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I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

You think I have a merry heart,
Because my songs are gay.
But oh, they all are taught to me
By friends now far away.
The bird retains her silvery note,
Though bondage chains his wing.
His soul is not a happy one,
I'm saddest when I sing.

I heard them first in that sweet home
I never more shall see,
And now each song of my joy has got
A plaintive tone for me.
Alas! 'tis vain in winter time
To mock the songs of spring.
Each note recalls some wither'd leaf,
I'm saddest when I sing.

Of all the friends I used to love,
My harp remains alone,
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own.
My tears when I bend over it,
Will fall upon its string,
Yet those who hear me, little think,
I'm saddest when I sing.

FROM THE NEW ORLEANS DELTA.

The Virtue of Ventriloquism, Or Mick Murphy and the Ghost.

An incident occurred in the hotel of one of the picturesque marine villages which skirt Lake Ponchartrain, on a certain occasion last summer, that effectually served to dispel the listless ennui too prevalent in such cases. Among the guests there, for the time being, was one Michael Murphy, an eccentric, good natured soul, from what used to be PAR EXCELLENCE the land of potatoes, but which now may be called the potatoless land. He had been on a "big burst" in the city, and went over the Lake to dispel the fumes of his debauch, and take salt baths and soda water at the same time, for

"In sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee,
Few earthly things found favor in his sight—
Save concubines and carnal company,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree."

All this became known to a ventriloquist who paid a flying visit to the place, and who had such command over his voice that he could make it do anything, speaking of a pig under the gate, to the bringing of a mocking bird.

Believing that Michael was just about that time in an impressive state—in a reformatory mood—he thought he would through the medium of his art, endeavor to effect a favorable change in his morals. With this view he booked his name for a bed in the room with Michael, and about 12 o'clock at night—that hour to superstitious minds so fraught with terrors—he "pitched his voice" outside of the door, saying in a kind of trombone tone—

"Michael Murphy! Michael Murphy, are you asleep?"

"Who's that?" said Michael, much startled at the sepulchral tone in which the query was put, and the time of putting it.

"Ask me not, but answer," said the ventriloquist still continuing his ghost like accent.

"Well what have you got to say," said Michael.

"Much of what I want you to take notice," said the ventriloquist, or rather said the voice.

"O clear off," said Michael, "or else I'll give you your ray."

"Better had you continued to take tea than break the pledge as you have done," said the voice outside the door.

"What's all this noise about?" said the ventriloquist speaking from the bed.

"Some dirty blackguard that is outside the door there," said Michael, "interfering with what's none of his business."

"Why don't you drive him from it?" said the ventriloquist speaking from the bed.

"I wish he dare," said the voice of the ventriloquist speaking outside the door.

"Be japers I'll let you see I dare," said Michael jumping up, seizing his hickory and hurriedly opening the door, ready, on sight, to knock down the annoyance.

"Give him h—!" said the ventriloquist from the bed.

"Be gor, I believe its the Ould Boy himself was in it," said Michael, "for I don't see a soul here."

"It's very mysterious," said the ventriloquist speaking from the bed.

"I wonder," said Michael, "if there's any evil spirits in this country?"

"I don't know," said the ventriloquist, "but they say the ghosts of departed Indians haunt the place."

"O, that was no Indian's ghost," said Michael, "for he spoke as good English as I do myself."

"And a little better Michael," said the voice as if proceeded from one standing by his side.

"O, the crass o' Christ about us," said Michael, "what are you; at all, at all?"

"No evil spirit but your guardian genius," said the voice.

"A mortal queer genius are you," said Michael, "that can be heard and not seen."

"Get into bed then," said the voice, "I have something to say to you."

"You won't do anything bad to me?" said Michael.

"Nothing," said the voice.

"Honor bright," said Michael.

"Honor bright," said the voice; and in to bed Michael again went.

"Now Michael," said the voice, "you know you have been a hard liver?"

"That's a fact," said Michael.

"You broke the pledge," said the voice.

"True as prachin," said Michael.

"And did other bad things."

"More than I ever I could keep a tally of," said Michael.

"Then will you pledge yourself to me, that you'll change your mode of life," said the voice.

"I'll do anything you ask me."

"Then you promise never to drink a drop again," said the voice.

"Not as much as would bathe a wren's bill," said Michael.

"Then I'm off," said the voice, "but remember if you attempt to break it, I'll be present and punish you through life."

"Who is that with whom you are holding conversation?" said the ventriloquist speaking again from the bed.

