

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 21, 1847.

Vol. 5.—No. 45

Selected for the Somerset Herald. THE PARTING REQUIEM.

We parted in silence, we parted at night,
On the banks of that lonely river,
Where the fragrant pines their boughs un-
tute,
We met and we parted forever:
The night-birds song, and the stars above,
Told many a touching story
Of friends long passed to the kingdom a-
bove,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.
We parted in silence, our cheeks were wet
With tears that were past controlling,
And we vow'd that we'd never, no, never
forget;
And the vows at the time were consoling:
But the lips that echo'd the vows of mine
Are as cold as the lonely river,
And the sparkling eye, the spirits shrine,
Has shrouded its fire forever.
And now, on the midnight sky I look,
My heart grows full to weeping,
Each star to me is a sealed book,
Some tale of that lovely one keeping:
We parted in silence, we parted at night,
On the banks of that lonely river,
But the colour and bloom of bye-gone
years,
Shall hang over its waters forever.
DELTA.

The Choice of a Husband.

Seated in a pleasant chamber was a young lady, the daughter of one of the most aristocratic merchants in New England. He had risen from obscurity, and by a course—though not strictly honest, yet in accordance with the practise of some of the wealthiest merchants in the country, had amassed a very large amount of property. With him wealth was everything; he knew nothing of happiness, save when it was considered in the scale of dollars and cents; and it only needed that a man be wealthy, no matter by what means he became so, to insure his respect.

His residence was but a few miles from the city of Boston, and it was one of the most beautiful in that city. No pains had been spared to make it worthy of notice, for Mr. Grafton was a man fond of praise. His youngest daughter, Maria, was the only child remaining at home.—Two sons, on whom he had placed his hopes for the perpetuation of his family name, and on whom he designed to bestow a greater portion of his wealth, died ere they had attained to manhood.—Of three daughters, two were married, leaving Maria with her father, who loved her next perhaps to his money.

Sad were the thoughts of the poor girl, as she sat alone in her chamber, but they were soon interrupted. The voice of her father summoned her to the parlor.—When she descended she found that he was accompanied by a man, named Stevens, who had sometime previously offered his hand to Maria, but not contented with her refusal, and knowing the attachment of the father to wealth, had called him to his aid. Maria raised her eyes as she entered the room, but as soon as she saw Stevens, turned her head and seated herself by the window. Her father addressed her, presented Stevens, and informed her that it was his wish that she should accept him as her future husband.

Maria informed her father that she had rejected Mr. Stevens once, and that even did she love him, which was very certain she did not, her own judgment taught her better than to risk her happiness in his hands.

"What do you know of love?" said Mr. Grafton, "and why are you unwilling to risk your happiness with him?—His wealth is sufficient to procure you every comfort, and his character is—"

"Infernal!" interrupted Maria, looking him fully in the face.

Stevens turned pale, and his lips quivered with rage, and the anger of her father scarcely knew bounds. For a moment he did not answer her. At length pointing his finger at Stevens, he inquired: "And what do you know of his character?"

"Enough to convince me my words were true," answered Maria.

"My daughter," said Mr. Grafton, assuming a milder tone, though you may have heard reports unfavorable to Mr. Stevens, believe me they are without foundation. He is one of the wealthiest men in the city."

"He may be all that you think he is," said Maria, "but I cannot marry him."

"You may go to your chamber," said her father. "I am determined Henry Stevens shall be my son-in-law, and you must marry him or quit my house; I will neither own or support an ungrateful daughter. To-morrow I shall expect an answer."

Maria knew too well the character of her father to make any reply. A crisis had arrived which she for some days had feared. She knew that her refusal of Stevens would bring down the wrath of her father on her head, and had written to both sisters, stating the circumstances,

and requesting in case her father should drive her from the house, the privilege of remaining, for a short time, with them.—Contrary to her expectations, they refused her. Their husbands had married them more on account of the wealth of their father, than any affection they felt for them, and they feared if they gave Maria a home their father would disinherit them. Such is the effect wealth has on the affections.

Maria retreated to her chamber, and giving vent to a flood of tears, deliberated on what course to pursue. One thing was certain, she determined not to marry Stevens. The next thing was how she should obtain a living. After thinking of the matter for some time, she said to herself—"Well I have a good constitution and can labor; how would it appear for the daughter of the rich Mr. Grafton to go about the city soliciting employment." At this moment she recollected having heard one of the house-maids speak of being employed in a factory, and she descended to the kitchen.

"Hannah," said she, addressing the girl, "I heard you a few days since, speak of working in a factory. How did you like it then?"

