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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. 7.

Boston Massacre—Trial of the British Soldiers and their Acquittal.

This event had a more important influence in securing our independence, than has generally been imagined.

As soon as the British troops were quartered in Boston, a bitter feeling commenced between them and the inhabitants.—This was, from time to time, increased till March 1770, when the crisis arrived.—Captain Preston, an officer of experience, firm and courtly in his manners, was on duty. His men were parading in State st. The populace continued crowding upon his ranks, and his repeated entreaties were of no avail in protecting his men from the sneers and insults constantly poured upon them; at length the populace commenced throwing stones at them, and two men were knocked down in the ranks.

The soldiers had now become enraged at this treatment, and Captain Preston, finding the crowd pressing upon him, ordered his men to fire. This caused the death of three respectable citizens, and from that moment the fury of the populace could hardly be restrained long enough to enable the civil power to place Capt. Preston and his men in prison, where they gladly went to prevent being torn in pieces.

The next step was to have the captain and his men indicted for murder, and tried for that crime. Their chance of escape appeared limited, when it was seen that their judges, jurors and witnesses, were to be taken from this excited populace. As evidence of the prevailing feeling, after the Elder Adams, Samuel Dexter and Josiah Quincy, three young men just then established at the bar, had been retained by Captain Preston, the father of Quincy came to Boston, from Braintree, to entreat his son to have nothing to do with such a cause, as its unpopularity would destroy his future prospects. The trial came on; Adams appealed to the jury to be as deaf as addars to the cry of the populace—and Dexter argued that the troops, with muskets in their hands, were no more deadly weapons, in law, than an axe in the hands of a carpenter. Then came the impartial charge of the judge, and the triumphant acquittal of the jury. The people bowed in humble submission to the majesty of the law, but never became reconciled to the British troops.

In the meantime, this event, became known in Europe—where the idea of giving Captain Preston and his men a fair trial, under such circumstances, was not only considered a perfect mockery upon justice, but their condemnation and execution was considered certain. When the friends of liberty in Europe heard of the result of the trial, after reading the evidence, and the arguments of counsel, and the charge of the court, great was their rejoicing as they saw America contained a law abiding people—when they saw that such a fair trial could be given under such excitement, they proclaimed that *such a people can never be enslaved.* This trial commended the American character to all Europe, and it was the collateral security upon which subsequently Congress obtained their fleets and armies which secured independence.

In Boston, the massacre could neither be forgiven or forgotten. On the other hand, time appeared to impart deeper the thorn in the affections of the people. At each anniversary of the massacre, all hearts united in determining to celebrate the day. From the surrounding country the people poured in—stores were closed—crape was placed upon the doors—bells tolled—drums were muffled—processions formed, and an oration delivered at the old South Church, where, in presence of the British officers, the details of British tyranny were illustrated, and the horrors of the massacre vividly portrayed. Gen. Joseph Warren was the orator of the day, and he was unsparing upon the cruelty of the British.

Every year the day continued to be marked with the same solemnities, but with an increasing interest, till 1775, when the British officers gave out that it should cost any man his life who should dare to pronounce another oration upon the next anniversary. As soon as this threat reached Warren, he sent in to the Selectmen a request that he might be the orator of the day! Being without a competitor, he was at once appointed. On the morning of the day, the British officers, all armed, covered the pulpit stairs. Warren and his friends arrived, and a ladder was procured, on which he entered the pulpit window. Before this crowded audience he placed his pistols on the pulpit cushion, and commenced his address, which rung out in full chorus the outrages of the King and his officers, until the British officers hung their heads in shame and silence. The noble bearing of Warren prevented their threats from being carried into execution, or the least insult towards him.

The next important step was the battle of Lexington, the news of which, reached Salem by express during the night. A town meeting was at once called—a full and clear statement was drawn up of the whole affair and printed—a merchant vessel bound for England, was just ready to sail from Salem, under command of Capt. Derby, on board of which, several hundred of these printed documents were placed for distribution among the friends of America in England. Capt. Derby had a short run of twenty days, and these accounts were all over England, some six weeks before the government had their despatches from Gen. Gage, who had sent a frigate, that had a long passage.

