THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT
CLEARFIELD, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

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oct. 9, '78-tf.

OSCAR MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in the Opera House. oct9, '78-tf.

G. R. & W. BARRETT,
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CLEARFIELD, PA.
January 30, 1878.

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House. [jy11,'67

HENRY BRETH,
(LATE H. F. O.)
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
FOR BELL TOWNSHIP.
May 8, 1878-1y*

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Masonic building, Second street, opposite the Court House. jy26,'78-tf.

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
1:26 Clearfield County, Penn'a. 75y

S. T. BROCKBANK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Opera House. ap 25,'77-1y

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
jel1'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

J. F. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House.
June 26, '78tf.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN N. WRIGLEY.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
jan1'77 Clearfield, Pa.

A. A. GRAHAM,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All legal business promptly attended to. Office in Graham's Row—rooms formerly occupied by H. B. Swoope. july24, '78-tf.

Frank Fielding.. W. D. Bigler....S. V. Wilson.
FIELDING, BIGLER & WILSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House.

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor. 9:30'74

JOSEPH B. M'ENALLY. DANIEL W. M'CURDY.
McENALLY & McCURDY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. jan:1,'78

A. G. KRAMER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real Estate and Collection Agent,
CLEARFIELD, PA.,
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office in Pie's Opera House. jan1'76.

J. P. McKENRICK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Office opposite Court House, in Masonic Building, second floor. aug14,'78-1y.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office in residence on First st.
April 24, 1872. Clearfield, Pa.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug1'70

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 3 p. m.

DR. J. KAY WRIGLEY,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office adjoining the residence of James Wrigley, Esq., on Second St., Clearfield, Pa.
july31,'78-tf.

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN RESIDENCE, CORNER OF FIRST AND PINE STREETS.
Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 12, 1875.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 134 Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [apr4,'68-tf.

HARRY SNYDER,
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Shop on Market St., opposite Court House.
A clean towel for every customer.
Also manufacturer of
All Kinds of Articles in Human Hair.
Clearfield, Pa. may 19, '75.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Editor & Proprietor. PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.

VOL. 53—WHOLE NO. 2,634. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1879. NEW SERIES—VOL. 20, NO. 32.

Cards.

JUSTICES' & CONSTABLES' FEES—We have printed a large number of the new FEE BILL, and will on the receipt of twenty-five cents, mail a copy to any address. my28

WILLIAM M. HENRY, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND SCRIVENER, LUMBER CITY. Collections made and money promptly paid over. Articles of agreement and deeds of conveyance neatly executed and warranted correct or no charge. 22jy'72

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb27'71tf

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:1873 Clearfield, Pa.

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,'67

JOHN A. STADLER,
BAKER, Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
Fresh Bread, Rusk, Rolls, Pies and Cakes on hand or made to order. A general assortment of Confectionaries, Fruits and Nuts in stock—Ice Cream and Oysters in season. Saloon nearly opposite the Postoffice. Prices moderate. March 19,'75.

WEAVER & BETTS,
DEALERS IN
Real Estate, Square Timber, Saw Logs,
AND LUMBER OF ALL KINDS.
Office on Second street, in rear of store room of George Weaver & Co. [Jan2, '72-tf.

RICHARD HUGHES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
—FOR—
Decatur Township,
Osceola Mills P. O.
All official business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. mch20, '78.

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 28,'68:tf.

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Graham's Row. 1:23:71

ANDREW HARWICK,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Harness, Bridles, Saddles, Collars, and Horse-Furnishing Goods.
All kinds of repairing promptly attended to. Saddlers' Hardware, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, &c., always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash price. [March 19, 1879.

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my28:1ypd

Livery Stable.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing Horses, Buggies, Saddles and Harness, on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Residence on Locust street, between Third and Fourth.
GEO. W. GEARHART.
Clearfield, Feb. 4, 1874.

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
GLEN HOPE, PENN'A.
THE undersigned, having leased the commodious Hotel, in the village of Glen Hope, is now prepared to accommodate all who may call. My table and bar shall be supplied with the best the market affords.
GEORGE W. DOTTS, Jr.
Glen Hope, Pa., March 26, 1879-tf.

