Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER:—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, AGRICULTURE, AMUSEMENT, &C. &C.

Edited and Published for the Proprietor, in Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

VOLUME XLIII.—NO. 28. WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1841. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5.—NO. 21.

REMOVAL.

UNION HOTEL,

CARLISLE, PA.

THE Subscriber, thankful for past favors, respectfully informs the citizens of this county, that he has removed to the well known Tavern Stand, on the North-West corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets, recently occupied by George Beetem, Esq., where he is prepared to accommodate, in first rate style, all those who may favor him with their custom.

The HOUSE is large and commodious, and is fitted up and furnished in a style of elegance and comfort unsurpassed by any house in the borough.—As it is situated in a central and pleasant part of the town, it is very convenient for business men and travellers.

His TABLE will constantly be supplied with the best the market can afford—and his

BAR with the very best of liquors.

DROVERS will find it their interest to stop with him, as his STABLE is ample, and a careful and experienced Ostler will always be found in attendance.

☞BOARDERS will be taken by the week, month, or year.

WM. S. ALLEN.

Carlisle, April 7, 1841.—tf.*

Notice.

The creditors of John McCandlish, and all concerned in the assignment of his property to Thomas Craighead, jr., for the benefit of his creditors, will take notice that the said Thomas, the assignee of the said John, has applied to the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland County, to be discharged from the said trust, and the said Court has granted a rule to show cause at the argument why the said Thomas should not be discharged from the said trust agreeably to the prayer of his petition.

GEO. SANDERSON, Proth'y.

April 21, 1841.—3t

Ridderminster Factory.

The Subscribers return their thanks to their customers for the liberal patronage they received from them the past year, and would inform them and the public generally, that they have again rented the above Factory near Papertown, 6 miles south of Carlisle, where they intend Manufacturing from the fleece—

CLOTHS,

Sattinetts, Flannels, Blanketing, Stocking & Carpet Yarn.

ALSO,

Carding, Weaving, Fulling, Dyeing and Dressing of all kinds;

which will be done in the very best manner and at the shortest notice.

Work will be taken in at the following places and returned as directed, viz: Wm. Brown's tavern, 3 miles from Carlisle; Peter Abl's store, Churchtown; R. Clark's store and tavern, Dillsburg; Samuel Harris, Mount Rock; John Paul, 5 miles above Carlisle on the turnpike; Hurley's tavern on the Baltimore turnpike, and at Beetem's Hotel, Carlisle.

MATSON & MOORE.

April 14, 1841.—6t*

INDEMNITY AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE.

THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA,

Capital $400,000 paid in.—Charter Perpetual,

CONTINUE to make Insurance, Permanent and Limited, on every description of Property, in TOWN AND COUNTRY, on the usual favorable terms.

OFFICE, 163 Chesnut street, near Fifth street.

CHARLES N. BANCKER, President.

DIRECTORS.

Charles N. Bancker, Samuel Grant, James Schott, Frederick Brown, Thomas Hart, Jacob R. Smith, Thomas I. Wharton, Geo. W. Richards, Tobias Wagner, Mordecai D. Lewis.

CHARLES G. BANCKER, Secretary.

☞The subscriber, Agent for the above Company for the borough of Carlisle and vicinity, will promptly attend to all applications for Insurance, whether made personally or by letter. Residence Main street, nearly opposite the Car Office.

WM. D. SEYMOUR.

March 31, 1841.—1y

REMOVAL.

The public is respectfully informed, that

J. J. MYERS & CO.

HAVE REMOVED THEIR DRUG AND BOOK STORE, TO the extensive room lately occupied by ARNOLD & Co. North Hanover street, nearly opposite the Carlisle Bank; where every variety in their line is, as usual, offered on the most pleasing terms.

March 31, 1841.

SATIN SHAWLS.

A new style of Figured Damask Satin Shawls, just received at the new store and for sale by

ARNOLD & ABRAMS.

March 31, 1841.