In the meantime, the excitement was daily increasing against the government for allowing Gage to murder these American subjects. At last the government sent for Capt. Derby, and questioned him about the battle. In a day or two the letters from Gage arrived. The King was very angry, as Gage had been ordered to allow no collision with the people. Gage was immediately recalled, *"to return and in person to account to his majesty for the murder of his subjects."*

Dr. Franklin as agent of the Colonies, was now in London. Lord Chatham had discovered his great knowledge of American affairs, and cultivated the acquaintance of the Doctor on every occasion, and did all in his power to increase his influence.

The Doctor took very cheap lodgings in an obscure street—and was comparatively unknown among the common people.—Lord Chatham thought the more the Doctor was known, the more popular would be the American cause. With this view, on Sunday afternoon, about the hour of returning from church, Lord Chatham would call at the Doctors lodgings, and generally in coach and six, with outsiders, &c.

This great man's carriage caused the people to stop in crowds before the house on their way from church, to enquire who the noble lord could be visiting. The next day, the Doctor found, in going to walk, that half the people he met took off their hats to him. They had discovered that Lord Chatham had called upon him.—Grocers, boot-blacks, and all tradesmen called to ask his patronage.

Through Dr. Franklin, Lord Chatham prepared himself to defend America—and enabled him to declare in Parliament, *"My lords delay not—instantly withdraw your troops—for America can never be subdued. You never can negotiate with Amaricans as long as you hold the bayonet at their breast."*

Had Chatham's councils been followed, peace would have been made the first year, perhaps, war entirely prevented. After an eight years' war, King George, who was the last man to consent to the independence of America, said he would be the last man to allow her independence to be questioned.

In examining the British archives after the war, it was discovered that the whole eight years' war could have been prevented, had England and America only understood each other. Unfortunately, both countries were under an entire delusion. The British had no reliable information, except their own officers and tories. When the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill reached England, the government were assured that these were merely the result of a surprise—that a few more regiments and the colonies would be subdued. So, when Burgoyne surrendered, and even up to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, the eyes of the British government were still unopened to the real state of the case.

But after the surrender of Yorktown, a different sentiment prevailed. Sir Henry Clinton was then recalled, and Sir Guy Carleton took command. From the moment of his arrival, all his correspondence and intercourse, official and otherwise, was of the most conciliatory character. His first letter to Washington was that he had great pleasure in releasing several American prisoners who were anxious to return to their homes. Had this policy been used in the early part of the contest, our independence would not have been secured—as the cruelty of the British appeared to be necessary to firmly unite the whole country.

NO. 8.

Death of Gen. Warren—Battle of Bunker Hill.

In my last number, General Warren was described entering the pulpit of the old South Church through the window by a ladder—the stairs to the pulpit being covered by armed British officers, who had threatened his life if he again spoke upon the Boston massacre. Warren wrote with the fire of genius, and the boldness of a hero. This last oration was the knell of his own obsequies, for in a few months he was slain, in supporting the doctrine he, on the 5th of March 1775, promulgated to his countrymen. The "martyr's blood sealed the patriot's sincerity, and the soil that drank the stream of life grows holier with every passing age."

An awful stillness preceded his exodium. Each man in that vast assembly felt the palpitations of his own heart, and saw the pale but determined face of his neighbor. The scene was sublime. A patriot, in whom the flush of youth and the grace and dignity of manhood were combined, stood armed in the house of God, during the oppressors of the country, who literally stood with their bayonets at his breast.—There was in this last appeal of Warren to his countrymen of the sufferings they were enduring from the British, a holy horror, that must have chilled the blood of every sensible foe.

On the 17th of June following, as soon as Warren (who was not in actual immediate military command, but President of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, which was on that very day in session at Watertown, within six miles of the spot where Warren fell) heard that Gen. Gage was moving to the attack, he left his seat as President, mounted his horse, and entirely unattended, rode rapidly to Bunker Hill, up to the redoubt. The enemy then were coming up. Col. Prescott had the command, and as soon as Warren came up, Prescott said, "General, I have worked here all night, and am now ready for the enemy. *Have you come to take command?*"

"No, Colonel," replied Warren, "for God's sake, no. I come only as a volunteer; all I ask is, let me share in the glory of the day, entirely under your orders."—At this moment other divisions were coming up of the American troops, over ground which was being raked by the cannon from the British ships. The raw troops trembled in approaching it, and Warren planted his horse in the most exposed position, cooly and calmly holding his life in his hand, as an example of heroic courage, before he knew whether his blood was fertilizing the soil of liberty or of bondage.

