

THE SOMERSET HERALD.

AND FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' REGISTER.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE.

IF NOT PAID WITHIN THE YEAR,
\$2.50 WILL BE CHARGED.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY SAMUEL J. ROW, SOMERSET, SOMERSET COUNTY, PA.

New Series.]

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14 1847

Vol. 5.—No. 44

THE AMERICAN BOY.

Father, look up and see that flag,
How gracefully it flies;
Those pretty stripes—they seem to be
A rainbow in the skies.
It is your country's flag, my son,
And proudly drinks the light,
O'er ocean's wave—in foreign climes,
A symbol of our might.
"Father—what fearful noise is that,
Like the thundering of the clouds?
Why do the people wave their hats,
And rush along in crowds?"
It is the voice of cannonary,
The glad shouts of the free,
This is the day of memory dear—
'Tis Freedom's Jubilee.
"I wish that I was now a man,
I'd fire a cannon too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest—
But, Father, why don't you?"
"I'm getting old and weak—but still
My heart is big with joy;
I've witness'd many a day like this—
Shout ye aloud, my boy.
"Hurrah! for Freedom's Jubilee,
God bless our native land;
And may I live to hold the sword
Of Freedom in my hand!"
Well done, my boy—grow up and love
The land that gave you birth;
A home where Freedom loves to dwell,
Is Paradise on earth.

WASHINGTON.

There seems to be something in the very name of this illustrious individual, that every American seems instinctively, as it were, taught to venerate, inasmuch as every incident in his life is becoming more and more interesting as time is gradually gaining space, from his lifetime to the present moment.
I was seated the other afternoon, enjoying a cigar, at the Maspeth Hotel, when a plain well-dressed elderly man, drew a chair towards me, and seeing me so much at leisure, evinced a disposition to enter into a conversation with me; when I observed—
"Well friend, it appears from all accounts, our new President has left us."
"Yes sir, so it seems—and on so short notice," he replied.
"He was quite an aged man—not so old as myself by several years. Was you in this country during the revolution, sir?"
"Oh, yes sir, I was born in this country, thank God."
"Then sir, you must have some recollection, but I was too young to enter the service at that time."
"And where were you, sir?"
"In Westchester, sir."
"Oh! then you had an opportunity of knowing considerably about the great movements of that day; and you recollect the features of Gen. Washington as perfectly as though it was but yesterday? and Lafayette, too?—and Harry Pinckney?"
"Yes," said he, laughing heartily.—"Crosby and my father were neighbors."
So saying I offered him a cigar, which he declined, and said—
"If the landlord has a pipe, I will prefer it. I should like to tell you, he continued, "a little circumstance which took between Gen. Washington and myself."
I observed I should be delighted to hear it, and he related the following history of a day in the General's employ.
"Well one morning father told me to take the black mare to Sing Sing, and get her shod, and wait till old rum nose Ben, the Blacksmith, shod her. So I stood at the door of old Ben's shop, and who should drive up to the tavern opposite, but Washington in his coach and Lafayette with him. They both got out, and I saw both pass into the back room, and the landlord followed; and in a few seconds the landlord beckoned me from the piazza. I felt frightened at first, and wondered what it meant; but thinks I, they want some grog and fresh water. I was in my shirt and trousers, without shoes, and on my head, an old cocked hat, and my feet and ankles you may judge. I had been hoeing corn in the morning; but in I went. As I approached the bar, I met the landlord; he said—
"There are two gentlemen in the back room who wish to see you."
Unable to smother a laugh, I said—
"My God! I can't go; see me," and I exhibited myself, and pointed to my feet.
"Come along, I'll go with you."
So in he went.
As I pulled off my hat, the stoutest man says—
"Sit down, young man."
"This boy," said the landlord, "I am confident will do any service you may trust him with, to your satisfaction, and withdrew from the room; and the General began, (for it was Washington himself.)
"Young man, I wish to procure the newspaper of to-day, from New York? can you procure it for me?"

