

THE SOMERSET HERALD.

AND FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' REGISTER.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY JONATHAN ROW, SOMERSET, SOMERSET COUNTY, PA.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1846,

[Vol. 4.—No. 15.]

New Series.]

Orphans' Court Sale of Real Estate.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphan's Court of Somerset county, there will be exposed to sale by way of public vendue or outcry on the premises, on Saturday the 14th day of March next, the following real estate, late the property of Andrew Bird deceased viz:

One tract of Land,

situate in Addison township, adjoining lands of John P. H. Walker John A. Mitchell, Robert Robison and others, containing 270 acres more or less, on which are erected two dwelling houses, barn and other buildings.

—ALSO—

One other tract adjoining

lands of John A. Mitchell, Robert Robison, Thomas Glissen, James Wilkins and others containing 260 acres more or less, on which are erected a dwelling house barn and other buildings.

TERMS:—one third to remain a lien on the premises, the interest thereof to be paid to the widow annually, during her life time, and at her death to be equally divided among the heirs and legal representatives of said deceased. One third of the balance in hand and the remainder in three equal annual payments without interest to be secured on the property by judgment bonds.

Attendance will be given by John Hanna, Administrator of the estate of said deceased.

By the Court,

W. H. PICKING, Clerk.

Feb 5, 1846.

PRAY BE SEATED!

Don't stand up while chairs and sofas are so cheap.

CHAIR & CABINET MANUFACTORY.

W. M. B. COFFROTH,

Would respectfully inform his old customers and the public in general, that he has purchased from Mr. Jacob Myers, chair maker and wheelwright his entire stock of materials and has commenced the chair making business with that of cabinet making, at his shop on main street in the Borough of Somerset, one door east of the residence of Simon Gebhart Esq., where he will constantly keep on hand and will make to order, common fancy and Mahogany Chairs, bedsteads, wheels,

BUREAUS,

Tables, Stands, Seetees, Sofas, &c., &c., &c.

We will sell common chairs at \$5 per seat, and other articles in proportion.

Thankful for the patronage heretofore extended to him, he would invite the public to call and examine his work, which he will warrant to be made of the best materials and finished in the neatest and most durable manner.

Approved country produce will be taken in exchange for work, at the highest market prices.

ap8'45.

Valuable Farm Private Sale.

SITUATE in Shade township, Somerset county, adjoining lands of David Rogers, Jesse Berkebile, John Powell and others, containing about

350 ACRES

of land, about one hundred and fifty of which are cleared, the remainder is covered with the best of timber; there is a good proportion of meadow and there may be one hundred acres made into the best of meadow, the

UPLAND

will all produce clover and timothy, and every species of grain; the land nearly all lies to the sun, and it is decidedly the best tract in that part of the county. It lies about a mile and a half from the old furnace, and about three miles from the new one, it contains an abundance of

IRON ORE,

and there is every indication of coal on many parts of the surface. The improvements are indifferent, consisting of an old log barn and house, and a new log stable; there are on the premises many fine never failing springs of the purest water; there is not perhaps in the county a farm combining more advantages as a grazing, dairy and grain farm, it has on it a small

ORCHARD,

and is under tolerably good fence. Persons wishing to purchase a good property are requested to call on Robert W. Mason living on the premises, who will show them every part thereof, or to enquire concerning it of Mr. Postlethwaite in Somerset, or of the subscriber living in the borough of Stoneboro.

JOSEPH MASON,

February 10, 1846.

To a Missionary.

Go, herald of salvation—
Go, messenger of bliss,
To every heathen nation,
With messages of peace.
Illumine with living splendor,
The lands in midnight gloom;
Array in matchless grandeur,
The wastes that never bloom.
Go, heal the sick and dying—
Go, be the wanderer's guide;
Go, lead the soul that's sighing,
To bathe in calvary's tide.
Go, bid the star of morning,
From Bethlehem's forest shine,
And barren wastes adorning
Illumine with light divine.

THE RESCUE.

In the autumn of 1777, when Lord Howe had possession of Philadelphia, the situation of the Americans who could not follow their beloved commander, was truly distressing. Subject to the every day assaults of cruel and oppressive foes—bound to pay obedience to laws, predicated on the momentary power of a proud and vindictive commander—it can better be pictured than described. To obtain the common necessities of life, (particularly flour,) they had to go as far as Bristol—a distance of eighteen or twenty miles—and even this indulgence was not granted them, until a pass was procured from Lord Howe, as guards were placed along Vine street, extending from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, forming a complete barrier; beyond these, through the woods, extending as far as Frankfort, were stationed piquet guards—thus rendering it in a matter impossible to reach the Bristol Mills, unless first obtaining a pass.

