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CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

They told me eastern lands were green
Where morning suns arise;
I sought a home and welcomed scene,
To dwell beneath their skies.

I left my own green mountain dear,
Its blossoms and its streams;
To wander far, where skies as clear,
Could bless with equal beams.

I love to view the landscape o'er,
Of fair and flowery Maine,
But love the home of childhood more,
Its hills and smiling plain.

And when the sun in glory quits
The sky, and day is done;
'Tis of I watch each star that sits,
Or lingers o'er "sweet home."

There fancy paints the twilight hill,
The house, the tree, the spring;
And childhood's hours come o'er me still,
Bright scenes to memory bring.

And while my thoughts still loiter here,
And ponder past times o'er,
Fond memory brings a joy and tear
For all I loved in yore.

So long as life shall breathe a sigh,
Or friendship feel a tear,
So long I bless that home and sky,
And love its children dear.

My native home—my native vale,
I bid you each adieu,
And every pure and pleasant gale,
From thy long hills of blue.

An Interesting Sketch.

The Prisoners of Encarnacion.

Deeply interesting narrative of the capture—adventures and sufferings of Major Gaines and Borland's party in Mexico.

The principal events of the capture of Major Gaines' and Borland's parties are well known to our readers. These officers, with three companies of Kentucky and Arkansas Cavalry, were out on a scouting party. It was thought that there were small bodies of the enemy's cavalry prowling about the country, but no one had the slightest apprehension that a large force could be so near Gen. Wool's camp.

Major Gaines having joined Major Borland at a Rancho near Encarnacion, the two commands went into quarters for the night, after posting sentinels some distance in advance and on the top of the house in which they were encamped. That night the officers, who, tired by a very long march, had lain down to sleep, were several times aroused by the alarms of the sentinel, who declared that he saw an armed Mexican approaching the rancho. But the sentinels on the top of the house declared they could see nothing, and the man who gave the alarm was treated as rather a nervous and dreaming individual. The officers thereupon retired again to their blankets, but had scarcely fallen asleep when they were aroused by another alarm from the sentinel, who declared that he had again seen an armed Mexican and had pulled trigger on him, but his gun being wet, the cap did not explode. Other alarms were also given by other sentinels picketed some distance from the rancho. The night was now waning fast. It was dark and misty. The officers bestirred themselves, and arousing the men, prepared to meet the attack, thinking that the enemy consisted of a force of four or five hundred, which Major Gaines had already been in pursuit of, and which he considered about equal to his own.

Our men were all collected on the top of that rancho, with their guns all ready for action, full of courage and zeal, and warmly desirous of a handsome brush with the enemy. The morn broke slowly. The mist hung heavily around them, and although they could hear very plainly the approach of horsemen, they could see nothing. At last the light began to break through the mist, immediately in their front and the faint outline of a strong body of armed horsemen was perceptible in the distance. And as the mist rolled and gathered up into huge clouds, and gently ascended toward the neighboring heights, it revealed, with most painful distinctness, a whole regiment of splendidly equipped Mexican Lancers drawn up in battle, and occupying a commanding position within three hundred yards of the rancho occupied by Major Gaines' party.

Undauntedly surveying and counting this strong force before them, our men prepared for action, crying out, "Oh there are only six hundred of them—it's a fair fight and we'll see it out!" Look on the right as the mist leaves that side of the rancho, there is another regiment just as strong as that in front.

"Well," cried a stalwart Kentuckian, who kept all the while a bright eye on his long rifle, "this is coming it rather strong; the thing looks serious, most decidedly; but I reckon we can lick a thou-

sand Greasers, and throw in two hundred for good measure."

"Can't we?" was the unanimous cry of the party.

"But, oh cracky," cried the tall sergeant, "here's more of the varments."—And there sure enough on their left was another regiment about six hundred strong, whose bright helmets, flaming pennons and showy uniforms, loomed out conspicuously in the dark horizon. And there, too, just a few hundred yards in their rear, was still another regiment.—Thus was this small party of one hundred and twenty Americans entirely surrounded by a Mexican force of about three thousand cavalry, the finest in the country and commanded by one of their best officers.

