nothing but the thought that he has come a thousand miles expressly to be subjected to the mercies of this water. Moloch, and he thought that if any thing short of the ultimate trumpet can arouse his torpid liver to healthy action this thing must do it, the fear of ridicule and the hope of a crisis keeps up his nerves. Now the bony Apollo dashes out and our friend is left alone in that dismal den, alone with that douche and his own conscience. He flings down his bandages, clasps his hands, and raising them, as in supplication, over his head, steps beneath the spout, which he receives first on his hands thus clasped; this is to break the stream into a kind of a shower bath, which wets him all over at the outset.—He then receives it successively on all parts of the body, but the head, chest, stomach, abdomen, and calves of the legs; all other parts now feel the full force of this "heavy wet" in a way that calls for some little effort to keep the breath of life in the lungs.

Whatever calculations in hydrostatics he may have made, he now realizes for the first time the full force of the theory. Talk of a thousand of brick! It is no sort of a simile for the way in which this water comes down upon him. Most relentless douche! Persevering torrent! Magnificent waterpower to set the wheels of life in motion! Who can feel it and doubt the potency of water to cure or kill, and not look with contempt on the impotence of phials and pill-boxes? Down, right down it comes, bearing its victim to the floor, edgelling the shoulders, thundering down the back, knocking down against the short ribs, grinding along the spine as if a big rasp was filing away the points of the back bone, basting the feet, furling the hands, and making all parts tingle as if a puddling-stick of extra power were renewing the coporal punishment of his schoolboy days. The whole surface is soon excited to vigorous action, every organ is aroused, and all the fluids of the system are set coursing like mad through the capillaries into even the uttermost corner of the little toe. The morbid humor, beaten up in all their lurking places, rush higher and yon to escape through the pores, or burst forth like lava in volcanic boils.

After dressing, there is a walk to be taken, usually the longest of the day, to expend the surplus strength derived from this tonic of all tonics. In cold weather you are impelled to put your legs to the very best speed. In summer, and especially in such weather as we have now, the sensation as you go out into the over-keen atmosphere is really droll. The sun basks down upon you as if it mistook you for a loaf of dough, and the hot steam from the earth rises up on every side. As you pass by the fields the mower lazily whets his scythe to excuse his conscience from mowing; the cows lazily chew their cuds in the shade, and the wild flowers drowsily droop their heads and close their eyes; all things tell of heat and extreme lassitude, yet you yourself are fresh, cool, without perspiration, and vigorous. The glistening atmosphere is only a luxurious hot air-bath, and you stride along on the "four mile circuit," snuffing the clover-breath, as briskly as one who of a cool autumn morning "Brushes with hasty steps the dew away. To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

One of the enormous charges against Gen. Irvin, for which, as Locofoco prints would have it, the people ought to reject him, is that he voted against refunding Gen. Jackson's fine. Upon examining the Extra Globe, first session of the 25th Congress, page 120, it will be found that Gen. Irvin voted in the affirmative on the question. This charge being disposed of, what shall we have next.—Penn. Intelligencer.

The coppers works of Mr. Craig, at Wheeling, Va. were destroyed by fire on Saturday night. At Pitts'burgh, the same day the Mount Emmet House, owned by Hugh Sweeney, was consumed. Loss \$6900—insured for \$3000.