"Devil a one at all," said Michael, "barin' some mighty polite invisible gentleman, that seems to take a great deal of interest in me welfare."

"O, you're dreaming," said the ventriloquist—continuing to speak in PROPRIA PERSONA.

"Faix, it's like a drame shure enough," said Michael.

The next morning a friend asked Michael to take his bitters. He consented, but just as he took the glass in his hand the voice of the ventriloquist, who was present was heard above his head, in the air, crying out—"Touch not, Michael Murphy—remember your promise." It was enough, Michael would taste not.

"The pleasure of wine with you, Mr. Murphy," said a gentleman at dinner.

"With pleasure, sir," said Michael, but just at that moment a voice was heard to issue from the corner of the room—it was that of the ventriloquist who sat by his side uttering his admonition.

Thus the thing went on for a week, till Michael was then and forever made a teetotaler. He now industriously minds his business, enjoys good health and prospers. In relation to the circumstances under which he became a teetotaler, he says, he never had the pleasure of seeing his best friend.

A CARAVAN FROM THE SELKIRK SETTLEMENT.

On the 10th of July there arrived at the village of St. Paul, near St. Peters and the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Upper Mississippi, the most novel and original looking caravan that has ever appeared since Noah's ark was evacuated. Our readers are aware that there is an isolated settlement of several thousand inhabitants in a high latitude of British North America, known as the "Selkirk Settlement."

Cut off from the commerce of the world, they rely entirely upon their own resources, their farms, their flocks, and fishing and hunting for support—being a community, so to speak, of Robinson Crusoes.

Their crops having failed the two last seasons, they have been forced to break out of the wilds again and seek food in the market of the great brawling world.

Formerly their chief point of contact with commerce was at Toronto; but now, owing to the increase of supplies on the Upper Mississippi and the abundance of game and forage on that route, they trade at St. Paul, the head of steamboat navigation on the Mississippi river. Into St. Paul they came on the 10th of July, a caravan of one hundred and twenty carts, in single file, wearily moving along by moonlight.

Long after the head of the caravan had reached the village, the lengthened train of followers could be seen moving over the undulating prairie, partly visible and partly hidden between the billowy ridges of the extended plain, crawling onward like some huge serpent, the extreme rear still being invisible, and partly hidden in the dimness of distance.

They had travelled southward over the prairie six hundred miles, having been nineteen days on their way, through a region abounding in buffaloes; encamping at night in a tent around which the carts were ranged in a circle to fence in the cattle. They were hindered considerably in crossing some of the streams, and in many places found a scarcity of fuel, and even the dry excrement of the buffalo, which they use for fuel. They often suffered for the want of water, as many of the smaller streams were so strongly impregnated with the excrement of the buffalo as to be unwholesome. They brought along a large elk, a bear, and some other animals which they had captured on their way, and many packages of furs. They had a very choice lot of buffalo robes, well dressed, which they sold at St. Paul by the lot at \$3.50 each.

They had with them also an abundance of specie, and waited a few days at St. Paul for the arrival of a steamboat load of

flour and groceries. The caravan was made up of men and boys of all ages, kindreds, tongues, and complexions, including a large portion of Gumbos. Their dresses were as various as could be imagined, being uniform in only a single article of apparel—all wore moccasins. The carts were made wholly of wood and hides, the hubs being covered with bandages of green hide, drawn on while soft, and there shrinking until they became nearly as tight as bands of iron. Some of these odd two-wheeled vehicles were drawn by little horses and others by oxen, each animal, horse or ox, being geared in a harness of green hide. They are now again on their way back to the frozen wilds of the North, many of them probably never again to commune with the great world.—*Wisconsin Herald.*

FROM SANTA FE.

We learn from the St. Louis Republican that another party of volunteers has returned to Fort Leavenworth from Santa Fe. They arrived on the 6th instant, and left Santa Fe on the 5th of last month.

Information had been received at Bagos seventy-five miles this side of Santa Fe, that Lieut. Brown, attached to Captain Horine's company of volunteers, with privates McClenahan and Quisenberry, and a Mexican guide, had been killed at a small place about fifteen miles from Bagos. They had left camp in pursuit of persons who had stolen horses from them and, not returning, on the 5th of July information was received from a Mexican woman that they had been murdered.

Major Edmondson, on receiving this news, took measures to avenge their death.