Undismayed, our men prepared for action, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Never did men go more calmly and coolly to work than this little Spartan band, as with many a careless jest and the most imperturbable sang froid, they reloaded and recapped their rifles, looked to their cartridge boxes, felt the edge of their bowie knives, and glanced defiance at their legion foe.

In the mean time the enemy preserved the most perfect military order, and presented a display of martial magnificence, such as our men had never before witnessed. Their officers covered with gold and splendidly mounted and caparisoned, rode in front, while their buglers blew the Mexican charge and made the hills around resound with their loud and exulting blarney.

Major Gaines ordered his bugler to respond to their threatening flourish, by blowing with all his might, the American charge, and directed the men to follow up the blast with three loud cheers. The order was cheerfully and heartily obeyed. The Mexicans, who were advancing upon the rancho, so awed by the loud and terrific huzzas of our boys, that they halted, and looked at our little band in mute terror and astonishment that so small a party could make such a tremendous noise. "Give them three times three," cried out Capt. Cassius M. Clay, and the huzzas were prolonged to the full complement until they made the welkin ring for miles around, and so frightened the Mexicans that their General, to prevent his men from running away, had to order his fine brass band to strike up the Polka, and to wheel his men into column and put them on the march. In open order and with military precision the Mexicans marched around the rancho to the tune of the Cracovienne and seemed, like the cat with its little victim, to be sporting with their captive before they destroy him.

An officer with an interpreter and white flag was sent to Major Gaines to demand his unconditional surrender. "Never," replied the gallant commander. "Then no quarters will be given," remarked the Mexican. "Very well," exclaimed Capt. Clay; "remember the Alamo, before we surrender on such terms, more than five hundred of your yellow-belly scoundrels shall be left to bleach on yonder plains." This remark the interpreter did not think he could do full justice to in the translation, and he left the officer to guess at its meaning, which, however, was no difficult task, as the Captain accompanied his declaration with very emphatic and expressive gesticulation.

It was finally agreed that Maj. Gaines should have an interview with Gen. Minon. From him the Major received very courteous treatment, and was assured that in surrendering himself and his party they would be treated with all the consideration as prisoners of war.

Maj. Gaines, on communicating the result of his interview with Gen. Minon to his officers, took a vote whether they should fight or surrender, and Capt. Clay and Danby and Liout. Davidson were for fighting, and Maj. Gaines and Borland were for surrendering. While they were parleying with the Mexicans, Maj. Gaines observed that their men were approaching near the rancho. He immediately ordered his men to fire upon the Mexicans if they approached a foot nearer, and told their officers he should not continue the parley until their men fell back to their original position, which they did in very quick order when a few rifles were levelled in their direction. They finally, Capt. Clay giving in to Maj. Gaines and Borland, agreed to surrender on the most honorable terms as prisoners of war, the officers to retain their private property and side arms. They delayed the surrender however as long as possible with the expectation of being reinforced from Gen. Wool's camp. It was an express condition in the capitulation that the Mexican guide, who had been forced by Maj. Gaines to act in that capacity, should be a fair trial, and if he was acquitted should be released. The Mexicans at first objected to this, but Capt. Clay said he would die before he would surrender the unfortunate guide without assurances of safety. As soon as he was surrendered the faithless Mexicans immediately murdered the poor fellow. The prisoners were then marched, without food or water, for thirty or forty miles on the road to San Luis, under an escort of eight lancers. Maj. Gaines having been allowed to ride, selected, in preference to his own

charger, a blooded mare belonging to Sergeant Payne.

