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Wright Written Right.

A TWISTIFICATION.

Wright we know is written right
When we see it written write,
But when we see it written right,
We know 'tis not then written right,
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right or wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite,
But write, for so 'tis written right.

Select Tale.

THE YANKEE BALL.

A Tale of the Revolution.

Holmes' Hole is a harbor well known to all navigators of the coast of New England. During the year 1781, while the hopes and fears of the American patriots were alternating, a half a dozen British frigates were lying snug in the Holmes' Hole harbor. Time hung heavily on the hands of the officers on board their vessels, and they availed themselves of every opportunity of breaking in upon its tedium.

The project of a ball on shore was got up, and the hearts of the British officers bounded merrily at the prospect of the pleasures in store for them. The Yankee girls, although not remarkably disposed to smile on a British uniform, were nevertheless not adverse to indulging in a little flirtation with those who wore the red coats. Ladies wear the bump of flirtation on their heads the world over, and it is therefore not to be wondered that the girls in the neighborhood of Holmes' Hole were willing to have a few hours—gratification at the expense of the enemies of their country. To bring the lion hearts of these officers to terms of capitulation, was an object not to be resisted; and accordingly these damsels arrayed themselves in their bright smiles, and repaired to the festive hall at the time appointed.

Brilliant shone every thing on that evening. The officers were there forgetful of the errand of butchery on which they were come to the country, and intent only on winning honeyed looks and love-lit smiles from the breathing forms around them. The dance went on; and, as fair and sylph-like forms wreathed thought he mazes, the proud Britons forgot their sweet-hearts at home, and yielded up their devotions to the fair strangers before them. Swiftly flew the winged hours away, and the solemn chime of midnight swelled the air before the sounds of music ceased, and the parties separated, with the hope of many such meetings in future.

It was too late to return, to the ships that night, and the gallant officers, after discoursing on the comparative merits of the beauties by whom they had been entranced, drank a toast to woman's smile, and prepared to retire for the night.—Pleasant dreams charmed their slumbers—airy forms flitted around their pillows—away their spirits bounded over the wide expanse of waters between them and their distant homes, and they revelled in half-awakened scenes of former bliss—and sleep to them was a repose and a blessing. No thought, no suspicion had they of coming evil; but, busy with the past, all forgetting the by of the power of the future to bring a saddening change over their hearts, and they slept away with the smiles of tranquility playing upon their sealed features.

But all were not asleep that night.—Where were others, counting on future gains and glories, whose wakeful enterprise banished slumber from their eyelids, and filled their hearts with those high sensations which deeds of chivalrous daring always foster. To these it is now our duty to turn.

The Vineyard Sound is about five miles over. While the dance was in progress on the one shore, preparations of another kind were in progress on the opposite one. The tidings of the ball were spread throughout the vicinity, and eighteen brave fellows agreed to make that night replete with gloomy as well as brilliant recollections to the British officers.

The moon was in her last quarter, and as she sunk below the horizon, and her girdling light vanished from the heavens, a company of resolute fellows descended the bank and made to the water's edge. A couple of boats were soon unmoored and launched on the unsteady element, filled with as gallant crews as ever started on an eventful enterprise. Every spirit it swelled high as they cleared the foam of the breakers and the crafts beneath them rode gracefully over the gentle billows.

"Now, my hearties," said a voice from the bows of the large boat, "the first thing that I have to ask of you is, that you obey orders."

"Aye, aye, captain," responded the others.

"Then boys, draw your pistols, and prepare for a shot."

Every fellow that owned a pistol—that is, a canteen or flask—drew it forth and uncorked it.

twig this toast: Success to the Vineyards and a bad night's rest to the red coats!"

The toast was duly honored, and every fellow took down his canteen and replaced it in his pocket.

"Now this is my first order: no word is to be spoken louder than a whisper, between this and the other shore. The success you have just drunk to, depends on silence."

"Aye, aye," muttered all hands. The oars were muffled to prevent a splash, in the water, and onward the boats went silently. Their heads were pointed directly towards the tavern where the ball had been, and each fellow mused on the scenes which would transpire on their arrival.

"I'll be shot if I can keep still, Joe," said a youth by the name of Sam Dareall to his next neighbor, in a whisper. "I can't help thinking that chiefest of witches, Sally Renham, is at that party."

"Well, what harm if she is?"

"None, that I know of," returned Sam, "only I don't like the thought of that fair hand being touched by an arm that wears a red coat."

"The girl, Sam, is a fair one, and she is as true as she is fair. Her heart never harbored love for a tory. You see, it runs in all female flesh to like to win a heart, if it be but to see with what kind of grace its owner will yield it up."

