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Clearfield Republican.

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From the New York Evening Post.

REMINISCENCES
Of the American Revolution.

BY SEVENTY-SIX.

NO. 4.

Washington's Arrival at Cambridge—His Habits of business, &c.

Washington's strict regard to the Sabbath and his general reverence for religion, at once secured for him the highest confidence and veneration of the people of New England. Days were appointed for prayer and fasting, and all felt that God alone could save the colonies. Such was the general ignorance of military matters in the army, that Washington, for more than ten days after his arrival, was unable to procure a reliable return of the forces over which he was placed in command. His ideas of discipline were soon infused into every regiment, and he was almost constantly upon the lines, examining into the condition of every department—an entire change was soon visible in the whole army, and the motto was "new lords, new laws." Every morning, after prayers, new orders were read at the head of each regiment from the Commander-in-chief. The following extract is a specimen:

"It is required and expected that exact discipline be observed." "The General forbids profane swearing, cursing and drunkenness, and all officers and men, not on actual duty, will be punctual in attending divine service, to implore the blessings of Heaven upon our cause."

Another day as follows:

"The General exhorts officers of all ranks to show an example of bravery and courage to their men—assuring them that such as do their duty on the day of battle, as brave and good officers, shall be honored with every mark of distinction and regard. On the other hand, he positively declares, that every officer, be his rank what it may, who shall shrink from his duty in any engagement, shall be held up as an infamous coward, and punished as such, with the utmost martial severity.—No influence will avail to save him."

The people soon saw that Washington was the man, who had been raised up to save their liberties—and all were astonished at the daily changes that were to be seen, in every department. Improvement in dicipline, cleanliness, self-respect, economy and order were rigidly required from the command of every officer. In his own immediate military family, he was equally exact—at breakfast he was at his chair at the moment—and every aid-de-camp was expected to be at his seat—a moment's absence caused displeasure to be expressed. As soon as all were seated, Washington delivered from a bundle in his hand, to the different aids, his various orders for execution. As soon as the meal was finished, his horse would be in waiting at the door, and he then proceeded to visit the lines. Returning before dinner, he required a report from his aids of the business handed them in the morning. By his exact method in every department, order soon came out of confusion, and this was the foundation which secured our independence. Washington continued to extend and strengthen his lines around Boston, till March 15th, when he took possession of Dorchester heights, which enabled him to command Boston. The enemy now saw another Bunker Hill affair was at hand, and resolved to quit Boston. This change came upon the tories like a thunder clap, and their distress and that of their families was awfully severe. All the ships and transports were at once filled, as fast as the families could be crowded into them, and so great was the confusion, that the fleet remained below the city nine days before putting to sea.

Great was the joy of the Americans when Boston was evacuated by the British. Addresses were poured in from Congress, from states, towns, committees, &c., of the most complimentary character to Washington. All were now let into the secrets, before unknown, almost to his own confidential officers, viz: That for weeks they *had been without powder enough to give five rounds to a man*; that within musket shot of twenty-two regiments of the flower of the British army, he had disbanded one army and recruited another, while his own army was not superior to the British, and at last drove them, in dead of winter, to a shameful and precipitate retreat from the strongest post into their ships, and out of the harbor.

These events soon interested the whole Christian world. All now saw that if America fell, she would not fall without a struggle. The spirit of liberty was full in all hearts. Wives gave up their husbands, and mothers led out their sons, all pressed for the cause. Washington's military glory was now secured by his wonderful deference to the civil power, as may be seen by the following extracts from a proclamation on the evacuation of Boston: "All officers and men are hereby ordered to live on the strictest peace and amity with the inhabitants, and no inhabitant or other person is to be molested in person or property under any pretence whatever." "Any officer or soldier who shall presume to strike, imprison, or otherwise ill-treat any of the inhabitants, he may depend on being punished with the utmost severity." "If any officer or soldier shall receive any insult from any inhabitant, he shall seek redress in a legal way and no other." "All officers are requested to assist the civil magistrates in the execution of their duty, and to aid in promoting peace and good order."