Col. Henrie, whose name is familiar to all who have read the stirring history of Texan warfare and adventure, and who accompanied Maj. Gaines as an interpreter, had rendered himself extremely useful on the occasion of their capture, by his coolness, sagacity, and knowledge of the Mexican language and character.—Captain Henrie was very anxious for a fight, and strongly dissuaded Maj. Gaines from surrendering. He told the men to count their bullets, and if they had one for every two Mexicans, it was a fair game and he would go it. He also cautioned them to hit the Mexicans along their beards, that they might frighten off the others by their groans, and to give them as much misery as possible. One of the Mexican officers, recognizing him, cried out in Spanish, "I shall have the pleasure of your company to the City of Mexico, Capt. Henrie." "Excuse me, senor I generally choose my own company," replied the cool and courtly Captain.

It was the second day after their capture, and near the town of Salado; famous in Texan history as the place of the decimation of the Mier prisoners, that Maj. Gaines' high-spirited mare showing considerable restlessness, the Major requested Capt. Henrie, who is a famous rider of the Jack Hays school, "to mount her and take off the wire-edge of her spirit. The captain did so, and riding up to Capt. Clay, carelessly remarked, "Clay, I am going to make a burst." The Mexican commander, half suspecting his design, placed additional forces at the head and rear of the column of lancers within which the prisoners were placed, and rode himself by the side of Henrie, who would pace up and down the line, cracking jokes with the boys, and firing up the spirit of the mare by various ingenious manoeuvres. At last, Henrie, seeing a favorable opportunity, plunged his spurs deep into the sides of the noble blood, and rushing against and knocking down three or four of the mustangs with their lancers, started off in full view of the whole party, at a rate of speed equal to the best time that Boston or Fashion ever made. After him rushed a dozen well mounted lancers, who, firing their escopetas at him, started off in close pursuit. But it was no race at all—the Kentucky blood was too much for the mustang. The lancers were soon distanced, and the last view they got of Henrie, he was flying up a steep mountain, waving his white handkerchief, and crying out in a voice which echoed afar off through the valley, "Adios, senores—adios, senores!"

Our readers may fancy the intense excitement which this scene produced among the prisoners, and will, no doubt, excuse them for so far forgetting their situation as to give three loud cheers as they saw the gallant Henrie leaving his pursuers far behind, and safely placed beyond their reach. The subsequent adventures and sufferings of Henrie are well known to our readers. After many narrow escapes from the enemy, and starvation, and after losing his noble mare, Henrie arrived safely at our camp, and gave the first authentic intelligence of the capture of Maj. Gaines and Borland's party.

After the escape of Capt. Henrie the prisoners were closely guarded and proceeded on their journey to San Luis.—They had not gone far before they met Gen. Santa Anna on his way to Agua Nueva to attack Gen. Taylor. The General was in a large and showy carriage drawn by six beautiful mules, and escorted by a battalion of hussars most splendidly uniformed and mounted. As the prisoners passed his carriage was stopped, the hussars drew up, and at the request of Santa Anna, Maj. Gaines was introduced to him. The wily Mexican was all smiles and courtesy. He expressed his regret to find the Major and his party in their unfortunate situation, but promised them the most kindly treatment, and hoped that they would soon be exchanged and would be able to rejoin their friends. The manners of the Mexican General were certainly very fine and prepossessing, but the prisoners would have been better satisfied with some more substantial proof of his kindly disposition. The contrast between the prisoners and the magnificent retinue of Santa Anna formed a picture which would have taxed the highest powers of a Martin or a David. The ill-clad, ragged, unarmed prisoners, with their stalwart frames and bold and manly countenances, without shoes or hats, and many without coats, but wrapped in their blankets Indian fashion, stood with erect and unawed front before the array of the elegantly accoutred and well-armed hussars, mounted on choice steeds, with their long spears and heavy sabres. Indeed there was not one of those proud but unfortunate representatives of the Anglo-American race who would not have given all his prospects in life to have had one chance with his unerring rifle and deadly bowie-knife against the serried ranks of these bedizened and bewiskered hussars. But this interview was soon terminated, and Santa Anna and his retinue resumed their journey, and proceeded onward with great rapidity.

