

THE SOMERSET HERALD.

AND FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' REGISTER.

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

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

New Series.]

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1847.

Vol. 5.—No. 49

Notice.

ALL persons who know themselves indebted to the undersigned, while engaged in the TANNING BUSINESS, by note or book account, are requested to make payment of the same immediately to J. H. Benford, as a longer indulgence cannot be given.

JAMES H. BENFORD & CO.
Sept. 7 '47.

MARBLE TOMB STONES.

THE subscriber thankful for past favors, respectfully informs the public generally, that he continues to carry on the Stone cutting business, at his shop in Somerset, where he will always keep on hand and finish to order a variety of MARBLE and COMMON

TOMB STONES,

all of which will be sold at reasonable prices.

Country produce taken in exchange for work at market prices.

BENJAMIN WOOLLEY.

March 2, 1847—1y

A CARD.

THE undersigned, forwarding Merchants, at Cumberland, Md., have disposed of their interest in the business, to Mr. Walter Shriver, who will conduct the same, on his own account, at the old stand, using the name and style of "Dickinson & Co."

Mr. Shriver having long been their chief clerk, is well acquainted with the business, and the undersigned take pleasure in recommending him to the patronage of their old friends, who may be sending Merchandise or Produce over the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road.

DICKINSON & CO.

—Ang 24. '47—2m

CHAIRS! CHAIRS!

GORDON & MITCHELL.

Shop one door west of J. Neff's Tavern, and nearly opposite S. Kurtz's Drug Store, Main Street, Somerset, Pa.

THE SUBSCRIBERS would respectfully inform the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country, that they intend to carry on the

Chair Making Business,

at their old stand, where they will constantly keep on hand and will make to order

Common, Fancy, & Tippecanoe CHAIRS.

Settees & Boston Rocking Chairs, which they will sell very low for cash or exchange for lumber or approved country produce.

GEORGE I. GORDON,
C. F. MITCHELL.

June 15 '47

EMANATING FROM A REGULAR PHYSICIAN.

DR. INGOLDSBY'S

Piles Specific.

AN INTERNAL REMEDY:

A CERTAIN AND RADICAL CURE: Whether Internal, External, Bleeding or Blind.

Has made radical cures in every case of the above mentioned complaints, as can be proved by personal reference, and several thousand certificates from all parts of the country.

The specific is an internal remedy, has a gentle action on the bowels, is pleasant to take, and perfectly harmless in the most delicate cases, male or female. Females before and after confinement are often troubled with constipation of the bowels, or costiveness, as well as the piles. In all such cases the Specific can be taken with perfect safety, and is a certain remedy.

PURGATIVES NOT NECESSARY. So severe in their effects, and so liable to injure when used (being in most cases the cause of piles unless taken during fever and ague and many other diseases,) are thus done away, with, as costiveness is easily removed by using this medicine, and the bowels restored to a vigorous and healthy action without leaving any perceptible effect on the system.

PILES OF SEVEN YEAR'S STANDING CURED. DEAR DOCTOR—I have been a perfect victim to the complaint called Piles, contracted in the West Indies in 1838, and during a term of seven years have suffered beyond anything that could be conceived of—loss of appetite, food tasteless, want of rest, burning pain, weakness in the kidneys, and a total want of strength. So decidedly opposed to anything bearing a resemblance to quackery, that I have abstained from any inward or outward application. From the recommendation of our mutual friend, Potter, No. 4 Hanover-st., I was induced to give your medicine a full trial, and to those who may be similarly afflicted I give you leave to show this, with my name attached, having been, I firmly believe, entirely cured of one of the most confirmed cases of Piles that any poor creature was troubled with. Make whatever use you think proper of this testimonial of your invaluable medicine, designated by you as Dr. Ingoldsby's Piles Specific, and accept of my best assurances for your future success.

With regard your obedient servant,
W. H. JONES, Auctioneer, 22 Pine-st.

Reference can be given to some of our most eminent Physicians.

Price 50 cents per Box.
Sold by the following duly appointed agents for Somerset county, Pa.

J. J. & H. F. Schell, Somerset.
Snyder & Zimmerman, Stoytown,
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Miller & Dively, Salisbury

Grantville Md
S. C. H. McCleskey Smithfield
Samuel Elder, Petersburg
Peter Levy, Davidsville,
W. Stahl, Mount Pleasant

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From the Boston Chronicle. KEEP AT WORK.

BY GEO. W. LIGHT.

Does a mountain on you frown?
Keep at work:
You may undermine it yet;
Sorry bruises you may get,
Keep at work.