"Truer words were never spoken, Joe; but why the devil a girl, when she's got one heart safe, can't be satisfied with it, is something that I don't understand."

"I guess there's more than that in female human nature that you don't understand, Sam. Woman has a great many kinks that are perfect mysteries to me. But as to being uneasy about Miss Renham's hand, it is sheer nonsense. Her eye can blink as kindly on his majesty's epauletts, but it dwells, Sam, on the plain riggling of a lad that we both know pretty well."

"Who's that?"

"Why yourself, Sam. Heavens! what blind fools love makes of you fellows.—All you have got to do is to capture the biggest officer in the gang to-night, and that act, I tell you, won't fail to take captive the fancy of the lady. She's fond of doing like things herself."

"Give us your hand, Joe, and I'll promise you that if the taking of the proudest officer at Daggett's to-night, will please Sally, she shall be pleased. I swear the prisoner shall be mine."

"Luck to you, Sam," and thus their colloquy ended.

It was full two o'clock as our party hauled their keels on the strand. A few whispers passed around, and then they mounted the bank, and struck directly for Old Daggett's. As they drew nigh they separated, and in a minute a complete line was drawn around the house to prevent escape, if any should be attempted.

A party of the force returned to the house, and soon presented themselves at the door of the room in which their destined victims lay, dreaming of anything rather than a capture. The door turned on its hinges, and the loud voice of the leader of the invaders commanded the sleepers to surrender. The room was soon a scene of confusion. The Britons were at first disposed to make resistance, but seeing no way to escape, and knowing their good treatment depended on their submission, they surrendered with as much grace as was desirable.—Out of their beds they were forced, then as sleepy looking fellows as one would wish to see. One of them, corpulent, red-faced, and larger than his companions, grumbled as he rose, but a hand was placed on his shoulder, with an order to be as still and brisk as possible, and he submitted.

"I've got him Joe," said our lover Sam, to his friend, who was assisting a reluctant leg to force itself through a pair of inexpressibles.

"Well, hang on to him."

"Aye, that I will, like death to a grim beggar."—Then, turning to his prisoner, he added, "Come my dear sir, I don't want you to be officious, but let me assist you in adjusting your wardrobe.—While you are gartering that stocking, I'll garter your neck with this cravat."

"Take that, d—d you, for your impudence," said the officer, at the same time leveling a blow with his clenched fist, which Sam parried.

"Tenderly, tenderly, my dear fellow," said Sam; but if you want the use of your peepers by the time day-light comes, you will be sparing with your fists.

"Who and what are you?" asked the officer, looking grumbly up in Sam's face.

"My name is Sam Dareall, at your service, which, being interpreted, means Sam Daredevil; I will promise you a touch of my nature and friendship, too, before we separate."

"You are a devilish clever fellow."

"Thank you sir; it runs in the Dareall family to be obliging. Can I be of any use to you in putting on your coat; for I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of marching you off right away. What is this silly thing good for?" said Sam, at the same time pulling the epauletts from the officer's shoulders; "it's only fit for a

child's plaything." And he put his foot on the toy.

The Briton's face grew very red, but he had to keep quiet, as Sam assured him that, as he was going a long journey, it would only be an incumbrance to his shoulders, and he had done what he had from the kindest intentions.

To the door Sam led his prisoner, and meeting his friend Joe at it, desired him to say if he had not captured the biggest game. Joe deliberately glanced his eye about the officer's sturdy dimensions, and replied affirmatively.

When they reached the outside of the house, a short parley ensued, in which it was determined the enemy should be hurried by a forced march, off to Boston. One officer, who could be neither persuaded nor forced to put on his regimentals up stairs, and who had been brought down for the purpose of seeing what effect the chill air would have upon him, swore he would die before he would move a foot. One of the captors who had him in tow, now applied a switch to his bare feet, and he moved them with much briskness, to the delight of the joyous Americans and the evident chagrin of the officers.

The poor fellow at the earnest entreaties of his friends, after being dragged a few yards, very reluctantly yielded up his resolutions, and drew on his pantaloons.

The whole party soon got under way, and made good haste to their boats and over the bay again. Many were the jokes which circulated among the merry fellows, at the expense of their prisoners, who although in the midst of a superior force, could not altogether resist the spirit of insubordination.

The prisoners were got safe into quarters by day-light, and, after breakfast, were ordered to prepare for an overland journey to Boston, where they arrived in safety, and were deposited for safe keeping under the protection of John Hancock. They were soon exchanged, and lived to relate in their homes, to their anxious friends, all the scenes which transpired between the ball-room and Boston—the corpulent one not forgetting to make affectionate mention of Sam Dareall who, he it known, was shortly after married to Miss Sally Renham, and lived to tell his grand-children the story of that night.