Rich Farming and Chesnut Lands.

Persons wishing to purchase lands of the above description, already surveyed, in lots of from ten to one hundred acres, part of the Mount Holly Estate, within a short distance of Carlisle, will have an opportunity afforded them on liberal terms of payment, by calling on the subscriber, at Mr. Macfarlane's Hotel, in Carlisle, on the 12th, 13th, 19th, and 20th days of April next.

WM. GRIMSHAW,

Agent of the Farmers and Mechanic's Bank.

March 24, 1841.

George Ferree,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

BRANDYWINE SPRINGS,

Would inform his friends and the public, that he has taken the MADISON HOUSE, No. 99 North Second street, Philadelphia, and solicits a continuance of the patronage so liberally extended to that establishment.

Brandywine Springs will be opened for the reception of Company on the 10th of June; persons wishing to engage Rooms, will please to call at the Madison House, Philadelphia.

G. FERREE, Proprietor.

April 7, 1841.—3m

BOARDING.

FOUR YOUNG MEN can be accommodated with good Boarding and convenient rooms, in a pleasant part of the borough. For further particulars inquire at this office.

Carlisle, April 7, 1841.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

A fresh supply just received at the store of

CHAS. OGILBY.

March 17, 1841.

BEETEM'S HOTEL.

The subscriber, thankful for past favors, respectfully informs his customers and the public in general, that he has removed to that large and commodious establishment on the North-west corner of the Public Square, late the property of Thomas C Lane, which he has fitted up in a very superior manner as a

PUBLIC HOUSE,

and where he is prepared to furnish all who may favor him with their custom with the very best accommodations.

This Hotel, from its central location, is very convenient for business men; and being near the stopping place of the Cars on the Rail-road, it will also furnish Travellers with a ready place of rest and refreshment. The ROOMS are large and airy; the TABLE will always be well supplied with the best the markets can afford; the BAR with the best of Liquors; the charges will be reasonable, and nothing shall be left undone on the part of the subscriber to merit a share of public patronage.

BOARDERS will be taken by the week, month, or year.

☞Commodious Stabling attached to the establishment, and an attentive Ostler always ready to attend to that department.

GEORGE BEETEM.

Carlisle, April 7, 1841.—tf

Castner, Christian & Curran,

PRODUCE & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 76 South Wharves, Philadelphia.

OFFER their services to the Millers, Distillers and Dealers, as Commission Agents for the sale of Flour, Grain and other kinds of Produce.—From their advantageous location and experience in the business, they flatter themselves they will be able to render entire satisfaction to all who may favor them with consignments. They will be prepared at all times to make the customary advances on goods committed to their charge.

They have received the Agency of the Susquehanna Transportation Line, (via Tide Water Canal,) and are prepared to receive and forward Merchandize of every description for the Juniata, Cumberland and Susquehanna Valleys. The Line will be composed of new decked Canal Boats, and will be towed by steam between this city and Havre de Grace, and proceed up the Canal without transhipments. They will run day and night, and goods will be delivered in the shortest possible time.

Apply to

CASTNER, CHRISTIAN & CURRAN,

No. 76 South Wharves, Philad.

WEAVER & MILLER,

Harrisburg.

Philad. April 7, 1841.—3m

FOX & CURRAN,

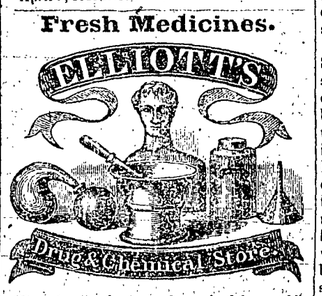
WILL CONTINUE THE

Forwarding and Produce Commission Business,

at the old stand in Broad above Race street, Philadelphia.

April 7, 1841.—3m

Fresh Medicines.