Does Miss Fortune's face look sour?
Keep at work:
She may smile again some day;
If you pull her hair and fret,
Rest assured she'll have her way.
Keep at work.

Are you censured by your friends?
Keep at work:
Whether they are wrong or right,
May be you must 'bide your time,
If for victory you fight.
Keep at work.

If the devil growls at you,
Keep at work:
That's the best way to resist;
If you hold an argument,
You may feel his iron fist.
Keep at work.

Are your talents villified?
Keep at work:
Greater men than you are hated;
If you're right then go ahead—
Grit will be appreciated.
Keep at work.

Every thing is done by labor:
Keep at work,
If you would improve your station;
They have help from Providence
Who work out their own salvation.
Keep at work.

THE DYING EXILE.

BY EDMUND READE.

FAREWELL—a long farewell to thee,
My own, my native land!
Now would to God that I were free
Upon the rugged strand!
If but one last fond look to bless
Thy hills and deep blue sky,
And all my love for thee confess:
Then lay me down and die.

But now I am alone, and none
Will hear when I am dead:
Perchance ere sets that glorious Sun,
My spirit shall be fled!
I watch him yet and faintly smile
In death, to think that he
Will rise so bright upon that isle,
Where I may never be!

My Country! while I bless thee, how
My feelings in me swell:
Alas, I never knew till now
I loved thee half so well!
But when alone among strange men,
When friends forget, and false ones flee;
Something the heart must love, and then
It can but turn to thee!

Farewell, farewell! the sun's last gleams
Are sinking in the sea:
Along the shore the sea-bird streams,
Unheard, unrooked by me:
I feel my ebbing breath decay,
And fail my darkening sight:
Yet ere I pass away, away,
My native land—good night!

SECRETS WITH GIRLS.

Secrets with girls, like loaded guns with boys,
Are never valued till they make a noise;
To show how trusted, they their power display;
To show how worthy, they their trust betray:
Like pence in children's pockets, secrets lie
In females' bosoms—they must burn to fly.

AWKWARD MISTAKE.—A fine stone church was lately built in Missouri, upon the facade of which, a stone-cutter was ordered to cut the following as an inscription: "My house shall be called the house of prayer." He was referred for accuracy to the verse of Scripture in which these words occur, but unfortunately he transcribed, to the scandal of the society, the whole verse: "My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

Good.—A youth, who, it is charitably presumed, has never "seen the elephant," recently found himself in the company of three young ladies, and generously divided an orange between them. "You will rob yourself," said one of the damsels. "Not at all," replied our innocent, "I have three or four more in my pocket."

From the New Orleans Delta. THE GRAVE—WHERE SLEEP BOTH SIRE AND SON.

AN O'BERTH TALE OF THE YELLOW FEVER.

When the last call for volunteers was made on Indiana, EDGAR DERWIN was the first to enroll his name among the active upholders of his country's standard. He was a daring, intrepid, athletic youth, knowing no fear, a patriot by intuition, endowed with all man's most ennobling feelings, though manhood's threshold he had not yet crossed. His father, fast verging to life's winter, heard his purpose with silent approval; in truth, he felt a secret satisfactory pride at the patriotism so promptly evinced by his son. Not so his mother; she looked to him as the prop of her declining years, and a presentiment audibly whispered to her that he was about to leave her never to return. She interposed no obstacle to his resolve, though the tears that coursed down her furrowed cheeks, as she embraced and blessed him when leaving, too plainly told how acutely painful to her was the separation.

Young DERWIN had got no further than Matamoras with his regiment when he was seized with a severe fit of sickness. Being unable to proceed he was placed in an hospital; his regiment marched on. The captain of the company to which young Derwin belonged lost no time in informing his father of his son's illness, telling him at the same time he need entertain no apprehensions for his life, as his recovery might be pronounced certain. This assurance notwithstanding, that letter when it reached the quiet western home of the sick young soldier, proved to his fond parents a missive surcharged with sorrow. The first burst of grief over, old Derwin, prompted by the quick instincts of parental affection, concluded that duty to his child lying on a sick bed in a foreign country—perhaps in a grave made by strange hands—required more than unavailing tears. He brushed them away, and ere the early rays of the next morning's sun gilded the roof of the humble log cabin, he departed to seek in Mexico the son he so much loved; to succor him if alive, and if dead to transmit his corpse where it would mingle with his native clay, where he and his stricken wife might in death lay beside it.