"Oh, I liked it very much, Miss Maria, and should have remained there, had my health been good."

"Was the work harder than your work here?" inquired Maria.

"No, ma'am, I don't think it was, but it was more confining."

"Will you tell me where it was?" again inquired Maria.

The girl gave her the required information, and also the name of the overseer of the room where she worked, and the name of the lady with whom she had boarded, adding "she is the kindest woman I ever saw."

Her mind was now made up. She decided upon entering a factory. Another difficulty now presented itself. Would her father allow her to take her clothing and what money she had? She determined if she should still adhere to this resolution, to ask him the question.

In the morning she met her father at the breakfast table. Neither spoke till the meal was finished. At length her father inquired:

"Well, Maria, have you consented to marry Henry Stevens?"

Maria hesitated a moment, but said firmly, "I have not."

"You heard my determination last night," said he. "I now repeat it. You must marry Henry Stevens, or quit my home."

"I cannot marry him, father," said she; "sooner will I quit, not only this house, but this world."

"Then go," said he angrily, rising from the chair.

"Shall I take my clothes?" asked she.

"Yes, go, and never let me see or hear from you again," said he slamming the door violently, and leaving her alone.

Maria sunk back into a chair and wept bitterly. For a moment she seemed almost inclined to comply with his wish—but the idea that she must forever be linked with a villain, and suffer reproach should his villainies be discovered was more than she could bear, and she preferred the anguish of separating from her friends, free and with honor, to that of marrying Stevens.—She hastily packed up her things and in a few hours left her father's home.

As she passed through the city of Boston, where her sisters resided, a desire sprung up to see them—but from their recent treatment, she dared not visit them, and she also feared meeting with her father. Maria was well furnished with clothing and had about twenty-five dollars in money. Although she had been surrounded with wealth, she never till now knew the value of money. A thousand reflections, doubts, and fears crossed her mind as she was pursuing the journey to the place described by the girl of whom she had inquired in her father's kitchen, and although she felt sad for being driven from home, she could scarce suppress a smile at the awkwardness with which she should engage in any kind of labor.

She at last arrived at the house of Mrs. Dana, the lady designated by Hannah, and easily obtained board in her family. She learned also that Mr. Potter, the overseer whose name she had taken, was in want of help.

It is unnecessary for us to follow the fortunes of Maria through their various channels. She entered the factory, learned to work, and found many friends, among whom, and the only one it would be of interest to the reader to name, was Caroline Perkins, a girl about her own age. These two became intimate friends. In the factory their looms were next to each other, and they occupied the same room at their boarding house. They were attached to Mrs. Dana, with whom they boarded, and she evinced a deep interest in their welfare.

About six months after Maria entered the factory, an incident occurred which bound, if possible, the two friends closer to each other. One evening as they were in their chamber, and Caroline was engaged in packing a large trunk, Maria, who was looking on rather surprised at the amount of clothing and jewelry possessed

by Caroline, jokingly inquired if her beau was a jeweller.

Caroline blushed, and after some hesitation informed Maria that her father had been wealthy, but at his death it was ascertained that his property, though amply sufficient to pay his own debts, would be swept away by the failure of some friend for whom he had endorsed notes. The creditors had allowed her to keep everything except her piano. She also told her that although she might have supported herself by music teaching, she preferred working in the factory to remaining among those who, though they were once intimate friends, would consider her after the loss of wealth as far below them.

Maria repaid Caroline by telling her own story, and corroborated her story by the display of trinkets her father had allowed her to take.

Probably there never were two persons who enjoyed themselves better than these two girls. None, save their natural dispositions were not ignorant, they never appeared to be above their fellow laborers. For two years they remained together, at the end of which, Caroline was married. At the earnest request of herself and husband, Maria was induced to leave the factory for a while at least, and take up her abode with them.

One day, while Maria was engaged in perusing a paper, which had been left at their house, her eyes fell upon a paragraph, stating that Mr. Stevens, who had always been considered a very wealthy merchant, was arrested and committed to prison for committing heavy forgeries.—She handed it to Caroline with a shudder, exclaiming, "as I expected."

The next paper brought intelligence that no doubt was entertained of his guilt, and that Mr. Grafton, if not entirely ruined would be a heavy loser on account of his villainies, as he had lent him a large sum of money. For a moment Maria indulged in the idea of immediately visiting her father—but after consulting with Caroline, concluded to write to him, which she did, begging his pardon for not obeying him, and requested him to receive her back again to his arms, adding as a postscript, that she had one hundred dollars, which she would send him, if he was in want of money, to pay losses by Stevens. Her father read her letter with a feeling more of sorrow than anger, but at the end of it, broke into a heavy laugh, exclaiming, "Well, women are the best judges of rascals." In a few days he visited Maria, expressed his regret for the sorrow he had caused her, and requested her to return with him.—Maria complied with his request, and became once more the inmate of her early home. Her father endeavored by every means to make her happy, as an atonement for past wrongs; and when, about a year after, she asked his consent to her marriage with a merchant without wealth, he answered, "Do as you please, Maria; I have agreed to let every girl choose her own husband."