The subscriber has recently received large additional supplies of

Medicines, Colors, Dye-Stuffs,

Linseed Oil, Spts. Turpentine, Copal Varnish, Painters' Brushes, Varnish Brushes, Hair Brushes, Spermaceti Oil, (very fine) Sperm Candles, Soaps in great variety, Glass Lamps, Cap and Letter Paper, Frints, Spices, Perfumery, &c. &c. which he will sell to Physicians, Merchants and others, WHOLESALE or by RETAIL, at the lowest rates, having purchased entirely for *cash*; he will offer bargains to those who wish to purchase at wholesale.

S. ELLIOTT.

March 24, 1841.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING, Glazing and Paper Hanging.

The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Carlisle and the vicinity, that he has commenced the above business in all its various branches. His shop is in the square immediately in rear of the Market House, two doors east of A. Richards store. He hopes by attention to business and moderate charges, to receive a share of patronage.

JOHN ROTH.

Carlisle, Feb. 17, 1841.—tf

GARDEN SEEDS.

I have just received from D. Landreth, of Philadelphia, my spring supply of Garden Seeds. WARRANTED FRESH.

S. ELLIOTT.

Feb. 24, 1941.

PETER F. EGE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office opposite the Carlisle Bank.

Carlisle, March 24, 1841.—3 mo.

MOUSLIN DE LAINS of new style from 25 to 87½ cents per yard, just received and for sale by

ARNOLD & ABRAMS.

March 31, 1841.

New Spring Goods.

Just received from Philadelphia an assortment of

Spring Goods,

of the newest style and fashions; splendid China Silks and Ribands, Mousseline de Laines, Chintzes, Gloves, French worked Collars, &c. Also, a large assortment of

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tickings, Checks, &c. &c. &c.

All of which will be sold very low by the Subscriber at the old stand opposite S. Wunderlich's Hotel.

CHARLES OGILBY.

March 10, 1841.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Guerilla Brothers.

A SPANISH TALE.

The spirit of chivalry which at one time shed a lustre over the name of the unhappy Spaniard, seemed to rekindle for a moment in the day of their degradation—when the giant-tread of Napoleon echoed along the track in which the Roman, the Goth, and the Moor had successively preceded him—and the annals of those desperate struggles which ensued, afford examples of high enthusiasm and heroic valor which seem to belong rather to the history of former times than to the dark and blotted page of the present.

Among the desperate adventurers of Merida's band, were two brothers, noted for their daring courage, if courage it may be termed, which sets every calculation of danger at defiance. They had volunteered into the band at the same time; following the same fortunes, sharing the same dangers, and reaping the same glory, it may be supposed that unknown and unfriended as they were, the children of the same cradle would have clung to each other with a warm and confiding regard; but in its place a strange mysterious reserve seemed to govern their mutual intercourse. A superficial observer might sometimes have believed them to be enemies; but there was nothing of the bitterness or the hypocrisy of hatred, either in their silence or their looks: and on one or two occasions, a burst of natural feeling was seen to break through the cold and gloomy exterior they had assumed.

These singularities of disposition were ascribed by their comrades to different causes—some attributed it to blighted love, others to the conflict of religious zeal with patriotic enthusiasm. By degrees, as they pursued the dangers of war, their confidence appeared to forsake them, their ardor became different from that instinctive impulse which prompts on young and fearless hearts to court danger for the very honor of opposing it; mistrust and suspicion usurped the place of fraternal affection; a cold reserve locked up in their bosoms every kindred sympathy; their noble emulation degenerated into a desperate and unnatural rivalship; even in the mad career of victory, their enthusiasm seemed to bear some reference to the impenetrable thought which governed their destiny, and at length the fact became certain from repeated observations, that the one only rushed into danger that the other might be forced, by some secret compact, to follow.

