# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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## LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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*From the Family Presbyterian.*

### VERMONT.—By Lizzie Lee.

Land of the verdant mountains!
Home of high hearts, and free!
How oft, upon life's billowy track,
Well up fond thoughts of thee!
And onward as my steps emerge,
More strong the links that bind
Thy valleys green, thy mountains bold,
Around which my soul entwine.

Though home to me, since childhood's years,
Hath only been a name,
My heart will oft revert to thee,
And think thee still the same—
Thy fountains and thy vine-wreathed cliffs,
Thy many silvery streams,
Thy flowery paths my childhood trod,
Lit up with Hope's warm beams—

The hearth where passed my brightest dreams,
Calm as the summer even;
The cherished ones, love gathered there,
Bright angels, now, in Heaven;
The grounds where oft, in lightsome mood,
My wayward steps have strayed;
The birds that sung, the flowers that grew
Beneath the elm tree's shade—

The merry brook that wandered near,
Soft murmuring as it grew,
And sparkled o'er its pebbled bed
Like sunbeams bathed in dew—
How oft I've traced it to its source,
Its waves my thirst have stayed,
And many a fantasy I've nursed
Beneath its green-wood shade.

More Blessed than these, at hallowed hour,
From cottage and from hall
The gladsome peal from old church tower,
"The Christian's gathering call"—
Oh! scenes like these in memory dwell
When later ones have fled,
As fragrance lingers 'round the flower,
Its leaflets withered—dead.

Land of the green-capped mountains!
Where'er my footsteps roam,
My heart for aye will lingering turn
And claim thee for its home;
And should my spirit pass away
Beneath a distant sky,
May guardian angels hover near
And bear it, with a sigh,
Back 'mong the noble and the brave
Beside the murmuring stream,
Hushed by the music of the wave—
When passed life's feverish dream.

### Good Sense.

Thomas F. Meagher, the Irish exile, who now finds an asylum in this country, does not like, it seems, to make a public exhibition of himself in our cities and large towns, and therefore declines the festivities which have been proffered him. In his reply to the letter of invitation from Syracuse, he feelingly says:

"Considerations of a serious and sorrowful complexion, induce me to shrink from those public festivities which your generosity suggests. The broken condition of my *poor* country—the darkness with which it is overcast—the humiliation which obscures the remembrance of the last effort for her freedom—the cheerless fortune of the loved companions of my exile—these, and other circumstances of a like nature, press so heavily upon my mind as to prostrate the energies, which might otherwise enable me to support with credit the honors that you propose. I am confident, therefore, you will kindly forgive the disappointment which this reply may cause, and, in a cordial spirit, admit the propriety of the reserve which such circumstances impose."

☞ The handsomest and most complete barn in this section of country is that lately erected near Northumberland, by A. E. KAPP, Esq. The structure looks from the distance like some college building, and does credit to the liberality of its owner. The internal arrangements, such as thrashing floors, grain rooms, stables, fruit-cellar, wagon-shed, &c., are of the most perfect kind. And in perfect harmony with the excellence of the building is the stock of animals, particularly his cattle, among whom are several cows of the best Durham blood. Especially did we notice a speckled cow, of the Durham breed, as noble and sleek an animal as the eye ever rested upon, with her calf sixteen weeks old, which latter certainly weighs near 400 pounds—a perfect beauty. The rest of his stock, such as horses, pigs, &c., are all of a superior kind. Mr. Kapp is setting the farmers in this neighborhood an excellent example, and one which we hope to see extensively imitated, at least as far as the improvement of live stock is concerned.—*Danville Democrat.*

REFORM RUN MAD.—The Philadelphia *Jubilee* "protests against the State Loan of $850,000, for the completion of the North Branch Canal,"

"Because such a canal is in violation of the laws of God and Nature, it being intended to divert water from its natural avenues and courses, and turn it where sound geological truths would plainly indicate water was never intended to go, over a hilly country, over dry quicksands, and the cavernous recesses common to limestone formations!"

