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SUMMER EVENING MUSINGS.

BY "THEODORIC."

The pearly dew of evening
Had decked the herbs and flowers,
That shone with radiance lovely,
In the forest's sylvan bowers.

The birds their songs were warbling,
Their songs of joy and praise;
They welcomed in the evening,
In hopes of brighter days.

The sun was sinking slowly
Behind the western sky;
And as he vanished from my sight,
His last rays burst on high.

His beams are always brightest
When he bids the world good-bye;
The silvery swan sings sweetest
When he folds his wings to die.

Thus thought I, sadly musing,
And gazing on this scene;
So mournful, yet so lovely,
So sad, yet so serene.

When death has sent his summons
To bid the wanderer come,
Let gentle breezes waft me
Thus sweetly to my home.

I will not pine and sorrow
When he calls my soul away,
I'll look to a glad morrow—
A better, brighter day.

Speculation in Whiskers; Or, Shaving in a Broker's Office.

BY SOL. SMITH.

There lived in Milledgeville, in 1832, a dandified individual, whom we will call Jenks. This individual had a tolerably favorable opinion of his personal appearance. His fingers were hooped with rings, and his shirt bosom was decked with a magnificent breast-pin; coat, hat, vest and boots, were made exactly to fit; he wore kid gloves of remarkable whiteness, his hair was oiled and dressed in the latest and best style—and to complete his killing appearance, he sported an enormous pair of REAL WHISKERS! Of these whiskers Jenks was as proud as a young cat is of her tail, when she first discovers she has one.

I was sitting one day in a broker's office, when Jenks came in to inquire the price of exchange on New York. He was invited to sit down, and a cigar was offered. Conversation turning on the subject of buying and selling stocks, a remark was made by a gentleman present, that he thought no person should sell out stock in such-and-such a bank at that time, as it must get better in a few days.

"I will sell any thing I've got, if I can make anything on it," remarked Jenks.

"Oh, no," replied one, "not ANY thing; you would not sell your WHISKERS."

A loud laugh followed this chance remark. Jenks immediately answered: "I would—but who would WANT them?—Any person making the purchase would lose money by the operation, I'm thinking."

"Well," I observed, "I would be willing to take the speculation, if the price could be made reasonable."

"Oh, I'll sell 'em cheap," answered Jenks winking at the gentlemen present.

"What do you call cheap?" I inquired.

"I'll sell 'em for fifty dollars," Jenks answered, puffing forth a cloud of smoke across the counter, and repeating the wish.

"Well, that is cheap; and you'll sell your whiskers for fifty dollars?"

"I will."
"Both of them?"
"Both of them."
"I'll TAKE THEM! When can I have them?"

"Any time you choose to call for them."

"Very well—they're mine, I think I shall double my money on them, at least."

I took a bill of sale, as follows:
"Received of Sol. Smith, FIFTY DOLLARS in full for my crop of whiskers, to be worn and taken care of by me, and delivered to him when called for."

J. JENKS.

The sum of fifty dollars was paid, and Jenks left the broker's office in high glee, flourishing his five Central Bank X's, and telling all his acquaintances of the great bargain he had made in the sale of his whiskers.

The broker and his friends laughed at me for being taken in so nicely. "Never mind," said I, "let those laugh that win; I'll make a profit out of those whiskers, depend upon it."

For a month after this, whenever I met Jenks, he asked me when I intended to call for my whiskers.

"I'll let you know when I want them," was always my answer. "Take care of them—oil them occasionally; I shall call for them one of these days."

members of the Legislature. I ascertained that Jenks was one of the managers—he being a great ladies' man, (on account of his whiskers, I suppose,) and it occurred to me that before the ball took place, I might as well call for my whiskers.

One morning I met Jenks in a barber shop. He was admiring before a large mirror, and combing up my whiskers at a devil of a rate.

"Ah! there you are, old fellow said he, speaking to my reflection in the glass.—"Come for your whiskers, I suppose?"

"Oh, no hurry," I replied, as I sat down for a shave.

"Always ready, you know," he answered, giving a final tie to his cravat.

"Come to think of it," I said, musingly, as the barber began to put the lather on my face, "perhaps now would be as good a time as another, you MAY sit down and let the barber try his hand at the whiskers."

"You couldn't wait till to-morrow, could you?" he asked hesitatingly.—"There's a BALL to-night, you know—"

"To be sure there is, and I think you ought to go with a clean face; at all events I don't see any reason why you should expect to wear my whiskers to that ball; so sit down."

He rather sulkily obeyed, and in a few moments his cheeks were in a perfect foam of lather. The barber flourished his razor, and was about to commence operations, when I suddenly CHANGED MY MIND!