I hesitated a moment, and replied—
"I think I can, sir."
"Well," says he to the Marquis, "please inquire of the landlord if he will furnish a good horse."
"No, no," said I—"I don't want a horse."
"How will you go, then?"
"In my canoe," I said.
The Marquis could not refrain from a downright laugh, which brought the landlord to the door.
"Le diable you'll be drowned?" says the Frenchman.
"There is not water enough in North river to drown this child, I know," said I.
The Marquis and the landlord enjoyed the retort by a hearty laugh, but the other turned to the window, looked on the river a few seconds, and observed—
"The tide serves and I wish to see you off. What time will you probably return?"
"Between seven and eight this afternoon," I replied.
He handed me a gold piece.
"I don't want half so much; I only want sufficient to buy some fowls and eggs with, for I am going to market."
The General turned to the landlord, and said to him—
"Give him as much change as he wishes, on which he handed me about twelve shillings, while I observed—
"Now I'll run home and get some clothes in a few minutes."
"I wish to speak a few words with you before you start."
"I shall not be here again till I come from New York, sir. In fifteen minutes I shall start from the little stone dock," and I pointed to it out of the window.
"I desire you to be prudent and keep your own counsel," said the General; "and should any mischief befall you, so that you are detained, do not fail to let me know all the circumstances immediately, so that I may relieve you."
So saying "good bye," I took my hat and started, and by the time I stated I started from the dock, and saw the carriage drive off.
I sood reached the city, and went to Claus Vandara's in the Bowery, who used to keep the Sourkrout Club House, as it was then called, and where I had often been with my father, who was an old friend of his. I told him my errand, and the haste I was in, on the account of the time of tide.
"Well," said he, "here's Huey, Gaines' to-day's paper, and here is an English paper which came in the British packet last night—take that, too, and the sooner you are off the better, it is now dead low water."
"I felt rejoiced at getting the other paper, and had them between my shirt and skin, in my bosom, very soon. I left my fowls and eggs with him, and took the baskets back, but not till the good old Dutchman had tossed into one a large roll of gingerbread, and which I began to need very much. As I approached the wharf, there were three red coats looking towards a ship at anchor in the river. As I stepped into my canoe, they walked to the place, and one asked—
"Where are you going?"
"To Weehawk," said I.
"Where have you been?"
"To market to sell some chickens and eggs," I answered.
They said no more, and I made the best of my way to Sing Sing, with a fine tide, and soon arrived there, just before those I have mentioned; and my heart felt good to see the carriage drive to the tavern, and both of them looking for me out of the window. I fastened my canoe, but I left both baskets, for I knew that funny Frenchman would make fun of the gingerbread. As I entered the house, the landlord was in the bar. I saw the back door open, and the landlord told me to go in, which I did, and Lafayette showed it slowly to me.
Washington was on his feet, and before I could take off my hat he observed—
"Well my young friend what success?"
"All good, sir," I said, laughing, as I thrust my hand into my bosom and pulled out both papers and handed them to him.
"An English paper—where did you get this from?" said he, as a look of approbation spread over his noble face.
"Sourkrout Hall, sir."
He reached his hand and took mine saying—
"I am greatly obliged to you."
"Sourkrout Hall," said the Frenchman, looking at me very significantly.
"You've not had your dinner?" said the General.
"Not to-day, sir."
"Marquis please order some, and a dish of tea."
"No sir, I must go home."
Washington took out his purse and held five guineas towards me. I drew back and said—
"I am an American, sir, and father would make me return it right away, if he knew it."
"Well," said he, "if I can reward you no other way, bear in mind this—General Washington thanks you, and give my respects to your father, and tell him I congratulate him on having such a son; and remember, if at any time during this contest, or hereafter, you get involved in any difficulty, let me hear from you, and I will relieve you if in my power."