He speeded on without impediment until he reached this city, and while here waiting for a conveyance down to the Brasos, it pleased Providence to afflict him with the yellow fever. From the boarding house where he was staying he was sent to the Charity Hospital, which he entered on the Wednesday of last week. His case was a severe one; it unsettled his reason. All the imaginings of his fevered brain had reference to his son. At one time he witnessed him in battle doing deeds of mighty daring, and he cheered him on. At another time, he was a manacled captive in a prison dungeon, and he would offer a large sum for his ransom. Again, he would call on the Mexicans not to desecrate his grave.

Skilful medical aid and the watchful nursing of the Sisters of Charity carried him through the most violent stage of the disease; if they did not snatch him from death's door they at least prevented him from stepping over it. Thus was his reason restored, himself lingering on the confines of an eternity as it were, when about noon on Monday an emaciated youth was carried into the same ward and placed in the bed beside him. His glazed eye gazed on the young emaciated patient with intense anxiety. He tremulously looked and looked until it might well be said he looked his life away. He sprang from his bed; with a convulsive grasp he clutched the small paper label which the porter had just placed at the bed's head of the recently arrived young patient; opening it in his tremulous hand, he read—"EDGAR DERWIN, JR., INDIANA." "My son," he said; and no more did he say, for, as he uttered the phrase, he fell and expired. Young Derwin, who on account of his sickness had been discharged, was on his return home; when he too was taken by the epidemic, and hence the painfully singular coincidence of this meeting between father and son, and its tragic termination. He soon, though not immediately, recognised his father. The scene was too much for his already shattered constitution. Before the bell of the cathedral tolled twelve that night he was a corpse. They now, though not at their homestead in Indiana, sleep where the mournful cypress and death-burdened north wind chant the last requiem over the stranger's grave.

UNTIMELY REPLY.—A rather ludicrous circumstance occurred in a parish church within the limits of Carnarvon, on Sunday evening. The officiating clergyman in the course of his sermon, and when near the close, raised his voice to rather a higher pitch, and said, "How is it that the Almighty glorifieth in the forgiveness of sins?" The clerk, who was fast asleep below him, roused by the higher tone sufficiently to catch the question, to the astonishment of the congregation, instantly replied, loud enough to be heard all over the church, "I don't know indeed, Sir."

GLANCES AT THE FUTURE.

The official paper announces that now Mexico has refused to cede all of the territory east of the Rio Grande, the whole of New Mexico and Upper and Lower California, together with the right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, it is the intention of our Government to wage a war of redoubled vigor; that hitherto "we have shown humanity to her," but now, after the rejection of "demands conceived in a spirit of signal justice and moderation," she must be made to "feel the full pressure and power of war." In this aspect of things, it is instructive to hear the views which intelligent and dispassionate public writers take of the case.—We quote, therefore, the comments of the Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, who adds to intelligence a candid, we might say friendly spirit in all that regards the acts of the Administration. In his letter of October 4 this writer remarks:

"The Administration have determined to pursue the war with redoubled energy. What is the object in view does not distinctly appear. It cannot be to force a peace, for that appears to be out of the question. A war of extermination is threatened on our part, but it is doubtful how far the Government will be supported in prosecuting such a war, when it is manifest that every honorable end that we have in view can be attained by withdrawing the troops to a certain line, which we may adopt as our boundary.

"The first object would be to relieve our forces which are already in Mexico. According to Col. Child's letter of September 10th, he, with his force of one thousand men, is hemmed in at Puebla, and Major Lally at Jalapa. Generals Lane and Cushing will soon push forward with their brigades to their relief. Letters from Col. Hughes's command state that they have reached the National Bridge, and have driven the guerrillas away before them, on every side. But the guerrillas hang around them.

"The financial arrangements and prospects of the Treasury will be essentially altered by the present state of things. It was only last week that Mr. Walker congratulated himself upon the fact that another loan would not be wanted. If we are to pursue the war merely with a view to punish the Mexicans for refusing to treat, we shall want a new loan of fifty millions. To inflict adequate and certain punishment, according to the plan of the 'Union,' we must send an army of fifty thousand men to ravage and desolate the country."

In another letter the same writer, generally well informed, states that—

"Some of the Cabinet are in favor of establishing a Government in Mexico, and taking possession of the country as a part of the territory of the United States, no matter what may be its cost in blood and treasure. The President must soon decide what to do. He has been advised by some to do now what Gen. Taylor proposed two days after the battle of Monterey; that is, to 'DRAW A LINE AND WITHDRAW THE TROOPS.' Now is the time for the President to take the lead in that policy, for there is scarcely a doubt that it will be embraced by Congress and the people."

The generally well-advised correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger also says he "has reasons to believe that various opinions prevail in the Cabinet as to the extent to which this war ought to be prosecuted." May these diverse views result in the course which wisdom, justice, and the true glory of the country demand.—Nat. Int.

