

# The Montrose Democrat.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

Chase & Day, Proprietors.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a., Thursday Morning, July 12, 1855.

Volume 12, Number 28.

## Select Poetry.

### A sigh will not from Memory Spring

On though Memory's faded chalice  
Gleams with cheerful, happy light,  
And the heart's bespangled heaven  
Bears no trace of sorrow's night:  
But, from out that golden sparkle,  
Darkly looms the mist of sadness—  
Breathes the soft, regretful sigh.

Hearts with unrequited longings  
Sigh for pleasures unenjoyed—  
Once on Fancy's future written,  
Now on Memory's leafless void;

Hours of spent in vain endeavors,  
Lured by smiles that lead through gloom,  
Fill the fount of sighs, and dash  
Brightest pathways to the tomb.

Lore—th' yet love, too, has whispered  
Words that waked a deathless thrill—  
Kindled passion's flame, that brightened  
Died; and left life darker still,  
Dues then from false Fancy's dreamings!  
Leave pursuits that sorrow bring—  
Quench despairing love, and lighten  
Sighs that die off from memory spring."

## Miscellaneous.

From Paterson's Magazine.

### MY COUSIN HARRY.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

Author of "Ada Lester's Season in New York."

CHAPTER II.

Such was the beginning of my acquaintance with Harry Anstruther, and so it continued during the rest of his vacation.

The next year passed happily to me, but the winter vacation did not bring Harry as formerly. He was an orphan and the uncontrolled possessor of a large fortune, and had made up his mind, as he wrote his aunt to see something of the world.

By-and-by vague rumors of mad, college pranks began to circulate in our little coterie, and the elderly ladies, who assembled at aunt Patty's tea-table, nodded their heads and looked mysterious when master Harry's name was mentioned.

As I entered the parlor one day, I heard a visitor say:

"You should really write to him, Miss Anstruther, and expostulate with him about his conduct." George assures me that he is at the head of all mischief in college, and he would have been expelled long ago if he had not been so adroit in escaping positive proof. But perhaps, George, dear boy, is too fervent for his standard is so high," and Mrs. Welsh arranged her smiles with much satisfaction as she spoke.

"His standard is not too high for detraction," said I, with a little taper, as the lady smiled herself out of the room.

Aunt Margaret made no answer, but sighed as her knitting needles clicked and flashed with unusual rapidity. But the tears came to good aunt Patty's eyes as she said, "I wouldn't have believed it of Harry. He was always full of fun, and maybe he did just for mischief dress himself up like a robber and stop the farmers on their way to market, and make them give up their money and things, but I don't believe he gambles now," and the most troubled tears I had ever seen in aunt Patty's eyes, stood there now.

"There must be some truth in it, sister," replied aunt Margaret, sternly, "Judge Hale has forbidden him his house, and she turned her back a little more to the light as she spoke.

"Poor boy, and maybe he was in love with Nelly Hale," and aunt Patty, whose warm heart extended its charities to all sorts of troubles, fell into a reverie.

All further discussion of the subject was stopped by the water bringing in an armful of wood for the fire. As he was retiring, aunt Margaret said,

"James, I wish, while we are out driving, you would take down master Harry's portrait from over the mantel, and place it in our chamber."

James was too much astonished to make his usual elaborate excuse, and stood staring vacantly at his mistress till she reminded him of his duty by adding, "You may order the carriage now."

Aunt Patty had looked up with a frightened air at her sister, but the Misses Anstruther were really heroines to their servants, so it was not till after James had certainly closed the door that she said,

"Oh! Margaret, how can you do so; it seems so cruel for us to desert poor Harry because everybody else does."

"I cannot help this portrait hanging there made an excuse for people like Mr. Welsh to discuss him as they please," was the reply.

When we returned from our drive, I could have cried with aunt Patty, to miss the gay, pleasant face, which had looked down so sweetly on me so long, in the cheerful morning light, or in the grey gloaming, or flickering firelight, as on the first evening of our acquaintance.