In one of the wildest solitudes of the Sierra Morena had the followers of Merida stationed themselves to harrass the march of the French general. A desperate and bloody struggle was the result, and among those who most distinguished themselves in the fearful contest, were the Guerilla Brothers. One of them appeared to be the directing genius of the slaughter; wherever the fight was thickest, there was he foremost; at every cessation of actual struggle, his eye was turned towards his brother, who, although severely wounded in the beginning of the engagement, was still seen sometimes by his side, but more frequently toiling after him in his furious career, vainly struggling to gain the place where the fierce and haughty glances of the other seemed to dare him to take. The signal for retreat had now sounded, and the Guerillas were suddenly beginning to separate, each taking a different route to their common rendezvous, thus melting away at once before the eyes of the baffled enemy, and eluding his grasp, just at the moment when fresh reinforcements from the glen assured him of being able to annihilate their slender force at one blow.

The foremost Guerilla, still unwounded, relinquished his prey at the sound, and, dashing into the trees, begun to ascend the mountain, when the clash of arms induced him to turn out of his path. Who can paint the contending feelings which at this moment burst upon his mind—the mingled feelings of love, friendship, hatred, hope, fear, pity—all things that can warm, or chill, or melt, or madden the human heart, were there present. A single blow could yet save him—but one bound, and his interposing arm would preserve the life of the son of his own mother—a single shout from his lips would scare away the slayer from his purpose.

It was but a moment—but one moment—the next the living statue started from his trance of horror—the blade quivered in his grasp—the blood rushed into his guilty face—and he sprung with a shout to the rescue. But it was too late; the blow had descended; the dying Spaniard turned his face towards his brother, and they exchanged one look—the last.

The Guerilla's eyes were still fixed on the lifeless body of his brother, when their comrades came to bury the dead, and it was by main force that the living was separated from the dead. He now held in his hand a miniature portrait, suspended by a richly wrought gold chain, which he had apparently taken from the neck of his brother, and which corresponded with one he himself wore. These relics appeared, even in his present state, to be objects of the most jealous care; among many incoherent words, he muttered Guzman, and Leonora, the former addressed to his brother, and the latter to some phantom of his fevered brain; but nothing transpired which at that time could lead to the knowledge of his family or story.

The distracted Guerilla was taken to one of the few remaining convents amongst the hills, which the footsteps of violation and sacrilege had not yet entered, where he received every attention from the pious inmates which his case required; where many months elapsed before either his mind or body acquired sufficient strength to admit of his being once more into the scenes of the world. One day he was missed from the chapel of the convent, at the time he had devoted, ever since the return of his reason, to penitence and prayer. Another day passed, and he came not; another, and another. It is not known whether, in some wandering of mind, he had strayed from his hospitable friends, and, with the instinct which carries the dove through unknown paths, to her distant home, had cleft the valley in which the years of his childhood were spent. But home he did not reach.

The light fell fully on the house he had come to seek—the well known gardens, the trees, the walks—all things appeared unchanged. The Guerilla approached with a rapid step, but paused suddenly short before he had gained the door. "I will not scare her," muttered he, "with this haggard visage, in the blessed light of day!" and he retired to a distance, from which he might see the house without being perceived.

The last beam of day had at length faded in the valley, and he was astonished to perceive lights in almost every window; he became sick at heart, for the thought struck him that nora was dead. At length an increased bustle stole on the night air, and he heard the sounds of music and mirth; a cruel suspicion flashed on his mind, as he recognized an air commonly used in the province on occasions of nuptial fetes! he rushed forward with impetuous haste to the house.

The music and dance were at the highest, when a dead sound from the porch reached them—the music ceased, the dancers stopped in their career, and the guerilla suddenly entered the apartment, so pale, haggard, so unlike the form of a living that it might have seemed to that startled society, some reproving spirit, conjured by their ill-timed mirth, from a deep and lonely grave. All shrunk back aghast—but the bride, who fixed her eyes on the expected guest, while a death-like pallor overspread her countenance. "Leonora!" said the guerilla; she started; stepped forward as if by an uncontrollable impulse, then suddenly paused, as if transfixed by some hideous recollection. With a trembling hand, the guerilla undid the golden clasp, and bending down, laid the portraits, portraits of herself—at her feet; then, rising slowly, cast one long and melancholy look on the original, and saying, in subdued and broken voice, while he covered his hands on his bosom, "It is just," turned and left the apartment.