On the same principle we suppose the Science of Hydraulics in general is a "violation of the laws of God and nature."—If we thought our old friend Gen. John Sidney Jones wrote the above paragraph, we would be afraid to tread on his fine American carpets, lest he would denounce us for violating the same laws by not confining our footsteps to the vernal carpet of Nature!

*From the Spirit of the Times.*

### How Jim Blander Salted and Pickled the Quaker Friend.

There lived, in a certain neighborhood not far distant from here, a roystering rowdy bully, Jim Blander. Jim was 'sum' in a fight, a kind of a pugilistic Napoleon. Many and bloody were the affairs he had had in his life time, and had invariably come off best. Jim not only considered himself invulnerable, but all the fighting characters in the surrounding country conceded it was no use in fighting Jim, as he was considered to be a patent threshing machine, that could not be improved on. In Jim's neighborhood had settled quite a number of Quakers. From some cause or other, Jim hated the "shad bellies," as he called them, with his entire heart—he often declared, that to whip one of these inoffensive people would be the crowning glory of his life. For years Jim waited for a pretext. One of Jim's chums overheard a young Quaker speak in disparaging terms of him. The reports soon came to Jim's ears, not a little magnified. Jim made desperate threats what he was going to do with Nathan, the meek follower of Penn, on sight—besides various bruises and contusions he meant to inflict on Nathan's body; in his chaste language, he meant to gouge out both his eyes and chaw off both his ears.

Nathan heard of Jim's threats, and, very properly, kept out of his way, hoping that time would modify Jim's anger. It seems, however, this much-to-be desired result did not take place. One day friend Nathan was out riding, and in passing through a long lane, when about midway, he espied Jim entering the other end. Nathan might have turned and fled, but his flesh rebelled at this proceeding. "I will pursue my way peaceably," said the Quaker, "and I hope the better sense of the man of wrath will not permit him to molest me or allow him to do violence to my person." Nathan's calculations as to the lamb-like qualities of his adversary were doomed to be disappointed.

"O ho," thought bully, as he recognized Nathan, "I have him at last. Now I'll make mince-meat of Shad-belly. I will salt him and pickle him, too."

"Wilt thou please dismount from thy horse?" said Jim, seizing the bridle of Nathan's horse, and mimicking his style, "my soul yearneth above all things to give thee the biggest mauling ever man received."

"Friend James," replied Nathan, "thou must not molest me, but let me go my way in peace. Thy better judgement will surely tell thee that thou can not possibly be benefitted by personally injuring me."

"Get down in a moment," thundered Jim; "get down, you canting, lying, mischief-making, cowardly hypocrite. I'll drag you down if you don't dismount."

"Friend James, I remonstrate against thy proceedings and against thy language," replied Nathan. "My religion teaches me sincerity—I am neither a liar, a mischief-maker, nor a hypocrite; I am no coward, but I am a man of peace; I desire to pursue my way quietly—let me pass on."

"Get down," persisted Jim, "down with you, I want to beat some of your religion out of you—I must give you a flogging before I leave you. I think by the time I'm through with you, you'll pass for a tolerable honest man; I'll teach you a short and easy lesson, the importance of minding your own affairs, and the risk you run in slandering your neighbors."

"I will not dismount," said Nathan, firmly; "loosen thy hold from the bridle."

"You won't, won't you!" said Jim, "then here goes," and he makes a desperate plunge to collar the Quaker.

Nathan was on his feet in an instant, on the opposite side of the horse. The Quaker, although of much smaller proportions than his persecutor, was all sinew and muscle, and his well-knit form denoted both activity and strength. His wrath was evidently kindled.

"Friend James," he implored, "thy pertinacious persistence in persecuting me is annoying; thou must desist, or peradventure I may so far forget myself as to do thee some bodily harm."

"By snakes!" said Jim, coming toward Nathan, "I believe there is fight enough in broad-brim to make the affair interesting. I wish some of the boys were here to see the fun. Now," continued Jim, "friend Nathan, I am going to knock off the end of your nose look out!"

