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HEALING AT SUNSET.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"At even, when the sun did set, they brought
unto Him all that were diseased."—St. Mark,
1st and 32d.

Judea's summer day went down,
When lo! from vale and plain,
Around the Heaven Healer throng'd
A sick and sorrowing train.

The pallid brow—the hectic cheek—
The cripple bent with care—
And he whose soul dark demons lash'd
To foaming rage, was there.

He raised his hand—the lame man leap'd
The blind forgot his woe,
And with a startling rapture, gaz'd
On Nature's glorious show.

Up from his bed of misery rose
The paralytic pale,
And the loat'd leper dared once more,
His fellow-man to hail.

Mark—on the arm of pitying love
The lunatic reclin'd,
While unaccustom'd words of praise
Relieved his struggling mind.

The mother to her idiot boy
The name of Jesus taught,
Who thus, with sudden touch, had fir'd
The chaos of his thought.

For all that sad, imploring train,
He heal'd ere evening fell,
And speechless joy that night was born
In many a lowly cell.

ERE EVENING FELL!—Oh! ye who find
The chills of age descend,
And with the lustre of your locks,
The almond blossoms blend.

Yet have not o'er an erring life
With deep repentance griev'd
But left the safety of the soul
Unstudied—unachiev'd.

Before the hopeless shades of night
Distill their baleful dew,
Haste!—heed the Heavenly Healer's call,
Whose mercy waits for you.

BIOGRAPHY.

Zachary Taylor.

BY ERASTUS BROOKS.

Old Virginia has been called "the Mother of Statesmen," and in the better days of the Republic she was deserving of the eulogium. In later times under the misgovernment of a body of abstract politicians—men who measure the capacity of Governments by their limited statures as men,—the sceptre has departed from the Old Dominion, and Virginia, as was said of Scotland by Dr. Johnson, upon the occasion of his visit to the Hebrides, has become a new State—TO GO FROM.—With vast and magnificent resources, washed by the Ocean and the Ohio, divided by noble rivers, with mountain treasures with a productive climate, a rich soil and wide spread boundaries, she is, what she is,—one of the oldest and largest states in the Union, and yet behind some of the youngest and smallest in wealth, in enterprise, and in public property.—Nevertheless Virginia has a history of which we feel proud,—a history identified with many of the best, and we are sorry to add, the worst Administrations,—from George Washington to John Tyler,—"Hypocrite to a Satyr,"—the extreme of human greatness and the smallest of bigmy politicians. Virginia indeed as we read her, like some of the Republics of the old world, lives more in the past than the present. Still we remember the names of Washington and Marshall, the great Statesman and the profound Jurist, of Jefferson and Madison, the author of the declaration of Independence, and the great man in the Convention which framed the Constitution, of Monroe, the good President, of Benjamin Harrison, of Richard Henry Lee, foremost in the cause of Liberty, of Henry Clay, of William H. Harrison, western men, though Virginia born,—and can never be indifferent to a soil where so many distinguished Patriots were born, and where the obsequies of so many have been performed.

The present war with Mexico recalls the name of another Virginia born, though early transplanted to the west and south. We speak of course of ZACHARY TAYLOR,—a man who at an early age developed rare qualities of character, but who only recently has presented his name conspicuously and admirably before the whole country. As occasions are made to bring forth extraordinary qualities of character, so the war with Mexico has shown Gen. Taylor to be a man equal to the greatest emergency. Poorly supported at home, upon a distant scene of service, and with a host of enemies all around him, he has shown both a courage and skill quite unsurpassed in the military history of the country,—and may we not add, without boasting for our people,

not excelled in the military history of the world.

Zachary Taylor was born in Orange county, Virginia, in the year 1790. His father was a man for the time in which he lived,—a Colonel with a rank won in the State service, a man of great natural courage and great good sense, like the son "rough" in his exterior, but withal "ready" for every office of service and of kindness. Col. Richard Taylor was one of the Pioneers to "the dark and bloody ground," and resided near Lexington until the year of his death in 1826. The old man had participated in many rencontres with the Savages of the West, and it was in the rude school of almost Aboriginal life that Taylor received his early education.

Our present hero, with his brothers, received their early training from a private tutor, a New England man, still living, and who bears cheerful testimony both to the aptitude and integrity of his pupil.—Patient to study, quick to learn, slowly but surely, the youth pushed his way to manhood. Boldness, fortitude and perseverance were early shown and were doubtless the ground work of that marked eminence of character since reached by the soldier and the General.