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
GRAHAMTON, Pa.
Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.
Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. [7jy18'72

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER,
8-1'72 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

S. I. SNYDER,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Graham's Row, Market Street,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All kinds of repairing in my line promptly attended to. April 23, 1874.

Clearfield Nursery.
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.
THE undersigned, having established a Nursery on the Pike, about half way between Clearfield and Curwensville, is prepared to furnish all kinds of FRUIT TREES, (standard and dwarf,) Evergreens, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Gooseberry, Lawton Blackberry, Strawberry, and Raspberry Vines. Also, Siberian Crab Trees, Quince, and early scarlet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address,
J. D. WRIGHT,
sep20-68-y Curwensville, Pa.

MEAT MARKET.
F. M. CARDON & BRO.,
On Market St., one door west of Mansion House,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Our arrangements are of the most complete character for furnishing the public with Fresh Meats of all kind, and of the very best quality. We also deal in all kinds of Agricultural Implements, which we keep on exhibition for the benefit of the public. Call around when in town, and take a look at things, or address as
F. M. CARDON & BRO.
Clearfield, Pa., July 14, 1875-tf.

Clearfield Insurance Agency.
JAMES KERR. CARROLL E. BIDDLE.
KERR & BIDDLE, Agents,
Represent the following and other first-class Co's
Companies. Assets.
Liverpool London & Globe—U. S. Br. $4,321,859
Lycoming—on mutual & cash plan..... 4,000,000
Phœnix, of Hartford, Conn..... 2,624,083
Insurance Co. of North America..... 6,413,874
North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br.. 1,183,945
Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch.... 672,146
Waterlow..... 764,813
Travelers (Life & Accident)..... 4,303,454
Office on Market St., opp. Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 4, '79-tf.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

When the Summer harvest was gather'd in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
And the plowshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Look'd down where the valley lay stretch'd below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way;
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet,
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of Autumn came over the woods
As the sun stole out from their collonades;
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
And dead from its arms the hale vine shrunk,
And ripened the mellow fruit hung; and red
Were the trees' withered leaves around it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn;
The mower swung loud by the meadow side,
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide,
And the voice of the herdsman came up the lea,
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

When the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard by the distant and measured stroke
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak,
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind
Of the white man's faith and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright;
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,
And a mourning voice, a plunge from the shore—
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on by that still lakeside
The father looked down through the river-tided,
And there, on the smooth yellow sand, displayed,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid, [slow,
And 't was seen, as the waters moved deep and
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

—*From Longfellow's Early Poem.*

STONY POINT.

ANTHONY WAYNE'S MASTERSTROKE—A GALLANT FEAT OF ARMS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO—HOW A BRITISH STRONGHOLD WAS TAKEN BY A BRILLIANT ASSAULT—THE STORY OF AN EVENT THAT GLORIFIED PENN'A'S HERO.

Thirty years ago, while I was making a pencil sketch of the small monument that commemorates the cruel midnight massacre of troops under General Wayne, (near the old Paoli tavern on the broad Lancaster pike,) in 1777, a white haired but vigorous man, sunburned and brawny, came from a neighboring field to gratify curiosity which had been excited by the presence of a stranger.

"My legs did good service on that terrible night," said the septuagenarian, after I had read aloud the said inscription on the stone.

"Were you with Wayne at this encampment?" I asked.

"Indeed I was, and at many others," he replied. "Lord! how we scampered when those savage red-coats and more savage Hessians fell upon us in the dark without warning. Poor fellows! Many of our men were murdered, as you see. Yes, murdered, for they were bayoneted while begging for mercy."

"You were with Wayne afterward?" I said, inquiringly.

"Yes, sir," he answered, with emphasis. "Didn't I feel good, though, when I heard the British and Tories begging for mercy from Wayne at Stony Point, and *it was granted!*"

"It was not Wayne's old regiment that attacked that post," I replied. "It was a portion of the light infantry of the army."