In this way Washington secured the unlimited confidence of all ranks of the people; and his name even before he left Boston, was almost their sole reliance.

History can never furnish the present generation with any idea of the personal trials of Washington, during the winter he held the British army within the town of Boston. Often to his intimate friends, he declared, that he would gladly exchange all his honors for the situation of a common soldier, as he was sure no man ever had so many difficulties to contend with.

The selectmen of Boston, in their address, assured him that they were not unmindful of his peculiar trials and peculiar sacrifices for his country; that they saw, and the world would bear witness, to his patriotism in leaving his ease and comfort in his own splendid home, to encounter for his country the hardships and trials of war. His modest reply was, that their appreciation of his motives was an ample reward for his humble services.

The news of the battle of Bunker Hill met Washington on his way to Boston.—He anxiously inquired "Did the Americans stand the open fire of the British?" Upon being assured they stood their ground, and even resisted the bayonet—"then," said he, "our liberties are safe."

NO. 5.

March of General Burgoyne from Canada to Saratoga—His surrender—Peculiar position of General Schuyler.

As late as 1777, the sentiment of the English people generally was in favor of furnishing means necessary to reduce the American colonies to unconditional submission. The king had not softened his iron determination to make no terms with the Congress that should even hint at independence. Every expenditure was popular, provided success against the Americans was even probable. In this state of feeling, an army of ten thousand men was placed under General Burgoyne, with orders for him to organize in Canada, and march down to meet Sir Henry Clinton at Albany, where it had been arranged these two armies should meet, and thus divide the southern and eastern colonies by the Hudson River.

On the 12th of June, Burgoyne's advance left Quebec, and arrived at Fort Edward, August 3d. During his march, roads were to be made, bridges built or repaired, and his difficulties increased on every hand. The Americans poured in from all quarters, and the British army soon found that any retreat would be dangerous, and to advance was next to impossible. August 14th, they were reduced in provisions for five days only; every foraging party sent out was sure to be cut off, and their situation in every respect was desperate indeed.

When the Indians saw that Burgoyne was in this trouble, they at once exhibited signs of distrust and treachery. These allies of the British had been the terror, on the march, of the Americans, particularly to defenceless women and children—and they now determined in a body to leave the British service. On the 6th of October, Burgoyne was obliged to leave his hospital, with over three hundred sick and wounded, to the mercy of the Americans. This clearly illustrated to Gates how desperate was the situation of the enemy, and he resolved to press him hard to meet the Americans in battle. On the 12th, Gen. Burgoyne made overtures to Gates, who required the British to be drawn up in their encampment and unconditionally ground their arms. Burgoyne replied that this would be inadmissible in any extremity, as the British army to a man would prefer death to such dishonor.—Gates at last allowed them the privillege of marching out, with the honors of war, and then the terms of the surrender were mutually agreed upon; and on the morning of the 17th of October, Gen. Burgoyne with his general officers, surrendered their swords to Gates. Burgoyne, in a rich royal uniform, was received by Gates at the head of the American camp, the former came up within a sword's length, reined up and halted; Burgoyne, raising his hat most graciously, said: "*The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner*"—to which the conqueror, returning a courtly salute, promptly replied: "*I shall always be ready to bear testimony that it has not been through any fault of your excellency.*" On the 18th of October 1777, Gates advised Congress of the surrender; and what was remarkable, he wrote not a word to Washington upon a subject of such vast importance, leaving the commander-in-chief to be informed from common report.