"Stop, Mr. Barber," I said; "you needn't shave off those whiskers just yet." So he quietly put up his razor, while Jenks started up from the chair in something resembling a passion.

"This is trifling!" he exclaimed.—"You have claimed your whiskers—take them."

"I believe a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own property," I remarked, and left Jenks washing his face.

At dinner that day, the conversation turned upon the whisker affair. It seems the whole town had got wind of it, and Jenks could not walk the streets without the remark being continually made by the boys—"THERE GOES THE MAN WITH OLD SOL'S WHISKERS!" And they had grown to an immense size, for he dared not trim them. In short, I became convinced Jenks was waiting very impatiently for me to assert my rights in the property.—It happened that several of the party were sitting opposite to me at dinner who were present when the singular bargain was made, and they all urged me to take the whiskers that very day, and thus compel Jenks to go to the ball whiskerless, or stay at home. I agreed with them that it was about time to REAP MY CROP, and promised that if they would all meet me at the broker's shop where the purchase had been made, I would make a call on Jenks that evening, after he had dressed for the ball. All promised to be present at the proposed SHAVING OPERATION in the broker's office, and I sent for Jenks and the barber. On the appearance of Jenks it was evident he was much vexed at the sudden call upon him, and this vexation was certainly not lessened when he saw the broker's office filled to overflowing by spectators anxious to behold the barbarous proceeding.

"Come, be in a hurry," he said, as he took his seat, and leaned his head against the counter for support, "I can't stay here long; several ladies are waiting for me to escort them to the ball."

"True, very true—you're one of the managers—I recollect. Mr. Barber, don't detain the gentleman—go to work at once."

The lathering was soon over, and with about three strokes, of the razor, one side of his face was deprived of its ornament.

"Come, come," said Jenks, "push ahead—there is no time to be lost—let the gentleman have his whiskers—he is impatient."

"Not at all," I replied coolly, "I'm in no sort of a hurry, myself—and now I think of it, as your time must be precious at this particular time; several ladies being in waiting for you to escort them to the ball, I believe I'll NOT TAKE THE OTHER WHISKER TO-NIGHT."

A loud laugh from the bye-standers and a glance in the mirror, caused Jenks to open his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he cut with his single whisker, and he insisted upon my taking the WHOLE OF MY PROPERTY! But all would not do. I had a right to take it when I chose—I WAS NOT OBLIGED TO TAKE IT ALL AT ONCE; and I chose to take but HALF at that particular period—indeed I intimated to him very plainly that I was not going to be a very hard creditor; and that, "if he behaved himself," perhaps I should NEVER call for the balance of what he owed me!

When Jenks became convinced I was determined not to take the remaining whisker, he began, amidst the loudly expressed mirth of the crowd, to propose the terms of compromise—first offering me ten dollars, then twenty, thirty, forty, fifty! to take off the remaining whisker. I said firmly, "My dear sir, there is no use talking; I insist on your wearing that whisker for me for a month or two."

"What will you take for the whiskers?"

he at length asked. "Won't you sell them back to me?"

"Ah," replied I, "now you begin to talk as a business man should. Yes, I bought them on speculation—I'll sell them if I can obtain a good price."

"What is your price?"

"One hundred dollars—MUST double my money."

"Nothing less!"

"Not a farthing less—and I am not anxious to sell them even at that price."

"Well, I'll take them," he groaned, "there is your money; and here, barber, shave off this d—d infernal whisker in less than no time—I shall be late at the ball."

The barber accomplished his work, and poor Jenks was whiskerless! Jenks went to the ball, but before the night was over, HE WISHED HE HADN'T—***.

—St. Louis Reveille.

THE WIND CAR.—The Independence Expositor says:—"Our enterprising fellow citizen, Mr. Wm. Thomas, has just returned from a trip of twelve days on the prairies, with his wind ship, and says it works well, and he is now willing to make a tour to the buffalo country if a sufficient number of passengers can be raised to justify him in making the expedition. He takes one six pounder, a beautiful stand of colors, tents, &c. He will start in a few days if he can be successful in getting a company. Mr. Thomas will take with him four large horses, that in case of a calm there will be no detention. It is now a beautiful season of the year for a buffalo hunt."

SEASONABLE HINTS.—The Boston Journal says:—"If your constitution is delicate, wear flannel next the skin during the summer season, and be particularly careful that your young children wear it also. We have heard an eminent physician, now residing in this city, say that a very large proportion of the deaths by cholera infantum, which annually take place in this city and vicinity, could have been prevented by this simple precaution. It is the sudden changes of the weather, the ordinary effects of which may be in a great measure warded off by wearing flannel next the skin, which produces these fatal diseases, and which are generally ascribed to too great an indulgence in summer fruits."

