

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 JONATHAN ROW, SOMERSET, SOMERSET COUNTY, PA.

New Series.]

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1846,

Vol. 4.—No. 48

AUTUMN.

She hath gone, the gorgeous summer,—
Yet on path, and wood, and hill
The traces of her rosy feet
Are lightly brightly still;
Swing the shadowy arms of Autumn
In the shadowy arms of Autumn
Still we revel in her blush.

Art thou gone, oh! lovely summer?
I am wandering where the trees,
The grand high priests of nature,
Swing their censors to the breeze;
Swing perfumes on the hazy air,
While through the arches dim
Comes far, and sweet, and solemnly
Their murmured, mystic hymn.

I am wandering through the forests,
Through the summer woods—but lo!
There droops and sways a yellow flag,
Amid the green beech bough;
And from the tufts of waiving fern
Spring shafts of paly gold,
And the long grass plaineth whisperingly
When rising winds are bold.

And the balm-flower by the streamlet,
The thistle-down that sails,
A fairy craft o'er mount and mead
Urged on by mimic gales,
The golden rod bright glancing
Where the calm and sunny light
Falls trickling through the woven leaves—
These whisper of thy flight.

Alas! alas! for summer gone,
Alas! when death his snow
Shall heap upon her rosy lips
And on her radiant brow!
Alas! alas! for darker days
When Nature, pale with dread,
Shall stand, a stricken Niobe,
Alone amid her dead,

A. D.

Pennsylvania, September, 1846.

THRILLING NARRATIVE.

The fact of the recent loss of the steamer New York, while on her way from Galveston to New Orleans, has been already briefly stated in this paper. The details connected with this melancholy event by which a number of human beings were suddenly swept into eternity, are given in the following letter from one of the survivors. The letter was not written for publication, but it narrates the events of the fearful catastrophe with a simplicity and power which will cause it to be read with deep and thrilling interest.

[From the New Orleans Bulletin.]

MY DEAR SIR:—Many items of an individual character might be picked from the surviving passengers of the New York, embracing their sufferings and their fortunate rescue from a watery grave. I write you off a few pages principally connected with what came under my own observation.

The first night out I found the violence of the wind strained the upper works of the boat so much as to cause the cabin to leak badly, and, indeed, I was fearful that it would be blown off, and I knew if that should occur that it would, no doubt, cause our destruction, as our wheel rode along the promenade deck, and that some of the machinery would probably be damaged by such an event. At about 10 P. M., Sunday night, I was lying in my berth in one of the after State Rooms on the larboard side, and observed the quarter boat, expecting it to be carried away every moment, when, sure enough, the after davit parted; some of the hands were called, and every effort made to save the boat. As we had a tremendous sea running, and she was bringing up with a surge, I told the men, after they had made several attempts to secure it, to cut away the forward falls and let it go adrift as the boat was, doubtless, stove. They, however, hoisted up the after part of the deck, and while securing it we were stricken with a heavy sea which carried away the boat, and took a portion of our bulwarks. We had two lady passengers on board, and a few children. As I was near the ladies' cabin when I heard them crying for assistance, I went in and tried to console them. They were in great distress. I told them that all had been done in our power to save the boat, and we must rely alone on Divine Providence, and He would do what was best for us.

Capt. Phillips came into the cabin at about one o'clock and told the passengers:—“Gentlemen, if you will go below and light the chain upon the deck we may save the boat; it is the only chance we have for our lives.” I turned to several of them and urged them to come, but on going below found that most of them had preferred to remain on deck. I found two or three hands below near the chain-locker, which was well aft, under the ladies' cabin. After hard work we got it on deck, when I returned again to the cabin. Capt. Phillips came in again at