He marched with some sixty men and a howitzer against the town where the enormities were committed, and discovered that the inhabitants were flying to the mountains. He commanded them to stop, but as they did not do so, he fired upon them, killing six, wounding several others, and taking forty or fifty prisoners. From some of the prisoners it was ascertained that the bodies of two of the Americans were burnt, but that the body of Lieut. Brown, who had the emblem of the cross on his neck, and was supposed, from this circumstance, to be a Catholic, was hid in the mountain, where it was afterwards found. All the houses of persons concerned in the murder were burnt to the ground by order of the Major. Some articles of property lost in the engagement at the Red river canon were found at this place, showing that some of the inhabitants at least were participants in that affair.

An express reached Bagos on the 6th of July, stating that thirty men of Capt. Morin's company—a grazing party, belonging to Lieut. Col. Wilcock's battalion—had been attacked by about two hundred Mexicans on the Seneca, eighteen miles from Fernando de Toas. The enemy rushed upon them, and killed five men and wounded nine others, and succeeded in capturing all their horses, tents, and extra clothing. Among the killed were Lieut. Larkin and privates Owens, Wright, Mason, and Wilson. Only six men were left to protect the camp and they retreated under the banks of the Seneca, where they maintained their position until Captain Shepherd, of Company I, arrived with his men. They then drove off the enemy, with a small loss on the American side, and Capt. Shepherd took up his quarters about a mile from the scene of action.

The artillery company under Captain Fisher, and the Missouri mounted companies under Capt. Dent and Woods, all left Santa Fe about the same time, say the 6th of July, and from the movements of the Mexicans, another attempt to recover possession of the country was expected to take place. Col. Price had ordered the immediate concentration of all the troops at Santa Fe, except the command of Major Edmondson, who was to remain at Los Vegas, with orders to be ready to march at a moment's warning.

A conflict of authority has taken place at Santa Fe. On the fourth of July an affray occurred at night between a party of Mexicans and Americans, in which it is said four Mexicans were killed and one American wounded. Col. Price is said to have caused the arrest of several Mexicans; and thereupon Judge Houghton, of the District Court, interfered in their behalf. Of the result of this interposition we have no account. The origin of the affray may be safely attributed to a drunken frolic, so characteristic of Col. Price's administration of affairs in Santa Fe.—*Republican.*

"Yes, ma'am, that's a crack article," said a storekeeper to his lady purchaser.

"Oh, mercy!" cried she, "if the think is cracked I don't want it."

Losing a cow for the sake of a cat—this is the Chinese interpretation of going to law.

During the month of July, 17,763 emigrants arrived at New York.

FAREWELL.

We do not know how much we love
Until we come to leave;

An aged tree, a common flower,
Are things o'er which we grieve;

There is a pleasure in the pain,
That brings us back the past again.

We linger while we turn away,
We cling while we depart,

And memories unmarked till then,
Come crowding round the heart.

Let what will lure our onward way,
Farewell's a bitter word to say.

A LETTER FROM GEN. TAYLOR.

About the following Letter there can be no mistake: it is the General's own.—We learn from the New Orleans "National" that it is in reply to one addressed to him by a Democrat in Florida. The "National" hopes that "he and his party are perfectly satisfied with it." We shall see.

Camp near Monterey, Mexico,
June 9, 1847.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 15th ult. from Clinton, Louisiana, has just reached me, in which you are pleased to say:—"The signs of the times in relation to the next Presidency, and the prominent position of your name in connexion with it, is a sufficient excuse for this letter;" that "it is a happy feature in our Government that official functionaries under it, from the lowest to the highest station, are not beyond the reach and partial supervision of the humblest citizen, and that it is a right in every freeman to possess himself of the political principles and opinions of those into whose hands the administration of the Government may be placed." &c.; (in all of which I fully coincide with you in opinion); and asking my views on several subjects: "First, as to the justice and necessity of this War with Mexico, on our part; second, as to the necessity of a National Bank, and the power of Congress for erecting such an institution; third, as to the effects of a high Protective Tariff, and the right of Congress, under the Constitution, to create such a system of revenue."

As regards the first interrogatory, my duties and the position I occupy, I do not consider it would be proper in me to give any opinion in regard to the same. As a citizen, and particularly as a soldier, it is sufficient for me to know that our country is at war with a foreign nation, to do all in my power to bring it to a speedy and honorable termination, by the most vigorous and energetic operations, without inquiring about its justice or any thing else connected with it; believing, as I do, it is our wisest policy to be at peace with all the world, as long as it can be done without endangering the honor and interests of the country.