Foreign News.

VERY LATE FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the Steamship Cambria.

By the Steam Ship Cambria we have news from Great Britain as late as the 4th of February.

The news is of the most important and gratifying kind.

Parliament had assembled, and the Queen's speech, as well as the tone of the press, with regard to the United States, is of the most pacific character.

Expressions of regret are made on all hands that the difficulties between that country and the United States about Oregon are yet unsettled.

FROM WILMER AND SMITH'S EUROPEAN TIMES, FEBRUARY 4.

The steamship Cambria, commanded by our excellent and esteemed friend Captain Judkins, takes out to-day the most important and gratifying intelligence that ever left the shores of Great Britain.—Sir Robert Peel—England's powerful and brilliant Minister—has developed his future commercial policy. It is at once simple and comprehensive; and, under its operation, the exchange of commodities between this country (England) and the United States will be carried to an extent, and will be mutually productive of advantages, greater, to quote not irreverently the words of the sacred volume, "than the eye hath yet seen or the heart hath conceived." The new scheme embraces, with a full sense of their importance, the principles of free trade—repudiates all protection for commerce, manufactures, and agriculture; admits corn duty free at the end of three years, with a scale, in the interim, which will probably oscillate between four and six shillings per quarter, (eight bushels), and at once admits Indian corn and buckwheat free of all duty whatever. To the details of this great measure we earnestly entreat the attention of our commercial readers. Great Britain at the present moment is in a blaze of excitement; men talk and think of nothing else, they have set their hearts upon securing the great fiscal scheme for the regeneration of the country which the Premier has laid before Parliament; and they desire to curtail the period fixed for the total extinction of the corn laws. The friends of peace and progression on this side of the water hope—earnestly and sincerely hope—that the new policy will bind America to us by the ties of amity, brotherhood, and interest, and that the miserable squabbling about a barren waste will give way to more liberal, civilized, and comprehensive views.

The immediate effects of the new tariff on the prominent articles of American exports we have noticed elsewhere. Altogether, the subject, in its various phases, is the most important that ever crossed the Atlantic since the introduction of ocean navigation; and all that is now wanting is for the Government and people of the United States to meet us in a kindred spirit, and, in the true spirit of commerce and of friendship, forget the past, and run a generous race of mutual happiness and prosperity for the future.

MR. PEEL'S FINANCIAL SCHEME.

Our columns to-day furnish evidence of great revolution which has taken place in the public mind relative to the fiscal policy of the country. Governments, it is notorious, in all highly civilized countries, are always conservative—always in arrears of the people's requirements. It is certainly so in England; it is more or less so in the other countries, making allowance for the difference of moral and physical causes. The Minister who carries out Bentham's axiom of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," will best serve the interests of humanity, and fulfil his own high destiny. But where the representative principle is at work; where the public mind possesses sufficient intelligence to grasp the great truths, and desires their embodiment in action—all that the State pilot has to do is to be the instrument of realizing an enlightened policy on the safest principles, and with the most tender regard for the interests, feelings, and sympathies of all classes—for those who have thriven as well as those who have suffered by the previous policy.

This course of action describes in a few words the secret and the success of Sir Robert Peel's ministerial career. It has been alleged against him that he never anticipates—always lags behind public opinion. It is true. He is essentially a practical man, and never jeopardizes success by experimental trickery. The body politic, like the physical frame was formed for nobler uses. He has tact, judgment, and a thorough appreciation of character. Once in action, his indomitable energy braves all dangers, bears down all opposition.

But these preliminary remarks are keeping us from the object at which we desire to arrive: to point out to our readers the most striking features in the plan for the fiscal regeneration of the country, which Sir Robert Peel, in a four hours' speech, introduced to the House of Commons on the 27th instant. In that speech he took an elaborate review of the fiscal condition of the country, and announced the reduction of duty on a number of articles which press upon the commercial and agricultural interests. He impressed upon the manufacturers the necessity of preparing for the advent of free trade, by giving up whatever limited amount of protection they now enjoy from foreign competition in the shape of prohibitory duties; and the duties so imposed he announced his intention of reducing to a nominal amount. But this appeal to the manufacturers is useless; they have long since publicly repudiated the benefits of all protecting duties; have declared that they seek for no aid beyond free scope for the exercise of their talents in the open markets of the world; and have often said in substance of the agriculturist, "do thou likewise." The timber duties are to undergo a revision, but into the details of the change he did not enter, reserving it for another day.