about 3 o'clock, and told the passengers that we had but one chance for our lives, and that was every one to take his turn at the pumps, and to help to bail out with buckets, and keep the boat afloat until day-light or until the sea went down.—The passengers generally turned out, but it was with reluctance many of them would go below to pass the buckets up the cabin-hatchway. There were about two feet water in the lower cabin. I worked until I was completely prostrated, and came on deck, and afterwards took my turn in pumping and passing along the buckets. I proposed that we should clear away the ladder and a part of the bulk-head around the hatchway, and fix lanyards to the buckets and draw the water up. This was done, which left several spare buckets, and we formed another party and went aft to the ladies' cabin, and there bailed for an hour or so, by passing the water up the steps leading to the lower cabin. Coming on deck shortly after, I was surprised to see such a destruction; the sea was making at times a clean breach over the vessel; the larboard wheel-house, and nearly all the bulk-heads forward were gone, and the remainder tottering. I got a rope and took a turn with it round the arch brace, and held on to prevent myself from being washed overboard. The boat had settled down very much on her larboard side.—Whilst I was forward Mr. James Phillips came up to me and said, “Captain, I did not know you with rig on. I have observed you working about all night, but did not know it was you.” I requested him, if he should reach shore, and should ever meet any of my friends to tell them that I have worked like a man, and felt perfectly reconciled to abide the future.

Whilst we were talking, Captain Phillips came up, and it was thought if we could set the foresail it would bring her on an even keel; after a good deal of difficulty we got the sail set; she soon righted on an even keel, but in a few moments I felt her settling down rapidly on the starboard side; I then gave up all as gone; for I felt sure the heavy sea which had been striking her whilst she was sagged down to leeward, had opened her ways. One or two hands came forward and we lowered down the foresail. I then climbed up by the pilot house, and was struck with the perfect destruction of every thing above deck. I walked aft and found one of the hands at work, repairing the only boat we had left—he was cutting strips of canvass, and with them and his knife, trying to caulk her seams. One or two others came up to assist him; I examined the boat, and told them that it was love's labor lost, to try to get her in a condition to float, that she might save one or two, but as all hands would be for jumping into her, I had no doubt she would fill at once.

The passengers now assembled on the promenade deck. I saw Capt. Phillips and remarked to him that if I could get a bottle I would write a few lines and cork them up and throw it overboard.—He replied, that's well, for none of us will ever be seen again. A bottle was brought, and on the back of an old manifest I wrote something like the following: Steam vessel New York, total wreck—encountered a tremendous gale—all hands did their duty like men; Sept. 7, 5 o'clock A. M., and signed my name to it. After I got through, it struck me, that if it was ever picked up, they might think I was very much agitated, from the hand-writing, and I added the following postscript: “I feel as calm as a summer's sun.” After being properly secured, the bottle with its contents was thrown overboard.

Several passengers came to me and asked me what was to be done; I told them our only chance was to make a raft, and we fell to work to tear away the benches, &c. I walked forward and got hold of the chicken-coop; some of the passengers followed me. I told them this might save one or two, as long as it would hold together, and advised them to lash it round securely with a rope to prevent it from tumbling to pieces. Finding the hands cutting away the foremast, I went aft to keep out of the way. When I got aft, near the boat, Judge Toler asked me what I was going to do? try the boat or a plank? I stated I had not yet determined what I would take, but should keep clear of the boat, for I was confident she would not float, and all hands would jump into her the moment she was launched. I further said that I would hang by the wreck until the last moment, and thought it best in such cases to keep cool, and not be in a hurry to leave. I saw the lead-line lying close by and I cut off a fathom or so and tied it securely round my waist; several others did the same. I saw Daniel Phillips preparing to launch the boat; I went up to lend a hand—just as we were getting ready the crowd rushed to the boat, and a heavy sea striking us at the same moment, the confusion that ensued, made me think that it was no place for me, and I started forward; I felt the promenade deck giving way under my feet, and sprang to the star-board arch-brace and crawled forward of the wheel-house. In looking round and seeing the total destruction that ensued, and the shrieks and groans of the dying, I heard the bell of the boat, as it was falling, give