NARROW ESCAPE.—This (Saturday) afternoon, as the steamboat train of cars from Hartford was entering the city, and had reached this side of the railroad bridge the cow-catcher picked up a little girl about ten years old, and carried her about twenty-five rods. As soon as the brakes could be brought to bear, the train was stopped, and the child jumped off and ran. She was walking on the track, and a curve in the road, our informant states, prevented her being seen in season to avoid the collision. We did not learn to what extent she was injured, or her name but presume she could not have been very seriously hurt, from the fact of her being able to leave without assistance.—New Haven Herald.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A little boy, named William Hunter, had been for some months ill, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and his mother was with him. On Thursday evening he sent for the superintendent, and asked him to pray by his bedside. Then, after many thanks for his kindness, he said, "I shall die to-morrow morning, and I am not afraid to die; but Oh! do pray for my mother." During the night, he made repeated inquiries, as with earnest longings for the approach of day. Morning came and the child sunk into the deep, sweet sleep, from which he never woke on earth.—Boston Jour.

ROCHESTER EDGE TOOLS IN ENGLAND.—Some time since, says the Scientific American, a Mr. Ash, an extensive manufacturer of mechanics tools at Sheffield, England, sent to this country for patterns of the latest improvements, and amongst the rest, ordered a variety from Messrs. Barton & Belden, of Rochester, which were promptly forwarded. On their arrival there, it seems that their make gives such universal satisfaction, they were immediately copied, and the fact that they came from this country made prominent by stamping upon them "Rochester Pattern."—Roch. Dem.

From the Philadelphia North American.

THE "KILLERS."—Scarcely a night now passes without the perpetration of some outrage by this gang of Moyamensing desperadoes. Brutal assaults, robbery, stabbing and murder, help to make up the catalogue of their crimes—crimes which they commit under the very eye of the police authorities of the district.—The police officers, indeed, either openly wink at the lawless acts of these young villains, or stand off and confess themselves afraid to do their duty.

INDIAN POLITICS.—Considerable excitement exists in the Cherokee Nation in regard to the election for chief in August. Mr. Coodey and Mr. Ross are the candidates for the office.

THE TWO VOICES.

BY H. M. KLAFF.

Father, earth's a pleasant place,
Sweet—sweet to me!

There is freshness on her face!
Music on her sea!

Boy! death is on her face!
Death within her waves!

Call you earth a pleasant place,
Green—green with graves!

Father! life's a pleasant thing!
Mortal lot is fair!

E'en the birds above us sing
"Joy lives in air!"

Woe, betimes, the heart shall ring,
Fruity faith impair;

Call you life a pleasant thing,
Full—full of care!

FROM MEXICO.

Interesting News.

The New Orleans mail which was due last night having failed, we extract from the Charleston Courier the subjoined interesting intelligence from Vera Cruz, which we find transferred to that paper from the New Orleans Times of the 30th ultimo.

It is important, as putting at rest, for the present, all prospect of effecting a peace through the medium of negotiation. General Scott was to have marched on the capital on the 15th ultimo, and we shall, doubtless, in a few days be in receipt of intelligence of exciting interest.

FROM THE N. O. TIMES OF JULY 30.

The steamship Massachusetts arrived here yesterday, from Vera Cruz the 23d instant, bringing us files of the Sol de Anahuac and our regular correspondence up to the time of her departure.

PROSPECTS OF PEACE.—No intelligence direct from the city of Mexico, or even from Puebla, traceable to any authentic source, had reached Vera Cruz since the date of our last advices. It will be recollected that all was then in a state of doubt and suspense. Information in an unofficial form had arrived here, intimating that Santa Anna had taken the initiative in the question of the constitutionality of opening a negotiation with Mr. Trist, which had lain between him and the Congress, and had appointed three Commissioners to meet the American Envoy at San Martin Tesmelucan, on an appointed day. In reference to this vital subject, the Sol de Anahuac of the 22d instant states that rumors were in circulation quite unfavorable to the success of Mr. Trist's mission. Indeed, from letters which had come to hand from Puebla, it was certain that the commission had not been installed, and "consequently that the hopes of peace which had been founded thereon had completely vanished." It adds, on the other hand, that from the continued inaction of Gen. Scott's army, the only datum on which can possibly rest the probability of a commission for the settlement of difficulties, and the total absence of news for some time from the interior, it may be that the Commander-in-Chief is waiting the arrival of fresh instructions from Washington. The immediate nomination of Commissioners, and the designation of the place of meeting, would seem to indicate a sincere desire on the part of the Mexicans for some kind of a pacific arrangement. Difficulties of an accidental nature, delays, &c., may have intervened to obstruct the consummation of a treaty. English mediation, it was stated, had been proffered and accepted, which had progressed so far as to have the Secretary of Legation of the British Embassy to the headquarters of Gen. Scott at Puebla. In allusion to this last means to which the Mexicans had had recourse, the Sol de Anahuac expresses its dissent from any foreign interference, as being always costly, and sometimes most fatal in its results. In reviewing all the news, however, which has reached us by this arrival, we are bound to confess that every thing seems in statu quo, as at the last receipt of intelligence. Nothing definite is known; either of the sentiments of the Congress, of whose meeting not a word is said, or of the mode of acting of the Mexican government. Gen. Scott had not left Puebla when the last accounts were received at Vera Cruz from that city.