As regards the second and third inquiries, I am not prepared to answer them. I could only do so after investigating those subjects, which I cannot now do, my whole time being fully occupied in attending to my proper official duties, which must not be neglected under any circumstances. And I must say to you, in substance, what I have said to others in regard to similar matters, that I am no politician. Near forty years of my life have been passed in the public service—in the army; most of which in the field, the camp, on our Western frontier, or in the Indian country; and for nearly the two last, in this or Texas, during which time I have not passed one night under the roof of a house.

As regards being a candidate for the Presidency at the coming election, I have no aspirations in that way, and regret the subject has been agitated at this early day and that it had not been deferred until the close of this war, or until the end of the next session of Congress, especially if I am to be mixed up with it, as it is possible it may lead to the injury of the public service in this quarter, by my operations being embarrassed, as well as to produce much excitement in the country growing out of the discussion of the merits, &c. of the different aspirants for that high office, which might have been very much allayed, if not prevented, had the subject been deferred as suggested. Besides, very many changes may take place between now and 1848, so much so as to make it desirable, for the interest of the country, that some other individual than myself, better qualified for the situation, should be selected; and could he be elected, I would not only acquiesce in such an arrangement, but would rejoice that the Republic had one citizen—and no doubt there are thousands—more deserving than I am, and better qualified to discharge the duties of said office.

If I have been named by others, and considered a candidate for the Presidency it has been by no agency of mine in the matter; and if the good people think my services important in that station, and elect me, I will feel bound to serve them; and all the pledges and explanations I can enter into and make, as regards this or that policy, is, that I will do so honestly and faithfully to the best of my abilities,

strictly in compliance with the constitution. Should I ever occupy the White House, it must be by the spontaneous move of the people, and by no act of mine, so that I could go into the office untrammelled, and be the Chief Magistrate of the nation and not of a party.—But should they, the people, change their views and opinions between this and the time of holding the election, and cast their votes for the Presidency for some one else I will not complain.

With considerations of respect, I remain, your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

MR. EDWARD DELUNY.

P. S.—I write in great haste, and under constant interruption.

DREADFUL COLLISION AT SEA.

By the mail of yesterday we received the Boston papers of Monday and Tuesday, which furnish the particulars of the terrible loss of life incurred by passengers on board the Swedish barque Iduna, from coming in collision at sea with the ship Shanunga, of which we had a partial (though not entirely correct) account by Telegraph two days ago.

The Iduna was from Hamburg, bound for New York, with two hundred and six persons on board. She was commanded by Captain Ernest Andreas Moberg. About one o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 9th instant, in lat. 44° 25', lon. 58° 30', the weather being very foggy, she came in contact with the ship Shanunga, Captain Patten, from Liverpool for Boston, and sunk in thirty minutes. Immediately after the collision Captain Patten sent out his boats, which, with the aid of one boat from the Iduna, picked up thirty-four persons—six of them being women, and five or six children. One hundred and seventy-two perished.

The Boston Journal of Tuesday evening says:

"The passengers of the Iduna were composed of industrious Swedes, who were coming to this country with considerable sums of money in their possession for the purpose of purchasing farms and settling at the West. The collision was so sudden and unexpected, and the vessel sunk so soon afterward, that none of the passengers had time to clothe themselves. Most of them, however, secured their money, which was mostly in gold, about their persons, which accounts for the serious loss of life. Those who were saved had been in the water nearly half an hour when they were picked up, during which time those who had gold about their persons had sunk. It is supposed that Capt. Moberg, master of the barque, had \$1,400 in gold about his person.

"Those who were saved were entirely destitute of money, and mostly clad in their night clothes when taken aboard the Shanunga. Every possible attention was, however, given to their wants on board this ship. The warm-hearted tars on board furnished them with all the spare clothing, reserving nothing for themselves but what they stood in. Sheets, banding, and every thing which could be manufactured into clothing were pressed into service for that purpose, and every thing which could be devised to administer to their comfort was cheerfully performed.

"So far as we can ascertain a good watch was kept on board the Shanunga, but at the time of the collision the fog was so dense that the bow of the ship could not be seen from the quarter deck. If both vessels had had lanterns burning brilliantly at their bows, this dreadful accident might not have occurred.

The Traveller also furnishes an account of this sad calamity, from which we glean the following:

"Captain Patten came ashore this morning from the Shanunga, which was anchored in the stream. Capt. P. is wholly incapacitated, by the depth of his feelings, from entering into any details at present relative to this melancholy event. He says that no statement could exaggerate the horrors of that awful moment.