The commander in Chief of the American forces was then encamped at the Valley Forge, suffering from cold, hunger, and the inclemency of the season.

The British rolled in plenty, and spent their days in feasting, and their nights in balls and riots, and dissipation, thus resting in security, while the American chieftain was planning a mode for their final extinction. A poor woman with six small children, whose husband was at the Valley Forge, had made frequent application for a pass. Engagements rendered it impossible for her cruel tormentors to give her one. Rendered desperate from disappointment, and the cries of her children, she started alone without a pass, and by good luck eluded the guards and reached Bristol.

It will be remembered by many now living that six brothers by the name of Loale or Doale, about this time committed many acts of heroic bravery, but more in the character of marauders than of soldiers. They were men full six feet high, stout and active, and they always succeeded in making their escape. A marked partiality to the Americans rendered them obnoxious to the British, and always welcome to the former, to whom they conveyed what information they could in their adventures.

Our adventurous female, having procured some flour in a pillow case holding about twenty pounds, was returning home with a light heart to her anxious and lonely babes. She had passed the piquet guards at Frankford, and was just entering the woods a little side when a tall stout man stepped from behind a tree, and put a letter in her hand requesting her to read it. She grasped with eager joy the letter bearing the character of her husband's writing. After a pause he said, "your husband is well, madam, and requested me to say, that in a short time he will be with you; money is a scarce article among us—I mean among them; but on account of your husband's partiality to the cause of liberty, I am willing to become his banker. So saying he handed a purse of money. "My means are adequate or I would not be thus lavish," she was about to refuse it.

"You said my husband would see me shortly, how do you know that which seems so impossible? And how do you know me, who never—"

"Hush, madam, we are now approaching the British guard; suffice it to say, the American commander has that in his head which like an earthquake, will shake the whole American continent, and expunge these miscreants; but hark, take the road to the left—farewell!"

So saying he departed. She gave one look, but vacancy filled the spot where he stood. With slow and cautious step she approached Vine street. Already her fire burned beneath her bread, when the awful word "halt" struck her to the soul. She started and found her self in the custody of a British sentinel. "Your pass woman,"—"I have none, sir; my children are"—"D—n the rebel crew, why do you breed enemies to your king—this flour is mine—off woman and die with your babes. A groan was her only answer. The ruffian was about departing, when the former messenger approached—his whole demeanor was changed; hum-

ble simplicity marked his gait—he approached the guard with seeming fearfulness and begged him in a supplicant voice to give the poor woman her flour. "Fool! idiot!" exclaimed the guard, "who are you? you see yonder guard house,—if you interfere here you shall be its inmate, "May be so sir; but won't you give the poor woman the means of supporting her little family one week longer? Recollect the distance she has walked the weight of the bag, and recollect."—"Death and fury, sirrah! Why bid recollect? You plead in vain—begone, or I'll seize you as a spy."

"You won't give the poor woman her flour?"—"No."

"Then by me country's faith and hopes of freedom, you shall!" and with a powerful arm, he seized the guard by the throat and hurled him to the ground. "Run, madam, run see the guard house is alive—seize your flour, pass Vine street and you are safe." "Twas done."

The guard made an attempt to rise and when the stranger drew a pistol, shot him dead. The unfortunate man gazed around him with a fearless intrepidity. "There was but one way of escape, and that through the woods. Seizing the dead man's musket he started like a deer pursued by the hounds. "Shoot him down with him!" was echoed from one to another. The soldier was lost in the wood, and a general search commenced; the object of their search flew like lightning; the main guard was left behind, but the piquet would soon be alarmed—one course alone presented itself, and that was to mount his horse, which was concealed among the bushes, and gallop down to the Delaware; a boat was ready there for him. The thought was no sooner suggested than it was put in execution. He mounted his horse, and eluding the alarmed guards, had nearly reached the Delaware.

Here he found himself headed and hemmed in by at least fifty exasperated soldiers. One sprang from behind a tree and demanded immediate surrender.

"Tis useless to prevaricate; you are now our prisoner, and your boat is in our possession." "Son of a slave! to a king! how dare you address a freeman! Surrender yourself—a Doale never surrendered himself to any man, far blinder poltroon—away or die," and he attempted to pass. The guard levelled his gun; but himself was levelled to the dust; the ball of Doale's pistol had been swifter than his own. His case was now truly desperate; behind him was the whole line of guards—on the north of him the Frankford piquets, and on the left of him the city of Philadelphia, filled with British troops.