I was now nearly seventeen, and my mirror told me plainly enough that I no longer looked like the imp or elf of Harry's early acquaintance. I was an heiress and a belle; a belle most probably because I was an heiress. I had "filled up" certainly; whether as my cousin had insinuated by tea and muffins, I cannot say; but if George Welsh, who was now one of my most devoted admirers, was to be believed Alice Brant herself would bear no comparison to me in grace.

With poor Harry, in the meanwhile, matters went from bad to worse. The gentleman, who had been his guardian, confessed to his aunt that he had spent every cent of his fortune that was available, and this was by far the greater part of it. Then again, through Mrs. Welsh, whom I now looked upon as a kind of old woman, we heard of grave professors being caricatured to their faces, and reckless midnight orgies, and all the other evils of college life. But our cup of trouble on his account was filled, when we learned that he had fought a duel. We knew nothing positive about it, only that his opponent had been severely wounded, and that a woman had been the cause.

The morning after we heard of this, I was called into the sister's chamber. Aunt Margaret had washed a little table, on which she was standing, up to the mantel, and was endeavoring to detach Harry's portrait from the book on which it hung. She said,

"Isabel, my dear, won't you please to help me down with this! Sister has refused, and I cannot expose ourselves to the remarks of the servants, by having them do it."

"Poor boy, I cannot," said aunt Patty, as she rummaged in her drawers to hide the falling tears.

Aunt Margaret looked around sternly as she answered, "Sister, it is due to ourselves to forget him."

I assisted her slightly, and helped to carry my cousin Harry's portrait to the lumber room.

(To be Continued.)

### Lieut. Boyd before Col. Butler.

An incident of Savage Forbearance and Civilized Vindictiveness.

The fearful massacre in Wyoming Valley caused a thrill of horror throughout the country, and a universal cry of vengeance rose on every hand. Government awoke to the necessity of striking a blow which should teach the savages and their more barbarous conjurers, the blood-thirsty Tories, that if slow to defend, it was powerful to revenge; if weak to prevent, it was strong to punish such inhuman acts. Accordingly an army of five thousand men were assembled in the fall of 1779, for the purpose of penetrating the Indian country in Western New York, and destroying the nest of vipers at Niagara, the headquarters from whence the Indians drew their supplies, and received their rewards.

The expedition was under command of Gen. Sullivan, and embraced, among other corps, a part of Major's regiment. After a severe battle at Conowah, (now Elmira) Sullivan pushed on, destroying everything in his way, until he reached Little Beard-stone, where was a deep stream, which required bridging before the army could cross. While waiting here, Lieut. Boyd, of the rifle corps—a young officer of great promise—was sent with twenty-six men, across the river to reconnoitre. Flanked by a faithful Indian guide, Boyd and his party reached the village, which they found deserted, although it was evident that Indians had recently been there, as their fires were still burning. Night was approaching when Boyd had completed his reconnaissance, and he concluded to encamp on the ground where he was. In the morning, as the first dawn illuminated the camp, some of his men were on their feet, and approaching the village, discovered two Indian boys sleeping about. One of these was shot and scalped by a man named Murphy, who could never forgive a shot at an Indian, even when he endangered his own life thereby. Suspecting, from the presence of these, that more Indians might be in the neighborhood, and having performed the duty assigned to him, Boyd commenced to retruce his steps. He soon discovered, however, that a large party of the enemy, chiefly Indians, were lying in ambush between him and the army. Seeing that his retreat was a desperate one, and having no other alternative, he determined to cut his way through, if possible. Forming his men in a solid phalanx, and cheering them by his voice and example, he led them to the attack. The first charge was unsuccessful; and, singular as it may seem, not a man of the little party was killed, although they were opposed by some five hundred savage warriors, and Tories. The second and third attacks were more fortunate, almost all of the party being killed, while only two or three succeeded in getting through. Boyd and a man named Parker, were taken prisoners on the spot; and some few fell as if dead, and thus escaped, as the Indians were too busy in following the living to trouble the dead.