For the reductions on tallow, on paper hangings, on soap and candles, on boots and shoes, on foreign spirits, on clover and other seeds, on provisions, (fresh and salted), on vegetables, on foreign made carriages, we must refer to our ample report of the speech itself in another column. We can do little more than indicate in this place, *currente calamo*, the primary heads of the scheme. Sugar, that great article of colonial produce, which, next to the corn laws, has been most virulently assailed on account of the tenacity with which the Minister has clung in screening it from competition, is still to be more or less protected. Slave-grown sugar he still regarded as an abomination; but the duty on foreign free-labor sugar is to be reduced 3s. 6d. per cwt.—The corn laws he proposes to abolish totally and unconditionally, on the first of February, 1849, and in the mean time a modified sliding-scale is to be substituted for the one at present in existence. For instance, when the price of corn is under 38s the duty will be 10s.; when above 38s. and under 40s. the duty will be 9s.; and so on, the duty declining 1s. with a rise in the price of 1s. until the price reaches 53s., when a permanent duty of 4s. is to take place. In order to propitiate the landlord class, sums of money are to be advanced by Government for the improvement of agriculture. The law of settlement is to be altered, so that, after a servitude or residence of five years in a manufacturing district, the peasant who has left the plough for the factory must receive parochial aid, if he require it, from the place of his adoption, not the place of his nativity; the same with regard to his children and his widow.—Moreover, the highway rates are to be remodelled on a plan which is to save a tug at the agricultural purse; and various other charges, hitherto paid out of county rates, such as the expenses of convicted prisoners, of prosecutions at sessions,

the education of the workhouse children, &c., are to be paid in future by the State. In a word, the new scheme is as near an approximation to the principles of free trade as can be safely consistent with the policy of a country which has its credit to support and the interest of an overwhelming national debt to pay. Sir Robert Peel has acknowledged the principle that duties ought to be levied for revenue and not for protection, and his future policy, it is clear, will be directed to that end. But it would be too much to assume that he can carry out the new course of action which he has now entered without a struggle, and a desperate struggle, too, with the powerful interests which believe themselves to be jeopardized. The protectionists are boiling with fury, and the language recently held in the House of Lords by the Dukes of Richmond and Buckingham indicate the fierce passions which sway the breasts of British landlords towards the most clear-headed practical statesman of his age. Agriculture, they say, cannot exist without protection; but Peel says it must exist without it at the end of three years.

Thus arrayed, the hostile forces face each other with scowling front, and in the centre stands Peel, looking gravely on, preserving a placid dignity in the midst of the onslaught from either party. In the House of Commons he is omnipotent, and, however furiously the war may rage out of doors, it is believed that he will be enabled to carry his tariff by a majority of eighty—certainly by more than fifty. When matters come to a crisis, and the free-traders in the popular branch of the Legislature have to decide between sacrificing Peel and his plans, they will become, it is believed, less crotchety and more practical.

Looking at the question, then, in every point of view, taking into account the present position of parties, the advent of a new election, the flush of triumph which mantles the cheeks of the free-traders, the gloom and anger which reign in the faces of the protectionists—viewing the state of the registry, the condition of the food market, our relations with the United States, the absence of an excitement except on the great question of free-trade—we arrive at the conclusion, not only that Sir Robert Peel will pass his new tariff triumphantly, but that he will do so in the present Parliament.

Mr. Cobden has published an address to the farmers of England on the proposition of Sir R. Peel, relative to corn.—His object is to convince them that it is better for their interests, in every point of view, to have the corn laws repealed at once, instead of waiting for the Ministerial term of three years.

UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

The European Times of the 4th inst. says: "The commercial intelligence which goes out by this packet is necessarily of a meager and unsatisfactory kind. A state of transition is, of all others, the most unfavorable for the requirements of trade, for the uncertainty which precedes the change unhinges the operations alike of buyer and seller, of exporter and importer."

"The new policy of the United States, as indicated in the report of the American Secretary of the Treasury, has commanded much attention in the British Parliament. Sir Robert Peel spoke highly of the report in the great speech in which he introduced the new Tariff, and subsequently, at the request of Lord Montagu, the Government consented to reprint the document, and place it on the tables of both Houses of Parliament—an honor which was probably never awarded to any similar document before. All these facts prove the desire which the British Government has to make our future relations with the United States as amicable and as business like as possible.

"Markets, as we before stated, are all more or less affected by the Premier's financial expose; and business can hardly be expected to resume its healthy tone until it is known whether the measure will pass or be rejected—whether there will be a dissolution of Parliament this year or next.