As he said] this, I thought I saw a tear starting in his eyes, and Lafayette's likewise, as they both hurried into the carriage, when the landlord followed to the steps. While the waiter was closing the door, Lafayette said—
"My God! what a country! patriots from the commander-in-chief down to the ploughman! they deserve to be free!"
"Yes," replied the other, as the coach drove off, "and I trust in God they will be."

RULES FOR LADIES.

It is not considered fashionable to introduce two persons who accidentally meet in your parlor, and who are paying you a morning visit.
Never introduce in the street, unless the third person joins and walks with you. You may make an exception to this rule when the parties are mutually desirous of knowing one another.
When a gentleman is presented to a lady, if she is in her own house, and desires to welcome him, she may shake hands with him; but on any other occasion, unless the gentleman is venerable, or the bosom friend of the husband or father, this practice is reprehensible.
A lady is at liberty to take either another lady or a gentleman to pay a morning visit to a friend without asking permission; but she should never allow a gentleman the same liberty.
A lady who is invited to an evening assembly may always request a gentleman who has not been invited by the lady of the house, to accompany her.
If you are walking with one lady do not stop to converse with others who are unknown to her, as she must necessarily feel unpleasant; but if with a gentleman you may do as you please.

EXTRAORDINARY COINCIDENCE IN THE LIVES OF A MARRIED PAIR.—A Scotch newspaper of the year 1777, gives the following as an extract of a letter from Lanark:—"Old William Douglas and his wife are lately dead; you know that he and his wife were born on the same day, within the same hour, by the same midwife; that they were constant companions till nature inspired them with love and friendship; and at the age of nineteen were married with the consent of their parents, at the church where they were christened. These are not the whole of the circumstances attending this extraordinary pair. They never knew a day's sickness until the day before their deaths, and the day on which they died they were exactly one hundred years old.—They died in one bed, and were buried in one grave, close to the fount where they were christened."

On Wednesday, a little excitement was created at the Cataract House, Niagara Falls, on which a young Southerner acted the ninny. On entering the dining room, he was about seating himself at the breakfast table, with his ladies, in chairs reserved for others. The waiter very politely informed him that such was the fact, and offered him another place, when the Southerner drew his knife with the intention of stabbing the waiter! After a few minutes of disturbance, the young blood paid his bill, and notwithstanding the rain was pouring down in torrents, left with his ladies for another house.—Rochester Democrat.

GOLD.—The St. Louis Era says: "Of the \$100,000 received here on Friday last, from the Dixon Land Office, but \$20,000 of it was in American gold—the balance in Thalers, sovereigns, and other foreign coin. This shows clearly to whom the land was sold. Upon its reception at the Sub-Treasury the amount was found to fall short about \$500. The mistake occurred in adopting the value of the foreign to those of our own coin."

STONE ROPE.—A rope, nearly three miles long, now lies at Gateshead, England, which was the other day a stone in the bowels of the earth. Smelted, the stone yielded iron; the iron was converted into wire; the wire was brought to the rope walk manufactory, near Gateshead, and there twisted into a line, 4,680 yards long. It is the stoutest rope of the kind ever made.

ECONOMICAL INVENTION.—A stove has just been introduced into this country from England, which, in its use, ingeniously manufactures superior gas for burning from the coal which is consumed.—Thus the same fire which warms the building supplies the gas without additional expense. It is stated that it can be applied to any other stove or furnace.

A windy political orator recently made a speech, in every sentence of which he had something to say about sound political principles. A bystander remarked that if his principles were like his speech, they were all sound.