The army was his chosen profession, for in imagination "he had been a soldier in his youth," and longed

"To follow to the field some warlike Lord."

In 1808, incited partly by the war spirit prevailing in consequence of the audacious attack of the Leopard upon the Chesapeake, he sought a connexion with that army, in which he has now seen nearly forty years of service. The stars and stripes were lowered to the cross of St. George, in consequence of a cowardly attack of a well armed force in time of peace, upon a vessel wholly unprepared for an engagement. The people were indignant and mortified, and Taylor, then capable of self-judgment, participated largely in the prevailing spirit to redress outrage received. Entering the Army as a Lieutenant of the 7th Regiment of Infantry, Taylor grew rapidly in public favor and in a knowledge of the profession of arms. The wide and wild West became the scene of his exploits, and in 1812, his correct deportment and capability for service brought him orders to command Fort Harrison, in Indiana. He was breveted here as Major for his success in a fierce battle with the Indians,—and it was one of the most brilliant defenses of the Indian war. It was Madison who conferred this brevet, and General Hopkins, who wrote to Governor Shelby that "Captain Zachary Taylor had raised for himself a character not to be affected by his eulogy." In 1832 our hero was raised to the rank of Colonel and his next scene of public labor after the war of 1812, was in Florida, where several battles were to be fought, great privations endured, and withal, few laurels to be won. But though, like all high honors, they were few, Taylor did win them, and from the swamps of Florida, where the very air was a pestilence, and from the midst of armed men, who, like the followers of Rhoderic Dhu, sprung forth from every cove and glen around him. For the fame and health of the soldier, Florida was worse than Mexico; but Taylor moved among the hammocks and everglades of the peninsula with unconcern, save for the mission upon which he was engaged. Incredible hardship was the necessary consequence of every forward movement, and fighting "Alligator" and "Sam Jones," was but fighting "Tecumseh" and "Olliwachia" over again. The battle of Lake Okeechobee was one of the most fierce and bloody our troops have ever encountered. Twenty-six were killed and 112 wounded. For six weeks a small body of troops had penetrated through an unknown land, and in pursuit of an enemy more terrible in their modes of battle than even the most refined cruelties of civilized or Christian warfare.

Colonel Taylor was complemented here with the rank of Brigadier General by Brevet, and after securing peace, and serving in Florida until 1840, he was transferred to the command of the South West.

His exploits for two years past, have been made familiar by recent events. He was at Corpus Christi from August 1845, to March 1846, whence under orders from General Government, he commenced the lead of the Army, designed by the Administration for the invasion of Mexican territory. Leaving the borders of the Nueces on the 11th, he reached the Colorado on the 21st, where he received notification that his march would be resisted. Nothing daunted, the Rubicon was passed on the 22d, and war became inevitable. General Taylor was at Point Isabel on the 24th, on the Eastern bank of the Rio Grande, and from the margin of this memorable barrier he looked with the flashing of his own dark eyes, and the lightning of his frowning batteries, into the enemy's country. For 27 days, front to front, upon opposite sides of the river, with shot and batteries, and matches ready to be lighted, the Mexican and Americans frowned upon each other. As well could a thousand lions and tigers have safely faced each other, as so many

men armed to the teeth, from the two shores of the river.

The battles of the 8th and 9th of May, Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, the siege and capitulation of Monterey, Buena Vista, the great triumph of the war, are occurrences that bring with the naming of them, the remembrance of the exploits performed, and their own proper reflections. General Taylor was the master mind which directed all this,—and whether in the midst of his columns upon the plains of battle, or in the tented field in the repose of peace, or quietly recording the victory of his army, or remembering the dead who have fallen around him, in joy for success, in sympathy for affliction, in the endurance of hardships, he has been a true man, and a true soldier. Modesty and bravery in all his conduct and correspondence, have ever shone conspicuously together, and we can say of him heartily and truly,—though he is not our best and favorite man for the first civil office in the gift of the People,—that no man ever performed his official duties with more promptness, with more grace and brilliancy, or with more success, than Zachary Taylor. As a soldier, he whom the poet pronounced

"The foremost man of all this world," was not above him, as a prompt, ready, skilful, honorable Chieftain. He is not as Caesar was, proud, ambitious,—and what the Roman excelled him in genius, Taylor makes up in the mild behavior and humility of his character.

A Russian Imperial Review.

We have received a letter from a friend in Europe, from which (though not intended for publication) we cannot forbear making an extract. The writer had the good fortune to be present at the late annual review of the Russian Imperial Guard by the Emperor at St. Petersburg which is composed of 60,000 men, and as such descriptions are seldom afforded the American reader, it will be read with interest.—(New Haven Register.)