"The intelligence which has come to hand from the United States shows the angry discussions which have taken place in Congress, but the cotton market has not been touched by it. Pacific people here, connected by business relations with America, express wonder that Mr. John Quincy Adams, the steady and consistent friend of peace, should have shown the effects of age, on an otherwise vigorous intellect, by pandering to the prejudices and policy of the war-party. Notwithstanding the bluster which is uttered in Congress, people here cannot bring themselves seriously to contemplate a war about Oregon; it appears too absurd for serious attention. Nevertheless, it is in the power of hasty and intemperate people to precipitate matters beyond the possibility of redemption. The mention of the Oregon dispute in the British Parliament contrasts strikingly with the warfare of American Senators and members of the House of Representatives. Sturdy Republicans might take, in this respect, an example of forbearance and gentlemanly deportment from the speeches of Hume, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord

John Russell, on the second night of the session."

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons, on the first night of the session, the Ministerial and the Opposition leaders both volunteered explanations on the circumstances which led to the late Ministerial crisis. Their explanations now belong to history.—Their interest is merged in the still greater plans for the future which the financial scheme of the Premier has developed.

Peel, it would seem, supported by two or three of his colleagues, wished to open the ports for the admission of corn duty free when the potato disease became alarming. The majority of the Cabinet opposed his views, and finding their differences only widened by discussion, they went in a body to the Isle of Wight, where the Queen was then staying, and placed their resignation in her hands.—The subsequent results are potent to the world. To Lord John Russell was confided the task of forming a Cabinet, which broke down through the difference between Lord Grey and Palmerston. Our republican readers who take an interest in the style of communication between the Sovereign and her advisers for the time being, will peruse the notes which the present and the expectant Premier addressed to her Majesty during the ministerial interregnum. The grammatical construction of the notes has undergone much torture by the San reporters of the rival statesmen in the press.

On the first night of the session the interest centered in the Ministerial explanations. These explanations were principally confined to the popular branch of the Legislature, for the theme was evidently distasteful to the seceder, Lord Stanley.

On a subsequent night, however, the Duke of Richmond called upon the Duke of Wellington to supply his version, and he prefaced the request by asking whether the hero of a hundred fights had received her Majesty's permission to do so. The Duke, with the frankness and promptness which mark his conduct, immediately launched into a history of the affair. It was a very different story from that of his oily and appearance-loving colleague at the head of the Government. The Cabinet differed about the corn-laws, but he disliked a difference in the Cabinet more. To preserve unanimity of opinion he was ready to sacrifice any law—to give up any pet scheme. Accordingly, when the Whigs, through divided councils, broke down, Sir Robert Peel wrote to the Duke, who was in the country at the time telling him that he would meet Parliament alone, if necessary, and propose a repeal of the corn laws. The Duke immediately gave in his adhesion, and highly praised the "pluck" of his right honorable friend in coming to such a determination; it was what he would have done himself under the pressure of similar circumstances. Altogether, the Duke's explanation showed how differently education and character cause men to view the same facts. The large and comprehensive vision of the statesman contrasts amusingly, in this instance, with the narrower range of the military disciplinarian.

The election for the West Riding of Yorkshire will take place in a day or two, when Lord Morpeth will be returned without opposition.

The Cabinet remains as apparently unaltered as if they had been expressly installed in power to carry out the free trade theories of Cobden and his allies. Amongst the resignations of members of Parliament may be mentioned that of Lord Ashley. The other evening he again introduced what is termed the ten hours' bill, a measure which, it will be recollected, nearly upset the Government a year or two back. His lordship has resigned on the plea that, as he was sent to Parliament to support the corn laws, which he can no longer do, since his opinions have undergone a change, his constituents have a right to a return of the trust they reposed in him. It is more than suspected that other reasons have induced his resignation.

THE AMERICAN MINISTER AT PARIS.

Mr. King, the American Minister at the Tuilleries, has been drawn into correspondence with M. Guizot, for the purpose of rebutting a charge preferred against him by the London Times, of garbling the views of the French Government on the subject of Texas, and producing thereby the explosive missive in the President's message, which has caused such a sensation in France, and such protracted discussions in the Chambers. Mr. King is sadly too thin-skinned; and he has not bettered his position by appealing, through Mr. Guizot, to the public against the strictures of a newspaper. A high diplomatic functionary ought to be above this. The Times returns to the charge, and scathingly Mr. King unmercifully. Mr. King's letter is rhetorical and inflated; that of Mr. Guizot brief, cold, and to the point. A press of matter yesterday has crowded out this correspondence, the comprehension of which would have been incomplete without the article from the Times, which provoked it, and the rejoinder.