In vain the music rent the air with its loudest and wildest strains; in vain the dancers mingled again in the whirl of the dance; and the bridegroom lent his soothing caresses.—The impression made on all, by that dismal scene, was never effaced.

The two brothers had been with the most violent and impetuous affection; and she, though secretly preferring him who had just stood before her, romantic spirit of patriotism, had vowed that he only should obtain her love, who, forth to the battles of her insulted country, returned with the brightest laurels, or either should fall, the survivor was to wear, as a token, the portrait, which, with own hand, she bound round his neck.

The news of the fight were soon wended to, had been accompanied with evidence of the death of *both* brothers, probably owing to neither having been a member of the band; and on this night, when tears scarcely dry on her cheeks, she yielded an indifferent hand to the solicitations and menaces of her relations.

With regard to the guerilla, no more was known with certainty, than; but the body of a man, answering the description, was found long after, at the ridge of a distant hill, which overlooked the scene he had quitted. Some earth was thrown over the remains, and a cross raised, according to the custom of the country, to mark the spot sanctified by the guilt of man, or the vengeance of Heaven.

From the Knickerbocker.

Abuses of Printing.

Like all other mortals, I am peculiarly liable to the arrows of Cupid. My heart is encased with the epidermis of a rhinoceros, or the bull hides of Ajax; consequently I am what they call in romances, a sensible person. When I was ninteen I fell in love, and as I found prose too cold a medium, too stale a drapery for my thoughts, what could I do, but express my fair one my passion in song? She was a beautiful creature,—'a delicious arrangement of flesh and blood,'—a country parson's daughter, with excellent taste and accomplishments. She was fond of poetry, and so was I. This circumstance gave my fancy a wool-gathering, for topics, figures and emblems. Young ladies have a passionate admiration for genius, and I determined to show that I was not deficient in that particular; that I belonged of right to those who merited the saying, *poeta nascitur non fit*. During the spring of 18—, I was attacked with a perfect incontinence of rhyme. My lady-love was always my theme. But of all my compositions none satisfied me save the following, which I produced with great *limæ labor* and studious care. I think poorly enough of it now. Mr. Neal would call it *twattle* and so do I now.

"TO EMILY B——."

"Dear Girl! an angel sure thou art—
The muse of every spell
Which brings one transport to my heart,
And bids my bosom swell.

"And Oh! carnation on thy cheek
Its richest lustre lends;
And thy blue eyes forever speak
A welcome to thy friends.

"Alas! if fate should bid us part;
Life would be naught with me;
A load would rest upon my heart,
Without a smile from thee.

"Where shall I meet a leaf so fair
In Nature's open page?
With thee the beauteous flower compare,
And ne'en my grief assuage?

"Forgive, my love, this hasty lay,
And let its numbers be
Sweet monitors that day by day,
Shall bid me think of thee."

J. S.

This production I sent to the village newspaper. I waited a *long* week, to see it appear. Finally, the important Wednesday arrived. I hastened to the office,—but the affair was not published. I glanced with a hurried eye over the damp sheet, and found a notice at last, commencing with three *stars*, turned up and down. It read thus:

"'The tribute to Emily, by J. S. is unavoidably postponed until our next, by a press of advertisements, for which we are thankful—since we do that kind of business, as likewise all sorts of job work, on reasonable terms,—blanks, cards, handbills and other legal documents, being executed by us at the shortest notice. Not to digress, however, we would say to J. S., let him cultivate his talent, he has tremendous powers, but he writes a bad hand.—He should make his penmanship like his poetry,—*perfect*.'"

"I had the curiosity to look into the advertising columns to see what envious things of traffic had displaced my lines.—There were but three advertisements,—a Sheriffs' sale, a stray cow, and a wife eloped from bed and board. I read the Sheriff's notice with that deep interest which these documents usually excite. It discoursed of lands, messuages, and tenements, designated 'by a line, beginning at the north-west corner of Mr. Jenkin's cowhouse,—running thence seventy-five chains fourteen links, thence east twenty-nine chains eleven links to a stake and stones.'—and so on, to the end of the chapter.