As before observed, the Provincial Congress were during the whole of the battle, in session within six miles of the redoubt; yet their records show, that notwithstanding their President was slain, the incessant roar of cannon, the awful conflagration of Charlestown, the whole town being in flames by order of Gage, the dwellings of their friends and neighbors, and perhaps some of their own members on fire, yet not a man left his seat—and the journals of proceedings on that very day is very full, and marked with perfect deliberation—no allusion is found on their records to the general alarm extending thirty miles in every direction. They even made no mention of the death of Warren till three days after the fight, and then only in connection with nominating his successor.

This is accounted for by the policy of the times, it being considered unnecessary to make any parade for the death of a man dying for his country. This Congress were in fact the commander-in-chief of the army. They gave all military directions, till Washington reached the camp. What is equally singular, the records of the General Congress, at Philadelphia, are not only equally free from all boasting on account of the wonderful victory, but they even omit a fair and just account of American bravery. The enemy construed this extreme modesty into fear. Even their addresses, both to the army and to the enemy, were equally free from ostentation.

In the spring of 1777, the English fleet in New York had become an object of much interest, and the ingenuity of the whole country was in requisition to invent some plan by which they could be blown up. At length Mr. David Bushnell invented a torpedo, with submarine machinery, to be floated under water a long distance, with a man to operate it, who could secure it under the ship, and then have an hour to make his escape before the magazine would explode. This was so far made practical as to blow up a tender of the frigate Cerberus. Commodore Simmons, without suspecting the cause made an official communication to Sir Peter Parker upon this singular disaster. Shortly after, another attempt on the frigate was made, and before the explosion the end of the line, as the tide receded, came to the surface, when it was drawn on board—and while the machine was being examined, it exploded and killed several men. The plot was thus discovered, and produced great consternation among the English men-of-war, afterwards, whenever they came into port. There was a general fear, and almost a supersticious dread of these *Infernals*, as the English called them.

Mr. Bushnell then turned his attention to the fleet in Philadelphia—and caused them to cut their cables, by placing on the Delaware, above the city, a large squadron of kegs, which were sent adrift, with the ebb of the tide, on the shipping. The kegs were actually charged with powder, and so contrived as to explode on striking any object—one of the kegs struck a small row boat and exploded, and that created a panic among the fleet—as they feared, what might be under the water would destroy them. The wharfs and streets in Philadelphia were crowded with people, and cannon were fired all along the Delaware at every floating object. Indeed there was no limit to the conjectures of what the Yankees might do! This was termed the "Battle of the Kegs"—and probably except "Yankee Doodle," no song was ever composed that had more poetical effect, than the following, which was composed by the Hon. Frank Hopkinson. It was sung by the Americans in the prisons, on board the prison ships, and on guard. The wit of it interested the French soldiers, who in broken English would sing and make much merriment:

T'was early day as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood
And saw a sight surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jirkin blue,
The strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes in great surprise,
Then said, some mischief's brewing.

These kegs now hold the rebels bold,
Pack'd up like pickled herring,
And they have come down, to attack the town,
In this new mode of ferrying.

The soldiers flew, the sailors too—
And scar'd almost to death sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were enacted,
And some ran here, and some ran there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And boys and girls with hideous noise,
Ran through the town half naked.

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring;
Nor dreamt of harm, as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. L——G——n.

Here in a fright he starts upright,
Awakened by such clatter,
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
For God's sake, what's the matter!

At his bed side, he then espied
Sir Erskine at command, sir;
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And 'tother in his hand, sir.

Arise, arise! Sir Erskine cries,
The rebels! more's the pity—
Without a boat, are all afloat,
And ranged before the city.

The motly crew in vessels now,
With Satan for their guide, sir;
Packed up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These kegs must all be routed,
Or, surely, we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted.

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomachs stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roared, from shore to shore,
The small arms made a rattle;
Since wars began, I am sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked from every quarter;
Why sure, "thought they," the devil's to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made
Of rebels' staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir.

The rebel vales, the rebel dales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant wood the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

From morn to night these men of might
Displayed amazing courage,
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retired to sup their porridge.

A hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be too few,
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day
Upon those wicked Kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their brags and boasts, sir.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

The secret of success is,—what is it?—It lies in the pursuit of intelligence, temperance and frugality. If the great fortunes which dazzle the misjudging poor be analyzed, they will be found in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, to have sprung and matured from calm, patient and simple toil, which had an endurance and a faith behind, and an object of hope before it.—So, too, in success, whatever man seeks to accomplish. A clown may stumble upon a splendid discovery in art or science, but a fixed general law provides that high achievements shall require profound and ceaseless labor. The price of success in isolated cases, is the devotion of one's life. He is a fool who trusts to any dream for possession or advancement, unless he connects with it the prudent exercise of his own energy and judgment. The little spring in the mountain rock becomes a brook, a torrent, a wide rolling river, and a part of the fathomless ocean, simply by pushing steadily and bravely forward.

☞ The worst thing to grow fat on is envy. In our opinion, it is as difficult for a grudging man to raise a double chin as, it is for a bankrupt to raise a loan.—Plumpness comes not from roast beef, but from a good heart and cheerful disposition.—*Dutchman.*

☞ One hour gained by rising early, is worth one month in the year.

Boys Done Away With.

There are no boys. The crop is harvested in many a parlor to-night, the grain is called "Young gentlemen:" Even my old preceptor, who is shaking on the grave's verge, has stowed away his sign of "Boy's Academy," and nails up in fancy lintels, "Youg Gentlemen's Institute." Our discarded tailor "Snipper," has dropped the word roundabout from his bills, and speaks of "coatee for young gents.'

"Young gents!"

The race who strut with canes at five years of age, and are critics in pomatum at eight; who are learned in cassimeres at ten, and understand the mysteries of *amoulette soufie* at twelve! who tyrannise over their shoemaker at fifteen, and profess the mysteries of the ballet at the same age! who boast of *amours* at eighteen, and fairly scandalize their mothers at twenty!

We saw one this morning in an upper avenue. It was eleven o'clock, and he had just risen from breakfast. He had yawned over the news from Europe, but had digested the "Forrest" case with his chocolate. He had cut out sundry advertisements about dogs, and some referring to mysterious interviews, with half the letters of the alphabet. He had aired a hundred dollar dressing case, by his bath room fire, and succeeded in severing five hairs from the skin of his chin with a piece of polished Sheffield.

He had "cut" his father for refusing him a valet, and slammed the outer door in the face of his old nurse, who had come to him for the fiftieth time, for something on account of that ten dollars which she had loaned to him, for an indiscreet "put up" at billiards. He came down the steps shivering in a cool but bracing air. His boots were looking glasses. His legs were spools whereon threads of cassimere were rolled. He caused a passing horse to sneeze with the scent which his hadkerchief exhaled as he waved it to a miss of fourteen, who had stolen to the drowing room window opposite, to see her darling Freddy safe off "these horrid slippery steps."—He had consulted a time piece, and wondered in his mind if it were too early for "bitters." He sighed to think that his eligibility for club membership was called in "question," like that in the vulgar matter of voting. He was looking forward to a walk towards his father's office; to a cue handling at Bassford's; to a cup of chocolate at Taylor's where he loved to ogle the country beauties who stray there day by day; to a flirtation of the evening pastime at the opera, or dash at real life in the purlieus of the *Hotel de Paris.*

And yet in the family Bible, which lies in the garret of his pervenu father, he was written down an infant only eighteen years ago!

Boyish mind, as well as boyish body, is degenerated under metropolitan atmospheres. It may thumb political economy at fourteen year's growth; but it never realized Robison Crusoe, or Sandford and Merton. Classic fictions for youth did very well, it thinks, when the germ of young America was not yet unfolded; but that they are "too slow" now, when compared with "Mysteries Reynolds," or "Professor Ingraham."

GIVE YOUR CHILDREN A NEWSPAPER.—A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things which are very familiar, and he will make progress accordingly. A newspaper one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family, being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading or study, are of course considerate, and more easily governed. How many thoughtless young men, have spent their evenings in a tavern or grog-shop, who ought to have been reading. How many parents who never spent twenty dollars for books for their families would have given thousands to reclaim a son or a daughter who had ignorantly or thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

☞ That was a considerate Scotchman who, when two Englishmen visited the field of Brannockburn, where Edward II, was defeated, refused to take compensation for showing them the lions of the place, saying, "Na, na, keep your crown piece, the English hae paid dear enough already for seeing the field o' Brannockburn."