APPROACHING BATTLE.—In opposition to the foregoing speculations, however, we find that a letter of the 17th, which has not come to hand as yet, a circumstance we much regret, is alluded to by our regular correspondent, in which, as we glean from his remarks on the 20th relating thereto, he states that all hopes of peace are entirely crushed and that Gen. Scott was to march on the capital on the 15th instant. Santa Anna, at the head of a large army, supposed to be 22,000 strong intended to give him battle at some point between Puebla and Mexico.

GENERAL PIERCE.—This officer left with his train on the day indicated in our last advices. During his advance firing had been heard along the road, by which

it seems he must have met with some obstacles from guerrillas. His force, however, was so overwhelming strong—three thousand men, with one hundred and fifty wagons—that he no doubt brushed away these predatory bands with ease. In reference to this, we learn that two hundred men, who set forth from Vera Cruz after the train which left a few days before were attacked a short distance from Santa Fe. The Mexicans had a strong force, but were defeated.

BURNING OF SANTA FE.—Lieut. Fitzgerald had been sent on an expedition with twenty-five men. They went to Santa Fe, to take away some provisions belonging to the army, and set fire to that town, a place of refuge to guerrillas.

VOMITO.—This disease, the terror of foreigners in Vera Cruz, still continues its ravages, but it is quite certain that the health of the city has immensely improved in comparison with that during the past years, through the enlightened measures introduced by the Americans. The Board of Health are unceasing in their labors and mitigate the ravages of this horrid scourge.

Gov. WILSON.—We are sorry to learn that the Governor of Vera Cruz was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill on the morning of the 22d instant. We trust that he has recovered before this.

TABASCO.—Commodore Perry has again left Anton Lizardo, for Tabasco, and it is reported that the further occupation of that place is to be, for the present, abandoned.

Correspondence of the Com. Times.

VERA CRUZ, JULY 20, 1847.

In my hurried note of the 17th I informed you of the destruction of our hopes with regard to peace, and of the report that General Scott had fixed upon the 15th instant for his march upon the capital. It is to be expected that our next express will bring us intelligence of his being on the road. I have seen one letter to-day from an officer of the staff at Puebla, which states that from the best information he can obtain he forms the opinion that Santa Anna has a force of twenty-two thousand men, most of which will probably meet General Scott's army on its way, and afford another Cerro Gordo laurel to each of our brave fellows.

I believe it is true, however, that Alvarez has gone south without having redeemed a single promise made to Santa Anna, or having accomplished one of his dread intentions declared against the "Yankees." All his Indians, of course, went with him. Alvarez is a sovereign in his own district, and as absolute as Nicholas, or Mahmoud, and it is no wonder that his pride revolted at the idea of serving under a creature so contemptible as Canaltzo.

A quarrel on the subject of rank has also arisen in our army, but I presume the consequences will not be very serious.—The Commander-in-Chief has made a very sensible decision on the subject, and the matter lies in a proper shape, pending an appeal.

Vera Cruz is quiet enough just now, and I see no great reason to apprehend an early disturbance, but there are idle and foolish spirits at work which may produce damage to themselves, harmless as the issue may be to us.

Two French gentlemen arrived here yesterday from Jalapa, and inform us that Gen. Pierce will meet with serious opposition from the guerrillas and others at almost every step on his march. To impede his advance as much as possible, two bridges on the road have been destroyed—one at San Juan, twenty miles from here, and the other at El Plan, near Cerro Gordo. The latter was a fine structure. There is timber, however, in the neighborhood, with which I suppose another bridge can be built, to answer a temporary purpose, but much delay must necessarily be suffered. The bridge at San Juan is of less consequence, but as the rainy season has set in, the river has swollen to an extent that must render its passage a most difficult matter. Of course Gen. Pierce has no ponton train, and I do not know that even Gen. Scott has one.