As soon as Boyd found himself in the hands of the blood-thirsty and revengeful Tories, he demanded an interview with Brandt, the Indian leader, preferring to trust himself upon his well-known clemency, rather than to trust to the generosity or forbearance of his Tory colleague. The chief, being near, presented himself; when Boyd, giving a Masonic sign, and grasping his hand, gave him the gripe of a Master Mason, and claimed his protection. Brandt being a Mason, recognized both, and claimed the two prisoners as his own, promising and assuring them that their lives should be spared. And, so indeed, would they have been, had not Brandt been called away from the camp, on duties of importance requiring his attention. Whether there was a ruse to draw him away, is not and cannot be known for certain; but advantage was taken of his absence, by Col. Butler,\* to endeavor to extort from the prisoners, under the threat of torture, information regarding Sullivan's army.

Dear reader, accompany me to the council-house, where these were assembled in a groupe worthy the pencil of the most skillful artists.

Before a table, on which was scattered maps, papers, writing materials, etc., was seated a short, fleshy, ill-formed man, whose head (phenologically considered) gave token of all the animal passions, and but few of the moral or intellectual faculties, and whose features were as expressive as his head of all the peculiarities of his nature, which was cruel in the extreme. His dress was the uniform of the Royal Green, of which regiment he was the Colonel. This was Col. Butler. Opposite to him sat an aid-de-camp, prepared to commit to paper the statement of the prisoner.

In front of Butler, kneeling upon one knee, was the light, active form of Lieut. Boyd. His white hunting shirt brought him in bold relief from the dusky forms of the savages, two of whom held him in their grasp, while behind him stood the stalwart form of Little Beard, the most vindictive and cruel of the allies of Britain. He was distinguished for his diabolical intentions in torturing a prisoner, and whenever such scenes were to be enacted, he was master of the ceremonies. With one hand twined in the long hair of Boyd's head, he wielded in the other a tomahawk, which was raised to strike the death-blow, on the signal from Butler. Behind him stood the other prisoner Parker, in the hands of a fourth savage. Several warriors and soldiers completed this group of fearful import.

Listen! Col. Butler is interrogating the prisoner.

"What is your name?"

"Boyd."

"Your rank?"

"Lieutenant."

"What corps?"

"Morgan's rifle company."

"What is the number of Gen. Sullivan's army?"

"I shall not answer the question."

"Boyd, life is sweet, and you are yet a young man; there is no possibility of your escape, and you have only one alternative; either answer my question or you must die."

"Colonel Butler," replied the interpid youth, "I am in your hands, do with me as you see fit. I know your power and your will to put me to the severest torture, but you cannot shake my determination to refuse to answer your question."

"Your death may be upon your own head, then. Take him away."

Parker was thereupon questioned in like manner, with equal spirit refused to answer. He, too, was handed over to the tender mercies of the barbarous savages, who commenced at once their brutal and fearful orgies. Trying Boyd to a tree, after stripping him of his clothing, they formed a ring about him and commenced their infernal dance over a prisoner at the stake. Every means which artful cunning could invent, or hate conceive, was brought in play to intimidate the courage of Boyd, but without effect. They pierced him with their knives; they struck their tomahawks in his face, stuck sharp sticks into his flesh, and then commenced to throw their hatchets as near his head and body as they could, and not kill him. Finding that their endeavors to frighten him were of no effect, and fearing the return of Brandt, they finally cut a small hole in his bowels, took out an intestine which they fastened to the tree, and then unbinding him, with scourges drove him around the tree until he was disemboweled. He was then beheaded, and his head stuck on a pole beneath a dog's head, which horrid trophy was left when they retired, from the town.

Parker, who had been compelled to witness this fearful scene, in anticipation of a similar or worse fate, was, however, owing to their haste, simply beheaded, and his body with that of Boyd's was left where they suffered. They were found and buried the next day by the army in passing through the town.

\*This was Col. John Butler, the Tory refugee, and must not be confounded with Col. Zebulon Butler, the patriot, who commanded at Wyoming.

It has been supposed that Boyd hoped that Brandt would yet be able to save him from death, but such could not have been the case, for the tomahawk was applied above his head, and he must have believed that immediate death would follow his refusal.

## Communications.

[The following address was delivered by the author at Auburn centre, July 4th, 1854, to a large and deeply interested audience, who were not satisfied with merely hearing, but were anxious to read the same in print. Accordingly a committee of three were designated by the friends to solicit its publication in behalf of the citizens and Good Templars present.]

## THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Delivered at Auburn Centre, July 4, 1855.

BY W. A. WAGNER.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The present is a time of no ordinary importance; both to the old and the new world. While we continue to preserve those inestimable blessings, which are the natural results of liberty and independence; we cannot form any adequate estimation of the benefits, which the nations of Europe, are yet to receive from American example. While we continue as a national people to celebrate this day; ever memorable, connected as it was with a nation's threshold, in the darkest hours of peril and danger; we cannot but feel, but what there is a connecting tie of the utmost importance; visibly existing between us, and the Heroes of the revolution. The ties of nationality, and consanguinity, no one will question; but what all have just claims to one or the other. But while speaking of them in connection with the transaction that has rendered this day famous in the annals of History; it appears as though we were in the immediate presence of the living though departed dead.

Our manifestations of joy, by them cannot be witnessed; neither can they mingle in our festivities to-day, which are made manifest throughout every State of our great confederacy. This day will doubtless be celebrated in various manners, according to the spirit and enthusiasm of different localities. A day like this is of too great importance, to remain unnoticed, overlooked, or forgotten. Should that time ever arrive, when the American people will become insensible to the importance of commemorating this day,—then may we justly ascribe to it the extinguishing rays of American liberty. But while, we continue to revive the recollection of a trying yet glorious past; it awakens in the mind of every individual, that important relation existing between himself and his country.—No other way, can we so effectually perpetuate those laudable purposes, which actuated the heroes of the revolution to deeds of daring and bravery; that posterity after them might enjoy, what to them for a time seemed forbidden; than, by our annual demonstration of joy. And, now, to emblazon the recollection of those thrilling events forever in our memories; it will not be unadvised if our duty in keeping alive, the momentous importance of those times, which prompted the drawing of that instrument, which has been to us the great source of so much joy and happiness; and posterity will come forth and imitate our example. Having dwelt thus briefly upon the sacred remembrance and importance of commemorating this day, we will now glance hurriedly at various other points, that require a brief notice on this occasion.

In the earlier periods of our country, when as a people, our ancestors who occupied America's rugged mountains, her fertile plains, and smiling valleys, were dependent upon the British Parliament for such laws as to them seemed best fitting to grant, and transmit to the American Colonies. When their necessities were the greatest, and required the kind protection that the mother country could impart to them; it was ungratefully withheld to nourish and reanimate other colonies, or for other purposes; which rendered their conduct in their own estimation, perfectly unjustifiable as well as inexcusable.

As America advanced in wealth, strength, and greatness, and to a degree of importance by the untiring industry of her citizens, capable of pursuing the same course, as she had done, the mother country generously offered to protect her neglected colonies from foreign aggression, usurpation and wrong. During the reign of British terror and glory, the Americans proved themselves powerful auxiliaries to the English, suffering themselves to be ungenerously dictated by the ambition of her imperious masters. At the time of the dissolution, between the colonies and the mother country, England never enjoyed a more formidable position.

Her armies had been victorious upon the land of every clime, her fleets traversed the oceans, visited every sea with undisputed majesty and power. At this time, America, young and feeble, possessed but three millions of people, to contend against her powerful adversary; without arms, without money to defray their expenses, and provide against unknown contingencies. With nothing for their shield, but strong arms and brave hearts, and with unconquerable zeal, they broke the bondage of their oppression, and hurled it with defiance to the ground. Their rights as British freemen were disregarded, and tyrannical laws enforced, hostile to both reason and justice, various odious laws were passed on the Colonists, which were repugnant to their feelings of right and humanity, and were consequently by them, utterly ignored and despised. But the last, and grievous of their arbitrary laws were, the taxing of America without her consent, or the concurring voice of her Legislature.