one toll. It was the most solemn sound that ever fell upon my ear; I thought it the death knell to many, perhaps to all. I cast my eyes to the Northward and discovered dark and dreadful looking clouds tumbling up rapidly above the horizon, threatening to sweep the ocean with the besom of destruction. I was on the brace for a moment, only, when I felt it giving way. In looking round calmly and collected, as every moment appeared my last, nearly every act of my life rushed through my mind; I felt perfectly reconciled to my condition and was cheerfully looking upon every breath as my last.—I said to myself, loud enough to be heard, if any one had been present, “Fearless let him be, whose trust is in God.”—Discovering the pilot-house floating about, I thought my best chance was to try and reach it. I watched a favorable moment as the floating mass came up with the surge of the boat; I lowered myself down and made a spring to reach a piece of the wreck; the moment I struck it turned, and I suppose I must have gone down at least six feet. It is surprising how rapidly one can think at a moment when he feels himself done with time.—As I was rising to the surface I thought to myself drowning is a pretty easy death, but to be jammed, mangled, and crushed here amidst this mass of iron and timber is horrible. When I reached the surface I with great difficulty reached the pilot-house, which I discovered made a rapid semi-circle to and fro, and I judged the tiller rope was still fast; in reaching over and examining, I discovered it to be the case. Having a small pen-knife in my pocket, I got it out with great difficulty and succeeded in cutting the rope. I then floated clear of the mass and swung down and caught hold of the wheel, when the whole upper part of the house tumbled off. I picked up a piece of plank and shoved myself out from the wreck as far as possible. As we had a very heavy sea running, I lashed myself to the wheel to prevent being washed off. A piece of the promenade-deck floating by me, I hauled it towards me with a strip of moulding which was floating by me, in my reach, and lashed it to my raft so as to make it more buoyant, for I found the wheel was so heavy as to waterlog my raft. At this time, a black dog that was floating on a piece of the wreck discovered me, left his raft and swam for me. I gave him a hearty reception and assisted him on board. He appeared very grateful and affectionate, and would stay no place but in my lap; I tried to make him lay down, but he implored me with such beseeching looks, that I thought I would let him alone, and although he was but a dog, those lines in Pope's prayer came forcibly to my mind, and I repeated them loudly:—

“That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.”

The wheel, I afterwards found, was too heavy to keep afloat, and I cut my lashing and got on the piece of deck; the moment I did so, the wheel capsized and sunk. After floating a few hours, I found a piece of the deck of the boat floating near me. I managed, by using a piece of plank for an oar to sheer enough as I thought to make it. I made the effort, and as I stepped near the edge of my raft to make a spring the plank under me sunk, and I went overboard. I had my lanyard in my hand, and as I came up I struck for my raft, and threw the lanyard over one of the spikes, and crawled up, lacerating my leg with one of the numerous spikes with which it was lined. It may seem strange, but I found the stinging sensation produced by the salt water in my fresh wound, gave me rather a pleasurable excitement. In examining my raft, which I at once named New Providence, I found myself quite happy, for I felt as if I had something under foot that would ride out the gale. A squall of wind and rain soon set in, which was followed by a heavy sea, which very frequently made a clean sweep over me.—Some time after it subsided in a measure, I discovered a large raft containing ten or twelve persons.

I took a wide plank that I had on my raft, and by bracing one end of it with my feet against the beam, and bracing the other part with my head and hands, I found it answered very well as a sail, as it was blowing very fresh. I could talk about by arranging my plank, accordingly; I stood up towards the large raft containing Captain Phillips and numerous others; their raft was composed of the greater part of the promenade deck abaft the wheels. I inquired how they were getting along, and was answered very badly. I saw Judge Toler looking very wishfully towards my raft, and I asked him if he would not come on board. He and Mr. Stakes answered in the affirmative, and after some time I got them on board. My dog passenger left me at this time and swam on board of the other raft; a black pig tried to board me from Captain Phillips' raft, but finding it a difficult matter to get on board he put back. I now shoved off. I found two additional passengers made my raft pretty well water logged, and the sea frequently made a clear breach over us, but we lashed our ropes and held on firmly. The constant