ST. PETERSBURG, JUNE 1847.

Every year this review takes place at the imperial city preparatory to the departure of the troops for their summer quarters. For about four hours I had a good view of the magnificent sight, and my hurried pen will fail me to give you an adequate description of its exceeding splendor. When I arrived upon the ground the troops had already begun to march. The balconies and windows of the public buildings and elegant private residences surrounding the field were filled with ladies and gentlemen, and the sides of the field itself covered with a dense mass of men, women and children. On one side of the field a gorgeous tent was pitched upon a raised platform for the Emperor, and before her Majesty and the Emperor the troops had to pass in review. The panoramic view of the whole field, you can readily imagine, was beautiful. But to the view itself of this great body of 60,000 troops, who in part only compose the *garde imperial* of the Emperor Nicholas, and who are distinct from the main army of Russia, which I believe numbers near one million rank and file.

The foot soldiers, infantry principally, first passed in review, marching by platoons of companies containing perhaps one hundred and fifty men each, and in double order. As the several platoons arrived opposite the Emperor the peculiar Russian burrah went up the whole length of the line, making the welkin ring. The soldiers were all picked men, tall, athletic, and every one of them with a heavy black moustache. They moved with mathematical precision, and whether on a slow or quick march, seemed like pieces of mechanism, and the muskets not varying it seemed an inch either in the height or inclination given to them. Of all the marching I have seen—and I have seen the American, French, Dutch and Prussian soldiers—none will at all compare with the Russian. Uniform of the infantry was blue and red, not unlike our militia uniform in Connecticut. It was about two hours before the infantry had passed in review, and then came the cavalry, advancing in double order by platoons of sixty horses abreast; and here was a sight that beggars description, and which when I recall it, seems like a magnificent vision.

First came a company of Caucasian princes, mounted upon black, coal-black, fiery steeds, with long manes and tails almost sweeping the ground. The Caucasians were dressed in a red garment, fitting closely to the skin, and over this a finely wrought steel chain armor, covering the entire body fell from the head loosely over the neck and shoulders; upon their feet they wore a kind of sandal, and upon their legs leather leggings, similar to those of our Indian warriors; across their backs they carried a bow, with well-filled quivers; in their hands a carbine, and in their girdles the savage looking *yaghtigahn*. They are a fierce, though handsome looking set of fellows. Next came the Tartars, upon their wild-looking, fleet horses—the horses all of them carrying their necks forward and their heads high up in the air, as if snuffing the breeze, and so uniform was the line of heads as

if they were all drawn up by pulleys.—The costume of the Tartar soldier is a blue frock, trimmed with silver, and a kind of skull cap, bound with fur; in his hands he carries a spear, the end of which he rests upon the head, between the ears of his horse. Then came the cavalier lancers, splendid looking men, dressed in white cassimere; with heavy and highly polished brass breast plates and brass helmets, surmounted by the imperial eagles, all mounted upon most elegant horses.

Regiment after regiment passed by, each regiment with different colored horses and the horses in each regiment so well matched in size, form, color, and indeed every respect, that to distinguish them each had braided in his mane his number upon a small plate. The lancers are all picked men, and are the flower of the Russian army, the officers being of noble birth; and were it not for the different colored pennants they carried upon their lances, and the color of their horses, no one regiment could be distinguished from another, so nearly alike are they. After the lancers came the Imperial Hussars, in their costume of red, with high fur caps, and mounted every one upon white steeds. This regiment, it is said, is the favorite regiment of the Emperor. Then came the Imperial Carbineers mounted on black horses, and dressed like the lancers, except that their helmets and breast-plates were of steel, highly polished.—Following these came the Cossacks—their black steeds carrying their head high in the air. The dress of the Cossacks is similar to that of the Tartars, which I have above described, except in their caps which are high and of fur; their weapon is a steel sharp pointed lance.

The rear of this immense body of cavalry, amounting to over 30,000, was brought up by regiments of mounted artillery, six horses (three abreast) to each gun, and of sappers and miners; and then came the baggage wagons and the ponton train. But the greatest sight was the marching of the horses attached to the different regiments. They seemed like machines. You think it "strange" no doubt, and yet 'tis no less "strange than true," that every horse in marching kept perfect time with his feet with the music. I never saw soldiers on foot do it better—indeed not so well—for when a quick lively tune was played by the music, every horse commenced a trot and kept up the same uniformity of step as before when on a walk. And then to see those horses wheel by companies and in double order coming round with the precision of a compass describing a circle, it exceeded anything I ever imagined.