A ROADSIDE COLLOQUY.

And so, Squire you don't take your county paper?

No, Major, I get the city papers on much better terms; and so I take a couple of them.

But, Squire, these county papers often prove of great convenience to us. The more we encourage them the better their editors can make them.

Why I don't know any convenience they are to me.

The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, and you thereby obtained a customer. Did you not?

Very true, Major; but I paid three dollars for it.

And made much more than three dollars by it. Now if your neighbors had not maintained that press, and kept it ready for your use, you would have been without the means of advertising your property. But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in those papers. Did that cost any thing?

No, but—

And your brother's death was thus published with a long obituary notice.

Yes, yes, but—

And the destruction of your neighbor Brigg's house by fire. You know these things are exaggerated till the authentic accounts of our newspapers set them right.

Oh true, but—

And when your cousin Splash was out for the Legislature, you appeared much gratified at his newspaper's defence which cost him nothing.

Yes, yes, but these things are news for the readers. They cause people to take the papers.

No, no, Squire Grudge, not if all are like you. Now I tell you the day will come when some one will write a very long eulogy on your life and character, and the printer will put it in type with a heavy black line over it, and with all your riches, this will be done for you as a grave is given to a pauper. Your wealth, liberality, and all such things, will be spoken of, but the printer's boy, as he spells the words in arranging the types to these sayings, will remark of you,—"Poor mean devil, he is even sponging for an obituary!" Good morning, Squire.

BETTING.

Bets are the blockade's argument,
The only logic he can vent,
His minor and his Major—
'Tis to confess your head a worse
Investigator than your purse,
To reason with a waggr.

FROM MEXICO.

THE NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The New Orleans papers received last night fully confirm the important intelligence from Mexico which we briefly announced yesterday.

The news reached Vera Cruz on the evening of the 26th ultimo by an express from Orizaba, who brought the following letter to Mr. DIMOND, the Collector at Vera Cruz:

ORIZABA, AUGUST 25, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The Mexican mail which has just come in brings the following intelligence, which I copy from the *Diario Oficial del Gobierno*. Being of so great importance I send you this express courier, who will be with you to-morrow about 12 o'clock.

On the 26th two brigades, commanded by Gen. Valencia and Santa Anna, went out to attack the Americans near San Angel. Valencia's division has been completely defeated, and Santa Anna, after the first rencontre, fell back also in disorder to the city.

They immediately after this asked for a suspension of hostilities, and offered to hear the propositions of peace from Mr. Trist. The next day the Minister of Foreign Relations invited the Congress, through the newspapers, to meet for that purpose.

These are great facts, which no doubt will bring after them peace. Yours, truly,

Another express arrived in Vera Cruz on the 26th, with letters containing the same news in substance, and the following translation of the announcement of it in the *Diario del Gobierno*:

TRANSLATED FROM THE DIARIO OFICIAL DEL GOBIERNO.

On the 20th August Scott's troops, who intended marching on Penon, turned it and arrived near Tacubaya. As soon as the news was known at Mexico, Valencia's division went out to attack the Americans at *Los Llanos de San Angel*, and was completely routed. Next came Santa Anna, with another division, which shared the same fate after some fighting. The Mexicans retreated to the capital in great disorder, and such was the panic created by their defeat that the Minister of Foreign Relations immediately convoked the Congress to take into consideration Mr. Trist's proposition. A suspension of arms was demanded by the Mexicans and granted. The Americans are around Mexico, but had not entered the city on the 21st.

Such (says the Picayune) are the meager details which we have of these important events. No couriers from Gen. Scott's army direct have been able to get through, so far as we can learn. But, from the foregoing statements, it is manifest that Gen. Scott holds the city of Mexico at his command. That Gen. Scott did not choose to enter the city of Mexico is apparent. He was doubtless deterred from entering it by a desire to save the pride of the Mexicans when upon the eve of important negotiations. It is now supposed that the extraordinary courier which left Vera Cruz for Mexico on the 12th ultimo, a day in advance of the regular English courier, was the bearer of instructions to the British Minister to offer again his mediation; and we think we may safely say that he was instructed to do so, if possible, before Gen. Scott entered the capital. We believe the instructions were positive, and no doubt they were obeyed. Having absolute confidence in this representation of the acts of the British Government, we think it reasonable to suppose that Gen. Scott was influenced by a knowledge of this mediation to trust once again to the efforts of Mr. Trist to negotiate a peace, and so spared the Mexicans the humiliation of the armed occupation of their capital. His characteristic humanity may also be presumed to have strongly influenced him to save Mexico from the violence of a hostile occupation.