Had the English, evinced a liberal feeling toward the Americans, and not treated them as an inferior people; they might have been able to have continued their unjust encroachments to a later period, with greater and more wonderful success. The avidity of England, blinded by the hope of gain; and the prospect of replenishing her treasury; inspired her with a new courage; to make a new effort, to extort from the Americans, their substance, and apply it, to their necessities felt so keenly at home. The passage of such arbitrary laws were more easily effected in the British Parliament; than what they were executed in their transatlantic domains. When we consider the light, which was taken of the question at issue in England, by her people, her Parliament, and her uncompromising monarch—the reason of her blindness, her zeal and extortion assume no longer an inexplicable mystery. They urged that, they had just retired from an expensive war, contracted and carried on in defense of the colonies; and hence it seemed to them but natural, that the Colonies should be made to pay a portion of the expenses. This being the light they took of the question at issue, and how could it be expected, that they would compromise the dignity of a mighty people with that of a young nation, scarcely passed the years of infancy. The American people did not consider themselves exempt from taxation in defraying the expenses of government; but they held, as British freemen, the right of being exempt from taxation unless they were permitted to represent their own interests and preserve those rights which they held sacred as life. This being refused them, for obvious reasons, in consequence of the broad expanse of waters between them, and their inferior abilities, which to English seemed sufficient excuses to exclude the Americans from the halls of British tyranny and usurpation. It was not the barren that this tax imposed upon the people, that occasioned them to remonstrate; but the principle which is involved.

The Americans knew full well, that if they tamely submitted in this instance, that the same acquiescence would be ever legitimate, claimed, and when once firmly proved, remonstration and resistance would alike prove abortive. The turbulent matters of political affairs were continually growing more hostile in America; and King George found "it (as he thought) necessary to transport British troops to America's shores, to restore peace and quiet; and command the faithful observance of his injurious laws; through fear of British vengeance. The menacing aspect of English prowess did not abate the patriotic feeling, which first burst from the lips of PATRICK HENRY, and spread itself with unequalled celerity throughout every American heart. Before the opening of the war of independence, the people became constantly more alarmed for their safety, and looked anxiously forward for the coming of that time which should bring them the welcome news of a change in the British Ministry, and a change productive of favorable consequences. The feeling with reference to the taxing of America, was the same, whether in the hands of the Whig or Tory Administration. This question was rendered popular with the middle classes in England, because it promised relief from their onerous taxes and pecuniary embarrassments.

It is quite evident, and also reasonable to draw the inference, that had not the British Ministry been blinded by the frequent representations of malignant persons, heated by partisan bitterness towards the Americans and their rights; that the war which almost immediately followed would not have occurred under such auspices. It was represented to the King, that the Americans did not protest so much against the principle involved in the Bill, as they did through pecuniary considerations. This unfounded assertion, found willing advocates, and ready supporters;—to give credence to the whole sale defamations of American sincerity and unwavering purpose. Blinded by delusory visions of the future, and relying upon their military greatness; they hesitated not in transporting swarms of mercenary hirelings to our unprotected shores. While matters were continually growing more threatening, and conciliation between the two nations more distant; the Americans were not idle in making such preparations, as were possible, in placing themselves in a state of defence. The first skirmish that occurred, took place at Lexington, where comparatively few citizens collected to impede the progress of Major Pitcairn; who was on his way with a portion of British Grenadiers and several companies of light infantry to Concord, for the purpose of destroying the provincial magazines and munitions of war. The few citizens that had collected at Concord had no immediate intention of disputing the passage, as they were too few in number. But as Major Pitcairn appeared in sight;—saw the hostile array before him, he advanced considerably excited and exclaimed "disperse you rebels, lay down your arms and disperse." The Provincials hesitated to obey. "Springing from his saddle, he drew a pistol first at the foremost minute man and then gave his men orders to fire." The conflict began, several were killed and wounded, and the Provincials were obliged to retire. The English commander seeing the imprudence of this act, hurried on eagerly to Concord. Here the Provincials were in arms, but being too few in number to make a successful stand, they were driven before the light infantry, while the remainder proceeded to destroy the stores, which the Provincials had had time to remove.—The news of the massacre at Lexington, spread with wonderful rapidity;—and rallied the citizens from all quarters, to mingle in the deadly strife. At length, the victorious light infantry; were in turn obliged to retreat. So harassed were they in their flight that nothing but the timely arrival of reinforcements under Lord Percy, saved them from meeting with an uniform fate before death.—destroying weapons of American rifles. Thus began, one of the many series of the Revolution, and shortly after followed the famous battle of Bunker Hill, which gave a renewed courage to the Americans, and inspired them with a new hope, that their cause had not been fruitlessly undertaken. In that bloody strife for oppression on one side, and independence upon the other;—the veteran troops of England, were taught a dear, yet profitable lesson respecting their foes that, though despised in peace, they were not to be scorned in war. Various other assaults were made where-in the Americans were generally victorious during the first year of the revolution.