After the whole army (for the Imperial Guard is organized as an entire and distinct army) had passed in review before the emperor, the infantry left the field, and the cavalry remained in full possession of it, and went through with some evolutions. First the Caucasians came at a full run down the field, and then the other regiments in succession. After this, the whole body stationed themselves at some distance opposite the Emperor, in close order, and at a given signal half of this body, over 15,000 horsemen, started on a run, and suddenly halted a few feet in advance of the Emperor, preserving as they halted, the same compactness and the same perfect front which they had before starting. A few more evolutions, which I have not time to write about now, finished the review of the day—a day which has done much to impress on me the remark of Napoleon, that with an army of Russian soldiers, he would conquer the whole world. He spoke of the soldiers, not of the officers, of whom he had not a high opinion. The Russian soldier is a mere machine, and not a thought beyond his church and the Emperor—and for both he believes it his duty to live and die. Most of the army is composed of serfs or slaves; and the pay of the soldier is only about three dollars per annum. He is fed upon a coarse bread and a kind of soup, and upon some great feast day he is given meat as a luxury. The pay of the Russian officers is also very small. A lieutenant gets but 500 rubles per annum, which is a little more than \$100; a captain 700 rubles, and a Colonel only 2000 rubles. You ask how they live? The officers generally have a competency beyond their pay; some few there are who have not, and their condition is worse than the soldier's for the latter is provided with a uniform and is fed at the expense of the Emperor.

I finish this letter by daylight, and yet it is after 10 o'clock, P. M. The sun does not set here, at present, until 9 1/2 P. M.

Yours, &c.

THE NEWSPAPERS.

It was a saying of the renowned Dr. FRANKLIN, that he never took up a newspaper, but that he discovered something in it that he did not know before, and which it was profitable and interesting to him to learn; so we can say there is no paper published, which does not contain, either in its editorial or select department, matters or sentiments which have a living interest, and which plead with mute but touching eloquence for an unmarred record and an enduring existence.

A LITTLE WORD.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed a heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth,
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

The War with Mexico.

In "Brownson's Quarterly Review" for the last month, (July, 1847,) the editor argues that the War with Mexico is "un called for, impolitic, and unjust." Mr. Brownson is known to wield a powerful pen; he has been for many years considered as no mean champion of democracy, in support of which he obtained considerable celebrity while editor of the "Democratic Review." He is still the political friend of the President, and an adherent of the party by whom he was elected.—It was therefore certainly not to be expected that such a man, in such a position, would undertake to demolish every argument advanced by Mr. Polk and his friends in support of the present war, as Mr. Brownson has done. He has thus voluntarily rendered a service to truth, for which the "Democrats" will never forgive him. But we will allow him to speak for himself:

"For ourselves, we have regarded the Mexican war from the first as uncalled for, impolitic, and unjust. We have examined the documents published by order of the Government; we have read the official defence of the war in the last annual message of the President to Congress, and with every disposition to find our own Government in the right; but we are bound to say that our original impressions have been strengthened rather than weakened. The President undoubtedly makes it clear that we had many just causes of complaint against Mexico, which, at the time of their occurrence, might have justified reprisals, perhaps even war, but he cannot plead these in justification of the present war; for they were not the ground on which we professed to engage in it.—The official announcement of the President to Congress was that war already existed between the two Republics by the act of Mexico herself; and, whatever use we may make of old grievances in adjusting the terms of peace, we can make no use of them in defending the war. We can plead in its defence only the fact on which we grounded it—namely, war exists by the act of Mexico herself. But unhappily, at the time of the official announcement, war did not exist between the two Republics at all, for neither Republic had declared war against the other; there had been a collision of their forces, but this was not war, as the President would probably have conceded had he known or recollected the distinction between war and hostilities. By placing the war on the ground that it existed by the act of Mexico, and that ground being false, he has left it wholly indefensible, whatever old grievances we may have to allege against Mexico.

"The act of Mexico in crossing the Rio Grande, and engaging our troops on territory which she had possessed and still claimed as hers, but which we asserted had, by a recent act, against which she had protested, become ours—the act which the President chose to inform Congress and the world was war—may or may not have been a just cause for declaring war against her, but it assuredly was not war itself. We have no intention to justify Mexico. She may have been decidedly in the wrong, she may have had no valid title to the territory of which the President had just taken military occupation; that territory may have been rightfully ours, and it may even have been the duty of the President to occupy and defend it; but it cannot be denied that she had once possessed it; that it was still a part of one of her States or Provinces; that she still claimed it, and had continued to exercise jurisdiction over it till driven from it by our army of occupation; that she invaded it with an armed force, if invasion it can be called, not as territory belonging to us, but as territory belonging to her; and that she attacked our troops, not for the reason that they were ours, but for the reason, as she held, (and she had as good a right to be judge in her own case as we had in ours,) that they were intruders, trespassers on her soil. The notice of the act was not war against the United States, but the expulsion of intruders from her own territory.