"Yet the notice filled me with exceeding great delight. I sent it to Emily; I told her that 'J. S.' was myself, but begged her not to mention it to a third person. She kept her secret as women usually do.—In three days it was all over town, that I had a piece, 'that I made out of my head,' coming forth in the next week's newspaper, addressed to Emily Brinkerhoff.

"Never did seven days roll more slowly around than the week's interval which followed the foregoing notice, in the publication of the 'Elucidator of Freedom, and Toscin of the people.' When it did finally come out, I sent Emily an affectionate note, with a copy of the paper, assuring her that the poem contained my real sentiments. I determined not to read it myself until I visited her in the evening. By great self-denial I kept my resolve, and when the young moon arose, bent my steps toward the mansion of my mistress.

"She received me coldly. I was surprised and abashed. 'What is the matter, Em.' I tenderly inquired; 'did you get my billet-doux and the verses to-day?'

"'Yes—they came safe.'

"'Well how did you like them.'

"'The note was very kind and good,—the verses were foolish, ridiculous nonsense.'

"I was thunderstruck. I asked to see the paper. Emily arose and handed it to me; and sitting down by the vine-clad window, patted her little foot angrily on the floor.

"I opened the Elucidator and Toscin, and read my poem. Solomon of Jerusalem!—what inhuman butchery—what idiocy!—But I will give the effusion as it was printed, 'and shame the *Devil*.'

"TO EMILY B——."

Dear Girl! an angel sure thou art—
The mule of every spell;
That brays o'er trumpets to my heart,
And bids my bosom swell.

"And oh, darnation o'er thy cheek
Its rudest blister bends;
And thy blear eyes forever speak
A welcome to thy friends.

"Alas! if fate should bind us fast,
Life would be rough with me;
A toad would rush upon my heart,
Without a smile from thee.

"Where could I meet a lamp so fair
In Nature's open passage?
With thee the barbarous flower compare
And own my grief a saussage.

"Forgive, my bore, this nasty lay,
And let its numbers be
Sweet monitors that drily dry
Shall bid thee think of me."

J. S.

When I had read this diabolical mess of stuff over, I flew into an uncontrollable rage. In the blindness of my chagrin, I denounced the judgment of Miss Emily; I thought every body could see the errors in detect them as readily as I did; and I swore to my young friend that she must have been very stupid or inattentive, not to see that the poem *ought* to read. This roused her bosom all the blood of the Brinkerhoffs. She handed me my hat, and significantly to the door. I went through the aperture thus indicated, and never darkened it since. Emily is now the wife of a Connecticut schoolmaster, who blows the pitch-pipe and leads the tune on Sunday, in her father's church. This was my first passion, and my last, and the last into which I have been roused since I have sent a piece to be published. Yet I still love to console my dreary bachelorship, by writings, and seeing my thoughts in print,—but I despair of ever seeing them rightly uttered. Fate, in that regard, is against me, and probably always will be.

"JOHN SMITH."

From the Pittsburgh Gazette.

NOTICES OF THE SETTLEMENT OF THE COUNTRY AROUND THE FORKS OF THE MONONGAHELA.

On Wednesday last, we stated that Captain Trent had been ordered to this place, with his company, soon after Washington's return from Le Bœuf. We know not precisely at what time the company arrived here, but on the 17th of April, 1754, they were engaged in erecting a fort near the junction of the rivers Monongahela and Allegheny. Captain Trent was absent at Will's Creek, and Lieutenant Frazier was at his residence near Turtle Creek, thus leaving Ensign Ward in command of a company of forty-one men. The fort was still unfinished, when, on that memorable day, 17th of April, 1754, a French Commandant, Monsieur Contrecœur, made his appearance on the beautiful Allegheny, with sixty batteaus, three hundred canoes, and a motley host of above one thousand French and Indians, having with them 18 pieces of cannon. Poor Ensign Ward, with his forty-one men, and his unfinished stockade, could, of course, make no resistance to such a host, strengthened as they were by a strong park of artillery. Some negotiation took place; Contrecœur, however, was peremptory, and cut discussion short. Ward surrendered the post, and was permitted to bring away his little company of 41 men, and all his working tools.