The second year brings us down to a period of the most inconceivable importance; not only to ourselves, but to all who may follow after them; and eventually the whole world, will be immensely profited, besides what she has already received from the fadeless example of '76'. At the expiration of the year seventy-five, and opening of seventy-six the people began to look seriously for the final separation of the Colonies from the mother country. The spirit of independence had burst the fetters of oppression, and its sentiment could no longer be concealed, or kept in silence. The feeling and enthusiasm were vividly portrayed in the public journals, essays were written; pamphlets were scattered for the general diffusion of knowledge of their rights; breathing forth masterly invectives against Monarchies, and showing the incalculable importance of a brave people to become free, and assume before the world an independence of Government. It was during this period of popular enthusiasm, that Congress was pending at Philadelphia for the adjustment of military affairs, and the establishment of a proper system of self government. The course Congress had been and was pursuing, bore evident testimony that they were constantly approaching nearer and nearer to irreconcilable with allegiance, and more and more irreconcilable with allegiance.

At last, on the 7th of June, Richard Henry Lee, one of the Delegates of Virginia submitted a resolution in Congress, declaring the Colonies free and Independent States. Able and eloquent debates ensued. Finally that memorable document from the pen of Thomas Jefferson, the Declaration of Independence was adopted on the 4th of July, seventy nine years ago to day. For more than a year the Americans had virtually been in a state of independence; and therefore it became necessary for them to throw off their disguise and assume before the world the position they really held. Everywhere the hour was hailed, both in the army, and with the people, with joy and enthusiasm. The success that had hitherto attended the colonists in almost every respect, seemed teaming with such events for the future as would speedily effect their liberation. But the dark hour of the Revolution was rapidly lengthening out their

shadows, to engulf all their Earthly hopes in a pall of gloom.

It was during this period, that the popular enthusiasm died away; recruits were difficult to be obtained, and an ill-disciplined militia composed the army. As a result of these harassing affairs, the battle of Long Island was lost, and Washington was compelled to retire from New York. Even the most sanguine espousers of independence, began to grow lukewarm; and look upon their deliverance, as something only to be talked of, and not realized. While despair decked the nation in mourning;—discomfiture and defeat kept pace with the army, and followed in its footsteps. The spirit of the army began to droop under these withering calamities, and it required all the energies of a Washington to soothe their troubles and keep them in obedience. Being frequently hemmed in by his adversary, when he and his army were deemed an easy prey; his vigilant eye, as though guided by the finger of God, was always on the move, and his pursuers. While British troops were pressing forward, he was in a moment retreating desperately to be free; a nation's responsibility was seemingly resting upon Washington to work out its glory, or bury it in its own ruin. With a handful of men, he was driven before the victorious army of England from one entrenchment to another; until finally Washington conceived a plan, if successful, which would restore confidence again in the heart of his despairing countrymen. At this calamitous period, General Lee, was marching towards Washington to effect a junction. Lee having incautiously retired some three miles from his forces to pass the night; where he was surprised by a British officer, who having learned Lee's unprotected position, sallied out quickly, and with bold dash captured his valuable prize. The disastrous news of Lee's capture, sent a paralyzing sensation throughout the people, and caused zealous espousers of independence to look despairingly upon each other, and feel as though all earthly and heavenly hope were extinguished forever.

Even Congress now, began to look doubtfully upon the success of their cause, in which they had embarked; and for which they were morally straining in death's expiring throes of national agony; boding ominously of inevitable death, or severe and abject slavery.—And the dreadful storm, that was sweeping terribly throughout the colonies, none that witnessed the darkness and gloom that pervaded the colonies, but what trembled at the menacing approach of their doom; Save the immortal Washington.