FROM THE N. O. PICAYUNE OF SEPTEMBER 3.

We have given none of the rumors current in Vera Cruz as to the fall of Mexico. They are evidently founded on imperfect reports of the real state of facts. The rumors circulated here that Santa Anna and Valencia were taken prisoners we believe are totally unfounded.

In regard to the train under Major Lally the intelligence is favorable. We are informed, from a very responsible source, that he is known to have passed Perote and been on his way in safety to Puebla. He made some delay in Jalapa. We have been favored with the two notes following, the first of which is a translation from the Spanish:

JALAPA, AUGUST 20, 1847.

The American army, after much suffering on the road, has been again attack-

ed at Dos Rios by 700 guerrillas, and badly enough treated. Even before the entrance into Jalapa there was some firing. Last night, at 9 o'clock, the Americans entered the city firing, and retreated on *minas*. He was lassoed by one of the guerrillas. This morning they sent a flag of truce to the *Ayuntamiento* (City Council) to ascertain whether they should enter as friends or foes; but, without awaiting an answer, they began to enter, and continued up to 1 P. M., when all got in. There are 76 wagons and 895 men, among whom 317 are wounded and sick. Major Lally is sick, the horses are worn out—for which reason it is supposed they will remain here for some time. It is said that Father Jaruta will attack them to-night; but nothing positive.

JALAPA, AUGUST 23, 1847.

Major Lally, with his command, is still here, and will probably remain here some time. The guerrillas have all disappeared from this neighborhood, but to where they have gone I am unable to say. Aburto, the guerrilla chief, died in Jalapa a few days since, some say of a wound received in one of the attacks on Major Lally's command, and others by fever.

We do not entertain any doubt that the train, as mentioned above, had passed Perote and gone on in safety to Puebla.

Intelligence reached Col. Wilson on the morning of the 27th ultimo that Lieut. David Henderson, of Capt. Fairchild's company of dragoons, and his party who were sent out by Captain Wells on the 15th of August to apprise Major Lally of the approach of reinforcements, were all shot by the guerrillas. There is little or no doubt of the correctness of this sad intelligence.

The following letter gives some facts that we have not before seen, though news promptly reached here of the insurrection of Yucatan:

VERA CRUZ, AUGUST 27, 1847.

On Sunday last the city was startled with intelligence from Yucatan that the whole Indian population of that State had risen against the whites, and in some districts massacred entirely the white population, with the exception of the women, whom they only spared for a fate still worse than death. The news was received here by the French Consul in a communication from the French Consul at Campeche, and the massacre he says was universal, no distinction being made except between Indians and whites. In some of the districts the whites have succeeded in reaching the cities, and were there waiting succor. There is good reason to hope these will be able to defend themselves until they are reinforced. At Campeche they were in expectation of an immediate attack. The French brig of war *La Peyrouse* and *La Pilate* have, it is understood, both been ordered to Campeche, and there is a report that Com. Perry is about ordering down one of the vessels of our squadron. There is, perhaps, some exaggeration in the accounts of the extent of the massacre, but of the main facts there is not a doubt.—The Indians in Yucatan have been more oppressed than in any other part of Mexico, because the landholders are generally absentees residing in Spain, and entrust the management of their estates to stewards, who, to subserve their own interests, gripe the unfortunate peon to the last.

An express arrived here on Tuesday from Alvarado to Com. Perry, with information that the guerrillas had attacked that place the night before, and killed a surgeon and two marines in that town.—The steamers *Petrita* and *Scorpion* were immediately dispatched to reinforce those in possession of the place.

The Sun of Anahuac of the 25th ultimo contains the following orders, no doubt suggested by the escape of Paredes from Vera Cruz:

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE,
VERA CRUZ, AUGUST 25, 1847.

NOTICE.—Passengers arriving at this port without passports from the American Consul resident at the port they embark from, will not be allowed to leave the vessel; and the master of any vessel permitting such passengers to land will be fined \$500 for each and every passenger so landed, and the vessel held responsible for the same.