The prisoners passed for several days large bodies of Mexican soldiery, who

seemed to be pushing on towards the Sierra Madre with great rapidity. They were in fine condition, well equipped and supplied with all necessary supplies.—As they passed the prisoners, many of the soldiers would insult them by gestures, indicating that their throats were to be cut, that they were to be hung up!—The only reply our boys made to these cowardly jeers was a very significant gyratory movement of their right thumb applied to the apex of their nasal appendage, and a hint that old Zack would give them a dose which would make them laugh on the other side of their faces.—At night the prisoners would encamp with some of the divisions of the Mexican army, and from the soldiers they learned what were Santa Anna's designs. He had intercepted, they said, letters of Gen. Scott, showing that Gen. Taylor's army was reduced to a few thousand ill-disciplined troops, and that the whole valley of the Rio Grande was without an adequate force to protect it. Santa Anna had determined to push on, annihilate Taylor, recapture Saltillo, Monterey, Camargo, and the whole valley of the Rio Grande, possess himself of the immense supplies of our army, then push on to Corpus Christi, and thence proceed to the valley of the Mississippi, and lay waste the whole vast country. Certainly this design was worthy of the Napoleon of the West. It was very wrong in old Zack to interfere with such a magnificent scheme. He should have allowed the Mexicans to come over here, when we could have caught them all alive and put them to some more useful and profitable undertaking than fighting Americans.—Clearing our swamps would be a much more easy and beneficial employment for Mexicans than fighting such battles as those of Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo.

Such, however, were the confident expectations of the Mexicans, of the officers even those of intelligence and information, as well as of the common soldiers. No wonder, with such hopes, that they marched so rapidly and bore patiently the many trials and sufferings to which they were subjected in this unparalleled march.

In the rear of the Mexican army the prisoners met Capt. Riley, with his company of deserters from the American army. He had already eighty or ninety men who constituted the main artillery force of the army, and said he was picking up more every day. He made a great effort to persuade some of the prisoners to join him, promising them as much land and money as they wanted, and declaring that it was impossible for Gen. Taylor to resist Santa Anna's army, which was thirty thousand strong, that the whole spoils of the valley of the Rio Grande would be divided among the troops. It is unnecessary to say that the traitor's proposals were received by our gallant volunteers with scorn and contempt. The prisoners were much gratified to hear some time afterward, in the Carcel St. Jago, that Riley's company was cut all to pieces, and but twenty ever returned to the city of Mexico. This twenty, together with other American deserters, who had escaped from our army at Tampico and Vera Cruz, became so disorderly and unruly in their habits that they were ordered out of the city, and on their way were attacked by a large Mexican force, and all put to the sword.

On the first of March the prisoners arrived within nine miles of the City of Mexico, when the Colonel in command of the guard received orders to retain them at the place where he then was until the revolution, which was then raging in the city, had abated. But the revolution continuing longer than was expected, the prisoners were marched into the city on the night of the 5th March, and were lodged in the secure prison of San Jago. Here they found themselves in the society of all the principal malefactors and convicts of Mexico, and a more rascally, filthy and villainous set were never before congregated. Their impertinent and disgusting behavior soon rendered it necessary that our boys should give them a little disciplining. Several of them were well flogged by the Americans, and quite a feud sprung up in consequence, which reaching the ears of the good natured, pot-bellied old Governor, he came down one morning after one of the rows between the convicts and the Americans, and proceeded very deliberately, with grunts much perspiration and a face full of wisdom and sagacity, to draw a chalk-line across the floor of the prison, assigning the Americans one side and the convicts the other. And as he completed his sage and ingenious scheme for preserving the peace, the jolly old fellow chuckled very heartily over his wisdom, and left the prison with a very contented and self-satisfied air.