Suiting the action to the word, Jim, after various pugilistic gyrations with his fists, made a scientific blow at the nasal formation of our Quaker friend; but Tom Hyer couldn't more scientifically have warded it off. Jim was evidently disconcerted at the ill success of his first attempt—he saw he had undertaken quite as much as he was likely to accomplish. Jim, however, straightened himself out, and approached Nathan more cautiously. The contest began again. Nathan stood his ground firmly, and warded off the shower of blows skilfully, which Jim aimed at him.

"Friend James," said Nathan, in the heat of the contest, "This is mere child's play. It grieves me that thou hast forced me into resistance, but I must defend myself from bodily harm. I see there is but one way of bringing this scandalous and wicked affair to a close, and that is by conquering thee; in order to do this, I will inflict a heavy blow between thine eyes, which will prostrate thee." Following out the suggestion, Nathan struck Jim a tremendous blow on his forehead, which brought him senseless to the ground.

"Now," said Nathan, "I will teach thee a lesson, and I hope it will be a wholesome lesson, too. I will seat myself astraddle of thy breast—I will place my knees upon thy arms thus, so that thou can not injure me when thou returnest to consciousness. I hope I may be the humble instrument of taming thy fierce, war-like nature, and make a better and more respectable man of thee."

As the Quaker concluded, Jim began to show some signs of returning life. The first impulse of Jim, when he fairly saw his condition, was to turn Nathan off. He struggled desperately, but he was in a vice—his effort was unavailing.

"Friend, thou must keep still until I am done with thee," said Nathan. "I believe I am an humble instrument in the hands of Providence to chastise thee, and I trust when I am done with thee, thou wilt be a changed man. Friend James, does thee not repent attacking me?"

"No," said Jim, "let me up and I'll show you."

"I will not let thee up, thou impious wretch," replied Nathan, "darest thou profane the name of thy Maker—I will punish thee for that—I will check thy respiration for a moment."

Nathan, as good as his word, clutched him by the throat. He compressed his grip; a gurgling sound could be heard; Jim's face became distorted; a tremor ran through his frame. He was evidently undergoing a process of strangulation. The Quaker relaxed his hold, but not until the choking process had sufficiently, as he thought, tamed the perverse spirit of Jim. It took some moments for Jim to inhale sufficient air to address the Quaker.

"I will knock under," said Jim, "enough, let me up."

"No, thou hast not got half enough," replied Nathan. "Thou art now undergoing a process of moral purification, and thou must be contented to remain where thou lyest until I am done with thee. Thou just profaned the name of thy Maker, friend James," continued Nathan, "confess, dost thou repent thy wickedness?"

"No, hanged if I do," growled Jim.

"Thou perverse man," replied Nathan, in an imploring tone, "say that thou repentest thy wickedness?"

"I'll be hanged if I do," growled Jim.

"Wilt thou not," replied the Quaker; "must I use compulsory means? I will compress thy windpipe again unless thou givest me an answer in the affirmative—say quick, art thou sorry?"

"No, I—y-e-s," shrieked Jim in a gurgling tone, as the Quaker's grip tightened, "yes, I am sorry?"

"Is thy sorrow a godly sorrow," inquired Nathan.

Jim rather demurred giving an affirmative answer to this question, but a gentle squeeze admonished him he had better yield.

"Yes," replied Jim, "I do, now let me up."

"I am not done with thee yet," said Nathan.

"Thou hast been a disturber of the peace of this neighborhood time out of memory—thy hand has been raised against every man—thou art a brawler. Wilt thou promise me that, in future, thee will lead a more peaceable life, that thou wilt love thy neighbor as thyself?"

"Yes," answered Jim, hesitatingly, "all but the Quakers."

"Thou must make no exceptions," replied Nathan; "I insist on an affirmative answer."

"If I say yes to that—I'll die first."

A struggle now ensued between the two, but Jim had his match.

"Thou must yield, James," said Nathan, "I insist on it," and he again grasped Jim by the throat. "I will choke thee into submission; thou must answer affirmatively—say after me, "I promise to love my neighbors as myself, including the Quakers."

"I promise that?" said Jim; "I'll be cursed if I do."

"I will check thy respiration if thou don't," replied Nathan. "Wilt thou yield?"

"No I won't, I'll be blasted if I do," answered Jim.