PAST TIME.
"Times past to musing age appears
What boyhood fancies future years:
A fairy land of sunny bowers,
And joy and love, and laughing hours;
We find not these in boyhood's days,
Yet mourn them past as life decays,
And ask our moaning spirits, when
Those pleasant hours shall come again?"
"Age, that so happy boyhood deems,
As foolishly as boyhood dreams;
For were it young again, 'twould slight
Each summer-scene of young delight,
'Till age come stealing on once more,
Sedate and thoughtful as before,
Inquiring, sad and sagely, when
Those pleasant scenes shall bloom again?"
"Ridiculous! a thousand terms
Of being, with our minds and forms,
Whose present pleasure seems but this:
'To doat on past and future bliss,
Would through the same delusions wend
And lead us to the self same end,
Still mournfully enquiring, when
Our blasted hopes shall bloom again?"

From the Reading Journal.
Locofoco Harvest Home.
A MISERABLE FAILURE!
The Old Hunker celebration in this city on Saturday last, was the most signal political failure we have ever witnessed. Never mountain in labour brought forth so miserable a mouse. Although got up in obedience to orders from Harrisburg and Washington, by the famous "Democratic Club" of this city, and announced through the German and English Newspapers of the county, and by German and English Handbills, that SUNK and LONGSTRETH, and other dignitaries of the State and National administrations would be present on the occasion; although meetings were held for weeks previous in the various townships and efforts made to send in strong delegations, it was all to no purpose. The "democracy" appeared to regard the whole proceedings with the most profound contempt, and would not turn out no how the Old Hunkers could fix it.

The incidents of the day were amusing. In the morning Old Hunkerism was on a high horse, and expected a magnificent display. Five thousand was the lowest figure for the procession. They would take nothing less. "The dampness of the day was regarded rather favorable than otherwise for a large turn out. The Farmers were not afraid of a shower, they could do nothing at their second crop;—what better time for a visit to town to see the Governor! Thus argued the leaders of the party, and their hearts beat high with exultation! Locofoco Head Quarters was tricked out in a gala dress, with flags flaunting proudly in the breeze.—Behn's was surrounded with a curious crowd anxious to see a live Governor, and all went merry as a marriage bell."

But soon a change came o'er the spirit of their dream, for though time waned apace the indications of a "crowd" were by no means flattering. Now and then a carriage or a solitary wayfarer could be observed entering our principal thoroughfares; but the "arrivals" were few and far between. Hotel keepers began to look blue in view of customers, and the faces of our Locofoco friends bore an anxious expression.

At 10 o'clock the prospects for anything like a respectable turn-out from the country grew desperate, and the hopes of the Governor and his friends turned to a new quarter. In anticipation of a large delegation from Philadelphia an extra train of five cars had been engaged, which it was supposed would bring up at least five hundred persons to participate in the proceedings, a number that, under the circumstances, would be a god-send to their despairing hopes. Great preparations were made to receive this delegation, and at the appointed hour a considerable crowd collected at the Depot.

At about 11 o'clock the Train hove in sight, and as it came thundering up the Road, Banners were elevated, the Band struck up a patriotic air, and the committee with hearts in their hands, stood eager to welcome the new comers. A moment more, and the train stopped—when—tell it not in Gath—publish it not in Ascalon—NINE MEN AND ONE BOY—not a soul more jumped out of the cars! Had they been so many gentlemen from "below" in the character of "roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour," they could not have occasioned greater dismay. The Locofoco crowd dispersed in the utmost consternation—the committee "with hearts in their hands" sloped through the alleys and by-ways, and the "Ten" who had occasioned all this mischief, including the Hon. Charles Brown, Chas. J. Ingersoll, John W. Forney, and other dignitaries, were left to find lodgings where they could—in which, fortunately, they experienced little difficulty, as the hotels were by no means crowded.

It was now settled beyond all doubt that the turn-out would be a miserable failure, but in order to make as respectable a show as possible, orders were given to drum up the citizens of the town.—The Marshalls and their aids hurried to and fro to bring out the men; corps of drummers made the circuit of the town; and every effort was used to press the utmost strength of the party into the service.