Burgoyne's army contained noblemen of high rank and several of them were accompanied by their families up to the day of surrender. From the statements of these accomplished women many particulars were related after they became prisoners. Lady Harriet Ackland was among the number, and particularly distinguished by her heroic fortitude, and devotion to her husband, Major Ackland, who was severely wounded, and left on the field, in the hands of the Americans, while charging at the head of his grenadiers. As soon as the fate of the major became known, Lady Harriet instantly resolved to go over to the enemy to attend her husband. At her earnest solicitation, Gen. Burgoyne furnished her with a flag, with which, in the dead of night, amid a terrific storm of rain, accompanied only by her servants and the chaplain of the regiment she approached the American camp. The sentinel was so confounded by the appearance of such a party, that he forbade their advance for a long time, and until Major Dearborn, the commander of that post was sent for. This gentlemanly officer at once placed his own quarters at the disposal of Lady Harriet, who was in a delicate state of health, and after assuring her of the major's safety, despatched a dragoon to inform him of the arrival of Lady Harriet, who would join him the next morning.—Gates himself was seriously affected with the courage of this wonderful woman, and ordered her every possible attention, and begged her to look upon him as a father. Major Ackland recovered, and after his return to England, often spoke of the American character in the highest terms. One day at dinner, at a military club the American war was discussed, and the courage of the Americans doubted—Maj. Ackland defended them warmly.

A challenge ensued. The Major fell dead the first fire. Lady Harriet's reason in consequence became dethroned, and so continued for several months, when she recovered; after which she gave her hand in marriage to the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Broudonel, who accompanied her to the American camp, to join Major Ackland. This marriage on the part of Lady Hrrriet, was supposed to be one solely of gratitude for his kind services during her severe trials with the army in America, as, by birth and rank she was so far his superior as to separate him and her own family friends forever.

Madame De Reidesel, whose husband was Major General in command of the German troops, was another lady of remarkable character. With three young children and her servants, she kept constantly with the army. In a large house, within reach of the cannon of both armies, she remained holding her children one whole day and night, alone with her servants, while her husband was at the head of his troops, exposed to every danger, and she in fearful expectation every moment of hearing of his fall. During this eventful day, wounded officers were brought in and laid down before her; and one died at her side, and there the corpse lay the whole day and night. Other officers lay groaning with their wounds, and not a medical officer to attend them. The distress of those wounded officers for water, was inconceivable. They were within two hundred yards of a stream, but no one would bring a bucket, as the Americans were strongly posted on the other side, and shot down every one who approached the stream. At last an English servant woman took a pail, and declared she would have water. As she ran to the stream, the soldiers out of regard to her sex, or some other cause, did not molest her. The gratitude of the officers placed in her lap pieces of gold amounting to over thirty dollars.

As soon as the surrender was settled, the heroic lady, in a wagon, with three young children, one an infant, and her servant woman, without other attendants, drove up to the American camp, as she described it. "A war-worn officer came up to the wagon, and took her children, and hugged and kissed them. She trembled herself, so as to be unable to speak. The officer offered his arm and said: "Madame, do not be afraid, you are now among friends." She replied: "I ought not to be afraid sir, for your kindness to my children proves that you must be a husband and a father."—This officer was evidently deeply moved at the sight of an unprotected woman with small children. In a few moments, I was informed he was General Schuyler. Before I learnt his name he kindly came to me, and said: "You and your children had better come and dine in my tent, as it will be more agreeable than dining among so many officers." I gladly accepted the invitation, and made a most excellent dinner. Afterwards Gen. Schuyler invited Gen. Burgoyne and suit to his house, and myself and husband also, where we were all received by his noble family, not as enemies, but as friends. General Burgoyne, a few days previous, having burnt General Schuyler's mills, house, &c., the value of which was over $50,000, was completely overcome by his kindness, and said to Gen. Schuyler: "*You, sir, treat me with great kindness, after I have done you great injury.*" Schuyler replied: O, that General was the fortune of war; we now are friends."

General Schuyler was a patriot in every sense of the word. As Burgoyne's army advanced, they became distressed for provisions. Schuyler's landed possessions were extensive and well cultivated—and were in danger of falling into Burgoyne's hands. As soon as Schuyler saw the advantage his crop would be to the enemy, he sent an express to Mrs. Schuyler, requesting her to call together his tenants, take them into the field and with her own hands to set on fire the crops and barns, and burn every vestage that could benefit the enemy. Posterity will do this patriot justice.—Washington wrote him, "Stand by the army: generations yet unborn will appreciate your services, and reward your merits."