"Of course it was," he answered. "When I heard Wayne was made Commander of that corps I got permission to join it, for the bold, dashing soldier was my distant kinsman, and a good fellow anyhow. I was one of De Fleury's hundred or more volunteers who first entered the fort on that hot July night."

We sat down on a grassy hillock, when the white-haired man, with great animation, gave me a minute account of the circumstances of the attack upon and capture of Stony Point before the dawn of July 16th, 1779. When I visited the spot a few weeks afterward, his narrative was vividly presented by memory, for I found the typography, the official records and the local traditions in general agreement with him.

THE KING'S FERRY.

Stony Point is a conspicuous feature in the picturesque scenery of the Hudson river, near the Highlands, and is thickly clustered with historic associations. It is a bold, rocky peninsula promontory, dotted with evergreens and sparsely clad with verdure even in midsummer. Its highest point is about one hundred and fifty feet above tidewater. It juts out from the western shore of the river at the upper entrance to Haverstraw Bay, and is connected with the main land by a low causeway across a marsh, which, covered with water at high tide, makes the peninsula an island. Near its summit, upon and among the mounds—the remains of ancient redoubts and breastworks—stands a substantial stone lighthouse, the keeper's lodge and fog-bell tower. The whole region around it is classic ground, hallowed by deeds of valor and patriotism.

Opposite Stony Point, and jutting out toward it from the eastern shore of the Hudson, is a fertile peninsula called Verplanck's Point. Each jutland had been fortified by the Americans chiefly for the protection of "The King's Ferry" from point to point, which formed a convenient and most important open passage across the Hudson between New England and the Middle States. These fortified headlands also presented serious obstacles to the passage of hostile ships up the river—a most important function—for the British Ministry never wholly dispelled the dream of the earlier period of the war, a weakening the aggregate power of the struggling colonies by separating New England from the rest of the Union by a series of military posts stretching from the St. Lawrence to the sea, along the line of Lake Champlain and the Hudson river. The capture of Burgoyne's army and the failure of Sir Henry Clinton to effect much by sending a marauding expedition up the Hudson in the Autumn of 1777, did not absolutely discourage the Ministry, but modified their dream. They afterward confined their efforts to plans for securing to themselves the free communication between New England and the other States by way of "The King's Ferry" and the passes of the Hudson Highlands. Such was the object of an expedition led by Sir Henry Clinton in person at the close of May, 1779.

With a large land force under General Vaughan, borne by a flotilla commanded by Admiral Collier, Sir Henry sailed from New York to attempt the seizure of Stony Point and Verplanck's Points, and was successful, for only forty men garrisoned the former and seventy the latter. The invading troops landed below the two forts and marched upon them. The garrison at Stony Point fled to the Highlands, and the troops at Verplanck's, after a very slight resistance, were made prisoners of war. This was a serious disaster to the Americans. The passage at "The King's Ferry" was closed to them and the Highland passes and defences were menaced with danger. Perceiving this, Washington took immediate measures for their protection and for the recovery of the lost posts. His army, which had wintered at Middlebrook, in New Jersey, was moved early in June to "The Clove," a fertile valley far in the rear of Haverstraw, and late in the month he made his headquarters at New Windsor, on the Hudson, a few miles above the Highland, where he perfected plans for an active campaign against the invaders.

Anticipating an attempt to recapture the forts, Sir Henry placed a strong garrison in each, and ordered them to be well strengthened; then he returned to New York with ships and soldiers and sent them on a marauding expedition to the coast of Connecticut.

THE LIGHT INFANTRY.