"No sophistry can make her act war; certainly not without conceding that our act in taking military possession of that territory was also war, and if that was war, then the war, if it existed at all, existed by our act and not by hers, for her act was consequent upon ours. The most that the President was at liberty to say, without condemning his own Government was, that there had been a collision of the

forces of the two Republics on a territory claimed by each; but this collision he had no right to term war, for every body knows that it takes something more than a collision of their respective forces on a disputed territory to constitute a war between two civilized nations. In no possible point of view was the announcement of the President that war existed between the two Republics, and existed by the act of Mexico, correct. It did not exist at all; or, if it did, it existed not by act of Mexico, but by our act. In either case, the official announcement was false, and cannot be defended.

"The President may have been governed by patriotic motives; he may have felt that prompt and energetic action was required; he may have believed that, in great emergencies, the chief magistrate of a powerful Republic, having to deal with a weak and disgraceful State, should rise superior to mere technical forms, and the niceties of truth and honor; but it strikes us that he would have done better, proved himself even more patriotic, and sufficiently prompt and energetic, if he had confined himself to the ordinary rules of morality, and the well defined principles of international law. By aspiring to rise above these, and to appear original, he has placed his country in a false position, and debarred himself, whatever the just causes of war Mexico may have given us from pleading one of them in justification of the actual war. We must be permitted to regret that he did not reflect beforehand that, if he placed the defence of the war on the ground that it already existed, and existed by the act of Mexico herself, and on that ground demanded of Congress the means of prosecuting it, (as he must have known it would,) have nothing whatever to allege in its or his own justification. He should have been lawyer enough to have known that he could not plead anew, after having failed on his first issue. It is often hazardous in our pleadings to plead what is not true; and in doing so in the present case, the President has not only offended morality, which he may regard as a small matter, but has even committed a blunder.

"The course the President should have pursued is plain and obvious. On learning the state of things on the frontier, the critical condition of our army of occupation, he should have demanded of Congress the reinforcements and supplies necessary to relieve it, and secure the purpose for which it was avowedly sent to the Rio Grande; and, if he believed it proper or necessary, to have, in addition, laid before Congress a full and truthful statement of our relations with Mexico, including all the unadjusted complaints, past and present, we had against her, accompanied by the recommendation of a declaration of war. He would then have kept within the limits of his duty, proved himself a plain constitutional President, and left the responsibility of war or no war to Congress, the only war-making power known to our laws. Congress, after mature deliberation, might or might not have declared war—most likely would not; the responsibility would have rested with it, and no blame would have attached to the President.

"Unhappily this course did not occur to the President, or was too plain and simple to meet his approbation. As if fearful, if Congress deliberated, it might refuse to declare war, and as if determined to have war at any rate, he presented to Congress, not the true issue, whether war should or should not be declared, but the false issue whether Congress would grant him the means of prosecuting a war waged against us by a foreign power.—In the true issue, Congress might have hesitated; in the one actually presented there was no room to hesitate, if the official announcement of the President was to be credited, and hesitation would have been criminal. By declaring that the war already existed, and by the act of Mexico herself, the President relieved Congress of the responsibility of the war by throwing it all on Mexico. But since he cannot fasten it on Mexico—for war did not already exist, or if so by our act, and not hers—it necessarily recoils upon himself, and he must bear the responsibility of doing what the constitution forbids him to do, of making war without the intervention of Congress. In effect, therefore, he has trampled the constitution under his feet, set a dangerous precedent, and, by the official publication of a palpable falsehood, sullied the national honor. It is with no pleasure that we speak thus of the Chief Magistrate of the Union, for whose elevation to his high and responsible office we ourselves voted. But whatever may be our attachment to party, or the respect we hold to be due from all good citizens to the civil magistrate, we cannot see the constitution violated and the national honor sacrificed, whether by friend or foe, from good motives or bad, without entering, feeble though it be, our stern and indignant protest."

POETRY.—It is the gift of poetry to hallow every place in which it moves, to breathe round nature an odor more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a light more magical than the blush of morning.