His unflinching courage, and iron will, rescued his country from the gaping jaws of death, and caused the heart of every provincial to weep; not to weep tears of chiding regret, or inexpressible anguish, but tears of unshakeable joy. Washington being driven before the British army, crossed the Delaware, destroyed the bridges behind him. As the rear portion of his army reached the bank, the British appeared in sight on the opposite shore, they retraced their steps in disappointment and chagrin. Winter was approaching, Washington remained quiet until the 25th of December, when he re-crossed the Delaware, marched to Trenton, and there captured 1000 prisoners, besides as many stand of arms, and six field pieces. This brilliant feat of arms, was performed after having surmounted almost incredible difficulties, that obstructed their difficult transit. This was a favorable change effected for independence, when at a time, it was evidently ebbing at its lowest tide.

From the battle of Trenton to the close of the revolution, the cause of independence was steadily on the increase, though fluctuating at times like the rolling tide of the mighty deep; yet, its bore evident traces of its onward advancement. The third eventful period of the revolution, embraces the alliance with France, which was accomplished, after a series of labor and complex difficulties by the unremitting exertion of American Ministers.

The arrival of French troops, filled the people with rejoicing, although their deliverance was far off; yet they had ample reason to know from their alliance with France, that they and their cause were not wholly overlooked by the people of Europe by these convincing proofs, visibly manifested. It was during this period, that the Battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, were fought. The first proving disastrous to the provincial arms, yet it was not destitute of some good results. It gave a favorable opportunity of judging the intrinsic worth of those generous foreigners, who came here to espouse the declaration of independence.—To evince their honesty of purpose and fidelity, they offered themselves a willing sacrifice in a strangers cause and eagerly sought the hottest of the strife and carnage. It was here where count Pulaski, a brave Pole at the head of the light infantry, charged the enemy in a gallant manner, and bravely distinguished himself as a meritorious officer. It was here, where the generous and magnanimous Lafayette, first engaged in the bloody and desperate struggle which was then fiercely raging in America.

His conduct then, and afterwards; clearly showed, that he was not prompted by selfish motives of honor or emolument, in unshakably his sword in defence of the injured colonies. The second engagement, though likewise disastrous in its results, may be entirely attributed to the ignorance of the provincials

position, while victory was seemingly within the grasp of General Sullivan. At this critical moment General Howe was widely rushing to and from among his shattered ranks, when a brisk fire opening in the rear, turned the scales of victory in favor of the English. A soldier taking flight, exclaimed, that the British had cut them off; at the same moment troops were seen advancing, their number magnified by the obscurity. Panic and fear, struck terror to their hearts, while the officers vainly expostulated that the firing did not come from the British, but on the contrary, a portion of General Greene's Division was approaching to engage in the battle. But all efforts proved unavailing, in staying the already retreating front; and retreat was inevitable. At the battle of Monmouth, the provincials were victorious, yet the scales of success fluctuated variously in this madly infuriated battle; and night alone, closed the bloody scene. On the following morning General Washington, intended to follow up and complete his temporary victory; when the intelligence was received, that the enemy had silently decamped during the night.

At Saratoga the splendidly equipped troops of England, under the command of the confident Burgoyne, were compelled to lay down their arms and surrender themselves prisoners of war. The British Ministry though confident of subduing the colonies at the commencement by a few well directed blows, now saw their glaring mistake, and regarded the conquering of the colonies impossible; turned their attention to the South in vain hopes of subduing at least a portion of the rebellious colonies. During this campaign at the South; Charleston, the capital of South Carolina was besieged and fell into the enemy's hands. General Lincoln, the American commander vainly expected aid from North Carolina, which had been promised him—hence it explains, why, he acted as the sequel has already proven. Had he been aware of the heart rending fact, that success would not arrive, he might have acted differently, either made safe his retreat, while retreat was possible, or made an honorable capitulation: This was one of the saddest blows, that independence, had yet received.