Washington had a corps of light infantry, composed of picked men, drafted from the various regiments of the Continental army, and organized at that time into four regiments under command, respectively, of Colonels Butler, Meigs, Putnam and Febiger. Butler was one of a gallant band of four brothers who fought the good fight for American independence from the beginning. He had been Wayne's chief support in his hard conflict on the field of Monmouth a year before. He was only twenty-five years of age, but was already distinguished for military genius, coolness and valor. Meigs was a brave soldier, forty years old, who had won the thanks of Congress and the gift of a sword for gallantry two years before. Putnam was a cousin of "Old Put,"—as the soldiers fondly called him—was a skillful engineer, a soldier of the French and Indian war, and constructor of Fort Putnam, near West Point. He was forty-one years of age and full of zeal for the American cause. Febiger was a young Danish soldier, thirty-two years of age, who had fought for the freedom of the colonies ever since he was engaged in the fiery scenes on Bunker Hill. The corps commanded by these good soldiers were considered the *elite* of the army, and Washington chose them for the execution of his design against Stony and Verplanck's points. To the bold and faithful young soldier, General Anthony Wayne, then thirty-five years of age, Washington gave the command of this corps on the 1st of July, 1779. This officer was a gratified recipient of the honor, and was proud of the confidence of the Commander-in-Chief. Wayne was scrupulously neat in his personal appearance; had exquisite taste in dress, and was always disturbed by any violation of good judgment in costume or manners. He was particularly disturbed by the appearance of his corps when he took command of them. Through the neglect of poverty of the commissary department they were scantily clothed in varied, soiled or ragged uniforms or no uniforms; insufficiently fed, and lax in manners and discipline. He immediately pleaded for reformation, and asked particularly for a supply of new uniforms for the whole corps—believing in the moral influence of dress. "I must acknowledge," he wrote to Washington, "that I have a prejudice in favor of an elegant uniform and soldierly appearance, so much so, that I would much rather risk my life and reputation at the head of the same men, clothed and appointed as I could wish, with a single charge of ammunition, than to take them as they appear in common with sixty rounds of cartridges. It may be a false idea, but I can't help cherishing it."

Washington agreed with Wayne, but they were compelled to bend to circumstances. The army was poverty-smitten. Only a week before they were to enter upon a great undertaking (to be mentioned presently); when they had been twelve days in camp in the rocky region of the Donderberg, the corps had received only two days' rations of fresh provisions and three of rum. Not a particle of forage had been furnished for the horses, excepting the scanty tufts of grass that shot up among the stones; and the store of the commissary of clothing was empty. So Wayne was compelled to lead his corps, in their piebald and worn-out uniforms, to the performance of extraordinary deeds of bravery. These deeds were performed under cover of night, when the meanest and the most gorgeous uniforms were the same to the human eye.

RECONNOITERING.

From his quiet nook at New Windsor, Washington instructed Wayne to prepare for a bold dash on the works at Stony Point. The impetuous young General was impatient to undertake the enterprise. On the day after he took command of the corps he reconnoitered that post, accompanied by Colonel Butler and Major Steward, of the Pennsylvania line. The latter was Wayne's brother-in-law. He was a brave young Irishman, and was regarded as the handsomest man in the Continental army. Wayne's ardor and confidence were somewhat diminished by his observations, and he reported to Washington that the British works on the western side of the Point (which only they had seen) were too formidable to storm with any hope of success, and that to make regular approaches was not feasible. He suggested that a surprise might be effected, and at his solicitation Washington rode down from New Windsor to Wayne's camp between Fort Montgomery and the Donderberg, and carefully reconnoitered the works on the the 6th of July. Tories abounded in the neighborhood, and reports of every movement seen of the Americans were quickly conveyed to the fort. The garrison was continually on the alert against a surprise. Deserters, too, gave information concerning the movements and conjectured designs of the troops at their encampment among the mountains. On the day after the reconnissance by Washington, a letter written to a New York newspaper, at Stony Point, said: "Yesterday, Mr. Washington, with several other rebel officers, were reconnoitering our post, attended with about five hundred men, thirteen of which number chose to come in to us in the course of the day, by whom we learn that the report among them is that an attack on the post is intended. I have no doubt it will prove a serious affair to them."