"All the survivors that were saved were picked up from the surface of the water. One cause why so few were thus saved was, that almost all of them had, when the cry went round that she was sinking, seized their belts of gold and silver and tied them around their waists: thus those who had attempted to save their gold lost both life and gold, being unable to sustain themselves until the boats could reach them.

"We are glad to learn that efficient measures are being taken by our citizens to relieve the present distress of these survivors. Mr. James K. Mills has sent on board a quantity of clothing for the females; and a subscription paper has been started, which already, in the active hands of Messrs. Hudson and Smith, of the Merchant's Exchange, has obtained nearly \$500.

"We hear of one case of peculiar distress. A little girl, twelve years old, now on board the Shanunga, by this sudden calamity has lost father, mother, brother, and sister. Many families who came from the same village, in the old world, and anticipated settling together in

some chosen spot of the new, are thus separated forever.

"It is estimated that something like \$50,000, or even \$100,000 in specie, belonging to the immigrants, went down in the vessel, or on the bodies of the lost.—One individual lost \$14,000."

LATE FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Cambria arrived at Boston on Wednesday evening with Liverpool dates of the 4th instant. It will be seen by the Telegraphic report of her news, which is subjoined, that there has been another and a very heavy decline in Breadstuffs. It is copied from the Philadelphia Inquirer:

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Parliament has been dissolved, and the new elections are proceeding vigorously. So far as the returns have been made they show a complete triumph for the free-trade principle.

Lord John Russell, who will form the new Cabinet, has been re-elected for the city of London.

The prospects of the harvest continue unexpectedly encouraging, and every where promise a most abundant yield.—It has already commenced in several of the southern counties. The crops of wheat, oats, and barley are unusually healthy, and the potato crop, notwithstanding all that has been said about the reappearance of the rot, is affected to a very insignificant extent.

Reports from Ireland are equally glowing. Famine and disease are rapidly vanishing. The accessions of the clergy to the priesthood of the country to the old Ireland party are large, and the weekly contributions steadily increase. It is expected that a large proportion of Repealers will be returned to the Imperial Parliament at this election.

The remains of O'Connell were embarked at Birkenhead for Dublin on Sunday, where they arrived the following day.

A formidable conspiracy of the most diabolical character has been discovered at Rome. The object of the conspirators, who amounted to several hundreds in number, was to massacre the citizens and remove the Pope to Naples by force. Five cardinals of exalted civil and military offices have been discovered to have been abettors.

Several sanguinary battles have been fought between the Russians and Circassians, the former having been defeated with considerable loss.

Switzerland is threatened with revolution. The Sonder, a band or league, have armed themselves, but are likely to be suppressed.

EXPENSES OF THE WAR.

We have seen various estimates of the costs of the war, varying from thirty to one hundred millions of dollars. We have supposed that, if the war were to be closed to-morrow, the total cost would not fall much short of the latter sum; and this supposition is strengthened by a list of the appropriations made for war purposes, as given in Thursday's National Intelligencer.

The whole of these appropriations (\$80,873,065) have been already expended within a few millions of dollars, and these will probably be absorbed by outstanding claims against Government.—To this sum of nearly eighty-one millions is to be added the value of the bounty lands voted to soldiers, pensions granted, and the destruction or loss of individual property which will have to be paid for by Government. When all these items shall be added together, we feel pretty confident that the gross sum which will have been expended on account of the war will not fall short of one hundred millions of dollars. But should the war be continued another year or two, it cannot be at a cost of less than fifty millions of dollars per annum. These are some of the consequences of the annexation of Texas, and were predicted before that event occurred. But there are other results yet to follow. Texas owes a large debt, for which the government of that State was pledged, and for the payment of which certain revenues were assigned whilst yet an independent Power. These debts must be paid, but by whom? The creditors call on the Government of the United States for payment, and with justice and reason in favor of their claim.—They insist that, as Government has appropriated to its own use the revenues which had been pledged by Texas for the payment of their claims, it should assume the debts also. We have no doubt that an act for that purpose will be passed; so that the country may look to be saddled with another large item on account of Texas. It would have been not only cheaper, but in many respects preferable, to have purchased out the claims of Mexico, not only to Texas but to New Mexico and the Californias. It would have cost less and have saved many valuable lives. Having, however, taken what we deem to have been a false step in the annexation of Texas, and thus plunged the nation into war, we must submit to the consequences with what grace we may.—*Baltimore Clipper.*