This affair has always been spoken of as the beginning of that famous war which extended itself from the banks of the Ohio to those of the Ganges; the war in which Canada passed forever from the possession of France; the last war in which Americans fought as the subjects of the British King.

Mr. Sparks, in his Life and Writings of Washington, remarks that "the seizure of the post by a military force was considered at this time, as the first overt act of hostility in the memorable war which followed, and which raged for seven years, both in Europe and America"—and he might have added Asia and Africa.

The French, having thus taken possession of this place, proceeded at once to erect Fort Du Quesne, to secure and perpetuate their power here. Their labors, however, proved fruitless; their rule here was destined to a short endurance.

Brief as it was, however, it was a period of much enterprize and activity, and marked by fortunes both adverse and prosperous. The seizure of this place excited great sensation over the whole country, and more especially in the provinces of Pennsylvania and Virginia.

Washington, who was at Will's creek, near where Cumberland now stands, with about one hundred and fifty men, determined to proceed to the mouth of Red stone creek, and erect a fort there.

On the 28th of May, 1754, with a small detachment of his command and some Indians, he fell in with a party of about 50 French, under the command of Lieutenant Jumonville; an action ensued, and lasted about 15 minutes; during which time the French commandant and nine men were killed, one wounded, and 21 taken prisoners. Washington had one killed and two or three wounded.

Subsequent to that action, Washington advanced as far as Gists's place near Connelsville, where he received information that the French were advancing upon him from Fort Du Quesne with a large force. He then retreated to a place about 4 miles east of the Laurel Hill, and about four hundred yards south of the National Road. He intended to retreat farther, but the men had become so exhausted by fatigue and want of food, that they could not carry the baggage any further. He resolved there (1st of July, 1754) to remain, and to set to work to build a fort which, from the circumstances, they called Fort *Necessity*.

On the 3d of July, an alarm was given by one of the sentinels, and information was received that the enemy in considerable force, rumored to be nine hundred strong, were only four miles off. During the day, they advanced to the highest ground near the Fort, under cover of the trees, and kept up a brisk fire of small arms from 11 o'clock, A. M. till 8 o'clock, P. M.

Hostilities were then suspended, and on the next day (4th July, 1754) Washington surrendered. One of the terms of capitulation was that Captain Van Braam and Capt. Stobo should be held by the French until the French prisioners, taken on the 28th of May, should be released.

Captain Stobo was detained in fort Du Quesne for some time, before he was sent to Quebec, on the 29th of July, 1754, he wrote the following letter describing the state of affairs here (4th vol. Hazard's Register, page 328-9.)

"Sir—I wrote you yesterday by an Indian named the Long of Mono; he will be with you in 7 days. This goes by Delaware George. If these discharge their trust they ought to be well rewarded. The purport of yesterday's letter was to inform you of a report, and I hope false, which greatly informs the Indians: that the Half King, and Monecatooth are killed, their wives and children given to the Catawbs, Cattoways, and Cherokees. I wish a peace may be made up between the Catawbas and the nations here; they are much afraid of them. Many would have joined you ere now had it not been for that report. You had as just a plan of the fort as time and opportunity would allow. The French manage the Indians with the greatest artifice. I mentioned yesterday a council the Shawanese had with the French, the present they gave, and if they made the French a speech yesterday, the bearer, who was present, will inform you to what purport. If yesterday's letter reaches you, it will give you a particular account of most things. I have scarce a minute, therefore can only add one more thing:—there are but 200 men here at this time, 200 more expected in a few days; the rest went off in several detachments, to the amount of 1000 besides Indians. The Indians have great liberty here; they go about and in when they please without notice. If 100 trusty Shawanese, Mingoes, and Delawares were picked out, they might surprise the fort, lodging themselves under the platform behind the palisadoes by day, and at night secure the guard with their tomahawks. The guard consist of forty men only, and 5 officers. None lodge in the fort but the guard, except Contro Cœur—the rest in bark cabins around the fort. All this you have more particularly in yesterday's account. Your humble servant, &c. La Force is greatly missed here. Let the good of the expedition be consided preferable to our safety. Haste to strike."