The revolution in the city still continued. There was a most terrific din of cannon and small arms, drums beating, bugles blowing, cavalry charging, &c.—The prisoners thought, from the commotion apparent among the people, and from the immense consumption of gun-powder that seemed to be going on, that a very fierce and destructive battle was raging in the City. Great was their astonishment to hear from an Englishman, who visited them, that it was all sound and fury, sig-

nifying nothing, that the revolutionary parties kept two or three miles apart, and fired their guns at random down the streets. No persons were injured but those who happened to pass along the streets. The little boys would watch the cannon balls as they went booming along up the streets, and when they were spent and began to roll slowly, would run and pick them up and sell them to the opposite party.

For fifteen days did this fierce revolutionary rage in the city. The parties would rise early in the morning, and while it was cool and pleasant, would fire away at each other, very comfortably retiring for their coffee and lunch. In the heat of the day they would suspend operations altogether, but at dark they would begin the battle with great ferocity, and fight the whole night long.

Proposals were made by both of the parties to our prisoners to release them if they would fight on their side. The Mexicans had heard of the skill of our riflemen, and they believed that it was only necessary for the prisoners to join either party, to secure its success in the strife then going on in the city. But our boys preferred looking on, like the old woman in the fight between her husband and the bear, not caring a copper which whipped.

In the midst of the revolution the first news of the battle of Buena Vista reached the city. There was a great ringing of bells, and much rejoicing on account of the joyful tidings. Bad news travels fast, and the prisoners were soon informed by Mexicans of the total rout and capture of Gen. Taylor's whole army, the death of Gen. Butler and several of our most distinguished officers. Although but little disposed to rely in Mexican stories, there was such an air of probability about this report that the prisoners were forced to give it some credence, and were overwhelmed with grief and mortification by the disastrous result. But soon other stories were circulated, conflicting statements were given, all tending to throw doubt upon the story of Santa Anna's triumph. At last the hurried dispatch of the Mexican General was received, and the notes of rejoicing in the city subsided most perceptibly. A copy of this dispatch was thrown down, by means of a twine string, from the room where the officers were confined to the main courtyard, where the men were, and was eagerly and joyously perused by them. It was evident that Gen. Santa Anna had sustained a decided repulse, and the prisoners could not restrain their exultation, but gave it relief in three loud cheers, which startled the inmates of the prison, and brought the Governor down upon them, in the greatest terror and perturbation.

On the next day, however, the spirits of the Mexicans were somewhat restored by the arrival of the trophies of the battle of Angostura. The three little cannon of Lieutenant O'Brien, one of which, by-the-by, had been captured from the Mexicans by the Texans, and the colors of the Indiana regiments, together with a few markers, were brought into the city in a triumphant car, and were received with great parade by the people.

The whole story, however, of the bloody fight of Buena Vista was soon as familiar to the prisoners as a "three told tale." Their only regret was their unfortunate exclusion from the honors and laurels of that glorious victory. The party of Major Gaines and Borland had been afterwards joined by that of Capt. Heady, and also by the party of Lieut. Barbour and Quartermaster Smith, who were taken by Urrea, between Monterey and Camargo, making the whole number of American prisoners in the Carcel 170.

Although the men suffered considerably from the want of exercise and bad diet, their health was generally good, and but one man died of their whole number since they were captured. After they had been in prison three months, the prisoners were told that they had been exchanged and would be sent to Tampico. Their officers, however, were not allowed to see them, but they were told they would join them in a few days.

On the 5th of June, the men were supplied with shoes and in the night they were marched out of their gloomy prison and through the Gates of the City. They were then put in charge of a Colonel and 20 lancers, and proceeded on their journey towards Tampico. The country through which they passed for four or five days was most beautiful and highly cultivated. The dark foliage of the evergreens, the luscious fruit, the teeming crops, the springs of cold water gushing from the mountains side, the myriads of richly colored and variegated birds, the delightful variety of mountains and valleys, rendered the journey of the long imprisoned Americans one of great interest and pleasure.