"Thee had better give in," replied Nathan, "I will check thee again if thee does not—see my grip tightens."

And Nathan did compress his grip, and the choking process again went on. Jim's face first became distorted, then purple—his tongue lolled out, and his eyes protruded from their sockets—his body writhed like a dying man's. Nathan persisted in holding his grip until Jim became entirely passive, he then relaxed his hold. Jim was slow in recovering his speech and his senses; when he did, he begged Nathan, for mercy's sake, to release him.

"When thee will make the promise I exact from thee, I will release thee, but no sooner," replied Nathan.

Jim saw he was powerless, and that the Quaker was resolute. He felt it was no use to persist in his stubborness.

"I will give in," he replied, "I will promise to love my neighbor as myself."

"Including the Quakers?" insinuated Nathan.

"Yes, including the Quakers," replied Jim.

"Thou mayest arise then, friend James" answered Nathan, "and I trust the lesson thou hast learned to-day will make a more peaceable citizen of thee, and I hope, a better man."

Poor Jim was completely humbled; he left the field with his spirits completely cowed. Not long after this occurrence the story became bruited about. This was more than Jim could bear. He soon after left the scene of his many triumphs and his late disastrous defeat, and emigrated to the "far west." The last I heard of him he was preparing to make another move. Being pressed for his reason why he again emigrated, he said a colony of Quakers were about moving into his neighborhood. He was under an obligation to love them, but he was of the opinion that distance would lend strength to his attachment.

### Nauvoo.

This city of the Mormons once had 20,000 inhabitants, there are now but 2000. One half of the houses the Mormons left have been removed or pulled down, and the other half are tenantless. Each lot contained an acre. In walking through its deserted streets I started several quails, in the midst of the once populous city. The mansion of Joe Smith is kept by his wife; once the widow, but now again a wife—of another and a live man—as a tavern. Between this mansion and the river are the remains of a famous hotel, which was abandoned after its walls had reached the second story; the walls are of the fine pressed brick, with marble door-sills and caps. Joe's storehouse is also standing. The Masonic Hall is a fine brick building, three stories high. I am told that all the Mormons were masons. Their Lodge was under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the State of Illinois. Smith, I am told, initiated some of the "mothers in the church," when the charter was taken from them and the Lodge closed. The front wall and the one next to it, which formed the vestibule, aae all that is left standing of the achievement of fanaticism called "the temple," which, as the inscription on a large stone, worked in the inner wall, informs the visitor, is

"THE HOUSE OF THE LORD,
BUILT BY
*The Church of Jesus Christ, of Latter Day Saints.*
COMMENCED APRIL 6TH, 1841."

A company of French socialists have purchased a portion of the property—the site and the ruins of the temple included. They number about 400. While I was viewing the temple they all come out of their boarding-house for dinner. Their foreign aspect and clothing, as they grouped about the stones of the temple to smoke their pipes and talk—probably of la belle France—made me almost fancy I was viewing a ruin in an old country. One groupe were gesticulating and laughing over the face of one of the ornaments which decorated each column, which I can not describe better than by referring the reader to the picture of a full moon, which usually ornaments the cover of a Dutch almanac.—*Madison Courier.*

### New Form for Deeds.

The new forms adopted in the revision for conveyancing, by Indiana, will strike every one for their simplicity, conciseness, and practical utility. Mr. Owen has labored hard to secure their adoption, and is entitled to great credit for this reform. We give below a specimen:

FORM OF WARRANTEE DEED.

John Doe and Mary, his wife, of Marion county, State of Indiana, convey, and warrant to Richard Roe, same county and State, lot number nine, in the city of Indianapolis, for the sum of one thousand dollars, this 15th day of May, 1852.

JOHN DOE, [seal.]
MARY DOE, [seal.]

County of Marion, } ss.
State of Indiana, }

Before me, John Smith, a justice of the peace for said county, this 16th day of May, 1852, John Doe and Mary Doe acknowledged the execution of the annexed deed. JOHN SMITH, J. P., [seal.]