One way, and one only, presented itself, and that was to cross the river. He knew his horse; he plunged in—about succeeded; and ere he reached half the distance, twenty armed boats were in swift pursuit. His noble horse dashed through the Delaware; his master spurred him on with doubled interest, while the balls whistled around him. The tide was running down, and when he reached the Jersey shore, he found himself immediately opposite the old slip at Market street. On reaching the shore he turned round took out a pistol, and with a steady aim, fired at the first boat. A man fell over the side and sunk to rise, no more. He then disappeared in the wood. The angry, harassed, and disappointed pursuers gave one look, one curse, and returned to the Pennsylvania shore, fully believing that if he was not the devil, he was one of his principal agents.

The Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

The annual Report of the Directors of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb for 1845, is received, by which we learn that although its funds are waxing low with well-doing, its prosperity and usefulness are active and onward.—In the course of 1845, twenty-five deaf mutes were admitted, and as many dismissed. There are at present in the institution one hundred and six, 56 males and 50 females. Of the whole number:

70	are supported by Pennsylvania,
13	" New Jersey,
7	" Maryland,
3	" Delaware,
13	" friends of the Institution

—Tot 106

Of those admitted into the Institution during the year 1845, 15 were born deaf, and 9 became so from incidental diseases.

The Directors regret the frequent necessity of refusing to admit applicants for want of funds in the treasury. We trust this will be speedily remedied by our benevolent countrymen.

The pupils sent by New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, are limited to five years' instruction; whereas six at least should be granted.

The terms of admission are one hundred and sixty dollars per annum. For which sum every thing necessary is provided, including the usual clothing of the Institution, boarding, lodging, washing, tuition, stationary and medical attendance or one hundred and thirty dollars per annum, in case the clothing is furnished by

the parents or friends of the pupil. Payments are expected to be made in advance every six months. Deaf and dumb children are not received under ten years of age.

Donations to the Library, of Books, Maps, Pictures, &c., and the Cabinet, of Apparatus, Specimens, Curiosities of Nature and Art, will be received at the Institution.

The following form of a devise or bequest may be of importance to some of our benevolent citizens:—I give, devise and bequeath to "The Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb," &c.

An application by letter to the Principal of the Institution, will obtain instructions how to proceed to gain admission for a pupil, &c.—Sat. Cou.

[From the N. O. Picayune.

FOREIGN INTERFERENCE.

Mexican and Central American Affairs.

On several distinct occasions we have been called upon to allude to the designs of Europe upon this continent, and more particularly upon Mexico and Central America. That there is some project on foot to acquire for Europe an ascendancy in Mexico and those countries immediately south, whose territories are bounded by the two oceans, is beyond a question. It might be hazardous to assert that these designs have assumed an absolutely specific character. It is possible they may be modified by contingencies arising in the progress of an interference which is certainly systematic, in so far as the ultimate purpose of establishing European antagonist interests in the territories in question is concerned. Glimmerings of the ambitious projects of which we speak, at intervals loom through the mystery which surrounds the councils of cabinets, and frequently plainer visions are had in developments of startling consequence.

It was more than hinted in the European press, after the consummation of the Texas movement, that a scheme had been agitated in the English and French cabinets to place one of Louis Philippe's sons on the Mexican throne. The failure of European diplomacy in the matter of annexation was subject of taunt across the English channel, and in replication to a charge of duplicity against the French cabinet, the English were sneered at for having disavowed the continental plan for preserving the interests of Mexico—including Texas. In the course of this mutual crimination, the project leaked; but before this, intelligent travellers from Mexico frequently informed us that emissaries had travelled through the central states of Mexico to feel how the popular pulse would beat under a regal regime.

Latterly this proposition has been varied, and new ones mooted. The idea of reducing the Mexican States to colonial dependencies upon old Spain has met with favor in many quarters; the proposal of the Bourbon family has a gain been discussed; and a triple alliance between France, England and Spain, for the direction of Mexican and South American affairs, proposed and considered. That some one of these plans, or some other equally objectionable, has not been settled upon before now, is, we apprehend, owing to difficulties the contracting parties met with in adjusting the terms of the alliance of partitioning the booty to be divided. The negotiations failed perchance in arranging the "Balance of Power" in America—a doctrine or rather a principle of oppression which our transatlantic guardians would graft upon American politics. They have, all of them, one cardinal object in view, the crippling of the just influence of the United States in their hemisphere—but in reducing the measure of opposition which each should contribute to that end, and the amount of plunder each should receive in turn, to fixed and determinate quantities, it was not surprising that jealousies between themselves should have hindered or delayed the negotiations. Hence it may be there is yet no plan absolutely agreed upon for the reduction of the Mexican and Central American Republics.