The troops at Stony Point had reason to think so, for they were strongly entrenched in a seemingly impregnable position. The works embraced a series of redoubts on the summit of the rocky peninsula. An abattis—a line of felled trees, their tops outward—had been laid across the Point from north to south, and this was defended by four companies of regular infantry, one of loyal Americans and a detachment of the Royal artillery. A second row of abattis was formed across the peninsula where it slopes toward the causeway on its western side, and was defended by three redoubts, armed with brass 12-pounders and manned by two companies of infantry and two of grenadiers. At five different points pickets were stationed, and the batteries commanded every approach. They might enfilade any advancing column. The whole force was under the command of a trusted soldier, Lieutenant Colonel H. Johnson. Thus prepared, there was no wonder the garrison believed that an attack would be "a serious affair" for the assailants.

WAYNE'S INSTRUCTIONS.

After his reconnoissance, Washington prepared to surprise the fort, and from New Windsor, on the 12th of July, he sent minute instructions to Wayne, which were in the form of suggestions, rather than of a positive order; and he gave the General the privilege of changing any part of the plan to meet the demands of circumstances. He suggested that the execution of the enterprise should occur at midnight, with the greatest secrecy, secured by the arrest of every person found abroad or who might betray it. He recommended the attempt at surprise to be made by only a few competent and faithful men—"between one and two hundred"—with tried officers, preceded by a vanguard of prudent and determined men to remove obstructions, to secure sentinels and to drive in the guards. He also suggested the wearing of a white feather, or cockade, or other conspicuous object, that might designate friends from foes in the darkness; that the surprise party should be supported by the main body following closely; that the advance party should move with fixed bayonets and unloaded muskets; that the attack should be made at these points, and that a watchward should be agreed upon for the same purpose as the white badge of distinction. Other details were given, and Wayne acted in accordance with almost every suggestion.

Wayne determined to surprise the garrison at Stony Point on the night of July 15. The day was sultry. At noon he moved from his encampment, about fourteen miles from the fort, with three of his four regiments, commanded respectively by Colonels Butler, Meigs and Febiger. Washington had ordered down from West Point about three hundred light infantry under Major (afterward General) Hull, to increase the attacking force; also, two companies of North Carolina light troops and a small party of artillerists to man the guns of the fort when they should be captured and turned upon Verplanck's Point. The march was over lofty, rugged hills, through tangled swamps and difficult mountain defiles. Nearly the whole distance the troops were compelled to march in single file. They passed the south side of Donderberg while a heavy thunder shower was raging on its summit and beyond, and the sending down sudden torrents through the ravines. On this march the most perfect silence had been observed, and every precaution had been taken to prevent desertion. Every dog found on their way when they approached the vicinity of the river was killed to prevent alarms by their barking. At 8 o'clock in the evening, when daylight was fading, the whole party rendezvoused about a mile and a half below Stony Point.

POMPEY AND THE COUNTERSIGN.

Among the Tory inhabitants and weak-kneed time-servers in the vicinity of the Point, lived Mr. Lamb, a warm and faithful Whig. He was disliked by his Tory neighbors because he had often circumvented the designs against the patriots. He owned a shrewd negro slave named Pompey. Soon after the British took possession of Stony Point, Pompey went timidly to the fort to sell strawberries to the officers. He was kindly received. When berries and cherries became plentiful the negro carried on quite an extensive trade with the garrison. He became a favorite with the officers, who did not expect that he was reporting everything he saw and heard in the fort to a Whig master. At length, the hoeing corn season coming on, Pompey was kept at work in the fields during the day, and his commercial relations at the fort was likely to end suddenly. He could only go there in the evening. The officers, unwilling to miss their supply of their delicious luxuries, gave Pompey the countesign regularly that he might pass the sentinels after dark with his supply of fruit. In this way he had become possessed of the countersign for the night of the 15th. Wayne, aware of these facts, and fully trusting the knowledge and fidelity of the negro, employed him as a guide and chose the countersign of the garrison for the night—"The fort's our own"—as the watchword of the assailing troops.