Burgoyne was a noble specimen of a man. He acted strictly by his instructions, and when the last council was called, he stated that every officer was exhonerated from blame for the loss of the army; that he alone was responsible to the king, as he had never asked their advice, but merely given them orders, which they were bound to obey. In Parliament his defence was generous towards the Americans. He warned the nation that America could not be conquered. He introduced before the British people the injury he had inflicted on his march, upon the property of Mr. Schuyler, and how much he had afterwards suffered in regrets, under the magnanimity of Gen. Schuyler and his noble family, while enjoying their unbounded hospitality. Madame Reidesel often spoke of the absence of all feeling or reflection towards their new friends on the part of the Schuyler family. On the other hand, they appeared like persons noble by nature, ready, capable, and willing to forget, as well as forgive injuries.

A Romance of Real Life.

A Constantinople correspondent of the London Herald writes under date of the 5th:

"We have a most curious affair here, which may greatly embarrass the Porte, and which does the Turks much injury in the eyes of Europe. A young handsome Turk, a sougoldgi (waterman) in the service of the Sultan, being the neighbor of an Armenian girl, falls in love with her, and invites her to turn Turk, and become his wife. She refuses. The lover then offers jewels and a round sum of money, if she will comply with his request. This tempting offer, after a world of negotiations, was accepted, and their conjugal felicity was undisturbed for fully six months when, owing to the earnest representation of her parents, she left her home, and sought refuge in the Armenian hospital, situate at Kuzlichesme, towards the Seven Towers, where she abjured the Musselman faith, and returned to Christianity.—The husband, who it appears is greatly attached to his wife, sought her in every direction, and finally discovered her retreat, and claimed he from the director.—The latter declared that the girl in question had become a nun, and that he must renounce her forever. The Turk applied to the Sultan's mother for redress, who at once sent orders to deliver up the girl.—The Armenian ecclesiastical authorities refused to obey; and, notwithstanding the representations of the Ministers of the Porte, positively refused to recognize their authority in such a matter, whereupon the Minister of War, accompanied by a strong escort of soldiers, and preceded by the husband, repaired to the hospital, and, contrary to the laws of the country, which guarantee the inviolability of the domicile, forced his way into the establishment, led away the girl, and gave her over to the Turk. The Armenian authorities have protested against this act, and have come to the resolution of placing the matter in hands of Sir Stratford Canning, who some years back so stoutly advocated the rights of Christianity in the Levant."

NEW SPELLING.—The new juvenile paper, "The Youngster," has the following contributions to a proposed spelling-book on a new plan, never thought of either by either Dilworth of Webster:

80 you be—A tub.
80 oh! pea—A top.
Be 80—Bat.
See 80—Cat.
Pea 80—Pat.
Are 80—Rat.
See oh! double you—Cow.
See you be—Cub.
See a be—Cab.
Be you double tea—Butt.
Be a double ell—Ball.

How can you express in four units that food is necessary for man 1. 0. 2. 8.—One-ought-to-eat.

NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR OIL.—The Commonwealth states that a new illuminating fluid has been developed in New York, which will in a great measure supersede spirit lamps, as soon as the patent Office can settle its doubts. Large manufactories of *benzole*, a hydro-carbon which has the property of producing an excellent illuminating gas by being dissolved in moist air, are going up in New York and Brooklyn. The substance is manufactured from tar of mineral coal, and while it can be afforded at half the price of "burning fluid" per gallon, it will yield indefinitely more illumination. The use of it would require a gasometer and gas fixtures in each house, but the cheapness of consumption will put moveable lamps of every kind nearly out of use.

THE BOY AND THE PANTHER.
"A WILD WESTERN SCENE."

"Oh, how the mother loves the child she nursed."