At 1 o'clock—an hour later than was fixed upon—the procession started—and after the extraordinary efforts that had been used for weeks previous to get up a crowd, how many think you, reader, were found in the ranks?
322 Men, all told!
Including the Marshalls, the Band, two corps of Drummers, the Governor, National, State and County Office-Holders, Office-Seekers, and a good sprinkling of boys to bring up the rear! This was the highest count. Some persons made the numbers as low as 234! They marched two and two, several paces apart, and yet the procession did not extend two squares! Some idea of the material of which it was composed may be gained from the following
PROGRAMME.
Chief Marshall:
Gen. William High, Associate Judge of Berks County.
Assistant Marshalls:
Col. John C. Meyers, Member of the Legislature, and John W. Tyson, Esq., Recorder of Berks County.
Distinguished Visitors:
His Excellency Francis R. Shunk, Governor of Pennsylvania!
Hon. Morris Longstreth, Locofoco candidate for Canal Commissioner!
Hon. Jesse Miller, Secretary of the Commonwealth, appointed by Shunk!
William Atkins, Esq., Flour Inspector, appointed by Shunk!
Edward L. Hirst, Esq., Notary Public of Philadelphia county, appointed by Shunk!
Thomas Fernon, Esq., of Philadelphia, (presumed to be an office-holder from the company he was in!)
E. W. Hutter, Esq., Buchanan's Private Secretary, sent on from Washington by Polk & Co!
Hon. Charles J. Ingersoll, M. C., "who would have been a Tory had he lived in the days of the Revolution!"
Col. John W. Forney of Philadelphia, Custom House Officer, (sent to watch Ingersoll of "double fee" memory!)
Hon. Charles Brown, M. C. of "Tinder box" notoriety—Shunk's son-in-law!
R. M. Barr, Esq., State Reporter, appointed by Shunk!
City and County officers:
J. Glancy Jones, Esq., (Marshall's Aid,) Deputy Attorney General for Berks county, appointed by Shunk!
Peter Filbert, Esq., Mayor of the city of Reading!
James Denagan, Esq., City Solicitor, and Notary Public, appointed by Shunk!
Locofoco members of City Councils, High Constables, City Treasurer, Auditors, Messengers, Scavenger, &c., &c., in a body!
Hon. William Strong, M. C., elect and Hon. John Ritter, late M. C. of Berks county!
John W. Tyson, Recorder of Berks county!
John L. Rightmeyer, Clerk of Quarter Sessions!
Z. H. Maurer, Clerk Orphan's Court!
Peter Strohecker, Prothonotary!
Isaac Ely, Register!
William Arnold, County Treasurer!
John Y. Cunius, Clerk County Commissioners!
John Long, Member of the Legislature!
John Garnant, Director!
Together with a number of other Office-holders, names not recollected, the rear being brought up by the officers and members of the "DEMOCRATIC CITY CLUB," consisting of about 150 CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE!!!

After proceeding through the principal streets, cutting a very ridiculous figure, the procession moved to the Court House and organized by the appointment of the Hon. John Ritter, President, assisted by a number of Vice Presidents and Secretaries.
Letters were then read from the Hon. James Buchanan, Hon. Geo. M. Keim, James Page, Esq., and a number of other office-holders of distinction who were invited but could not attend. After which Governor SHUNK was introduced to the audience, and made a speech of some length, evidently written out, and committed to memory, which was delivered in a style that would have disgraced a school boy. This brilliant effort was of that peculiar character which might well be called
"A fine sample, on the whole
Of rhetoric, which they learned called
rigmarole."
He referred mainly to the "organic structure of our Government," and the peculiar blessings of our free institutions. His speech was without interest or point, and created little enthusiasm and less applause.
When he sat down the Hon. MORRIS LONGSTRETH, a fine looking man, was trotted out. He opened with the usual

apology—"unaccustomed as I am to public speaking," and drew from his coat pocket a prepared speech about matters and things in general and nothing in particular. His sheet of foolscap and ideas being simultaneously exhausted, he made his bow and retired to a seat beside his Excellency the Governor.