### Making Hay.

There are but few crops, perhaps, of greater practical importance to the farmer, than that of hay. In most sections of the country, it is the crop on which he mainly relies for sustenance for his domestic animals during a long and inclement period of the year—the winter, and no inconsiderable portion of the fall and spring. But notwithstanding its universality and high value, it is and ever has been, a crop in relation to the management of which no fixed system—as in the case of grain—has ever yet been recognized. While one farmer prefers to cut and make his hay in the very hottest weather, and with as much exposure to the solar influence as possible, another deprecates such exposure as highly injurious, as tending to rob the plants of much of the rich juice and saccharine gum which they contain, and which to most grasses their principal value when used as hay, or an aliment for stock. For one I do not hesitate to express my candid conviction that a very large proportion of the hay annually produced in this country is injured essentially by too free and protracted exposure to the sun. Where grass is cut in full bloom, and made in grass cocks, with just enough exposure to the sun and air to wilt it before it is cocked, it is found to retain not only its color and elasticity unimpaired, but its fragrance also, besides being more solid, especially if carefully secured and packed in the mow. The following directions are recommended for observance by those who wish to prove the advantages of the new over the old practice:

Grass should be made into cocks of about four feet high, not by rolling, but by laying one fork full upon another, and of small diameter at the base as possible to stand firm; draw the loose hay out from the bottom all around and lay it upon the top with the ends hanging downward. When grass is put together in this manner, it is in a great measure out of danger.

It will be proper to give them an airing before they are removed to the barn, and more especially that portion which comes in contact with the ground. When necessary, the first drying wind and fair day lay them over by putting the top of the cock on the ground, and so manage after by putting as dry a bundle with the green, till you have one cock made up again, out of two being put together. By this treatment there is a more speedy exhalation of moisture by the action of the air, while an incipient fermentation will evolve or discharge a portion of heat, and thus promote the drying of the hay, by increasing the evaporation of the humid particles. By this treatment the hay is secured until the maker wishes to remove it to the barn

Clover hay should remain longer in the cock than most other grasses, that all the larger stems may undergo their proper fermentation. Before removing to the stack, yard, or barn, we generally turn the bottom side up an hour or two before loading. H.—*Bucks Co. Intelligencer.*

### Kill the Caterpillars.

If you have not already destroyed the caterpillars on your orchard, in should be done soon, for they will change from the caterpillar to the chrysalis state, and thence into the winged state, and then will deposit millions of millions of eggs, which will be the means of producing more caterpillars next spring than you will *need.*

There are various ways of destroying this pest. Some take a gun, and, with a small charge of powder, blow them "sky high." Others take an old newspaper, (a fiery political one is best,) put it on the end of a pole, and setting it on fire, introduce it into their nest, and thus destroy them with "fire and smoke." Others take a ball of cotton, tie it on a pole, dip it in spirits of turpentine, set it on fire, and thus communicate fire to their domiciles. This preparation of cotton will burn some time, and may be used to destroy a great many nests before it is burnt out. Some take one of Pickering's tree brushes, and putting it on the end of a pole, thrust it into the nest, twist it around, and bring them down, and crush them with the foot. No matter how you kill them, if you only do it.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE BIRDS.—No one can complain of the good nature of the farming community in the matter of not permitting gunners to kill off birds, for it is proverbially in favor of allowing every one who has no better business to follow, to destroy every living thing in the way of game. Farmers sho'd take measures to prevent the destruction of birds, simply because of the advantage of their presence, in feeding upon insects of various kinds, which have become so destructive to various products, which they are anxious to cultivate. Their usefulness, in this particular, is underrated. Do spare the birds. Farmers should encourage them to build and reproduce, in all possible ways.

