

### SOMERSET COUNTY'S FIRST SETTLER.

#### An Interesting Article Pertaining to Somerset County's Early History.

By Wm. H. WELFLEY.

The following interesting article was contributed to the *Centennial Vedette*, a souvenir edition of a newspaper issued in Somerset during the county centennial celebration, in 1895, by the editor of THE STAR, Mr. W. H. Welfley is a native of Salisbury, but is now and has been for a number of years a resident of Somerset. He is well posted on the early history of Somerset county, and the following article will be read with keen interest by hundreds of people who never before saw it in print:

Francis Phillippi was one of the early pioneer settlers who settled in the Millford settlement at a very early day. While he was by no means the first of these early settlers to locate there, we believe it may fairly be held that to him belongs the distinction of having been the first white man who ever penetrated into the territory of what is now Somerset county who afterwards became an actual settler therein.

According to well authenticated tradition, he was along with Braddock's unfortunate expedition to Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg) in 1755, and was a participant in the scenes of that disastrous July day when Braddock's army was practically annihilated by the French and Indians on Braddock's historic field.

Seeing that the day was lost and that it was every man for himself who ever expected to get out of this affair with his life, it is said that he unhooked a horse from a wagon, mounted him and forced his way through the savage horde that was engaged in this indiscriminate slaughter, receiving a bullet in his leg from their fire. He was pursued for some distance by the Indians but finally got clear of them.

When beyond immediate danger he rode on during the remaining part of the day and all through the night as fast as he could make his way through the woods.

At the start there was no time to think whether he was flying, and at night he could not tell his course. All he could do was to get as far away from the bloody field as possible.

Morning found him far away in an unknown wilderness, his horse exhausted and himself without a roof over his head.

He now set his face toward the rising sun and bore on as fast as his feeble limbs would permit, and when he had traveled some distance he found that his progress was very slow and he was compelled to halt and rest for the night.

The morning found him in bad condition for his journey. The horse, by reason of over-exertion, was scarcely able to move and himself in but little better condition.

He therefore abandoned his horse on the western side of Laurel Hill and started on his journey on foot. The great problem with him was the matter of subsistence. True, he had brought off his gun, but for it he had only a single charge of ammunition. For ten days he subsisted on berries. Of game he saw some, but with only a single charge he realized that he must make a sure shot; he could take no risk. Crossing Laurel Hill and descending into the valley, he reached Laurel Hill creek near where the Clay pike now crosses that stream.

Somewhere in this vicinity he had the good fortune to come upon a deer that was lying in the grass within a few feet of him, and was fortunate enough to shoot it dead with his only charge of powder and ball. As the blood flowed from the wound, he applied his lips and drank the blood to appease his raging hunger. Having appeased his hunger, he took as much of the meat as he could well carry and continued his journey and finally reached the eastern settlements.

In passing through the country his attention was attracted by the beautiful region of country, with its fine open glades, in the vicinity where the village of New Centerville is now located. The desirableness of the country through which he had passed appears to have made a lasting impression on his mind, one never to be forgotten, and years afterwards he came back and became a settler here. The lands which he took up were somewhere near New Centerville.

He is said to have been a large-hearted and liberal-minded man and a good citizen. His descendants are still to be found in the neighborhood.

The cemetery at New Centerville is one of the most beautiful in the county. It is doubtful whether there is another anywhere in the county of Somerset in which so many fine monuments are to be seen. It is said that the ground for this beautiful cemetery was donated for that purpose by Mr. Phillippi; yet, within it, in an obscure part of it, lie the mortal remains of its donor, with nothing but a rough stone without inscription of any sort to mark his grave. If this be true as to his having donated this ground, then we feel like quoting what another has already written on the same subject years ago: "What a commentary on the gratitude of the present generation," in this, the finest monumental cemetery

in the county, to allow the grave of its donor to remain unmarked until every vestige of it will be lost in oblivion.

#### A Stoytown Man Makes New Year Resolutions, But by Accident Breaks Them.

"Rispa!" in Somerset Standard.  
"Mariah," I said to my wife at the breakfast table on New Year's morning, "I shall only make two new resolutions with which to begin the new year, and what is more I intend to keep them."  
She looked at me in a doubting manner as she wiped some gravy off the baby's chin with a corner of her apron, and then remarked:

"Don't do it. You've got more second-hand resolutions in stock now than would be required to macadamize the entire dominions of his satanic majesty. If you ever expect to get to heaven you had better resolve not to resolve any more. Don't wipe your greasy hands on that new table cloth."

I expected something of the kind, but I was fixed in my purpose, and said: "Now, dear, let me explain. You are aware that in these days many things are greatly misrepresented and made to look so plausible that oft times a man is deceived and swindled when he is certain that he is making a good investment and—"

"O, yes," she said, "for instance that stock you bought in the Pike's Peak and Meyersdale Ship Canal and Fire Escape Co."

"Well," I said, "that was a bad investment, but let it pass. My first resolution is that from this date I will positively refuse to believe anything unless I see it with my own eyes. Seeing is the only thing that will or can convince me in the future that a thing is a fact."

"Well, we'll see," was all she said. "You are also aware that on a few occasions when under provocation, I have used language which might be termed profane and which was unbecoming to any man of my position in society and the head of a family, and I have therefore resolved to use no more language of that kind."