The master of ceremonies next announced—Col. JOHN W. FORNEY! and that gallant individual came forward, bowing and smirking to the audience. The Colonel was looking extremely well, and dressed in the extreme of fashion. An elegant white vest and bran new coat graced his handsome person, affording ocular demonstration that whatever effect the "Tariff of 1846" might have upon the industry of the country, his sinecure appointment in the customs at a salary of \$1500 a year placed him above any fears of ruin that might agitate less fortunate but more anxious minds, and so run the burthen of his speech. He was succeeded by the Governor's son-in-law—
Hon. CHARLES BROWN, M. C., of "Tinder box" notoriety, who eulogized "Honest Frank Shunk," for his vetoes (very modestly, to be sure, considering the interesting relationship he bears to the subject of his laudations.) He levelled his shafts at ALL BANKS, ALL TARIFFS, and ALL CORPORATIONS! and remarked that whenever the Locofoco party found that they could get along without such clogs to their natural liberties—and that "good time was coming," in his opinion, he "Charley Brown," was the man to introduce these agrarian principles into the government!

The Hon. Jesse Miller next took the stand simultaneously with which there was a rush on the part of the audience for the door, not at all complimentary to the Governor's man Friday. He commenced abusing the Federalist's most unmercifully, at which we observed Mr. Hutter, Mr. Buchanan's private Secretary, shrug his shoulders, as if any thing but pleased at the shafts directed at his patron. There must have been a good many Buchanan men present, judging from the number who retired about this time. The worthy Secretary soon found that he had made a faux pas, and surrendered the floor for want of hearers, before he had gotten fairly under way.

In the evening the Hon. Charles J. Ingersoll, and E. W. Hutter, Esq., held forth. We were not present but are told that the speeches of these gentlemen were characteristic of their authors. Mr. Ingersoll chose "repudiation" for his subject, and the burthen of his remarks, was to screen Gov. Shunk for his repudiary message to the Legislature of 1845. He also let off a portion of his spleen at Mr. Webster, in return for the execration received at the hands of the great Massachusetts Statesman last winter. We refrain from giving his remarks on this head, as possibly Mr. W. would feel very bad should he chance to learn the estimation in which he is held by this "would have been a tory." Mr. Hutter's theme, was "Federalism,"—a subject which he is peculiarly fitted to elucidate, from his intimate acquaintance with the public history and his access to the private papers of Mr. Buchanan, the distinguished leader of the Federal party!

And thus ended the proceedings of this great day—proceedings which were a disgrace to the high official dignitaries who participated in them. So far as the Anti-Shunk feeling in this county is concerned it has served rather to widen the breach than to mend matters. We are persuaded that no Mass Meeting which the Whig party could possibly have got up, would have done so much for IRVING, PATTON and REFORM. The spectacle of the Governor of the Commonwealth, and the candidate for Canal Commissioner, accompanied by a train of official dependants, travelling round the country, mounting the stump, and begging votes as a street loafer would half-pence, has served but to disgust all right thinking men. It has proved what has been charged upon Shunk, that he is so greedy for office as to have lost all sense of the proprieties of his official position in a desperate attempt to secure for himself more of the plunder and more of the spoils of our much abused and misgoverned Commonwealth.

AMERICAN COURAGE.—The New York Sun says truly, the complacency with which "General Taylor never surrenders" has been repeated the world over, is in itself an indirect libel on our nation. If General Taylor had commanded the same number of timid, unwilling Mexicans that he did of bold, unflinching volunteers, all Gen. Taylor's courage and the genuine American stuff that it is, could not ward off defeat. The chief has proved the truth—"Americans never surrender."

ELOQUENCE.—An Illinois lawyer defending a thief, wound up his speech to the jury in behalf of his injured client with the following appeal:—"True he was rude, so air our bars. True he was rough, so air our buffaloes. But he was a child of freedom, and his answer to the despot and tyrant was that his home was in the bright setting sun."

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