In the gloom of that saltry evening Wayne disposed his forces for the attack. They were formed in two columns. At the head of the right, and twenty paces from it, one hundred and fifty picked men, led by Lieutenant Colonel De Fleury, were posted, and just in advance of these were a "forlorn hope" of twenty men to "remove obstructions and secure sentinels," commanded by Lieutenant Knox, of the Ninth Penn. Regiment. At the head of the left, in like manner, were posted an advance guard of one hundred picked men under Major Stewart, and a forlorn hope of twenty men, led by Lieutenant Gibbons, of the Sixth Pennsylvania Regiment. Meanwhile, General Wayne and his field officers had made a final reconnoissance of the fort, and when they returned he entered a house (Springsteel's) near by, which he had made his temporary headquarters, gathered up his papers, wrote a letter to his brother-in-law, Sharp Dulany, of Philadelphia, and, putting all in a sealed package, forwarded them by a trusty messenger to his friend Gen. Irvin, with a request that in case of his death it might be forwarded to his kinsman. Wayne was impressed with the belief that he should not survive the approaching conflict; but he lived almost seventeen years afterward and did good service for his country, and the letter and papers were never sent.

When General Wayne had supped he put the two columns in motion. At a black walnut tree (which was standing huge and vigorous, a few years ago) Pompey took charge of the forces as chief pilot. At half-past 11 o'clock the silent march began. Gathering clouds obscured the sky and deeper shades of night favored the bold enterprise. Wayne was at the head of the right column, and all moved on as stealthily as a leopard preparing to spring upon its prey. Major Hull, with his three hundred Massachusetts light troops, was with that column. Pompey and two stout men preceded Knox and his forlorn hope a few paces. The negro approached the first sentinel on the high ground westward of the morass, gave the contersign and was recognized as the fruit peddler. While Pompey was talking with this guardian of the fort his two stout companions sprang from the gloom and seized and gagged the soldier. The silence of the sentinel near the causeway was secured in the same manner, and up to past midnight the garrison was slumbering, without a suspicion of danger nigh.

THE SURPRISE.

So, soon as the tide had ebbed as was supposed sufficiently to allow a passage by the causeway and along the beach, the two columns which had marched side by side in platoons separated, the right diverging southward for the purpose of crossing the morass and striking the beach which extended along the southern and southwestern shores of the peninsula. At the same time the left column moved toward the causeway, which Colonel Butler's regiment instantly passed in water two feet deep, and at the foot of the slope diverged to the left and secured a picket guard. At the same time the column on the southern side in the water knee-deep (for the tide was not yet down) and reached the beach. Before doing so they were discovered and fired upon by a picket guard. This aroused the garrison and they flew to arms. The assailing column was now directed under the fort. It closed in solid order and pressed up the steep hillside in the face of a tempest from muskets and artillery—the missiles from the latter doing very little harm, for they passed over the heads of the assailing force. At the same time Major Murfree, of the left column, had made a feint against the fort on the northwest side with his North Carolinians, but this did not weaken the resistence to an advance of the right column which was gallantly struggling with the half-removed abattis part way up the hill to gain the sally-port of the fort. Every ledge of rocks above the ascending column were surrounded with British infantry who, with taunts and imprecations, poured down an incessant storm of bullets. But not a patriot faltered. Steadily, and as silently as on the night march from the walnut tree, the soldiers followed Wayne, who, with a spear in hand, directed every movement, as inch by inch they approached the breastworks and pushed back the foe. Not a gun was fired by the patriots. They turned the abattis, pushed on toward the breastworks, cut and tore away the palisades and cleared the *chevaux-de-frise* at the sally-port.

Within the inner abattis a flying bullet had struck Wayne a glancing blow on the head and stunned him. He fell upon his knees. His two aides (Fishbourne and Archer) partially raised him to his feet. In a moment he recovered full consciousness and requested his aids to carry him within the works where, in case his wound should prove mortal, he desired to die. But the hurt was not severe. The troops dashed forward with fixed bayonets—the main column following the advance closely. The charge was led by Lieutenant Colonel De Fleury, followed by Febiger's regiment. The ramparts were carried; De Fleury seized the colors of the fort with his own hands, and his assailing column entered the works in triumph, shouting the significant watchword: "The fort's our own!" De Fleury, Lieut. Knox, Sergeant Baker, of the Virginia line (bleeding from four wounds), Sergeant Spencer, of the same line (with two wounds) and Sergeant Dunlop, of the Pennsylvania line (also twice wounded), were the first five to enter the works and win the reward offered by Wayne. In his order of battle, the General had engaged to reward the five men who should first enter the works with promotion, honorable mention, and with $500, $400, $300, $200 $100 respectively.