WOMAN, "AS IS A WOMAN."—Russel was recently singing, "The Gambler's Wife," in an English town, and uttered the words:

"Hush! he comes not yet—
The clock strikes one!"

He struck the key to imitate the sudden knell of the departed hour, when a respectable dressed woman ejaculated on the astonishment of every body,

"Wouldn't I have fetched him home!"

All of Mrs. Caudle's lectures were concentrated in that sentence.

How The Eye Is Swept and Washed.

For us to be able to see objects clearly and distinctly, is necessary that the eye should be kept moist and clean. For this purpose it is furnished with a little gland, from which flows a watery fluid (tears) which is spread over the eye by the lid, and is afterward swept off by it, and runs through a hole in the bone of the inner surface of the nose, where the warm air passing over it while breathing, evaporates it. It is remarkable that no such glands can be found in the eyes of fish, as the element in which they live answers the same purpose. If the eye had not been furnished with a liquid to wash it, and a lid to sweep it off, things would appear as they do when we look through a dusty glass. Along the edges of the eyelid there are a great many little tubes or glands, from which flows an oily substance, which spreads over the surface of the skin and prevents the edges from becoming sore or irrited, and it also helps to keep the tears within the lid. There is also six little muscles attached to the eye, which enables us to move it in every direction; and when we consider the different motions they are capable of giving to the eyes we cannot but admire the goodness of Him who formed them, and has thus saved us the trouble of turning our heads every time we wish to view an object. Although the eyes of some animals are incapable of motion, as the fly, the beetle, and several other insects, yet the Creator has shown His wisdom and goodness in furnishing their eyes with thousands of little globes, and by placing their eyes more in front of their heads, so that these little insects can see almost around them without turning their heads. A gentleman who has examined the eyes of a fly, says that the two eyes of a common, one are composed of 8000 little globes, through every one of which it is capable of forming an image of the object. Having prepared the eye of the fly for the purpose, he placed it before the microscope, and then looked through both, in the manner of the telescope, at a steeple which was 229 feet high, and 750 feet distant, and he says he could plainly see through every little hemisphere, the whole steeple inverted or turned upside down.

WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.—Sir John Herschel, in his essay on the power of the telescope to penetrate into space, says there are stars so infinitely remote as to be situated at the distance of twelve millions of millions of millions of miles from our earth; so that light, which travels with a velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years for its transit from those distant orbs to our own; while the astronomer, who should record the aspect or mutations of such a star, would be relating, not its history at the present day, but that which took place two millions of years gone by. What is our earth in space so almost infinite; and still more, what is man, that he should be the special object of regad to the infinite Author of this system of worlds!

ANECDOTE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—The editor of the Gospel Banner, in the last number of his "Walks in the Crystal Palace," relates the following incident as happening under his own observation; it speaks well for the spontaneous emotions of the Queen's heart:

"We never saw any persons speak to her in the palace, but some of her own party; nor did we ever hear her direct her discourse to any others, except in one instance; an unfortunate lame girl, fearing to be in the way of her majesty, attempted to run from her presence, but fell in the act. The queen sprang towards the child raised her up from the floor, pressed a kiss upon her pale cheek, spoke a word of kindness to the child, and thus relieved her of her fears.

A good wife (says a Western editor) is one who puts her husband at the side of the bed next to the wall and tucks him up to keep him warm in the winter, splits all the wood, makes the fire in the morning, washes her husband's face and draws on his boots for him, never scolds, never suffers a rent to remain in her husband's small clothes, keeps her shoes up at the heel, and her stocking darned, never wonders what her husband sees interesting in the young woman who lives across the way, never slams the door loud when her husband is speaking, and always removes the children when they eat their father's supper.

A KIND HUSBAND.—The latest definition of a "kind husband" is one who sits and smokes after breakfast, while his wife with a child in one arm, and a pail of water on the other, pursues her washing.

Our chambermaid Sally, "who expects to have a husband of her own when her turns comes," says if that is a description of a "kind husband," he a meaner "kind" than she wants anything to do with. She says her idea of a kind husband is "a nice young man, who will fetch the wood and water; do the churning, shake the carpets; cord the bedsteads, run errands and rock the ——." Sally having forgotten something up stairs, suddenly leaves the room without finishing the sentence.