One week passed away and I began to feel that my good resolutions were fixed as firm as the everlasting hills. Last Saturday evening, however, I had a real row with my wife. I told my wife that I had come home very early, and at about one o'clock I returned and found her in bed. The side door was unlocked and I cautiously entered. Without lighting a match I started across the sitting-room towards the stairway. About the middle of the room I came in contact with an object that seemed full of animation. I made a wild plunge forward and received a blow on the ear and stomach at the same time. I clutched my enemy and reeled backward and jammed my head into a spittoon, while my shins were skinned and both legs entangled in the running-gears of the rustic rocking chair. While struggling to free myself from the wreck my wife called sweetly from the top of the stairs:

"Is that you, Georgie, dear?"  
"Who the thunder else did you think it was? Think it was President McKinley or the queen of the Sandwich Islands? Why in the Helen Jehosophat don't you come an' git me out?"  
"Oh, no," she chirped sweetly. "That ain't my own dear Georgie. He don't swear since New Year."  
"But I tell you it is me!" I sputtered, as I spit out some pieces of pottery from the broken spittoon. "I'm all tangled up in this cursed rocking-chair. Get a light, quick!"  
She descended the stairs in the dark and stood in the doorway.  
"Does my darling duckey see the rocking-chair?" she asked.  
"No," I roared, "I don't see it, but I feel it very distinctly. Take the blasted thing off before it punches me full of holes."  
"But my dearie don't believe in anything he can't see," she replied. "If looks very plausible, but its all imagination, dear," and she returned to bed.

With several vigorous kicks I demolished the chair and freed myself from the wreck. I sat by the fire till morning nursing my shins and broken resolutions, and on Monday bribed my wife to silence by buying a fashionable spring rocker.

Her Heart Cut Cut.  
Philadelphia Record.

They arrived with their trunks at a South Eleventh street boarding house, last week, and, from all appearances were a happy married couple. Before the new arrivals had been installed two days, the servant who cleans the rooms mysteriously confided to the downstairs help that "them air new boarders is queer." When pressed for an explanation, she said that she had several times overheard the man threaten to cut the foul heart" out of the woman, whom he accused of treachery. The gossiping chambermaid was told that the next time she heard the new boarders quarreling she was to report instantly. That afternoon down came the maid, and excitedly told her mistress that they were at it again. Both maid and mistress then went up to listen. They distinctly heard the man say: "You have had your last chance; prepare to die for the wrongs I have suffered at your hands." The landlady sent the girl for a police-

man. Luckily, a big reserve was stationed at the corner, and soon he, too, was listening at the door. The woman's pleading tones could be heard, and finally the gruff voice chimed in: "Now, time's up; with this dagger you die." "Not yet!" shouted the officer, as he crashed through the door to prevent murder. There sitting in an easy chair, smoking, was the villain, while the woman reclined on a sofa, both with rolls of manuscript. Their amazement gave way to mirth when they explained that they were actors rehearsing their parts.

#### A Model Card of Thanks.

An exchange gives the following as the text of a card of thanks handed in by a bereaved woman:

"I desire to thank the friends and neighbors most heartily in this matter for the united aid and co-operation during the illness and death of my husband, who escaped from me by the hand of death last Friday, while eating breakfast. To the friends and all who contributed so willingly toward making the last moments and funeral of my husband a success, I desire to thank most kindly, hoping these few lines will find them enjoying the same blessing. I have also a good milch cow and a roan gelding horse of eight years old, which I will sell cheap. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. Also a black and white shant very low."

Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good in the world and none were blessed by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in the darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, oh, man, immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never sweep away. Write your name on the scroll of life and mercy on the hearts of the hands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—E.

#### Chestnut Spring.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Will Wissaman, a girl.  
Rev. D. H. Bender is holding a series of meetings near Hazleton, Pa.  
Our school is progressing nicely under the tutelage of M. E. Hershberger.

Mrs. Gabriel Stevannus, who has been seriously ill for several days, is slowly improving.  
E. M. Miller, of strawberry fame, received the nomination for road supervisor for this neck of the woods. When it comes down to a real, genuine campaign, Eli is onto his cue.

King Bros. & Stevannus are using all energy and push possible to have their new saw mill in running order by Feb. 1st.

Rev. Peter Breneman and wife, of Iowa City, Iowa, who have been visiting friends and relatives in Maryland and Pennsylvania for several months, will leave for their home this week. Mr. Breneman left Garrett County, Md., twenty-one years ago, this being his first visit to his old home.

Chestnut Spring has more business enterprises, for its age, than any other "burg" in the county. We have the engine works and machine shop owned by G. D. Miller; the planing mill owned by D. D. Miller; the blacksmith shop operated by J. H. Miller; the general store conducted by F. W. Bender, and besides these industries we have a wagon maker's shop, butcher shop, etc.

Chestnut Spring is also the home of the steam thrashers, having three firms extensively engaged in this business, viz: J. W. Folk, King Bros. & Stevannus, and Folk & Stevannus.

Our well-drillers, Livengood & Blauch, and C. M. Beachy, the slate-roofer, are also firms that do a thriving business and must not be overlooked by our business men and all hustlers and are the right men in the right places.

Jan. 25th. BLACKSTONE.

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