"THE FORT'S OUR OWN."

Almost at the moment when De Fleury entered the fort Lieutenant Gibbon with the assailing party of the left, closely followed by Major Stewart, burst in on the opposite side. The terrified garrison, perceiving resistance to be useless, surrendered immediately, the men, especially the "Loyal Americans," falling on their knees and crying out piteously: "Mercy! Mercy, dear Americans!" To the honor of the conquerors, it is asserted that not a man of the garrison was injured after they ceased to resist and begged for quarter. Major Hull and Wayne's aides carried the bleeding General into the fort, where he heartily joined in the shouts of triumph by the victors, and soon afterward, with vigorous hand, wrote the following despatch to Washington:

STONY POINT, 16th July, 1779—2 o'clock, A. M.
DEAR GENERAL: The fort and garrison, with Colonel Johnson, are ours.
Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free. Yours, most sincerely,
GEN'L WASHINGTON. ANT'Y WAYNE.

The victory was complete. The British ships lying on the Hudson, near Stony Point, hastily slipped their cables and fled down the river; and at dawn the next morning the guns of the fort, manned by the handful of artillerymen who accompanied Wayne were turned upon Fort Fayette, on Verplanck's Point opposite, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Webster. A cannonade was kept up lazily during the day. General Robert Howe had been ordered to attack that fort simultaneously with the assault on Stony Point, but through a misconception the movement was delayed and the fort was saved to the British by timely reinforcement to the garrison sent up the river by Sir Henry Clinton. In winning this brilliant victory Wayne lost fifteen killed and eighty-three wounded. The British had sixty slain and Lieutenan tColonel Johnston and five hundred and forty-three officers and men were made prisoners of war.

Washington perceived the danger of an attempt to hold the fort at Stony Point with so few men as could then be spared from the army, and he ordered the ordnance and stores to be removed to West Point, the military works to be destroyed and the place to be evacuated by the Americans. This was accomplished on the nights of the 17th and 18th, or twenty-four hours after the capture. A large portion of the ordnance was placed upon a galley to be conveyed to West Point. While off the eastern side of the Donderberg a shot from the British sloop of war "Vulture," which had ventured near Verplanck's Point, struck the galley between wind and water, opened a sluiceway, and she went to the bottom of the Hudson with her freight of heavy guns. The property captured by the Americans at Stony Point was valued at more than $180,000. On the 20th the British re-possessed themselves of Stony Point, but there was little of value left, except the eligible site for a fortification.

HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED.

The news of this exploit thrilled every nerve of the Union with delight, and unstinted praises of Wayne and his troops were upon every lip. On the receipt of the General's despatches, the same day Washington issued from New Windsor a general order, in which he congratulated the army on the success of the gallant move at Stony Point, and requested the victorious commander and his whole corps to accept his warmest thanks. Four days afterward the President of Pennsylvania awarded similar tokens of approbation to Wayne and his men. "You have played their [the British] own game," he wrote, "and have eclipsed the glory of the British bayonet of which we have heard so much." Ten days after the victory the Continental Congress voted thanks to the brave actors, and ordered medals to be struck in commemoration of the event—one of gold to be presented to Gen. Wayne, and a silver one each to be given to Lieutenant Colonel De Fleury and Major Stewart. At the same time promotions by brevet were ordered for some subalterns, and a vote approving General Wayne's offer of rewards was passed.