In the previous letter Captain Stobo says: "La Force is greatly wanted here—no scouting now—he certainly must have been an extroordinary man among them—he is so much regretted."

The 5th of July, 1755, must have been one of great bustle and excitement within the limits of the west ward of our city.—Within those limits, and near the point, was then assembled, around and in Fort Du Quesne, a number of French and Indians. Intelligence had been brought by their scouts that Braddock, with his formidable and disciplined army, was rapidly approaching. The French commandant was, no doubt, greatly distressed and perplexed by the condition of things—his force was comparatively small—Fort Du Quesne was only a stockade incapable of resisting even for an hour the lightest field pieces. At this crisis, when it seems the commandant had abandoned all idea of resistance, Captain Beaujeu, a bold and enterprising spirit, well suited to such an emergency, proposed to take a detachment of French and Indians, and meet Braddock on his march.

The consent of the Indians to accompany him was first to be obtained. Captain Beaujeu is represented to have been a man of great affability of manners, and very popular among the Indians: he went among them, explained his plan, and urged them to go with him. They pronounced the plan to be a hopeless one, and refused peremptorily to go.

A second time he applied to them—urged them to hold a council on the subject—they did so, and again refused to go with him. Still not despairing, Captain Beaujeau again went among them, used all his arts of persuasion, told them that he was determined to go, and asked them whether they would permit him to go alone to meet the enemy. The appeal proved successful.

They agreed to accompany him. This was on the 7th of July, 1755, and they had information that Braddock was only 18 miles distant. That day and the next were spent in making preparations, and early on the morning of the 9th, the united forces of French and Indians departed on a seemingly utterly hopeless expedition. Along with Beaujeu were two other captains, Dumas and Lignery, four Lieutenants, six ensigns, and two cadets.

Various estimates are given of the force of the French and Indians. The largest estimate, two hundred and fifty French and Canadians and six hundred and forty Indians. The lowest estimate reduces the number of white men to two hundred and thirty-five, and Indians to six hundred.—The result of the action of the 9th July, 1755, all know. Braddock's army suffered a terrible defeat, and he himself, and many officers and men, were killed.

The brave and enterprizing Beaujeu fell at the first fire, and the victory was achieved under the command of Capt. Dumas.

Again on the evening of that memorable day, if the statement of Colonel James Smith, who had been some time a prisoner in Fort Du Quesne, may be relied on, the point was the scene of savage ferocity and human suffering. On that evening, a number of the Indians returned from the battle ground, bringing with them twelve prisoners, all of whom were burnt to death with all the cruel ingenuity which is usually displayed on such occasions.

About the 1st of April, 1756, a Mr. Paris, with a scouting party from Fort Cumberland, fell in with a small body of Indians commanded by a Monsieur Donville. An engagement ensued; the commandant was killed and scalped, and the following instructions, written at Fort Du Quesne, were found about him:

"Fort Du Quesne, 23d March, 1756.

"The Sieur Donville, at the head of a detachment of fifty savages, is ordered to go and observe the motions of the enemy in the neighborhood of Fort Cumberland. He will endeavor to harrass their convoys, and burn their magazines at Conococheague, should this be practicable. He must use every effort to take prisoners, who may confirm what we already know of the enemy's designs. The Sieur Donville will employ all his talents, and all his credit, to prevent the savages from committing any