However this may be, whatsoever the actual condition of the compact, the main object of the Government concerned is being continually enforced. In the recent revolution of Paredes, we behold one development of the European league. The prospect of a renewal of friendly relations between the United States and Mexico was seized upon by foreign emissaries as a topic to influence popular opinion. The soldiery and rabble were aroused and supported by missionary demagogues and adventitious contributions. The expedition of Paredes was put on foot at San Luis Potosi, and the rebel banner was first unfurled in a district especially under foreign influence. European arts, combined with individual and military ambition, triumphed over the law and government. But it was not more a triumph over the administration of Herrera than it was a victory over American interests. The conquering General recruited his army by denouncing the United States, and the first act of his administration was to censure a Minister

sent thither from this country under a stipulation solemnly agreed upon.

Our correspondent at Havana, before the establishment of the revolution was known in Cuba, threw out hints of the most significant import on this subject. He predicted the success of Paredes because he was the tool (cats-paw) of the two factions—one led by the Almonte and Santa Anna faction, the other got up and wire-pulled by the British and Spanish ministers, who call themselves the MONARCHICAL PARTY." The French minister was for the time being absent from Mexico, having left that country on account of a personal row in which he involved himself with such sacrifice of dignity and character to give rise to a suspicion that his expulsion was courted for some ulterior and sinister object. It has been so long since the Spanish Government was mixed up in any great movement on this side of the ocean, that her diplomatists mutter their affairs, and hence the matter transpired in Havana before the result of Paredes' expedition was known.

In this connection the following paragraph, which first made its appearance in "El Imparcial," a periodical of the Isle of the 14th Dec. may shed some light. We find the article re-produced in the "Memorial Historico" of the 4th inst.—The latter journal is the "Siglo" revived, and is published in Mexico, under the eyes of the new authorities. We quote as follows:

"By way of Havana, it is known that Spain, France and England have entered into an alliance to place in Mexico and Guatemala a stable and liberal Government, for which purpose each power will furnish a quota of men at the same time it is assured that England has already at sea thirty ships of the line, which are on their way to the Gulf of Mexico."

The Yucatan editor states that a knowledge of what has before transpired renders this intelligence worthy of credence. The "Imparcial" deplors the condition of the Spanish Republics, but without acknowledging outright the crisis to be so humiliating as to render the intervention necessary. It thinks the three powers mean to give effect to the projected movement. It indulges forebodings of ulterior purposes on the part of the intervenors, and winds up with a flourish of patriotism and valor.

The publication of articles like these in one department of Mexico, and their reproduction in others, without comment prove that the conspirators think it time to familiarize the public mind with the idea of European suzerainty, followed by a European dynasty. We have before stated that the schemes bruited have been unfolded in convenient places by adepts of the monarchical party. A system of proselytizing has been privately but perseveringly pursued, as we have reason to believe, in a majority of the States, and every new revolution has been improved by the very persons who assisted in getting it up, to encourage the belief that nothing short of a Monarchy, with European alliances, could secure the integrity and internal quiet of the country.

In this posture of American affairs, does it befit the United States to remain passive? Should the weakness of Mexico serve any longer as an excuse for insolence, especially as there is good reason to believe her contumely is prompted by stronger powers? It would seem that nothing was wanting to convince every mind that peace will never be restored as long as the United States evinces a tolerance of the present state of quasi-war. It is capital for demagogues, revolutionists, and foreign intriguers. Hatred of Americans is becoming a constitutional feeling in Mexico, whilst Frenchmen are better received, notwithstanding France and Mexico have been at actual blows within a few years. A proper redress of injuries and insult inspires respect; and respect is the precursor of individual and national friendships. The suzerainty of the United States under repeated indignities, has inspired the Mexicans with contempt as well as hatred of us, and Europeans receive her admiration whilst we get her gasconade. This is no longer harmless. It is doing positive and continual hurt. It is exciting, day by day, a greater and more inveterate dislike of the United States amongst a near people, and in territories becoming a theatre on which the problem whether European or American rule shall sway the destinies of the Western continent will be decided.

Fearful Steamboat Disaster.

VERY SAD EVENT AT SEA—LOSS OF A FRENCH GOVERNMENT STEAMER, AND SEVENTY HUMAN BEINGS!