It was a fine morning in August, when little Samuel Eaton who was about seven years old, was making a dam in the brook that ran before his father's door. He was an only and beautiful child, and his mother almost idolized him. There he was with his trowsers tucked up above his knees, working like a beaver, his mother's eye glancing out from beneath his sunburnt hair, and with some of his father's strength tugging at a large stone in the bed of the stream. "Sammy, you'd better come in, hadn't you?" said Hannah, in a tone of half mother and half mate.

"No-o-o, I guess not yet," said Samuel.

An acorn came floating down the water. The boy took it up—looked at it—was pleased, and "reckoned" in his mind there was more up the "gully," and when his mother's back was turned, off he started for the acorns.

The gorge of the mountain, into which he was about to enter, had been formed (the work of centuries) by the attrition of the stream he had just been playing in—and walking on a level that bordered each side of the water, he boldly entered the ravine. An almost perpendicular wall or bank ascended on each side, to the height of an hundred feet, composed of crags and rocks fretted by decay and storm into fantastic shape and position. A few scattered bushes and trees sought nourishment from the earth that had fallen from the level above, and excepting by their assistance and the uneven surface of the rock, this natural path seemed inaccessible, but to bird and beast. About an eighth of a mile from the entrance, a cataract closed the gorge, throwing up its white veil of mist in seeming guardianship of the spirit waters. The verdant boughs hanging over the bank, cast a deep gloom upon the bed below, while so lofty was the distance, they seemed to grow out of the sky, blue patches of which were seen peeping between them.

Hannah Eaton soon missed her boy, but as he had often wandered to the fields where his father was at work, she concluded he must be there, and checked coming fears with the hope that he would return at the hour of dinner. When he came, neither Joe nor any of his men knew where he was. Then the agitated mother exclaimed, "He's lost! he's lost! and my poor boy will starve in the woods!" Gathering courage, she hastily summoned the family around her, and despatched them all but her husband to search in different directions in the neighboring forest. To him she said, "scour every field you call your own, and if you can't find him, join me in the gorge."

"He wouldn't go to the gorge, Hannah."

"He would go anywhere." She knew not why, but the presentment that the boy had followed the course of the stream, dwelt stronger in her mind.

"I can't find him, Hannah," said the husband, as he rejoined her at the mouth of the gorge.

An eagle flew past the mother as she entered the ravine. She thought to herself, the dreadful birds are tearing my child to pieces; and, frantic, she hastened on, making the walls of the cavern echo back with screams for her offspring. Her only answer was the eternal thunder of the cataract, as if in mockery of her woe, and flinging its cold spray upon her hot and throbbing temples. "Fool that I am, how can he hear me?" She strained her eyes along the dizzy height that appeared thro' the mist till she could no longer see, and her eyes filled with tears.

Who but a mother can tell the feelings of a mother's heart? Fear comes thick and fast upon the heart of poor Hannah.—"Oh, my poor boy will die," and wringing her hands in agony, she sank to her husband's feet.

The pain of "hope deferred," had strained her heartstrings to the severest tension, and it seemed as if the rude hand of despair had broken them all.

The terrified husband threw water upon her pale face, and strove by all the arts he knew to win her back to life. At last she opened her languid eyes, staring wildly around and rose trembling to her feet.—As she stood like a heart broken Niobe, "all tears," a fragment of rock came tumbling down the opposite bank. She looked up. She was herself again, for half up the ascent stood her own dear boy.

But even while the glad cry was issuing from her lips, it turned into a note of horror—"Oh mercy—mercy!"

The crag on which he stood projected from the solid rock in such a way as to hang about twelve feet over the bank. Below one of the edges of this crag, partly concealed among some bushes crouched a panther.

The bold youth was aware of the proximity of his parents, and the presence of his dangerous enemy, about the same time. He had rolled down the stone in exultation, to convince his parents of the high station he had attained, and now he stood with another in his hand drawing it back and looking at them, as if to ask whether he should throw it at the terrible animal before him. Till then, the mother seemed immoveable in her suspense, but conscious of the danger of her son, if he irritated the beast, she rushed some distance up the rock and motioned with her head, that he should not throw.—Yet, with the fearless mind of childhood, and a temper little used to control, he fearlessly threw the fragment with all his might at the ferocious savage. It struck one of his feet. He gave a sudden growl, lashed his tail with fury, and seemed about to spring.