F. M. DIMOND, Collector.

U. S. FLAG SHIP GERMANTOWN,
Anton Lizardo, August 18, 1847.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 11.—All vessels, excepting army steamers and transports, arriving at ports in Mexico held by the United States forces, are to be visited by a boat from the general ship of the day, or any single vessel of the squadron that may be in port, for the purpose of tendering the usual compliment of services to foreign vessels of war, and of detecting any irregularities in foreign mail steamers or merchant vessels, whether foreign or American.

It is desirable, when it be practicable, that the boarding officer should be a lieutenant.

WILLIAM M. C. PERRY,
Commanding Home Squadron.

Major Clark, commanding the Castle at Vera Cruz, had died of the vomito.

The health of Vera Cruz was better, and the vomito had decreased.

THE FAULTS OF CHILDREN.

It may be well to drop a hint against the folly and impropriety of making the habits of your children the subject of conversation with other people. Nothing can be more unkind and injudicious. If you wish your children to reform and improve you must throw a shield around their character. However foolish they may have acted, let them see that you are anxious to keep open the way for their return to propriety and respectability.

Many a youth has been driven to a reckless despair, by being upbraided before strangers with misconduct, which ought never to have been mentioned or known beyond his own family. On the other hand, many a wanderer has been encouraged to return by observing, in those most injured by his follies, a general readiness to reinstate him in their favor and to shield his reputation from the reproach of others. It is not wise for a mother either to boast of the excellence or to publish the faults of her children, but rather to ponder them in her heart, to mention them only at the throne of grace, there to confirm what is right, and correct what is wrong, and in all things to make plain before her face, the way of her own present duty in reference to them.

Fathers, mothers, read the above—are you convinced that those things are so!

DOMESTIC INFELICITY.

On the docket of the Cincinnati Common Pleas there are one hundred and fifty-four divorce cases, thirty-four of which are set down for immediate hearing. To a sensitive mind, says an exchange, here is an aggregate of domestic infelicity, which must be keenly distressing. Here are one hundred and fifty-four couples, three hundred and eight men and women, who, five, ten or twenty years ago, voluntarily entered into the matrimonial compact, with the brightest dreams of bliss which the human imagination can know. It was an elysium to their hearts, a perpetual perennial paradise, a world of sunlight, flowers and music, into which no distrust, no inquietude, no sorrow, would enter intrude. How terrible the awakening from such a dream—how distressing to apply to a judge for relief, especially if he be a cross grained old bachelor, whose puckered up mouth plainly indicates the thought within—"I knew it would be so."

AN INCIDENT AT THE BATTLE OF MONTEREY.

While Col. DAVIS, with his command, was fully engaged with the enemy, exposed to their direct fire, a man in a long gray surtout suddenly rode up, and dismounting, placed himself in the middle of the street. There, in the face of the enemy, amidst the thickest of their fire, he coolly drew from a case, suspended about his person, a spy-glass, with which, having adjusted it to a proper focus, he proceeded to reconnoitre the Mexican battery. Having satisfied himself as to the information he sought, he shut up the glass, returned it to its case, and approaching Col. Davis, said to him: "Sir, the enemy has but two pieces, and by making a detour to the right you can take them in flank." "And who the devil are you?" "I, sir, am Major Mansfield, of the Corps of Engineers." "All right! come on boys!" responded the Colonel. The battery was soon carried.

FEMALE ARMY.

Mr. Duncan, an African traveler, presented a paper at a late meeting of the Royal Geographical Society [of London, containing an account of a recent journey into the interior of Africa, four hundred and sixty miles, where no European has ever been. He was kindly treated by the king of Dehomay, who promoted his views. Among other things, Dr. Duncan gives novel details of this king's military establishment. His body guard consists of upwards of 6000 women, armed with muskets, short sabres and clubs.—This guard is also officered by women, and the officers are selected principally on account of their height and bodily dimensions, corpulency, being absolutely essential; so that, in fact, they are all persons of considerable weight.

SHOCKING AFFAIR FROM ROME.

A little daughter of Michael Cavenagh, of Richmond, Va., met with a terrible death on Saturday night of last week. She had the top of her head blown off by the accidental discharge of a gun, by a man named William Hobden, who came home that evening in a state of intoxication, and who, to frighten the children home, pointed the gun at her, and accidentally discharged it.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

Over 20,000 persons ascended this structure within the past twelve months, the fees received from whom have sufficed to keep the grounds in order—to pay interest on the debt of the previous year, and \$1,000 towards liquidating the principal.

The appointment of Col. Sterling Price to be a Brigadier General in the place of Col. Jefferson Davis, declined, seems to have excited greater surprise than even the other appointments of Mr. Polk.