### Whig National Convention, 1848.

Four years ago, the last Whig National Convention assembled at Philadelphia, and was organized by the choice of Gen. Morehead, of N. C., as President, with a complement of Vice Presidents and Secretaries. The convention then proceeded to ballot for a Whig candidate for President, with the following result:

| States. | Taylor. | Clay. | Scott. | Webster. | Clayton. | M'Lean. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Maine | 5 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| New Hampshire | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Vermont | 1 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Massachusetts | 0 | 0 | 0 | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| Rhode Island | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Connecticut | 0 | 6 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| New York | 0 | 30 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| New Jersey | 3 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Pennsylvania | 8 | 12 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Delaware | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Maryland | 0 | 8 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Virginia | 15 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| North Carolina | 6 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| South Carolina | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Georgia | 10 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Alabama | 6 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Mississippi | 6 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Louisiana | 5 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Ohio | 1 | 1 | 20 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Kentucky | 7 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Tennessee | 13 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Indiana | 1 | 2 | 7 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Illinois | 4 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Missouri | 6 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Arkansas | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Michigan | 0 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Texas | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Florida | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Wisconsin | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Iowa | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Total | 111 | 97 | 43 | 22 | 4 | 2 |

Total, 279—No choice.

Second Ballot—Taylor 118, Clay 86, Scott 49, Webster 22, Clayton 4.

No choice again. Adjourned to next morning.

Third Ballot—Taylor 133, Clay 74, Scott 54, Webster 17, Clayton 1.

Fourth Ballot—Taylor 171, Clay 32, Scott 63, Webster 14. Taylor over all, 52.

Whereupon Gen Zachary Taylor was declared the Whig candidate for President.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

*From the Baltimore Patriot.*

### The Life and Services of GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT.

BY A SOUTHERN WHIG.

Winfield Scott was born near Petersburg, in Virginia, on the 13th of June, in the year 1786. He finished his studies at the College of William and Mary, and was admitted to the bar in 1806. After practising law in Virginia about a year, he emigrated to South Carolina.

Our difficulties with England caused Congress to pass an act in April, 1808, to increase the army. Scott applied immediately for a commission in one of the regiments about to be raised, and in May, 1808, was appointed a Captain of light artillery.

War was not actually declared until June, 1812. The interval between 1808 and the declaration of war was one of great political excitement. Scott sided with the Democratic party, supported the election of President Madison, and approved, advocated, and wrote in favor of war measures.

In July, 1812, Scott was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel in the 2d artillery, and proceeded to the Niagara frontier. In October of that year, Lieutenant Elliott applied to Scott for assistance in men to capture the Adams and Caledonia, two British vessels of war then lying under the protection of the guns of Fort Erie. The vessels were both captured; but Elliott was compelled to abandon the Adams. She got aground, and the British attempted to retake her, but were repulsed by the gallantry of Col. Winfield Scott. This was the first time he had met the enemy, and here, as in every subsequent engagement where he was first in command, he was victorious.

A few days after, was fought the memorable battle of Queenstown Heights.—Scott was the hero of the day, and covered himself with glory. The battle lasted for many hours, and was fought on the part of the Americans with most fearful odds against them. The British army, having been reinforced, numbered not less than thirteen hundred men, while the Americans were reduced to less than three hundred. Finding that the militia on the opposite shore refused, or was unable to cross to their aid, and that succor was hopeless, Scott's heroic band were at length compelled to surrender. But their gallant deeds upon that day carried inspiration to every American heart. The disgrace of Hull's surrender was wiped off—the taunts of the enemy checked—the character of the American army redeemed.

Scott was carried a prisoner to Quebec. While he was there, an incident occurred which had a most important bearing upon the future conduct of the war, and is deserving of particular mention.

At the time Great Britain denied the right of expatriation: in other words, she denied the right of any of her subjects to become citizens of another country, contending that they owed to her, perpetual allegiance. According to this doctrine, a native of Ireland, Scotland, or England, who had emigrated to the United States, and become a naturalized American citizen, remained still a subject of the British government, and forfeited his life for treason if found in arms against her. The United States denied this doctrine—her naturalized laws being founded upon the opposite theory.