De Fleury, a descendant of a noble man who was at one time a Cardinal and a Prime Minister of France, returned to his native country before the medal designed for him was struck. It was made, however, but all record of it was lost. Late in April, 1850, a boy, while digging in a garden at Princeton, New Jersey, found the medal. Congress sat at Princeton in the Summer of 1783. The medal was probably lost there by the Secretary of Congress, Charles Tomson, in whose custody it properly belonged.

BENSON J. LOSSING.

YELLOW FEVER THEORIES.

The *Worla* correspondent combats the theory that yellow fever is caused by malaria, or by the corporate uncleanliness of neglected cities. In the scientific as well as the popular mind, the belief that these are the governing agents in producing the scourge is so deeply rooted that it seems hopeless to dispute them. He says it is a great mistake to suppose that the people of the South and Southwest has been utterly unmindful of sanitary rules during all these years in which they have been afflicted from time to time with yellow fever. They have tried sanitary precautions, perhaps in a spasmodic and imperfect but occasionally in a very energetic and costly way, for the last thirty years, all these sanitary measures have been like the withes with which the Phillistines tried to hamper Samson—the giant has broken them "from off his arms like a thread."

To show that yellow fever devastates districts of country where there is an almost entire absence of malaria, he cites that part of the country lying along the Gulf and stretching from the alluvial marshes that surround the mouth of the Mississippi—say from Lake Borgne—to the neighborhood of Mobile Bay, and then beyond far to the eastward through Alabama and West Florida. It is a strip of sterile sand with only soil enough to sustain a continuous forest of pines. There is no cultivation except that of the orange and fig tree, and gardens which by dint of diligent culture, may be made to yield a scant supply of vegetables for family use during a few months of the year, and then wither and fail for want of soil. The streams are unpolluted, and the waters clear and limpid. The shores are swept by delicious breezes on the one side from the Gulf and on the other from the resinous and fragrant pine forests. People can expose themselves to rain, sun, sea and night air, sleep in their wet garments and never be troubled with malarial fevers of any sort, pleurisy or pneumonia. But for old age and whisky, the people would have to migrate elsewhere to die.

Notwithstanding this was a paradise of health, and supposed to be proof against the scourge, the epidemic of 1878 found it out and dashed its waves into its villas and isolated cottages and lowly cabins. Even now, in an obscure quarter of this belt of country a whole family have been victims of yellow fever. A girl of fifeeen had been employed as a nurse for several months in a New Orleans family where there had been some cases of remittent fever of a mild sort. This girl was taken sick with a chill on her arrival home and died of yellow fever four days after. Her body remained unburied for twenty-four hours. About a week afterward her brothers and sisters—five in number—were attacked, and finally the widowed mother. One of the young men subsequently died.

The object of the correspondent is to show that there is no condition proof against yellow fever, and that all theories so far advanced have been set at naught by its curious inroads and terrible work. Medical science, with all its research, has not been able to give the public a satisfactory theory—a material, tangible, practical reason for the cause of the mysterious scourge, or any specific remedy for its cure. Like in some other diseases, what will cure one will not cure another. It comes down on communities and isolated households as mysteriously as the mystery enshrouding its origin and the antidote. It overleaps all theories and defies all remedies. We are not, however, without hope that medical science will ere long be able to unveil the secrets of the yellow demon.

The *Drovers' Journal* truthfully says that we need to keep more sheep. In all parts of this great country to secure health and comfort its people must have food and clothing. The sheep furnishes the best and most wholesome animal food, and the most comfortable clothing yet tested by the masses of our people. In malarial districts—especially those where extremes of heat and cold are frequent—woolen clothing and a freer and more common diet of young mutton would insure better health and better vigor than generally characterizes pork eaters and the wearers of cotton and fine linen. Let no one indulge a single tear of over production of either mutton or wool. Could our flocks be trippled or quadrupled, they would add not only to the comfort and healthfulness of the people, but to their intelligence and sobriety, as well as to the productiveness of every field used as a sheep pasture.

A young lady graduate in a neighboring county read an essay entitled "Employment of Time." Her composition was based on the text: "Time wasted is existence; used, is life." The next day she got eight hanks of zephyr of different shades and