They were well treated by the officer who conducted them, and generally by the people of the towns through which they passed. There are, however, some exceptions to this remark. At the large mining town of Rio del Monte, the people assaulted the prisoners with stones, and would have murdered them, if the English residents had not interfered and

protected them. For this generous and humane conduct of the English, the prisoners expressed their great gratitude and thankfulness. After a long journey of 200 miles, the prisoners arrived at the town of Huejutla, where they were received very kindly by Gen. Garay, and were allowed 25 cents a day for their support. This money was raised by a forced contribution from the people.—Gen. Garay, however, did not consider that he was authorized to send them on to Tampico without such a guard as he had not then under his command. He was apprehensive that the people near Tampico were so enraged against the Americans that they would attack them unarmed as they were, and being a man of honor, he did not wish to be connected with such a disgraceful deed. He therefore detained the prisoners some weeks, but getting restless and impatient, several of them escaped out of the town and proceeded on their way to Tampico. Four others, who escaped before them, were retaken and carried back to Huejutla.—One of the same party, and two others of another party, also arrived at Tampico. The five who are now in our city started from Huejutla in the night armed with their jack knives and one case knife among the five. They had to travel chiefly at night, and avoided all the towns and ranchos. On one occasion, however, in attempting to go around a town of some size, they took up a ravine and suddenly found themselves in the centre of it.—They assumed however, a very easy and indifferent carriage, and passed the guard house where there were several soldiers lounging about. The soldiers on guard cried out "Who goes there?" in Spanish; but the men carelessly answered "Amigos, amigos," kept on their course and got safely out of town.

Near Tampico, they came suddenly upon a rancho, where there were 15 or 20 Mexicans, all armed with that formidable weapon, the lariat. Seeing that they were noticed, the Americans walked boldly up to the Mexicans and commenced making signs to them of their friendly intentions. The Mexicans looked very threateningly, and seemed to be adjusting their lariats for immediate use, but the Americans showed knives, and were permitted to proceed on their journey.

After many trials and sufferings, the prisoners at last arrived in sight of Tampico. The ecstatic joy which filled their hearts, as they saw the noble banner of our Union, with its broad stripes and bright stars, waving from the lofty flag staff of Tampico, can be better imagined than described.

PRESSING LETTER.—The following extract from a letter sent by a settler to his friends abroad, shows that our country is not the worst in the world.

"My dear Bob—Come to swate Ameriky, and come quickly. Here you can buy parates 2 shillings a bushel, whiskey and coal the same price because we ain't got no turf here, a dollar a day for digging and no hanging for staling. Och, now, do come."

A hint to Gentlemen and Ladies.—In walking with a gentleman, the step of the lady should be lengthened, and his shortened, to prevent the hobbling appearance of not keeping step. Let every body remember this.

Exceeding Good.—A Hartford paper, in detailing an account of the President's reception in that city says:—"The children of the Deaf and Dumb Assylum were drawn up in line to receive him, and gave three hearty cheers."

DISCHARGE OF WORKMEN.—All the ship-carpenters and nearly all the workmen in the Navy Yard at Philadelphia have been discharged within a day or two! The work upon the war steamers is not ready.

A rich lady recently died in London, leaving a legacy to an English author, of £1000, at the same time stating her reasons, and thanking him for the many hours of sleep his works had given her.

A waggish son of Erin once gave the following toast:—"Here's wishing you may never die, nor nobody kill ye, until ye knock yer brains out against the silver knocker of yer own door."

The Louisville Courier says that three thousand shares in the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad Company have been taken. This insures the completion of that work.

Harr, who abdicated Mary Fox from her parents in New York has been caught in Wisconsin. The child has been restored to her distracted father and mother.

Henry Clay is now at the White Sulphur Springs. He is said to be looking in firmer health than for some time past.

The Peach crop in Delaware is one third less than that of last year.