We learn by our foreign papers that the steamer Papin was lost on the 6th of December, on the African coast, near Magadore, and half of her crew, 75, perished; among them were M. Moray Monge, the Consul at Magadore M. Fleuriot de Langle, commandant of the vessel, and all the staff of the vessel, with exception of M. de St. Pierre, a volunteer. She left Cadix on the 5th of December, for Senegal, and a storm coming on, she grounded on a sand bank, nine miles

north of Magadore, near the main land. At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 7th, she was quite full, and the sea dashing over her deck. At 5 o'clock the chimney fell, and killed several persons. At half-past 5 A. M., M. Moray Monge, the French Consul at Magadore, was washed overboard by a wave, and immediately disappeared. A few moments afterwards M. Dieul, second-lieutenant on board, met with the same fate. Several persons then threw themselves into the sea to lay hold of the spars, &c., which were constantly being washed from the wreck, or to try to gain the shore by swimming.—The greater part of them sank to rise no more. Some few, after the most desperate efforts, reached Azimour, a village three miles to the north of the wreck.—They fell in with some Moors, who instantly came to their relief; one of them gave his burnous (cloak) to M. du Bourdieu, commissary at Goree, and who had embarked as a passenger on board the Papin. Some camels, laden with brambles, having arrived, the Arabs kindled a fire to warm the unfortunate shipwrecked passengers. At 11 o'clock A. M., the persons who had succeeded in reaching the shore amounted to 30. The mainmast, which had continued standing until that time, although the Papin was divided in two, fell, and in the descent either crushed to death or carried overboard not less than 30 persons. The Arabs displayed, upon this occasion, as much courage as humanity. In less than two hours they succeeded in bringing off 44 persons, carrying them upon their shoulders, and swimming with them through a very heavy sea. Of 151 persons on board the Papin, 76 only remain to tell the fearful tale.

New Agricultural Wrinkle.

A funny story is told of an old friend of ours—one who, sick and tired of the care and bustle of a city life, has retired to the country and "gone to farming," as the saying is. His land, albeit well situated and commanding sundry romantic prospects, was not so particularly fertile as some we have seen—required scientific culture and a liberal use of guano of some sort to induce an abundant yield. So far by way of explanation.

Once upon a time, as the story-books say, our friend, being on a short visit to the city, was attending an auction sale down town, and it so happened, they were selling damaged sausages at the time.

There were some eight or ten barrels of them, and they were "just going at fifty cents per barrel" when the auctioneer, with all apparent seriousness remarked that they were worth more than that to manure land with. Here was an idea. "Sixty-two and a half," said our friend. "Just going at sixty-two and a half—third one last call—gone," retorted the auctioneer. "Cash takes them at sixty-two and half per barrel."

To have them shipped for country use was the immediate work of our friend, and as it was then planting time, and the sausages, to use a common expression, were "getting no better very fast," to have them sate under ground, and out of the way was his next movement. He was about to plant a field of several acres of corn—so, here was just the spot for his new experiment in agriculture, this new wrinkle in the science of geonics. One "link" of sausage being deemed amply sufficient, that amount was placed in each hill, accompanied by the usual number of kernels of corn and occasional pumpkin seed, and all were nicely covered over in the usual style. Now, after promising that several days have occurred since the corn was planted, the sequel of the story shall be told in a dialogue between our friend and one of his neighbors.

Neighbor.—"Well, friend, have you planted your corn?"

Friend.—"Yes, several days since."

Neighbor.—"Is it up yet?"

Friend.—"Up! yes; up and gone; the most of it."

Neighbor.—"How's that?"

Friend.—"Well, you see I bought a lot of damaged sausages in Orleans the other day, a smooth-tongued auctioneer saying they would make excellent manure, if nothing else. I brought the lot over, commenced planting my corn at once, as it was time, placed a sausage in each hill, and—"

Neighbor.—"Well, and what?"

Friend.—"And felt satisfied that I had made a good job of it. Some days ago I went out to the field to see how my corn was coming on, and a pretty piece of business I have made of trying agricultural experiments."

Neighbor.—"Why, what was the matter?"

Friend.—"Matter! the first thing I saw, before reaching the field, was the greatest lot of dogs digging and scratching all over it! There were my dogs and your dogs, and all the neighbors' dogs besides about three hundred strange dogs, I never set eyes on before, and every one was here at mining after the sausages. Somehow or other, the rascally whelps had scented out the business, and they have dug up every hill of this time. If I could set every dog of them on that auctioneer I'd be satisfied."—N. O. Pic.