I treat my information as correct, as I have no shadow of reason to doubt the authority from which I received it, and must add that the Mexicans are greater dolts than I have ever considered them, if it be not correct. And who is to blame for this and the other difficulties which line the road to Jalapa? Is it General Scott, or higher authority, or both? One thousand men, stationed between Jalapa and Santa Fe, a distance less than seventy miles, would have saved not only these bridges, but many valuable lives and much property. Such a guard would have afforded ample protection to travellers, and, by preventing depredations, would so have discouraged the guerrillas that half their bands would ere this have been broken and scattered over the country, to prey upon Mexican instead of American property.

The foreign residents and the well-disposed Mexicans complain seriously of the recent orders, Nos. 24 and 25, issued by Governor Wilson, in which he says the castle will fire upon the town in case of an attack. I can hardly suppose that

he seriously contemplates such a measure as its effect would be to aid the express object of the guerrillas, or robbers, composing the assailants. Their design would be to destroy as much property as possible, and they would thank the Governor for his valuable assistance in its destruction; and who would protect the poor foreigners, huddled together, old men, women, and children, in such a place as that appointed for their shelter, or rendezvous; for shelter it is not in any sense of the word! I sincerely hope that better counsels, or rather authority, will induce a further amendment of his orders, before an attack takes place. The effect of the orders has been to destroy, in a great measure, the confidence reposed in our promises of protection; and I do not know how any good could be expected to result from them.

I have to-day received five or six packages of your paper, the first that have come to hand in a month. Where they have been I know not; and I only mention their delay to account for not having noticed some extracts in the earlier dates from sundry papers, and particularly from the Washington Union, the statements of which conflict with those made by me on several occasions. It is now too late to trouble your readers with the details to prove the correctness of my statements, and I will only crave room to ask the editor of the Union, first, if, in his opinion Gen. Scott now has twelve thousand men in his division of the army? Second, where he obtained the information, a month ago, that half a million of dollars in specie had been collected for duties in Vera Cruz? And, third, upon what system of arithmetic he based the calculation that fifteen millions of dollars of revenue would be yielded by the tariff now in force on the Mexican coasts?—Five millions might have been secured by the establishment of a common-sense rate of duties, and reasonable facilities of payment and trade; but I can assure you that, under those adopted, not one million including all duties received, and all bonded, will be realized within one year from the date of opening the ports.

VERA CRUZ, JULY 22, 1847.

After all the delay which occurred in getting off the train and escort under Gen. Pierce, many of the wagons were in an unprepared state, and became detached from the main body. An escort of a hundred and fifty or two hundred troops was detailed to remain with the stragglers and guard them until they could rejoin the train, while the main body moved forward. The detachment had, however, advanced only a few miles beyond Santa Fe, when it was attacked by a large party of guerrillas, which kept it engaged for about four hours, at the end of which time the Mexicans were well "used up," and the Americans moved forward. A gentleman who passed along the road yesterday morning says that he saw several dead bodies in the vicinity—all Mexicans—and has no doubt that the guerrillas met with a considerable loss. No wounded have arrived here from our troops, and it is to be presumed that their loss has been small. It is strange that no messenger has been dispatched to the Governor with the intelligence. The firing was plainly heard by our sick, which had been left behind at Santa Fe. The detachment which I mentioned in my last as having been sent out to Santa Fe, has returned, and report the entire destruction of the place, in conformity with the Governor's orders. The measure of destroying that place is a good one, and it is to be hoped will be followed up with that of the destruction of all the hamlets within ten miles of the city. The preservation of life and public property requires such a step, and even if we have to pay for the property destroyed, it is yet the policy of true economy.

STEAM HOD CARRIER.—The contractors on the Bay State mills now hoist their brick and mortar by steam. A small engine is stationed in the lower story of the mill, to which is appended and endless chain running from the engine to the floor upon which the workmen are engaged. To the chain the hods of brick and mortar are fastened by a hook which is firmly affixed to the hod. On arriving at the top the tenders take the hods from the chains and carry them to any desired part of the building. A man stands near the engine to take off the empty hods as they approach the floor by the downward side of the chain. The labor of about twenty-five men is saved by this ingenious invention, which was first adopted to this purpose, we understand at Lowell last summer.—Lawrence Cour.

A BANK OFFICER DEFAULTED.—The Richmond Enquirer learns that one of the officers of the Branch Bank of Virginia, at Lynchburg, has absconded, carrying off some 13,600 dollars of the funds of the bank. He is said to be a man of high standing in the community, and has hitherto borne an irreproachable character.