A LEOPARD AMONG US.

Some few years since a Leopard escaped from a Menagerie while traversing the county in the neighborhood of Penns Valley, Centre county. The farmers in the vicinity of Adamsburg, this county have lately been complaining very much of the destruction committed by some ravenous beast among their flocks of Sheep. From a variety of circumstances they were satisfied it could not be wolves and they were quite at a loss to ascertain what animal it could be. About a week since two young men by the names of Isaac Snook and Mr. Knepp, being out after night about two miles from Adamsburg were attacked by a leopard which sprang at young Snook, but he succeeded in avoiding it, and by loud calls for help frightened it away. The neighbors immediately pursued it with dogs for some distance towards the mountain when the leopard turned upon them and seizing one of the dogs tore him dreadfully, which frightened the rest and they finally escaped.—Union Star. (New Berlin.)

NATURE'S KITCHEN.—On the long sandy beach facing Capri we made acquaintance with a natural cuisine well known to the contadini and fishermen, and large enough to dress the victuals of a regiment. Here you need neither fuel nor fire, pots nor pans; you have only to scoop a hollow in the boiling sand, wrap your viands in a clean paper and bury them. Twenty minutes will cook a fowl, four or five an egg; "pronci' orn," and such like, are done to a turn before you can say Jack Robinson.—Francis's Italy and Sicily.

The City of Mexico.

The city of Mexico is situated in a very extensive plain; and still, so elevated are the mountains which surround it, that, from the cross-ways in the centre of the city, on which, every side, the eye may gaze, each street really seems to be bound by these mountains, whose snowy heads hang as if it were over the city, and grand beyond description are the effects of light during the sun's setting and rising.

The city is worthy of the scenery: the streets are parallel, very wide, and well paved. The houses are of stone, and generally two or three stories high, with very large centre court-yards, and inside galleries to each story, supported by columns from the basement: the whole city is covered with terraces, the fronts are more or less ornamented; there is not a ward without its palace; the palace of the inquisition and the national palace are the most remarkable; many of the houses present a front of 400 to 600 feet; the public square is very fine, although its symmetry has been somewhat destroyed by the building of mean stores on one of its wings.

The cathedral is truly magnificent, and neither gold nor silver have been spared for the ornament of its altars. The basis of the high altar is of massive silver, the pulpits are cut out of blocks of marble.

There are many convents, all of immense size. The San Domingo is the largest, and has a fine gallery of paintings, which, to the eye, appears as long as that of the Louvre in Paris. The churches are all very large, and richly ornamented. Aqueducts, which have cost immense sums of money, supply the city with water, and also the fountains in several wards, for the use of the people. The Almeida is a beautiful walk, a parallelogram, ornamented with trees. The principal alleys form a cross, and a very handsome fountain, with jets d'eau, or water spouts, about 10 feet high, is placed in the centre. Four others divide the angles. There are also several very fine walks around the city; the most fashionable is that on the canal Cealco, which is bordered with trees. It is through the canal that this city is provided with vegetables.

The mint is an immense establishment. It formerly coined \$24,000,000 per annum, and at present it hardly coins \$2,000,000; but then it was the only city in the country, whilst now most of the states have their mint. One of the presses, worked by nine men, coins 10,000 doubloons per day.

The population of the city of Mexico, which in former times exceeded 200,000 souls, is now said hardly to reach 140,000.

THE FEMALE ARMY IN SWITZERLAND.

We have mentioned in a previous number the two regiments of the women of the Canton of Uri, but we find in a French paper, a notice of them, which we translate literally.—"The two battalions, numbering fourteen hundred females in military dress, present an aspect at the same time formidable and captivating. In their evolutions and discipline they are drilled to perfection. Curiously enough, superiority of form and beauty has been very much the reason of difference of grade; the handsomest are of the advance guard, and this post of distinction and danger seems willingly conceded them by their companions who are less favored by nature. Some classification has been guided by temperament also. The more vivid and flighty have been enrolled as voltigeurs, or light-horse—the more phlegmatic as grenadiers. Those who have figures of more embonpoint are in the central body, those of slighter forms are stationed at the wings. The coarse and rude are enrolled as dragoons and caninières. The creation of this corps, (which with its discipline and enthusiasm seems likely, at the first three of the political movement of Europe, to take possession of the Helvetic soil) is an exercise of the powerful genius of Salis-Soglio, who has reserved to himself the general command.—Home Journal.