breaking of the sea over us through the day had one good effect; it enabled the pores of our skin to absorb water, which prevented the least feeling of thirst, and when I found my head and shoulders getting dry, I would dip as much water with my hands as I could and wet them well and advised the others to do the same to prevent thirst. I frequently through the day carefully surveyed the horizon by sweeping my eyes gently along in hopes to discover a sail. I mentioned to my companions that I had thought a great deal through the day about the awful position I was in, not knowing but every moment would be my last, yet I could not really feel it, for I tried to familiarize myself to death, and appearing before my Maker. Yet I had not been able to divest myself of the firm belief that we would be picked up, or drift ashore. Judge Toler and Mr. Stakes both stated that to be their own feeling, and all regretted that it was the case.

I told them the first thing we would see in the shape of relief would be a smoke on shore or from the steamer Galveston. And that since the weather had moderated, I had no doubt that Captain Wright had left Galveston, and as we were in his track, if he passed along by daylight, he would rescue us. In looking round again I discovered a faint column of smoke, as I thought, ascending.—I watched it intently and cried out:—“There is smoke, my God! it is Galveston.” Up jumped the others, and after looking for a while they agreed that it was a boat, and that she was standing down in our track.

She gradually appeared in sight, and would stand off picking up the smallest objects first; in that way we were the last taken on board, as we had drifted a few miles faster than the others. As the Galveston stood down towards us, I found she had lowered a boat, which was towing with a long scope of rope; the passengers on the promenade deck ran forward with the rope. I found it to be about 6 P. M. when I got on board of the Galveston, having been about twelve hours in the water. Seventeen persons were lost, out of names that were known; doubtless several others who were not recollected. No one under all the circumstances, could imagine for a moment the possibility of so many of us being saved. I landed on the Galveston, hating, but one shoe on, blistered with the sun, and bruised very much. I felt happy, though, and in thinking of my trunk and carpet bag, containing a tolerable wardrobe, and all my papers, many of them of value I thought of nothing but of a few little mementoes, gifts of other days, each one containing the associations of a volume in my mind, and almost regretted that I had not tried to stow them away in my pocket. I went more in for the substantial in leaving the wreck—I observed some Irish and sweet potatoes and onions lying about the deck and I filled my coat pocket with them, not doubting but the to-morrow's sun would make me value them beyond millions of treasure.

I soon retired to rest, and I poured out my heart in gratitude to God for my Providential escape from suffering and death; and although it was a general breaking up of “this world's gear” with me, yet I felt grateful and thankful that it was even so, for it is one of those land marks in one's existence that reconciles him to take the world as it comes, and enables him to feel that there is no situation so trying, or prospect so gloomy, but that under the blessing of providence our energies and fortitude can surmount.

The steam vessel New York has been running so constantly that her engines, doubtless, required considerable repair, for on our way to Galveston nearly one-half of her steam escaped. She was a strong, well built vessel, and a good seaboat, and stood the hurricane much longer than I expected; and it might have been, if her engines had remained in perfect order, that we could have kept her head to sea, and probably rode out the gale.

The New Orleans DELTA of the 20th ult. contradicts the reported arrest of Col. HARNEY, which was circulated in the New Orleans papers of the day before. The Delta had received letters from San Antonio as late as the 10th Sept., which make no mention of any such arrest. A letter of the 3d ult. states that Col. H., with three companies of the 2d dragoons, returned on the 26th of August from the Presidio de Rio Grande, having been absent a month. A letter of the 10th Sept. from San Antonio says: “Such is the activity of preparations for getting off the troops in the quartermaster's department that the clerks are at business till two or three o'clock every morning. There is no doubt but we will have a tight piece of it at Chihuahua. The first division of the army leaves here in three or four days; the balance will follow in the course of ten, or, at farthest, fifteen days.”