"Get your rifle, Josiah!" The poor man stirred not. His glazed eye was fixed with a look of death upon the panther, and he appeared paralyzed with fear. His wife leaped from her stand, and placing her hands upon her husband's shoulders, looked in his face and cried, "Are you a man, Josiah Eaton? Do you love your child?" He started as if from sleep, and ran with furious haste down the ravine.

Again the mother looked toward her son. He had fallen upon his knees, and whispering the little prayer she had taught him, not in cowardly fear, but a thought came across his mind that he must die. The distracted mother could keep still no longer. She rushed up a steep ascent, with the energy of despair, reckless of danger, thinking only of her son. The rocks crumbled and slipped beneath her feet, yet she fell not.

The ferocious creature paused a moment when he heard the wretched mother's approach. True to his nature, he sprang at the boy. He barely touched the crag and fell backwards, as Hannah ascended the opposite side.

"Ah!" said she, laughing deliriously, "the panther must try it again before he parts us, my dear boy; but we won't part!" and sinking on her knees before him, she fondly folded him to her breast, bathing his young forehead with her tears.

Unalterable in his ferocity, and the manner of gratifying it, the panther again sprang from his situation. This time he was more successful. His forefoot struck the edge of the crag. "He will kill us, mother, he will kill us!" and the boy nestled close to his mother's bosom. The animal struggled to bring his body to the crag—his savage features but a step from the mother's face. "Go away, go away," shrieked the mother, hoarse with horror, "you shan't have my child!" Closer—still closer he came—his red eyes flashing fire, and the thick pantings of his breath came full in her face. At this awful moment she heard the faint report of fire arms from the gulf below—the panther's foothold fails, his sharp claws loosen from the rocks, and the baffled beast rolled down the precipice at the feet of Josiah Eaton.

The sun's last ray gleamed on the little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees—the mother's bleeding hands over the head of her son, and the voice of prayer going to their Guardian for His mercy in thwarting the Panther's Leap.

THE NEWSPAPER.—In no other way can so much, so varied, so useful information be imparted, and under circumstances so favorable for educating the child's mind, as through a judicious, well conducted newspaper.

To live in a village was, once, to be shut up and contracted. But now a man may be a hermit and yet a cosmopolite. He may live in a forest walking miles to the post office, having a mail but once a week, and yet, he shall be found as familiar with the living world as the busiest actor in it. For, the newspaper is a spy-glass by which he brings near the most distant things; a microscope by which he examines the most minute;—an ear-trumpet, by which he collects and brings within his hearing all that is said or done all over the earth;—a museum full of curiosities;—a picture gallery full of living pictures, from real life, drawn not on canvass, but from printer's ink on paper.

The effect, in liberalizing and enlarging the mind of the young, of this weekly commerce with the world, will be apparent to any one who will ponder on it. Once a liberal education could only be completed by foreign travel. The sons of the wealthy only could indulge in this costly benefit. But now, the poor man's son can learn as much at home, as a hundred years ago, a gentleman could learn by journeying the world over! Now, while there are some advantages in going out into the world, it is the poor man's privilege to have the world come to see him! The newspaper is a great Collector, a great Traveller, a great Lecturer. It is the common people's Encyclopedia—the Lyceum, the College of the public.

[Rev. H. W. Beecher.

☞ EVERY BITTER has its sweet. Poverty brings good appetite, while hard work makes you sleep and snore like a humming top. If you live on cold potatoes just recollect that cold potatoes are no way related to the gout. If an acquaintance cuts you merely because you have fallen from purple to corduroy, don't get in a passion about the nincompoop but return thanks that the number of asses you are compelled to nod to, has been reduced by one.