In consequence, South Carolina was completely overrun, given up to lawless bands of depredators, who ruthlessly committed waste; deluged not infrequently the plains with the blood of the massacred; carried terror to the heart of the family circle, and domestic fireside by their unfeeling, inhuman, and brutal atrocities; unequalled in the annals of civilized nations. Partisan warfare was now carried on, in consequence, of the provincials' diminutive numbers, which ultimately proved an incalculable blessing to the cause of Independence. Among the heroic leaders, who figured conspicuously in the warfare at the South, stands prominently the names of Generals Sumpter and Marion; whose hair-breadth escapes; bold vigorous movements; and daring exploits, entitle them to a position of no ordinary importance; both at home and abroad.

To delineate the varied important events of the revolution, would be utterly impossible for me, without producing a feeling of uneasiness in those, who might kindly feel disposed to listen through politeness, to my feeble uninteresting remarks. A few other points in connection with the foregoing, necessarily arises; that require notice; though it be in an abbreviated manner. While hostilities were being carried on, at the south, the enemy at the north were in a state of inactivity. General Greene was dispatched with reinforcements to the south; and after manoeuvres between the two contending armies they separated; not until however, the battle of Guilford Court House, where the Americans awaited the arrival of the English under Lord Cornwallis. In this engagement the Americans were repulsed, but not defeated. Lord Cornwallis retreated step by step before his wary antagonist, until finally he made a temporary stand at Eutaw Springs. Here, the contest, was desperate, and the English were gain obliged to retreat; leaving the bloody field in possession of the victorious Americans. Cornwallis now pushed on eagerly to Wilmington, where, after having held a council of war, it was determined to penetrate the State of Virginia with fire and sword. The militia refusing to follow him there; and leave their own homes to the merciless grasp of the fell destroyer of human happiness,—retraced their steps, while the enemy was blindly permitted to intrude himself into a web, which destiny seemed apparently weaving. Yorktown, shortly after, fell into the hands of the allied troops. This was the last victory of any considerable importance, that occurred during the remaining part of the revolutionary struggle. Predatory warfare continued until the close of the war.

At last on the 3d of September, 1783, the final treaty of peace was signed and concluded at Paris. This treaty recognized the independence of the revolted colonies, and gave them other immunities and privileges, which were purchased by the blood of our ancestors; by their desperate undertaking, and their chivalrous deeds of daring and bravery. After the British evacuated New York, and hostilities at an end; Washington, took his farewell departure of the army, amid the sorrow and grief, that pervaded his faithful followers. Many of those war-worn veterans felt confident, they should never see their loved General again; wept profusely on this heart-rending occasion. Washington himself was unable to restrain his emotion. After he had parted from them formerly, he em-

ergerly to Wilmington, where, after having held a council of war, it was determined to penetrate the State of Virginia with fire and sword. The militia refusing to follow him there; and leave their own homes to the merciless grasp of the fell destroyer of human happiness,—retraced their steps, while the enemy was blindly permitted to intrude himself into a web, which destiny seemed apparently weaving. Yorktown, shortly after, fell into the hands of the allied troops. This was the last victory of any considerable importance, that occurred during the remaining part of the revolutionary struggle. Predatory warfare continued until the close of the war.

At last on the 3d of September, 1783, the final treaty of peace was signed and concluded at Paris. This treaty recognized the independence of the revolted colonies, and gave them other immunities and privileges, which were purchased by the blood of our ancestors; by their desperate undertaking, and their chivalrous deeds of daring and bravery. After the British evacuated New York, and hostilities at an end; Washington, took his farewell departure of the army, amid the sorrow and grief, that pervaded his faithful followers. Many of those war-worn veterans felt confident, they should never see their loved General again; wept profusely on this heart-rending occasion. Washington himself was unable to restrain his emotion. After he had parted from them formerly, he em-

ergerly to Wilmington, where, after having held a council of war, it was determined to penetrate the State of Virginia with fire and sword. The militia refusing to follow him there; and leave their own homes to the merciless grasp of the fell destroyer of human happiness,—retraced their steps, while the enemy was blindly permitted to intrude himself into a web, which destiny seemed apparently weaving. Yorktown, shortly after, fell into the hands of the allied troops. This was the last victory of any considerable importance, that occurred during the remaining part of the revolutionary struggle. Predatory warfare continued until the close of the war.