MR. JOSEPH GRAY, of Wilton New Hampshire, died on the 26th of August, aged 89. He served his country faithfully in the Revolution and had been a regular paying subscriber for the Amherst Cabinet for nearly forty years.

IMPORTANT FROM THE ARMY.

The New Orleans papers are filled with highly interesting news from the Army, brought by the steamer McKim, arrived on the 21st ultimo, in sixty-five hours from Brasos Santiago. In this vessel two hundred and fifty sick volunteers and six United States soldiers who were wounded in the battles of May, were conveyed to New Orleans.

The accounts from the Army, it will be perceived, portend a speedy conflict between the advance guard under Gen. WORTH and a large body of Mexicans.—Should it take place, we have no fear for the result. The force at Monterey is stated at 8,000 men, and reinforcements are reported to be on the march to that place.

The Matamoros “Flag” states that various proclamations from Ampudia, Santa Anna, and other Mexican officers, were circulating at Matamoros. Ampudia's proclamation is dated at Saltillo, August 27. He says he is determined to be revenged for the defeats of the 8th and 9th May; calls upon the Mexicans to rally round the standard of their country; boasts that if the Americans attack Monterey they will be scattered like chaff before the wind; threatens all Mexicans and foreigners with death who shall be found trading with Matamoros; treats as spies all those who hold correspondence with the Americans; forbids the Mexicans to work for the Americans; and promises to his people the sacking of Matamoros, should he prove victorious, of which he says he is certain.

From the Matamoros Flag of September 12.

After the regular edition of our paper had been struck off this morning, the steamer Big Hatchee arrived from Camargo, and we are indebted to Mr. Hicks, clerk of the boat, for the following letter and other information:

CAMARGO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1846.

I hasten to inform you of the arrival, post haste, from Seralvo, of Captain Murray, with information that McCullough's Rangers had come into Gen. Worth's camp at Seralvo, and reported that on the 4th instant, about forty miles beyond Seralvo, they discovered a body of Mexicans, forming the advance guard of a large force. They retreated as the Rangers came upon them, and were pursued until they fell back on a large force, which was discovered to be from 800 to 1,000 strong. It was the general impression that it was intended to attack General Worth before reinforcements could arrive, and Captain Murray thinks that a battle is being fought at Seralvo to day, (the 8th.) Captain Murray met General Taylor, with a part of his force, some distance in advance of the main body, and within thirty-five miles of Seralvo, on a forced march to its relief. It is positively asserted that the Mexicans are determined to make a strong resistance between Seralvo and Monterey. Ampudia and Arista are co-operating with each other, and their forces are augmenting fast—the Mexicans are rallying to their standard from all quarters. The heat has retarded somewhat the progress of the troops who left here with General Taylor, it being out of the question to march during the heat of the day. The troops were in high spirits and eager to come up with the Mexicans. Two companies of Rangers that were here lately, having their horses shod, started off immediately after Captain Murray's arrival. All is quiet here. Proclamations from Santa Anna, Ampudia, and the Governor of Tamaulipas, have been received in town, and are having their effect upon the Mexicans. The proclamation of Ampudia makes the penalty very severe upon all who may furnish provisions, assist in transporting provisions, or in anywise aid the Americans. It prohibits them from holding any intercourse or carrying on any trade with us. Death and confiscation of property are the penalties for disobeying the order. These proclamations have also been received in Mier and Reynosa. Nothing more of importance.

On the above letter the New Orleans Courier makes the following remarks:

—It is not probable that the troops seen by Captain McCullough beyond Seralvo had an intention to attack General Worth if they numbered only from 800 to 1,000, as the rumor states. General Worth's force outnumbered them, even before he was joined by General Smith's brigade. These Mexican troops may be the advance of a stronger body, but General Taylor, in all probability, arrived at Seralvo sooner than the enemy, as he is stated by the messenger to have been only thirty-five miles eastward of that place, and rapidly advancing; while the reconre of the Rangers with the Mexicans occurred about the same distance from that town on the other side. Whatever may have been the force of the Mexicans in the battle supposed to have taken place on the 8th, we have no apprehension for the result. The American troops under Worth and Smith are not less than 2,000, composed of the best regiments in the army, with due proportions of artillery,

cavalry, engineers, &c. For a hard and a long fight no troops can excel them, and Worth and Smith are worthy to command such men.”