WONDERS OF GEOLOGY.—More than nine thousand different animals have been changed into stone. The races or genera of more than half of these are now extinct, not being at present known in a living state upon the earth. From the remains of some of these ancient animals they must have been larger than any living animals now known upon the earth. The Megatherium, (great beast,) says Buckland, from a skeleton, nearly perfect, now in the museum at Madrid, was perfectly colossal. With a head and neck like those of the Sloth, its legs and feet exhibit the character of an Armadillo and the Anteater. Its fore-feet were a yard in length, and more than twelve inches wide, terminated by gigantic claws. Its thigh bone was nearly three times as thick as that of the elephant, and its tail (nearest the body) six feet in circumference. Its tusks were admirably adapted for cutting vegetable substances, and its general structure and strength were intended to fit it for digging in the ground for roots, on which it principally fed.—Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise.

THE NEWS FROM MEXICO.

The New Orleans Delta of the 26th ultimo, in reference to the important intelligence from the seat of war says:

"Nor did our army encounter a barbarian, cowardly and imbecile enemy. All rumors concur that they stood bravely by their homes and firesides, and fought with the desperation of men determined to bury themselves in the ruins of their capital. Their President bravely placed himself at their head, and fell wounded in the conflict. The veteran and indomitable Bravo, whose name brings to mind many a gallant deed of the war of Mexican Independence, offered up his life for the country which he had so long and faithfully served. The blood of hundreds and thousands of Mexicans stained the streets and house tops of the fated capital, before the invincible superiority of the American prowess was conceded, and our army occupied their capital.

"We await with feverish impatience the details of these illustrious achievements."

The Pensacola Gazette received last night, contains an extract of a letter received there, which tends strongly to confirm the above statement. It is as follows:

"On the 9th inst., the armistice was broken up, and hostilities commenced.—Gen. Worth's division was attacked by a large force of Mexicans. The Mexicans were routed—one of the Mexican Generals killed and another wounded badly—they had about 2,500 killed and wounded. We had General Worth dangerously wounded, and about 1,100 of his men killed and wounded.

An express arrived here yesterday, bringing an account of Gen. Scott's entry into the city of the Aztecs; the news is from a Mexican source. The last fight between Scott and the enemy is said to have been a most severe one, the latter not having surrendered without a terrible struggle, on both sides—while it lasted, a fearful slaughter was effected. Santa Anna is reported to have left the city and gone to Guadalupe, with the shattered remnant of his defeated army.

PUEBLA.—PAREDES.—The N. Orleans Patria publishes a letter from its correspondent El Jarecha, in which it is stated that Paredes had been nominated Inspector General of the National Guard of Puebla, by the Governor of that State.

He is said to be with Gen. Rea, on the road between Vera Cruz and Puebla, with 6,000 men, waiting for the train which was to leave the former city under the command of Gen. Lane which was to be escorted by 2500 men, including the troops that were to join at Puebla.

El Jarecha says it was rumored that Gen. Rea had entered Puebla, and that the American garrison there had capitulated without much resistance. He adds that letters from the interior state that the Mexicans were more than ever averse to peace but if Gen. Scott had 30,000 troops with him, their opposition would speedily give way.

The number of slain in the capital during the bombardment, including men, women and children, amounted to 4,000.

AMERICAN FARMERS.

"Many thousand farmers in New England rear large families, pay their debts and taxes promptly and live independently, well clothed and comfortably housed and provided for, and lay up money, on farms of 50 acres. The idea is, that these people labor severely. This is a great mistake. They have much, because they waste no time. With them there is a place for every thing, and every thing in its place—a time for every thing to be done, and every thing done in its time, and well done. Their horses and cattle, tools and implements, are attended to with clock-like regularity. Nothing is put off till to-morrow which can be done to-day. Economy is wealth, and system affords ease. These men are seldom in a hurry, except in harvest time. And in long winter evenings or severe weather, one makes corn brooms, another shoes, a third is a carpenter, cooper, or tailor; one woman spins, another weaves, a third knits, sews, or plait 'Leghorn Bonnets.' And the family thus occupied, are among the most healthy and cheerful in the world. It is easy with them to reduce their wishes to their means, convenient or imprudent; and to extend their means to their wishes."

HISTORY'S GREATEST MEN.—Who are the men of history to be admired most? Those whom most things became: who could be weighty in debate, of much device in council, considerate in a sick room, genial at a feast, jovial at a festival, capable of discourse with many minds, large-souled, not to be shrivelled up into any one form, fashion or temperament."

COMPANY.—In the whole course of my life I never knew a man, of whatever condition, arrive to any degree of reputation in the world, who made a choice of, or delighted in, the company or conversation of those who in their qualities were inferior, or in their parts, not superior to himself.—Lord's Miscellany