While Scott was a prisoner at Quebec, the British attempted to enforce their doctrine of perpetual allegiance in regard to certain Irish prisoners found in the ranks of the American army at Queenstown.—The following is a description of the scene:

"Scott, being in the cabin of the transport, heard a bustle upon deck, and hastened up. There he found a party of British officers in the act of mustering the prisoners, and separating from the rest such as by confession, or the accent of the voice, were judged to be Irishmen. The object was to send them in a frigate, then alongside, to England, to be tried and executed for the crime of high treason, they being taken in arms against their native allegiance. Twenty-three had been thus set apart, when Scott reached the deck. The moment Scott ascertained the object of the British officers, he commanded his men to answer no more questions, in order that no other selections should be made by the test of speech. He commanded them to remain silent, and they strictly obeyed. This was done in spite of the threats of the British officers, and not another man was separated from his companions. Scott was repeatedly commanded to go below, and high altercations ensued. He addressed the party selected, and explained to them fully the reciprocal obligations of allegiance and protection, assuring them that the United States would not fail to avenge their gallant and faithful soldiers; and, finally, pledged himself in the most solemn manner that retaliation, and, if necessary, a refusal to give quarter in battle, should follow the execution of any one of the party. In the midst of this animated harangue he was frequently interrupted by the British officers, but, though unarmed, he could not be silenced."

The Irishmen thus selected, were sent to England. As soon as Scott was exchanged, he proceeded to Washington, and reported the whole affair to the Secretary of War, by a written communication. This report was transmitted to Congress, and Scott in personal interviews, pressed the subject upon the attention of Members. An act was accordingly passed on the 3d of March, 1813, vesting the President with the power of retaliation. In an engagement soon after, Scott captured a number of prisoners. True to his pledge given at Quebec, he immediately selected twenty-three of the number to be confined in the interior of the country, there to abide the fate of the twenty-three Irishman taken at Queenstown and sent to England for trial.

The result of this firm resolution on the part of Scott, and of the legislation consequent upon his efforts, was, not only to save the lives of the twenty-three Irish prisoners, but to compel England, throughout the remainder of the war, to respect the rights of our naturalized citizens, by virtually abandoning her claim to perpetual allegiance.

Just after the close of the war, as Gen. Scott was walking along one of the wharves of New York, he was hailed by his old Irish friends for whom he had interfered at Quebec. They had just been released from the English prisons, and now rushed to embrace him as their deliverer.

At the capture of Fort George, on the 27th of May, 1813, Scott led the advance guard. He landed on the Canada shore of lake Ontario, formed his command on the beach, and scaled the banks behind which the British forces were drawn up, fifteen hundred strong. The action was short and desperate, but ended in the total rout of the enemy. Scott was the first man to enter the fort and haul down the British flag with his own hands.

On the 10th and 11th of November, 1813, Scott defeated the enemy in two actions—one at Fort Matilda, the other at Hoophole Creek.

On the 9th of March, 1814, when only *twenty-seven* years of age, Scott was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General.

A few days after his promotion, Gen. Brown, then chief in command on the Niagara frontier, left Scott at Buffalo to instruct and drill the army which was then concentrating at that point. Scott had entire charge of this camp of instruction, for about three months. The results of the discipline and spirit which his teachings here infused into the Northern army, were soon to be developed on the fields of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane.

The battle of Chippewa was fought on the 5th of July, 1814. Scott, with 1,900 Americans, met on an open plain and routed with the bayonet 2,100 of the veteran troops of England—the very flower of the army. As the two armies approached to close quarters, Scott called aloud to McNeil's battalion, "*The enemy say we are good at long shot, but can not stand the cold iron! I call upon the Eleventh instantly to give the lie to the slander! Charge!*" They did charge. Before Gen. Brown could come up with the rear division of the American army, Scott had already won the day, and was in hot pursuit of the flying enemy. The British had been beaten with their own boasted weapon—the bayonet. The valor and skill of the *Boy-General* of twenty-eight, had vanquished all the boasted prowess of her world-renowned veterans.

Gen. Brown, in his official report of this battle, says: "Brigadier General Scott is entitled to the highest praise our country can bestow. His brigade covered itself with glory."

The battle of Lundy's Lane (or Niagara, as it is frequently called) was fought on the 26th of July, 1814, just three weeks after that of Chippewa. The battle commenced about forty minutes before sunset, and continued until midnight. Here, again, Scott was the master-spirit of the fight. American valor again triumphed over the veteran regiments of Britain.