The Picayune also seems to doubt the entire accuracy of the above letter. It has letters from Seralvo which it supposes to contain intelligence quite as late as Captain Murray could have brought to Camargo. The first one is dated at Seralvo on the 6th September, and gives all details of the expedition of the Rangers. The second is dated on the 7th, and merely indicates that Gen. Worth was meditating an attack upon the enemy, rather than expecting one.

We copy the following from the “American Flag” (published at Matamoros) of the 12th inst:

“In our last paper we stated the advance of the army under General Worth to be at China. It was at Seralvo, a small town about sixty miles from Monterey. Further reports have reached here as to the number of Mexican troops in Monterey, which puts them at 8,000, with a heavy additional force on the march, which, it is said, will be there before General Taylor can possibly arrive. The whole force with which General Taylor marches to Monterey will not exceed 7,000. The place is represented by the Mexicans to be extremely well fortified, and they are firmly of opinion that the Americans will be whipped. We have had no intelligence from General Taylor since he left Camargo. He is no doubt by this time in Seralvo, and but a few days can elapse before important news may be looked for. Much the larger part of his force has been left behind, which he will not move forward unless the exigencies may demand it. The impossibility of transporting provision has, no doubt, caused him to move forward a less force than he otherwise would.”

The New Orleans Delta has a letter, written at Point Isabel on the evening of the 16th, which states—

“That two spies were found in the camp of Camargo, and their guilt was so evident that they were immediately hanged. Also, that there was a skirmish between a party of Americans bound from Camargo to Matamoros and some Mexicans, in which some lives were lost. And further, that Col. Clarke, commandant of Matamoros, had been shot at while sitting in his room; that in consequence an order was issued to deprive the Mexicans in that town of their arms; that no Mexican should leave nor enter the town without a written permit from the commandant. In depriving the Mexicans of their arms, new discoveries were made of secreted arms of all descriptions and ammunition. The Americans in the town were held in readiness to repel any attempt of the Mexicans to make an insurrection.”

The New Orleans Times has the subjoined letter from Camargo, noticing more particularly some of the movements of the troops. We are sorry to learn from it that there is no abatement of the sickness among the volunteers:

CAMARGO, (MEXICO), Sept. 5.

Since the date of my last letter there has been much bustle and note of preparation here, though not as much effected, it appears to me, (a novice in military matters,) as might have been. Ten days ago it was well known that the army which is going to Monterey had orders to march in the course of the present week. On Monday the 3d brigade of regulars crossed the little river San Juan. The river is not exceeding one hundred and fifty yards wide, and the brigade is not more than nine hundred or one thousand strong; yet it took a great portion of the day to get them over, and the provision train that went with it was not ready until Tuesday afternoon, and some portion of it and the troops did not get away until the next morning. Of the division of volunteers commanded by Gen. Butler, some have gone, but many are here, or in the vicinity of the place, and the day is not yet known when all will be on the march. The want of sufficient transportation is alleged to be the cause of delay. If this be true, a load of censure should be heaped upon those in the United States whose duty it is to provide it sufficient to crush them. If there be a sufficiency of transportation, then those here, on this frontier, whose business it is to use it properly, should be held to strict responsibility. That the movement of the forces on this frontier were dilatory and expensive is undeniable, and Gen. Taylor and his friends owe it the country and his fame to have the causes fully explained.

It is said, and I suspect truly, that money is much wanted in all the disbursements here. Two days ago I saw a clerk of one of the chiefs going around to the soldiers, requesting them to let him have all the money they could spare, and take all the checks on the deposit banks of your city. Other operations of the same kind were also reported. It is believed a supply of funds arrived last night; if so, they